Digitized by Google

Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 01:52 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/umn.31951000968039j

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA





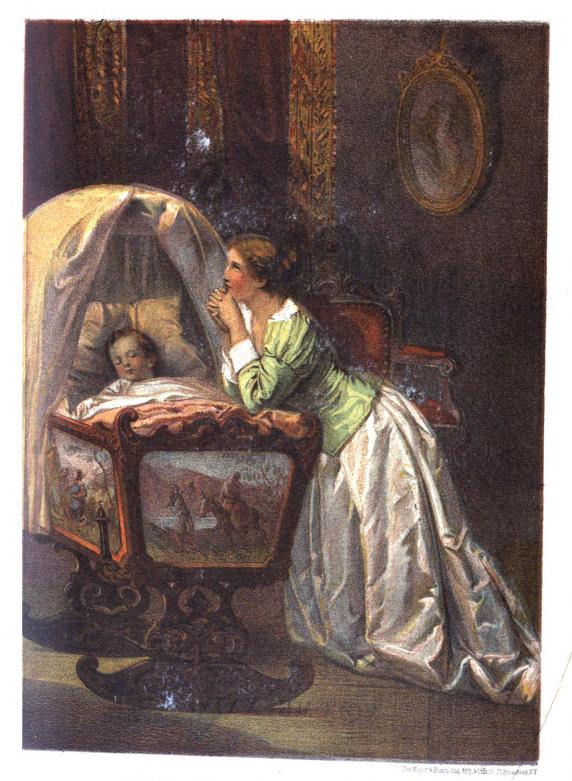




Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

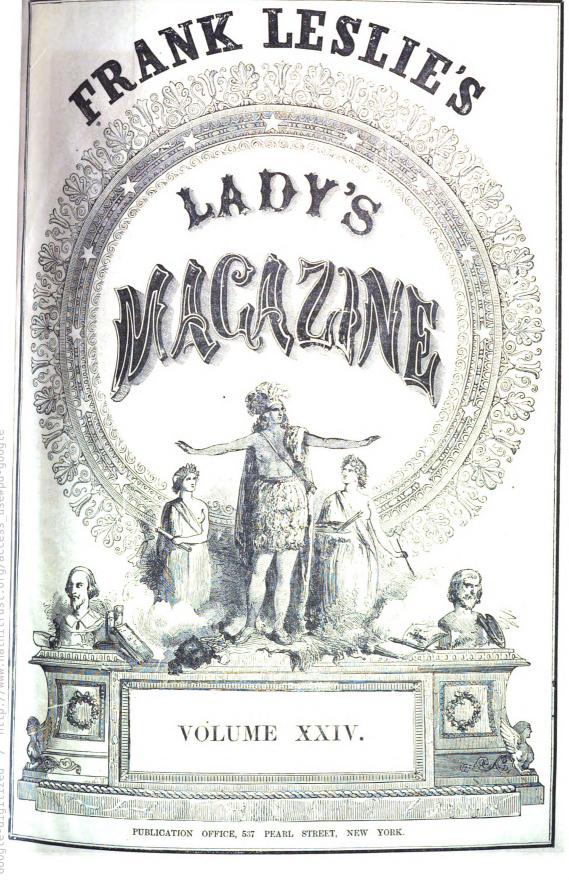




GOD BLESS MY DARLING.

Frante in oil others for FRANK IFSLIF'S Liviy's Magazine





ENGRAVINGS.

1		PAGI	3	F	PA	GE			PA
An Artist's Studio in P	aria .	- 18	FATE in a Fan -			29 NEARCY TO G	N		
Avenging Truth -	• •	- 260	P1- C	the Time	of Lonis	MEAPULITAN CO	nveyance	-	-
A Quaker Meeting -		- 277		•		Noyades of the	French Revol	ution	-
Anecdotes of Animals		- 293	Fisherman's Baby, T	he -	9		0		
Ashes of Roses -		- 329	From the Life of Ka	tharine Vor	nor - 1	69 ORIENTAL Pillor	78 -	_	- 1
A Chinese Pagoda		- 357		the Time	of James			-	
A Mad Passion -	_	- 405	Alea Ellera			25	P		
A Pomeranian Dog		- 441		G	_	PAGET'S Wife		-	- 2
2 0 0		. 441		-		Penguin Hunt		-	- 4
В			GERMAN Girls Playin				n		
BIANCA Capello -			Genoa		- 2	RUSSIAN Sleigh	R		
Bouquet of Diamonds		- 43	Golden Staircase of			RUSSIAN Sleigh		-	- :
Soudact of Dismoting		- 105	Venice -	•	4	Red Thrushes D	elending their	Nest	s - 20
. · c				Ħ		Raffaelle, Sanzio		f Rem	
CITIZENS Of MOSCOW and	1 Family	- 52	:			of -	-	-	- 35
Christmas in the Wood	ramny -		HER Crime and her A Hare and the Tortoise	tonement			and -	•	- 4
Colfax, Mrs. Schuyler	• •		His Wife	-	1	**	8		
Costumes of Queen Eliz	ahathia Tiv			•	19	- SUMWER Saloon o	f the Sultania	Honor	m 19
Cradle of James the	First of	re - 184 Croot	Hares and the Frogs	-	2	Sitting-room Fu	rniture of th	e Tim	0 of
Britain .	Fifbt, Of		How I Saw Some Ca	icique Nes	ts that I	William and	Mary -		- 21
Catharine of Aragon	•	- 213	rancieu, and a 1	ropic Stor	m that I	South Sea Mania		-	- 43
Cobbler's Stall	• •	- 252	Didn't -	-	21	16	T		_
Chamber of Madame Re		- 261	Humming-Birds -	-	36	30 _	-		
or madame De	camier -	- 336	Honor's Fortune -	-	42	THE Bending Ver	ous -	-	- 8
Comic Cuts:				J		The Uncle from	America -	-	- 10
How a Lady May Li	ve Upon Ne	est to	l	-		The Village Ange	1 -	•	- 18
Nothing -		- 76	Jean of Arc, Death or	•	13	4 The Sexton's Gho	st -	-	- 25
Why Should we not	Vote? -	- 152				The Trial of Jeal	ousy -	-	- 27
Scenes in a Rink			T	L		The Palazzo Ferr	·o -	-	- 32
Our Gallery of Ports	aita .	- 300	LAPLAND Sleigh - Lapland Cradle -	-		1 The Old Stone H		-	- 34
Marriage as it Ought	to Re	970	Lapland Cradle	_	12			-	- 36
A Light Difference		- 440	Letitia Elizabeth Land	ion -	- 21			-	- 36
	-	- 443	Ladies' Patches and P	aint	27	The Dog and the The Morning Batl		-	- 36
D			Ladies' Costumes of the	ie Eighteen		Im 177 5		-	- 40
DIES Irise			tury	. •	330	mi	the Brazils	-	- 41
Dead Brenta's Vengeane	•	- 45	Ladics of Arequipa, P	'eru	41	MILE DIV. 1 D.	iive -	:	- 42
ignity and Impudence	е -	- 61	Lorene	-	43	•	ms Friend	•	- 44
eath's Head Watch	-		La Fornarina -	-	353	3	U		
e Stael, Madame		- 113		-		UP Mont Blanc			004
Oark Room at Conyngfell	•	- 120	_	Œ		OP MORE Diane		•	- 292
oor of the Milan Cathed		- 137	Marie Antoinette's N	Tecklace	- 119) į	v		
otch Headdresses	irai -	- 143	Madame Elizabeth		- 176	VAILS, Ancient an			- 2G1
Diana of the Ephesians		- 144	Moorish Balcony -		- 181	VAILS, Aucient an	и моцети	-	- 201
and Educated	•	- 276	Mademoiselle Georges		- 201		W		
E		1	Moorish Doorway	<u>.</u> .	- 261	WHICH Wins			- 209
COR Hove of C		1.	Mount Sinai -		- 268	Women of Cerv	etri. Italy	- Fetchi	
CCE Howo of Guercino		- 192 '	Mallard, or Wild Duck		- 293	Water	-	-	- 344
gyptian Cups Cyptian Necklaces and (• •	- 334	Madame Recamier			Woodman of the V	osges, The	-	- 368
or Lower MCCKITCES Bud (Irnamanta	241	Maria de Medici -			Watching a Wreck			- 420

655065





INDEX TO VOL. XXIV.

LITERATURE.

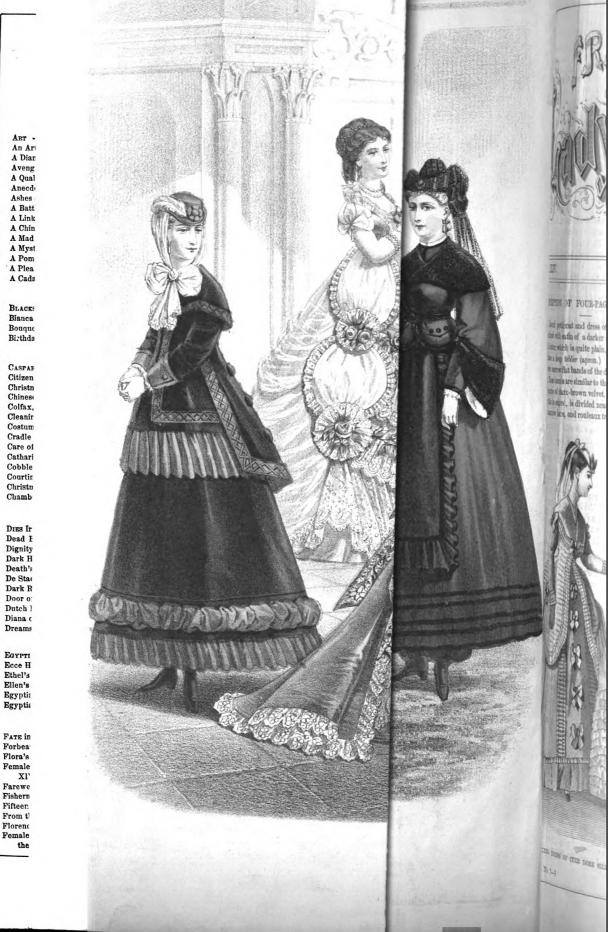
	PAGE		PAGE	:	PAGE
A		GOOD Advice	co	Her Gift	- 207
ART	- 43	German Girls Playing on Stilts	- 66 - 198	in memorism	- 181
An Artist's Studio in Paris -			- 283	The Loved Not Lost	- 255
A Diamond Ring	- 218 - 259	Hiolden Staircage of the Ducal Pale	ace,	Not Divided The Soul's Last Refuge -	- 293
Avenging Truth A Quaker Meeting	- 274	l Venice	- 415	Only	- 285 - 290
Anecdotes of Animals	- 290			Leslie Gray	- 329
Ashes of Roses		HOUSEHOLD Receipts, 72, 150, 222,	207	- Shadows	- 334
A Battle for Life	- 341	374	297, - 445	At Dam	- 347
A Link Between Husbands and Wives		Her Crime and her Atonement -	- 121		- 421
A Chinese Pagoda	- 355		- 143	True	- 432
A Mad Passion	- 405	His Wife	- 193	Separation	- 437
A Mystery of the Sea	- 418	Hares and the Frogs	- 217	Ideals	- 444
A Pomeranian Dog	- 443	How I Saw Some Cacique Nests the	at I	Pictures	- 213
A Plea for Childhood	- 4:3	Fancied, and a Tropic Storm the	it I	Paget's Wife	- 285
A Cadaverous Whim	- 444		- 217		- 367
~		Humming-Birds	- 359	Penguin Hunt	- 431
В		Honor's Fortune	- 421	. R	
BLACKSMITH'S Foundling	- 33	J		Russian Sleigh	- 28
Bianca Capello	- 42	Joan of Arc, Death of	- 129	Roman Oddfellow	- 70
Bouquet of Diamonds			- 129	Red Thrushes Defending their Nests	- 207
Birthdays	- 436	ĸ		Raffaelle, Sanzio	- 354
C		KITTY, 48, 126, 198, 275, 347	- 425	Richmond, England	- 415
CASPAR Athwold's Story	- 41		- 420	s	
Citizen of Moscow and Family -	- 58	L		Samurage at Co. 716	••
Christmas in the Woods	- 52	LAPLAND Sleigh	- 41	String of Beads, 75, 151, 223, 299, 375	- 38
Chinese Dandy	- 59	Lapland Cradle	- 134	Sleep	- 446 - 113
Colfax, Mrs. Schuyler	- 111	Love and Ambition -	- 182	Summer Saloon of the Sultan's Haram	. 195
Cleaning and Preservation of Furnitur		Letitia Elizabeth Landon	- 217	Sitting-room Furniture of the Time	of
Costumes of Queen Elizabeth's Time	- 182	Ladies' Patches and Paint	- 274	William and Mary	- 213
Cradle of James the First of Great Brita	in 213	Ladies' Costumes of the Eighteenth C		Saved by Love	- 432
Care of the Sick, The	- 251	tury Ladies of Arequips, Peru	- 334		- 435
Catharine of Aragon	- 251	Lorene	- 414	Singers and their Voices -	- 444
Cobbler's Stall	- 259	La Fornarina	- 437	T	
Courting an Heiress	- 266		- 354	THE Nettle -	
Christmas Eve	- 291	M	1	The Bending Venus	- 27 - 33
Chamber of Madame Recamier -	- 336	MARIE ANTOINETTE'S Necklace -	- 119		. 33
	ı	Married Life	- 175	The Calumet	. 43
D		Madame Elizabeth	- 175	The Uncle from America -	- 102
Dies Irie		Moorish Balcony	- 181	The Fatal Night	- 111
Dead Brenta's Vengeance		Mademoiselle Georges -	- 206	The Crayon Sketch	- 117
Dignity and Impudence		Model Mothers	- 206	The Weight of a Secret	- 143
Dark Hours Death's-Head Watch		My Husband's Secret	- 255		- 182
De Stael, Madame		Moorish Doorway	- 259	The Court of the	- 207
Dark Room at Conyngfell		Mount Sinai	- 267	The material and a	- 253
Door of the Milan Cathedral .		Mallard, or Wild Duck Madame Recamier	- 291		- 274
Dutch Headdresses		Maria de Medici	- 334		- 328 - 345
Diana of the Ephesians	- 274	maria de medici	- 425		- 358
Dreams	- 419	N	1	The Point Lace Barbe	- 361
	- 1	NEAPOLITAN Conveyance	- 37	The Cat and the Hen	- 366
E	j:	Noyades of the French Revolution	- 60	The Dog and the Water-lily	- 366
EGYPTIAN Jewelry	- 109	Novel Mode of Putting Children to Slee	ep 207	The Morning Bath	- 403
Ecce Homo of Guercino, The	- 191	Newspapers	- 284	The Wax Palm of the Brazils -	- 415
Ethel's Hero	- 213	0	- 1	The Amazon Captive	- 425
Ellen's Earth Mission Egyptian Cups	- 327	On a Monument		The C-11: 1 G	- 443
Egyptian Necklaces and Ornaments	- 334	Oriental Pillows	5	The Soldier's Son	- 444
Egypuan Neckiaces and Ornaments	- 334	Orderly People	- 111	U	
F		Our Honeymoon	191	TT- 36 . TO	290
FATE in a Fan		•	- 334		200
Forbearance	0.1			▼ .	
	- 29	POETRY:	- 1		
Flora's Adventures	- 59	Poetry:	- 29	Vails, Ancient and Modern	259
Flora's Adventures Female Costumes of the Time of Louis	- 59 1 - 103	POETRY: Gertrude Song	- 29	VAILS, Ancient and Modern W	259
Flora's Adventures Female Costumes of the Time of Louis XIV	- 59 - 103	Correct Corret Correct Correct Correct Correct Correct Correct Correct Correct	- 29 - 48	W	
Female Costumes of the Time of Louis	- 59 - 103 - 128	Correct Corret Correct Correct Correct Correct Correct Correct Correct Correct	- 29 - 48 - 59	W Watches	135
Female Costumes of the Time of Louis XIV	- 59 - 103 - 128 - 175	POETRY: Gertrude Song Christmas in the Woods Where are we Going? The Old Clock	- 29 - 48 - 59 - 66 - 103	WATCHES	
Female Costumes of the Time of Louis XIV. Farewell, The Word Fisherman's Baby, The Fifteen Minutes	- 59 - 103 - 128	POETRY: Gertrude Song Christmas in the Woods Where are we Going? The Old Clock The Monk	- 29 - 48 - 59 - 66 - 103 - 111	W WATCHES	735 209
Female Costumes of the Time of Louis XIV. Farewell, The Word Fareman's Baby, The Fifteen Minutes From the Life of Katharine Varner	- 59 - 103 - 128 - 175 - 198	COETRY: Gertrude Song Christmas in the Woods Where are we Going? The Old Clock The Monk False and Dead	- 29 - 48 - 59 - 66 - 103 - 111 - 117	W WATCHES	135 209 218 252 260
Female Costumes of the Time of Louis XIV. Farewell, The Word Fisherman's Baby, The Fifteer Minutes From the Life of Katharine Varner Florence's Bet	- 59 1 - 103 - 128 - 175 - 198 - 218 - 269	Corray: Gertrude Song Christmas in the Woods Where are we Going? The Old Clock The Monk False and Dead Death	- 29 - 48 - 59 - 66 - 103 - 111 - 117 - 121	W WATCHES Which Wins Woman's Cheerfulness Writing Habits of Literary Men Woodcutter's Wife Will you Buy my Body?	135 209 218 252 260 295
Female Costumes of the Time of Louis XIV. Farewell, The Word Fisherman's Baby, The Fifteen Minutes From the Life of Katharine Varner Florence's Bet Female Costumes of the Time of Jame	- 59 1 - 103 - 128 - 175 - 198 - 218 - 269	COETRY: Gertrude Song Christmas in the Woods Where are we Going? The Old Clock The Monk False and Dead	- 29 - 48 - 59 - 66 - 103 - 111 - 117 - 121 - 126	W WATCHES Which Wins Woman's Cheerfulness Writing Habits of Literary Men Woodcutter's Wife Will you Buy my Body? Women of Cervetri, Italy, Petching Water	135 209 218 252 260 295 343
Female Costumes of the Time of Louis XIV. Farewell, The Word Fisherman's Baby, The Fifteer Minutes From the Life of Katharine Varner Florence's Bet	- 59 1 - 103 - 128 - 175 - 198 - 218 - 269	POETRY: Gertrude Song Christmas in the Woods Where are we Going? The Old Clock The Monk False and Dead Death A Mother's Love	- 29 - 48 - 59 - 66 - 103 - 111 - 117 - 121 - 126 - 137	W WATCHES	135 209 218 252 260 295 343 366
Female Costumes of the Time of Louis XIV. Farewell, The Word Fisherman's Baby, The Fifteen Minutes From the Life of Katharine Varner Florence's Bet Female Costumes of the Time of Jame	- 59 - 103 - 128 - 175 - 198 - 218 - 269 - 415	Corray: Gertrude Song Christmas in the Woods Where are we Going? The Old Clock The Monk False and Dead Death A Mother's Love A Life	- 29 - 48 - 59 - 66 - 103 - 111 - 117 - 121 - 126 - 137	W WATCHES Which Wins Woman's Cheerfulness Writing Habits of Literary Men Woodcutter's Wife Will you Buy my Body? Women of Cervetri, Italy, Fetching Water Woodman of the Vosgos, The	135 209 218 252 260 295 343



Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA





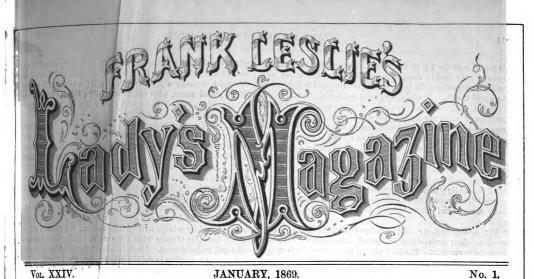


Fig. 1. Round petticoat and dress of light-brown silk. The former is striped with satin of a darker shade, and falls in broad plaits. The latter, which is quite plain, is cut à la Princesse; the skirt simulates a deep tablier (apron.) Two full puffings of the same, between narrow flat bands of the darker satin, compose the trimming. These bands are similar to those which stripe the petticoat. Basquine of dark-brown velvet. The broad, black lace, with which this is edged, is divided near the top by a rouleau of brown satin narrow lace, and rouleaux trim the close corsage and I the same material. A star, formed of seven small gold leaves,

DESCRIPTION OF FOUR-PAGE ENGRAVING.

straight sleeves. Upon the skirt of the basquine at the back, are three large velvet bows-of these, the first and third only have long floating ends. Mathilde hat of black velvet, with a deep lace falling around the front. Brown satin bow, with ends and aigrette to match.

Fig. 2. Evening dress of plain white silk, the skirt entirely without trimming, the corsage low, with bertha and sleeves of point d'Angleterre. The Sortie de Bal is of white cashmere. It is composed of two separate parts; the upper consists of a cape with a hood, and the lower portion is en casaque—the whole edged by a gold fringe, above which are four rows of braid of



is placed near the top of the hood; starting from this, are four rows of gold braid; these terminate beneath the second star, which fastens down the large cashmere bow, and is finished by two gold tassels. Head-dress of roses and long grasses.

Fig. 3. Ball costume. Petticoat of white silk, covered with puffings of white muslin. These are alternately wide and narrow, are arranged obliquely, and are separated by double rows of light-blue silk. The blue silk dress is cut à la Polonaise. The skirt, which is very long at the back, is edged by a flounce of white lace—a ruching of white silk, divided by two narrow bands of blue silk, forms the heading; this ruching is carried up the side, and entirely borders the corsage; at the same side the skirt is slightly gathered up beneath a cluster of roses. A single full-blown rose is placed at each shoulder and at the waist. Lace sleeves and under-body. Coiffure of roses and blue ribbons.

Fig. 4. Ball costume. Dress à deux jupes, both skirts of white muslin. Four puffs of muslin, dotted with large white daisies trim the lower skirt. The back part of the upper skirt is caught up and fastened by large bows and floating ends of broad rosecolored ribbon, edged with fringe of the same shade, and having in the centre a bouquet of daisies. Starting from beneath these bows are bands of ribbon, edged with fringe. These are carried around to the sides, and fasten at the waist—a puffing of muslin heads the low corsage-short, full sleeves. Ceinture à la Suissesse of rose silk, with a small pointed jockey and two short ends-the

whole edged with fringe. Head-dress of daisies.

Fig. 5. Visiting toilet of bottle-green gros-grains silk.
Upon the long skirt is a very deep flounce, headed by two puffings of the same. The corsage of the loose-fitting basquine is cut à la Pompadour, is bordered by a flat band of velvet of a deeper shade, and is fastened down the front by buttons to match; a similar band trims the straight sleeve. The fronts of the basquine are sharply rounded; it is edged with rich black lace, and slightly gathered at each side—beneath, a velvet bow with ends. Plaited muslin chemisette, with silk necktie—muslin undersleeves. Fanchon Russe of black satin, with crimson roses and leaves.

Fig. 6. Visiting toilet of blue merino. The round lower skirt is obliquely striped with narrow bands of vin de Bordeaux (winecolored) satin. The skirt of the Princess dress is short and plain. The front, which is cut in points and bordered with a satin band, is lifted at each side to form the tablier. Bands head and edge the deep-fluted flounce at the back, others simulate a double corsage and trim the straight sleeves. Embroidered collar and undersleeves. A puff of wine-colored silk forms the small bonnet at the back fall long floating ends of the same.

Fig. 7. Toilet of light chestnut-colored silk. Upon the round skirt are five narrow flounces of black satin, headed by a tress, or braiding, of the same. The deep casaque forms a tablier (apron) front, and is bordered by a quilling of silk. This is divided down the centre by a velvet band of a darker shade. At the back the casaque-skirt is gathered beneath, and lifted by the quilling to form a panier. Over the opening at each side is a large bow of chestnut-colored silk with long ends. In front the corsage is heart-shaped; it is bordered by a narrow quilling of the same, and opens upon a plaited chemisette. Louis XV sleeves, with a fall of deep black lace, headed by a quilling of silk. Lace collar, and short, loose undersleeves. Head-dress of black lace.

Fig. 8. Ball toilet. The blue silk petticoat has seven full puffs. The over-dress is of white silk tissue, with yellow satin stripes. A quilling of yellow satin borders the low square corsage. The Louis XV sleeves have each a deep fall of white lace, headed by a wider quilling. Another, still broader, trims the skirt, which is short and rounded in front, and very long at the back, where it is lifted by large satin bows. At the right shoulder, is a bow with long floating ends, satin waistbelt. Puffed chemisette of white lace. Coiffure of blue flowers and nsted leaves.

Fig. 9. Let make tollet Train dress of white silk, with low square corsage, and very short sleeves—cover-dress of white silk gauze, dotted with light green silk. A ruching of green silk borders the corsage. This skirt is rather short at the back, and

which terminates in a rosette framed in white lace, with floating ends of silk. The front is lifted, turned back, and fastened at the waist, beneath a silk bow with ends; below it falls a deep tab of puffed gauze, with rouleaux of silk; this is edged with a narrow white lace. White lace covers the short silk sleeves. Head-dress of roses.

Fig. 10. Dress of pale wine-colored cashmere. The three flounces of the same material graduate in width, and are fastened down the centre by a broad black galloon trimmingclose-fitting corsage with deep basquine, forming two large puffs. A quilling of black silk outlines the tabs upon the basquine; another simulates a pelerine, which is finished by a narrow band of galloon. Straight sleeves. Silk waistbelt. Linen collar and sleeves.

Fig 11. Black velvet train petticoat. The dress of ruby-colored silk is cut à la redingote, and entirely bias. At each side the skirt is lifted by a large bow of black satin; the rosettes are of satin. Straight sleeves with deep cuffs. Embroidered chemisette and under-sleeves. Black lace head-dress. This redingote is also very becoming in dahlia-colored silk, glacé black.

Fig. 12. Dress of raw silk. The short scalloped skirt falls over a false flounce, upon which are placed straight tabs of velvet of a darker shade. Both panier and apron-front are bordered with a broad ruffle of the same silk; the latter is also trimmed with narrow bands of the dark velvet, and a deep silk fringe to match. The bands are continued upon the skirt. Ruffles form the bretelles, and cross the close corsage which buttons down the front. Straight sleeves with velvet bands. Velvet waistbelt, with rosette at the back. Linen collar and undersleeves. Felt hat with curled feather.

Fig. 18. Evening dress of white game de Chambéry, striped with colored satin. Train skirt, with two deep flounces. Each of these is cut bias, and headed by a very broad and full bias ruche. A similar flounce supports the Watteau panier. A narrower ruche edges the low square corsage, and covers the small sleeves. A gros-grain ribbon with satin stripes forms the waistbelt, and knots at the back with short ends. Velvet band and bow in the hair.

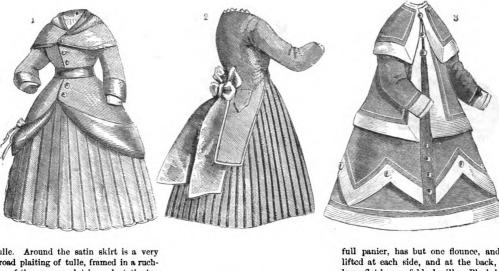
Fig. 14. Evening toilet for a bride. This is of white tulle. The lower skirt. has four flounces, bordered and headed by rouleaux of white satin. The triple tunic is separated by puffings of tulle, through which run satin bands. Low corsage, with puffed bertha. This is divided by sprays of orange flowers and leaves, which fall over the short full sleeves. Satin waistbelt with a small rosette in front, and two long ends falling at the back. These terminate in a fan-shaped plaiting. The same plaiting is repeated at the waist. Coiffure of orange flowers.

Fig. 15. Ball toilet of white silk gauze. The very long skirt is gathered up beneath narrow bands of mauve glace silk, shot with rose-color. The fourreau overdress of mauve silk is hordered with rouleaux of the same and edged with narrow blonde lace; around the bottom is a deep fall of lace. Narrow bands of silk support the short puffed sleeves, and head the lace bertha, which is caught up in front, beneath a large blush-rose.

Fig. 16. Dress of blue silk. The lower skirt forms a half train, and has seven pinked-out flounces. The short upper skirt is open and rounded in front, and edged with a double ruche, divided by a strip of darker velvet. This skirt opens at the back; at each side there is one width entirely covered with puffings; these are separated by bands of velvet, and framed in a double ruche; close corsage—plain sleeves. Two graduated puffings of silk and a deep fluting compose the heart-shaped pelerine. This is finished at the back by a small bow of ribbon. Sash with loops. Marie Stuart bonnet of white plaited satin, trimmed with blue ribbon, and bordered at the back by a deep white lace, which forms the scarf-lappets. White feather at the

Fig. 17. Wedding toilet. White satin dress, with a long train skirt. The low corsage is covered with white tulle, and headed by straight puffings of tulle; that which edges the corsage is divided by clusters of orange flowers at regular intervals. The tulle skirt is looped up at either side with a bouquet, and raised at the back under the bow of the sash-this sash is is gathered at each side-seam beneath a rouleau of green silk, à la Juive, and trimmed round the bottom with a plaiting of





tulle. Around the satin skirt is a very broad plaiting of tulle, framed in a ruching of the same, and trimmed at the top with bouquets of orange-flowers. Coifure of orange-flowers, with large vail of silk illusion.

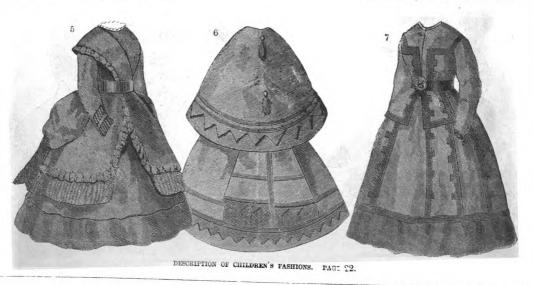
Fig. 18. Walking dress of tan-colored Montpensier cloth, striped with black. The short skirt is bound with green silk, and lifted at each side beneath small cross-strips of silk. The round poplin petticoat is of the same shade as the dress, but without the stripes, and is trimmed with straight bias bands of silk. The casaque-matelot fits closely, is short, and bound with silk—the revers, buttons, and waistband are all of green silk; a band of the same edges the straight sleeves. Linen chemisette and under-sleeves. Green silk cravat. Tan-colored straw hat of the matelot shape. Around the low crown is a band of green silk; at the side is a cluster of pomegranate flowers.

Fig. 19. Dress of pearl-gray silk. The long train skirt has four flounces of the same. The second skirt, which forms the

full panier, has but one flounce, and is lifted at each side, and at the back, by large flat bows of black silk. Black buttons fasten the close corsage in front —a deep ruflle forms the square bertha. Straight sleeves with black bows near the bottom. Black silk waistbelt, with a very large bow at the back. Eugénie hat of Italian straw, trimmed with broad black ribbon.

Fig. 20. Toilet of green Turc satin. This dress is cut à la Princesse. Around the train skirt is a deep flounce, gathered à la Impératrice. Above this falls another, much narrower, and very closely plaited, which is headed by a velvet band of a darker shade. Bands and buttons cover the seams; between these, sharp points are tracod by very narrow bands, and rich black lace. The close corsage, straight sleeves, and rounded apron-front, are trimmed to correspond. Velvet waistbelt with a large rosette at the back. Velvet ribbon head-dress.

Fig. 21. Round petticoat of black velvet, with a deep flounce of mauve-colored







satin. Over this falls a narrow quilling of black satin. A | flounce upon the lower skirt is scalloped at both edges, bound mauve satin band, framed in black and mauve silk cord, forms the heading. This band is continued up the front of the skirt. The skirt of the satin dress forms four small paniers; these are separated by bands of velvet, which are continued upon the close corsage. The long straight sleeves are gathered beneath narrower bands. Satin bows are placed at intervals upon all these bands, as well as upon the front of the velvet petticoat. Satin borders the velvet corselet and forms the waistbelt. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with mauve satin ribbons.

Fig. 22. Dress of fawn-colored gros-grains silk. The deep

with the same silk, and gathered near the top to form a ruched heading. The second skirt, which is scalloped and edged with a handsome silk fringe of the same shade, is slightly open at the back, and lifted to form the large puffs; the side seams are gathered, thus forming the tablier, or apron-front. The round basquine of the close-fitting casaque is scalloped and edged with fringe. The small double pelerine and straight sleeves are scalloped—the latter are finished by a narrower fringe. Silk waistbelt with a large fan-shaped plaiting at the back. Black silk bonnet, trimmed with crimson velvet and black lace. Feather aigrette at the side.





DESCRIPTION OF PALETOTS. PAGE 23.



DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

PAGE 13, No. 1 .- Walking dress of cuir doré (golden brown) silk. This has a deep flounce with a ruched heading. Ruched puffings form the tablier front. Upon this is a graduated series of golden brown ribbon bows with short ends. The corsage is close-fitting and heart-shaped, and edged with a narrow embroidered trimming. Straight sleeves with quilled cuffs. Over-dress of black corded silk, entirely bordered by a ruched puffing of the same. The very low corselet-bodice is fastened at the top beneath a bow of ribbon, to match those upon the dress. Another is placed at each shoulder; others loop the skirt at the sides. Hat of English straw, with brown and black ribbons.

No. 2.—Ball costume of white silk gauze. Train slip of white silk. This skirt is almost entirely covered by full puffings of gauze. These are arranged to simulate a double skirt; the two lower being straight, the others waved. Corsage of puffed gauze. The upper-skirt, of the same material, is rather short in front, and is looped at each side beneath large quillings of pink ribbon, from which depend long fringed ends. A similar quil-



ling and ends fasten the silk waistbelt at the back. Small knots of quilled ribbon trim the corsage and cover the small sleeves.

No. 3. — Dress of mauve silk, with high bodice and straight sleeves. The upper-skirt is looped up at the back under a waistband with large bow and ends. The second forms a tunic. The lower one is plain in front and plaited at the back. The whole is bordered with satin bouillonnés and flounces. White satin bonnet, covered with tulle, and trimmed with yellow flowers. Broad strings of tulle, edged with lace.

No. 4.—Costume for a little girl. Petticoat of woolen material, striped black and white, with cross strips of red velvet. Dress of black and white striped silk. The bands which compose the border and trimming, as well as the waistbelt and loops, are of velvet. Felt toquet, with raised brim, and tuft of velvet at the side.



Page 21, No. 1.—Visiting toilet. Princess dress of apple-green Turc satin. The very broad fluted flounce is yet deeper at each side; and here five large satin loops cover the narrow bias band which forms the heading. The short loose paletot is of black Turc satin, with a pelerine and long puffed sleeves. Rouleaux of satin and black lace compose the trimming. Green satin hat, with a scarf of white illusion knotted at the back.

No. 2.—Dress of violet silk, with a very deep fluted flounce. The deep cloak is of dark fawn-colored velvet, and is entirely lined with black squirrel skin. This confection is decidedly a novelty. The cape is short in front, deeper at the back, and edged with a rich tassel-fringe. Straight close sleeves. At each side is a broad bordered band of the same with a row of large velvet buttons; this fastens down the cape. Small hood, lined with squirrel skin. Bonnet of violet silk.



No. 3.—Walking dress of orange and brown changeable silk. The round lower-skirt is gored, and trimmed with four flat bands of black silk passementerie. The front of the Princess overdress forms a pointed tablier; the back widths are long and gathered in at the sides. The passementerie is repeated upon this skirt, whilst the tablier is finished by three large tassels to match. Close corsage. Straight sleeves, headed by a full broad puff. Here the trimming is much narrower. Collar, undersleeves, and cravat of embroidered cambric. Montpensier hat, of orange and brown silk, with a white plume at the back.

No. 4. — Visiting toilet of chocolate-colored Montpensier cloth. The train skirt is edged with a heavy black and gray silk cord. A broad band of cloth, edged at one side with cord and gathered at the other into fan-shaped flutings, is placed low down at each side of the skirt. These flutings are met by flat silken ornaments, and a cord which is carried up to the corsage. The casa-



HAIR-DRESSING. BARKER, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY. PAGE 19.

Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaigr Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitru

New Patterns of Tortoiseshell Combs.



STRAIGHT CHIGNON COMB.



TORTOISESHELL COMB WITH HINGE.



STRAIGHT CHIGNON COMB



STRAIGHT CHIGNON COMB.



CARVED TORTOISESHELL COMB.



CARVED TORTOISESHELL COMB.



CARVED TORTOISESHELL COMB.



STRAIGHT CHIGNON COMB.



TORTOISESHELL COMB WITH HINGE.

que is close-fitting, with long straight sleeves. From the shoulders falls a deep mantle framed in large square tabs, and headed by the black and gray cord, with ball-fringe to match. Rosettes, cord, and fringe complete the trimming. The large tabs are ornamented with designs in black velvet. Linen collar and undersleeves. Black velvet bonnet, with fine cordings of black and gray.

No. 5. - Walking dress of black satin. The short round skirt is without fullness, and bordered by a broad puffing of golden brown satin. Another puffing simulates a pointed overskirt. The deep basquine of the close fitting corsage is cut to form inverted scallops, and is entirely bordered by a narrow puffing of golden brown satin. A similar trimming edges the small pelerine, and deep cuffs of the same material finish the straight sleeves. From the points of the basquine depend silken ornaments and large tassels to match the satin puffing. Black velvet hat, with white aigrette and plume. Broad strings of golden brown silk, knotting loosely

No. 6.—Morning dress of blue cashmere. The gored skirt has a very



FROM MISS MATHERS, 891 BROADWAY. PAGE 23

deep fluted flounce of the same. This is bordered with silk of a darker shade, and just above the edge is a flat silk band. Short bands, placed obliquely beneath a rich black lace, form the heading of the flounce, which is met at the front by a straight width of merino. This is richly embroidered with black silk, trimmed with small tassels, and finished by a deep silk tassel-fringe. The short casaque is loose-fitting, with a revers of bright colored striped cashmere. Henri IV. sleeves, trimmed with narrow silk bands and black lace. Lace borders the casaque and edges the small pockets. Linen chemisette and undersleeves.

DESCRIPTION OF HAIR-DRESS-ING.—Page 18.

From Mr. W. J. Barker, Nos. 622 and 624 Broadway.

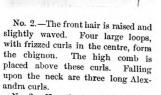
No. 1.—The front part of this coiffure is composed of slightly waved bandeaux, and of small frizzed curls falling over the forehead. The chignon is made of loops of hair, ornamented by a straight tortoise-shell comb.





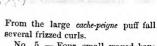
of large loops. The tortoiseshell comb is altogether a novelty. The heading forms a rounded bandeau.

No. 4. — The front hair is waved and turned back, whilst small frizzed curls, divided by a diadem comb, fall low upon the child all the comb, fall low upon the child bear the children to the forehead. Rolled loops form the chignon.



No. 3. -Here the front hair is raised and waved. The chignon is composed





No. 5. — Four small waved ban-deaux compose the front part of this coiffure. The heading of the shell comb completely encircles the large rolled chignon, from which fall two

FASHIONS.—FROM MADAME RALLINGS MAGASIN DES MODES, 779 BROADWAY. PAGE 23.





DESCRIPTION OF PARIS BONNETS.-Page 15.

No. 1.—Bonnet of crimson velvet. Here the material falls at the sides in long and broad-shaped tabs, which are attached beneath an ornament in jet. A rich black lace edges the bonnet. A black curled plume crosses the front, whilst from the jet star springs a long feather.

No. 2.—Bonnet of purple satin, with ruchings of the same. In front is a large bow and a bird of paradise. A broad black lace falls over the chignon, is continued down the sides, and fastened in front by a satin bow.

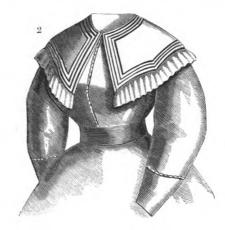
No. 3.—Fanchon of black velvet. The lace ruching across the front is separated by small bows of black velvet ribbon. This meets the broad lace at the back, and they fasten in front beneath a rose with leaves, and terminate in broad-shaped ends. Higher up is a larger rose and foliage.

No. 4.—Child's hat of violet silk. The crown is high, the border plaited; beneath the white plume is a row of square tabs. At the back fall two tassels of violet silk.

No. 5.—Toquet of ruby-colored velvet. Large bows of this material form the full crown. The border is simply a white curled plume. Velvet strings fasten at the back.

No. 6.—Bonnet of green velvet. In front is a plaited band and large bow of velvet, with a golden daisy and foliage. A velvet scarf knots at one side of the back, passes across the bonnet, and forms the strings, which fasten in front with a daisy. This scarf is edged with black lace.

No. 7.—Blue satin bonnet, plaited, and rounded at the back. A quilling crosses the front and falls upon the white lace scarf,



which is caught beneath a bouquet of roses. Another bouquet and bird of paradise ornament the bonnet.

No. 8.—Calote bonnet of wine-colored silk, trimmed with narrow black lace, and ornamented with a large yellow flower and leaves, from which springs a black aigrette. A smaller flower fastens the broad lace strings.

DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.—PAGE 16.

No. 1.—Dress of bluish-gray poplin, trimmed with rosecolored satin. Satin borders the plaited skirt, and lines the close-fitting casaque, which fastens with large buttons to match. The corners are turned back, to show the satin lining, and are caught by bows of crimson ribbon. The pelerine and hood are lined and bordered with satin. The broad waistbelt and the cuffs of the straight sleeves are of satin.

No. 2.—Petticoat of brown cashmere, striped. The close-fitting basque is of the darker shade, and is cut to simulate a coat. The waistbelt, of the same, passes beneath it, and fastens at the back with a large rosette and long ends falling lower than the basquine. Straight sleeves. Plaited chemisette.

No. 3.—Winter toilet for a little girl. The material is dark blue serge trimmed with bands of white serge; these are headed by rows of soutache. Down the front is a cross-band of serge trimmed with silver buttons. Other buttons mark the scallops





DESCRIPTION OF BODICES AND JACKETS. PAGE 25.

upon the skirt. Large paletot and square cape, ornamented like the dress. Long sleeves.

No. 4.—Dress of rose-colored satin. High corsage, straight sleeves, plain skirt. Narrow bands of black velvet trim the skirt and sleeves. Over-skirt of black velvet, rounded at the front and back, and scalloped; this is open at the sides, and caught together at equal distances. The velvet fichu crosses in front and knots at the back beneath a large black satin bow.

No. 5.—Toilet for a little girl. Blue silk dress and pardessus. The latter is ruffled, finished by a silk fringe of the same shade; and the long shaped ends, fastening at the back, lift the flounced skirt of the dress. Straight sleeves, with fluted ruffles.

No. 6.—Costume for baby. Frock of pale blue Lyons poplin. This buttons the entire length of the front. The skirt is bordered with vandykes and cross bands of satin of a darker shade of blue. The bodice is square. The pelerine and sash-ends are trimmed to correspond. The former is looped up at the back

No. 7.—Toilet of pale yellow merino. The skirt has a flounce broad fringed ends. of green silk headed by a bias band of the same. Shaped bands of silk are placed upon each breadth, and simulate a corselet à basquine. Close corsage. Straight sleeves.

DESCRIPTION OF PALETOTS.

Page 17, No. 1.—Le Favori. This novelty is of chestnut-colored plush, with a deep flounce headed by a band of silk of the same shade. It is close-fitting. The sleeves are wide. At the back are two loops of plush with long fringed ends. Bows of silk and large buttons are the only ornaments.

No. 2. - Le Grignan. Here the material is black ribbed silk, with a flounce and puffed heading of the same. Ruffles trim the corsage and straight sleeves, and form the large Louis XV. pockets. A flat galloon, tipped with a silk tassel, covers each seam at the back.

No. 3.-La Pénélope. A loose-fitting paletot of black silk velvet. The half-opening at each side is marked by a deep flounce, which is repeated upon the pointed fronts. The pelerine is fringed, and trimmed with large satin buttons, and crosses in front. Satin rosettes at the sides. Straight sleeves, ruffled at the hand.

No. 4. - Le Prieur. This is of the new material drap fourré (furred cloth), and should be worn only with a train dress. It fits loosely, and has a deep square cape. The sleeves are straight. The entire garment is scalloged and bordered with rouleaux of the same. These rouleaux

Page 19.—Bonnet from Miss MATHERS's, 891 Broadway. Here, unfortunately, we have been able to make but one selection. Yet this, both in richness and grace, is pre-eminently distinguished. It is of fawn-colored velvet. One large puff, framed in narrow black lace, forms the bonnet. Across the front a quilling of velvet simulates a diadem. The straight strings are edged with lace at one side only, and fastened in front beneath a large double bow of fawn-colored satin ribbon. At one side is a small curled feather to match, with a crimson rose and trailing spray of buds and leaves. Frosted grapes compose an effective bandean. The spanish vail is of richly embroidered black tulle bordered with lace. Narrow ribbons fasten beneath the chignon.

On this page is a mantle of plain cashmere, composed of a polonaise and pelerine. The former is fastened at the waist, place.

and looped up at either side with bows of ribbon to match. The latter has a large hood, and is caught up at the back by a bow with long ends. Both polonaise and pelerine are edged with a marquise ruche.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.—PAGE 20. From Madame Rallings's Magasin des Modes, 779 Broadway.

 $\label{eq:madame} \textbf{Madame} \ \textbf{Rallings's} \ \textbf{countless} \ \textbf{importations} \ \textbf{for the approaching}$ season are rich and graceful. From the superb toilets gathered together in her elegant showrooms, we have selected four which we present to our readers.

No. 1.—Evening dress of pale green glacé silk. The upperskirt has a large panier, and is edged with a rich black guipure. A cluster of crimson velvet buds with gold leaves loop this skirt at each side, thus forming the tablier, or apron. Low puffed corsage and sleeves, trimmed with narrow lace. Silk sash, with

No. 2.—Ball toilet of pink satin and gauze. The satin dress is cut à la Princesse, and has a very long train. A delicate trailing vine festoons this skirt, and is caught at equal distances by bows of pink ribbon with long floating ends. The over-dress is of white silk gauze. The skirt opens in front, is edged with blonde lace, and is looped up by bows similar to those upon the lower-skirt. Lace trims the full corsage, and flowers fall upon the short puffed sleeves.

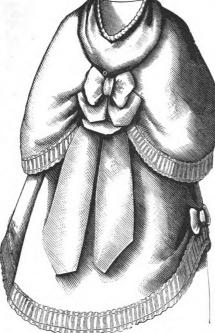
No. 3.—Visiting toilet of winecolored silk velvet. The long gored skirt has a deep fluted satin flounce of the same shade. Here the puffed heading is divided by narrow bands of velvet, from each of which depends a large silk tassel. A small panier falls from the velvet waistbelt, and is attached at each side beneath a puffing of satin with bands and smaller tassels. Similar puffings, en petit, head the straight sleeves. Close corsage.

No. 4. — A dress of cuir doré (golden brown) silk. The skirt is gored. The deep flounce is surmounted by a ruching of the same. Upon the front of the close corsage is a design in narrow black lace, headed by a velvet band of the same shade as the dress. Broad flutings form the cuffs of the full sleeves. Velvet

waistbelt, with long sash-ends of satin, fluted and fringed. The latest styles in millinery are charmingly illustrated by the Parisian novelties to be seen and admired at Madame RAL-LINGS's fine showrooms.

We have been kindly permitted to make the following selection, which, with this word of advice, we offer to our readers: See for yourselves. Devote an hour or two to the thousand and one pretty things so lavishly displayed, and the pleasure derived will amply repay you for the time bestowed.

No. 5.—This is decidedly a novelty, and one both serviceable and becoming. It is specially intended to complete a skating costume. Its shape is peculiar, but therein lies its greatest charm. Then, besides being elegant and unique, it is warm and comfortable, so there can be no doubt about the matter; the Helmet cap will be a grand success. It is made of astrakan, either white or black. At one side falls a long end edged with astrakan fringe. A large aigrette is the sole ornament. An elastic band passing beneath the chignon retains the cap in



A MANTLE OF PLAIN CASHMERE.



No. 6.—La Caprice. This is of light green velvet. Crossing the front is a diadem, formed by loops of satin ribbon of the same shade. Supporting this is a bandeau of steel beads framed in blonde lace. A broad green ribbon, covered with white lace, crosses the back of the bonnet, where it is attached, and slightly looped in the centre by a small steel buckle. The long ends are caught in front by a bow of lace and ribbon. Small white feather at the side.

No. 7.—The Empress bonnet is of pink satin. A rich blonde lace falls over the top, and is continued partly down the very broad and long tulle strings. Around the front of the bonnet, upon the inner edge, is a narrow lace; above this is a wide puffing of tulle divided by flat bows of pink satin ribbon. Quite at the top is a large bouquet of moss-roses. A small cluster of buds and leaves is placed at one side, upon the tulle string. Upon the other is a pink bow.

BODICES AND JACKETS .- PAGE 22.

No. 1.—Bodice for a winter dress. The front crosses and buttons at the side. The short basque, like the bodice, is trimmed with several rows of narrow black velvet or gimp. This trimming is repeated upon the coat-shaped sleeves. The brandeburgs, of rich cord, hang from the shoulder, where they are knotted, and fasten in front with aiguilaties. Turned-down caller

and fasten in front with aiguilettes. Turned-down collar.

No. 2.—Bodice of black silk. A very narrow quilling of the same is carried down the front, and also forms the deep cuffs. Four small rouleaux and a plaited flounce trim the pelerine. Broad waistbelt.

Nos. 3 and 4. Front and back of the Zuleima jacket. This is intended for evening wear, concerts, &c. It is made of fine black cashmere, lined with black silk, and ornamented with gold-colored silk braid and black and gold gimp. The outer sxroll is braided; the inner lines are of both gimp and braid. Black ringe, with a gold ball at the tip of each strand. Buttons to correspond.

FASHIONS-EVENING DRESS, &c.

Page 24, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Side, front and back of an evening draw. Train petticoat, of white silk, with four flounces of point of Angiderre. The over-skirt, of rose-colored silk, opens in front and forms a long rounded train. It is finished by a single row of lace. The dress, of rose silk, fits closely in front. Here the short skirt forms one large scallop, and is gathered in beneath a narrow white lace. The back breadths are very long, and truded up to the top of the corsage, where they are quilled. A rouleau of silk and a fall of lace support the large puff of this Wattan brage. Short full sleeves. Coiffure of pearls with a level of the corsage.

Nos. 4, 5 and 6.—Side, front and back of a visiting toilet. This is of bottle-green silk. The long skirt falls in heavy folds. The upper-skirt is short, puffed, and trimmed with narrow flounces of the same material. The front forms a shaped and flounced appon. The short paletot, of black velvet, is round in front, pointed at the back, and quite open at the sides. The arms pass by these openings, and over them fall large false sleeves. A rich black guipure trims and borders this confection.

No. 1, 8 and 9.—Side, front and back of a visiting toilet. The long gored lower-skirt is of gray satin, with a deep graduated fluted flounce of black silk, headed by a flat band of the same. The second skirt, of black silk, is closely plaited. Louis XV. over-dress of the same. The corsage is tight-fitting. The front of the skirt is puffed and ornamented with a shaped tab; this is embroidered, framed in a bias border of black satin, and finished back breadths a caught up and plaited, at the upper part of the standard and narrow ruffle. The collar is very deep in front, and ruffled. Straight sleeves. Gray satin hat, with black feather.

Entrance.—It is an important part of good education to be able to bear politely with the want of it in others.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking Dress of Black Vriver. The short round skirt is gored, and without fullness. It has a fluted flounce of violet satin, and at a short distance above this is a full satin puff of the same width. Still higher is a rouleau of black velvet. Near the upper part of this skirt is another and deeper flounce. The paletot Louis XV. is loose-fitting. The fronts are short and square; the back very deep and slightly shaped; the cape large. The deep satin cuffs are fastened down by buttons of the same. Upon the basque, at the back, are very large velvet buttons. Bands of satin crossed by rouleaux compose the trimming. Linen collar and undersleeves. Hat of violet satin, with rosette in front. From beneath this starts a long white feather. The broad strings, of white tulle, are edged with narrow lace, and knot loosely in a large bow.

Fra. 2.—EVENING TOILET. Train slip of pink silk beneath another of white tulle. The corsage is half high and square. The heart-shaped front opens upon a lace underbody. Puff of futed lace. Short full sleeves. Here the tulle opens, in order to display the silk, and is caught again by a large pearl drop. The side breadths of the long over-skirt are framed in narrow lace, and gathered and lifted, at regular intervals, beneath large lace rosettes. Very deep lace of different widths form the tablier front. The lower row is continued around the tulle skirt. Yellow roses with foliage are placed in the centre of each rosette, and head the upper flounce of the tablier. Above the lower is a spray of roses, with buds and leaves. Upon the low corsage is a single rose. Parure of pearls.

Fig. 3.—Ball Toller of Corn-colored Satin. Here are two skirts. The lower has one very deep flounce of point d'Alengon. Above this are three others. These are narrower, and are not carried across the front. The second skirt falls in a very long square train, and is entirely bordered with a narrow lace. The front breadth forms a short tablier, and is caught up at each side beneath a bow of corn-colored ribbon embroidered with green. Other bows and ends loop it lower down. At the front of the low close-fitting corsage, is a fan-shaped trimming, composed of rouleaux of silk. Short puffed sleeves. The silk waistbelt fastens at the back beneath a bow of embroidered ribbon with long shaped ends. Pearl ornaments. Head-dress of lace, with ribbon to match the dress.

Fig. 4.—Walking Dress. Here the material is dark blue satin de Lyon. A little above the edge of the skirt is a deep fluted flounce headed by a flat band of cut velvet of a darker shade. Somewhat higher runs a vine of large velvet leaves. The corsage fits closely. The sleeves are straight. Embroidered collar and undersleeves. Black satin paletot, lined with white silk, and trimmed with black velvet rouleaux and leaves, and a rich fringe.

Fig. 5.—Dinner Dress of Rose-colored Glace Silk. The train petticoat has a deep fluted flounce of white silk gauze. The skirt of the Princess dress is shorter, and cut into large broad points. These are edged by a delicate drop fringe. Close corsage. A rouleaux of silk and narrow ruffle head the sleeves, which are half long, cut in points, and finished by other rouleaux. A narrow ruffle simulates a large collar. skirt, of white silk gauze, is bordered with pipings of white silk and lace. It is much shorter at the back than in front. From beneath the ruffle of the collar start two bands of silk. These widen as they descend, fall loosely, and pass under the waistbelt. From this point they are finished at the outer edge by the drop fringe. They meet and support the panier, which is composed of puffs of gauze over silk. The large gauze knot has long ends; these are pointed and trimmed with wide lace. The waistbelt fastens in front beneath a bow with long floating ends edged with lace. Lace collar and undersleeves. Roses in the hair.

Fig. 6.—Ball Costume. Train slip of green glace silk. The over-skirt, of white silk gauze, is very long, and edged with deep white lace. At each side it is gathered up, to form a large puff, and this is framed in bands of silk like the dress and a quilling of narrow lace. The corselet-corsage has an underbody and short sleeves of puffed gauze and lace. At the back is a

are finished by a rich drop fringe. Roses with trailing sprays at the shoulders, above the medallion puffs of the skirt, and in the hair.

Fig. 7.—Walking Dress of Veloues Glace Black and Crimson (changeable velvet). The short gored skirt is without fullness, and is trimmed with five flat bands of black velvet. Another band outlines a deep square tablier, and heads a broad fluted ruffle, which becomes narrower at the sides. Velvet trims the close high corsage and straight sleeves. The Regence casaque is double-breasted, and quite open in front. The deep cape is of black plush. A narrow band of the same edges the small rounded basque. The sleeves are large and long, with a wide border of plush. They are lined with white satin, and slightly gathered at each inner seam beneath a large velvet button. A similar button fastens the velvet waistbelt. Others, much smaller, trim the corsage. Linen collar and undersleeves. There is a decided novelty in this costume. The full Turkish trowsers of the same material as the dress. Even the bottines should be en suite. The bonnet is of glace velvet crossed by black bands. The only trimming is a long scarf of black lace, which fastens with a bow in front, then passes around the bonnet, and is caught in large loops. At the side is a double bow of lace with floating ends.

WHAT SHOULD BE WORN, AND WHAT SHOULD NOT.

FROM THE TABLETS OF A PARISIAN LADY OF SOCIETY.

In my last letter, I mentioned the materials mostly in vogue for the winter. I have only a few new ones to add to the list this month

The Colibri velvet, almost impossible to describe, brilliant, yet sombre-shot-green, amber and black, the folds bringing out beautiful effects of light and shade.

Drap d'or-a woolen material, soft and ruffle-shot like silk, brown and gold, dark garnet color-dark blue, green, or purple and gold. The darker color predominates, and there is only just a golden tint over the material. The effect is very handsome.

Panne de velours, a sort of velvet silk on the upper part, but with a cotton woof. This velvet is infinitely preferable to velours Anglais, which is all cotton, and which, though it looks well enough when new, is completely spoiled as soon as it gets rumpled in the least, as the creases will never come out. So velours Anglais is quite out of favor, and ladies prefer a cloth costume, when one of silk velvet is considered too great an expense.

Besides these, I do not see anything remarkable to note in the way of materials. The fancy velvets I noted last month are very fashionable. Also satin Turc, and satin de Lyon. Red continues to be the favorite color both for indoor and walking cos-

One of the most beautiful dresses of the season we have seen, is made of Colobri velvet, and green glace silk, shot with black. Underskirt of glacé silk, trimmed round the bottom with three narrow flounces, piped with black and put on with a heading, fastened down with a small black satin rouleau. Upper skirt of Colibri velvet, shot-green, amber and black, open at the sides, made quite plain, with a piping of black satin round the bottom. High velvet bodice, tight sleeves of glacé silk, with epaulettes formed of a plaiting of velvet.

A simple walking toilet is of dark crimson cashmere cloth. Underskirt trimmed round the bottom with a deep plaited flounce. Upperskirt looping up into large puffs, by a sash of panna de velours of the same color as the dress. Velvet circular, open in the middle, at the back with Mousquiteire revers of the materials of the dress. The circular is very short in front; it does not come down lower than the waist.

Another walking toilet is of laurel-green Montpensier cloth. The skirt is trimmed with three plaited flounces, bound round the edge with green satin; the heading of the flounce is kept down by a green satin rouleau. Mantelet of the same material, forming a short circular, with lapels crossed in front, and fast-

large silk bow with long ends. These lift the over-skirt, and | ened at the back like a sash. This mantle is trimmed all round with a fluting of cloth, edged with satin. The lapels are very wide, and square at the bottom.

I also saw some very new models of mantles and paletots. La Seigliere is one of the most elegant; it is a long and simple paletot of black silk velvet, lined with silk, and slightly quilted. It is slit open from the bottom, about half way up to the waistband, round off both in front and at back-and it is trimmed all round with a slightly-puffed bouillon of black satin, about two and a half inches deep, edged on either side with a black lace border. Coat-sleeves of velvet, with a deep, rounded cuff of black satin and lace, and a rich gimp ornament with hanging pendeloques. Gimp buttons. Waistband with a small basquine at the back, entirely composed of black satin

In cloth, the Faust paletot is one of the prettiest models. It is a half-fitting shape. Five inches from the edge, there is a plaiting of satin, about an inch wide, bound with satin. This trimmed, goes down the front, turns round to the back, but does not go entirely round the paletot. The middle of the back part is ornamented with sharp spike-shaped patterns, edged with two pipings, one of silk and one of satin. A row of long olive-shaped satin buttons is placed within each spike. The same ornament is placed upon the coat sleeves. This model is made not only in black, but in dark garnet red, dark-blue or green or violet cloth; but in either case, the silk and satin trimming must be of the same color as the cloth. There is a small straight collar, with a double silk and satin piping round the top of the paletot.

A Regence paletot, for a young lady, is of violet velvet. It is tight-fitting, slit open at the sides, and rounded off both in front and at the back, and is entirely piped round with violet satin. At the back there is a basque, slit open in the middle. Upon each opening of the paletot, as well as in front, and upon the sleeves, which are slit open up to the elbow, there are rows of small satin bows of the same color. These are butterfly bows, without any lapels, and composed merely of two loops and a crossing.

Another paletot of the same shape, is made of dark-blue cloth. A pointed fichu is simulated at the back of it by a trimming of three thick rouleaux of blue satin. The point of the fichu is finished off with a handsome bow of satin ribbon. The front part of the paletot is plain-it is trimmed all round with three similar satin rouleaux—the same trimming is placed round the top and bottom of the sleeves. There is a small standing-up collar, bound with satin. I have also seen this model in black velvet, trimmed in the same way with satin.

Again, a velvet paletot in the Louis XV. style is tight-fitting; it is long, and follows the outline of the train-shaped dress at the back; in front it forms a rounded apron, bordesed with a slightly-gathered satin flounce, three inches deep, edged with lace, and headed with a double satin piping. On either side there is a lace rosette, with satin pendeloques. The same trimming of satin and lace goes round the back part of the paletot. Tight sleeves, with satin rouleaux at the top, and lace cuffs at the wrists-velvet waistband, with two small rounded basques at the back, edged with lace, and a bow of satin ribbon at the top. This paletot may be worn with either a velvet or a silk or satin dress, looped up over an underskirt to correspond.

The waterproof cloaks, which were quite a fureur the beginning of this winter, are now very generally given up by our elégantes, or worn only when the weather is really wet. For cold weather, the waterproof is not in fact at all suitable, for it does not keep one at all warm, and the velvet or silk cloak kind with fur is a much more comfortable as well as more elegant wrap

The costume, which is all the fashion this winter for walking toilets, is generally composed of the under-skirt, dress and paletot, or mantelet; but frequently a more ample cloak is required, especially for carriage wear; but, as I have already mentioned, I think, this outer wrap is thrown off upon entering a house or church.

Fur linings are more than ever employed for circulars and paletots this winter. On the outside only a narrow border is placed. The newest fashion is to place it above a satin or vel-



at

University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

vet flounce, in the same way as cross strips or rouleaux are placed to fasten down the heading.

We must now speak of evening dresses, for the period of convivial assemblies and of evening parties and balls is now at hand. We have just been examining a series of very beautiful dresses at Madame Pieffort's, who is the conturière of the élite of elegant society in Paris.

A dinner dress is of caronbier red satin. First skirt trainshaped, trimmed round the bottom with a deep flounce, headed by two puffs. Second skirt, edged with deep black lace, and looped up on either side with satin bows. Bodice high at the back, and upon the shoulders; cut low and square in front; edged with a satin ruche. Marie Thérese sleeves, trimmed at

edged with a saun ruche.

the elbows with a fluting. Lace chemisette and engageantie.

Another is of blue glace silk, shot with white. The back part of the skirt forms a court train, trimmed round with a fluting of blue satin. This fluting is continued in braces upon the bodice, which does not come up higher than the shoulders on either side, and is very low, both in front and at the back. The upper part of the train-shaped skirt is looped up into a large puff at the back by a cross strip of satin, edged with a fluting of the same. In front the skirt is plain, and not very long. It is trimmed with a flounce, headed with a satin fluting. The bodice is trimmed to correspond. A high lace chemisette is wom inside. The sleeves are tight, and trimmed with flutings of satin, and with lace cuffs at the wrists, falling over the

A very handsome evening dress is of white gros-grains silk and rose-colored satin. Under-skirt, just touching the ground, of white silk, with a deep border of pink satin, scalloped out round the top, and edged with white lace. Court train of white silk, trimmed with a slightly gathered flounce of the same, headed with a large puffing of pink satin. In front, rounded apron of white silk, ornamented in the same way as the court train. There is a very large rosette of pink satin on either side of this apron. Low white silk bodice, with a puffing of pink satin round the top; the same puffing forms an epaulet to the short white sleeves, edged with lace. Coiffure of pink roses and

We have also three ball dresses to describe, from the same celebrated artiste

The first is of pale-blue glace silk, shot with white. It is made with two skirts; the first trimmed with a deep lace flounce, the second looped up with plaitings of blue satin, faished off with bow. Low bodice, with a lace bertha. Satin bows upon the shoulders. Satin sash, with a rosette in front, and long lapels, edged with a narrow fluting, at the back. Coiffue composed of a small puff of blue forget-me-nots placed in front, and of strings of pearls entwined in the hair.

The second ball toilet is pale maize color and white. Underdress of maize satin, made in the Princess shape. Fluted satin flounce round the bottom; lace flounce, rather shorter, over it; and above the lace flounce a strip of lace insertion. The insertion is continued up to the waist, over each width of the skirt. Upper-dress of white lace, looped up on either side with bows of maize satin ribbon. Low bodice, trimmed with lace and with satin ribbon. Coiffure composed of branches of laburnum blossoms and diamonds.

The third ball toilet is suitable for a young lady. Underdress of cerise-colored glace silk, rather train-shaped; upperdress of white tarletane, train-shaped at the back, slit open at the sides, short, and rounded off in front. This tarletane dress is trimmed all round with a deep flounce headed by a ruche. It is trimmed with rosettes of cerise-colored satin ribbon. Low bolice trimmed to correspond. Satin sash of the color of the

Chignons of curls or of loose waved hair are quite the fashion, especially for evening coiffures. Flowers are placed in small bunches or puffs just at the top of the head, in front; a few trailing branches are frequently mixed with the curls of the highon.

In bonnets there is a new model called chapeau Russe, which is in great favor, though not becoming to all faces. Its shape is quite round, like a toquet. Velvet strings, cut on the cross,

Diadem Fanchons are also still very much the fashion. great many are made of black velvet, enlivened with a small quantity of bright-colored satin.

Here are a few specimens:

A Diadem Fanchon, of black velvet, is composed of a puffing with a ruche of hollow plaits on either side. This ruche is lined with caronbier-colored satin. A bunch of satin hedge-roses, of the same color, is placed on one side, with foliage of stamped velvet, and a small black feather. The strings, of black velvet, are lined with the same satin.

Another Fanchon, of black velvet, is lined in the same way with buttercup-colored satin, and ornamented with a black

A Russe bonnet, of turquoise blue velvet, is trimmed with a border of curled white feathers. One large feather is turned back over the crown, and a small bunch of pale pink roses is placed at the foot of it. The lapels of blue velvet, lined with white satin, are edged with white lace.

Another Russe bonnet, of caronbier red velvet, is trimmed with black feathers and a small white aigrette.

In round hats, we have the Persan, quite round, and very much resembling a turban, with an aigrette. The other models are much the same as those described last year.

THE NETTLE.

Growing on waste and neglected places—flourishing alike on breezy commons and in the dirty ditches of the suburbs of towns, the nettle has neither beauty nor fragrance to recommend it to the ordinary observer. Yet it is well worth careful inspection, on account of the beauty of its structure. True, it has a sting if handled timidly; but seize the plant heartily, and it will give you little discomfort.

The nettle is a very common, low-bred, vulgar plant; but, nevertheless, in its family and alliances may be found some of the noblest members of the vegetable kingdom. Such are the bread-fruit tree, the mulberry, the hop, the hemp, the fig, the stately banyan, and the deadly upas. It has not been without its affectionate admirers, as the following anecdote will testify: A worthy florist (not a native of the south of England) was showing his greenhouse to some ladies, when one of them said

"What is that in the flower-pot? It is very like a nettle." "Indeed, ma'am, it is just a nettle; but it grew up sac bonnily, puir thing, that I could na' think to pu' it."

It is not for its botanical beauty or respectable connections that we wish to put in a word on behalf of the nettle, but for its uses, which are too much overlooked. Although growing everywhere, it is very partially appreciated, and then only by the economical. As an old wife's remedy—and a very good one, too—it is used in scurvy, gout, jaundice, hæmorrhage, paralysis, &c. Nettle-tca, as a spring drink, were it generally used, would frighten the proprietors of that much advertised sarsaparilla of old Dr. Jacob Townsend. The stalks of the old nettles are little inferior to flax for making linen cloth, being used for that purpose in America, Siberia, Germany, and formerly in some parts of England and Scotland. The famous Indian grass-cloth, chu-ma, is woven from the fibres of a nettle. The expressed juice makes a permanent green dye for wool. The root, boiled with alum, yields a good yellow dye. Nettles, dried and used as fodder, are capital for cows, increasing the quantity and improving the quality of their milk. And one of the least of its virtues is, that if fish be packed in it, it preserves the color and bloom infinitely better than any other grass or umbrage, dried

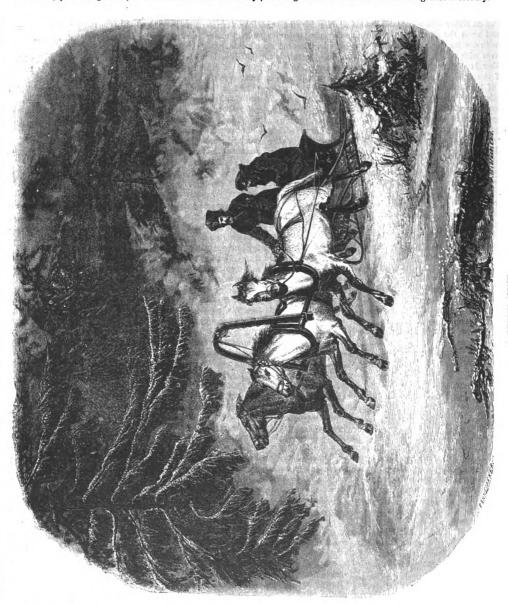
And yet not for these uses, but more especially for its edible qualities for human beings, do we wish to say a word in favor of the poor nettle. It is as a pot-herb that we would advocate its use, and the spring is the best time for gathering nettles for that purpose. To say that it is recommended by Loudon and Soyer is sufficient. It is said to resemble asparagus in flavor, but our experience would assimilate it with spinach, perhaps from the association of ideas, having eaten it dressed in a similar manner. The following is Soyer's method:



"Wash the nettles well, drain, put them in plenty of boiling water, with a little salt, boil for twenty minutes, drain, and chop them up, and serve either plain, or put them in a pan, with a little salt, pepper, and butter, or a little fat and gravy from a roast, or add to a pound two teaspoonfuls of flour, a gill of milk, and a teaspoonful of sugar, and serve with or without

And now, ye rich agricoles, if this weed is still unworthy full of glorious excitement was the magnificent scenery.

a Lapland sled. We now give a Russian one, which, although far superior in every respect but velocity to the Lapland vehicle, is very far below those which dash along our American fashionable roads. Few things are more exciting than a ride in winter along the solitudes of Siberia in one of those three-horse sleighs. Captain Cochrane, in his "Travels," mentions them with great enthusiasm, and says it was like reading Dante's "Inferno," so



your notice, tell the poor to send their children to gather the nettles. They will prove a wholsesome food, and, as spring diet, will be better relished by the little ones than the vernal brimstone and molasses.

A RUSSIAN SLEIGH.

In another part of the present number we have given a sketch of one of the most primitive conveyances on the earth-namely, | looked or forgotten.

Opposition. - A certain amount of opposition is a great help to man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the windeven a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching, lies down by the wayside, to be overopi de,

iter its



"IN THE ACT OF SPEAKING, HER LIPS GREW STILL, AND THE POOR GIRL'S BLIGHTED LIFE ENDED."

GERTRUDIE.

Born in the shadow of sorrow, Cradled in mourning and sighs, Golden hair sprinkled with tear-drops Rained from her mother's sad eyes-Tear-drops more burning and bitter That they are flowing in vain, Orphan Gertrudie, Dear little fatherless baby, Little bird out in the rain.

Baby! this world is so cruel, Why should you tempt it? Beware! Wring the salt baptism of sorrow Out of your soft yellow hair; And since you wandered from heaven. Seek the bright pathway again, Orphan Gertrudie;

Go, ere the angels have missed you; Fly away out of the rain.

FATE IN A FAN.

"You have your weapon, Leontine?"

"Use it well to-night, for this person must be finished at once."

"You will show no mercy?"

"None! I hate him, and nothing but his ruin will satisfy me. Remember that."

"I dare not forget."

The low voices ceased, as if the speakers had passed on, and a moment afterward a young man glided noiselessly down the corridor, vanishing in a side-passage which led to the main en-His face wore a startled look; his keen eyes shone,

and his nervous hand closed like a vice, as he muttered, grimly "Weapon! hate! ruin! I knew there was deviltry afloat; to night I've found a clue, and will follow it up to the death." A tall, strikingly-handsome man, in the brilliant uniform of

Vol. XXIV., No. 1-2

one, as he idly pulled a rose to pieces, humming the refrain of an Italian love-song.

"You disappear and appear like a spirit. Where have you been, Rolande?" he asked, in a gay tone, as the new-comer's touch on his shoulder disturbed his reverie.

"Finding that your tête-à-tête with madame's pretty soubrette was likely to be prolonged, I strolled away and lost myself among the passages of the hotel. Must you play again to-night, Ulf?"

"I must, or else how recover my losses? I fear to think of them, and see no salvation but in some turn of luck."

The handsome face darkened for a moment, as the Austrian flung away the relics of the rose, and set his heel on them with

a petulant gesture.
"This infatuation costs you dear. How will it end, my poor friend?"

"The devil, patron of gamesters, only knows. It can scarcely be worse than it is, and may be better. I cling to that hope, and play on."

"You would not listen to my warnings," began Rolande; but the other broke in:

"I hate presentiments, and would take no warning, even from you, Alcide. Let me go my own way. I cannot in honor

stop now. St. Pierre must have his revenge at any cost."
"No fear of that," muttered Rolande, adding, in a lower tone: "One word, and I am dumb. If I can convince you that you have not had fair play, will you quit this dangerous place?"

The young officer opened his blue eyes wide, pulled his blonde mustache thoughtfully for a moment, and knit his brows, as if perplexed. Then his face cleared, and breaking into a boyish laugh, he clapped his friend on the shoulder, saying,

"You croaking raven! you infected me with your doubts for an instant; but I scorn to harbor them. I'll not let you play the spy for me; nor will I be convinced by any but the most honorable proofs."

"Good! I am satisfied. Come on, we are late, and the old one does not like to wait."

"Ah, you go now with alacrity, though usually I cannot get an Austrian officer, stood in the hall, evidently waiting for some Alcide."

You are a sphinx to me, You XXIV., No. 1-2

"I'll solve my riddles for you soon. En avant!" cried Rolande, mounting the stairs, and leading the way to an apartment on the first floor.

If the little tableau which greeted them had been prepared, it certainly had been done with skill, and was very effective. A white-haired, soldierly old man sat in an antique chair placed beside a small green-covered table, and leaning over him, in an attitude of enchanting grace, was his daughter-a slender little creature, shrouded in black lace, with no ornament but tube roses in the bosom. Not beautiful, for the face was pale and thin, the lips almost colorless, and the figure so slight, that even the profuse falls of rich lace could not entirely conceal it. Eyes of wonderful depth and brilliancy, and luxuriant hair of the purest gold, were her only charms, except the grace which marked every gesture, and a voice of peculiar sweetness.

M. St. Pierre's patrician face reminded one of the Frenchmen of the old school—the gallant, pleasure-loving gentlemen, who flashed out their swords at the first breath of insult, who served king or mistress with equal devotion, and rode gayly to the guillotine, with a nosegay at the breast, a laugh on the lips. Whatever his vices, they were concealed under the most perfect manners; and if his life held any secret sin or shame, no trace of it ever appeared in his aristocratic old face, which seldom varied its expression of serene suavity.

As the young men approached, mademoiselle turned to meet them with a shy smile, and her father waved his hand, exclaiming, cordially:

"Ah, I have to thank you for remembering the old man, and sacrificing an hour to give him his one pleasure."

Bergamo, the Austrian, and Rolande, the Frenchman, paid their compliments in nearly the same words, and mademoiselle received them with the same courtesy, yet some indescribable shade of difference was perceptible in her manner. Bergamo kissed her hand, with undisguised devotion; Rolande merely bowed, but the kiss brought no color to her cheek, while the colder salutation made her brilliant eyes fall, the sensitive lips tremble for a second, and though she answered the Austrian's gay flattery with badinage as gay, she evidently listened intently to her countryman's chat with her father.

"Can we not tempt you, M. Rolande?" said the old man, hospitably, when at length they seated themselves about the table.

"Monsieur forgets that I know nothing of the game, and have no gold to lose.

Something in the sharp, cold tone of the young man's voice made St. Pierre cast a quick glance at him. But the dark, grave face was impenetrable, and setting down the sharpness to some natural twinge of shame, at confessing ignorance and poverty, the elder man returned to his cards, and left his guest to amuse himself as he might.

This did not appear a difficult matter, for, as if possessed by some new whim, Rolande seated himself beside mademoiselle, and began to talk. She was evidently well trained, for no sign of emotion was now visible, and the dangerous eyes met his own freely, as she conversed with skill and spirit.

Bergamo, meanwhile, played with the reckless daring of a desperate man, and, as usual, began by winning just enough to whet his appetite and lure him on to large ventures. He fixed his whole mind upon the game, and did not allow his attention to be distracted by the timely chat going on behind him. St. Pierre played with the composure of an accomplished gamester, losing tranquilly, yet expressing naive surprise at his ill luck. Once or twice he glanced at his daughter, as if Rolande's sudden interest amused him, and when the players paused a moment, at the close of the first game, he said, with a persuasive smile:

"Rolande, give us a little music, I beseech you. It disturbs no one, but refreshes all, and you, Leontine, rest, my child; you are too pale to-night."

Both obeyed; mademoiselle leaned back in her chair, and the young man seated himself at the instrument, glad of a moment to collect his thoughts. While he talked, he had watched the girl closely, but discovered nothing to aid him in his search. Now as he played, he continued to watch, yet gained little light on the puzzle which perplexed him. Leontine merely drew out | blistered by the hot silver.

her fan, and languidly observed the game, while listening to the delicious music that filled the room. She sat where she could see Bergamo's cards, yet seemed not to avail herself of the fact,

though now and then she gave a smiling reply to his questions.

"Is treachery the weapon?" thought Rolande, playing softly, with his eyes in the mirror, which permitted him to see the group without turning. "No, she makes no signals; St. Pierre never looks at her, she never speaks to him. Her eyes do the mischief. Ulf grows excited now, plays carelessly, and turns often to address her. Poor lad, they will beguile him to his ruin !''

The entrance of a servant with wine and coffee brought a new suspicion to the jealous observer, for Leontine rose at once, dismissed the man, and preparing a cup with care, brought it to Bergamo, herself.

"Ah, is that it? Will she drug him slightly, and let the old villain fleece him before my eyes?" cried Rolande to himself, pausing with a discord.

The Austrian was lifting the fragrant draught to his lips, when his friend's hand arrested him.

"No, Ulf, you must drink nothing to-night; you are not well, and I am to watch over you. Pardon, mademoiselle; do not tempt him."

Rolande's tone was perfectly natural, but Bergamo caught the warning conveyed, and submitted with a good-humored laugh.

"As you will; I regret the loss of nectar brewed by such fair hands; but being under orders, I must obey."

"May he not drink wine?" asked Leontine, following Rolande as he carried the cup away.

"His physician forbids anything after dinner; he is forgetful, but I love my friend, and watch over him with vigilance."

As he slightly emphasized the last word, Rolande glanced at the girl, who averted her eyes, with a peculiar smile. Bent on satisfying his suspicion, the young man added, with the cup still in his hand:

"Will mademoiselle permit me to enjoy the draught so kindly prepared for another."

She bowed carelessly, and the slender hand, that was lifting a glass, never trembled, as Rolande sipped the coffee, with his keen eyes on her face.

"Wrong again," he thought, as she went to carry the wine to her father; "perhaps I have deceived myself; and yet those words, my own forebodings, and the mystery which surrounds the St. Pierres! What weapon could the old man have meant?"

As he stood musing, a light object on the dark carpet at his feet caught his attention; absently taking it up, he saw that it was a white lace fan, with a pearl and golden handle, a dainty toy for a fair hand. Before he had time to examine it further, Leontine returned, and the instant she saw it, a curious expression of annoyance came into her face. A careless observer would not have seen it, but Rolande was on the watch, and

caught the slight frown at once.
"Thanks, it is mine," she said, extending her hand to reclaim it.

"Pardon, permit me to admire it a moment. I have no sisters, and these coquetish trifles are charming mysteries to me," replied Rolande, with a gallant air, as he unfurled the delicate fan and moved it gently to and fro, affecting to examine it, while he covertly took note of her nervous little laugh, and the faint color which came into her pale cheeks.

His quick eye ran over the fan, hoping to find there some sign of foul play, for he had heard of the Spanish women, who enact both tragedies and comedies with the expressive by-play of their fans. No cabalistic figures anywhere appeared among the light wreaths upon the lace, no mirrors on the pearl framework, no concealed stiletto in the golden handle, to which he gave a shy twist, while praising the fillagree which covered it.

"Baffled a third time," muttered Rolande to himself, when he could no longer retain the fan without rudeness, for Leontine stood silently waiting beside him. Just as her fingers closed over it, he saw something which made him regret so soon relinquishing it. As she waited, Leontine had unconsciously laid one hand on the tall coffee-urn, and had not removed it till he gave up the fan, though several of the delicate finger-tips were يريس يبرعوا فلحدث فللمد

"Nothing but some intense anxiety could have made her forgetful of pain like that. There is some secret about that toy, and I have missed it. I must get back the fan and discover it. First, let me see again how she uses it."

As those thoughts swept through his mind, St. Pierre called

to his daughter:

"Leontine, a lump of sugar in my wine." Bland as the voice was, and paternal the smile which accompanied the slight request, the girl started, caught up the crystal basin and glided away, holding the fan tightly in one hand.

Rolande strolled to the window-recess and soon seemed absorbed in the evening papers. Leontine resumed her place by Bergamo, and the game went on. By furtive glances Roland discovered three things which confirmed his suspicions that all was not right. The Austrian played badly, seeming to have lost his usual skill strangely; he grew pale and silent, his brillianteyes looked dull and heavy, and the little that he said was neither gay nor sensible. The second discovery was that Leontine fanned herself incessantly, but seemed to take no interest in the game, though her father often addressed some tender remark to her as he played with unusual care. The third was, that the scent of tube roses filled the air, for the spring night

was sultry, and a great vase of them stood near the girl. "Is he drunk with love, overpowered with despair, or oppressed with this heavy perfume?" thought Rolande, eyeing his friend with anxiety and wonder. Rapidly he recalled all the facts concerning their acquaintance with the St. Pierres. The old man had been taken ill in the Tuileries Garden, the friends had helped him home, seen the daughter, and called the next day to inquire for the father. Rolande had been struck with the loveliness of the girl, who naively owned that she was a stranger in Paris, and devoted herself to her invalid father, who could not bear much society. The lovely eyes, wet with tears, touched the heart of susceptible Bergamo, and finding that his society was agreeable to Monsieur St. Pierre, he fell into the way of frequenting the quiet salon to play with the father and admire the daughter. Rolande felt little interest in them, but for his friend's sake made inquiries about them, found that they were unknown except to a few young men, who, attracted by mademoiselle, had lost heavily at play to monsieur. Bergamo's fine fortune was already nearly squandered by the recklessly generous young man, and Rolande, whom poverty had made prudent, tried to restrain him from gambling, his besetting sin. Large sums had St. Pierre won from him, but was not yet satisfied, and the calm looker-on felt that some hidden motive increased the old man's natural rapacity. Alade set himself to discover this motive, for in spite of St. Pierre's polished manners and perpetual benignity, the acute young man distrusted him from the first. Leontine was evidently a puppet in her father's hands; but, though she obediently smiled on Bergamo, she unconsciously betrayed that she loved his friend. Alcide saw this, and pitied her; but having no heart to give, he tried by cool indifference to quench her timid hopes

He was roused from his reverie by an exclamation from Ulf, who struck the table with a feeble laugh as he threw down a card, saying "Another hand like that, and I am finished!"

"You joke, mon aimé; your princely fortune will sustain the loss of many trifling draughts like mine, replied St. Pierre, dealing with his severest smile and a transient glitter of exultation in his hard eye.

"You play badly; I fancy the odor of these flowers oppresses you; allow me to remove them, mademoiselle, for you also look as if they were too powerful for you."

Rolande placed the great rose on a distant table, and returning, leaned on his friend's chair, troubled and perplexed by the pallor of the girl's face, the strange indifference of Bergamo, and the expression of St. Pierre's inscrutable countenance. Leontine rose at once, saying, with a wan smile:

"I live on odors, but regret my forgetfulness of others;" and casting a glance at her father, she passed into an inner room. Rolande followed her, unobserved, for the old man was in tent on the last hand of the game. An uncontrolable im-Pulse led the young man to that inner room, and he lifted the turtain which separated it from the salon just in time to see | broken voice.

the girl drop her fan, tear the flowers from her bosom, and lean far out at the open window, gasping for air. With a noiseless stride, Alcide clutched the fan before he spoke.

"Mademoiselle is ill; let me call her maid, or bring wine," he said, softly.

She sprang up with a startled look, saw the fan in his hand. and tried to speak, but her white lips made no sound, though her hands were outstretched imploringly.

"No, you are too much overcome; permit me to help you;" and placing her on the couch with gentle force, Rolande moved the fan over her, unmindful of the nervous grasp she laid on his arm.

"One moment; give it back for a moment, I entreat you!" she whispered, eagerly.

"Not till I discover the secret which it holds," he answered, in a low, stern tone.

With a long sigh Leontine's head fell back, and she fainted, looking like one who gave herself up for lost. Shocked, but not turned from his purpose, Alcide sprinkled water on her face, and fanned assiduously, with his eyes fixed on the fragile weapon the strange girl had evidently feared to give up. A strong perfume filled the air, yet no flowers were in the room, for Leontine had flung the tube roses from her bosom into the street-a subtle, penetrating perfume, which made the temples throb after inhaling a few breaths of it, and speedily produced a delicious drowsiness. Rolande lifted the fan to his nostrils and satisfied himself that the fragrance came from it. No aperture was visible, and, impatient at being foiled so long, he struck the handle sharply on a marble consolen ear; the pearl under the fillagree was shattered by the blow, and disclosed a slender crystal vial, with a spring stopper, which a touch on some unsuspected or-nament would lift. Shutting and pocketing this tiny traitor, Rolande pried into the delicate structure of the fan, discover ing that the golden sticks were hollow, and that the hateful perfume rising through them was effectually diffused with every waft of the fan. He was still examining this artful toy when Leontine recovered, saw that her secret was known, and clasping her hands, she whispered, in a tone of dispair:

"I will confess all, but oh, save me from my father!"
"Your father!" ejaculated the young man, in astonishment.

"Yes, I dread him more than death. Hush, can he not hear us?" she said, trying to rise, as if to assure herself that no one was listening. Rolande stole to the entrance, peeped beyond the curtain, saw that St. Pierre was absorbed in play, and returned, saying, in a reassuring tone:

"Confide in me, my poor child; I will defend you if you give me all the truth."

"Ah, it is bitter to confess such dishonor, and to you," she murmured, hiding her face.

"Regard me as your friend, for I swear to you I will do my best to shield you, if I can also save Ulf," cried Rolande, sitting beside her, and gently taking her thin hand in his.

"So kind! God will reward you, and I shall not long burden any one. The poison is killing me by inches, but I dared not rebel," she answered, glancing at the broken fan with a shudder.

"Speak quickly! is it as I suspect?"

"Yes, that subtle Indian perfume intoxicates and stupefies whoever breathes it. My father learned the secret of it when a soldier in the East. He had the fan made as if for a harmless odor, and forced me to use it with that horrible stuff hidden in it. I sit by his opponents when he plays, and while they fancy it is love, or wine, or the heavily-scented flowers I wear, which excites and bewilders them, my treacherous fan dulls their senses, and my father plunders them."

The poor pale face turned scarlet with shame, as the last words left her lips, and she wrung her hands, as if a proud spirit rebelled against dishonor.

"Ah, and this, then, is the cause of Ulf's strange headaches lately, his watchfulness and alternate lethargy and excitement. Leontine, would you have killed him with this accursed spell?" demanded Rolande.

"No, oh, no! that I could never do. My father hates his family for some old slight or insult, and desires to ruin him, nothing more. It is myself whom I kill," she added, in a



- "Yourself! how? why? tell me all, I conjure, my poor girl."
- "Do you think I can breathe for months, unharmed, a perfume which affects the magnificent health of your friend in a week or two? It is killing me slowly, but surely, and I dare not escape.'
- "Your father permits this?" cried Rolande, indignantly.
- "He is proud and poor; he loves ease and pleasure; I can help to earn them for him; I obey my poor mother's last command, and cling to him through everything."
- "There shall be an end to this, and St. Pierre shall restore what he has unfairly won, or be given up to the law," said Rolande, in a tone of decision, which proved to Leontine that the old man would receive no mercy at his hands. She turned her wan face toward him, saying, beseechingly:
- "Let me suffer, for life is valueless to me, but he finds happiness in it; leave him to enjoy it and repent, if he can."
- "Have you always led a life like this?" asked the young man, touched by the misery in her melancholy eyes.
- "No; I remember a time when I was happy, but misfortune came, my mother died, and I had no one to cling to but my
- "Could you not break away, and find friends elsewhere?"
 "I tried that lately, but he forbid it; he was very cruel, and threatened to betray my secret," sobbed the girl.
 - " What secret?"
- "I will never tell it!" her lips said, with a passionate resolve; but her eyes told it eloquently, as they sank before

His dark face softened, as he laid his hand on her bowed head, and the tenderest pity lent its music to his voice, as he said, in the friendliest tone:

"Will you put yourself under my old mother's care for a time? She will welcome and befriend you, and so will the little wife whom I am to bring home in a month."

"You are kind, but I have another friend who will take me in when my father deserts me. Think no more of me, but save Bergamo, and deal as kindly as you can with the old man. Hark! they are rising! Go at once; adieu, adieu!"

She caught his hand, kissed it with pathetic humility, and waved him from her with a gesture of farewell. He went just in time to see Ulf drop his head on the table with a groan, as St. Pierre handed him an account of the sums lately lost, saying, with an evil smile:

"It is, of course, unnecessary for me to remind my friend that debts of honor should be promptly paid."

Bergamo sprang up, haggard and desperate, exclaiming, hotly:

"Rest satisfied; you shall be paid to the last franc, though it leaves me a beggar."

"Give yourself no uneasiness, Ulf ; I shall settle this account ;"

and Rolande came between them, calm and stern as fate.

"Is it permitted to inquire with what M. Rolande will discharge this trifling sum?" asked St. Pierre, as he pointed to the heavy sum total set down upon the paper, and laughed a soft, sneering laugh.

"With this!" and Alcide displayed the shattered fan.

Bergamo stared wonderingly at it, but St. Pierre's extended hand fell suddenly, and a flash of wrath glittered in his eyes. Only for a moment. He was a consummate actor, and the false smile, the bland tone, the grand air had become second nature. With a slight shrug, he said, quietly:

"Pardon, if I fail to perceive the point of the reply; a woman's bauble cannot pay a man's debts.'

"A woman's bauble helped to win that money, and, being fraudulently gained, you will not receive a sou of it, but will restore that already secured, or this frail toy goes to tell its secret to the Prefet of the Police," returned Rolande, with an ominous gesture, as he showed the empty handle.

"Ah, the little traitress betrays her father to her lover, it seems! She has more courage than I thought, and will need it all. You win the game, mon aimé, and I admire your address; but before I restore the sums you mention, I have a desire to know what is to follow that unusual proceeding?"

St. Pierre had turned white to the lips, and his eyes fell for

and wearing the air of a man whom dishonor could not touch or danger daunt.

"For your daughter's sake, I will be silent, if you restore your ill-gotton gains and leave Paris at once. You agree to this, Ulf?" asked Rolande, trying to rouse his friend, who looked from one to the other, as if bewildered.

"Yes, anything, Alcide; I leave it all to you," he said, hastily.

"Good! Then, monsieur, you know my demand and its alternative. Allow me to quote your own words, and remind you that 'debts of honor should be promptly paid.'"

The young man's look and words stung St. Pierre like a blow; but he merely smiled the evil smile, and extended his shapely white hand with a motion which was a menace, as he said, slowly, pointing toward the inner room:

"Has my charming daughter informed her lover of one little fact which may affect his passion? Merely that her mother was not my wife?

"That fact cannot affect me, except to increase my pity, for I am not the poor girl's lover, but affianced to another. To me the sins of her father far outweigh the misfortunes of her mother," returned Rolande, unmoved.

"I play a losing game and miss my last card; so be it, I am an old soldier. Leontine, my little darling, bring hither the roll of notes from my secretaire."

As he called, in a tone of mocking tenderness, the curtains parted, and his daughter appeared, looking like a ghost risen from its grave at the summons of a master whom it dared not disobey. An awful change had passed over her since Rolande left her, for life, strength, and color seemed gone, and she moved with a feeble gait, extended hands and vacant eyes, like one groping the way through utter darkness. One pale hand held the notes, the other, the tiny vial from the fan, which had slipped, unobserved, from Alcide's pocket as he bent over her.

"Here, father, forgive me, and quit this evil life, as I do. Alcide, take back this proof of my treachery; you may need it; I have left enough."

"It is half gone, the powerful altar! what have you done, poor child?" cried Rolande, supporting, her as she would have fallen at his feet.

"I drank it; one drop taken will kill quickly, and there was no other way. Forget me, and be happy with the little wife."

In the act of speaking, her lips grew still, as with one look of hopeless love the poor girl's blighted life ended, and she lay at rest on the only heart that could have redeemed for her the erring past. Bergamo covered up his face, but St. Pierre stood like a man of stone, giving no sign of grief, except the ghostly pal-lor of his face, and the great drops that shone upon his forehead. As Rolande reverently kissed those pale lips, and laid the lifeless figure tenderly down, the old man flung the money at his feet, and with a superb jesture of defiance and dismissal, moved them from his presence. They went without a word; but, glancing back, saw him bow his white head and gather his dead daughter in his arms, as if he clung despairingly to the frail faithful creature whom he had killed.

THE TIME FOR EXERCISE.—Walking for young and active people is by far the best exercise. Riding on horseback is good for the middle-aged, and carriage drives for elderly persons and invalids. The abuse of exercise consists in taking it when the system is exhausted, more or less, by previous fasting, or by mental labor. Some persons injudiciously attempt a long walk before breakfast, believing that it is conducive to health. Others will get up early to work three hours at some abstruse mental toil. The effect in both instances is the same—it subtracts from the power of exertion in the afterpart of the day. A short saunter, or some light reading before breakfast, is the best kind of indulgence; otherwise, the waste occasioned by labor must be supplied by nourishment, and the breakfast will necessarily become a heavy meal, and the whole morning's comfort be sacrificed by a weight at the chest from imperfect digestion of food. These observations apply especially to an instant, and then he was himself again, ready for anything, use their mental or bodily powers in age as in youth. elderly persons, who often flatter themselves that they can

THE BENDING VENUS.

The face of this beautiful statue is much more lovely than that of the far-famed Venus de Medici, which is considered by many sculptors as too small for the rest of the body, and as wanting in feminine intelligence. No such faults can be found with this exquisite work of art, which is one of the chief attractions of the Eternal City.

THE BLACKSMITH'S FOUNDLING.

Mr story is not the less curious because it happens to be rue, nor less interesting because its characters moved in the very humblest walks of life. I well remember as a lad that the pretiest girl in our village was Lydia Raymond, the blacksmith's daughter. Her soft, clear cheeks, her large brown eyes, and siken hair, and the almost childlike delicacy of her features and figure, bore little affinity to the coarse lineaments and brawny limbs of the blacksmith, whose ruggedness, however, was all on the outside; a warm heart and kind disposition lay within, and often evidenced themselves in acts of the most generous benevolence.

It was edging on toward evening one sharp December day; the pond at the smithy gable, with its breastplate of ice, lay smooth and polished as a mirror; icicles a week old hung from the eaves of the adjoining cottage, and the frozen snow crunched beneath your feet, almost as crisply as the ashes from the forge. The ringing of the anvil, the shower of sparks shook out by each percussion of the hammer on the glowing iron; the snoring of the ponderous bellows; the bright blaze of the forge fire, and the brawny figures of the blacksmith and his man, with bare and blackened arms, plying their athletic craft in its glare, made a cheerful picture. But this was presently shadowed by the appearance of a miserable woman in a cloak of all colors, scanty and threadbare, a tattered gown, and handkerchief tied cornerwise over her head, who, leading a meagre-looking child in her hand, with humble and beseeching accents implored shelter for the night, and some food for heaven's sake.

At the sound of her voice a little girl, who a moment before had tottered in from the blacksmith's dwelling, glided to her side, and taking the child's hands, endeavored to lead him to the smith, as if to second the woman's supplication. But he needed no other appeal than her own wayworn and half-famished appearance; and having seen her provided with food, some clean straw was heaped in a corner of the workshop, and a horsecloth and some sacks spread over it for bedding accommodation, that to the footsore and exhausted creature seemed almost luxury; and, when working hours were over, she was left in quiet possession of the forge.

Raymond had no wife, nor any child but Lydia; but a sister, as much the handmaid of mercy as the smith was its minister, lived with him to take care of his child and regulate his humble household. Long before the blacksmith rose the next morning, Mary Raymond crept softly down-stairs, and commenced making preparations for breakfast, in order that the poor mendicant might be ready to leave the smithy before the workmen would want to enter it; and having completed her preparations, and looked together some superannuated wearing apparel for her use, she gently unfastened the forge door, and was about to onuse the seeming sleeper, when something in the aspect of the woman's features withheld her; and with a stifled scream she man in-doors.

Wakening her brother, she soon found her fears correct. Shelter had come too late to save the poor wanderer from the effects of past exposure. She was dead!—and the haggard-looking child, unconscious of his loss, lay clasping, with attenuated ingers, the thin cold bosom of the corpse.

It was said, how truly I know not, that the dead woman was the daughter of a small farmer in the neighborhood, and the first love of the honest blacksmith, but who, lured by the fine form, free gait, and glittering eyes of a gipsy youth, whose tile had for many years frequented the valley where she lived, had deserted home and lover to follow his wild life and dwell in the tents of the people.

The results of so unnatural a union may be imagined; intimacy with the semi-civilized community soon dissipated her romance; the coarse and comfortless details of her position rendered her disgusted and wretched; but shame, and a remnant of affection for the man, prevented her endeavoring to return home till he himself deserted her, when, finding strength and life failing, she had, after some difficulty, obtained possession of her child, and set forward for her father's.

But death had been before her; the old man was in his grave; and, indifferent to everything but anxiety for her child, she now bethought her of her former lover, and determined to implore his protection for the boy. She had calculated her strength too accurately, and had died before she had declared her purpose, or informed him of her identity. Some papers had, however, revealed all to him, and decided the smith in a course which his own kind feelings had at first dictated; and Jasper Carew, for so was the young gipsy called, became to him as a son.

The same care was bestowed on him as on the little Lydia, whose elder he was by two years; and his rapid growth evinced how well he thrived in his new homestead. By and by, as years passed on, he took his place at the anvil, and learnt to wield the hammer, and beat out nails and horseshoes; and many a time have I passed my half-holidays in watching, through the smithy window, the envied skill with which he molded the glowing iron into shape.

Shortly after John Raymond began teaching him his trade, I left home to pursue my studies at a public school; but, as I annually returned to Hazlewood, I did not wholly lose sight of the blacksmith or his protégé, who, from year to year, lost nothing of his interest in my eyes, nor in those of another—the gentle, and alas! loving Lydia. He grew up tall, slight, but sinewy, with the supple limbs, sharp features, tawny hue, and flashing eyes of his race; impatient of control, and dissolute—despite the care poor Raymond had taken of him—and deaf to all remonstrance and advice, unless conveyed to him through the lips of his foster-sister. If orchards were robbed, snares set, or any other rural misdemeanor perpetrated, Jasper Carew, if not the principal, was sure to be a party concerned; and unfortunately, as he grew up, his crafty propensities were no longer confined to such venial practices, and many a depredation in the lord of the manor's adjoining park and preserves were but too



THE BENDING VENUS.

truthfully attributed to him; although his quick eye and lightness of limb enabled him, in every instance, to avoid detection.

Meanwhile his glozing tongue and lively air made him appear to Lydia all frankness and sincerity. She would hear nothing that threatened her faith in him, but laid to the account of prejudice and ill-will every aspersion against his honesty and truth. Even kind-hearted Mary Raymond, who was the last to see evil in any one, and who loved the lad only secondary to her niece, fell under her displeasure, because she could not blind herself to the vices of his character, and endeavored to awaken Lydia to his imperfections, at the same time contrasting his irascible temper and unsettled habits with the quiet diligence and candid disposition of Frank May, another suitor, the gardener at the Park, and an old neighbor's son. But Lydia saw virtue in Jasper's very vices, and was blind to any one but him. As for her aunt's simple policy, it proved the very worst she could have used; for the fact of hearing Frank May's good qualities lauded at the other's expense, acted on her niece in the opposite manner she intended, and destroyed all hopes of his suit prospering.

It was now more than fifteen years since—to use the phrase of his neighbors when speaking of the circumstance—John Raymond had brought a pest into the village, and nothing was talked of but the copies of a large hand-bill which appeared on the park walls, and every other conspicuous place, offering a considerable reward for such information as would lead to the detection of certain parties concerned in deer-stealing from Sir Robert Heywood's park. Such an occurrence was unprecedented in the recollection of the parish, and called forth no little excitement; and in the midst of it, while the knot of villagers who met nightly at the "Heywood Arms," had got no further than conjecturing the how and who of the case, another deer was stolen, and the gamekeeper shot; and, to add to the general wonder and perplexity, a day or two after this affair Jasper Carew absconded.

Nothing could be more opportune for the scandal-lovers at Hazlewood than his disappearance at this juncture. Although the wounded man had described his antagonist as a much stouter and older person than the gipsy, it was immediately remembered that he had frequently been met in the company of well-known poachers; that he had always more money at his command than it was likely his master allowed him; and had been seen at hours when it was well known to everybody that the smith's peaceful household were in their beds. To all this John Raymond said nothing; the lad's conduct was evidently a severe blow to him; but, to the chagrin of the gossips, he neither refuted nor confirmed any of the suppositions hazarded in his hearing, for the purpose of sounding his own opinions as to Jasper's flight. As for Lydia, not all the whispers, and shrugs, and dark hints shook her faith in his innocence; her cheek paled when she heard them, with indignation, not with despair; and while anxiety slowly undermined her health, and robbed her of her spirits, her heart continued firm in its convictions and its love.

"It was but a wild trick, the consequence of words with her father, who, on more than one occasion, had recently been obliged to remonstrate with him on his conduct. He would come back; she was sure that he would come back to redeem his promises to her, and refute those suspicions, that, to his face, not one of his slanderers had dared to utter."

Alas, poor girl! weeks and months passed away—and, except one dirty scrawl without date or address, that, for the sake of the truth it contained, deserved to have been attended to—namely, that "he felt he was undeserving of her, and that, for both their sakes, it was best she should forget him," no news reached her, no hints of his whereabouts, or of his doings; and thus year after year wore on, and plainer and more portionless girls married, while Lydia continued to all appearance as far off from it as ever. She had refused a half a dozen matches, and such matches! that no mother in the village had patience with her—Sir Robert's bailiff, and Mr. Miles at the mill, with two or three others almost as eligible; and, though handsome Frank May had never risked the fate of his fellow candidates, every one knew what his constant visits meant, and all the rare and garden.

By-and-by it was rumored that Carew had been met with at a distant town, where he had married the widow of his employer, and with her moncy was about to take a small business for himself. After this, Lydia Raymond grew more like herself than she had been for the five years of his absence; and the young gardener, too, appeared to have gained a sudden accession of good spirits. As for Mary Raymond, she did more kind things than ever; and the blacksmith worked and sung as vigorously as he had done twenty years before.

But, alas! these brightening prospects did not long continue. In the midst of his rude health and strength, John Raymond was struck down by paralysis; and having realized sufficient for his future independence, at the persuasion of his child and sister he consented to give up business, and taking a detatched cottage a little distance from the forge, that and their former dwelling became to let.

It was well he did so; for within a month after the new tenant had entered on its occupancy, poor Raymond was a second time attacked, and confined to his room, weak and helpless as a child. And who do you think was the new blacksmith?

The foundling who had been fostered within its walls, and fed, and taught his trade by its late owner—the false-hearted and ungrateful Carew!

As I was saying, the smithy had not been more than a month in his occupation, when Raymond was again unable to crawl out, even as far as the forge, which was a favorite resort of his when he had strength to reach it, for he bore no ill-will toward its proprietor, whose conduct he had ever regarded in a much more venial light than his neighbors; and, so far as himself was concerned, readily forgave, believing that, for Lydia's sake, it was the most fortunate thing that could have happened. And so it was, in more senses than the one in which the smith considered; for Lydia, who had been more or less of a spoiled child through the over-indulgence of her aunt and father, had been bitterly humbled by the conduct of Carew, and now saw all the wisdom of her friends' advice and the affection that had dictated it, and could not sufficiently exhibit her gratefulness and contrition to them. Out of her sorrow there had sprung a gentle humility, which was only wanting to make her as amiable in disposition as she was interesting in appearance.

It was a dark November evening, and Jasper, who, as usual, had been spending it at the "Heywood Arms," almost stumbled over an old man named Hatty Banks, a pensioned shepherd of Sir Robert's, in his way down the lane toward home; for neither the smith's shop nor John Raymond's cottage stood near the village, but in a sheltered and rather lonely lane leading to the park, and about half a mile distant from it. The shepherd had been with a neighbor on rather important business to the sick blacksmith's; and, in the double communicativeness of ale and dotage, could not resist informing his companion of the transaction.

"Ah, Master Jasper," he said, "thou did'st wrong in jilting old Raymond's daughter. There's not a prettier girl, nor a better one, in Hazlewood, let the other be who she will—nor such a rich one, either. Only think, Master Jasper, eight hundred pounds! That ain't to be got every day; and every farthing of that she'll have."

"Eight hundred pounds!" repeated Carew, lifting his eyebrows and compressing his lips.

"Ay, as sure as you and I stand here," rejoined the other; "I saw it with my own eyes, counted out pound by pound in hard, bright gold, man! Why, I was the witness!"

"What witness?—witness of what?" interrupted Jasper.

"Why, witness that Job Cumming, the butcher, has paid John Raymond eight hundred pounds, principal and interest, of moneys lent him by the said John Raymond," exclaimed the old man, with official importance.

"The deuce he has!" cried the other.

"Why, it always was said, you know," continued Hatty, "that our smith was a warm man; but I never knew he was so well off as this comes to."

"Nor I," said Mr. Carew, laconically. "I wonder they're not afraid of having so much money in the house," he suggested, presently.

"Oh, they won't keep it there long, you may be sure," re-

University of Illinois n, Google-digitized / Generated at Ur Public Domain,

plied the shepherd. "I reckon young Frank May will take it

to the bank to-morrow, as it is market day."
"Ay, but to-night," argued Jasper. "That's a lone house and they say Raymond has not so much strength as a woman."
"Not so much as a child," repeated old Hatty, lugubriously. "He is most gone, neighbor—most gone; and two or three months ago he was the strongest man in the village."

'Well, I hope you put the money in a secure place, Hatty,"

rejoined Jasper.

"Ah, leave that to me," cried the old man, chuckling. "We took care to hide it in such a place as no thief would think of looking for it."

The gipsy's eye glistened and grew larger as he rejoined, "To be sure you did, old fellow. You haven't lived all these years and learnt nothing."

"Ah, ah! such a place!" continued Hatty, as soon as his wheezing merriment would admit of his speaking.

"Hah, hah, hah!" echoed the other. "Sewed it up in the old man's stocking, eh ?"

"No, no, better than that! Why, thieves always look about a bedroom; but who'd think of looking for money in a washhouse?"

"Well, to be sure!" exclaimed Carew, in tones sufficiently indicative of his admiration of the old man's sagacity. "Who

would think of looking there, indeed !'
"The women, you see," continued Hatty, evidently delighted at the other's sense of his cleverness-"the women wanted to put it under Raymond's pillow; but that was the very place for a knowing one to put his hand on it. So I said, 'No, put it in the wash-house; and there is no fear of a burglar looking under the beams of a wash-house for money. Ah, ah, ah!' But" and the old man stopped as he was about to turn off toward the park gate-" you couldn't do better than go sit a little bit with them two poor women, who have been sitting up three nights, and what with fretting, are as frightened as can be."

"You forget, Master Banks, that I have been hard at work all day," said Jasper, quickly; "and besides, my wife isn't over and above well. So good-night!" and pushing back the field gate for the old man, he turned back into the lane.
"There's an ungrateful vagabond," muttered old Hatty. "I

am glad, at all events, that he won't have the handling of the eight hundred pounds."

While this dialogue had been going on in the lane, Mary Raymond and her niece, after having seen that the blacksmith was at rest, returned to the front room to watch for a certain person whom they expected to pass. They were both, as old Banks had described them, worn out with watching and anxiety, and, as a consequence, nervous and excited; and the unusual circumstance of having so much money in the house had made them imagine all sorts of unpleasant probabilities, increased by the remembered loneliness of their abode, and their own and the blacksmith's unprotectedness. It grew a rough night, too; as the evening advanced, the wind made strange instrumentation amongst the boughs and branches of the wood that skirted the back of the cottage; and the falling leaves tapped admonishingly at the lattice as they fell. Having excluded the light, that they might better see into the road, Lydia and her aunt approached the window, and, trembling with undefined apprehension, gazed anxiously down the lane for the approach of the individual whom they expected.

Presently they fancied that a figure passed along the hedge, and, turning the angle of the garden, continued to look steadily in at them; but it must have been imagination, for when at length they shook off the fear that had made their very sight

rigid, no one was to be seen, nor did any one repass the window. Shortly after this, the trot of a horse, and the sound of a light cart approaching, dissipated, for a time, all their fears; the vehicle stopped at the gate, and the driver, throwing the reins over it, and bidding his dog keep watch, hurried up the garden path, and was gladly welcomed by the two terrified women. Now he asked anxiously after the blacksmith; now shook hands over again with the aunt and niece, and scolded them for their pale faces and scared looks, especially when they confessed the cause.

But not even Frank May's remonstrances could divest them

of the strange dread they felt; and so strongly had it taken possession of them, that both joined in beseeching him to remain with them—a scheme he would have been the first to propose, but that a commission with which he had been charged required his return to the Park. Promising, however, to return as soon as possible, and examining the doors and windows, all of which seemed perfectly secure, he called in Brand, a large white bull-terrier, with fiery black eyes, and shining fangs; and throwing down his great coat in the middle of the washhouse, bade the intelligent creature take care of it till his return. Having thus provided for their protection, and shaken hands once more, the gardener drove off, assuring them that they were perfectly safe, as the dog would not desert his trust but with his life. He had not been very long gone, however, before Brand gave signs of great uneasiness, sniffing suspiciously round the apartment, and presently uttering low and threatening growls, which suddenly increased into a furious barking, growing louder and fiercer every moment. It was evident that some one was about the premises, or endeavoring to get into the house; and the terror of the two lonely women became uncontrolable. The smith, too, his huge limbs nerveless as an infant's, partook of their fears, without the power of removing them, and groaned beneath the dreadful sense of his sudden and untimely impotence. As for Lydia and her aunt, fear had paralyzed them completely as his infirmity, and they continued to crouch beside his bed, trembling with every new outburst on the part of Brand; for, now and then, stifled sounds, almost like human groans, came intermingled with his savage barking.

At length, as his ferocity grew more and more violent, Lydia took courage from desperation; and, as the smithy was the nearest dwelling, she determined on begging Jasper to come up and assist them in searching if any one was secreted about the place. As she fled through the garden, and along the lane, the horrid growlings and barking of the dog seemed to pursue her; and she had scarcely breath or strength left to speak the purpose of her coming when Jasper Carew's wife opened the door. When a little recovered, she briefly informed her the cause of their uneasiness, and the strange conduct of the dog; and begged, for her father's sake, that her husband would go up to the cottage, and remain with them till the return of the friend they

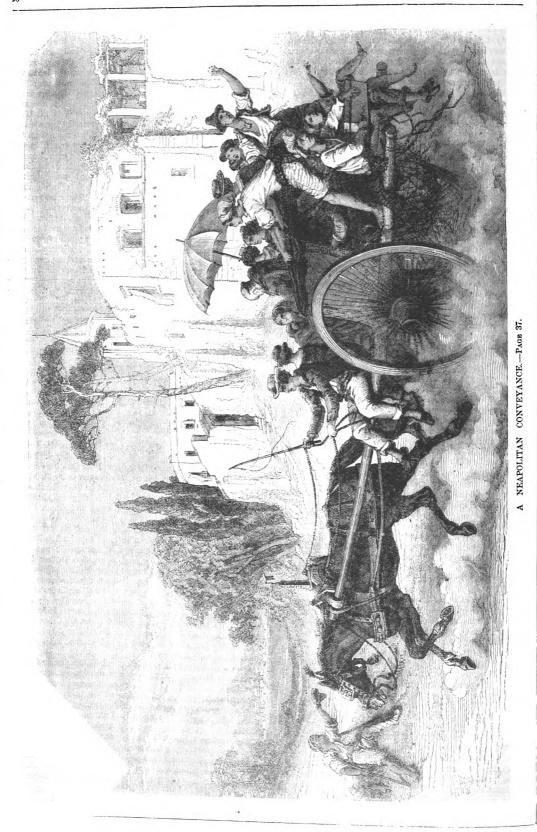
were expecting.

But the poor woman, who appeared to have uneasiness of her own—for her eyes were red and swollen, and her looks were haggard and worn-regretfully informed her that her husband, who had left work some hours since, was gone to the village, and she could not tell how late it might be before he returned. But seeing the distress of Lydia at this intelligence, she offcred to accompany her herself, and keep watch with them till the arrival of their friend.

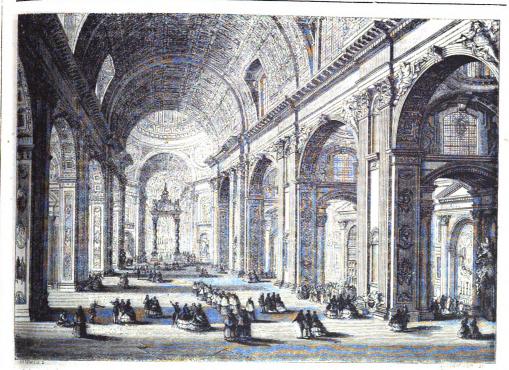
The principle of "safety in a multitude" is never more thoroughly understood than in cases of this kind, where the imagination, rather than actuality, is concerned; and Lydia gratefully accepted her offer, and returned with her to her home. Brand had not yet ceased the exhibition of his anger or distress, though his barkings had sunk into a monotonous growl, so threatening and savage, that neither Lydia nor her aunt, strengthened by the presence of their new ally, could find courage to open the door, and discover the cause of his excitement. Mrs. Carew, however, who did not participate their fears, was about to do so, when Frank May fortunately returned, and bidding her stand back till he had soothed the dog, they entered the room together.

A moment afterwards, a shriek of mingled terror and agony burst from the unfortunate woman; and the gardener, with blanched face, and horror in his looks, staggered back, supporting her in his arms. Upon the floor of the room crouched the dog, panting and exhausted, but still uttering low growls, and with glaring eyes fixed on the body of a man, depending from a small window in the roof (so small that, in his former survey of the apartment, Frank May had declared it impossible for any one to enter that way). The intended thief, however, thought otherwise; and with his head and upper part of his body thrust through the aperture, and hanging with inverted face towards them, glared the starting eyes, and livid, distorted features of Jasper Carew!





Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 01:52 GMT / Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access use#pd-google



THE INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

Foiled in his efforts to enter by the presence of the dog, his endeavors to parry the animal's attack had left him powerless to extricate himself; and in this posture the miserable wretch had been literally worried to death. The gold lay safe on the beam above him, and some time after became the dower of Lydia, who scarcely thinks her present appreciation of her husband a sufficient atonement for the wrong she did him in hesitating so many years before he could induce her to make him happy

The last time I visited Hazlewood, I found the blacksmith had wonderfully recovered, and, with the assistance of his little grandson's hand, was able to reach the forge whenever he desired it; and as a proof that the benevolence of his character remains as active as ever, I have only to add that the widow of Jasper Carew has found a home with him, and by her gratitude and valuable assistance to Mary Raymond, endeavors to repay the (humanly speaking) wasted philanthropy bestowed by the blacksmith on her husband.

A NEAPOLITAN CONVEYANCE.

Noming can exceed the wretchedness of all Italian conveyances. We give an illustration of one of those public vehicles which requires no description. To journey in one of these is to go through a series of purgatories—jolting, dust, and a long retinue of beggars! Travelers all agree in these things: that for fleas and mendicants, Italy carries off the palm. It will take several generations to elevate the descendants of Æneas to cleanliness, comfort and decency.

THE INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

PRE-EMINENT among the Christian churches of the world is St. Peter's, of Rome, which Gibbon calls "the most glorious structure the structure that has ever been applied to the use of religion." Its foundation was laid by Pope Nicholas V, in 1450, on the site of an ancient Basilica, and after a period of construction,

carried through the reigns of twenty popes, and directed by twelve architects, among whom were Bramante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Giacomo della Porta and Maderno, it was dedicated by Urban VIII, in 1626. Externally, the work, though magnificent in materials and dimensions, is disfigured by the prominence of the front added by Maderno, which almost hides from the near spectator the principal feature, the vast and towering dome; while, had the original plan of Bramante and Michael Angelo been followed, the whole dome would have been visible from the square before the church. But the dome itself, and the interior of the edifice, are considered unrivaled in magnitude, proportion and decoration.

In the Church of St. Peter's the arts of sculpture, painting and architecture are all exhibited in the highest perfection. It has a length of 613 feet, and a breadth of 286. Its height to the top of the cross is 434 feet 9 inches. The interior corresponds entirely with its outward grandeur. The patriarchal chair of St. Peter is a throne elevated to the height of 70 feet. The high altar has below it St. Peter's tomb; above it, a magnificient canopy of brass, towering to the height of 130 feet.

Few have ever stood beneath the dome of St. Peter's without having felt the enthusiasm which the place inspires. Eustace visited Rome more than half a century since, and, in his "Classical Tour," he thus describes the impression which it made upon

"As you enter you behold the most extensive hall ever constructed by human art, expanded in magnificent perspective before you; advancing up the nave, you are delighted with the beauty of the variegated marble under your feet, and with the splender of the golden vault over your head. The lofty Corinthian pilasters with their bold entablature, the intermediate niches with their statues, the arcades with their graceful figures that recline on the curves of their arches, charm your eye in succession as you pass along. But how great your astonishment when you reach the foot of the altar, and, standing in the cenre of the church, contemplate the four superb vistas that open around you; and then raise your eyes to the dome, at the prodigious elevation of 400 feet, extending like a firmament over



your head, and presenting in glowing mosaic, the companies of the just, the choirs of celestial spirits, and the whole hierarchy of heaven arrayed in the presence of the Eternal, whose 'throne, raised above all height,' crowns the awful scene.'

A very severe critic, the accomplished but cynical Forsyth, who made his Italian tour somewhat about the same time, indulges in a burst of enthusiasm, as rare as, in this in-

stance, it was fully justified by its object:
"The cupola is glorious. Viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decorations; viewed either as a whole or as a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it exhausts the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on: a sublime peculiar as the genius of the immortal architect, and comprehensible only on the spot. The four surrounding cupolas, though but satellites to the majesty of this,

might have crowned four elegant churches."

And Hilliard, in his "Six Months in Italy," writes with no less enthusiasm than his predecessor Forsyth, whom he fully equals in his appreciation of art and his grace of description, without being in any way marred by the repelling harshness of his unsparing censure. The elegant and fair-minded American writer thus treats of this matchless work of human

"The pilgrim is now beneath the dome. The spirit of criticism, which has hitherto attended him with whispers of doubt, goes no further. Astonishment and admiration break upon the mind and carry it away. To say that the dome of St. Peter's is sublime, is a cold commonplace. In sublimity it is so much beyond all other architectural creations, that it demands epithets of its own. There is no work of man's hand that is similar or second to it. Vast as it is, it rests upon its supporting piers in such serene tranquility, that it seems to have been lifted and expanded by the elastic force of the air which it clasps. Under its majestic vault the soul dilates. To act like the hero-to endure like the martyr-seems no more than the natural state of man."

So majestic, so holy, did St. Peter's appear to Madame de Stael, that she represents Corinne and Onwald hushed into silence as they enter the temple, and first comprehend its sublimity.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

One morning last April, as I was passing through the common which lies pleasantly between my residence and my office, I met a gentleman lounging along the path. I am generally preoccupied when walking, and often tread my way through crowded streets without distinctly observing a single soul. But this man's face forced itself upon me, and a very singular face it was. His eyes were faded, and his hair, which he wore long, was flecked with gray. His hair and eyes, if I may say so, were seventy years old, the rest of him not thirty. The youthfulness of his figure, the elasticity of his gait, and the venerable appearance of his head, were incongruities that drew more than one pair of curious eyes towards him. He was evidently a man who had seen something of the world; but strangely old and young.

Before reaching the town, I had taken up the thread of thought which he had unconsciously broken; yet throughout the day this old young man, with his unwrinkled brow and silvered locks, glided in like a phantom between me and my duties.

The next morning I again encountered him on the common He was resting lazily on the green rails, watching two little pleasure-vessels which lay becalmed in the middle of the ocean. As the gentleman observed their dilemma, a light came into his faded eyes, then died out, leaving them drearier than before. I wondered if he, too, in his time, had sent out ships that drifted and drifted and never came to port; and if these poor toys were to him types of his own losses.

"I would like to know that man's story," I said, half aloud. "Would you?" replied a voice at my side.

I turned and faced Mr. Hill, a neighbor of mine, who laughed heartly at finding me talking to myself.

"Well," he added, reflectingly, "I can tell you this man's

story; and if you will match the narrative with anything as curious, I shall be glad to hear it."

"You know him, then?"

"Yes and no. I happened to be in Paris when he was buried."

" Buried ?"

"Well, strictly speaking, not buried; but something quite like it. If you've a spare half-hour," continued my interlocutor, "we'll sit on this bench, and I will tell you all I know of an affair that made some noise in Paris a couple of years ago. The gentleman himself standing yonder, will serve as a sort of frontispiece to the romance—a full page illustration, as it

The following pages contain the story that Mr. Hill related to me. While he was telling it, a gentle wind arose; the pleasure-vessels drifted feebly about the ocean; the early robbins trilled now and then from the newly-fringed elms; and the old young man leaned on the rail in the sunshine wearily, little dreaming that two gossips were discussing his affairs within twenty yards of him.

Three people were sitting in a chamber whose one large window overlooked the Place Vendome, in Paris. M. Dorine, with his back half-turned on the other two occupants of the apartment was reading the Moniteur, pausing from time to time to wipe his glasses, and taking scrupulous pains not to glance toward the lounge at his right, on which was seated Mademoiselle Dorine and a young English gentleman, whose handsome face rather frankly told his position in the family.

There was not a happier man in Paris that afternoon than Philip Wentworth. Life had become so delicious to him, that he shrank from looking beyond to-day. What could the future add to his full heart? what might it not take away? In certain natures the deepest joy has always something of melancholy in it—a presentiment, a fleeting sadness, a feeling without a name. Wentworth was conscious of this subtile shadow, that night, when he rose from the lounge, and thoughtfully held Julia's hand to his lips for a moment before parting. A careless observer would not have thought him, as he was, the happiest man in Paris.

M. Dorine laid down his paper, and came forward.

"If the house," he said, "is such as M. Martin describes it, I advise you to close with him at once. I would accompany you, Philip, but the truth is I am too sad at losing this little bird to assist you in selecting a cage for her. Remember, the last train for town leaves at five. Be sure not to miss it; for we have a box for M. Sardon's new comedy to-morrow night. By tomorrow night," he added, laughingly, "little Julia here will be an old lady; 'tis such an age from now until then.'

The next morning the train bore Philip to one of the loveliest spots within thirty miles of Paris. An hour's walk through reen lanes brought him to M. Martin's estate. In a kind of dream the young man wandered from room to room, inspected the conservatory, the stables, the lawns, the strip of woodland through which a merry brook sang to itself continually; and, after dining with M. Martin, completed the purchase and turned his steps toward the station, just in time to catch the express

As Paris stretched out before him, with its million lights twinkling in the early dusk, and its sharp spires here and there pricking the sky, it seemed to Philip as if years had elapsed since he left the city.

On reaching Paris he drove to his hotel, where he found several letters lying on the table. He did not trouble himself even to glance at their superscriptions as he threw aside his traveling surtout for a more appropriate dress.

He then leapt into a cab, which took him to the Place Vendome, and drew up before M. Dorine's residence. The door opened as Philip's foot touched the first step. The servant silently took his cloak and hat, with a special deference, Philip thought; but was he not now one of the family?

"M. Dorine," said the servant, slowly, " is unable to see monsieur at present. He wishes Monsieur to be shown up to the drawing-room."

"Is mademoiselle-



University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

"Yes, monsieur." " Alone ?"

"Alone, monsieur," repeated the man, looking curiously at Philip, who could scarcely repress an exclamation of pleasure.

It was the first time that such a privilege had been accorded him. His interviews with Julia had always taken place in the resence of M. Dorine, or some member of the household. A well-bred Parisian girl has but a formal acquaintance with her lover. Philip did not linger on the staircase; his heart sang in in his bosom as he slew up the steps, two at a time. Ah! this wine of air which one drinks at twenty, and seldom after! He hastened through the softly-lighted hall, in which he detected the faint scent of her favorite flowers, and stealthily opened the door of the salon.

The room was darkened. Underneath the chandelier stood a black casket on trestles. A lighted candle, a crucifix, and some white flowers were on a table near by. Julia Dorine was dead!
When M. Dorine heard the indescribable cry that rang through the silent house, he hurried from the library, and found Philip standing like a ghost in the middle of the chamber.

It was not until long afterward that Wentworth learned the details of the calamity that had befallen him. On the previous night Mademoiselle Dorine had retired to her room in seemingly perfect health. She dismissed her maid with a request to be awakened early the next morning. At the appointed hour the girl entered the chamber. Mademoiselle Dorine was sitting in an arm-chair, apparently asleep. The candle had burnt down to the socket; a book lay half-opened on the carpet at her feet. The girl started when she saw that the bed had not been excepted, and that her mistress still wore an evening dress. She rushed to Mademoiselle Dorine's side. It was not slumber. It was death !

Two messages were at once dispatched to Philip, one to the railway station, the other to his hotel. The first missed him on the road; the second he had neglected to open. On his arrival at M. Dorine's house, the servant, under the supposition that Wentworth had been advised of Mademoiselle Dorine's death, broke the intelligence with awkward cruelty, by showing him directly to the salon.

Mademoiselle Dorine's wealth, her beauty, the suddeness of her death, and the romance that had in some way attached itself to her love for the young Englishman, drew crowds to witness the funeral ceremonies which took place in the church in the Rue d'Aguesseau. The body was to be laid in M. Dorine's tomb, in the Cemetery of Montmartre.

This tomb requires a few words of description. First, there was a grating of filigraned iron; through this you looked into a small vestibule or hall, at the end of which was a massive door of oak opening upon a short flight of stone steps descending into the tomb.

The vault was fifteen or twenty feet square, ingeniously ven-tilated from the ceiling, but unlighted. It contained two sar-ophasi. The first held the remains of Madame Dorine, long since dead; the other was new, and bore on one side the letters of J. D., in monogram, interwoven with fleurs-de-lis.

The funeral train stopped at the gate of the small garden that enclosed the place of burial, only the immediate relatives following the bearers into the tomb. A slender wax candle, such as is used in Catholic churches, burnt at the foot of the uncovered sarcophagus, casting a dim glow over the centre of the spartment, and deepening the shadows which seemed to huddle together in the corners.

By this flickering light the coffin was placed in its granite shell, the heavy slab laid over it reverently, and the oaken door revolved on its rusty hinges, shutting out the uncertain ray of sunshine that had ventured to peep in on the darkness.

M. Dorine, muffled in his cloak, threw himself on the back seat of the carriage, too abstracted in his grief to observe that be was the only occupant of the vehicle. There was a sound of wheels grating on the graveled avenue, and then all was silence again in the Cemetery of Montmartre.

At the main entrance the carriages parted company, dashing off into various streets at a pace that seemed to express a sense of relief. The band plays a dead march going to the grave, but

carriages that our interest lies; nor yet wholly with the dead in her mysterious dream; but with Philip Wentworth.

The rattle of wheels had died out of the air when Philip opened his eyes, bewildered, like a man abruptly roused from slumber.

He raised himseif on one arm, and stared into the surrounding blackness. Where was he? In a moment the truth flashed upon him. He had been left in the tomb! While kneeling on the further side of the stone box, perhaps he had fainted, and in the last solemn rites his absence had been unnoticed.

His first emotion was one of natural terror. But this passed as quickly as it came. Life had ceased to be so very precious to him; and if it were his fate to die at Julia's side, was not that the fulfillment of the desire which he had expressed to himself a hundred times that morning?

What did it matter, a few years sooner or later? He must lay down the burden at last. Why not then? A pang of selfreproach followed the thought. Could he so lightly throw aside the love that had bent over his cradle? The sacred name of "mother" rose involuntarily to his lips. Was it not cowardly to yield up without a struggle the life which he should guard for her sake? Was it not his duty to the living and the dead to face the difficulties of his position, and overcome them, if it were within human power?

With an organization as delicate as a woman's, he had that spirit which, however sluggish in repose, can leap with a kind of exultation to measure its strength with disaster. The vague fear of the supernatural, that would affect most men in a similar situation, found no room in his heart.

He was simply shut in a chamber from which it was necessary he should obtain release within a given period. That this chamber contained the body of a woman he loved, so far from adding to the terror of the case, was a circumstance from which he drew consolation.

She was a beautiful white statue now. Her soul was far from hence; and if that pure spirit could return, would it not be to shield him with her love? It was impossible that the place should not engender some thought of the kind.

He did not put the thought entirely from him as he rose to his feet and stretched out his hands in the darkness; but his mind was too healthy and practical to indulge long in such speculations.

Philip chanced to have in his pocket a box of wax-tapers which smokers use. After several ineffectual attempts he succeeded in igniting one against the damp wall, and by its momentary glare perceived that the candle had been left in the tomb. This would serve him in examining the fastenings of the vault. If he could force the inner door by any means, and reach the grating, of which he had an indistinct recollection, he might hope to make himself heard.

But the oaken door was immoveable, as solid as the wall itself, into which it fitted air-tight. Even if he had had the requisite tools, there were no fastenings to be removed; the hinges were set on the outside.

Having ascertained this, he replaced the candle on the floor, and leaned against the wall, thoughtfully watching the blue fan of flame that wavered to and fro, threatening to detach itself from the wick.

"At all events," he thought, "the place is ventilated." Suddenly Philip sprang forward and extinguished the light. His existence depended on that candle! He had read some where, in some accounts of shipwrecks, how the survivors had lived for days upon a few candles which one of the passengers had casually thrown into the long-boat. And here he had been burning away his very life!

By the transcient illumination of one of the tapers, he looked at his watch. It had stopped at eleven—but at eleven that day or on the preceding night? The funeral, he knew, had left the church at ten. How many hours had passed since then? Of what duration had been his swoon?

Alas! it was no longer possible for him to measure those hours which crawl like snails by the wretched, and fly like swallows over the happy.

He picked up the candle, and seated himself on the stone "Fra Diavolo" coming from it. It is not with the retreating steps. He was a sanguine man, this Wentworth; but, as he



weighed the chances of his escape, the prospect did not seem

Of course he would be missed. His disappearance under the circumstances would surely alarm his friends; they would instigate a search for him; but who would think of searching for a live man in the Cemetery of Montmartre? The Prefect of Police would set a hundred intelligences at work to find him the Seine might be dragged, les miserables turned over at the deadhouse; a minute description of him would be in every detective's pocket; and he-in M. Dorine's family tomb!

Yet, on the other hand, it was here he was last seen; from this point a keen detective would naturally work up the case. Then might not the undertaker return for the candlestick, probably not left with design?

Or, again, might not M. Dorine send fresh wreaths of flowers, to take the place of those which now diffused a pungent, aromatic odor throughout the chamber? Ah! what unlikely chances! But if one of these things did not happen speedily, it had better never happen. How long could he keep life in himself?

With unaccelerated pulse, he quietly cut the half-burned candle into four equal parts. "To-night," he meditated, "I will eat the first of these pieces; to-morrow, the second; to-morrow evening, the third; the next day the fourth; and then-then

He had taken no breakfast that morning, unless a cup of coffee can be called a breakfast. He had never been very hungry before. He was ravenously hungry now. But he postponed the meal as long as practicable. It must have been near midnight, according to his calculation, when he determined to try the first of his four singular repasts. The bit of white wax was tasteless; but it served its purpose.

His appetite, for the time appeased, he found a new discomfort. The humidity of the walls, and the wind that crept through the unseen ventilator, chilled him to the bone. To keep walking was his only resource. A sort of drowsiness, too, occasionally came over him. It took all his will to fight it off. To sleep, he felt, was to die; and he made up his mind to live.

Very strange fancies flitted through his head as he groped up and down the stone floor of the dungeon, feeling his way along the wall to avoid the sepulchres. Voices that had long been silent spoke words that had long been forgotten; faces he had known in childhood grew palpable against the dark. His whole life in detail was unrolled before him like a panorama; the changes of a year, with its burden of love and death, its sweets and its bitternesses, were epitomized in a single second. The desire to sleep had left him. But the keen hunger came again.

It must be near morning now, he mused; perhaps the sun is just gilding the pinnacles and domes of the city; or, may be, a dull, drizzling rain is beating on Paris, sobbing on these mounds

Paris! it seems like a dream! Did I ever walk in its gay streets in the golden air? Oh, the delight and pain and passion of that sweet human life!

Philip became conscious that the gloom, the silence, and the cold were gradually conquering him. The feverish activity of his brain brought on a reaction. He grew lethargic, he sank down on the steps, and thought of nothing. His hand fell by chance on one of the pieces of candle; he grasped and devoured

chance on one of the pieces of candle, he grasped and devoured it mechanically. This revived him.

"How strange," he thought, "that I am not thristy. It is possible that the dampness of the walls, which I must inhale with every breath, has supplied the need of water? Not a drop has passed my lips for two days, and still I experience no thirst. That drowsiness, thank heaven, has gone. I think I was never wide awake until this hour. It would be an anodyne like poison that could weigh down my cyclids. No doubt the dread of sleep has something to do with this."

The minutes were like hours. Now he walked as briskly as he dared up and down the tomb; now he rested against the door. More than once he was tempted to throw himself upon the stone coffin that held Julia, and make no further struggle

Only one piece of candle remained. He had caten the third portion. Not to satisfy hunger, but from a precautionary moupon the result of which hangs safety. The time was rapidly approaching when even this poor substitute for nourishment would be exhausted.

He delayed that moment. He gave himself a long fast this time. The half-inch of candle which he held in his hand was a sacred thing to him. It was his last defence against death.

At length, with such a sinking at heart as he had not known before, he raised it to his lips. Then he paused, then he hurled the fragment across the tomb, then the oaken door was flung open, and Philip, with dazzled eyes, saw M. Dorine's form sharply defined against the blue sky.

When they led him out, half blinded, into the broad daylight, M. Dorine noticed that Philip's hair, which a short time since was as black as a crow's wing, had actually turned gray in places. The man's eyes, too, had faded; the darkness had spoiled their lustre.

"And how long was he really confined in the tomb?" I asked, as Mr. Hill concluded the story.

"Just one hour and twenty minutes!" replied Mr. Hill, smiling blandly.

As he spoke, the little sloops, with their sails all blown out like white roses, came floating bravely into the port, and Philip Wentworth lounged by us, wearily, in the pleasant April sun-

Mr. Hill's narrative made a deep impression on me. Here was a man who had undergone a strange ordeal. Here was a man whose sufferings were unique. His was no threadbare experience. Eighty minutes had seemed like two days to him! If he had really been immured two days in the tomb, the story, from my point of view, would have lost its tragic element.

After this, it was but natural I should regard Mr. Wentworth with deepened interest. As I met him from day to day, passing through the common with that same abstracted air, there was something in his loneliness which touched me. I wondered that I had not before read in his pale, meditative face some such sad history as Mr. Hill had confided to me. I formed the resolution of speaking to him, though with what purpose was not very clear to my mind. One May morning we met at the intersection of two paths. He courteously halted to allow me the precedence.

"Mr. Wentworth," I began, "I -

He interrupted me.

"My name, sir," he said, "is Jones."

"Jo-Jo-Jones!" I gasped.

"Not Jo Jones," he returned, coldly; "Frederick."

Mr. Jones, or whatever his name is, will never know, unless he reads these pages, why a man accosted him one morning as "Mr. Wentworth," and then abruptly rushed down the nearest path, and disappeared in the crowd. The fact is, I had been duped by Mr. Hill.

Mr. Hill occasionally contributes a story to the magazines. He had actually tried the effect of one of his romances on me!

My hero, as I subsequently learned, is no hero at all, but a commonplace young man, who has some connection with the building of that pretty granite bridge which will shortly span the crooked little lake in the public garden of our pretty scaport

When I think of the cool ingenuity and readiness with which Mr. Hill built up his airy fabric on my credulity, I am half inclined to laugh; though I feel not slightly irritated at having been the unresisting victim of his Black Art.

A LAPLAND SLEIGH.

MANY of our fashionable readers will doubtless smile when they look at the picture of the sleigh, drawn by reinders, instead of the two spanking horses with which they have been accustomed to dart along the splendid thoroughfares of our great cities. But we have the testimony of all who have tried them, that they are not only very comfortable, but their speed far exceeds that of our American sleighs. They are made to contain only one person, although Lord Dufferin says that he has, on rare occasions, seen a woman stowed in the forepart of it.

Nothing can exceed the estimation in which the reindeer is tive. He had taken it as a man takes some disagreeable drug and Fins. The skin of this valuable animal furnishes them

with clothing, their horns with implemenents, their hoofs with drinking utensils, candlesticks, &c.; their sinews with thread, and their flesh with food. Their milk is likewise highly nutritious and palatable.

The part of Lapland lying along the north shore of the Gulf of Bothnia consists of an extensive plain, abounding in immense forests of spruce and Scotch fir; but at the distance of eighty miles from the sea the ground becomes gradually elevated, till at length it rises to the elevation of nearly six thousand feet, which, in those regions is two thousand seven hundred feet above the line of perpetual conglaciation. In the maritime districts the temperature is tolerably uniform; in the interior the winter is intensely cold.

CASPER ATHWOLD'S STORY.

I AM Casper Athwold. I was born in the old Athwold mansion, on the banks of the Hudson, where I live to-day. Shall I tell you how many years ago? I think not. A man may keep that for his own secret, and be young or old, as Providence gives him the heart. Some are young all their lives.

They say He made me beautiful; but, one day, a tipsy nurse dropped me from her arms down the whole length of the steep oak staircase. Shall I say any more? I had rather not; I think there is no need.

Yet I was a happy child; a hurt child always is its mother's darling, dearer than fairer children, and I was her only onemy mother's.

As I grew up, I built such castles in the air as other youths built; oftener when my dear parent was gone from me to heaven, and the world was very lonely. Then, in my castle, I began to see Kate Norman's figure.

Kate Norman's dark-eyed, crimson-cheeked face smiled on me from visionary firesides there, and I heard her voice singing children's lullabies in the far-off future; the lullabies of my children. We met often. She was always kind and friendly. I had fancied something more.

One day, at the time I thought more of her, I went in the heat of the afternoon to a shady spot by the river-side—my own ground—though it was so pleasant for the neighbors' children, that I never had had the heart to fence it in. I lay upon the grass, reading a rare old book, a poet's dream, with love for its text a book to read in such a place—when, behind the glossy leaves of some shrubs, I heard the sparrow-like twitter of young girls' voices, chatting with each other.

"She'll have him," said one.
"She fancy such a bridegroom!" said the other. "All his money couldn't buy me!"

"He doesn't want you, but Kate Norman," said she first. "As if I envied her! One must be at one's last prayer, to want such an admirer! No one could like Casper Athwold."

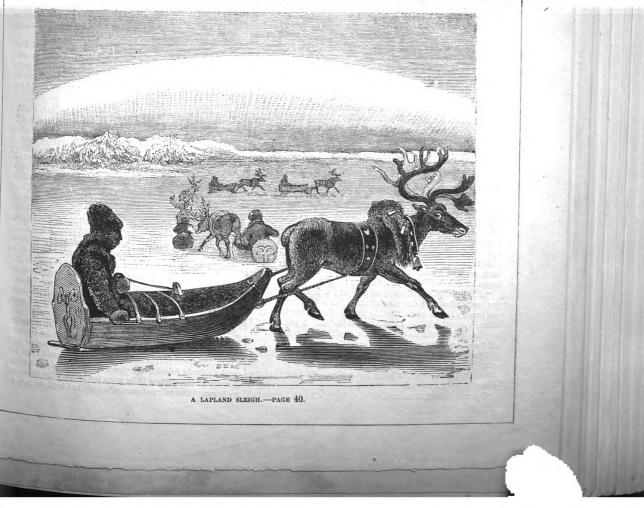
"Of course, not," said the first. "But then he's rich, and Kate poor enough."

"You are right; no woman could love him; but money will marry anybody. It will turn out as I say. Hush!"

"What" cried the other.
"I heard steps, I'm sure," said the first; "fancy his coming upon us! These are his grounds, you know. Come-come away."

There was a rustle—a sound of feet on the grass. The chirping voices died away in the distance. I stood up, and looked over the bushes where they had been. I saw a couple of orangerinds, and a paper sticky with sugar-candy. They were boardingschool girls, from the establishment on the hill; the confectioner's chief patrons-silly, vapid creatures enough, but girls still; and in this way girls talked of me!

I stopped all my other thoughts, to think that over. I was not vain or blind; but we are to ourselves what we know ourselves to be-that which goes on into etemity, not the claymould at which people look from afar off, and to which they bid adieu, as it lies in the coffin—and I, to myself, was a man with



most men; and I was never to be loved!

Just for ten minutes, I hated the world; hated the jolly broad-shouldered farmer, tramping along, with his clear, shrill whistle; hated the jolly boatman on the river; hated the yellow-haired child in the bottom of the boat, at his feet; hated all who lived and breathed, and walked, tall and straight, under the sky. Then my heart softened, and I wept. I had loved Kate Norman, and I loved her still. The night before, never thinking of myself at all, I had thought of her as some time to be mine. The girls' chatter had awakened me to the truth. Just as I lived now, alone in the old homestead amongst the maples, so I must live, unless I bought a wife with my gold—a wife who could not love me.

That ended my brief wooing-time. I went no more to the cottage in the green lane. I met Kate no more, " by chance," in quiet places. I did no more of those foolish things that lovers have done since lovers were; but I loved on all the same.

I shut myself up in the old house, among my books, and shunned the sight of fair faces, and the sound of sweet voices. It was the best thing that a man, whom no one could love, could do.

So the months were away. Sometimes I had met her, but I always looked another way; and our pleasant greetings had come to an end. I had seen a flush of annoyance on her face, and taken no heed of it. I had even been discourteous—but I loved her just as I had loved her all along. Pride kept me from showing it. But, when I was dead-when I could no longer blush for shame of such a hopeless love, then I should not care to have the dreams I had once cherished hidden any longer. Then, when she would not laugh at me-for all are tender of the dead-I should like her to know exactly how I had felt toward her. So, one day, I went to the good old lawyer who had had charge of our estate for forty years, and bade him draw me up a will, in which I left all the wealth that I possessed to Kate Norman, with a letter which only her hands were to unseal. only her eyes to read, after I was gone to my church-yard home. This was the letter:

"KATE NORMAN,—You never cared for me—you could not; once I heard a woman say no woman could; but I loved you better than my life. Had I cherished one faint ray of hope, I would have striven to win your heart as man never strove before; but I learnt, in time, what folly mine was; and, in pity for myself, I held aloof from you. Had I been as other men are, you should have shared all that I possess, with me. As it is, it gives me some pleasure to think that you will dwell under this roof, and tread these garden walks, when I am gone; and, surely, if spirits ever revisit this world, mine will return, at times, to look upon you, Kate Norman, in this home where my sad life has passed.

"Adieu. When you read this, the hand that writes these words will have moldered into dust—and you will pity, not deride, the love of "CASPER ATHWOLD."

This note lay sealed and directed, "To be given to Kate Norman after my death;" and the will was also signed and scaled, and I walked home in the still twilight. The burden of my life was heavy upon me that night; the heavier, as I caught a glimpse of Kate Norman at the window of her pretty cottagehome, and heard a thrill of the song that she was singing as she rocked her sister's youngest child upon her knee.

At my door the elm-shadows lay thick; and in them stood a bent, crooked figure, clothed in rags-that of a beggar, who began his dolorous whine as I came up:

"A little help, yer honor, just a little; a few ould clothes, yer honor; these are dropping off me. I'm not a sthrong man, yer honor; I can't work, like the same. Yer honor isn't that sthrong yerself, ye'll be knowing what that is. A wakely ould crayter, that would be thankful for anything—a penny or an ould coat, or a sup or a bite, yer honor.'

I looked at him, feeling no pity, only anger. I tossed him a

"Go," I said; "don't loiter here. That will buy food for

more tenderness and passion, more power and will to love, than | more pity from me. The coin had fallen at his feet. He stooped and picked it up.

"Yes, it'll buy a bite," he said. "Good luck to ye. It's not always I ate before I slape. 'Thank God, there's a long slape comin' some time.''

I turned and looked at the beggar. He echoed my own

thoughts. He was miserable also.

"Come in," I said, more kindly. "I'll give you some clothes;
you need them sadly."

"It's nothing but needing with me, yer honor," said the beggar. "The likes of me can't work." "You have had an accident?" I said.

"Long ago," said the beggar. "My father threw me out o'a window for a joke when he was not sober. I just mind it, and mother screaming."

I stood looking at him, dreamily wondering if he were like me, for a while. Then I took from my wardrobe some garments I had worn, and bade him put them on. Afterward I gave him food. I called no servant in; no one saw him come or go save myself. He departed, blessing me. I watched him out of sight. Then I burst out into a laugh—a wild kind of scream.

"He had best go and offer his hand and heart to Miss Kate Norman," I said. "They would make a well-matched couple. Does he look like me in my clothes, I wonder. They fit him well."

Then I remember going out at the door and down toward the water's edge. A boat lay there, with the oars in it. I think I was mad when I stepped into her. If not, I went mad as I rowed up the river. I talked to myself, I laughed, I sneered. I fancied that mermaids floated about the boat, mocking me. Some had faces like that of Kate Norman; their sneers were most bitter. The twilight faded, night came on; a dark, moon-less night. I had dropped the oars, and was drifting, lying at the bottom of the boat. I knew that I was in danger, but the knowledge did not affect me. It was not so much that I sought death, as that I had given up all care for life.

Suddenly a glare of red light flashed over my face. I heard a heavy, steady throb of machinery, then a shricking whistle and a shout of voices; a steamer was hard upon my little boat.

After that, I knew nothing until I came to myself in a strange room in a strange hotel.

The captain of the steamer which had run my boat down, fancied that to his account lay the fever and delirium which had come upon me, and had me taken care of. He had landed me at Albany. It was two weeks since the day last in my memory. I read that in the morning paper. There, also, I read this paragraph:

"The body found in the woods at Belvidere has been identified by the garments, and some personal peculiarities, as that of Mr. Caspar Athwold, of Athwold Park, Cold Springs, who has been missing many days. His funeral takes place this morning."

I dropped the paper in amazement. My own name—the record of my own death! Then I burst into a bitter laugh. I understood it all. The beggar, in form so like myself, whom I had clothed in my own garments, had died upon the road. He it was—none other—who was that day to be buried under my name. At first, it seemed merely a cruel sort of joke. Then, the memory of my will, and of the letter written to Kate Norman flashed upon me. I must reach home and prove myself a living man before it was too late. Weak as I was, I arose and dressed myself; and giving my address to the landlord, sped to the railway station; but I reached it only in time to find the train gone. Another hour or so must pass. They were ages to me. She should not read that letter while I lived—she should not!

At last I was fairly off—fairly on my way to the Park. In the dark of the evening I arrived at the station, and hurried homeward.

There I should find my servants, and, probably, the lawyer, who would find it his duty to secure everything for the future heiress. They would not, I hoped, read the will so soon—yet it was customary. If this had been done, how should I act? how speak? Could I face those who would know my secret at all? It seemed not. Only a little space lay between the station and The man looked at me curiously, as though he had expected my house. The railroad encroachments had been my mother's



greatest troubles in the last years of her life. Now this fact enabled me, ill as I was, to reach the house without delay. It was dark, and I met no one. No servant loitered about the yarden In a moment I knew why. They had assembled in the parlor to hear my will read—for, through the Venitian shutters, long bars of light fell across the porch; and looking in, unseen myself, I saw Kate Norman with a letter in her hand, gide through the opposite door. The will had been read. Before I could interpose, she would have read the letter also.

I clasped my hand upon my brow. What should I do?—return as I had come?—change my name?—dwell where no one knew me?—and toiling for my bread, let those who thought me dead still cherish their belief? It seemed that this were better than to return to be the gaping town's-folks' nine days' wonder. Worst of all, to meet Kate Norman! I turned from the window and hurried away—but I was still very, very weak, and soon my strength gave way. It was just as I reached the church-yard. The road was bare and barren, with no resting-place upon it; but within the gates the soft green grass tempted me, and the willow-branches seemed to nod a welcome. I accepted it.

The nearest grave was that which bore upon its stone my name.

"Would that I really lay beneath!" I sighed.

I cast myself down in the long grass, damp with dew. A night-bird somewhere gave a wild shriek now and then, like a lost soul in pain.

"What if the graves were to open now," I thought, "and those within stalk forth in their shrouds, should I be terrified?" I believed not. That agony of living love was too strong upon me for any frozen church-yard fears.

No—I could not meet her. I could never see her again. I must go somewhere, where by no chance I could cross her pathway, I never loved her so. Would she ever come to this that seemed my grave, and, for pity's sake, plant flowers upon it? Would she ever say, "Though no woman could ever love him, yet he loved well."

These thoughts whirled through my brain, and fancies wilder than they. I felt my blood on fire; I could not stop thinking; I could not give tired nature her way, and drop asleep amid those grave-yard damps, though I was weary and worn beyond all description. I heard the church clock strike nine. It startled me to think an hour flown when the same clock struck ten. I lifted up my head to listen, and saw a figure gliding up the church-yard path—a woman's figure, muffled in a dark shawl. It came straight on, and cast itself on the grave by which I sat—the grave beneath which the beggar lay whom they had taken for myself—cast itself upon it, kissing the turf, covering it with little soft, white, woman's palms, and sobbing wildly. The shadows hid me. I gazed unseen upon the mourner. Who was it? Some one who had mistaken the spot, no doubt. She lifted lack. In the moultieth Level.

back. In the moonlight I saw her face. It was Kate Norman. Had pity brought her there so soon? Could puty make a woman weep so? I drew nearer; I listened; she spoke; it was my name she uttered; she coupled it with all fond words that lovers use, and then she lifted her cleared house to be seen.

and then she lifted her clasped hands to heaven.

"0h! Casper, Casper," she cried, "shall I never look into Your sweet eyes again? Never hear your dear voice? Can I never tell you how I loved you? You who loved me also, whom I shall love, and no other, until I die! Oh Casper, Casper, Casper!"

Silence, with the wild bird's scream—silence in which, amidst the midnight of the graveyard, dawn broke upon my soul, and a new life filled my heart. Then I stood beside her, holding her close and fast.

"Do not fear me? Do not tremble so!" I cried. "It is a living Casper Athwold who comes to you, and no ghost. Oh, Kate-Kate Norman, you gave tender words to the dead clay you thougt mine; will you bless me with them living? Speak, Kate-look at me!"

But she hid her face in my bosom, and would not look up—would only cling to me with her soft, white hands, and sob, over and over again, my name—nothing else, just my name.

And there we stood alone together amidst the graves, I content to stand there, her hand in mine, her cheek upon my bosom, until the blessed evening time lengthened itself into eternity.

But at last she told me this: that of all men, I was to her the best—of all men, even the pleasantest to look upon; and when, knowing myself so well, I wonderingly asked her how I might dare dream that this could be, she made only the woman's answer, "Because I love you."

Could any answer give me more content? So, in the moonlight, on that happy night, we went forth from the old graveyard into the world of life, hand-in-hand, as we have gone together ever since, I and that dearest woman who has been my wife so many happy years.

BIANCA CAPELLO.

This famous and beautiful woman, who, by the mere charms of her person, became Grand Duchess of Tuscany, was the daughter of a wealthy Venetian senator, and was born in Venice, 1542.

In her 21st year she eloped with Pictro Buonaventuri, a clerk in a banking-house, who, to escape the vengeance of her incensed father, fled, with his beautiful bride, to Florence, where he put himself under the protection of the Grand Duke, Francesco de Medici, who was so fascinated by Bianca's beauty and accomplishments, that, although he had only recently married Joanna, Archduchess of Austria, he caused the fair Venetian to reside in the palace, making her husband, Pictro Buonaventuri, the steward of his household. In 1570 he had him put to death, that he might the better carry on his inter-course with the beautiful Bianca. On August 29, 1576, she presented him with a son, which, however, was not her own, nor the duke's, but one she had procured of a poor woman; and, in order to prevent the detection of the imposture, she caused all those who had assisted her in the deception to be secretly put to death. In 1577 the death of the archduchess caused the duke so deep a remorse, that he announced his intention of separating from his beautiful enchantress; but she had become so indispensable to his happiness, that, instead of driving her from his court, he married her. This marriage was solemnized with great magnificence in October, 1579. They were both poisoned by the grand duke's brother, Cardinal Fernando de Medici, in October, 1587, at Poggio, in Italy, and died on the same day, Bianca having just completed her 45th year.

Mr. Langhton Osborn has made a magnificent tragedy of this unhappy woman's career; and although he has largely wrenched the facts of history, as commonly received, he has drawn a fine picture of a noble-hearted woman, full of benevolence, whose chief fault was her love of splendor. In those days it must be borne in mind that human life was held in very light esteem; and, without wishing to extenuate the actions of the beautiful grand duchess, it is not right to measure them by the standard of our present morality, which in three centuries will, as a matter of course, be considered as lax to posterity as that of three centuries ago is now to us.

THE CALUMET.—The pipe has been a symbol of peace with the Indians. The bowl is usually made of soft marble, and the stem is a long reed, ornamented with feathers and hieroglyphic figures, according to the rank of the owner. When a council is held, whether among the chiefs alone, or with the whites, the calumet, or pipe of peace, is introduced. It is filled not only with tobacco, but with the leaves of various other plants. It is passed around in grave silence, every member of the company taking a few whiffs. Those who receive it, and smoke, express in this way an affirmative vote. Those voting in the negative decline it.

ART.—Art is invested with a sublime prerogative, when it can raise and elevate the common round of daily life. This prerogative, becoming diviner still, will bring about benefits not yet seen nor prophesied, except by a few—the few who have looked attentively into the greatest of all sciences, the science of society.

PRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.



44 -

Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized /

THE street was full of people—a crowd who bore upon their faces the keen, alert look of Frenchmen, but Frenchmen of the

It was a day of note in the Cathone Church, and the throng was pouring along the avenues toward that vast cathedral of Montreal.

In the balcony of a house upon one of the main streets, leaning carelessly over the railing, his listless eyes upon the surging mass below him, sat a man whose dark face and jetty hair gave sign of Southern birth; whose air of negligent hauteur was one of the outward tokens of a life of wealth and ease. His thirtyfive years had not silvered hair or beard, and Norman Dallas looked now, as ever, as though he defied time and care to rob him of his striking beauty.

The smoke of his cigarette curled slowly from between his delicate fingers, the diamond on his left hand flashing in the

It seemed almost as if that scintillating ray from his ring had

crowd below him, for his eyes suddenly fell upon a face of marvellous fairness, a figure of subtle grace, a woman who walked slowly along, a little behind the great mass of human beings; walked alone, with her mantle drawn about her, her head erect in a haughty poise, that the man who looked remembered well.

Despite all his nonchalance, a flush mounted over his swarthy cheeks and brow; a light, hard to define, came flashing to his eyes. The hand, thrust carelessly in the breast of his dressing-gown, clinched the nails deep into the tender palm. An oath, whether of surprise or anger, came from between his lips.

As he looked, fascinated, as any man might well be by that presence, the woman suddenly flashed an upward glance and saw Dallas. A scarcely perceptible start went over her frame, but no change was visible upon her countenance to the man who watched her. Then she went on quietly, as if she had not seen, for the first time in years, the man whose destiny she had marked with ineffaceable record. Vol. XXIV., No. 1-3

"Curse her! Oh, curse her!" came in a low whisper from Dallas's whitened lips, as his eyes followed and could not leave the retreating figure. What terrible charm had that woman still for him? Now, when the fulfillment of the long-cherished vow of vengeance seemed likely to be near at hand-now that he had found her, after years of fruitless search, was the old glamor still to bewilder and enthrall him?

He gazed after her until the last flutter of drapery had disappeared round the corner of the street. Then with a start he awoke, and all the deadly anger cherished through months of patient waiting and watching blazed up anew, with a more intense flame than ever before.

"Yes, I will go to this priestly fooling," he said, starting up from his chair, all his carelessness gone, a deep red upon his cheeks and a spark in his eyes. "The day has at last dawned. Honor shall be avenged. What a poor, foolish, trusting fool I was !"

He stepped through the window into his room, and hastily rang the bell.

"Bring out my carriage," he said to the servant, "and get ready to drive me. I shall ride to the cathedral this morning."

"If you please, sir, you ordered me to put up the horses half traced a track of fiery light straight down to one face in the an hour ago," stammered the man, hardly knowing his master

in thatgentleman with fiercely lurid eyes.

"Do as I order you," was the short reply of the usually kind master, who felt his nerves tingling with some curious desire to furiously break down anything that should oppose

All the listlessness of life was gone. His blood was on fire, his hands trembled as he dressed with careful elaborateness.

"Drive to the cathedral, and drive fast, he said, as he took his seat in the open barouche, his lips crimsoned by the deep draught of wine he had taken before he left his room. "The devil will aid me to find her," he said to himself, as he pushed through the crowd and gained at last a place within the body of the church.

The services, whatever they were to be, had not yet begun, and the vast crowd was swaying and murmuring, eagerly struggling for the best places for sight and hearing.

"She will not be with this herd," he thought; "her fastidious taste would not allow her to soil her drapery by contact with these people. I know her well."

He looked carefully



" SHE GATHERED HER DRAPERY ADOUT HER, AND LEAPED INTO THE STORMY DARKNESS."

along the few places which wealth had managed to have reserved for itself. Though she had sauntered along on foot, she was now sitting comfortably, waving her fan with a slow motion, its fragrant sandal-wood yielding her a perfume that stifled the odors of the crowd.

If Irene Britton's heart beat less evenly than usual, no flutter of lace betrayed that pulse. Perhaps her dark-gray eyes roamed more restlessly than common over the crowd which she overlooked. In all her life of intrigue and wickedness she had never met a glance so full of a sure power as that poured down upon her from the man she had seen upon the balcony hardly half an hour since.

Care free as she seemed, there was a rush of thought behind that smooth brow that no one could have guessed-certainly not Dallas, who could have believed her possessed of a demon's power of self-control in any evil course.

Suddenly a hand softly touched her shoulder—a touch as light as the fleeting wing of a bird, but she knew it. A faint wave of color surged up to the pure blonde face. The scarlet lips turned a shade paler. The man was as composed as she now; all that blind fury was overpassed, and Irene Britton looked up at a face cold, and hard, and handsome, with no pity in one

"Miss Britton," he said, ignoring the name she might once have laid claim to.

He did not say another word, but stood looking down at her, waiting for her speech.

With strange emotions, Dallas saw, now that he was near her, the marks of dissipation on her face; fine and well concealed were the marks, but they were there.

In an instant after he pronounced her name, she raised her eyes full to his, thinking, perhaps, they might have all their old potent witchery. And they were bewildering eyes—deep, and soft, and dreamy; filled with that indescribable light which has such power over man.

With an inward breathing of thankfulness, Dallas saw that, at last, she held no more such power over him; every memory of a short and deceitful happiness was swallowed in the absorbing desire to punish this woman, who could dare to meet his eye after such a past as hers.

"At last, I see you again," she murmured, in a low, melodious voice, extending an ungloved, jeweled hand to him.

"Have you sufficient effrontery to think I will touch that hand?" he asked. "Who knows what vile lips have been upon it?" with a smile that made her shrink, skillful actress though

"It is not like you to condemn me unheard," she responded, proudly. "I, too, have suffered in this separation, which has lasted so long. For did I not love you!" The last in a tone of indescribable seductiveness, but that voice fell upon ears of

"Your actions have spoken," he said, "and I have made a vow to the eternal God of vengeance. I will not suffer alone. From this time, so long as you live, you shall never be out of my sight."

The woman shuddered as she heard that hard, metallic voice. For the first time in her life, a cold despair benumbed her heart. There seemed no escape from this man of iron. But he was man—he might again feel her siren arts as he had once done. She had been used to victory—let the eagle not desert her now,

and she would keep out of danger ever after.
"You do me wrong. What other happiness do I care for than to be again restored to you?" she asked, with tremulous lips and softly-drooping eyes.

At that moment, through the vast cathedral there swelled the first notes of that hymn, strong as the ages, fearful as death, whose voice was sounded down through the long years since the mighty mind first composed it.

The eyes of Norman Dallas emitted flames of fire; his lips trembled with the feeling that possessed him, as the organ oreathed forth those strains of the Dies Iræ. His purpose swelled and grew strong. Yes, the day of wrath should come, and he be the instrument of a divine justice. So warped was his mind, that he felt at that moment as if he was appointed of God to deal punishment to this gloriously beautiful woman by hope to lure him to her toils.

his side. Oh, the agony of the hours in which he had waited and sought for this time.

She, glancing up at him as he stood there, while the terrible music shook the building, shuddered with an awful premonition of the doom which was to be meted out by this man she had wronged to the full extent man can be wronged by woman.

A wild and fierce desire took possession of her to escape, any way, so that she could be free from him who claimed her, with no love, no mercy in his aspect.

Involuntarily she made a movement as if to go, hemmed in as she was by that vast crowd. He looked down at her, and his glance held her like a chain.

What change had come over him? That face was more like that of an inflexible monomaniac, than like the countenance of

The bold woman had never been really frightened before.

She sank back on her scat again, murmuring, in a pleading and soft voice :

"O Norman! You did not used to look at me so!" Through all that rolling of sublime music he heard her words, and, stooping, whispered, with hot breath sweeping her cheek: "That was because I did not know you."

The organ notes suddenly changed from their sweeping notes of wrath to a high and joyous strain of thanksgiving.

He bent over her and said, rapidly:

"Come—we will go. The tones of joy are not for us. We have heard our hymns. Take it as a prophecy."

She could not, she dared not resist. With outwardly deferential courtesy he assisted her through the crowd. Once a furious swaying of people threatened to crush them, and he felt her yielding form in his arms, inhaled again the sweet breath, and was caressed by a stray tress of her hair. That involuntary touch sent a shiver of emotion through his frame. Some passing thought of the old-time fabled vampires, beautiful as houris, crossed his mind. Never again could he thrill at her touch, as he had done. The dreams, the intense joys, were forever done in his life. One glorious face had changed his wine into bitterness. Now, this sight of her had transformed a human desire for revenge into a satanic, irresistible longing. He could not hope to make her suffer as he had done, for she had not loved, but he would try his invention.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, as he put her into his carriage, and ordered the driver to his hotel.
"Where? Home, of course," was the reply, with a laugh

whose tone curdled the blood in her veins.

She sank back on the seat he placed her upon, while he sat opposite, his gaze fixed on her face, for he appeared to be unable to remove his eyes, but gleated with a sort of bloodshot, lurid glance, that deprived her of every thought that might have aided a plan of escape.

"You will not disgrace me, by taking me to your room in this way, will you?" she said, haughtily, as they stood for an instant in the hall of the hotel.

"Oh, no, your reputation is safe. The tender flower shall be well cared for," he replied. "I shall resume my rights."

An acquaintance came through the hall as he spoke, and Dallas said, with ceremonious politeness, after greeting him warmly:

"Let me present you to my wife, Mrs. Norman Dallas. I see I surprise you.''

The gentleman bowed low, concealing his astonished face over the lady's hand.

Then, he lifted his admiring eyes, and remarked:

"Indeed, Dallas, you take your friends by storm. I could have sworn you were a confirmed bachelor."

"One would have said so, certainly, was the answer; "and now, Mrs. Dallas, I know you must be fatigued after our churchgoing. Mr. Eustace, I trust you will visit us."

With courtcous, sardonic face, Dallas accompanied his wife to the sumptuous chambers he occupied.

He placed a chair for her, and stood leaning against the window, looking down at her.

All hope of deceiving a man who could look so at her, fled from her. Were she gifted with enchantment, she could not

University of Illinois , Google-digitized /

at

"So you take me back to my old place as your wife?" she all the strength of hell, I will hold you until I am willing you said, at last, growing uneasy beneath his gaze.

"Nominally I do so," he said. "It is fortunate, is it not, that the world recognizes a tie by which I can keep you near me! Where is your paramour—where is Gerald Lacy?' A crimson color suffused the face of the false woman. Had

not shame, then, left her utterly?

"I do not know; he is dead, I think," she answered at last. "But not dead, until he had deserted you, I hope?" went on the man's pitiless voice.

"He left me."

"Ah! that is well. And then you found another fool to be beguiled by your devilishly beautiful face—did you not?"

"Lord Allanton took me under his protection," was the

reply, as if the woman was at a confessional.

"Yes, I know the libertine. My wife became a common courtezan, with, perhaps, some slight choice as to her lovers." She remained silent; her beautiful head bent to her hand, her eyes drooped. One who did not know her, would have said she was some fair, repentant woman, whose sins had been

light. "I shall kill you," Dallas said, in a sharp, deliberate tone "I shall kill you, but I cannot yet decide how I shall do it." She lifted her head with a sudden gesture of frightened entreaty. It was strange to see how subdued she was by this man,

in such deadly earnest. "Yes, let your torments begin now; mine have lasted years, and I will not spare you one pang I can inflict. You have blasted too many lives to be allowed to live to go on with your work. In the East, they tie such women as you and throw them into the sea. But that will kill you too suddenly. I shall not be sure enough that you die. I must think of something."

Was it a man, or a demon, who talked thus! Stronger hearts even than that of the woman who listened, would have trembled with horror.

Every drop of blood fled backward from her face to her heart, and gave to it such a tumultuous throbbing, as almost suffocated

With a sudden motion, she threw back her shawl, and rose from her chair, clasping her hands together in an agony of sup-

Dallas thrilled with horror, as he saw that supple, elastic form-more graceful, if possible, than when, in earlier years. it had thrilled him with a feeling different, but as potent—the intense admiration of a first love.

She came toward him, and he recoiled at her approach, as if fearing her garments might touch him.

She threw herself on her knees at his feet, and raised her hands toward him, her voice, musical even now, breaking forth in a wild pleading for mercy.

It was a picture that might have been named retribution, and the stern man, the incarnation of a horrible fate.

"Have you no memory of the time when you loved me?" she cried; "let a thought of those days give you mercy!"

"I must forget those days, if I would feel mercy," he said. "As you have been kind, so will I be; as unpityingly as you have dealt, so I will deal."

"Can you be thus cruel to a helpless woman?" she murunrel, bending her head until it rested on her ungloved hands.
"Be silent!" he cried, more violently than he had spoken before. "Your voice maddens me! It is a melody I hate! I will grant you this much of mercy. I had intended to keep you in this world a year, that I might prolong your misery, but I many your respite of six months. At the end of that time, I swear you shall die. Do not think I fear any law. You may possibly know me well enough, to know what my resolution is. I am rich-money will hire faithful servants, who will watch every movement you make, if there is a time when I am not watching myself. You shall not breathe, but there is a spy upon you. In the most secret chamber, there shall you find one of my hirelings. You shall not walk, or cat, or sleep, but you shall be watched. Oh, I will make your life hateful, and you may welcome death; it will be inevitable at the time I set. I see by the cursed gleam of your eyes, that you think there may

He turned shortly from her, and walked into the next room. Before the following day was out, Dallas had taken his wife to a country-seat he had just bought—a large stone mansion half a mile back from the St. Lawrence, gloomily guarded by poplars and dark-leaved firs, and surrounded by a heavy and high wall, the gates of which he kept locked. The house held half a dozen servants, and two or three quiet-looking women, who did not appear to have any special duty; but it was at last observed that Mrs. Dallas never went out anywhere, save in the dismal garden, and that then there was invariably a woman walking a short distance behind her, and never taking her eyes from her.

Can any one imagine the dread and horror of such a life? Mrs. Dallas grew from a fair and beautiful woman to one who showed her thirty-five years as if they were fifty. Her brilliant skin became sallow, and the incipient wrinkles deepened. This alone was more dreadful to her than words could tell. She saw no one, save regularly at their formal dinner she met her husband, who was scrupulously polite to her, and inquired anxiously concerning the cause of her altered appearance. Was she not well? To which she invariably replied, "I am perfectly well, thank you."

And he responded, "I fear you do not exercise enough. You should take longer walks."

This was the extent of their conversation every day.

The servants began to have a vague idea that their mistress was insone; and their master rather encouraged the idea. They thought he was very kind and forbearing to her.

Mcantime the six months were wearing to a close, and, strangely enough, considering her life, Mrs. Dallas had a growing horror of death.

The eyes of her husband grew more and more like those of some relentless evil spirit as the day approached. She could hope for no mercy there.

At last that day dawned; a dreary December morning, with a blinding sleet in the air, a deep darkness of clouds over the heavens.

It had happened that Dallas was called away on business the day before, and the hours deepened into the darkness of night on the day he had set, and still he had not returned.

A faint hope dawned in the bosom of his wife, as she waited with pallid face pressed to the window-pane. What if he should never come back? If the storm had smothered him in its cold embrace? The brilliance of a faint joy came to the wife's dull eyes at the thought, and she prayed with fervor that her husband might be lying dead in a snowdrift.

It wanted but an hour of midnight, when she fancied she heard a step in the corridor. A premonitory shudder shook her frame as she listened. In the next moment the door was flung open and Dallas entered, his heavy riding-coat on, his hair and beard frosted with the snow through which he had been traveling.

"You see I have not failed at our little assignation," he said, taking off his hat, and coming nearer her as she cowered into the window recess. "Do you feel that any of your sins are expiated ?"

The miserable woman rose from her seat, her beautiful hair, uncared-for now, fell about her shoulders; her sharpened features, her hunted-looking eyes told something of what she had endured.

She would have spoken, but words failed her. She stood and looked at the pitiless man before her.

At last a whisper, a thousand times more emphatic than a louder tone could have been, broke from between her white lips:
"Curse you! A dying, murdered woman curses you!"

A dying, murdered woman curses you!"

"Do not let us be melodramatic," he said, approaching still nearer, and throwing open the low window which overlooked a steep and rocky descent, unbroken by fence or cultivation of any kind. The snow was not so deep but that the huge forms of the rocks could be seen.

"I hope you do not think I shall lay myself liable to arrest ome a time in six months when you may escape. Try it. By used to her. "Our day, or rather, our night of wrath has

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

come. I shall redeem my oath, and I have only five minutes before it is to-morrow. You must leap from this window. It will be a case of suicide, you see. Your death cannot but be

sudden, perhaps easy. Do not waste time."

She had not taken her eyes from his face, and she spoke again in that deadly whisper that made him shiver in spite of himself.

"Remember, I curse you for ever! I have been wicked, but you have had no mercy."

With a suddenness of movement which he had not expected, she turned toward him and laid her icy hand for an instant upon his; then she gathered her drapery about her and leaped out into the stormy darkness.

A terrible shrick rang upward from that place; then all was silent there, save for the rushing wind and snow

But that shrick was answered by the ringing laugh of a maniac, and Norman Dallas turned from that window hopelessly insane; raving and gibbering, with no meaning in his words.

Surely his revenge had been consummated; that woman's work had been well done; and he who had thought to take punishment from God's hands felt the thunderbolt he had

SONG.

LOVINGLY the words fell from your lips, Little Mabel; And the earnest eyes, Blue as Summer skies, Look'd me in the face regretfully: "I am sad to go, For I love you so There is none I love like you across the sea."

Ah, Mabel, Mabel!

Lingeringly the ship sail'd to the West, Little Mabel:

Wistfully I took One last loving look; Then my eyes were blind, I could not see. Now the willows wave O'er your silent grave, And the darkness lies on all the land for me. Ah, Mabel, Mabel!

Longingly I feel the time is near Little Mabel. When those weary eyes Will, with glad surprise, Greet you in that land beyond the sca. I am glad to go, For I love you so; There's no other joy in all the world for me. Ah, Mabel, Mabel!

KITTY.

CHAPTER XVI .-- THE FEAST ENDS.

"And now for Perry's picture," said Mrs. Cornford, when the merry feast had sped to its close. "I'm sorry you have made such a poor supper, Kitty, but I expected as much. Well, I hope fine clothes and spiced dishes will always agree with you. That's all, my dear."

Perry gave her his arm, and they led the way. It was a very dirty staircase they had to ascend, and a very dusty mansarde of a studio at the top. Perry led Kitty to a solitary chair which stood in front of his picture.

For some minutes there was a contemplative complimentary silence. Then Kitty struck a key-note of criticism, Vittoria followed her example, and a succession of chords were played by the others. No one praised Perry's work after wholesale amateur fashion, but each criticised it in a vivacious, technical, picturesque way peculiar to themselves.

"Do you like the picture?" asked Perry of Kitty, who, for a moment, was absorbed in the act of criticism.

use of asking?" she said, smiling a little impatiently. "I admire them wonderfully, but they don't please me. They are such strange subjects for a meek thing like you to paint," and she laughed, forgetting everything but the pleasure of teasing Perry.

Her frank, familiar manner intoxicated him. He went on to ask:

"Shall I throw up this bit of foreground? Shall I deepen the shadows there, or whiten the lights there?" and a dozen questions, she answering each deliberately.

Then he took up his palette and dashed in a little color whilst she was speaking, and so absorbed were both in the work that they were left alone ere they were aware.
"It will be quite your best picture," Kitty said, after a time;

"but I think I must go now. The carriage—I was to be sent for at eleven o'clock.''

The enchantment was over like a dream. Perry's brush dropped from his hand, and he turned to her quite speechless with the newer, fuller conviction of his misery.

"You said once that you would marry as soon as I was better

off," he began, falteringly.
"Oh! Perry, what boys and girls do not make such promises? Forgive me for having made any to you!"

"Can you forgive me for being so unhappy now?" he said. "Doesn't the thought of it prevent your enjoyment sometimes? I don't think I should enjoy purple and fine linen much if I know you to be starved and naked."

"You reproach me as if I were happy," Kitty said, passionately.

He looked at her searchingly and savagely. "You women prevaricate so," he said; "you can never summon courage to blurt an ugly truth. If you are happy, it would be better to confess it!"

And he went on to say much more.

Kitty rocked herself to and fro in her chair, listening to his reproaches very meekly. She would have consoled him by tender expressions of friendship, but he stopped her with almost brutal abruptness. What mattered it to him whether she was glad or sorry, so long as they were to part for life? That was the only thing worth considering, and she did not seem to consider it at all, which proved her to be utterly insensible to his feelings. Every now and then she broke the thread of his angry words with a deprecatory word or gesture; once, she laid her hand on his arm-he rejected the caress as he had done the words, and stood aloof from her.

Kitty felt turning cold as stone. Dr. Norman's calm reproaches had made her sorrowful and ashamed, but Perry's anger was not calm, and revealed to her fearful things. She felt that she had been wicked to him, and though she had blamed herself before, this sort of self-condemnation was new. She saw, as it were, the mustard-seed of her own unfaithfulness to him grow up into a tree before her eyes. She could almost have undone it all.

She began a Litany, having for its burden: "Oh, Perry, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner!" But he would have no mercy on her. He was young, and youth is very just, insisting on an eye for on eye, a tooth for a tooth, always. She had robbed him of the sweetest thing in life—of peace. He might find everything else he wanted-money, fame, friends-but he knew that he should never find peace any more, and he was in duty bound to punish her.

Who could blame him? Who could wonder at him? He painted a terrible picture of himself, and made her look at it.

"You are young, you will care for somebody else," she ventured to say; whereupon he smiled in a wild sort of way. caught her hand to his heart for a second, and then asked if they had better not go down-adding, "For I think I have grown a little mad of late, dearest, and don't wish to frighten you."

The child-like abandonment of his manner, coming, as it did, after such a storm of invective, took Kitty entirely by surprise. She felt so sorely tempted to comfort him for the time. She looked up with a fine passion of pity in her handsome eyes, and said beseechingly:

"You know I never quite like your pictures; so, what is the "Dear, dear, dearest Perry, if I cannot marry you, I marry

University of Illinois , Google-digitized /

at

no one else; if I cannot love you, I love no one else: let that

It did not comfort him, but such words were sweet to hear, and for the sake of hearing one or two more, he lingered and lingered. At last Binnie's voice was heard on the threshold.

'A carriage—such a grand carriage for Kitty!" and at that sound Perry grew fierce and frigid again. They descended in

"Well, if you never condescend to cross this threshold any more, here's my love, and good luck to you, Kitty!" said Mrs. Comford, "I hate your ways, but for the life of me I can't help liking you."

Kitty smiled, and embraced her warmly.

"Oh, Polly, how you try to put me out of temper! But I never am out of temper, you know, and so I shall kiss you and come again."

"Yes, that's the way of you worldly-minded people—you always kiss and come again. Kitty, Kitty, I've no hope of

Kitty turned round to the little circle, giving a hand and a cordial word to each, and keeping a pitiful, penitent, sideways look for Perry always.

"Good-by, dearest Vittoria. I will not forget to send you that new volume of art-criticism we talked of. Good-by, M. Puig. I am enchanted to have met the author of Les derniers Amoss. Adieu, Tommie and Mimi; adieu, dear Binnie; you shall get your promised doll in a day or two," and then Perry wrapped her in her rich velvet cloak and led her downstairs.

They talked of ordinary things quite calmly. Had she seen Emile Angier's new piece? Had she read Feuillet's last novel, commencing in the Revue des Deux Mondes, and whom was the heroise going to marry? Did Kitty ever go into the studios? Did Perry ever hear the lectures at the Collège de France? And

Then he put her into the carriage, carefully but coldly

"Are you well wrapped up? the night is chilly," he said. "Quite well, thank you."

"Then I may tell the man to drive on."

" Please."

"A la mateon," he said, in a loud voice to the coachman, who shifted the reins and elevated his shoulders preparatorily. The horses had just begun to move when Perry thrust his head in the carriage.

"Be merry, Kitty, after your own way," he said; "we can't belp loving you better than anything else in the world, but we won't disturb your peace much."

There was a lamp close by, and she saw that whilst he spoke his cheeks were moistened with tears. The concentrated expresson of pain in his face and voice was more than Kitty could

"Artica!" she called to the man, and the horses were checked for a moment. She lowered her voice for Perry's ears,

"Do not be so unhappy, dear Perry; I will try to be true to you yet. I will, indeed."

"Take my oath upon it." he said.
"I take my oath upon it. I will try to be true to you." "My sweet!" he said, passionately, and leaned forward; their faces just touched for a second, then he moved back quietly, and the horses sprang forward, bearing her to her luxurious home and secret thoughts.

The worst of life is that it has secrets. What is not easy to bear in comparison with some miserable secret that concerns ourselves only? Thus thought Kitty as she leaned back on the soft cushions and enjoyed them. If she could only rid herself of the unspeakable responsibility of her own individual eyo, she felt that life would not be hard. Being herself, she could but be true to herself, and this was to be false. She would have given worlds to confess, do penance, and go her ways clean and soot-free again: but not being a Romanist, she was fain to carry her sins about her like Christian in Bunyan's story, only, unlike Christian, she would let nobody know what was in her bundle. She leaned back on the soft cushions and enjoyed them, despite something that pricked her now and then. She

| less, numbers of women whom characters and circumstances had forced into much the same groove. Gothe says: "The history of a man is his character," and so thought Kitty Silver. It was the text on which she preached little sermons to herself every day of her life, and whether they did her good or no, she said Amen to them and felt better.

But somehow, to-night, she preached and said Amen, and felt just as uneasy as before. The thought of Perry's unhappiness of Dr. Norman's unhappiness, disturbed her more and more. She had virtually taken leave of them; but what was such virtual leave-taking? Her weakness of disposition would be sure to lead her into assignations, and assignations could hardly be harmless things. She had been on the verge of committing herself into sentimental follies a dozen times that evening; she should not have better armor another time.

"Fool that I was; fool that I am; fool that I shall be," she said, to herself again and again, conjugating the agglutinized verb in all its tenses. But there must come an end alike to folly and delusion sooner or later, and she eagerly asked her-self, "When, and how?"

When and how-how and when I here Kitty's deliberations came to a stand-still. She would fain have divided her single self into three; giving one to Perry—the high-spirited, devoted, despairing Perry; one to Dr. Norman, the truest friend, the kindest lover, woman ever had; and keeping the third for the world that she loved so well.

"Ah me!" she thought, "how women ever find time to be gay and pretty is a marvel, seeing how they have to think, and think, and think! Somebody said, 'Men must work and women must weep;' but weeping is not the hardest part of it. I would rather cry for grief than have to choose between two things, pleasant and painful, any day. Does the arrangement of one's life trouble everybody as much at it does poor, unhappy

And she pitied first herself, then Perry, then Dr. Norman, till at last she fairly cried, and wished that nothing was as it was.

If she could only forget them; if they would only forget her, how much better it would be. She felt that she had drawn the net closer round her by these meetings. Dr. Norman might fairly expect his prodigal back, some time or other, and had she not openly pledged herself to love and marry Perry if she could?

She dried her tears as the carriage drew near home, and met Myra on the landing with a beaming face; Myra was in dressinggown and slippers, anxious for a long and entertaining story.

"Well!" she said; "has it been pleasant among the Bohemians? I have been dreadfully bored at the Barttelott's dinner. There was no one who could make other people talk, and nobody talked and nobody did anything;" and Myra yawned, adding: "Were you very merry?"
"Yes, we were very merry."

"And you have said good-by all round?"

"Oh! did I say that I was going to do that?"
"But what good have you gained by going, then? None that I can see.'

Kitty was silent.

"What good have you gained?" repeated Myra.
"A little, I think. At any rate, I have done a right and kind thing in going to see my oldest friends."

If Myra was in an amiable mood when Kitty moralized, she merely yawned and let her do it, feeling that they were made better somehow; to-night she was in an amiable mood, and accordingly Kitty had her say about one's duty to the world in general, and to one's lover's in particular. When she had done

Myra began.

"Now tell me what the people said; we were so dull that I had a great mind to come to you."

Everybody had said good things over the queer little supper in the Rue de Trévise, and Kitty had the art of making good things sound better; bon-mots of very faint quality came out from her mint bright and clear as new sovereigns. She had the great art of always keeping the roundness of a story unbroken, tied to console herself with thinking that there were, doubtalways listen eagerly if they are only required to listen for a little while.

Kitty almost forgot her sorrows as she laughed with Myra over Perry's puns, Vittoria's repartees, and Monsieur Puig's stories.

I wish we could be witty and gay and respectable too," she sighed, on a sudden. "I think we should live longer for having a good hearty laugh now and then."

That night Kitty's sleep was troubled with dreams. She was being married to a dozen people against her will; she was locked up in Perry's studio and could not get out; she was on the tower of St. Jacques de la Bouchèrie with Dr. Norman, with Perry, and with poor forgotten Regy, her boy-lover, and they pushed her over and she went on falling, falling, falling, for ever so long, and when she had done falling she was in the Seine, and there was Mrs. Cornford paddling about, who shouted out, "The Emperor is drowned, we are all searching for his body!" and Kitty paddled, and Dr. Norman and Perry and Regy—who come there in some unexplained manner, and paddled too—but instead of the Emperor's body they found Papa Peter, who had got on a dress suit of shining cloth, and danced on the roof of the floating baths to the tune of "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

CHAPTER XVII.-A THUNDERBOLT FALLS.

OF course Perry and Dr. Norman were in a seventh heaven for a time. Had not Kitty—this new, sweet, wonderful goldess of theirs—wept for them, said tender things to them, held out far but not wholly impossible visions of paradise before their longing eyes? Was sho not, though a little led astray by her passion for the world, still their own leal, loving Kitty, the one woman, to their thinking, the most beautiful of any, and as near perfection as daughters of Eve can be? So each lover began to hope again, with a zest that would have been laughable, had it not been pathetic.

Dr. Norman pondered and pondered as to the best means of altering his mode of life so as to suit it to Kitty's tastes. She craved for a many-colored, many-phased existence, which at Shelley House he could not give her. If she came back to him—how his honest heart leaped at the bare idea of such a consummation!—he resolved to sacrifice many things dear to him in order to make her happy. He would lift himself out of the scholar and the student, and, for her sake, be a citizen and a man of the world. He would think nothing puerile that she loved, nothing unnecessary that she longed for. If she willed it, they would let Shelley House, and travel for a year or two, leaving the boys at school and taking Laura and Prissy with them. She had often expressed a wish to see Italy and the East, and what more feasible than such a tour?

Then there were ways and means of making their home life more varied. London was only an hour and a half removed from them by rail; and why should they not spend a little time in London every year, entering moderately into such gayeties as Kitty loved? The old house should be made brighter and blither; Kitty should find in himself a companion and a friend, for under such sweet influence he felt sure of growing younger, and, therefore, more worthy of the woman he worshipped.

And what were Perry's dreams like? Curiously enough, the tables had turned, and, whilst the pre-eminently practical and sober-minded Dr. Morman was dreaming from morning till night, Perry, the dreamer, the votarist of enthusiasm, the idealist par excellence, was solely occupying himself with the great question of the term, which was Money.

For the few days following Kitty's visit, he worked at his easel as if for dear life. One or two small pictures were turned off and paid for in no time, and the large picture was dealt with carefully and religiously, for was it not to buy the most sacred thing in the world to him—Kitty's love?

He became, for the time being, a miser, a teetotaller, an ascetic; abjuring cigarettes, absintbe, theatres, and anything that cost time or money

He worked in his ill-ventilated studio till he almost dropped down of exhaustion. He denied himself proper rest; forgot when the meal-times came round; forgot everything in the world—but Kitty.

When Polly Cornford remonstrated, he either flew at her like a raving lunatic, or doggedly defended himself with such arguments as these:

"I must win Kitty somehow, and there is no other way. I shall soon have two thousand pounds; that will be enough to furnish a house and start with; and if she won't listen to me then, she never will."

"She never will to my thinking. You're in a fever, my poor Perry, and the sooner you try to cure yourself the better will it be for you. Look facts in the face, like a man."

"Do leave me in peace," groaned Perry.

Mrs. Cornford, whose kind heart was sorely troubled about her darling son, by adoption, finding that nothing was to be done for his mind, was fain to keep his body from starving. So she wheedled him into taking cups of broth or chocolate, and bore his ill-humor as patiently as mothers bear with their sick children.

And Perry painted on, believing in Kitty, and hating all the world because it doubted her.

But one day, the unnaturally brilliant atmosphere, which Dr. Norman and Perry were breathing, was disturbed by a thunderbolt falling at their feet. Kitty had left Paris, and gone, they knew not whither!

The thunderbolt had come wrapped in rose-leaves, but it was stunning, nevertheless. Kitty broke the information of her departure from Paris—departure for an unlimited time—departure made without any reference to her lovers, in the most tender way. It seemed impossible that a little note, scente-1, worded like a poem, sealed with rose-colored wax, should mean heartless treachery: and yet, if not that, what was Kitty's meaning?

The worst of it was that she gave no address. "I hardly know what my kind friend's plans are yet," she wrote to Dr. Norman, "so that we can write for letters when we make a halt. They talk of the Pyrenees, of Switzerland, even of the baths of the Austrian Tyrol, but as yet without any definite plans.

"Pray do not judge me harshly for leaving Paris without a word of farewell, but if you knew what those farewells cost me! If you knew how I hate myself for being what I am! and yet, being what I am, cannot act otherwise than as I do. If I could, I would be true and loyal and good like you—I would, indeed; but it seems as useless to try to change one's nature as to change this complexion. It is not my fault, but Nature's, that I am a feather for each wind that blows! would that the next would blow me back into the quiet haven I left so recklessly!"

To Perry she wrote in a freer, friendlier strain, though the substantial meaning of her letter was the same. She was gone, and she forbade him to follow her.

In the first bitterness of disappointment, Perry lost self-control utterly, and acted like the distraught being he was. Kitty's letter was dashed against the wall, torn into a hundred bits, trampled under foot.

Kitty's name seemed no longer the talisman it had always been, and he held it up to everybody's scorn. She was false, she was heartless, she was inhuman; he hated this vile thing, loved this fallen angel to distruction, all in a breath. He was her enemy henceforth, and for ever.

He would slay her, if the devil ever gave him a chance. He would be torn to pieces with red-hot pincers for her with pleasure. She should be punished as she deserved. Every penny that he had been saving for her should be laid out upon absinthe, and, when near dying, he would find her out and die in her presence; or, better still, would be carried to her in his coffin. Would she like that, think you?

His actions were, of course, of a piece with his words, for Perry was consistent. He set to work, and ruined one or two masterly sketches in no time. He was always going to cafés. He would take neither reproach nor consolation from anybody. Whom did Kitty love, then? Whom would Kitty marry?

Dr. Norman tormented himself as much as Perry with this question.

They both knew that this sweet prodigal was unworthy the supreme affection they bestowed upon her; they knew that her "Yea" and her "Nay" meant less than the Yea and Nay of other



at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 http://www.hathitrust.org/access u University of Illinois n, Google-digitized / people. And yet they loved her and longed for her, and would nature. Dr. Norman's one consolation under all his troubles

There were other and more beautiful women in the world. They only cared for this one. An old writer has said, "Beauty is not made by white or red, by black eyes and a round face, by a straight body and a smooth skin, but by a proportion to the fancy;" and so it is always.

We don't know why we should so love this man or this woman, so madly hunger and thirst to spend the best part of our lives with them; but we do it, and no logic can make us desist from

Dr. Norman could not help wondering whom Kitty loved, and the wonder made him restless, sleepless, spiritless. He, as well as Perry, grew supremely miserable in unmitigated envy of that happy person. Kitty's lover, the man Kitty should love, was the king of the universe in their eyes.

What had she not most charming in a woman?—splendid dark eyes and queenly carriage, beautiful white hands, a soft voice, and a feminine grace in saying or doing things of little moment; Kitty had everything, and Kitty wanted neither their friendship nor their love.

"I think we had better leave Paris soon and go on to Switzerland, as we intended to do—don't you, Laura?" asked Dr. Norman, a day er two after Kitty's letter. "The weather is growing intolerably warm here."

"Oh, papa! just when I am beginning to get on with my drawing," cried Laura, coloring.

"Do, dear papa, let us leave Paris; I hate Paris; I do want

to go so," said Prissy.

"Laurs gives a reason for staying, but you give no reason on your side of the question," Dr. Norman said; adding, "what

"I don't like Paris, and that's why I want to go."
"But why do you dislike it?"

"Because-because-I haven't seen a single Quaker in it, and Ido love Quakers," cried Prissy, triumphant at having found a reason. "You remember"—for it seemed to the child that months, not weeks, divided them from the life at Shelley House "you remember, papa don't you, dear kind old Mr. Wallis, who used to wear a broad-brimmed hat, and say 'thee' and 'thou,' and give me peppermints?"

"What nonsense, Prissy! as if that were a reason."
"I know your reason well enough," said Prissy. "Laura doesn't care for anybody or anything now but Mrs. Cornford, and Mrs. Cornford's painting. We shall never get her to go

with us, papa."

Dr. Norman looked from one of his children to the other, feeling quite unable to disappoint either.

"The hot weather will soon make it quite impossible for you to continue the long walks to the Louvre and the Rue de Trévise," he said to Laura.

"Oh, papa! as if I could not take an omnibus!'' began Laura, with almost painful eagerness.

"Apa, we shall all have sunstrokes if we stay. My poor dolls are melting already from the heat," cried Prissy.

"Well," said Dr. Norman, "we will settle it to-morrow; any-

how, Laura, we must not stay here much longer."

"hKitty going with us, papa?" asked Miss Prissy, peremp-

torily. "That is what I want to know. Is she, or is she not? Recause, if not, I must see to my poor dolls, who haven't a summer frock to their precious backs. Is she, papa ?"

"Oh, child! as if Kitty cared a straw for us or the dells!" cried Dr. Norman, bitterly, regretting the sarcasm ere it was fairly spoken.

CHAPTER XVIII.—'' THE WRATH THAT WORKS LIKE MADNESS.''

LAURA cried that day as she dressed herself to go to Mrs. Comford's studio. The young girl had again become her pupil, and she would often leave her father and little sister to make their excursions alone, in order to be near her old teacher. Prissy, naturally, became much more of a companion to her

She was passionately fond of him, to begin with, and had a quick understanding, bright wit, and a singularly appreciative

was the love of his little girl, and, somehow, the child seemed to know it.

Laura went as much as she liked to Mrs. Cornford's, and she liked to go often. For the last few weeks she had been living in a new intoxicating world, where the lights were theatrically strong and the music theatrically enthralling.

What wonder that to an impressible nature like hers, the free, enthusiastic many-colored existence of artistic Bohemia should appear enchantment? What wonder that, having once tasted such opium, she should crave for the sugared poison of it

Mrs. Cornford loved all young people who had winning ways; and Laura had winning ways in abundance; so Laura was always made welcome in the Rue de Trévise, or was allowed to sit by Mrs. Cornford's side in the Louvre, and Perry would never fail to join them for a few minutes.

Kitty soon became a bond of union between these two. Perry seized the first opportunity of telling Laura how he had loved Kitty, and how cruelly she had used him. Laura had loved Kitty, too, better than any one in the world, she said, with tears in her eyes, and she could see that Kitty did not care so very much for her now.

Then they talked of her beauty, her cleverness, her charming ways, and never grew tired. Perry was as much of a child as Laura in some things, and being encouraged, he poured out his hopes and fears to her without reserve. It was very sweet to him to be soothed and encouraged by Laura's words, and very sweet to Laura to feel that her words had such soothing power.

Thus they had become comrades; Mrs. Cornford, like the easy, reckless soul she was, making no effort to hinder the growth of this mushroom friendship.

She knew well enough how most other women would have acted in her place, and she had occasional pricks of conscience; but she excused herself by thinking that life was short, and that young people ought to enjoy it.

When Laura and Perry were in the Louvre with her she let them stroll up and down the galleries as often as they liked; and they liked it very often. Perry would lead Laura up to a picture, and, after describing it to her in his wild, glowing way, was sure to lead the conversation to Kitty.

But there were other fascinations in Paris that held Laura captive. Those little supper parties in the Rue de Trévise, with their accompaniments of sparkling talk, good music, and unvarying enthusiasm—how charming they seemed to her! the little country girl felt that she was only now beginning to live and to enjoy life, and she dreaded to go back to the old ways more and more.

She would have been content to sweep floors and scour waterpails all the days of her life, if she might only stay among these generous, unconventional, gifted people. The destiny of some women is to adore, and this was Laura's destiny. Affection, in the ordinary sense of the word, gives no idea of the feeling entertained by her for any human being intellectually superior to herself.

Her ardent little soul was always falling down before some Juggernaut; and if it were a cruel Juggernaut, trampling her under foot, so much the more did she worship it. Kitty had proved a cruel Juggernaut, but Kitty's successors were infinitely more kind.

Mrs. Cornford's friends loved this sweet, blue-eyed thing, who was always looking and listening her heart away, and took pains to interpret their theories to her. Laura became a Fourièrist, a a pre-Raphaelite, a Garibaldian, everything by turns, and was sometimes so many things at once that her brain grew cloudy. The sense of her own nothingness troubled her terribly sometimes; she was fain to become an hospital nurse in Italy; to turn photographer, like Vittoria; or to join the first phalanstery she could hear of; to do something, no matter what, so long as it employed her faculties.

She was comforted by the assurance that humanity is naturally divided into two portions, one consisting of those who cultivate beauty as their especial province, and the other of those who gather and enjoy the fruits of it.

Her kind friends, moreover, found a little employment for

her, which is the best sort of consolation; Laura was quite, tude and worthiness of her own motives, than which there is happy to sit for hours mending Vittoria's sacred gloves; or M. Puig's no less sacred stockings.

It was impossible for any circumstance connected with genius to be common, she thought, and to remain as a working bee amongst so sublime a community seemed the greatest good fortune that could overtake her.

But would it be allowed to overtake her? Laura and her

nothing more necessary to success.

Poor Laura never considered her own motives of much importance, and, though she brooded over a perplexity as persistently as a bird broods over its first eggs, nothing resulted from it.

Kitty's defection was to Laura what the lightning is to the mother whose child it has killed. Her supreme concern was for father had never been wholly unreserved to each other, and of late they had not grown less so. If Prissy willed a thing, she row? Who deserved Kitty but he?—for Laura, like the simple



A CITIZEN OF MOSCOW AND FAMILY. -PAGE 58.

spoke out, and whatever obstacle might be thrown in her way, was sure to gain the victory.

She had more demonstrativeness than Laura, and could discuss inmost thoughts and feelings with subtle though candid metaphysical interspection.

Had she been circumstanced as Laura was, she would have made out such a case for herself that Dr. Norman must have given way. There was no difficuly that Prissy could not solve as she best liked, no Gordian knot she could not untie without assistance - Prissy being always fully impressed with the magni-

soul she was, had no idea of moral justice, and thought that Perry had no right to suffer just because he was young and gifted and beautiful.

She saw something of the reckless despondency into which Kitty's conduct threw him, and her father's unaltered bearing struck her as being very cold in comparison. Perry did not mind weeping, or tearing his hair, or saying mad things before this sweet thing, who would put her little hands entreatingly on his arm, and beg him to be consoled, with big tears in her round

If Perry said to her, half-fiercely:

"How can you bear to be with a madman? Do go away."

Or, in a humble, tender tone :

"Oh, Miss Norman, it is not good for you to be here, however much we may like it!"-Laura would go home half crazed with a new sense of de light.

If Perry played, as only Perry could play, mysterious snatches of the music he loved best, the child sat listening in a trance. Kitty and Perry seemed god and goddess to her; the two beings alone worthy of all worship and all good gifts. Who else could do what they could do, or seem so beautiful and winning like them?

Kitty having dropped like a star below

the horizon, there arose this new, large, luminous orb in its place; and she could not chose but adore doubly.

Day by day, hour by hour, she was ever trying to brace herself up for a great effort; she must hint to her father how her heart would break if he forced her from Paris. The thought of speaking seemed hardly less terrible to her than that of silence. If some one, if something would only help her! But she knew she should have no help, and she put her momentous request into every available shape, trying to find a happy one. To go straight to her father, as Prissy would have done, and say, "Papa, I like being in Paris best, and don't go away," was simply impossible; and to throw herself in tears upon his breast and declare that he was making her unhappy, no less so.

Timidity begets something very like cunning in the purest minds, and Laura at length came to the decision that she must invent a sufficient excuse. So one day she went up to Dr. Norman, and said, very pleadingly:

"Papa, don't you think it would be a good thing for me to draw so well that I might earn my own living if I wanted?" "Good heavens, Laura! who has put that notion into your

Dr. Norman was an ultra-liberal in theory, advocating every kind of moral and intellectual improvement for both men and women, but in practice as arrant a conservative as any going. "I have thought of it myself, papa. I have, indeed.

Then the sooner you get rid of the notion the better. It is all very well for some women to strike out independent careers for themselves; in a few exceptional cases it is admirable; but you are the last person fitted to do so.'

"Why, dear papa?" asked Laura, already on the verge of

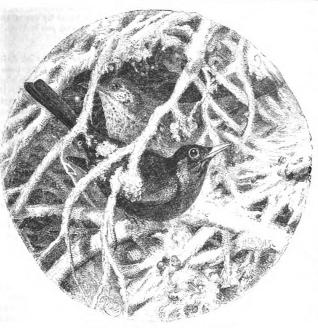
crying.

"There are a dozen Whys and Wherefores, my dear. You will make a dear little housekeeper, and that can be said of very few girls. Take my advice, and be contented for a time in your

proper sphere."

"And is that Prissy's sphere!" said Laura, the corners of her

"Prissy is a mere taby at present; it is impossible to say what she will turn out; but as far as I can judge, she has much more of the peculiar sort of character requisite for battling with the world than you have."



CHRISTMAS IN THE WOODS. - PAGE 59.

Laura, by a great effort, contested the point a little longer. She might have to battle with the world, she said, and it could not do any harm to be fitted for whatever might happen. Mrs. Cornford said she had a decided talent for drawing, and Mrs. Cornford was a firstrate judge. Dr. Norman heard her to the end, and, when she had done, looked up with a shrewd smile, saying:

"And I think I know whither all this high-flown utilitarianism is tending, Laura. You wish to stay in Paris and go on taking lessons of Mrs. Cornford."

Laura turned crimson, and had not a word to say. Dr. Norman continued :

"If Mrs. Cornford were a different per-

son altogether, I should not mind; but you are old enough to know the sort of objection we must have to her, I think."

"She is not quite a lady, you mean, papa?"

"Exactly; with all her good qualities, she is quite without the tone of respectable society. I should not like you to catch

A sort of despair took possession of the child, and she turned away to hide the tears that she knew she could retain no longer. Dr. Norman thought it high time to end the dis-

"Of course you must please yourself, my dear," he said, "I should never dream of interfering with any decision you might deliberately make concerning your own career. Remember that." And then he left her to reflect upon the words.

CHAPTER XIX. - KITTY'S CHRISTMAS.

THE first bright dry days of autumn came and went; then the cold white mists of November lay about the bare black woods, and the land was very dreary. Kitty used to take long walks with the children, shivering from head to foot, and ready to cry of discomfort. Winter to her had hitherto meant something cheerful, indolent, and luxurious. In Paradise Place, as soon as the first snows came, one big fire used to be kept up somewhere, and everybody spent the most part of the day near it. Neither Perry nor Mrs. Cornford ever worked much in cold weather; and after half an hour's zealous endurance of their freezing studios, they would come to the fire, and respectively cook, darn, sketch, and read French novels in company. The little girls squatted on the floor, and took a stray lesson in something or other—perspective, counterpoint, French, or elocution, as the case might be. Kitty had an arm-chair and an amusing book to read; one or two of Perry's friends looked in for a chat, and the winter's day, which began for them between ten and eleven in the morning, ended tolerably early at night.

Here at Shelley House the winter day seemed interminable. Dr. Norman liked the children to be up early, and Kitty had to get up ere it was fairly light, and go through the long process of dressing, so as to be down by a little past eight o'clock. She had a fire in her bedroom; but Shelley House was spacious and

7 01:52 GMT / Use#pd-google at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 http://www.hathitrust.org/access University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

cold, and she often contrasted it regretfully with the warm, dingy little place at Fulham. After breakfast came the daily governess and lessons, then lunch, the long monotonous walk, and the five o'clock dinner. Dinner was not so dull because Dr. Norman would be present, but he had grown less sociable during the last few weeks, and looked as if in trouble, Kitty thought. There was one milestone to break this dull road, namely, Mrs. Wingfield's increasing friendliness. Mrs. Wingfield tried hard to persuade Kitty to spend Christmas with her, and Kitty would have like it, but the bare proposition brought a Round Robin of deprecations, to which she yielded at once. Kitty had dined occasionally with her new friend, and that she found delightful. The party consisted of two or three of Mrs. Wingfield's Indian friends only; there was no Laura present to keep down the amusing gossip of Indian life; the meats and drinks were superb, the men pleasant and worldly, and everything just as Kitty liked it. How she wished Perry had been there! she could have flirted with him, and no one would have seen the harm. Mrs. Wingfield and Kitty had grown intimate to such a point now, that they called each other Myra and Kitty. Myra had told Kitty all her secrets, Kitty sitting at her feet all the while. On the occasion of the last little dinner, Myra had presented her with a very costly brooch, whispering, as she slipped it into her hand, "I will give you something much more beautiful, if you will go to Calcutta with me," and Kitty crimsoned pleasurably, all sorts of visions floating before her

She naturally showed the brooch to the children, and the story of it reached Dr. Norman's ears. He listened more inquisitively than the occasion would seem to warrant; even asked to see the brooch, turned it over in a speculative way, then returned it, saying:

"Mrs. Wingfield is very lavish in her gifts, certainly."

Kitty never lost her temper, but it provoked her that Dr. Norman, who never gave her anything, should seem to grudge her acceptance of so beautiful a gift.

You don't like Mrs. Wingfield, I know," she said, "and that is why I did not show you her gift at first."

He looked as if bound to explain himself, but the children were present, and it was impossible for him to abuse Kitty's friends in their hearing. The first time he found her alone, he went back to the subject.

"I cannot honestly say that I know any harm of Mrs. Wingfield," he said, "nor have I had much opportunity of knowing her; but the little I have seen, I do not like; she seems to me a person of thoroughly ill-regulated mind.

Kitty smiled.

"Oh! Dr. Norman, I have an ill-regulated mind myself. Why should I want perfection in my friends?"

"Is she really your friend?"

"She is so kind to me, I can hardly feel as if she were not, though we see very little of each other. I have avoided going oftener because you objected to it."

"Thank you," Dr. Norman said. "Mrs. Wingfield is not wise in her choice of friends, from all that I have heard; though, as far as social position goes, they are everything one could desire; but that is not all. A high moral and intellectual tone is much more important."

"Mrs. Wingfield and her friends are all reading people," Kitty said.

"Oh! what is that a sign of? Reading to kill time is a vicious amusement."

"Kitty looked hurt, and Dr. Norman hastened to qualify his speech. "Of course, I can only speak from a very partial experience, and I ask your pardon if I have been unfair to your friend. One is apt to get crabbed if left to oneself. I know that my house is a dull one-

"Oh, no!" began Kitty.

"Dull for you, at least," he went on, "as the children are too young to be companions, and I too old and too care-worn."

He said this with a little sigh.

"It is not want of companionship that drives me to Mrs. Wingfield's, I assure you. It is because she is so kind to me, and is always wanting me to be with her."

"Could not you and Laura get up some small evening parties amongst the neighbors by way of amusing yourselves? Pray, understand that I wish you to do exactly as you like in that respect."

"You are very kind."

"And do not hesitate to ask down any relative or friend of your own if you wish it. The house is so large that there is plenty of room, even if Regy comes home."

Kitty caught up the last words, "If Regy comes home," and looked inquisitive. Dr. Norman explained the matter hastily. The boy had been invited to stay with friends, and he should urge him to do so.

"There is too much noise in the house when Regy is at home," he added; "I dont't know how to support it;" and with this he went.

This explanation by no means satisfied Kitty. She did not care much about Regy's coming home, but she felt that Dr. Norman had not given her a full explanation of the matter, and it puzzled her. Had Regy been getting into debt, or into any other scrape? Had Dr. Norman any idea of his having made love to her?

Two or three days passed and Regy's name was not mentioned; till one morning Dr. Norman said, with evident satisfaction, that Regy had been invited to spend Christmas with some friends, and that he had accepted the invitation. Amongst the young people there was natural lamentation at this news; but Kitty talked of the Christmas-tree, of the dance to follow, and of other bright things in prospect, so that the cloud was a transient one. She set to work about these festivities with no very light heart. It is not easy to live vicariously, and this is what she was trying to do. What part and lot had she with these gay young things? still less, what part and lot had she with a studious, unsociable man like Dr. Norman? With Mrs. Wingfield she felt more at ease, but it was more than ever difficult for her to see her now. She never accepted an invitation to go there without some sort of discussion with Dr. Norman beforehand; at times he would be hurt, at others irritated, never indifferent, and yet she went. It seemed so hard to give up the only gayety that came in her way, and Mrs. Wingfield might prove a very useful friend. She once hinted this to Dr. Norman, but he would not see her meaning, and stuck to his text-Mrs. Wingfield was not a person to be intimate with. Kitty thought it a little unamiable of Dr. Norman to say this, with the evident intention of keeping her away. She tried to serve two masters, yielding apparently to Dr. Norman's wishes, and all the while growing more intimate with Mrs. Wingfield. Serving two masters is desperate work. Brains and nervous power wear away at a terrible rate under the unnatural tension imposed upon them, and one is almost sure to lose the game in the end.

A day or two before Christmas she lunched with Mrs. Wingfield; it was a pleasant thing to do. Mrs. Wingfield was the quintessence of hospitality, and could, moreover, be very entertaining when alone with a friend. Kitty felt herself, for the nonce, the Kitty of old. She laughed, said smart things, made amusing commentaries on Mrs. Wingfield's stories, and was altogether delightful.

Fortunately a snow-storm came on.

"I shall keep you till to-morrow morning," Mrs. Wingfield said. "Oh, how nice that will be! Sit down, darling, in that nice arm-chair, put your feet on a footstool, and when we have each had just one little bit of sleep, we'll be entertaining again.'

Kitty obeyed, and both ladies nodded and napped till it grew dusk, and tea was brought in; then they sat sipping it over the fire, in a luxury of growing confidence.

"I will tell you what I have been thinking of," Mrs. Wingfield said, after a little pause, and looking straight into Kitty's face as she spoke. "I do so sicken of living alone. I want some one to be fond of me, and help me to scold the servants and to choose my dresses. I should like to have you in my house always. Do you say Yes or No. Kitty?"

Kitty's heart beat fast, but she controlled herself and spoke quite collectedly.

"Dear Myra!" she said, with a little surprised laugh, "how



man one say Yes or No in a minute to such a proposal as that? It takes one's breath away like an offer of marriage.'

"But if you had an offer of marriage you would say Yes or No at once. Women's opinions are always formed on some things."

fith took her friend's hand and pressed it gratefully.
"It is not myself I am considering," she said, "but others."

"What others?" Mrs. Wingfield asked.

Kitty mentioned the Normans as first claimants upon her; then she talked very vaguely of old friends and connections at home-in Fulham.

"I have two homes and two families," she added, "and it would be difficult for me to break entirely from either. But I am grateful, dear Myra, and I should like to come to you better than anything. I should, indeed."

"How nice it would be! oh, how nice it would be!" Myra went on. "I would take you up to London with me for the season; I would be exactly to you as an elder sister, and if you married, I would give you a superb wedding-breakfast."

Kitty kissed her friend in a tender, deprecating way, as if such goodness were quite too much for her.
"You hesitate?" Mrs. Wingfield said.

"Yes, I hesitate," Kitty answered; "and I have not the ourge to telly you why."

"You are too proud to accept anything from me."

"I need not be very proud to shrink from accepting so much," Kitty answered; and then, still holding the tips of Myra's fin-

gen, she made a long speech.
"You see, dearest Myra," said she, "that I am a very weakminded creature, and should never be able to support the humiliation of being a poor church-mouse in a rich priory. I should always be comparing myself to you, a tatterdemalion to a princess, and you would not like to feel that you were continually humiliating your friend in the eyes of the world. I am of a good but poor family, and not one of my relations can

help me to support the social position to which I was born. I have hardly any income. Dear Myra, how can I come to you so! If you were old, and disagreeable, and ugly, I would be to you as a kind of companion."

"I would give you a hundred a year to-morrow," interrupted in Wingfield, "if you would come so now," snapping somewhat coarsely the silken thread of Kitty's sentimental discourse. "No one need know what arrangements we two make; I'll call you my cousin."

Kitty began to speak; then stopped, smiled hesitatingly, and finally said, with a sudden charming frankness:

"After all, Myra, I do love you, and I think if you gave me a left-off dress I would wear it for your sake." "I would give you lots of new dresses," interrupted Mrs.

Wingfield. Kitty went on:

"Suppose, dearest, that I do come to live with you: I must keep up the appearance of a lady in order not to shame my friends; if I consented to be your butler, housekeeper, accountant-anything but companion—need our affections suffer because I accept wages in exchange? You know I must go out as goremess when I leave Shelley House, or earn my living some-

"Do, do come to me!" urged Mrs. Wingfield; "it would be so much nicer than teaching for you, and nicer than anything for me." And the two ladies talked and talked till dinnerime, and Dr. Norman's carriage, which had come to fetch Kitty, was sent away in order that they might talk a little more, and ere bed-time came it was all settled.

There is one last thing I have to ask of you," Kitty said, as the two parted in Mrs. Wingfield's dressing-room. "Let us keep our own counsel for the next few days. Dr. Norman is a great deal worried just now; Clevy is home, and makes the children dren so noisy, you know, and I am sure he would be greatly distressed at the bare mention of my leaving-

"Being in love with you?"

Kitty ignored the idea with a very great deal of composure, and added: "It is a compact, isn't it, Myra?"

of affirmation, gave Tom-tom, who slept outside her door, a little admonishing kick, which meant that he was to close the corridor and put out the lights, and then went off to bed very satisfied with the turn affairs had taken. We fancy Kitty did not sleep much that night. Having made up her mind, she could not lay her head down on the pillow and sleep till the dawn, child-wise. She had not calculated upon any change of fortune coming so suddenly. A hundred a year and a home of ease seemed very great things to her; and she thought she could not be wrong in accepting them for a time-Kitty tacked this proviso to everything.

She would fain have become a fashionable lady, and lived after the manner of Mrs. Wingfield; she would fain have married for love, and made Perry happy; she would fain have staid with the Normans, and made them happy too. How was she to choose the right casket?

It is true that she had consented, after great persuasion, to accept something in the shape of a salary from Dr. Norman when it was arranged that she should stay as companion to his children. But how different it would be to live with Myra!

CHAPTER XX. -- KITTY'S CHRISTMAS--(CONTINUED).



HE children's party occupied Kitty's time and thoughts so entirely the next day, that she had no time to dwell upon her own affairs. She shut herself up for one quarter of an hour: but it was quite impossible to clear her thoughts, and resolve upon the best means of breaking her news to Dr. Norman. He was so helpless, and she so helpful, that she knew he would set himself strongly against her taking such a step. And what then?

She went down-stairs, and acted the part of hostess to thirty children perfectly, though she was wishing herself anywhere else.

It disappointed her a little that Dr. Norman had placed no gift for her on the Christmas-tree. A silver thimble would have seemed gracious coming from him at such a time, or a sixpenny neck-ribbon. There was nothing, and yet Dr. Norman accepted the slippers she had worked for him as if a gift from her was natural and pleasant. The children all screamed out in a breath: "Oh, papa! have you nothing for Kitty?" but he changed the subject—a little awkwardly Kitty thought. When all the young folks had gone, and even Laura's anxiety to help her friend had succumbed to the extreme of drowsiness. Dr Norman peeped into the drawing-room.

What a scene it was! The chairs were lying about in rows, like files of infantry under fire; the tables were overturned, and choked up with shot and shell; in other words, balls, and toys of every description; the old square piano might be called the Hougomont of this domestic 'Vaterloo, being barricaded to the summit with every available piece of furniture. Kitty moved amid the scene of destruction like an emblematic figure of peace. She had not been torn to pieces during Blindman's Buff; she had lost neither life nor limb in the fray of Hunt the Slipper. Her hair was smooth and i right, her pretty dress in no degree disordered, her movements slow and calm.

She did not know that Dr. Norman was looking at her, and went her way, picking up Prissy's sash here, Laura's necklace there, with so womanly, nay, motherly, a care, that his eyes filled. He thought of his dead wife, and of the way in which she used to care for his children thus from morning till night. It seemed to him that any woman who so loved his children, her children, must be good, and tender, and truc. On a sudden, Kitty looked up.

"These children! oh, these children!" she said, laughing. "It's a mercy we've a roof left to sleep under, Dr. Norman."
"You ought to be asleep now," he answered; "how tired

you look!"

Madded: "It is a compact, isn't it, Myra?"

Whereupon Myra, who was getting sleepy, nodded in token

She shut her eyes, and yawned, a very pretty little yawn, admitting that she was sleepy, adding: "Christmas Eve comes only once a year."

Dr. Norman again pressed her to go to bed, holding out his nand as he said good-night. It was a very cold little hand that she gave him, and he saw that the fire was out.

"Oh, Miss Silver!" he cried in dismay, "this is too bad of ou. What shall we all do if you are ill? Come into my study and get warm before going up-stairs. I have a fire there.'

She felt cold, and followed him to the study, willingly. He put her in an arm-chair, made her drink a gless of wine, and, sitting opposite to her, talked of many things in a friendly and confidential way. Kitty's old liking for Dr. Norman came back again. He had seemed distant and self-absorbed of late, and she fancied that he was losing interest in her. But on this Christmas Eve he showed himself so alive to her comfort in small things, so chivalrously courteous, and so evidently pleased to be near her, that she felt as if she should never have courage to tell him her resolve. When she had said good-night, and Dr. Norman was left alone, he fell into a long train of thought. He had been trying for weeks past to make up his mind on a very important point, and the deliberation filled every leisure hour.

Should he marry Kitty?

He was not in love with her--she was not in love with him; but they liked each other, and there were a hundred interests to bring them nearer if he gave her his name. His first marriage had been perfect. He did not expect a second to be like it; but there could be degrees of domestic happiness, and he thought that Kitty would make him happier than any other woman he knew. She seemed very lonely; she had no fortune; he felt a man's sense of protectiveness urging him to take her to his heart, and keep the world from being unkind to her evermore. Had Kitty been a coquette, impulsive, of a more demonstrative nature, he would have lacked courage to marry her; but she was so calm, so even-tempered, so tender to the children, that he felt he should be running no risk for himself. It is natural for a man to think women happier when married. Dr. Norman, though by no means an egotist, never feared that it could be a great risk for Kitty. True, she was young and he was middle-aged; but how many young girls do marry men double their years, and are happy!

Then Dr. Norman thought of his children, one at a time, and of the probable influence his second marriage would have upon them. He smiled as he recalled Regy's fancied passion, for Dr. Norman had naturally heard rumors of this—thinking, what will poor foolish Regy say to me for having forestalled him? But he reflected that Regy would be very little at home for the next few years, and, even if he were, could but be better off for having Kitty to take something between a motherly and sisterly care of him. With regard to Laura, Dr. Norman had no misgivings. Laura adored Kitty, and was of so gentle and relying a nature that, without some one strong to lean upon, she would be utterly lost. Kitty was strong, and Kitty was staunch. Laura would be infinitely happier for having Kitty's guidance always; Clevy and Wattie wanted a mother sadly; and though he doubted whether his passionate, petted little Prissy would ever yield to Kitty the allegiance which would be her due, he felt that Prissy needed her care more than any of his children. Then Dr. Norman thought of himself. He was a very lonely man, and he was not much past forty. Could he support such loneliness always? Would it not be better for him to drink the pleasant cup held to his lips, rather than weep forever for the wine spilled on the ground that could never be drunk any more? The perfect happiness of his first marriage made him shrink from marrying again; but he was wearying and sicken-

How could these children ever fill it? The boys would no sooner be grown to men than they were sure to make homes for themselves; the girls might stay with him longer; but what had Laura and he in common, much as they loved one another? Prissy had much more character, and he felt that Prissy would grow up like her mother; but she was a child at present, and it would be years before she could at all complete his life; and what might not those intervening years bring forth? Lastly, there was the consideration of Kitty's social position. He knew nothing of her family. Was it desirable to give this lady his laughed at himself for the foolish thought. What did it matter to him about Kitty's social position? If she were not of herself good enough to be his wife, no lineage could render her so. Finally, he went to bed, determined that Kitty Silver should be his wife.

Christmas Day at Shelley House was like Christmas Day anywhere else. To see the way in which Kitty went through the day's business was quite marvelous; one could have sworn that she had made up Christmas parcels for the poor, had decorated churches with holly, had presented Sunday-school children with cakes and clothing and pretty speeches, had ordered Christmas feasts for the servants' hall, all her life. Her power of adapting herself to circumstances was really unusual, and she was ever a little enthusiastic withal, as if school children's cakes and servants' feasts were dear to her heart. When the business of the day had been gone through, she stole up to her bedroom, which Laura had turned into quite a pretty boudoir for her darling Miss Silver, and, drawing an easy chair to the fire, began to think. Ought she not tell Perry? ought she not tell Dr. Norman, of the resolution she had taken? She felt as if she should cry of regret at leaving Shelley House; but she never hesitated about leaving it.

If she only had strength of mind enough to go and tell Dr. Norman at once! She knew that he had gone to his study in order to get a little quiet, and she had often gone to him there to consult him on important domestic matters. Why should she not go now? She rose, walked to the door, turned the handle, then paused, irresolute
It was so pleasant to keep by her cosy fire, and not have to talk of painful things. She would tell Dr. Norman to-morrow. Then she got angry with herself for being so irresolute, and, opening the door quickly, went straight down-stairs. Dr. Norman's study was shut off from the entrance-hall by a corridor closed by baize doors at each end. Kitty found the first open, and the second was opened by Dr. Norman, as she touched the handle.

"I was coming to say something to you," she said, with a little sinking of the heart.

"And I was coming to say something to you," he said, smil-"Will you sit down by the fire?"

Kitty obeyed, and Dr. Norman sat down opposite to her. They occupied the same seats they had done the night before, but were far from being able to affect the same friendly tone.

After a long pause, Dr. Norman said: "I think you were coming to say something to me?"

Kitty felt all her self-possession going.
"It is nothing very important," she answered. "Would you mind speaking first?"

Had Kitty been put to the question, she would never have confessed to an anticipation of Dr. Norman's purpose; yet it is doubtful whether any woman would not have guessed as much. Being thus appealed to, Dr. Norman felt it incumbent upon him

"Dear Miss Silver," he said, "I have been wondering for some time past what we should all do at Shelley without you, and I want to persuade you to stay altogether."

Then he took courage, and added, "Could you marry me?" Kitty smiled and blushed, and had not a word to say. It was so natural for her to do what she knew would please others, that for the life of her she could not have shook her head and run away. Moreover, the mere putting of the thought into words seemed to make it just possible. There was silence for a minute or two, and during that time a hundred things passed through the girl's mind.

It was true that something like an engagement existed between Perry and herself, but she had never allowed him to look upon such a state of things as irrevocable. She was always tacking conditions to the consummation of their engagement, and the fault rested with him alone if he regarded it in any other light. And after all, fond as she was of Perry, he was so visionary, so childishly unreliable, so incapable of carrying out a resolution, that she felt sure he would never make a position for himself. What right, therefore, had he to expect her to nothing of her family. Was it desirable to give this lady his name till he had learned a little about her own? And then he if they had not bread to eat? Then she thought of the promise ď

University of Illinois , Google-digitized /

given to Mrs. Wingfield; but that was surely less binding upon her than the one she had given to Perry—you cannot be sued in a court of justice for the non-fulfillment of a visit to a friend, and if a hasty compact such as she and Mrs. Wingfield had made were, indeed, final, what lots of broken compacts there would be in life, and how miserable life would be! Kitty felt that, if once her future were assured, she should be a happier and a better woman; and here was Dr. Norman ready to assure her a future, and make her so!

All the time she was thinking these thoughts, Dr. Norman waited, not in passionate suspense, as a younger lover might, but with very natural anxiety as to whether, having calmly played for a very high stake, he should win or lose. He liked Kitty all the better for this pretty little show of modest hesitation, and he felt that it would seem very hard for him to take her refusal.

"Well?" he said, smiling at her.

Kitty put her pretty, white hands under her chin, and looked intently into the fire.

"It is so hard to say Yes or No when we say them for life," the said, half crying.

And then Dr. Norman gently asked if he had not better decide for her, which he did in a way entirely satisfactory to

CHAPTER XXI.-A DILEMMA.



OW WAS she going to tell Perry? How was she to tell Myra? How was she to tell Dr. Norman that she had to break faith with those two in marrying him?

Poor Kitty found herself in one of those hopelessly perplexing situations which defy counsel, even supposing counsel to be at hand. She wanted to make Perry happy; she wanted

to become a fashionable lady, and live with Mrs. Wingfield; she wanted to marry a good man like Dr. Norman, and devote herself to him and to his children all her life long. But she could not do these three things, and she had chosen one of the three. Was her choice a wise one, and was it irrevocable? She could not bear to think that it was-much as she liked Dr.

Norman, she could not bear to think that. on first coming from Dr. Norman's study, with his kiss fresh upon her lips, and his frank words of affection and trust still sounding in her ears, she was on the point of writing a decisive letter to Perry, and another decisive letter to Myra; but when she at down and took pen in hand, resolve and inclination were alike gone. For more than an hour she thought and thought and thought, without being able to come to any conclusion. Well, her promise to Dr. Norman was not yet a day old, and there would surely be time and opportunity given her for deliberaion. She must put it off until another day. So she dressed herself rely carefully for the festive Christmas tea, wearing a new dress, and all the trinkets that Perry had given her, and went down-stairs, not looking in the least like a person in deep per-

After the tea, which was a very sumptuous one, and served in the servants' hall, Dr. Norman drew his chair leside Kitty's, and wakeel the dancing with a smile on his face. Kitty looked oright, too; it was so natural to her to look bright when she thought a bright look would appear grateful to others; besides which, she was pleased that Dr. Norman would give up his evening's study for her. He seemed quite indifferent as to whether a domestic comment should be passed upon his conduct or no; he was so fank by nature that it was impossible for him to modify his actions. his actions merely to suit other people, and Kitty liked him all the better for possessing a virtue which she almost regarded as

"You have hitherto lived among artists, and people of talent," he said to her as they both looked on, "and must have led a life of perpetual variety and amusement. Are you quite sure that you do not find this dull?"

"It is so peaceful," Kitty said, "and peace is better than pleasure; I could not bear to live always in poverty."

Dr. Norman's face clouded for a moment.

"I am not rich, and there are all the children to educate," he answered, uneasily. "I rank as a poor man among my friends and neighbors."

"Oh, Dr. Norman, you don't know what it is to be poor! Why, I have known very nice clever people who have dined off dry bread many a time," and Kitty laughed, half sad, half

"We shall not be so poor as that, Kitty," Dr. Norman went on—it was the first time he had so called her—"and you have shown yourself so good and so clever that I know everything will go on well in the house where you are at the head of it. Thank God all the children love you. I would, on no account, have sacrificed their happiness to mine; but it has been as much almost for their sake as for my own that I have longed for you to become one of us."

All this was very practicable, and yet Kitty found it pleasant. She had lived in the world too early and too long to entertain the ordinary feminine notion about love and marriage. To have Dr. Norman sitting by her side and discussing the future, as if they were friends of years' standing, was much more agreeable to her than any lover's platitudes would have been. Regy's love-making had moved her because he was young and unhappy, and she pitied him: but she felt that she liked Dr. Norman best, ever kind, considerate, and tender as he was, and as free from passion as herself.

Whilst Kitty was thinking these thoughts, Dr. Norman was thinking how easy it would be to fall in love again, and how much more attractive Kitty had seemed since consenting to become his wife. He had always thought her handsome; but now he was always thinking of her as being handsome. What woman had such eyes, such vivacious expression, such shining hair, such graces of movement? He longed to know her better; to have her call him by his Christian name; to have tête-à-tête talk more common things between them; to feel that nothing could come in the way of the new, happier life. He had not yet asked Kitty when she would marry him; but he saw no reason she could have for delay, and he determined to tell his children of his coming marriage as soon as the time should be fixed for it.

Kitty's thoughts were less satisfactory. How should she tell Perry? How should she tell Mrs. Wingfield? What would they think of her? Hoping for some miraculous piece of good fortune that should render her course easier by and by, she went to bed, and slept serenely.

A week passed without any miraculous good fortune. Every day Kitty had risen from her bed with the thought, "I will really free myself from my burdens before night;" but night had come, and she bore her burdens still. One morning's post brought a wild note from Perry. He had torn out a leaf from his sketch-book, and had written across it, amid suggestive dashes of orange and purple and crimson, a snatch or two of Byronic, but none the less sincere, declaration. This did not help poor Kitty.

Another day, came a most coaxing but vehement letter from Myra. Myra must have her friend at once—at once. Her room was ready, numerous plans were formed for her pleasure; they were going up to London for the season, and afterward to travel abroad. And this did not help Kitty. She drew up her blinds on that New Year's morning, and looked drearily across the white fields. "How glad I shall be when the snow is gone!" she said to herself, which meant, "How glad I shall be when I have chosen between them all, and it is over !"

But a week passed, and the snow was gone, and Kitty found herself in precisely the same position as she had done on New Year's Day. She looked back upon that week with very little satisfaction. It might have been such a hapvy one; and what had it been, thanks to her own indecision? Every bit of bread had been turned into Dead Sea fruit, every drop of wine into

gall. And why? Because she lacked courage to go and say to the man she had promised to marry, "I have been acting unfairly to you, to another, and to myself. I was engaged to marry when your kind words came, and I had no courage to say so. Forgive me, and let me go."

Still less had she courage to go and say to Myra, "I am going to marry Dr. Norman—to give up gayetics and pleasures, and devote myself to his children. It is impossible that you and I can ever be such friends again as we have been."

A thousand times less could she write to Perry-passionate, impulsive, true-hearted Perry-"I have made up my mind to break the word that I gave you years ago, not because I love anybody else, not because I do not love you, but because you are poor, and I prize wealth beyond affection."

She could do neither of these things; she could not endure the idea of making any one unhappy who was kind to her, and she knew well enough how unhappy the truth must make

Perry, and how it must disconcert Dr. Norman.

Myra would not suffer in nearly the same degree; but she would suffer from mingled feelings of disappointment and mortification, and would feel that she could never trust anybody again. Oh! what chance of peace was hers with so many retributions hanging over her head?

She was compelled to take one decisive step, however, and that helped her to temporary peace. She could no longer keep Myra in ignorance as to her engagement. One morning, therefore, she set off in the snow, and found Myra eating her breakfast in her dressing-room.

"Welcome, you little goose!" Myra cried, far too indolent to rise from her chair; "don't kiss me—I'm eating honey but sit down, and Tom-tom shall bring you some tea.

Kitty kissed her dearest friend in spite of the command, and before she took off her cloak or tasted her tea, broke out with an explosive:

"I have promised to marry Dr. Norman !"

Myra was one of those provoking persons who are never surprised at the right moment.

"I expected as much," she said, quite indifferently; "women can't help being fools, I suppose."

"You would think me a fool if I married him?" Kitty

"That's quite out of the question. You can't do it, you mustn't do it, you won't do it."

"But I have promised."

"What could induce you to make such a promise? You are not a domestic person; the idea of having five step-children did not tempt you; Dr. Norman is not the man for a clever woman like you to fall in love with; his position is not worth the sacrifice.

"You amuse me immensely when you talk in that strain," Kitty said, laughing. "You forget that I am nobody." "You are a woman," Myra answered.

" Well !"

"That is a very unnecessary 'well;' you must know that a woman who is young, and clever, and handsome, is a power in society."

"I don't know that. It is not for either of those reasons that Dr. Norman likes me well enough to marry. It is because I am kind to the children, and a pleasant piece of furniture in the house. If I were a mean-looking little person, with a snub nose, it would have been the same."

"Not quite, my dear Kitty; you don't at all know the proportionate value of things in the world. You think a great deal too much of the relative worth of money."

"I suppose all poor people do."

"But experience ought to make you wiser. Who is most admired and sought after when I have a house full of peopleyou or I ?"

"Yourself, naturally."

"I may appear to be so; but you have wit enough to see how much of this adoration is but skin-deep. Why," and here Myra broke into a little laugh, "you are like the rest of the world; you would not take half so much pains to please me if it were not that I am rich."

Myra's little hand and pressing it, by way of deprecating the cutting speech.

"No, I am not. I want you to see the difference between the homage that falls to my share, and the homage that falls to yours. People fawn upon me, and flatter me, and I don't always dislike it, but I would ten times rather be you. Everybody admires you, everbody adorcs you; and for these reasons: It is a pleasure to look at you, it is a pleasure to listen to you, it is a pleasure to be liked by you. Nobody cares for my company as much as they do for yours. Taking all this into consideration, you must be acting like a child to marry the first man who proposes to you. You should wait."

"I don't quite see the use of waiting. I have no godmother to make me her heir. I shall not grow more attractive as I grow older."

"Place yourself in my hands; I will use your brains, and you shall use my money.'

"But, only think, Myra, I have given my word, and Dr. Norman really cares for me. What am I to do?"

"Tell the truth."

"Which? There are so many things I might say, and they are all true, but none the less unpleasant for him to hear."

"Say that if you marry him, you will be miserable—that is the simplest; then come to me, and see how happy we can make each other."

And Kitty listened and listened, assenting to everything, and finally went away, having promised Myra to break her promise to Dr. Norman.

A CITIZEN OF MOSCOW AND FAMILY.

Our engraving on page 52, represents one of those quiet scenes so often witnessed in Russia. With the exception of political and personal freedom, few men live in more individual comfort than the burghers of Moscow. In the summer afternoons they lounge on the steps of their houses, talking, or singing to a kind of guitar, which is very pleasant when tolerably well played.

Any one enjoying the right to make a selection of a corporation, trade, or occupation for life, can enter the class of citizenburghers, abandoning thus his inferior position, and passing over to this superior one. For this he must be legally and officially accepted by the community which he wishes to join. Exceptions exist for some artisans where the legal assent of the community to the act of admission is not necessary. Thus, for example, cloth-weavers, dyers and dressers, and machinists, can join a general city corporation or community, without obtaining the formality of its consent.

Free or crown peasants can join the corporation of burghers individually or with their families, and so can rural communes, if they are traders, mechanics, artisans, or manufacturers, but not as agriculturists. Individuals passing thus from one state to another, must obtain the assent of the commune which they abandon, as well as the acceptance of that which they enter. When this is to be done by a whole rural community, the permission of the government is necessary. Widows and daughters of free peasants can, under certain conditions, become incorporated among citizen-burghers. Independent agriculturists (a kind of free yeomen), as well as emancipated serfs, can join a city corporation with its assent.

Merchants of the first guild, or their children, when the parents have belonged for twenty-five years uninterruptedly to the guild, have the right to enter the civil or military service under the same conditions as the children of personal nobles. Merchants of the second guild, or their children, cannot enter the civil service at all, and the military only as volunteers—that is, with the right to leave it again at any time. All other merchants, citizen-burghers, or their children, are not admitted into the civil service on any condition whatever; and when they enter the military, do not enjoy any kind of privilege, but are treated like all the common recruits. A citizen-burgher registered in one of the three guilds is free from the general recruit-"You are arguing on my side now," Kitty said, taking up pay the state the capitation-tax, called poduschnoe ("from the ing to which all other burghers are subject. He also does not

at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 http://www.hathitrust.org/access University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

soul"), as he already pays an interest on the capital for which he is inscribed in the guild. All other commercial taxes are paid by the burghers in common with the rest of the inhabitants. Any citizen-burger can own houses or other real estate situated in cities or villages, or lots of naked land—that is, land without serfs. Citizen-burghers not inscribed in any guild, but owning houses in cities valued above five thousand dollars, are obliged to register their names at least in the third guild, and pay the interest on their capital. Such houses can be owned by widows or unmarried daughters of the class of merchants, but on condition of registration in a guild. Merchants can belong to and be registered in rural communities according to certain prescriptions of the law.

CHRISTMAS IN THE WOODS

From under the boughs in the snow-clad wood The merle and the mavis are peeping, alike secure from the wind and the flood, Yet a silent Christmas keeping. Still happy are they,
And their looks are gay,
And they frisk it from bough to bough;
Since berries bright red Hang over their bead, A right goodly feast, I trow.

There, under the boughs, in their wintry dress, Haps many a tender greeting, Blithe hearts have met, and the soft caress liath told the delight of meeting. Though Winter hath come To his woodland home, There is mirth with old Christmas cheer, For 'neath the light snow Is the fruit-fraught bough, And each to his love is near.

Yes! under the bough, scarce seen, nestle they Those children of song together; As blissful by night, as joyous by day, 'Mid the snows and the wintry weather. For they dream of Spring, And the songs they'll sing, When the flowers bloom again in the mead; And mindful are they Of those blossoms gay, Which have brought them to-day Such help in their time of need!

A CHINESE DANDY.

A BECKY traveler is speaking:

"This mandarin was one of the finest specimens of a man I had till then seen in China. He stood about six feet two or three inches, and was apparently stout in proportion. He wore the winter cap, the crown of which was of a puce-colored satin, shaped to, and fitting close to the head, with a brim of black relyet turned sharply up all round, the front and hinder parts rising rather higher than the sides—in fact, in shape much resembling the paper boats we make for children. On the domeshaped top of this he wore a white crystal sexangular button in a handsome setting.

"Beneath this was a one-eyed peacock's feather falling down between his shoulders. This feather was set in green jade-stone about two inches long, beyond which about ten inches of the feather projected, and though apparently but one, is, in fact, formed of several, most beautifully united.

"His ma-kwa, or riding-coat, was a fine blue camlet, the large secres of which extended about half-down the fore-arm, and the skirts nearly to the hip. Under this he wore a richly-figured blue silk jacket, the sleeves equally large, but reaching nearly to the wrist, and the skirts sufficiently long to display the full beauty of it below the ma-kwa.

These loose dresses always fold over the right breast, and are lastened from top to bottom with loops and buttons. His trokers were of a light blue figured Nankin crape, cut much in the modern Greek style, being immediately below the knee | thing.

tucked into the black satin mandarin boots, that in shape much resemble the old hessian, once so common in this country, with soles some two inches thick, the sides of which were kept nicely white, Warren's jet not yet having been introduced. To this part of his dress a Chinese dandy pays as much attention as our exquisites do to the formation of a 'Humby.'

"The figure was completed by his apparently warlike, but really peaceable implements, which no respectable Chinaman would be seen without-viz., the fan, with its highly-worked sheath; the purse, or tobacco-pouch, in the exquisite embroidery of which great ingenuity is displayed; a variety of silver tooth and ear-picks, with a pocket for his watch; the belt to which these are attached having a small leather case fixed to it, to contain his flint and steel.

"I had nearly forgotten his tail—his beautiful tail, the pride of every Chinaman's heart—and in this case, if all his own, he might well be proud of it. I am afraid to say how thick it was, but it reached half way down his leg, and I would defy Roland Macassar to give a finer gloss. In short, he was the very epitome of a dandy Chinese cavalry officer."

FORBEARANCE.

Is a person would be loved as a companion, he should avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom he lives. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now, it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these selfelected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of cul-One of the most provoking forms of criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticisms over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted"—"had you listened to me"—"but you always will"—and such scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect. Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or, rather, speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

Again; we must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give; and, especially, must not expect contrary things. Intimate friends and relations should be careful, when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and did it not mostly proceed from mere carelessness, it would be superlatively ungenerous. You seldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weaknesses, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his intimate friends, or meet him in company with them

In conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their interests, nor by giving way to their opinions, so much as by not offending their tastes. The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste, which is, perhaps, a result of our whole nature, and, at any rate, is the region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies. It may be said, that if the great principles of Christianity were attended to, all such rules, suggestions and observations as the above would be needless. True enough! Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions and insights are needed. Such things hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and spirit-molding the one, and expressing the other

A MAXIM. -- If you would be nothing, just wait to be some-

THE NOYADES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Among the numerous atrocities of the French Revolution, the drownings in the River Loire are perhaps the most horrible. This marvelous description of outrage was the invention of one

horrible executions, which went by the name of "republican marriages," and which consisted in fastening together, by the neck, a man and woman, who were then thrown into the Loire. By this means fifteen thousand individuals are said to have perished; and the water of the Loire was so polluted with dead bodies, that it was prohibited to be drunk. On the fall of the



PRENCH REVOLUTION THE OF NOYADES

of the most fieldish of the French revolutionists. Jean Baptiste | party called the Mountain, he was tried before the revolutionary Carrier, who became deputy of the department of Cantel, in the National Convention. In 1793 he was dispatched on a mission to the departments in the west, where the civil war was raging. The cruelties of Carrier at Nantes recalled to mind the times of Nero. He caused to be constructed covered barges, in which he

tribunal, which condemned him to the scaffold. He was born at Aurillac, 1756; guillotined, 1794.

TRUTH cannot be found without some labor and attention of sunk one hundred persons at once. He also invented those the survey and discussion of each particular. the mind, and the thoughts dwelling a considerable time upon



"THE MAN WHO MURDERED YOU, BRENTA, LIES AT YOUR FEET, DISHONORED-DEAD."

DEAD BRENTA'S VENGEANCE.

PART I.

Onemally it had been a simple and substantial embodiment of Squire Rockingham's sole inspiration—quadrangular in shape, and of stone, low-roofed, flat and frowning, this well-beloved home of the stout old Puritan crouched in grim ugliness beneath the overhanging oaks. That was as it should be—but that was quite two hundred years ago. Since then many discendants had stepped after the squire, and as these had each possessed more or less taste, combined with an inherited love of masonry, it naturally followed that the numerous walls and vings, elbows and turrets of successive generations have produced an effect somewhat at variance with the accepted rule of architecture.

and of these descendants, but two women bore the name, and held the property, and lived upon it—two women whom we come upon in a green recess of the well-cared-for garden. From the fact of their living alone, and in that seeluded old house, one

might well fancy that the Misses Rockingham had done with life and its follies. Not at all.

The elder was a woman of thirty—tall, slender, and—"not pretty, poor girl!" After that manner did her acquaintances sum up her case. When the truth was, that Margaret Rockingham should have been, in point of appearance, an empress; and in point of intellect, a man. She was very pale, with eyes of darkest hazel; a manner decided—almost stern—and a low, impressive voice, which won you as you listened.

Brenta was but twenty, and to her, at least, was the meed of praise ungrudgingly awarded. She was beautiful. A summer's morning. Afar off from the meadows came the call of cattle. Around them in the forest a shivering whisper stirred the gaunt oaks and twisted cedars, whilst through the sultry clearness of the hot, still air, arose the twittering of the frightened birds. From the west, the tempest, all sullen and angry, was fast creeping up. Already on the black bank of clouds darted thin threads of lurid flame. Even the light which flickered through the thick canopy of leaves had grown insensibly to a reddish glare, appalling in its strangeness.

"When will you marry John Grantham, Margaret?"



been idling the last half hour, with her book open at the self-same page, yet now so great had grown her sudden interest, that as she put the question, her head bent low over the

"I shall never marry before you do; and it is not yet time for you to take a husband, dear!"

"Not time to take a husband of my own chosing, you mean?" retorted she of the blue eyes and golden-brown hair. "Not time to take one whom I love and honor and adore above all the world! Not time to take Arden Weymouth, eh?"

"No; not time to take Arden Weymouth," quietly assured the elder, as she arose and gathered up her needlework, "and that it never will be. Come, Brenta"—sharply now—"the storm is gathering—you will be caught, and then fall ill."

And with this bit of matter-of-fact prophecy, Miss Rockingham betook herself to the house.
"Caught, indeed!" muttered Brenta. "Pray, tell me that

again to-morrow, Madame Dignity," and so settled herself more comfortably in her nook.

But presently the great drops came pattering upon the leaves overhead, and that with such deliberate intent, that the girl, with an impatient exclamation, arose.

"I might have expected this," she muttered. "If I was superstitious I'd take it as a warning; but I'm not, and I defy heaven itself, for him!" Which dash of impious bravado soon cowered into child-like fear, for a sharp blaze and deafening peal following quick upon the mad defiance, our Brenta was speedily beside her sister in the sitting-room.

Now, here was a persistent young woman, who would not let the matter of marriage rest.

"But, why will you not marry John Grantham, Margaret? I am sure that he loves you.'

"I have already told you."

Miss Rockingham's face flushed, but in her answer she utterly ignored that artful closing clause.

"Yes, he loves you, and just think how you would feel, Margaret, if any one should forbid your seeing him, or even giving him one poor little word, sometimes. I've read somewhere that happiness makes people tender-hearted. That's a story, for your heart is as flinty as—as—the hearthstone—and

yet you are happy!"
"What nonsense!" cried the elder. "You talk and act like a child, Brenta. You know as well as I do, that if I warn you against Arden Weymouth, it is because I am confident that he has no thought of making you his wife."

"Oh!" broke in Brenta.

"There! Now I have said it, I shall not unsay it. It pains you, of course, but it is true. We are poor—"

"Not so poor," again interrupted Brenta.

"No; not so poor that we need work or starve," was Miss Rockingham's sententious admission." "Still, we are not wealthy, and he is. You are a simple country-girl; he is a man of the world; you are innocent and confiding; he is keen and heartless. I tell you, Brenta Rockingham, that if he really loved you, he would have spoken to me about it, long ago. He has not, and I——"

"And you are killing us both! You are blasting our young

lives!" sobbed the girl.

Miss Rockingham stared a little at this outburst, then quietly finished her sentence—

"And I am doing my duty," said she.

And, in fact, this was a woman who would do it conscientiously. Her calm, unmoved manner told that; her soft decision of speech told that; her unyielding firmness of action proved it.

"As for John Grantham," she continued, "do not let that trouble you; I shall never marry and leave you, Brenta. There will be quite time enough for selfish thoughts when you shall have chosen a worthy husband. I do not forget"—here the firm voice trembled—"I do not forget the solemn promise to our dead mother. I shall protect you, my sister.'

That evening Brenta Rockingham's good-night was unusually affectionate; for, truth to tell, hers was a summer's day nature, with neither much depth of character nor strength of affection.

It was Brents who spoke, and, although that young lady had | The morning, however, brought an explanation of this display; but when it came, Brenta Rockingham was miles and miles away, and the man for whom and with whom she abandoned her home, was the man so distrusted by far-seeing Margaret-Arden Weymouth!

She left the customary letter—a pathetic appeal, indeed—but this Miss Rockingham put by without a word of comment

"You'll surely follow her, Miss Margaret," urged Jane.

Now, this Jane was a faithful creature, a hard-working, honest, trusty soul, and with Paul, her husband, who served as coachman, footman, groom and gardener, comprised the entire array of domestics at the old homestead.

To her advice, Miss Rockingham replied:

"I shall follow her, be sure."

But to Jane's utter dismay—the woman having been born and reared upon the place, had grown to fancy herself a partner in its shames or honors—to Jane's utter consternation, then, the days and weeks went by and still her mistress gave no evidence of further interest in this matter which had so sorely wrung her

When the affair obtained publicity, came the family physician and the parson. To the first, who was a valued friend, Miss Rockingham said this:

"Ask me nothing, please. In time you shall know all."

With the latter, who was weakly sanctimonious, and somewhat of a hypocrite, the woman was sternly abrupt.

"I have no confidences to make, sir, and am in no mood for

And thus she turned this reverend visitor to the right-about. But as for John Grantham, she met him in a different fashion. The noble, whole-souled fellow came to her with his old pleading:

"Marry me, Margaret."

Here was her answer:

"I love you, John, with all my heart, and soul, and strength, but the gulf between us has grown wider. I cannot be your wife yet, but I love you."

Something he must have divined of her strange resolve, for he only kissed her hands and brow and lips, and then said, solemnly:

"I know that you love me. I will wait, and, God willing, claim you yet, Margaret. You would not let anything concerning Brenta-

So she was her own proud self, until he spoke of Brenta.

Then she cried out, as though his simple words had hurt her:

"For all the pain and misery she has caused, may heaven forgive her! for all the shame and sorrow, may heaven forget to judge her!"
"Amen!" responded John.

Now they who fancied that Margaret Rockingham had grown indifferent concerning Brenta, were utterly mistaken. Through Mr. Rivers, the family lawyer, she became possessed of many sad facts relating to the poor child. Through the same source, and after a weary waiting, she received a letter signed "Brenta Weymouth." This assured "poor, dear Margaret," that the writer was a happy wife, who would soon return to receive from her darling sister's own lips the pardon so desired. There was little reference made to Arden—a noticeable omission.

Said Mr. Rivers, who had run down to "The Oaks" with this effusion:

- "Shall I tell you something, Miss Margaret?"
- "Certainly."
- "Then, my child," with a bold dash at the dilemma—"then be sure she is no wife at all."
 - "Mr. Rivers!"
- "You are a sensible woman, Miss Margaret; receive this assertion, then, as I make it. She is not a wife, and that signature, Brenta Weymouth, is pretty, but worthless. Now, my child, you want an explanation. I have searched every church-record in the city of New York, and in none of them have I found cognizance taken of that marriage. Wait; do you believe that he would have made good his promise when they reached Europe? 1 I tell you, no! Arden Weymouth is the man to take an oath and -break it. They are not married."

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

Nor were they. Before the year had gone by, a poor, dying creature came to Miss Rockingham. It was Brenta.

"Oh, Margaret! Margaret! do not send me from you. Let me die here—here with you."

Margaret held the poor soul to her breast, with that strong, firm clasp of hers.

"Where is your husband?" was all she asked.

"I have no husband. Arden promised to marry me at London, but he never did. He deceived me, you know, and now that I am ill, he has sent me-

"Home," said the elder, as Brenta paused.
"Yes—home—to die!"

And there she died-her head upon Margaret's breast-died, and was buried.

Not three weeks later, and the doors and windows of the place were barred and bolted. Jane betook herself to the little cottage in the park, and sent for a niece, to keep her company, whilst Paul accompanied his mistress to the city.

To John Grantham Miss Rockingham said but this:
"I have told you the truth, John. When I refused to marry you, it was because I had a solemn duty to fulfil—that duty was to find my sister—another now presents itself. Of this you may know nothing yet. You have promised to trust me. I shall deserve your confidence, dear."

"As if I could help it!" muttered the poor fellow, who had come down to the village, to see the last of her, and hear again that earnest, "trust me, John!" Then, as the train moved slowly away from its post, this honest lover descried upon a platform no less important a personage than Lawyer Rivers.

"The truth; yes, but has she told me all the truth?" was John's self-questioning. "And where will this deception end, whose cause lies in a coffin? and why should that man Rivers meet her here? 'Love me, and !rust me,' ay, ay''—setting hard his teeth, and sparing neither whip nor spur—"that must I do, for you've gone, with my heart in your hand, Margaret.'

He was both right and wrong. The woman he loved had not told him all the truth, and, as for the cause of this deception, no coffin-lid covered it, but, down at the manor, and in the gloom of a darkened room, a ghastly something would surely come, and wait for the vengeance time must bring.

PART II.

To no him justice, Fane Ternyngham had managed the whole afair remarkably well, for, notwithstanding Mrs. Weymouth's but half-concealed aversion, he invariably made one of the trio, who, after a wretchedly cheerless dinner, in the vine-garlanded gallery of an ancient and half-ruined Venetian palace, would then stroll off to an ice at the Café Florian.

They were at Venice, you see; the man who had deceived and abandoned Brenta; the woman whom he had since married, and Fane, a young countryman, met abroad, and now their constant

Clara Weymouth was beautiful, with a tender heart and a quick wit. The former was a little too apt to grow sorrowful over an admirer's well-acted despair; the latter she possessed in common with all women, and in common with many women, she trusted to it alone, in the daily difficulties of matrimonial life. Of her dislike to Fane, something may be judged from the manner in which, after her usual fashion, she commenced the combat when Mr. Ternyngham dropped in one afternoon.

"Where is your husband?" asked he, seating himself beside

"I wonder at your question!" cried the lady-"you, who have been gambling with him all the morning!" "Indeed? and where, pray?"

"Ah! You affect indifference, sir? Well, it becomes you vastly. You who are luring him to ruin!"

If Clara Weymouth had been a keen woman, she would have detected the grave triumph in the quiet tone, but she was only a vain, frivolous creature; consequently, she noticed nothing but an insolent carelessness.

Indeed, are you!" she went on. "Do I not know that if

him to play? Do I not know that if he has been disgracing himself with those women at the public gardens, it is you again who are at fault? And worse still, do I not know, that from the first hour he met you, until this shameful moment, you have never quitted his side; that you have never withheld one temptation, and that you are robbing me of my husband's time and affection? Yes, and of that which I value even more, his respect."

"Oh!" said Fane.

"Ah, viper!"

Mr. Ternyngham flushed a little, and his dark eyes glittered, but he met the doubtful exclamation with this natural ques-

"Viper? Whom? He, or I? So, you will not answer, eh? You will be sullen? It is unfortunate, for I came prepared to be friendly, and seal my friendship, by reading this to you." Here the gentleman half unfolded a letter. "But," continued he, "as you are so avowedly an enemy, I shall put it by for a more appreciative listener;" and here he suited the action to the word, and refolded the perfumed sheet, not, however, before Mrs. Weymouth, who had caught a glimpse of it, had grasped his hand, and breathlessly exclaimed:

"Sir! Mr. Ternyngham! where did you get that?"

"Good! You are attentive now, eh?"

"In the name of heaven, let me have it! Oh, sir, you could not ruin one who has never harmed you! Give me that! Ah, look at me, Mr. Ternyngham, see how I plead for it."

"I see," said he, quite coolly, "you are kneeling to me, and you are looking very prettily. Get up, please, and be a sensible woman. I detest melodrama. There! that is better; no intruder now may imagine me an inexorable lover. Mrs. Weymouth, what do you suppose that I intend to do with this?"
"I cannot tell! I dare not think," she confessed between

her sobs. "You hate me, and you will give it to my husband."

"You are wrong. I do not hate you, and if your husband receives it, you will have given it him. There it is," and he actually handed her the paper.

"Von Neubeck lodges in the house with me, you know, and I found that on the staircase. You should warn your careless correspondent."

If she had known that the valet of the Baron Von Neubeck was in Fane's service, she might have doubted this assertion; as it was, she believed, and grew hysterically grateful.

"Swear to me, upon the honor of a gentleman, that no one has seen this but yourself!" she cried.

"I swear it."

" My husband-

"Bah! am I a fool, or a knave? Your husband is a faithless rascal, who devotes every hour of his life to a new deception. One poor smile from La Bianca is more to him than would be a lifetime of devotion from yourself. As for La Viola-ah, well! she has wondrously pretty feet."

"I care nothing for the creature's feet, and this is a strange time to thrust them before me, sir," was the sharp reproof. "The truth is, Mr. Ternyngham, you have a meaning in all this. Give it me."

"You have divined my meaning: that these women arewell, you know what they are to your husband. Now," rising to take leave, "will you permit one word of advice, Mrs. Weymouth? Then, as a man of the world, I give it. Act as your heart dictates. Try to believe that I am your friend, and trust me. Of

this be sure, that never, never, will I betray you."

"Stay!" commanded the lady. "Mr. Ternyngham, there must be a deeper reason for this hostility to Arden Weymouth than any you have yet acknowledged. What is it? I am not a child; men, even bad men, reflect before offering such counsel to a wife, and you, I do not believe that you are—a bad man."

"Your good opinion flatters me, madam. As for my reason -why-you see, I lost some money with your husband last night."

"And you seek your revenge?"

"And I seek my revenge"—very solemnly this.

"You shall have it!" madam triumphantly declared. "There! Anden has lost so much money, it is because you have incited We will teach this gentleman a lesson. We will show him

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

whether he may, with perfect impunity, deceive his wife and rob his friends. You, surely, cannot entertain another hard of late. He was a mere child in the hands of clever Ternyngthought about me now. I devote myself, heart and soul, to your service. What! you have lost money, and La Viola has pretty feet! Ah, if before another week is out, I am not shut up in one of their gloomy mad-houses, it will be a blessing and a mercy. Have no fear, Mr. Ternyngham; I shall avenge you!" "Thank you," demurely acquiesced Mr. Ternyngham. "I

intend it so, only-keep your promise!"

And she did-for before another day had gone, the false fool was speeding, heaven only knew where, speeding away from a deserted home and a dishonored husband, whilst the companion of her flight was that handsome Austrian, Von Neubeck.

Now the husband supported his dishonor with cynical indifference. Here was his greeting to Fane, when that treacherous friend next presented himself:

"Do you know what has happened?"

" What ?"

"My wife has quitted me-cloped."

"Oh, as to that," coolly replied his visitor, "I heard it at the café, not fifteen minutes since. Don't look so startled, man. The baron made no secret of the affair, I suppose. What will you do?"

"Do? Curse her! Do? I'll track them to the ends of the earth, and murder them both!"

"Nonsense; you will do nothing of the kind. You will act as any sensible man should act-accommodate yourself to fateunless, indeed, you really love your wife, and that's another matter," added the crafty adviser.

"Love her? The jade! Love her?" Mr. Weymouth started up, passed back and forth beneath the changeful shadows of the vines, dashed down his cigar, looked out at the shimmering calm of the smooth waters, then came back to Fane, who had been curiously watching him through half-closed lids. "No, I do not love her-I never loved her. I married her, because well, because I had on hand an awkward affair. The other was poor, this one rich, and I terribly in debt."

"How could marriage assist that—awkward affair?"

"By effectually killing all expectations. Bah, don't speak of it. She is dead."

Here Mr. Weymouth fell into a fit of gloomy meditation. At last, spoke Fane:

"Will you listen to a word of advice?"

" Well ?"

"Be reasonable. Let them go-your wife and Von Neubeck. Her sin will come home to her. Think of yourself; your death would give her great pleasure, would it not?"

"Curse her! Yes?"

"And you will surely die if you persist in this folly. Even now you are suffering more than you would wish to acknowledge. Kill her? Why do you forget that one emotion, sudden or strong, might kill you? Shall that heart-disease of yours do her a good turn, by putting you forever out of sight? Nonsense, I tell you. Think of it a little rationally."

With such reasonings as these did he win the man to his way-all-powerful reasonings, it must be confessed, for Mr. Weymouth, like all selfish cynics, was, au fond, tenacious of life.

"Come," continued Fane, "be courageous. Pack your things; snap your fingers; send a French farewell, and let us start for home by the next steamer. Once there, we can manage to drive off trouble. You must come out with me to my own place."

So in the end, the stronger will ruled.

Two months later, and the good friends were in New York. Weymouth, who was ill, retained his valet.

"He knows my ways, you see," he had explained. Then, as the tall, gaunt form of Fane's old servant loomed up in the chamber beyond, "Your man, Dalton, seems a good fellow."

"He is simply devoted," was the confident assurance.

"Now for the old home!" exclaimed Fane, as the train shot across the open country.
"Anywhere," quietly submitted his companion, for, in truth, place?"

of late. He was a mere child in the hands of clever Ternyngham. "Anywhere; confound it! if I were superstitious, I'd say that I was haunted."

Fane laughed pleasantly.

"Don't do that!" cried the other, fiercely. "I tell you that there is not one moment of the night or day that she is not before me."

"She? Who?"

"The girl-I killed."

"Are you sure that she is dead?"

Mr. Weymouth took from his pocket-book a slip of paper. This he handed to Fane, who read it attentively, then returned it.

"You are right," said he, "she is dead
"I cut that from the daily journal," was explained, "and,

silly or sentimental as it may appear, I like to keep it."
"I understand that," Mr. Ternyngham made haste to say.
"Do we descend here?" asked Mr. Weymouth, when the

train stopped at Braxton station.
"Of course." Then, as they stood upon the platform, "A carriage will take us out to 'The Oaks.'

"Out to 'The Oaks?" " repeated Weymouth.

"Yes. My agent has just concluded the purchase of an estate, one formerly owned by the Rockinghams. I saw it then and took a fancy to it. I wanted to give you a surprise."
"You have succeeded."

"It is a perfect paradise," continued his companion. will be-

"Do you know," broke in the sick man-"do you know that if I had, for one moment, thought that this might have happened, I never would have listened to you? You told me that your home was further west."

"I told you the truth. This is a fresh purchase, and I am anxious to see it. But what objection can you have to going there ?"

Mr. Weymouth hesitated; then said he, with an affectation of calmness:

"I am a fool. Here is the carriage; get in. Now, do you remember what I told you, a while ago, about that girl whom I had treated so shabbily?"

" Yes."

"Well, she was Brenta Rockingham, and that was her home. She died there."

PART III.

In all this time, John Grantham had not altogether lost sight of Margaret Rockingham. He might not see her, but he had her letters-honest, pure, womanly letters-letters so full of quiet trust and hope and tender pleading, that oftentimes, in reading them, he felt his great heart grow full. Then would he ex-

"Ah, Margaret! Margaret! In all the world there is no other like my darling!"

So perfect was his trust and faith, you see.

Now at last this message came to him:

"Be at 'The Oaks' on Wednesday next. Do not come sooner; do not fail to come then."

"There is little to fear," he thought. "I am her slave, and she knows it."

Positively, this great, strong man was proud of his serfdom. 0 ۰

Return now to our travelers. At 'The Oaks,' Fane Ternyngham had gone back and forth, with the busy, bustling air of new ownership. Dalton, his man, was, as always, keenly watchful. Jane, the woman who had charge, lavished welcomes and pleasant words, whilst Arden Weymouth, like a soul in torment, wandered restlessly hither and thither.

"You look annoyingly happy," he enviously growled, as Fane passed him in the hall.

"And so I should, for I am successful to my soul's content. I'll tell you of it directly."

"Of what?"

"Don't be curious; wait patiently. How do you like my

"Not at all. It's too confoundedly dismal; it could not be more gloomy if it were a vault. I must be away from this tomorrow. A week here would kill me, and I want to reach Washington a living man, you know. My people are expecting

"Nonsense! You are home-sick, that is all; it will pass off. Now, my dear fellow, just open that door for me, the further one; I must run down to Dalton; here is the key," disengaging one from the ring, and handing it to his companion.

"Which door ?"

"To the left. I was in there just now; open it; can you see?" calling up from the stairs; "it's as black as midnight over there. Shall I send a light?"

"No; I understand opening it."

As well he might; for the room had been her favorite, and the scene of many love-meetings.

A singular sensation almost overcame the man, as the key turned in the lock. Looking stealthily around, he could have sworn that a stern, white face was peering over the baluster at him. What folly! There! he stands upon the threshold—but now a start-a pause-a cry of horror-and then, a strong hand urging him forward, whilst behind him the door swings close with a vicious snap.

What was in that room? Why, the walls were draped with black; waxen tapers lent a solemn light, and standing full in the ghastly glare was the grave-draped form of the woman who had died for love of him-dead Brenta Rockingham!

This he saw, and then it was that awful cry burst from his livid lips-a cry, followed by a fall, and a silence fully as appalling!

He without, listened with folded arms, until no murmur broke the stillness. Then, cautiously reopening the door, he scanned the scene before him. That grave-draped figure, standing there, was looking far away-away beyond the man lying prostrate before it!

"Get up!" Fane Ternyngham softly called; then kneeling, be touched the clammy brow; "I have done;" rising slowly, and speaking to the figure—"I have done. The vengeance I promised, I have brought. The man who murdered you, Brenta, lies at your feet ;—dishonored—dead!"

. . . Presently, slow, firm steps resounded in the hall, and Dalton stood in the doorway. With a frightened exclamation, he darted into the room and seized his master's arm.

"Great Heaven!" he cried, "it's never come to this, Miss Margaret!" Margaret Rockingham—for Margaret Rockingham

"It has come to this," she calmly answered.

"And we are murderes!" exclaimed the horrified man. "Oh, miss! when poor Jane and I agreed to do your bidding, we little suspected that you would lead us on to this crime! You told me that he knew the secret of this room."

"And who tells you now that he did not?" asked Margaret, stemly. Get up, you coward! Go now for a magistrate. Bring one immediately; he shall hear the whole story.

"You will never see him in—that dress, miss?"

Jane, who had come stealing up, asked this. Even her great trouble could not overcome this good creature's strong sense of the proprieties.

"Did I not say that he shall know the truth?"

That contented Jane. Her suggestions ended there.

"The truth," as Miss Rockingham told it, would not altogether have agreed with the truth as we understand it. For example, said she to Judge Hunter—for that gentleman was summoned:

"He knew who I was—he was well aware of what that chamber contained. He wished to see it. As for the consequence it is simply Divine justice." She had not concealed poor Brenta's story—indeed this old

friend could have divined the half.

"And you could forgive him, my child?"

"Ah, sir, need we no forgiveness?"

"Very true; but"—here he glanced at her attire.
"Ab, yes; it astonishes you," smiling, sadly. "I have ex-

thirsting for excitement. I am almost ashamed now of a caprice so unwomanly. Now, judge, will you follow me?"

She led him to the fatal chamber. Nothing was changed. The lights were burning, the dead man lay upon the floor, and there, in awful majesty, that grim watcher stood.

"Great heaven!" exclaimed the magistrate, "it is Brenta's dead self !"

"You are mistaken. Touch it. See, it is but marble—mar-ble, artfully colored. It was made in Italy, and sent hither with my instruction. Under Jane's supervision was it placed here—she afterward arranged the chamber."

"But your object, Miss Margaret?"
"What? in this? Why, I intended it as a sort of chapelle ardente. True, there was no corpse to lie in state, but I had this," passing her hand caressingly over the marble face.

The good man could scarcely repress a shiver of horror. That there was something unnatural in it all, he understood. The monstrous motive was beyond his simple comprehension. Now, robbery and murder were to him as his daily bread, so with a coarser criminal he could have fairly dealt, but here was a woman well-born, tenderly nurtured, and-Bah! he cut this matter of reflection short. A hasty mental summing up of facts, and then he spoke again.

"Miss Margaret, this is an unfortunate affair."

" Very."

"You could not have found a surer vengeance had you sought it"

"Believe me, sir, the sin must have been great where the punishment could fall so heavily."

"Ah, well! Heaven help you, my poor child! Shall you keep this chamber as it is? That black drapery is fearfully funereal. Will all remain unchanged?"

"Not after that pollution," glancing at the dead man lying

" And yet it is evident that he foved her."

"Yes, he loved her-and he killed her."

So, after all, what could be done? Nothing.
When John Grantham arrived at "The Oaks," he heard a strange story—Margaret told him all that she had told the mag-

Why did Lawyer Rivers meet you and go away with you?" asked John.

"I have already told you—because Lawer Rivers knew my project, and sanctioned it; because he knew that I only sought to learn the truth regarding my sister's marriage."

This was so. In fact, she had been too clever to confide in any one.
"Was Brentra his wife?"

"No. I wanted to know the worst. I know it now. She was not his wife."

"And you would forgive him, Margaret?"
"I never forgave him."

"And yet you were with him abroad. He came with you here."

She did not grow impatient under these accusations; she simply parried them. What was this poor fellow in her hands?

"He came for a purpose, and that purpose was-to see her grave. You cannot understand that his anguish was a joy to me. He, too, had his shames and sorrows. They touched his heart as hers could never do-they made it pitiful and repentant. And even if I had forgiven him, John, I would have done more for one who, however sincere his penitence, had deeply wronged me, than you do now for a woman whom you profess to believe, respect and love."

"You are the better Christian, dear. I could never have forgiven-nay, even tolerated the villain. As for my love, Margaret, it is yours—fresh as upon the day you went from me upon this wretched work. You know that."

How Margaret Rockingham reconciled the matter with heaven and her conscience, none may tell. Remember, this was not one of common mold. Such women should be empresses.

Unmovedly she dismantled the little room. That statue of dead Brenta stands to this day at the entrance of the Rocking-Ah, yes; it astonishes you," smiling, sadly. "I have ex-plained it, though. A folly, sir; besides, I was alone, and body. As for the cause of his death, "Pshaw!" cried science—

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

"'twas his old enemy, that heart-disease." So artfully had Judge Hunter managed the whole affair, that little was said of the chapelle ardente. Miss Rockingham's disguise, however, received its meed of curious attention, and was satisfactorily explained. We have overheard her with the judge.

We must not forget Mrs. Weymouth. Ah, well! honest folks speak of her with shrugs and deprecating jestures. Not that these tokens of condemnation reach her. She is secure. Even happy in her way. And as she is rich, that spendthrift baron may yet marry her.

Margaret is Mrs. Grantham now. Certain months of the year are given to the old house; certain days are passed alone in that fatal chamber.

A woman, quiet, benevolent and loving. What more can men say of her than this? She fills the measure of her husband's happiness.

"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."

A FAMOUS PICTURE OF LANDSEER'S.

SIR EDWIN LANDSKER, one of whose most celebrated pictures we present on page 68, is, beyond all cavil, the greatest animalpainter the world has ever produced. He gives to every animal a certain distinctive idiosyncratical expression of countenance, which shows an intuitive genius seldom possessed.

This great painter was born in London, 1803, and was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1850.

WHERE ARE WE GOING!

Where are we going, idlers?
How spend the August moon?
Best gem on the ring of summer, Best chord in the summer's tune.

Shall we pack our trunks with flounces, Fichus, and tiny hats, To sit on hotel piazzas, Flirting and knitting mats?

Shall we dance till midnight fragrant Kisses each sleeping leaf?
And sleep till the oak's broad shadow
Clings close like a gathered sheaf?

Shall we read the last new novel. Bowl badly, or play croquet, Wearing round hats at breakfast, That our locks may be kept crêpé?

But we? By the sea-shore idle, Shall we sit till our ship comes in? Or watch in a country garden The yellow spiders spin?

Shall we walk where pine-trees shiver, Where over the hidden sod Lie carpets soft and fragrant, By feet, save ours, untrod?

Or down by the purple river Rest work-worn heart and brain, Till twilight dews descending Sparkle like starry rain?

Oh, fair Earth! take us softly, Give us, thy children, rest: Sing to us songs of summer, Anywhere on thy breast.

Good Advice.—Be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet-tempered than familiar—familiar rather than intimate, and intimate with very few and upon

ON A MONUMENT.

-The late John Lutwyche, whose many good qualities endeared him to the world. Two of his Sons, who died infants, lye buired with him. John, his eldest, and now only surviving Male of the Family, has caused this Monument to be erected; happy in being able to pay this last Duty to the best

So often had she read it, because she could not help it; so many times had the words been unconsciously repeated over and over, even when the good old man in the pulpit above her was trying to teach her all that—poor, motherless child !-- she so sorely needed to be taught, that, even on that Sunday morning, in her sorrow and perplexity, though she had come to church alone on purpose to get rest and comfort, the words ran on and on in her head: "Happy in being able to pay this last duty to the best of fathers." Her father, so good and patient, had been living near him at that very time. Who was to decide which was the best? Of course "John, the now only surviving male of the family," would be blased in his judgment.

Then certainly the late John Lutwyche never could have felt disgraced as her father did that day; no two men with obstinate and determined faces, yet most provokingly good-natured manners, had ever come to turn him out of the house he had grown fond of, after a wandering life as military surgeon, because his hands had failed for a time, and his work stopped. Certainly no ruin had fallen suddenly upon his gray head, and bowed it to the dust, else they would not perhaps have remembered the "many good qualities that endeared him to the world." And if this sorrow brought her father's white hairs to the grave, there could be no tablet erected to the best of fathers, though she would be as happy to cause it to be done as the late John Lutwyche's eldest son.

What was he like, that now only surviving male of the family, whom she had never seen, though for years she had lived near his real home? Where was he? What did it matter? Was it not by his will that her father would be turned homeless upon the world? But-stop! sometimes those great landowners did not know what was done upon their land, and in their name. Semetimes there were cruel men under them, who worked the evil of their own will. How could he be a wicked man who had been so happy to pay his last duty to the best of fathers! Could she not-

The good old rector, who had been telling her for forty minutes what she ought to do, little thought what brought the sudden brightness into the childish face when he looked down upon it, glad that one at least of the twenty hearers nestled in the high pews seemed eager and attentive to his sermon.

The portly farmer, with his bevy of gay, grown-up daughters, gave a harty greeting, and many surreptitious stares, to the bright face as they turned away across the field path, discussing the sermon in a vague and learned way. The highly-educated butcher, who could sign his name, if allowed sufficient time, gave it a Grandisonian bow (the great book had won its imitators then), as he led his meek little wife down the church-Laboring men, stooping more in their Sunday clothes than they were ever seen to do in their working ones, pulled their locks awkwardly as a remembrance of their friendship to the fair little figure, leaning against the church door, looking off across the fields with yearning, wide blue eyes-the dainty little figure in bright silk petticoat and laced bodice, a gay little hat perched jauntily upon the heavy masses of bright brown hair. The courtesies of the cottage women, who looked at her from their deep bonnets, and the ducked heads of the schoolboys, who passed with their eyes cast behind them, were noticed and answered gently and graciously; but, with all her trying, poor little Anise Kirke found it very hard to put a smile upon the dimpled mouth where it seemed so natural to find one.

"Child, Anise," said the pastor, "how is it at home?"
"Very sad, very terrible," she replied, "and soon will not be home at all."

The village pastor looked away sadly, and said, "Must be

Anise took no notice of the question; but her eyes looked wonderfully large and eager under her contracted brows as she said, "Mr. Nott, tell me one thing—who is at the Manor House now?"

"No one, I think," he replied.

"Then it was not true?" said Anise.

"Why look so sad, my dear?" said Mr. Nott. "What is not true?"

"That Mr. Lutwyche-that the master himself is here," said

Anise.

"He may be," said the pastor. "I did hear he was coming for a time, but it signifies so little to his people—I mean he makes his presence or absence so unimportant—that we hardly

"Mr. Nott, will you go home and dine with papa? Because I'm going for a walk before I come," said Anise.
"But shall you not be at home?" he asked.

"I may not," replied Anise; "but I will if I can. Please do go, and do not wait for me. Tell him I am gone to see some one."

Without waiting for an answer, Ansie turned away, hurrying through the golden harvest fields, crossing the little rushing brook, which she had never crossed before without a loitering step; through the great park gates; on until she turned in sight of the long, red-gabled Manor House. Then her steps grew slower, and her little flushed face paled.

"Is it right to go to-day?" she said. "Ought I not to have left it till to-morrow ?"

She shook back her head, as if she would have shaken the doubt away, and walked on.

Her little high-heeled shoes were covered with dust when she looked down upon them at the top of the broad stone steps; but she had no time to think of that distressing circumstance, for the door had been opened, as if by magic, in answer to her nervous ring.

"Could I see Mr. Lutwyche for a few minutes?" she asked. The highly gentcel butler hid the astonishment he felt on seeing a lady visitor coming so, alone on a Sunday morning, and told Anise his master was only home for a day, and had said he would see no one.

"Will you be kind enough to ask him just to see me?" she continued.

"What name, if you please?" said the butler.
"Dr. Kirke," she replied.

The butler's astonishment grew too great to be hidden then That a pretty young lady, calling on a Sunday, should send in her name as "Dr. Kirke," seemed unaccountable, and the arisbut Anise never thought of this. She knew her own name would be unknown, and that her father's might not be; and as it was for him she called, she felt it would be better to give his

With a glance of amused admiration at the picturesque little figure, the stately, grey-haired man ushered Anise at once into

a long and lofty room, crowded with books.

"Very unhomelike," thought the girl, as she first entered it.

"Very grand and awful," she thought, as she ventured to look round. "Very beautiful," she felt afterward, as she shyly a learned to the lower of the shear of the lower of the shear of the lower of the shear of the lower of advanced toward a young man, who stood at a table covered with papers, leaning on it as he read, with his brows drawn together painfully—a young man, with a handsome, sad face, and powdered hair. The butler went up to him and spoke a few words very low, then went away, and shut the door upon the two who were such utter strangers to each other, and the room grew larger and more awful to poor little Anise, as she felt herself alone in the presence of John, the now only surviving male of the family. Would he do this one thing for the best of fathers?

"I am very sorry to disturb you," stammered Anise; "very sorry to come on a Sunday, but I only thought of it in church, and I feared it would be too late if I deferred it, and that per-haps I should not have the courage after to-day."

Except for the wonder in his grave eyes, the gentleman she was so much afraid of seemed to poor little Anise very much at

chair—a large luxurious chair, in which the bundled-up train of her dress lay very compactly—then sat opposite to her, leaning forward, courteously listening, his deep ruffles falling gracefully over his slender, jeweled hand, as he played with the full lace cravat—rather nervously, too, if Anise could have known.

"I am glad you had the courage to come to-day," said he. The pleasant smile, though it hardly lingered an instant, gave Anise more courage.

"Then you will pardon me," she said. "Mr. Lutwyche, you own the house where we are living-my father and I-and he has been ill for a long time, and not able to attend to his patients; and so we have grown poor, and have not the rent ready; and we are to go."

The grave look deepened to pain upon his face, and he bent it lower.

"My father was getting on so well here," continued Anise. "He thought he should be so successful; then the illness came; and now that he is getting well, and could pay the rent in time, they will not wait, and those two men you sent are to stay there until we are gone—gone away homeless."
"My child, my poor child," said he, "I sent no men."

Not noticing the strange sadness in his voice, Anise clasped her hands, and fixed her beseeching eyes upon him.

"Oh, then they may go, and we will soon pay it all," she said. "You will wait a little; I knew you would, because—"
"Because?" he asked, gently, still looking down. He did not see her frightened face, but he waited in vain for her answer. "Because?" he said again, and she answered in a whisper.

"I meant because you were happy to pay a duty to the best of fathers, as you say on the monument; and my father is so good, and works so hard, though he is old; and it is all for me, for he never thinks of himself. Oh, he will be so glad!"

He rose hastily, pushing back his chair.

"Stop!" said he; "you must not think that. It is not possible; I would to heaven it were. Fool that I have been to put all good so completely out of my power! How willingly I would do it if it were not too late!"

He stopped before her, looking down into her face with unspeakable pity.

"Miss Kirke," he resumed, "if it were in my power, I would not let this trouble you a moment. If the house were mine, you should live in it as long as you would, and pay when you liked. But it is no use to tell you this; I am powerless as yourself. My father's inheritance is gone from me. I have sinned, but the fault is not all mine. It is too late to regret it now. Why, the very room we stand in is no longer mine. My child, I would not rest till I had helped you, if any deed of mine could help you."

She read, with her quick woman's tact, that his sympathy for her was the last touch that unmanned him in his gloom and misery, and she rose, with a little effort at a smile.
"Thank you, Mr. Lutwyche," said Anise. "I thought that

you would help us if you could; and now I know you would have done so. Thank you."

He laid his restless hand on hers with a strange humility.

"I have wasted my father's possessions," he said; "I have neglected my father's wishes; and my punishment is bitter at this moment. Your sorrow can never have that sting."

"Then we are both going to leave our homes," said Anise, dreamily, looking round the grand old library.
"I leave mine a ruined and repentant man," he said, "thank-

ing God that my father was not spared to see this day. You know how different it is with you.

"Yes, I have my father with me, so I should not be unhappy," said Anise. "I will go back to him now, if you

He hardly seemed to heed her then; he was walking slowly backward and forward, his hands folded behind him. Quietly, and with a strange, new sensation, as if she had suddenly grown much older, and could understand his grief, Anise held out her little trembling hand.

"May I say I hope it will not prove so bad for you?" she said. "May I tell you I am very sorry, Mr. Lutwyche—yet not his case, and she felt the contrast painfully. He gave her a sorry—that the words upon the monument tempted me to ask



you for your help, because I shall always feel you would have helped us, had it been in your power."

He took her outstretched hand, and held it for some seconds. "How differently you do your duty to your father!" he resumed. "The lesson smites me sorely."

She saw him watch her as the old servant took her to the know."

room, when at last, John Lutwyche-his powdered hair tossed, and his dark, grave face full of weariness-roused himself, and ordered his horse.

"Which, sir?" said the servant.

"My horse," he replied; "I have but one, as you well



"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."-PAGE 66.

door; then it was all shut in from her. She knew the sorrow she was going home to was lighter than the grief she left behind; yet there was a lingering in her step as she left the dark old gabled house behind her, and wandered on among the sweet wild roses. Poor little Anise, no such Sunday had she ever spent before in all her quiet life!

"But will you take that out to-day, sir, when you ordered it for your journey to-morrow?"
"Yes, I want it this evening," was the reply.

"Then you will not leave to-morrow, sir?"

"William, you talk nonsense," said his master. "You talk The twilight shadows were creeping into the silent, lofty I stay longer than I could help in another man's house?" utter nonsense. Have I not said I am going to-morrow? Would

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

The horse was ordered and brought round, and the butler noticed and remarked to the groom that the master seemed very slow to mount; and the groom said, "No wonder, when he was examining all the good points of the horse, and that he seemed unusually proud of him to-day."

John Lutwyche did not notice the sweet wild roses as he rode on through the deepening twilight.

The next morning Dr. Kirke stood at the window, with a tender, lingering gaze over the pretty flower garden, where he had so often watched his little girl at work, where every flower spoke to him of her, and of the brightest years of his busy life. He knew that this was the last look; that in a few minutes, when Anise came in, they should shut the doors of their old home behind them, and call it theirs no more. And there came a mist before his tired eyes, mingling the colors into one dim and undistinguishable mass of brightness, that vaguely danced and faded before them as the bright home life was breaking, and "Papa," said Anise, "if those men dare to interfere and

break in upon our one last look round the dear old place; if their faces come across me in the good-by we are going to give together—we two alone, who have been so happy here—I shall lose all command over myself."

With an angry flush upon her face, and a dazzling, passionate light in her eyes, Anise drew her little figure up, and waited. The man came daringly up, close to her father's elbow, and

Anise bit her lip. He was speaking to him. "We are come to say good-morning, sir," said he. "We are commissioned off."

"Yes," said Dr. Kirke, sadly. "Your duty is done, I suppose ?"

"I'm very glad, sir, for your sake," was the reply. "We take our departure cheerfuller than you would have taken yours. You're fonder of the house, and now it's all right. The rent owing is all paid; and more than that, it's paid on for a year, so there's no more trouble about it for a year at any rate.' Anise was close beside the man, her eager face raised to his.

"Is it paid for us?" she asked. "Are we to stay here?"
"All paid, miss," he replied, "and you are to think no more of it till this time next year. You have been gentle and favorable to us" (Anise winced at that), "and yet we don't care to

"But will you tell us how this has been done?" she asked. The man laughed, as he replied, "No use to ask me, miss; I know no more than you do."

As the man left the room, Dr. Kirke took his little daughter in his arms, in trembling thankfulness; and so the old pastor found them when he walked in with a cheering word upon his

"I have not been so glad, old friend, for years," said he. "Mr. Nott," asked Anise, humbly, "under God, who has helped us ?"

"I do not know," said he; "I have not heard. The acknowledgment of the rent and dismissal for the men came down from the Manor now this very hour."

"Then Mr. Lutwyche could do it, after all," said Anise.
"There is no Mr. Lutwyche there, dear child," said Mr. Nott;
"he left this morning before daybreak. The agent for the Present possessor has been there two or three days. I suppose he sent the receipt."

But that night the old man, with an astonishment he never felt before, brought further tidings.

Mr. Lutwyche had paid the debt to the agent himself, and taken the house in Dr. Kirke's name for another year, paying in advance. This was the last thing he had done before he left, going away quietly by the night coach, leaving everything the roperty of a stranger, whom the people who were born upon his land must call their master now.

"He has not been what I should like to have seen him," sid the old clergyman, pathetically; "but it isn't right he should leave his old home so, poor lad. It seems he parted with his horse (a favorite he had reserved to take with him) the ten night before he left. "Tis sad, in every way, to hear of sich an act on a Sunday night."

The two friends had not noticed that Anise had slipped away.

"Oh let me live," she cried aloud, "till I have seen and thanked him!"

The years passed quietly on in the little English village; not peacefully even there, for all Europe trembled in a mighty war, that only spread more and more as the months went on. There was not a village from the north to the south that had not sent one gallant heart to prove its loyalty; and there was not a home in dear old England where the hearts did not throb for tidings

For hours would Anise Kirke sit and read of the great deeds that made her pulse beat and her cheeks flush; and then, in her untroubled home, would dream of the meetings that were to be when the war was over, or of the death-like stillness which fell upon some homes each day the fatal list was given; and sometimes, in reading of noble deeds, she came upon a name which made her breath come quickly; and, as the years went on, that name—the only one that was known to her—grew quite familiar, until at last one day, in the list of the wounded, Anise's trembling voice suddenly ceased, and she looked up with

a frightened look in her blue eyes.
"Papa, it is here," she said. "It is come. Major Lutwyche

"Show me, dear," said her father; and they read the name again, they two, perhaps, only of all the world caring for him whose brave right arm must be idle for a time.

Then the years went on again, and once more Anise read eagerly every word of the terrible engagements that came so often now; and the name she had learned to look so anxiously for shone again and again among the brave and fearless. And the years went on.

It was a bright Sunday morning in the early summer. "A pure, sweet day," Anise said, as she opened the garden gate for her father; "and I wish we could go to church together: but of course the sick must be thought of first; and I shall come toward the Manor, to meet you after service. I like that

A pure, sweet day indeed, the doctor thought; but the very spring air itself was not more pure or sweet than the earnest little face on which he left his parting kiss. Was there ever such a morning? It was happiness enough only to be alive and breathing the fresh and flower-laden air. And then there were so many other things! and in the gladness of her heart Anise broke out into a hymn of praise.

With her bright little head bent, Anise walked up the aisle and into the high, square pew, and like a little child she listened to the teaching, and felt at rest. But when she stood up to help the old clerk to sing—to raise and purify the cracked, uncertain notes with her clear, sweet treble—then she saw suddenly, and with a flash to her eyes, that near her there stood up also a tall, easy figure she had seen before; and with a straight and steadfast gaze that had a strange, searching earnestness in it, the grave, dark eyes looked into hers.

Not once through all the service could Anise look up after that; and if the energetic clerk had not been quite so intent upon his quavering quavers, he might have seen that it was that very thing which brought the glad light into those serious eyes. Then the Blessing came softly down upon them both. They passed out into the summer sunshine, and went together through the churchyard gate without one word. Then Anise, remembering she was turning toward the Manor House, stopped, blushing.

"I am going toward the Manor, to meet papa," said Anise. He looked down at her, and said

"The very walk you took that Sunday twelve years ago. May I take it with you? I have never taken it since. Have

"Very often," she replied.

"Are you still at the old house, Miss Kirke?" he asked.
"Yes," replied Anise; "and I have hoped all these years that I might just see you again to tell you how I thank you."
"Will you tell me now?" said he.

"I feel as if I could not now," said Anise.

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

"Try," said he.

- "You have given us years of happiness," said Anise; "more than I can tell you."
- "How willingly would I give you more, Anise!" said he. "You see I have not forgotten your name."
- "How did you know it?" she asked, and she looked up at him wonderingly, for a moment even forgetting her shyness. "I found it out the day that-

"That you made us so happy, Major Lutwyche."

She did not see the smile he gave as the title by which she had not known him years before slipped from her lips so easily.

- "No, on the Sunday, the day I made you so miserable," he replied; "after I had watched your drooping head, as you walked back upon this very road in such despair.
- "It was soon over, though," said Anise, smiling.
 "And have you really sometimes wished to thank me?" he
- "Indeed I have," said Anise.
- "Would you do for me what I was so nearly powerless to do for you, Anise?"

"Such a thing could never be," she replied.
"Listen," said he. "When I went from here I built myself a home in wondrous contrast to the one that I had lost—a fair, sweet home, where there were loving faces round me, and I could rest and be satisfied, and it grew only brighter and better as time went on. There were no privations in the hard life I led that I could not gladly bear-there were no dangers that I could not face in camp and field-because that home was ever in my mind and heart, and I knew I must work hard and well if I would win it and grow worthy of it. Anise, more humbly than you came to me, I am now come to you. The happiness of all my life is in your answer; the home is for you to give. Love, shall it be so?

There was a moment's hesitation, as if she were taking in his words very slowly; then she raised her beautiful, truthful eyes to his, to meet the tender, longing gaze.

"Now I can show you how I thank you."

The promise was sealed upon the quivering lips, and the rooks were silent for a minute in mute surprise. They had grown old upon the venerable Manor trees, but never looked down on such a sight before, and on a Sunday too! Yet they had just been singing love songs to each other all the same, and the glad spring noon was filled with notes of love, like a universal echo of the keynote of the sermon that those two had just heard within the old church walls.

Looking on, we know that the light that fell upon their path that morning has grown and spread, and lighted others on their way; and, looking on, we sometimes see two well-remembered faces under the monument that is so sacred to the memory of the late John Lutwyche; and in one the gravity has deepened a little, though the old joyousness has not lessened; and in the other the sadness has all vanished, and a deep and glad content is there. Yet now he acts a living contradiction to his own immortalised words, for he is no longer the "now only surviving male of the family."

THE ROMAN ODD-FELLOW.

CHAPTER I.

It was the hour of sunset, the glorious sunset of Italy, where the slant rays fall in a golen shower upon the quiet landscape, and every hill and tree-top and streamlet quivers and trembles in a blaze of liquid light. Wreaths and chains of silver clouds edged the mellow effulgence of the sky, and ever-varying shapes of beauty floated across the heavens, like a transparent curtain, covering, yet hiding not the Paradise beyond.

As the last streak of sunlight lingered on the horizon, a solemn procession left the Porta Esquilina, and wended its way through the thicket of oaks, whose lengthened shadows cast a sombre gloom across the Esquilinian Way.

A group of the Prætorian soldiers gazed from an eminence within their camp, as the sad procession moved along beneath them. One of these, in the costume of a centurion, was a young man of about twenty. His form was of rare symmetry, and his

countenance wore a frank and martial expression, while the brown hue of his cheek gave evidence that, though young, he had not been unused to exertion and exposure. A bright fire burned in his black eyes, the Roman fire that lit his arms to battle, yet there was a sadness in their depths, as if his young soul had early learned the lesson of adversity—the stern mandate, "to labor and to wait."

"One more has gone!" said the young man, at last, after following with his eyes the procession.

"Ay," said one of his two companions, "and made room,

perhaps, for a better man."
"That may hardly be," said the eldest of the three, who

stood a little apart from the others.

"Then you know him, Maro?"

"I knew him long, Clodius, and well."

"What meaneth that device upon the banner?" asked the young centurion, turning towards him who had been called Clodius.

"Thou hadst better ask Maro," was the answer, "for, Baccho, I know little of these mummeries."

A frown came across the brow of Maro. It becomes thee not to rail at such things, young Clodius. It may be thy turn next.''

"That is possible," said the young man, "but in faith, it shall not trouble me. But tell us the meaning of that banner, if thou wilt, for Sylvius here is dying to know.

As he spoke, the last of the procession passed beneath them, and the torchlight glancing on one of the banners, showed them the inscription in golden letters, "Comites," beneath which two interlocking hands embraced a scroll on which was written, " Amicitia, Fides, Amor."

"It is the motto of the Fellow-Citizens," said Maro.

"I have so lately come to Rome," said Sylvius, "that I have heard not of it."

"And thou hadst better not," replied Clodius. "It is some society of secret mummers, who have little else to do than to cozen the multitude. Indeed, I have thought it a treasonable

"Thou hast thought wrong, Clodius," interrupted Maro, sternly. "There is no treason in yonder motto; there is no mummery in friendship, no cozening in truth, no treachery in love."

"Well, well, Maro, have thy own way. But I must to my post. And the young man turned away from his companions. Sylvius remained standing by the side of Maro, his gaze still following the procession, now fast receding amidst the dark caks that hemmed the cemetery.

Maro advanced and touched the shoulder of the young centurion. "What thinkest thou of these?"

"I know not, but would fain learn more of them, Maro." "Thou shalt! Come with me to-night, and I will show thee

union without jealousy, generosity without ostentation. I will show thee those who are brethren to the stranger, fathers to the orphan, and friends to the oppressed wherever they may be."

The young man's eyes flashed with a sudden joy.

"Wilt thou do this, Maro? Then I am thine for ever. But no! there can be no men like this in Rome. Thou art jesting, Maro."

"Come with me, Sylvius," said Maro, solemnly, and a gentle smile softened the furrows of his stern countenance. I will show thee what thou hast not dreamed of. Wilt thou come?". "I will."

CHAPTER II.

Ir was midnight, and the palaces of the Tiber were gay with music and brilliant with light. Fair forms were flitting by the open windows, or along the flowery terraces, and the boatman, as he floated noiselessly down the river, would behold for an instant a form of beauty bending over him from the palace balconies, or hear a ringing laugh, or catch, perchance, a sigh; for sighs are breathed amid splendor, and sobs mingle with music oftentimes, in the halls of the great and powerful.

In a spacious room upon the margin of the Tiber, whose open windows admitted the pure air of the hills, and the quiet light



Generated at Ur Public Domain,

of the moonbeams, a group of men seemed occupied in some religious rite. Upon a lofty platform, at the head of the apartment, sat an aged man. The snows of eighty winters had whitened his head, but chilled not his heart. The sweet expression of benevolence that beamed in his smile, and the quiet joy that shone in his clear hazel eye, gave evidence of a calm and peaceful spirit.

Around him, on either side of the room, were disposed at intervals a dozen forms. In the centre of the floor, another group stood silently around a kneeling figure. A silken bandage was bound around his brow, and a silken robe covered his shoulders. His hands were clasped together, and his eyes turned toward the ceiling, as if they sought to pierce through filament and roof to

A pure white banner, on which, in golden characters, the words "Friendship, Truth and Love," were written, waved thrice above the head of the acolyte. A hand grasped each of his, and he arose slowly to his feet. The bandage fell from his eyes, and he gazed around him. It was the centurion Sylvius, and the hand of Maro was within his own.

The chief of the assembly rose from his seat, and descended to the new-made member. Placing his hands above his head, he nised his eyes solemuly to heaven, and his aged lips moved in

"Young Comes, thy first lesson shall be that of doing good. Take this, and give it to the widow of him who, to-day, descended to the solemn shades. She pineth for consolation. Speak to her, brother, the words of sympathy. May the gods bless thee, and instruct thee in thy task !"

The brother, who held the left hand of Sylvius, placed within it a purse of gold. The aged man returned to his place, and raising his arms to heaven, implored the benediction of the gods. Maro pressed the hands of his young friend, and led him from the

The first gray of morning had just appeared, when Sylvius knocked at the door of an humble dwelling at the foot of the Aventine. He held in his hand a letter from Maro to the widow of the Comes who had been buried the previous day.

0

The door opened and a vision of beauty burst upon the young centurion. Before him stood a young maiden, with the glow of childhood still on her velvet cheek, and the trustfulness of modesty beaming from her soft blue eye. Sylph-like in proportion, and with the look of angel purity about her, the young man's gaze was enchained with the lovely presence.

With difficulty his tongue could tell his errand; and when he beheld the grateful blush that stole over the whiteness of the maiden's neck, and the joy that smiled in her eye, as he spoke the greetings of her husband's friends to the ears of the widowed mother, the young man's heart thrilled with a new and strange sensation; his spirit owned a spell that had not come over it

and when the words of sympathy had been spoken, and the offering of friendship had been given, the young man lingered still. The sad girl's heart beat wildly when she heard the voice of Sylvius, and he strove to calm the sorrow of her soul. Hours flew away, the maiden and the youth sat side by side, and the aged mother looked upon them with a placid smile. When the evening shadows were stealing again upon the walls of Rome, and the trumpet of the Prætorian cohorts called the centurion to the camp, he arose and took the hand of the young girl.

"In father sleeps in the tomb, Marcia," he said, "but in me helold thy friend, thy brother."

"Hast thou no other sister?"

"Sister or brother I have not. An orphan have I been from earliest youth."

"Alas, alas!" said Marcia, pityingly, "thy father, then, is dead!"

"He went to the wars in my infancy, and never returned. I painfully remember his form, and his last parting from my mother. She lived a few years more, and then I became an

"And may not thy father still live?"
"I dare not hope."

tremble upon her eyelids. She forgot her own sorrows, and wept for her new friend. Sylvius bent over her.
"I will be thy brother," he said.

With a sweet and trustful gaze she looked into his face, and a bright smile came over her own.

"My brother," she cried, "bless thee for that word.

And when his departing footsteps were no longer heard, she leaned her head upon her small white hand, and murmured, softly, "My brother"

CHAPTER III.

Months passed away, and the young Comes found kindred hearts and generous spirits among his new companions. There were high and low in that firmly-knit band: the proud senator pressed the hand of the slave—the German stood side by side with the Roman citizen, yet the bond of brotherhood united all. Men of pure lives, of noble souls, alone were admitted into the band, and the only aim was the high, the holy privilege of "doing good."

And the young Marcia, too, wound herself around the heart of Sylvius. Her beauty, her artlessness and unprotected youth, appealed to the centurion's strongest sympathies, and the first warm imaginings of love awoke within his heart. He knew not why, and Marcia could not tell him, but the revelry of the camp was dull to him. He joyed to steal away in the mellow twilight, and breathe his flute at the fect of the young girl, or read a favorite song, and listen to her praises. And she watched for his form when the evening meal was over, and sprung lightly to seat herself beside him, beneath the waving foliage of the river trees, and twine a wreath of flowers and green leaves and place it on his brow. A bright and gladsome summer rolled over the heads of the young lovers.

But the summons came for a new levy of troops for the Jewish campaign, and the Prætorians were drafted for the guard of Titus. Marcia shed many a bitter tear as Sylvius gasped forth the dreadful word farewell! It was like plucking her heartstrings asunder, this parting from her brother. Alas! she wept not thus when her father sank to death; the deep sighs shook not her bosom then as now. Would she have sorrowed thus, had Sylvius been in truth her brother?

But the word was breathed, Sylvius departed, and the maiden turned and wept on her mother's bosom.

"He will return, my child."

But Marcia cried, "He has gone."

The fire of an August sun fell parchingly upon the plains of No breath moved the heavy leaves of the palm-tree, or rippled the sluggish bosom of the desert spring. Nature seemed stilled with drought, and helpless in the fiery blaze. Alone, across the burning sands, came a rider, lashing the sides of his horse as if in eager haste. A grove of date-trees was before him, and he paused a moment to breathe his panting steed. It was

Sylvius, the young centurion.
"It is done!" he cried. "I have succored the oppressed, and perhaps my life may be the forfeit. But I will abide by my oath."

A sudden cry, a cry of peril and agony, fell upon his ear.

It came from the depths of the grove, and in an instant the soldier sprang from his horse. Again it came, and bounding through the thicket, he sped in the directiou of the sound. The clash of swords struck upon his ear, and then a stifled groan. He once more started forward, and reached the scene of strife. An aged and richly attired man had sunk to the ground, beneath the weapons of his assailants; one sword was already at the victim's breast, and the steel of Sylvius clashed with another. The ruffian, taken unawares, was not prepared for the fierce attack of the centurion. He fell beneath his vigorous stroke, and Sylvius grappled with his companion.

A strong arm and a quick eye met him. His antagonist was one of those fierce and outlawed men who hovered around the borders of the doomed Judea, slaying both Israelite and Roman.

The fall of his comrade inflamed his rage, and like rain fell his blows upon the young soldier. The crashing blow and the swift and desperate thrust were met and parties.

swift and desperate thrust were met and parties.

and foot to foot, over the prostrate body of him who had been



first attacked, they fought. The marauder's falchion dashed the steel cap from the head of Sylvius, and was shivered with the blow. The Roman pressed upon him, and with a curse, he flung the iron hilt at the brow of Sylvius, and fled. The soldier looked once at his retreating foe, and once to heaven. Then, stunned and senseless, he fell heavily to the ground at the side of him whom he had rescued.

Evening fell on the hot plain, and the palm-trees bent down over the sleeping Sylvius. The aged man leaned over him, his eyes were turned toward heaven, and his lips moved in prayer for his deliverer.

A locket hung from the young man's neck, in which a braid of dark and glossy hair was visible. The aged stranger grasped it in his hand and kissed it silently, while his tears fell warm upon the soldier's cheek. Then parting the centurion's close vestment, he gazed fixedly upon the figure of a rose upon the breast of Sylvius. "It is he," he murmured. "The gods be blessed! Now shall I die in peace, for I have seen him once more." The soldier's eyes opened, and fell upon the weeping stranger. He essayed to speak, but his lips were parched and dry. The old man placed a moistened sponge to his mouth, and sprinkled his hot forehead.

"Thanks, reverend sir," said Sylvius.

"Rather let me pour out my gratitude for thy timely aid, my brave deliverer. Had it not been for thy bold heart and strong

arm, I should have slept that sleep which knows no waking."
"Have the marauders escaped?"
"Behold!" said the other, and Sylvius, leaning upon his elbow, looked around him.

With his eyes fixed in a cold and glassy stare, and his white features rigid in the moonlight, lay within a few feet of him the corpse of him whom he had slain.

"May the gods pardon me!" he cried. "It is a fearful thing to take the life of man."

"Not in a righteous cause!" said his companion. thou repent thee of my rescue ?"

"Nay, I say not so; but how wert thou attacked?"

"I journeyed alone, to join the caravan for Jerusalem; and, while resting beneath these trees, when the sun was highest in the heavens, three villains attacked me. While I defended myself against the swords of two, the other fled upon my steed, and I was fast sinking beneath their blows, when thy timely succor rescued me. I heard thy sword clash with the villain's steel, and then sank senseless. When I awoke, I beheld thee by my side, and the setting sun reddening with its light you ruffian's livid features. This is my story. But who art thou, noble soldier ?"

"I am a centurion of the general's guard, and am on my way to join the army. Already have I tarried too long, and must hasten to my post; albeit the robber has taken from me my noble steed. that has borne me many a day."

"Thou wilt surely rest before proceeding on thy way."

"Nay, I dare not. I have broken now my leave, and the penalty of death hangs over me."

"And I have been the cause of this!" cried the old man beating his breast. "To succor me, thou hast incurred thy general's displeasure."

"Not so-it was incurred ere I beheld thee, sir. Another

The youth paused, and grasped the stranger's hand. A sudden smile crossed his face, and, starting to their feet, the two embraced.

"Amicilia, Amor, Fides," were the first words they spoke. The Comites had met in the desert.

"It was to relieve a suffering brother that I tarried in Italy, by command of the chief of our order."
"Thou hast done well," said the stranger.

"But lo! our help is nigh!" continued he, as a cloud of dust appeared in the line of the horizon. "A caravan approaches." In a few moments the roll of the kettle-drums and the blast of trumpets gave notice of the approach of a large band of merchants, guarded by a detachment of Roman soldiers, with supplies for the army. As they drew near, the aged stranger ad-

met, and bent his head to the saddle-bow, as the tall and vene-

rable man saluted him.
"Young Comes," whispered the old man, bending his lips close to the ear of Sylvius," mount, thou, this soldier's horse, and speed to the camp. I will see thee there."

And with a few words to the commander, the latter sprang from his steed, and threw the bridle upon the arm of the centurion. Sylvius leaped to the saddle, and waved his hand to his companion. The next moment he was far away, speeding over the moonlit plain.

"Noble boy!" said the old man, as he gazed after the soldier, 'thou art worthy of the stock from whence thou springest. But ho! bringest thou dispatches for the general?"

"Dispatches from Vespasian and the Senate," said the commander, bending his head.

"I will take charge of them. We will repose to-night beneath these trees."

"Tis well, noble sir l" said the other, and led the way to a pavilion which the soldiers had pitched. As he passed the spot where lay the robber's corpse, ghastly and cold, the stern soldier's lip for a moment quivered. But the Roman officer's discipline forsook him not. He spoke no word, but like an automaton, moved toward the tents. What had he to do with the dead man?

CHAPTER IV.

THE towers of Jerusalem looked down upon banner, tent, plume, and glittering arms. The whole city was invested by the army of Titus, and though capitulation had been twice offered, the obstinate and jealous leaders of the besieged refused to listen to any terms, or entertain one ambassador. The Temple, that glorious structure, on which the wealth of a dozen treasuries had been exhausted, still stood, though the dismantled towers and broken walls around it denoted that against this part the attacks of the besiegers had been chiefly directed. As the sunset now fell upon the glittering pinnacle and gates, it seemed like a halo cast from heaven around the house of God, to consecrate it to his worship.

"It is a glorious spectacle," said a Roman soldier, who stood upon the Mount of Olives, and beheld beneath him the mighty panorama of camp and city. "Alas, that the cloud of war

hangeth over it, so soon to vail its splendor!"

"Ay, Maro," said another, who now approached, "the rebellious city is doomed. Titus has ordered the attack upon the morrow, and another sunset will behold the Eagle on the pinnacles of yonder fane. But hast heard the news? Thy friend, young Sylvius, has arrived."

"Ha!" cried Maro.

"Ay, and even now the council have met to try him for desertion. He came guarded by a score of his own troops."
"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Maro, "this must not be.

Dost thou believe him guilty?"

"The laws of the camp are strict, and Sylvius hath transgressed them. We may hope much, however, from the clemency of Titus."

"He must be saved," said Maro. "Do the brethren meet this eve?"

"They are even now convened in the garden."

Maro turned, and descended swiftly the woody hill. He paused not again to mark the splendor of the western sky. Other thoughts were busy in the breast of the Comes.

• • In a thick grove in what was then called the garden of the Mount, the Comites were assembled. Maro gave the signal to the brother who guarded the entrance to the tent, and was admitted. Around the apartment were seated the brethren, and the voice of the Grand Master was raised in prayer to heaven for the morrow's victory. Maro advanced to the centre of the tent, and raised his hand. The voice of the chief ceased, and silence fell upon the auditors.

"Speak!" said the venerable master. "Brother, what is thine errand?"

vanced to meet them. The commander raised his plumed hel-

-24



University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

summoned. Titus is generous, but he is also just, and the centurion dies upon the morrow."

Maro paused and looked around him. The brethren sat immoveable, though every eye was fixed upon his face. The chief at length broke silence :

"Brother, why should the Comites arrest the judgment of the general?"

"Because Sylvius is a Comes of Rome—because he lingered on an errand of mercy to a brother in affliction—because he will open not his lips to justify his acts, but die as he has lived, a true Comes."

The Grand Master waved his hand, and the scribe upon his right drew forth a roll of papyrus. In a low, clear voice, he then read: "Lucius Tornus, a brother of the Comites, prayeth for relief in his affliction. Granted, and the new Comes, Sylvius, is deputed to relieve him."

"Thy speech is true, brother," said the chief; "Comes, what shall be done?"

"He must be saved !" was the murmur which rose through the tent, and Maro, seating himself amid the circle, the voice of the Grand Master continued his prayer.

CHAPTER V.

Along the vast plain that skirted the many hills around Jerusa lem, the troops of Titus were stretched, their arms glancing and banners waving, in the soft light of morning. The summons of the trumpet to marshal the array had not yet sounded. Nevertheless, a band of armed and mounted men were drawn up before the general's tent.

Seven companies of one hundred each, with a leader at the van of each battalion, waited silently the signal of their chief. Seven hundred bright lances flashed back the orient sun, and seven white banners, on which the mystic motto, "Friendship, Love and Truth," was blazoned, waved at the head of each firm column.

At last, at a signal from the chief, the foremost standardbearer dismounted from his horse, and advanced toward the tent of Titus.

The young commander sat alone in his tent. The lamp yet mextinguished, and the piles of papers that were spread upon the table, gave tokens of how he had passed the night. A smile -a sweet smile, that could win all hearts-beamed upon his lips, and his whole bearing gave token of that beneficent spirit which, in after years, was to earn for him the appellation of "The Just."

An attendant entered. "The Comites have sent a messenger to the most noble Titus."

"Let him enter. This is that strange brotherhood which has increased so greatly in the army."

A step approached, and the form of the soldier Maro sank at the feet of his general.

"Rise, brave Maro," said Titus, "what is thy request?" "I come from my brethren, the Comites, to pray thy pardon for the young centurion, Sylvus."

"He was condemned on yester-eve," said Titus. "He must

"Gracious prince, pardon him; he is brave and true. It was by command of our order that he was absent from the camp." "Ha! what say thou? Commandeth any other power in the

camp of Titus? Take heed, Maro." "Not against thee, oh prince, but for heaven. It was to sucor the distressed that he tarried behind his company."

"And was he willing thus to risk his life?"

"Ay, my general, as we each and all are, in the cause of Friend-ship, Love and Truth."

Return, Maro," said Titus, the stern expression that had shadowed his countenance vanishing as he spoke, "I will rejoin thee beyond the tent."

The soldier left the apartment, and Titus, withdrawing a curtain, looked forth. Maro had reached the troops, and spoken to the leader. Then, mounting his horse, and raising his banher again above his head, the soldier fell back once more to the head of his hundred men.

"I will test the friendship of these Comites," said Titus to himself, and grasping his sword and placing his helmet upon his head, he left the tent.

Each steel cap bent to the horse's neck as the general ap-

peared. Titus waved his hand, and a herald approached.
"Sound and speak to these armed Comites. The life of the centurion Sylvius is forfeit to the king. Who will surrender his life to save that of the condemned? If there be one, let him ride once more around the tent of the Eagle."

The trumpet sounded, and the herald delivered the message. One moment there was a dead silence. Each eye was fixed upon the general. Then, swift as an arrow, the aged master of the Comites sprang forward, and Titus beheld with awe the assembled troops defiled around his tent. Not one remained—not one faint heart refused the price of friendship. Each crossed the line—each laid upon the mystic altar of love the sacrifice of his life. The blood left the cheeks of the general as he beheld this spectacle.

"Noble, generous men!" he cried, "ye shall not be unrewarded; the life of Sylvius is granted."

A shout of gladness rose loud and clear from the assembled ranks, and the doomed centurion was led forward-free.

A trumpet sounded at the outpost of the camp, and a troop of mounted men now approached the general.

"The Senator Piso, with dispatches from Rome," said a soldier; and the aged stranger of the desert rode up to the pavilion. Titus seized the stranger by the hand, and warmly welcomed him.

"Thou hast come in time, noble Piso, for thou art, I believe, a Comes.'

"Ay, in time to reward one to whom I owe my life," said the Senator. "Most noble Titus, this young soldier is my long-lost son;" and taking the hand of the wondering Sylvius, he led him to the feet of the prince.

"Thy mother's locket revealed thee in the desert," said Piso, "and I claim thee here as a son of a Roman Senator. Wilt thou receive thy father?"

The young man gazed a minute around him. He beheld the friendly face of Maro, the benevolent countenance of the Grand Master, and the sweet smile of Titus. He threw himself upon his new-found father's neck, and wept aloud.

"And for ye, generous men," said the general, turning to the Comites, "let the name of Titus be admitted among your own. All honor will it be that I can call ye brethren."

.

Jerusalem fell, and a few months passed away. Then, upon the banks of the Tiber, and in one of Rome's proudest palaces, were assembled a brilliant company. The new-found Sylvius the recovered son of a senator of Rome-wedded the beautiful Marcia. Maro was there, and Titus, the prince of Rome, gave away the bride. Sylvius blessed the day that he beheld the funeral of the Comes, and his sweet bride wept tears of joy as she read the motto of the bridal wreath-

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

FINE GERMAN PUDDING .- Pour half a point of boiling milk upon one pound of bread crumbs; beat up a quarter of a pound of fresh butter to a cream; add to it the yolks of ten eggs well beaten; drain the milk from the bread, and add the bread with a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar and the grated peel of a lemon; whip the whites of the ten eggs into a solid froth, and add them the last thing; butter a cloth, and put the pudding in, tying it loose, as it will swell out a good deal; plung it into boiling water; boil one hour. Some persons add a quarter of a pound of jar raisins slit and stoned.

To Boil Rice.—Very few persons know how to boil rice properly. It is usually so boiled as to become a heavy dough, so tenacious and solid as to be almost impenetrable to the digestive fluids secreted by the mouth and stomach, which are necessary to dissolve it, and to effect its digestion and distribution, as innocent nourishing food. It should be so cooked that the



/ 01:52 GMT / use#pd-google at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 http://www.hathitrust.org/access University of Illinois n, Google-digitized / Generated at Ur Public Domain,

grains shall remain separate and distinct, but not hard, and the whole be in some degree loose and porous. A good method is as follows: Pick over the rice carefully, rinse it well in cold water till it is perfectly cleansed; drain off the water, then put it into a pot of boiling water, with a little salt. Allow as much as a quart of water to a teacup of rice, as it absorbs the water very much while boiling. Boil it seventeen minutes; then turn the water off very close; set the pot over a few coals, and let it steam fifteen minutes with the lid of the pot off. The beauty of the rice boiled in this way is, that each kernel stands out by itself, while it is quite tender.

BRIGHAM CAKE.—Four cups of sugar, one of molasses, one cup of milk, eight cups of flour, one cup of Indian meal, five eggs, two cups of butter, one teaspoon of soda; spice to suit the taste. This makes two large loaves.

POTAGE JULIENNE MADE WITH EXTRACTUM CARNIS.—For two quarts, cut into fine shreds one inch in length, one carrot, two turnips, one head of celery, four leaves of lettuce, and half an onion, and boil them in water for five minutes; strain, and put them into a stewpan with a pinch of pounded sugar and a piece of butter the size of a walnut; cover them down closely till they begin to brown; add two quarts of soup; boil till the vegetables are done, and serve.

Pea and Barley-soup made with Extractum Carnis.—Extract of meat, one ounce; pearl barley, half pound; split peas, half pound; onions, one ounce; salt (according to taste), say one ounce and a quarter; pepper (according to taste), say thirty grains; water sufficient to make up to one gallon; soak the pearl barley and peas in water for twenty-four hours; then boil for four hours with the onions (chopped fine), salt and pepper, and lastly dissolve the extract of meat in the boiling liquid. This is adapted as a cheap soup for distribution to the poor, and is stated to be nutritious and agreeble; it may be made richer and better adapted for family use by increasing the quantity of the extract of meat.

MULLIGATAWNY-SOUP MADE WITH EXTRACTUM CARNIS. -- For two quarts, cut into dice six onions, four ounces of lean ham, and one carrot; melt four ounces of butter in a stewpan holding about two quarts; fry the ham, carrot, and onions, stirring them till they become slightly brown; add four ounces of best flour. and continue to stir for ten minutes; now add three tablespoonfuls of curry-powder, one apple cut into thin slices, two quarts of stock, and five teaspoonfuls of the extract of meat (one ounce and two-thirds); boil for one hour gently by the side of the fire; skim, and while boiling add a bunch of herbs, consisting of four sprigs of parsley, one of thyme, and one bayleaf; when done, rub through a tammy, or hair sieve, heat till boiling, season according to taste, add the squeeze of a lemon; have ready some nicely-boiled rice, and, if convenient, serve with one piece of chicken to each person.

To CLEAN WHITE KID SHOES AND GLOVES. - Dip a piece of flannel into cold milk, squeeze it a little, then rub it on some yellow soap, and rub the kid quickly with the flannel, and the dirt will be removed very readily; squeeze the flannel again in the milk without any soap, and rub the kid again; wipe dry with a clean linen cloth. The things will be ready to wear in an hour.

Eggs Dressed Spanish Fashion.—In a frying-pan toss a slice of rich bacon for the sake of the fat it will render, take away the bacon, mix a teaspoonful of honey with the bacon-fat; break into it half a dozen new-laid eggs, and do them slowly; take them up with a skimmer, place them in a dish, and almost mash them with pickled red and green capsicums sliced. This dish is much esteemed by the admirers of the aigre-doux.

RICE AND APPLES.—Core as many nice apples as will fill the dish; boil them in light syrup; prepare a quarter of a pound of rice in milk, with sugar and salt; put some of the rice in the dish, and put in the apples; fill up the intervals with rice, and bake it in the oven till it is a fine color.

LAMP GLASSES.—To clean lamp glasses, put them into strong soda and water, with soap; but be careful that the water is only moderately hot. Leave them in some hours—if all night, so much the better-and when taken out, rinse them well with a paper.

soft cloth. Or scour ground glass lamp-shades with soap and salt, then rinse them in cold water, and dry them in a warm room, and they will look beautifully clear and white.

MEAT BISCUIT.—This is made from boiled beef, free from grease, the liquor of which is evaporated to the consistency of syrup, and this is mixed with wheaten flour so as to form a solid paste. This paste is then spread out by a rolling-pin, is pierced with a number of little holes, is cut to the dimensions of sea biscuits, and is then baked and properly dried. The biscuit is eaten dry; or may be broken, and boiled in twenty or thirty times its weight in water, from twenty to thirty minutes.

Sour Milk Cake.—One cup of sour milk, one cup of brown sugar, one cupful of chopped raisins, half a cupful of butter or lard, one egg, even teaspoonful of soda, flour to make a stiff batter. Spice to taste.

To Clean Windows and Looking-glasses.—A pan of cold water, a wash-leather, and a clean duster, are requisite for this purpose; begin at the top panes, rub them over with the wet vash-leather; rinse the leather, and do them over a second time, and dry immediately with the duster Proceed in the same way with the lower panes. Looking-glasses are washed in the same way as windows. Care must be taken not to touch the gilding, as it is easily rubbed off when moist.

To Take our Tea and Wine-stains .- A glass of white wine, or a cup of tea, upset over a dress, would completely spoil it if allowed to dry on. When an accident happens, immediately get some clean towels, and rub the dress till perfectly dry, and in most cases there will be no stain left. If the tea is very strong, sponge with a little cold water first. Port-wine, or claret-stains are seldom got entirely out, but the stain may be lessened by sponging with cold water before the rubbing.

BAKED CUSTARD.—Boil one pint of cream and half a pint of milk with mace, cinnamon, and lemon-peel—a little of each. When cold, mix the yolks of three eggs; sweeten, and make your cups or paste nearly full. Bake them ten minutes.

LIGHT SPONGE CAKE.—Take one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, and twelve eggs, leaving out the whites of four; when separated, add the juice and rind of one lemon grated. Mix the same as Savoy cake.

CREAKING Doors.-The noise is remedied by rubbing yellow soap on the hinges. This is better than oil.

TO TAKE CLARET AND PORT STAINS OUT OF LINEN. - Get some hot skim milk, and let the stained places soak in it till the stains are out. Do not wash out the milk, but send the linen to the wash just as it is.

· · ·

iki-Le

* P.3

17

ψ,

· ...

 \sim

CURRANT CAKE.—One-half a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, flour sufficient to make it pour, and a large handful of currants.

SHORT CAKE.—Three pounds of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of lard, a teaspoonful of soda, and two of cream of tartar; mix with cold milk. For strawberry cake, open these when first baked, take out some of the crumb, and fill the inside with ripe strawberries, sugared; close and bake the cakes five minutes longer.

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE.—Dissolve an ounce of borax in a quart of water, and apply this with a fine sponge every evening before going to bed. This will smooth the skin when the eruptions do not proceed from an insect working under the cuticle. Many persons' faces are disfigured by red eruptions caused by a small creature working under the skin. A very excellent remedy is to take the flour of sulphur and rub it on the face dry, after washing it in the morning. Rub it well with the fingers, and then wipe it off with a dry towel. There are many who are not a little ashamed of their faces, who can be cured if they follow these directions.

To Remove Wax-candle Grease.-Have an iron made very hot; put a piece of clean blotting-paper over the spot or spots to be removed, and hold the iron close to it, but do not let it touch the blotting-paper. The grease will be drawn into the

INDIAN CAKE.—Three cups of Indian meal, one of flour, three of milk, two spoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus, or three of yeast-powder.

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.

Boston CREAM CAKES .- Outside. Half a pint of water, twothirds of a cup of butter, one and a half cups of flour; boil water and butter together, and stir in the flour while boiling; let it cool a little, and add five eggs; half a teaspoonful of salentus in the eggs. Inside. One pint of milk, two-thirds of a cup of flour, one cup of sugar, two eggs; beat sugar, flour, and eggs tegether, and stir in the milk .while boiling, until it is about as thick as custard. Bake the outsides by drops in a tin by a hot fire, and, when cool, open and put in the inside.

A STRING OF BEADS.

A SOMEWHAT eccentric lawyer, being engaged in defending a hard case, and not being altogether pleased with the rulings of the presiding judge, remarked that he believed the whole court could be bought with a peck of beans. The judge, of course, took this remark in high dudgeon, and ordered the lawyer to sit down, and demanded of him an apology for this contempt of court, threatening him with commitment for the offense if he did not apologize. The lawyer, after a little reflection, remarked that he had said he believed the court could be bought with a peck of beans; that he said is without reflection, and wished to take it back. "But," said he, if I had put it at half a bushel, I never would have taken it back in the world."

WHEN is a lawyer strongest? When he is fee-blest.

Waar metamorphosis does a washerwoman undergo in the night? She goes to bed a washerwoman, and gets up fine linen.

If a woman were to change her sex, what sort of being would she become? She would be a he then—a heathen. What is the pawnbroker's favorite time of the year? The season of Lent.

What sort of a throat is the best for a singer to reach the high notes with? A soar throat.

War is the letter D a great reformer? Because it makes men

Way is the letter A useful to a deaf woman? Because it makes

Which is the strongest day in the week? Sunday, because all the rest are week days.

When does a boy begin bird-keeping? When he first sets up a (b) owl.

What is a smiling countenance? The happy mien.

 $_{
m MHAT}$ is the companion game to parlor croquet? Cricket on the

 $^{\rm A}$ Hmnoo Priest called in all the members of a large family, one of whom was known to have committed a theft, and thus addressed them.

them:

"Take each of you one of these sticks, which are all of exactly equal length: put them under your pillow to-night; I do not at present know the offender, but you must return the sticks to me to-norow morning, and the one belonging to the thief will have grown as inch in the night."

The family retired to rest, but before he went to sleep the man who had committed the theft, thinking to outwit the priest, cunningly and an inch from his stick, firmly believing that it would be sticks were returned, and by comparing them the priest was instally able to pitch upon the offender, to his great surprise and dismay.

Little girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies in a man in the honeymoon.

What is the amusement of young ladies on a wet afternoon? $\hat{\mathbf{x}}_{\text{milting their}}$ brows.

When it is at up for a late hashand. When it is set up for a late hashand.

Wilar is the difference between a Christian and a cannibal. The one enjoys himself, and the other enjoys other people.

 $\ensuremath{\mathtt{W}}\xspace_\mathtt{MAT}$ was the earliest tubular bridge? The bridge of the nose. What should a man do when his boots leak? Take to his

Whir is the difference between a butcher and a gay young lady? The former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

Tit for Tat.—A Frenchman, while at Naples, was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies by a Neapolitan nobleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He turned to his friend:

"There," said he, "that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of my box, stolen yesterday. Do you know him?—is he not a sharper?"

"Take care," said the other; "that man is of the first quality," all do not care for his quality," said the Frenchman; "I must have my box again. I'll go and ask him for it."

"Pray," said his friend, "be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your box."

Unon this assurance the Franchman

Upon this assurance the Frenchman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and, as "There," said he, "I have brought your snuff-box."
"Well, how did you obtain it?"
"Why," said the Neapolitan nobleman, "I did not wish to make a noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket."

Shopping.—"When I goes a shopping," said an old lady, "I allers ask for what I wants: and if they have it, and it is suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it is cheap, and can't be got for less, I most allers take it, without clappering all day about it, as some people do."

STAMMERING. - "W-waiter, g-get me a b-beefsteak, co-cooked

"W-we have no b-beefsteak," was the reply.

The country gentleman, getting angry at the idea of being mimicked, rose, and was about leveling a blow upon the impudent fellow, when another gentleman rushed up, and exclaimed:

"D-don't strike that man. He s-stammers the s-same as we do."

REQUISITES FOR GOING TO LAW.—A good purse, a good cause, a good attorney, a good counsel, good evidence, a good jury, and good luck.

Affecting.—Isn't it very affecting to behold at a wedding the sortow-stricken air of a parent as he gives the bride away, when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying to get her off his

When Marshal Narvaez, the bloodthirsty Spaniard, was on his death-bed, he was advised by his confessor to forgive all his enemies.
"I have none," replied the marshal; "I had them all shot long

A CLERGYMAN being requested to address a weary meeting at a late hour, won the hearts of the audience by saying: "Speech is silvern; silence is golden.' I don't happen to have any small change for you this evening, and so will let you off with the gold!"

A DANDY.

A dandy is a thing who would Be a woman if he could: But, as he can't, does all he can To make folks think he's not a man.

A Well-known authoress gives it as an item of domestic felicity, that the man of the family should be absent at least six hours per day.

A Box having been told that a reptile is "an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one on examination day, promptly and triumphantly replied, "a baby."

A Bachelor, according to the latest definition, is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

A Lany who refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church. On making the discovery she said:
"The parson could not find the way to my pocket, but the devil did."

Nor so Dusty.—Little Frank was taught that every one was made of dust. One day he was watching the dust in the street, as the wind was whirling it in eddies.

"What are you thinking of?" asked his mother.

"Oh," said Frank with a serious face, "I thought the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy."

A LADY whose son was eaten by cannibals pleasantly remarked that he was killed and buried the same hour.

A Woman isn't fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it; and this is as true of a tongue as of a baby!

An ingenious quack is trying to prove that Absolom must have used some of his "restorative," else he could not have had such long hair.

"How doth the little busy bee?" Very indifferently, we should imagine, seeing how often it is to be found in the "cells."

INK has been called the black slave that waits upon thought.

What most resembles a pretty girl bathing? A diving bell(e).

Why do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Because they they are murmurs of the tied.

Why is a pig the most extraordinary animal in creation? Because you first kill and then cure him.



HOW A LADY MAY LIVE UPON NEXT TO NOTHING



She may eat at the expense of the grocers by going round, a cracker in hand, tasting all the cheeses.

Why ought we to have dates at our fingers' ends? Because they grow upon the palm.

Why cannot a leopard be caged? Because he cannot be confined

Why is an overworked horse like an umbrella? Because it is used

Why is the letter S likely to prove dangerous in argument? Because it turns words into swords.

If a church was to catch fire, which part must be burnt? The organ, because the engines cannot play on it.

Is wine or cake the most moral character? Cake, because it is only sometimes tipsy, but wine is always drunk. WHEN is a coach not a coach? When it is turned into a stable-

A Broom with a heavy handle was sent as a wedding gift to a bride, with the following sentiment:

"This trifling gift accept from me,
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end!"



She can practice all the new music without buying any, at one of the rising (and inexperienced) music-seller's.

As a last resource, she can start a society for sending ice the native Alaskans, and constituting herself treasures.



She may enjoy the opera by engaging herself at a nominal sas Fifth Citizeness at the Academy of Music.

What is the difference between a fast man in debt, and a f bed? One is hard up, the other soft down.

Ir was said of a belle, in the habit of wearing low-necked d who recently carried off a matrimonial prize in the shape of old widower, that "she won the race by a neck!"

SMUGGLING nutmegs is but a small crime, but it might le

SHEET OF FIRE.—A poet wrote a stirring ode on a victim of cution, who was burned at the stake about the time Columl covered America, in which occurred the line:

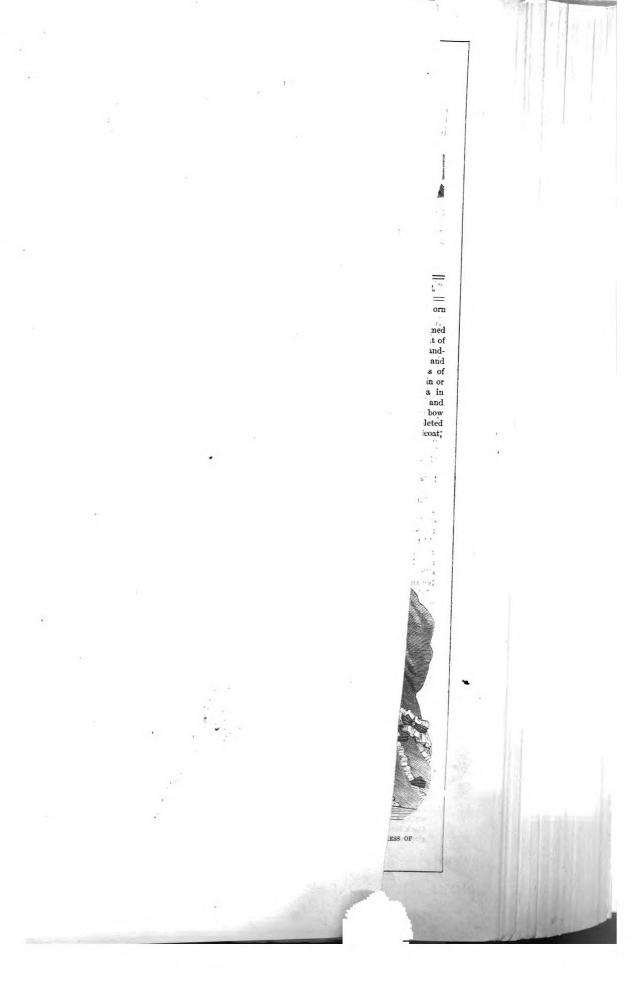
"See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire!"

of which the poet was especially proud; but the printer accide got it:

"See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire!"
Of that the poet was not proud.

"My son, know thyself!" solemnly said a father to one of "Thank you, sir," replied the son, "but my list of acquaits sufficiently large already."





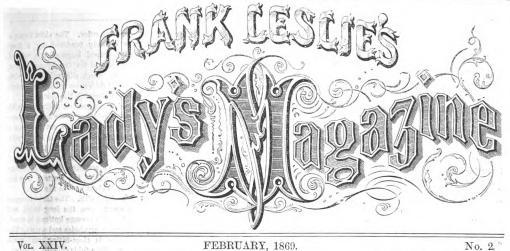
Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



She w w to or Wi up. Wi Ir organ Is v only s WH yard. A B bride,

She can pro



DESCRIPTION OF FOUR-PAGE ENGRAVING.

Fig. 1.—Costume of dark mauve silk, skirt rase-terre, an overskirt of the same mode with paniers, finished with a frill five inches deep; This frill is headed by a crossway band an inch deep. In the front the apron is conspicuous, and flounces carried zig-zag up the side. A long tight-fitting jacket, frilled three inches deep, matches the panier, above which is another cross band. The armholes are trimmed to match.

Fig. 2.—This is a dress of green poplin, with a fifteen-inch flounce, finished with a heading of the same and a cross band an inch deep. Plain tight-fitting jacket, en panier, fastened by a

with trimming to correspond with the skirt. The hair worn with this toilet is much in the Louis XV. style.

Fig. 3.—Black velvet bonnet with a flat crown, trimmed round with a ruche of pink satin or velvet. An ornament of ruby-colored crystal is mixed with the front trimming. A handsome curled feather is laid over the front part of the border and crown. Pink satin strings, edged with black lace. Dress of black gros grains silk, with sash and trimming of pink satin or velvet. High bodice, with a trimming forming a bertha in front and simulating a hood at the back, with cross strips and bows. The upper-skirt is short, and looped up under the bow of the sash. The second skirt, short and round, is completed by a flounce headed by a pink satin cross strip. Satin petticoat, cross band looping the left side. Plain sleeves, terminating terminated with a pink and black flounce.



1. DINNER COSTUME OF GARNET-COLORED POULT DE SOIE. Vol. XXIV., No 2-5

2. RECEPTION TOILET. GREEN GLACE SILK, SHOT WITH MAIZE. PAGE 91. 3. BALL COSTUME.

4. DRESS OF

Fig. 4.—Costume of silver-gray Turc satin. The very deep flounce is headed by a scalloped band of velvet of the same shade, with a wider band of black fur. Close corsage. Straight sleeves, trimmed to correspond. The pardessus—which is shaped like a priest's stole—is flounced, and entirely bordered with fur. Down the front is a row of large buttons. At the back is a double bow of satin. Linen collar and undersleeves. Fanchon bonnet, of black velvet, trimmed with black lace, with roses and leaves in front.

Fig. 5.—Dress of blue merino. The skirt forms a very deep flounce, which is attached to the short close-fitting casaque. The trimming consists of bias bands of merino striped with velvet. The long ends of the double bow are fringed. Linen collar and cuffs.

Fig. 6.—Visiting toilet of black armure. The skirt has a deep fluted flounce, divided near the top by a narrow flat band. The corsage is plain; the sleeves straight. The black satin surtout is quite open at the sides; it is cut in points and bordered with silk galloon. At the back it is caught by a satin band, thus forming a large puff. Embroidered collar and sleeves. Bonnet of black satin and lace, with crimson roses.

Fig. 7.—Princess dress of mauve silk. The fluted flounce is very deep. A narrow velvet of the same shade divides it near the top. The large pardessus is a graceful novelty. It is of rich black silk, and should be much longer than the dress. A rosette lifts it at each side. A loose double mantle falls at the back only, and is attached at each shoulder by a rosette. Pagoda sleeves. The trimming consists of flutings of silk. Lace collar and undersleeves. Bonnet of black silk and lace, with mauve flowers.

Fig. 8.—Gored skirt of plain pearl-gray drap de velours. The jacket is of crimson velvet, and is lined with gray satin. It fits loosely, and is entirely bordered with gray fur. It opens at the sides, and all the corners are turned back and fastened down by buttons. Heavy gray silk cords cross the front. One passes from shoulder to shoulder, and is held in place by large ornamental buttons. Straight sleeves, with fur cuffs. Head-dress of black lace.

Fig. 9.—Dress à deux jupes. The lower skirt is of white silk; it is entirely without trimming. The sides and back of the upper-skirt are composed of sky-blue silk, cut in three deep points and trimmed by a flounce of white lace (Application d'Angletere), headed by a bias band of blue silk with narrow edging of white lace, above which are placed at equal distances three rows of white lace insertion. The front portion of the skirt is composed of a tablier of white silk, cut pointed, to correspond with the sides and back of the skirt, and trimmed all round by a flounce of white lace headed by the bias band of blue silk. The centre of this tablier is also trimmed with sprays of ivy and red berries extending up to the waist. The corsage is of sky-blue silk; it is trimmed by a pointed bertha, edged with white lace and headed by a bias band of the blue silk. In the centre of this bertha is placed a bunch of the red berries and foliage, to correspond with the trimming on the tablier. The sleeves consist of single bouffants of white tulle. Head-dress formed of sprays of red berries and foliage.

Fig. 10.—Dress à deux jupes. The lower skirt is of white silk; it is trimmed at the bottom by a flounce of rich white lace, headed by a ruche of jonquil-colored silk, on which are placed, at intervals, small bouquets of eglantine with scarlet leaves. The upper-skirt is of jonquil-colored silk; the front is cut to form a short, square tunic, which extends about half way down the under-skirt, and is edged by a narrow quilling and by four rouleaux of the jonquil silk. The back of this skirt is cut en train, and it is caught up at each side of the square tunic, and fastened by bouquets of eglantine, with scarlet leaves. The sides and back of this skirt are edged by four rouleaux of jonquil-colored silk. Head-dress of eglantine, with the scarlet

Fig. 11.—This superb toilet is composed of two rich silks, one black the other flamme du Vésuve (Vesuvius flame). The petticoat, of the latter color, has a deep black border; the inverted scallops are edged with flame-colored trimming and narrow black lace. The dress is of black silk. Close corsage. Straight

shoulder-knots are of the contrasting color. The skirt forms a tablier and long train. It is entirely bordered by a deep flounce; this is headed by shell-shaped loops of the colored silk. The same material is employed for the large rosettes which attach the tablier and train. Black silk waistband, with bow and long floating ends. Point de Venise collar and undersleeves. Black and flame-colored ribbons in the hair.

Fig. 12.—Round petticoat of fawn-colored cashmere with narrow stripes of blue velvet. Cashmere dress of the same shade, but perfectly plain. The short skirt is cut to form a square tablier in front; the back is shaped. It is edged with blue velvet. An engageante of velvet passes through the opening at each side and knots at the back in a large bow with fringed ends. This supports the panier. Velvet trims the close corsage and straight sleeves. The long ends of the Watteau bow are fringed. Linen collar and cuffs. Velvet bow in the hair.

Fig. 13.—Dress of changeable violet silk. The three flounces are placed at equal distances apart upon the long skirt, and each has a ruched heading. The high corsage buttons in front. The straight sleeves are ruffled at the armholes and wrists. The casaque, of dark drap de velours, is close-fitting, and much deeper at the back than in front. Bias folds of satin, and silk of a lighter shade compose the collar and cuffs; these are bordered by narrow bands of fur. The waistbelt, bow, and broad bands are all of fur, richly fringed with cherille. From the fringe beneath each bow starts a small leopard's head. A similar head fastens the collar. Another, upon the front of the fur toque, supports the aigrette and long plume.

Fig. 14.—Costume of blue and green checked tartan. The lower-skirt has a deep bias flounce; the narrow ruche, which serves as a heading, is bound with black silk. The second skirt, or tunic, is also bias, and is finished by a deep assorted silk fringe to match the dress. The seams at each side are lifted by means of large plaits; these are covered by bias bands of the material. At the back the skirt is looped up to the waist by means of a button and buttonhole. The drapery thus effected is exceedingly graceful. Close corsage. Straight sleeves. These are finished with bands of black silk. Bands and fringe trim the mantelet, which crosses in front, and is caught up at the back by a large silk puff. Silk waistbelt and bow. Linen collar and undersleeves. Black cravat. Bonnet of black silk and lace, with roses at the side.

Fig. 15.—Ball toilet. Train petticoat of light green satin. The deep flounce is headed by a wide ruched puff. The low corsage, of white silk, forms a deep fichu, which crosses in front. A plaited ruffle of the same, with bias bands of green satin, compose the trimming. Broad satin waistband, with bow and large ruffled ends. Green ribbon head-dress.

Fig. 16.—Dress of cuir doré (golden-brown) merino. Above the deep flounce upon the lower-skirt is another much narrower; both are bordered and headed by narrow bands of velvet of a darker shade. The short upper-skirt, which has two flounces, is lifted at the back. The casaque and large cape are similarly trimmed, with the addition of bows with long ruffled ends. It will be observed that these flounces all graduate in width. Straight sleeves. Linen collar and undersleeves. Bonnet of blue silk and black lace, with jet aigrette in front.

Fig. 17.—Visiting toilet of mauve velvet. The long lowerskirt is gored. The upper-skirt falls in large leaf-shaped points; these are bordered with satin pipings and separated by full puffs of the same material. The casaque is close-fitting. The front forms a small square tablier or apron; the back is cut into two sharp points. These, the plain sleeves, the double cape, and the waistband, are all edged with pipings of satin. Linen collar and undersleeves. Black velvet bonnet, with violet flowers and drooping grasses.

Fig. 18.—Round petticoat of violet satin with two narrow flounces. Short skirt of the same, bordered with rich black lace. The casaque camargo, of black velvet, is trimmed with lace and lifted by large satin bows with ends. Black velvet toquet, with a humming-bird poised in front. At, the back a satin bow with floating ends.

Fig. 19.—Visiting toilet of light green silk. The long lower-skirt has six flounces; three of these are of black satin altersleeves. The upper part of the corsage, the large cuffs and the nating with others of green silk. The second skirt is trimmed



31



serve its reintroduction in such forms as surpass the extreme plainness of those hitherto in vogue. The upper part of this skirt is ornamented with two paniers, one on each hip, and is finished off with a ceinture hung with three oval lappets trimmed with plaited black velvet. The same idea is carried out in the body. With this toilet the hair is worn very high en chignon, but divided in the centre.

Fig. 21.—This is a specimen of a dark shade of gray in silk reps, cut en drain, and quite untrimmed excepting a narrow binding of black satin at the hem. A long closely-fitting jacket forms the over-skirt, with revers of the same color fastening from right to left. The front hem of this jacket is finished with large scallops, edged with satin to match the skirt, four large rosettes of satin forming the front trimming, en panier, with large bow of same material as the under-

with rich black lace and lifted by large sain bows. The third, also trimmed with lace, is en camaryo. The lace ruching upon the satin bretelles of the corsage is erect and full. Straight sleeves, with small ruchings at the lower part. Sain waistband, fastening beneath a large bow with floating ends. Bonnet of black satin and green velvet; diadem of flowers with trailing sprays.

Fig. 20.—Here is a morning dress composed of silk in two colors, commonly known as "dove's-breast." The under-skirt, which is raselerre, is trimmed with three flounces, cut en biais, across which is passed midway a band of velvet an inch wide. This gives us the opportunity of calling attention to the graceful effect of the flounce cut in this manner, and we are pleased to ob-



skirt. The sleeves are like a plain coat sleeve with frill of lace.

Fig. 22.—Ball toilet. The train petticoat is of pearl-gray silk. It is bordered by a wide fluting of gray satin. Another fluting heads the deep flounce of point d'Angleterre. The over-dress, of broché satin, should be of the same shade of gray. This skirt is puffed and lifted at each side by a large rosette of plaited satin. A rich fringe is the only trimming. The low corsage opens in front quite to the waist upon a plastron of white lace, and is finished by a narrow fluting framed in lace. Small lace of point d'Angleterre. In the hair a yellow rose with black foliage.

Fig. 23. — Evening toilet. Slip of bright rose-colored silk. Petticoat of plain white muslin. The very deep flounce is headed by a pinked-out ruche of rose silk. The high muslin casaque is open in front. It is puffed at the

DESCRIPTION OF PARIS BONNETS. PAGE 94.



back, and the flounce is headed by silk ruche. The ends of the plaited fichu fasten beneath a large silk rosette. Small bows are placed at the shoulders. Coiffure of roses, without leaves.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS. PAGE 89.

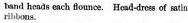
No. 1—Dinner costume of garnet-colored poult de soie. The long skirt has a deep-fluted flounce, which traces a greeque de fantaisie, and is headed by a narrow band of guipure. Close corsage. In front the basque is short; at the back, it is very deep, and a wide band,





passing beneath, lifts it, to form a puff or small panier. The band falls at the side, in a large loop and end, and is edged with a flounce similar to that upon the skirt. Another, much narrower, trims the basque. Guipure finishes the low, ogive-shaped corsage front. A full puff and ruffle of silk heads the long guipure sleeve.

No. 2—Reception toilet. Here the material is pearl-gray silk. The fluted flounce upon the long train skirt is of satin, of the same color as the dress. The second skirt is similarly trimmed, and is lifted at each side by broad scarf-ends of satin, also flounced. The corsage is simply a loose-fitting basque, of the same shape as the second skirt, and trimmed to correspond. At the sides, however, are large satin rosettes, whilst the back is caught up to form a puff. The satin waistbelt fastens beneath a rosette. A narrow, fluted ruffle outlines a pelerine. At the shoulders are smaller rosettes; others are upon the long, straight sleeves, just above the edge of fluted satin. It will be remarked that a flat satin



No. 3.—Ball costume. Train slip of blue glacé silk, the corsage low and square, the sleeves short and puffed. The over-dress is of white silk gauze; a ruching of this material heads the corsage and trims the sleeves. The waistbelt, bretelles and shoulder-knots are of blue satin ribbon. The bretelles pass beneath the belt, the long ends fall upon the skirt, and knot loosely at each side. The gauze skirt is very long, and forms a deep puff at the back. A ruching of gauze designs the Greek border.

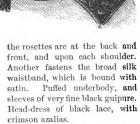
No. 4 — Dress of green glacé silk, shot with maize. The skirt of the Princess dress is very long and narrow. A broad quilling of maize-colored satin ribbon, divided near the top to form a ruche, simulates a second skirt. Upon this, at intervals, are placed knots of green satin ribbon with fluted ends. Single rows of the same trimming descend upon the lower part of the skirt. Quillings and bows trim the corsage and long straight sleeves. Waist-



DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. PAGE 95.

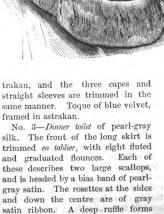
ruched heading. A narrow quilling finishes the straight Overskirt of velvet of a darker shade. Here the ruching and rosettes at the sides are of the same satin as the dress. A narrower ruche, and fringe to match, cross this skirt and lift it at the back. A very large rosette supports the puff thus formed. velvet fichu is similarly trimmed, the fronts cross and fasten beneath a satin waistbelt. Bonnet of dark mode-colored velvet, with feather of the same shade. At one side, the light tulle scarf is attached beneath a rose with foliage. Another flower confines it lower down.

No. 2—Walking dress of blue cloth. Round skirt. The deep polonaise is fastened by large gray buttons. It is entirely bordered with gray as-



No. 4 - Dress of striped satin, dark blue and black; this has a very deep fluted flounce. The tight sleeves are finished by a ruching of blue silk. The overdress is of black silk, with very fine dark-blue stripes. The skirt is short and lifted at each side. The trimming here, as well as that of the pockets, the large sleeves, the close corsage, and the waistbelt, is simply a blue silk ruching. Blue silk buttons. Embroidered collar and sleeves. Coiffure of blue ribbons.

No. 5—Dress of dark-green Turc satin. Upon the train skirt is a



the bertha of the low corsage; here

DESCRIPTION OF PARDESSUS (SEE OUR LARGE PAPER PATTERN), REDINGOTES, ETC. PAGE 99.





very deep flounce; this is full across the front only; at the back it is quite plain. Black velvet paletot. This skirt is lifted at the back en camargo, and the puff is supported by a large bow of black satin; the pelerine is caught up beneath a satin rosette. The ruffle of the deep hood, like those of the pelerine, paletot, and bow with ends, is of satin. Green silk bonnet, trimmed with roses and metallic leaves.

No. 6-Toilet of wine-colored velvet. The gored skirt is long and plain. The velvet polonaise laps over in front, and is lifted at the side, beneath a large satin rosette of the same shade; at the back it forms a large puff. Straight sleeves. A very rich trimming and fringe of black silk passementerie, complete this graceful garment. Broad velvet waistbelt. Velvet muff edged with fur. Fanchon bonnet of winecolored velvet, with metallic wheat-ears, and knot of velvet ribbons. The strings are of narrow black velvet and black lace; they form a sort of benoiton, and fasten under the chin with a satin rosette



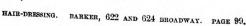
Page 98. Nos. 1 and 2—Back and front of flamel dressing gown. The material is blue and green tartan flamel; it is cut in the Princess form, so that the squares forming the plaid are on the cross. The front is fastened the entire length with black velvet buttons, and the trimming consists of two bands of flamel edged with black velvet. These bands are carried to the back, crossing in the centre of it to form the letter. The sleeves and pockets are trimmed to correspond with the rest.

Nos. 3 and 4—Back and front of cashmere verapper. This is a loose-fitting Princess shape. Large velvet buttons fasten it down the entire length of the front. Between the bias bands of velvet are flat stars of the same material. A small pelerine is outlined at the back, and the sleeves are trimmed to correspond. The velvet waist-band fastens at the back, and has two shaped ends, bordered and ornamented like the wrapper.

Page 100. Nos. 1 and 2 — Ball costume. Here we have the front and back of a superb creation. The Princess slip is of white



satin, the corsage is very low, the sleeves extremely narrow in front, but deeper at the Entirely covering this slip is another of white gaze de soie (silk gauze). The very long skirt is bordered by a full ruching of the same. The front is en tablier. The ruchings which head and separate the two large puffs, are each divided down the centre by a delicate spray of flowers and leaves, and are met at the sides by bouquets, framed in full puffings of gauze. Similar bouquets are placed at equal distances around the lower part of the skirt, in front only. At the back, the gauze is lifted and gathered to form one large puff and a deep flounce. Above this is a bouquet framed in gauze. Another, much smaller, fastens the silk waistbelt at the side. Puffings of gauze with flowers cover the sleeves and corsage; here the spray passes beneath the waistbelt at the back, and falls upon the skirt. Pearl ornaments.





DESCRIPTION OF PARIS BON-NETS.—Page 91.

No. 1—A bonnet of black velvet, puffed across the front. A deep black lace crosses the back, and is continued upon the broad velvet strings. At the top is a cluster of crimson flowers; at the side fall trailing sprays of foliage with buds.

No. 2—Diadem bonnet of green satin. Across the front, a green feather tipped with black. The broad strings fasten in front, beneath a marquise bow of satin and black lace. Lace borders the long scarf-end, which falls over the chignon.

No. 3—The camargo is simply a puff of black velvet, framed in a curled plume; from beneath this, at the sides, starts a band of puffed crimson velvet, which falls upon the chignon. In front is a crimson and black aigrette.

No. 4 — The Fontange is decidedly Spanish. The bonnet is very small; a tiny puff of black



velvet, a curled feather across the front, a crimson rose at the side, nothing more. Excepting always the satin ribbons which fasten at the back. The graceful fall of rich black lace is fastened at the top and in front by bows of satin ribbon.

No. 5—Toquet Henri III. This should be of velvet, the edge is turned up, and at the top are large velvet leaves, with a humming bird. When worn well in front, this toquet is very effective. The strings are of velvet, lined with satin.

DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.—PAGE 92.

No. 1.—Costume for a little girl. The material is a velvety cloth, trimmed with sable fur. The paletot is loose in front,



SASH. PAGE 99

and forms at the back a double point; it has no sleeves. High dress, with half-wide sleeves. Short skirt, worn with a petticoat of the same material; silk waistband, with a large bow and long ends at the back. Gaiters to correspond with the dress.

No. 2.—Princess slip of striped merino with long straight sleeves. The black silk over-skirt opens at the sides, to form a panier and apron front; the bias bands which border the latter are fastened down by a narrow bead trimming; the scallops are bound with silk. The cuffs, collar, pelerine and waistbelt are all of silk, and trimmed to correspond.

No. 3.—Toilet for a little girl. This is entirely of blue merino. The plaits of the short skirt are fastened down. The Russian pardessus is half high; it fits closely, and the fronts lap over, above the broad waist-

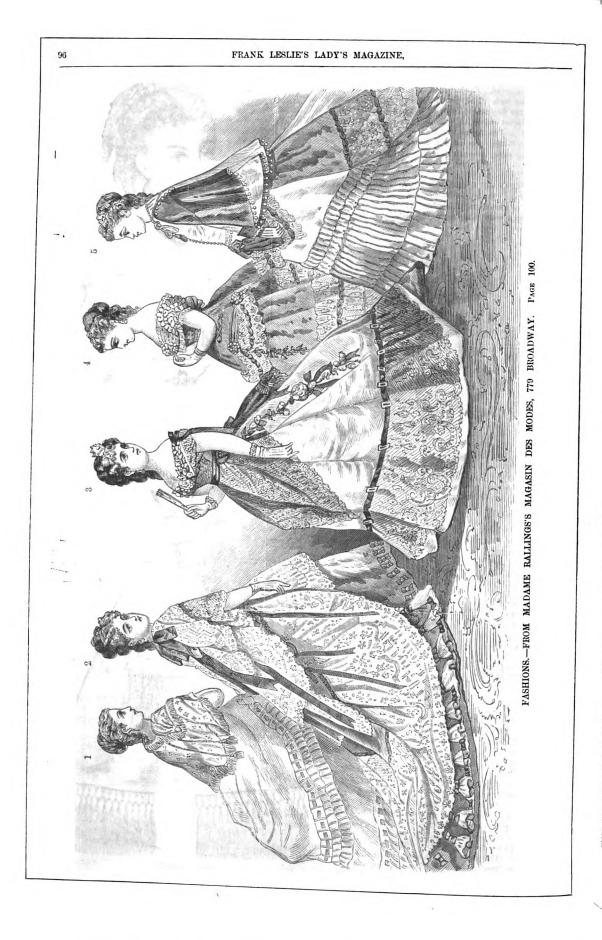


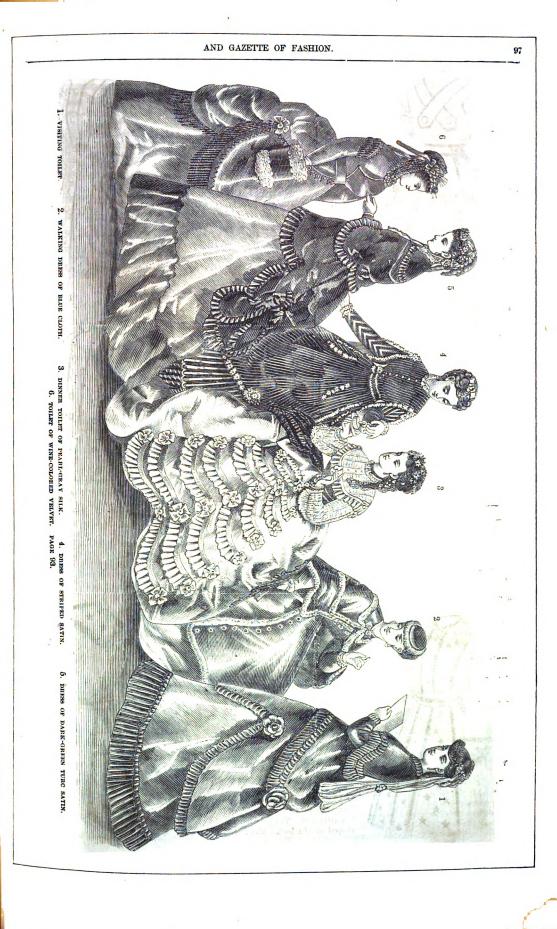
LOW CORSAGE. PAGE 93.

band. The binding and buttons, as well as the rosette which fastens the belt at the back, are of blue satin. The skirt of this pardessus is short and plain in front; at the back it forms two plaits. The small rounded pelerine is ruffled; the ends fasten beneath the arms. Straight sleeves. Muslin chemisette.



SASH. PAGE 99.





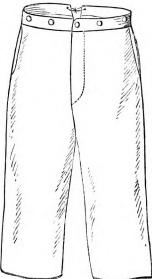


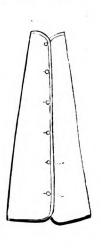
No. 4.—Bréton costume for a little boy. This is of black velvet. The full pantaloons are gathered at the knee beneath a velvet band and large jet buckle. Jet buttons fasten the vest, which is slightly rounded at the bottom. The loose jacket is similarly shaped, and is attached at the top by large ornamental buttons. Pockets at the sides. Straight sleeves. Leggings of black cloth.

No. 5.—Striped blue and white silk petticoat. Silk tunic of the same colors, but with narrower stripes; it is edged with a narrow flounce cut on the cross and hemmed, then looped up at the sides, the ends of the fichu being fastened by a button, which appears to loop up the skirt. The low bodice is covered with a



BACK AND PRONT OF PLANNEL DRESSING GOWN.







PATTERNS OF A BOY'S SUIT (SEE PATTERNS ON BACK OF FOUR-PAGE ENGRAVING). PAGE 99.



laitière fichu, which forms a square bertha at the back, crosses in front, is looped over behind, and falls with sash ends at the sides of the skirt. This fichu is bordered with a frill and ornamented at the back with a rosette of the same material. Muslin gimp, with a ruche of lace round the throat.

No. 6.—Little girl's dress of gray poplin. The corsage is low, the sleeves are short. The skirt has two flounces falling one upon the other. These are bound and headed with blue velvet bands. Pardessus of steel-gray cloth. This fits closely, buttons in front, and is trimmed with bias bands of black satin disposed in large festoons; between each of these is a satin puff. The pelerine is heartshaped at the back; the fronts fall

BACK AND FRONT OF CASHMERE WRAPPER.



at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 http://www.hathitrust.org/access Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized /

in square ends. This part of the garment may be simulated real hair being arranged into a thick long curl falling over the by narrow bands and a deep fringe to match. Straight sleeves, similarly trimmed. Waistbelt, bound with black satin, and attached beneath a puff.

No. 7.—Pompadour dress for a young girl. This may be of silk or poplin, and is trimmed with flounces and bows of ribbon. Muslin chemisette and undersleeves.

Page 94.—Here we find illustrations of the patterns given on the back of the Four-page Engraving. The material employed The bindings are of galloon. Upon the simulated revers of the jacket is a row of large buttons; others fasten the waistooat.

DESCRIPTION OF PARDESSUS, REDINGOTES, &c.-PAGE 93.

No. 1.—The Lamballe pardessus. (See our Large Paper Pattern). This is the newest style of winter covering that has yet appeared; it forms a basquine in front and a panier at the back. It is extremely stylish, and yet is not exaggerated. The pattern consists of five pieces: Front; half of back; side piece; half of sleeve; and half of pelerine. Notches will be found on the various sections to show how they are to be joined together. The front is intended to fit close to the figure. The plait to enable it to do so will be found indicated on the paper. The side piece is to be joined to the front. In joining the back to the other edge of the side piece, the back must be plaited from where one notch is marked on the paper to the two notches. The fullness at the back is to be box-plaited at the waist. There is a seam down the centre of the back. The pelerine is round, and the plait on the shoulder is marked. This mantle may be made in either velvet, cloth, or silk. Our model is velvet, and trimmed with satin rouleaux and lace. The sash and waistband are entirely of satin.

No. 2.—This is a close-fitting basquine of black Turc satin. The skirt is rather short in front; the sides are very deep. At the back it is slightly hollowed out. Here falls a shaped end of satin. The entire garment is elaborately trimmed with bands, loops, bows, and fringed ends of satin.

No. 3.—Catherine II. redingote of black velvet. This is cut rather short in front, and is made to fit closely by a broad belt of black gros grains silk. The belt passes beneath the very deep Watteau fold at the back. Straight sleeves. Small pointed pelerine. Bands of sable compose the trimming. Upon the pelerine is a rich ornament in passementerie; others, yet larger, lift the skirt at each side.

No. 4.—This is a pretty design for the basque of a morning toilet. It should be of the same material as the dress—either silk or woolen. It is loose-fitting. The sleeves are straight. Addeep fluted ruffle forms the border; another edges the pelerine, which is lifted by a large rosette. The waistbelt knots at the back; the long ends are ruffled.

No. 5.—This novelty is of black silk. It fits closely. The skirt is very deep and square at the back. The front is similarly shaped, but much shorter. A wide quilling of black silk with a ruched heading entirely borders the paletot. Quillings trim the straight sleeves, form the collar, and finish the broad band which is draped at the back.

DESCRIPTION OF HAIR-DRESSING.—PAGE 94. FROM MR. J. W. BARKER'S, Nos. 622 and 624 BROADWAY.

No. 1.—Evening coiffure. Above the puffed and raised bandeaux, a blue shaded velvet convolvulus, with a light yellow centre, is placed on the right side with large leaves and bunches of small foliage; the whole made of velvet. The chignon is composed of four loops divided by plaits coming out of the centre, where it is hidden with a tortoiseshell comb. A bow of satin ribbon with long ends is fastened at the back, with a few resebuds and foliage.

No. 2.—Diadem coiffure. The front hair is raised and rolled over a large frisette to make the diadem. At the sides small waved bandeaux. The large rouleau may be made of false hair; back. Tortoiseshell comb. Garland of pink azaleas and lilies of the valley, falling back over the large rouleau of hair.

No. 3.—Pompadour coiffure. The front hair is frizzed. back hair is arranged in loops, forming a large chignon. A long curl hangs on the neck. In front there is a coronet of roses with a bird in the centre, the tail forming an aigrette. Necklace of roses fastened with a blue satin ribbon.

No. 4.—Dinner coiffure, composed in front of four small waved bandeaux, with a gold diadem with beads. The chignon is made of four thick bows, from which comes out a tuft of small frizzed curls, the whole being maintained by a gold comb. A plait surrounds the chignon, and is fastened in front by a ribbon bow. A long frizzed curl hangs on the back.

No. 5.—Dinner coiffure. Puff of caronbier-colored satin, placed upon a small Fanchon of white lace, the ends of which are tied under the chignon. This chignon is formed of a thick torsade of hair, round which is twisted a strip of white lace insertion, and which is afterward arranged in coils.

SASHES.—PAGE 95.

Ar present the sash is indispensable to every toilet, whether rich or simple. Remembering this, we have made the following selections, which we offer to our readers:

No. 2.—The waistbelt is of plaited satin. Four large satin leaves are confined by a loop with very long and broad ends; these are edged with a deep rich fringe.

No. 3.—This is of silk, either black or colored. From the puffed centre start five large loops; of the two lower and smaller fall three very broad ends. One of these is much shorter than the others, and all are finished by a heavy tassel-fringe. The belt worn with this should be quite plain.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Visiting Toiler. Train petticoat of changeable green glace silk. Dress of the same. Close corsage. Straight sleeves. Here the short gored skirt is quite open in front and cut in deep scallops. Wide bands of colibri velvet—shot-green, amber and black—and a very heavy drop fringe compose the border. Long sprays of flat velvet leaves rise from each scallop. The graduated rouleau and leaf-shaped band upon the petticoat are of satin; they are divided by a narrow strip of embroidered satin, and trimmed with velvet and small drop-buttons. The velvet mantelet is edged with rich black lace; black silk cord is used for the chain-stitch heading. A satin rosette is placed at the opening upon each shoulder. The satin pelerine, which is quilted in small lozenges and framed in bands of ermine, fastens at the back. Embroidered collar and cuffs. Fanchon of green velvet and black lace.

Fig. 2.—Walking Costume of Purple Turo Satin. The short round lower-skirt is gored, and trimmed with velvet of a darker shade. The upper-skirt is somewhat shorter; this is edged by a bias band of satin and a rich black lace, and is lifted at one side only. Close corsage. Straight sleeves, trimmed with bands and satin buttons. The front of the small mantelet is shaped and crossed by rows of satin bands with buttons; the remainder is entirely covered with a rich black lace. At the waist are two large satin rosettes. Broad quillings of the same material form the epaulets. Hat of purple velvet and black

FIG. 3.—BALL TOILET OF MAIZE-COLORED SATIN. The skirt of the Princess dress is quite short in front. At the back it falls in a very long rounded train. The flat pointed bands are of a darker shade. Narrow bias bands and small buttons trim the corsage; others confine the wide satin quillings which form the sleeves. The waistbelt is studded with buttons, and is fastened in front beneath a knot of heavy silk cord with large ornamental tassels. A quilling of white lace finishes the corsage and sleeves. The drapery, of rich black lace, is confined at one shoulder only, by a large satin ornament. Parure of pearls. the friesed curls of the chignon are also made of false hair, the golden fan-shaped ornament placed well in front. Head-dress of white and maize-colored ostrich feathers, with a

Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 01:52 GMT Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access use#pd-googl

Fig. 4.—Evening Toilet of Ceribe-colored Glace Silk. The empire corsage is bordered with a narrow ruffle of white tarletane, and opens-both back and front-quite to the silk waistbelt. The full, puffed sleeve is headed by a double bow of silk, and gathered in at the lower edge beneath a quilling of the same. Low puffed under-body of tarletane with ruffled sleeves. Over-skirt of the same. This is lifted at one side only. Garlands of white roses and green leaves fall in large festoons; from the waistbelt depend larger leaves. Others, much smaller. are placed in front of the muslin corsage. The long scarf of white illusion, which falls from the chignon, is attached at the side by a silken ornament.

Fig. 5.—Ball Toilet of Corn-colored Glace Silk. The train skirt has one very deep flounce of point d'Alengon with a headframes the tablier, and is used for the rosette of the satin waistbelt. The small ends are finished by a fringe to match. Black velvet hat with black plume, crimson aigrette, and scarf of white lace knotted at the back. One end of this scarf is attached at the shoulder, beneath a small velvet rosette with

Fig. 7.—Tollet of White Gros-grains Silk. The skirt is long, with a very deep flounce. This is bordered by a narrow band of yellow silk. Two very full puffings of violet silk form a heading at the back and sides only. The deep tablier is shaped and entirely bordered by a flat band of violet silk framed in yellow. Above the opening of each scallop is a large puff of violet silk, from which depends a heavy cord with tassel. A broad violet scarf falls at each side in large loops, and is attached in front ing of white satin piping. Upon this, at intervals, are single beneath a very deep violet corded fringe; the cord of the large



1 AND 2. BACK AND FRONT OF BALL COSTUME. PAGE 94.

blush-roses and leaves. The over-skirt, of white gaze-de-soie, is gathered in beneath a lace flounce with roses. Low close corsage. In front a band of silk, edged with lace, describes a half circle, passes beneath the waistbelt, forms a large loop, and is carried up to the corsage at the back. The long side breadth of the over-skirt is edged with lace, and passes through the silk loop. Bertha of puffed gaze-de-soie, and roses with a trailing spray falling from each shoulder. Roses in the hair. Pearl ornaments.

Fig. 6.—Walking Dress of Black Satin de Lyon. The round skirt has a narrow fluted flounce, and is trimmed with perpendicular bands of caronbier red velvet and large satin buttons. Short puffed over-skirt. Upon the close corsage is a double row of large red buttons. The straight sleeves are arranged in small close plaits and bordered with velvet. Over these are others

ornamental tassel should be of the contrasting color-yellow Close corsage. Straight sleeves, trimmed with buttons and yellow silk fringe. The violet silk mantelet is edged with fringe and looped up in front by a large rosette. Other rosettes of yellow silk are placed at the shoulders. Head-dress of purple flowers and foliage.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.-PAGE 96.

From Madame Rallings's Magasin des Modes, 779 Broadway.

WE have, this month, from Madame RALLINGS'S establishment, five superb toilets. Certainly madame is an artiste to whom may be accorded the highest praise-namely, that her supreme exertions appear to be the results of no efforts whatever. The novelformed of large scallops bound with velvet. The same material ties now offered are marvelously rich and graceful, and each, in its way, is perfection. No discords of color, no clashing of very fashionable. Algerian gauze, striped with gold, is occaarrangement of each charming accessory.

No. 1.—A dress of white Swiss muslin. The high corsage and long sleeves are puffed, and trimmed with blue silk velvet. Upon the long skirt is a deep fluted flounce. This is headed by a puffing, through which passes a band of velvet. A narrower flounce and puff finishes the full panier skirt. Wrap of fine white cloth dotted with gold. Gold fringe, cords and tassels.

No. 2.—Costume of Metternich green moire antique. Low corsage. Short sleeves. Very long train skirt. This is edged in front by a series of upright bows of green satin ribbon; others head and separate the full puffs of the plain white lace flounce, which is carried quite around the sides and back. Lace over-dress of point appliqué. This is lifted at the front and sides by bows and long ends of Metternich green ribbon, with coral berries and foliage. The white lace shawl is similarly trimmed.

No. 8.—Evening toilet of white corded silk. The deep flounce, of black Chantilly lace, is headed by a flat band of black silk velvet and large pearl buckles. Plain low corsage, with a bertha of green leaves. Black velvet bows and ends, with pearl ornaments, at each shoulder. Short puffed sleeves. Black lace covers the front of the corsage, and forms the pointed tablier. Black velvet sash. At one side falls a long spray of rose-buds, leaves, and narrow velvet.

No. 4.—Train dress of pink glace silk. Across the front and side gores is a very deep flounce of silk and blonde; this is divided near the top by a leaf. Puff heading of the same. The train is perfectly plain. Low corsage. Small puffed sleeves. Leaf puffings of silk and narrow lace trim the bertha. The panier is trimmed to correspond, and looped at the front and sides beneath silk rosettes. A trailing spray, falling at each side, completes a remarkably rich toilet.

No. 5.—Here the material is a plain white gaze-de-soie (silk gauze). The corsage is low and full. Sleeves short, and puffed. The long train skirt has a very deep plaiting. This is stitched down near the bottom, to form a large puff and smaller flounce. The lavender silk panier is bordered by a puffing of the same. Silk sash, trimmed with white lace, and a leaf-puffing of darker silk. It is attached in front, falls at the sides, and knots at the back. The ends are broad and long, and are finished off by double rows of deep lace, with headings of leaf-puffing. White satin opera cloak, lined with scarlet satin. Trimming of white silk drop-fringe. Silk cord and tassels.

WHAT SHOULD BE WORN, AND WHAT SHOULD NOT.

FROM THE TABLETS OF A PARISIAN LADY OF SOCIETY.

The Carnival being very short this year, it is unusually gay in Paris. Our conturières are all busy inventing ball and evening toilets.

When I consult mine about a new dress, she opens an album of historical costumes and bids me choose, "For," she says, "every lady now wishes for a toilet of a new style, never yet worn by any one else; and really my inventive powers are inadequate to the task, so I have no resource but to imitate the fashions of a former period. Here, then, is the source whence I derive those models which now go by the name of new. The Louis XV. style is preferred, but not exclusively. From the Middle Ages to the reign of Louis XVI. all styles are copied, and in particular the Henry III. style has been revived in many

The materials most thought of this month are tulles and gauzes, silks and satins for evening dresses. Some remarkably beautiful silk gauzes are brocaded with patterns of separate flowers or bouquets, in natural tints, coming out beautifully, and quite producing the effect of raised embroidery work in

In some of these white gauzes the pattern represents garlands of flowers proceeding from the waist downward; in others, the garland merely goes round the bottom of the skirt, or rather, of both skirts, for the dress has two in general.

White gause, starred or spangled with silver or gold, is also with small bows of satin.

sionally used for double skirts, over plain gauze dresses.

Then in silks, the Pompadour style of bunches of flowers over a white centre, is very much à la mode, and very beautiful. The flowers are exquisitely tinted and shaded.

The bouquets are not always of natural tints; they are sometimes in camaicu, that is, in several shades of the same color, gray or mauve, pink or blue.

Rich silks, satins and velvets, are used for evening toilets, and dresses with court trains look quite regal. Lace trimmings and satin bows are very frequently employed for these toilets in the Louis XV. style.

The following ball toilet gives some idea of the elaborate facons now in vogue. It might have been worn by any grands dame of the Court, before the Revolution.

The first skirt is of white tulle, trimmed with a flounce headed by a tulle bouillon, through which is passed a rouleaux of pale blue satin. The second forms three paniers of tulle, trimmed with a slightly gathered border of Honiton lace, and with garlands of roses. A lace scarf is tied at the back in long lapels. A demi-court train falls from under the tulle paniers; it is of green satin, bordered with point lace. The bodice, of green satin, is cut out in the shape of a heart, both in front and at the back; it is finished off with a sash formed of loops of green satin ribbon, with eight lapels at the back edged with fringe. The short sleeves consist of tulle bouillons, divided by

A more simple but exquisitely pretty dress, is of ambercolored satin shot with white. The train-shaped skirt is trimmed with three flounces of graduated depth, the first ten, the second eight, and the third six inches deep, gathered without any heading; these flounces are placed rather apart, and a full bouillon of white tulle illusion is placed between each of them and above the last. The low bodice and short sleeves are of satin, entirely covered with tulle bouillons. At the back a sort of basquine forms three large puffs of tulle over satin; each puff is edged with white blonde. There are bows of satin upon the shoulders and at the waist.

Again, another ball toilet is of white gauze. First skirt, plain white silk gauze with a deep flounce put on with a heading; second skirt and low bodice of white and gold striped gauze. The skirt is fully gathered, and looped up à la Camargo, with a wide sash of double-faced maize satin ribbon. Bertha of white blonds with narrow rouleaux of maize satin. Coiffure of white and yellow roses.

For a young lady, a dress of white tarletan is made with two skirts over blue glace silk. The first skirt is trimmed round the bottom with a deep gathered flounce, pinked out round the lower edge, and headed with a ruching of blue satin. The upper-skirt is looped up into puffs over a panier tournure, with flutings of tarletan and ruches of blue satin. Low bodice, of blue satin, with a tarletan bertha in the shape of a fichu, open in front, and with lapels, meeting at the waist only, under a bow of blue satin; similar bow upon the shoulders. The fichu is edged with blonde; the short sleeves do not show beyond it. Bunch of blue forget-me-nots in the hair.

A dinner toilet is of caroubier-colored satin; first skirt trimmed with a deep flounce of Honiton lace, the lower part of which is supported by a fluting of satin, and the upper part edged with a satin ruche. The second skirt is short, and gracefully draped at the side under a large rosette of satin; this upper-skirt is edged round the bottom with a handsome silk fringe with satin grelots. The low bodice is open in front, showing a white lace plastron or stomacher. Braces of fluted satin form the epaulets. Lace border round the top and armholes. One red rose in the hair.

Visiting and reception dresses are made of gros-grains silk, trimmed with satin. For instance, a high dress of pearl-gray silk. It fastens in front with a plain cross strip, ornamented with small bows, without ends, put on at regular distances. A second skirt is gathered up at the top into three large puffs, but the lower part forms a sort of deep flounce underneath; it is edged with a slightly gathered border about three inches deep. Plain bodice. Louis XV. sleeves, with deep revers. Epaulets

Generated at Ur Public Domain, Or again, a dress of amethyst violet silk; the sweeping train alone is trimmed with five gathered flounces of graduated widths, the two last only going round the whole skirt; upper-dress of violet satin, with wide strips of amber color, with a cashmere pattern of many tints over it; puff of plain violet silk at the top. Jacket bodice, of striped satin, like the upper-skirt. The basque is slit open in the middle of the back, and pointed on each side. This bodice has no sleeves; it is trimmed all round with a pretty fringe, headed with a rouleau of violet satin; the long sleeves are of plain violet silk.

In walking costumes there is not much variety. They are still such as we described last month; under-skirt trimmed with one or more flounces, upper-skirt draped and looped up, tight-

fitting paletot.

The costume complete of cloth or velvet, is still preferred; but, of course, there are exceptions to this rule. A black velvet under-skirt looks well with a colored velvet dress, and we even prefer it to the complete costume of the same tint, when the color is a bright one, such as the fashionable caroubier red or dark crimson, blue, violet, or green.

Even cloth costumes are looped up panier-fashion. We all wish to resemble the grandes dames of the Court of Louis XV.

Sashes are become of an enormous size; the lapels are sometimes as much as twenty inches wide, and the numerous loops of the very full bows are composed of ribbon not much narrower. The waistband is narrower, and the very large bow is always placed at the back.

The new sashes are the Algerian, striped, of many bright colors, over a white ground.

The Ecossaise, or plaid, also of very bright tints, and made either of gros-grains or satin ribbon.

The Pompadour, white, with brocaded bouquets of all natural

And the plain double-faced satin sash, which is of a different color on either side, and so answers the purpose of two sashes.

As for the different kinds of bows made to these sashes, it would be impossible to describe them all; there is the Abelle, the Bouquetière, the Camargo, the Montespan, the Directoire, and the Postillon bow, all very new and elegant. The wide lapels of the sashes are finished off with handsome knotted fringes.

I must not forget that some of our fair readers have asked some hints about fashions for mournings.

All mournings are not equally severe; one often goes into mourning out of compliment, and mourning need not prevent us from dressing in a tasteful and elegant style. Many ladies, indeed, never look as well in colors as in black, and so have the latter as a matter of taste.

Materials now fashionable for mourning are cashmere, terry rep, terry velvet, imperial velvet, and Victoria cloth.

And for half mourning, Irish poplin, Lyons groe-grains silk, pasha and gros-de-France; the black silk for mourning should always be thick, and of a dull kind of black.

Costumes of black cashmere are made with an under-skirt, trimmed with five small flounces. Second skirt draped and looped up with a large bow, composed of five wide double loops, and four short lapels.

Dresses of Victoria cloth, made in the same way, are trimmed with crape; of imperial or terry velvet, with handsome fringes of dull silk; of Irish poplin, with cross strips and rouleaux of black satin; and of terry ren, with string of extention for

A very handsome toilet of Lyons gros-grains silk, is composed of a first skirt, with a gathered flounce cut on the cross, and headed with a pinked-out ruche of black satin. A second skirt, forming three panier-puffs, is edged with a narrower flounce. A small pelerine, trimmed all round with a satin ruche, is worn over the high bodice. The lapels of this pelerine are fastened under the sash, which is finished off at the back with an enormous bow and lapels.

A Watteau casaque of black velvet is ornamented with ruches of velvet, piped with satin, and edged with a very handsome fringe.

Another paletot for half mourning is in the shape of a tunic, with three panier-puffs, edged with a velvet flounce. This tunic can be worn with any dress.

A third is of dark-gray cloth; it is tight-fitting; it is worn with a very wide sash, of dull gros-grains silk, forming a puff at the back.

A fourth is made entirely of black astratran fur lined with squirrel.

A fifth is an out-of-door jacket of seal skin.

Let us not forget mourning jewels; they are of cut jet, or of black carved wood; the latter are preferred this year, jet being now very much out of favor. The carved wood brooches, bracelets and sleeve-links, imitating cameos, are very beautiful. In half mourning, hair jewels mounted in gold and enamel can be worn.

As for mourning bonnets, they are made much like others; in crape for deep mourning, in terry velvet for slight mourning.

For half mourning, I have taken note of a diadem fanchon of black velvet, piped with black satin. It was trimmed with one white satin rose with a black centre. Velvet lappets, with a cravat bow of black satin to fasten them in front.

And now dismissing the subject of mourning, I will mention a few other models of bonnets of the season; they are mostly dressy bonnets for visiting toilets.

One is a Louis XV. fanchon, composed of a puff of rose-colored terry velvet; three marabout feathers of the same color form a diadem in front; at the back of the feathers, there is one full-blown rose with mossy stem, buds and foliage, falling among the curls of the chignon; blonde lapels fastened in front with one rose.

Then a diadem fanchon, composed of a high ruche of turquoise blue velvet, piped with satin of the same color; a bird of paradise placed in front, a little on one side, forms an aigrette; its tail is thrown back over, I cannot say the crown, since the bonnet has none, but over the chignon; the ruche of velvet is finished off behind, with a border of black Chantilly lace, which is continued upon either side of the velvet lappets, joined together in front, under a cravat bow of blue satin.

A somewhat large fanchon, of plaited ruby-colored satin, is trimmed with a small velvet quilling, and a tuft of feathers, all of the same color; a long white plume, proceeding from the centre of the tuft, is thrown back over the fanchon. Lappets of black lace and ruby satin.

Besides the diadem fanchon, there is the Bonnet Russe, something between a cap and a toquet, but with a much higher crown than the latter, and no brim.

Among these, we notice one entirely formed of the tips of black feathers, with a large white aigrette, thrown back—as almost all aigrettes are this winter.

Another is made of blue velvet, gathered along the middle so as to form a large puffing on either side; there is a small border of blue curled feathers all round, and a small straight aigrette of white smooth feathers; there are no lappets. The Bonnet Russe fastens with an elastic string.

It is sometimes made of fur, but that renders it heavy and unbecoming; it is far prettier in curled feathers.

Nor should I forget to mention the Capulet, a very new style of coiffure, though whether a hat or bonnet, it is hard to say. It rather resembles a vail or mantilla.

The Capulet is made of white or black lace, falling in thick, soft folds from a small velvet coronet, and covering the neck and shoulders. It was first seen at Compiègne, and has since been adopted by many of the élile of fashion for driving in the Bois de Boulogne.

When the Capulet is of black lace, the coronet is of black velvet, ornamented with a bunch of red roses, scarlet geraniums or crimson verbenas.

When it is of white lace, the coronet is of blue mauve, or rosecolored velvet, with flowers to correspond, or a jeweled brooch. The lace lappets cross in front, and are thrown back over the shoulders.

The Capulet resembles the Bashlick hood, of which we spoke in the spring. Pink lace coiffures are very fashionable this year. Lace fichus and pelerines are also very much worn. Here are two new models:

The Louis XV. fichu, forming wide braces over the shoulders, with a waistband, and pointed lapels joined together into a large lace puff at the top. In black lace this model can be worn over



University of Illinois , Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

a tight-fitting silk or velvet casaque; in white lace, over a low evening dress. The second model is the Montespan pelerine, coming high up on the shoulders, but finished off both in front and at the back in long round lapels, which are passed in under the waistband. It is also made either of black or white lace.

THE OLD CLOCK.

As m my old arm-chair I sit, I mark the clock's loud beating, With ear that gladly would forget How swiftly time is fleeting. Of all who knew its busy tongue, I think, with inward shiver, How some are dead, and some are fled, Ah! God alone knows whither!

Beat on, beat on, thou charmed clock, And tell my childhood's story; The long-closed gates of Time unlock, Life's happy morn restore me! Give me to hear my mother's voice, To feel her sweet caressing: And bid my heart once more rejoice Beneath a father's blessing.

Beat softly, softly, gentle clock, For see within my chamber A little fay has come to play, And on my knee to clamber. Two tiny arms my bosom span, Two lips for kisses battle; A voice—what tone of living man Can stir me like its prattle?

Beat on, beat on, thou charmed clock, Though sorrows thicken o'er me, For lo! my tranced eye to mock, My brother stands before me. Ah no, he is not, is not here, And minutes vainly flee on; Poor sailor lad! his bones are laid At burning Sierra Leone!

Remorseles Time! how solemn wave Thy gloomy wings above me! Could'st thou not spare her golden hair, My gentle wife to love me! Could'st thou not leave me one to bind The streaming wounds of sorrow? Shall I no balm or comfort find To-day, nor yet to-morrow?

Beat on, beat on, thou charmed clock, Thy tune that's never ended!
While to my brain strange fancies flock, But dimly comprehended; While living, dead, and things unknown I view in wild confusion, Thy voice of earnest, solemn tone, Gives life to my delusion.

FLORA'S FORTUNES.

"Narrow blue-velvet ribbon, ma'am? Yes, ma'am, in one half-minute. Velvet ribbons, Miss Darcy, and look sharp about it!"

Flora Darcy dropped the elaborate strip of scarlet worsted upon which she was at work, and hurried forward to her place behind the counter, for Messrs. Screw and Pinch made it a rule "never to allow any time to be wasted" in their establishment. When Flora saw the faces of the customers she was to serve, she dropped the box of velvet ribbons, and exclaimed: "Aunt Juliet, and Clara!"

The words broke almost unconsciously from her lips; the

next instant she checked herself, abashed.
"Dear me, Clara," faltered the elderly lady, half-angry, halfconfused, "this is very embarrassing, to-

Darcy, in not very filial strain. "Of course we aren't obliged to recognise any relationship with this-this young woman; let us go," and they went.

Flora Darcy had a hard day of it at Messrs. Screw and Pinch's; and it was not until they were closing up for the night that she had an opportunity to clear the heaped-up counter which was her special charge.

A pasteboard box-cover lay on the floor, partly under the counter; and, as flora stooped to pick it up, something glittered beneath it—a gilt-clasped portmonnaie.

"Some lady has left her portmonnaie on the counter, and it has got brushed off with the trimmings," was the girl's first thought as she opened it. "And it is full of bank-bills, too! I never saw so much money at one time in all my life before.

At the same instant a perfumed card dropped from the inner compartments—a card engraved in fashionable Old English characters-

"Mrs. DEVEREUX DARCY."

The blood instinctively rushed into Flora's pale and wearied

cheeks.
"It is Aunt Juliet's purse, and the money is hers—no, ours! Did not her husband meanly deprive my mother of her poor little fortune? Does he not live in luxury while we are starving? But it is not mine; I will take it to Aunt Darcy at once."

She turned resolutely toward the aristocratic quarter of the city in which dwelt Mrs. Devereux Darcy.

It was a long walk, but Flora scarcely heeded it, so eager was

she to rid herself of the tiny burden that was momentarily growing heavier in heart and hand.

"Mrs. Darcy was at dinner; she could see no one," was the answer Flora received when she requested a brief interview with her aunt; nor was she blind to the footman's insolence and supercilious stare as he delivered his stereotyped answer:

"You will give her this parcel, if you please," she said, a little annoyed.

"Yes, miss, I'll give it to her," was Mercury's reply, as he yawned visibly, and shut the door after her, while Flora, infinitely relieved, tripped away with a heart many degrees lighter than it had been.

"I shall soon be at home now," thought Flora. "I hope manma is not alarmed at my unusual delay."

Alas, poor Flora! how little did she anticipate how many long days and weeks would elapse before she should "be at home" again.

Miss Clara Darcy had sat a whole hour in full dress-white kid gloves, silver bouquet-holder and all—and was beginning to wax exceedingly impatient, when at length "Dr. Philipson" was announced—a frank, handsome young man, with thoughtful gray eyes, and a port erect as that of Hyperion.

"You must excuse my delay, Miss Darcy; we, professional men, are not always masters of our own time, and I was detained by a street accident—a broken arm."

"Ah! indeed?"

"Yes; a pretty little sewing girl, I should judge—sent to the hospital. And, by the way, it's a curious coincidence, but her name is Darcy."

"Darcy!" echoed Clara.

"Yes; Flora Darcy."
"How strange! I thought," added Clara, with the glib readiness of the habitual falsehood-monger, "that we were the only family of that name in the city. Papa—ahem !—he's no relatives living.''

The intense glow of the August sunshine quiveled fitfully on the floor of the Convalescent Ward, as Dr. Philipson's footsteps rung, strong, nervous, and inspiriting, upon its threshold.

There was many a heart leaped up at the familiar sound, but most of all the heart of poor Flora Darcy, who was sitting up for the first time since the long wearisome fever that had followed on the pain and inflammation of her broken arm.

All the morning she had been thinking of Dr. Philipson, but scarcely more than Dr. Philipson had been thinking of her. What should he do with this fair, fragile convalescent, who

"Do hush, mamma; what a fool you are!" said Miss Clara was just emerging from the Valley of the Shadow of Death?

She had told him much of her history—the rest had been unconsciously revealed in the incoherent ravings of fever.

Had Clara Darcy known this she could, perhaps, have understood the sudden and unaccountable cessation of Dr. Philipson's visits and attentions.

As it was, she was involved in a curious medley of conjectures and bewilderment, not unmingled with the acutest mortifi-

Dr. Philipson came to Flora last in his round of visits.

"Well, Flora," he said, cheerily, "you are really sitting up? this looks encouraging."

She smiled faintly.

"We shall discharge you in a day or two now. What am I to understand by your sober little face?"

went on Clara, hysterically. "I wouldn't marry a doctor-no. not if there wasn't another man in the world!"

And, rather irrelevantly, she burst into tears-tears that would have been bitterer yet if she could have known how quietly happy Dr. Philipson and his young wife were!

THE UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

THE picture of the "Uncle's Return from America" is one so suggestive as to require little description, since every mind supplies the thoughts natural on such an occasion. He is certainly a stalwart fellow, and has no doubt done well in the New World. The fine parrot he carries in his left hand, and the



THE UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

"I have lost my situation; my mother has spent her little all; I am not yet strong enough to work; and—I cannot beg." "You have relations—the Devereux Darcys. Why not go to

them?"

"I would die first, sir," she said with energy.

Dr. Philipson smiled as he stroked down Flora's short curly hair.

"Flora," he said gently, in a voice so low that it was audible to her ears alone—but no matter what he said.

"Mamma," shrieked Clara Darcy one morning not long after, "here's Dr. Philipson's marriage in the papers; and, who do you suppose he has married? My cousin Flora!"
"Your cousin Flora!" echoed the matron, in dismay.

"This comes of hospitals, and those horrid infectious places,"

monkey he leads by his right, are indicative that, although he may have come by one of the New York steamers, he has extended his travels and purchases to Central America. Altogether, it is a very characteristic picture, and affords subject for thought.

DARK Hours.-To every man there are many, many dark hours, when he feels inclined to abandon his best enterprisehours when his heart's dearest hopes appear delusive-hours when he feels unequal to the burden; when all his aspirations seem worthless. Let no one think that he alone has dark hours. They are the common lot of humanity—they are the touchstone to try whether we are the current coin or not.



19 中的



"HEE COMPANION SPRANG FORWARD, AND TORE THE CLUSTER OF JEWELS FROM HER BOSOM."

THE BOUQUET OF DIAMONDS.

PART I.



HE, but just from a convent, and eighteen. He, a man of the world, and thirty-five. She, with that beauté du diable, and a thousand other beauties beside. He, with no grace to lend a charm to that imperious manner. She, slender and dark, with crimson lips and glossy hair rolled and wreathed in

heavy braids. He, swarthy and stern, bringing his old name, his great wealth, and this, his first honest love, to cast at a woman's feet, there to be trampled and thrown aside. This woman, Barbara Wilmot, heard these hard words, and here was her answer:

"Neither scoffed at nor despised, Colonel Thorn. Love like yours is precious; it should be, to some one. I am proud of it, but—but—ah, sir, can't you

see how this troubles me?" A veratious breaking-down, a fine ending, indeed, to so finelyconceived a sentiment! But this was Barbara's second offer only, and so, being yet young in the artful wiles of women, she let the truth peep out.

Colonel Thorn looked down at her flushed face, with a halfpitying smile.
"Be candid, child," said he. "Tell me that you love another.
You may trust me."

"Yes, another," she faltered; "and to me he is the only man the world may hold, so much I love him. Indeed, I am sorry if I pain you, sir."

She could talk of pain—she who had made this grievous wound upon as loyal a heart as ever throbbed.

"Surely, do you," was the quiet assurance. "Some day,

little one—some day, looking back, you will understand and think kindly of me. Let this pass now. I am your debtor for the happiness I fancied mine, and so, enjoyed. Now that I know the truth, look you, I plainly see my folly. Why, all this while you have been giving thought and prayer to Clarence Erris. Ah, do not deny it. I know it. Give me your hand, Barbara. Now, look in my eyes, and say 'In my time of trouble, I will go to

"In my time of trouble, I will go to you," she repeated, and then he, bending down, left one kiss upon her brow, and so went from her.

A hard battle had been fought, and lost. Yet he, the vanquished, bore a defeat like victory, whilst she, the victor, growing faint-hearted, made sorrowful chidings for his great woe.

Night was fast closing in. The hollow moaning of the winter wind, as it swept down the long avenue, became shrill shricks and wailings, when its desolation rattled among the jagged, leafless branches of the gaunt old oaks. A bitter night, a bitter anguish baring itself to the storm, and she, watching from the window, knew, with a knowledge she could not define, that the day was nigh at hand, when, in her trouble, she would long for him. Very thoughtfully she quitted the room, crossed the hall, and then paused at the door of the parlor. This was a long, low apartment of the east wing-the home-place of the house. At one side, the broad windows looked upon a pleasant gardenfrom the other, one might have thrust out a hand, and almost touched the forest trees. Now, garden and forest were curtained out, whilst within reigned a most comfortable confusion. Great easy-chairs were drawn hither and thither. Upon a small table

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

near the hearth, a shaded lamp shed softest rays; from the high old-fashioned chimney, the blazing fire illumined a pleasant last hour." picture with its cheery glow.

Near the table sat Paul Helmstone, a man who had given his best years to foreign life, and foreign pleasures, and, now that old age came hastily to meet him, was fain to rest quietly at home. An easy, good-natured soul, who, having rambled purposeless through life, was loath to acknowledge fellowship with this stealthy comer, and thus march on directly to his goal—the

"If it must be that—and I suppose it must," he reasoned-"if it must be death at last, why, let me go to it in my own fashion. I do not choose to stalk to the tomb as a man may stalk to prison, marked and billeted, and led away in such hateful company. Old age? bah! Let me die as I have lived —young!"

And reasoning thus, Squire Helmstone had done himself many little kindnesses, stooping, as well, to sundry stratagems to frighten off his foe, until now, at eight and forty, we find him here, a hearty country gentleman, fearing no enemy, save and except that enemy with whom he might not boldly grapple.

"Is that you, Barbara?"
"Yes, uncle."

"Where is Colonel Thorn?"

"Gone," said she, looking down, guiltily.

"Ah, child!" Squire Helmstone understood it all. "Ah, child! you might have done a wiser thing."

Just then, another entering the chamber, checked the words upon his lips, for that other was one of whom this kind heart stood in wholesome awe—his daughter, Blanche. Why, it would have been difficult to tell, for Blanche was young, gracious, and caressing, yet hiding beneath this winning exterior were nerves of steel and a will of iron, and here was what fairly appalled that easy gentleman, her father. She was a widow; old Mark Bellenden, her husband, having two years previously thoughtfully betaken himself elsewhere, leaving a great fortune to serve as solace to the easily-comforted mourner. Barely twentytwo, tall, perfectly proportioned, fair, with eyes like a summer's sky, and golden hair, worn, after a caprice of her own, in some quaint conceit of a by-gone age—there was Blanche Bellenden, as bright a vision as ever flitted before mortal eyes. But just then, the vision wore an expression aught hut heavenly. It had surprised something very like a confidence, which it might not share.

"Barbara, child, what have you done with 'the colonel?" asked she, in sweetest tones.

"Nothing," said Barbara, flushing now. "He has gone."
Gone?" with a quick, keen glance. "Ah, poor man!" Paul Helmstone looked across at his niece, and smilet, as though he would have said;

"Clever creature! See how she understands it all!"

As for Barbara, she kept her little hands tight clasped, and her eyes upon the fire, never once looking up at the peerless beauty, whose scornful pity had brought the crimson to her cheeks. Never looking up, until Blanche called her name, and then-heaven help her! hating herself-the woman by her side the man standing upon the threshold of the door-for, like a flash, came a warning of her misery.

He upon the threshold entered with a pleasant greeting. young man, and a handsome one, was Clarence Erris, with all the Erris traits of character, and these were a fiery temper and a royal bounty, with a tenderness of heart well-nigh womanly. Tarn-Erris, the family estate, was but five miles away, and as five miles is a mere bagatelle to a man in love, Clarence made nothing of it almost daily.

And Barbara—you have her secret there, in that sudden hate of life and its belongings—had watched and waited as she had watched and waited oft and oft before, to greet this ugly doubt at last.

"Clarence!" cried Squire Helmstone, "you are late to-night, my boy."
"Pardon me. I have been in the library with Mrs. Bellenden,"

avowed Mr. Erris.

Where was Barbara's doubt now ?

"Yes," said Blanche, in that dreamy way. "Yes, for the

Then, presently, when lights were brought and a cheerful radiance crept even among the shadows, and a quiet happiness seemed nestling within the place, Ben, the serving-man, came in with a packet for Barbara and a letter for Blanche.

"Ah!" exclaimed Barbara, with a little cry of wonder, "Aunt Nesbitt's diamonds."

"Nonsense!" laughed the squire.

"Aunt Nesbitt's diamonds, surely," affirmed his daughter, who now drew nigh her cousin. "The bouquet of diamonds, sir."

"And a letter," added Barbara.

Squire Helmstone lifted the jeweled ornament from its fleecy bed. A bouquet of diamonds, indeed, with pearls and sapphires, emeralds and rubies, lending a lesser light. A marvel of artan heirloom among the women of this race—one which had, from time unknown, gone through each generation as a bridal gift, and here was it falling to Barbara, who had not even a lover!

"Aunt Nesbitt is mad," quoth the squire, after the custom and its tradition had been fully told to Clarence. "The poor soul is in her dotage. Read the letter, child."

Barbara had read the letter, and now she put it by, saying, gravely:

"Assuredly, she is deceived."

The widow, who had divined something of this, was quick with laugh and jest.

"Barbara may have her secret," she declared, "and she may tell it in her own good time. You shall not torment her." "But you, Blanche; you had a letter," said her father.

"Yes; from a friend abroad. You do not know her; besides, she is really not original; she would not amuse you."

Nothing discouraged, the squire recommenced the attack. "You may at least tell me, Barbara, whether my sister is

well." "She is well," composedly replied the girl. "Well, and sends

many remembrances. "And the bouquet," added the widow, with a good-humored

"I am sure that I am obliged to her," declared the squire, gruffly. "Next time, let her send a mute to deliver em by word of mouth. I'll know as much, I warrant;" which idea so met his approbation, that he fell into a smiling reverie, from which he was only drawn when Blanche and Barbara left the

"And now," said Mr. Erris, as the door closed after them, "I have something to ask you, sir."

With what he had to ask, we have nothing to do.

Following the cousins to the library, there we find Barbara listening to a pretty story, of which Madam Blauche makes herself the heroine.

"I have been fearfully deceitful, dear," she artlessly confessed, "but it was not my fault. I did not really know that he loved me until-

"Who loved you?"

The girl's eyes, not her lips, put the question.
"Clarence," came the soft answer, "and that is what he is telling father now. You never suspected that, Barbara, that I could win him ?"

True to her sex, the other met this thrust with a parrying

"I have never suspected half your capabilities, Blanche. So he-loves you."

"Why, yes, he loves me."

"I hope that you may be very happy."

Barbara's cold lips touched madam's polished brow. Straightway the widow became lovingly confidential. That was natural, and politic.

Presently Clarence came to them, with such a pleasantly conscious air of triumph that madam laughed joyously, whilst Barbara, waiting for no explanation, sped away to the parlor.

Martyrs, indeed! For patient suffering, and a noble endurance, there are women who should wear a triple crown. Here was one. Standing beside that worn man of the world, she



University of Illinois , Google-digitized / Generated at Ur Public Domain,

"He wants a wife, child."

"And he will have one," said she, simply.

"Barbara!" Her uncle caught her hands, and drew her down until her poor white face was near his own. "Barbara, he wants Blanche !"

"And he will have her," came the echo.
"Heaven forgive him!" and then he sighed and bowed his

It may be that his dead sister looked out at him from the patient, sorrowful eyes—it may be that tender memories were wafted back on a breath of early love—certain it was, he held the poor child's secret now, and so cried out:

"May heaven forgive them both!"

Alone in her chamber that night, the widow re-opened her letter. It had the merit of brevity. These words, in coarse

"Remember the confession under the willow in the garden. The dead may sometimes return to us."

In dead may sometimes return to us.

If this was a gage of battle, the woman caught it bravely.

"It is false!" she muttered, setting close her teeth, whilst the letter, torn into shreds, lay burning on the hearth. "It is false! The dead may not return, and if they do, why, then, I def even that!"—this hesitatingly, and with a half-frightened glance around the room. "Hugh Callon is many a fathom blow rates thank heaven! The results the set of the below water, thank heaven! I fear nothing his prating tongue may have told. Upon his memory alone will fall the stain.'

At the same moment, Barbara was writing to Aunt Nesbitt. What she wrote may be gleaned from the old woman's answer, coming a few days later :

"Give the bouquet to Blanche, since you prefer it," was the ungracious permission. "It must go to one of you, as I have no other nieces. Your uncle told me that young Erris was coming for you. Your uncle is an idiot, not to know a love-affair at his age, and young Erris is a fool, not to know an artful minx like Blanche Bellenden. I, her father's sister, say it. Tell them that the thing was sent to you by mistake; don't let niece Belleaden laugh at you, little Barbara. She might know, however, that if I had really wished or intended the bouquet for her, I would have given it when she married old Bellenden. Make her behave civilly, Barbara, and forget my ill-timed congratu-

The spiteful fairy knew the widow, you see.
80, immediately upon the receipt of this, Barbara bore the royal gift to her cousin.

"It was intended for you, Blanche," she declared. "Aunt Nesbitt says so."

"I faccied as much," was that lady's cool reply. "She

And then she put her treasure aside, with but this remark : "Perhaps she thought, as others may have done, that"—she met the young girl's kindling glance with a little laugh—" that

the widow would be left at home this time, dear."

But the widow was not left at home. She married Clarence Erris, and was off abroad, before one poor heart had well learned to bear its anguish. Then the child went about her daily duties with many tender words and loving actions from the squire, who, with all his light thoughts of women, yet gave these for the secret he had read and for a dead sister's sake.

PART II.

The two following years of married life were spent in Europe The American's princely home on the Avenue de Neuilly, just beyond the Paris barrière had become a place in the fashionable world, and the American's wife had become a belle by right of wit and beauty. Being this, what more natural than that a throng of eager admirers should follow in her footsteps, even when her husband was so nigh? As they did, for upon this May morning, a little party, quitting a contre allée of the Bois de Boulogne, were reaching the lake by one of the steep descents. Clarence Erris, with his companion, the wife of some notability,

learned the secret of Clarence Erris's mission. She heard the | merry words and laughter. Last of all, came Mrs. Erris, and she, having loitered, was yet to be pardoned, for about her buzzed the sparkling ones whose caustic cleverness were to be applauded. Suddenly madame uttered a little gasping cry, and reeling, would have fallen, had not that noble Russian, Prince Rodenskoff, proved himself an able cavalier.

"What was it?" cried a half-dozen anxious voices, whilst angry eyes were eagerly searching for some offender.

Yet no one, save a shabby-looking fellow, peacefully loung-

ing in a walk above, was near.

"Ah, mes amis," declared madame, "the culprit is here!" tapping with her faultless boot, a gnarled root of the tree against which she leaned. "Yes, here. A slight sprain—a great fright—nothing more."

Oh, woman! Oh, falsehood!

The lounging fellow, who, from above, had heard this explanation, now went his way with a singular smile wrinkling his ugly face. That evening, Susette, Mrs. Erris's maid, came to her mistress with a bit of paper.

"I wish to see you."

The lady read these words, without so much as a change of color.

"Where did you get it?" she asked.

Then followed a confession. The stranger had first spoken to the girl some days before; he had entreated and prayed for an interview with madame—a private interview—and prayed so fervently, that the tender-hearted Normande grew pitiful. The incorruptible creature did not avow that this interview had been bought and paid for-there was no question of that.

"And you undertook to manage it?" said her mistress.

"Mon Dieu, madame, I ventured, because he threatened atrocious things."

"Ah! What is he like, this ogre?"

"An excellent word, ma foi! Madame, he is the ugliest wretch I ever saw," was the frank admission.
"Where is he now?"

"In my room, locked in. I got him there by the private stairway.'

Madame finished her toilet without a word of comment. She was dressing for the opera; soon would the moment of depart-When the last ornament was added, she turned to Susette; that excitable young woman cried out in ecstacy, for there, gleaming and glowing amid the folds of lace upon the lady's bosom, was the bouquet of diamonds.

"Ah, bon Dieu! it is ravishing! it is incredible!"

The exclamations followed her mistress up the narrow stair-

way, leading from the ante-chamber to Susette's little room.
"Incredible, indeed." She gave this answer to her thoughts. Unlocking the door, she stood for a moment at the threshold. A candle was burning upon the table, and by that feeble light she recognized the ugly face of the lounging stranger at the Bois.

"Come in!" said he, with more authority than civility in his manner. "Do you not see your risk, standing there? Of what are you afraid?"

"Of what?" She closed and locked the door, still retaining the key. "Not of you. What do you want? I believed you dead."

"Of course, you did. Hugh Callon is dead, but I, Norton Dunsdale, am here. Come, I want money." "How much ?"

The calm despair with which she spoke, told how far beyond all mortal aid had she fallen. Her words were echoings of a

death-knell; to the man they rang a joyous melody.
"How much?" his dull eyes lighting up. "Ho "How much? Ten thousand francs will suffice for the present."

"I cannot give it—not the half."

" You cannot give it?" in utter amazement.

"I cannot—not yet, at least. Grant me six weeks—a month the time to get it together. You know——"

"Look at me, my fine madame—have I the air of a man who may wait? Do I seem ruddy and gay, and well-cared for? You fancied me dead; a worse fate befell me; saved from the sea, the led the way. The rest, singly and in couples, followed with in homelier speech. A prison opened its doors to me; needy and

a beggar, I had taken another name, and profession. I was such a wretch, upon my soul, I was such a shiftless, hungry wretch, that looking back, I grow pitiful toward myself. Besides, an ugly weight was dragging me down; you know that, and so I've been and so I am, until now I come to you for help to take me from this. The first appeal, too, in a long while, remember. True, I have but just got out of prison, but then I might have spoken before I went there."

Why did you not, if you were so miserable? Stop, I will tell you. You were making merchandise of your knowledge, keeping it for a fine day of sale. I have nothing for you."

The contemptuous refusal had barely fallen from her lips, when her companion sprang forward, and by a dexterous move ment tore the cluster of jewels from her bosom. So rapidly was this effected, that the woman stood transfixed with surprise. Quickly recovering her self-possession, she turned with flashing eyes upon the offender:

"Robber! Thief!"

"Ay, ay," he nodded, complacently; "words hurt no one. I have these, and they are wealth untold."

He fairly gloated over them, and she, her disdainful pride all gone, sank in humble self-abasement at his feet.
"Mercy! mercy!" she pleaded. "Give them to me. You

shall have all you ask, and more. Give me!"

But he broke in with a savage laugh.

"I shall not steal them, don't fear. Fine ladies, when they are put about as I am now, trip off to the pawnbroker's with such things as these. Ah, here's a nosegay worth the plucking! Fancy that you have made that little visit, madame; that I am your banker; that I keep your trinkets; that for the trifling sum of ten thousand francs, I'll hand them over safe and sound."

Despite her prayers and frantic entreaties, he maintained his resolve.

"I will confess the truth!" cried she, driven to desperation.

"My husband shall know—"
"Do so," he advised. "I shall put myself beyond harm's "Do so," ne savised. I shan put mysen beyond mann reach, and you will lose this bauble; but then, there will be a conscience cleared at last; yes, do it."

Soon came Susette to the door, and Dunsdale, being a muscu-

lar fellow, without more ado forced the lock, and then, turning, threw these parting words to the kneeling woman:

"You need not trouble yourself to look for me. When you want me you may drop a line to Norton Dunsdale, Grande Poste I am not afraid of a surprise, and you would not be silly enough to attempt it."

And so away, with a laugh at the Normande's eagerly expres-

ve race.
"Madame," commenced the maid, who had drawn near her mistress, "Ah, Dieu, the diamonds, they are no longer there!"
"No longer there," echoed madame, rising, and with trembling hands arranging the torn lace. "See, Susette, I have always been good to you; be my friend now, will you not?"
"Ah, madame!"

- "So small a matter! The bouquet is gone; I cannot recover it. I was forced to render it for a debt. They must not know
- "But what shall we do?" asked the puzzled girl.

"This. I will descend. You follow, and act upon my prompting, I implore you, child."

The Normande was not stony-hearted. So when, a few moments later, she entered her mistress's chamber, it was with the demon of deception at her elbow. Acting upon a pre-arranged plan, Susette ran out with her wondrous tale; Clarence Erris coming, his wife confirmed it. A man had entered her room; she, taken unawares, and sorely frightened, had called for help, but before help came, the stranger had wrenched the bouquet from her corsage, and then she knew no more, until she awoke, and that poor Susette was bending over her.

A very probable fiction, and "that poor Susette" proved her aptness for comedy by expressive gestures aiding her vivid wordpaintings of madame's wretched state.

So the affair made a sensation—as it was well calculated to do

Madame Erris had been impoverished, Mademoiselle Susette had grown in fortune's good graces. A pretty sum put by against a possible poverty fully recompensed the honest creature for all short-comings in the matter of the bouquet.

In the month of December following, Mr. and Mrs. Erris entertained a large party at dinner. Just as the guests were reassembled in the salon a servant entered with a parcel for madame. A neat little parcel enough, which monsieur straightway unfastened. The wrapping falling off revealed a deal box. From this hung a key. Monsieur's curiosity getting the better of his discretion, he was prompted to use it then and there.

And the lid when raised revealed—the bouquet of diamonds!

Those around saw and recognized it. Such exclamations of ronder—to speedily become but cries of horror—for what they had not seen at first, was a skeleton hand whose bony fingers clutching the golden branch thus held these jeweled flowers in its vice-like grasp.

Clarence Erris lifted the bouquet, that ugly hand still retaining its clasp.

"Here is a letter!" cried some one.

Madame reached out, but her husband was quicker. Even in the confusion of the moment, her haggand face, her frightened gesture impressed him with a secret fear. The seal was broken. Simply a scrap of paper, carelessly scrawled. Clarence Erris read it so composedly, and so coolly assured those around that it was a miserable jest-yes, even from the theft to this rendition, a carefully planned farce to frighten and intrigue-that they were fain to accept this prosaic explanation of a choice bit of fearful scandal.

So the host bore away the box. Madame, by a wonderful self-command, regained an appearance of calmness, whilst the leaden hours dragged heavily on to that last scene in this weary mystery of woe and crime.

0 The guests were gone, the servants had withdrawn; even Susette was excused when Clarence Erris entered his wife's chamber. Blanche stood there, uttering no word, but watching every movement. As he approached her, after having locked the door, she raised her hands with a half-cry for mercy.

"Do you fear that I may kill you?" he asked, contemptuously. "Why should I? It is I who ought to stand in dread that is, if I understand this aright. You must hear it."

He unfolded a scrap of paper. She knew it—knew from whom it came. Ah, the wretched woman! She had funcied herself so strong, so brave, so secure! Her plans had been so well arranged! Why, even since that scene in the salon but a few hours ago, her ready wit had designed a course of action. Where was it now? Gone—utterly gone! Nothing was left—nothing was real—but this horrible present; and then—what? Through the mist of her dull despair came with piercing clearness her husband's voice. Each word that he read was branded upon her

"I borrowed your wife's diamonds as security for a certain sum. She has paid it. Being an honorable man, I return the pledge. I send as well a souvenir of her former husband. By that right hand he made her a wealthy woman; by her own, she made herself—a widow! If you are curious, persuade her to tell the story. I write truthfully, fearlessly. Consequences do not appall me. I am beyond your reach. Insist upon the truth however. I am a little curious to know whether that insolent beauty will carry as bold a front with you as she has with me. Your servant, Hugh Callon, physician to the late Paul Bellenden. Norton Dunsdale at present."
"Do you understand it?" he asked.

"No.

"He accuses you of-murder." " Yes."

"Now, hear me. Wait, do not speak yet. I wish the truth, and I will have it. Take time, then. Think. If your answer is not a probable one, I shall find the man and then know all. I So the affair made a sensation—as it was well calculated to do—and that was all. Justice was completely outwitted, imagination at fault, detection impossible—and thus it ended. But if prefer knowing it from you. You should find that preference

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

to ponder-not over your chances of evasion, they are imaginary -but upon the necessity for frankness—this is imperative. I shall not abuse your confidence—of this be sure. And if" speaking very slowly and distinctly now-"and if at the last stroke you are silent, I shall judge you—guilty. Do you under-

She bowed her head, and that was all. She never moved, never raised her eyes. For any sign of life she gave she might have been already draped in grave-clothes. Her husband leaned upon the low mantel, his gaze upon the clock. On, on. How swiftly went by the jealous moments so fraught with confirmation of this foul doubt! If she would but speak to him! Once, his quick eas caught a movement. His heart beat fast. Bah! the rustling of her robe-but that. The mirror before him showed her, still and statue-like. Then came the musical chime -Midnight! The last echo had died away before he turned to

" Guilty !"

But this one word, and here was her response-given, oh, so wearily:

"I was wretched. I tried—but I hated him—and I loved—

"And you killed him?"

"And I killed him."
"And that man, I sdale, knew it?"

"He discovered it, and made a traffic of his secret." Clarence Erris passed his hand across his brow.

"You have given him money?"

"Yes, money."

"You have been a miser with your gold, madame. You should have kept that friend."

"I have been a spendthrift with my happiness!" she cried, with bitterness. Ay, a spendthrift—prodigal and beggared. Lifted to such a heaven to fall like this—a murderess!"

"My God!" great drops of agony were upon the man's brow, "my God, it is awful!"

Could he have denounced her? Ah, you forget how he had loved her!

"Tell me all," he said, and then found courage to hear all. For she told it, hiding nothing. Her anguish lent words to paint her crime. Yet, forgetting even that, his heart was turned to water as he listened. Leaving her, he summoned Susette. "Madame's secret is mine now," he declared. "Will you

always be silent, child, about that miserable bouquet?"

"Ah, monsieur!" sobbed the girl, "it has lain heavily upon my conscience." (That poor conscience!) "And the ugly

"That was a bit of malice," interrupted monsieur. "The man was my wife's debtor. He dared not keep the jewels, so returned them after that fashion."

"Ah, what vice! But would monsieur pardon-would he forgive-it was not stupid curiosity-but what had monsieur done with that-thing?"

"The hand? I have buried it. Don't let that torment you, Susette "

The Normande's silence was secured—for a time, at least. But this worker was untiring. Norton Dunsdale was yet to be dealt with. That would be an affair of moment. In the meanwhile there was no apparent change in the conduct of husband and wife. Outwardly they were the same—and they were never

One morning Erris left Paris for London, upon business, he said. That business was with a man who, being upon a deathbed, had sent for him. That man was Norton Dunsdale. Fortune, after many games of fast and loose, had proved herself a loving mistress who would not desert him now in this dark hour. The wretch was in a fine chamber, with money and to sparehis soul in torment. A foretaste of the future was granted.
Then, mad with fear and hatred, without hope, without remorse, he turned to the husband of the woman whose secret

"Ah, you did well to come to me!" he cried, when he saw his visitor. "I knew that you would obey! I might have told this told." this to the world, but the world would have been skeptical. I wanted proof. You will believe it—ah, you will. She killed Bellenden!" in a hoarse, eager whisper. "I'll swear it. She killed him! I won't lie now. I am a dead man. You may

The husband listened to these ravings—to this sickening story the same which she had told.

"I knew all this," at last he said, calmly. "I knew all this."

"She confessed, did she? What drove her to it? Tell me. What parted her lips? What gift of mine? Ycs, yes, that hand. Ah, is she scornful?—is she contemptuous now? Does she fling words at one as she might fling crusts to a cur? Does she dare and defy and sneer—as then? Yes, 'yes.''

The fiendish joy of that dying wretch was horrible. His listener shuddered and turned away.

"Don't go," panted Dunsdale; "don't go. Wasn't it well thought of? Ah, she believed it! Did it frighten her? She never doubted that it was Bellenden's hand, eh?" " Was it?"

"I got it—from a student—at Paris. Lord! would I be fool enough to rob his grave?-to drag his bones about with me when I could punish her insolence and ingratitude after a manner of my own? Lucky thought!-lucky thought!"

A lucky thought, indeed, coming to a lucky man. The villain had prospered in one way since his escape from prison-he had gambled successfully.

"I am not a rogue. I am honest—in some things," he declared. "I returned the bouquet when I might have kept it. I promised her that I would—as soon as she sent me the money. I was so poor then. She didn't let me wait long."

It may be that a wholesome fear of consequences was the mainspring of this honesty. Such jewels in the possession of a beggar might have aroused suspicion.

"She sent you the money?"

"And I sent her—the keepsake."

"Are you satisfied with your work?"

"You are standing in my light, sir. Move from the window, please. Let me see that patch of blue sky. A rare sight in this hateful hole. Thanks. Well, by that—the most of heaven that I may hope to see—I declare to you that I am full of content. You see-she was the stronger of the two-she knew my poverty, and struck me there. She tempted—and I was weak. She has made me hate her. Why, she would have accused me of that murder. You wonder; but I was cowardly then."

Cowardly then-shrinking from his poverty. Cowardly now -treacherous and false-hearted. 0

When Clarence Erris left that house, he left it an aged and broken man - utterly wrecked and purposeless. When he reached his home he met dishonor, public and avowed, awaiting him beside the deserted hearth. His wife had abandoned him.
Gone. "Never to return," she wrote. Life with him, such as hers must now be, was unendurable. She had loved him once, but that had been a folly long since expiated. Let him be wise and accept events as they came. There was Barbara. She might console him. Such was her taunting farewell.

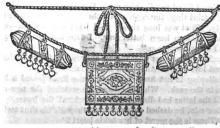
All men are not heroic in endurance. This one was not, at

least. His woe was pitiful, for his hurt was mortal.

"I loved her so!" he sobbed, his hot tears damping the written words.

"I loved her so!"

And she? Well, she was speeding away to Russia-not alone. That noble Russian, Prince Rodenskoff, kept her company.



EGYPTIAN JEWELERY."

7.

University of Illinois , Google-digitized /

Although the shameful truth was quickly made known, yet the wronged husband lifted neither voice nor hand against them.

"He is a coward !" cried one.

"Proud and honorable, he scorns her," decided another. And he was simply indifferent-stunned by this blow, it might be. Such men there are. Heaven help them!

Clever Dunsdale dead and buried. Blanche an honest wife no longer. Erris quietly accepting his shame. So leave them.

PART III.



N ALL this while changes had been working at The Glen. Long before the sad assurance of his daughter's fall reached him, had old Paul Helmstone gone the way of his fathers before him. Leaving The Glen to Blanche? By no means. With unfeigned astonishment his niece now learned that by some legal trickery the old man had possessed himself of her fortune. With honorable forethought, however, he had secured to her this property with a slender income.

"The old home shall be yours," he had declared when he knew his enemy nigh him—"yours. You have been a child to

me, not Blanche. I will tell you something, dear, to-morrow." To his unworthy stewardship he referred, certainly; but dallying yet with time, his stealthy foe was upon him before the confession could be made. And Barbara was sorely perplexed when one day, soon after, Clarence Erris stood before her. "Where is Blanche?" she cried.

Blanche? With bitter words the husband told all; and then, as though her speechless misery was beyond his bearing, he left her with the tidings he had brought. Back to Tarn-Erris. The dear old home, the grand old place, and this its hermit master.

Before the summer was well over he sent to Barbara a package of papers-foreign papers all. And they announced, in their wonder-making way, the death of that charming American whose elopement with the rich Russian, Prince Rodenskoff, had caused such a scandal. The deplorable event had been sudden an accident, in fact. A pleasure-boat capsized upon the Neva. Struggling creatures drifted into eternity, that sinning soul among them. Thus came retribution to Blanche Bellenden.

They were in the home-place-the quaint old room where first we saw them together—Barbara and Clarence. He was speaking in a pleading, eager tone; she, listening in a dreamy way, was yet looking backward at the sleeping memories the man's words had awakened. How utterly wretched had been that long ago! Then, she would have given life itself for what she placidly put by now. Thank God that time of trial was gone!

"Be my wife, Barbara," he was saying. "With you, let me forget the past. Be pitiful, little Barbara, for I love you." No idle protestation this. He loved her, and she knew it;

but she only answered, very sorrowfully:

"I cannot. Not your wife, Clarence. I cannot be that."

"You never loved me, then?" he cried, in selfish anger.
"Yes, I loved you." She made the admission humbly, and with a faint tinge tinting her pale cheeks. "Once, I loved you dearly. That was long since. I-I have grown older-wiser. I know my own heart better now. I dare not deceive myself. No, I do not love you."

And there was her unchanging answer to his entreaties, "I do not love you." An answer he was fain to accept.

Galloping in hot haste home, Clarence Erris passed a horseman in the park. Wheeling about, he watched the new-comer until the latter had dismounted and entered the house. Then giving rein, he dashed on, muttering through his shut teeth:

There is the secret of her fickle heart!" We shall see whether he was right.

He who had entered, crossed the hall and walked directly to the parlor-and that without announcement. Barbara, when she saw him, said not a word, but the crimson tide crept into her cheeks and her great dark eyes filled fast.

" Barbara !"

Do you know him now? It was Colonel Thorn. Colonel Thorn come back from far-off lands, whither her cruelty had banished him. Come back, imperious, haughty still; but the same fond lover ever.

"Barbara!" and held wide his arms.

Then she, saying nothing, went to him, and nestling close within that shelter, looked up right lovingly. That was her reply. He had waited for it through all these years.

"I never knew that I loved you until-until-I had lost you," she sobbed.

" And now?"

But that he might divine. Then followed her confession. She owed him that for all the pain his noble heart had borne for

"I was a foolish, romantic girl," she contritely acknowledged. "I made him my hero. Oh, I have so atoned!"

12

27

21

171

-

13

214

5

4.1

-:5

194

200

700

1.34

P. 2

The state of

221

1-101

2011

* Es

(FT)

LA B

1,500

福山

"He has been here to-day, Barbara?"

"Yes," flushing painfully.

Colonel Thorn understood all now.

"I know that sad story of his wife. I heard it abroad. You have been in sore trouble, child."

"So much," clinging to him trustingly.

"And you forgot your promise, 'In time of trouble I will go to you.' Forgot, Barbara?''
"You have come to me. I waited for you. I knew that my

love would fetch you."

"Poor little Barbara!"

Poor indeed! A queen might have given her crown for that girl's happiness and been the gainer.

They were married—Barbara and Colonel Thorn. Upon the wedding-day came a gift to the bride. The letter with it said but this :

"It is rightfully yours, Barbara. Take it, and be very, very CLARENCE ERRIS."

"Aunt Nesbitt's bouquet!" cried pleased Barbara. Then, sorrowfully, "And Blanche, ah, Blanche!"

Colonel Thorn, who had heard accounts of that skeleton hand-exaggerated versions all, yet masking, as he felt assured, some shame—said, simply:

"Put them by, little one. We will owe nothing to the wretched diamonds."

Later, he told her what he knew, and of this be sure-Aunt Nesbitt's jewels lie in regal state and solitude unbroken.

The colonel took his wife to his own home. Certain months of the year are still given to The Glen.

"It was uncle's wish," says Barbara.

Now little children cling about them, and to them comes often that quiet, quaint gentleman, Clarence Erris.

Barbara, who had grown bold from sweet content, went to him and lured him from his sorrowful seclusion into the cheery sunshine of her true sisterly love. Her happiness does not wound him. No, for-like the artful little woman that she is she so contrives it all that the poor wrecked creature clings to the colonel with a touching childishness. To the soldier has he confided everything, and now he sometimes says, quite artlessly:

"She told me that Barbara liked me once-and Barbara admitted it, and that not long ago—it seems but yesterday. Indeed, I would have been a very different man had I married her,

And the colonel answers kindly:

"Of course you would. Why, I was but a wretched wanderer until my darling pitied me." Noble, loving Barbara!

Evn.—In whatever shape evil comes, we are apt to exclaim, with Macbeth, "Take any shape but that!"

Illinois at University of Illir nain, Google-digitized

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

MRS. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

We have great pleasure in presenting our readers with a por-trait of the wife of our Vice-President—a lady who is equally celebrated as a person of fine taste as well as for her personal at-

Our portrait is from a photograph taken a short time before her marriage, and is pronounced by herself and friends to be an excellent likeness.

Mrs. Colfax is the niece of Senator Wade. She is about thirty years of age, of medium size, good figure, dark hair, brown eyes, and has a pleasing face, indicating goodness and intelligence. All who know her speak of her amiability and quiet good sense, as qualifying her admirably to preside at the house of the Vice-President elect.

ORIENTAL PILLOWS.

Ir would be difficult for any person who has any idea of comfort, saying nothing of those accustomed to the luxurious feather cushions, which are generally found in every well-arranged household, to realise the utility of the wooden props which appear on page 113 as Oriental pillows. Yet they were in common use among the highest ranks of Eastern life, and were often most elegantly carved. Sometimes they were inlaid with gold, silver, or ivory.

A DEATH'S-HEAD WATCH.

THE most celebrated death's-head watch, once belonging to Mary, Queen of Scots, was that which the royal lady gave to Mary Seaton, her maid of honor, and which afterward came into the possession of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder.

It is of silver gilt. The forehead of the skull bears the symbols of death, the scythe and the hour-glass placed between a palace and a cottage, to show the impartiality of the grim destroyer; at the back of the skull is Time destroying all things, and at the top of the head are scenes of the Garden of Eden and the Crucifixion.

The watch is opened by reversing the skull, placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand, and lifting the jaw by a hinge; this part being enriched by engraved representations of the Holy Family, angels, and shepherds with their flocks.

The works of the watch form the brains of the skull, and are within a silver envelope, which acts as a musically toned bell; while the dial-plate serves as the palate. This very curious work of art, which was made at Blois, is too large to be carried as a pocket watch, and was probably intended to stand on a

SLEEP.—Many children, instead of being plump and fresh as a peach, are as withered and wrinkled as last year's apples, be cause they do not sleep enough. Some physicians think that the bones grow only during sleep. This I cannot say certainly; but I do know that those little folks who sit up late nights are unusually nervous, weak, small, and sickly. The reason why you, my dear children, need more sleep than your parents, is because you have to grow, and they do not. They can use up the food they eat in thinking, talking, and working, while you should save some of yours for growing. You ought to sleep a great deal; if you do not, you will in activity consume all you eat, and have none, or not enough, to grow with. Very few smart children excel, or even equal, other people when they grow up. Why is this? Because their heads, if not their bodies, are kept too busy; so they cannot sleep, rest, and grow strong in body and brain. Now, when your mother says— "Susie," or "Johnny," or whatever your name may be, "it is time to go to bed," do not annoy her by begging to sit up "just a little longer," but hurry off to your chamber, remembering that you have a great deal of sleeping and growing to do to make you a healthy, happy, useful man or woman.

THE MONK.

I sir within my convent-cell, And wait to hear the matin-bell; My grated window, straight and high, Shows me the stars that gem the sky-Shows me the tops of moonlit trees, Waving in the passing breeze.

I rise, and to the window go; Our convent-garden lies below, with narrow walk, and terrace wide,
And shrubs and flow'rs in blooming pride,
And marble founts, whose waters bright Glitter in the pale moonlight.

Pacing down the terrace wide, I watch two shadowy figures glide, Pacing up the narrow walk, Pausing, as in earnest talk, Clinging oft in close embrace, Heart to heart and face to face.

He, by robes and cross I learn, Vow'd brother of an order stern; She, by sable vail and hood, One of a saintly sisterhood; I, a monk, in lonely cell, Wait to hear the matin bell.

Every night these ghostly shades Haunt our garden-paths and glades (Well I know, no living pair, Though both so young, and she so fair), While I am watching from above This, all that I may know of love.

Then, as dawns the coming day,
They start—they part—and pass away.
O, how fond that last embrace— Heart to heart, and face to face; But I, a monk, in lonely cell, Must wait to hear the matin bell.

THE FATAL NIGHT.

ERCY GLENCORE was the youngest son of Sir Herbert Glencore, of Childers Park. The family was an ancient one. Childers Park had descended from father to son through many generations. The family es-

tates were intact, and better still, no spot or taint had ever sullied a name held in honor and es-

Sir Herbert Glencore had many sons; to the eldest, by right of entail, descended the title and estates; for the others, with the exception of Percy, commissions were found in the army and

G navy. An old bachelor friend having been chosen for his godfather, at his death left a fortune sufficient to allow Percy to follow his tastes and live as he pleased. During the early years of manhood Percy had but one

thought—that was study; nothing else pleased or interested him; he was deaf to the voice of the charmer called Pleasure. Society had few attractions for him; but all at once, without heed or warning, Percy fell, slain by the bright eyes of Helen Adair. It was the one love of his lifetime, all the poetry and passion of his nature were roused. Now he seemed to live, and life had a different charm; the whole world to him was fairer and brighter than he had ever known it before.

Helen Adair was an orphan; her father, Colonel Adair, died in India; her fair young mother followed him to the grave before Helen was old enough to know or to feel the extent of her loss. The lonely little child was brought to England by strangers, and found a home with one of Colonel Adair's relatives. It would be long to tell of her sad childhood and still sadder girlhood.

Friendless and alone, none to take any interest in her, none to love or care for her, it seemed to poor Helen as though the goklen gates of heaven were open when she won the strong and true love of Percy Glencore. Ah me, the change that came upon that fair young face, the glad bright look of those earnest eyes! Only those who have been alone in the world can tell what it is to find a home in a heart such as she had won.

While visiting an old and dear friend, Percy became acquainted with Helen, and so learned to love her. There was no one to oppose their marriage. He had an income large enough to enable him to dispense with fortune in a wife; and the friends

with whom Helen resided were only too glad to free themselves from a charge they had long considered a burden.

"There is only ne thing," said one Percy, a few weeks before their marriage, "that I am anxious for now, and that is, to avoid one of those dreadful honeymoon trips. I should like to take you to the Continent, but not now. I want you (selfishly, perhaps) all to myself. want to learn how to make my darling wife happy, and to teach her how to love me. If you do not object, I should prefer going to a little cottage I know among the hills and wolds of Yorkshire. Should you like that?"

"All places would be alike to me, Percy, if I were with you," replied the happy girl.

"Then it shall be so," said Percy; "and when you are tired of being quiet, Nellie, you shall take your place in the world as a great lady; but we will often go to see the first home we have ever shared together—our home, Nellie—yours and mine."

So they were married; and, as Helen expressed it, all the poetry came true. Nothing was wanting. The little cottage among the hills was found perfect; moreover, it was Percy's own, which added to the charm. They went there immediately after the wedding, and took with them one large box of books. They thought little enough of other things. Two servants were already there, husband and wife. The one attended to the house and waited upon her lady, the other managed to attend upon his master and to take charge of his master's horse. Percy had sent his favorite, "Mad Charlie," before he came himself. Helen was too timid to ride, so that Percy was obliged to take his gallops alone, and they were, in consequence, of rare occurrence

months agreed upon had passed, the sum-

mer was fast wan-

ing, and still they

did not care to leave

their quiet retreat.

spend our autumn

here among the hills," said Helen

to her husband; and

he, nothing loath,

One morning came

a petition from the

servants. A friend

of theirs, residing in

a small town a few miles distant from

the house, was

about to be married,

and asked them to

the wedding-party

given on the occasion. They were

both unwilling at

first to ask for the

holiday, but on the

morning of the day

they heard so glow-

ing an account of

the coming festi-

vities, that human

nature was no long-

er proof against the temptation. They

solicited from their

young mistress the

desired favor, say-

ing it would be but

for one night, and

they would return

at an early hour

the following morn-

ing. Helen, happy

herself, and wish.

ing every one else

complied.

"I should like to



MRS. SCHUYLER COLFAX.—PAGE 111.

As Helen Adair watched the twilight deepen, after Percy had left her, she wondered whether in the wide world there was one so happy as herself. It was so new, so beautiful to be loved, to be the one chosen by a brave man for his wife; for the first time in her lonely life to have her wishes consulted, nay, even her slightest word obeyed as a command, to hear herself called by those loving words—she, who had never known another name than "Miss Adair"—she who had shed such bitter tears, when other children had spoken of their mothers and their homes. Now she had all; and tears of unalloyed happiness fell from her eyes as she thanked Him who had given her this great

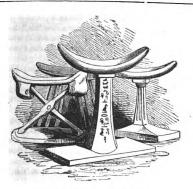
to feel the same, promised to ask permission from Mr. Glencore.

Percy was writing in the library when Helen joined him to make the desired request. A kindly smile played upon her beautiful face as she turned to her husband and said, "Do not refuse them, Percy; it will be such a disappointment if you do not let them go."

"My dear Helen, to please you, I have consented to play at being my own valet," he replied. "I could not, however, allow you to undertake the part of housemaid, even for one hour."

"That will not be necessary," said Helen, "if they go about seven in the evening, and return early in the morning. You know, Percy, you cannot look stern and decided; so give in gracefully, and say it may be so."

Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized /



ORIENTAL PILLOWS .- PAGE 111.

"I yield, Helen," said he; "let it be as you wish. If you repent, however, do not blame me."

Ah, could he have known how, in long years to come, those few light words would ring in the ears of that loving wife; how, sleeping or waking, they would haunt her!—could she have guessed the result of her pleading, she would have laid down her life rather than have won from him the permission she so perseveringly sought.

There was no time to procure any substitutes, and Helen saw both servants depart without any feeling of mistrust or apprehension. She went to the drawing-room, where Percy sat reading, and, going to the window, stood watching the sunset over the hills.

"It is a curious sensation, Percy, to feel ourselves quite alone," she said, after a pause. "Only think that there is no human being near us. All night we shall not hear the sound of another voice. Do you not feel rather sad?"

"I cannot say I do, little wife," replied Percy, smiling; "and I think it strange for such a lover of solitude as you are to complain of it."

Helen made no reply. She was gazing intently upon the clouds that seemed to cover the hill-tops. The gorgeous colors that, half an hour since, had thrown a golden radiance over all nature, were dying away, fading into dim, mysterious twilight. A few sunbeams lingered, as though loath to leave the fair world to darkness and repose: slowly and softly they seemed to lose themselves in the gray evening light.

The wind arose, and made melancholy music among the pine trees. Helen listened to its moaning until the fancy grew strong upon her, that she heard a human voice, sobbing and wailing in dire anguish. She shivered, and leaving the window, drew a

little stool near the fire, and sat down at Percy's feet. The firelight played upon her sweet face and golden hair; and her husband thought, as he gazed upon the beautiful picture before him, "I may also claim an angel in the house."

"Helen," he said, smiling the while, "you are more serious than I have ever known you before. What is it?"

Her sweet, earnest eyes were raised to his, their loving radiance half shadowed.

"I have had such a curious thought, dear Percy," she replied, "and it distressed me. I have been dreaming like a child, I believe."

"Tell me the thought, Nellie," said he, "and I will lay the ghost."

"I was listening to the wind," continued Helen, "and it seemed

to me that as plainly as I now hear myself speaking to you, I heard my own voice sobbing above the wailing of the wind."

"Why. Nellie, you are paragrap," said Person, the wind."

"Why, Nellie, you are nervous," said Percy. "Here, let us have the lamps, and I will read to you. What shall it be?"

So this dark night, and this wailing wind, were shut out, the crimson curtains were drawn, the golden firelight lit up the room, and the lamps shone brightly.

Percy read on, and Helen listened, charmed as much by the music of his voice as by the words he uttered. She clasped the hand that caressed her gelden head, and forgot her dark fancies in the happiness of the hour.

All at once the voice ceased. Thinking her husband was tired, Helen held more tightly the hand she had clasped in her own, waiting, in dreamy silence for him to resume.

Make the most, poor wife, of those few fleeting moments, the last you will ever know of happiness. Listen well to the echo of that voice you love so dearly. It will make no more music for you. Clasp that caressing hand—it holds yours for the last time.

"You are tired, Percy. Shall I read to you now?" said Helen.

There was no answer, and Helen turned quickly to see the cause. Ah me, the sight that met those loving eyes. Her husband's face was white and still, his eyes were closed.

Stupefied with surprise and grief, she called him, and tried to arouse him, but all in vain. She cried aloud in her agony; there was none near to help or aid her. She laid his head back upon the cushion of the chair and flew to the door.

upon the cushion of the chair and flew to the door.

"He has swooned," she thought. "Oh, if I could get assistance!"

She opened the door. The moon shone brightly in the darkblue sky, the wind moaned fitfully among the pine trees, and Helen's heart almost stood still with fear as she heard it.

CHAPTER II.

Turn we now to another scene. No one had ever known Randal Vaughan without loving him. He was spoilt from the time he lay in the cradle until he reached the years of manhood. Nature had showered upon him her most precious gifts. Singularly handsome, talented, blessed with an unvarying, cheerful humor, and generous to a fault, he was idolized by women, and sought after by men. He was the only son of his widowed mother, Lady Vaughan. On attaining his twenty-first year he took possession of the estate which that same good mother had so carefully guarded for him.

Young, rich, and handsome, the world smiled upon Rancal, and he in his turned loved the world. He was considered the best huntsman and crack shot of the county; at the same time, no ball or pic-nic was complete without him. His bon-mots were



quoted, his opinions consulted. He seemed to bring sunshine with him, go where he would.

A gentleman himself, and the son of a gentleman, Randal Vaughan gloried in his untarnished honor. No mean action was ever traced to him; no lie ever sullied his lips. He was sans peur et sans reproche, until (ah, that the word must be written!) until four years after he had attained his majority, when he was introduced to Captain Hargraves, who was visiting in the neighborhood, and who never rested until he had initiated Randal in all the follies and vices of the age.

Who can picture the fall of a naturally noble man? who can

tell how slowly but surely all is lost? Randal Vaughan never dreamed, when he made his first bet with Captain Hargraves, that his ruin had begun. In vain did Lady Vaughan, true to her woman's instincts, warn her son against his new-found friend. Captain Hargraves invited Randal to accompany him to London on a visit, and he went, resisting, for the first time, the entreaties and prayers of the mother who had loved him so well.

It would take long to relate how Randal fell; how, once plunged into the vortex of folly and dissipation, even his virtues seemed to become failings. His generosity degenerated into reckless prodigality; and his easy, happy temper rendered him a prey to the snares and plans of his associates. They ministered to his vanity, and complimented him upon becoming a thorough man of the world. From one folly he passed to another without heed or thought. Soon his nights were passed

in gambling, and his days in drinking, to drown remorse. Six months had passed, and Lady Vaughan, wearied of writing letters that were never answered, determined to go to London in search of her unhappy son. How and where she found him, that heart-broken mother never told. She rescued him, nursed him through a long illness, and when he recovered, gave her whole time and attention to his worldly affairs. To meet his debts and losses at play, the estate, so well guarded, was sold; and even that was found insufficient. What he called his debts of honor were first discharged, and they amounted to many thousand pounds. There were gambling debts, too, that would have ruined a far richer man than Randal.

Lady Vaughan sold her jewels, she gave up her income, reserving only sufficient for her own maintenance; and yet Randal was not free from debt. While living in London, pursuing his reckless career, he had bought and borrowed with a liberal hand; and payment was not so easy. Angry letters began to come in from the London tradesmen, to whom he was deeply indebted. These were sad days for Lady Vaughan. Such disgrace had never before blotted their fair name. It was a new trial, and one that had its own peculiar shame and bitterness. Harder than all the rest was the thought that this devastation and ruin had been brought about by the boy whose childhood had promised higher and better things.

When Randal awoke from his wild dream of sin and pleasure, he was almost mad with shame and remorse. He would have given his life for the mother who had saved him, and he determined so to live as to redeem the past, and to make for himself a name and fame among the great and good. But how could he do this, when every post brought a threatening letter, and angry men clamored for their money? It was weary work. The broad lands and stately mansion that had once been his were gone; the jewels, that for many generations had been the pride of the ladies of his race, were gone; his mother's income was wrenched with the rest, save a small pittance, upon which she could barely subsist. All for what? Randal's heart ached with unutterable anguish as he reflected upon the fearful price he had paid for one short year of prodigality. He had lost more on one horse-race than would have redeemed the greater part of his estate. How then could he satisfy those who asked so rudely for what was their own?

"I must work," thought Randal, "and then in time I can pay all."
"Mother," said he, one day, as Lady Vaughan was busied in

the arrangement of the lodgings to which she had been obliged to remove, "have you any faith left in me? Can you ever trust in me, or believe in me again?"

All a mother's hopeful love shone in Lady Vaughan's dark eyes as she looked at him.

"Why do you ask me Randal?" she said.

"Because if you have, I will begin a new life," he replied. "I am bewildered when I think of the shameful past. If any human being would trust me, or put faith in me, it would spur me on to labor and redeem the past."

He drew Lady Vaughan to a seat, and kneeling before her, clasped her hands in his.

"Listen, mother; I have a plan," he continued; "and if you approve, I will execute it. I am without money; and through my own fault, without friends. I am hourly in danger of imprisonment for my debts. There is only one way in which I can evade this. I will go abroad, and work as man never did before. I will pay all I owe, and then I will work for you, my own dear mother—you who have given up everything for me. Say, have you faith in me?"

Lady Vaughan laid her hand lovingly upon the handsome head bent in such lowly subjection.

"I trust you, Randal, once again," she replied, "with full and perfect love, with entire and perfect faith. The past is dead to us from this moment."

"I am resolved," continued Randal, "to go to India. I think I can see a fair chance there. My old schoolfellow, Ralph Thornton, holds a very high and influential position, and he would, I know, give me a helping hand."
"But the means, Randal," said his mother. "We have no-

thing left now but my income, and—"
"Stay, mother darling; you shall do no more for me," he interrupted. "I have brought you low enough in the world. I have sinned, let me suffer. Not another penny will I allow you to pay for me—no, not even to redeem me from prison."

"But how shall you manage, Randal?" she asked. "You

cannot travel without money."

", I read an advertisement lately which has given me the idea," he replied. "I can work my passage to India. I ought to pay dearly for my follies, and I must do so."

"And your creditors, my dear boy," said his mother, "what of them?

"It shall never be said, mother, that a Vaughan fled like a coward," he replied. "I will write to them, and tell them that if they will give me time, I will pay to the last farthing. They will not refuse me."

"I do not like to lose you, my son," said Lady Vaughan.
"When I return, you shall not blush for me," said Randal, earnestly. "As far as a name can be redeemed, I will try to ennoble mine. I have but a few days. The vessel sails on Tuesday. I wrote for the situation I saw advertised, and received a favorable reply to-day. Kiss me, mother darling, and bless me; say you forgive me all the wrong I have done you."

The mother's head bowed in unutterable love over the brave and noble face lifted to hers.

Three days afterward, Randal entered Lady Vaughan's room, with several letters in his hand.

"See, mother!" he said, "I have received a reply from each of the tradespeople to whom I wrote. They all kindly accede to my proposal, save and except one."

"Who is that?" inquired Lady Vaughan.

"You have never heard his name," said Randal. "I borrowed a hundred pounds from him one day. I received forty in bad cigars, and the rest in money. He says if I attempt to leave the country without paying him, it will be useless, for he will have his money."

"What shall you do, Randal?" she asked.

"I can do nothing, mother," he replied. "I shall pay him as soon as I have earned the money. Of all my creditors, he should be the last to complain. I shall go to-morrow, and do the best I can."

Randal was not, however, prepared for the rapidity with which Mr. Jacobson, his angry creditor, prepared to put his threats into execution. A writ was taken out against him; and Mr. Jacobson, accompanied by a sheriff's officer, came down to Salton, where Lady Vaughan and Randal were residing.

One of the old family servants came to warn Randal of his danger. This man, who had been for many years butler to Randal's father, had invested his savings in the purchase of the

University of Illinois ,, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

"Wellington Arms," where he did a good trade. Here Mr. Jacobson, and the officer who accompanied him, took up their quarters as soon as they arrived at Salton. The landlord overheard, accidentally, one or two words, which told him their errand. Knowing the career of his late master's son, the good man did not hesitate to give him immediate warning of his coming danger. Then, and perhaps for the first time, Randal realized his true position—he stood face to face with the shame and peril that he had drawn upon his own head. He had said that no Vaughan should ever fly like a coward, but it had come to that. He knew it was useless to ask for mercy. There lay before him two alternatives—flight or prison.

His mother was spared this last pang. Randal only told her that he was obliged to start sooner than he had expected, and that his one solitary box must be sent after him.

It was a hurried parting between the mother and her only son. Randal kissed her pale, sweet face with a passionate sorrow, pitiful to see. He never gazed upon it more. Earth and its troubles were soon ended for Lady Vaughan. Then out he went from his home—from the only one who loved him—despite his sins and the grevious wrong he had done her. He determined to walk under the shadow of night to the seaport-town whence his vessel sailed; it was but twenty miles distant from Salton, and the greater part of the way lay over the hills. It was with a new sense of shame he began his journey. On he went, little heeding the night air. He walked rapidly, and was soon away from the town, out in the open country. He went by the nearest way over the hills. And the night grew dark; one by one the stars began to glimmer, while the night wind sighed around him. He thought once it would be well for him if he could lie down there on the heather amongst the hills and

Suddenly upon the night air there arose a wild, startled cry. Then the dead silence reigned again. Randal forgot in a moment his own troubles, and rushed forward. Again came the cry for help. Following the direction of the sound, he hastened down the straggling path of the hill, and there, in the valley before him, was a sight Randal Vaughan never forgot. The time came when he prayed to die or forget that night; but in light or in darkness, in sunlight or in shade, at all hours and at all seasons, that picture was before him.

At the foot of the hill stood a white cottage, half hidden by fir trees, and at the door stood a woman, wringing her hands, and calling for help. The moonlight fell upon her beautiful face, white and stricken with anguish. Randal hastened toward her, as she cried out to him:

"God has sent you to help me: quick, or my husband will

Rapidly she told him her story: she was there alone, with her husband; he was seized with a deadly swoon, and no human aid was near. She had rushed to the door, calling upon heaven

to help her. Randal offered to go in and assist her husband.
"No," she said; "mount the horse, ride quickly to the nearest town, and return at once with a doctor; spare no expense, no trouble."

While speaking, she led him to the stable, and in a few minutes Randal was ready to start. He turned round once, as he galloped away; and as she looked then, he saw her until the hour of his death.

CHAPTER III.

RANDAL rode quickly. The town to which Helen Glencore had directed him, the nearest to the cottage, was about five miles distant, and was on the direct road to the seaport whence he intended to sail. He urged his horse on to its utmost speed. A life, perhaps, depended upon him. The beautiful face he had seen quivering with sorrow, seemed continually to flit before So he rode on, through the clear, cold night, until he saw the lights of the town in the distance. Once or twice he had fancied he heard the sharp ring of a horse's gallop behind him. He made "Mad Charlie" stand still while he listened, but could distinguish nothing plainly. He reached Bridgeport in safety, and dismounted at the door of the first inn he saw.

at his call, Randal hastily entered the inn, and desired to speak to the landlord, intending to ask him where he should find a doctor. He was directed to the parlor, whence came a glow o cheerful light, and the sound of raised voices. Randal half opened the door. He heard the words:

"I have traced him to this road, but I don't know where he is going. He left home to-day, and we have been in hot pursuit of him ever since.'

Randal turned to look at the speaker, and encountered the angry face and flashing eyes of Mr. Jacobson. For a moment he was paralyzed; then his pursuer rose hastily. Randal made but one bound from the door where he stood to "Mad Charlie," who was enjoying his corn. Flinging some money to the hostler, he mounted quickly, and before his pursuer had reached the door of the inn, he had disappeared.

There was no thought of the poor woman, nor her dire need no thought of the errand entrusted to him. One idea alone held possession of him, and that was flight. Public shame and disgrace were pursuing him in the form of that angry man who had resolved to hunt him down; and imprisonment and ruin, or flight and safety, lay before him, and he spurred his horse on at its utmost speed.

"No Vaughan," said he, "shall ever darken the door of a

prison. If I cannot escape him, he shall not take me alive."
On he went, "Mad Charlie" galloping at full speed, on past the quiet fields where cattle lay sleeping, through the little villages where the lights glimmered in the windows, and the peaceful inhabitants ran in wonder and alarm to see who it was that went at so fearful a rate through their quiet streets—past the roadside houses, all closed for the night.

Little heed did Randal take of the pure stars shining down upon him, with their pale, holy light; little heed of the night wind whispering of beautiful thoughts. Flight and safety alone were in his mind. For some long distance he did not even remember whose brave steed it was that bore him so quickly from his enemy. He only remembered that if he were caught he must suffer the shame of a prison, that his life would then be ruined, and his mother's heart broken. He only remembered himself, and forgot the woman who had trusted him.

Faster and faster he rode. "Mad Charlie" might have known all that depended on his speed, for his hoofs seemed hardly to touch the ground, and he was covered with foam. Randal urged him on, fearing that even the strength of so noble an animal could not long sustain so terrific a speed.

All at once, and like a blow in the face, the thought smote him that he had betrayed a trust—he, a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman, he who had once been sans peur et sans reproche, had fled like a coward when perhaps a human life had depended on him. Worse still, he bad fled with a horse that was not his own; and Randal, who, though reckless and prodigal, was still an honest man, with the impulse and principles of one, found himself in this terrible position. And yet he said:

"What could I have done? If I had waited, Mr. Jacobson would have thought all I said a pretence. The chances would have been that I could not have sent a doctor or returned the horse."

But the still, small voice, that can never be silenced, cried out to him in the quiet of the night that he had done wrong, and had fled like a coward.

"As soon as I reach the end of my journey," thought Randal, "I will place the horse in the hands of some honorable man, who will return it, and then I shall not have done so much

A pain keener than all dread pierced his heart as he thought that perhaps a life might be lost through his flight. Man as he was, he dared not think of the poor wife left all alone with the sick husband, without help or aid; and yet, try as he would, that thought was uppermost.

Faster and still faster he urged his foaming steed, until at last he heard the roaring of the distant ocean, and then he knew that he was safe and his journey ended. But, alas! the gallant horse who had borne him so bravely and so rapidly along, fell down as he was about to enter the town—fell, and lay helpless. Throwing the reins to the hostler, who came smiling and bowing Charlie" lay dead when his work was done.

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

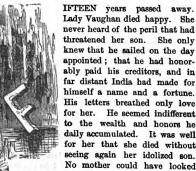
Randal dared not stay, or he would fain have seen the remains of the brave animal carried from the road-side. But time was pressing: once in the town, he was safe. He hurried on, and reached the vessel in safety.

Mr. Jacobson, in his hurry and anxiety to overtake Randal, went exactly the opposite road, and, as a matter of course, missed him altogether. But for Randal, an anxious life had begun. He reached India in safety; his friend received him in the kindest manner, and placed him in a fair position to make a

As soon as Randal had saved money, he sent to England to an old friend, and begged him to go down to Yorkshire to explain to the inhabitants of the cottage his almost involuntary fault, and to pay them handsomely for the horse, the death of which had purchased his safety. This request was complied with, but to Randal's great grief he received a reply to his letter, telling him that his friend had been to the cottage, but found it closed and empty; and that, though he had used every possible effort, he had not been able to obtain the slightest trace of those who had once lived there. All that he could ascertain was, that a gentleman had died there suddenly on such a date, and his wife had immediately quitted the place. He could not even discover the name.

And now a life of misery began for Randal; in vain fortune smiled upon and showered her richest gifts at his feet. He was haunted by the idea that his failing in sending the doctor had cost the poor gentleman his life. In vain he tried to console himself by thinking that his fault had been almost involuntary on his part. There was the plain and terrible fact—the life he had been asked to do his utmost to preserve was lost. The wife, who had so trustingly relied upon him, was a widow. All the wealth that flowed into his coffers would Randal have given a thousand times over to undo the cruel deed of that most fatal

CHAPTER IV.



upon the face of a child, altered as his had grown, without knowing that some secret misery was eating away his life.

Some years after his mother's death, Randal Vaughan returned to England, a rich man. He tried hard then to enjoy himself. He bought a town-house and a country-mansion; he fitted them with every luxury. He had splendid carriages, and retinues of servants; but he would gladly have given all, and his life with them, for power to undo that night's cruel deed.

Settled once more in England, Randal began to think what use he should make of the wreck of his life. He renewed some old friendships, but the world had lost its charm.

All at once there came to Randal Vaughan, as there comes to every man once in life-love. During his brilliant youth he had admired many, but loved none. After the fatal event which had darkened his manhood, he shunned all society; he never cared to look at a woman's face, lest he should see more vividly the one that haunted him.

At a dinner party given by a fashionable friend, Randal was

introduced to a widow lady, Mrs. Glencore. What was there in that pale, lovely face that could fascinate him so?

The lady was wealthy; she had lost her husband when very young, and had remained faithful to his memory. Mrs. Glencore refused one suitor after another until few had the courage to address her. This was told to Randal, and only increased his desire to win her, if possible. From the first moment he beheld her he loved her passionately. Yet his heart failed him as he gazed on that pure, calm face, or met the clear gaze of her earnest eyes. Sometimes the impulse was strong upon him to fall at her feet, and tell her his fault and its consequence.

It could hardly be that a love such as Randal Vaughan's could fail in winning its object. After months of unwearied devotion on his part, Mrs. Glencore began to show a preference for his society, and a deference to his opinions, which enchanted him. One day-daring all-he told his love; the heart must have been hard that could have resisted him.

"All I have to give you," said Mrs. Glencore, "is but little: the one strong love of my heart is in my husband's grave. I have a calm, quiet affection for you; it will make my small share of happiness greater if I can increase yours."
"I will devote my life," said Randal, "to making you love

"My history," continued the lady, "is a sad one. I have wealth and position, but I have known little of happiness. I passed a miserable and lonely childhood. I was left an orphan while still an infant; no one ever loved or cared for me until I met my husband, and then-I cannot bear to speak of it," she resumed, quickly, while her face grew pale and her lips quivered. "I loved him, and I lost him. My life has since been a blank. That is fifteen years ago."

"Have you had no friends of your own or your husband's to console you?" said Randal.

"None of my own," replied the lady, sadly, "and my hus-band's friends are great people. They forced me to take the whole of his property, but they cared little to see me."
"Why, not?" asked Randal, with some surprise.
"They blamed me, I think," replied Mrs. Glencore, "for

some circumstances attending his death. Do not speak of it; do not mention the past to me," she said, placing her hand upon her heart as though to still the pain.

Randal did not mention it again; he grew to love her so much, that he wished her every thought to belong to himself. His whole life was one act of devotion to her. He forgot his own sorrow, he forgot everything, while gazing upon that pale, beautiful face, that was the whole world to him. There was something at times in the tone of her voice that seemed familiar to him; and one day, when she clasped her hands in pity at a story he was relating, something in the action caused him to reel as though he had been struck with a sudden blow.

At length they were married, and Randal lived only in his love. He tried to banish the past from his thoughts. His heart was so full of his new-born happiness, that he had no room for sorrow; and then his joy was crowned by the birth of a son and heir.

To Randal, the world now seemed changed; he became once more light-hearted and gay. He tried to thank God for his mercies. He was known far and wide for his generosity and great charities. No one ever asked him for help in vain.

One beautiful summer morning Randal was playing on the grass with his boy; Helen, his wife, sat in the pretty little parlor which opened on to the lawn; the golden sunlight and the fragrance of the flowers filled the room. Helen looked smiling and glad, as though rejoicing in the brightness and perfume of that radiant summer day. The child was flushed with play, and Helen called his father to bring him in to rest.

"What are you doing, little wife?" asked Randal, as he laid the little fellow at his mother's feet.

"I am painting; do you not see?" said Helen. "This rose will be a great success. I have been looking over all my drawings this morning."

"I should like to see them so much," said Randal. Are they here in this large folio?"

"Yes," she replied; "let baby see them too if he cries." Randal drew an easy-chair near the window, and began his



1

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

inspection. They were pretty drawings, showing perhaps no great amount of talent, but still above the average. There were sketches of flowers and fruits, landscapes and figures.

One little picture had nearly escaped Randal; it lay underneath a larger one, and he drew it carelessly near him. His face grew livid as he gazed; it was the scene that had so long haunted him-the white cottage at the foot of the hill, half hidden by fir-trees. He gazed, fascinated with a fearful charm; his lips moved once, but no sound came from them—his burning eyes were fixed on the fatal paper. There was no woman at the door wringing her hands as he so well remembered, but in the corner of the picture were the initials "H. G."

How time passed Randal knew not; the light was gone from the sunshine, the fragrance from the flowers. A gentle touch upon his shoulder aroused him. Helen bent smilingly over him, asking him what he was dreaming about. Her face changed as she saw what he held in his hands.

"Ah, Randal, she said, "I did not know that was amongst them. Put it away. It breaks my heart to see it."

"What is it, Helen?" he gasped out, and his voice sounded as though it came from a dying man.

She did not observe his emotion, and replied:

"It is a sketch of my first home where I lived with my husband; and he died there.'

"Died there!" said Randal. "How? tell me all about it." "Died one night, suddenly," she replied. "I had allowed was reading to me. I sat at his feet. Do not ask me to tell you more, Randal; it breaks my heart."

"Tell me," he said, "were you with him alone when he died ?"

"It was a dreadful night," replied his wife, her voice broken with sobs. "When I saw my husband lying pale and senseless in his chair, I think I lost my reason. I tried all I could to arouse him. I could do nothing for him. It was an awful time. I was miles away from any human being, helpless and alone. rushed to the door, in the wild hope that some one might be passing, and hear me cry."

"And what then!" gasped Randal; "tell me all, Helen."

"I never stopped

"I saw a stranger coming," she replied. "I never stopped

to think. He seemed to me a gentleman. I asked him to mount my husband's horse, and fetch a doctor. He went away, but never returned. I know not what happened to him, in the confusion and grief which followed my husband's death: no efforts were made to trace him."

A cry from the child stopped her; she looked back. Randal lay as one dead upon the ground.

Helen nursed him through the long fever which so nearly ended his life. From his delirious ravings she discovered the cause of his illness, and knew that the husband she had learned to love was the man whom years ago she had imagined to have betrayed her trust. When the burning fever abated, and faint unto death Randal opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was his wife's sweet face bending over him.

has wife's sweet face bending over him.

"Randal," she whispered, "my dear husband, you are restored to me. Listen. I have heard all. You think you caused my husband's death. You are wrong He was dead when you came to my aid. For many years he had been suffering from heart disease, but never told me of it. The doctors said he must have died instantaneously. What you did was wrong and thoughtless, but you have not to answer for my poor Percy's

"Can you ever forgive me?" he whispered, faintly.

"Ah, Randal," she said, "it was a night of horror for me, left alone as I was there with my dead husband; but I freely pardon you. I can understand what you have suffered."
"No," he asswered, "no one ever can. My life to me has

been a living death. Oh, my wife, have pity on me!"

She had pity on him. She taught him how to repent, and

helped him to lead a life so noble and so good, that the sins and follies of his youth were lost in the long record of noble deeds which his manhood achieved.

Randal Vanghan lived long, and his wife with him. They well knew how to counsel the tried and tempted, and how to deal mercifully with the wretched and fallen.

FALSE AND DEAD.

I HAVE been through the cabinet, And, searching, I found there, Apart from other relics set, A lock of chestnut hair. A letter with a crimson seal, A letter with a black; I wished I could not think or feel, For then old times come back.

Oh, chestnut curl, so bright and warm! You waved above a brow Undimmed by care, unscathed by storm— Methinks I see it now. And yet the gold threads glancing through Your fold so glossy fair, I know should be of sable hue To match the stain they bear.

Oh, letter with the seal of red! You have some witching lore, Sweet as was ever sung or said In fairy days of yore. Oh, letter with the seal of black! Your spell has thawed my brain; The pent-up tears come gushing back Like heavy, blinding rain.

And now in either hand I hold These relics of the past, Yearning for once warm lips now cold, And joys that might not last. I read the false sweet legend on The lying seal of red; Then strike my heart, as strikes a stone, These three words-" He is dead!"

THE CRAYON SKETCH.

ONE evening, in the year 1520, a female, completely enveloped in a long black mantle, was walking toward the bridge of the Rialto in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and, at intervals, she looked around with a hurried, frightened glance.

She paused on the centre of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters of the Adriatic; then closing her eyes, and murmuring faintly, "Antonio! my Antonio, adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet.

Just as she was falling, a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and, drawing her back, said: "Girl! destroy not the life which God has given you. If you are unhappy, enter you church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out your sorrow, and thank your Maker that you have been preserved from rushing, uncalled, into His presence!"

The girl impatiently tried to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and said, "Let me go! I must die!"

In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the vail which concealed her features. They were very lovely; and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as she was gradually

By degrees she told him who she was, and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words; an avaricious father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy love.

Vainly had Maria pleaded with her father, a rich innkeeper of Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsomest gondolier plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs. At length, this evening, her father, Gianettini, forgot himself so far as to strike his daughter with some violence; and she, with a far more culpable neglect of her duty, ran wildly from home, and, as we have seen, was arrested on the verge of suicide.

The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, and, having given her up to her father, seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry. Gianettini received his child with rude reproaches; and bidding her retire to her own apartment, and betake herself to her spinning, he cast a suspicious glance

at the person who had brought her home, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the innkeeper from addressing him in a hostile manner. As Maria turned to depart, a young gondolier appeared at the

door, and surtively approaching her, said, "Dearest! dearest!"

Gianettini rushed forward, shouting, "Out of this! out of

my house, beggar !"

The young man did not stir. "Have you finished?" he said, in a good-humored tone. "Wherefore these hard words? Have you never loved, Signor Gianettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Know you not that since I was ten years old, and Maria five, we have loved each other fondly. Will you not then allow us to hallow your old age with our grateful blessings; or must we water your path with our tears?"

"I don't want to have a parcel of beggars for my grandchil-

dren," said Gianettini, roughly.

"Certainly, you are rich," replied the young man; "but what hinders that I should not become so too? A stout arm, a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with the help of heaven, do much."

"A fool's dream!"

"Nay," said Antonio, "it is sober sense. Prince Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant; Duke Giacomo Sforza a cowherd."

The man in the corner had hearkened attentively to this dialogue. He rose, and touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said, "Well spoken, gondolier! Courage brings success, and struggling conquest. Maria shall be thy wife!"
"Never!" cried Gianettini."

"Master Jew," said the unknown, turning disdainfully toward him, "if this youth could lay down six hundred pistoles, would you object to the marriage !"

"Be that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper."
"Pshaw!" said the unknown; "babblers are more tiresome than thieves. Before to-morrow you shall handle that sum."

So saying, he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and, turning toward a table, began rapidly to sketch a man's hard. It was represented open, impatient, with hollowed palm, as if expecting a shower of gold pieces. It had, so to speak, a sensual, avaricious expression; and one of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.

"'Tis my hand !" cried Gianettini.

"And your history," said the artist.

Giving the sketch to Antonio, its author desired him to carry it to Pietro Benvolo, librarian at the Palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it six hundred pistoles.

"Six hundred fools' heads!" cried the innkeeper. "I would

not give a zecchin for it!"

Without speaking, the artist turned haughtily away.

The gondolier took the parchment, and looked with astonishment at its guise. He then turned doubtfully toward Maria; but a glance from her soft dark eyes reassured him, and he set out on his mission.

With folded arms and a moody brow, the artist commenced pacing up and down the large room in the hostelry, casting at intervals a scrutinizing glance on the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Gianettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascendancy gained over him by his unknown visitor; his habitual effrontery failed him; and, for the first time in his life, he dared not break silence.

An hour passed. Then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared, bearing in his hand a bag and a letter. The bag contained six hundred pistoles, and the letter was addressed to the artist, and prayed him to honor the librarian with a

"Take these coins, and weigh them," said the unknown, as he threw the bag toward Gianettini.

Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor, pale, and trembling with joy.

"One favor more," he said. "Who are you?"

"What does it matter?"

"What does it matter! say you?" cried the gondolier. on the morrow.

"Much, much to me! Tell me your name, signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life!"

"Men call me Michael Angelo."

"Michael Angelo!" repeated Antonio, falling on his knees, like a true Italian, to adore the sovereignty of genius.

The artist raised him, and took his hand.
"It is my turn now," he said, "to ask you a favor. It is to permit me to perpetuate on canvas the lovely features of Maria.'

The girl approached; she could not speak; but she clasped the painter's hand, and raised it to her lips. A tear fell on it; and Michael Angelo, as he drew it back, turned away to conceal his own emotions.

Twenty years passed on, and found Antonio Barbarigo, the once humble gondolier, the happy husband of Maria, and General of the Venetian Republic. Yet his brilliant position never rendered him unmindful of his early life, and his heartfelt gratitude, as well as that of his wife, accompanied Michael Angelo Buonarotti to the end of his days.

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army, and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814, it was unfortunately lost, and, so far as can be ascertained, has never since been recovered. The story of its production, however, still lingers amongst the traditions of Venice.

MARIA ANTOINETTE'S NECKLACE

SEVEN rows of seed pearls, united at intervals by red gleaming carbuncles: this was the necklace, and its history is passing

That necklace encircled the slender throat of the beautiful maiden called Maria Antoinette, upon the day when her mother, Maria Theresa, jubilant with high hopes, entered the young girl's chamber and poured in her ears the welcome news that the Dauphin of France sought her as a bride.

Music was Maria Antoinette's passion, and for many years before her marriage she had been the pupil of the great composer, Gluck. She had not only entertained the most profound admiration for his genius, but was warmly attached to the singular, simple-minded, gifted maestro.

Gluck was painfully nervous—sensitive, self-depreciating—a man whose pleasant name seemed to have been given to him in mockery of his joylessness. He was grievously short-sighted, and so excessively timid that attracting observation bewildered him, and positive fright rendered him eccentric.

His royal pupil affectionately promised that he should receive her patronage after she ascended the throne. Yet when Gluck visited Paris for the express purpose of producing his opera of Alceste, he could not muster courage to appear before the Queen. Through all the ordinary channels he sought in vain to win a hearing for his opera; managers gave him the cold shouldersupercilious singers shook their heads-men of lesser merit, who had gained a position, had jostled him out of their way.

Wearied, disheartened, utterly wretched, he knew that but one hope was left to him, and yet he could not summon resolution to take the legitimate steps which would have gained him admission into the palace.

One night, as Maria Antoinette was driving with her suite out of the gate of the Tuilieries, to visit the opera in state, a man rushed from the throng which awaited her appearance, and attempted to throw a paper into the royal carriage. The crowd uttered a cry—there was a scuffle—a rush of gens d'armes—and a terrified individual was rudely captured.

The Queen, sharing the general excitement, leaned forward and caught sight of the culprit. She gave a start of amazement, waved her hand to a gentleman-equerry, who rode up to receive her orders, hurriedly uttered a few words, and the equerry immediately galloped towards the gens d'armes, who were conveying the alarmed offender to prison.

Marie Antoinette had recognized her old professor. Gluck learned to his great joy that he was not only set at liberty by her Majesty's orders, but commanded to appear at the Tuileries



Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized / The exciteable composer was so thoroughly overwhelmed by his good fortune that he had scarcely strength to obey the command; happily, he also lacked courage to disobey.

The Queen received him with exceeding graciousness. She pitied his confusion, and tried to reassure him—talked of the happy bygone days at Schoenbrunn, when she was his pupil, of his present prospects, his future greatness.

But he never ventured to lift his eyes to her face, and the words he strove to utter broke into stammers, and died hoarsely on his lips. Trembling and blushing, he involuntarily glanced first at one door, then at another, as though he could hardly resist the temptation to make his escape. The compassionate when shortened the interview, after assuring him that his allows should be produced in Paris, and with the utmost splendor.

A couple of months later, her Majesty occupied the royal box on the night of that opera's first performance.

The success of Aleste was triumphant; Gluck was almost beside himself through ecstacy. During the long weeks of preparation, fatigue, nervous excitement, the alterations of hope and fear had shaken and exhausted his system.

It is not now difficult to comprehend how such a man could go mad or die through joy. When he heard his own name vocifierously shouted on every side, half-drowned by thundered plaudits, he was panic-stricken. He attempted to take rufuge in flight, but was caught in the act of making his escape.

While he was wildly pleading to be allowed to hide himself, came a summons from her Majesty. There was no alternative, and he was led, almost perforce, to the royal box.

Once more that necklace of pearls and carbuncles twined about the Queen's white throat. She had worn it in remembrance of her youth—the youth with which her old master was so closely associated.

When Gluck was introduced into the box she not only congratulated him with affectionate warmth upon the success of his opera, but naively told him how proud she felt at having been his pupil, and again reverted to the pleasant days passed at Schoenbrunn.

The agitated composer made no response; he breathed hard, his eyes glanced wildly from side to side; it became evident that his overwrought mind was giving way.

All at once his gaze was rivited upon the necklace; he gave a loud shrick, and, pointing at the gem, cried out:
"Blood! blood! Drops of blood about the Queen's throat!

Alas! alas! drops of blood! They have shed her blood!' And he eagerly stretched forth his hand to snatch at the neck-

A gentleman caught his arm, and with some difficulty he was removed from the box.

Maria Antoinette was highly superstitious; she could not disguise her terror, and the shock she had received. Shuddering with trembling fingers she unclasped the necklace and thrust it into the hand of a duchess who stood by her side, bidding her take it away, and keep it, that she (the Queen) might never see it more.

The unfortunate composer, it is said, never entirely recovered his reason, though he had many lucid intervals, and his insanity was harmless.

The duchess, who belongs to one of the oldest and noblest families in Brittany, preserved the necklace as a precious memento. But having recently entered her eighty-eighth year, she wrote a letter to the Empress Eugenie, relating in what manner the necklace came into her possession, adding that, as she had no direct heirs, the fittest person to possess this relic of the illustrious Maria Antoinette was the empress herself.

The letter was accompanied by a small case of green shagreen, bearing the half-effaced stamp of the arms of the Bourbons; within lay the memorable necklace of pearls and blood-red carbuncles.

But how welcome was the gift to her Majesty of France? Is Eugenie wholly devoid of superstition? Was it with a throb of pleasure or a thrill of horror, that she received the sad souviner of her unfortunate predecessor? Will she ever fasten around her own delicate, graceful throat the band of pearls and carbuncles which so ominously encircled that of Maria Antoinette?

MADAME DE STAEL.

ANNE GERMAINE DE STARL, a celebrated French authoress, was the daughter of Necker, minister of finance under Louis XVI. After receiving a most careful education, she applied herself to literary composition, and produced several plays and tales; but the first of her works which attracted notice was her "Letters upon the Writings and Character of Roussean." This appeared in 1788, previously to which she had become the wife of the Baron de Stael-Holstein, the Swedish ambassador, a nobleman very much older than herself.

Upon the outburst of the revolution, her parents retired from France; but, as the wife of the representative of a friendly power, she was allowed to remain. Her sympathies were at the outset entirely with the revolution. The sufferings of the royal family, however, awoke in her breast a horror of the abuses which were being perpetrated under the name of liberty. She was even courageous enough to print a defense of Marie Antoinette, under the title of "Reflections upon the Trial of the Queen;" but, during the Reign of Terror, she was compelled to seek safety out of her native country.

Upon the establishment of the Directory, she returned to Paris. Enjoying a large share of influence in political circles, she, from the first, divined and denounced the ambitious projects of Bonaparte. Accordingly, when the successful general became first consul, one of his first edicts was the banishment of Madame de Stael from Paris, declaring that he left the whole world open to the eloquent and ambitious lady, but reserved the French capital for himself. She thereupon set out upon a course of travel in Switzerland and Italy, the results of which were expressed in her novels of "Delphine" and "Corinne."

In 1810 appeared at Paris, although she herself was debarred therefrom, her celebrated work entitled "De l'Allemagne." In this production she portrayed the habits, literature, and political tendencies of the German people. Immediately after publication, ten thousand copies of the book were seized by Napoleon's minister of police. Madame de Stael, from her retreat at Coppet, on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, protested against this act. The minister of police answered: "Your last work is not French, and I have stopped its publication. Your exile is a natural consequence of your constant behavior for years past. I have thought that the air of France was not suitable to you, for we are not yet reduced so low as to seek for models among the nations you admire."

Resolved to escape the galling system of espionage to which she was now subjected by the French police, she set out for Russia, afterward repairing to England. Her next work, an impassioned denunciation of Napoleon and his arbitrary rule, was named "Ten Years of Exile."

She returned to Paris upon the abdication of Napoleon, in 1814, and was allowed to remain, even after the emperor's return from Elba. At the restoration of the Bourbons, she retired to Switzerland, and never again interfered with politics. Subsequently to the death of the Baron de Staël, she privately married M. Rocca.

In her retirement she occupied herself with the composition of her famous work, entitled "Considérations sur la Révolution Frangaise." In this work, which did not appear until after her demise, she gives a graphic account of the stormy period when France was torn by faction and delivered over to republican fury. Her political associate, Benjamin Constant, says: "If she had painted individuals more frequently and more in detail, her work, though it might have ranked lower as a literary composition, would have gained in interest." Nevertheless, the work contains some admirable sketches of Mirabeau, Calonne, Brienne, Pethion, and other leaders of party, with whom she had come in contact.

She also produced essays on the Influence of the Passions, on Suicide, and on Fiction. Altogether, she was one of the most remarkable personages of a remarkable age. Born at Paris, 1768; died in Switzerland, 1817.

A MAXIM.—If you would be nothing, just wait to be something.





MADAME DE STAEL.-PAGE 119.

Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized /



"I CONFESS," SHE SAID, "I AM GUILTY. JUDGE-PUNISH."

DEATH.

FEAR death?-to fear the fog in my throat, The mist in my face. When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe; Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form, Yet the strong man must go: For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall, Though a buttle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained, The reward of it all. I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more, The best and the last! I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,

And bade me creep past. No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers, The heroes of old, Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave, The black minute's at end, And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,

Shall dwindle, shall blend, Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy, Then a light, then thy breast,

0 thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again, And with God be the rest!

"HER CRIME, AND HER ATONEMENT."

CHAPTER I.

ONE in the morning by the old City Hall clock. The dull echoings yet trembled on the still summer air as two men were crossing the Park. Reaching Broadway, one called to a passing hack. The vehicle came noisily on, and the sleepy driver looking down, lazily drawled his ceaseless: "Carriage, sir?"

Yes. Get in, Len. Now, my man, drive up Broadway as quickly as you can."

Vol. XXIV., No 2-7

"Where to, sir?"

"Drive on. I will stop you."

"Very well, sir."

The hack went rattling along the nearly deserted street. As it neared Union Square one of the men thrust his head from the window. It was not he who had first spoken. That voice had been coarse and heavy, this was boyish in its freshness.

"Stop here!-just here! Stay, you need not get down. There !" leaping upon the walk and closing the door after him. "I get out. You will drive my friend to the Alvor House. What?" as though he listened to some word of the one within. "Yes, of course. Here is your fare, my man. Now back to the hotel!"

" My fare, sir?"

The hackman was wavering between a love of gain and a latent honesty, for the sum he held would have paid him thrice.

"Yes. That is right. Night work you know. Let us be just while we may. You will have earned it. There, be off. Good-night, Len."

The answer-if answer came-was given so faintly that the sound of the moving wheels quite drowned it. He upon the walk watched for a moment, then, turning down a side street, hurried on rapidly.

When the hack drew up before the Alvor House the sleepy driver, holding wide the door, called out:
"Here we are, sir! Bless my soul, if he ain't a sleepin'

sound! Here we are. Now, sir, won't you wake up? We're here."

Here or elsewhere seemed of little moment now to the occupant. He never stirred at these urgently-repeated solicitations.

"Well, if ever I see a gentleman sleep so sound in all my days!—an' he a ridin', too!" The man thrust in his hand, but drew it back with a gesture of dismay. "Good Lord!"—now thoroughly awakened—"Good Lord—it's blood!"

Yes, they were blood-stains upon the great horny hand, the street-lamp showed that; the white face cutting the gloom said that; the arm, which, loosened from the strong grasp, fell limp and nerveless, proved that. Then the driver, comprehending the truth, called loudly to a straggling passer-by.
"He belongs here. The other one ordered me to bring him

here, and I've brought him-dead! Great Lord!"

University of Illi , Google-digitized 0 f

Assuredly dead. A muscular, powerful fellow—a well-dressed, gentlemanly-seeming fellow—one who had possessed a certain swarthy beauty when life throbbed fast and warm; but now, seen by that glimmering gaslight, a ghastly sight enough. This was the guest brought upon that summer night to the old hotel —a guest against whom all protested. No one knew him, they declared. He was a stranger there; as, in fact, he was.

So again the hack lumbered off with its ugly burden. This time to the station, and there lay the corpse until the morrow. The inquest following revealed nothing of this crime. Sapient jurors keenly questioned—to gain but one reply from the driver, which, bearing truth upon its face, was reluctantly accepted. It was to him, as it was to them, a mystery. He had been amply paid to do his work, and he had done it well, he hoped, so far as speed was concerned.

"For," conclusively reasoned Jehu, "with two sich goers an' sich a turnout I makes my profession a matter of pride, an' so lets no grass grow under their hoofs, sir. In consequence the gentleman wasn't murdered by any rascal who might ha' sneaked after a easy-goin' coach. If my opinion was asked-which it isn't, sir, but which I venture to give—I'd say that the pleasant little fellow who left us at Union Square could tell us a secretif so he wished."

But the pleasant little fellow had evidently no desire to become confidential. He had told as much as he intended to tell, when he assured the hackman that he would have earned his money. So there must the matter lie.

Murder-for it was plainly that, and not suicide-both victim and assassin unknown—and that dead body unclaimed and friendless. Not penniless, for there was gold in his purse; but neither papers nor letters, nor initials to furnish one thread of evidence, however slight; not even the knife which had served for the wretched work—a traitor's work and a traitor's strokewhich had caught the victim unawares.

So the man was buried. Rewards were offered, and Justice was all alert, but the affair died out of the thoughts of all-as such affairs will-before the third day of wonder was well over. Excepting the driver of the hack, who had, by virtue of his part in the strange drama, gained a certain notoriety, there was not one who had not soon forgotten the tragedy of that August

CHAPTER II.



S IT stands, the question is-What became of her? A very pertinent question, involving a deal of litigation; for, if she is dead, the fortune is Ternyngham's; if she lives, she takes

"And the accusation?" added Mr. Lyttleton.

"Exactly, exactly. You have expressed my very thoughts. As you say, she takes this property and this accusation. shall wait as long as the law requires; then if there is no claimant, you have but to reach

out your hand, my dear Mr. Ternyagham, and grasp as pretty a title deed as one ever penned. Your cousin's fortune is yours."

Lawyer Harkness took a pinch of snuff with the air of a man who had distinguished himself by graphic eloquence, but old John

Lyttleton shook his head in doubtful demur. "We are going too fast. She is not dead, be sure. Women who live to do all that mischief, live to enjoy it. We cannot count upon her death."

"Bless us, sir. I am not counting. But remember, this did not happen yesterday." "John," interrupted Alfred Ternynham, "Mr. Harkness

must be right. The woman undoubtedly is dead—ended her don't forget that I am the elder."

life miserably enough in some wretched den, as she should have done. Paris to such a creature !- and we lose her at Paris."

"No, at Vienna," corrected the lawyer.

"You are right. At Vienna. Well, it is the same. Either place would answer such an end; either place could give a pall at upon which she might die. Good heavens! Think of it. Here is one whose soul is weighed down by crime; one to whom murder has become a pastime; one whose girlhood has gone by with gamblers and hard drinkers; whose womanhood has been stained with foul deeds! Why, heaven would be most merciful even should she end her days in direct want."

"Alfred !"

But Alfred Ternyngham was thinking of a dear friend lying in far-off India, and so cried, in honest anger:

"Think of him, John-poor Powys-murdered, and she passing over his corpse to fly with a lover!"

"Pshaw! I do not believe it. It is too sensational," persisted the old man.

"What! do these fail to convince?" cried the lawyer—"these suspicious facts? Trace her history. She is adopted by Mrs. Fuller; this Mrs. Fuller dies suddenly, the girl marries, her husband is assassinated, she disappears—that argues guilt. None but a criminal would fly from a fortune—and a fortune awaits her. I tell you that, believing her innocent, you outrage common sense.'

"All that may be, but I cannot think that a woman could steel herself to so cruel a work—not such a woman as she must be, at least. Why, man, remember. Alfred says that her girlhood has been passed with gamblers and hard drinkers. There's truth in that; but these were hangers-on of her father, for Stephen Weldon had been a fast one in his time. I feel scrry for the poor child as she was then. Money was not spared upon her education. She was, from all accounts, a clever girl. I repeat that I cannot believe that monstrous accusation. She could never have hurried to the grave a kind old soul who had been to her all that Mrs. Fuller had been. Then murder her husband, too! Sheer nonsense!"

19

"You will not, I presume, deny that he has been murdered?" "Not I. But where is your proof that she did it? I am ashamed of you, Alfred Ternyngham. The girl may have shared his fate-or a worse-of India, that region of horrors, who dare venture a surmise ?"

"You forget that Powys was almost a brother; that, next to yourself, no man was dearer to me, John. No, no, he has been murdered; his wife is guilty, I know it, and I will prove it. You have seen her, Harkness. What is she like?" turning suddenly to the lawyer.

"Fair, with yellow hair—golden, I've heard it called—and dark blue eyes," was the response, given with methodical precision.

John Lyttleton smiled.

"Age and size now, Harkness."

"Right. Age, twenty-four, or thereabouts; size, small, I should say. Remember that she was but a child when I saw

And now the smile upon John Lyttleton's honest face broadened into a laugh.

"Why, man, I needn't go fifty paces to find one would answer that description."

"Very possibly; but you might go five times fifty and find the wrong one, after all."

"Of course, 'twould be the wrong one, I know."

"Who is that?" The lawyer pointed to a woman standing near the lower garden-gate.

"That," said John Lyttleton, "is Mrs. Chelmsford."

"The housekeeper," explained Ternyngham.

"Eh? Yes-yes-my housekeeper, Harkness."

"A married woman, of course."
"Chelmsford is dead."

"A remarkably handsome woman!" declared the lawyer.

"Eh? Yes, indeed she is!"

"John!"

"Don't lecture me, my boy," laughed the other. "Why should I not have a handsome housekeeper? No lecture, Al;



University of Illinois ,, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

They were cousins, these two gentlemen—and the important matter under consideration between them and the lawyer was the inheritance of an estate, to which Ternyngham, after a decent delay, laid claim, as heir-at-law.

"I shall forget many things, I fear. Who is there? Come

Some one who had been tapping at the door, now entered the

"Well, Sarah ?"

"Mrs. Chelmsford's compliments, and will you ride to-day, Mr. Lyttleton ?"

"Not to-day, Sarah."

"By jove!" exclaimed Alfred Ternyngham, when the maid had left them, "there's one might answer your description, Harkness. Fair, and yellow-haired, and all that."

"Then what will he say when he sees her mistress? She is fairer yet, with hair like gold, indeed, and heavenly eyes. Sarah's size, too. What will you say to her, Harkness?"
"I shall say that she is a lovely woman," acknowledged the

lawyer.

They were soon alone together, Harkness and Alfred Ternyngham, for the host had sauntered off upon some pretext; they were alone then, when Stephen Harkness, waking from his reverie, put this question:

"Where did this Sarah come from?"

"When Mrs. Chelmsford hired the cottage, two years since, she brought Sarah with her from the South. They are fostersisters, and strangely attached."

"Strangely alike as well, as far as I could understand."

"How long has Mrs. Chelmsford been here at the Hall?"

"A few weeks only. I cannot well understand why she should have accepted the situation of housekeeper." "She has money, then?"

"A little, I believe."

"Ah?" then presently, "have you known her long?"

"I was down on a visit to John, before my last trip abroad; she had just taken possession of the cottage. I returned soon, you remember; consequently, I have often seen her. I did not know that she was at the Hall, however, until I found her

"Indeed ?"

That evening, Alfred Ternyngham joined the widow upon the balcony. Alone—he asked no more. Walking directly to her, he caught her pretty hands, and held them fast.

"Isabel," he whispered, "I love you—love you dearly, madly. Will you be my wife?"

Here was an abrupt wooing. He felt the little hands tremble, but she only said, in a pitiful, sad way:

"Love me? Ah, Mr. Ternyngham!"
"Tell me," he pleaded, and his arm stole about her. She sprang back—no pity now, but downright anger.

"You forget, sir. Mr. Ternyngham!" "I love you! I love you!"

A child-like declaration, simply urged, and coming from one for whom women had few charms. Rich, proud, and eminently handsome, the man had scanned the world, and jested with its beauties, to yield at last to this quiet little soul. It was almost incredible-but she should believe it.

"Hore you," he repeated. "You will be my wife."
"I am sorry, but—"

"You do not care for me. Say it."

"I cannot marry you."

"I understand. You will not be convinced—you are afraid—you say to yourself: 'I dare not accept this proposal, made in a moment of imprudent passion—imprudent, because he knows so little of me.' You fancy that I may repent. I tell you, no! No! I loved you from the first moment I saw you. I have waited long-it is not probable that I shall resign you now. As for the world, we need not care—at its opinions, we can afford to laugh. We ask no favors at its hands. We will go away. Living for me alone, you will not let me regret my freedom. A few years since, I confess, I might have been more selfishly ex- hear it soon, related by another.

acting. I might have demanded much and offered little in return. I am wiser now. I want a wife. I want you."

The widow bent low in a reverential courtesy.

"You overwhelm me, sir. Your consideration awakens gratide. Your disinterested affection excites wonder. From a younger man, I could understand this. From a poorer man, I younger man, I could understand this. From a poorer man, I might believe this; but what shall I say to a fine gentleman, and a rich one? Ah, sir, you are not wise. Your cousin's housekeeper might take your word."

"Would she take me?" The noble suitor was beginning to experience a vague distrust. "She might; a widow, you know."

"Not so—a wife. Your cousin's housekeeper has married."

"Whom, pray?"
"Your cousin."

Alfred Ternyngham's clasp was loosed now. Not one word did he speak, until he had hurried his companion into the drawing-room, whose windows gaze upon the balcony.

"Now," said he, "say on. Repeat that—here where I may see your face."

"I am John Lyttleton's wife," repeated the housekeeper, and, as she spoke, she raised her eyes to his. Surely never was gaze so frank, nor mortal woman so fair to look upon. The perfect beauty, the royal haughtiness, the royal dignity! "His wife. Sooner or later, you would have known it. Why not

"Are you jesting?" loath to credit this assertion. She shrugged her shoulders—that was her reply. "Then, madam, my cousin—I swear to you——"

"What?"

"To respect you as a wife," he carelessly concluded.
"That is not what you would have said."

"That is what I say."

"And you are not angry, Mr. Ternyngham?" holding out her hand.

"With you, no; with myself, yes. Vexed, disappointed, and heartly ashamed."

Then he kissed the hand he held, and sued for pardon in such a contrite way, that she who listened, felt her heart grow pitiful. He gained forgiveness. Yet when he left her, a mortal terror seized the woman. She did not weep; only a death-like pallor crept into her cheeks, and a weird light burned in her

eyes.

"He hates me now," she moaned, pressing hard her hands.
"He hates me—I know it. Ah, heaven! Will he? can he? Lord, be merciful! Let me keep my happiness, a little thing. Give me that, oh Lord!"

A prayer; and she who uttered it, was humbly kneeling. It may be that heaven granted this petition. We shall see.

CHAPTER III.



HREE weeks had passed. The marriage had been publicly proclaimed; why it had ever been kept a secret, was to be wondered at.

"Bella would have it so," John Lyttleton declared.

And Bella, with many blushes and smiles, acknowledged as much. So all the country learned that the charming little widow from the cottage had really gone to the Hall as the master's wife, and not as his housekeeper, after all.

"Why might I not have told it sooner,

child?" asked the puzzled, yet obedient husband.

"It would have looked like scheming—at least I fancied that every one would accuse me of it," corrected Bella. "They would not have spared me, a stranger."

would not have spared me, a stranger.

"For shame!" cried the honest fellow. "A stranger, and my wife, darling!"

"They do not know my sad history, remember."

Which "sad history" had been the best card in the widow's hand, during the game from which she arose victor. We shall

Alfred Ternyngham had gone, the morning after his rebuff, in fact, yet not before his cousin, joyfully accepting madam's permission, had announced the marriage. Keen Ternyngham plainly saw that the other knew nothing of what had transpired the previous evening; therefore a fine pretense of amiability would not be out of place. And he was amiable, to his own satisfaction, John Lyttleton's delight, and the wife's utter dismay. Now this pleasant fellow had been but a short time absent,

when the old lawyer was down at the Hall, and here we find him in the library with Mrs. Lyttleton.

"And he really cared for this man Powys?" continuing her questioning.

"My dear madam, Frederick Powys and Alfred Ternyngham were true friends, as well as relatives. You should have heard him, here, in this very room. He vowed to discover the assassin, and he now fancies that he has done so."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; could you guess who it is?

"Not I," with a shrug and a laugh.

" The victim's wife!"

Mrs. Lyttleton did not start, but the face half-turned from the lawyer was livid—and he saw it!

"See now," settling firmly to his reasoning. "He is right, and I will prove it. There are three persons whom one may suspect. First, a mulattress, to whom Powys was kind. These East Indians have droll fancies and failings. Her real sorrow clearly proved her innocence. Secondly, a wealthy proprietor with whom the name of the murdered man's wife had become unpleasantly linked. Lastly, the wife herself. And she is-

Mrs. Lyttleton, who was filling a glass with water, looked up as he paused.

"And she is," repeating his words, the glass to her lips.

"I do not know where," declared the lawyer, starting up, abruptly.

"Shall I tell you of what you are thinking, Mr. Harkness?" How clearly the words rang out! The sharp nervousness of speech and gesture was positively startling.
"Of what, madam?"

"Of Powys's wife."

"Assuredly. What more natural?"

"Can you not let her rest? If she is dead, which she must be, need you dig into her grave? Are you, like all men, pitiless? What was the wretch to you, that you should track her so?"

"To me, as to all the world, she can be but this, madam—a culprit. Such a vile creature should not live. Her place is not here. I astonish you. It is very probable. But I feel deeply. I have thought of this so much. So much, in fact, that I can picture to myself the whole affair. I have a theory, too, about assassins. According to that, I could swear to the woman's appearance. You smile. Why, she is fair, with blue eyes and yellow hair—small, too."
"What do you mean?"

The tones were low now-low and thick with suppressed emotion.

"Yes," continued the lawyer, "I am sure of it. I knew her as a child, remember. Let me think." This musingly. "Where have I seen a face like hers? Ah, Sarah, your maid. Yes, the resemblance must be perfect.

At this madam laughed heartily.
"What nonsense!" she cried. "Poor Sarah!"

" 'Poor Sarah' it may be; 'poor wife' it is. Sooner or later will Alfred Ternyngham find her. And then—"

"May heaven help her!" said madam, very solemnly.
"Heaven will not—be sure of that," retorted Lawyer Hark-

So closed this conference.

CHAPTER IV.

"An, the cruel thorn !"

Roses, and Mrs. Lyttleton, busied with them, now cried out in childlike complaining, holding up her pretty hand the while.

"Leave them, darling."

"Not so. Do you know what day this is, John?"

"The twenty-first of July-our wedding-day," said he, with a proud content.

"Two years!"

"Of happiness, Bella."

Ah, the weariness that stole into her eyes! "Of happiness," she echoed. Then, yearningly, "You love me. John ?

If he leved her!

"Bella! What, tears! Why, child?"
"I am nervous," she laughed, light flashing through the mist; '' you may see that.''

The tears were no longer there. He who worshiped her had kissed them away.

"I owe you so much," she whispered, clinging to him. "You would never cast me from you, John?"

"I? My poor --- Well, what is it?"

"Mr. Ternyngham, to see you—alone, sir. And he is in the library," announced a servant.

"Mr. Ternyngham? Of course. I'm coming."
"Do not go—do not leave me."

"Why, Bella! What ails the child?"

"Kiss me—again and again. "Say 'I love you.""
"I love you, my wife."

"There. Go now. I will remain here—just here. You will come to me presently, will you not? You know that I am waiting for you. If you love me, John, you will come—if you love me, you will not be cruel."

"If you love me you will not be cruel!" The echo of these words was with him throughout the long interview with his cousin—the image of that woman, bending over red roses, and throwing back to him a glance glowing with love's radiant sunshine, was with him then and ever.

When he came again, two hours later, he found her there, in her place beside the table, but the roses lay withering and uncared for.

" Oh, John !"

He grasped her hand and drew her to the door.

"Come with me. I want you."

The man was trembling with excitement.

"What is it?" she cried.

" Come !"

She could not have resisted. She was a child in his hands. To the library then he led her. There, she stood face to face with Alfred Ternyngham and Lawyer Harkness. This was no time for greetings.

"Repeat what you have told me," said John Lyttleton, sternly. "Repeat it word for word, and carefully. Let her hear it all."

" John !"

"Silence, madam! Go on, Alfred."

"It is this," obeyed Ternyngham, with bold eyes fastened upon his victim. "I have come with tidings of my old friend, Frederick Powys, and of his assassin. Her story—it was a woman, you see—her story may interest you. She had been a girl to whom the tricks of vice were lawful dealings. So much she inherited from her father. Judge whether I speak harshly, when I tell you that, before her marriage, she murdered one who had befriended her—a patient, kind old soul, who would have saved her from wrong-doing."

" Ah !"

"I shock you, but there is every reason for the supposition. Wealthy now, an heiress-thanks to Mrs. Fuller's will, which had been drawn up in her presence—she married my cousin, Frederick Powys. Had she then entered upon a new life, we might there leave her; but the demon within hurried her to destruction. This model of morality chose a lover-one Robert Haredale. She might have eloped—that would have been simple, but scandalous. Then there would have been a husband either rashly disconsolate or shamefully content—the latter case was more probable. Neither, however, would have met madam's approval. In order to insure satisfaction, and leave the poor wretch in peace, she murdered him."

"It is false!" The words dropped heavily from her livid lips; her eyes were fixed upon him in a hopeless, vacant way.

" It is false !"

Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized /

A moment of silence. How long it seemed! She did not look toward them, but she knew that her husband stood just there. Near him was the lawyer. And these were her judges.

"It is not false." Surely, never was this merciless accuser the gay gallant who had pleaded so earnestly. "Why do you deny it? I do not accuse you."

"Go on !" broke in the husband.

"From India they came to America—the woman and her lover. See her inconstancy. She had already wearied of him, so she cast him off after this manner: Now, upon the night of the 3d of August, 1860, he met his death. Two men were in a hack, one descended near Union Square, the other was driven to the hotel-1 corpse! They found him sitting within-dead. Have you no idea who his companion had been, madam?"

In vain he waited for an answer. He continued: "The sharer of his crime—tell us now who she was."

It was John Lyttleton who spoke. Then she, going to him, knelt, and crossing her hands upon her breast, bowed low.
"I confess," she said. "I am guilty. Judge, punish me

He did not utter an exclamation, he did not make a movement. His happiness was dead, and with it seemed to have perished every sentiment of horror or repulsion. He had loved so truly!—with the love of a man whose summer-day of life was gone—and such a passion is tenacious.
"Unsay it, Isabel. Tell me that it is false. I dare not believe

this of you.

"John! what do you mean? Rather bid her acknowledge her misdeeds."

"Nay," interrupted the kneeling woman. "Have no fear, sir. I shall deny nothing. Here, at his feet, I make admission of my sins. I am guilty.'

You might have counted the heart-beats of those men.

"Of the murder of Mrs. Fuller?" asked the lawyer.

"Of the assassination of Frederick Powys?" Alfred Ternyngham spoke now

"No. He, Haredale, did that."

"You knew it?"

"Who was it performed the like kindly office for Haredale?"

How she turned upon her questioners!

'Are you men," she cried, "so to hunt a wretched woman? Are you fiends, to gloat upon each action of my sinful life? Will you worry and tear each ugly word I throw you? I killed him. He was not my lover. It is a little thing—such an accusation—when blacker crimes I meet with open arms. It is false. He was nothing to me. Ah, you, good men that you are! you can but see my sin, you can never know the remorse that came to me with my wealth. Had he whom I married been other than he was, your righteous souls would never have met this shock. His wife? I was his slave—his dog. Blows and marks of the lash-these were the love-tokens he left with me. How could good so come to a heart like mine? There was no question of love between Robert Haredale and myself. He knew my sufferings and he divined my hate, and with them served a purpose of his own. Some time before this my good husband had betrayed the man's friendship in the matter of a woman's love, and was then unwise enough to vaunt his own perfidy. Masking his despite, the other planned his vengeance. He found in me a willing aid. He did that work—not I—and then we fled. I have said that he was no lover of mine. I have said the truth. I believe that he hated me for what I had been to his victim. There could be nothing brave or impulsive in this worker in the dark. He had had his revenge, and now his cowardly spirit shrank from a possible punishment. Released from one taskmaster, I found myself chained by another. The villain feared me; had he dared, he would have killed me. He would not go his way in peace and leave me. He wished to return to India; his wealth was there. Freed from me—from the dread of me he might have braved a trial. He was insane enough once to tell me this, and then fall to be moaning his folly. You see he had no true courage. My existence was insupportable. It was terrible, this mutual hatred and mutual distrust. I was living

alone beyond the city with Sarah, my foster-sister. His time in New York he passed as he passed it elsewhere—in gaminghouses. Remember, he now bore another name, and-thanks to the gold and jewels brought from India and his successes at play-could mock detection, or, if need be, purchase an escape. That night in August I met him by appointment—disguised—as I always was when I went to him. I had demanded the interview-with a purpose, as you may divine. We entered a carriage. Before we had driven ten yards my opportunity came. He turned to the window, and I buried my knife to the hilt in his body! A blow well-dealt, and it reached a traitor's heart. I understood my work. I had studied it. So, I killed him."

There was something horrible in the calmness with which she

laid bare these doings of her wicked life.

"What brought you to this place?" asked Lawyer Harkness. "Chance. Fate. I had no fear of suspicion, but I could not remain there; besides, my jewels were sold, and the money well-nigh gone. Away, I would have worked. I hired that cottage at Renlow Farm, then he married me. I wished the marriage to remain a secret. I was afraid. He humored me.'

She could not pronounce the name of the man she had so foully wronged-she could not look toward him.

"Sarah knew all this?"

"Of Frederick Powys, yes. I told it to her. Sarah is good. You must not punish her for the affection she bore me. Sarah would not have sinned as I have, believe it. She knows nothing of Haredale's death. She fancies that he may come to us at any moment. Sarah has been very good to me."

"There is nothing more to tell?"

John Lyttleton spoke, and she answered:

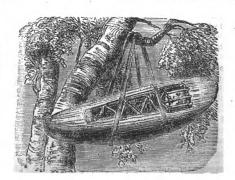
"Nothing more."

Then he, taking her hands, raised her from the floor, and led her away to her own chamber. Sarah was there. Not a word passed. He closed and locked her door, then returned to the library.

That afternoon, the lawyer and Alfred Ternyngham drove away. Hear what the latter said, in answer to a question from his companion:

"What prompted me? I will tell you. From the first, I suspected that woman—not of crime, I was as far from a thought of that, as you were-but of some mystery. Nothing she said seemed clear or frank; I have told you that already. Then—I loved her—I have never told you that."
"I suspected as much," avowed the other, dryly.

"Yes. I would have married her, but John had won her. Sleeping suspicions were now awakened by my jealous rage. I determined to know her history, and use my knowledge. I am almost ashamed to confess this, but it is true. I had no nobler motive. The friendship for Powys, which had first actuated me, was swallowed up in this strange passion. I worked cautiously. Step by step I traced her back to her girlhood's days. Ah, they work well who work for vengeance! What I told John, just now, is true, quite so; still I had, as you are aware, no proof that she had murdered Mrs. Fuller. I surmised it. The knowledge I had gained, convinced me that such a crime would have been



A LAPLAND CRADLE .- PAGE 134.

a fitting initial act of her subsequent life. I was not altogether wrong, you see. You know the rest; I went to you." "I know. Strange, that all my doubts should have centred upon Sarah. Why. I could not tell; but the conviction came

over me as soon as I saw her. Without cause, too, for I knew nothing of this then."

Nor did he. Upon his return from India, whither his investigations had taken him, Alfred Ternyngham sought the lawyer, and told him all. Very discreetly had they acted, and very discreetly would they act. An oath solemnly attested, now bound the three men to their self-imposed work of justice. Will you learn it? This: the murderess might never again hold communion with the world. The weary days dragging by, might bring no solace to her black misery. She was free-if freedom lay in unshackled limbs and unbarred doors-more, she had not Sarah with her, and Sarah's uncomplaining humility would wellnigh madden her. From that time of woful despair, when she had avowed her guilt, her husband's lips had never been unsealed to her. His wishes, his will—he had written—and Sarah had been the bearer. Here was the response:

"Do with me as you may see fit."

He had seen fit to leave her a life which was valueless now. Beneath the same roof, they were as utter strangers, as though seas divided them. It mattered nothing that a curious world made havoc with their wretchedness. The world might never learn a tittle of the truth, for never again would the threshold of that banned house be crossed by friend or foe. .

Five long years! Then came a time when old John Lyttleton lay a-dying. The physician had gone, the minister had followed him, the nurse alone sat by the fire, when presently—as she told it afterward-when presently she heard a sob, and there was Mrs. Lyttleton upon her knees by the bed. When or how she entered the chamber, the woman could not tell, but there she was, that haughty lady, moaning and weeping bitterly.

" Isabel!"

"John-John! You will not lie and leave me! I love you! I love you !"

Another might have flaunted such a love, for she who gave it was a great sinner, but this man's heart was sick with the cruel agony it had borne, and his eyes were dimmed with the mist of Death—he could not see her sin—only her suffering.

"Poor Bella! Poor child! I love you darling. Kiss me." And so he died-with her kiss upon his lips.

The funeral was over. The will had been read. Few were present; for, excepting Alfred Ternyngham and Lawyer Harkness, no one had been summoned. The former inherited the estate. Truly, in the matter of wealth, fortune had not been niggardly with this gentleman.

"I shall go from here to-morrow," said the widow to her

He saw her now for the first time in five years—he saw her wretchedness, and tasted his revenge.

"I am at liberty to go?" half questioning, as though she doubted it.

"In this world you have nothing to fear, madam. Go where you will."

And where she went, was to a religious sisterhood—faithful Sarah with her. Her wealth she has given to the needy—her repentance to heaven.

The heir-at-law is a man of the world-keen, cool, and daring. Very rich and very friendless-for, reasons he:

"All men are fools, all women traitors."

Acting upon this avowed belief, he has not made haste to take a wife. He does not say:

"I have ruined her whom I could not win."

Men are seldom self-accusers.

Truly, they work well, who work for vengeance.

GOODNESS AND HONESTY. There are other qualities which are more showy; but none wear better, or gather less tarnish by use, than goodness and honesty.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Among the eager crowd that througed The westward cars, there came, Clad in the garb of poverty, A man of stalwart frame.

He bore within his brawny arms A beauteous child, and fair-A babe that missed a mother's love, And lacked a mother's care.

A narrow band of rusty crape The poor man's hat adorned; This told the tale of her so loved. And now so early mourned.

And yet he tried to soothe the babe With all a father's skill; The task was vain-the tender care Was but a father's still.

Near by there sat a matron fair, In silken robes arrayed; Her infant child was by her side, Held by its waiting-maid.

The mother love was deep and strong, The mother heart was wide, And toward the little motherless Went out the yearning tide.

She took the babe within her arms, And placed it to her breast, The poor man's little wailing child, So poor and meanly dressed.

What cared she that the garments soiled Lay on her shining silk? Ah, God's sweet charity went out With that fond mother's milk.

KITTY.

CHAPTER XXII. - THE DEPARTURE FROM SHELLEY HOUSE.



T IS astonishing how easily one finds excuses for putting off a disagreeable thing; and, though Kitty had left Myra with a firm determination to free herself at once, a day or two passed, and she was still the betrothed wife of Dr. Norman.

He noticed her troubled look affectionately, and would fain have had her more open with him; but she always put off his solicitude with a parrying smile. Sometimes, she had a headache; at others, it was Prissy who had vexed her, or Wattie. She had no courage to hint at the truth.

Dr. Norman asked her point-blank one evening when she would marry him, thinking thus to bring matters to a climax. She blushed, looked distressed, and had hardly a word to say.

"Do not hurry yourself in deciding," he said, kindly. "For many reasons I could wish that the time should be soon, but I will wait as long as you like."

"I wanted to ask you-

Kitty began, then broke off, and looked down upon the carpet. Dr. Norman was silent, and she added, after a while-"To ask you for a little time."

He looked pained.

"Are you not quite sure that you chose wisely for yourself in choosing me?" he said.

"Oh yes! it is not that; it is that I ought to have told you before, I had made promises to other people."

"Not promises of marriage?" he said, smiling.

"I speak of promises made to Mrs. Wingfield," Kitty answered; "she offered me a home with her ever so long ago, and now she seems to think that, in spite of my engagement, I ought to go."

"For how long ?"

Dr. Norman's voice was bitter, and Kitty felt that kindness would have been less bearable just then. How unconsciously he seemed to be leading her into prevarications she had not dreamed of making. She caught eagerly at his last words.
"Would it vex you if I went—for a little time?"—thinking

it would be so easy to write afterward, and tell him the truth.

Dr. Norman did not soon recover from his surprise.

- "It would not vex me half so much if you wanted to pay a visit elsewhere; but of course, if you wish it, I have nothing more to say.'
- "It is not that I wish it, so much as Mrs. Wingfield-

"In that case, do not go. What is Mrs. Wingfield to you?"

"She has been very kind to me-

"That means—you have been very kind to her. I have often remonstrated with you for exerting yourself so unnecessarily on her behalf. She is entirely selfish. I think her kindness to people is generally so much capital very well invested."

This was a very cutting speech for a man like Dr. Norman to make, and Kitty smarted under it. Not knowing how to get

out of her difficulty, she said:

"I am afraid I must go. However selfish people are, one cannot treat them badly."

"If you really feel thus about the matter, it were better to go at once, but only for a short time. That is understood between

us, is it not?"
"You are very good to me; I wish I had been firm from the happened," Kitty said; "but perhaps it is better that I should go away for a little time. You will then be able to consider whether or no you have chosen wisely for yourself."

"Have we not both had time enough, and to spare, to con-

Driven into a corner, Kitty took refuge in plain speaking. I cannot help doubting," she said.

Dr. Norman looked grave, and rose as if wishing to end the conversation.

"Then by all means pay the proposed visit. Give yourself time to think, and if—as I hope and trust—you will come back to me for once and for all, it shall not be my fault if you regret

He left her a little ceremoniously, and went away.

Kitty lost no time in making preparations for departure. When alone in her room she wore a brighter face. It would be a pleasant life at Mrs. Wingfield's, she thought, without children to amuse and look after all day long, with only one person instead of a dozen to please, with a carriage and men-servants at command, and an elegant drawing-room, and pleasant ladies paying morning visits.

The children had a thousand remarks to make at breakfast next morning. Dr. Norman quietly looked up from his plate, and asked Kitty if she were going that day. She sighed and said "Yes," and then he opened his letters with rather a savage air. She could see that he loved her, that he trusted her, but that he was deeply hurt at her going. When Laura found herself with Kitty alone, she burst into tears, and, on her knees, entreated her to stay with them. The child loved Kitty pas-

sonately, and clung to her in a hysteria of grief.

"It will be so miserable without you," was all she could say for her tears. It was in such moments that Kitty Silver was unrivaled. A kiss from her lips, a touch of her hands, a whispered word of insinuating affection, and all Leura's grief was gone. She was ready to let Kitty go that moment, and to love her all the better for trampling on her poor little heart.

"That is my sensible little Laura," Kitty said; "and now you must do your best to make everybody gay and happy during

You will be back in a month?" pleaded Laura, her sweet eyes still full of tears.

"What folly to talk of the time! Let us make it endurable, and then it will go all the quicker. Now, you must promise me three things. In the first place, never to distrust me under any circumstances; in the second place, never to despise me; in the third, never to hate me."

"Oh Kitty!" Laura remonstrated.

"My dear, it is not impossible to distrust, despise, nay, hate, people one once looked upon as angels. You know circumstances force people into doing what seem such strange things, and then they get blamed. How can I tell what I may be driven to do?"

Laura lay at Kitty's feet—a pretty heap of curling brown

hair, pink complexion, and bright blue stuff.

"As if you would ever make people angry," she said, kissing the lissom white fingers that played with her hair; "you might make them unhappy, but angry—never."

"Little flatterer, I am but mortal—a little worse than other mortals, if anything; but now you shall hear how easily I could appear quite villainous. Supposing—we may as well suppose a strong case—supposing that I were never to marry your father at all!"

Laura, who had naturally welcomed the probability of a marriage between Dr. Norman and Kitty as the consummation of happiness, treated this speech as a cruel joke.
"You couldn't do that, and you wouldn't do it," she said.

Kitty urged the possibility of such conduct on her part.

"I could if I would, you know," she whispered, looking down upon Laura in her supreme, siren-like way. "Though Dr. Normam is your father, and so good, that everybody loves him, he is but a man, and we are women, you know.

And she turned her handsome head in a way that expressed some such sentiment as this: Women, by virtue of sex, are such very superior creatures, and have a right to lord it over their slaves. It might have been an unwholesome lesson for a less gentle nature than Laura's.

"But why should you treat him badly, when you are so fond of him?'

"I don't want to treat him badly—I shouldn't do it willingly. "Sometimes—I know it is wrong and ungrateful of me, but in the way, and I—who am the weakest of weak creatures where I say, supposing that some very strong temptation should come my own will is concerned—should give way, would you hate or

"I don't know," Laura said; "I don't want to think of having to do either. I'm quite sure that if you did worse things than disappoint papa, and all of us, I should go on loving you all the same, just because I couldn't help it."

"Which proves that you are a little goose," Kitty answered; "but, now, help me to pack, for Mrs. Wingfield begged that I would go in time for lunch."

Kitty's going was so sudden, that the whole family at Shelley House felt as if a tooth had been drawn. When Mrs. Wingfield's hated carriage drove up-for, good as were all the Normans, they could hate any one or anything that robbed them of Kitty-there was a universal feeling of consternation. The children cried; but that was only an outburst of passing grief; none of them said what was in each little heart—that she was doing an ungrateful thing.

Dr. Norman helped her courteously into the carriage, handed in her reticule, umbrella, and cloak, then pressed her hand as any ordinary well-wisher might have done, raising his hat ceremoniously as she drove off. What a forlorn house it seemed without her! Dr. Norman felt ashamed of himself for the accumulation of chagrin that he could not shake off. He would fain have shut up every recollection of her in the most secret recesses of his mind till she was again by his side. He could not bear that his children and servants should see what he suffered, and made an errand to London, thereby hoping to bridge over the absence that he hoped, but did not feel quite sure, would end well.

CHAPTER XXIII. -- IN PARIS.

Ir is spring-time in Paris—the ever gay, the ever gracious, ever youthful city. What a Barmecide's feast is always spreact there for the hungry! How the merry tunes strike upon weary ears! How victoriously the carriage wheels of the rich dash along the streets, driving the meanly-clad and the miserable into the gutters!

Kitty was one of the victorious ones now, and leaned back in Myra's carriage, as if soft cushions, obsequious lacqueys, and high-stepping bays had been every-day things with her, from her childhood upward. It was quite wonderful how prosperity, in any shape, seemed to fit her like a glove. She grew plumper and prettier with every new phase of it, and sometimes looked at herself in the glass, saying:

"Can it be my old self, Kitty Silver, now so amiable and youthful, and pleasant to look at—my old, thin, soured, sharptongued self?"

Myra had come to Paris in a pet with some relations at home, and had skillfully managed to bring her new friend with her. The matter, as may be well imagined, had been one of great difficulty. For Dr. Norman had not readily yielded, either to Myra's obvious little by-play, nor to Kitty's apologetic and insinuating artifices. He was eventually worsted, of course; what man is not worsted in a contest with women? but he had not yielded with the best grace in the world. His disappointment had been bitter, and his anger repressed, though deep. How it would all end, neither he nor Kitty could tell in their heart of hearts. They had hardly quarreled; they had certainly not parted with any understanding that the parting was to be more than temporary; yet time, as it wore on, seemed to divide them more and more.

They wrote to each other still. It was so easy to write friendly letters, about the children, old times and happy days that were to repeat themselves by and by; and, without touching on delicate ground, such letters seemed safe and were perhaps consolatory.

Kitty blamed Myra for her own apparent shortcomings; it was always Myra who would persist in keeping her away; Myra, who wanted her all to herself. Myra was represented as the enticer and delinquent from the beginning to the end. And Dr. Norman tried to believe that it was so.

The life she was leading could hardly have been more pleaant. She was running the giddy round of vain delights all day

long; living in a world made up of Gounod's music, drives, dinners, fashionable talk, and everything else light, graceful, and sparkling.

How she loved it all! the constant business of doing nothing, the interminable repetition of pleasure and fatigue, the long luxurious sleeps on lace-bordered pillows.

She was not, however, wholly free from disturbing retrospections and dreams. She could hardly forget the unshackled life in Fulham, the unvarying kindness of Shelley House, and the two men she had promised to marry. Moreover, she did not want to spend all her life with Myra, and was conscious of new ambitions, and new powers of attaining them.

She recalled her Bohemian life with alternate sighs of self-commisseration and complacency. In those times it had been a red-letter day, a shower of sugar plums, to walk to the theatre, sit in the pit, and return home in an omnibus. She had gone to some of the smaller theatres thus, and nothing could have been gayer. Occasionally, there had been representations by Perry's friends, concluding with cheap, noisy, deliciously unwholesome little suppers behind the scenes.

The company had not been refined; conversation was not strictly limited to such subjects as are discussed in a drawingroom; manners had been a little free and easy: Kitty owned to herself that she was not living amongst better people now. Those light-hearted, free-thinking, free-talking friends of Bohemia, had sadly neglected going to church, and many outward conventionalities; but how full to overflowing were they of the charity that thinketh no evil, a thing Kitty now heard so much of every Sunday! She marveled how she could have existed so long in what now seemed to her a social heathendom. Kitty was learning new lessons in etiquette every day, and, it must be confessed, went through the task in a tractable spirit. She learned that it was disreputable to read a shabby novel with one's feet on the fender, to blacken one's fingers with roasting chestnuts, to go out in wet weather, to eat penny ices-to do a hundred and one things as natural to one of her bringing up as cracking nuts to young gorillas. She must neither eat, drink, laugh, nor talk in the old way, nor live to the old merry tune.

Kitty proved an apt pupil, and soon became an adept in the



FAMALE COSTUMES OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV .- PAGE 134.



art of treating people exactly according to their deserts - a very difficult art, by the way, and one only understood by those who dwell within the precincts

of Vanity Fair. Her little craft thus newly rigged, none gayer than Kitty as she set out alone on high seas. She feared neither hoals nor storms; now should she, having such infinite trust in herself, who acted alike the part of pilot and steersman? She felt that she could afford to be gay, having hitherto waged successful war with the world - having proved herself in many a fight a feminine Bayard, sans eur et sans reproche. What astonished her, hourly and daily, was her own popularity. She was popular with all the world-with the young, with the old, with the beautiful, and with the ugly. How did this come to pass? She had no other allies, but a pair of eyes that looked wonderful things, and a sweet insinuating

voice, and a ready wit. Thus armed, though obscure, she felt that she could kept up an elegant menage, and were so gay, so charming, and become sought after and fêted wherever she went; though poor, she was made to feel quite rich; though virtually homeless and friendless, she yet had homes and friends with-

If Kitty flattered and fawned a little upon those who were clad in purple and fine linen, was she not following the example of the world, and all wise dogs, who wag their tails to those who have big bones to give away? Was she to blame because she picked her bone and was happy? It is not everybody's fortane to wag the tail to such advantage. And, after all, does not nineteenth century civilization set us bartering our goods and chattels, moral and material, after the fashion of South Sea slanders or King Theodore's subjects?

How many of our friendships are wholly disinterested? How many of our hospitalities as genuine as the desert fare of cous-Ous-sou, and spring water offered by every Bedouin to the Reser-by? He who pets his poor relation's dog much is almost

It is very easy to be good-tempered in Paris, and Myra and hitty were yet in what may be termed the honeymoon state of

They seemed to have discovered a mine of comfort and deight in each other. If Myra was a host in herself, Kitty was a They were continually making mutual discoveries, as leasant as they were unexpected. Kitty had so much wit, Iyra so much sensibility; Kitty was a genius, Myra a critic; always too busy to see any one but her dearest friends. As,



DEATH OF JOAN D'ARC .- PAGE 134.

and looking at the world through each other's eyes, they contrived to see a great deal.

They had plenty of friends, and visited or went sightseeing every day. Kitty had learned to know Paris very thoroughly in former days, and with her for cicerone Myra found Paris a wholly different and much more delightful place than formerly. A hundred harmless amusements were thought of now that do not come in the way of ordinary pleasureseekers.

Kitty was equally clever in picking out the plums of whatever social pudding came in the way; she ignored dull people perfectly, and never lost sight of any one who was pleasant or profitable.

They had a few French friends; and, though neither Myra nor Kitty could speak good French, they were both delightful in French eyes, for they dressed unexceptionably - a crowning glory to

so clever, as to place themselves below the level of French compassion. Kitty had been originally engaged as Myra's confidential companion, at a salary of a hundred a year; but how could such a contract exist between two friends who had become all in all to each other? Things did not alter all at once, but Myra and Kitty grew both so sensitive where money was concerned, that the former state of things had become intolerable. Kitty one of Myra's paid servants!—Kitty's affectionate observances paid for by wages!—Kitty Myra's dependent, who was so much her superior! It was not to be thought of.

So from Myra saying such things as these:

"Oh! Kitty, it is quite absurd to go on in this way-you know it is. If you won't consent to live with me, and share what I have as a sister might do, I'll run away from you.'

"Why should we keep up such shams, Kitty? I do not really pay you for what you do; I could not, if I gave you all I had. You shall, at any rate, be my equal in such things as can be given away. You understand what I mean?"

And Myra had said much tending to the same point, till Kitty gave way, and the two now lived together like sisters, sharing the good things of fortune equally.

CHAPTER XXIV .- HOW THE COMPACT WAS KEPT.

0 f

however, very few people were ever sent away, her dearest Kitty were both popular, and that their adon was filled with friends must have been legion. "Dies toujours que je ne voir per- pleasant people whenever they chose to throw it open. It was sonne," she said again and again to her maid Frangine, "mais vous pouvez admettre Tel et Tel tout le même." The last clause, however, only applied to certain people whose names Frangine

knew by heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Nobody were sent away with no sort of ceremony. People worth knowing, that is, people with big purses, big names, or big anything, were admitted and announced with a flourish of trumpets. Poor little Frangine, who was a peasant girl from Normandy, adored Mademoiselle Silver as much as anybody, and adored everybody else for doing the same. She was not too simple to understand how matters stood. Madame Wingfield, with the rosy face and round eyes, and the dimpled hands that dropped their hold of everything, had the money, and mademoiselle had the brains to make madame's money worth having. Frangine, foolish little thing as she was, saw it all clearly enough, and earned Kitty's gifts, that made her so necessary to people. All day long the same sum was going on: mademoiselle's cleverness x mademoiselle's power of fascination = madame's livres sterling.

Kitty certainly initiated Myra into the art of leading a pleasant life; and did not Myra do well to be grateful? She had suffered terribly from ennui till Kitty's era, in spite of the natural advantages of independence, wealth, and position. Now she found every day delightful, every bit of bread sweet as a freshly-gathered nut. She had plenty of flattery, as much homage as she well knew what to do with, and only enough leisure to give zest to gayety. Her Wednesday "At Homes" were pronounced charming; her little dinners, perfect; her maid-servants, angels; her men-servants, archangels; the

whole transformation was Kitty's work!

How could Kitty be sufficiently extolled, petted, rewarded! Myra was by nature Kitty's inferior, but she had it in her power to make her happy, which she did in her own lazy way. Kitty was told to get this and that luxury for herself, and she got it. Kitty was told to install herself in such and such a room, and she obeyed. Her room! that was the crowning glory of Kitty's existence. Like all women, she loved pretty things; it was chiefly her craving for pretty things that had led her out of Bohemia; here she had them, enough and to spare. No "viscount's daughter or earl's heir" had softer carpets, easier arm-chairs, richer curtains, than she, in the fashionable hotel in which they were located. She had an elegant little piano, and took lessons in singing, practicing the new operas out of music-books bound in white and gold. The last new drama of Emile Augicr, the last new novel of Cherbulies or Octave Feuillet, the last number of the "Révue des Deux Mondes" lay on her table, for she affected literary dilletanteism now, and could discuss any subject whatever, from Couttism to the Mexican Loan downward, with all the piquancy of a woman and the good sense of a man.

She was wonderful, this Kitty Silver! and Monsieur Da Member of the Institut, who attended Madame Wingfield's Wednesdays, sat at her feet, and liked to hear her talk better than any of his associates. She was strong on politics, too, and Myra was occasionally honored by the visit of Monsieur le Comte de — and Monsieur —, both of whom were statesmen, but not too much lifted above ordinary mortals to appreciate the bright persiflage or downright practical wisdom of an Englishwoman, who always looked handsome, and was always

dressed perfectly.

For dress is the most important art in a woman's educational curriculum, and Kitty had mastered it thoroughly. She knew exactly where good taste ends and bad taste begins; and it is no small credit to her that not even an envious tongue could find anything to say against her milliner or herself. Such a triumph is not obtained without effort, and it may be safely affirmed that, what with the adornment of her outward and the education of her inner woman, Kitty had not much time to spare. You see, things which come naturally to other ladies had to be acquired by her, and she was ever on the alert lest she should be caught tripping. She never was caught tripping: ah! she was wonderful!

pleasant people whenever they chose to throw it open. It was curious that, though Kitty was the most admired, it was always Myra to whom men made proposals of marriage, and Myra's suitors would have become quite troublesome without Kitty to keep them off. It was so natural to Myra to find men pleasant when they paid court to her, and she seemed such a confiding little thing, that if Kitty had not acted the part of the Dragon, the golden apples would have been stolen by the first audacious adventurer.

Once Myra had said, after a long talk about lovers and affairs

in general:
"I can't make out how it is that you are not jealous, Kitty. I never had a friend who was not jealous before. I suppose it is because you have wit enough to see that people care for me because I am rich and stupid, and for you because you are clever and handsome. I wish I were you."

"And I wish I were you," said Kitty, caressing her patron as if she were a child; "I wish I were you."

And she looked up fondly into her face as she spoke.

"Oh, you wouldn't like it!" said Myra, gravely comic; "you would find it dull. Just compare the lots of things in your mind to the emptiness in mine. You think more in five minutes than I do in a day."

"I wish I didn't think so much, sometimes," Kitty said;

but I suppose one can't help it."

"When two people live together, one of them must think, and thinking is hard work for women. Wouldn't it be better for us both if I were to marry? I don't wish to marry, I like my freedom so much, but marriage has advantages."

And Myra pursed her little mouth, and looked contemplative. Kitty looked contemplative, too.

"There is time enough for that," she said; "we are so

happy as we are !"

"We might go on being happy just the same," said Myra; "love for a man would never be much more to me as friendship for you. People scoff at women's friendships, but I am sure they are worth as much as anything in the world."

"Then why marry at all?" said Kitty, looking up.
"Because," Myra said, "I think if you go on working so hard for me, I shall grow to be a bugbear to you in time, and that would be wretched."

"Never! never!" cried Kitty, emphatically, pressing her friend's hand. "Never?"

"It would not be your fault, but in the natural course of things. No one's patience lasts for ever; and, you know, things do bother you sometimes."

This was said in allusion to one or two bursts of vexation on Kitty's part, when people had been provoking, servants dilatory, dressmakers unpunctual, or Myra herself intractable in little things. Can we act the part of angels always? Will any silken slipper cover the cloven foot?

Kitty suffered patiently a reproach that she felt she did not deserve. From that time she carefully kept out of Myra's sight any stones that clogged the domestic wheels, whether little or big, and Myra said no more about marrying. It must be confessed that Kitty's part of the compact was by far the hardest to keep. Myra gave what had cost her nothing—rank, money, ease; but Kitty gave time, thought, character, and capabilities, service of brain and lip, without stint or spare.

One morning she was busily engaged in making a head-dress for Myra, when Francine came in looking more puzzled than it was her wont to do; for Frangine's mistress was an unknown quantity to her, and she was constantly wishing that Kitty were

less clever, or that she herself were less stupid.

For instance, there had come to-day to the door a little, shy, ill-dressed girl, who wore a broad-brimmed straw-hat, and carried a cotton umbrella (the weather was showery), asking in very broken French to see Mademoiselle Silver, her dearest friend.

Francine went with her story to Kitty, half crying with embarrassment, and Kitty had said, looking cross, but not unpleasant:

All circumstances considered, it was no wonder that Myra and times that my dearest friends never carry umbrellas—and cotton

ones, too! preposterous! One of the dressmaker's English little box of bonbons in your pocket for Prissy—and give my

girls, of course, and I can't see her now."

"Mais non, mademoiselle," began Francine, "elle vient d'arriver d'Angleterre, et s'appelle-s'appelle-Mon Dieu, qu'est-ce que c'est que ce nom-la? Ah! Normand, c'est ça." Kitty suddenly seemed to see a hair on the carpet, and she

stooped to pick it up.

Laura in Paris! She turned hot and cold, and sick with dismay. How could she see her? How could she excuse herself from seeing her? What could she say to her?

She rose and went to the open window, feeling stifled. Hundreds of painful thoughts were rushing through her mind. If Laura was in Paris, surely Dr. Norman would be in Paris, too, and if Dr. Norman, Prissy and Wattie. What a scandal would be created by their downright homely ways! and Dr. Norman would perhaps press his suit upon her. How could she shield herself from his dreaded affection?

In this first moment of overwhelming agitation, it seemed possible to her to do a cowardly and heartless thing—namely, to deny herself to Laura, free herself—it is true, by a piece of falseuess-from the slavery of sentiment to which she had so long subjected herself. But she paused before doing this thing, and the pause saved her.

"Frangine," she said, sharply, "this demoiselle is English, and does not know les convenances. But how could you be so stupid as not to see by a glance that she was a lady? Admit her at once.'

And in another moment Laura and Kitty were kissing each other, woman-wise, and Laura could do nothing but laugh and

cry, feeling herself in such an uncertain sort of Paradise.
"Why, I never dreamed of seeing you," Kitty said, holding the child's pink cheeks between her hands, and looking at her earnestly, "you little, constant, foolish, sweet, impatient

"I thought I should never see you again," Laura said, shyly. "What a beautiful room this is, and how beautiful you are in your morning-gown !"

"And how pretty somebody else has grown! though just a little disheveled, and crumpled, and bespattered at this present moment. Let us take off your hat and cloak, and smooth your hair, and settle you comfortably in this fauteuil. I keep it for my pets, and nobody else," Kitty added, sweetly.

"It seems a shame to put my long wet hair on these blue relvet cushions," Laura said, looking at all Kitty's elegant surroundings with a child's wonder.

"Nonsense; what is upholstery for but to use?" answered Kitty, with the grand air of one who has just come into a fortune. "But now, tell me the news of you all. Is Dr. Norman

"Papa and Prissy and I came yesterday," began Laura.

' Without the boys?"

"Yes; Wattie is gone to school now."

"And how long do you stay?"

"I don't know; it depends ——'' Laura hesitated, lacking courage to add-"upon you."

"And where are you staying?"

Laura named a quiet, old-frshioned hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, and mentioned that she had come to see her quite of her own accord, adding:

"Papa says he shall write to you."

"I am afraid that I shall have to appear very inhospitable," Kitty said; "but, of course, not being in my own house, I can't invite my friends as I should like to do; you shall invite me instead," she added, coaxingly; and, after some further talk, said, "but now I am afraid I must send you away, you dear, good little pet, and you must come some other time to see all my pretty things, for to-day I have lots to do for Mrs. Wingfield, and you wouldn't have me get scolded on your account,

"Oh! nobody ever scolds you," Laura said.

"But see all those letters to answer, and she has friends coming to breakfast at twelve." "And when will you come to see us?"

"As if I could tell you now, dear child! but I will come, of

love to all—I dare not keep you any longer, darling. Good-by."

Truth to say, Kitty had heard a ring at the outer door, and was anxious to get rid of one visitor before another should come. How could she tell who the next comers might be? Perhaps some fashionable friends en grande tenue; and what would they think of her little provincial Laura?

CHAPTER XXV.—SURPRISE UPON SURPRISE.



AURA went away, smiling to herself for joy at having found her long-lost treasure, and much too happy and too dazzled by the brilliancy of Kitty's new position to anticipate possible disappointment for herself in the future. Greatly to her surprise, a friendly voice uttered her name, and a friendly hand was laid on her shoulder as she reached

"My stars, if it isn't little Laura Norman!"

"Oh! Mrs. Cornford, it's you!"

And Laura, like the loving little thing she was, kissed her old drawing-mistress warmly, and could not seem glad enough to see her again. It was so easy to Laura to love people when she felt happy-and she felt quite happy just now.

"Well," said Mrs. Cornford, in that delightful unconsciousness of cotton gloves, bepainted gown, disreputable bonnet, and unkempt hair, that is second nature to your veritable Bohemian, "so you have been paying court to our runaway daughter of Mammon, have you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Cornford!"

"Oh, Miss Laura! if you haven't eyes in your head I have, and can tell a mountebank in a momont, though he has got on his plain clothes. Our good Kitty's inner woman is like a mountebank, always dressed in plain clothes; and so stupid are all of you that none but I have the sense to find it out."

Had Laura's old teacher struck her, she could hardly have felt more hurt or startled; to her Kitty's self was sacred as the Commander of the Faithful to all true Mussulmans; and whilst too simple to fathom Mrs. Cornford's psychological subtleties, she could not bear her name to be unceremoniously used.

"It's no use mincing matters, my dear," Mrs. Cornford continued, with a friendly pat on the child's shoulder. "Kitty is a lover of Mammon, you know; but it's only the old birds who know how people set traps, and when you have been caught once or twice you will be wiser. I suppose you are all here in a lump?"

"Yes; that is, papa and my little sister are here."

"We are staying in the Rue de Trévise, numero quatre, but I am sure to be found in the Louvre almost every morning. Come and see me at which place you like best, my dear. On second thoughts, perhaps your papa might not like you to come to my quarters; but the Louvre is always respectable. You may paint with me sometimes, if you like." Then, with a hasty good-by, they parted.

When Francine for a second time that day opened the door to a shabbily-dressed lady, who had evidently walked a long distance in the rain, her mind misgave her as to what she ought to do; but rough and ready speech carries almost as much weight to the uneducated as fine clothes and fine manners, and Mrs. Cornford spoke French roughly, but readily enough. Mrs. Cornford, moreover, was a large person; Francine was small, and Francine was awed. Mrs. Cornford was ushered in.

Kitty's little room was quite a picture of artistic finish and fancy, and the first thought that rose to Polly Cornford's mind was-the little artful creature! who would have thought of her stealing all this taste from poor Perry and me? Her quick, unforgetting artist's eye took in every element of harmony in a moment; the mellow tints of the wall, the bright, rich carpet, the sober use of color everywhere, the taste displayed in every course I will, and am so pleased to see you again. Put this her room perfect, and what woman does not look twice as at-

University of Illir , Google-digitized

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

metamorphosed, as she advanced, dressed in an elegant morninggown of rose-color, her hair flowing, but smooth, her slippers of

But the vision of kind, slatternly, slangly, irrevocably Bohemian Polly Cornford came upon Kitty like a forgotten promise, or a bank failure, that makes one grow suddenly old and ugly. It is, however, against the laws of decent society that this sort of feeling should ever be expressed, and Kitty greeted her friend as if at that particular moment she thought her an angel.

"My stars!" said Mrs. Cornford, going from one piece of furniture to the other, with her glass to her eye, as soon as the first words of greeting were over. "My stars! Kitty, in what coin do you pay for all this? What a delicious color your paper is, to be sure! I'll use it for my next background; and what sweet little silly things in Sevres on your cabinet! and you've got one or two pictures too-a real Hamond, on my soul! and the genuine Doré's Don Quichotte; and my! what a jolly carpet!"

"Algerian," said Kitty, glad to find a topic; "isn't it a lovely thing? what reds, what greens, and what yellows! and look at all the different patterns.

"I say, Kitty, is it your own, and will you lend it to me? I'm painting a picture out of the 'Arabian Nights,' and your carpet is just what I want,"

"Of course," Kitty said.

"But I ought not to have asked you for the loan of it yet, for you mayn't like to lend your carpets to me after I have said my sav."

Kitty winced, but would not let her wincing be palpable for worlds.

"As if anything you could say would make me disagreeable," she said, sweetly; "but take off your cloak, and we will have up coffee, and we will talk over that."

She rang the bell, and ordered Frangine to bring up coffee and cakes, with less authority than usual. Poor Kitty! Mrs. Cornford's visit was less bearable to her than a neuralgic attack.

"The chicks are here," began Mrs. Cornford.

"Oh!" Kitty answered, smiling.

"And the Bianchis are here."

"Oh!" Kitty said, still suave.

"And Perry is here."

"Oh!" Kitty said, trying to smile, and groaning inwardly.

"And we are going to make a regular season in Paris, and stay I don't know how long. Don't say you are glad, Kitty; I know in your heart you are thinking what a horrid lump of us to be here, and wishing that we were all safe at home in Paradise Place."

"How can you say such things! If they were true, I should be the most ungrateful wretch under the sun."

"Everything is possible in this world," said Mrs. Cornford, coolly; "and if I must speak the plain truth, our faith in you is looking a little the worse for the wear."

Kitty dropped into a chair, biting one of her long locks savagely, and sat still.

"I don't say you are ungrateful," Mrs. Cornford went on; "there is no sort of need for old friends to be grateful to one another-

Here Kitty came to Mrs. Cornford's side, and put her arms about her, deprecatingly, and interposed:

"My dear Polly, how absurd to say that I have no need to be grateful to you!" adding, with tears, and a fine, tremulous burst of passion, "you dear, good, ill-repaid, generous thing!"

"Pooh, pooh! I'm a hard-working, out-at-elbow, vulgar wretch—that's what I am; and you're quite a fushionable lady now, and wouldn't come and call on me in my five-pair back in broad daylight, if it would save my heart from breaking. I know what saints you swear by, Kitty, and your creeds and catechisms, too."

"And what are they?" said Kitty, looking a little pale, but

tractive in a beautiful room? To Mrs. Cornford, Kitty looked | and keeps a flunkey, to fall down and worship one god only-Mammon the Mighty—and to him to sell your soul.

"I don't know why women should be so harshly judged," Kitty said, penitently, but proudly: "a man gets commended for trying to better his condition; I have only done that."

"You have only done that, I know; but there are more ways than one, Kitty, of making oneself smart at a fair; one's fine clothes may be bought, borrowed, or stolen—"
"What do you mean?" asked Kitty.

"You have come mighty fine to the fair, Kitty, but I am much afraid you haven't paid for all your gewgaws in good money that rings when you try it."

"My dear Polly, how absurd you are!"

"Well, let us try your money. We'll say you've paid so many smiles, and so many sweet speeches for this jolly boudoir; will you swear them to be all true and genuine? or, let us take the carriage you drive in-what does that cost you? Have you a regular tariff of prices, or do you bargain haphazard for all these good things? And truffles—I dare say you eat truffles now-do you buy them by the gross, for a few little flatteries of extra flavor?

Kitty did not know whether to laugh or to cry, whether to take Mrs. Cornford's sarcasms seriously or in jest, whether to be indignant or humble. She followed a middle course.

"Polly," she said, "if I did not love you, I verily believe I should forget all that I owed you in the old days, and be ready to hate you for saying such things of me now. But though I am foolish, and vain, and weak, I do love you-I do, indeed, love you, Polly, and you must not cast me off."

And saying this, she came close to Mrs. Cornford's side, and wound her arms round her neck, and kissed her on the cheek, knowing-who so well ?-that Mrs. Cornford could no more resist her than all the rest of the world.

"You little, insinuating, artful, clever thing!" Mrs. Cornford began; but her mouth was stopped by Kitty's hand.

"No, I'm not insinuating, and I'm not artful," she said; "I'm your dear, naughty prodigal, that's what I am; and though you scold me to-day, you'll kill the fatted calf for me to-morrow—I know you will, you darling."

"Not I," said Mrs. Cornford, good-tempered in spite of herself; "not I, Miss Kitty Silver. If you come, which I know you won't, I shall give you nothing but a brown crust and lots of scolding. I live ever so high up in an attic, you know, in a dingy little street, and your love for me will hardly bring you there. I think.'

"As if I should not come to see you," Kitty interposed, deeply hurt.

"Well, will you come in to-night? Perry has asked a friend or two to dinner, and we are going to the Opéra Comique afterward."

Kitty hesitated.

"I should like it dearly; but, you see, Mrs. Wingfield might object."

"Come on Sunday, then; we'll go to Saint Cloud, and have dinner at such a snug little cabaret Perry knows of."

"We always go to church on Sundays," Kitty said, with some reluctance.

"Eh, go your ways, Kitty, to church and the devil!" Mrs. Cornford said, rising to go; "and don't come to see me, till you turn poor and honest again-which won't be yet, I fancy."

She put on her cloak, and would have gone away abruptly, but Kitty hindered her a little.

"I will come and see you, I will, I will," she whispered; "give my dear love to Perry, and the children, and everybody, and say so."

And she kissed her friend, and clung to her.

"I shall tell 'em the truth, and nothing but the truth," Mrs. Cornford said; "and when you see 'em you can add as much to it as you like. I shall tell 'em how I found you in a wonderful frock fit for a duchess, and a diamond ring on your finger, and a gold chain at your waist, and silk stockings on resolutely determined to play the victim.

"I suppose your creed is," began Mrs. Cornford, "to love rour neighbor as yourself, if he's rich, and lives in a big house, folks if ever you come there. Good-by!"

at University of Illinois main, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

And with that Mrs. Cornford went, leaving Kitty abashed, great occasion. In a moment, she was at her friend's feet, a terrified, full of misgiving.

How should she shield herself from all the new difficulties and perplexities that loomed in the distance?

She could not break from these old, true friends; but how to cleave to them, how to be kind to them without bitterest shame and mortification? Why-oh, why had they come to disturd her peace?

CHAPTER XXVI. - CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION.



F LAURA'S visit had been a thorn in Kitty's side, it may be imagined that Mrs. Cornford's was two thorns; and they pricked and pricked mercilessly All the pleasantness of this Parisian phase of life was gone, snuffed out in a moment like a wax light exposed to unkind blasts.

Kitty's gilded cage held an unhappy bird for a time; poor bird! that only asked less love and more oblivion at the hands of the world, and bewailed its unhappy fate with fallen crest,

drooping pinions, and joyless eyes. Whichever way she looked, she saw nothing but small ignoble perplexities. At present, Myra knew almost nothing of what Kitty's early life had been; why should she ever have known but for these too fond, too faithful friends who would not be so kind as to forget her for a little while? She should be sure to meet Perry-dear,

disreputable Perry — in the first picture-gallery they might chance to visit, and should have to choose between the painful alternative of cutting him dead or bringing a dreadful scandal upon herself, or she should be slowly driving by Myra's side, or, worse still, with some of Myra's friends, perhaps with fastidious Sir George Bartelott and his daughter along the Boulevard, and come upon the whole vagabondish, darling, but terribly unwelcome crew, drinking beer and playing dominoes outside some fourth-rate café. Kitty's heart sank within her as she forestalled the catastrophe of such a meeting. Mrs. Comford would nod and put up her eye-glass to stare; Perry would look unmistakably aghast and forforn; the children would turn scarlet with excitement, and gape and ejaculate, "There's Kitty! oh, goody, how smart she is!" How should she bear it? how should she flee from it?

She wondered how far it would be wise and safe to trust Myra; for trust her, in some degree, she must, or break with her. There was no other course left open that she could see.

So, when Myra came in, a little curious, a little vexed, and half inclined to be out of temper with Kitty for having friends of whom she knew nothing, the little siren threw her arms about her more than sister, and said, plaintively:

"Oh, Myra! nothing could have happened so unfortunately for me. The Normans have come to Paris."

"What, in heaven's name, does that signify? Dr. Norman knew your decision on a particular matter long ago.

Seeing Kitty's face cloud a little, she asked, point-blank: "Isn't it so? If not, it was wicked behavior on your part."

"I didn't lead him on to hope, and I didn't quite give him up. I can't bring myself to blurt out unpleasant truths—for the life of me, I can't; don't blame me, Myra," poor Kitty pleaded; "it is my idiosyncrasy—not my fault."

"And it is my idiosyncrasy, not my fault, that I blurt out unpleasant truths always; and, pardon me, dearest, but, though I love you, I can't trust you a bit—not a bit—if you have really acted toward Dr. Norman so."

pale, disheveled, penitent, distracted thing.

"Now, or never, you shall know all," she said, moistening Myra's hand with her tears; "and then you shall judge me according to my deserts. It is not only Dr. Norman whom my affection for you has led me to deceive, but there are othersone, a man whom I half promised to marry years ago—when I was young; and they all love me so much, and want me so much, that they have followed me here; and now I shall have

no peace."
"Well," Myra said, after the manner of a child lecturing her doll, "of course, it's you who have done the wrong, and who must suffer for it. If I could bear some of the blame, I would."

"Oh! you don't know half the misery of it yet," poor Kitty groaned, still in her penitential attitude. "My oldest friends, those who brought me up, and to whom I owed everything when a child, though dear, generous, unselfish souls—heaven forgive me for saying so !—are, or, rather, would seem to you, desperately vulgar. I—I should be the most heartless wretch in the world if I dreamed for a moment of giving them up; but I must choose between them and you."

And with that climax she rose from her knees, and dashed to the window and back again, and stood by the mantelpiece, sob-

bing out:
"Between them and you—between them and you!"
"That is sheer nonsense," Myra said, with warmth. "Nothing shall induce me to give you up—till you marry; and I suppose you do not wish to marry this desperately vulgar lover who has followed you to Paris?" she added, archly.

"He is not vulgar, though I don't wish to marry him; it is of the others I speak."

"Oh! never mind the others. We can ask them to come one day by themselves, and show other innocuous civilities."

Kitty shook her head.

"We've been too intimate to come to that. Think for a moment! Can I just be civil to those who have been as good as father and mother to me? I have told you, dear "-and here her voice fell into a naturally subdued key—" what a fatherless, motherless, forlorn little vagabond I was—and it was these people who took me in."

"Dear, dear," Myra said, "how I wish people would not be poor, and have children, and die; it bothers people's moral notions so. You can't cut your adopted fathers and mothers, and you can't be contented with being on mere friendly terms. And they are in Paris, and so are we. Dear, dear! what is to be done?—but don't cry, dear; that is no sort of use."

Thus admonished, Kitty dried her eyes and grew calm.

"It is such a comfort to me that we really care for each other," she said, "and that you judge me kindly in everything. Without that assurance, life were not worth having.

And then she seated herself on a low stool at her friend's knee, and told a long-long story, about herself you may be sure, throwing such a halo of grace and pathos about it, that Myra quite envied the life at Paradise Place, and thought that Mrs. Cornford and Papa Peter and Perry Neeve must be ever so much more interesting than people of her own set.

"Would it not be possible for you to see them now and then without any break between anybody? They are so fond of you. that they would make any sacrifice, I should think."

"Oh! you don't know what jealousy in such a set is," Kitty exclaimed; "well-bred people are not supposed to have any assions—at least, they keep them within proper bounds. I tell you there is no help for it but to leave Paris."

"My poor Kitty! Leave Paris, when Paris is la crême de la crême of existence! Preposterous! You stay—I stay—they stay—poor things!"

"Impossible!"

"You and I stay, then?"

"Impossible!"

"But it seems worse than ridiculous that we should be driven from Paris, just because some people settle themselves here to whom you fancy yourself obliged."

"As if I should dream of letting you make such a sacrifice for Kity was supreme at acting little tragedies, and here was a



all the thousand and one vexations too sure to follow from the arrival of these-my dear, kind old friends. Oh dear! if one had no natural affection, how easy life would be!" and she looked very pathetic.

"Which means that you would ignore the existence of your vulgar friends?"

Not vulgar—unconventional, I should have said."

"Well, then, of your unconventional friends, and enjoy Paris to your heart's content? I can read you."

Kitty colored, and was silent. Myra went on:

"But let us devise some means of cutting this Gordian knot. We will leave Paris as soon as possible, c'est entendu; meantime, do once and for all tell that cold, satirical Dr. Norman that you have given him up for ever and ever," and here Myra looked up with arch insinuation. "Perhaps it may be as well to say the same thing to the man you half promised to marry years and years ago.'

"Oh, Myra!"

"You were more kind to him, were you, and sent him away sentenced and desponding, but not in suspense?"

Kitty now went on her knees afresh-we speak figuratively kissing the ground, and sprinkling her head with ashes, crying, "Peccavi, peccavi!" and Myra, after an extravagant amount of childish scolding, coaxing, and caressing, left her in a comparatively happy mood. Myra consented, nay, proposed that they should leave Paris in three weeks' time-a great concessionand Kitty felt that it would be possible to temporize with the Normans and the dear tiresome loving tribe from Paradise Place during that short space. She wanted to stave off a catastrophe till the eve of her departure with Myra from Paris, and then to go very meekly and penitently to the Faubourg St. Germain and the Rue de Trévise, and confess, as she had done to Myra-" Peccasi, peccari!" and having alike received plenary absolution from all, depart in peace. And all this while, existence seemed a dreary isthmus to her, connecting the land of the past, and the land of the future, across which she must walk alone.

Strange, unaccountable human solitude, portion alike of the best and the worst, the meanest and the mightiest! Mothers have we, devoted to us; fathers who have toiled for us; brothers, sisters, friends; husbands, whose light of the eyes we are, wives who cleave to us, children born of us, our very flesh and blood—and yet who is not alone in his sorrow now and then? Do you suppose that the playful Horace any more than the serious Galileo, the saintly Washington any more than the sinful Phryne, was exempt from this inevitable heritage? Our bright brief glimpses of perfect happiness have been shared by those we would die for ; but, God help us, each must go up into his Gethsemane alone!

To whom could Kitty lay bare her innocent heart? To none in the whole world, and sometimes, for she was without God in the world, the loneliness lay like a nightmare on her soul.

New ambitions were ever troubling her, as cutting teeth troubles children, and she could no more have accounted for her discomfort than they could. Why was she always courting tomorrow and slighting to-day, as if the one were a poor relation, of whom nothing could be expected, and the other a rich one, having legacies to bestow?

She had made her little voyages hitherto under rare auspices, coming home with a fair wind and a good freight; why could she not rest in the snug harbor wherein she had anchored? Why could she not think excellent things of the world good enough, but she must hunger and thirst, and stretch out her hands for the very best? Why? "In the name of glory," Why?

A LAPLAND CRADLE.

Affection seems to have prompted ingenuity even among savage nations in constructing a comfortable cradle for the helpless infant. The baby-frame of our Indians is a very convenient arrangement both for mother and child, and could be adopted with benefit by white women compelled by their labors to leave their infants alone. The mere open box we use as a the mother to have her child always in sight and out of harm's

The Lapland cradie, shown in our illustration on page 125, is a similar structure. A piece of wood, shaped like a cance, and hollowed out like one till sufficiently light and portable, is filled with a soft grass, which retains the animal heat, and in this the child is placed, with bands across to keep it from falling out, and a sort of visor or bar to protect the face. Two straps at the head and feet enable the mother to hang it on a bough or hook of any kind. Provision is made for securing cleanliness; but, on the whole, it is inferior to the Indian babyframe, which is simply a board with a hoop at the top for suspending it, and the infant is swathed on the board, which has a slight rim around.

Some of the Lapps seem to dispense with even this cradle; and one writer, who tells us that the women generally carry the children on their back, gipsy-fashion, adds, that when they go to church, they leave the babies outside the building, to keep them warm, an operation effected by the strange expedient of digging a hole in the snow and popping them in, leaving a dog to keep guard against the wolves.

FEMALE COSTUMES.

WE present on page 128 pictures of three fashionable ladies of the time of Louis XIV., by which our readers will perceive that the Grecian Bend and the hoops of the present age are but resurrections of olden fashions. In those days the greatest skill and elaboration were required to build up that costly, mysterious, and wonderful work of art, the head-dress of a lady of fashion. Horace Walpole, in one of his gossiping letters, draws a humorous picture of a fair friend of his who had her head dressed the previous evening, and had to sit up all night, and sleep in her chair, as she could not lie down for fear of destroying or damaging the work of her hair-dresser.

THE DEATH OF JOAN OF ARC.

WE question if for grave cruelties England does not carry off the palm. This is, doubtless, owing to the serious, not to say religious, character of the poople. Among the merciless deeds committed by England in olden times, the burning of Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Orleans, will ever stand out prominent.

Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Orleans, joan, a celebrated French heroine, whose parents were simple peasants. She was servant at an inn, when she imagined that St. Michael, the tutelary angel of France, had commanded her to raise the siege of Orleans, then closely pressed by the English, under the Duke of Bedford. Her pretended visions made a great noise, and she was introduced to Charles VII., whom she is said to have discovered amidst his courtiers, though he was dressed like them. She promised to relieve Orleans, and to procure the coronation of Charles at Rheims. Her offers were accepted, though the parliament treated her as an impostor. Clad in armor, she headed the troops, who were animated by her professions and example. The siege of Orleans was raised, after which she marched to Rheims, and assisted at the coronation of the king, who ennobled her family, to which he gave the name of Du Sys, with large grants of land. Joan, after heading a sortic, was taken prisoner at the siege of Compleigne, by the English, who, to their disgrace, tried and condemned her for sorcery.

A man's apparel being left in her cell to tempt her, she put it on. The infamous Bishop of Beauvais took advantage of this act to hasten the execution. A huge pile of wood was erected in the market-place of Rouen, and, surrounded by a vast assemblage of soldiers and ecclesiastics, the heroic maiden of Orleans was burned alive, on the 31st of May, 1431, having just entered her twenty-second year. The Seine carried her ashes to the sea. The infamy of this transaction lies heavily upon all concerned in it-upon the Burgundians, who gave her up to the English; upon the English, who allowed her execution; upon the French people, in the midst of whom she was judicially cradle is liable to many accidents, while the baby-frame enables her genius and valor, did nothing to avenge her. murdered; and upon the wretched king, who, though saved by



THE SUMMER SALOON OF THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

Ir anything could cure the frivolous portion of our beautiful sex from pining after splendor, it would be the monotonous magnificence of a harem life. Our engraving on page 186 will enable our readers to form some idea of the grandeur of the gilded cages of these hapless birds of beauty.

A recent traveler gives the following account of her visit to one of the sultan's harems:

"A great variety of small colored illumination lamps were hung in festoons suspended from the gilded pillars. Large, handsomely-gilded mirrors hung down the sides, in which the exotics were reflected. At the bottom, on each side, were two pure white marble fountains, whose waters, as they played, formed representations of peacocks, with their superb tails. Around them were placed variegated evergreens and prettily-constructed rockeries. Over the door of the entrance to the place hung a very handsome crimson cloth curtain, embroidered with gold crescents, and fringed with a deep gold border. At the top of the door were placed the sultan's arms, and two standards with gilt spears.

"We then descended two marble steps, which led us into a small marble-paved hall, which, owing to the large orange-trees and shrubs and exotics it contained, presented a very sombre appearance, but which, when lighted up by means of the superblustre that hung suspended from the ceiling, which was domeshaped and most beautifully painted and gilded, gave it a truly fairy-like coup d'exil.

"It was such an entrance into a palace as the polishing of Aladdin's wonderful lamp might really have produced, but not outvied; in short, an Arabian Night-like creation. It was covered with mirrors which reached from the ceiling down to the floor, between all of which hung white lace and crimson silk curtains, which gave them the appearance of windows.

"Upon numerous gilt brackets stood white marble vases, filled with moss and artificial flowers. Between the evergreens stood several marble statues, some bearing colored globes in their hands, and others holding bouquets of flowers. Here and there were placed gilded chairs, the cushions being covered with crimson velvet.

"The effect, as the spectator entered, was extremely pleasing, and the gentle trickling of the water from the fountains in it produced a most delightful sensation.

"Then we passed into an immense marble-paved hall, having naised banks all around it, covered with beautiful velvet-looking green moss, interspersed with natural and artificial flowers most tastfully blended together. The walks were hung with large mirrors which reached halfway down them and rested on the naised banks, and a hanging terrace of flowers ran round the apartment on the top of the mirrors.

apartment on the top of the mirrors.

"On the banks were placed vases of the rarest exotics, interspersed with statues, on whose heads were placed rustic carved baskets of blooming flowers, each holding in the hand colored globular lamps. Down the entire centre of the room ran a huge bank covered with moss interspersed with flowers, creepers, and orange-trees, amidst which, dotted about, stood numerous statues, and which divided the apartment into a double promenade, at each end of which was a pure white marble fountain, bordered with flowers.

"The ceiling was magnificently painted, surmounted with a deep gilt beading. The room was lighted with twelve huge silver candelabras, fixed in the sides of the walls. Here and there rout-seats were scattered about, all covered with crimson velvet to match the hangings, which were of crimson silk."

WATCHES.

The watch requires care; and it is not enough that the maker is one of character, and that a proper price has been given for it, unless necessary precaution is taken to ensure good performance. The watch should be regularly wound up as nearly at the same time as possible, since few springs are so equally adjusted as to pull with the same force during the whole time of

action, which is usually about thirty hours; therefore, by winding every twenty-four hours, it will leave six hours for the weakest part to remain idle.

Always have a key with a good pipe or square, and one that fits properly on the square of your watch; for, if it does not fit good and firm, it will be apt to slip, often breaking either the chain, the ratchet, or the click. If the square of your watch is too short, or worn nearly round, get a watchmaker to repair it, or make a new one. Be particular to wind your watch the proper way. English watches, or those with fusee and chain, usually wind to the left, and almost all the Swiss ones, or those with the going barrel, wind to the right. While being wound, the watch should be held steadily in one hand, so as to have no circular motion, which always produces variation of the balance, and sometimes considerable derangement in the escapement. It is better to keep a watch continually going, than to lay it by, and wind it up occasionally. The going of the watch keeps the oil in a limpid state, and the watch keeps its regula-

Watches frequently stop by the springs breaking, owing to the changes of the atmosphere, particularly in cold weather. That is one of the accidents which cannot possibly be avoided by the best workmen, and in the very best watches. It is impossible to make a main-spring which will not be influenced by the sudden changes of the weather. Therefore, if the spring of your watch breaks, do not blame the watchmaker, as they often break from the same cause while the watch is in his care.

Be not afraid that your watch will not go as well after a new spring has been put in as before. If a good new spring has been properly put in, your watch will go as well as ever.

English, or watches with chains, will usually wind about four and a half turns to every twenty-four hours, while those of a going barrel about three and a half turns. This will partly serve as a guide to ascertain if your watch winds right.

If the springs or chains break frequently, be sure there is some defect in the stop-work, which must be corrested by a watchmaker.

Many persons say: "I have over-wound my watch." It may be possible to do it in winding very fast, and in a hurry. If the stop-works of a large and thick watch, or one with a chain, are in order, it will take a strong key to resist the strain that you can give it to over-wind it. If not in order, the chain will break. In a flat watch, or one with a going barrel, if the stop-works are not in order, or there is only one, or perhaps none, and you force it, you will break the spring, or some of the teeth of the wheels, or pinions, and sometimes both; if, when the spring is broken, you keep winding, you are likely to break or injure some other parts of the works.

Should a watch get wet by falling in the water or otherwise, if you are not near a watchmaker, as soon as possible open it, and powr in some oil—any kind will do in an emergency, but olive oil is the best. As soon after as convenient, place it in the hands of a watchmaker, and, if attended to in time, the whole movement, or at least many parts, may be saved. If left too long without oil, to prevent rusting, particularly if wet with salt water, the steel works will be past repair.

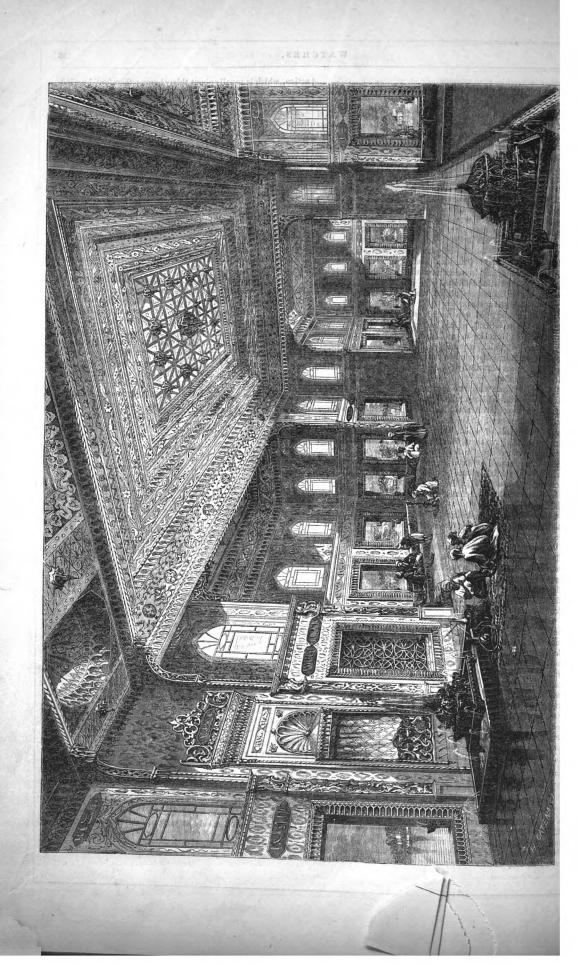
Many persons think it injures a watch to set it back. It is a mistaken idea, as the watch will not be injured by it, unless the pinion which carries the hands turns hard, in which case it would injure it as much to turn it forward as to send it back; and recourse must be had to a watchmaker.

Frequently, after being repaired or cleaned by even the best workman, a watch will, when worn, require a little attention to its regulating. The watchmaker cannot wear all the watches he has to repair; neither can he know the different habits of his customers.

Many persons will say—"I have had my watch repaired, and it does not keep time." It is often an injustice to a good workman who may regulate a watch very closely while in his hands but when worn by the owner, and the different way in which he uses it, causes it to vary; therefore, it will be necessary to attend to it, and, should it vary, alter it according to the wearer's use of it.

FRIENDSHIP once injured is for ever lost.







Urbana-Champaign at Illinois Generated at University of Google-digi



A LIFE.

Her life is all one neutral tint—
A cold and quiet gray;
No thunder cloud, or sunbeam glint,
Darkens or cheers her way;
No great events their shadows cast,
Aeross her present or her past.

She is not old, she is not young.

She works from day to day;

Nor cares for those she dwells among.

And her's—the neighbors say—

Anature neither warm nor cold;

Too soft to carve—too hard to mold.

From year to year she patient sips
The tastcless cup of life;
No annals e'cr escape her lips
Of blighting care or strife;
And rarely from them falls one word,
Which would be worthy of record.

And yet her face has saddening power;
I seek its cause in vain—
As sometimes at the twilight hour
As sometimes at the twilight hour
With decarler feelings fills the heart
Than scenes of storm or strife impart.

Tyrants might fall, and Empires quake;
Nations rejoice or groan;
And in her breast no interest wake:
Yet surely I have known
Some sound—some scent—some trifling thing,
Search out some memory's hidden spring.

Then slowly rising to her eye,
I see a faint light glow,
And then—I know not how or whyIt must be long ago—
By that pale gleam I read the cost
Of life's welfare, staked and lost!

THE DARK ROOM AT CONYNGFELL.

PART I.—THE VERB TO LOVE. Caossing her bare arms upon the table, she leaned forward and gazed in downright childish admiration. "Could anything be more charming, Sarah ?"

but a weak word for it. Say superb, and there you have it. Look at that silk, stiff as a board, and smooth as satin, and this lace, lifting the gossamer web as she spoke. "Take notice, Miss Geraldine. Ain't it worth being a bride to wear such?"

"I shall be a very happy woman, Sarah."

"You'd be a most an extraordinary one if you wasn't, miss. If jewels such as these can't bring happiness, what can, says I. You've only to take your pick and choice of every stone that

ever was dug, and you're lovely in 'em all. The queen, on her golden throne, can't say that, miss."

"Such happiness!" nurmured the girl, looking far beyond silk and lace, and rarest jewels. "Such perfect happiness!

Fane's wife!"

Honest Sarah did not hear this. She was busy with the finery, but presently she burst forth, dolcfully enough:

"Yet, after all, it's hard, poor child! Where's the stranger love that can pay you, for father and mother, and the dear old home? Stephen Tennant was a worthy husband to me-as kind and true a husband as the good Lord ever sent a girl, yet times would come, when even Stephen's love couldn't make me forget the folks at home. And now, they're gone, and he's gone, and here am I, a lonely woman, but I've my happiness in the memory of all that's past, and do you pray for the same, my child, a loving husband, and a tender memory. Pray against the black days that may be a-coming, who can tell? Why, highty-tighty. Sarah Tennant, this is pretty talk to the poor lamb, and upon her wedding eve, too! Hacking at her happiness, so to speak, with your stupid prophesying. Off with you, you gossip! You needn't ring, Miss Geraldine, dear. I'll be back in a moment."

The maid had gone, but the young mistress still sat there her bare arms crossed upon the table, her eyes fixed dreamily on something far beyond.

"Father, and mother, and the dear old home," were the red lips repeating. "What are they all to me now? What is the world, earth, heaven, to me, if he-loves me!"

A soft flush stole over that strange face—that face at once so singularly attractive and repelling. Sarah had called it beautiful, and Sarah was right in a certain sense. There was a daring, insolent charm about the rounded, polished forehead; there was "Asking your pardon, miss," protested Sarah, "charming's of golden-brown hair were rolled and arranged with an artful of golden-brown hair were rolled and arranged with an artful carelessness, and these made a picture which one might study and admire, yet fear, for the great brown eyes were relentless in their steely fixedness, the thin lips almost cruel, and these were forever telling traitorous tales.

But now a tender light gleamed in the brown eyes, a half smile softened the thin, stern lips, a murmur, the echo of a murmur, came with the smile:

"Father and mother, and the dear old home, what are they all to me now? What is the world, earth, heaven, to me, if he loves me?"

That evening, Geraldine Onslow was listening to the man whom the morrow would make her husband. He was a tall, handsome fellow, this Fane Pemberton. Fair, with a sunny happiness glancing in his blue eyes, and a contented light-heartedness smiling upon the full, well-cut lips. A man of the gay world, careless to recklessnes, he was scarcely one to fathom and understand the wife which fortune gave him. She had told him something like that, and he had answered as she expected, with kisses and sweet assurances.

"Say it again," she whispered. "Let me hear it, how much I am to you. There can be no love like our love; I know that, but tell it me again."

And the pleasant rythm of the old, old story rose and fell in dreamy cadence.

"I worship you, and will worship you ever-oh, my darling!" came the low music.

"Fane, answer me honestly, is this true? do you love me?" Her hands were upon his shoulders, her brown eyes looking straight into his.

"Why, Geraldine!"

"Answer! Do you love me?"

A pleading no longer-it was a cry now-a cry hungry and

"Geraldine!"

"I do not ask idolatry," she went on, hurriedly, never heeding the tone of reproach at her question. "Not idolatry, but love, simply love, pure and true. Give me that, and angels may envy us; deny me that, and-

Well?"

"And they will forget us."

"The poor little cherubs! I defy them, dear."

"God will forget us," she continued, solemnly.

"What ails you, Geraldine? Nonsense! Rest content, my darling. If love insures remembrance from above, we need have no fear; and if I worship you, why may I not declare it, pray, you remorseless little tyrant?"

Said Miss Onslow, very earnestly:

"If you knew me better, you would not trust to protestations. When you know me better, you will only say, 'Geraldine, do this,' or, 'Geraldine, it is true,' and I will kiss your hand, believing and obeying."

"Believing always my simple assertion? Obeying blindly?"

"Not at all. My heart will teach me, a thousand things will prompt me, my woman's wit will warn me when deceit commences, and then-"

"And then?" persisted the curious gentleman.
"Let us not think of it. That time can never come. The bare fancy almost maddens me. Oh, Fane, Fane, only love me !"

Starting up, she half turned away, then, hiding her face in her hands, sobbed like a child. He drew her to his heart and stilled the quivering lips with countless kisses. Could he think of that time now? Her round, soft arms were about his neck. Could he burden his careless conscience with remorseful memories? If fortune offered him such a treasure as this beautiful creature and her fresh affection, should he play the churl, and, frowning moodily, disdain the proffered gift, merely to turn about and quarrel with fate? Not he, indeed.

"Of the verb to love, I know the present tense, and may the evil one fly away with all the others, past and future. I'll swear that I adore her, but-"

Mr. Pemberton was in his own well-appointed chamber when he made this avowal. You understand that he was far from despising luxury and ease, and was, in fact, kindly indulgent wealth and perfect taste, his surroundings were simply exquisite. A sensualist he certainly was, yet his was a sensualism thrice refined, a pleasant sin marvelously becoming a handsome sinner.

"I'll swear that I adore her, but-

Again that hesitation. Mr. Pemberton drained his glass, and lit his cigar. He was exerting himself to be comfortable, but, somehow, he had thoughtlessly uncovered old memories and their dead faces were unpleasant.

"Confound it all!" he muttered, impatiently. "I never imagined there was so much in her. I wish she had not spoken in that way, though. I've caught a glimpse of a turn in her disposition, which does not please me at all."

When the fact was, that this pleasure-loving gentleman had caught a glimpse of a possibility which startled him. Hear the confession, made between whiffs of smoke.

"If the worst comes, her love would surely change to hate for me; then, the wide world could hold no more bitter enemy. As it is, I honestly declare that she frightens me."

An extraordinary avowal from the lips of a man like Fane Pemberton.

PART II .- " GOOD MARK."



HEY were married. There had been a round of gayety, a foreign tour, pleasures innumerable, and now Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton were home, at the old family seat.

A fair domain, in truth, was Conyngfell. An ancient one, at that, numbering a good century and a half since the Honorable Richard Berkeley Pemberton, with his own noble hands, had laid the corner-stone. The quaintest of quaint places was it, too.

There were peaked windows pierced in the ivy-covered walls, and many-angled wainscoted chambers, and countless halls with sudden twists and turns, leading heaven only knew where.

Now, upon this morning of early spring, Conyngfell was pleasant beyond the telling. The light, and warmth, and gladness of the blessed sunshine bathed it in a cheerful glow. There was an old-fashioned garden, of course, but the pride and glory of the place lay, not in that, but in the noble sweep of woodland—unnumbered acres of beech and oak, with staunch old forest-kings leading the leafy vanguard, whose branches swayed and swept over the lower roofs of disjointed, rambling wings and passages.

A spring morning, with the still warm air broken, time and again, by the sweet country sounds, pheasants calling from their covers, the hoarse caw of a rook, the chirp of a sparrow, or the hum of a bee in the garden below.

Near a window of the library sat Mrs. Peraberton. Upon the desk before her lay an open letter. This she had flung aside, and now here was that favorite attitude again-her arms crossed upon the table, her head thrown forward, her gaze fixed dreamily on something far beyond.

"Yes, gone!" she muttered. "All sweet hopes, all tender recollections, all peace and joy of life. Ah, me! Ah, me!"

It was not a moan, but a hard, fierce cry, and the eyes—those great brown eyes-were dry and glittering.

"Fane with no love for me; Fane with great love for another; Fane thinking of her, seeing her—cheating, deceiving, lying to me! Let me remember it all. Ah, I suffer! Yes, it is a great grief, but I am strong; the anguish is so keen, I almost relish it. This is not jealousy, but downright agony. Every fibre of my heart is torn and bleeding, and I loved him so! I loved him so! Wickedly selfish have I been—this is my punishment—ah, me! ah, me!"

The utter desolation of that cry! The weary head fell upon to himself. Hence it naturally followed, that being a man of hushed sob, then Geraldine Pemberton had done with her woe. the clasped hands, the little form swayed back and forth, a half-



at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 http://www.hathitrust.org/access_u University of Illinois ,, Google-digitized / "A summer's day of love, a night of restless alumber, and now, a wretched waking. Shall I ever, ever forget it!" Presently she rang.

"Send Mark to me."

Mark came—a stout-limbed rustic, awkward and abashed, yet with a shrewd twinkle in his small gray eyes.

"Close the door," said Mrs. Pemberton. "I have had time

to think, Mark, and I have arranged my plans. Are you ready to serve me again ?"

"None readier, ma'am," declared the honest fellow.

"Very well. Have you anything beside that?" pointing to the letter.

"This, ma'am." He produced a bit of carefully-folded paper.
"Six years ago, out west, he married her, that's certain." This as he handed it to the lady.

Mrs. Pemberton read, without so much as the flicker of an eyelash.

"Yes, he married her," she coldly assented. "Where is she

"In the city, ma'am, in Twentieth street. He brought her there. I followed 'em all the way."

"In the city? In New York? You are mad! He dare

"Excuse me, ma'am; you forget, now he's not himself to her-he's Brant Lockesley. That's the name he's took, you

"It seems unreal, impossible. I cannot believe it!"

"Now, ma'am, excuse me again, but don't you know that I'm not one to waste my time? Mr. Fane Pemberton married that young person before he married you-consequently, she's his wife, and you are not. Don't, ma'am—don't be angry. It's plain straightforwardness I mean, and nothing else. Well, he's married her, albeit under a false name—for it appears that she set some stere by herself, and wasn't to be had merely for the asking. She was an orphan girl, very poor and very honest; but he married her and he loved her, and he loves her yet-for there she is, Mrs. Lockesley to command. And she's living all alone in that pretty little cottage in Twentieth street, as innocent and unsuspecting as a dove. He fetched her there, and he left her there. I've seen her, ma'am. I've traveled with them unbeknown. I've traveled and I've dogged, and now here am I to tell the tale, ma'am. She's the wife—not you."

"Has Mr. Pemberten really started for the South?"

"Yesterday afternoon, ma'am. He said 'Good-by' to her then, and went off. Oh, I've been his shadow, night and daynever fear. Now, see here, ma'am, you've been married more'n a year, ain't you? Say a year. Well, here you've found out already that you're Mrs. P. No. 2. Bless your soul! parties don't generally find out so much concerning one another in such a little while. And 'tain't likely you ever would have known it if our gentleman hadn't been ugly with me and called me insalting names, and turned me out like a dog. When I set about spying him, I hadn't any sort of idea 'twould be as bad as this. I knew he'd been a fast one, and I only wanted to catch him tripping. I'd my own plans, of course. Now when I tracked him to that cottage, and when I made friends with the servant and heard him called Mr. Lockesley as I knew was Mr. Pemberton, I said to myself, 'Oh,' said I, 'what's ahead!' I came to you, ma'am, and I entered into arrangements to tell you what I knowed without fear nor favor. Then, I promised to serve you faithful. Now, I ask you, ma'am, have I served you " Yes."

"Then, ma'am, don't go to misjudging of me. Don't go to saying 'he's a mercenary wretch as would slaughter for money.' I ain't, ma'am. I'd have served Mr. Pemberton, if Mr. Pemberton would have let me. Failing with him, I've come to you. You understand my feelings, ma'am?"
"Yes."

"Then we continue the business as engages us, ma'am. I've brought that certificate to convince you. And I've contrived to steal a letter intended for the post, besides getting various particulars, if you'd like to hear 'em, ma'am.''

"Come, then, Mark. We have a busy day before us. Sit

That evening a close carriage drove up to No. — Twentieth street. A lady, vailed, quitted it and walked rapidly up the little garden where sweetest perfumes were wafted upon the pleasant air. A keen, hurried glance about, a firmer setting of the lips, then the door-bell jingled noisily.

"Mrs. Lockesley? I must see her!"

Mrs. Lockesley herself was in the hall. A delicate little creature, with pretty blue eyes, and fair hair falling in long loose curls.

"Who is it, Mary?"

"Mrs. Lockesley."

And now the visitor impatiently thrust aside the staring servant, and stood beneath the lamplight.
"I um Mrs. Lockealey," said the mistress, with a gracefully

haughty inclination.

"Then, madam, it is you I wish. Mr. Lockesley is ill—dangerously ill. He sends for you."
"Ill?—dangerously ill? Where?"

"At my house."

"At your house? Who are you?"

"Very true. I have been abrupt, but my great excitement must excuse me, madam. I am Mrs. Galton, the widow of an old friend of Brant Lockesley. Your husband came to me today—was brought, in fact. An accident upon the road, you see.
He wishes you. Will you not come?"
Needless question! The pretty child—really, she seemed no-

thing else-was speeding away, to be back in a moment, ready for the drive.

"Let us be quick," she urged. "Dear, dear madam, let us go to him at once!"

The blue eyes were filled with tears, the poor lips quivering, the sweet voice quite low and broken.

"That is all, Mary," she said to the servant, who followed them to the garden gate. "I will let you know what to do. I shall send you word to-morrow. Have we far to go?" turning to her companion.

"To No. 7 Fortieth street."

"Do you hear, Mary? No. 7 Fortieth street. And if by noon you have no message, just leave all in Jane's care and come after me. You have no objection, Mrs. Galton?'

"I wished to offer some such suggestion, I assure you." "Then that is all. Good-by, my girl. Now, madam, if you please, let the man drive on. You will tell me all about my husband? Oh, my darling! My poor, suffering Brant!"

"I will tell you all about— The widow paused. They were being driven at a furious rate,

and the air was really chill. "May I close the window, Mrs. Lockesley?"

Before an answer came she had leaned forward and drawn up the glass. Then, calmly taking up the broken sentence:

"And now, that we are comfortable, I will tell you all about my husband, madam." ٠

And still that furious pace never slackened. On, on, the carriage rolled. It neared Fortieth street, reached it, passed, and left it away behind. Then one of the occupants lowered a window and darted a quick glance out at the road. It was Mrs. Galton. Her white face showed ghastly in the starlight. The other, Mrs. Lockesley, was leaning back upon the cushions, much as a tired child might have done. Sleeping, assuredly, for her little hand fell limp and nerveless at her side.

In a few moments the carriage stopped, and the coachman jumped down from the box.

"All right, ma'am?" his ugly face peering in at the window.

"In the name of heaven, go on!" exclaimed the watcher. "I shall go mad, shut up here with that! Go on-go on!"

Off again upon that madman's ride. Skimming across the open country—clattering upon hard smooth roads—jolting over rough places—the frightened horses flecked with foam—the piti--clattering upon hard smooth roads-jolting over less wretch goading them on with voice and lash-the ghastly face at the open window-and that, still and crouched away in the darkest corner!

"Go on !--go on !"

Again that sharp cry from within. Above the echoing of

hoofs, the creaking of wheels, the snap of whip or frenzied oaths, it rose shrill and piercing.

"In the name of heaven, go on !"

"Leastways not yet, ma'am."

The tired brutes were drawn up with a sudden jerk. The strong-limbed coachman stood at the window again.

"Not yet, ma'am. For here are we, not two miles from Conyngfell. Lord, what a steamer! I'm all of a glow. Get down, ma'am."

The woman obeyed. Standing beside him, she asked, hurriedly: "Is it safe?"

"Safe? Lord, Lord! Why, look about you. Loneliness and darkness and them dreary woods, with that old hovel hid away and clean forgot years and years ago. Safe? If I was ever so hunted down I'd pick out this spot to hide in. Safe? Why, death couldn't track a fellow out here. He might be fetched, but couldn't come of his own finding."

"Quick, then! Quick, my good Mark!"

" Ay, ay."

"Good Mark" was busy with Mrs. Lockesley. He had lifted her out, and now held her in his brawny arms.

"A faint," whispered the woman.

"A dead faint, sure," laughed the coachman. "Now, ma'am, do you just wait. Them beauties won't get fractious. I've fastened 'em; besides, they're clean tired out. I'll be back in three minutes."

He strode away with his strange burden—to return presently empty-handed. His companion was standing near the horses. She asked no question, but this assurance good Mark kindly vouchsafed:

"All right—right as a trivet. You'll get the boy sure tomorrow, ma'am. So now, Mrs. Pemberton, if so you decide, we'll start at a race for home."

And thus it fell out that Mrs. Pemberton reached Conyngfell that night alone; but of the stranger left at the lonely hovel, neither she nor honest Mark thought it worth while to make any mention.

PART III .- TEN YEARS LATER.



IME works wondrous changes; but the saddest and most pitiful that could befall a man had come in a few wretched years to that handsome,

dashing, reckless gentleman—Fane Pemberton. Whence it sprang, from what it grew, none might tell. At first it was a strange unrest—then followed a harsh, defiant manner—but now there was merely a sullen indifference. And each of these moods madam noted and remembered.

They were no longer lovers, of course. Indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton were

simple married-folk now; as for romance, there was none of that, but there certainly was a vast deal of civility, and we know that in all well-regulated partnerships of that kind, politeness does duty for lone. They did not go much into society, for Mrs. Pemberton clung to Conyngfell. She had taken kindly to that life of seclusion, yet who can say what awful recollections came to her in her loneliness, what bitter memories! And these—her own words:

"Father, mother, and the dear old home. What are they all to me now? What is the world, earth, heaven, to me, if he loves me!"

What were they now, if he did not love her?

Once she said to him openly:

"You have ceased to care for me. Why?"

Had the man been accused of a crime, an unbiassed judge would have sentenced him there and then. He flushed and paled, bit nervously at his cigar, then impatiently cast it from him.

"I do care for you, Geraldine."

"As in the time gone by?"

He laughed-a little abrupt laugh.

"Of course, just as much; but then, that was in the time gone Never even looking at her.

by, you know. We are older now, ten years older;" this with a sigh, and then a moody silence.

He was right, ten years older. And those years, which had brought him only wrinkles and gray hairs, were met by her with a reckless defiance. Here was the same insolent beauty, the same relentless eyes, the same cruel red lips, the goldenbrown hair, the grace at once submissive and commanding. Geraldine Pemberton at thirty-one. Ah, she was very beautiful!

A winter's afternoon, and this happy pair were returning home. They had been driving out together and alone. The sun was setting; above the distant mountain-tops glowed masses of purple, tipped with flame, and floating lazily in a sea of fire. About them was the hush and solemn stillness of the fast-falling night. Around them, the bleak country, the dreary road, and the crisp, frozen snow. They were, as usual, silent, until Fane, turning suddenly, cried out, like one in a sharp agony:

"What curse clings to us, Geraldine? Why may we not be as others are? Why are we banned and put aside? Let us battle with fate. Help me, my wife!"

With a passionate cry, she caught the outstretched hand, caught it and kissed it tenderly, and laid her cheek upon it, and so wet it with her happy tears.

"Darling," she murmured. "Oh, my darling! Heaven is very good to me, at last!"

Fane Pemberton bent and kissed her poor trembling lips.

"Thank God"—he said it fervently—"thank God, for the life begun anew, and pray God forgive the past!"

There was none of the old mockery in the tone, nothing but an earnest hopefulness. So he kissed her again, and then he looked up with a start and a cry, for the horse he drove was standing still and trembling violently, whilst not five paces from them, there, in the open road, was the figure of a woman! Her white robe shone whiter yet than the snow, her head was bare, her fair hair floating in long, loose curls.

The figure of a woman, and it turned, revealing a face, pale and calm, with eyes staring fixedly, eagerly. A face placid and beautiful, and strangely solemn.

"Bertha!"

Fane Pemberton leaped from the sleigh, but it was gone. A keen, nipping breeze, a young moon, sharply sparkling, an awful fear, and that was all. He stood alone, upon the snow-covered ground. The man passed his hand across his forehead. Great drops had gathered there. The anguish was surely mortal.

" Did you see it ?"

Need he have asked? Mrs. Pemberton shivered and moaned, but made no answer. Silently Fane resumed his place beside her, and then they went dashing over the deserted road, nothing near them now, but their own shadows, which, like ghostly doubles, flitted along the smooth, unsullied snow.

"Who is Bertha? What was that? Who was it?"

Mr. Pemberton started. He was unnerved. That was only

his wife's face bent over to his, only her low voice repeating:
"What was that? Who was it?"

"What? Nothing—a fancy—I do not know. Forget it if you can."

"Fane."

"Hush; hush now!"

But fear or passion had well-nigh maddened her.

"Tell me the truth, Fane Pemberton! You don't know what you are doing. Who is Bertha? In the name of God, tell me the truth!"

"Don't be foolish. Sit up. I have nothing to tell."

He pushed her from him almost roughly; were they as others were?

Ah, how the sleigh skimmed over the glittering track, and how the chill night wind whistled and whirled about them, and how bleak and bare and desolate was that old life now taken up again! For it must be, she knew that. Fool that she was, to dream of happiness, to believe, and grow faint-hearted, over his careless words. He had forgotten them already. She stole a glance at him. He was still and stern. Never speaking to her. Never even looking at her.



His eyes never fell. He would not see her.
"Yes, I love you," he answered, dryly. "Of course I do.
On, on, Beauty! Faster, madam! Sit up, Geraldine, sit up. The reins are tangled."

His wife drew back sullenly, her brows meeting, in an angry

"As you will," said she. "Remember, you have chosen." He heard, but made no answer. So, after all, you see, they were powerless to "battle with fate." . . .

Two long years of sorrow, and again upon a winter's night Fane Pemberton was alone with his wife, not upon the deserted moor, but in the lady's own apartment, in that gloomy chamber where the sunlight seldom came, where the great curtained bed rose dreary and tomb-like, and where the quaint, high-backed chairs glowed in the rays of the crackling fire, and threw long, black shadows upon the polished floor. They were alone together. The husband was speaking:

"Yes, the poor wretch was terribly mangled. The workmen upon the road saw him coming toward them, then suddenly, he stopped and started back with a cry, as though something threatened him. That movement carried him over the cliff. It was a fearful fall!"

"What threatened him?"

"As though something threatened him, I said. The men saw nothing."

"Who was he? A stranger?"

"Scarcely. It was the fellow I turned away years ago, Mark Holmes."

Mrs. Pemberton sat quite still. Presently she asked again: "Is he dead?"

" Yes."

"Ah!" she softly sighed.

"But I saw him before all was over. He wanted me. He had a confession to make, he declared; his conscience drove him to it. He was coming to me when that happened. Here was what he said, I could glean no more, they were his last words: 'Madam will tell you. I helped her. She did it. I had no hand in that. She killed

"Poor wretch!" was madam's cool comment. "He was wandering, of course. Such accidents are sickening in their horrible details. Such a fall! Crushed dead. He is dead, eh? You are sure of that?"

"Quite sickening," calmly resumed the lady. I only wonder that he spoke. I am really sorry for the poor soul. No doubt he had been drinking."

Mrs. Pemberton leaned back in her chair, playing with her rings, and stealing covert glances at Fane, who walked moodily back and forth. He came to her, and paused beside her.

"Geraldine!"

" Well ?"

"Will you tell me-?"

"What?"

"Nothing," turning abruptly away.

"You have a fancy for mysterious questionings," she laughed. "Now will you answer a straightforward

"Certainly."

"I have never asked it since that night, when you refused to speak of it. I ask it now—who is Bertha?"

"You are right," said Mr. Pemberton. "I should have told you. Bertha was a girl who loved me years

"Was she your wife?"
"No," said the other, suspiciously. "She was not. Why do you suppose that?"

"What was she to you, then?"

- "She was nothing, but she was good and honest, and-"And you deceived her."
- "Ah, Geraldine, it was all a madness. No, a folly."
- "A folly? Let us suppose that I had done the same."
- "You? Think of what you say, I tell you— But she interrupted him:

"And I tell you that such follies lead to cri.nes. Remember that you married her under a false name."

"What?" turning sharply upon his wife, who only waved her hand and went on quietly:

"She knew you as Brant Lockesley and as Brant Lockesley you married her. I heard this later."

"Geraldine, where is she?"
"Do I know?"

"Great heaven!" He spoke like one in a dream. "I see it all; understand it all. Mark meant that woman—you killed her!

He was bending over her, nervously excited. She raised her eyes to his, and answered, with calm assurance:

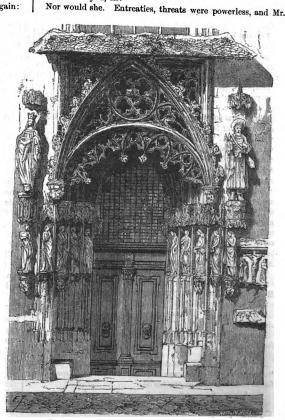
"Do you accuse me? Prove my guilt. I defy you."

"Geraldine-

"Silence!" She stood before him, erect and haughty; crimson flushed her cheeks, scorn and anger lit her glorious eyes; the hard, shameless beauty had come back to lip and brow. "Silence! You have no right to question. You have no right to judge. You have lied to me, and you have cheated me. From the day I married you, until this night, every action, every word, has been a glaring trick or viler falsehood. Now, even now—ah, you dare not deny it, for, I know, Fane Pemberton, that the creature believed herself your wife!'

"Who helped you to your knowledge, pray, madam?"

"That is my secret," said she, politely. "I do not choose to share it with you, sir."



DOOR OF MILAN CATHEDRAL.—PAGE 143

Pemberton quitted his wife's chamber, with but these convictions: that Mark Holmes had died with an unfinished truth upon his lips, and that his own most bitter enemy was the woman who bore his name.

PART IV .- "FOR MY HUSBAND ONLY."



EFORE the winter had gone, Fane Pemberton stood beside his wife's death-bed. This last illness had come upon her very suddenly. Indeed it was no illness. but an abrupt breaking-up of forces long overtaxed, and a joyful welcoming of death."

"Raise me. Let me see you." He held her in his arms; then she sighed thankfully, and was silent. Heaven help them both! She, with her miseries and crimes; he, with the old love come back again-the old love, the awful dread, the fancies that would not sleep.

"Father, mother, and the dear old home, what are they all to me now? What is the world, earth, heaven to me, if he loves me? Gone, all gone! Even poor, old Sarah-ah, me! Earth, heaven -- I have lost them all for you. Tell me, Fane, did you love me when you married me?"

- "Upon my soul, yes, Geraldine."
- "Then you hated me afterward?"
- "I loved you always; but-"What?"

"I cannot tell. Something seemed to have thrust us apart. Some cursed fate. Love you? Oh, my wife! If one honest thought has ever come to me, it has come with the thought of you; if a pure, unselfish purpose has ever guided me, it has been the purpose to live worthily of you. You are going from me now, darling. I do not know, I do not care, I do not ask what you have ever done. I am guilty, not you. But, look back, Geraldine. In the name of heaven, tell me that some little thing comes to you-some word, some deed, upon which you may found your faith, and say, 'I believe!"

- "And Bertha?"
- "I am a villain. I ruined her-deceived and ruined her."
- "And loved her?"
- "No. I blush to say it. No, I never loved her. I know
- "What are they all to me, if he loves me!" How the words would rise up before her. "I said it then, I repeat it now. They are nothing to me, for you love me! I do not care for what may come after death, if my last sigh goes to you in a kiss. The grave does not frighten me, but your coldness has broken my heart. I leve you so dearly, my husband!" Her arms were about his neck, her poor, pinched face raised to his. "So dearly! say, I forgive you, my wife."
 "I forgive you, my wife," he echoed, dreamily.
- "Fane, promise that my cabinet shall not be opened, until all is over. Promise that you only will see the contents."
 "I promise, Geraldine."
- "Thank you. You are good—Fane—I—love—you—Ikiss-

No more. Her last sigh went out beneath his lips. She was dead ! 0 . 0

Among Geraldine Pemberton's papers was one, a sealed letter. "For my husband only," was traced upon the envelope. Fane found and read it, after the burial.

You have an idea of Conyngfell, with its rambling wings, and disjointed passages, and out-of-the-way nooks. It was to one of

afternoon that he read the letter-a hall leading through an unused wing, and doubly locked and bolted; a hall honeycombed with small rooms, but to none of these did the master go. In a dark angle was a door, doubly locked and bolted, as the others had been. He had drawn back the rusty fastenings; the key he held, and which had been taken from her cabinet, grated in the ward, but no trembling now, man! a little firmness, and-

There! The solid barrier swung slowly back, a close, sickening air swept past him; the lantern he raised cast flickering rays. One step forward, and he saw-what did he see? Why, utter darkness-for there was not even a window to the placeutter darkness, save where the lantern-light fell, and that showed him bare walls, and a table and a chair. But from the walls hung ugly, bloated spiders, and their black webs flapped in his face as he advanced. Upon the chair was a woman seated. He could not see her face; it was bent quite down, and the long hair fell about it. But a woman it was: the robe she wore shimmered even in that faint light. On the table lay an open letter. The man took it up and read. It was like reading an old, half-forgotten tale. He shivered and laid it down again. Then he caught these words upon the back: "See how I love you!" His wife had written that, he knew it. As for the letter itself, why, it was nothing-merely vows and protestations, and sweet mes sages to one called Bertha. But the vows and messages were his he had penned them-only that.

The lantern he placed upon the table, then called softly:

Verily, at that moment he was quite mad enough to have expected an answer. As it was, he waited; then, by a quick movement, brushed back the woman's long fair hair, and raised her head. Great heavens! A fleshless, grinning thing was there, with white teeth clattering, and sightless sockets upturned to his. Then a hand slipped down, and the bony fingers struck the chair, rattling appallingly. "Ah, my God!"

He staggered back, and stood there irresolute, the crafty spiders watching him, that staring up at him, old memories fast making a madman of him.

Fane Pemberton had been intensely selfish-his early vices and profligacies had proved that. Then, with his affection for Geraldine sprang up a mysterious influence, which certainly developed the latent good in his nature. The fear, the doubt, the avenging dread which separated man and wife, could not kill the love, which grew with the years into a morbid passion. Yet, despite this passion, despite the latent good, the selfishness was there, for her alone. He could not see her crime, he could not see the enormity of her sin.

"To have done that, how she must have suffered, my poor, poor darling! To have done that, how she loved me!"

The wife's great anguish had not purified her soul. The husband's sorrow bore the taint of self. A life had been sacrificed to human passions. Very horrible, of course, for with it all came no word of pity for the wretched girl, whose one little ray of happines had been purchased at a price so fearful. And so he battled with his conscience, for her dear sake, and there, beside that ghastly witness, invoked divine wrath upon himself, and not upon her, for he it was who had driven her to sin.

Then he took up his lantern and locked the door, and went his way stealthily through the winding passages, bearing with him that written message from the dead, the letter from the skeleton hand. 0

Fane Pemberton died upon the ninth day of August last, a Friday, remember. They found him seated at his desk, a corpse. He had led a very lonely life since she had been taken away. So, those who knew him best said, quite pitifully:

"He was a good fellow. Her loss killed him. See how he loved her!"

They were right. Her loss, and remorse.

His will contained certain instructions:

"In my desk is a large key. That key opens a small door in the second angle of the east hall—the second, counting from the these narrow halls that Mr. Pemberton betook himself, the box. This must be opened in the presence of witnesses. It conentrance. It is the door of a dark room, where you will find a



University of Illinois , Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

tains but the remains of a woman. The mystery concerning it must rest a mystery, until He in His great wisdom pleases to make all clear. But I implore you, as good Christians, to give

that decent burial. Let it lie in consecrated ground."

Then followed a bequest to provide a headstone, upon which should be graven one letter only, "B."

One may imagine the wonder, the horror, the terrible surmisings. But all was done as he desired. The "good Christians" were obedient, and thus, in spite of curiosity and fruitless inquiries, Geraldine's secret was kept.

A Pemberton, Fane's cousin, is master at Conyngfell now. That ugly little room is always fast closed, and the crafty spiders weave gray shrouds about the spot where R had borne them company so long. And of that folly which led to crime, three graves tell the tale. One is a resting-place, alone, unhonered; the others, ah! there man and wife lie grandly, side by side.

DOOR OF MILAN CATHEDRAL.

Next to St. Peter's, the cathedral at Milan is the largest church in Italy. It is situated almost in the centre of the city, in the Piazza del Duomo. It was begun in 1386 by Visconti, on so large a scale, that it is not yet finished. The interior is crowded with monuments of prelates, princes, and relics of saints. The cathedral contains fifty-two piers, one hundred pinnacles, and upward of four thousand four hundred statues. In fretwork, carving, and statuary, it is said to eclipse all other churches in the world.

We give an engraving of one of the almost numberless doors which decorate its exterior.

DUTCH HEAD-DRESSES.

Head-dresses, or head-gear, are more or less characteristic all over the world. Sometimes they distinguish nations, tribes, and families. Indeed in olden days they were rigidly regulated by law or custom; but with the emancipation of the individual has come individuality in ornament, as in most other things. In Holland the adornment of the head is a passion pervading all classes, more especially the lower orders, who cling to old customs most tenaciously. Almost all the women in Holland, but particularly those in Dort and Rotterdam, wear spiral ornaments of gold or silver on their temples, or on the top of their heads. The variety of head-dresses increases as one penetrates the country, and it is easy to determine the birthplace and condition of every woman and girl from her head decorations.

In the province of Noord-Holland (North Holland) the headgear is very rich and very complicated, the hair being cut short and covered with a cap, frequently of white satin, richly ornamented with rings of gold and silver and flowers. Unmarried women and servants wear ornaments of silver, but people in easy circumstances wear gold. Our illustrations convey, however, a better idea of the peculiarities of these head decorations than could possibly be obtained from any pen-and-ink descriptions, however minute.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

As a hare was laughing at a tortoise for his slowness of pace, and boasting of her superior swiftness, the tortoise said, "Let us run a race, and let the fox yonder be the umpire.'

The hare agreed to this, and it was decided that the race should take place there and then. Off they both started. The hare soon outran the tortoise, and began to treat the matter very lightly. "I feel," said she, "rather tired; I think I shall take a nap. If Master Tortoise does pass me, I shall soon over-take him."

So she squatted herself on a tuft of fern, and fell fast asleep. In the meantime the tortoise jogged steadily along, passed the sleeping hare, and arrived first at the goal. The hare oversleept herself, and when she did arrive at the end of the course, it was only to find that the tortoise had reached it long before her.

MORAL. - Slow and sure often win the race.

THE WEIGHT OF A SECRET.

CHAPTER I.



EESE STANHOPE settled himself in the end of his pew one bright Sunday morning in September, in his usual nonchalant, aristocratic fashion. Clara and Florence were elegant; Mrs. Stanhope looked the very pink of dowagers in her dovecolored moire with bonnet and gloves to match, her fair, rather haughty face calm and smooth as a girl's. She prided herself upon

her youthful looks, and in this case there was something to be proud of. Then she enjoyed the fact of her children being handsome, es pecially this young man in his mauve kid gloves and neck-tie, his polished collar and immaculate linen shirt front fastened with a single superb diamond, his proud face that was not weak, but replete with manly beauty. He always came to church on Sunday morning, to please his mother. At eight-andtwenty he still held her in high esteem, and

made some efforts for her sake, which in his secret heart he considered bores.

He joined in the responses; indeed, his rich, deep voice was a great attraction to the ladies in his vicinity. The calm face be-trayed no emotion of any kind, however. It was pure habit with him.

Then the air for the chant began. His lips compressed themselves involuntarily now, and his fingers tightened a little over the cover of his prayer-book. But what was this?

A rich mezzo-soprano voice, rarely, strangely sweet—a voice that stirred all the hidden pulses of one's being, and made them quiver with an emotion in which was blended joy, triumph, pathos, and despair. As if the story of one's life could be revealed in those deep, swelling tones.

Others listened and looked. A few braver than the rest faced the organ gallery. Reese Stanhope did the first with his whole soul, but he was too well-bred for the latter. Never in his whole life had prayers, lesson and sermon seemed so long. He was actually growing impatient for them to end. That sweet, wonderful voice stirred every nerve in his body, and wrought his soul up to a great height of expectancy. He could hardly believe it when he found himself walking down the aisle, and managed to pause in the vestibule until the singers came down. One figure alone was strange. A tall, slender woman, her bonnet and face covered with a large square of pale silvery tissue, instead of the coquettish little lace veils mostly in vogue.

A long blonde curl strayed over her shoulder. She was pale herself, except the curved line of her scarlet lips. Just as she was passing him some one trod on her dress, and she made a sudden halt, their eyes meeting as she turned her head. Reese Stanhope's lazy, indifferent, purposeless life vanished in an instant. The change surprised him so much that he stood quite still.

"What are you waiting for, Reese? Don't you see the car riage ?"

Clara's voice was a little eager. A strange expression flitted over the singer's face as it was lost in the crowd.

The Stanhopes drove home in their luxurious vehicle, and discussed the music first of all.

"I hope she will remain," said Florence. "Her voice is exquisite, and so well adapted to the church. I haven't enjoyed a service so much for a month. I do wonder who it can be!"

Nearly every one else in Greythorpe wondered for several days. Then it was known that it was a Miss Rosevelt, the new music teacher at the seminary, and that Mr. Markham, the organist, was quite confident of making an engagement with

Reese Stanhope bit his lip when he heard this. A teacher of music, simply. But he began to long for Sunday, and when re-



clining in his great easy-chair, he shut his eyes, and let the music of Miss Rosevelt's voice float in upon his brain.

They were rather busy at the Stanhope's. October was to usher in Clara's bridal day, and the house was full of workwomen and goods of every description. Reese stipulated that they should not invade his room; the bustle was rather distasteful to him, and he had the habit of taking long rambles through the beautiful autumn woods.

One afternoon he came out by Mr. Garth's. The rectory was a cozy, rambling old house with a spacious lawn and garden, and a background of dense shrubbery. There was a group of girls in a corner busy with croquet. A tall, slender figure, with the face turned aside, was watching them. He recognized it at a glance.

Mr. Garth rose from his arm-chair in the porch. He could get on delightfully with Mrs. Stanhope, but he stood a little in awe of the young man. So now he bowed politely, uttered a few commonplace remarks, and then was fain to subside.

Mr. Stanhope had no intention of allowing him to do so. He began about the beauty of the season and the fineness of the changing foliage, and presently the two were walking down one edge of the lawn to look at a magnificent tree in the sunset glow. The worthy rector was much pleased at his success in entertaining such a guest. He had not seen much of Mr. Stanhope since his arrival from abroad.

They approached Miss Rosevelt, who stood erect and proud, with not the slightest change of color in her pale face.

She had already become a favorite with Mr. Garth, though the two had scarcely a feeling in common.

"Have you met Miss Rosevelt?" he inquired, resolving to venture upon an introduction.

" No."

And Mr. Stanhope paused for the ceremony.

Miss Rosevelt bowed loftily. She certainly was able to match the Stanhope pride. Both thought of that first morning in the church vestibule, and she flushed unconsciously.

There are some very curious mental revelations made as we proceed in life. Miss Rosevelt's reflections were rapid and elastic. A sudden splendid possibility dawned upon her, but the flash of vivid light served only to make the surrounding darkness more visible.

Reese Stanhope glanced at her with his deep eyes, that could detect every varying shade without seeming impertinent. Under some circumstances she might be a very handsome woman. Her figure was tall and elegant, molded with that subtle Greek sinuosity you sometimes observe in a statue, but she was a trifle too thin. Her features were delicate and regular, her hair, as I have said before, of a pale golden, and her eyes, when you examined them closely, very curious indeed. Light blue most people termed them, but they were prismatic, holding in their far depths a concentration of rays.

They reminded Mr. Stanhope of a changeful summer sea glinted over with sunshine. There was some secret of pain and suffering in their depths, that gave them an apprehensive expression. How he discovered this fact I can hardly tell, except that there was something electrical between the two natures.

She stood there cold and self-contained, taking no part in the conversation save a brief answer when she was addressed.



SIX DUTCH HEAD-DRESSES.—PAGE 143.

Illinois University of Illir , Google-digitized Generated at Ur Public Domain,

Now that the rector had made a beginning, his hospitality. was boundless, though I confess he was amazed at himself, after he had given Mr. Stanhope an invitation to supper.

Mrs. Garth was a pleasant, commonplace woman, with a large share of tact, easy and affable. So the supper was a success.

Afterward they had some music in the parlor. Miss Rosevelt sang in the most matter-of-fact manner, but with an air that was almost disdainful.

"This is a new life to her," Stanhope thought.

He was turning over the leaves of the music, and came to a Miserere.

"A favorite of mine," he said. "Will you oblige me?" and he placed it on the piano.

When the first note of his mellow tenor voice blended with respect?"

hers, she glanced up. I don't know what wordless entreaty came into her eyes, but he seemed to gain a glimpse through the mask she wore. A sudden rush filled his pulses. Was it hope or fear, or that marer and more subtle knowledgelove?

Twilight was setting in when the Garth girls bade their schoolmates a rather noisy goodbye at the gate. Miss Rosevelt lingered, secretly hoping that Mr. Stanhope would leave them. but he appeared in not the slightest hurry. And when at last she rose to go, he proposed to escort her home.

"It is hardly necessary," she said, coldly. "The distance is very short."

"Still, as I am going the same way, I suppose you will not object," and he smiled.

80 they walked together.

The only reference Miss Rosevelt had brought to Greythorpe had been from an eminent professor of music.

Mrs. Orton had not been critical, however, and great, generous, good-hearted Dick Orton believed from the very first that she was a princess in disguise. Her own bearing had given her a social position already, as much, perhaps, as the fact that she sang in church.

Clara Stanhope's marriage, ten days after this, was the great event of the place. The excitement speedily subsided, and left Reese Stanhope in a mood to speculate upon Miss Rosevelt.

He had not been able to follow up the acquaintance because she resolutely denied herself all society. The only intimacy she had formed was with the Garths.

She felt so perfectly at ease with Mrs. Garth that it was a solace and a comfort to go there.

Christmastide, with its work and festivities, thawed this unseen barrier, however. And somehow she seemed to grow brighter and more human. Through it all she had a consciousness that Mr. Stanhope watched her curiously. It gave her a strange thrill of joy and an equal pang of apprehension.

One evening he proposed accompanying her home. She declined gracefully.

"Mr. Orton attends to me," she said, carelessly.

Dick Orton was her shadow; he had remarked that. He could not imagine such a thing as love between them, and yet the slight familiarity annoyed him.

"I ask it as a favor," he said, pointedly. "Are you afraid? Have I forfeited mw claim to be considered a gentleman in any



And she made a sudden pause with her exclamation, then glanced furtively at him.

"I would like to prove myself a friend, at least. Why do you distrust me ?"'

"I do not."

She was trying to make her voice appear cold, but the effort and the failure caught his quick ear, for now his intuitions were electrically swift.

"Well," he said, abruptly, "let us go then."

Miss Rosevelt felt the power of a stronger will than her own. At first she was inclined to dispute it, then the fear of an ignominious defeat rushed over her. So she wound her veil, with its bright blue edge, around her proudly-poised head, and drew her shawl closely up to her throat. What a weird picture she made in the dim light, her eyes lustrous as stars, and a faint drift of color wavering about her cheeks like a shadow of flame!

Stanhope Reese

was roused in every nerve. Perhaps her quiet, persistent evasion of him had heightened his determination. At all events he was resolute enough now, and she, reading this in his face, trembled.

They passed down the broad staircase, the heavy matting rendering their footsteps noiseless. But there some one said good-night, and wondered a little at her attendant.

The clear crisp air blew in their faces. Overhead the sky was of a cloudless blue.

"Miss Rosevelt, why are we not friends?" he said, in a tone whose softness rendered it courteous.

"It is not necessary, Mr. Stanhope.

"Do you distrust me?"



THE HARE AND TORTOISE.-PAGE 143.

"The word is too strong to be used between mere acquaintances. It presupposes some necessity for faith."

"And you have resolved to admit none."

She laughed a little, though it came from her lips only. It was not scornful, yet had an unpleasant ring.

"Three months ago we spent a very pleasant evening together. Why have you shunned me so persistently since? It is not merely vanity when I say that I believe you were not displeased."

Whither was this drifting her. The hand resting on his arm trembled; she felt it as well as he did.

"Mr. Stanhope," and she made a strong effort, one that seemed to wrench her very soul, "this discussion is simply absurd. Our paths in life lie widely apart. We have nothing in common.'

"Nothing!" He turned and faced her so suddenly that the usually pale face was in a glow of surprise. "I think we have," he said, slowly. "The mere fact of our stations in life being different shall not stand in my way. I love you.'

He uttered the last words with a strange warmth and vehe-

mence, strongly in contrast with the tone at the beginning.
"Hush!" she said, almost fiercely. "You must not say this to me."

"Why? Since it is true, do you think me afraid to utter it? I would have waited, would have won you in the slow, gentle fashion most lovers use, but how could I, when you held yourself for ever aloof? And now it has come to this. Does the blame rest with me alone?"

He let his voice fall to its most dangerous pathos.

She was absolutely crying, cold and strong as she considered herself. But something in this touched the finest chord of her soul.

"You are very generous," she said, presently. "I fancied you, of all others, would be first to recognize the difference in our social position. For it is a fact. Your family would not approve of your choice, and since my path has been marked out for me, let me walk in it."

"Is it utterly impossible for you to love me?"

He turned suddenly again, and the drifting light of the moon betrayed her secret. It gave him an intense thrill of joy to know that she was not entirely indifferent to him.

"If you will say that you never can love me," and he tried to steady the delight that beat tumultuously through his pulses, "I must believe you, then, and resign the sweetest hope of my soul. And if you do not, I shall take it as assent."

For a moment there was an almost deathly stillness between them. The words she would have uttered died away on her lips. To drink one such draught of bliss as was held to her longing soul was worth all the rest of life.

Was she answerable for what had befallen her in the past? In heaven's sight she was clear and free from stain, and it seemed cruelly unjust to suffer for the sin of another.

"You know nothing about me," she said, presently. "Since I was nineteen I have been orphaned, and compelled to rely upon my own exertions. I am twenty-three now.

She shuddered with some old recollection. He thought it was a remembrance of the past struggles, and resolved upon a bright life for her in the future.

"I love you," he said briefly, "and that makes us equal."

Then they resumed their walk.

There was the little cottage

staring at them in the white moonlight. Down the road sounded a coming footstep.

"Good-night. I have hardly established my claim, and done myself scanty justice, but in the days to come I will make amends.

Some strange misgiving seized her. She clasped his hand.

"It is all like a dream. I think you have spoken hastily and if in calmer moments you should regret it, I want you to consider yourself perfectly free."

Then she would have left him, but he drew her nearer, and kissed her trembling lips with passionate fervor.
"I am not so generous," he said, with his adieu.

On his homeward way he revolved the strange conversation in his mind, quite astonished at himself. An hour ago declaring

now, for he certainly had not meant to trifle with Miss Rosevelt; but he had pictured to himself a piquant, alluring friendship, ending in a tenderer passion with time. It was done, however, and he faced the matter boldly. There would be some opposition at home, yet he was very confident of overcoming that. Miss Rosevelt was but half won as yet.

She excused herself to Mrs. Orton, and ran up to her own room.

There was a smoldering fire upon the hearth, but she soon blew it into a bright blaze. Then she crouched in the ruddy light, as if she longed to read the future in the glowing flames and mass of vivid coals.

Did she dare take this wonderful fortune held out to her so suddenly? Again she asked herself if she had any right to be happy like other women, and again the hard injustice of making her accountable for the crime of another, answered her. The one who had sinned was dead, and she was free. Why confess it then?

She had comforted herself many times with the thought that it was blotted out; to drag it up again then would only freshen it in her own memory, and give the man she loved a hard burden to bear.

Presently she rose, and taking from a bureau-drawer an odd, steel-bound box, she brought it down there in the blaze of the fire. The key was appended to her watch-chain, and never left her. She opened the box and took therefrom a packet of letters, not more than half-a-dozen, tied with a black ribbon that made her shiver as her slender fingers touched it.

No choice, dainty correspondent this. The paper was coarse and poor, the writing irregular; now and then a word or a capital beautifully and boldly formed, but most of it tremulous, as if from sickness or age.

She did not care to read them over. They belonged to a period that she was glad to escape. She could cherish tender memories of the man lying in a nameless grave, and heaven bore her witness that she did, but these were not pleasant relics to keep. It was the last link that bound her to any old life.

She dropped them slowly into the fire, one by one. Then the ribbon curled and writhed in the flame, and presently fell into ashes. After a while the brightness of the flame began to die out, but she did not heed it, for her hands were clasped over her eyes, and she was far away in a realm of dreams.

With an effort she roused herself. "If I had wealth and station," she murmured, softly, "was where I once had a right to be, I should accept his love without a fear. As it is, I will wait patiently, giving him little hope and keeping myself free from fascination. If such a boon should come to me at last-

She did not dare pursue her thoughts any further. Every moment they became more unreal, and she began to wonder if it were not all the work of imagination. Besides, to-morrow had its duties, and now it was past midnight.

Miss Rosevelt was pale and nervous the next day, and gave a quick, sharp glance into each face that she met. When evening came, every nerve was in a quiver, although she seemed so outwardly calm and unmoved.

She would not go down to church, she told Dick Orton, and yet he lingered in the cozy sitting-room, though he knew his presence was indispensable. How strangely beautiful she looked with that bright color coming and going on her fair cheek. And Dick repressed a rising in his throat as he remembered Mr. Stanhope's attentions. Perhaps it was just as well for her to remain at home. But somehow there came a great gulf between them, and then he knew from what motive he had watched her through the past months-not merely curiosity.

The day had been a peculiar one to Reese Stanhope. Most of it had been spent in his own luxurious room, under a pretense of answering letters and attending to some business matters. Just at dusk of the short winter day he had taken a brisk walk, then lingered over his dinner and dessert, studying his mother's pride and elegance with a curious eye. What would she say to Miss Rosevelt as a daughter? And then he thought of the highbred air he would have instanced anywhere else as an indisputable sign of birth. Surrounded by ease and happiness, this young girl could easily blossom into beauty. He recalled the love had been furthest from his thoughts. He did not regret it singular charm he had found in her during that first meeting at



Mr. Garth's, and even further back, on the Sunday he had heard | her sing. Some powerful influence had been drawing them nearer together, silently but steadily.

Yet he wondered a little how they would meet, and with this thought in his mind he rambled down to the attractive centre for the young people. He found a charmingly industrious group, but the one he sought was not there.

And so it came to pass that before the evening was half spent. Mrs. Orton, much amazed, ushered him into the little sittingroom, and the simple-minded woman saw no occasion to play propriety; therefore the two were left alone.

A feeling of terror, almost helplessness, fell upon Miss Rosevelt. The dignity and distance she intended to use at the next interview failed her entirely, for she was overwhelmed by the secret consciousness that this man loved her, and meant to treat her as honorably as he would the greatest lady in the land. It was not possible to affect to misunderstand him.

"You see I have not repented," he said, gayly, with a bright smile.

"There has been hardly time."

She experienced a strong impulse to withdraw herself from his immediate influence. She almost distrusted the plans she had formed for her future.

Reese Stanhope could be very fascinating when he chose, which was but seldom. He seemed to feel that this woman meant to contest his power over her, and therefore he roused himself out of his habitual ease and indolence. She found him wary and practiced, resolute in the exercise of a certain subtle strength.

Miss Rosevelt was not a coquette, neither had her ambition taken a matrimonial turn. If she had not believed it possible to worship this man with her whole soul, she would have discarded him in a most direct way. Had he been poor and possessed the same charm for her, she would have yielded without a struggle, conscious that her motives could not be misinterpreted.

But as it was, she was forced to yield. He would have the assurance he sought. He made her confess that she believed love between them possible, and demolished her objections in a very summary manner.

I told you last night that I was quite alone in the world; that I had no birth or family of which to be proud. You will doubtless be censured for marrying a woman without any antecedents.'

She uttered this with dignity, though through her nerves sped a thrill of hesitation and fear. Had any one a right to this secret that she was for ever thrusting out of sight?

"You have warned me, certainly; but I still feel impelled to venture upon my path of peril. I have a fancy that my own happiness is of greater importance to me than the commendation of the world."

He looked so handsome and winning as he said this, so brave to dare, that whatever misgiving had before found entrance into her heart, now vanished completely. Yet she would not consent to a positive engagement. Mrs. Stanhope should see that she was in no haste to entrap her son.

Though she was resolute upon this point, he won from her some other concessions that were most gratifying to his impatient lover's heart. He could call the quick color to her fair face, and he watched the drooping lids tremble over the eyes, that were vainly trying to hide their joy out of his sight. Already she loved him, but this was a mere foretaste of what he meant to win.

By degrees the whisper found its way around Greythorpe that Mr. Stanhope had found a strong attraction in Miss Rosevelt. Mr. Garth had half surmised the truth.

'It will never do," he said to his wife. "It's hardly likely that he means to marry her, and she is too fine and noble a woman to be trifled with. I must warn her, for she seems to me like one of our own."

"Mr. Stanhope is a gentleman," Mrs. Garth returned, warmly, "and I'm sure Miss Rosevelt is worthy of any man's love.'

"But his mother-

of this great personage. A simple, natural, affectionate woman, love affairs possessed a great charm for her.

"My dear," she went on, persuasively, "I think I would do nothing at present. Miss Rosevelt has clear eyes of her own, and is not likely to be deceived."

And secretly Mrs. Garth inclined toward Mr. Stanhope.

The tidings were not long in reaching Mrs. Stanhope. The earliest she disbelieved utterly. First and last, Reese had indulged in several lazy fancies, and she was too wise to encourage this by open opposition. But when it came to be a kind of acknowledged fact, she could no longer hold her peace.

"Reese," she said, one morning, in a careless tone, "what is this foolish rumor about you and Mrs. Haven's music-teacher? It's best to be careful with rustic belies, as they are apt to magnify attentions.'

He laughed. As well meet the issue now as any other time, he thought.

"I don't know that the attention can be magnified in this

case," he said, with a steady voice. "Tell me the rumor."
"It was perfect nonsense, I knew," and yet her smooth brow clouded a little, for there were certain resolute lines in his face. "That you have been tangled in a mesh of golden hair, and beguiled by a siren voice."

"And won by a heart sweet, womanly, and noble, they should have appended, to make the story true." "Reese!"

She was pale and shocked.

"I asked Miss Rosevelt a month ago to marry me. She, more generous than I should have been, refused her assent, un-til I had wisely considered the subject."

'You can withdraw!"

The mother's lips were white and tremulous.

"Not with honor. I hold my manhood too high for that. If Miss Rosevelt will consent, she shall be my wife as soon as she is ready."

"A woman you know nothing of-

"A woman I love."

It was the first time Mrs. Stanhope and her son had ever come into collision. Once or twice she had taken special pains to interest him in some visitor, invited with a purpose that she kept well in the background. Easy, affable, and possessing fine tact, he had rendered himself agreeable without straying into the net.

This stately mansion and elegant grounds were her son's by right, and he was quite independent of her; but hitherto she had found him so pliable, that she could hardly believe he would disregard her wishes now. She exerted herself to the utmost; she tried to convince him, appealed to his pride, his love for her, and he was tender, but firm in this one resolve.

Reese was really fond of his mother; perhaps with less love on both sides, it might have ended in a rather serious rupture. But after a week of tears and entreaties she still found him per-

"Since he is resolved to marry Miss Rosevelt, we may as well make the best of it," she said to her daughter Florence. "It is very mortifying that with his advantages he should not look

"But, mamma, she certainly has the air and manner of a lady. If she has no relatives and is poor, it may not be altogether her fault. They say at school that she can converse in several different languages, and her voice is magnificent. I'm sure she's stylish, even in her plain attire, and most people rave over those pure blonde women. After she has been Reese's wife a year, no one will think she ever taught music."

"Rosevelt is a good name," Mrs. Stanhope said, plaintively. Reese eventually had everything his own way. Mrs. Stanhope came to tea at the rectory, and met Miss Rosevelt. Perhaps she liked her the better for her pride, that seemed to hedge her about and render her unapproachable in certain respects. She would be met as an equal, not patronized. On the whole, the interview was a success.

The mother and daughter were driven home in their carriage. The lovers lingered awhile in the cozy bay window, and then At this Mrs. Garth smiled. She did not stand much in awe | had fallen over Elma Rosevelt, rendering her strangely silent. rambled leisurely toward Mrs. Orton's cottage. Some old doubt

Yet she clung closer to her betrothed, for each day he seemed to

become more and more a part of her soul.
"Your mother spoke of my name," she began, after a long pause. "It is a good old name, but I have always meant to tell you that it was not my father's. My mother ran away and married him in her early girlhood. He was kindly-tempered, generous, but weak. She has been dead many years. He and I kept together, sharing good and ill fortune, until four years

Her voice faltered to a fearful pathos and stopped. She was trembling in every nerve.

"What happened four years ago?"

"I cannot, dare not, will not tell you. I ought not to have listened to you at first; but my heart overpowered my better judgment-

Here she paused.

Reese pleaded in vain to know the mystery.

Although his heart bled for the evident distress she labored under, he yet felt deeply pained at her reticence. He never could believe that there was any guilt attached to her, but why did she not explain to him her present behavior.

Thus they parted for that time.

That evening, when Miss Rosevelt was on the point of going to the supper-room, the servant brought her a letter, which, he said, had been left by a man, who had immediately hurried awav.

Words are feeble to describe the change that passed over Miss Rosevelt's face as she glanced at the address on the note. Fortunately it was unobserved by her friends, and hurrying to her room she locked the door and threw herself upon her knees, and a passionate flood of tears eased her feelings.

Putting a shawl around her head, she hastily descended the stairs, quietly opened the door, and took her station beneath a large tree about a hundred yards from the house.

In another minute she was joined by a man, who was so closely muffled that his age was not discernible. The emotion Miss Rosevelt displayed was painful to behold. She could not

speak.
"You thought me dead," said the man, in a voice tremulous with passion.

"I did," replied the other.

"And perhaps wished it."

"No, believe me. I know my duty too well to cherish such thoughts. But how has this happened?"

"I have escaped," said he. "And I want some means to get away. As you know, my safety, my very life, depends upon

"I have little, but you shall have all. Meet me at the end of this cave, under the little grove of trees, to-morrow morning at eight. It will not be prudent for you to venture nearer the house. I have brought you something to get a lodging for to-night."

So saying, she handed him a purse.

He took it eagerly, and walked away, sighing heavily.

The next minute she had regained her own room. Locking the door she threw herself upon her bed, and dropped into a disturbed slumber.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Orron kept her supper-table waiting until very late; then she fancied that Miss Rosevelt had gone to the rector's, where she was such a favorite. Dick, sharing his mother's thought, strolled down to the vine-covered cottage to watch for her, but his self-imposed task was in vain.

It was quite dark when Miss Rosevelt came in. Mrs. Orton's cheerful lamp sent a long gleam through the window, and the matron saw the tall figure as it crossed the path. The door of the sitting-room was wide open, but Miss Rosevelt seemed disposed to turn from its friendly invitation.

"Have you had any supper?" asked the kindly voice. "I thought you were at the rectory."

"No, I did not go there. I am glad you have not kept the table waiting.

Then she passed on to her room.

"How oddly her voice sounded," Mrs. Orton thought.

Then she waited for her to come down again, but she did not make her appearance until the next morning at the breakfasttable. Then she was deadly pale, with a purple shade under the eyes, and her lips, usually so bright, were colorless.

"You have been ill," Mrs. Orton said, anxiously. "Why

did you not let me know?"

"I had a headache. Quiet and rest were the best remedies." But she ate scarcely any breakfast, and went immediately to the school. To sit there and think as she had been thinking through the night, would kill her. As she went along she glanced furtively to the right and the left, holding a little package tightly in her hand. When she came near the road that branched off to the wood, she lingered there many moments.

Presently a step came shambling along, stirring the dry leaves, and halted some distance from her. She went toward it. The trembling limbs and wasted face pierced her heart with a pang. She thrust the folded paper into the man's hand.

"It is all I have," she said, with a strange, pitying softness in her tone. "I have been thinking of you all night-of our lives," and her voice trembled. "It would not be wise to make a change now. I should not know where to go nor what to do. When my year here has ended, we will try fate together again. Only be careful—for my sake as much as your own."

"Yes," the man said, slowly. "I've been careful a long while. I wouldn't have come to you, but I wanted to see you so much. Sometimes I think it's nearly up with me. Freedom

isn't much. I've had a hard time."

"It will be better. In two months I shall come back to you; until then, live quietly, secretly. Do not betray me.

He kissed the white hand with abject devotion. For years she had given the deepest sympathy and tenderness to this man, but somehow love had outgrown the tie with which nature had bound it. Yet all that she failed to do from love, was done now for duty.

"You must go now," she said, with a strength she did not feel. "I shall know where to find you. Do not seek me again. Two months is but a little while to wait."

She saw him as he walked slowly away. Yesterday at this time she had been bright and happy, now her joy had come to a sad and sudden end. The hope that she had allowed to blossom, albeit with many misgivings, was over for ever. She had been wild to dream that she could make anything out of her shadowed life. So she went on to the school, taking up the burden of the past, hopeless now, indeed.

Reese Stanhope had been absent from Greythorpe nearly a week. On his return home his mother had a strange account for him concerning Miss Rosevelt.

One of the servants, crossing the edge of the woods rather late in the evening, had been witness to a scene and conversa-tion that had greatly astonished her. She had repeated it to her mistress, and now that lady told it to her son with a little triumph.

"She certainly is not a proper person to marry, for it is evident that she is entangled with this man. She promised him money to get him away. Oh, Reese, be advised; do not disgrace us all," his mother implored.

Reese Stanhope laughed at the story. There must be some mistake about it. He was most anxious to see her, for he had some news for her as well. He had guessed at the surprise it would be; good tidings, too, he fancied. As for this other-

Yet he was all impatience, and waylaid her on her way home. Was this the bright, sweet face he had so lately left?

Her greeting was cold and constrained. They walked in silence for some moments.

"I think I came across something while in London that concerns you. An advertisement for heirs to an estate—a Madeline Rosevelt, who married Hugh Rothsay, or their children."

"I am their only child," she said, slowly, wondering if this were not a blind to make her betray her secret.

"Then it is necessary that you should prove your claim as soon as possible. If I can assist you in any manner----' She must reward his kindness with a cruel blow. Her heart

sickened at the thought, and for herself, what bitter despair! He drew the paper from his coat-pocket, and finding the adver-

tisement, gave it to her to read. There was an air of reality about it that attracted her at once, and her grandfather's name seemed ample guarantee. She drew a long breath of relief. It would be easier fighting fate if she did not have poverty to contend with; but, oh, if this had come years before, she would not now be bankrupt, in all that makes life worth having.

"It is best for you to write immediately," he went on; "or if you could go, I am at your service."

"I have some words to say to you," she began, huskily; "not pleasant to listen to, perhaps," and she wondered then how dear she was to this man, who had never known a care or trouble in his life. She understood what he was to her by the anguish she had endured.

"Well?" he said, nervously, thinking of his mother's story. There was a long pause. He was waiting for her to break it, and his handsome face was shadowed by the silence.

"I had no right to listen to your love, to make any promises. Still, I did not willingly deceive you. I thought myself quite free, being misled by a fatal mistake that blinded others as well as myself. I relinquish all claim upon you, and ask my own honorable freedom."

She had studied her part, and made her voice cold, her face immovable. If he had not seen it under other aspects, he might have doubted her capability for warmth. But he grasped at only one idea.

"You are the wife of another?" he said, huskily, drawing his breath with a gasp.

"Good heavens! Do you think I could have acted such a falsehood ?"

Her face was bright then with indignation, her eyes flashing with disdain.

"If it be not that, I have a right to know your secret. I remember you once said you were worthy of any man's love. Are you less so now?"

There was no evading his steady glance.

She laughed bitterly.

"Fate has marked me, I think, for by no sin of my own am I disgraced, and a heavy burden has been laid upon me. I will bear it alone, and not drag any sweet and noble love down to such depths.'

He was resolved to know. Some deep and peculiar sympathy had always drawn him toward her, and now that she stood alone and in trouble, the intensity of his love made itself felt. Besides, he knew well that, as an heiress, any old suspicion would soon die out. Money was all-powerful.

He pleaded his cause with much tender earnestness, keeping his most effectual argument until the last. And when she would not yield to persuasion, he declared himself her champion, and confessed that her secret had already become the property of others.

Then Elma Rosevelt felt utterly crushed. Oh, what avail had all her efforts, all her sacrifices, been?

He took her in his arms.

"My darling," he said, "it is most necessary that I should know the truth now."

"I will tell it to you simply as a friend," she began, after a long pause. "I need some counsel, some advice. I have no one in whom I would dare confide, unless it might be to Mr. Garth. But it must be with the understanding that we are both

He bowed his head slowly.

She began with the first that she could remember. Her mother's early death and her father's passionate grief. As she had said before, he was a generous man, but fatally weak, and allowed himself to be dragged into evil companionship. He was social and agreeable, and for many years had been connected with a lottery office, of which he was one of the most successful agents. He lavished much upon his daughter's education, and loved her with passionate devotion. All her early years she had been kept ignorant of his employment. Four years ago he and an accomplice had been arrested for forgery. Although he protested his innocence, several facts were clearly proven against him. While his companion escaped with a much lighter sentence, his was seven years' imprisonment.

Mr. Rothsay's health being very much broken, it was hardly probable he would survive his term. She had come to London to finish her musical education, and through these years had supported herself. The preceding summer several convicts had escaped, and among them Mr. Rothsay, though it was afterward rumored that his dead body had been found. Elma, who had taken her mother's name at his desire, hearing of this opening at Greythorpe, had come thither, resolving to bury the past in her own heart. She had loved her father truly, and would have clung to him until the last, if she could have served him. Then she spoke of his sudden re-appearance, and her resolve to devote the remainder of her life to him.

"I was wild to dream of love and happiness," she exclaimed, vehemently. "I should have been more resolute when the blissful spell first dawned upon me. Forgive me if you can, since I sinned through love."

He pressed her cold white hand to his lips, and felt for her the deepest sympathy and devotion. But for the present all warmer feeling must be kept in the background.

She consented, after much persuasion, that he should see her father, and make some provision for his safety, and then learn the particulars of the estate held by law. Her claim could be easily proved.

There was something really grand in Reese Stanhope's soul; besides, he loved this woman who had been made to suffer so keenly through the crime of another. She should yet be his. So he went home to his mother in triumph. Any mystery could be easily explained by a few judicious hints about this law business.

Mrs. Stanhope caught at it instantly, and settled the subject to her own satisfaction. Her son had said Miss Rosevelt desired the matter kept secret until the facts had been proved, and that she was resolved upon finishing her term at school.

Thus shielded by her generous lover, Miss Rosevelt found her path comparatively easy, so far as outward circumstances went. Mrs. Orton was troubled at her paleness and reserve, but the worthy woman had never been in the habit of questioning

Mr. Rothsay's search after his daughter was his last effort. Worn out by want and the privations he had suffered since his escape from prison, Mr. Stanhope found him prostrated and sinking very fast. Miss Rosevelt gained permission for a week's absence, and they both watched his last moments, cheered by the thought that his daughter would see more prosperous days.

Then they laid him in a nameless grave, and afterward Miss Rosevelt had an interview with the lawyer who had been appointed for settling the estate. There would not be the slightest difficulty in proving her claim.

It was quite impossible to keep it a secret at Greythorpe, and Mr. Stanhope was not at all anxious that it should be.

Miss Rosevelt continued her duties a month longer, and was then summoned to take possession of her property. It seemed quite like a dream to her. What did she want with these useless thousands, since all the best and brightest had gone out of her life ?

Reese Stanhope waited so long before urging his suit that his mother grew really anxious. "It would be unkind in her to refuse you now, when you were willing to marry her without fortune or position," she said.

But though Elma Rosevelt-for the name had become hers legally now-had resolved to expiate her lack of sincerity toward her lover, as she termed it, by resolutely denying herself the higher happiness that might be hers, in her heart she confessed he had become dearer by his noble and manly course. Could any one have been more tender?

"My darling," he said, one day, with reproachful eyes, "do I not deserve some reward? Will you make both our lives a blank for the sake of a miserable secret, that I forget except when you remind me of it?"

"I ought to suffer some punishment for my want of sincerity in the first place."

"And, so you punish me?"
Her soft eyes filled with tears. How could she make her tangled path right?



He took the unresisting hands in his.

"You are mine," he whispered, with a triumphant smile.

Mrs. Stanhope was extremely proud of her daughter-in-law.

Her birth and fortune were certainly irreproachable.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

ONTIMET FOR PRIFES.—Take of purified lard, one ounce; citron ointment, one ounce and a half; of finest almond oil, half an ounce; mix all well together. This may be scented with oil of bergamot.

To Day Apples.—The best way to dry apples is to place them upon straw laid upon a wire tray, and put a layer of straw over them. Let them be put in a baker's oven all night. They will then want to be very gently wiped, and flattened with the hand. When good sorts are done so, they are equal to any dried apples that can be bought.

How to Manage the Hare.—By judicious treatment, and dress of corresponding and congenial hue, red hair may be tamed down into what, by courtesy, may be called a bright auburn. However beautiful a fine head of hair may be esteemed, those who are short in stature or small in features should never indulge in a profuse display of their tresses, if they would in the one case avoid the appearance of dwarfishness, and unnatural size of the head, and, in the other, of making the face seem less than it actually is. If the hair be closely dressed by others, those who have round or broad faces should, nevertheless, continue to wear broad bands or drooping clusters of curls.

White Pomatum.—Take an ounce of Florentine orris root, half an ounce of calamus aromaticus, and as much gum benjamin, a quarter of an ounce of rosewood, and a quarter of an ounce of cloves. Bruise the whole into a gross powder, tie it up in a piece of linen, and simmer it in a jar placed in a saucepan with two pounds and a half of hog's lard well washed. Add a couple of pippins, pared, and cut into small bits, four ounces of rose-water, and two ounces of orange-flower water. After the ingredients have simmered together a little while, strain off the liquor gently, and let the pomatum stand till cool; then put it away for use in the same way as other pomatums.

RATS AND MICE.—Powder of scilla maritima, half an ounce, and strongly smelling cheese, two ounces. Make into balls. Inis mixture is said to destroy rats very effectively, and before they get to their holes, which is very desirable. Try it for mice also.

To MEND BROKEN GLASS.—A much better process for mending broken glass, china and earthenware with shellac than heating them is to dissolve it in alcohol to about the consistency of glue, and with a thin splinter of wood or pencil-brush touch the edges of the broken ware. In a short time it sets without any heating, which is often an inconvenient process. It will stand every contingency but a heat equal to boiling water.

Cowslip Wine.—Take nine gallons of water, add twenty-seven pounds of loaf sugar; put it into your boiler, and add the white of five eggs, beat well. Let it boil twenty minutes; take off the scum as it rises. Then have ready thirty-six quarts of cowslips, in a tub that will hold the liquor, and the rinds of twelve lemons, pared thin. You must boil the juice of your lemons with two pounds more sugar and a little water, to a thick syrup. When your wine is about lukewarm, put into it a little yeast upon a crust of bread. Let it work one whole day; then put it into your barrel, squeezing your flowers well out before you close your barrel, which must be in about three days after it is tunned. Put in your syrup half an ounce of isinglass, and one quart of brandy. Let it stand six weeks, then bottle it off.

ICE CREAM.—Take of new milk and cream, each two quarts: sugar, two pounds, and twelve eggs. Dissolve the sugar in the milk; beat the eggs to a froth, and add to the whole. Pack the tin freezer in a deep tub with broken ice and salt. Whirl the freezer, and occasionally scrape down from the inside. The proportions are one quart of salt to each pail of ice.

HAIR-CURLING LIQUID.—Some of our straight-haired young lady friends, who are troubled to coax their locks into the prevailing frizzy style, are advised to try the following recipe: Take borax, two ounces; gum arable, one drachm. Add hot water (not boiling), one quart. Stir, and as soon as the ingredients are dissolved, add three tablespoonfuls of strong spirits of camphor. On retiring to rest, wet the hair with the above liquid, and roll it in twists of paper as usual.

To Far Oystkas.—There is no dish more easily cooked, and none so often spoiled, as fried oysters. Drain your oysters thoroughly (they should be large, and of the best quality), then put them into cracker crumbs; have eggs sufficient for the quantity, well beaten, and seasoned with pepper and salt; turn each oyster round in this liquid, then cover it again with cracker crumbs, and lay it on a dish large enough, so that each oyster shall be separate; have some of the finest lard or butter boiling hot—the hotter the better, so it does not burn, into which plunge your oysters a few times, and as soon as they are well browned, remove them to a dish, and throw over them a napkin, not a close cover.

Loss of Hair.—One of the most unpleasant consequences of early neglect is the constant falling off of hair. We do not allude to the loss of the hair dependant on age—that is a natural consequence of our infirmity, and cannot be regarded in the light of a disorder, but instances in which the hair has become thin, even to disfigurement, in early life are far from being uncommon, and if neglected must terminate in confirmed baldness. This excessive loosening of the hair, however, is far from being so irreparable as is generally imagined, and if proper treatment be adopted the hair will grow fresh and assume all its original vigor and strength. The head must be bathed daily with cold water into which a little eau de Cologne has been poured, and the scalp should then be brushed until the akin becomes red and a warm glow is produced. Cold water is one of the finest cosmetics known, and has this advantage, that while in almost every instance it improves the hair, in no case can it do injury.

MULERRRY WINE.—Gather mulberries when they have just changed from redness to a shining black; spread them thinly on a clean floor for twenty-four hours, and then press them. Boil a gallon of water for every gallon of juice, putting an ounce of cinnamon bark, and six ounces of sugar candy, finely powdered, to each gallon of water. When the water is taken off and settled, skim and strain it, and put it to the mulberry juice. Then add to every gallon of the mixture a pint of white or Fhenish wine. Let the whole stand in a cask to ferment for six days. When settled, draw it off into bottles, and keep it cool.

FRUIT FLAVORED AT WILL.—A gardener of Gand has, after many trials, succeeded in giving any kind of fruit the flavor he pleases while it is still on the tree. Let us take an apple for instance; he pricks it rather deeply in four or five places with a large needle, and then lets it dip for awhile in a bowl containing a liquid possessing the flavor he wishes to communicate. After a few seconds this liquid will have penetrated into the pulps; and this operation being repeated two or three times, at intervals of eight or ten days, the apple is left to ripen on the tree, and will subsequently be found to have acquired the taste either of strawberry, raspberry, cloves, etc., according to the liquid employed.

COCOANUT CARE.—Two pounds of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound and three-quarters of flour, ten eggs, two grated cocoanuts, one cup of milk, and the milk of the cocoanuts; and half a teaspoonful of soda last thing. This makes two loaves.

An Apple Souffle.—Ingredients: twelve large apples, half pound of sugar, six eggs, one pint of milk, one lemon, one tablespoonful powdered sugar. Mode: pare and core the apples; stew them with the sugar and lemon-peel till quite soft; press through a sieve; make a custard with the yolks of the eggs and the milk. Half fill a pie-dish with the apples; cover with the custard. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and lay on the custard; sift the loaf-sugar over all, and bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes.



at ht:

University of 1, Google-digi

A STRING OF BEADS.

AN AWWARD APOLOGY.—A miller had his neighbor arrested under the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make an apology to the accused.

"Well," said he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat —I can't prove it—and am sorry for it."

Is a dispute, a boisterous, ill-bred fellow called his adversary "no gentleman."
"I suppose you think yourself one," was the reply.
"Certainly I do," answered the bully.
"Critine," said the other, "I am not offended that you don't think me one."

Do you see that fellow lounging there, doing nothing?" said Jones to Smith. "How does he live? By his wita?" said "Oh, no, he's a cannibal," said Jenkins.
"A cannibal?" "Yes, a cannibal; he lives on other people."

"Yes, a cannibal; he lives on other people."

Nor of the Romantic Sort.—An aunt of ours concluded to try the effect of a pleasant smile and a kind word upon her husband when he returned from his work. She had read how a home should be pleasant, and the wife should always meet the husband with a joyful smile. The success she had is best given in the shape of a dialogue:

[Enter husband, almost exhausted, and very hungry withal; throws his hat on the floor, and drops heavily into a seat. Wife preparing tea, looks up with a smile, and is so glad to see him.]

Wife—"Well, my dear, it is so nice to have you here at mealtime." (A long smile.)

Husband—"Yes, I suppose so."

Wife—"How has your business prospered to-day!" (Another smile.)

Wife—" now as your smile.)

Husband—" About so-so."

Wife—" Come, my dear, supper is ready; let me draw your chair." (Another smile.)

Husband (gruffly)—" I am too tired to stir. Wait till I warm my feet."

(Another sweet smile.)

feet." (Another sweet smile.) Husband... (Another sweet smile.) Husband... (Look o' here, old woman! before any more fuss is made about it, I should like to know what you are grinning at?" Aunt sighed, and relinquished her sweet smiles from that date. Uncle was not of the romantic sort, and didn't understand such things.

A CRITIC, speaking of Sontag's vocalism, says:

"We hang upon every note."

"This," says a contemporary, "is a proof of the lady's remarkable power of execution."

Wir is the god of moments, but genius is the god of ages.

COULDN'T SPARE THE BLACKSMITH.—A blacksmith of a village in Spain murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcade that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith, to shoe horses, mend wheels, etc. But the alcade said:

"How, then, can I fulfill justice?"

A laborer answered:

"Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; hang the other!"

A TEACHER who, in a fit of vexation, called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, apologized by saying, that she was speaking to those just commencing arithmetic.

"War do women spend so much time and money on dress?" asked a gentleman of a Newport belle.
"To worry other women," was the sarcastic but truthful reply.

A LADY'S check is described as the poetical abode of the rose; but we are not told what kind of rose. When an ardent lover steals a kiss, we suppose it is a "cabbage rose."

It was said of a belle, in the habit of wearing low-necked dresses, who recently carried off a matrimonial prize, in the shape of a rich old widower, that "she won the race by a neck."

A SCHOOLMASTER asked one of his scholars in the winter time what was the Latin for cold.

"Oh, sir," answered the lad, "I forget at this moment, although I have it at my fingers' ends."

Sin Boyle Roche once said, in reference to several persons, all relations to each other, but who happened to have no descendants, this seemed to be hereditary in their family to have no

"I'LL neither tell my age for the census or the sovereign," said cook most resolutely, to her master, who was preparing for the enumerator.
"Yery well, then; I'll put you down sixty-five," was the cool reply.

reply.
"Upon my honor, sir, I was only fifty-nine last birthday," screamed cook.

ANTISTHENES wondered at mankind that in buying an earthen dish they were careful to sound it lest it had a crack, yet so careless in choosing friends as to take them flawed with vice.

Covery of the want of positions.

When has a man eaten a most indigestible supper? When he has boiled his door before going to bed.

WHAT is de difference 'twixt a watch and a fedder bed ?"

" Dunno-gin it up."

"Benouse de tickin' of de watch is on de inside, and de tickin' of de bed is on de outside."

A Paris correspondent of a contemporary says he has just overheard a prayer at Notre Dame:

"Oh, beloved Joseph," murmured a rosy little laundress, on her knees before a flaming taper she had just lighted in his honor, "grant me a good husband, plenty of ironing to do, shirt collars without starch, and charcoal without smoke; and to my dear old aunt an easy death. All these blessings as speedily as may be!"

The Rev. Dr. Macleod and Dr. Watson were in the West High-lands together on a tour. While crossing a loch in a boat, in com-pany with a number of other passengers, a storm came on. One of the passengers was heard to say, "That the twa ministers should begin an' pray, or we'll a' be droned."
"Na, na," said the boatman, "the little ane can pray if he likes, but the big ane man tak' an oar."

Ar Dieppe, in France, the following notice has been issued by the

At Display, a consider a requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp. Newfoundland dogs will govern themselves accordingly!"

A GENTLEMAN once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told "three or four." Her mother asked haven, when they were alone, what induced her to tell such an unturb.

"Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child. Wouldn't he thought we were drefful poor?"

KITTENCHISM.—A little boy, returning from the Sunday-school, said to his mother, "Ma, sin't there kittenchism for little boys? The catechism is too hard!"

AT HOME.—"Do make yourselves at home, ladies," said a lady, one day, to her visitors. "I'm at home myself, and I wish you all were!"

Plenges.—He who violates a pledge to which he has written his name, strikes down his honor with his own hand.

A Young Man who recently took unto him elf a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he and to get the furniture.

Comport.—"Is there any danger of the bos-constrictor biting me?" asked a lady visitor at the Zoological Gardens.
"Not the least, marm," replied the showman; "he never bites; he swallows his wittles whole!"

TALLEYRAND, talking of a man who dealt in nothing but quotations, said, "That fellow has a mind of inverted commas,"

The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette has become a skillful stone-cutter.

WHAT is the next thing to a hen-stealing? Why, a cock-robin, of

Why are ships called she? Because they always keep a man on the look-out.

ROGERS AND THOMPSON.—John tells a story of Thompson and Rogers, two married men, who, wandering home late one night, stopped at what Thompson supposed was his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Thompson rang the bell lustify, when a window was opened, and a lady inquired what was wanted.

"Madam," inquired Mr. T., "isn't this Mr. T.—Thompson's house?"

"Well," exclaimed Thompson, "Mrs. T.—T.—Thompson.—beg pour pardon.—Mrs. Rogers, won't you just step down to the door, and pick out Rogers, for Thompson wants to go home."

SINGULAR CASE.—A railway traveler says that he recently caught cold through sitting next to a wet nurse.

A Snobbish Tradesman, having bought a door-mat, with the word Salve (welcome) in the centre, a country relative, on seeing the mat, remarked:
"I say, Cousin John, what kind of salve is it that you make and advertise on your door-mat?"

A Modest Dun.-A tailor presented his account to a gentleman for settlement.

"I'll look over your bill," said the gentleman.

"Very good," said the tailor; "but pray don't overlook it."

CARROTY.—A gentleman, speaking of a young beauty's fashionable yellowish hair, called it pure gold.

"It ought to be," quoth K.—.; "it looks like twenty-four car-

Some descendant of Solomon has wisely remarked that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them.

Politeness.—Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talent from being observed; but wit and talent cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.



Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 01:52 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/umn.31951000968039j Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

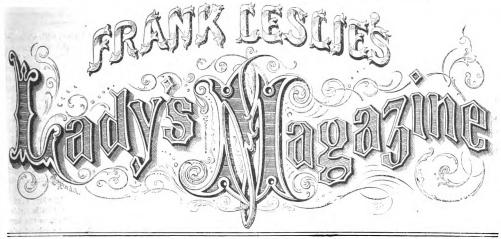
Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



369. BAZINE.





VOL. XXIV.

MARCH, 1869.

No. 3.

DESCRIPTION OF FOUR-PAGE ENGRAVING.

Fig. 1.—Walking-dress of violet-colored silk. The front of the round skirt is quite plain. At each side is a broad flat band of black velvet. One deep flounce, with two others very much smaller, cross the back. A narrow flounce outlines the rounded tablier (apron). Another borders the band of black velvet which supports the panier. Plain close corsage. Velvet bands, with silk ruffles, trim the straight sleeves. Dauphine bonnet of puffed violet velvet and black lace, with a large double bow in front, and an aigrette at the side.

Fig. 2.—Dress of light-green silk. Upon the long skirt is a very deep flounce. This is divided near the top by bias bands | Orange flowers in the hair. Tulle vail.

of dark-green satin, thus forming the puffing and fluted heading. The tunic is cut in five large scallops, and slightly gathered in beneath a flounce and satin band. Close corsage. Puffings of silk, with narrow bands of satin, head the straight sleeves, and form the deep cuffs. Silk waistbelt bordered with

Fig. 3.—Bridal toilet of white reps silk. The front of the lower skirt is richly embroidered. The corsage is plain and high, and is trimmed with small puffings of silk. Others head the straight sleeves-here the revers are deep and closely plaited. The tunic, which is very long, has three wide flounces -upon these, at each side, depends a rich ornament in passementerie. From the ceinture fall two large plaited ends.



Vol. XXIV., No. 3-9

2. COSTUME OF BLACK POPLIN. 4. EVENING DRESS OF LIGHT*GREEN POULT-DE-SOIE. PAGE 163.

Fig. 4.—Costume of dark crimson silk. The lower skirt is striped with black, and has one deep Imperatrice flounce. The corsage and upper skirt are plain. The long, striped ends of the waistbelt lift this second skirt at each side. Straight sleeves, headed and trimmed with a narrow ruffle. Lace collar and undersleeves. A barbe of white lace and small crimson flowers compose the coiffure.

Fig. 5.—Very long train petticoat of black velvet. Dress of blue armure. This skirt is short; it is edged by a satin piping and deep black lace, and is lifted to form large puffs. A rich black satin ornament falls upon the front. Open corsage; the revers are bordered with lace. Lace, with pipings of satin, also trim the straight sleeves. Broad waistbelt. Embroidered chemisette and undersleeves.

Fig. 6.—Petticoat of mode colored Montpensier cloth. Overskirt of light-gray poplin, lifted at each side to form a puff. Poplin casaque. This is close-fitting, with a pointed basque and a Cardinal pelerine. Shaped ends of gold-colored silk compose the trimming. The cuffs, waistbelt, and bands which lift the

skirt are also of gold-colored silk.

Fig. 7.—Dress of light-green Turc satin. Close corsage, straight sleeves, long train—these are all trimmed with narrow gimp of a darker shade. The black velvet overdress is without sleeves, and is entirely trimmed with a quilling of satin, and a silk fringe. Satin pompons loop the skirt at each side. Velvet sash. Black lace head-dress, with roses, and a small hummingbird in front.

Fig. 8.—Robe de chambre ambassadrice of garnet-colored cashmere cloth. The close-fitting casaque is of parrue de velours of the same shade. At the back it is short; the fronts alone are very deep and shaped; the sleeves are half-long. A rich garnet-colored fringe, and large bows of plaited satin to match, compose the trimming. A satin plaiting encircles the neck. White lace coiffure, with satin bow.

Fig. 9.—Dress of blue-gray glace silk. The lower skirt has one deep bias flounce, with a ruffled heading. The second skirt forms two large rounded scallops, bordered with deep black lace. Plain close corsage, with small coat-basques, edged with lace. Revers of lace trim the front of the corsage and straight sleeves. A lace rosette fastens the silk waistband. Embroidered collar and undersleeves.

Fig. 10.—Costume of velvet and satin. The plain round petticoat is of Van Dyck brown velvet. The dress is of satin of the same shade. The high corsage opens upon a plaited muslin chemisette; the large revers is finished by a double row of piping. Straight sleeves. In front the skirt forms a shaped tablier (apron); this is trimmed with two rows of piping, and a deep fringe to match. The very full panier is supported by broad bands of rich galloon. The waistbelt is of foliage in passemen-

terie. Black lace head-dress, with puff of violet silk.

Fig. 11.—Evening toilet of light-gray satin. Upon the train skirt are three flounces; these are separated by puffings of white illusion over satin. Low corsage, long sleeves-these are entirely covered with puffings of satin and illusion. The ceinture of the same is framed in narrow blonde lace, and fastens at the back beneath a large rosette. Three large puffs of silk, covered with illusion, and edged with lace, form the panier. Rosettes at the shoulders. Rose-colored ribbon in the hair.

Fig. 12.—Dress of lilac-colored moire-antique. This is cut à la Princesse. The skirt is trimmed with narrow bias bands of black satin, framed in black lace. The low square corsage and broad waistband are similarly trimmed. From the latter depend long ends of silk, with bows and shaped tabs; these are also trimmed with narrow satin bands, and framed in lace, and serve to slightly lift the skirt. Small puffed sleeves. Puffed muslin chemisette. Marie Antoinette fichu of black lace; this crosses in front, fastens at the back, and the long ends are again caught, lower down, beneath a bow of black satin.

Fig. 13.—Dress of light-colored Montpensier cloth, striped with black. The round skirt has one very deep flounce; this is bordered with black silk, and the upper edge forms a plaited heading. The front of the close-fitting corsage is cut very low; here the narrow quilling is bound with black; the large bow is of black satin. Straight sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Waistbelt, bordered with black, with long ruffled ends. Muslin fichu. to the side.

Fig. 14.—Dinner toilet of lilac silk, trimmed with white lace and bands and bows of satin. The underskirt is ornamented with a deep flounce, plaited and kept in place by two bias folds of white satin. The overskirt has a long train, and is trimmed with a flounce of white lace, headed by folds of white satin. It is looped up at the sides with large bows of white satin. The skirt is short in front, and very long at the back. The high corsage has rounded basques, trimmed with folds of satin. There is a bertha in front, formed of lace; it is arranged behind so as to ornament the entire train. There is a fold of satin and bows uniting the edges of the lace. There are tight undersleeves and short oversleeves, edged with lace, and headed by two folds of satin.

Fig. 15.—Opera cloak of white merino, with wide simulated sleeves. The Medicis collar is lined with blue satin, and the cloak is trimmed with galloon and tassels.

Fig. 16.-Toilet of dove-colored glace silk. The long skirt of the Princess dress has one very deep flounce; this is divided near the top by narrow bands of black satin, to form the large puff and full heading. A rich fringe simulates a pointed pelerine, and trims the straight sleeves. Satin waistbelt, with flat bows at the back, and long shaped ends, trimmed with fringe. Black satin bonnet, with bandeau of roses and leaves.

Fig. 17.-Dress of dark garnet-colored silk. The gored skirt has three graduated flounces, each headed by a pinked-out ruching. Ruchings and fringe trim the close corsage, straight sleeves, and long shaped ends of the waistbelt. Marquise collar of white lace. Coiffure of white lace and blue ribbons.

Fig. 18.—Black silk skirt, trimmed with three flat ruches. Loose-fitting casaque of the same. This skirt is very deep; the fronts are open and rounded, and trimmed with three rows of piping and a rich drop-fringe. The side-seams are gathered beneath a fluted flounce, which is carried across the back, thus forming a small panier. Silk pipings and fringe trim the corsage and loose sleeves; the tight-fitting sleeves are also of silk, and finished by narrow ruchings. Two bands of black silk, fastened down by large drop-buttons, cross each shoulder. A pointed band encircles the neck. Linen collar and undersleeves. Coral ornaments.

Fig. 19.—Petticoat of short poult-de-soie, with a deep flounce, surrounded by two rouleaux of satin of the some shade. Tunic similarly trimmed. Plain corsage. Straight sleeves. Lamballe mantelet, composed of a round pelerine, with very short ends, simply trimmed with two rouleaux. From the waistbelt, at the back, depends one broad and deep end; this is trimmed like the skirt. Another falls from the mantelet, where it is fastened down by a large rosette and loops of silk. A rosette heads the opening at each side of the tunic. Fanchon bonnet of black velvet and lace, with wild roses at the side.

Fig. 20.—Ball toilet of rose-colored silk. Upon the long skirt is a flounce of white lace; this outlines large scallops, and is lifted by bows of rose-colored satin ribbon. The corsage of the tunic is square and low in front, and trimmed with lace. Lace covers the outer seams of the close sleeves. At the shoulders and wrists are large silk bows. The tunic skirt forms a small shaped apron in front, and a deep basque at the back, and is edged with lace. Roses in the hair.
Fig. 21.—Ball toilet. White tarletan over a slip of white

silk. Upon the silk skirt are four puffings of tarletan, separated by rouleaux of light-green satin. The upper skirt is of tarletan, with a full flounce; this is bordered with satin, and surmounted by a quilling of tarletan, upon which are placed satin bows; others, with floating ends, lift this skirt at each side. A large puff covers the upper part. Low corsage. Puffed bertha, with small satin bows. Short sleeves, similarly trimmed. Satin waistbelt; the long pointed ends are looped, and finished by a rich silk fringe to match. Coiffure of ivy and crimson blossoms.

Fig. 22.—Train dresss of mauve silk, perfectly plain. Round tunic of the same, trimmed with a deep flounce of black guipure. The front of this tunic is quite open; the back is slightly lifted by a large bow of mauve gros-grain silk with long ends. The bretelles are of guipure; at the front and back are ribbon bows with floating ends. Straight sleeves. Fanchon bonnet of mauve silk, with silken thistles and velvet leaves, placed a little



Fig 23.—Walking costume of dark crimson cashmere cloth, striped with black. The round skirt has three narrow flutings of black satin. The tunic is rounded in front, and trimmed with two rows of fluted satin. The large puff at the back is formed by a deep flounce, which falls from the sides in large folds; it is supported by a fluted band. The corsage is plain and high; down the front is a row of large black satin buttons. The straight sleeves are trimmed with satin flutings and large ornaments in passementerie; these ornaments are also placed upon the tunic. Broad satin waistbelt, fastening at the back beneath a rosette. Black velvet hat, with black satin bow in front.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

PAGE 161, No. 1. - Dinner dress o pearl-gray poult-de-soie. The long lower-skirt has a deep flounce with a band of black velvet dividing it near the top, to form a fluted heading.



The very short upper-skirt is en panier; this is supported by a flounce with velvet band. The front breadths are open and shaped. Here the flounce is narrow and graduated. Velvet rosettes are placed at each side. Low corsage, with very small sleeves. The bertha is composed of a fluting of silk, and velvet band with a knot of velvet at each shoulder. Gold ornaments.

No. 2 .- Costume of black poplin. The flounce of the same upon the round skirt is arranged in scallops, and headed by a rouleau of poplin. The basque of the polonaise opens at the sides; the long, rounded ends are lifted and attached beneath the fan-shaped quilling of the waistbelt. The bretelles, which have long ends at the back only, are bordered with rouleaux and flounced. Straight sleeves. Bonnet of black silk and lace, with an aigrette at the side.

No. 3.-Toilet of wine-colored satin de Lyon. The long skirt of the



Princess dress is trimmed with narrow plaited flounces of the same; these are headed by flat bands, and finished with large bows. Upon the corsage a smaller ruffle simulates a pele-Ruffles and bows trim the straight sleeves. The basque-fronts and full panier are ruffled. The waistbelt fastens at the back, beneath a large bow with ends. Bonnet of wine-colored satin and black lace.

No. 4.-Evening dress of light-green poult-de-soie. Upon the lower part of the skirt is a deep pinked-out flounce of the same, headed by a smaller one of application d'Angleterre. Above this is a wide pinked-out ruching of silk. The same ornamentation is repeated higher up. Starting from one side, the flounce passes beneath the puff formed by the upper part of the skirt, and is carried quite around to the same side again, but lower down. The large Marguerites are of green satin. Low square corsage,

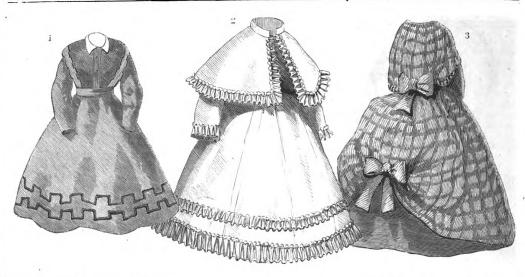
DESCRIPTION OF PARIS BONNETS. PAGE 166.



with bertha like the flounces. Very short sleeves. Satin Marguerite in the hair.

Page 169, No. 1.—Flounced petticoal of cuir doré (golden-brown) silk. Dress of black silk striped with gold. The short round skirt has a bias flounce, with a fluted heading of cuir doré silk fastened down by a narrow band of black silk. The upper-skirt is edged with a rich black and gold silk fringe with a fluted heading; it is rather short in front, and is lifted at each side by large puffs of cuir-doré silk. High round corsage. Straight sleeves. Upon these the ruffles are very narrow. The mantelet is trimmed like the upper-skirt. It is caught up at the back by a silk puff. Another, in front, confines the

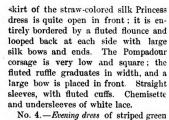




long ends. Black velvet hat, with trailing sprays, and long scarf of black lace.

No. 2.—Train petticoat, of light green silk, with three pinked-out flounces. These graduate in width, and the upper is divided near the top, to form a ruched heading. The Princess overdress is of colibri velvet, shot-green, amber and black. Broad bands of black velvet, with a rich galloon, trim the corsage and straight sleeves. A band framed in galloon is carried down the front, and continued around the short skirt, which is lifted at each side by long ends of galloon with large loops. Galloon covers the waistbelt and borders the velvet loops at the back. Bonnet of green silk and black lace, with feather aigrette at the side.

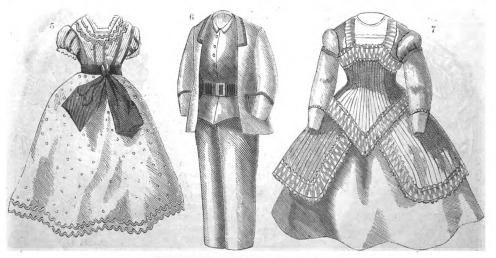
No. 3.—Peticoat of white silk striped with straw color. The deep bias flounce is headed by a pinked-out ruching of straw-colored silk. The



No. 4.—Evening dress of striped green and white silk, trimmed with full pinked ruches of plain green silk. The ruche edges the skirt, extends up the seams of the front breadth, and loops up the skirt en panier at the back, trimming also the rounded sash ends which fall beneath the panier. Low round corsage, ornamented with bretelles, edged with fringe headed by a green silk ruche.

No. 5.—Black silk dress. The underskirt has three flounces headed by purple ruches. The over-skirt is quite





DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. PAGE 167.

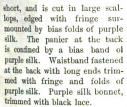


orange-blossoms. High corsage and coat sleeves. Vail of organdy muslin or tulle.

Page 172, Nos. 1, 2 and 3.—This costume will be found in the Colored Plate, but we give the different views in order to facilitate its being made up. The material is poplin, trimmed with rouleaux of satin. The skirt of the plain gored dress is looped up at intervals by large or-



Nos. 4, 5 and 6.—Ball toilet. Another costume from the Colored Plate. Train slip of light blue silk. The deep flounce is of white tulle. A blue satin ribbon runs across the upper part, and terminates in a large bow, which lifts the skirt at the back. This flounce supports the puffed tulle skirt. The tulle upperskirt has a flounce of blonde lace, with a heading of blue satin ribbon. At the back it is lifted by a large satin rosette with long tabs edged with lace. Puffings of tulle and lace trim the corsage. Large loops of blue satin ribbon fall from the shoulders and waistbelt. Ribbons in the hair.



No. 6.—Bride's dress, of white satin, with a deep plaited flounce around the bottom of the skirt. The tunic is of organdy muslin or gaze-de-soie, and is pufféd to the waist. It is edged with large leaves, bound with satin, and headed by a fold of satin. The tunic is looped up in the back with a bow of satin and

naments in passementerie. The Louis XV. paletot opens upon a small vest front, which is edged with a rouleau of satin and strapped across by narrow bands of passementerie. Similar bands are repeated upon the square fronts. At the back the garment is deep, and gathered up, to form the two large puffs. Straight sleeves. The little Bachelick cape opens both in front and at the back. This paletot is entirely edged with a rouleau of satin, and finished by two small ornaments placed at the waist. Velvel hat, with long ribbons

DESCRIPTION OF PALETOTS. PAGE 168.



622 AND 624 BROADWAY. Nos. 1, 2 and 3.—Front, side, and

DESCRIPTION OF HAIR-DRESSING. FROM MR. J. W. BARKER'S, Nos.

back of a new style of coiffure. The back hair is divided into thick locks; these are waved and loosely curled. Each side of the front hair is separated into two parts; the lower is raised smoothly, thrown back and curled; the upper part is waved, combed quite low upon the forehead, and falls over the top of the head in small curls. Broad ribbon bandeau with bow and ends.

Nos. 4 and 5.—The front hair is parted down the centre. A division is then made at each side. The lower locks are rolled; the upper are waved, fall low upon the forehead, then are carried over the rolls and fastened there. The back hair is equally divided, and combed well up to the top of the head. Two heavy braids are made. With these the



loops are formed. The ends are concealed beneath the flat cluster of roses and leaves; these are held in place by a spray which passes beneath the braids.

DESCRIPTION OF PARIS BONNETS AND CAPS. PAGES 163 AND 170.

No. 1. - Fanchon bonnet of violet velvet. Between the broad flutings is a rose and leaves. A bias band, edged with white lace, crosses the back and forms the strings; these are attached by a lace rosette. Tabs of velvet, framed in lace, cross the top.

No. 2.-Bonnet of white beaver. At the back is a large bow of white velvet with long ends forming strings; these knot in front. Across the front is a garland of foliage, with



a rose at one side. Sprays fall upon the wide strings.

No. 3.—Hat of Florentine straw. This is almost flat. In front the border is slightly waved; beneath it passes a rouleau of pink ribbon with a bow at one side. Above, is a flower with foliage, and a knot of ribbon with floating ends. From the latter depend the broad brides which fasten in front.

No. 4. - Toquet of green velvet, bordered with ermine. In front is a bow of velvet with aigrette, and white feathers.

No. 5.—Hat of black velvet, bordered with black satin. It is turned up at each side, and around the edge is a black curled plume. In front is a fan-shaped satin bow, and a spray of foliage with golden grains.

Page 170, No. 1.—This very graceful breakfast cap is composed of a wide bias band of

HAIR-DRESSING. BARKER, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY.



blue satin, framed in white lace, and gathered at intervals beneath bows of satin ribbon. A bow is placed in front. Another attaches the long ends beneath the chignon.

No. 2.—This is a capeline, of white cashmere, with a deep pelerine. It is entirely bordered by a quilling of rose-colored ribbon and two narrow bands of straw-colored silk. This trimming is carried quite around the top. Across the front are large loops with floating ends. The pelerine is embroidered at each corner.

No. 3. - Morning cap, of white knitted worsted, with a wide ruche of the same. Two long points are attached in front, and fall over the back. This cap is ornamented with worsted balls of a brightly contrasting color.

No. 4.—This coiffure consists simply of a guipure insertion, bordered at each side by a wide lace, and ornamented with small bows of colored satin ribbon with long floating ends.

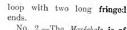


5. - The Pompadour No. head-dress is composed of a round of embroidered tulle; this is framed in a lace insertion, and bordered with a light guipure. A bandeau of satin ribbon crosses the front, and is fastened down at one side by a small bow, and at the other by a rosette. Brides of guipure with ribbons and rosette.

No. 6. — Morning cap, of white muslin. The crown is very full; the lower edge forms the cape. The front is large and pointed, and is continued at each side, to form the strings. It is trimmed with thread lace and narrow satin ribbons. A knot of ribbons is placed in front.

SASHES.

No. 1.-Black satin waistbelt. Here the long satin ends graduate in width; they are merely rolled around the belt, and fall in loose loops. These are supported by one broad



No. 2.-The Maréchale is of black poult-de-soie. The four loops are very large. The ends are rounded, and trimmed with a double row of rich silk fringe. Each row is headed by a cordelière of jet.

No. 3.-Sash bow of silk. This is composed of large loops, fastened down in the centre by a small bow. The very broad ends are finished by a rich tassel-fringe.

DESCRIPTION OF CHIL-DREN'S FASHIONS.—PAGE 164.

No. 1.—Little girl's dress of bluish-gray poplin. The cor sage is trimmed with crimson silk framed in narrow black velvet. Crimson silk sleeves. Black buttons down the front. Velvet trims the short skirt and borders the waistbelt, which fastens at the back beneath a large rosette. Linen collar.

No. 2.--Child's pelisse. This may be of cashmere or merino. It has a small stand-up collar. The deep cape, sleeves, and skirt are trimmed with frills of





pattern a Scotch plaid-blue and green. The petticoat is of sleeves, which close at the wrists with deep ruffled cuffs. plain blue poplin. Blue ribbons lift the skirt of the dress at Over-skirt of white silk with blue hair stripes. This is quite the back. Close high corsage. Straight sleeves. A smaller bow open in front, and entirely bordered by a wide marquise loops the large pelerine. Embroidered collar and undersleeves. ruche of the same.

No. 4.—Christening robe, of fine white cambric. The skirt has a series of very fine tucks. Those upon the front width are separated at intervals by embroidered bands and deep embroidered cambric flutings. Flutings frame the front, and are continued upon the tucked corsage. A sash of brightcolored ribbon knots at the side, with large loops and long ends.

No. 5.-Little girl's dress of white dotted muslin. Ruchings of puffed muslin, framed in blue ribbon, border the skirt and trim the puffed corsage. Blue silk waistbelt with floating ends.

No. 6.—Costume for a little boy. This is of velveteen. The paletot is loose; the collar, cuffs, and pockets are edged with black braid, black buttons and loops. Hunting waistcoat, without collar, fastened round the waist with a leathern belt and large buckle. Loose

No. 7.-Toilet for a little girl. Dress of white merino. The high corsage is heart. shaped in front, and bordered

No. 3.—Toilet for a little girl. The material is poplin, the | with a ruche of the same. Full puffings head the straight The silk corselet is similarly trim-

med, and laces down the back with a blue silk cord and tassels.

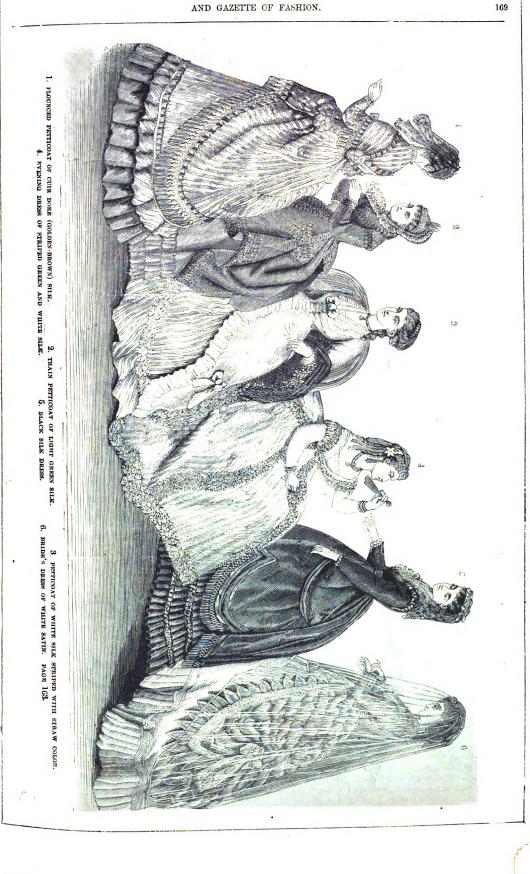
DESCRIPTION OF PALE-TOTS.—Page 165.

No. 1.-This is of black ribbed silk. The corsage fits closely. The short round skirt is gored, and without fullness. Upon each width bands of black velvet outline deep scallops; these are headed by large velvet rosettes. waistbelt is of silk, bordered with velvet, and fastening at the back beneath a rosette. Bands with rosettes and a rich silk tassel-fringe simulate a pelerine; they also trim the straight sle wes.

No. 2.—Here the material is black satin. It is close-fitting and plain, and is fastened in front by large black velvet Straignt sleeves. buttons. These are headed and trimmed with velvet bands and loops. The same trimming is repeated upon the skirt. The satin waistbelt fastens at the back, beneath a rosette, from which depend large loops and



FASHIONS.—FROM MADAME RALLINGS'S MAGASIN DES MODES, 779 BROADWAY. PAGE 171.







deep shaped ends; these are bordered and edged like the paletot. A pointed band encircles the neck.

No. 3.-This novelty is of rich black silk. It is closefitting. Black lace and narrow velvet simulate a pointed pelerine and trim the straight sleeves. The skirt, which is hollowed out at the sides and quite square at the front and back, is edged with velvet and lace. This trimming is carried quite up to the waist. Silk ceinture, bordered with velvet. The puff at the back is framed in lace; the long pointed ends are trimmed to correspond. Upon these, as well as upon the sleeves and pelerine, are cross strips of velvet.

Nos. 4 and 5.-Front and back of a loose-fitting paletot of black silk velvet. The basque, pockets, and hanging sleeves are cut to form a Greek border, and are trimmed with a bead passementerie and small ornaments. A similar trimming edges the deep collar, and is continued upon the front. Designs in passementerie are placed at the back. Puffings of velvet, divided by a fine bead cording, head the sleeves. This fine cord finishes the straight lower sleeves.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOR-ED PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Visiting Toilet of VIOLET SILK. The very wide and full puff upon the train skirt is headed by a fall of black Chantilly lace. The upper skirt-which is much larger at the back than in front-is lifted at each side by a violet silk cord and pendent, star-shaped ornament with large tassels. The close corsage is fastened by large buttons. The deep basques are quite open at the back and front, and fall at the sides only in rounded, graduated tabs; these are richly embroidered. Similar bands, with scalloped headings, fall over the long, straight sleeves. Cambric collar and undersleeves. Hat of violet silk, with a deep fall of lace at the side.

Fig. 2. — Ball Toilet of Straw-Colored Glace Silk. The large puffs upon the long

DESCRIPTION OF CAPS. PAGE 166.



train skirt are framed in white lace. Above the puffs, the skirt is gathered in beneath a narrow band of silk with a small boxplaited flounce, thus forming the tablier (or apron) front, and panier. At each side is a large tab, edged with lace. A garland of crimson roses and leaves is carried quite around the skirt, and falls upon the tabs. A small graduated flounce, descending from the silk waistbelt, completes the trimming. A delicate spray divides the lace upon the very low corsage, thus giving a ruff and pointed bertha. At the back is a single crimson rose, with trailing foliage. Head-dress of roses, with feather aigrette.

Fig. 3.—Walking Dress of Green Parure De Velours. The rounded lower skirt is without fullness, and trimmed simply with a broad bias band of the same material. The upper skirt is looped, at intervals, by large ornamented buttons of green silk with long tassels. Louis XV. paletot. This is loose-fitting, and is fastened by large green silk buttons. The square basque fronts are each crossed by three flat bands of velvet. At the sides and back the paletot is very deep, and is gathered up to form a scalloped puff. Straight sleeves. The large cape opens at the back. Narrow bands of white fur, and ornamental buttons, with tassels, compose the trimming. The button which heads the opening of the cape, as well as the tassel depending from the long cord, are much smaller than the others. Round bat of green velvet and black satin, with white plume crossing the back, and a long lace scarf.

Fig. 4.—Ball Toiler. Dress of crimson glace silk. The Princess corsage is low and plain, with a quilling of lace rising above it. The full train skirt is sewn on beneath a broad waistband of the same. Lower down, puffs and bows of rich white lace confine the folds, and serve as a heading to the deep plaited flounce thus formed. The double tunic is of lace. At the shoulders are crimson roses with bronzed foliage.

Fig. 5.—Evening Dress of White India Muslin. The upper part of the full train petticoat forms one large puff. Beneath this is a deep fluted flounce, upon which fall loops of blue satin ribbon. The wide point d'Alengon flounce upon the upper skirt is headed by a band of ribbon with smaller and erect loops. This skirt is lifted at the back by a large blue rosette; the muslin tabs are framed in ribbon rouleaux and narrow lace. Low plain corsage. A double quilling of lace composes the bertha; this is divided by a ribbon rouleau, which terminates in a single loop, with floating ends falling over each short puffed sleeve. Around the neck is a narrow blue ribbon, with bow and long ends. Ribbon and white roses in the hair.

Fig. 6.—Ball Costume of Maize-Colored Satin de Lyon. The gored satin petticoat forms a long train, and is arranged at the back to fall in three broad plaits. Upon each of these is a large knot of wide satin ribbon of a darker shade. In front, a satin band and deep box-plaited flounce simulate a rounded tablier. At each side depends a shaped tab of satin, with embroidery and heavy tassel-fringe of the darker shade. A broader band and deeper flounce support the full panier. The basque of the low corsage is quite open at the back, and follows the outline of the lower tablier in front; it is edged with a rich white lace. At the waist is a lace bow, with ends. A narrow band of embroidered satin crosses the corsage. Above it rises a lace ruff. Em-

broidered bands and fringe, with lace bows, trim the short sleeves. Gold ornaments. Coiffure of roses and leaves. Fig. 7.—Dress of Lavender-Colored Satin. This is Princessshaped. The deep flounce rises to a sharp point in front, and is beaded by a band of black velvet, framed in narrow white lace; this trimming is carried from the point quite up to the waist.

Satin buttons fasten the corsage. The black velvet paletot is lined with lavender satin, and edged with a silk rouleau and narrow white lace. It is close-fitting. The corsage is open.
The short fronts are turned back. A satin band, starting from the large buttons at either side, lifts the very long skirt. Straight sleeves, with deep satin cuffs, bordered with rouleaux and lace, and trimmed with satin buttons. Velvet waistbelt. Embroidered collar. Coiffure of violets, green leaves and lav-

ESTERM is the mother of love; but the daughter is often older than the mother.

ender ribbons.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS .- PAGE 168.

FROM MADAME RALLINGS'S MAGASIN DES MODES, 779 BROADWAY.

MADAME RALLINGS gives us, this month, five magnificent toilets. These are charming in design, and complete in detail; novel and effective, yet entirely devoid of those glaring contrasts which startle rather than please. In fact, they are five of those really artistic studies for which madame's atelier has become celebrated.

No. 1.—Bridal Toilet of White Gros-grains Silk. Upon the train petticoat, and at some distance from the edge, are three deep fluted flounces. A narrow quilling of silk trims the close corsage and long straight sleeves, and surmounts the fluted flounce of the train skirt. Upon the corsage, fastening the waistbelt, and heading the sleeves, are silk bows with fringed ends. Larger bows, graduating in size, are placed beneath the flounces of the skirt in front; others attach the over-skirt and lift it at each side. Collar and undersleeves of quilled lace.

Vail of tulle, with wreath of orange blossoms.

No. 2.—Costume of Violet Satin De Lyon. The short round petticoat has three fluted flounces. The corsage of the Princess dress is close-fitting. Each full sleeve is gathered beneath a broad band which falls in a loop and shaped tasseled end. Below this is the deep cuff. Silk fringe of a darker shade, with satin rouleaux to match, compose the trimming. The skirt is scalloped, and finished by a deep tassel-fringe. The mantelet is a novelty-somewhat in the Watteau style. It has a deep puffed bertha crossed by satin pipings of the same shade as the fringe with which it is edged. Above this, a sort of large tippet is fastened in front by a satin ornament. The long breadths falling at the back are caught up beneath a bright-colored silk sash with fringed ends. Linen collar and undersleeves. The head-dress is simply a ruched band of violet satin, with tasseled ends knotting at one side.

No. 8.—Ball Toilet. Princess slip of straw-colored glace silk. The lower part of the train skirt is covered with a full puffing of white silk gauze. Over this a fall of rich lace forms two large inverted scallops. The ornaments at the back, front, and sides, are of frosted silver. Higher up is a puff of gauze dotted with gold, and confined at intervals by narrow gold bands. Plain low corsage, with very small sleeves and shaped ruff of tulle. At the back a drapery of white lace depends from the large tulle resettes upon the shoulders. In front is a fall of plain tulle. The silk waistband fastens beneath a flat

No. 4.—Promenade Toilet of Brown and Gold Drap d'Or. The round gored skirt is bordered by a narrow black velvet. The upper-skirt, which is also gored, is somewhat shorter. The tablier front is gathered in beneath a wide box-plaiting of the same, and falls in a large puff. A broader velvet band borders this skirt. The corsage is close-fitting. The pointed basque is very deep in front and short at the back. The large cape is scalloped around the neck. The sleeves are straight and open. The trimming consists of narrow bands of black velvet with a heavy fringe and large flat velvet buttons. Small drop-buttons depend from the bands upon the sleeves. Velvet waistbelt. Malcontent hat, of black velvet, with golden pheasant's feathers falling over the sloping crown. Black lace vail.

No. 5.—Ball Costume. Train slip of rose-colored glace silk. A deep silk flounce, divided near the top by a rouleaux of the same, confines the skirt and outlines a large point upon each side. It also supports the panier. Plain low corsage, headed by a fluting of silk and a puffing of white lace. Short puffed sleeves over others of lace. At each shoulder, and at the front and back, are silk butterfly bows. The over-skirt is of rich white lace. It is gathered in beneath a broad flat band of rosecolored silk, and is lifted, at one side only, by a large bow. Higher up, a small bow fastens down the shaped end of lace barred by narrow ribbons. The lower part of this skirt, at the back, is gathered into three large puffs. Above this, it is again confined beneath a deep lace, which is carried quite around, and crosses the front to the large bow. Lace borders the skirt. Silk waistbelt, with very full lace loops at the back

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE,



WHAT SHOULD BE WORN, AND WHAT SHOULD NOT.

FROM THE TABLETS OF A PARISIAN LADY OF SOCIETY.

In spite of many fanciful whims and absurd eccentricities, fashions are this year far more rational than they have been for some time past. The full balloon crinolines were as ridiculous in their way as the long, draggling skirts which came in afterward as the opposite extreme of ugliness. Now, in the very great variety which La Mode allows of-nay, commands-toilets suitable for particular occasions can be selected, and it requires but a small portion of tact, and that nice appreciation of the fitness of things which all ladies of taste naturally possess, to to Courts, and have ever been the appendage of royalty.

decide which style of dress is suitable according to the time and place.

Trains give great dignity to the figure, but it must be added, a lady must possess natural dignity of manner to wear the train becomingly. It is lucky for a large number of the ladies of our present generation that trains are not de riqueur on all occasions, and that, in fact, in the bourgeoisie it can be dispensed with altogether.

Sweeping garments are of Eastern origin, and seem made on purpose for kings and sovereigns. In republican Rome, loose garments were draped with natural grace about the body; but the long, flowing train was not known until the more degenerate days of the Empire. Indeed, trains are peculiarly suitable



DESCRIPTION OF LADIES' COSTUMES. PAGE 165.

University of Illinois , Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

full train in a small room, or, worse, in the streets, is something | now arranged so as to form tunics, or double skirts, or full puffs, so utterly absurd, that it seems incredible such an egregious fashion should ever have been contemplated; and yet we have seen it; we have seen the flowing draperies sweeping the streets; we have witnessed the inextricable entanglements caused by the same trailing skirts in diminutive drawing-rooms, where desperate attempts at a quadrille were most unsuccessfully made.

This could not last; it did not. This winter train-shaped dresses were worn exclusively at large parties and routs where dancing was out of the question.

Balls require a special style of dress, made with a view to dancing—the object of the ball. It must neither be short nor long. The most approved of toilet for a ball is this: Dressskirt coming just over the feet, without completely hiding them, however; second skirt looped up, or, which is still more fashionable, tunic skirt, train-shaped at the back, but raised into a large puff, so as not to prove cumbersome while the dancing is going on.

In some elegant salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, the fashion of taking up the train of the dress and carrying it upon the arm was adopted by some of the grandes dames, and that to the general admiration of all beholders. We should not advise, however, this somewhat singular proceeding to be imitated as a matter of course. From the supremely graceful and disingué to the supremely ridiculous, there is but a step in such matters, and it requires all the ease of manner and natural elegance of a real grande dame to carry off this movement of carrying the train upon the arm with proper dignity.

Crape tulle and tarlatan, mixed with satin, are the materials for this year's ball dresses. The ball season is not yet over, or, at least, it has commenced again since Easter, having begun so late in the winter, and being so short, owing to the early date of the beginning of Lent.

We shall, however, mention two only of the most elegant toilets of the season.

First, a dress of white tulle and rose-colored satin, tulle skirt, covered with bouillons, and one deep tulle flounce; rose-colored sain tunic, short in front, rounded off at the sides, and looped up with full draperies in the Louis XV. style. A second tunic, light and vapory, ripples in small tulle bouillons over the satin. It is edged with a very handsome border of Honiton point lace, and omamented with a double garland of white roses and foli-

ge. The white roses are fullblown at the back, but in front the garlands are composed merely of buds and slight foliage. Low bodice of rose-colored satin, trimmed with point lace, and a light garland of half-blown roses and buds. This toilet would look as elegant, though less rich, if white blonde were used instead of point lace for the trimming.

Secondly, a dress of white crape, trimmed with narrowgathered flounces. A second skirt is puffed out into three miers, trimmed with lace and blue satin ribbons. bodice, trimmed with small bouillons. Lace Fontanges fichu, timmed with blue satin bows and sprigs of lilies-of-the-valley. In the hair a puff of the same flowers, with bandelettes of blue satin, and one blush rose.

The fashionable ball coffures are Louis XV. chaperons, with bunches of foliage, a peacock aigrette and long grasses falling back, mixed with sparkling jewels; or a puff of saffron flowers, mixed with holly branches.

A diadem of leaves and small hedge-flowers; a puff of velvet petunias on one side, continued into trailing branches of buds and flowers at the back.

For a young girl, a chaperon of white field convolvulus, with long sprays of foliage mixing with the curls of the chignon.

Or, again, a diadem of rose-buds and forget-me-nots, brilliant

with dew-drops, and with small blue and gold flies delicately posed upon the opening buds and leaves.

Ball dresses and coiffures are those which give most scope to personal taste and fancy.

For dinner and reception toilets, and also for visits of ceremony, the demi-train is adopted.

Lace is the indispensable trimming of all elegant toilets, not only for the evening, but also in the day-time. Only, lace is no à la Watteau.

Long-treasured heirlooms of point lace are now brought out to the fashionable couturière, in order to be transformed into some new and stylish trimming. One of the prettiest is the Louis XV. tunic. At the back it forms a full puff, with one flounce below it, and two wide lace lappets are crossed like a fichu over the bodice. This looks remarkably well either in black Chantilly lace, or even in black Spanish blonde, over a dress of maize or ruby-colored satin.

We also noticed upon a colored satin dress a deep flounce of black lace which was folded in two, and placed lengthwise over the skirt, the ends being fastened at the waist-band, and the rounded part slightly gathered upon the bottom of the train. A satin rouleau covered the seam in the middle, and large satin bows were placed at regular distances over it. The bodice and sleeves, à la Marie Therese, were trimmed with lace to corre-

The flounces are of course never cut, but disposed in puffs and rosettes, according to their length, or else eked out with spotted tulle when not sufficient for a tunic or double skirt.

On some dresses the double skirt is merely simulated by the flounces, which are then headed with full pinked out satin ruches. When lace is not used, the flounces are made of the same material of the dress, and also headed with ruches—but this is considered much less elegant than the lace trimming, of course

The following is a specimen of a very pretty evening dress, without lace. The material is mauve glace silk shot with white. The low bodice is trimmed around the top with two flutings, forming a sort of bertha; it is continued into a large basque, rounded off in front and slit open at the sides, forming three wide scallops edged with a fluting, and ornamented with satin bows. Four flounces, wide at the bottom but gradually reduced to the size of the flutings on the basque, simulate a court train upon the back of the skirt. Two much smaller flutings, also getting gradually smaller at the sides, are put on in the shape of an apron in front.

Train-shaped dresses are altogether discarded for walking toilets. For the spring, complete costumes of plain silk and striped satin, or of cashmere and silk, are being prepared.

In the former case, the under skirt is of striped satin; the dress, of plain silk, is arranged at the back into a full puff; from under which fall two wide lapels edged with a narrow ruching, or merely finished off with fringe. A short velvet or silk jacket is worn over the bodice; it has a basque at the back, which is open in the middle and slanted off so as to leave room for the puff. This jacket is tight-fitting, and opened in front We have already seen several very elegant costumes of this sort. One, in particular, was gray and blue; the under skirt, gray and blue striped; the dress, plain gray silk. The jacket, gray velvet with blue satin pipings and revers.

If cashmere and silk be employed, the under skirt is of silk, the dress of cashmere, the jacket or paletot either of cashmere or of cloth, of the same color as the dress, but trimmed of the color of the petticoat.

The simplest and easiest way of gathering up the upper part of the back of the skirt into a puff is this: cut out a half circle of stiff muslin measuring about ten inches in its longest part, and lay it upon that part of the skirt which is to form the puff, on the wrong side of the material. Sew the muslin on as a lining, then place brass circles upon the outline of the puff. at regular distances, and sew them on firmly; after this run two pieces of ribbon, one in one direction and one in the other, through all the rings, and place a button covered with the same material as the dress at the end of each ribbon; by drawing out these ribbons and tying them together, you at once form the puff; and by untying them you can undo it when you please.

But no puff gives up as it should do, unless it is worn over a proper crinoline The best and latest model of a crinoline is the Marie Antoinette tournure. Fancy a half-jupon, literally nothing but the half of one. There is nothing in front, so as to leave the skirt of the dress perfectly plain. The upper part of this somelonger put on in regular flounces as formerly. Only, lace is no steel circles; this puff can be rendered smaller or larger by draw-

on 2023-11-27 at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 http://www.hathitrust.org/access_ at University of Illinois main, Google-digitized / Generated at Ur Public Domain,

ing out pieces of tape which are run in through the puffs; the jupon is then continued down to the bottom, where it is finished off with three or four half circles to support the lower part of the dress. It is made so as to keep close to the figure under another skirt, and is of colored woolen material for the day-time and of white diaper for the evening.

This Marie Antoinette tournure is all the mystery of the full standing out puffs, and quite forms the panier. As for the side puffs, the stiff muslin lining is sufficient to keep them up.

There is no change, as yet, in the shape of bonnets, which take more and more the shape of a diadem, rising very high above the head.

Puff bonnets, of colored satin, are trimmed with black lace and a white aigrette of feathers. Inside, a coronet of satin flowers. Satin strings.

A pretty model is of nasturtium-colored satin. At the side there is a black aigrette, and a beautiful curled tinted feather of the color of the velvet is thrown back over the chignon. The inside of the bonnet is of white quilled satin, with a small garland of shaded chrysanthemums, to correspond with the feather. The strings are formed of a cross strip of satin, edged with black lace.

A Diadem Fanchon, of pink terry velvet, is trimmed with a border of marabout feathers. A large velvet convolvulus, with its foliage, is placed on one side. The strings are of the same material as the bonnet, cut on the cross, and edged with white blonde.

A Louis XV. bonnet is of embroidered tulle, arranged in bouillons over a plaiting of ruby-colored satin. The border slightly inclines to the Mary Stuart shape. One beautiful white rose is placed on one side; its buds and foliage form the ornament of the opposite side. The strings are of cerise-colored

Another, of straw-colored tulle, is ornamented with a diadem of laburnum blossoms, and a tiny humming-bird forming an aigrette at the side. Lappets of straw-colored blonde are fastened in front under a satin bow.

Again, an elegant chapeau de visite, of quite a round shape, is of rose-colored satin, with bouillons of tulle of the same color. It is trimmed with a fringe of white feathers, and with a puff of moss rosebuds placed just above the forehead. Strings of rose-colored satin.

Another is a puff of blue tulle illusion and satin, with a bunch of velvet lilies-of-the-valley on one side and blonde lapels fastened with a cravat bow of blue satin.

We have two new capelines to mention. The Bayadere, of colored cashmere, edged with a cross strip of black satin and trimmed at the back with a series of black satin bows, and the Regence capeline, quite round, of colored quilted satin, with a pelerine and sleeves to correspond, and trimmed all round with satin ruches, and with white or black lace, marabout fringe or a swan's-down border.

Morning collars are larger than they were; they are turned down, with deep points, slanted off at right angles, so as to remain very much open in front. These collars are made of fine stitched linen, edged with narrow guipure or Valenciennes

Embroidered collars are not much worn. For dressy toilets the complete parure is made of lace; the collar with a bow or

Bows of satin, to wear with the collar, and fastened round the neck with silk elastic, are now more fashionable than the small, narrow cravats so much in vogue last winter.

Not to omit any part of the toilet, we conclude with a description of the most fashionable chaussure.

Boots of green satin-or of any other color to match with the dress-are open from the instep upward, and trimmed with a vandyked border of black satin. They fasten with a double row of small olive-shaped satin buttons.

Black satin boots-with high heels covered with the same material—are stitched with crimson silk, forming raised outlines upon all the seams.

Boots of garnet-colored satin are ornamented on the instep with pretty gimp buttons and small grelots.

ish to wear satin boots of the color of the dress. They are demi-high, and fastened upon the instep.

Slippers of blue satin are edged with a satin quilling and with black blonde.

Others, of red morocco, are trimmed with satin, and with a large bow in front.

Satin shoes are ornamented with a lace rosette, or with a small jeweled butterfly placed within a bow of satin ribbon and blonde. The shoe as well as the boot must be chosen to correspond with either the material or trimming of the dress.

CLEANING AND PRESERVATION OF FURNITURE.

THE chemical and mechanical action of different substances on articles of furniture is very little understood by persons in general, and consequently the most absurd directions are frequently issued for the preparation of cleaning materials, and also for preventing injury from certain agents. The substances from which furniture is chiefly exposed to injury are water, oils, spirits of various kinds, such as brandy, eau de Cologne, benzine, etc., and acids.

Acids act on marble. Marble is itself composed of carbonate of lime—that is, it is a compound of carbonic acid and lime. Now the carbonic acid has a comparatively weak affinity for lime, and most other acids will prevail over it and take its place when brought into contact with it; thus destroying the texture of the stone, liberating the carbonic acid, and leaving some salt of lime, in the form of white powder, in its place.

When marble has had its polished surface eroded by acidsand even lemon juice or vinegar will do this readily—the only mode of reparation is to have the marble again polished by the use of polishing powders, such as emery.

Neither spirits nor water produce any permanent effect on marble, but fixed oils and grease soak into its substance, and it is impossible to remove them, as any agent potent enough to act on the grease will also destroy the texture of the marble. A portion of the grease may be extracted by covering with fuller's earth or pipeclay. But marble should be carefully preserved from contact with grease or oil.

Varnished or polished surfaces of wood, on the other hand, are not injured by moderately weak acids, but are readily attacked by spirits of all kinds. Varnishes are composed of different gums and resins, which are generally soluble in alcohol. Many of them are made by dissolving the materials in alcohol, so as to liquefy them, and then when they are applied the spirits evaporates, leaving the gum or resin in a thin, even coating over the whole surface. If any alcoholic substance comes upon such a surface, whether it be volatile mineral spirits as used for lamps, brandy, or portable spirits of any kind, or even wine, which contains about twenty per cent of alcohol, the varnish is attacked, a portion of it dissolved, and the brilliancy of the surface is destroyed. In such cases the only remedy is to repolish or revarnish the surface. This is not a very difficult operation, and one quite within the compass of home-work. We know many ladies who are adepts at Frenchpolishing, as the brilliancy of many of their smaller articles of furniture abundantly testifies.

Oil does not readily attack varnished surfaces, but does much injury to wood or other porous substances, which admit it into the pores, from which it cannot afterward easily be expelled.

Water, or even dampness, affects those substances that have open pores exposed, in which case it enters and causes them to swell. Glue in joints, and mucilage or gum-arabic, used sometimes for attaching superficial ornaments to fancy work, are readily softened by water, causing the work to fall to pieces; and great losses are constantly arising from persons putting picture-frames veneered, and even solid furniture, in damp places; not only does the wood warp from the damp, and the articles crack, but the glue in the joints gives way and the whole falls to pieces. In the case of veneered articles, the plates of the veneer scale off, and the furniture is hopelessly ruined.

The practical lesson to be learned from this is, that house keepers should take care in dealing with furniture to keep water Others are black, with colored revers. In general, it is styl- away from everything soluble in water, and dampness from all



Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized / turniture, books, pictures, clothing, etc.; oil from everything porous, spirits from varnished surfaces, acids from marble, and we may add dirt from everything.

THE WORD "FAREWELL"

Is ever a latent feeling of love and friendship assumes a tender reality, sweeping the innermost depths of the soul, and kind-ling sadly sweet emotions in two warm hearts, it is as memory lingers upon the parting hour, and we whisper that little, but expressive word—"Farewell."

Brave heart that has buffeted the storms of life, and did not tremble for the issue when troubles came, how powerless at last to check the rising tear or suppress a sigh as you uttered an adieu to the friend who had shared your joys and sorrows—your little playmate in childhood's happy days, when earth seemed a paradise of winning confidence, innocence, and truth.

As one who stands in death's silent chamber, and while garing on a dead face upon which the sad word "ended" is written by icy fingers; and is ready to forget and forgive all the follies of a misspent life, and even draw the "soft mantle of charity" over the record of an enemy who had wronged us; even so when we come to part with those who only had a small share of our affections, and readily forgive any differences that existed, or hard feelings that blunted the warm current of our regard. If, then, such are our emotions upon saying adieu to some ordinary associate, how much more intense the feelings of regard when the eye is resting upon feautures endeared to us by a thousand hallowed remembrances, and the hand clasps hand, perhaps never again to feel its warm pressure, never again to hear the kindly voice, or welcome the smile that gladdened us of yore.

But is it the mere fact of parting that gives us pain? Ah, no! nther is it the question that intrudes itself upon us, how, when, and where shall we meet again? We are loth to say good-by; for knowing how frail the tenure we hold upon earth's dearest joys, and that death is ever near, lurking in the fairest flower, we cannot always banish an apprehension for our friend's safety and happiness, however groundless that apprehension may be, and when presentiments of evil and danger, almost amounting to superstition, will sometimes take possession of the most buoyant and fearless heart.

How will it be at the next meeting? Reader, you may well ponder this, you who have some dear one who is going from you, it may be some bright sweet face you hope to call your wife at no very distant day, and she is now going from you, or you from her! Have you pledged a vow of constancy, that nothing can turn aside? or will time and distance have taught you that "absence conquers love?" What is your next thought? When? Will it be a week, a month, or a year? Will it be when care and trouble have left deep furrows upon your brow, and your eye has lost its lustre, and your cheek its wonted bloom? or will it be when you shall have added new laurels to the history with which your child-life began? or when you have gathered a wreath of glory to crown maturer years? And, lastly, where? Solemn thought! for you are now treading upon sacred ground—your spirit is borne upward to the better land! Will you meet at last in heaven, where no adieu is spoken—no farewell word can linger upon quivering lips—no tear can dim the light of a loving eye—no throb of pain eye reaches the set.

light of a loving eye—no throb of pain ever reaches the soul?

Breathe that word tenderly when you say—"Farewell!"
Seal it with a prayer, and guard it with a wish that heaven may guard and bless your absent friend. Then, when death shall still the throbbing pulse, and the "clods of the valley" conceal from mortal gaze all that remains of that loved companion, be your trust that those you have so tenderly cherished here below, now wrapped in the fadeless drapery of eternal rest, have gone to receive their reward.

Arranion to dress is perhaps the last remnant of vanity which clings to woman. Misery and misfortune make them slovens. Though she be on her trial for life, a woman will take care that her figure and face shall be set off to the best advantage.

MADAME ELIZABETH.

Amp the royal victims of the great French Revolution, there is no one who excites more sympathy than the princess known as Madame Elizabeth. Philippine Marie Hélène, daughter of the dauphin, and granddaughter of Louis XV.. was born at Versailles, May 3d, 1764. Impulsive and irritable by nature, she was enabled by her piety and education to correct these faults that she acquired a peculiarly gentle manner, which did not deteriorate from her inborn greatness of soul. Her tastes were serious, history and mathematics being favorite studies. From her early years she was distinguished by her charity to the poor. At Court her grace, her piety, and her recognized ability won her admiration and respect, and her purity of life and thought exercised no little influence.

Many princes sought her hand, among them the Emperor Joseph II., the Infante of Portugal, and the Duke of Aosta, but State reasons prevented a marriage. She did not regret it; and witnessing the beginning of the troubles, foresaw the end, and resolved not to desert her brother. She was beside him when the mob entered Versailles, as well as in the flight to Varennes and the wretched return. When the mob burst into the Tuileries, June 20th, 1792, she stood beside the king, and being mistaken for the queen, was nearly killed, a sans culotte having raised his sword above her head to strike. When one of her attendants averted the blow, she exclaimed: Why undeceive them? You would have prevented a greater crime." She was with the king and queen when the Assembly deposed Louis XVI. She shared their imprisonment in the Temple, instructing the children of the king. The dauphin was first taken from her, then the queen, whom she did not see again till brought before the tribunal as a witness against the unhappy woman. The obscene questions of that bloodstained mockery of justice she repelled with dignity. After beholding the queen led out to die, she continued her care to the young princess, till, after twenty-one months' imprisonment, the brutal wretches ordered her useless execution. With her perished twenty others, including several ladies, whom she tenderly embraced. Praying fervently to the last, she was beheaded May 10th, 1794, at the age of thirty years.

Superior to her brother in firmness and ability, to Marie Antoinette in purity of life and unpretending piety, Madame Elizabeth has always been regarded with reverence in France, and it is rumored that steps have been taken to procure her canonization.

MARRIED LIFE.—Good counsel from a wife and mother: "I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face.

It is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain forever in some measure a lover. I am an old woman, but you can still do as you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect; what need have you to play the suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew-drop on a rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you make him happy, you will become so, not in appearance, but in reality. The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife: he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity to let fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings."

PROSPERITY has ruined people who, so long as they had to struggle with the world, were excellent and exemplary members of society.

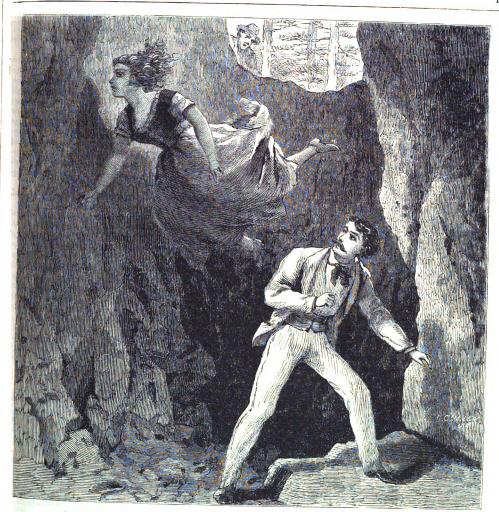
Furs and Moths.—Ladies are often anxious about keeping | them up in a dark closet. Camphor, spices, or perfumes, are of furs free from moths during the summer months. A writer use. Continual darkness is sufficient; and do not take cut the who seems to know, says darkness is all that is needed. The furs in June or July to give them an "airing," for even then



MADAME ELIZABETH. -- PAGE 175.

little gray moth, or "miller," which deposits the eggs, moves only in the light. Enclose the articles loosely in a paper box; posure has deposited a hundred eggs. If you consider an airing put this in a pillow-case, or wrap around with a cloth, and hang

Vol. XXIV., No 3-10



LOSING HER BALANCE, SHE SLIPPED OVER THE EDGE, AND CAME PLUMP DOWN BY SIDNEY'S SIDE."

"IN A PIT."

· IDNEY STRAHAN swore an inarticulate oath, and dashed the newspaper from his hand. Hood talks of shutting the door with a "moderate damn." Sidney's oath was expressed in the furious way in which he threw his paper down. "Well, my boy, what's the row," languidly ejaculated his companion-a fair-haired youth, with paleblue eyes, who was ardently endeavoring to color his amber meerschaum.

"I'm a fool to grow angry over such stale news," said Sidney, with a half laugh; "the idea of a paper two months old exciting any feeling whatever. Why, the Confederates may be firing cannon in Boston now, and roasting Wendell Phillips over a bonfire of his own speeches! of the shells falling into Charleston, my own beautiful home, Isn't that a jolly idea? But when I read

Poor deluded Sidney had all the rebel phrases, and was as rabid as any.

"Oh, yes, of course," said the other-

" ' Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land?"

Haul over the catechism, and when found turn the leaf down." $\lq\lq$ I suppose the plantation is gone to the dogs, and the people to the Yankees. I don't know what better I can do than to set up a tavern in this miserable little place. It's a magnificent country, and chamois-hunting would supply me with excitement. When I got tired of life I could let myself quietly drop from some magnificent peak like La Grand Motte—and go.'

"As one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to quiet dreams," cried the other. "Sidney, my boy, I've had enough of Switzerland, and I feel as if I'd swallowed a glacier, and the noise of the waterfalls sounds ever in my ears. This inn of Laral has finished me. My bed last night was a thing of horror. As for the bit of sausage I ate for my breakfast, never, never shall I forget it while reason holds her throne in this benighted brain. I can no more. Exhausted nature refuses to support me under these accumulated miseries. I must

desert you—unless you'll come back to Lyons at once."
"Not I," said Sidney, laughing. "I like this wild spot, where I can't hear of wars and rumors of wars till the news are



a while, Cathcart; but just now I'm in search of adventuressomething to work up into a telling novel, you know."

"Oh, yes, 'The One-eyed Gnome, or The Deserted Inn of Laral," that would be a good title. I wish the landlord would fetch along a gnome, by-the-by; they are the little jokers who keep the treasures in the hearts of the mountains, I believe, if my mythology serves me true. 'What ho there—slave!' would I cry; "bring me a half peck of diamonds, and a few dozen pearls on the half shell." Oh for the good old days of chivalry and romance, when all things were possible!"

And Mace Cathcart looked mournfully at his meerschaum, shook hands with his friend, and left the room to arrange his effects.

Sidney stood for a while staring moodily from the wretched little window of the hovel called an inn. He looked out on a scene of savage wildnesss. The plain of Laral was rich with luxuriant vegetation, but the mountain passes led through forests of stunted pines, and bare, bald mountain peaks and deep ravines and headlong mountain torrents, spanned by fragile bridges. Sidney was something of an artist, so he found that Nature was grand if the sausages were bad, and he decided that he could endure life at Laral for a few days at least.

An August sun poured brightness over all. No sultry languors steeped the senses and made all effort a toil. The light only stimulated like golden wine, and the voice of a hundred waterfalls, calling in their leaps from rock to rock, seemed to invite our hero out of the close, beer-stained, smoke-hued room in the little "Gast-Haus" to the mountain air and liberty. He would not take any guide but his "Murray." He could never bear his own mood or thoughts to be broken into by an untutored companion with some commonplace piece of information familiar to his mind as household words. Besides, he was a young Southerner, full of dash and daring, and there was something in braving danger that sent the blood tingling in his veins. He would long ago have joined the ranks of rebels in Southern plains, but he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. She had gained a promise from him that he would never enter the ranks, and then she had sent him to Europe to make sure of it. He had gone willingly. Since he could not join the fray, he was glad to put miles of sea and land between him and the combat, where he might have made a name and fame. He had been wandering somewhat aimlessly about with his gay companion, Mace Catheart, who was a man without a country, so completely did he seem to ignore the strife of his native land. But this mercurial friend never entered into Sidney's graver moods, and he could see him leave without much pain, although the sense of loneliness seemed to wrap him about more utterly than before.

The host, Herr Brunn, greeted Sidney with a mild grunt as he passed him. Herr Brunn felt himself superior to these infatuated travelers who went mad about the scenery, though he chuckled over the money brought in by their delusions. He considered the frenzy for travel a form of mild madness which needed change of scene instead of straight jackets. The finest prospect to him was a good dinner—a sight he seldom enjoyed, and knew nothing of creating.

Madame Brunn, having shaken up the miserable beds, was now shaking up one of her miserable children as Sidney started off. But she good-naturedly dropped her work, and came running out with some brown bread and a bit of cheese that looked like some ancient fossil.

"One cannot dine off the avalanches, you know," she said, with a broad smile. "You may be hungry."

Sidney nodded, and put the queer-looking stuff in his pocket without a thought. He meditated for a moment which of the four passes from Laral he should explore for his day's walk, with an intention of studying the bearings and coming back before night if possible—if not, there were pasturages or chalets where he could find lodging for the night.

The path ascended gradually into a stunted pine-forest. He saw the bare mountains frowning above him, and the waterfalls, like vails of finest lawn, dropping over the rocks. The air seemed full of foam and sparkle, as if Nature were this day in a rollicking mood—as if she made herself a child this day,

so stale that one can imagine anything. I'll join you after | and was out enjoying a holiday, dancing in the breezy pines, leaping in the foam-crested cataracts, nodding in the myriad flowers that looked up with bright faces as Sidney Strahan passed by.

> Something of the exhiliration of nature stole into his heart after a while. He forgot the distant war, and felt only the present peace. He was young, and life held out for him golden vistas still. Not all the hopes of his vigorous manhood could be quenched in the sea of blood that was deluging his home; not all the blossoms of life could be gathered to make way for the "blood-red blossom of war with its heart of fire." Hope painted rosy visions this day, as he drank in the elastic mountain air like new wine. When the sun grew too warm he turned into the woods, and found a refreshing coolness, and the pungent pine odors so grateful to the sense. He began to grow vulgarly hungry, and amused himself with trying to splinter fragments from his fossil cheese.

> "If I had a little gunpowder I might blast it," he said aloud. with an audible laugh.

> At the very words the solid earth opened under his feet, and he descended with a motion too rapid to be agreeable into mother nature's bosom. Now, that is a place we are fond of apostrophizing—but few would care to be admitted even to her inmost heart alive—and Sidney did not know, till he had shaken himself, whether he was really alive or had been suddenly translated and struck with wings. However, he felt so bruised and aching that he concluded he was still mortal; and, besides, as angelic creatures are not dowered with "shins," and his had been considerably barked in the fall, that settled the question. He was still Sidney Strahan-but where was he?

> He had often boasted of his great descent, but he had better reason now than ever. How deep the pit was he could only judge by the opening at the top. The sides were too smooth to climb, and there he was, trapped like a wild beast, he, Sidney Strahan, "the heir of all the ages in the foremost ranks of time," to die in a hole like a dog.

> His first care, after finding that he possessed his limbs, was to try his voice. He called aloud, but the sides of the pit seemed to send back the sound. He shrieked in all the languages he could muster. He cursed in French, he prayed in German, and then he grew silent, and began to think soberly over his chances in plain English. He did not know that life was so sweet to him till now that it seemed slipping away from his grasp. All his aspirations, all his fresh young hopes, all his soaring ambition, all the possibilities of life and love were marshalled before him, and they seemed like a funeral procession as they passed in melancholy file.

> But he could not die this way. He would have a tussle with fate at least. He had a knife about him, and he began to try and cut holes in the side of the pit, by which he might climb up, but the blade of his knife struck rock and splintered into bits. He dropped it with a despairing cry, and sat down again to think.

> How high was the sun? he wondered. Had it been hours or only minutes since he walked in the sunshine? How long before the gray night would settle down and make the pit black with gloom? What if some wild animal should tumble in on him, and share his dismal abode? The slow minutes lagged away, time stood still, life stood still, the silence swooned about him. He broke it once more by frantic cries, by shrieks-but not by imprecations.

> For the thing was growing too solemn. He knew this was a lonely spot. Only chance, or the God who guides what we call chance, could send him help. God! Could it be possible that he must meet his Maker so soon? He had thought so little of death in his young, vigorous life. It seemed so far oft, and vague and dim; but now it might be drawing nearer, nearer, as surely as the twilight was dimming the golden light of day Trifling sins grew into fearful magnitude before him. He had been concerned only about vanities, the shining baits of this world had held him in thrall; he had lived for this life alone, and now he was going to lose it; this world had held the goal of all his hopes, and now he must leave it for another.

> What was it to die? How would it come to him? In long stupor, or in a sudden, sharp agony, like a two-edged sword,



dividing asunder the bones and marrow, or in gnawing hungerpains, or in tortures like the rack. A cold moisture bedewed Was Sidney Strahan a coward, then, that he his forebead. trembled and cowered at the dread thoughts which haunted him? He could have faced death exultantly in battle, but that was another thing, with the flag floating above him, and the triumphant acclaims of his comrades echoing about him-but here, without notice or honor, to wait silently for death, to face it alone, to feel the ice stealing into the veins, and the iron grasp on the beating heart, with no love word, no gentle touch! And his mother would wait and look in vain for tidings of her boy-ah, no wonder he covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

Then he called aloud again, and tried to scale the slippery sides of the pit; then he sat down in a sort of dumb despair, and naw the opening at the top, from which he had seen waving pine-boughs, with the light on them, slowly dim away into darkness, and he knew the stars were out, and the evening lamps were lit in myriad homes, and loved ones were gathered about each other, talking over the events of the day.

If he had never started on this mad expedition, if Cathcart had staid with him, if it had rained, if—a thousand possibilities began to vex him. Sometimes through the long night, he fell into a feverish doze-feverish, yet with strange chills creeping over him, and dreamed that he was in his old haunts, and waked with a sudden agony, like a dagger driven home, to find that he was in the pit, far from human reach or help. And so the morning broke, chill and gray. He took out his watch, to see if he could distinguish the hour, but it had run down. He could mark the sun brightening the pine-bough over him, however, and knew that the joyous light was pouring into the homes of men, and wakening them to active life. His heart quickened to a painful throbbing, as he caught a distant sound, that seemed more than the wind playing upon the vibrant pines. Hope and life seemed to come back to him in joyous thrills. He could hear footsteps now, and voices. He called aloud.

The comers seemed superstitious. They were silent for a moment, and Sidney grew numb with fear. But the tramping of many feet reassured him. He made himself heard again in voice and language, which they could not mistake for a spirit's. Then he heard them parley.

"It's a man in the pit Pierre Challot had for his vegetables last winter; you know the old miser kept 'em here, and dealt 'em out to the whole canton at a great price. I never rightly knew where it was."

"It was covered only with brush, you see," said a woman's

"Don't stand there chattering, but help me out," cried Sidney, with some impatience. The speakers were clearing away the brush-wood, and had made quite an opening.

"Ja naturlich," grunted one, "after waiting so long, don't be in a hurry; you see we have no ladder."
"And no ropes," said another.

Sidney looked up at the faces bending over him, and fancied they appeared villainous enough. The woman, he did not see, but he heard her say:

"He looks like a gentleman. I warrant he has a gold watch;

get the watch for me. Pierre, and I will never say 'No' again."
"The she-devil," muttered Sidney to himself, as he heard
this sentiment met by a "Bravo, Cerise; only wait."

Sidney now thought he would try his eloquence on these savage hearts.

"Now, my men," he said, in as hearty a tone as he could command, "I don't ask you to waste your time for nothing; get me out, and you shall be well paid, but I don't want to be robbed-my watch was a gift from my mother, it came from my father, who is dead. I will promise to distribute the price of it among you fairly, when I am once more at the inn, where I

can command the money." "Ho! words are cheap," called one, roughly; "see, I will put down a string, and you can tie the watch to it, and your purse, and any rings you may have about you, for Cerise here has a weakness for such things; then we can be sure of your good faith.'

"How can I be sure of yours?" cried Sidney, in a passion. |

"How do I know that you will not make off with my valuables, and leave me to die in this infernal hole. I believe that is your design. I refuse."

"Ah, well, that is as monsieur pleases," said the spokesman. and, to Sidney's horror, he heard them tramping away.

Could it be? Was he letting his last hope of life slip away

from him? They had only to wait a few days, and they could come and take the booty unmolested. But there were so many of them, some one would be tempted to return. He grew ravenously hungry, and would have given his watch for a good dinner. He saw the pine boughs grow golden-green in the deepening sunlight, and knew the morning was wearing on to noon. It seemed ages since he had started out on his walk; he appeared to have lived years in this pit.

But at noon the men came again, with the same offer; he had no alternative but to risk his watch and trust them.
"Come, Cerise, lend your ribbon, "said one."

A long pine branch, with a fluttering blue ribbon at the end, was let down. Sidney could not reach it. A few muttered oaths, and another bit of string was added.

"He makes difficulties," said Cerise, leaning over, in her eagerness, and taking the matter in her own hands, being specially interested in the watch. With anxious gaze, peering down, she leaned further and further, till, losing her balance, she slipped over the edge, and came plump down by Sidney's side.

Here was a predicament; a fortunate chance the young man considered it, because now his safety was sure. He did not give even a glance at his companion, but shouted to the astonished men above.

"Now I make no more bargains. You cannot get this girl till you save me. I shall prevent it. Act like reasonable people, and take me out."

This was not very chivalrous for a South Carolinian, it must be confessed, but remember Sidney felt that his life trembled in the balance, and that he was dealing with brigands.

The men taiked a little among themselves, then walked away

"They are going for ropes," thought Sidney, and he made himself easy, but they had gone stolidly back to their work.

After a while, Sidney began to wonder that his companion made no sign; she had been loud enough above ground, but she had of gred no remonstrance to her companions leaving her. He could see her well enough, even in that half light, and he saw that she lay in a stunned way, that she had smooth blonde braids, and a fair skin, and her eyes were shut.

"And serves her right, the magpie," he said, in a hard, cold,

way; then a shudder came over him, as he thought she might be dead. How horrible! like some old penalty, for crime of which he had heard, to be chained, as it were, to a dead body, and never to be released till death came to him, and broke the horrible spell. He could not resist taking her hand, to see if the pulse still beat.

Not in any kindness—with repulsion rather—but he could not help seeing that the hand was dimpled. The girl raised her head at the touch, and stared with wide, open, blue, forget-menot eyes. She was pretty, this peasant girl, with an innocent child's face, and a mouth full of rosy curves.

"Ah, where am I, she cried?"

"Mademoiselle," said Sidney, with mock courtesy, "I make you welcome to my poor abode. I have not been able to make many preparations, as you did not announce your coming, but, my cook has gone to market, and will probably very soon serve us up a choice repast What would you like? a bit of chamois venison, or-just express a preference."

Cerise stared in blank wonder at the young man, and then

began to cry, fearing she was shut up with a lunatic.
"Have they left me?" she screamed, "and Pierre has vowed again and again that he loved me, the dolt, the miserable poltroon!" and various other epithets not to be repeated.

"You see, you came to this through too eager pursuit of riches," said Sidney, unrelentingly; "but it's a good turn to me. Do you think I would let your Pierre save you? You're my hostage for their good faith; I must stand above there before you can hope."

Cerise hardly understood Sidney's language, but she gathered



enough to know that he was going to make her his security for his own safety. Her tears were dried at once, and her eyes flashed.

"You are a coward," she screamed, and turned over all the opprobrious epithets she had used for Pierre to Sidney's benefit. "I hate you-ah!"

Sidney laughed—hungry as he was, he actually laughed.

"You amuse me; this is as good as a vaudeville. I only hope I shall not eat you, if those delightful compatriots of yours, whose generous devotion to the cause of humanity I shall never forget, do not soon come back. You look quite plump!"

Cerise shrank back in real terror. This foreigner, who could tell-perhaps in his own country, they devoured fat maidens. She knew she was plump indeed; she began to regret it now, and all the hard names she had called him.

"Oh, if the gracious Herr would spare her life, she would never offend his ears again. She was a poor girl, with an aged mother—ah, if he eat her, she would disagree with him, sure, naturlich."

Sidney thought he had made her suffer enough. Poor ignorant little wretch, he must not blame her too much for the faults of education. He began to pity her. She looked so childish and so pretty.

"Why did you covet my watch?" he asked.
"I never had one in my hand, but once," she said, "and they seemed such odd live things; do they really go on and on when you're asleep?"'

"Mine's stopped now," said Sidney, regretfully; then, after

a pause, "I suppose you had some dinner?"

"I didn't eat all mine," said the girl; "I was in such a way about the watch, that I could not; here it is," and she handed a piece of brown bread to Sidney. This generosity on her part touched him; he did not consider that the girl knew she was in his power, and gave the bread as an offering to appease him. He gave her credit for finer feeling-she did not know where her next morsel would come from, yet she gave all to him. The bread was delicious, but he only permitted himself to eat half of it.

"You are a very good little thing," he said. "I think we had better be friends, as there is not room enough here to fight."

"Oh, if the noble Herr would feel friendly to her, she spull be too thankful," Cerise answered with an humble air "she was too far beneath him, truly."

"No, we stand on the same level here," said Sidn'y, laughing, and the girl soon grew less timid, and talked to him of her life, and her work, and the few pleasures she had enjoyed. Of course, she did not tell him half, unconsciously, yet with a sort of womanly instinct, she left out much that would have shocked his refined taste; now and then a coarse word escaped her, but that was the effect of association, he thought, and he looked in her fair face and forgot it all.

Then he began to speculate upon the pleasure it would be to develop and refine this untutored child of nature, to paint the lily, and give a perfume to the violet. She was very young, not more than sixteen. Sidney began to picture her in a fashionable costume, with lace drooping about the freshly-tinted face, and filmy draperies floating about those rounded limbs.

"How would you like, Cerise, to go to Paris?"

To Paris! it was better to this ignorant child than heaven. The violet eyes flashed, as if flooded with sunshine.

"Ah, monsieur did but jest."

"Do you love Pierre too much to go?" asked Sidney, and he wondered at the interest he felt in her answer.

Cerise did not hesitate long:

"Love him-never-ah! between Pierre and Paris, one does not hesitate long."

"I think a couple of years in a pension there, Cerise, would make a lady of you, and then it would be a different kind of a husband you would get from that clod, Pierre."

Oh, a pension. That word was like a cold shower-bath to the glowing imagination of the girl. She had thought of gorgeous toilets, and the theatre, and the Jardin Mabelle, but a pension, books and stupid rules. Still she could be content for two years if liberty came afterward. She grew quite sparkling and joyous,

and Sidney began to wonder whether a worse misfortune than falling in the pit had overtaken him, namely - falling in

But he soon entered into the spirit of her childish mirth, and the men, who came again to reconnoitre, were surprised to hear a sound like a laugh from their prisoner.

This time Cerise refused to be saved, and the men, at last instigated by Pierre, who could no longer endure the separation from his love, lowered a rope ladder and helped Sidney into daylight. He took back all the proprieties, when he stepped upon upper earth, and comprehended at once that he must only be the benefactor of Cerise through some elderly lady. He grew so distant, that the poor child began to think Paris was a dream. He satisfied the men as best he could, and turned his steps toward his inn, feebly enough, but Cerise followed him, and called Pierre to his aid.

"I shall not forget you, or my promise," he said, as he left them, and Cerise was fain to content herself, and turn away with her sulky adorer, who had regarded the two with grim amazement.

In the course of a week, Sidney heard from his friend, Cathcart, and most opportunely, he learned that Mace's aunt, an elderly lady of peculiar disposition, was at present residing in Paris. Sidney immediately wrote, and adjured Mace for the sake of old friendship, etc., to further him in his plans about Cerise, by gaining his Aunt Tab's consent to receive her as an inmate in her house. His aunt would be of advantage in helping to form her mind, and at the same time, an elegant model of manners. Seeing Sidney had never seen the lady, he was safe in saying anything.

Miss Tabitha Cathcart lived in an odd little house on the Rue de Fosse, with a bird-fancier on the first floor, and a decayed marquise on the third, while in the attic, a radical republican made his home, who talked always of "poor dear Robespierre." Miss Tabitha made herself happy with various hobbys, and at present was engaged on a "cookery book" which was to excel Soyer. When she first saw Cerise, she said immediately: "Poor child, her diet has been sadly neglected," and the only question she asked her was, "would you like your chicken in fricassee or Josillon.

Cerise shook her pretty head, and muttered, "I do not understand," which convinced Aunt Tabitha at once that she had lived all her life in heathen darkness. But here was a field for her efforts. Aunt Tab went vigorously to work, and did not despair of educating this young savage up to a refined taste, even for "truffles," in the course of time. Indeed, Cerise soon showed herself a more promising scholar in that line than in any other, and diligently ate her way through the cookery-book, whose every receipt was to be tried at home before being given to the public. Aunt Tab sent bulletins to Sidney from time to time of the progress of his protégé, in this wise:

"Dear Sir-Mademoiselle progresses favorably; tried her hand at a potage to-day, and succeeded to admiration. She is mild and equable, creamy, I might say, in disposition-a little spice, or, if I might say it, a dash of lemon, acid, rather, would make her more piquant; she begins to read and to write a little. She has set her heart on a coral necklace and earrings, and sends her love, etc."

At last letters began to come in an odd, straggling hand, and Sydney laughed at the interest with which he read them. He determined, finally, to visit Paris for himself, and see whether his bud was blossoming into a perfect rose.

Cerise had been there six months, and considered herself happy. She was a little afraid of monsieur, her benefactor, but attired herself in her most bewitching dress, when he was expected, a mauve-colored merino, much decorated with gilt buttons, and a cluster of marquerites in her hair. She had already learned some of the Parisian arts of dress. .

Sidney could not help exclaiming when he saw her. He took her to a concert that night, in company with Aunt Tab, of course, but he hardly listened to the music, in watching that fresh, flower-like face, with its rose-flushes, and soft curves, its shining eyes, and glossy golden braids, crowned with a dainty device of ribbon and lace called a hat. He grew quite jealous of a stalwart, dark-browed fellow, who stared much at Cerise, and was



University of Illinois , Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

ready to knock him down when he jostled against them on their way out.

"The music was very tender," said Aunt Tab.

"Did you see that fellow who stared at you so consumedly, Cerise?" said Sidney, angrily.

Cerise opened the most innocent blue eyes:

"Where! What was he like?" at the same time she held fast a tiny note, which had been slipped into her hand. "Like? oh, like a prize-fighter," Sidney replied, and thought

"I shall marry her," he said to Aunt Tab that night, when they were alone; "she is a true child of nature, unspoiled by the arts of a woman of the world. She will bring me an untried heart, fresh and free from guile; better to me is this wild flower, than the gaudiest blossom that ever perfumed a gay

"Of course, you'll marry her," Aunt Tab returned briskly.
"I saw that from the beginning; in another year she'll have finished the cookery-book, and be fit for a wife, for I maintain, my dear Sidney, that the greater part of domestic misery comes from bad cooking. How can a man be fond when he is writhing with the colic, or obliging when he feels as if he had swallowed a brick. Depend upon it, Cerise will make you happy. She has got as far as croquettes, and can make veal taste like chicken; you will not complain of her, I am sure."

Sidney went to bed, in a happy frame of mind, to spend his life with Cerise; eating croquettes in a bower of roses, was a vision of bliss, from which he glided into happy dreams.

The young lady, in the meantime, was reading a note over and over again. She did not even lay off the pretty airy nothing, which fashion gives a local habitation and a name. and calls a hat. She sat pondering deeply, and weighing various plans in her mind.

Morning dawned at last. Sidney shook himself free from the dream-fancies that clung to him. He had been wandering through enchanted ground with Cerise, when suddenly the earth had opened and swallowed her; "another pit," he said, with a laugh.

Another pit! indeed; lost in the darker depths of a great city. Breakfast waited. Aunt Tabitha grew miserable over the nuffins, and went up to call Cerise again. No answer.

The door was opened after a while. The bed was neat and smooth, the wardrobe empty, and a misspelt note lay on the floor. The one Cerise had held in her hand, and read so often the night before.

"Monange—I can wait no longer; I am devoured by jealousy; pressive and regal in this style of architecture. you must join me to-night, or I shall shoot myself: you know you are mine, by all the laws of love. I shall make you mine, by the laws of man, if you join me to-night at twelve; bring everything you own; my noble family will receive you at last, your beauty will conquer them, but you know why I dare not take you openly. Ever, your Auguste."

"His noble family," said Aunt Tabitha with a sniff.

"The little minx," cried Sidney, "if I had made her my wife, I think I should have fallen into the worst pit of all."

"To think of the pains I took with her," said Aunt Tabitha, mournfully. "I even showed her how to make my famous pâtes, and imparted my choicest culinary secrets, and now they will all go to regale that bêle noir, that monster. I have often seen him before; he has really haunted us, but I never thought of such base

Sidney laughed, and then sighed, but he thought it right to make some effort to save the misguided girl. All search was in vain. When he met Cathcart again, that languid gentleman removed his meerschaum to make the following sage remark:

"My dear boy, the moral of your story is this: never fall in a pit, never fall in love, and never commit your interests in any way to the care of a woman who is writing a book."

IN MEMORIAM.

How solemn, and how sorrowful, to bend above the dead-To feel with bitter anguish that the spirit now hath fled— To see the dark hair falling back from the calm brow of snow, To see the dark hair falling back from the calm brow of snow, And the raised lid revealing the glassy orb below—

To press the once light bounding heart, to listen for the breath, And murmur in our agony, "Can this, indeed, be death?" Alas! 'tis even so. The lip gives back no answering tone; The chilly hand returneth not the pressure of our own; Around the mouth there lingers yet a smile of perfect peace, As if the soul right joyously, had welcomed its release.

Still upward look the azure eyes, as when the life departed. "It cannot be: she has not gone, and left us broken-hearted." "It cannot be: she has not gone, and left us broken-hearted." The cheek hath lost its rosy hue, the lip no more is red, And we acknowledge mournfully our treasured one is dead.

How blessed, and how beautiful, to turn our tearful eyes How olessed, and now beautiful, to turn our tearing eyes. Toward her present home of bliss, you placid starlit skies; To feel that our beloved one is now in safer keeping. Than ours, and that the form of clay, not the pure soul is sleeping. And though no more those cold still lips, shall smilling me et our

own,

Never again that soft low voice utter its loving tone;

No more our hearts be gladdened by that old familiar tread,

No more our "living sunbeam" shall its holy lustre shed;

Yet in our immost hearts is traced, in characters of light,

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth, the Mighty One, do right?"

It is His will; and we must bow beneath the chastening rod

With resignation bending to the wandste of our Cod. With resignation, bending to the mandate of our God; Knowing that, though on earth we may not meet again, This heavy, heartfelt loss to us, is her eternal gain.

MOORISH BALCONY.

In one of Ruskin's peculiar volumes he dwells with much elaboration on the harmony existing between the climate and the people and their national style of architecture. He thinks that nothing was ever invented more characteristic of a nation than the Moorish, which is, he says, the richest and most complex of all the known styles of archichecture, even as the Grecian is the simplest, and the Egyptian the most massive.

Washington Irving has, with his matchless pen, given so graphic an account of that grandest specimen of all Moorish architecture, the Alhambra, that there are few who speak the English tongue who are not familiar with it. Our engraving represents one of those highly-worked balconies with which all buildings of that kind abound. There is something truly im-



THE VILLAGE ANGEL.

It is only those who live in rural districts, and who are familiar with the vicissitudes of the poor, who know how large an amount of active benevolence is always going on, more especially in England, where the possession of hereditary rank and assured wealth enable the higher class to patronise and assist without the faintest suspicion of arrogance the destitute and the poor. We, ourselves, have often seen some young girl of a wealthy family, even in the depth of winter, on her errand of mercy, carrying on her arm the basket which contained some of those dainties and luxuries so grateful to the sick. If our frivolous girls of wealth and fashion knew the satisfaction of doing good, they would be far happier than they are now, and never be tormented with ennui.

Balzac has a very pleasant and suggestive story about a wealthy bachelor, who, tired of the pleasures of life, becomes a hypocondriac, and resolves to commit suicide to get rid of the weight of weariness which crushes him. As he is walking toward the Seine, to find in its gloomy waters a cure for his sorrows, he is passed by a young woman, whose rapid walk and passionate sobs arrested his attention. Following her a few steps, he instinctively felt that she was bent on the same purpose as himself. He therefore stealthily followed her, and unobserved, as the night was dark. Running down the steps of the Pont de Neuf, she gave one despairing cry, and sprang into the water. The misanthrope rushed after her, and brought her to land. Calling a fiacre he ordered the driver to take them to his hotel. The poor girl he had rescued from death then told him that her father, having opposed her marriage with an honest mechanic, whose only fault was poverty, she had resolved to end her sorrows in the grave. The misanthrope became interested, soothed her, sent for her father, and finally persuaded him to consent to her marriage with the honest artisan upon his giving him a sum of money to establish him in business. The misanthrope gave the girl away, and as he saw how happy he had made two virtuous persons, he cried: "Ah, I see now that I was a fool. Who can feel the time hang heavily on his hand when there is so much misery in the world, which only awaits rich and idle men like me to relieve it?"

The misanthrope never dreamed of committing suicide again, for he had discovered the most elevating of all luxuries—that of doing good.

COSTUMES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME.

WE give, for the amusement of our fair readers, a sketch of the manner in which the ladies and their maids dressed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and which was, of course, the costume of our grandmothers many times removed. Howitt, in his amusing "History of England," says:

"It was Queen Elizabeth who introduced that astounding style of dress in which she figures in most of her portraits, and in which the body was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips. An enormous ruffle rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind, encircling the wearer like the enormous wings of some nondescript and mammoth butterfly. In fact, there was ruff beyond ruff; first a crimped one round the neck like a collar, and then a round one standing up from the shoulders behind the head, and finally the immense circular fans towering high and wide. In order to enable this monstrous expanse of ruff to support itself it was necessary to resort to starch, and as Stubbs tells us, to a machinery of wires erected for the purpose, and whipped all over with gold thread, silver, or silk. This was technically called a 'supportasse,' or underpropper.' In order to have her ruffs properly done, the queen sent to Holland for women skilled in the art of starching, and one Mistress Dingham Vander Plasse came over and became famous in the mystery of tormenting pride with starch. 'The devil,' says Stubbs, 'hath learned them to wash and dress their ruffs, which being dry will then stand inflexible about their necks."

From the bosom, now partly left bare, descended an inter-

mous breadth, like the modern panier. A modern historian observes that a fashionable lady of those days in her full attire resembled, with all her ruffs, her lace, jewels, embroidery, rings and bedizenments more an Indian idol than a woman. It was also the fashion then to wear small looking-glasses hanging at their side, or inserted in the fan of ostrich feather, which every fashionable lady then carried. The commonality dressed in the style now prevalent among the middle classes of our people.

AN ARTIST'S STUDIO IN PARIS.

In nothing has painting changed so much as the habits of the artists, especially in their method of working. In the olden times, when the great painters girded their loins, as it were, for the subject before them, there was an earnestness akin to devotion. Now-a-days, the scene presented by an artist's studio in Paris is of the most miscellaneous kind, and is more a study of human nature than the atélier of genius and labor.

Our engraving exhibits a group of idlers not at all calculated to concentrate a man's thoughts or efforts, for although the presence of his beautiful mistress might inspire him to some higher embodiment of loveliness, the guitar playing and desul-tory conversation cannot fail to disturb his mind. It is, how-ever, a curious and suggestive picture, very much in contrast to that presented by the studios of our American artists.

LOVE AND AMBITION.

CHAPTER I.

A young man came hurriedly out of a somewhat shabby house, in an unfashionable part of the town, and crossing the street, looked up toward one of the attic windows, and smiling, kissed his hand. One who followed the direction of his eyes would not wonder at the devotion of his manner, for at this upper window, in the narrow, dingy street, stood as fair a girl as the sun ever shone upon. Her answering smile met his, as she threw up her little window and leaned out to gaze after him.

The soft air of the early spring blew back the golden hair which curled about her face, and heightened the color in her peach-like cheek; but was it the air, or something else, which gave that depth which is more than color to her eyes? The smile lingered on her lips as she watched the broad-shouldered, sinewy figure, as it passed down the street. At the corner the young man turned, paused a moment, lifted his hat with a graceful, half-impassioned gesture, and then disappeared.

Bessie drew back, gave a little sigh, and sinking into a low chair, drew a work-table nearer the window, and took up some fairy-like embroidery. As she did so, she gave a quick glance at the little wooden clock which stood on the bureau, and exclaimed, with a start:

"Oh, it can't be possible! two whole hours gone. I did not think it was more than half an hour, and I have promised this

work to-morrow. Oh, how late I shall have to sit up tonight!" But still the happy smile with which she had bade the young

It was not so with him, however. As he lost sight of her, he exclaimed, almost fiercely:

man adieu lingered on her face as she bent over her task.

"What an idiot I am to go to see that girl. Have I not said repeatedly I would not go again, and every time I see her am I not more and more infatuated? Why I honestly believe I sm in love with her—I who have always said I would never be in love. That pleasing luxury is not for me," and he laughed a little bitterly. "Ambition must be the goddess at whose shrine I worship. And now, just now, the very worst time it could have happened; now, when after years of hard work I am beginning to succeed, when the men whose opinion I most value are beginning to praise me, when I have just won a position in fashionable circles, to have fallen in love with a poor seamstress. Oh, it is wretched foolishness!"

rrom the cosom, now partly left bare, descended an interminable stomacher, and then the fardingale spread out its enorit? Can I ever forget the first time I saw her. That terrible,

٠..

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

driving snow-storm, the street half blocked up, and that tiny little figure trying to make its way all alone. I think she would have perished if it had not been for me, for just as I reached her she fainted and fell, and the cabman, whom I was hardly able to hire, would not have stopped from pity, I am

By this time the smile had returned to Clare's face.

"Oh, how beautiful she looked as I lifted her into the cab in my arms," he went on; "with her golden hair heavy with the snow, and her pure white brow, she was just my ideal of an angel. Poor little thing," he continued, "how frightened she was when she came to herself at last, and found she was alone with an entire stranger. Dear little trembling snow-bird, I would not have harmed her for all the wealth of Crossus. And when I told her the whole story, and asked for her address, as I wished to take her home, how prettily she thanked me, and said I had saved her life, and heaven would repay me, for she did not know what her blind father, and little brother and sister, could have done without her. They say we always feel tenderly toward those to whom we have shown kindness. Heigho! I don't know about it, but either that or her beauty, or her innocence, or her thousand engaging ways, or all together, will drive me crazy.'

With this thought he turned the corner, and unexpectedly found himself face to face with two fashionably-dressed young ladies. His hat was off in an instant, and he joined them as one of them exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Belton, I am so glad to see you. Where have you been hiding yourself for the last few weeks? We could not think what had become of you; and I was really afraid you

"I am fortunate indeed," Clare replied, "to have occupied your thoughts for a moment even. It is quite worth a fit of sickness, I am sure, Miss Tilton."

"And have you then really been ill, Mr. Belton?" said the girl, an imperious, dark-eyed beauty, with a clear, bell-like voice, with not a single tender tone in it; yet now, by her manner, she conveyed to Clare that she had more than a common interest in his welfare.

"Oh, no, Miss Tilton," he replied, "I am always well; I can only plead a man's excuse of business. I have had one or two important cases lately, which have entirely absorbed me, body and soul, I believe."

"Oh, yes, I ought to have known or guessed that," returned the young lady, "for we all heard of your splendid success in the Walshingham case. Don't you remember, Emma," turning

"Yes, indeed," returned the girl; "your father said the old lawyers told him that Mr. Belton's argument was the finest thing they had listened to worth hearing from a young man for many years."

Does the human being exist to whom such incense is not agreeable? Can we wonder that Clare was flattered by it, and thoroughly enjoyed his promenade?

As they sauntered along slowly, they met carriages full of people returning from a drive in the park; and as a jaunty little coupé with a high-stepping horse appeared, Miss Tilton exclaimed:

"There is your aunt, Mrs. Mansfield!"

It passed them slowly, coming close to the curbstone, and a fashionably-dressed woman leaned out, smiling and bowing, from it, and, shaking her finger at Clare, said:

"You naughty fellow! Where have you been? If you expect me to forgive you, come and dine with me to-night."

Clare smiled and bowed, and Miss Tilton said:

"I can't complain, if you have been wicked enough to neglect your good aunt too, who told me only the other evening that she loved you as if you were her own child."

"Did she really say that?" returned Clare. "Then I must go and see her this very evening; she has indeed been a good

I wonder if she suspects how I have been passing my time, thought Clare to himself. It seemed to me there was a mean-

might have been much more if she had not been early spoiled by fashion and frivolity.

The one great wish of her life, a son, had been denied her; so having seen her three daughters well settled—that is, married to wealthy husbands—she in a certain fashion adopted her nephew.

She had met him by chance one summer in the country, for she had gradually ceased to have any intercourse with her sister Sarah and her family, after the latter married a poor country doctor. Being struck by his manly beauty and brilliant mind, she had sent him to college at her own expense, and then urged his coming to New York.

Mrs. Mansfield was proud of Clare, and with reason, and there was nothing she liked better than to go into society attended by him. In the quiet way which some women have, she watched him pretty closely, too, and was generally aware of most of his comings and goings.

Clare was vaguely conscious of this, and as he had failed to appear at three or four large parties during the last few weeks, as well as to visit her, it was no wonder he felt a little uneasy under his aunt's scrutiny.

She had said to him again and again, that the one thing which would repay her for all she had done for him, was to see him make use of the advantages she had placed in his way. In other words, it was the one desire of her heart to see him make a brilliant marriage, and, indeed, she had so far found him no dilatory pupil.

Ambitious by nature, and placed in a position where everything combined to make him more so, he had listened to his aunt's suggestions with a willing ear, and laughed with her at

the folly of love in a cottage.

Now, however, he found himself dreading a meeting with her; he hardly knew why. Still he felt that it must be put off no longer; so when they reached Bolle Tilton's elegant home, and she pressed him with something more than common cordiality to come in, he excused himself, saying he must go and make his peace with his aunt.

He received a very gracious welcome from Mrs. Mansfield, however, as he entered her drawing-room, which was repeated by his uncle, who seemed to be in everything a quiet reflection

of his better half.

"Take a seat here, Clare," said Mrs. Mansfield, pointing to the chair at her side, "and I will have the soup brought back. You see, my dear, I did not believe you would really come, or we would gladly have waited."

As they went into the dining-room, leaving Mr. Mansfield to smoke a cigar and read the evening paper, Mrs. Mansfield began, in a confidential manner:

"I was prepared to scold you, Clare, but seeing you with Miss Tilton has put me into the very best of humors, and I will not say one word. You have set your mark pretty high, though, you sly fellow," she continued. "Miss Tilton is decidedly the belle of this season, handsome, accomplished, and best of all, an only child, with a father worth millions.'

This was his aunt's usual tone, but for the first time it seemed

strangely disagreeable to Clare. He said pleasantly, however:
"I assure you, Aunt Carrie, I have no designs upon Miss Tilton. We met by the merest chance."

"Oh, yes," returned his aunt, laughing, "of course, 'we

met by chance, the usual way.'"
"But really, Aunt Carrie," said Clare, "I had just been mak-

ing a call—a call on business, and was not thinking of her at all when I met her."

"Don't grow so earnest, Clare," returned his aunt. "Miss Tilton is as well worth thinking of, I would wager almost anything, as the subject which did occupy your thoughts."

Clare bit his lip and colored slightly, which did not escape his aunt's notice, who, to tell the truth, had had her suspicions. She went on with apparent unconsciousness, however

"Besides, if report speaks truly, handsome Belle Tilton does think of you."

"What do you mean, Aunt Carrie?" said Clare, looking up quickly.

Mrs. Mansfield was a good-natured woman of the world, who to her," said Mrs. Mansfield, carelessly.

"I am sure you have taught me not to be indifferent to the opinion of any fair lady," replied Clare.

"Well," said Mrs. Mansfield, speaking more earnestly, as from certain movements in the dining-room she knew that her husband was nearly ready to join them, "as your uncle will be coming in, I will tell you, though you don't deserve it, that Belle's cousin, Mrs. Tyler, says the girl is really in love with you, and has been so vexed that you have not been to any of the parties for the last two or three weeks, that she has nearly cried her eyes out."

Clare laughed good-naturedly, and Mrs. Mansfield exclaimed:

"Now, tell me, you unfeeling creature, what you have been doing all this time."

"Oh," said Clare, "I've been busy; to tell the truth, I'm half crazy with work;" but again the tell-tale flush dyed his cheek, and again Mrs. Mansfield saw, though with feminine tact she seemed not to see.

"Well, Clare," she replied, at length, "you know I believe in work, and have always urged you on. I want you to be famous; you can't desire it more than I do; but this is too good a chance to be lost. It will add to your fame, too, by and by," she went on, as Clare shook his head, "for the brightest talent needs money to set it off."

She paused a moment, and looked her nephew full in the face, then said, earnestly:

"Let work go now, for a little while, and woo Belle Tilton. Then you are sure of success."

A month ago, and he would have been as eager as she was, but now the subject was disagreeable.

"Oh, there is no hurry, Aunt Carrie," he replied.

"I believe I am beginning to love this bachelor life. There are other girls in the world as handsome as Belle Tilton."

Mrs. Mansfield turned round quickly and looked at him. Did she guess his secret?

"Yes," she replied, "there are others as beautiful; but I do not know one who unites so many advantages; an heiress, young, handsome, accomplished, and predisposed to like you, what can you desire more?" Clare smiled.

"You flatter me," he said; "besides, I am really losing all desire for marriage."

"No, I do not flatter you," returned his aunt, "and," she added, meaningly, "you must not lose all desire for marriage. With Belle Tilton for a wife your success in life is secure. Her father admires you, and would gladly give his wealth to purchase any position you could hold. Now, Clare, you must not, will not, for a foolish whim, give up all this; promise me you will not."

Mr. Mansfield's placid face appeared at the door.

"Promise me that you will call there to-morrow," said Mrs. Mansfield, earnestly, and Clare replied:
"I promise."

On his way home, as Clare recalled his aunt's conversation, he said to himself:

"It is all true, every word of it is true. I might wait twenty years and not meet such another girl as Belle, and if she likes me, why so much the better. I wonder why it is that, handsome as she is. I am not attracted to her. Well, no matter for that, my brilliant Belle, you can give me wealth and power, and if you'll have me, I am yours."

"But," he went on, after a pause, "if this is to be, I must not see Bessie again. That's the worst of it; the little thing will grieve for me, I know; I can see even now that piteous little rosebud mouth. But I'll be firm. I won't go there for a week, and so gradually she will learn to forget me. Oh, what an exquisite bouquet!" he exclaimed, as he passed a florist's win-

dow. "Violets and rosebuds. I must get that for Bessie. She will need something to make the time pass away pleasantly."

As the man was taking the address, and promising to send it at once, Clare said to himself:

"I wonder if I had not better write a little note to go with it. I am sure the poor child will expect me if I don't make some excuse. I will write just one word," and pulling out his note-book, he tore a page from it, wrote a few tender lines, and having twisted it into the bouquet, left the shop, well satisfied.

And this was the way in which he began to teach Bessie to forget.

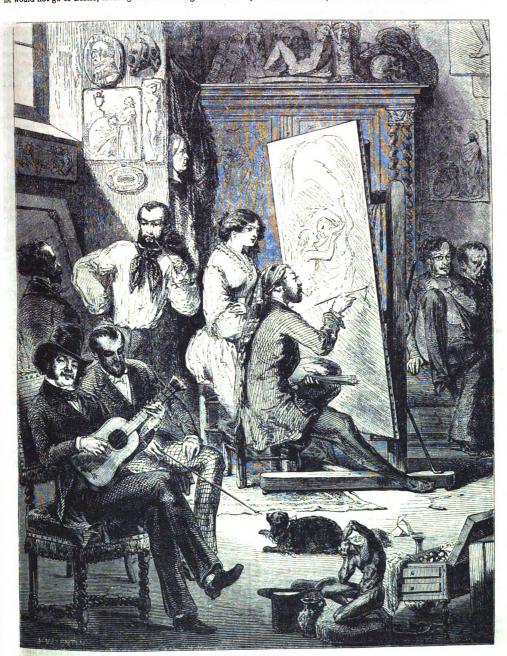


COSTUMES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME.—PAGE 182.

CHAPTER II.

But Clare Belton's will was indomitable, and his ambition the growth of years. So, having made up his mind to marry Belle, he would not go to Bessie, although his heart longed for her.

Yet day after day went by, and every evening found him in Belle Tilton's drawing-room. The haughty beauty smiled on him. Clare no longer doubted this, and again and again the fatal word was on his lips. He wondered himself why he did not speak it, but somehow, with all her brilliant beauty, she did not move him, and the word would not come.



AN ARTIST'S STUDIO IN PARIS.—PAGE 182.

cause she was so lonely; but I fancy he could not bear the idea of slipping at a of slipping wholly out of her life.

sents of fruit and flowers. He said to himself, that he did it because he was so lonely: but I fange he could not refrain, however, from sending her little presents of fruit and flowers. He said to himself, that he did it because he was so lonely: but I fange he could not here the could not here. out from the elegant mansion into the cool night air, it was as Belle Tilton's accepted lover.

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

He could hardly believe it himself, and he pressed his hand on his throbbing brow, as he cried:

"Oh, poor Bessie! I have not been near the child for weeks, and now, now I have no right to go."

Then a wild longing came over him.
"I must see her!" he cried. "I must, this very night!"

He approached the nearest lamp-post, and pulled out his watch. It was late; but the obstacles in his way only made him the more impatient.

"At all events," he said to himself, "I will just pass the house. If her room be lighted, I will go in for a moment, to tell her of my engagement, and bid her not to think of me any more."

He hurried through the street as fast as he could go, and his heart gave a joyous bound as he found the light still shining in Bessie's little attic.

The street door was open, and he went cautiously up-stairs, that he might not arouse the other lodgers. Arrived at the door, he knocked softly. There was no reply. Again he tapped, but still no answer. Then he ventured to push the door softly open.

"Poor child!" he said, as he entered and looked around. "I think she has been expecting me."

Bessie's little room, though humble, was exquisitely neat. The coarse muslin curtain at the window, and the counterpane which covered the little iron bedstead, were snowy white. The rude walls were covered with little pencil sketches drawn by Bessie herself, for this was her one talent. Under more favorable circumstances it might, perhaps, have given her something like fame, though now it only showed itself in the exquisite designs for embroidery, which gave her her pre-eminence among Madame Cartreux's workwomen.

The flowers which Clare had sent her were tastefully disposed about the apartment, which was filled with their fragrance

In the middle of the room stood a little table, on which lay some flannel with a border of wild roses and buds half finished, and at the table, her head resting on her arm, sat Bessie, sound

It was a pretty sight. Her comb had fallen out, and her long, golden hair fell in heavy curls and braids below her waist; her cheeks were moist and dewy like a child's, and her rosy lips, half parted, disclosed the tiny, pearly teeth.

Clare stood motionless a moment, while a strange thrill shot through his whole frame. He approached, and said, softly:

"Bessie, Bessie."

Slowly her heavy lids unclosed, and her eyes met his ardent gaze - then murmuring-"Clare," she stretched out both hands toward him.

He could not resist this, and in a moment she was in his arms. But his touch aroused her. At first she had fancied herself dreaming; but now, fully awake, she drew back with a mingling of shyness and dignity.

With her hair falling over her shoulders, her dark-blue short dress and little white apron, she looked like a child; and yet there was a something about her which Clare felt he must re-

"You have not been here for a great while," she said, at length; "and now it is very late."

And she glanced at the clock.

"Oh, Bessie!" said Clare, reproachfully, "if you only knew how I have wanted to come, you would not drive me away now. So come and sit down by me," he said, in a pleading tone, throwing himself down into a chair. "One little half-hour won't hurt either of us."

Poor Bessie, she could not refuse, she had so longed to see him. She was embarrassed, however, at her own appearance, and vainly tried to put up the heavy braids and curls.

"Oh, never mind," said Clare, smiling at her confusion. "I like it so, I wish you would wear it so always. Do sit down,' and he placed a chair very near his own, "and tell me what you have been doing. Have you thought of me a little during

Bessie gave him a quick, reproachful look, and said:

"Oh, I have been fearfully busy; Madame Cartreux has had so many orders in the last few weeks."

"I have been very busy, too," said Clare, frowning; he did not care to remember just then how he had employed his time. "But you know I was thinking of you," he went on, earnestly; "you had my notes and bouquets."
"Yes," said Bessie, her tell-tale face clouding over, "it was

so kind of you to send them."

"Well, if you liked them, pet, what is the matter?" said

Clare, looking at her with surprise.
"Oh—I don't know," said Bessie, blushing and turning away. "I do like them very, very much, and—I don't know whether you ever meant to send any more; and—and—perhaps I ought not to say it—but don't be angry with me," and she put up her hande in an appealing little way. "Mrs. Shales down-stairs says such unkind things to me about them, that I would rather you would not send me any more."

"What does she say?" asked Clare, fiercely.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Bessie. "She is a good woman, and has been very kind to me, but I think she must have had some dreadful experience, she seems to think so badly of everybody.'

"Tell me what she says," returned Clare, more fiercely still.

"Oh, please don't be angry," said Bessie, putting an appealing hand on his arm. "She would not say such things if she knew you as I do. She thinks," Bessie continued, speaking the words slowly and with difficulty, "a poor young girl like me ought not to receive such presents from a rich young gentleman.'

A deep flush dyed Clare's cheek. He looked down at the little hand which rested on his arm, and longed to press it to his lips. He looked at the tiny figure beside him, and longed to press it close to his heart; but it was such an honest, hardworking little hand, the eyes which met his were so trustful and childlike, that he resisted the temptation, and only said, with a touch of sadness he was not himself aware of in his tone:

"Never mind Mrs. Shales, Bessie. I am sure my flowers will never do you any harm; be happy and enjoy them; will you,

"You are not angry?" said Bessie, in a deprecating tone.

"Angry? No; at least not with you. How could I be?" replied Clare.

"Not hurt, either?" pursued Bessie, timidly; "your voice sounded sad."

"No, nor hurt, either," said Clare, recovering himself and smiling. "But if you are so busy, I must not keep you up any later; so good-night, my child-pleasant dreams." And he turned away.

"You will come again?" said poor Bessie, the light all fading

He turned and looked at her. This was the time to tell her of his engagement, and to bid her forget him. But he could not do it.

"Yes, Bessie," he cried, "I will come again. Trust me, that is all.

Having once yielded, Clare found it impossible to resist the temptation to see Bessie. He had always promised himself that when he was really engaged his visits should cease; but Miss Tilton only expected him at certain conventional hours, and poor little Bessie did not care when it was, so that he only came; and so gradually he fell into the habit of dropping in upon her for a few minutes nearly every day.

All the world congratulated him upon his brilliant conquest, and he passed in society as a most devoted lover, for the consciousness of his real feelings made him assume the more devotion; and yet his only happy hours were those he passed in the humble attic with the little seamstress.

And if now and then his conscience spoke, and uncomfortable, reproving thoughts would intrude upon him, he put them aside, saying to himself that every man must have a little fun once in his life, that he should be married soon, and then would settle down into a sober family man.

He should have to tell Bessie of his marriage, and that would end their intimacy, of course, and after a little while she would be fond of some one else.

The wedding day was fixed. The marriage was not to take

University of Illinois 1, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

place till the autumn. The long, glorious summer was before him, why should he trouble himself now?

Suddenly, however, as often happens, all his plans were Mr. Tilton found himself, through some business changes, obliged to go abroad for an indefinite length of time. It was, of course, impossible for Clare to leave his profession just at this critical moment, and so the wedding was hastened.

Week after week sped by; spring was just fading into summer, when on counting up the days Clare found he had but just six of what he called freedom left.

These weeks, so full of restless excitement to him, had been a happy time to Bessie. She believed that he loved her, and she thought him so true, so noble, so good. She had built a hundred little maidenly castles in the air, in which he was the hero, and she, of course, the heroine.

She had taken him into her confidence, and told him all about her dead mother, her blind father, and little brother and sister. She had told him all her plans for them, and that it was for their sake she had left her village home, hoping to earn money enough to give them a good education.

"How Clare likes to hear me talk of these things," she said to herself, one evening, as she sat at her work. "It seems strange that he should, and yet—I know Fam interested in the smallest things that concern him. I wish Fanny and Ben could see him, they would like him so much, and I know he would like them, too, they are such winning little things. Oh, ifbut she blushed, and did not finish the sentence.

She was at work on part of a bridal outfit, and as she bent over the delicate embroidery, she said to herself:

"I wonder if the wealthy girl who will wear this is half as happy as I am ?"

And because she was so happy, Bessie felt a peculiar interest in her work, and in the girl whom she had never seen, and placed her stitches with more than usual care.

Soon there came the well-known tap at the door, and Clare entered. Nothing could have shown more plainly how much their intimacy had progressed, than the familiar way in which he threw himself down by her side, saying:

"Well, little Queen Bess, what have you been doing all this long day?"

Then seeing an open letter on the table, he picked it up,

saying:
"What is this? Ah, I see, a letter from brother Ben."

"I am so glad you have made some kind friends. Your letters don't sound homesick now, as they did when you first went to New York, though father said you tried not to let them do so then. I think, and so does Fanny, that you are really happy now."

Clare threw down the letter.

"Is it so, Bessie?" he said, earnestly. "Were you lonely homesick, and forlorn until you knew me, and have I made you

Bessie did not speak, but her eyes said more than words conld

"Then," he went on, speaking more to himself than to her, "it cannot be wrong; I am sure it cannot be wrong."

Just then a mellow-toned hand-organ began to play beneath the window, and Clare began to sing. He had a rich, sympathetic voice, and Bessie listened in delight.

As he ended, she asked:

"What is that air? The old man plays it under my window every day, and I like it so very much."
"Why," said Clare, "don't you know? That is Siebel's

"Faust? That is an opera, isn't it?" asked Bessie, timidly.
"Yes, you little innocent," returned Clare. Then starting up, he exclaimed: "why, Bessie, I don't believe you ever saw an opera in your life. Don't you want to go?"

"Oh," cried Bessie, clasping her hands, "I would give any thing in the world to go—anything !"

"If that be so, go you certainly shall," said Clare, laughing at her earnestness. "Let me see," and he hastily ran over his engagements with Miss Tilton, in his own mind. "How fortunate"

gentlemen, and have already told Belle. I'll arrange it with

Then pulling a newspaper out of his pocket, he turned to the list of amusements, and exclaimed:
"Oh, Bessie, how nice! To-morrow night this very 'Faust'

is to be played, and you shall go."

Bessie clasped her hands in a delight which was too great for words. Were all her old dreams coming to pass? Ever since she was a child she had longed to see an opera, and now she was really going, and going with Clare, the very personification

of all that was noble, manly, and good.
"My little beauty," said Clare, who had been watching her expressive face, "if I had promised to take you to Paradise instead of the opera, you could not look more ecstatic. Come, descend to the earth, and let me tell you about it;" and he at once launched into a description of the plot, the scenery, and the music, singing the principal airs to her, until Bessie was so excited with the anticipation of the pleasure in store for her that it was two or three hours after Clare went before she could compose herself sufficiently to go to sleep.

The next morning she had a long struggle with herself. She had been saving her money for weeks to buy some new spring clothes for her little brother and sister, which they sadly needed. and now she had almost enough. And yet this first time that she went out with Clare she did so want to be well-dressed. She had no bonnet but her simple winter one, and she was sure she could make a prettier one than those she saw in the shop windows. She even settled in her own mind just how it should look-a simple little white lace, with a delicate pink rose for its only ornament—but when she came to price the materials, she was quite aghast, for they far exceeded the resources of her slender purse. So, at the expense of some innocent, girlish vanity, she gave the whole thing up.

She was just brushing her old silk one when Clare came in. "You are not going to wear that, are you?" he asked, as he handed her a bunch of sweet violets.

Poor Bessie blushed.

"It is all I have," she said. "I wish it were prettier."

"But wear your little turban," he said, "just as you always do." Then stepping back, he exclaimed: "what have you been doing-making yourself into the primmest of prim little Puritan maidens? I hate those braids, and will not have it so.'

And gently but wilfully he pulled out her comb, and let her hair fall over her shoulders.

"Oh, Clare," cried Bessie, half ready to cry, "what have you done? We shall be late, I know we shall; and I took so much pains with it."

"Oh, no we shan't, you little excited girl," returned Clare. "I came early on purpose. You have plenty of time to put it up again. But wear it in curls, just to please me.'

Bessie could not refuse him anything; but it was well for her that her hair fell so easily and naturally into ringlets, for her hands were trembling with excitement.

Clare watched her, half-smiling, and when she had put on her cloak and hat, drew a little package from his pocket, saying:

"Now for the gloves."

Bessie's eyes opened wide. She had never had a pair of kid gloves in her life; and these were such beauties, double buttons, and such a lovely shade of brown to match her cloak.

"Now," said Clare, "let me show you how the Paris shopkeepers put on the gloves for their customers."

Bessie held out her hand, and Clare took it in his own. gloves proved to be an admirable fit, and yet somehow it took him a great while to put them on.

They were early, however. Clare looked out for that, for he would not for worlds have met any of his friends in the corridors or lobbies. For the same reason he was obliged to take Bessie to the gallery instead of the boxes.

But she neither knew nor cared anything about this. She only knew that a new region of delight was opening before her, and that Clare was leading her toward it.

The very building, with its gay decorations, had a charm for tunate," he said to himself, "I had promised to meet some so many goddesses. Ah, poor child! how little she guessed that her, and the brilliantly-dressed ladies below them seemed like



many among them were Clare's intimate friends, whose hands | He waited, hoping she would speak, but she did not, and at last he had pressed in the dance, and at whose tables he often sat.

It seemed almost like a dream to Clare himself, as he looked down upon them from his quiet corner. And, strangest of all, he saw Belle Tilton come in with her queenly air, and take one of the most conspicuous seats in the house. But then he looked no more. Making the excuse that he felt a draught, and was afraid of catching cold, he slouched his hat over his head, leaned back in his seat, and gave himself up to watching

To her it was one long delight from the moment the curtain rose till it fell. Her eyes dilated, her cheeks flushed, and her breast heaved with emotion. She almost trembled as she listened to Faust's passionate love-making, and felt that Clare's eyes were fixed upon her more tenderly than his on Marguerite. And when the sad end came, her eyes filled with tears.

"Poor girl," she thought, "her lover was so untrue, so different from Clare, who is all that is noble and good."
"Well, my pet," he said, as she looked up at him with a

long sigh, as the green curtain came down, "you have had a pleasant evening?

"Oh, yes," she replied; "and you are so kind to me."
"Put on your hat," he said, as he saw Belle Tilton and her party were lingering, "and we will hurry out and escape the crowd."

She was ready in a moment, and they hastened out together into the cool night air.

Bessie had never so entirely captivated Clare as she had tonight. The music had excited and moved her, and trusting him as she did, she gave herself up without a fear to the charm of his presence.

The evening was balmy, the moon at the full, can we wonder that they lingered on their homeward way?

At the door Bessie said "good-night" regretfully, but Clare still held her hand, and said:

"Let me come up for one little minute. Bessie, we have had

such a happy evening together."
She could not say "no," when he looked at her with those dark, pleading eyes. So they silently ascended the long staircase together.

There was no light in Bessie's little room, but the moonlight streaming in made it as bright as day. The window was down, and the room seemed close. Bessie went toward it to open it, and as she did so, stepped into the full light of the moon. It brought out her dazzling color, golden hair, and gleaming eyes, and Clare exclaimed, in an impassioned tone:

"Oh, Bessie! don't move! don't stir! you are just like Marguerite, only a thousand times more beautiful!" Then throwing himself down beside her, he continued: "Oh, Bessie! be Marguerite, and let me be your Faust!"

Then, hardly knowing what he did, he began to pour out his whole story to her. He told her of his youth and poverty, his aunt, his coming to the town, his ambition, and last of all, of his engagement, and approaching marriage with Belle Tilton, and so carried away was he by his own feelings, he did not see how white her cheeks and lips were growing, and what a frightened look had crept into her eyes.

It was only as he ended saying:

"Fate forces this marriage upon me, and I yield to fate, but you, Bessie, my darling, have all my heart and love,' that he looked down and saw her terrified face, and felt her ice-cold hands.

She tried to move away from him, but he held her fast,

saying:
"Don't leave me, Bessie, don't leave me. I love you, and although I cannot make you my wife before the world, I will work for you and care for you always, and in the sight of God and heaven you will be my true wife."

But with a low cry Bessie escaped from him, and stood in the moonlight where she had stood before, but now it was not the tender, blushing, loving Marguerite, but rather, as it seemed to Clare, her ghost, or some spirit from another world, so pale and

he cried:

"Bessie, darling, have I hurt you? Forgive me!"
"Oh, Clare!" she replied, and there was a tear in every word, "I think you have broken my heart."

Then, feeling her strength fail her, she motioned to him to go, but he did not move; he could not bear to leave her thus. And so at last she spoke again.

"Go, Clare, if you have ever loved me, do not make everything harder for me now."

And then he went. At the door he turned, and looked back at her. Oh, that little, slender figure there in the moonlight. How he loved it. For a moment his better nature asserted itself, and he was tempted to let his ambition go. But the moment passed, though the tiny trembling figure daguerreotyped itself upon his memory for ever.

He ran down the long flight of stairs, and out into the night. And through the silent streets all night long he wandered, hardly knowing where he was or what he did; but ere the morning dawned, I think he thanked heaven, as in after years he certainly did, that in the hour of temptation a woman's heart was stronger than his own.

The next morning Mrs. Shales, who had got into the habit of meeting Bessie as she came down to go to the shop, was sorely troubled that she did not appear. She went about slamming the doors, talking to herself, and rattling the cups and saucers, until her poor lame husband looked up in dismay, and said:

"What is it, Hepsy-what is the matter with you this morn-

"Matter!" she returned. "Why, matter enough, I am afraid. That young man who has been hanging round our Bessie for the last six months, for no good, I am sure, was here again last night, and stayed till I don't know what time. I could not sleep a wink all night for thinking of it; and yet what good did it do? Something has happened, I know, for Bessie has not gone to the shop."

"Why don't you go up and see her, wife?" said the old man. "I have been thinking that I would, and now I will," returned Mrs. Shales. And suiting the action to the word, she tapped at Bessie's door.

A feeble voice murmured:

"Come in."

The poor child lay there, flushed with fever, but the honest, child-like blue eyes met Mrs. Shales as frankly as ever. The woman's filled with tears as she inwardly thanked heaven that her worst fears were unfounded. She busied herself with smoothing Bessie's hair, arranging her pillows, and doing all she could to make her comfortable.

Toward afternoon, Bessie begged her to draw her bed out to the light, and give her her embroidery. Mrs. Shales entreated her not to touch it, but she said:

"I promised Madame Cartreux she should have it next Wednesday, and she would be very angry if I did not finish it, for none of the girls work just as I do;" and then she added, with a slight sigh, "it is for a bride, and I would not like to have her disappointed."

So day after day she plied her needle, and at the appointed time the work was finished, but she was too weak to take it to the shop herself.

"Do you know who all these pretty things are for, Emma?" she said to the girl who came for them, as she arranged them prettily in the boxes.

"Why, yes; don't you?" replied the girl; "but I forgot, you have not been at the shop for two or three days. They are for that handsome Belle Tilton, and she is going to marry such an elegant young man. He came to the shop with her the other day.'

Ah! poor Bessie. Was it to deck her rival that she had worked so hard through these long, weary hours. She gave a start, and clung to the table for support.

"Poor thing," said the girl, sympathetically, "how ill you are. I wish I could stay and take care of you, but I can't, for I am late now."

old was she.

"It is nothing," said Bessie, trying to smile, "only a sudden subtle atmosphere about her prevented his approach.

"It is nothing," said Bessie, trying to smile, "only a sudden pain; it will go away in a moment."

But ac the girl left the

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

mother, if I could but die, and be at rest with you."

Bessie had told Clare on that fatal evening that her heart was broken; but hearts do not break so easily as in our agony we sometimes wish they did. Life, with its stern realities, pressed upon her on all sides, and from the Giver of all strength, she, too, received strength to struggle and conquer. She did not stay in the city, however; she could not do that, but went back to her quiet home. She had been there but a few weeks, when the minister of the place came to her, saying he had received a letter from some unknown friend, enclosing a check for a certain amount, to be spent by him in the education of her little brother and sister, and promising that the same amount should be forwarded yearly.

Bessie guessed who the unknown friend might be, and though for herself she could not have received anything, she would not refuse for others the aid so delicately given. So, relieved of all anxiety on their account, she gave herself up to the care of her blind father, and to helping all who were in trouble, until she

was known throughout the village as an angel of mercy.

Meantime fortune smiled on Clare. He rose rapidly from one position to another, and it was with a strange thrill of pleasure that Bessie used to read in the papers his popular speeches.

Once, and once only, too, she saw him. Her village home was picturesquely situated among the mountains, and travelers on their way from one point of interest to another usually stopped there to dine. So, hearing one day that the Hon. Clare Belton and lady were at the hotel, she drew a thick vail over her face, and walking up and down the terrace, stole an occasional

She saw a proud, cold lady, and a slim looking man, with iron-gray hair, and restless, eager eyes. They hardly spoke to each other, and when they did it was with studied politeness.

"Ah!" thought Bessie, stealing away unobserved, "during all these years they have come no nearer each other, and in his crowned ambition poor Clare has not found happiness." And as she walked slowly towards her home, her eyes were full of tears, and she said to herself, "I wonder if in heaven there can be ambition, or if hearts which truly love each other are

IN SHELTON COAL MINE

"You'll be certain and not disappoint me, Willie?"

"Disappoint you!" exclaimed I; "why, Katie dear, whatever put the notion into your head that I should do that? When did I ever disappoint my darling?"

"Never; but then once must be the first time, you know," and Katie Erle nestled her soft cheek close to mine, and drew a little sigh.

I took her into my arms—and indeed I had been holding her to my side for some time, for we were trying to say good-night, and in those days it always took a long time to bring it

We had been acknowledged lovers nearly a year, and managed to make ourselves about as silly as the average lovers.

Dear little Katie! Thus plainly I can seem to see her even now, looking back over the years which have fled since then.

The beautiful rosy face, the red parted lips, the blue eye lifted to mine from out the tangles, and curls, and crinkles of flossy brown hair, which she had tumbled all over her face as it lay against my breast.

I kissed her rapturously, and she lifted up her head and pushed back the soft hair.

"You'll be very sure to come Wednesday night by six?" said this small autocrat, resuming a tone of command; "we are going to have chicken fricasseed and cranberry sauce. And if it stands a minute over after it is ready it is spoilt. Now, William, you'll be punctual?"

She always called me William when she wished to be particularly impressive.

"Wby, of course I will be punctual, dear. I am surprised at you for doubting me. What makes you, Katie?"

"You will laugh at me, Willie, if I tell you, and I don't like people in the vicinity.

room, she threw herself on the bed, crying out: "Oh, mother, | you when you laugh at me. It makes me feel about as large as a butterfly's eye. I had a dream last night.'

"Have you been reading Shakespeare?"

"You were not to laugh at me. That is, you must not if you wish me to tell you. I thought that I asked you to come to me Wednesday night, and that you promised just as fairly as ever you could, but you did not come, and you never came any more. And I dreamed that I was a gray-haired old woman, and still I sat all day by the window watching for you-expecting you always."

Katie's voice was very solemn, and there was a vague look of pain on her face which I hastened to kiss away.

"Nonsense, child," said I; "didn't you know that dreams always go by contraries? Of course I shall come, and stay so long that I shall make you glad twice, little dreamer."

"No, indeed! If you only would, though, I think I should rather like it."

"My precious little Katle! But I must go, or I shall never be up by bell-time in the morning. Good-night, dearest."

And after a long while I managed to tear myself away from her.

I was very happy as I trudged home that night beneath the gray November sky.

I remember that I whistled and sang snatches of songs in a low voice, and thought of Katie all the way.

We were to be married at Christmas, for I had been elevated to the position of chief engineer to the Bridgeport Glen Coal Works, and my salary was fifteen hundred dollars a year.

We could well afford to marry, though for that matter we should have married, I suppose, if I had had but five hundred.

For we loved and trusted each other perfectly, and when there is love enough a dollar can be made to go a great way.

I could not help feeling just the least bit in the world tried with Kate for thinking I would disappoint her. Never in the whole course of our acquaintance had I done so-I would as soon have committed murder as given her cause to feel sad a moment.

A woman's happiness is made up of little things, and there is no pang for her keener than to feel that the man to whom she has given the noblest and purest affection of her heart is neglectful of her wishes.

Girls, take the advice of an old fogy, and keep clear of the young man who makes appointments and fails to keep them.

Wednesday night came, dark, and with strong prophesies of

storm. I went home early, and dressed to go over to Mr. Erle's

"Where are you going this dark night, William?" asked my mother when I came down-stairs.

"I have an engagement," said I, evasively; for I was still boy enough to feel bashful over my love-affair with Katie.
"Unless it is a very important engagement I would not go,"

said she; "it is extremely dark, and hark! there is sleet beating against the windows."

Yes, she was right. It was storming furiously already, and the wind roared like a demon down the narrow village street as I stepped out upon the sidewalk.

I went back for an overcoat, and met my mother in the hall.

She was anxious about me. I smiled at her fears, kissed her gayly, and told her not to sit up for me. I saw her standing at the door, the last thing as I turned the angle of the street, and struck into the road which led past Mr. Erle's farm.

The darkness was intense. I do not think I ever saw it

It was, as I think I remarked before, in November, and I always fancied that November nights are darker than those of

There was a short cut across the fields and pastures to Mr. Erle's which would take me there much easier, but it was a rough path, and led directly across the tract of land formerly known as the Shelton Coal Mine.

Some years previous the supply of coal had been exhausted, new works were opened, and the old mine was left to darkness

Strange stories of this mine were told by the superstitious

Fantastic figures were seen dancing around the weed-overgrown shafts, and lights ghostly blue and properly erratic were to be seen any dark night flitting in and out of the entrance.

Of course this was all the result of a vivid imagination on the part of these good people; but it was not strange that such stories were affoat, considering the tragedy which had occurred at the Shelton Mine ten years before.

Clarke Rutherford, one of the principal owners in the works, had accidentally, while going over the mine with a party of aristocratic friends, got separated from them, and though the whole mine, so far as was practicable, had been thoroughly searched for days afterward, he was never found.

There had been a sudden and terrible break of water in the mine the very day on which he entered with the party, and it was thought that he had been drowned, and his body borne by the force of the water into some fathomless pitfall, of which the dismal place was full.

The circumstance of his death was made more distressing by the fact that he was on the eve of marriage with a young lady of birth and beauty, who was rendered insane by the sad destruction of her hopes.

I am not a superstitious man, and why I should fall to thinking of Rutherford's fate on that night is more than I can decide.

A thrill of something very nearly akin to horror swept over me as I reached the point where the footpath diverged from the main road—the path which led across the old mine.

Just to convince myself that I was not afraid I took the path, and hurried along.

The night had grown darker and darker, and the storm raged with a fury which at times half took me off my feet.

I mentally formed the resolution that Katie should make me ample amends for the difficulty I had experienced for her sake when once I reached her house.

I stumbled on a little longer, and then, by the extreme roughness of the footing, felt convinced that I was out of the

With frantic haste I strove to regain the right way, but apparently only blundered further from it. For some time I went on in this way, unable to see a hand before me, and beat about mercilessly by the fierce storm.

I thought of Katie

She was surely pouting by this time, satisfied that I was not coming.

The fricasseed chicken and the cranberry sauce were cold, I felt sure; and when I did get there I should probably have the pleasure of coaxing my pet into good humor.

Suddenly, while full of these thoughts, I was conscious of the ground slipping from under my feet. I made a desperate effort me, only to uproot it in an instant—and then I went down, down, through interminable depths of darkness, until it seemed that I was going on thus for ever-always falling.

I heard a dull splash at last, but did not realize that I made it myself, until I felt a chill of mortal coldness in all my body, and then I became aware that I had fallen into water.

I was a good swimmer, and after the first shock of surprise and dismay was over, I exerted myself and soon swam to where my feet touched the bottom.

I dragged myself out, and sat down on the rough floor of the place where I was, to collect, if possible, my scattered senses.

Of one thing I felt tolerably certain. I had fallen down some unclosed shaft of the old mine, and the only wonder was that I had reached the bottom alive.

Only the depth of water saved me.

Such a terrible, palpable darkness as prevailed everywhere! I put out my hands involuntarily to clutch it, full of the thought that I might compress it into less space, and make room

My hands touched the rough slimy walls of the mine, down which the ice-cold water was dripping slowly—tantalizingly the only thing in that place of silence and despair which was not

The horror of despair seized me as I became fully aware of my

As well might I lie down and die as to make any endeavor for liberty.

I might shout until my voice perished within me, and no sound would ever reach the world above, but indeed if it were possible to make myself heard, the superstitious people in the vicinity would flee from the sound in terror, thinking it the call of the spirits which they firmly believed inhabited the deserted mine.

I had been in the mine, when a boy, several times; it was possible that if I had a light I might be able to find my way to one of the numerous entrances.

I bethought me of the box of lucifers, and the copies of a fashion magazine in my pocket.

I was taking the periodicals to Katie.

There was a plate of the latest styles in one of them, and I had a fancy that the lady in the blue dress with the lace affair over her shoulders looked like Katie-that is, if Katie could be supposed to wear such an enormous chignon and such an extraordinary trail of silk at her heels.

I took out the lucifer-box and felt in it.

Good heavens! there were but three matches in all!

I tried the first one: it flamed up brightly for a second and expired; another did likewise; and on the third and last my hopes alone depended.

I scratched it carefully. It burned clear and steady. I put it to a leaf of the magazine, torn out for that purpose, and the strong light illuminated my dreary prison home with almost noonday splendor.

I stood in an extremely large high cavern, the walls of which were black and glistening.

There was a shoreless pool of water at the further extremity,

stretching away to unknown regions of dread and darkness.

Leaf after leaf of the book I lighted, and by the light thus afforded I rushed hither and thither in the vain hope of discovering some way of egress

Just as I had lighted the last leaf I perceived a narrow pas age way leading off to the right, and into this I plunged with

The paper in my hand shriveled to ashes and blackness, and left me once more in eternal midnight.

I went on for a little while, stumbling over loose stonesheaps of "slack"—and piles of débris at every step.

By-and-by I sank down irresolute. My thoughts were with Katic.

Dear little thing! she was in bed by this time—and I wondered if she had gone to sleep, or was crying her sweet eyes out over my degeneracy.

If she could only know! If I could only tell her how hard I tried not to disappoint her!

I wondered if she had worn that evening the pink dress in which I had so many times told her she looked like an angel, and whether she had her hair loose over her shoulders, or coiled up at the back of her head in the careless knot which made her look so sweetly womanly.

Then I got on my feet, and stumbled about for another long weary period.

After a while I fell down from sheer exhaustion, and slept. My sleep was very sweet, my dreams pleasant, and all of her.

How terrible was the awakening!

Again I resumed my search for an opening, and kept it up until my strength gave out and I was forced to desist.

In this way I passed the time. I had no means of ascertaining how long I had been there—day and night were all the same in that dreadful place.

After a while I began to be very hungry. I tried to keep my thoughts from this fact, but in vain. The thought of food made me wild.

Every faculty of my nature seemed absorbed with the animal longing for food.

I tore off my shoes, and chewed the leather with a keen relish, and my coat and vest were sacrificed in the same manner.

At last I grew very weak and tired. All desire to eat left me The thought of the most tempting viands sickened me. I could not have dined with any degree of pleasure even at a king's table



Generated at Un Public Domain,

The memory of the blue sky and the warm sunshine, the voices of birds and living friends woke in me no longing. All I wanted was to rest. I wished that I had a soft bed to lie onmy bones seemed to be so old.

From that I fell to wondering if I were not very old, and if this weary feeling were not old age, and I remember speculating as to how old a person need to be to die of old age.

Then there was a long blank, and from it I awoke with a transitory strength which vented itself in wild halloes and cries for help—the very first I had uttered since being in this horrible

The sound of my own voice was frightful to me. It seemed to come from an immense distance, and it was echoed and reechoed from corner to corner with appalling distinctness.

Was it a fancy, or did I really hear my call faintly answered? Again I shouted, and this time I was sure a human voice replied.

I rushed toward the sound, and looking upward, saw a gray gloom instead of the everlasting blackness

It convinced me that I was near an opening. I tried to bound on toward it—I tried to scream louder, but voice and strength alike failed, and I fell prostrate to the earth.

When I came to myself I was lying on the grass with my head on Katie's bosom, and her soft hands were pushing back the wet hair from my temples, her tears falling fast upon my face the while.

"Are the chicken and cranberry sauce cold, dear?" I asked in a wandering sort of way; and from that time forth, for days and days, I was oblivious of everything.

Afterward, when I was myself, I heard the whole story.

Katic had been very angry-she confessed it to me with her sweet face hidden on my shoulder, and her dear little hand in mine—but the next day after she had expected me my mother's servant came over to inquire after me, and in her alarm Katie had forgotten her anger at once.

Search had been made everywhere, but no one thought of the

Two days and nights passed, and they were about giving up the quest in despair.

Suddenly, Katie said, like a gleam of light came to her the thought of the old mine.

She had hard work to persuade any one to join her-so much were the people in awe of poor Rutherford's ghost-but by dint of tears and prayers she had at last prevailed upon the old miners to go with her.

They went to the largest shaft first, and by God's providence I had been led to the same place.

They heard my cries, and the men would have fled in terror, had not Katie ridiculed their fears to such an extent that they remained from very shame.

But neither of them would risk himself to descend into the mine, and it was Katie herself who had got in the basket, and came to my relief.

She has been my wife these two happy years now, but she says that often in my sleep I start up and cry for help, just as I did that night when she found me so near death.

But her voice and her touch soothe me, and I sleep again, and dream no more the horrible dream which has all the semblance of dread reality.

ORDERLY PROPER.—There are some persons who are never easy unless they are putting your books and papers in order—that is, according to their notions of the matter—and hide things, lest they should be lost, where neither the owner nor anybody else can find them. This is a sort of magpie faculty. If anything is left where you want it, it is called litter. There is a pedantry in housewifery as well as in the gravest concerns. Sir Walter Scott complained that whenever his maid-servant had been in his library, he could not set comfortably to work again for seve-

CHARITY.—The higher a man's soul rises above the world, the more freely and abundantly do his tears flow for others, as those clouds which are highest above the earth pour forth the most plenteous showers.

"BO-PEEP."

Ir was October—and into our home, one morn, Came a quaint little rogue, "all shaven and shorn," As funny an elf as ever was born!

With a puckered face and dot of a nose, And such wee little curled-up tips of toes, And blushing all over red as a rose.

For never a bit of raiment brought he; But, as Fate would have it, a drawer had we Piled full of wee clothes as a drawer could be.

So we daintily dressed the sprite and fed-Tenderly hushed him and laid him in bed, And wond'ringly watched o'er the tiny head.

And, when he awoke from his blossom-like sleep, He'd so won our hearts we concluded to keep The dear little fellow, and called him "Bo-peep!"

For he brought with him glimpses of Eden most fair; And sweet blessings like perfumes pervaded the air, Upwasting our thoughts from the labor and care.

And daily in stature and beauty he grew, Renewing his freshness each morn with the dew, Till earth, in his being, seemed created anew.

And, now that he's been with us three years or more, We wonder howe'er we existed before He came, that October morning, and knocked at our door!

As, down through the daisies, he trips at my side, And holds up the blossoms with dimples of pride I shudder lest ill should my darling betide.

My heart, in its fullness of passion and love, Goes yearningly out to the Father above, And prays Him, from evil, to shelter my dove!

THE ECCE HOMO OF GUERCINO.

...

In the centre of the grand square of Turin, near the Palazzo Real, rises majestically the old palace erected in 1416 by Amedeus VIII, Duke of Savoy. It is one of the finest architectural works of Turin, although, perhaps, too elaborate and profuse in point of ornamentation. This palace, or, we should rather say, fortress, the residence of the Dukes of Savoy, was afterward inhabited by the Duchess of Nemours, the wife of Charles Emanuel II, who built the fine facade and magnificent double staircase. In gratitude for these improvements, the building has since been called the Palace of Madama.

The eighteen rooms on the first floor, together with the grand hall or senate chamber, were dedicated by Charles Albert, to a public gallery of the royal collection of paintings, which thus, thanks to his munificence, became a national gallery, formally opened on the 3d of September, 1832.

The painting which we have selected for illustration is among the finest in the gallery. It occupies a prominent position in the room called after Raphael, and is by an artist who has allied art with inspiration, John Francis Barbieri de Cento, surnamed Guercino, because he squinted.

Standing before a window, opening doubtless upon some square filled with rabble, a weather-beaten soldier, with the face of a hangman, clutching a stick in his muscular hand, displays to the gaze of the populace his august victim, from whose wounded, bleeding form he ironically tears the vail. The halo around the celestial head throws into shadow the ignoble figure which by contrast seems all the more brutal and debased. Nothing can be more natural than this design, which owes much of its eloquence to simplicity. We admire in the painting, the work of an independent genius, which has voluntarily yielded to the severe and fecund discipline of the Florentine school, while borrowing at the same time from Titien and Veronese, their life and brilliancy of color.

This painting was the last which Charles Albert donated to his gallery, although the Palace of Madama possesses a dozen works by the same artist, and although all are fine, the Ecce Homo commands the most attention, and is the most frequently copied.



THE ECCE HOMO OF GUERCINO. PAGE 191.

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

"HIS WIFE."

CHAPTER I.



E was a young man then: but twenty-seven, and he was very poor. Pray, permit this brusque announcement of his misery. It is a fact which must be fully understood, in order that his subsequent conduct may be comprehended. Take it at its worst, then, and fancy a threadbare coat, an empty larder, a few pence jingling in a well-worn purse, and Gerald Cranstoun,

proprietor of these goods and chattels, recklessly worshiping, after his mad manner, one mistress only, his profession. It had come-destitution-it held wide his door, and starvation stood upon the threshold.

"I shall find him to-morrow," muttered Cranstoun, raising his pale face from his hands. "I must find him. He is rich. I shall not ask for money, but he is rich-such

Yes, I shall go to Albany in the morning. I have enough for that. If he refuses, why, then I must abandon this, and turn to something else. I am young, and strong, and willing. Heaven be good! So young, that were it not for that cracked glass, I would swear myself fifty; so strong, that after a tolerably short walk, I might sink, exhausted; so willing, that if the fiend himself stood here to barter for my soul, I'd clinch the bargain upon his own terms. Dear Satan, remember Faust, and come!"

"Are you calling me?" A man stood in the doorway. "I was groping my way, exploring, sounding, when I heard your cry—it was almost a shout, it startled me—'come!' and here I

"You, Captain Frank! Why-why-I was thinking of you."

"If that is intended for a welcome, thank you. And what were you thinking of me, sir?"

Captain Frank Jocelyn was a wealthy man, chief officer of his own yacht, the Meteor, and rather relishing his importance: therefore, the gentleman-sailor's speech and action smacked of nautical bluffness. A man of forty-five, or thereabouts, tall, bronzed, and tawny-bearded. A jovial soul, seemingly; a hearty companion, certainly; a man who would please, in fact, if one might except an unpleasant glitter in his blue eyes. It was like the gleam and the flash of sunlight upon water, but upon smoothly treacherous water. Such was Captain Frank.

"What is wanting, my boy?"

"I believed you in Albany. I intended running up to see you, to-night."

"Running up to see me? You speak like a man of means." "Do I?" broke in Gerald, very hotly. "I speak like a fool. then. A man of means! Listen. Have these the chink of gold?" He rattled the pennies in his purse.

"My dear fellow!" Captain Frank's hand was raised, but the other arrested the movement by an imperious gesture.

"Don't stir!" he exclaimed, savagely. "Don't do that! Curse it! I'd strangle you if you did that. Don't touch your pocket. I want no charity."

"What then?"

Assistance of another kind. I want pay for services rendered. Get me some decent employment, at which I may earn my bread. You can do it."

"You are content to abandon your profession?"

"My profession! Experience what I have experienced, then talk of a profession."

"If you could, would you retain it?"
"Would I?" The pale face flushed, and the haggard eyes



There was a pathetic pleading in the man's voice, and Captain

Jocelyn noticed it.
"Tell me," said he, "tell me how all this ill has come to you. I knew this, that you were not rich, as we reckon riches, but I did not know," with a glance at their wretched surroundings, "I never fancied you in want, Tell me-we are cousins, remember, sisters' children-being the elder, I assume the right of questioner, and, it may be, mentor. Speak!"

Sisters' children, in truth, but the captain's mother had been worldly-wise, and the physician's merely foolish. Laura and her rich banker, Bertha and her poor husband, had gone the one way, leaving behind, each, her treasure. So when the captain returned—he had been absent upon a ten years' cruise—it was to find matters in a sorry plight.

"I left you a lad, fired with hope and ambition. I find you

sadly changed. How is this, Gerald ?"

A long story, but the younger told it in few words. Sickness, death, had eaten up the little property left by his father; then from his studies he had taken no thought to give his wants. Being alone now, he had affected a cheerful contempt for his pinching poverty.

"My time will come," he would say, and so, fall to his books with unabated zeal.

But want came first, and like the shameless virago that she was, made such ado, that the poor fellow, now fully realizing his position, was upon the verge of a reckless action, when chance threw this old friend in his path.

"The papers told of your return, cousin Frank, and I would have gone to you."

"I have saved you the trouble," said the other, dryly. "I have come to you. I have come to make you an offer.

"Of what? Let it be anything—honorable, of course, I mean -of what?"

"Of a wife."

" The ----

"Not so. I will not believe that they are one."

"A duchess? A royal princess who covets my ancestral acres?" asked Gerald, sneeringly.

"Neither; simply a young girl, beautiful and rich." The good faith of this assurance was not to be doubted. It proclaimed itself in every quietly-uttered word.

"Where are her parents?"

"Dead."

"Who is her guardian?"

"I am."

"Where has she seen me?"

"She has never seen you."

"Is she aware of this proposition?"

"Yes, and approves it."

"Indeed? Are there any conditions to be imposed?"

"These: You may not see the lady until the moment of marriage—that marriage will be a form, nothing more. You will abandon all right to the woman whom you will have wedded, part from her then and there. You will bind yourself by a solemn oath to forego all inquiries and pursuit. These are extraordinary demands; their harshness will be toned by a munificence as extraordinary. In return for---

"Pray, do not hesitate. In return for the use of my name?" "Well, yes, in return for the use of your name, you may enjoy a fortune of, say, twenty thousand dollars. That sum will be assured you. It is small, not sufficient to tempt a Rothschild, I confess, but one may contrive to exist upon less."

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

"You wish an answer?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then, Irefuse! Hear me, I refuse! I shall be made a screen for no fine madame's dishonor. I have not fallen so low, thank God! I am very poor, but, being of your blood, sir, you should know that I am very proud. As for this woman who goes a-begging for a husband, marry her yourself."

"My frankness compels me to confess that you propose an

were lighted. "Would I? Ah, my life is there; my very life! impossibility. Now, listen to reason, my boy. You have been talking nonsense; my ward is as pure as an angel, as capricious as a woman, as beautiful as an houri, and as rich as she need be. I swear to you, upon the memory of our mothers, that there is no dishonor in this affair. A caprice, nothing more-will you humor it? At the neat figure of twenty thousand. Think of it -no more care, no more torment."

And he had so much! Heaven help him! A hard battle was being fought whilst he sat there, his face hidden in his hands. Presently he raised his head, in his defiant, reckless

"I am content," he said. "Let us conclude the sale, for sale it is. I am willing to believe that there is no actual shame, but that there is a mystery, even you may not deny."

Thus was the treaty made and ratified.

The next morning found Gerald Cranstoun at Jocelyn Farm. Here were no tokens of merry-making. For all that was evident, there might have been a burial instead of a wedding. In the library, the new-comers met two men.

"The lawyer and the minister; my cousin, Mr. Cranstoun, gentlemen," brusquely announced the host, then quitted them.

Lawyer and minister were nothing abashed at this singular presentation; they bowed and kept silence. As for Gerald, he was like one iu a dream. At one moment he inwardly cursed his folly; at another, he applauded his resolution. He approached the fire. The long ride upon that mid-winter night had chilled him to the heart. He glanced at his companions; they were stern-seeming men, calm and utterly unmoved by the singularity of the proceeding at which they were assisting. Impelled by some irresistible influence, the intended bridegroom addressed them. Neither vouchsafed an answer, yet each mechanically raised a hand in warning. There was something ghostly in this pantomimic protest. Gerald shrugged his shoulders, and gave an impatient thrust at the fire. From the glowing mass shot forth a thousand sparkling fairy-lights. At that moment the door opened, and Captain Frank Jocelyn, leading a woman, entered.

Here was no bridal attire. A plain gray silk, closely buttoned, fleecy falls of rich lace, and that was all, except the radiant loveliness, heaven's best gift.

"This is the lady," declared the captain.
"Madame, I—I—" stammered the physician.
"Spare compliments or excuses," interrupted his cousin.
"Mr. Cranstoun, Miss Chester."

Miss Chester bent in a stately courtesy. The lady was polite, nothing more. Neither trembling nor nervously expectant. If love had driven her to this extraordinary proof of preference, that love was well under control.

"She is certainly very beautiful," thought Gerald.

She certainly was. And they were a handsome couple, for, if the bride was as fair as the mother of Cupid, the groom was as grand and as haughty as a Medici.

"You are a brave woman, madame. Are you ready?" She gave no heed to the words, but placed her hand in his.

Then minister and lawyer arose. It was done. The law had made them husband and wife.

Miss Chester's responses had been faint and low; Gerald Cranstoun's, clear and sonorous.

"Let no man put asunder," said the latter; he was repeating the minister's words: "Man shall not. You are mine!"

She whom he had married, raised her eyes to his-what wondrous eyes they were, so full of tender pleading! He could have sworn that tears trembled upon the long lashes, he could

have sworn that the red lips quivered.
"You will not leave me"—he was kneeling at her feet, his hand clasped hers. "You will not. This is only a cruel jest. I was a covetous wretch. Wealth won me. Love holds me. Say that your are poor, say that you will learn to endure me; say this, and bid me rise, thrice-blessed, oh, my wife!"

He was young, you see. Cruel want had not yet perverted or steeled his heart. And she? Why, the tears had stolen from her lashes, and lay upon her ivory cheeks, but no word would she speak.

"Say it!" he whispered.

"She would, my boy, if she could," interrupted Captain Frank. "Don't distress her, there's a good fellow."

Gerald Cranstoun sprang to his feet.

"Why may she not?"

"I will tell you presently."

"Tell me now.'

They were alone, the three-minister and lawyer had withdrawn as soon as the ceremony had been concluded.

"Tell me now."

"Very well. She is deaf and dumb!"

"Great God !"

"What difference can it make? She will be nothing to you. A deaf mute! Bah! Husbands may sigh for them—single men do not seek them. That is an error."

The jovial sailor spoke with the skepticism of a man of the world.

"I shall protect her."

Gemild Cranstoun said this with a quiet determination; then, opening his note-book, rapidly traced these words:

"I have just learned your affliction. I am your husband now. Give me the right I seek, the right of a protector. Keep your wealth. I do not wish it."

She read, and here was her written reply:

"I thank you. Respect your oath. I ask no more."
"She refuses!" cried the captain. "You have made a chivalrous offer, and she rejects it. It was an unfair proceeding. however. There is really nothing to be done but leave her; as a gentleman, you should obey." "I shall do so."

"Come, my dear."

The captain took her hand. A haughty bow, as she passed from the room, was the sole farewell vouchsafed to Gerald.

۰ An hour later, Gerald Cranstoun was on his way to the city, made richer by twenty thousand dollars, made poorer by his bartered freedom.

With these words had Captain Jocelyn bidden him "Godspeed":

"After all, it may be but a question of time. Supposing the contrary, you know, it was a mere business form, by which you are the gainer."

He who had received his price, could not retort.

So thus it was that the young physician found a steppingstone to fame and great wealth, for these were not denied him

CHAPTER II.

O you imagine that he remained with folded hands? The week following the marriage, he returned to Jocelyn Farm. To his surprise, the old place was closed. From Boone, the captain's factotum, he learned that his cousin had sailed for Europe, just five days before. Alone, Boone declared, and it was evident that the man was truthful in his protestations, that he knew nothing of Miss Chester. A lady had been there for a day or two, that was not to be denied. She had come with two gentlemen, and she had gone with them.

"Was she a mute, a deaf mute?" asked Gerald, nervously.

"A deaf mute, sir," assented Boone. "My master's ward, poor thing! You see, sir, when the captain's here, my wife and I are at the house-my wife is housekeeper there. Alone, we are more comfortable here in this cottage. When the master's at home, things

must work differently, however. That's how re know all about Miss Chester. A beautiful creature, and a kind heart. Yes, indeed, sir."

"What of the two men? Who were they?"

"I am sorry, sir, not to be able to say. They were strangers in these parts."

It was useless to question further. Boone was utterly unable to furnish one clue.

The seeker was in the city again. He could afford to let time go by now, for thousands were lying in the bank vaults, and twenty of these were his. Of that he had assured himself. The document whereby Gerald Cranstoun, physician, in consideration of a certain sum secured to himself, and of which he might touch the interest alone, would renounce and forego all claim upon Eleanor Chester, even should justice recognize his legitimate right, had been signed by the groom, with lawyer and minister as witnesses. So far, the agreement had been ratified. So far, at least, there had been honorable dealing. With comfort had come a certain shame, that was true; but then, he would use his purchase-money to find her. Such was Gerald's argument—such his firm resolve. How he succeeded, we shall see.

Acting with decision, he traced his plan. Studies must be neglected for a time, the whilom student was off to Europe. At the New York banking-house he had failed to learn anything of the captain's movements, beyond what Boone had already told him. To Liverpool he might trace the object of his search, and to Liverpool he went. Thence, with the vigilance of a professional detective, he followed to France, to Italy, to Germany. The search had become a chase, and Europe was the huntingground. In this manner were months consumed. Near the end of the second year, he found himself again in London. There, letters were awaiting him-letters of importance. From these he learned that the man whose watchfulness had so perplexed him, now lay ill, and that, too, nigh him. From Portland Place to Brompton, with what feverish impatience did Cranstoun count the streets! They seemed interminable. Ah, here was the house—a modest little one, to hold so great a

"Captain Jocelyn."

The servant's long face lengthened.

"Captain Jocelyn, sir?"

"Yes, yes, I wish to see him. He wrote to me, but his letter has just reached me. I have been absent. Tell him that his cousin is here."

"Captain Jocelyn? Why, he is dead, sir! He died this morning."

And this was the end. The blow almost stunned the searcher. Mechanically he followed the man to the chamber, where lay the jovial scoffer. But an ugly pallor had overspread the sailor's ruddy flush of health; through the half-closed lids gleamed now no mocking, treacherous light; the sun-browned hands were decently folded; the strong limbs swathed in a winding sheet; decidedly, the light-hearted fellow had done with jests and laughter, and all dealings, whether false or fair.
"What has become of——"

" Who, sir?" "The lady who was with him?"

"Bless you, sir, there's never been a lady with him."

The captain's own servant said it, and this servant had been companion throughout the master's wanderings.

What could Gerald Cranstoun do? Nothing, but wait until the will was read, for there was a will. This gave to his cousin the entire property of the deceased, "in atonement for a great

Those were the words. No other mention of the wrong, no allusion to the marriage, nothing but a fortune given for a life made wretched.

So the captain's body was taken to America, and laid in the Jocelyn vault. Then the heir, nothing daunted, recommenced his search.

"Something tells me that I shall succeed," he said, and with this conviction he worked untiringly.

CHAPTER III.

The chateau of Czaslau is not many miles from the town of Weimar, in Saxony. Wide-spreading forest-trees almost conceal the old stone building which frowns out from the shadow

as might an ugly giant from his cave. A sense of desolation hangs like a pall about the place. Sunlight may flash upon the ivy-clad gables, and dart quivering rays athwart the swaying vines, but the same sunlight drinks the dew from the grassy mounds in Weimar's churchyards, and quivering rays flash upon prim white grave-stones, and between these narrow houses and that great castle there seems but little choice. At least so think the honest country-folk, who shun the place and pass with quickened steps, and tell of wicked men and fearful deeds, and crimes for which heaven holds the punishment.

But evidently there were persons of other and stronger minds; for one summer's day came daring mortals to dispute possession with ghosts and evil spirits. It was true, this old place, which the present proprictor, a wealthy nobleman, held in abhorrence, was to become, in fact, had become, the home of two women and their few servants.

Now, destiny must bring Gerald Cranstoun to Weimar. Being at Weimar, what more natural than that he should, upon the very day of his arrival, ride out to see the far-famed Witch's Spring? The Witch's Spring, just beyond the chateau of Czaslau, was well in its way, but better far was the chance which led him there in time to rescue a young girl from a perilous position. Unfortunately, however, for the romance of this affair, the simple truth makes of it an every day rencontre. The girl was standing upon the brink of the spring, as the American's horse came dashing up. An unguarded movement upon the wet and moss-grown stones, and, behold! the quiet dreamer had become a modern Nymph of the Fountain.

Upon the instant was Gerald by her side, whilst she, laughing, blushing, and half in tears, proffered thanks and apologies.

"Have no fear," our gentleman spoke in his mother tongue.
"Calm yourself. You cannot understand my satisfaction at having been enabled to proffer assistance to a country-woman, for you are American, or English, at least."

She laughed—such a musical gem of a laugh!
"My accent has betrayed me. I shall never, never learn this barbaric language. Why, English, of course; and you?"
"American, of course."

Then followed a self-presentation, to which the girl responded in such a quaintly child-like manner, that Gerald Cranstoun listened with a strange delight. She was Bella Salisbury, and he should go, she declared, to Czaslau with her. Did he know where it was? Gertrude would be so grateful. Yes, he must see Gertrude.

"Who is Gertrude?" he asked.

"My sister," said she. "The best and dearest sister in the world. Poor Gertrude!"

"Is she an invalid?" was the natural question.

"Yes; she will thank you, Mr. Cranstoun, for she loves me dearly.'

Which assertion Mr. Cranstoun could readily believe. His companion was small, delicately formed, and hazel-eyed, with prettily-tinted cheeks, and a profusion of brown curls, tucked away in the little silken net. A very lovable creature. The lonely man's heart throbbed beneath the magnetism of her nature

This, then, was the return upon that summer morning, he leading his horse, upon which rode the girl, for, with a sprained ankle, walking was impossible. A woman at a lower window stood watching them as they came up the avenue. The woman was Gertrude Salisbury, and when Bella and her cavalier entered, she had left the window, and sat away off in the darkest corner of the darkened room. By the dim light, Gerald divined her drooping form.

"She suffers, I am sure," he thought.

The sound of her voice thrilled him like a strain of tenderest melody, and then, despite her age-she could not be young-despite her misfortune-she was bent and feeble-despite her sombre robe and close white cap, he closed his eyes and bowed his head, and listened breathlessly when she spoke.

Bella was right. Gertrude Salisbury's thanks were full of heartfelt earnestness; yet piercing this was a quiet reserve. Gerald understood it fully, when he had called repeatedly at the chateau, without again beholding its mistress.

"My sister is ill," Bella would say, in her confidential way. "You must not think strangely of her."

So the acquaintance thus established strengthened; the summer wore on; the visits to Czaslau became events of daily occurrence, yet never again had Miss Salisbury consented to receive her sister's guest. Guest? The child had grown to regard him as her lover. She showed this, not by any glaring preference or bold speech, but by those thousand little half-avowals into which -through her very innocence—a pure-minded girl may be led. The man of the world held her secret before she had dared confess it to herself-but the man of the world was honorable, and so reasoned the matter.

"I love her, but not as I might have loved—the other," he decided. Then he wrote pleasant adieux, and was off to Paris. Will it be credited? Before the week was out, he was again at

Weimar. Going straightway to Czaslau, Bella came to him.
"I knew that you would return!" she cried. "I have waited for you!"

"And I have come for you. Bella, will you marry me?"

He spoke very gravely, but, in truth, the question was no light one. Be lenient with this man. He was worn and harassed, and sorely tempted. He who so longed for a home could not drift by this fair haven without one supplicating cry. And Bella? She gave her answer between a sob and smile:

"I am afraid that Gertrude does not like you, Mr. Cranstoun. I am sure of it. She said that if you returned, I should not see you again."

"In heaven's name, what does she know of me! There, don't cry, dear, and don't call me 'Mr. Cranstown.' Let it be 'Gerald.' Now, I shall demand an interview with your sister. These things must be explained. I will convince her that I am a gentleman. You will marry me, Bella?"

"She is very positive, and I am only eighteen," sighed disconsolate Bella.

The interview with Miss Salisbury was requested and accorded. The following evening, then, Gerald was ushered into the dimly-lighted chamber. The invalid reclined in her great chair; the suitor sat beside her. The latter had just finished a confession, a painful one, to judge by the constrained silence; an honorable one, assuredly—for the secret of his life was thus laid bare.

"And you did not love her?"

"When I married her-no."

" And since?"

"Since? Why, every thought and action has been consecrated to her," he frankly admitted.

"And yet you profess to love Bella?"

"God willing, I shall be to Bella a true and kind husband."

" Have you no fear that I may reject your suit?"

"No. I have seen you but once before to-day, yet would I trust my life in your hands. It is so difficult to explain myself, without incurring a suspicion of conceit. You know very little of me, yet surely that little, told by her, has been in my favor. Why do you dislike me? Can you put your finger upon anything in my past, but that wretched marriage? Even that may be explained, and that you would never have known, had I not intended to act honestly. She whom I married is deadto me, at least. I think of her as of the dead, very tenderly, very reverently. She never loved me, Bella does. Let Bella be my wife.''

"She is not rich."

"I have enough-I can assure you of that."

"You know nothing of us; who we are."

"I am satisfied that you are gentlewomen."

"My sister must not be sacrificed," she commenced. "Miss Salisbury, let us understand each other. Speak with-What do you know of me?'

out reserve, I pray.
"Know of you?"

The pale face turned to him seemed yet more haggard. Seen in the constant twilight of the room, it touched him strangely. The old fancy of her suffering or sorrow came back to him.

"Who has not borne an anguish?" he went on, gently. "That should make us pitiful, one to the other. What have you ever heard of me? No good, I know. Tell me."



at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 http://www.hathitrust.org/access u University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

Quick upon his question came her cry:

"Take her! Marry her now! Do not wait, do not leave me time to think, or I may refuse her to you. Ah, I, too, love her, and so I prove my love !"

"Your affection must now be a divided one," said Gerald, with well-assumed cheerfulness. "You will be my stater, as

"Take her!" How she clung to the permission so singularly accorded. "Take her. You are right. You will be very happy now. The woman whom you married is dead. There is nothing to fear. Heaven will deal justly by you. Bella must not suffer. Yes, she loves you. I know it, I know it."

Was there nothing to fear? Not three days later, the girl who would have been Gerald Cranstoun's wife was brought -dead. An unmanageable horse—a moment of timorous indecision—a plunge of the maddened brute—a fall—and then an inanimate form lifted and borne past the window of Miss Salisbury's room; and Miss Salisbury, concealed by the curtains, had witnessed it all!

Had witnessed it, had heard the crash upon the flagstones of the court, and now stood like one bereft of reason. There was a wild anguish, a pitiful self-upbraiding in that cry

"She is not dead! She is not dead! Ah, good Father in heaven, give her life again and let me die!"

How did Gerald Cranstoun bear this shock? With a dumb resentment, it must be confessed.

"I am accursed," he said, looking down on that ghastly face. "Is this heaven's gentle dealing?"

They of the place had sent for him, but he had not yet seen Miss Salisbury. Nor might he. A positive message she sent him the same day.

"We need never meet again. I could not find the strength. I dare not yet speak of her. Go, then. Remember the woman whom you have loved."

Bella was buried in a quiet churchyard, but her sister was not present. Indeed, but few stood around the grave; for these women had led very lonely lives. Even the lover knew nothing more than that they were orphaned and quite alone. The Eng. lish relatives, of whom the poor child had sometimes vaguely spoken, were evidently nursing their grief at home.

Before his final departure, Gerald pleaded long and vainly for an interview with Miss Salisbury.

"Why should I see you? She is dead."

And this had been her constant reply to his entreaties. he rode away, she stood watching from her hiding-place behind the curtains. When the great gates clanged after him, and the cho of his horse's hoofs came clattering through the stillness, why, then she knelt and prayed. Yet One only heard that prayer.

CHAPTER IV.



HREE later, vears Gerald Cranstoun, a bachelor still, was in New York when he received a letter from Carson, the house-keeper at Jocelyn Farm. This letter was, in fact, an urgent ap-

"Come, sir," wrote Carson. "You must come; for this is an affair of life or death." He went, arriving at the old place at

nightfall. How near to him now seemed that wretched past! Now, as then, the winter winds were whistling among the bare branches. Now, as then, the cheery frelight flashed from the library windows. How well he remembered them—the room itself—the very grouping and arrangement of the furniture. And in nothing did he find it changed.

Dreaming again, even with that rustling nigh him? He had heard the door open and he knew that some one was there, but, fancying it a servant, he spoke without looking around.

"Pray, call your mistress."

No answer came. He turned—and then—then—he cried out in a mighty fear and joy. Before him stood a woman in a robe of pearly gray, with falls of lace about her throat and handsthe woman whom, five years before, he had wedded in this very

" Eleanor !"

No phantom. For she came to him, and kneeling at his feet, said but this:

"Forgive!"

Two simple words, but they bore a pardon and its acceptance; they told of a fervent love and its requital—of peace, and hope, and joy for evermore! He raised her in his arms and kissed her upon brow and lips.

"Tell me all," said he.

And she told him all. Not calmly, as it is recounted here, but in a broken way. Strength of purpose was utterly gone now. She had been Captain Joeelyn's daughter-not his ward. Her mother, a poor girl whom the jovial sailor had secretly married and then abandoned, died when Eleanor was but a child. Stung by remorse, the father adopted the little one and educated her. He was the guardian of this orphan, he declared to curious friends; and as a guardian the world regarded him. Now, the captain's easy morality was not his sole shortcoming. He had been a spendthrift, he had gambled, he had frittered away a fine fortune and stood upon the verge of bankruptcy when chance befriended him.

A distant relative—a wealthy and eccentric bachelor—had made a will in favor of Gerald Cranstoun. Of course the officer was not forgotten, but the younger kinsman was the heir. The former, who was with the dying man, contrived by artful scheming and manipulation to secure this paper and offer another in its place. It is needless to say that by this Captain Jocelyn inherited-which, to every one, seemed but common justice, for Captain Frank Jocelyn had been most touchingly devoted to the sufferer. So far, all was well. Now came a bit of statecraft.

With the thought of Gerald's poverty came this inspiration. The man would not acknowledge his daughter, but in his selfish way he loved her. That she should be provided for he had determined; more, she should have a husband, a protector, if harm ever befell her model father. Thought and action went hand in hand with this sharp worker. We know the lure with which he tempted Gerald—money. Eleanor now made known the devices which had won her. A pretended misery, an abject humiliation, an implied crime; and all this from one who now confessed himself her father. Would she save him? Need he

"Do with me as you will," she had said.

Then he purchased a husband. The two men—lawyer and minister—having received their price, had gone to their homes in a distant State.

"There!" gleefully exclaimed this plotter when all was over. "There! Who now dare accuse me of treachery or injustice? I enjoy my wealth. I keep you, my child. If Cranstoun behaves himself he shall have both-perhaps. If it had not been for my clever story of your affliction he would have rebelled. I am right. I mean well."

So well, in fact, that when he found death drawing nigh he fell into a grievous fear. He would have righted all these minor considerations had time been given him. His will restored the property, but his will made no mention of the marriage. That his lips only must confess, and his lips were dumb when the wronged man stood by him. To Eleanor the captain had always wantonly falsified every action of Gerald Cranstoun. He was base and shamelessly profligate, averred the truthful father. And she-incredible as it may seem-she loved him, loved the man who scorned her.

But pride tempered love. When she found herself alone in the world, she withdrew to that lonely old castle. Thanks to the captain's munificence, she had a comfortable income secured, so she could act with independence. Many sorrows had sickened her of life. She had grown morbidly distrustful. She no longer bore her own name. She claimed Bella's, and was Gertrude



Her sister, she believed—here the low voice faltered—at least her father had inferred as much when he bade her be kind to the little orphan who made one of a stranger's nestlings. It must have been so, for she grew to love the child with a sister's sacrificing love.

"Great heaven!"

"It must have been. I know nothing of her mother. Her foster-parents, who were English working people of the better class, said that when an infant she had been sent to them with a well-filled purse-that from time to time came money-but not one word. More than this they could not tell. I took Bella. She believed herself my sister—believed that her father had disliked her; in that dislike she found a reason for his coldness toward her. I could not bring myself to confess the truth. She was ignorant of my past—of our marriage."
"Where were you when your father died?"

"I had gone for Bella. He sent for her. You questioned his servant, who professed to know nothing of me. The man was bribed. I had returned, I divined my father's intentionhe would have confessed all. My soul was full of bitterness then, for I believed you very culpable. I determined that you should know nothing. The servant aided me in my undertaking. You were deceived. When you had sailed for New York, then with my charge I went upon the Continent. I managed to secure Czaslau. There we led a secluded life. Then you came, and when we met, you saw but a poor creature, ill and feeble. That quiet dress, I wore it always then-that darkened chamber-that illness, not wholly assumed-a comedy all-but the clever actress was a woman with a breaking heart. Oh, how I suffered!"
"That is finished now," and he kissed away her tears

"Eleanor, was it simply faith in all those vile accusations which

led you to warn Bella? Was it that alone?"

"No," said she. "That I believed those things, is truethat I loved you, is true. I was-jealous. I was wretched. was upon the point of avowing all to you when that child acknowledged that you loved her. Then I hated myself for my weakness. I bade you take her. It was a madness for which I would have atoned had she lived."

"She is dead. It is better so. She would have suffered most; for, sooner or later, we would have known this truth—and then—— Tell me, had I married Bella, would I ever have

learned anything of this?"

"No. My course was marked. Had you married her I would have made one of some religious sisterhood. What could I have done else?"

"I am your wife," she made answer, simply. "I have come to our home. I have dreamed of this. I followed you from Europe. In all this time I have been near you. I said to myself, 'Patience yet a little longer. If he loves me still he will wait.' I dared not come to you then. It seemed to me that Bella stood between us. Yesterday I came here. I told Carson enough to convince him of the necessity of sending for you. Tell me now"—looking up in his face—"tell me now, do you love me as you loved her?'

"Remember my confession when I asked you for her-remember that, oh, my beloved!"

"I remember; and that one moment of joy brightened all my past misery. In the recollection of that moment I find the courage for this avowal. I love you-I love you.'

A perfect happiness! Through tangled paths, 'neath lowering skies, to find such peace at last!

DISAPPOINTMENT.-Perhaps in every situation in life it is ne cessary that hope should be first lessened by disappointment, before the buoyancy of the human mind will permit it to descend to the level of an evil fortune. Until a frustrated effort teaches him the difficulty of the attempt, he who has fallen may hope to rise again; and it is only when an exertion has been made with lessened means that we learn the value of advantages which have been long enjoyed, but with an undue estimate of their importance.

THE FISHERMAN'S BABY.

THE fact that "in the midst of life we are in death" is rendered doubly emphatic in the case of those hardy men, who, dwelling on the bleak and rocky coast, earn a scanty and danger-fraught living as fishermen. Doubtless, born to the occupation, the immediate presence of death through the perils of the deep is considerably lessened; yet the occasional loss of a boat, with some of these industrious men in it, cannot fail to recall to them the precarious tenure of their lives.

Our engraving represents a scene often beheld in the humble cottages of this class, and scarcely requires any description. The eldest boy has already adopted the adventurous occupation, and is prepared to follow his father's footsteps. The fisherman is lighting his pipe, while the baby is crowing in its mother's lap. Altogether, it is a picture full of thought for all who take an interest in the deep still music of humanity.

GERMAN GIRLS PLAYING ON STILTS.

THE German girls are very active and robust, and like the inhabitants of most old nations, indulge in their time-honored sports with immense spirit. A recent traveler gives a graphic sketch of a scene he beheld in Ulm, on the Rhine, where he suddenly found himself in the midst of a score of fine healthy girls on stilts, who were running a race. The ease, daring and speed they had attained on these uncomfortable kind of supports astonished him, and he was equally surprised to find that although they raced in an apparently careless manner, not one of them fell, or dropped her stilts.

KITTY.

CHAPTER XXVII. - PITFALLS.



R. NORMAN finally fixed the day for leaving Paris, and Laura counted the hours, as they passed by, with a terrible feeling of reluctance. Could she go? She said to herself a dozen times a day that she could not, and yet she was possessed of so little resisting power, that she made no legitimate effort to stay. She took everybody in her confidence by turns - Mrs. Cornford, Vittoria, Tommie, even Monsieur Puig, and each gave her counsel, though not of an available sort. Of Perry she could not make a confidant, for some inexplicable reason, and the conscious-

ness of having a secret from him made their conversations less sympathetic and less delightful to look back upon. Once or twice he had said to her:

"You look ill; you sit among Mrs. Cornford's oils too much. You should not come to her in the hottest part of the day," accompanying the words with an underlying

concern which set the child's heart beating almost wildly. It was quite a new thing to Laura to find her small individuality recognised to the full by another person. Kitty had done it, but Kitty was not a man, and Kitty was too much in the habit of recognising individualities to render her recognition inestimable. Perry was so delightfully naive in his approval of persons and things, and at the same time so full of reverence for everybody excepting himself, that one felt attracted to him Even whilst he was praising her, Laura seemed as to a child. to be protecting him, and the need to go on protecting him grew stronger within her day by day.

If he said, "Oh, Laura! who will make me leave off work

when my head aches?" or, "Laura, I shall have no one to talk over my troubles to, and no one to look after me, and keep me out of scrapes, when you are gone," she repeated the words to herself again and again, smiling and crying. There had been all along so much frankness in their intimacy, that regrets on both sides at the prospect of parting occasioned very little comment. Laura could freely tell Mrs. Cornford that she liked Perry very much, and that she should never forgive Kitty for her conduct to him. Perry could as freely talk of Laura's charming ways and blind admiration of every one and everything connected with art.

"I wish I had never seen Kitty," he happened to say to Mrs. Comford, "and then, perhaps --;" but there he halted.

"I wish you had never seen my little Laura," Mrs. Cornford answered. "I ought to have known better than to let her come to the house so often; and as I didn't, you ought."

"As if men are expected to know better than women, under any circumstances," Perry said. "You must know, Mrs. Cornford, that you are alone responsible for any mischief that occurs under your roof."

Mrs. Cornford painted vehemently for a few minutes, and then said:

"If you have led on that sweet thing to fall in love with you, Perry, I'll never forgive you as long as I live."

"Good heavens!" Perry cried, turning suddenly pale; it's preposterous—it's impossible—it's ridculous beyond measure. Why, Laura is a mere child, and—and I care for nobody but Kitty."

"You have never hinted to Laura that you wish her to stay here?"

Perry became suddenly red.

"One might do that in all innocence," he said, in a crest fallen manner; adding, "if words are such dangerous things, the dumb are to be envied."

"You goose! There are different ways of saying many harmless things. A very little would turn Laura's head.

"Do you think it is turned?"

"Well, we'll say on the verge of it, to pacify you; but take my advice, and mind your P's and Q's for the next three days. It is now Monday, and she goes on Thursday. I shall watch

"I hope you will," sighed Perry; "it's just the ruin of a man being left to himself." And then he went to his studio, resolving to keep away from Laura as much as possible.

Meantime Mrs. Cornford was trying to make up for her inconsiderate conduct by good advice. From morning till night she dosed Laura with prudential maxims having no especial application. If Laura expressed a meek regret at the prospect of parting, she was answered by some such dictum, as:

"Well, every hen must lay it's own egg, you know, my dear, and it's as well to cackle and be pleased over it as not."

or if Laura said, sighing, "Oh, dear Mrs. Cornford, my life is so dull at home—you don't know how dull it is!" the rejoinder would be:

"Oh! for the matter of that, we all envy our neighbors' puddings, child; but then they have to eat uninteresting things sometimes as well as we." And whatever Laura happened to talk of was capped with an improvised aphorism, after this

"'Whistle and swallow no dust, or you'll never clean me," says the horse to the hostler; or 'My master is all very well,' was when he's pleased,"" which was a propes of people's discontent in general, and of Laura's in particular. Or, "'My ears are as God made 'em,' as the donkey said to the fool," which was à propos of nothing.

Laura listened patiently, quite at a loss to account for Mrs Comford's change of manner, Mrs. Cornford had always been apt at proverb-making, but it was new for her to turn preacher, and she preached at poor little Laura with a vengeance. zen times a day she was told to honor her father and mother, that her days might be long in the land; to be a good girl, and do what everybody wiser than herself told her to do, etc., etc.

Laura's gentle heart swelled with indignation under this

connected with it, more than Mrs. Cornford? Who had dwelt more strongly upon her taste for drawing? Who had given more prominence to the very sort of decision against which she was now warning her from morning till night? Mrs. Cornford was, in fact, too late repenting of a series of follies. She had seen how happy it made Laura to be among them, all the time, having no heart to keep her away. She had seen how the little thing was falling in love with them all, with Perry especially, day by day, and she had no heart to stop that either. It pleased and amused her to watch the moral and intellectual development of this sweet wild flower of a woman, and the wild flower blossomed ere she was aware. Mrs. Cornford saw no better way of undoing her work than to snatch the poor flower from its

forced atmosphere and place it in its native woods again.
"You know, chick," she would say, "it breaks all our hearts to lose you, but we are vagabonds in the face of the world, and you are a little lady. We're the best of friends, though we can't mix, as the oil said to the vinegar."

"But I shall see you sometimes?" Laura urged, in a frightened voice.

"Well, I suppose so; but if not, there is not earthly use in sentimentalising over it. A little sentiment, like a little basalt, goes a long way."

"Oh, Mrs. Cornford!" Laura said beseechingly, "what have I done that you don't want me to come among you again?"

"You goosey! who said that? You may come again as much as you like; but you'll be in Switzerland, and we shall be, we don't know where. Have you a pair of seven-leagued boots ?"

"I wish I had," Laura answered.

"And so do I; but as you haven't, and I haven't, why, let us agree to cut each other with a good grace, whether we come again or not. I am sorry enough to lose you, I'm sure! You have sat for me as Rosalind, as Undine, as Gretchen, and I could find half a dozen more characters for you. But papa takes you to Switzerland, and so all our pretty plans are done for."

Laura then turned to Vittoria, and from her found sympathy, which was comfort indeed. Though in love, Vittoria recognized an intellectual need as something solemn; and, perhaps-for who so quick at reading women's secrets as the woman who has once had a secret of her own?—she recognized the other need that enchained Laura to Paris.

"You are too young as yet," she said, "to take upon your-self the sacrifice of a direct for an indirect duty. If you were as old as I am, it would be different"—Vittoria had reached the old as I am, it would be different —vittoria had reached the great age of twenty-five—"but you are in the first enthusiasm for art, which does not always last," she said, sighing.
"It is not so much that," Laura began, eagerly: "I feel as

if I owed more to you all than to any one in the world, and as if I could only give forced affection to others. I was never happy till I came here.'

"Duty is not always happiness," said Vittoria, gravely.
"But it must be easier to do one's duty when one is happy."

"Quite true; and we are right in seeking the best happiness for ourselves, provided it is also the best happiness of others."

"I don't think I add to any one's happiness much at home," poor Laura said, humbly; "I am looked upon as such a helpless sort of thing-even by Prissy."

"But ever so little love of art, as long as it is genuine, widens one's sympathies, and therefore one's power of helping. You know, Laura, dear, about one woman in a thousand, and no more, is strong enough to stand alone; and these family ties and affections, that seem prison-walls now, will prove welcome defenses by and by."

"Then I must go home, and see no more pictures and no more artists-never paint any more, and be contented?

"You must go home and remember us always, and, when you are a little older, choose to take part and lot with us if you still feel as you do now. That is what I say," said Vittoria, kissing her, "and that is what my Victor says, and he is wise."

Vittoria, like Mrs. Cornford, felt a little responsible on Laura's behalf. For the last few weeks they had been talking art to the child-art in season, and art out of season-till it was no treatment. Who had led her on to love art, and everything dragged from gallery to gallery, from studio to studio; had



THE FISHERMAN'S BABY. - PAGE 198.

heard discussions on the works of Ingres, of Gerôme, of Meissmier, of Frère; had been deluged with artistic argot from morning till night. It was like giving strong meat to babes, and Laura naturally underwent the pains of after indigestion. had taught her that there was nothing worth having in life but art, and art she could not have! Vittoria's appealing faith in her, and the weight Vittoria gave to her inmost aspirations, af-

thought! - and she prayed that the years might come and go quickly.

On the occasion of what was to be Laura's last visit to the Rue de Trévise, no personalities were brought forward, and everybody laughed and talked, in order that the child might be cheered.

When it came to adieux, Monsieur Puig kissed her on each cheek after quite a paternal manner. Vittoria embraced her with tears, and the three children struggled for the last kiss. Mrs. Cornford said she would accompany her to the Palais Royal, and Perry proposed to go too, as there was a large unsavory bouquin to carry, Monsieur Puig's parting gift. The three descended, Mrs. Cornford adjusting bonnet and shawl as she went along

"When shall we three meet again?" she said, blithely. "If never, it won't be my fault. Oh, dear! there's that tiresome forded consolation, however. She was growing older—oh happy Perry, you will see her safely into the omnibus, won't you?

Good-by, my dear. See all you can on your travels, and say nothing about them when you come back. That's the best advice I can give you."

Laura and Perry walked on with some vague sort of conviction that the walk was critical, and that the sooner it was over the more easy in mind they should feel. Laura had not realized till now how much more personality had contributed to make the last few weeks so turbulently sweet. All the passionate longings in Laura's heart-longings that even Vittoria had not quite understood -



GERMAN GIRLS PLAYING ON STILTS.—PAGE 198.







at

Generated Generated Public Domi

were tending to a climax, under the influence of Perry's sudden, mysterious shyness. "Oh! why are we together?" was the child's agonized thought, and both felt but too mistrustful of the issue that lay in their hands.

They crossed the Boulevard and walked along the gay Rue Vivienne, seeing nothing with their eyes, hearing nothing with their ears. The burden of an unspoken romance kept repeating itself, high above the eddy and flow of Parisian street-life; and though Perry had heard such a burden before, it charmed and chastened him still.

Laura tried to be indifferent; but she could not prattle in the old way, and she wondered to herself if it would be very wrong to have out their trouble, like children, before saying good-by. She was quite a child in some things, and she felt conscious of no sinfulness in this clinging grief at separation.

"If I had been like Prissy, I should have made a great fuss, and papa would have stayed," she said, artlessly. "Prissy always gains her point."

"Ah!" Perry answered, in a tone of reproach; "you would have gained your point, too, had you cared enough about

She looked troubled and changed color: the corners of the sweet mouth turned down, the long soft eyelids grew moistened

"I did care about it," she began; "it is very unkind of you to say that.'

The sight of her tears moved Perry to instantaneous penitence, and in his penitence he said a dozen unwise things. He said that if it had not been for Laura he should have sunk within the last few weeks into an abyss of degradation; that it was she, and none other, who had saved him hitherto, and she was going to desert him now; that, having lost all hope in the world, her friendship was still dear and valuable to him, and he did not know how he should be able to live without it.

Then, seeing Laura's sweet face so moved by his words, he forgot the duty he owed to himself and to her, and went on, alternately raving, confiding, approving, till her senses were in a whirl.

In this stage of their infatuation they reached the distracting Bureau des Omnibus, in the Palais Royal. Perry took Laura's ticket, number thirty-two, and they sat down, hoping thirty-two would not be called yet. Perry drummed with his fingers on the hard cover of the bouquin; Laura looked steadily another

A French Bureau des Omnibus is a pandemonium, indeedonly that the devils are very harmless and rather melancholylooking Frenchmen, in official costume. But how they torment and terrify the unfortunate public who travel by omnibus! If in a hurry, you are as a mouse in the claws of two or three imperturbable cats; and if you are complacent, you are worried just the same.

Laura and Perry heard nothing but the beating of their own hearts, and the numbers as called out by the conductor.

The two omnibusses had filled, and the last number called had been twenty-nine. Surely Laura's turn would come very soon. They listened for the signal of parting—dreading it, longing for it, with a sort of self-preserving instinct.

A third omnibus drew up, and whilst an eager crowd pressed to the door, the conductor proclaimed two vacant places. " Trente."

Number thirty took his seat

" Trente-un."

Number thirty-one took his seat. The door was closed, the omnibus filed off, and Laura and Perry breathed again. When at last the signal was given-Trente-deux-Laura rose, in extreme discomposure.

"Give me my ticket; the place is for me," she cried.

"You will come back to us before very long?" he asked, in the way of one who exacts a promise.

"Yes," she answered, flushing and faltering.

"A voiture, mademoiselle, s'il vous plait," cried the conductor, at the top of his voice; and Perry handed her in. heavy vehicle was driving off, he got a last look and a last word, and both of them told him what he felt he ought not to know

CHAPTER XXVIII .- WHAT DEAD SEA APPLES TASTE OF.

It was only natural that Laura's disturbed mood should be imputed to the coming separation from her friends, Mrs. Cornford and Vittoria, and Dr. Norman and Prissy did their very best to inspire her with cheerfulness. Prissy had never been to the Rue de Trévise, and Dr. Norman only once or twice; so that the probable share Perry might have in Laura's reluctance to leave Paris never once occurred to them. Laura, therefore, escaped the sarcasm that would have been hardest to bear.

For Prissy was a terrible little satirist, without any idea of moderation, where a possible witticism was concerned. She kept a sharp eye upon all poor Laura's weak points, and lashed her severely when any of them led her into the committal of folly.

"Look at Laura's queer old book, papa!" she cried, as Laura quietly deposited the bouquin of the hard hide upon the table. 'Who gave it to you?"

"Monsieur Puig," said Laura; "he is a very clever political

writer, and is engaged to marry Vittoria Bianchi."

Prissy took up a corner of her apron, and, thus armed, opened the bouquin gingerly.

"It's a very dirty old thing," she said. "Is Monsieur Pig___''
"Puig," said Laura, impatiently.

"Is Monsieur Puig a little dirty, too?"

Dr. Norman could not forbear a laugh at Laura's expense. "I am afraid we can't answer for our friends in the Rue de Trévise on that head, can we, Laura? They love art better than oap and water."

"Oh, papa!"

"You can't deny, my dear, that it's not alone Monsieur Puig's inky shirt, or Mademoiselle Vittoria's exceptionable wristbands, that bear out my statement. Mrs. Cornford, whom I respect from the bottom of my heart, certainly likes water as little as a land-rat, and Mr. Perugino-well, Mr. Perugino-must I say it, Laura? Mr. Perugino won't be driven into marrying his laundress because her bill is too heavy to pay."

For a minute or two Laura was speechless from indignation.

"I would rather see people a little careless in those things than wrapped up in their own affairs, and living without

"But does it follow that one cannot be clean and clever too? What a little casuist you are where your friends are con-

"I'm sure if there are any mice in Mrs. Cornford's house, Laura loves them better than she does us two, papa," Prissy said, looking up from the bouquin, which contained some quaint woodcuts, adding: **Oh! what a queer book for Mr. Pig to give you, Laura; I have seen three pictures of the devil in it!"

"Why do you look at it, then?" Laura cried, in a fit of childish passion; "and you know it isn't true what you say about the mice, Prissy. Papa, it is very unkind of Prissy to talk in that way.'

"We didn't mean to be uncivil, and we beg your pardon, my dear, don't we, Prissy?" said Dr. Norman, kindly.

Then Laura burst into tears. Dr. Norman hastened to his

own room, and Prissy became penitent in a moment.
"It's a dear book—a sweet book," she said, hugging the bouquin in her arms, and kissing her sister. "And you might know I was in fun about the mice, Laura, dear."

The little squabble passed over; but, absent as Dr. Norman habitually was, be noticed all that day Laura's pale looks and quick uneasy breaths. She turned red and white without any cause, started at the merest sound, and her eyes never for a moment lost a certain lustre that was new to them. When night came and they were alone, he could no longer keep his thoughts to himself.

"My dear Laura," he said, "it is childish of you to think that I shall let you go on with us now."

Laura stood aghast.

"I don't want to make you miserable, of course. At first sight, it seemed most likely that you should be happier with your father and little sister than with any friends, but there is



no deciding for others, and I have always desired you to decide for yourself. You can, therefore, stay.

"Papa," Laura began, with a sob, "I know you are vexed with me-

"Oh! never mind me," Dr. Norman said, a little impatiently; "I can't expect you to think as I do in everything, and you are not a baby. You must begin to decide for yourself. You decide to stay. Good: I accept your decision."

And with that he left her.

Poor Laura! She warred between two longings—the longing to make Perry's life happier, and the longing to be dutiful to her father. One minute she was saying to herself that she would only stay a little time in Paris, and not deceive Dr. Norman, after all; another, she was contriving all sorts of plans for Perry's comfort. Meantime, she saw her luggage separated from the rest; she heard the order given for a carriage next morning to drive monsieur and mademoiselle to the Rue de Trévise; she watched her father's and Prissy's cloaks and umbrellas put in the omnibus, with a vague feeling that she must be going too. But she was not going. From the time of interchanging that secret compact with Perry up till now, she had never once doubted the sweet selfish creed of youthful passion to be a true one. She relied so uncompromisingly for the time upon any judgment stronger than her own, that, had she gone to a third oracle, she would have fallen down before it, and again surrender her opinion. Believing Perry to be wrong, and her father to be right, what course was left open to her but to cleave to the one and forsake the other? Could she give up Perry-could she give up her father-and Prissy?-for Prissy, being her sister, she felt that she ought to love her almost as well as those two. Laura did not sleep very well that night, and longed for the morning, which must put some sort of end to her miserable indecision. Once or twice she consoled herself by recalling Perry's looks and words, though shyly, and with the feeling that such self-indul-gence was wrong. Who could have dreamed that his dream would ever come true !--for Laura, like other young girls, had had her dreams. She smiled to herself, thinking how sweet and good it was to be cared for by any one like Perry. The thought of his passion for Kitty bore no bitterness with it, for she felt childishly sure that Kitty was nothing to him now. The first streak of light seemed to smite all happy and peaceful thoughts like a cold sword-blade. The poor child started up, and put her fair hair from her face, crying to herself, distractedly:

"What shall I do-oh! what shall I do?"

Prissy, who slept in a little bed close by, was also awake early, for the journey to Frankfort, and from thence up the Rhine, had numberless excitements for her.

"Do let us get up, Laura," she said; "we are going to Germany, where the people eat pumpernickel. Oh! I am so glad!"

"What should we get up yet for?" Laura asked, wearily.
"There is nothing to do."

"You haven't three dolls' clothes to put away, and a tea-set and I don't know what besides. It's all very well for you to lie in bed, Laura, but it won't do for me."

And thereupon Prissy jumped out of bed, wrapped herself in a dressing-gown, and, opening the door, an inch wide, called

"Garcon, de l'eau chaude, tout de suite, s'il vous plait."
"How absurd!" said Laura. "Who do you think will be up at this hour?"

Then she turned her head on the pillow, and dozed a little and when she awoke again the sun was shining brightly, and Prissy had gone away. She got through the business of her toilet after a very listless fashion, and when it was done, sat down, not having courage to join her father and Prissy downstairs. At last Prissy came running to say that breakfast was ready, and that they were waiting for her.

"And really, Laura, your unpunctuality is something dreadful," she added, with a mock assumption of authority.

"Has Laura told you that you and I are to go on our travels alone?" asked Dr. Norman of Prissy as they sat down to table. "Papa?" cried Prissy, looking from one to the other with in-

expressible dismay.

Dr. Norman went on with assumed cheerfulness:

"Of course it is a great disappointment, but disappointing things must be made the best of, musn't they? Only remember that we shall expect to hear from you regularly, Laura."

"I will not stay here if you think it wrong, papa-

"My dear child, it is a little late to refer the question to me now. Having decided for yourself yesterday that you could not leave Paris, by all means act upon that decision-

"But indeed-indeed I want to do what you wish," began poor Laura.

"And indeed I want you to please yourself; so that we might go on all day begging the question. The simplest solution of the difficulty is to try your new friends, and come back to the old when you are tired of them."

Prissy broke into passionate deprecations of Laura's ingratitude, which Dr. Norman checked, and the little party finished breakfast as if nothing had happened.

Laura's heart had given a great bound at the final assurance that her promise to Perry was to be kept, but after that first revulsion of feeling she could only think of her father, and of the secret she was withholding from him.

Dr. Norman bade her to say good-by to Prissy, and hurried her off in his usual absent, preoccupied way, with a little, though very little, show of vexation.

Arrived at their destination, they found everybody in bed; and as Dr. Norman had to catch an early train, and had no particular desire to see Mrs. Cornford, he scribbled a hasty letter, commending Laura to her care and protection for the next few weeks. He enclosed in the letter a billet de banque for Laura's expenses during the time, and, after reiterating his request that she should write very often, he kissed her and went away.

By-and-by, Mrs. Cornford came out of her room to open the shutters and light the fire, in dressing-gown and slippers. She received Laura and Laura's explanation of herself with the sort of unmitigated surprise that is sure to imply reproach.

"That's exactly what I expected of you, you dear little fool!" she said. "Well, God made one as well as t'other, as the man said who had a wart on his nose. Where you'll sleep I haven't the least idea, unless in the wood-cupboard; but never mind; you're here, and when we make a pudding ourselves, we ought to eat it without making faces. But I did give Dr. Norman credit for knowing better. Well, we'll see what he says for himself. Poor man! who would be a widower with children growing up, I wonder? And what a sum he sends for your bread and butter! Why, child, he must think you have the appetite of the man who ate a leg of mutton at a meal; but your papa is just the man to get imposed upon, and wants as much looking after as a baby. Why ever didn't——" she broke off from her sentence, for, imprudent though she was, she never linked the names of Kitty and Dr. Norman together in Laura's bearing.

Laura took off her bonnet and cloak with a very disconcerted air, feeling convicted of folly. But would not Perry say something kind and comforting?

CHAPTER XXIX .-- AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

Whilst Perry had been trying to ruin himself, body and mind, in which course sweet Laura's love seemed to stay him for a little while-whilst Dr. Norman went his quiet ways, sad and puzzled over many things-what was Kitty doing? Where was this goddess of theirs, whose favored lover must be, as they thought, a king among common men?

Kitty was at Fontainebleau-no further-enjoying to the full the delicious perfection of summer-time there, wanting no new lovers, troubled now and then for the old, troubled also about some other things, but not too troubled to be her, gay, bewitching, animating self. It was astonishing how strongly she posessed the power of enjoying, and of imparting the same power, though in a smaller degree, to others. It is so with all forcible natures; idiosyncracies emanate from them as light from lumi-

They had made up a little party to which Kitty stood in much the same sort of relationship as a conductor to his orchestra, holding herself responsible for every discord. Of course she

succeeded admirably. She got up the most perfect little pic-nics that ever were, without apparent trouble. The morning would be brilliant, the men would put on alpaca coats, the ladies muslin dresses, and open carriages would drive up exactly when they were ready, and all drove off to the beautiful woods, and had strawberries and cakes and champagne, and enjoyed everything without reservation.

Then there were little dinners and breakfasts, musical parties, sketching parties, and a multitude of pleasant changes rung upon a pleasant tune. Kitty had taken great care to bring no dull people away from Paris, disliking dull people more than she disliked liars and drunkards, and the greatest vagabonds on the face of the earth. "What right have the stupid to expect the wise to love them, and be civil?" she would say, mercilessly; and she called dullness a disease which was as catching as measles, and avoided it accordingly.

Granted that this policy is selfish, does it not save one from all manner of polite hypocrisies? Our dear dull friends smack their lips over our cakes and ale, and proclaim to all the world how simple we are, with all our wit, and how we love them, whilst all the time we have been, figuratively speaking, tearing our hair, wringing our hands, and crying, "Ye gods, de-

Kitty kept her dull friends at Jericho, instead of wishing them there, which was an economy of patience on one side, anyhow.

First and foremost of their party was a young English lady named Ella Bartellotte, and her father, a baronet and a

Ella Bartellotte was one of those tiny, fragile, diaphanous looking women who remain children all their lives-which are not often long-and fascinate people by their helplessness and angelic bearing of what may be described as a negative existence Of an organization so weak that the exercise of every sense carried pain with it, she yet continued to dabble in music, books, travel, and talk, and enjoy them all. Her lungs were weak; her digestive powers of no better quality; her brain incapable of any lengthened stress; her eyes as soon tired as her slender little wrists. But she had a gentle face and sweet voice, and, though she only liked people here and there, counted her lovers and friends by dozens.

Sir George was an exceedingly moral but hard-natured man, whom nothing but an invalid daughter could have made at all human, and whose humanity was always assuming an apologetic attitude, as if a little ashamed of itself. But no one could be more useful in the capacity of traveling companion than he, for he went into all the details of expenditure as if he were a courier, and got the best of everything for himself and his party without ever being cheated of a cent. He was liberal, too, in providing pleasures for people his daughter liked, and she liked Kitty, she told him, almost better than any woman she knew.

"She has so much chique about her, papa," she would say, "a thing hardly any Englishwomen have. And she is so warmhearted and kindly-too much so for this cold world. I can't think where she learned all her amiability; it is as perfect as a work of art."

Then there were some musical people: a melancholy Italian gentleman and his wife, who were Myra's guests and protégés, of course, and who showed their appreciation of such good hostesses by playing and singing divinely whenever they were asked to do so.

There was also one of those Englishmen whom one never fails to encounter abroad—named Tyrrell—who sketch a little, play a little, have a dozen foreign idioms at their tongue's end, are veritable enthusiasts where foreign art or climate or scenery are concerned, and turn up from year to year at Rome, on the Nile, in Norway, at the Swiss baths, no matter where-looking as young, as gay, and as much absorbed by their dilettantism as ever. They don't write, they don't read, they don't care a straw about politics or social reform, but they enjoy life to per-

And there was a Captain Longley, who hated everything that was not English, and whose chief pleasure in foreign travel

must be admitted that Captain Longley made himself very agreeable to everybody, and could by no means have been spared. He was exceedingly clever, too; knew exactly what was going on in England; had seen active service, and explored savage countries, all of which he could talk brilliantly; had read every French and English novel, good, bad, or indifferent, and was so good-natured, that you were sure to find him looking after all the most uninteresting women, whether young or old, at a party. Besides these, there was a constant ebb and flow of visitors from Paris. No two days were alike. The amusements were always well assorted and elegant. The temper of the party was harmonious. What wonder that at Fontainebleau Kitty began to forget? An atmosphere of roses dulls the senses alike to pain and duty, and she was living in an atmosphere of the sweetest.

About seven in the morning, Frangine brought in a cup of tes, and, having opened the window, let in a puff of delicious Frangine prepared her bath, and laid out her clothes, with a white muslin morning dress, or something equally enticing; then, after the dawdling delights of the toilet, and half an hour spent in plucking roses for the salon, there would come the dejeuner, and the long morning drive, and the tea in the forest, and the late dinner, and the talk and music in the beautiful summer twilight, with scents of flowers and twittering of birds coming through the open windows.

Kitty thought of her old life at Fulham with a shudder. How dreadful it would be to return to the squalor of it, the hand-to-mouth struggle of it, the vulgarity, not to say coarseness, of it! Shelley House had been an improvement upon Paradise Place, but she felt as if she should find it hardly more bearable now, what with the disorderliness and noise of the children, and the absence of anything like elegance there.

For life to Kitty was as one of the fine arts to an enthusiastic student, ever revealing some new faculty, and a fair field for the exercise of it. She looked down loftily upon ordinary men and women, who are content to go in whatever narrow road Providence has placed them, with self-complacent pity, thinking, 'poor fools, poor fools! you act as if life were a lottery, instead of a contest in which the strongest is sure to win "--feeling so secure herself in her sense of youth and wit and ability.

Sometimes her exquisite strategy would be worsted by the merest chance. When, for instance, Myra came to her one morning, all blushes and perplexity, saying:

"What do you think, Kitty? I know Captain Longley wishes me to marry him!''

"Oh dear!" Kitty said, forgetting to conceal her genuine dismay, "oh dear!"

Myra did not seem to think the matter so deplorable, and began to discuss it au sérieux.
"There are two sides to the question, I dare say. Captain

Longley is poor—that is, compared to me—and a wee, wee bit younger. Then he has female relations; I hate a man's female relations. But, on the other hand, how clever he is, how goodnatured, how amusing—not handsome, perhaps—but only fools need to be handsome: and he is so chivalrous, that I believe he would jump into the white bear's cage in the Zoological Gardens if ever so ugly a woman dropped her parasol in it. Oh, darling! what is the matter? you are crying."

Kitty dashed away a tear or two, laughing self-derisively. "What a superb idiot I am!" she cried, still laughing and crying. "I wonder whether other people are always making such discoveries about themselves? No; I'm worse than an idiot, Myra; I'm a selfish, self-absorbed, self-interested wretch, that's what I am, and if I cry, is it any wonder?"

"What do you mean?" asked Myra, petting her.

"What do I mean?" cried Kitty, in a passion of grief and self-contempt. "Myra, you are as blindly unconscious of what is going on before your very eyes as a new-born baby! As if I could rejoice in the prospect of your marriage-I, who love you better than any one in all the world—I, whose very head is the gift of your hands, whose life were worthless but for you! Don't you see how it will be with us if you marry Captain Longley, or anybody? It will be happiness, a completed life to you. It will be death in life to me. But——" here her voice seemed to consist in abusing it, who made up the party. It grew thick, and she slipped down to a low stool, and hid her



face in Myra's lap. "You must marry him since you wish it, and I shall still be bound to you as long as I live.

It was only natural that Myra should cry a little too, and, after having wept with her friend, reassure her by every possible means. Why should a marriage divide them at all, or, at any rate, for a time? And why should not Kitty herself marry by and by? Nothing should induce her to prove ungrateful to her dearest friend—nothing in the whole world. Kitty must smile and look happy, since there was so little to be miserable about. Of course, Myra would keep a home for her; and Kitty was so attractive, so handsome, so universally worshiped, that it was quite preposterous to entertain any doubt regarding the future; and much more Myra said, with her arms round her friend's neck all the while.

Kitty heard to the end, passionately impatient. When Myra had done, she broke into a torrent of words, compared with which Myra's had been as the chirpings of a timid sparrow to the cries of an enraged eagle.

"Oh, yes, I am to smile and look happy! but you spoiled children of fortune don't know what life is to us outcasts.' "Oh, my dear Kitty!" Myra interposed, quite shocked.

"Yes: outcasts, pariahs, scapegoats of society—those are the proper names for us," Kitty went on, fiercely. "We women who have no home, no friends, no money, being born into the world without being consulted—we must live, and life becomes a game of chess. We don't like work, we don't like poverty, we don't like vice; but we like ease and wealth and good repute, and we win them somehow. How? Oh the difference between an estate inherited and an estate thus pillaged! The one is as strong and steadfast as a baronial mansion, the other as ephemeral as the spider's web hanging to its porch. You are the lady of the manor, I am the parasitic spider who has fed apon your bounty. What can I expect, but to be swept away when the mansion is made ready for a wedding?" She seized Myra's hands and held them to her cheek, laughing and

crying.
"The worst of it is that spiders have affections," she cried.

Myra and do not sisters lose each "As a sister, I love you, Myra, and do not sisters lose each other when they marry? Oh, lonely, miserable me!"

CHAPTER XXX. -- A REPRIEVE AND A SENTENCE.



H LONELY, miserable me! cried Kitty, with the tears streaming down her beautiful How could an insignificant little sparrow find withal to comfort a grand eagle? Myra could only reiterate her first words of affectionate consolation, drop a little kiss on her friend's hand, clasp her round the waist, and so on.

But she chanced to let fall the careless phrase which Kitty caught and clung to, as a drowning creature to a splinter (who ever caught at a straw?).

"Why, Captain Longley hasn't really proposed yet"—and Kitty so impressed Myra with the dignity and advantage of being a little dilatory in love matters, that she decided to keep her admirer in suspense for the present. Having inserted the thin edge of the wedge, Kitty managed the whole affair beautifully. Captain Longley being made to see that, for some reasons or other, Myra wished to keep matters in a preliminary state a little longer, went back to Paris in a pet, and Kitty breathed

But she felt that her house was built on sand, and looked around for safer foundations. Her reprieve might be very short. She knew well enough that, when Myra married, everything

and knowing this, was it little wonder that her cheeks grew thin, and that her nights were weary? Sometimes she felt ready to act the prodigal in good earnest; but then she had sinned against so many fathers, she knew not to which to go. The purple robe, the gold ring, and the satted calf awaited her in either case, and in spirit she leaned toward them, though in the flesh she halted and hung back. Had she cared one shade more for Perry or for Dr. Norman, affection would have kicked the beam; she wished that she could care more for some one, no matter for whom, and lived only in her ambitions. Balzac says, "La grande force sociale, c'est le caractère," and his words prove themselves true a hundred times a day. Had Kitty possessed a slipshod character, her life would have been a very ordinary story; as it is, she was so rich in will, in understanding, and in purpose, that without the personal advantages that made her richer she could under no circumstances have remained insignifi-

There are times, however, when even success in the battle of life becomes a weariness; and Kitty, who had been successful beyond her expectations, lost heart now and then. Wealth was pleasant, and she felt as if she could not live without it; but she wished it were to be had for the asking. Rank was pleasant too, and that was much dearer than she had bargained for. Affection was her weak point; she could not bear a dog, no matter however ugly, to love other people better than herself; and affection, when coveted thus largely and unreasonably, costs more than anything else in the world. She would sit for hours in her pretty room during these perfect summer mornings, thinking of all these things and trying to find out a way to be happier. Her friends were legion; which of them could help

One of these reveries was disturbed in an unexpected fashion. She got a letter from Dr. Norman. The letter lay for some time unopened—not from any dread of what he might have written, but from vexation that he had written at all. Why could he not leave her in peace for a little while? She was always comparing her own conduct with that of her lovers, much to their disadvantage, forgetting that they cared for her with their whole hearts, which certainly made the case a little different.

There lay the letter. Her little maid came in with a pretty gift of flowers from one of her friends, and a message-"Miss Bartelotte was going to drive in the Bois at four o'clock, would mademoiselle go?" Kitty nodded affirmatively; and, when Francine had gone, took up the letter, turning pale at the thickness of it. She was walking up and down, lacking courage to break the seal, when Myra peeped in, all smiles and sun-

"Kitty, I am going to breakfast next door, but I didn't tell you before, as you must be bright and entertaining at our little dinner to-night."

This speech did not make Kitty feel happier in mind. "What a slave I am!" she said to herself, half aloud, and then she laid the letter on the table gently, feeling where her freedom

Who so free in all the world as Dr. Norman's wife would be? Who so free, so honored, so happy?

And with this thought in her mind, she summoned courage to put herself in communication with him.

The letter was dated Heidelberg, and ran as follows:

"My DEAR KITTY-When we parted in the Rue de Trévise some weeks ago, it was with no compact of silence on my part, and the more, therefore, I excuse myself for disturbing you by a long and painful letter. It depends entirely upon your own wishes in the matter whether I ever write to you again. So, if my last letter, I will ask your kind forbearance, and, if not, I know that you will pardon it for the sake of the motive with which it is written.

"Kitty, must I speak plainly to you? You have not deserved the reticence at my hands that my love for you would fain have had me show; but let me recall the events of the last few months, and leave you to judge for yourself. You came among must change for Myra's dependent, who was also her friend, and succeeded, as you said, and of us all it would be hard to say

for a long time who loved you best. At length—there is no saying how these things happen—I longed to make you my wife, feeling sure that you would be happy so, and that, though a middle-aged man and a widower, I could offer you an affection not altogether unworthy of your youth, your beauty, and your bright, rare nature. You said that you would marry me because

you loved me; and time wore on.

"Why you went to Mrs. Wingfield's, why you broke your promise, your promises of returning to me, why you put me off with excuse after excuse, why you consented to spend the spring in Paris with your new friend, and why you are still with her instead of with me, are questions only your own heart can answer. How has it answered them? How has it answered them?

"Oh Kitty! it was consideration for you, not coldness, that kept me silent and unreproachful during those unhappy months of alternate hope and fear.

"How could I press you with selfish claims? how could I urge promises upon you that must have convicted you of ill-faith toward myself? How could I spoil your peace? It seemed kindest to you and wisest for myself to wait.

"And what has waiting brought me? It has brought me no conviction of your affection for any one else—it has brought me no conviction of your indifference to myself. You say you cannot marry me—at least, you think you cannot; but you give no valid reason for thinking thus, and without a valid reason I have no right to give you up.

"Think of it, Kitty. You have made a promise to one who has never deceived you in anything; who is just as deserving of such a promise now as when you made it. Will you be true and keep it, or will you not? It is not simply a question of marrying me; it is a question of honor, and upon your manner of answering it depends the one faith without which life is contemptible—faith in oneself. I think it is not want of faith in me that holds you back, for you have so often said you could trust me. And you know—perhaps too well—how much I care for you, so that I need not repeat that old story.

"Do not be angry with me, dear Kitty, but remember how hard it is for any man to bear such a disappointment, especially when he is not conscious of having deserved it. I am humble enough, heaven knows, dear, when I compare the little I have to give and the all in all that I have to take at your hands; but then a man cannot do more than love with his whole heart; and if that does not suffice for a woman, nothing will. We shall be turning our faces homeward in about a month's time, and I have decided to make another halt here on our way back from Switzerland.

"Address your letter plainly to Dr. Normam, of Shelley, care of Herr Braun, Hotel Adler; it will be quite safe in the hands of my old friend here; but do not let it arrive later than a month from this date. Your letter shall decide all.

"Prissy sends eleven kisses and her love to you. Laura seems happy in Paris. God bless you, dear Kitty!

"Yours most truly and affectionately,

"EDWARD NORMAN."

And what did Kitty say to this letter? It did not put her in a passion. It did not make her wholly penitent. It did not draw her nearer to her love, or repel her from him. It brought no tears.

But it set her thinking deeply. Had Dr. Norman written after Perry's strain, it would have been easy to console him with tender phrase and sweet words that might mean anything and nothing. Had he been a shade less frank, a shade more reproachful, it would have been as easy to renounce him coldly and cruelly. As it was, his letter was so kind, so just, so manly, that she quailed before it, and felt it to be the summoning voice of a judge.

She read the letter for a second and a third time, and saw that there was no unreading its purport. It was a sort of "Stand and deliver!" from which the prisoner could not appeal. He had done with sentimental skirmishing, with pleadings and promises, with everything but the naked truth, and that he would have from her at any cost. Kitty began to think that the naked truth would have been best from the beginning—if it were only a shade less ugly!

MADEMOISELLE GEORGES.

This, perhaps greatest of all French tragediennes, (after Rachael) was born toward the close of the last century. Her father was the leader of the orchestra at the theatre of a small village in Normandy, where her mother performed the soubrette parts. Subsequently, her father became manager of a theatre at Amiens, and here the little Margeurite Georges Weimer, who afterward became so celebrated under the name of Mademoiselle Georges, appeared on the stage at the age of five. The public would have spoiled her with flowers, sweetmeats, and indulgences had nature intended gifts so magnificent to be exhausted during immaturity. She became, at fifteen years of age, the pupil of Mlle. Raucourt, then without a rival as an actress. After fourteen months of study, Mlle. Georges made her debut. The supremacy of the tragic scene was at this time held by Mile. Duchesnois, whose first appearance had taken place some months previously. Her admirers thronged to her support on the eventful evening when Mlle. Georges first tested her powers as a tragedienne, and partisan feeling ran high between the two camps. The battle was long and desperate; it was opened with hisses, continued with blows, and ended with small swords and pistols. When the rival divinities played in the same tragedy, the two armies tore up the benches of the pit, and threw them at each others heads. The honors of these demonstrations, said Geoffroy, the redoubtable and renowned critic, belonged to the debutante; the dust to Duchesnois. In a word, both had talents of the highest order, but while Duchesnois was almost repulsive in her ugliness, her rival possessed a face and form marvelous in their beauty. What wonder, then, that the latter carried the day.

The first protector of Mile. Georges—we use the word in its primitive and paternal, and not its derided and scandalous sense—was a Polish prince. He furnished her a suite of rooms of Oriental magnificence, stocking the drawers with satins and diamonds. She accepted the key to this marvelous establishment, upon the prince's solemn declaration that no second key existed.

Lucien Bonaparte first fell a victim to her talent and beauty. He was an assiduous and impassioned, but an unsuccessful suitor. His first consular brother, it is said, was more fortunate. After the performance of Andromaque, he summoned the actress to St. Cloud. She went at midnight and returned at dawn; victorious, say the chroniclers; fallen, thought the public.

She carried success with her all over Europe, remaining four years in Russia, and was the idol of the Czar, and the especial favorite of the empress mother. After the fall of Napoleon, she returned to France, and abandoned tragedy for the drama. No actress ever created so many masterpieces. She interpreted the vigorous and palpitating prose of Victor Hugo, Dumas, De Vigny, and all contemporaneous play-wrights of ability.

We believe that Mlle. Georges is still living; certain it is that at seventy-five she performed, from time to time, the characters that she played in her teens, in spite of the remonstrances and advice of friends.

MODEL MOTHERS.

Some time ago, in the deadest of the dead season of news, it was brought up as a subject of assertion and denunciation that many mothers neglect their children, and leave their rearing and education entirely to the care of nurses and governesses.

It seems to us that there is another side to the question, and that a large number of women are apt to devote themselves too exclusively to their offspring, and to forget that there are any persons in the world other than their children who have any claim upon them.

Some women seem to be so strongly endowed with the maternal instinct, that, when they have children of their own, they can think of nothing but these little creatures. Even their near relations lose all hold upon their interest, and common friends and acquaintances are dropped without a thought. Perhaps the person who suffers most from this peculiarity is the husband.





University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain, It is in the houses of such women as these that visitors are pestered with details as to the cutting of baby's last tooth, and the agonies of the maternal mind when Johnnie swallowed a button. There people are expected to admire Tommy's accurate sketches of the omnibus horses, or to listen to Henry's performance with one finger on the piano, of a tune which he made out entirely by himself—"Such a wonderful ear for music, you know, dear!" There you are desired to discern likenesses to some member of the family while the child is still in the early plastic condition of feature, and you are expected, if you cannot see beauty in the face, at least to admire the fine proportions of the limbs.

We have heard it said in praise of such women, that they were "such good mothers." They might be deficient in power of household management; they might give no heed to husband or friend; they might remain always at the same stage of mental development, rather sinking, perhaps, than rising; but all was to be forgiven on account of their excellent motherhood. Just in the same way have we heard a cat, who had an evil temper and was nothing of a mouser, praised because she took care of her kittens, kept them clean, and fed them well.

To our mind these women who have no thought beyond their nursery, and to whom, indeed, their entire household is but an extension of the nursery, fail greatly in the fulfillment of their duty. A woman who is at the head of a house has duties to fulfill toward husband and friends, to herself and her society, which she cannot neglect without some amount of wrongdoing. If she allows her children to absorb all her time, her thoughts, and her love, she fails, not only in her immediate duties, but also in that perfect motherhood which she is striving after. For children grow up. They do not always remain animated dolls, to be played with and dressed and watched over. A time comes when they need education and society, and to be equal with their fellows in the world. Then, if the mother has been content with being the nurse and slave of her children, she finds it impossible to retain her place and influence over them. She is behind the age, and they find it out; she has lost the fashions of society, and it is a trouble to her to be with her children when they enter it; she has estranged her husband, who has no interests, except those of the children, in common with her; and she finds it impossible that they should be one again in heart and mind and life.

While we should be very far indeed from saying that her children ought not to be the object of great personal care and interest to every mother, we yet feel that there is a danger which some women run of making their children all in all, and neglecting themselves, their friends, and, worst of all, their husbands, in a manner which is entirely unjustifiable, and thoroughly to be reprehended.

Novel Mode of Putting Children to Sleef.—Among the natives of the lower Himalaya range a curious custom prevails during the summer months. Children are placed on straw beds, generally covered over, and put beneath a small stream, which is made upon the temple, by means of a piece of bark shaped like a water-spont. In any shady spot one or two children may be seen undergoing this ordeal, while their mothers are toiling in the adjacent field. The children soon get accustomed to this treatment, falling asleep when placed under the stream, and awakening as soon as the water ceases to play on their temples.

TROUBLE.—It is said that none have ever been so great or so high as to be above the reach of trouble. This was strikingly illustrated in the case of the great aeronaut who went up very high in a balloon, when a rocket pierced it, and all that was left of him was his memory and the bag.

HER GIFT.

"On give me that you prize the most,
To prove your love sincere;
Whate'er is precious to your heart:
Something with which you would not part
Except to one most dear."

I looked upon her glowing face,
And profered this request;
"Twas but a passing whim of mine,
That she should give the sweetest sign
That I her heart possessed.

She drew a bracelet from her arm,
"Take this, my love," she said.
"It is the richest thing I own,
Though valued not for gold alone;
"Twas worn by one now dead."

I shook my head, and would not take
The glittering amulet;
But clasped it on her arm again:
"Oh, love, such gift would cause me pain,
In causing your regret."

"Then here's a ring," she murmured soft;
"Its neither rich, nor new.
Oh, prithee, this dear token take,
And wear it for the giver's sake,
Who gives her heart to you."

"Nay, dearest, all these trifles keep, And grant me, I beseech, Some bliss that wealth could never buy, Some bliss that love would not deny To my imploring speech."

She raised her face, until her eyes Were level with my own; And with a blush, and roguish smile, That said: "I meant to all the while," Her loving arms were thrown

About my neck; the while her face Was in a brief eolipse; And then, and there she gave, I know, The sweetest gift she could bestow: Her heart was on her lips!

RED THRUSHES DEFENDING THEIR NEST.

The greatest of all poets has said, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and nothing more exemplifies its truth than the affection which every living thing cherishes for its young. To be sure the promptings of instinct only supply for a time that parental feeling which dies away in the animal creation when the offspring is old enough to take care of itself, while in the human being the parental feeling remains till death, save in those peculiar cases which are altogether exceptional.

Our picture represents a scene sketched by the famous Audubon. The birds thus heroically defending "their castle" are the red thrush, and are found over eastern North America as far as Missouri. It is a constant resident in the Southern States, and is almost as numerous as the robin. The song is prolonged, loud, varied, and melodious. The eggs at a single hatching consist of from four to six; a dull pale buff, with numerous brown dots. Two broads are raised annually in the Southern States. It is a bold and powerful bird, chasing cats, dogs, and foxes, not afraid of hawks and snakes, and savagely fighting with its rivals in breeding time. Both sexes incubate, and bravely defend their nest to the last, as our sketch illustrates. Their average length is eleven inches, and thirteen inches with their wings spread. Their color is a brownish red above; below, pale rufous white, thickly streaked with dark brown, and tinged anteriorly with reddish. Two white bands on the wings, inner surface of wings and inner edge of primaries, cinnamon; tail, reddish.

is injurious both to mind body; and a habit of giving to sensi-bility, when we should endeavor to regulate, though not to eradi-flattery, which makes it agreeable, though never so gross; but

Over-sensitiveness.—To feel is amiable; but to feel too keenly | Skill in Reproof and Flattery.—There is an oblique way of



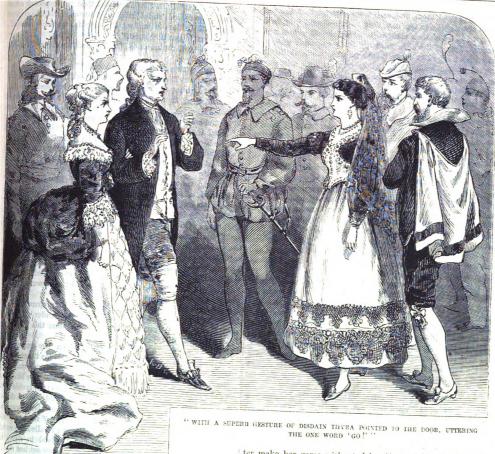
RED THRUSHES DEFENDING THEIR NESTS.—PAGE 207.

cate, may end in a morbid weakness of mind, which may appear, to romantic persons, very gentle and very interesting, but will undoubtedly render the victims of it very usaless in conjute. undoubtedly render the victims of it very useless in society.

sake.

University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,



WHICH WINS?



TELL you, Delmar, it will be as I say. The Viennese Thyra will marry the rich Spaniard, and the Polish Nadine will accept the charming villa at Vichy, and the two hundred thousand francs which the old marquis offers to settle upon her."

"We shall see. It is evident that they are rivals, and cordially hate one another, for it is a race between the two beauties to see which will make the best match. Thyra is the handsomest, without doubt, but Nadine is by far the most bewitching and the most

dangerous. I'll wager you any amount you like that she will

"Done! I say the blonde Viennese will distance the brunette Pole in spite of her finesse, for beauty carries the day in nine cases out of ten. By the way, have you any faith in the stories which begin to be whispered about the Spaniard?"

"No. He roused the ill-will of St. Maur at play, and the latter revenges himself by hinting that the count is an adventurer. He may be, for all I know or care, but the fair Thyra had bet-

ter make her game without delay if she wishes to become a countess."

"It would be friendly to give her a hint of these reports," said Alhany, the young Englishman, to his friend.

"Quite unnecessary. These gay butterflies know how to take care of their own interests with a worldly wisdom which amazes me. Thyra hears all the gossip, for her dear friends would not neglect to tell her anything detrimental to her lover. Say nothing, but stand aside and watch the play; it is almost as interesting as roulette."

"If this Thyra had more life she would be altogether divine, but one cannot fall in love with a statue, however handsome. I should like to see her roused, if it were possible," said Alhany, yawning.

"Wait a little, and you will have your wish, if I am not mistaken. Nadine has the temper of a little demon, and will not be outdone without a spirited battle. She will rouse your statue for you if she finds her in the way. Let us go and take an observation of the pretty creatures." And taking his friend's arm, Delmar strolled away.

The persons of whom the young men spoke were two of the fine, charming girls who had exchanged their humble homes for the position of waiters upon the guests at the great "Restauration de Dreher," at the Exposition. Three of these girls had already found, not only admirers but husbands, men of wealth and standing. The fair Hungarian had gained the heart of a gentleman from the Faubourg St. Germain, and had just started on her wedding tour. The pretty Tyrolese married an American nabob, and the stately Belgian had returned to her native city the wife of a rich merchant. But, strange as it seemed, the two loveliest of the five still remained unwon, for, spoilt by adulation, they had grown ambitious, and rejected with scorn offers which their companions accepted gratefully. The spirit of



rivalry possessed them, and each was so fearful that the other would outstrip her in the race, that both hesitated long in deciding to which of their many suitors they should give the preference. The spirit which animated these charming girls was not without its effect upon their admirers, who, while they laughed at the ladies' little wiles, caprices and spites, yet watched one another sharply, and contended for the prizes more from emulation than love.

As Delmar, the Frenchman had said, Thyra was the handsomest, being a stately blonde with magnificent hair, slcepy blue eyes, and the figure of a Juno. She was neither very witty nor wise, but her slow smile was pronounced "divine." The movements of her white arms rendered speech unnecessary, and she had sufficient sense to make the most of her charms, and hold her own against the dashing Pole.

Nadine was a brilliant brunette, with eyes like diamonds vivid red lips, a slender figure, and a foot that won her more compliments than her witty tongue. She possessed that natural grace which is often more attractive than beauty, and a face so arch, piquant, and bewitching, that few could resist its charm. In her national costume, smiling or frowning with capricious coquetry as she tripped to and fro, affecting to be absorbed in her duties and quite unconscious of the admiring glances which followed the little scarlet boots and vivacious face under the blue and silver cap, she was one of the most striking figures in the great café.

As the two young men passed on, a slight female figure, wrapped in a large mantle, slipped out of the flowery recess behind them, and vanished with a stifled laugh into another

The café was comparatively quiet just then, for all the world was at the Palace of Industry, at the grand distribution of prizes by the emperor. Thyra was reposing after her fatigues, and permitting several of her admirers to amuse her, for she already assumed the airs of a grande dame. Not far off Nadine was tormenting the old marquis by affecting sudden coldness and disdain.

"Ah, mademoiselle, if you knew the secret I have just learned you would vouchsafe me a smile," murmured the enamored gentleman, putting down his glass with a sigh

A carelesss shrug was all the reply he got for this artful remark.

"Heart of ice! She no longer cares if that big Viennese eclipses her; she yields the palm to the lazy one, and owns herself defeated. I fancied my beautiful Nadine possessed too much pride and spirit for that. Her courage made her beauty all-powerful, but, vanquished, she will no longer charm.'

'Will monsieur take another bottle?" coolly inquired the girl, with a demure air, as the old gentleman made a feint of vising.

"If mademoiselle will share it with me, for truly I need some consolation," he returned, reseating himself, well pleased.

Filling a couple of glasses, Nadine fixed her brilliant eyes on him, and answered with a significant smile and a gesture full of coquetry, "I drink to the winners."

"My faith, you do not retreat, then?" cried the marquis, tossing off his champagne with enthusiasm.

"Never!" replied Nadine, clinching her rosy hand, with a flash of the black eyes, that caused the marquis to exult in the success of his words.

"See, then, my angel, the matter is easy; for, armed with my little secret, you may annoy, perhaps defeat the amiable plots of the blondine yonder."

"What is this so important a secret? Tell it, and leave me in peace!" exclaimed Nadine, petulantly.
"It has its price," began the marquis.

"Chut! then I will not hear it."

"Little miser! I only ask one kiss of that dimpled hand, one smile of those lips, one friendly glance from the eyes that make my day or night."

"Is it about Thyra?" asked the girl, laughing at the sentimental tone of her ancient lover.

"Yes. And she will be ready to annihilate me when she knows that I have betrayed her.'

"How did you discover it?"

"By accident. I felt that she hated thee. I suspected some mystery. I watched, and a judiciously-bestowed napoleon gave me the secret in time to prevent thy downfall at the bal-masqué, which I hope to give thee soon."

"Tell me-tell me at once!" cried Nadine, eagerly, for his hints alarmed her.

"You agree, then, to the little bargain?"

"Yes, yes, anything; but first the secret," replied the girl, folding her arms, and placing herself beyond his reach.

"Know, then, that Thyra intends to outshine thee in a dress of great magnificence. She affects to confide in thee, to ask thy advice and admire thy taste, but it is merely to learn thy plans and blind thee to her own."

"She is not going in the costume of La Belle Helène, then?" asked Nadine, knitting her brows with a menacing frown.

"No, she will appear as a marquise of the time of the grande

"Ah, the traitress! she knows that you will wear a dress of that period, and she insults me by assuming one like it. Good! Two can play at that little game, and, thanks to you, I shall not be eclipsed by that false creature." And Nadine's mechante face brightened with malicious merriment.

"I have done well, then, and carned my reward?" murmured the marquis.

"Yes, receive it," was her smiling reply, as she surrendered her hand to him. "Hold, it is enough; tell me more, foolish man, and help me to defeat my enemy," she added, the next minute withdrawing it, red with the ardent pressure he had given it.

"Here is the name of the modiste who will prepare the costume; I discovered and preserved it for thee. Order what thou wilt, my little angel, in my name, and outshine this Thyra, or I never will forgive thee."

Nadine's eyes sparkled as they rested on her unconscious rival, and her quick wit suggested a way to return treachery for treachery; but she sighed a quick sigh as the marquis made his offer, for she knew what it meant. She did not love him, but his admiration exalted her in the eyes of others; his lavish gifts enhanced her beauty, his assistance would enable her to defeat Thyra's malice, his protection would lift her above want at once, and his name would ennoble her forever, if she could win it. He had never offered it as yet, but as she recalled the words and wager of Alhany and Delmar she resolved to delay no longer, but "make her game" at once and throw out her rival's afterward. As these thoughts passed through her mind her vivacious face grew grave and pale, and another heavy sigh escaped her.

"My child, what afflicts you?" cried the marquis, alarmed at the sudden change. "Does my offer offend?"

"No, I thank you; yet I do not accept, returned Nadine, with well-feigned regret.

"And why? What means this sudden coldness? Does not Thyra receive the count's gifts freely?"

"She may, for he loves her."

"Great heavens! and do not I adore thee?"

"Not as he adores Thyra.

"Prove it!", cried the marquis, hotly.
"He gives her all she asks," began the girl, pensively.

"Will I not joyfully give thee anything in the world?" "I think not."

"Try me!"

But Nadine turned timid all at once, dropped her eyes, blushed, and smiled as she picked his bouquet to pieces with the most captivating little air of embarrassment imaginable.

"Nadine, what will the count give Thyra that I will not give

thee?" asked the marquis, tenderly.
"His hand and name," answered the girl, with her softest glance.

"Ah, the devil!" cried her lover, drawing back with a start. "Has he already done this?" he asked, anxiously, after a pause.

" Yes." And Nadine told the lie without hesitation, for on it depended her own fate.

"Then, by all the saints, I will not be outdone by him!" exclaimed the marquis, with the reckless ardor of a young man.

Then, turning her lovely face, radiant with smiles, upon him, she whispered softly, as she put her hand in his caressingly: "I will make thee very happy there, Gustave."

٥ A weeck later, on the morning of the day which was to end in the bal-masqué given by the gallant old gentlemen in honor of the fair friends, the two girls met in the room set apart for them at the café. Both wore an expression of repressed excitement, and both looked unusually gay and blooming. Thyra was remarkably animated, and Nadine's face shone with some secret satisfaction which she could not conceal.

"You are late, my friend," graciously observed Thyra, smoothing her blonde tresses with a plump, white hand.
"I come at my pleasure. They value me too much to com-

plain," replied Nadine, adjusting her dress with the coquettish care of a pretty woman.

"My poor child, you presume upon your charms, but I warn you it is unwise, for these people soon tire of us, and then it fares ill with us unless we have provided for ourselves," said Thyra, in a superior tone.

"Thanks for the advice. I do not trouble myself about the future. I am as yet too young to fear neglect," replied Nadine, with significant emphasis on the word young, for her rival was three years her senior, a fact of which she never neglected to remind her.

"Bah! you are too vain, but I pardon it, and when I am

madame la comtesse I will not forget you, little one."

Nadine laughed at the superb air of patronage assumed by her friend, and retorted, blandly, "You will then visit me at Vichy? How kind, how condescending."

"You forget that it will be impossible for one of my runk to visit you there. I say nothing of the arrangement, but it will not be en règle for me to visit you," said Thyra, with exasperating politeness.

Still Nadine laughed, and slowly pulled off her gloves, as she replied:

"Ah, I had forgotten that a comtesse with a newly-bought title may not, with propriety, visit the wife of a marquis allied to some of the noblest families in France."

"The wife!" echoed Thyra, with a sneer. "The wife!" echoed Thyra, with a sneer. You flatter yourself, then, that this old man will marry you? What folly."

"It may be folly to mate my youth with his age, but he is

fond and generous, and will soon leave me free to enjoy all that he so gladly lavishes upon me."

"A hundred thousand francs, and dishonor. Mon Dieu, I do not envy you," cried Thyra. scornfully.

"He will leave me his whole fortune, his rank and his name; I ask no more."

Thyra laughed shrilly, for something in her rival's imperturbable air annoyed her more than her words.

"When I see proofs of the truth of this absurd story, I will believe it."

"See and believe, then," and Nadine lifted her newly-un-gloved left hand with a gesture of triumph, for on the third slender finger shone a wedding ring, guarded by a magnificent

"Married!" cried Thyra, turning pale with envy and chagrin Married, mademoiselle; but I do not ask your compliments yet, for the fact is not to be made known till this evening. It was my whim to serve here one day longer, a marquise in dissuise, and Gustave permits me to have my own way in all

There was both gall and wormwood in this speech, for it reminded the hearer that her mock marquise would be entirely colinsed by the real one, and that her count would not permit her to have her own way if she married him, as he was both issues and the count would not permit her to have her own way if she married him, as he was both jealous and tyrannical. For a moment she was speechless with anger and mortification, but she recovered herself with an effort, and forcing a smile, swept a stately courtesy, and saying in a tone of ironical deference:

"I congratulate you, madame, upon your success, and wish you a speedy release from monsieur le marquis."

for if you should marry the count, I fear you will never live to enjoy your freedom after his death. Au revoir, then; we shall meet this evening. I trust your costume is prepared?"

"Quite; and yours?"
"It is ready," and Nadine tripped away with a wicked smile on her lips, leaving her rival to console herself with thoughts of the evening triumph she hoped to win.

So anxious was Thyra to vent her pique, that she arrived at the hotel of the marquis before Nadine, thus losing the satisfaction of making her entrée in the presence of her rival. Her costume was charming, for the antique blue and silver brocade set off her fine figure, and the powder in her hair enhanced the bloom of her dazzling complexion. Compliments were profuse, and her spirits rose, for the count was more devoted than ever, and nearer to uttering the long-desired words, she thought.

Just when every one was wondering at her absence, Nadine appeared, and one glance at her assured Thyra that her own reign was over, for the tables had been turned with a vengeance. Nadine wore the costume of a Spanish lady of rank, and wore it with a grace which made it doubly effective. Composed of scarlet, black and gold, the costume was wonderfully becoming, for the rich lace mantilla draped, without concealing, the little figure and lovely face; the little feet were ravishing in slippers which few beside a true Spaniard could have worn, and diamonds as brilliant as her eyes flashed in her dark hair, and shone on wrist and bosom, convincing Thyra beyond a doubt that the infatuated marquis had given her a right to his name and fortune. But as the charming Spaniard passed with graceful bows, witty words, and laughing repartees, a general smile appeared on the admiring faces of her friends, for the audacious creature had dressed the little mulatto girl who bore her train, in the same blue and silver brocade, upon which Thyra so prided herself. The point of the joke flashed upon the company at a glance, and they enjoyed it with the zest of Frenchmen.

All eyes followed the rival queens as they met, and all ears were slert to catch the first words which should open the battle. A sudden flush had burned deep on Thyra's fair face, as she saw and understood the insult which Nadine had devised with feminine skill, in return for her own false dealing. But for pride, she could have burst into wrathful tears or vehement reproaches, so intense was her indignation and disgust. The thought of her rival's gratification, in such an open confession of defeat, conquered the first impulse, and gave her courage to control her voice, face, and manner, as the beautiful Spaniard paused before her, saying with a smile that exasperated her almost past endurance:

"Good evening, mademoiselle; you too have changed your mind, regarding your costume. Such caprices are natural, and you are charming in anything. Had I known your, plan I could have lent you a magnificent suit, which Gustave's ancestress, a veritable marquise, once wore."

"You are truly amiable, but I am well pleased with the silk which her majesty has approved. Are the pelters the lighter for being made of diamonds," replied Thyra, roused to an unusual degree by the imminence of her peril.

"Infinitely lighter, ma amie; the count finds them so attractive on another that he may be persuaded to offer similar ones for your acceptance."

The last words were spoken in German, which language the count did not understand. He had followed Nadine with admiring eyes from the moment she entered, and had just offered his arm with a flowery compliment to his "fair countrywoman." Thyra set her teeth as Nadine accepted the honor before her face and sailed away, using her fine eyes and glittering face with the grace and effect of a born Spaniard, while the bedizened little mulatto smirked behind her, taking an elfish delight in her own temporary importance, and the success of the

"Behold your wish accomplished; the statue is awake, and the little demon has roused her as I foretold," whispered Delmar to Alhany, as he nodded toward the deserted one, to whom excitement had given the only charm her beauty lacked.

"She is magnificent. Go and comfort her till I send the count to complete the cure. He cannot fail to surrender if he "Thanks, mademoiselle; I heartily return the compliment, sees her now. I began to tremble for my money five minutes stroke."

The good-natured Englishman executed his manœuvre successfully, and devoted himself to Nadine, while the count returned to his allegiance, and soon verified Alhany's prediction, by surrendering heart, hand, and fortune to the animated statue.

It was a gay and brilliant little ball, such as the pleasureloving old marquis well knew how to give, and all went smoothly till after supper. Nadine was standing near her husband when a servant handed her a note. Unaccustomed to the etiquette of her new station, she opened and read it without apology. A strange expression passed over her face as the few words it contained met her eyes, and for a moment she seemed about to tear it up. At that instant Alhany's laugh reached her, reminded her of the wager, and banished her hesitation like a spell. Turning to the marquis, she showed the note, whispering in a commanding tone, yet with a caressing touch on his arm:

"It is true, but I am to manage the affair, so be silent, my brave old lion, for I will not have you endanger yourself by exciting his anger.'

Appeased by the compliment, the marquis submitted, though he assumed his haughtiest mien as the count was seen approaching, with Thyra on his arm, looking more beautiful than

"Good! He has spoken at last, and she is coming to tell me. I know it by the proud air she assumes. Poor thing, I pity her, but my rank demands that I should resent the insult of this man's presence. Restrain yourself, Gustave, a word will finish the affair."

As she spoke of her rank, Nadine laughed so blithely that those near turned to see the cause of her merriment, and both Thyra and the count smiled involuntarily as they paused before

her.
"Thanks for the good omen you give us, madame, for we come to ask your congratulations on a union which we trust may prove as happy as your own," began the count, with a courtly air which set somewhat awkwardly upon him.

In an instant such a sudden change came over Nadine that it startled the observers. The brilliant, mobile face seemed to freeze into a mask, expressive of nothing but the most withering contempt; the smile vanished, the dark brows lowered, the lips curled, and the pose of the whole figure added significance to the haughty gesture with which she drew her trailing laces about her, as if there was contamination in the touch of those who stood before her. Entirely ignoring the count, she fixed her eyes on Thyra with a look which chilled her heart, and said, slowly but distinctly:

"Mademoiselle, you told me this morning that your rank would forbid your visiting me at Vichy; permit me to tell you

ago, but I am sure Thyra will win in spite of Nadine's bold | that my rank will render it impossible for me to receive you there, or elsewhere.'

"I do not comprehend you, madame," stammered Thyra, feeling that some heavier stroke than any she had yet received was in store for her.

"This note, from one in authority, will convince you that the Marquise de la Faille cannot associate with the fiancee of a -convict."

As the last word dropped from the girl's lips, the count wheeled sharply round on the marquis, saying between his teeth:

"Monsieur, I look to you to answer this insult."

"Pardon, I can only fight with gentlemen," replied the old man, with all the tranquil hauteur of a patrician.

Pale to the lips with passion the count lifted his hand to strike, but before the blow could fall, Thyra caught his arm and confronted him with a face of such despair that shame quenched wrath and a guilty fear banished the courage of desperation.

"Is it true?" she said, in a tone that pierced all hearts, as she held the note before him, demanding a reply by the eloquence of her eager eyes and grief-stricken mien.

"It is a lie, and I will prove it so!" he answered, defiantly; but as the words passed his lips, his bold eyes fell before her own, a traitorous flush dyed his swarthy cheek, and an involuntary gesture of the left shoulder betrayed that he had felt the fiery torture of the convict's brand.

With a superb gesture of disdain Thyra pointed to the door, uttering the one word "Go!" with a tragic force that would have made her fortune on the stage; and, as if overwhelmed by her scorn, the ci-devant count rushed from the room in guilty silence. For an instant no one spoke; then, turning to Nadine, Thyra added, in a tone full of ominous suggestion:

"For this last kindness rest assured, madame, I shall not long remain your debtor. Since I have ceased to be worthy the honor of your friendship I will at once relieve you of my presence." And with a grand obeisance, full of mock deference, the vanquished queen sailed royally away, leaving the victor but half satisfied at her success.

While waiting for a servant to call her carriage, Thyra paced to and fro along the balcony on which the anteroom opened, trying to assuage the bitterness of her emotions. This balcony ran round the entire wing of the hotel, and, led by an uncontrolable impulse to learn the sentiments of those whom she had quitted, Thyra glided from one open window to another, hearing and seeing enough to nearly madden her. Some laughed and jested at her disappointment, a few pitied, and many condemned her; but nearly all applauded Nadine's success, and admired the skill and courage with which she had won the marquis and defeated the count. Coming at length to a window half-shrouded in flowers, Thyra saw her rival gayly talking with

Alhany and Delmar. To the wild eyes steadily watching her she had never looked so lovely, and as she listened to the words that followed, Thyra muttered, fiercely:

>

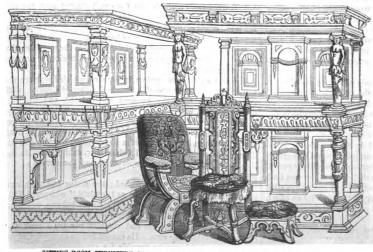
"I could kill her!"

"But how, in heaven's name, did you discover the man's secret?" asked Alhany, rather brusquely. for he had lost his wager.

"I have to thank you, monsieur, for the hint that set me on the trail," replied Nadine, smiling as she glanced up at him with eyes full of merry malice.

"Me! I never spoke to you of my suspicions, or the rumors afloat!" he ejaculated, in surprise.

"The next time you exchange confidences with your friends, choose a safer place than the myrtle alley, near the 'Restauration de Dreher,'" laughed Nadine, with a significance which enlightened both hearers.



SITTING-ROOM FURNITURE IN THE TIMES OF WILLIAM AND MARY.—PAGE 213

"Then you learned our wager and set yourself to win for me? Ah, madame, I am your devoted slave forever, for you have done me a service and proved that I was right in believing that you would outshine and outmanœuvre this leaden-witted Thyra."

And, as he spoke, Delmar gallantly kissed the pretty hand that wielded the fan.

At that moment a temptation came to the poor girl listening there alone in the dark, and she yielded to it, for this cruel rival had shown her no mercy. One end of Nadine's mantilla had blown out among the leaves that rustled in the wind; some peeping servant had left a half-smoked cigarette on the balrony, and as her eye went from the fiery spark at her feet to the shred of lace that seemed to flutter tauntingly as it unvailed the round arm lying on the cushions just within, Thyra saw a way to avenge her wrongs, and prove herself the victor in spite of all that had passed. It was the work of an instant to lift the smoddering spark and lay it on the filmy fabric, to watch the breeze fan it to a little flame, and the flame steal on unobserved till the mantilla suddenly blazed up like an awful glory about the fair head of its wearer.

A cry of terror, the sudden flight of a burning figure down the long salon, an imploring "Gustave! save me. save me!" a rush of many feet, and then a half-senseless creature lying on the breast of the marquis, who had crushed out the fire in his arms.

"Disfigured for life! disfigured for life!" moaned the poor girl, remembering, even in her torture, the deep scars which would mar forever the beauty of the bosom, arms, and face, which a moment ago had been so fair.

"Yes! now love, rank, success, and youth are all poisoned for you, madame la marquise. Now the diamond fetters will grow heavy while you wear them, and liberty possess no charm when they fall off. I preserve my beauty and my freedom still, and it is I who win at last!"

The exulting voice rose from the darkness without as a beautiful, desperate face flashed before their startled eyes for a second, and then vanished, never to be seen by them again.

SITTING-ROOM FURNITURE IN THE TIME OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

There are few things more characteristic of an age than the furniture of its dwelling-houses. Our middle classes, and even our mechanics, would turn in disgust from the comfortless fittings up of the palaces in the days of Elizabeth. Imagine our fine ladies of the Fifth Avenue sitting down to receive morning calls on oaken floors, covered merely with rushes; and then the high-backed wooden chairs, the very impersonation of discomfort. By degrees the chairs became more luxurious, as can be seen in our engraving on page 212. They were cushioned, and partake more of modern luxury. The sideboards were generally very massive, and highly carved.

PICTURES.—A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and, perhaps, Idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Is it winter in your world?—perhaps it is summer in the picture. What a charming momentary change and contrast! And thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a swift flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

CRADLE OF JAMES THE FIRST OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The principle of a child's cradle seems to have been early discovered, and the rising generation has been rocked to sleep for many ages. Our engraving represents a relic which cannot fail to interest every reader of the Lady's Magazine, since it was the cradle of James the First. Over this elaborately carved ebony piece of furniture the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots has often hung, more especially in that supreme minute of agony when her child was torn from her by those who hated her and her religion. She must have known that her only child would be taught to hate her, and her ancient faith. Fair and unfortunate queen, how little did you see in the vista of the dim future the scaffolds on which you and your grandson, Charles the First, were doomed to perish!

ETHEL'S HERO.

Every girl witnin twenty miles of Craigmoor envied Ethel

In the first place she had plenty of money; in the second, she was very pretty and graceful; in the third, Craigmoor was one of the pleasantest estates in the beautiful mountain region of Wales; and in the fourth, Regie was so good-natured and handsome.

Craigmoor was Ethel's home, and Regie (or more properly Reginald) was her brother, and acted as her guardian.

Of course, it was pleasant to be Ethel Cramer. There she lived at pretty, quaint Craigmoor, with its sunny garden of flowers, its library of aucient books, a stable, full of the finest horses, and the great chain of the broad mountain stretching in the distance. Could there possibly be anything more to wish for?

And then there was Reginald, who loved her so, and was so proud of her; and who had been her playmate from babyhood upward, even though he was fifteen years her senior.

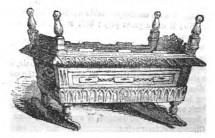
Certainly, Reginald Cramer was very fond of his graceful, dashing sister. Since her tenth year, her education and training had devolved entirely upon him; and, to the best of his ability, the good-natured fellow had done his duty by her. He had sent her to Paris to be educated, and supplied her with such wardrobes and bon-bons as incited her school companions to a perfect frenzy of envy.

After her education had been completed, he had traveled with her, giving her carte-blanche as regarded everything; and, when her travels were ended, he had brought her home and installed her as mistress of Craigmoor. Since then, pretty Ethel had reigned supreme as any young empress."

her as mistress of Craigmoor. Since then, pretty Ethel had reigned supreme as any young empress."

"Ethel is not like other girls," her brother said, proudly; and, certainly, she was not. There was more of romance and love of daring in her temperament than characterizes the ordinary genus, young lady.

If Miss Cramer had a weakness, it certainly was hero-worship. In a certain charming style she believed implicitly in Joan d'Arc, and had quite a little craze on the subject of chivalry and the Knights of the Round Table. She had ransacked the library from top to bottom, searching for legends of brave knights and gallant cavaliers. She had hung entranced over the stories of Sir Lancelot and his king, and fairly reveled in the great deeds performed by the Gow Chrom and the lordly Ivanhoe.



CRADLE OF JAMES THE FIRST OF GREAT DRITAIN.

Reginald took great delight in what he called "Ethel's heroics," and laughed at them heartily; but Miss Ethel would shake her charming head with great gravity, remarking sagely:

"You may laugh as much as you please, Regie; but if I do fall in love, it will certainly be with a man who has done some-

thing.' It was a dark, foggy evening; and Ethel had turned away from the dinner table, and seated herself at her brother's side for the purpose of cracking his nuts, and attending to his wants in a delightfully graceful and sisterly manner.

"He is what you girls would call handsome," said Reginald, lazily, in reply to some question she had just asked him. "An

almond, if you please."

"But is he brave?" asked Ethel. "Has he ever done any-

thing?"

"I don't fancy he ever killed more than a hundred men at once," said Reginald, with great solemnity, munching his nuts. "But still I don't imagine he is secretly a coward; and, as to the rest, if he has 'ever yet done anything,' I have not heard of it as yet."

Ethel gave her shoulders a little deprecating shrug, and looked into the fire, deciding that she should not like her brother's friend. He was not a hero, and that was quite enough. She had entertained great hopes of Gordon Drasdyl, Regie was so fond of him; and, after all, he was only an ordinary, lazy man, with a handsome face, and the somewhat questionable reputa-tion of being a "good fellow."

"All men are alike now-a-days," she said, as she stood before the mirror, a few hours afterward, brushing out her hair; "they all wear fashionably-cut clothes, and do nothing. wonder if there ever were Lancelots and King Arthurs!"

They were expecting Mr. Drasdyl to spend the autumn with them; and, in the course of a few days, he made his appear-

He was a dandy, Ethel decided, looking at his large, handsome traveling portmanteau, and he was decidedly lazy, for his servant followed, carrying his cloak. He was a tall, well-proportioned man, with an aristocratic face, and a pair of large, handsome blue eyes, with a certain low fire in them.

"I am glad to meet Cramer's sister," he said, taking her hand cordially. "I have known you, by reputation, ever since you were five years old, Miss Ethel."

And his even tenor voice was so pleasant, in spite of its half indolent tone, that Ethel began to think that he might be a hero after all.

Gordon Drasdyl was evidently determined to make friends with her; and, before many days were over, his determination was crowned with success. He agreed with Reginald, that Ethel was unlike other girls. She was pretty and lady-like, and her little glows of romantic enthusiasm aroused him. He liked her affection for her brother, and admired her perfect good-breeding and refinement.

Ethel was a magnificent rider, and to Drasdyl this was a great attraction. It was was something to dash over the October hills with a spirited, clegant girl, and in such rides as these the two learned to appreciate each other highly.

But, notwithstanding her liking for him, Ethel had not changed her mind as to his laziness and non-heroism. Lazy he really must be, for his dapper-looking valet was his second presence; and heroic he could not be, for heroes (the Gow Chroms and Lancelots of Ethel's experience) never were indolent, and never wore unexceptionable neck-ties and well-fitting gloves. No; it was a great pity; but, really, Gordon Drasdyl was not a hero!

"I wish I had been born a man," said Miss Cramer, one

Gordon Drasdyl had been lounging back in his chair, watching her, as she sat in the fire-light. He had come to the conclusion that Miss Cramer was excessively pretty long ago; but this evening her clear, gray eyes were so very bright, the glow on her cheek so very brilliant, and the short, bronze curls so coquettishly becoming, that he decided, if such a thing were possible, Miss Cramer was improving.

"Why and wherefore?" he asked, smilingly.

Reginald laughed.

"Ethel has a weakness for heroes, Drasdyl," he said; "she believes in Knights of the Round Table and the days of the Crusades.''

Drasdyl looked amused.

"Do you want to 'ride abroad redressing human wrongs?" or does your ambition point toward the Red Cross Knight, Miss Ethel?''

She shook her head.
"If I were a man," she said, "I should like to feel that I had made some use of my manhood. I should like to do some-thing more than hunt, and ride, and dress. But the world is too rich in this generation to afford other than idle gentlemen."

Her tone was a little warm; for, to tell the truth, she hoped to rouse him. But he only smiled again, somewhat quizzically, at her hit at his own weakness.

"And so you think we are too idle to be brave? Does that amount to an accusation of cowardice?"

She knew he was jesting; but her color rose nevertheless. "No; merely inertness. I want more of spirit, and less of fashionable inactivity."

"I wish I were a hero, for your sake," he said; and there the subject dropped.

But in a few days afterward it was discussed again, though under very different circumstances. It was in the course of one of the long rides they were in the habit of taking—a farewell ride, Gordon called it, for he was to return home the following day, and was not a little dispirited at the prospect.
"It will be so dull," he said. "What a pity it is that all

pleasure must come to an end!"

"But how can it be dull?" asked Miss Cramer, innocently.

"Chattersley is a very charming place, I hear."

Drasdyl was silent for a moment. He was thinking very deeply on the subject of the speech he intended to make. It was rather a task; but he managed it at last in a very creditable manner.

"Craigmoor is a charming place," he said; "but what would Craigmoor be without Ethel?"

She laughed a little musical laugh.

"I don't know. But you see I belong to Craigmoor; and Regie-

They had been riding slowly, and, as she finished speaking, Drasdyl laid his hand upon her bridle.

"Why not belong to Chattersley and Gordon? My dear little Ethel, I want you."

The smile died out of her face.

-" she began; and then, seeing his "I am very sorrypained look, stopped.

There was an embarrassed pause, during which he held her

bridle silently; then she began again, speaking hurrically:
"I ought to tell you the truth," she said, impulsively. "If I were less your friend, I should be less frank. I have said that the man who is my husband shall have made good use of his life. Gordon, what use have you made of yours?"

She might have been very much mistaken; but certainly she was very much in earnest, and, seeing it, Gordon's face saddened.

"And you cannot trust me, Ethel?"

"It is not that," she answered, with heightened color. "I think you understand my meaning."

They rode on in silence for awhile, and then Gordon spoke again. Notwithstanding his seeming listlessness, he knew more of the world than she did, and saw how easy it was for a romantic, enthusiastic girl to be led away by her romance and enthusiasm. Perhaps, in spite of his disappointment, he was a little amused at her fervor.

"And so you refuse me because I am not a Sir Lancelot, Ethel?"

She turned her face away with quite a resolute air. His great blonde mustache was curving mischievously.

"Is that fair?" he asked again.

The white temples, under the coquettish riding hat, deepened from pink to rose; but Miss Cramer had nothing to say. Speaking truly, she felt somewhat nettled at his evident amusement; and seeing it, Drasdyl became good-naturedly silent.



When they reached home, after helping her to dismount, Gordon lingered at the door awhile to give some directions to his groom, so that Ethel entered the diving-room before him. It was empty, Regie had gone out; and presently she heard Drasdyl's spurs ringing as he came up the hall, singing a fragment of an opera. He certainly did not look like a rejected lover as he opened the door. He was smiling, and the handsome eyes were so good-humoredly pleasant, that Ethel felt rather as though she were the embarrassed party.

He came to the fire, and, leaning one elbow on the mantelpiece, looked down at her.

"I am going to ask you a favor, Ethel."

"What is it?"

"Promise me that you will not let my presumption interfere with our friendship. If you don't want to marry me, that is no reason why we should not be the best of friends. Is it an

It would have been a sheer impossibility to resist his unembarrassed frankness, and Miss Cramer never attempted impossibilities; so she put her small hand into his big one, and allowed him to grasp it with quite a cordial pressure

"Now I must go and change my dress," she said.
"But there is something else."

She had crossed the room, and turned her head, with her hand still resting on the handle of the door, glancing at him

When you have found your Sir Lancelot, promise that you will tell me."

The door swung open, and then closed with a little snap. Miss Cramer had gone without the promise, and our hero was left alone to his meditations. When Regie returned, he found him still in the room, apparently enjoying himself with the help of a bright fire, an easy-chair, and a book.

"I am not going back to Chattersley to-morrow," he said.
"All the better. What made you change your mind?"

"I asked Ethel to marry me, and she said no. I am going to

wait until she says yes."

"Halloo!" exclaimed Reginald. "Don't she love you?" "My dear fellow. I am not a hero. I never killed a dozen men because they thought their sweethearts were superior to mine. I never 'rode abroad redressing human wrongs.' stayed at home and minded my own business; though I think, when I have met a scoundrel who needed chastisement, I have generally supplied him with the article ad libitum. Ethel is a dear little girl, and her dear, little, warm heart has set her judgment on fire and made her somewhat unjust. Apart from that, I think she likes me, so I am not disconsolate; and if I have your consent, I will sing Nil desperandum."

Camer regarded his friend with an admiring glance.
"You have my consent," he said, "and you have plenty of pluck. You may not be a Sir Lancelot, Drasdyl; but I think you are safe."

We will not venture to say whether Ethel was pleased or displeased when, at dinner, Gordon announced his intention of remaining. Young ladies' faces are not supposed to tell tales, and Miss Cramer only smiled, and ate her dinner in silence.

Two weeks passed, and Drasdyl was still at Craigmoor. He was pleasant and jovial as ever. He shot with Regie, and rode with Ethel; he listened to her music, and added a magnificent bass to her singing; he consulted with her gravely about her aquarium; and sympathized with her when the big fish ate up the minnows; in fact, he did everything but make love; and really in those days Ethel began to doubt whether he had ever done that at all. Another man, under such circumstances, would have been apt to make himself a bore; but this gentleman had too much good taste and balance to err on the side of sentimentality. Perhaps, on some very rare occasions, the lovesongs were sung with a certain expression—but that was all; and even then they were generally ended with such comical Parodies as made the expression somewhat questionable. For two weeks, as we have said, this went on, and was very amusing; but on the third week Ethel found her Sir Lancelot.

Chaigmoor was in a mining district, and the nearest village was populated by miners, who worked in the coal-mines. The Mouth, and for some time had been in a very dangerous condition. Once or twice, the workmen had been warned, by falling stones and rubbish, that it was unsafe; but day by day it had been neglected, until at last it was absolutely perilous.

One evening, Ethel, her brother, and her guest, were sitting together round the fire, when one of the servants rushed into the room in horrible excitement.

"It's gone at last," she said. "Oh, heaven! Mr. Cramer, part of the Dark Mouth has fallen in, and there are, at least, fifty men buried alive."

The two gentlemen were on their feet in an instant, and had left the house.

For awhile, Ethel could only ask questions, and pace the floor in a restless terror; but at last she stopped, calmer with a new

"Let me have the carriage at once," she said, to the servant; "and tell the housekeeper to provide some bandages, cordials, and blankets, and prepare to go with me to the mine."

Her commands were obeyed, and by the time the carriage was brought she was ready to enter it. Arriving at the shaft, she found it necessary to order the coachman to stop. Around the pit's mouth were crowded the wives, mothers, and children of the miners, kneeling, praying, screaming, and wailing, wringing their hands, and beating their breasts. Women with babics in their arms, and little children clinging to them; old women sobbing over their sons; sisters wailing for their brothers. Fifty some crushed, some buried alive!

Ethel leaned back against the cushions of the carriage, and burst into tears; but after awhile she looked up again. She could see Regie in the crowd—and, yes, there was Gordon. She bent forward eagerly: she had never seen the man's face in such a glow of energy before. He had thrown off his coat, and was working with the might of a lion; his supple strength stood him in good stead. He could lift as much as two men; and his rich, powerful voice was heard issuing cool, quick orders on all sides. He seemed to inspire the people with hope and courage; and even the weeping women staid their cries to look at him and wonder at his calmness.

At last there rose a shout. In falling, a great rock had been held by the side of the shaft, and had prevented its being filled more than a few yards. By the side of this rock there was a space large enough to admit of a man's swinging himself down by means of a rope. Once below, he might learn the extent of the injury done, and assist the living men to ascend. Who would go? Women hushed their weeping and hid their faces. Who would go? Men turned pale, and looked into each other's

eyes with a fearful questioning.
"It is almost certain death," said an old miner. "The rock may hold on, or it may fall—heaven only knows which it will do! You see, it has prevented much rubbish dropping, and the damage is not so great as we imagined. There are not many workers in the mine, and if the rock holds, the man who goes down may save them all; if it falls-" the old man took off his hat, and his voice sank, "God have mercy on his soul!"

There was a dead, dead silence. Ah! to the bravest of us, the gift of life is very dear.

But at last the silence was broken by a man stepping into the circle. He took off the coil of rope and began to unwind it.

"Fifty lives to one," he said, in a steady, rich voice; "and these poor fellows have wives and sisters. If the rock holds, I save them; if it falls—" he ended reverently in the words of the old miner, "the Lord have mercy on my soul!"

Ethel had looked up at the first ring of the deep voice. Who was it? It was the man whom she had accused of being useless and listless—the man of whom she had said, "He is no hero" it was Gordon Drasdyl.

"Hold tightly to the rope," he said. "I have climbed the rigging of a man-of-war, and I um not afraid of the depth. Cramer," his face was pale, but he was calm and collected, "if the worst comes to the worst, do not forget my message. Now, boys!"

A step, and he was swinging by the rope-lower, lower, as the men paid it out. Nearing the rock-close to it-passing it now, principal shaft was usually known by the name of the Dark and the handsome eves darkened with something which was



THE HARES AND THE FROGS.—PAGE 217.

not fear; only a solemn thought, as the blue sky is lost to his sight.

The women dropped upon their knees, praying aloud, and the men took off their caps. Ethel watched the rope with a horrid fascination as it slid through the hands of the holders.

Five minutes, and the strain ceased — he had reached the bottom. Then another silence, and after that a shout of triumph. Some one was holding the rope again, and at length a deathly-faced boy was landed safely at the top.

"Only one killed!" he said:
"and we think the rock will hold awhile. The gentleman is helping the men up one by one.

He says he will wait until the last."

Was he a hero?

They were drawn up one after another. Men with rigid faces, and eyes hollow with

fear; boys with hardly the power to raise themselves. One by one—one by one; Ethel thought it would never end. Forty, forty-one, forty-two—she could not count longer. She hid her face in the cushions, and waited.

"Only one more," she heard a voice

"Only one more," she heard a voice say, at last; "and he is the gentleman. But, masters, the rock has stirred."

Fresh workers crowded to the pit's mouth, and the rope was lowered again.

"It must have reached the bottom," said one; "but he is not holding it."

"He was most worn out," said the man who last came up. "He had helped us all, and it was hard work; but he wouldn't come until he had seen the last of us. He said there may be little sisters waiting at the top who loved us."

Was he a hero?

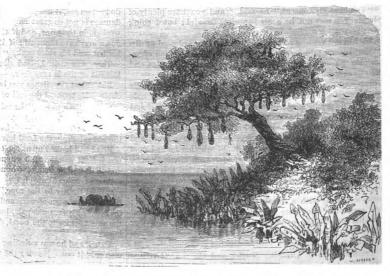
At last—at last, he was holding to the rope; and they drew it slowly and cautiously. Two, three, four minutes—five—and the strong hands were above the rock; but their veins were knotted and starting; and as the man's face rose to view, they saw his eyes were closed, and that his lips were bitten purple.

A stir, a bustle—a wild, triumphant shout, pealing and ringing to the very sky—and Ethel's carriage had drawn negrer

"Put him in here," she said. "Give him some wine, Regie. Oh, Gordon, Gordon!"

And when they laid him on the seat, she drew his brave, noble head upon her lap, smoothing the heavy black hair back, and chafing the swollen hands in her own; and then, to Regie's great amazement, she bent and kissed him.

She would not let Regie move him; his head must rest there; and there it rested until they reached the house. It



HOW I SAW SOME CACIQUE NESTS THAT I FANCIED, ETC.—PAGE 217.

was not long before he was conscious; and then Ethel piled cushions for him on the sofa, and insisted on bringing his tea to him with her own pretty hands.

Before the evening was over, Regie very considerately found business which needed his presence in the village; and as he left the room, Miss Cramer, who had been sitting in silence for some time, looking thoughtfully into the fire, rose from her chair, and crossed to the prostrate hero's side, evidently with a purpose.

"I have something to tell you," she said, in a pretty little glow of enthusiastic penitence. "I said you were not a hero. I was very unjust and foolish. Please, won't you shake hands with me, and be friends?"

He was stretched all his magnificent six-feet length, and he looked up at her tenderly. Shake hands? Of course he would. He shook both hands, and then insisted on holding them, and drawing Miss Ethel into a chair at his side.

"Do you mean that I am a hero?" he said, with a quiet smile. "Ethel, Regie says that you kissed me this evening—did you?"

She blushed brightly, but her answer was characteristically pretty and frank.

"I think I did. I had been watching you all the time. Gordon; and when they laid you in the carriage, I knew that I had found my Sir Lancelot at last."

THE HARES AND THE FROGS.

Oxce upon a time, in a park where there were a great number of hares, there was a violent storm of wind and rain, which made such a noise among the trees and bushes that these timid bearin animals were so frightened that they ran about as if they were mad. And when they thought of the many dangers to which they were daily exposed from hunters and dogs, they resolved down.

that it would be better to put an end to their lives at once. With this sad resolution they escaped from the park, and running on they came to a pond of water. Here they determined to drown themselves. As they approached the bank a large number of frogs, who were frightened at the sight of the hares, leaped into the water in the greatest confusion and fear; when the foremost hare perceived this he said, "Stop, my friends! our case is not so bad after all. Here are other creatures who are as timid and as miserable as ourselves. Let us learn to bear patiently those evils which our nature has thrown upon us.

Moral.—We ought to take comfort from the fad, that however poor and miserable we may be there are others worse off than oundless.

HOW I SAW SOME CACIQUE NESTS THAT I FANCIED, AND A TROPIC STORM THAT I DIDN'T.

I was sailing down the Ucayali on a pirogue, manned by three Indians. expert, steady fellows, when I caught sight on a rising ground by the river side of one of those fig-trees of which the valley of the Ucayali Amazon contains no less than forty-three varieties. The trunk of the tree, strangely twisted in some giant's hand. This curiosity was doubtless worth a glance, but the head of the tree riveted my attention. At the ends of the branches hung an im-

mense number of large pear-shaped objects that swayed gently in the wind, giving it the look of a huge Chinese hat shaking its bells.

These pears or bells, full a yard long, were nests of the crested cacique. These handsome birds, with their rich chocolate body, dark green wings, and outer tail feathers bright yellow, winning it the name of goldentail, were flashing in and out around their aerial homes, or diving in through the opening in the side.

I began to sketch the tree, to the manifest uneasiness of my men, who urged me to let them advance, as a Ventarron or squall was coming. The clear sky and motionless water made me treat it lightly. I finished my sketch and lay back to witness the coming scene.

Before long, while I was inwardly laughing at the evident uneasiness of my men, a curtain of mist suddenly rose before me,
vailing the sun. The sky became yellow, then livid green, with
stripes of red and black. The men bent to their paddles, and
our pirogue flew toward a channel between an island and the
shore, but the whirlwind was rushing upon us. I uttered a cry
of alarm as the river wrinkled, swelled to waves, and these to
immense billows, whitened with foam, and the trees in the
march of the tornado bent and snapped as it approached us in
its deadly course.

My men, used to the dangers of the river, paddled on unmoved, and we had scarcely doubled a point and drawn our boat ashore than the windspout which pursued us crossed the Ucayali and burst on the left bank, scattering the sand and hurling against each other the gigantic trees that lined it. Caught by their foliage in the whirlwind that sought to uproot them, they battled manfully, bending to earth only to recover their haughty bearing, but this only hastened their ruin. Under the formidable shocks they received, the sandy earth loosened its hold, the roots were swept bare, and the lords of the forest came crashing down.



LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON .- PAGE 218.

The sandy beach displayed a curious scene. Herons and other long-legged birds, conscious of the danger, had hastened to the shore, where, burying their heads in the loose sand, they awaited the end of the hurricanc.

LETTIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON, generally known as L. E. L. was an English poetess, formerly of considerable popularity. At the early age of thirteen, she displayed a vivid and inventive imagination, and produced several small poems. Her father was an army agent, and resided at Brompton, where he had for a neighbor, Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the Literary Gazette. She submitted some of her poetical effusions to that gentleman, who published them in his journal, in 1820. These first efforts were soon followed by others in the same paper, and were received with a considerable amount of attention. Her father dying soon after, and leaving his family in reduced circumstances, Miss Landon devoted herself to literature, as a means of support for herself and assistance to her relatives. Her poems in the Literary Gazette, signed L. E. L. were now eagerly looked for, and excited great admiration. She likewise wrote criticisms of poetry and works of fiction for the Gazette, and, as Mr. Jerdan afterward stated, her labors for the print were little less than his own. With respect to her poems, "The Fate of Adelaide, a Swiss Romantic Tale," was published in 1821. This, her first collection, was followed by "The Improvisatore," "The Troubadour," "The Golden Violet," and others. At that period the annuals were popular, and to these L. E. L. contributed largely. She was less successful as a nov-elist than as a poet, for her three works of fiction, "Romance and Reality," "Francesca Carrara," and "Ethal Churchill," were soon forgotten. In 1838 she was married to Mr. George MacLean, the governor of Cape-Coast Castle. She left England with her husband, and in little more than a year, was found lying on the floor of her apartment, dead. In her hand was a small phial that had contained prussic acid. At the inquest the jury discovered no cause for suspicion in her death, neither could it be thought that her end had been due to her own intentional act; for she had been in the habit of taking, according to her physician's advice, small doses of prussic acid, and she had, moreover, written to some female friends in London expressing herself perfectly happy and contented. As a poet she evinced a sentimental and melancholy cast of thought, but in private life she was of a lively and mirthful disposition. Her "Life and Literary Remains" were published by Laman Blanchard, in 1841. Born at Old Brompton, 1802; died 1839.

FIFTEEN MINUTES .- The small stones which fill up the crevices have almost as much to do with making the fair and firm wall as the great rocks; so the right and wise use of spare moments contributes not a little to the building up, in good proportion with strength, a man's mind. Merchants and clerks may find fifteen minutes during the day to learn what goes on beyond the day-book and the ledger. Merchants and artizans may find fifteen minutes occasionally to gather a hint, a thought, a fact, an anecdote which they may ponder over while at work. Good housewives need not be so ignorant, as, alas! they too often are, supposing the world of books is not for them. One and all of you—one and all of us—let us take care of the minutes -and the hours will take care of themselves well said that industry is of little avail without punctuality. This is the spirit that watches the minutes, and turns them to account.

Woman's Cheerfulness.-Concerning nothing do we come to more false conclusions, and make more false steps, than concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah! how many women are there who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting; who, with bright, joyous eyes, flee into a corner, as if behind a fan, that they might right gladly break out into tears which oppressed them; who pay for a day of smiles by a night of tears -just as an unusually transparent, clear, and mistless day surely foretells rain!

SLEEPLESS ALICE.

A TINY scream, of rebellious tone; Another! Sweet wife, why, what's amiss? With upraised hands, and a look of care. "Was ever," she saith, "such elf as this?"

Countless ditties trill'd into her ears-Countless pacings across the floor; Yet there she lies, in a baby rage, Wider awake than she was before.

Then the mother on tiptoe steals to peep; Yes, there she lies in a towering rage, Making vain efforts to free the feet Her well-lapp'd coverlets still encage.

She beats the air with one pigmy fist;
The other, to add to her angry plight,
In the struggle has slipp'd from its ruffled sleeve, And is uselessly wandering out of sight.

Now she catches a glimpse of the watcher's face, Hushes her cry and (ah, coaxing wife!) The lips, just emitting such angry sounds Have shaped themselves into a jóyous smile.

From its pillow she lifts the curly head, With piteous gesture and gurgling sigh, Cooing a something that seems to say, "How barbarous thus to make me lie!"

Half vanquish'd, the mother gravely frowns-"Other folks' babes are not like mine; They close their eyes at decorous hours, Nor wake in the morn till eight or nine.

"Other folks' babes must surely be Better managed and taught than this; Why will you not sleep, you naughty elf?" And she giveth the culprit a hearty kiss.

Oh weakness of woman! I see them both Next moment engaged in a game at peep; With a show of maternal wrath kept up In "Oh, naughty Alice, why won't you sleep?"

A DIAMOND RING.

About four years ago I was at Neuenburgh, or Neufchâtel, "a very dull little town," I heard some persons say, but to me it seemed one of quiet loveliness, and its lake and Alpine scenery beautiful. I staid there some days to explore the charmingly picturesque environs and adjacent pretty villages in the pleasant time of grape gathering. As it was rather late in the season, but few people were staying in the hotel : all were rapidly on the wing, and for the most part homeward bound.

There was, however, one traveler who, like myself, was stationary for a short time—one who every day brought with him to the dinner-table (at a remote corner of which, and in the most obscure part of the room, he chose to sit) his letters, several newspapers, and a book. These he arranged around him, and, after attentively studying the menu, devoted himself apparently to the examination and perusal of them during the spare minutes that intervened between the serving of the various plates of which he had decreed to partake.

He spoke not a word except to the waiter, to whom he imparted his wishes in a very low, confiding tone. He was a short, spare man of about fifty, with restless light gray eyes that wandered furtively toward every face and scanned it stealthily. His complexion was what the French call blême—a mixture, as I imagine, of the wan and livid; his hair was thin and grizzled, and he had neither whiskers, beard, nor mustache. Indeed, he was so closely cropped and closely shaven that he had the appearance of an actor ready for a make-up of any kind. He wore a white cravat, rather broad and tightly tied by its extreme ends, and his coat was buttoned straight up to meet it.

On a continental trip one encounters at tables d'hôte such oddities, both in appearance and manners, that probably I should

have taken no particular notice of this man, small as was the dinner-party, and annoying the crumpling and turning and flapping of his newspapers, had I not several times noticed that his eyes were peering above the paper he pretended to be reading, and were steadfastly fixed on me. There was perplexity in their expression, as if the same thought that afterward haunted me were puzzling him-where and when we had met beforeand there was admiration, too, in those furtive glances; but it was not for me personally; the attention lay in the flash and sparkle of a lustrous diamond ring, which I then constantly wore on the forefinger of my right hand. It was a single stone, of good size, and of extreme purity and brilliancy. It had been valued by a dealer in precious stones at three hundred and fifty pounds. It was given to me by an aunt two years before, a few days previous to her death.

I had promised, in compliance with her wish, to wear it always, and I did so day and night. Its setting, too, was most uncommon, and beautiful as the workmanship. It was not the first time it had attracted attention, but this man was so fascinated by the fiery glitter of the little starlike gem that he disregarded the bonnes bouches to which he had helped himself, neglected his letters and papers, and cast such longing, almost caressing, looks upon it, that I felt impelled to withdraw my hand from his sight, when he gave a vexed and hasty snatch at his book, as though I had been guilty of removing the light of

On the second day he, I fancied, had solved the problem of the where and when of our previous meeting; I, as he well knew, had not. Curiosity led me to ascertain his name, and I found he had described himself in the visitors' book as "Charles Edward Daubigny, Esq., The Towers, Pettleworth;" but both name and residence were entirely unknown to me. He departed afterward from his usual habits so far as to take a seat near me, and he brought his book only, which, by the way, was a treatise on phrenology. He handed me the menu, remarked that the weather was wonderfully fine, the house dull, the dinner bad, &c., &c. Now and then he made an adroit observation, intended indirectly to draw from me in what direction, and with what object, I was traveling. But I gave him in reply civil-toned monosyllables only, almost regretting that they were civil, so strong was my feeling of aversion toward him.

Some days after I was leaving Neufchatel for Lausanne, had just seated myself comfortably in a railway carriage, which I rather expected to have to myself, and had taken off my glove to search for some article which I needed in my traveling-bag. when the door opened, and, to my intense dismay, the evil eye of Daubigny gleamed upon me. With a familiar smirk and nod, into the carriage he came.

I closed my bag and put my ungloved hand under my cloak.

He saw the movement, and an odd sort of malignant smile passed over his face.

He was very much pleased, he said, to meet me again. I retumed him a bow of grateful acknowledgment, and finding I was not disposed for conversation, he betook himself to his phrenological studies. He was very soon, to all appearance, deeply wrapt in the subject, and I thought I would take the opportunity of putting on my glove; but no sooner did I move my hand than he raised his eyes and fixed them full upon the

ing.
"What a remarkably fine stone that is!" he said. "Yes," I answered, carelessly, as I concealed it from his ardent gaze.

"I am a judge of those things," he continued. "Indeed."

"Yes; and my opinion has often been taken in preference to that of many professed connoisseurs."

"You are a dealer, probably?"
"Oh no," he said, with an air of offended dignity, "not a dealer, I am an admirer; I may almost confess to being a lover— 'tis a great weakness—of those precious trifles. Now that stone, so you may have observed, has greatly attracted me, and, judging without the advantage of a close inspection, I should ay I do not believe that I possess one, of the same size, so brilliant, so purely pellucid, so apparently faultless."

inquired if he had a collection of precious stones, to which he

"Sometimes; yes, sometimes I have."

I thought it a strange reply, but he added:

"I wonder you are not afraid of losing your ring."

"It is safer on my hand than in a jewel or dressing-case."

"Perhaps so; still it might prove a temptation to a desperate man, who, probably, if opportunity offered, would not scruple to take it from you by force. I think you run a risk."

"I think not; and he will be desperate indeed who succeeds in taking it by force on this line. The guard, you know, is

within hail, and constantly passing the window."
"I did not, madam," he said, "refer to the railway especially. I perceive you would not lose your ring without a struggle for it; but, believe me, I had no intention to alarm, only to caution you.'

"You have not at all alarmed me, sir, and I thank you for the caution.'

Still he would not drop the subject. After a few minutes' silence he said, rather sneeringly :

"That ring is evidently very precious to you."

"It is. It is the gift of a deceased relative."
"Indeed, indeed!" he said, moving toward me, with an inquiring and interested look, expecting, I supposed, to hear some family history; but at that moment the guard looked in. I called him. Daubigny sank back in his seat, and resumed the contemplation of the figures in his book.

"When shall we reach Yverdun, guard."

"In a few minutes, madam."

Daubigny looked up.

"How glad I am you stop at Yverdun. What hotel do you go to ?"

"I don't know."

"I can recommend you an excellent one."

The train stopped; he jumped out with his bag and his package of wrappers.

"Allow me to assist you."

"Thank you, I have changed my mind, and am going on."
"Going on! Then you lose a great treat. Yverdun is a charming place for a lover of the picturesque to pass a few days at, and I assure you, madam, the pleasure of it to me would have been greatly enhanced by your presence. With the development of so much caution, I did not credit you with fickleness; but one, perhaps, is the result of the other. Well, good morning. I need hardly say take care of your ring.'

I was so heartily glad to get rid of him, that I wished him good morning, and only smiled at his impertinence.

Just as the train was again about to start a lady and gentleman came rushing up, and, with the assistance of the guard, scrambled into the carriage.

"What a relief!" exclaimed the lady, as she threw herself on the seat. "I am so glad, George, that we got away so well— surely, surely, that man meant to rob us."

"His manner was certainly very odd, very suspicious; but we may have been mistaken," said her companion.

"Oh, no, dear, not mistaken: and he might have killed us,

"Killed us! nonsense, Mary."

He then gave her a few drops of some spirit on a lump of sugar to compose her agitated nerves, and at last she subsided into a calmer state of mind, when she was good enough to tela me that many robberies had lately been committed on that line, and at various hotels. She warned me, she said, in case I had any valuables with me, and prayed me to be on my guard. I said I was much obliged; but I was careful not to display my ring. They went on chatting pleasantly enough then, on other subjects, until we arrived at Lausanne. I took the conveyance belonging to the "Beau Rivage," at Ouchy, my fellow-travelers followed my example, and thus we became located in the same hotel.

During our stay there numerous complaints were made to the proprietor of articles, of more or less value, being missed from the apartments. My railway acquaintances, Mr. and Lady Mary Tantage of the close inspection he so evidently coveted, but stolen from their bedroom. A great fuss was made about it, and



my Lady Mary much condoled with; for it was remembered by some ladies that she had worn one evening a large brooch with green stones. The servants were rigidly questioned, but there were no proofs of dishonesty against them, and they knew not whom to suspect. Mr. Butler called on the proprietor to indemnify him for his loss, which he estimated at not less than seventy pounds, but he positively refused, and in a manner that some persons thought very disrespectful, and Butler threatend ${\bf a}$ procés, exposé, &c., &c.

They left the same morning as myself for Geneva, and although they seemed before inclined to patronise a new hotel, I found, to my great annoyance, they had decided on that at which I proposed to take up my quarters. What was still more displeasing to me then, was to find the abominable man Daubigny there also. When I went down to dinner he was already scated at table with his face buried in a newspaper. As I was placed at some distance I affected not to observe him, though I knew, of course, he being on the opposite side, that the miniature lightning flashes could not escape his notice.

Dinner ended, I went for a few minutes into the readingroom. He soon followed, came up and said he was really rejoiced to see me at Geneva, regretted much that I had passed by the beauties of Yverdun, which had interested him immensely. All at once he pretended to see Butler and his wife for the first time, who were so absorbed by an illustrated paper that they, equally blind, had not remarked his wonderful bow and speech to me. Their greeting was an unusually fervent one, the shaking of hands most hearty and astonishingly prolonged. They had not met, I gathered from their fragmentary conversation, since "the famous shooting party at the duke's." The two men retired to a distant window to talk over, Lady Mary said, some county electioneering business, and she sat down by

- "You know our friend, Daubigny?" she inquired.
- "No," I answered.
- "I saw him speaking to you. He is a very old friend of ours a little eccentric, but you will find him a most charming, interesting man when you are acquainted with him-for I shall introduce him-and he is so very clever, too. Do you know Cheshire ?"
 - " Not at all."
- "He has a very beautiful place there—Pettleworth Towersand a perfect museum of rare and precious things, for he is immensely rich. His chief mania is for diamonds; he has fine specimens of all colors. Yours is a most brilliant stone," she said, taking my hand; "I should like him to see it, probably he would offer you a very large price for it."
- "I hope he would not take so great a liberty," I answered, coldly.

Soon after I went to my room. I had doubts about her at Lausanne. The lost brooch, I suspected, was not worth many shillings; and now that I found she and her husband were connected with the man Daubigny, whose countenance I had studied and thought upon until a ray of light seemed to illumine a dark corner of my memory, I resolved to keep aloof and shake her off. Yet she was a very attractive woman, of about thirty, pleasing in manner, always well-dressed, and in good taste; she had a sort of winning way in speaking that gave her a great facility in making the acquaintance of persons staying in the hotels.

I had expected to meet friends at Geneva with whom I was going on to Italy, but found letters only, which informed me their journey was delayed for a week or ten days. By spending that time at Verney I hoped to free myself from the Butler party, and I proposed to take the steamer early, and decamp without their knowledge if possible, for I felt that I was beset by them. I was weary of the constant reference to my ring, and resolved that another day should put an end to it.

On the following morning, while waiting for a voiture to take me for a drive, Daubigny emerged from the shelter of a newspaper, behind which it was his usual habit to conceal himself. Perceiving that we were alone, he commenced:

"I think, madam, you said that ring was a gift from a deceased relative?" I was startled, for he continued: "I must tell you that it bears a strong resemblance to one I lost some years ago."

I did not answer, but looked so intently in his face that he was really disconcerted, and turned away.

"Under what circumstances was the ring you speak of lost?" I asked. He sat down by me and said:

- "A fellow who watched me examining it at the window of the jeweler who set the stone for me, waited for my leaving the shop; at the corner of a dark alley he suddenly pounced upon me, for it was evening, and dragged me down. He placed his hand on my mouth, and held me, while an accomplice robbed me and made off with the ring."
 - "Well, you pursued them, or raised an alarm?"
- "I was senseless from the violence with which I was thrown on the ground, and lay there until found by a policeman passing by. The rascals were never taken."
 - And the setting of the ring was like mine?"
 - "Exactly, I should say-it was my own design."
 - "And who was the jeweler?"
 - "It was made at Green & Ward's."

are your questions intended to lead to?"

- "I thought that firm no longer existed?"
- "Well, well," he said, impatiently, "you know who I mean—their successors. I ask you now who made the ring you wear?" "Not Green & Ward, sir. It is of foreign make. But what
- "I thought it probable your relative might have found it, and, if so, that you would allow me to examine it."
- "Need I remind you that I am cautious? If this ring-if, I say, this ring were your property, lost and found according to your representation, you would, of course, have proofs to offer beyond the mere assertion that you thought it yours."

"My friend, Butler," he began-"oh, pray don't trouble him, he is too busy with his own affairs. He has undertaken to prove the loss of her ladyship's emerald brooch."
"The voiture is waiting," said the porter.
Daubigny looked savagely at me, and hid himself behind the

Times, as I gladly left the room. But I began to be very anxious, wondering what would be the result of this strange affair, and I was greatly inclined to confide my suspicions of the party, and the history of the ring, to the proprietor of the hotel, begging him to keep it for me until my friends arrived.

I decided not to wear it at dinner, and to watch the effect. I passed a ribbon through it, and connected it securely under my dress. I found Daubigny in his place, frowning terribly over his book-of course he missed the ring at once, and his wan face became deeply flushed. I thought I saw very meaning glances exchanged between him and Lady Mary. Suddenly she seemed to grow quite faint (she played her part remarkably well). Her husband rose, gave her his arm, and they left the room. This had occurred there before, and at Lausanne also, for she was supposed to be in an "interesting situation," therefore the only notice it occasioned was a pitying glance, perhaps, from the ladies, or a passing smile from the gentlemen.

By-and-by I went to my room, which, after the pattern of many others I have met with in Swiss and German hotels, was long and narrow, resembling rather a slice of a room, and it looked, with several others, upon a common balcony. My window was open, and on going out, though the evening was very chilly, I saw my Lady Mary seated within a few yards of me (for her room was the second to mine), and gazing on the distant cloud-capped Mont Blanc, faintly tinged by the crimson rays of the setting sun. I could scarcely prevail on myself to ask her if she felt better; but, nothing daunted, she came to me, said the fresh air had revived her, and turning, accidentally as it were toward my room, exclaimed:

"Dear me! here is all the appearance of a packing up. You were not going to be so unkind, ma chère, as to steal a march upon us, and leave without un petit mot d'adieu ?"

"That, I think, would not greatly grieve you."

"Indeed it would. I have been scolding that dreadful Danbigny," she said; "I know he has offended you, and telling him his diamond mania will get him into trouble. Now, think no more of what he said about the ring, for he is a good creature, and that little craze of his must be pardoned. If," she went on, "you are really going, say that you will come and see me at my house in Portland Place. I will send you our card before you leave. Do you go very early to Verney?"



I had not told her I was going there, but had written that ad-

dress on a portmanteau. I looked my surprise.

"The chambermaid," she said, "was with me just now, and gave me that piece of ill news. But I shall see you before you go, dear. I am getting cold. Good evening."

And she went to her own room.

I intended to leave at eight the next morning. Finished my preparations, desired I might be called early, and placed the ring on my singer, and went to bed. I soon fell asleep, for I had been out nearly all day inhaling the pure mountain air; but I partially woke from my slumbers in the night, I know not at what hour, but it seemed quite dark. Something, I fancied, touched my forehead, and I breathed heavily, while a strange faint odor surrounded me. I lay listening. Did my bed move? What was waving to and fro over my head?

"Who's there?" I with difficulty uttered.

I strained my eyes to look into the dark room. The power of vision seemed gone; and what a strange sensation creeps through every nerve. In my terror I tried to scream-to rise. I had the will but not the power to do so. By one great effort I raised my head, but instantly fell back, and a heavy weight pressed on my chest. Yet I heard a voice—yes, quite distinctly, in a low, angry tone, he said :

"You have but half done your work."

And she—she answered:

"Take the ring, but do not hurt her."

I struggled faintly; something fell upon my face again. Oh, that sickening odor-that chilly, creeping powerlessness. I thought I was dying. I knew no more

When I again became partly conscious, I still heard whispers. A hand pressed on my wrist.

It has done her good. You see she is reviving."

That was not the same voice. I opened my eyes. The sun was shining, and the pleasant face of the good landlady of the hotel was bending over mine.
"Paure chère dame," she said; "vous allez mieux à present, n'est-

I could not speak, and wondered whether what I saw was real or a mere dream. I recognized the physician who felt my pulse. He was a traveler staying in the hotel. To their questions I had neither power nor inclination to answer; but the sensation of returning animation was not only not painful, but rather pleasant. The faces before me were kindly ones, and I experienced a dreamy sort of pleasure in looking on them. The first thought that roused me from this state of apathy was of the ring. I looked at my hand; the ring was there, but the light and glory of it was gone—taken from its setting. Then came a dim recollection of what had passed in the night.
"Where is the diamond?" I inquired.

"Lost to you, I fear, madame," said Madame Fyou feel well enough to tell us what occasioned this helpless-" Do ness! At first we feared it was death."

"I know nothing—remember nothing, but that my senses were gradually overpowered by some sickly vapor. But where are those people—the Butlers and Daubigny?"

Gone, madame; they received a telegram late last night that obliged them to leave immediately—they were barely in time to catch the night train passing through here. The lady was very anxious to say good-by to you, and tried your door two or three times."

"It was not a dream, then—they were in my room."

"When the chambermaid told me that, I suspected them," she exclaimed, "and be sure, doctor, it was one of them who

There was a note addressed to me laying on the table. It was banded to me, and requested the doctor to read it. It was as

"Dear Madam—You will not, I hope for your own sake, set up a hue and cry when you awake, and say I have committed a robbery, by adding a diamond to my collection, which, though worn by you, did not belong to you. I knew it again at the first Rlance, and I knew you soon after, so you could not expect I should quietly let you keep one of the finest stones, for its size, perhaps, ever seen, for the value of twenty pounds, which is to me.

what it cost your aunt. That sum I enclose, to take from you the chance, I think you would be glad to have, of saying you have been robbed."

"The ring itself, the setting you prized so much, I leave you as a souvenir, for to us that is valueless, and to reconcile you to your loss still further, I inform you that that ring cost the husband of your friend Lady Mary five of his best years at the French galleys, so you see he paid a good price for it. It was passed over-I will not tell you how-to her, brought over to England to be disposed of, and lost, carelessly, as you know how, by your humble servant.

"You have heard, I dare say, that there is honor among thieves,' so I gave her your aunt's twenty pounds, and seven years after, when you flaunted its sparks in my face, I staked my honor on its recovery. On our journey I own you were spiteful, that I could not coax it from you, for our system is not one of violence, so I called in the aid of her ladyship herself, and as Verney was not our route, we put you into a sound sleep. By the time you are aroused from your slumbers we shall be far away, and pursuit, if you dream of such folly, useless, besides the difficulty you would have to recognize under our new style and titles, your old friends of Pettleworth Towers and Portland

"Adieu, dear madam. Perhaps we may never meet again, but I hope you may soon find a stone to fill up the empty setting as much to your fancy as the little globule of light I have been obliged to transfer from you to its rightful owner.

"Yours very truly,

"CHARLES EDWARD DAUBIGNY."

"What a scoundrel!" exclaimed the doctor. "But what does the fellow mean by saying you could not expect to have that diamond for twenty pounds?"

I roused myself at this, for I feared some aspersion on my aunt's good name.

"Nearly seven years ago," I answered, "I was residing with an elderly lady, my aunt, who one day, having business in the city, wished to go there in a saloon omnibus, which, I believe, was then something new. She had been told they were so comfortable, so well arranged, and, by some means, were to be kept so exceedingly select, that even a fastidious or timid lady might venture to make use of them. I tried to dissuade her, but she would have her own way, and I accordingly accompanied her. We took the omnibus at Charing Cross. Only one person was in it, apparently a foreigner, a well-dressed man with a great deal of bushy dark hair and mustache. He was so polite as to come forward and assist my aunt to enter, and led her, as she was a little weak and nervous, to a seat, where he placed her as carefully as if she had been his mother. When the omnibus stopped to take up other passengers, he left with a polite bow to my aunt. On arriving at our destination she found herself minus her purse, which contained a few shillings and a twentypound note. She fancied she must have left it at home, and refused to suspect a so well-dressed and gentlemanlike-mannered man of being a thief. The conductor assured her 'that was no Fortunately, I had my purse, and we returned home in a cab. The search there proved fruitless, and my aunt was obliged to change her opinion of the polite foreigner.

"' Well,' she said, as she sat down to open her tea-caddy, 'I am glad he did not take my small bunch of private keys;" and drawing it from her pocket, beheld, dazzling in its brightness, caught up by the wards of a key, for she had made use of her keys after her return, from the bottom of her pocket, was a lus-

trous diamond ring.
"My aunt was as much frightened as if she had stolen it. However, we had it valued, and she placed it in her banker's hands. For two years it was continually advertised in London and Paris; numerous applicants and claimants came forward, and many ingenious tricks were tried to get possession of it, but the first test of ownership exacted was the inscription within the ring correctly stated. No applicant was able to comply with it, though many were the guesses forwarded to us. It was 'A ma belle Adèle, Eugène de M.' At the end of two years my aunt took the fancy to wear it always, and on that condition it was given

possession of it."

His affectation of honesty, however, in paying me back the twenty pounds, must have proceeded from a malignant wish to get me into some trouble, for on examining the note it proved to be one of three that the doctor had been robbed of the previous evening, and the number of which he was giving to the proprietor when asked to visit me by the servants, who, wondering I did not make my appearance in the morning, nor respond to the repeated knocking at my door, had entered the room by the balcony window, which was found open.

In a day or two I recovered entirely from the effects of my heavy sleep and nervous agitation, and before leaving Geneva threw the despoiled ring into the lake, where requiescal in pace.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

To Pickle Red Cabbage. - Take a firm, fresh cabbage, and remove the whole of the outer leaves, keeping the ball entire. Cut it into four quarters, and subsequently into strips, and place them on a hair sieve, or a clean dry cloth, and sprinkle with salt. Let them remain for three days, to allow the brine to drain off. After they are thoroughly drained, put them into a clean jar. Take as much vinegar as will cover them, and let it simmer over a slow fire, with allspice, whole black pepper, coarse brown ginger, and a little pimento. When the vinegar is sufficiently flavored, let it cool, and pour it over the cabbage in the jar, which must be stopped down for use, and kept for three months.

LEMON MARMALADE. -Six lemons, six large apples, sugar. Boil the lemons till quite tender; take out the pips and slice the peel; stew the apples (cut in quarters, but not peeled or cored) till they will pass through a sieve; mix the lemon and apple to gether, weigh them and add the same weight of sugar; then boil the preserve until it jellies, which will be in less than half an hour. This is original, and gives great satisfaction to all our friends who have tried it.

A NEW MODE OF PREPARING CHOCOLATE.—Have a pound of chocolate pulverized, and put in a jar, with the same quantity of rice flour, and an ounce of arrowroot; put on coals a quart of milk; when it boils, stir in a heaped tablespoonful of the above preparation (dissolve in a teacup of water;) keep stirring it until it boils again, when pour it out; drink it with sugar and cream to your taste. This is called by some Rac-a-haut chocolate, and is very nice for delicate persons, as well as those in health.

FISH - NORMANDY FASHION. - Take five pounds of fish of various kinds, clear of bone and skin; put five ounces of butter into an earthenware dish, and set it on the coals; when the butter is melted add to it from the dredger a dessert-spoon of flour, stirring the while; then a pinch of grated nutmeg, salt, pepper -black and red, but very little of the latter-a dessert-spoon of chopped parsley, and a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup; then put in your fish, cut in pieces as large as your two fingers pour on the whole a glass of sherry or Madeira, and a small wineglass of good French brandy. Cover your dish; put dough all round the edge of the cover to keep in the steam, and then put the dish into a moderate oven. When done, serve in the dish in which it was cooked.

ORANGE JELLY.—The following is a very simple and useful method of making this delicacy: Dissolve one ounce of isinglass in just sufficient water to cover it. Rub off the yellow rind of four good oranges on sugar, and scrape the sugar into the isinglass, adding a small piece of cinnamon. Simmer the whole over a slow fire, stirring it frequently. Squeeze and strain the juice of oranges till you have a pint and a third, also the juice of a small lemon. Mix these together, with clarified sugar sufficient to sweeten the juice; add it to the isinglass, and when the whole boils it is ready. Strain it through a fine sieve, and put it in molds; any portion that remains may be put in glasses when it is cold.

ORANGE PRESERVE .- Twelve sweet oranges, steeped for three days in spring water, the water to be changed morning and evening; the fourth day boil six slowly for four hours, till the rind is quite tender. Pare off the outside rind of the other six in small chips, then peel and throw away all the white part from the oranges; divide into flakes. Have ready syrup, made of five pounds of sugar and half a pint of water. When the first six are boiled tender, take out the core, and with a small spoon carefully pinch out the pips from all. Boil all together until the syrup is as thick as honey.

ELDER FLOWER WATER FOR THE COMPLEXION.-To one pint of picked blossoms, free from stem, add three pints of cold water, which has been boiled. Stir it well for three days; strain off the liquid, pressing the flowers; add another pint of blossoms; let it stand for three days, strain it, add three tablespoonfuls of spirits of wine, or any other spirits, and two ounces of rose-

To Stop the Bleeding of a Recent Cut.—Apply cotton wool in several folds. The blood ceases instantly. This is a more cleanly remedy than cobweb, and safer than the dyed nap of a hat, but the wool acts on the same principle, that of effectually excluding the air.

NEW YORK CUP CAKE -One cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, one of milk or cream, four eggs, a wineglassful of brandy, a nutmeg grated, a teaspoonful of soda, and two of cream of tartar. Dissolve the soda in the milk, and rub the cream of tartar dry in the flour.

Queen Cake.-Mix a pound each of dried flour, sifted sugar, and washed currants. Wash a pound of butter in rose-water, beat it well, mix with it eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and put in the dry ingredients by degrees; beat the whole an hour; butter little tins, teacups, or saucers, filling them only half full. Sift a little fine sugar over as you put them into the oven.

New Year's Cookies.-Weigh out a pound of sugar and threequarters of a pound of butter; stir them to a cream, and then add three beaten eggs, a grated nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds, and a pint of flour. Dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in a teacupful of milk; strain, and mix it with half a teacupful of cider, and stir it into the cookies; then add flour to make it sufficiently stiff to roll out. Bake them as soon as they are cut into cakes, in a quick oven, till a light brown.

St. James's Care.—Put one pound of very fresh butter into a good-sized kitchen basin, and with the right hand work it up well till it forms quite a cream; then add one pound of powdered sugar. Mix well, and add ten eggs by degrees. Put to dry a pound and a quarter of flour, which mix as lightly as possible with it. Blanch and cut into slices two ounces of pistachios, and two ditto of green preserved angelica; add two liquorglasses of noyeau, and two drops of essence of vanilla; whip a gill and a half of cream till very thick, mix lightly with a wooden spoon, have a mold, put it in, and send to the baker.

THE COMPLEXION.—Take blanched bitter almonds, two ounces; blanched sweet almonds, one ounce; beat to a paste; add distilled water, one quart; mix well, strain, put into a bottle, add corrosive sublimate in powder, twenty grains, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of spirits of wine, and shake well. This lotion is used to impart a delightful softness to the skin, and also as a wash for eruptive diseases. Wet the skin with it, either by means of the corner of a napkin, or the fingers dipped into it, and then gently wipe off with a dry cloth.

WINE BISCUITS.—Take three eggs, yolks and whites, a tablespoonful of sugar, and a few caraways; beat together for five minutes, then thicken with flour, till made into a dough. Roll out as thin as possible, then cut with a shape, either large or small. Prod over with a fork, place one over another on a dish Have ready a flat saucepan, with a pound of butter boiling in it. Throw in one, two, or three, according to the size of the sauce pan; let them boil for a few seconds, till of a pale brown color. Lift out with a fork, and let them dry on a dish, which they will do quickly. The saucepan of butter to be kept boiling all through.

- ...

To Wash Ham Brushes.—Fill a pan with hot water, with a piece of soda dissolved in it—say a quarter of an ounce to half a gallon of water. Comb the loose hair out of the brushes; take one brush at a time by the handle and dip it in the water without wetting the back of the brush. It must be dipped several times. Then rinse in cold water, and put near the fire or in the open air till dry.

FRIED PATTIES.-Mince a little cold veal and ham, allowing one-third ham to two-thirds veal; add an egg, boiled hard and chopped, and a seasoning of pounded mace, salt, pepper, and lemon-peel; moisten with a little gravy and cream. Make a good puff-paste; roll rather thin, and cut it into round or square pieces: put the mince between two of them, pinch the edges to keep in the gravy, and fry a light brown. They may be also baked in patty-pans; in that case, they should be brushed over with the yolk of an egg before they are put in the oven. To make a variety, oysters may be substituted for the ham. Fry the patties about fifteen minutes.

Plain American Pancakes.—Six eggs, one pint of flour, a pinch of salt, a little sugar and powdered cinnamon, a piece of butter, and some milk. Beat the six eggs very lightly with a pint of flour, add a pinch of salt, and stir gradually into it enough milk to make a smooth thin batter. Put an omelet-pan over the fire to become hot, rub it over with butter, and put in sufficient latter to run over it, as thin as a crown piece; shake the pan when you think one side is done enough, and toss it up so as to turn it. When both sides are a delicate brown, place it on a dish, put a little butter over it, and some grated white sugar and cinnamon; fry another, lay it on the first one, sprinkle it likewise, and so continue until you have enough; then cut them in quarters, and serve very hot.

A STRING OF BEADS.

The Elements.—Schoolmistress: "That's right, my dear; fire, air, earth—now what's the fourth?" (Juvenile scholar pauses for a reply.) Schoolmistress (suggestively: "What do you wash your face and hands in?" Juvenile scholar (by a sudden inspiration): "Mother's 'ittle tub."

FATHER AND SON.—A gentleman was chiding his son for staying out late at night—or rather till early morning—and said:
"Way, when I was of your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark!"
Then you had a precious father, you had," sneered the young sapegrace.
Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated:
"I had a far better one than you, you young rascal!"

A very talkative little girl used often to annoy her mother by making remarks about visitors that came to the house. On one occasion a gentleman was expected whose nose had been accidentally dattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned the child to say solding about this feature. Imagine her consternation when the little one suddenly exclaimed:

"Ma, you told me to say nothing about Mr. Smith's nose. Why,

Ceristras Stocking.—A well-known author hung up his stocking in lest last Christmas-eve, and his wife, very much in earnest, put a baby in it; whereupon the author said:

"My dear, darn that stocking!"

In New Zealand, it is customary, before a marriage ceremony is performed, to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together. A missionary, on seeing this performance for the first time, was moved to writing the following:

"In Christian lands it isn't so;
The bridegroom and the bride To loggerheads but seldom go
Until the knot is tied."

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.—If a young lady "throws herself away," understand she has married for love; if she is "comfortably settled," understand that she has married a wealthy old man whom she hake."

"Ora children will have the immense tax on their hands," said as American gentleman.

"Oh, horrible!" exclaimed an elderly lady; "what a blessing it that we have nails on ours!"

"Dip you take the note, and did you see Mr. Thompson, Jack?"
"Yes, sir."
"And how was he?"
"My, he looked pretty well; but he's very blind."
"Bind! What do you mean?"
"Why, while I wur in the room he axed me where my hat wur, and it wur on my head all the while."

A widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventuress.

THAT was a very pretty conceit of a romantic father whose name was Rose, and who named his daughter Wild, so that she grew up under the appellation of Wild Rose. But the romance of the thing was sadly spoiled when she married a man by the name of Bull.

ADVIGE TO SKATERS.—1. Never try to skate in two directions at once. It always ends in sorrow.

2. Eat a few apples for refreshment sake while skating, and be sure to throw the cores on the ice.

3. Sit down occasionally, no matter where. There is no law to prevent a new beginner from sitting down whenever he has an inclination to do so.

4. When you meet a particularly handsome lady try to skate on both sides of her at once. This is very pretty, and sure to create a sensation.

5. Skate over all the small boys at once.

both sides of ner at once. This is very pretty, and sure to create a sensation.

5. Skate over all the small boys at once.

6. If you skate into a hole in the ice take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water was boiling hot.

7. If your skates are too slippery buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs till you find a pair that are not slippery.

8. In sitting down do it gradually. Don't be too sudden; you might break the ice.

9. When you fall headlong examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up.

10. Wear a heavy overcoat or cloak till you get thoroughly warmed up, and then throw it off and let the wind cool you.

11. After you get so that you can skate tolerably well, skate three or four hours—skate frantically—skate till you can't stand up.

A Very Good Little Roy.—Little Walter Draper is a very good

or four hours—skate frantically—skate till you can't stand up.

A Very Good Little Boy.—Little Walter Draper is a very good little boy, according to all the rules laid down for good little boys. Last Sunday he asked permission of his mother to go to a pond on the common, which his mother refused, on the ground of its being the Sabbath. Good little boys sometimes cry a little, and Walter "Why, Walter," cried his mother, "I am astonished! The idea of your wishing to go to the pond on the Lord's holy Sabbath, to go "Boo hoo!" blubbers Walter, "I didn't want to go a-skating with 'en, ma. I only wanted to go an' see the bad little boys get drowned for goin' a skating on a Sunday—boo hoo!"

Good news for husbands: ladies wear their dresses longer than

Jones says the reason why he is always so pensive is because his wife and daughter are so ez-pensive.

An experienced old gentleman say that all that is necessary for the enjoyment of love or sausages is confidence.

A Fowl Report.—Fred (who has been sent down stairs to entertain the visitors while his mamma is arranging her back hair):
"Do you keep cocks and hens, Mr. Meekings."!
Mr. Meekings.—"Why do you ask, my dear?"!
Fred.—"Because my pa told my ma you was henpecked."
N.B.—The lady on the sofa is Mrs. Meekings.

"I'm told, Mr. Jenes, that you are becoming a terrible hard drinker."
"Not a bit," cried Jones, "not a bit; no man ever drank easier."

A CLERGYMAN, observing a poor man by the road breaking stones, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark:
"Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones."
"Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees," was the renty.

Too Muon Regard.—A celebrated wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached:
"I know no reason," replied he, "except the great regard we have for each other."

Mr. Muggins says that there is no country in the world where wives are more worshiped than they are in France. He regrets to say, however, that all the adoration comes from somebody else's husband.

CLEVER WOMAN.—The woman who made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kind-ness, has since washed the close of a year, and hung em to dry on a

"Floures will not lie," is an old, and used to be a well-accredited saying. But the introduction of hoops, crinoline, hips, busties, false calves, and "patent palpitators," has played the dickens with the proverb.

LIKE A TOP.—A man much addicted to snoring remarked to his bedfellow in the morning that he slept "like a top."
"I know it," said the other; "like a humming-top."

"What is your consolation in life and in death?" asked a clergy-man of a young miss, in a Bible-class that he was catechising. The young lady blushed, and hesitated.
"Will you not tell me?" urged the clergyman.
"I don't want to tell his name," said the ingenuous girl; "but I've no objection to tell you where he lives."

SCENES IN A RINK.



Mr. Titmouse's first venture on the slippery element. He is horrified to find that the Miss Gushers are narrowly watching the probabilities.

KATE was talking glowingly about love-apples. "That's strange!" exclaimed Charlie, her accepted lover. "Why should love be associated with apples? On the contrary, I thought that love always went in pairs." Kate smiled approvingly.

How to Make a Rich Jam.—Crowd twenty fashionably-dressed ladies into one omnibus. Would this also *preserve* the tempers of the aforesaid twenty ladies?

all."

EXPERIENCE OF TRAVEL. — A rather fast
youth was relating the
experience of his voyage across the ocean to
a sympathizing friend.
Said he, "I tell you
what, old fellow, there's
one good thing about
it, though. You can
get as tight as you
please every day, and
everybody thinks you're
only sea-sick."

only sea-sica.

A SLY TOUCH.—A
good-hearted Scotch
farmer, who liked to
humor his wife and
himself by giving his
family a good education, has his youngest
son lodged at Ayr for
education at Ayr Academy.

demy.
Guidwife, said he, when sitting with his



Imitation the sincerest flattery.

spouse tele-a-tele at the fire one evening, "the corn's unco wee buiket this year; and what wi' the callant and his lodgings, and these dear academy fees, and that snashin' factor for the rent, I dinna see my way clearly."

"Hoot toot, guidman, ye're as fond o' the boys' learnin' as I am. It's a' we can gie them: and by and-by ye'll see they'll maybe help us."

The farmer, with a twinkle in his eye, replied:
"Did ye ever see a kitten bringin' a mouse to the cat?"

BEST RIGHT.—One night a judge, a military officer, and a minister, all applied for a lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which had the best claim of the three.

"I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at ——," said the

rison at —," said the officer.

"I have sat as judge twenty years in R—," said the judge.

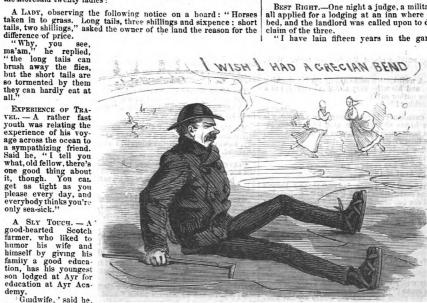
"With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at M—," said the minister.

"That settles the dispute," said the landord. "You, Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; while this old fellow has been standing up for the last twenty-five years, so he certainly has the best right to the bed."

PRAYER is not clo-

PRAYER is not elequence but earnest-ness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul.

Because a man who attends a flock of sheep is a shepherd, makes it no reason that a man who keeps cows is a coward. coward.



A very rational wish.

THE THE PARTY HAVE THE PARTY HAVE TO SEE THE PARTY HAVE THE P

Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 01:52 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/umn.31951000968039j Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

12 ZZI

Vol. XXIV.

APRIL, 1869.

No. 4.



diadem front. The fall of lace, which crosses the back, is divided near one edge by a band of colored straw. The long ends are attached beneath bowsand loops. Yellow strings fasten at the back.

No. 3.—This is a graceful novelty. A round hat of plain black lace, entirely covered with black ostrich feathers. In front is a black and white pompon, with aigrette. At the side is a black and white heron's feather.

Among the many other novelties of Miss Mathers's establishment, we noted two artistic creations. One was of mauve crape, with tufts of violets in front. Upon the black lace scarf were narrow folds of crape, with rouleaux of satin. Satin rosettes fastened the scarf-ends; over the chignon fell a long heron's feather.

Another was an opera bonnet of blonde lace. It was small—simply a full puff of illusion, with a fall of rich lace at the back. The long ends were confined beneath a single leaf; another leaf, much larger, was placed in the centre of the front. A word about these leaves: They are superb—delicately shaded and frosted;



they produce a wondrously rich effect—above all, at night.

DESCRIPTION OF BONNETS.

From Miss Mathers, 891 Broadway.

We have from Miss Mathers three elegant and stylish bonnets. From among many tasteful creations we have decided upon the following as pre-eminently meriting admiration.

No. 1.—This is of brown tissue straw. A ruching of brown crape crosses the front. Upon this is a large satin bow of a darker shade, with golden wheat-ears. Falling upon the chignon is a scarf of brown lace. The long ends are attached in front beneath two double bows of brown and yellow ribbons. At the back is a similar, but larger, bow. Long brown strings fasten beneath the chignon.

No. 2.—Here the foundation is of white tulle, covered with black lace. This is puffed between narrow bands of green and yellow straw. Bows and loops of green, yellow and blue ribbons, with small wheat-ears, form a high



BONNETS.—FROM MISS MATHERS, 891 BROADWAY.

DESCRIPTION OF FOUR-PAGE ENGRAVING.

Fig. 1.—Toilet of mauve silk. The lower skirt is long and plain; high corsage buttons in front; straight sleeves; collar and cuffs of white lace. The tunic over-skirt is bordered with a rich white lace, and lifted at each side by a mauve-colored satin ribbon, which is knotted in large loops with long shaped ends; the waistband fastens in front beneath a rosette; coiffure of roses with white aigrette.

Fig. 2.—Louis XV. toilet of blue glace silk. The long skirt has a very deep flounce, surmounted by a double ruche of narrow white lace. This is

Vol. XXIV., No. 4-13

dotted at intervals by small bows of blue satin ribbon. The deep white lace of the Pompadour tunic is headed by a satin puffing, and lifted at each side by a large satin rosette. At the back this tunic forms a Watteau fold. The front has a series of large bows, and the corsage is bordered by a satin ruching and narrow lace. The sleeves are half long. A ruching heads the double fall of lace. Roses, with a blonde barbe compose the head-dress.

Fig. 3.—Dress of iron-gray silk. The round gored skirt is trimmed with four bias bands of satin of a deeper shade. The low corsage has very small sleeves; over it is worn a high body of black dotted tulle. A ruching of lace forms the epaulettes,

Fig. 3.—Dress of iron-gray silk. The round gored skirt is trimmed with four bias bands of satin of a deeper shade. The low corsage has very small sleeves; over it is worn a high body of black dotted tulle. A ruching of lace forms the cpaulettes, encircles the neck and edges the long, full sleeves. The tunic opens in front; each side is cut in large sharp points, and is bordered with satin. The back forms three puffs, which terminate at the sides in satin rosettes; satin waistband fastening beneath a rosette. Head-dress of white flowers and foliage.

Fig. 4.—Round lower skirt of light-green glace foulard. The upper skirt has a small flounce; it is quite short in front, and the back is lifted to form a panier. Close high corsage; straight sleeves, with ruffled revers. Three bows are placed at each shoulder. A broad bias band of satin, upon which are large flat bows, falls from the waistbelt to the edge of the lower skirt; collar and under-sleeves of fine linen. Small crimson roses with black foliage in the hair.

Fig 5.—The long train skirt is of black silk. The five flounces at the back descend as they approach the front, two only being continued quite around. The second skirt is of black satin with richly-colored stripes; it is without fullness, and follows the outline of the upper flounce. The lower skirt, passing through an opening at the back, forms a large puff. Plain corsage, and long sleeves. The close-fitting silk basquine is without sleeves; the skirt is sharply pointed; a rich silk fringe, with narrow bias bands and large buttons, compose the trimming. Embroidered collar and under-sleeves. Black velvet bandeau in the hair.

Fig 6.—Walking toilet of amethyst velvet alpaca. The lower skirt has a deep flounce, headed by a wide ruche; in front the tunic is shaped like a mantelet, and fastened by large silk buttons. At the back it is cut in three large scallops, each of which forms a panier. The trimming is simply a narrow flounce. A ruffle borders the small pelerine of the close, high corsage; a large puff and bow heads the straight sleeves. The cuff is a deep fluting of silk. Bonnet of black silk and lace, with a plume crossing the top.

Fig. 7.—Dress of silk—blue and black. The long train skirt is ornamented with alternating flounces of the two colors. The second skirt reaches the upper flounce. The tablier (apron-front) is of black silk, bordered and ruffled with blue. The rest of the skirt is blue, with a row of large black bows at each side. Low square corsage of blue satin; the basque forms a large puff, supported by two flounces, of which the upper is black. A narrow black lace edges the corsage, and black bows are placed down the front; straight sleeves. Lace frames the wide black cuffs. The waistband of black satin, with large floating ends, is attached to the second skirt. Tucked muslin chemisette and under-sleeves. The Capulet coffure is novel and graceful. A coronet of blue velvet, with white roses at one side. A rich black lace is gathered beneath the band, and falls over the chignon.

Fig. 8.—Long skirt of tan-colored cashmere, trimmed down the front and at each side by bands and rouleaux of the same material. High corsage, with straight sleeves, and a deep, rounded basque. Here the bands and rouleaux are repeated en petit. The silk fringe should be of a similar shade. Embroidered linen collar and sleeves.

Fig. 9.—Ball toilet of straw-colored silk. Four flounces of tulle of the same color are placed upon the long train to simulate a court mantle. Two wider flounces outline a tablier; the silk panier at each side is framed in a tulle flounce. The large ends of the ceinture are flounced. Satin bows attach them together, and to the paniers. Plain low corsage. Ruffles of tulle compose a bertha. Very small sleeves. Ornaments of enameled gold in the hair.

Fig. 10.—Another dinner dress of blue poult-de-soie. The lower and leaves.

skirt has a long train. The second skirt is lifted at the back by two large bows, thus forming the paniers. The flounce is gathered beneath a ruching of the same; the low corsage is similarly trimmed. Short sleeves of puffed white tulle. A puffing of tulle rises above the corsage. In the hair is a large rose, with leaves.

Fig. 11.—Marquise toilet of pearl-gray silk. The long train skirt has one very deep flounce of rich white lace. The heading to this is a pinked-out ruching of the same material as the dress; close high corsage; straight sleeves. The deep basque is slightly rounded, and is looped back at each side by silk bows with long ends. Small silk buttons fasten the corsage. Both at the back and front the white lace pelerine is lifted by flat bows of silk. Lace, headed by a small ruching of pinked-out silk, trims the sleeves. Head-dress of white lace, with a puff of blue satin ribbon.

Fig. 12.—Dress of black silk. Large silk buttons fasten the close-fitting corsage. Bias bands of the same trim the straight sleeves. The long gored skirt is quite plain. Large pointed paniers, edged with deep black lace, fall from the waistband. The bretelles are of lace. A large silk bow, with broad floating ends placed at the back, completes this rich but simple toilet. Linen collar and under-sleeves.

Fig. 13.—Costume of fawn-colored poplin. Upon the plain lower skirt are separate flutings of violet silk, each of which is fastened down at the top by a large silk button. Smaller flutings trim the second skirt, which is draped by being slightly lifted at the back. Close high corsage, with tunic at the back and front; this opens at the sides. It is bordered with silk, which, above each opening, falls in a loose loop. Smaller loops fall upon the straight sleeves. Poplin waistband, bound with silk. Beneath this, at the back, is a loop with one large shaped end, trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of puffed violet silk and black lace.

Fig. 14.—Walking dress of cuir-doré (golden-brown) merino. The round lower skirt, which is without fullness, has one deep flounce. This is bordered with black silk, and divided near the top by a bias band of silk. Silk buttons fasten the close-fitting corsage. The gored upper-skirt is short, rounded, and partly open at the sides. Here the flounce is narrower. The rosette above each opening is of black silk. Merino waistband, bound with black. From the rosette at the back fall large puffs of merino, which widen as they descend. The straight sleeves have ruffled cuffs. Bonnet of black silk and lace, with a cluster of violets at one side.

Fig. 15.—This is the model of a very fashionable mantelet. The material should be black silk. It is bordered by three bias bands of the same. Higher up other bands outline large scallops. At the back two large loops, with rounded ends, fall from the ceinture. Narrow bias bands, with small flat ribbon bows, trim the deep cape. These bows are repeated in front.

Fig. 16.—Half-mourning dress of Lyons gros-grains silk. A narrow bias band heads the flounce upon the round lower skirt, which is without fullness. The close corsage buttons in front. A small scalloped band encircles the neck. The sleeves are straight. The long over-skirt falls in four deep scallops; these, in turn, are cut in small scallops. Narrow bands, depending from the wide ceinture, lift this skirt at intervals. Linen collar and under-sleeves.

Fig. 17.—Dress of Irish poplin-blue, shot with silver. The round lower-skirt has a gauffered flounce, above which is a narrow bias band. The front of the upper-skirt designs a rounded tablier. The back is long, and looped up to form a panier. A flounce and bias bands compose the trimming. The corsage is close-fitting; the sleeves straight. A pointed ruffled fichu crosses in front. The shaped ends fall a little at the sides. The waistband fastens at the back beneath a rosette, with long ruffled ends. Coiffure of myosotis and blue satin ribbons.

Fig. 18.—Visiting toilet of green foulard. The skirt forms a long train. The corsage fits closely. That of the close-fitting basquine is puffed. The sleeves are straight. Each flounce is divided near the top by a bias band of a darker shade. Bands and jet buckles trim the skirts. Silk waistbelt. Linen collar and under-sleeves. White lace fanchon, ornamented with roses and leaves.



-74 ES

11

Fig. 19.—Round skirt of Scotch plaid-green-and-blue. The edge is cut in small scallops; those of the deep flounce are much larger. The black silk tunic is bordered with lace, and lifted at the back by very large bows, with ends. From beneath the lace trimming, at each side, falls a long square tab. This is edged with a narrow lace, and finished by a knotted silk fringe. Lace and small bows trim the straight sleeves. Linen collar and cuffs. Black velvet hat, with white curled plume and aigrette.

Fig. 20. - Home toilet. Plain train dress of ashes-of-rose silk. Large buttons fasten the close cor-A com-de-feu of Corinthe red silk. This is a charming little novelty. The back is loose. The fronts fit closely, and are cut low and square. The sleeve has a large puff at the upper part. The trimming consists of narrow puffs of A knot of crimson ribbons in the hair.

Fig. 21. - This remarkably rich and effective costume is unrivaled. A skirt of plain yellow silk. The three flounces graduate in width, and each has a fluted heading. The low, loose corsage opens from the top; beneath it falls the lace chemisette. This corsage is worked in colored silks. The loose robe of blue silk is lifted at each side by agrafes. A silk fluting borders the corsage and half-long sleeves; the latter are finished by deep falls of white lace. Two large bows lift the folds of this robe at the back, in order to form the two puffs. The coiffure is simply a diadem of fluted blue satin.

Fig. 22.—Suit à deux jupes, of mauve silk. The lower skirt is edged by a tassel fringe of mauve silk headed by seven rouleaux of satin of the same color. The upper skirt, which is similarly edged and trimmed, is caught up at each side, and fastened by two small bows of mauve ribbon. The upper corsage has a pelerine of silk like the dress, edged with fringe, and having three rouleaux of satin. The back of the skirt is trimmed by a bouffant and two broad floating ends, edged with fringe. This trimming, which is of manve satin, is fastened to the waistband by a small knot of ribbon, and is carried partially up the back, forming three small flutings, which disappear under the pelerine. The waistband is also of mauve satin, and the sleeves are trimmed at the wrists by pointed revers, represented by three rouleaux of mauve satin, with fringe of the same color carried up the centre of each. Bonnet of mauve velvet, trimmed with a black feather and a mauve flower.







DESCRIPTION OF APRONS. PAGE 247.

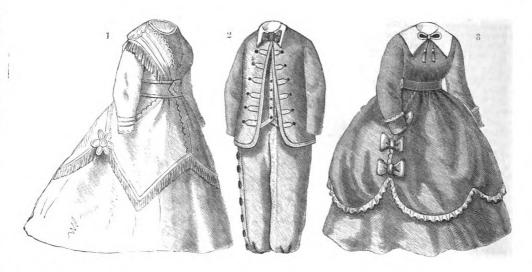
Fig. 23.—Dress of pearl-gray silk. The lower skirt is trimmed near the bottom by a narrow ruche of blue The upper skirt, the back of which is cut en train, is edged by a broad quilling of blue velvet. It is caught up at the sides by bands of blue ribbon, which are carried round, and fastened at the back of the skirt, raising it en panier. The corsage is trimmed by a pointed bertha of quilled blue silk, and the sleeves have broad cuffs to match, edged on each side by a narrow quilling. Ceinture of blue silk.

Fig. 24.—Visiting toilet of cigarcolored poplin. The flounce bordering the lower-skirt is surmounted by a puffing of the same, framed in a narrow fluting of silk of a corresponding shade. The graduated flounce of the upper skirt has a fluted heading. Large bows loop this tunic at each side. An engageante, crossing the back, supports the panier. Close-fitting flounced jacket of the same form as the tunic, and caught up in the same style. Silk waistband. Tight sleeves, with silk ruffles around the arm-holes, and others outlining sharply-pointed cuffs. Collar and under-sleeves of stitched cambric. Fanchon bonnet of cigar-colored silk, with black lace barbes and tearoses at the side.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS. PAGE 248.

No. 1 .- Dinner dress of mauve silk. The flounce of rich white lace upon the long lower skirt is arranged in scallops, and headed by a bias band of satin of a deeper shade than the dress. The bows also are of satin. The upper skirt, which is very short, is bordered with lace and a satin band; it is shaped and lifted by bows so as to form a deep basque. Bands and narrow lace trim the low, square corsage and short, puffed sleeves. Satin waist-belt and bow.

No. 2 .- Walking dress. Here the material is Irish poplin of the shade known as raisin de Corinthe. Upon the plain round skirt a second is simulated by a deep flounce, surmounted by a puffing of the same. At each side is a knot of ribbons of a corresponding shade. Close, high corsage; straight sleeves, with silk cuffs. We would call particular attention to the basque. This is decidedly a novelty. It is of black silk, and without sleeves. front is quite open; the collar is sharply pointed, and the deep ruffle forms a fichu; the points and ruffle are continued upon the basque; black silk waistband. black silk, with ribbons falling over the chignon.



No. 3.—Robe de chambre. Round petticoat of striped poplin, black-and-gray. Princess robe of silver-gray poplin. This is entirely bordered by a narrow black soutache; the same edges the large pockets. Louis XV. sleeves. The plastron, or plain front, is short, and trimmed with large buttons. A heavy cord, with tassels, knots carelessly at the side. A narrow white lace edges the neck. Lace coiffure.

No. 4.—Train dress of light-green silk. The fluted flounce, at intervals, forms large coquilles. The skirt of the corsage-casaque is long at the back and front, and hollowed out at the sides. Here the coquille upon the flounce is repeated. Straight sleeves. Ruffles form the cuffs and epaulettes, and border the long floating ends of the

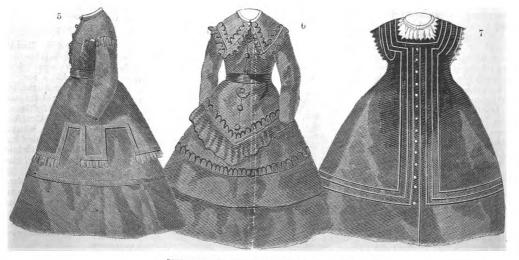


loop which passes beneath the silk waistband. Green silk bonnet, with aigrette of flowers at the side.

No. 5 French bonnet of white chip, trimmed with green ribbon, and a garland of grapes, winter leaves, and tendrils.

No. 6—Bonnet of lemon-colored silk, covered with crape of the same shade, and trimmed with a fall of rich black lace, which also forms brides, fastened with a bow beneath the chin. A tearose ornaments one side of the bonnet.

PAGE 245.—No. 1. — Visiting toilet of violet-colored Irish poplin. Upon the round lower skirt a large tablier is simulated by a plaited flounce with a heading composed of a fold of satin; a similar trimming supports the full panier, and finishes the broad floating ends of the large bow. The close cor-



DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. PAGE 246.

AND GAZETTE OF FASHION.



sage buttons down the front, and is trimmed with a fold of satin. From beneath this falls a narrow plaiting of satin, which crosses the back; a puff and plaited satin compose the cuffs of the straight sleeves; satin waistband; linen collar and undersleeves. The bonnet is simply a large bow of violet satin and black lace with a black aigrette; wider lace edges the strings.

No. 2.—Eevening dress of rose-colored silk. The long skirt is edged with a deep fall of white lace (dentelle d' Angleterre). Butterfly-bows of satin lift it over a petticoat of the same. Lace trims the low corsage and short sleeves. The third skirt, which is of white muslin, is very short in front, and long at the back, where it is carried to the top of the corsage in order to form the Watteau folds. The large puff thus effected is supported by a fluted flounce of the same, ornamented with very large bows of rose-colored satin. Coiffure of long princess-curls.

No. 3.—Walking dress. The round petticoat is of silk, striped black-and-



gold. The two flounces, which have very little fullness, are of black silk; they are scalloped at each edge, and bound with gold-colored silk. Dress of black silk. This is fastened down the front by large black-and-gold buttons, and bordered with a heavy cord to match. Upon the close corsage eight bias bands of black, framed in gold, simulate a pelerine; three similar bands drape the skirt at each side; at the back it is lifted by a black-and-gold cord; bias bands and buttons trim the straight sleeves; black silk waistband, bordered with gold, and fastening beneath a double bow. Hat of black velvet; it is trimmed with gold cord, and at one side is a black aigrette.

No. 4.—Visiting toilet of changeable green glace silk. The very deep flounce is scalloped and bordered with a small ruching and green silk fringe. A wide bouillonné of silk forms the heading. Each breadth of the upper skirt is ga-



thered to form a large puff. Plain close corsage. Fringe heads the straight sleeves. Silk waistband, with four large bows, and long ends. Bonnet of black and green silk, trimmed with roses.

No. 5.—Dress of pearl-gray foulard. Four rouleaux of gray satin border the long skirt. Three rouleaux trim the short, open tunic. Two others finish the revers of the open corsage, and simulate cuffs upon the straight sleeves. The silk waistband is framed in satin rouleaux, and fastens at the side beneath a large bow. Lace chemisette and under-sleeves. Head-dress of foliage and black lace.

No. 6.—Half-mourning toiled of Lyons gros-grains black silk. The very deep flounce of the lower skirt is surmounted by two rouleaux, of which the upper is the larger. Above this is a row of silk leaves, each framed in a small rouleau of the same. The train skirt of the over-dress opens in front. It is entirely bordered and trimmed with fluted

HAIR-DRESSING. PARKER, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY.



flounces of the same material. These are divided near the upper edges by bias bands of silk. At each side a flounce is carried upon the skirt, which is draped beneath a large fan-shaped bow. The waistband fasteus beneath a similar bow. Close corsage. A fluting of silk trims the straight sleeves. Fanchon bonnet of black silk, with a fall of black lace at the back, and a bandeau of purple flowers with foliage.

DESCRIPTION OF HAIR-DRESSING.—

From Mr. J. W. Barker's, Nos. 622 and 624 Broadway.

Nos. 1 AND 2.—In front make a middle parting, and another from ear to ear. Wave a small lock on each side. Divide the hair on the temples into three parts; make these into bandeaux, taking care to cross the two higher ones. With the waved portion form a small bandeau, which falls upon the forehead. At the back divide the hair into two parts. Attach the upper one; with the





varied; and, as usual, one is impressed by the perfectly disciplined judgment which has influenced the selection from

In the four toilets offered to our readers, this assertion is happily demonstrated; for, in

neither may one detect a single violation of good taste. No. 1.-Walking dress of green silk with stripes of a darker shade. Upon the round lower skirt, and at some distance from the bottom, is a boxplaited flounce of light, creamy brown silk, with a double-ruched heading of the same. The plain skirt of the Princess

dress is short in front, and very

long at the back. The brown

silk waistband fastens beneath

a large rosette. A bias band of

the same, with a graduating

Parisian novelties.



lower, make a roll straight up from the roots, and turned inward; add two long drooping curls, and a few light frisures; with the upper part make some interlaced loops. Ornaments of foliage, arranged as seen in the engraving.

No. 3 .- In front, make four small, light curls with the comb; then a relevé at each side. The rest of the hair is arranged in large puffs. From the lower depends one long curl. A gold diadem and small frizzed curls complete the coiffure.

Nos. 4 and 5.—Part the hair three inches from the forehead. Take a lock on the top of the head to serve as a fastening. On each side make two relevés. With the ends form loops returning over them. At the back, two more relevés, straight up from the roots. With the ends form diversified loops. Curls of varying lengths are placed irregularly, and over these fall trailing sprays with large flowers and buds.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.— Page 244.

From Madame Rallings's Magasin des Modes, 779 Broadway. MADAME ROLLINGS'S collection of fashions is remarkably elegant and

flounce, forms the engageante which lifts this skirt en panier. Deep flutings of brown silk trim the corsage and straight sleeves. The large bow with floating ends is also of brown silk.

No. 2.—Evening toilet. Princess robe of rose-colored glacé silk; low corsage; short sleeves; white silk over skirt. This is edged with Honiton lace. The rounded tablier front is plain. The shaped back is gathered in and lifted to form the panier; beneath this are large loops of lace with long floating ends; the corsage is entirely covered by a Honiton lace mantelet, gracefully draped.

No. 3.—Half-mourning toilet of Lyons gros-grains black silk. The plain skirt forms a half train; the deep skirt of the basquine is slightly rounded, and edged with a very broad black lace falling beneath a ruched heading of black satin ribbon. A lace rosette lifts it at each side, and at the back are large loops of lace with long ends. Ribbon ruching and lace

outline a low, square corsage. Of the lace upon the straight sleeves, the two lower rows are narrow; the upper, which is sewn at the arm-holes, is very wide. Lace buttons fasten the basquine. Cambric collar and undersleeves. Fanchon of black silk, with lace border and broad scarf-ends.

No. 4.—Visiting toilet. This is of amethyst violet silk. The gored lowered skirt has a gathered flounce, headed by a bias band of the same. The sccond skirt falls in large folds. The skirt of the plain, close-fitting corsage is looped at the front and sides beneath plastrons of the same, bound and trimmed with flat bands of black silk and large buttons. From the larger plastron depend two heavy black tassels. The long back breadths are turned up and attached to form the Watteau mantle. Box-plaited ruffles and narrow black bands trim the pelerine and deep collar. Straight sleeves. Bands and buttons simulate cuffs. Fluted muslin collar and undersleeves. Hat of black silk, bordered with violet, and crossed by a violet marabout feather, starting from be-



3, 4 AND 5. BOWS FOR LOOPING DRESS. PAGE 247.

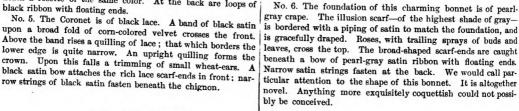
1 AND 2. WHITE WAISTS.





neath a rosette of the same color. At the back are loops of black ribbon with floating ends.

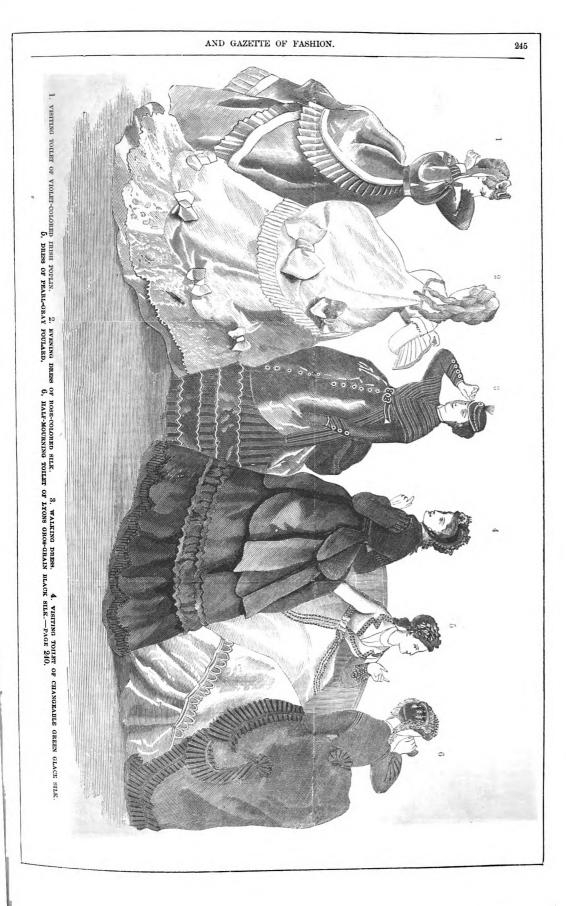
No. 5. The Coronet is of black lace. A band of black satin Above the band rises a quilling of lace; that which borders the lower edge is quite narrow. An upright quilling forms the crown. Upon this falls a trimming of small wheat-ears. A black satin bow attaches the rich lace scarf-ends in front; narrow strings of black satin fasten beneath the chignon.







FASHIONS.—FROM MADAME RALLINGS'S MAGASIN DES MODES, 779 BROADWAY. PAGE 243.





DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. Page 240.

No. 1.—Costume for a little girl. Here the material is blue poplin. The lower skirt is plain; the upper skirt is sharply pointed, and edged with blue silk fringe. At each side is a large rosette of blue silk. Scalloped bands



of silk trim this over skirt. Blue buttons fasten the plain corsage. The fichu is of poplin. The upper edge is cut in scallop and bound with silk. The lower is finished by a fringe. Rouleaux of silk complete the trimming here and upon the long scalloped sleeves. Broad waistband of poplin, bound with silk.



No. 2.—Costume for a little boy. This is of light cloth; upon each outer seam of the full pantaloons is a row of black buttons framed in black galloon. Smaller buttons fusten the vest, and the galloon is narrower. The jacket is large and loose. The double row



1 AND 2. FRONT AND BACK OF MUSLIN FICHU.

of galloon is repeated as a bordering, and the same trimming simulates the small tabs, each of which is fastened down by a black button. Straight sleeves, upon which the galloon outlines large revers. Linen collar, with bright, colored silk cravat.

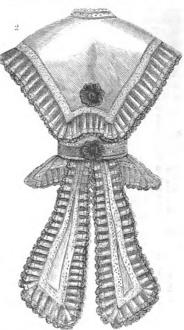
No. 3. — Toilet for a little girl. This is of very light-blue silk. The lower skirt is plain. The second skirt, which is open at the sides, is edged with a narrow fluting of white silk; white bows lift it at each opening. Close corsage. Straight sleeves; narrow white ruffles border the deep cuffs; very large cambric collar attached beneath a knotted cord and tassels of blue silk.

No. 4.—Dress of white poplin. Upon the short skirt is a broad fluting framed in narrow bias



bands. Below this falls a deep flounce. This trimming outlines a shaped skirt. The close corsage has a small plaited pelerine, bordered with bias bands, and finished by a narrow fluting. A similar fluting edges the long sleeves. White satin waistband, with large double bows and floating ends.

No. 5. — Toilet for a young girl. Dress of violet silk. The deep flounce is gathered beneath a bias band of satin of the same shade. Plain high corsage and long sleeves. Tunic of violet velvet. This skirt is cut in large square tabs, and is bordered with satin. A knotted violet fringe completes the trimming. The bodice is square. The satin border is carried across the shoulders, where it is



fringed, and forms the epaulettes. Linen collar and undersleeves.

No. 6.—This costume may be of silk or cashmere. The skirt has two gathered flounces.



The upper is surmounted by a bias band and a narrow scalloped heading. A similar band and heading trims the low, square corsage and short sleeves. The basquine buttons



down the front, and is confined by a waistband with floating ends. The skirt and small pelerine are pointed and flounced. It will be remarked that these flounces all graduate in



3 to 9. fashionable boots and shoes. page 247.

width. Straight sleeves with festooned revers. Linen collar and undersleeves

No. 7.—This is simply the model of a short robe for a young child. It is of merino. Rouleaux of silk and buttons compose the trimming. The neck and small sleeves are pinked-out and bound with silk. The pelerine, of which a part is given in the illustration, should be of the same material as the robe, and trimmed to correspond.

OUT-DOOR GARMENTS FOR SPRING-PAGE 241.

Nos. 1 AND 2.—Front and back of a black silk basquine. The deep front falls straight, and is bordered with bias bands of black satin, ornamented with large buttons, and finished by a rich black lace. The side-pieces and back are gathered up beneath satin bands, studded with large buttons. Here the bordering is a heavy tassel-fringe. The seams of the corsage are concealed by satin bands, with buttons. A band edged with lace simulates a pointed pelerine. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond. The silk waistbelt buttons in front. At the back is a large butterfly-bow.

Nos. 3 and 4.—This casaque is of Tartan plaid, green and black. En passant, let us remark that these patterns continue to be very fashionable at Paris. They frequently compose an entire costume—one particularly effective for morning wear. The front is square and loose. A waistband of black satin, bound with green, tightens it to the figure. The back is very deep, with a wide Wattean plait. This is fastened down at the top by a double loop of satin and a rich plaque of gimp terminating with fringe. The trimming consists of wide bands of black satin, edged with green.

WHITE WAISTS, BOWS FOR LOOPING DRESSES, Erc.-PAGE 243.

No. 1.—White muslin corsage. The fronts are plaited. Broad bands of embroidered muslin, framed in narrow ruffles, compose the trimming, and border the pointed revers. Ruffles outline the deep cuffs.

No 2.—This waist is also muslin; it is trimmed with bands of insertion. Those which form the border and cuffs are framed in narrow strips of scalloped muslin.

No. 3.—Bow of satin ribbon. A long pointed end passing through the knot forms large loops. The three floating ends are pointed.

No. 4.—This bow is composed of ten graduating loops with ends.

No. 5.—Four large loops of satin ribbon are slightly gathered upon a muslin foundation. A small fluting of ribbon forms the heading. Beneath the loops fall three long floating ends.

Page 239, No. 1.—This is the first of three aprons, all made of black poult de soie, and each cut in three gored pieces. It is trimmed with a fluted flounce, which is scalloped and bound with satin. The bias heading and band of small scallops are also framed in rouleaux of satin. Pockets to correspond.

No. 2.—Here ruches and rosettes of black satin ribbon compose the trimming. From the lower row falls a silk fringe. Ruchings cover the pockets and waistband.

No. 3.—The straight bordering of this apron is scalloped out at the upper edge, and bound with satin. Small satin rosettes divide it at intervals. The large pockets are similarly trimmed, and finished by a deep fringe. Two small rosettes are placed upon the waistbelt in front.

Page 246, Nos. 1 and 2.—Front and back of muslin fichu. This is completely bordered by a flat band of lace. Narrow lace edges the double fluting of muslin. The fronts cross beneath a waistband of muslin, covered with lace. The back is mather short, and hollowed out with a large rosette of colored ribbon. Another rosette fastens the waistband. The long shaped tabs at the back are similarly trimmed.

FASHIONABLE BOOTS AND SHOES.—PAGE 246

No. 3.—SLIPPER of red morocco, in the Louis XIV. style, with a large bow of red satin to match.

No. 4.—Ball shee of white

No. 4.—Ball shoe of white satin, in the Louis XV style, trimmed with a ruche and a large rosette.

No. 5.—Boot of silk to correspond with the dress, silk buttons; bow upon the instep.

No. 6-Ball shoe, in the Louis XV. style, of blue velvet, embroidered with silver; narrow silver lace round the upper edge; wide satin bow in front.

No 7.—Slipper of embroidered satin, lined with quilted silk, and edged with a narrow ruche. The satin must be of the color of the dress.

No. 8.—Evening boot of satin, with the upper part of embroidered silk; it is laced in front, and ornamented with a resette upon the instep, and at the top with a silk fringe, headed with satin balls.

No. 9.—Strong walking boot, made of kid, with square heels, double soles, tips of patent leather, scalloped-out edge, fastened with black buttons. These boots may be made of Russian leather.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Visiting Tollet.—Princess dress of cuir-dore corded The deep flounce bordering the long skirt is headed by a box-plaiting of the same. The tunic and basquine are of black corded silk. The former is pointed at the back and front, and trimmed with a bias band of cuir-dore silk, bordered with rouleaux of the same. Three large puffs of this silk, framed in black lace, are placed down the front. The tunic is without fullness, except at the sides, where it is slightly lifted to fall in graceful folds, which reveal the lining of white glace silk. The basquine fits closely; it is trimmed with lace and bias bands of cuir-doré silk. These simulate a pelerine, and border the skirt, which is gathered in to form large puffs, and is caught up at each side by full loops, with one broad and pointed end. Narrow bands and rouleaux, with a deep fringe, trim these ends. At each shoulder is a flat brown bow. The three puffs are like those upon the tunic, only much smaller. Bands outline cuffs upon the straight sleeves. Toque of black silk, with a cuir-doré fluted border, rosette, and cross-strip. Lace vail.

Fig. 2.—Dress of Lavender-colored Silk.—The long skirt is gored. The front breadth is without fullness, and forms a tablier, framed and crossed at regular intervals by bias bands of the same. In each division thus formed is a double bow of silk. Rouleaux and narrow ruffles, with a deep cord fringe, trim each side-breadth. Ruffles frame the heart-shaped puffings; above these are ribbon loops, with long floating ends. At the back the lower half of the skirt is crossed by four large puffs, formed, in fact, by the very long breadths. Puffings and double bows trim the corsage, and straight and rather short sleeves. Chemisette and under-sleeves of white puffed muslin. The mantelet, which should be of black silk, lined with white, is something novel. It is cut to describe a large, uneven scallop; this falls quite short at one side, and very deep at the other. The trimming consists of a rich black silk fringe, with a heading of passementerie; this is also disposed to simulate a bertha. A large ornament attaches the mantelet. This garment accords with the prevailing preference for draperies, and is both graceful and stylish.

FIG. 3.—WALKING COSTUME.—This is of dark blue silk. Upon the short, round petticoat, which is without fullness, are ten rouleaux of silk. A heavy, blue silk drop-fringe borders the gored skirt, which is lifted and draped at each side beneath very large rosettes of silk. The fringe also outlines a rounded tablier. Close corsage. Fringe edges the puffed pelerine. The small hood is plain. The straight sleeves are without trimming; the loose oversleeves are fringed; muslin collar and under-sleeves. Matelot hat of blue silk, with a rose and leaves at one side. Over the chignon depend long floating ribbon-ends and a dotted





Fig. 4.—Opera Toiet.—Train slip of rose-colored glacé silk. The upper part of the high corsage is arranged in a series of tiny puffings. The fluted collar and large bow are of white lace. Over the long straight sleeves are others of white silk gauze. Gauze over-skirt. At the back this forms two large puffs. In front narrow bands of silk separate the six puffs, upon which is placad a ribbon knot, with flat-shaped ends. Ceinture of white silk, bound with rose-color. From this fall the large-rounded tabs of white silk, which frame the tablier front. These tabs are also bound with rose-color, and finished

by a large silk puff between very deep ruffles. The loose, rose silk mantelet fastens beneath a large rosette. The scallops, which are quite small at one side, increase in size, continue, and are bordered with rouleaux of the same. The small white pelerine is cut in castellated points. A peculiarity, similar to that already described in Fig. 2, is noticeable in this garment. Like the other, it forms a large, uneven scallop. This style of covering, when gracefully worn and draped, is puculiarly effective. The rose silk hat is framed in white lace, and has at one side a large feather aigrette.



1. DINNER DRESS OF MAUVE SILK. 5. FRENCH BONNET OF WHITE CHIP.



4. TRAIN DRESS OF LIGHT-GREEN SILK.

Fig. 5.—Walking Dasss.—Short round petticoat of apple-green silk poplin. Between the bias bands are rows of large flat buttons; both bands and buttons are of poplin. The full skirt, of the same material, is gathered in around the lower edge to form a large puff. The black silk corsage is close-fitting. The deep skirt opens in front, and is trimmed with rouleaux of green silk, with a heavy fringe of the same color. Rouleaux and fringe trim the corsage and double sleeves. Black silk waistband. From the large bow falls the full tablier, which is trimmed to correspond. Linen collar and under-sleeves. The bonnet is simply a puff of black silk, framed in a broad rouleaux of green, and edged with a narrow black lace. Feather aigrette at the side. Deep fall of black lace at the back.

Fig. 6.—Toiler of Maize-colored Turc Satin.—The Pompadour corsage is bordered by a box-plaiting of white satin ribbon; this trims the straight sleeves. Upon each outer side is a flat double bow of maize-color and white ribbons. The half-train skirt has no fullness whatever in front; at the back it falls in very large folds. It is elaborately trimmed with broad ruchings of white ribbon and large rosettes. These simulate a lower skirt, shaped tablier, and a rounded tunic. White silk ceinture, with a large loop of ribbon passing beneath it and resting upon the panier. Puffed muslin chemisette and under-aleeves. Bow of green ribbon in the hair.

Fig. 7.—Costume of Violet-Colored Silk Poplin.—A deep puff borders the round lower skirt. The shaped over-skirt is richly and effectively trimmed with bands and flat flowers, and leaves of velvet of a darker shade; from each flower this ornamentation is continued up the skirt. A deep chenille fringe to match. High close corsage. The buttons, which fasten it down the front, as well as the square collar, bands and flowers, are of velvet; the fringe is of chenille. A deep velvet quilling forms the cuffs of the straight sleeves. The others are shaped, bordered with bias bands, and fastened down by buttons. At each shoulder is a silk flower, with long tassels. The short rounded upper-skirt has a tablier front. Bands and fringe compose the trimming, and border and outline the long pointed ends, falling at the back and front. Within each of these is a trimming similar to that upon the second skirt. The waistband is attached beneath a velvet flower. Hat of violet velvet, with a rosette and plume of the same shade. A long gauze vail falls at the back. We would here call attention to the fact, that the chaussure invariably corresponds with the dress, both in material and color.

WHAT SHOULD BE WORN, AND WHAT SHOULD NOT.

FROM THE TABLETS OF A PARISIAN LADY OF SOCIETY.

FRESH spring toilets have now taken the place of the ball-dresses, which have so much occupied the thoughts of both couturitres and ladies of fashion during the last two or three months.

Among the prettiest materials of the season, we notice two that were very fashionable ten or twelve years ago, and which are now set forth as nouveaulés. They are chaly and mousseline delane. Beyond this there are the usual collection of mohairs and lenos, and a variety of fancy materials in wool, or wool and silk. The glacé materials are still very fashionable this spring, and among fancy tissues we notice as particularly pretty the chinéd and figured mousseline delaines.

All the materials that fall in soft and graceful draperies are fashionable this year. Chaly is particularly suitable for the present mode of looping up dresses. It is a very soft material, falling in nice folds.

The shape of dresses, certainly, differs very much from what it was last year. The fashion of wearing the skirt entirely plain, with all the widths gored, has been of short duration. Now the front width alone is slanted off from about half way up the skirt to the waist; all the other widths are cut straight, and are gathered very fully at the top, so that even when the actual puff is not worn, the upper part of the dress is always sufficiently bouffante. The costume, such as it appears in its most quiet form, is composed of a skirt, not much longer than used to be the petticoat over which the dress was formerly

looped up by means of tirelles, when it was inconveniently long. The casaque, formed of a tight bodice, and an ample skirt, looped up with bows or rosettes, answers a double purpose: it is at once an upper-dress and a tight-fitting paletot. For the summer this style of dress will be very pleasant to wear, as it will avoid the wearing of two bodices, and two pair of sleeves, one over the other.

Shot glacé silks are still more fashionable this spring than they were last year. The colors preferred are green and maize, violet and black, blue and maize, ruby and gray. These shot silks are trimmed with ruches, and with black lace, guipure or chantilly.

Costumes less rich in style, but still very elegant, are made of leno, upon an under-skirt of silk. The most tasteful are all of the same color: under-dress of lilac or gray silk, upper-dress of lilac or gray leno. The bodice of the leno dress is trimmed either with a square bertha, or with a low corselet simulated by the trimming. Bretelles are also very fashionable. Sash, with a very large bow, or rather bows, for several are worn, placed one over the other.

Lapels are not so much worn as they were; many bows are entirely formed of a quantity of loops; when there are lapels they are very short and fringed, but frequently there are none at all. Seven or nine loops form a pretty bow for the back of a sash. The ribbon, whether satin or gros-grains, is always very wide. The same sort of bow, but of a smaller size, is put on to loop up the casaque, or double skirt, in several places. Long sleeves are very much trimmed from the wrist to the elbow, while the upper part is left plain. Sometimes they have deep revers, sometimes they are trimmed with cross strips, or with ruches and lace, to correspond with the other parts of the costume.

Very pretty dressy toilets are composed of tunics of white chaly, draped over under-dresses of pink, mauve, blue or green silk. Mousseline delaine also looks well over silk when self-colored, but it is also frequently employed by itself for complete costumes. In white with colored patterns it looks extremely pretty, trimmed with silk ruches and bows of the same color.

Few paletots or mantles of any sort are made independently of the dress. Ladies no longer wear plain dress; they wear costumes. Each costume consists of three or four articles: skirt, dress, bodice, sash and mantle of some sort.

If some of my lady readers object that this is a very expensive style of dressing, I can only say that it is preferable to have a complete costume in any of the pretty, cheap materials so abundant now-a-days, than to have a dress even of the richest silk if it be out of fashion.

In these days of often-shifting fashions, I should advise all my sisters, both of Europe and America, to provide for each season a certain number of toilets, fresh and fashionable, as elegant as their means will permit, but limited in quantity, so as to renew them with each change of season. This is the great secret of the elegance of Parisian ladies. Even those whose fortune is not very large contrive to appear in toilets of great fraicheur—new, dainty, and coquettish—in the very newest style of fashion, because they purchase cheap silks and fancy materials, which look very well when gracefully cut out and nicely made up and trimmed. I do not mean to say that tissues, rich and beautiful in themselves, would not look better—of course they would; bat I do mean that when economy is a thing to be studied, it is best to overlook the quality of the material, and to choose what will look fresh and pretty, even when it is not so durable as more expensive ones would be.

Just as a basque was worn two or three years ago with walking dresses, so as to simulate, together with the bodice, a tight-fitting paletot, so this summer a Louis XV. puff is worn over the skirt, and thus the toilet appears to be composed of a dress and a looped-up tight-fitting casaque. The puff is generally edged round with a ruche and a fluting, either of the same material or of lace.

Dresses with draperies à la Watteau are still worn, but the puff, or vertugadin, is preferred, or the short Camargo skirt, looped up with bows of ribbon.

Among the prettiest dresses of the month, we have selected the following for description:



A dinner dress of mauve silk and white tulle and lace; trainshaped skirt of mauve silk, trimmed round the bottom with a gathered flounce, headed by a ruche, forming a waved outline; tunic skirt of white tulle, arranged in wide bouillons, divided by strips of lace insertion, and edged all round with a lace border; large puff of white tulle, looped up with lace ruches; low silk bodice, with a puffing round the waist, and trimmed with lace ruches; short, puffed sleeves; snood of mauve ribbon, with one white rose in front.

Indoor dress of pearl-gray leno. The front part of the dress is plain; it is trimmed at the bottom with a deep flounce, put on with a heading edged with gray silk. The other part of the dress—back and sides—simulates a demi-court train, and is trimmed on either side with a scalloped-out border of the same material, edged with silk. Jacket bodice, with a double-plaited hasque, edged with a narrow fluting of gray silk. Waistband of the same material as the dress, with three rouleaux of gray silk. The same trimming is put on round the neck and sleeves. A silk fluting is placed upward round the top of the sleeves. Sash lapels, of the same material as the dress, fall from under the double basque upon the skirt; they are trimmed with a scalloped-out border edged with silk, similar to those on the skirt.

Walking dress of finely striped white and brown chaly. High bodice; the trimming, composed of a fluting of chaly and two rouleaux of brown silk, simulates a short pelerine with a rather long point at the back and two smaller ones in front. A bow of brown silk, without ends, is placed just above the point of the pelerine, at the back. Silk waistband, with a similar bow at the back; small square basque gathered at the top; trimming like that which forms the pelerine. Under-skirt just touching the ground, flounce arranged in flat plaits slightly overlapping each other, fustened down with a heading, by a cross strip of brown silk, both at the top and bottom, and ornamented with small brown silk bows placed in twos on either side. Upper-dress open at the sides, looped up with large silk bows, train-shaped at the back, and forming a rounded apron in front, edged all round with a fluting of the same material, headed by one rouleau of brown silk. Tight sleeves, trimmed round the wrists with three rouleaux and a bow of brown silk ribbon. A slip of brown silk is worn under the chaly dress, but might be dispensed with.

Jacket bodices are come into fashion again. The basque is always gathered or plaited at the back, if not all round. A waisband is worn over it.

Flounces are also employed once more in trimming dresses, but they are rarely placed straight all round; they are arranged in fanciful outlines. Sometimes, indeed, they are put on in straight rows upon the front part of the dress, which is plain, but they are not continued all round the skirt. One flounce is frequently placed round the edge of the train only, and then continued on each side, gradually decreasing in size to the waist. It is the same with other trimmings, which often simulate a train-shaped tunic upon the dress.

Among the new materials of the season, I must not omit to mention the new foulards with satin stripes. These stripes form a raised pattern upon the foulard. They are of the same color with it, and upon both the bright and dull stripes there is a small running pattern in white or chamois color. These dresses are extremely pretty in green, violet, blue, brown, nasturtium-color, maize, mauve, etc.; the patterns are small spikes, coffee berries, flies, spots, flecks of snow, flowrets, and so on.

This new style of foulard is very much in favor for complete walking-costumes this spring. The shot glace foulard is also very fashionable both for evening and walking dresses.

The Bashlick mantelet is still a favorite model for a demisaison out-of-door garment. We see it this spring in white cashmere, trimmed with Angora fringes and tassels.

For children the Bashlick is prettily trimmed with pinked-out borders of red or blue cashmere. Little girls also wear circulars, looped up at the back with large rosettes.

A pretty dress for a little girl about ten years old is made thus: Plain skirt, fully gathered at the back. Jacket bodice, scalloped out round the bottom and edged with fringe, ornamented in front with a double row of silk rosettes instead of

buttons. Round pelerine, rather low in the neck, and not coming beyond the arms in front, of the same material as the dress—mohair, leno, or any fancy material—and edged all round with a narrow fluting of silk. It is fastened upon either shoulder with a silk rosette.

A dress for a young lady is of white chaly, over an underskirt of blue silk, trimmed with a gathered flounce, put on with a heading. The chaly skirt is rounded off at the back and front, and open at the sides. It is edged round with a tiny fluting, and trimmed with three cross strips of blue silk. Bodice open in front, in the shape of a heart, and crossed over the bosom à la Russe, trimmed like the skirt. Sleeves also ornamented to correspond, demi-wide, and not coming down below the elbow. Under high bodice, and long sleeves of blue silk.

Little boys' costumes do not change as much as their little sisters' irocks; there is some variety, however, in the shape and cut of their clothes. This spring they wear jackets which seem copied from those worn by peasants in the ancient province of Berri. These jackets have divided basques with large pockets upon them; there are two pockets in front and two at the back. A small waistcoat with revers, and ample trowsers, gathered below the knee, complete the costume.

Children's hats are very coquettish. For little girls they are of a round shape, and trimmed with a border of tips of curled white feathers; in front is placed a sea-bird's head, with a feather aigrette.

Hats of gray fancy straw are trimmed with a garland of foliage, and a large satin rosette placed in front.

Watteau hats have a brim turned up on either side, and joined together by a bow of white satin ribbon placed across the top of the crown. A bunch of small roses with buds and foliage is placed in front, in the space left between both sides of the turned-up brim.

Little boys wear barrettes of cloth or cashmere, to match with their costumes. They are ornamented in front with a straight aigrette of heron or pheasant's feathers, and at the back with a rosette and tassels of gros-grains or satin ribbon.

Ladies' hats do not much differ from children's—from little girls', we mean. The Watteau is pretty for young girls, but many ladies prefer shapes with a higher crown, in the Henry IV. style, with one large feather thrown back.

Fashion leaves a great scope to fancy, for there is not one, but many, models to select from, and each lady should be able to choose what best suits her style of physiognomy; for while a laughing, plquant face looks well with the page's toquet, a countenance with more marked features will acquire a greater charm from the high-crowned hat and sweeping feather.

As for bonnets, there are also a variety of models, but all very small. There are fanchons, puffs, bonnets à la vieille, diadems and barrettes.

Here are a few specimens:

A fanchon of pearl-gray satin is ornamented with a double quilling, forming a diadem in front. It is ornamented with a curled blue feather, and a tea-rose placed on one side. Lappets of gray satin.

A puff bonnet of cerise-colored tulle is trimmed with a light bunch of black marabout feathers; there is a small coronet in artistic jewelry in front; lappets of black lace are fastened in front, under a bow of cerise-colored satin.

A bonnet à la vieille is of straw-colored crape; it is formed of a high puffing. There is a quilling of white lace in front, and a bunch of yellow roses with brown-tinted foliage just in the centre. Fall of white lace at the back, continued into lappets, fastened in front with a bow of straw-colored satin.

A very pretty rounded fanchon is composed of bouillons of mauve tulle, divided by strips of fancy plaited straw. Sprigs of white lilac form a diadem in front, and a small black aigrette renders this little chapeau quite stylish. The strings are of

Crape bonnets of a very round shape are ornamented with crape ruches, edged with satin of the same color. A light garland of flowers is placed in front, with a bunch of the same on one side. A small straight aigrette completes the trimming. Aigrettes are worn, not only upon bonnets and hats, but in

Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-diqitized / the hair for ball coiffures. A feather aigrette, fastened on with an agrafe of diamonds or precious stones, is a very appropriate finish to the high head-dresses which are so fashionable, and which are copied from those of the time of Louis XV.

Tortoiseshell combs, with a diadem or bandeau of the same in front, are considered very distingué for both morning and evening coiffures. The Empress Engénie habitually wears the high comb of blonde tortoiseshell, and has thus brought it into universal favor.

Her majesty has not adopted the short costume, and therefore the train-shaped skirt continues to be the appendage of all fulldress toilets.

There is a new style of porte-jupe called the porte-jupe Trianon. It loops up the dress at the back, just as the young Marie Antoinette looped up her skirts when she acted the milkmaid's part at her mimic farm of Trianon. This porte-jupe consists of hooks, which are concealed under rosettes or bows of ribbon.

THE CARE OF THE SICK.

When it is possible to give an invalid a large airy room, even at great inconvenience, it should be done; at all events, give the best room you can. An apartment simply but comfortably furnished is a necessity. Remove everything that is superfluous, or whatever will weary by a long-continued sight of it, particularly in the tedious hours of convalescence, or when the confinement arises from such a cause as a broken or sprained limb. It is particularly necessary that the tone of the room be cheering.

A pleasing picture for contemplation, or a few fresh flowers as bright messengers from the outer world, even a light entertaining book, or a bit of fancy sewing, or crochet work, may be allowable. These are blessings to the invalid when the energies are strengthening, if indulged in under the advice of physician or nurse.

In cases where the patient is confined to the bed, the temperature of the room should be regulated by a thermometer, for it is impossible for the attendants, dressed in ordinary seasonable clothing, to judge of the comfort of the invalid.

The room must be aired daily, taking care that the sufferer is not exposed to the draught; the morning, after breakfast, is usually the best time. The bed linen and personal apparel should be frequently changed, having been previously aired, and the chill taken off.

Keep the medicines, spoons, cups, and all such suggestive articles out of the patient's sight, and do not make frequent periodical visits to the watch, with the comforting words, "I must see if it is not time for you to take your medicine." In sickness the mind and body are alike sensitive

sickness the mind and body are alike sensitive.

Those who have the care of the sick should be particularly neat in their own persons and dress, and try to make the food look inviting by clean dishes, napkins, etc. Endeavor to anticipate the patient's wants, to avoid unnecessary questions. Only intimate friends should be admitted as visitors, and those during the early or middle portion of the day.

Do not have any confidential talks about the sufferer in an undertone; it is excessively hurtful and annoying. Be patient, sympathetic, and, above all things, cheerful, yet not frivolous. The mind and body are mutually dependent; consequently they react upon each other. We all know the happy influence of a bright June morning on material things. The sick room may be brightened, and new energy and hope infused into the heart of the sufferer, by the happy face and cheerful manner of the nurse.

There are some persons, unfortunately, called to this situation, who, through some religious scruples about the sanctity of the sick room, or from an unhappy constitution, go about with a woeful face, and slow, measured steps, now and then drawing a long sigh, and giving an ominous shake of the head, as if they were passing through the via doloroxa, or valley of the shadow of death, chanting a silent requiem. The poor patient has the whole benefit of this, and it will not be long before the infectious atmosphere does its irreparable work, for it takes an extraordinary amount of animal spirits, even in robust health, to surmount such an incubus.

Another matter of vital importance connected with the duties of the nurse, is the observance of the directions of the physician. Having called a doctor, in whom you have perfect confidence, obey his instructions to the letter. No matter what is your own opinion, remember that with him the subject is the study of his life, and in his practice he has been in a school of varied experience, greater than could possibly come to an individual in pri vate life, under the most remarkable circumstances.

CATHARINE OF ARAGON

This most estimable woman was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain, the patrons of Columbus. She was born in 1483, in the city of Alcala de Henares, and died in England, January, 1536, in her fifty-third year.

On November 14, 1501, she was married to the eldest son of Henry the Seventh, of England-Prince Arthur; but whose death, six months after, left Catharine a blooming widow of nineteen. At that time Henry, afterward the Eighth, was only twelve years old; but becoming heir to the crown of England by the death of Arthur, his father got King Ferdinand of Spain to consent to his marrying Catharine when he became old enough. As in those days ladies, especially those born in the higher circles, had no voice in the choice of a husband, the lovely widow was betrothed, at the house of the Bishop of Salisbury, in Fleet street, June 25, 1503, to Prince Henry, and when, in 1509, his father died, the young king, then only nineteen, while Catharine was in her twenty-seventh year, caused the marriage to be solemnized with great state at Greenwich. For many years this union was happy and prosperous, and she moderated by her wisdom, firmness, and benevolence the brutal tyranny of her husband.

In 1516, a daughter, afterward Queen Mary, was born. In 1520 she accompanied Henry the Eighth to France on his memorable visit to Francis the First, and which is known in history as the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It was here that the brutal monarch first saw Anne Boleyn, of whom he became desperately enamored. Anne was then betrothed to Henry Percy, son of the Duke of Northumberland; but, through the agency of that ready panderer to Henry's enormities, Cardinal Wolsey, the match was broken off, and Anne became one of Catharine's maids-of-honor, her father being created Viscount Rochefort. As Anne refused to be the king's mistress, Henry set to work, with Wolsey's assistance, to get a divorce from his wife. Her irreproachable character, and the deep respect in which she was held by the people, rendered it impossible to get a divorce on the usual grounds, and the plea was therefore adopted that the marriage was null and void in consequence of Catharine having been the widow of Prince Arthur.

The mock trial of Catharine, her appeal to Rome, her beautiful address to her brutal husband, her leaving the court as one wherein she could not have justice, are facts familiar to all readers of Shakespeare. For six long years the cruel agony of suspense continued; but when, in 1533, contrary to all Henry's hopes, the marriage of Catharine was declared by the council at Rome to be valid, Anne (whose scruples had succumbed to the promises of the king, and who had been living openly as his mistress, under the title of the Marchioness of Fembroke) being pregnant, a secret marriage was resorted to—the old one with Catharine being yet undissolved—in order to legitimatize the unborn child, whom Henry in his insane anxiety had predetermined to be a son.

At this time, the beautiful and excellent Catharine was expelled from Windsor, and informed that she was no longer queen. She immediately took her departure with her ladics, and never again saw either her husband or her child. Henry, finding that he could not intimidate the Pope into pronouncing his marriage with Catharine illegal, resolved to take the matter into his own hands, and opened a court at Dunstable for the trial of Queen Catharine's marriage, and as she refused to appear, and steadily denied the validity of the court and its jurisdiction, the court, acting under his orders, pronounced her contunacious, their marriage void, and of no effect, thus making the Princess Mary illegitimate. Catharine was ordered to abstain



from the title of Queen, and style herself Dowager Princess of Wales. She, however, declined to renounce her title up to the time of her death, which took place at Kimbolton, January 7, 1536.

WRITING HABITS OF LITERARY MEN.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S favorite time for composition is said to be in the morning, when he writes till about one or two o'clock; then he has his luncheon, and walks out for two hours. returns to dinner, and either goes out or spends the evening at his own fireside. Sometimes his method of labor is much more intent and unremitting. Of his delightful book, "The Chimes," the author says, in a letter to a friend, that he shut himself up for a month close and tight over it.

"All my affections and passions got twined and knotted up in

"I literalize away the morning, ride at three, go to bathe at five, dine at six, and get through the evening as I best may—sometimes by correcting a proof."

The following account of the late Douglas Jerrold's "method in writing" was sketched during his lifetime by a friend who knew him well:

At eight o'clock he breakfasts, then reads the papers, cutting out bits of news. The study is a snug room, filled with books and pictures; its furniture is of solid oak. There work begins. If it be comedy, he will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself, and laughing as he hits upon a good point. Suddenly the pen would be put down, and, through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, he will pass out into the garden for a little while, talking to the gardeners, walking, etc. In again, and vehemently to work. The thought has come; and, in letters smaller than the type in which they shall be set, it is enrolled along the little blue slips



CATHARINE OF ARAGON. PAGE 351.

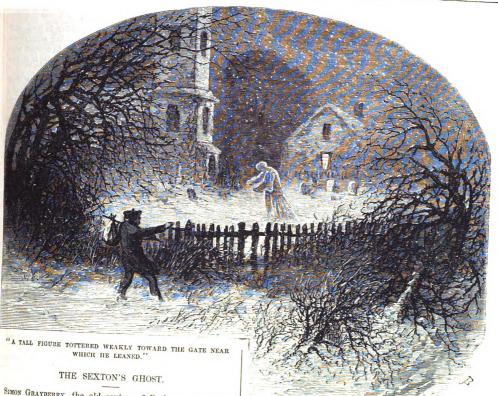
it, and I became as haggard as a murderer long before I wrote the end. When I had done that, like 'The Man of Thessaly,' who, having scratched his eyes out in a quickset hedge, plunged into a bramble bush to scratch them in again, I fied to Venice to recover the composure I had disturbed."

When his imagination begins to outline a new novel, with vague thoughts rife within him, he goes "wandering about at night into the strangest places," he says, "seeking rest and finding none."

Lord Lytton (Bulwer) accomplished his voluminous productions in about three hours a day, usually from ten until one, and seldom later, writing all with his own hand. Composition was at first very laborious to him, but he gave himself sedulously to mastering its difficulties, and is said to have re-written some of his briefer productions eight or nine times before publication. He writes very rapidly, averaging, it is said, twenty octavo pages a day. He says himself in a letter to a friend:

of paper. A crust of bread and a glass of wine is brought in, but no word is spoken. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last, suddenly. The pen is dashed aside, a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written, and dispatched to the post, and then again into the garden, visits to the horse, cow, and fowls, then another long turn around the lawn, and at last a seat with a quaint old volume in the tent under the mulberry-tree. Friends come-walks and conversation. A very simple dinner at four; then a short nap-forty winks-upon the great sofa in the study; another long stroll over the lawn while tea is prepared. Over the tea-table are jokes of various kinds, as at dinner. In the latter years of his life Jerrold seldom wrote after dinner; and his evenings were usually spent alone in his study, reading, writing letters, etc. Sometimes he would join the family circle for half an hour before going to bed at ten; but his rule was a solitary evening in the study with his books.

ther



Smon Grayberry, the old sexton of Bushport, was dying. Bushport was a respectable little fishing-village, perched on a sucy-looking bluff right over the ocean; at its foot was a sung little cove, running up in sandy beach to the very base of the rocks, where the fishing-craft lay cosily at anchor, when they were not scudding over the waves miles away, or rocking idly to the music of the fish-lines and the dancing of the porpoises.

Bushport had one church of the fish-lines and the dancing of the porpoises.

Bushport had one church (Methodist) and one graveyard, where Simon Grayberry had, for years too many to remember, supervised the departure from earth to earth of the sires and grandsires of the hardy young fishermen who were now growing up around him. Simon had grown gray in the service of the dead, among whom, ten years before, he had deposited the last remains of his faithful wife; and now the gathering shadows of the final summons told him that he, too, must prepare to join those silent ones in their last resting-place.

Three years before, Simon had parted with his only son, a hardy sailor, who had gone on a whaling-voyage. Six months



"IT STOOD ON A SAUCY-LOOKING BLUFF OVER THE OCEAN."

Vol. XXIV., No. 4-14

later news had come that the ship had sunk in the northern seas, and all on board had perished. All in the village mourned the stout-hearted Tom Grayberry, who had grown up, man and boy, among them; but chiefly had mourned a little fair-haired creature just in her teens, to whom Tom had been more than to any other.

Alice Scott, so had grief matured her, had grown into womanhood in those thirty months, and she it was who, taking upon herself the duties of a daughter to him who had none, had devoted herself to him ever since, until the old man had learned to regard her as such, and to grieve for his lost son chiefly that his sad fate had prevented the possibility of her ever becoming so in very truth. She it was who now sat beside Simon's wasted form, held his hand, and watched the last spark of life as it flickered low before the final darkness. Simon had been respected in his day and generation, and all the village waited sadly for news of his departure. A few of the older men, rough, hard-featured fishermen, stood at his bedside, while one or two of their wives, rough too, but kindly-disposed, ministered to his few remaining necessities. The doctor stood near him, and held his hand; the tallow-candle on the table flickered, as a draught of wind burst in under the door and rattled the casement; storm-gusts held high carnival outside; for it was in the last days of November, and the snow-clouds were sailing on, heavily-freighted. Suddenly the doctor raised his hand warningly; Alice rose and leaned over the bed, while the rest drew closer together, and then the head and shoulders raised painfully in the bed, the dull eyes lighted up, and with one skinny forefinger pointing to the door, while his gray locks and matted beard trembled with a convulsed motion, the old sexton spoke:

"One, two, three, four, five! Five rings, one bracelet, two pins! Who shall have them? Tom shall have them! Who says it's robbery?"

The old man turned his head from one side to the other, and

then he said, slowly and in a whisper:

"I buried-them-under-the-The chin fell heavily on his breast, and he sank down into

the bed in a confused mass.

There was much talk the next day about the last words of old Simon, and, though sundry wise heads were shaken, and some shrewd doubts were expressed, they were generally set down as the last incoherent exclamations of a brain which had ceased to act lucidly, and were passed over.

The body was properly laid out; watchers came forward to sit up with it; and the next day following was appointed for

the funeral services.

Old Simon's cottage was near the graveyard; his body lay on the bed where he had slept for forty years; and the little sitting-room next to it was occupied on the watch-night by two

old crones, who had volunteered for the purpose.

A bright fire blazed on the hearth; the table, with two lighted candles, stood beside it; the tea-kettle sung noisily on the hob; and these two, sitting comfortably in their Bostonrockers, were inclined to take the night easily, and chatted over the merits and peculiarities of the dead, the strange occurrence of his last moments, and anything that turned up in the way of village-gossip; as those will, who accustom themselves to such duties. Meanwhile, the snow-storm that had been promising a visit had all day been busy, and now was drifting into white masses through the street, was whirling in blinding clouds through the air, while not a single being in the whole village was out-of-doors, and in the houses warm fires and hot drinks did their best to make things cozy and comfortable. So the hours wore away, and, as the evening grew late, the two old crones, grown tired of gossip, had nodded their frowsy old heads at one another until both had gone off into a profound and noisy sleep.

Now down the street, a short distance from Simon Grayberry's cottage, there was a tavern, and in the bar-room, where a huge wood-fire went crackling and hissing up the wide-mouthed chimney, there were congregated, as usually congregated there on winter nights, a dozen or so of the inhabitants of the village, who met thus nightly to enjoy their punch and their pipes in social communion. This night, in particular, punch and pipes were in extraordinary demand. The scason had been so open and free from storms that this was really the first occasion that had offered for such a gathering, and it had been taken advantage of by more than the usual quota of jolly weather-beaten tars, who sat and canvassed, sententiously, such subjects as came before them. Among these, naturally enough, the question of Sexton Grayberry's remarkable utterances at his offgoing was brought prominently forward.

"Blarst my hyes!" said "English Bob," as he was called, a burly, good-natured-looking fellow, who leaned back against the mantel, and talked in a husky voice, through a cloud of "the essence of old Virginia," "I've a hidea the ole chap's been a priggin' summat as has laid 'eavy on 'is conshuns.''
"Nonsense!" answered the landlord, sceing no one else was

likely to take it up; "old Simon was as honest as they make 'em; and, besides, where on earth could he find anything to 'prig' in this consumed poor place?"

This was unanswerable, and the villifier of the dead was silenced for a moment.

Presently, a long, lean, slab-sided, lantern-jawed Yankee peddler, who had come in belated and put up for the night, put in his word. He was dressed in a faded, seedy-looking suit of black, and presented anything but an inviting appearance. He had been silent thus far, had heard the story of the deathbed scene told and retold, and now, as he sat with his legs crossed, and his chair tilted back, he drawled out:

"Waal, I'm a stranger here, and hain't got no call to meddle with things as don't consarn me, but if it was so as I hed any interest in these parts, I should be kinder lookin' around arter the family jewelry, and if the live people's plunder was all right, I should-well, I should hev my suspicions!"

Everbody started at that, and the landlord, who felt bound to support the credit of his deceased friend, had already opened his mouth to call the vituperative vender of small wares to then announced his intention of accepting the cordial invitation

glared at the startled and horror-stricken ones around him; order, when the door opened, and his wife called him, with such evident earnestness, that he turned at once, abandoned his intention, and followed her out of the room.

Every effort was now made to bring the peddler to book, and induce him to explain his meaning; but nothing more could be got out of him than, "Waal, I ain't a-goin' to consarn myself in what ain't none of my bus'ness, but I only say, if it was my case, I should be suspicious!"

Sundry growls and sour looks were beginning to show that this indefinite advice was not palatable, and might be resented; and matters, in fact, were beginning to assume a squally ap-

pearance, when the landlord re-entered.
"Boys," said he, "my wife and I ain't nowise satisfied about the Boston coach not coming in; she's more than three hours late, and, though it is a rough night, she ought to have been here before this; and, in my humble opinion, she's a darned sight more importance than that darned purveyor of pins and needles' suspicions about what he don't know nothing consarnin."

Here he jerked his thumb in the direction of the peddler, who shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing.

Now, the village of Bushport was situated just twenty-one miles north-and-by-east of the good city of Boston; from which place there came, three times a week, a coach bearing the mail, leaving Boston at four o'clock in the afternoon, and performing the journey in about four hours, if nothing interrupted of a nature calculated to prevent safe and moderately

rapid driving.

This was a "coach day," and, punctually at four, the aforesaid vehicle, painted blue, and appropriately named the "Bluebird," started valiantly forth, out of the stableyard in a narrow street in the suburbs of Boston, and, with three passengers inside for way-stations, and one passenger outside for Bushport, took its way along the highroad, in a direction north-and-byeastward, through what was already a respectable snow-storm, hoping to accomplish the journey before the roads became so blocked up as to utterly preclude wheeling; for the snowstorm had come on suddenly, and the Bluebird's runners were at Bushport.

The first ten miles were made in two hours and a half, and there the last of the "insides" left the coach, rejoicing.

Eleven miles to go, the snow drifting heavily, and a blinding wind driving in the faces of the driver and the one "outside," who said he was a sailor, and laughed to scorn the idea of going below on account of a blarsted little snow-squall."

Seven miles further on, the Bluebird stopped to change horses, and driver and "outside" went into the little tavern to

get supper.

A fine, stalwart, sailor-looking fellow was the "outside;" tall and handsome, with chestnut curls all over his head and down on his white forehead; laughing blue eyes shining through the drops of wet that hung on his eyclashes; rosy cheeks, that glistened after the pelting they had received. Driver and "outside" were both urged to put up for the night; but the driver was plucky, and would not be bluffed off bringing his mail in, and the "outside" swore, with a very salt oath, that he would get to "Bushport" that night, if he had to walk there.

So the supper was eaten, two hot toddies swallowed, and, with two lighted pipes in mouth, driver and "outside" mounted on the box, and the whip cracked, and away they went again into the driving wind, and through the drifting

It was now past nine, and, though the coach pressed gallantly forward, it made but little headway, the smoking horses having desperate hard work to keep on a fast walk.

Two of the four miles had heen passed over when, as the coach made a sharp turn round a bend in the road which the wind had blown dry, the off fore-wheel struck a tree, which an unlucky blast hed blown across the road, and with a jolt and a heave, over went the "Biuebird," and away flew driver and "outside" into a drift, where they disappeared to crawl out again, shake themselves, and stare lugubriously at the down fallen vehicle. Fortunately, they were near a farmhouse, and thither both betook themselves, and obtaining assistance, the horses were soon housed in a comfortable barn. The driver



google use#pdat Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 http://www.hathitrust.org/access Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized / they both received to remain all night, but the "outside," game to the last, resisted every solicitation, and after warming himself, outwardly by the fire, and inwardly veh a glass of "summat hot," swung a bundle which he carried over his shoulder, and, with a stout stick in his hand, plunged resolutely into the snow again. The farmhouse-door closed behind him, and as he gained the road, marked only by the long white line between the fields and woods on either side, he almost felt inclined to give it up; but he was a courageous fellow, this sailor, and stifling the momentary weakness, he trudged on. It was past eleven when the lights of the village appeared, and, with a sigh of relief, he stepped more lightly, thinking of the warm reception which was to repay him for this night's inconvenience, and many other night's peril and adversity.

As he moved on, his thoughts took shape in two forms of expression:

"I wonder if the old man lives!" and "I wonder if she has forgotten me!"

The straggling houses of the village were passed; the old church loomed up in the darkness; a cottage near by was lighted up in one room, and he leaned for a moment on the railing of the graveyard, and hesitated.

Suddenly, as his eye glanced over the well-remembered stones, he saw something move. A chill, more piercing than the cold blast he had been under for so many hours, almost froze his blood, for the sailor-mind is proverbially superstitious. But he stood still, gazed, and waited.

It was a tall figure; white-of course everything was whiteand it tottered weakly toward the gate near which he leaned. Presently it reached him, opened the gate, and as he stood with his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and his hair bristling with fear, he knew who it was-it was Simon Grayberry, the sexton of Bushport.

Springing forward, he caught the old man in his arms, while he shouted to him :

"Father! father! It is me! Don't you know me? It's Tom-your boy, Tom !"

Then the old sexton stood erect, and holding up his finger, whispered:

"Hush! don't speak so loud! I've got them, every onc! I robbed them!" and he pointed to the graves. "But, Tom, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! And you won't tell any one."

Tom put the little box which his father gave him carefully in his pocket; a dim idea of the truth possessed him, and, taking the emaciated form in his arms, he stepped with his burden to the door of the tavern, which was nearer than the cottage, and where he saw a light burning; and so, just as the landlord had made the remark concerning the lateness of the Boston coach, it happened that the tavern-door opened, and a stout figure, in a sou'wester, and covered with snow, staggered in, bearing in his arms the body of dead Sexton Grayberry.

"Bear a hand! Boys, it's me, Tom Grayberry, and this is my father. I found the old gentleman wandering in the graveyard in his night-clothes; he must have been out of his head."

Such a start as that crowd of fishermen got may be imagined They retreated backward into a corner, and looked at Tom and the prostrate form at his feet as though both were ghosts. Finally the landlord clapped Tom on his shoulder, and said:

"You're Tom Grayberry, that I'll go bail; but the old man's dead, and we left two women a watching of him up to the cottage; he died last night "

Tom had risen up, and stood looking at him for a moment: then he stooped down, tore open the long gown that wrapped the old man, and placed his hand over his heart. It had stopped beating.

"He is dead now," said Tom. "Come with me, some of you;" and, raising the body tenderly in his arms, he strode through the door, over the way, and straight on to the cottage. The landlord ran ahead and opened the door, while the crowd followed at a respectful distance. As they entered the sittingroom, the two women rose, screaming out of their sleep, frightened at this sudden inroad. But nothing recked Tom, as he carried the body straight past them to the bedroom, and laid it on the empty bed !

The whole matter was plain now: the window was open, and through it the old sexton, awakened from his swoon, had taken his fearful course. Tom said nothing about the box of jewelry, and two days after the old sexton was quietly buried in the little graveyard. Tom staid in Bushport many months; and when the spring opened he and sweet Alice Scott were married in the And the good people of Bushport never knew anything more definite than the Yankes peddler's "suspicions, and their own imaginings, about Simon Grayberry's deathbed speech, or the true story of the Sexton's Ghost.

THE LOVED, NOT LOST.

How strange it seems, with so much gone Of life and love, to still live on! Ah, brother, only I and thou Are left of all that circle now-That fitful firelight paled and shone. Henceforward, listen as we will, The voices of that hearth are still; Look where we may the wide earth o'er, Those lighted faces shine no more. We tread the paths their feet have worn, We sit beneath their orchard trees, We hear like them the hum of bees And rustle of the bladed corn; We turn the pages that they read, Their written words we linger o'er; But in the sun they cast no shade. No voice is heard, no sign is made, No step is on the conscious floor! Yet love will dream, and faith will trust, Since He who knows our need is just, That somehow, somewhere, meet we must Alas for him who never sees The stars shine through the cypress trees! Who, hopoless, lays his dead away, Nor looks to see the breaking day Across the mournful marbles play! Who hath not learned in hours of faith The truth to flesh and sense unknown, That Life is ever Lord of Death, And Love can never lose its own!

. MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

THERE was very little of what is popularly termed "courtship" between Dr. Romaine and myself, from that starlit May evening in which he rather dispassionately (while we strolled together through the old box-bordered garden at home) asked me to become his wife, until the June morning, a month later, when I stood by his side in Ashbury Church, and vowed to love, honor, and obey him, after the usual marriage formula.

People called the doctor a cold, unimpressionable man; and, as far as outward appearances may be taken for an index of what lies in the heart below, people were quite correct. Dr. Romaine was seldom enthusiastic on any subject; was utterly devoid of the least ability for polite small-talk, and ignored everything that resembled the insincerity of mere polished compliment. When not engaged upon his daily round of professional duties, his time was usually occupied among books of a speculative, philosophical sort. He scarcely ever took part in our social gatherings; rigorously exempted himself from fairs, pic-nics, and croquet; entertained a heretical loathing of tea-parties; and though highly respected in the neighborhood for his perfectly spotless character no less than for his thorough medical skill, Dr. Romaine was by no means popular in Ashbury circles.

I believe it was pity for my lonely, unprotected condition after mamma's death, that made the doctor offer me such a home and guardianship as few sensible women, situated like myself, could fail of justly valuing. He had faithfully attended mamma during her last illness, and had learned from her lips, I doubt not, how bitterly it pained that loving heart to pass from earth and leave me utterly without a protector in the world. And so, Dr. Romaine's visits, formal and ceremonious as I used to con-

Generated at Ur Public Domain, sider them in those days, did not cease after my mother died. Grateful at first for the friendly interest he seemed to exhibit in my welfare, I felt gratitude transformed into love when a closer intimacy revealed traits of both character and intellect, at whose existence I had heretofore only guessed. But, as I have said, there was little that resembled courtship between us, even after I was known as regularly "engaged" among the Ashbury gentlefolk. I was quite satisfied, however, with the amount of devotedness and lover-like behavior in which my future husband chose to indulge; and when the term of our engagement expired, and we were finally married, no prouder wife than Helen Romaine ever assumed control of her lord's household.

I had longed earnestly to have Edward (my only brother, and, indeed, the only living relative whom I possessed) present at the wedding. But Edward, who kept bachelor apartments on an exceedingly moderate income somewhere in town, and who seemed, since his departure from Ashbury, six years before, to have entirely outgrown anything like family affection, wrote me a congratulatory letter, in which he pleaded business as an excuse for not appearing at the marriage ceremony. I was terribly hurt at this most unbrotherly conduct; and the thought that we were now virtually separated for life (I had only seen him once during the past six years, and then on the occasion of our mother's death) grieved me sadly.

One morning, about five weeks after my marriage, I remember saying to the doctor, as we sat at breakfast in the old-fashioned house, where many a Romaine had lived and died before its present possessor came into his inheritance, "Don't you think Edward has been acting very cruelly of late, George? He seems to have quite forgotten my existence."

The doctor appeared rather to avoid my gaze, as he bent his head lower above his plate, and answered in stern tones, "His conduct has been not only cruel, but shameful, Helen."

"If I knew a little about the sort of life he is living," I went on, "his perfect indifference would be easier to bear, perhaps. But Edward and myself are just as widely separated as though he were at one of the poles, and I at the other. Sometimes the thought of his getting into dissipated ways, George, or among evil companions (for Edward always was a trifle wild, you know), worries me dreadfully."

The doctor rose, as I finished speaking, and approached to where I sat.

"You must not allow imaginary troubles to worry you," he said; and violating his customary reserve of manner, he stooped and kissed me while speaking. There we're tears in my eyes, but this unusual act on the part of my husband struck me as so perfectly foreign to his usual style that I broke into a merry laugh.

"Our friend, Mrs. Peters, should be here to witness this affectionate mood of yours!" I exclaimed. "She would, probably, reverse her former decision about your being a cold husband, George."

He frowned rather darkly, and answered in an irritable voice, "I wish, Helen, that you would do me the favor of not mentioning that woman when we are together, even if you choose to retain her among your acquaintances. She is the most heartless, scheming gossip in all Ashbury! Her chief aim in life appears to be a firm resolve to find out, before she dies, of how much actual mischief the human tongue is capable."

It was my turn to feel annoyed; and I replied to these remarks, which I considered strongly unjust, with a little show of indignation.

"You know, George," I said, "that Mrs. Peters has been a good and faithful friend to me ever since"—my voice trembled here—"ever since poor mamma died. Far from merely 'retaining her among my acquaintances,' you know, too, that I thoroughly respect and love her. As for the injuries her tongue commits, everybody in the place is more or less of a gossip; and I do not consider that lady more culpable than fifty others whom I could name."

"As you please," the doctor said, his good humor quite restored, taking up his hat from a side-table, and then pausing for a moment on the threshold of the door. "As you please, Helen; but I believe that you will find that I am something of a prophet with regard to Mrs. Peters, after all. She is an unre-

liable woman; and if ever you are in trouble, I counsel you not to seek her advice. Good-by for the present, my dear!"

On the same morning, two hours after the doctor's departure, Mrs. Peters paid me her usual daily visit. She was a plump, fair-haired little woman, about ten years my senior, and had been married almost as long as I could remember to a man who, it was currently believed and reported, neglected her shamefully. Indeed, my friend seldom spoke of her husband without a desolate sort of sigh, accompanying her observation, whatever it might be, with some remark that was evidently intended to convince the world how badly he used her.

"You can't imagine how surprised I was, Helen," Mrs. Peters said, after kissing me in her impulsive way, "not to see you at Bessie Long's birthday last evening. Everybody was sure you'd be there; and Bessie even expected the doctor himself. She was so disappointed."

"Not more than I, Mrs. Peters. If George had been willing to take me, I should certainly have gone."

Mrs. Peters held up her plump little hands in amazement. "Six months married, my dear, and things at this pass already! A bad beginning, Helen—a very bad beginning. Why, even my Samuel was amiability itself for the first twelve months after marriage."

"George did not positively refuse," I said, "to accompany me last evening. But he had been unusually busy all day (you know the fever has broken out more severely than ever in Swinley), and when I spoke of the Longs he did not seem to fancy the subject, and so——"

"I understand, perfectly, my dear," said Mrs. Peters, with a look that clearly expressed the sympathy of a fellow-sufferer. "That's just the way matters began with Samuel, before they reached our present state of wedded bliss. But, to change the subject, Helen, don't the doctor think that Ashbury is going to have that terrible fever this summer? Swinley being only six miles off, a great many people are daily expecting its appearance

"George is never very communicative on professional subjects," I replied, "and he has not expressed an opinion, Mrs. Peters."

At this moment a letter was handed to me by one of the servants, bearing the London postmark, and addressed to Dr. Romaine. I placed it carelessly on the work-table near which I was sitting, and would have thought no more about it until the doctor's return, had not Mrs. Peters remarked, with a little touch of curiosity in her voice that displeased me:

"Dr. Romaine receives a great many letters from London, does he not, Helen?"

"Oh, no!" I answered; "very few. His acquaintance in town is small. And what letters he does receive," I went on, speaking more to myself than to Mrs. Peters, "are usually directed in this same hand."

I took up the letter, glanced at it again, and was about replacing it on the work-table, when Mrs. Peters, whose sharp eyes saw the superscription, said, abruptly, "It's a woman's hand, my dear."

Somehow, the words made me start, and look keenly at my friend. She coughed nervously, dropped her eyes, as if in embarrassment, seemed altogether very much confused, and finally exclaimed, in a querulous kind of voice:

"Good gracious, Helen! why do you look at me like that? What have I said? Indeed—indeed—I did not mean—I have nothing to tell; I know nothing, really!"

"And what could you possibly know, Mrs. Peters?" I asked, sternly. "This confusion of yours is, at least, singular. You certainly do not mean to imply——"

"Nothing, my dear—nothing!" she interrupted, hastily.
"And, of course, if I did know anything, you are not the person to whom I should speak of so—so disgraceful a matter."

For one moment a sudden, unexpected terror made me quite motionless. Then I arose, and keeping my eyes fixed on the woman before me, said, in as calm tones as I could command. "You have given me the right now, Mrs. Peters, to learn a much from your lips as they are able truthfully to tell. I insist upon having some explanation of this mysterious conduct."

"You are so excitable, Helen," she answered, uneasily, scru-

tinizing the carpet, and not once lifting her eyes to mine during the remarks that followed. "Since you actually insist upon hearing the little I do know; and since, in my momentary confusion, I betrayed what my brother Tom made me promise to keep a profound secret, why I suppose I—
"Your brother Tom?" I interrupted.

"Yes, my dear," Mrs. Peters continued. "You see, the last time that Dr. Romaine went to London, Tom happened to be there also. Well, my dear, one evening, as Tom was passing through one of the Soho streets, he saw the doctor standing on the steps of a moderately-sized, rather respectable-looking house, with--Are you sure that you care about hearing the rest, Helen ?"

"Go on," I said, impatiently. "The question is an absurd one now, Mrs. Peters.'

"With a very pretty woman by his side—it was clear moonlight, my dear, and Tom had no difficulty in recognizing the doctor-who appeared to be bidding him farewell. Of course,

Helen, it might have been some relation of the doctor's."
"He has no living relations," I interrupted, speaking to my self in an absent way. "Only a week ago he mentioned this; 'not even the most distant cousin,' he said."

"Or else some patient, my dear, whom he had known in Ash bury. But then Tom heard this lady say-Helen, are you quite sure that you care to know what Tom heard the lady say to Dr. Romaine?"

I laughed an odd, harsh laugh.

"You make this story amusing, Mrs. Peters, with your queer self-interruptions. Pray go on."

"Well, then, my dear,' the lady said, taking his hand fondly, and with tears in her eyes (Tom is very certain about their being tears in the lady's eyes), 'you are now aware to what lengths this love of mine would go. I place in you the most implicit confidence.' '

"There is no mistake about all this? You are sure that your brother was not mistaken in the person, Mrs. Peters?" I put the question with a white face and a beating heart.

"Tom says he is willing to swear that the gentleman was your husband. How pale you are, Helen! I shall be so sorry if what I have told you is going to make any trouble."

"Trouble!" I thought, during the rest of that day, as I sat by the great south window in the library, watching for my husband's return that "agony" would have been a better word. How great was my love for George Romaine I never knew until then; and the new wretchedness in my heart was proportioned to this freshly-awakened knowledge.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon my husband, looking rather wearied with his extra round of professional labor, entered the library. I immediately rose on seeing him, and delivered the letter which had arrived that morning. He took it, gave a little start that, at any other time, I should scarcely have noticed, on seeing the handwriting in which it was directed, and, breaking the seal, read its contents in silence. Meanwhile, I returned to my seat at the window

Presently, my husband said, refolding the letter as he spoke, and replacing it in the envelope:

"Helen, I shall be obliged to leave Ashbury early to-morrow morning.'

"For London?" I asked.

"For London," he replied. "A very important matter of business, which you would not understand were I to explain it" -how indignantly my blood rose at these words-" will call me away."

"I am surprised," I said, with feigned carelessness of tone "that you are able to leave Ashbury at so busy a time. Is not the fever raging in Swinley?"

He looked a little surprised at my question.

"Since you ask, Helen, I must say that it is. I did not mention the matter for fear of causing you alarm. As for my leaving, to-morrow, young Williams will have an opportunity of showing the Swinley people how excellent a practitioner he really is."

"At what time to-morrow morning do you start?"

"At about eight o'clock."

his cool falsehood at what I believed to be some new appointment with the woman of whom Mrs. Peters had spoken, was

too much for my patience to quietly endure.
"So this lady friend of yours," I said, dwelling upon each word I uttered, and showing in my manner only the most perfect calmness-" this lady friend has fixed a definite hour for your next meeting ?"

Calmly, too, I watched the effect of my words. At first, he looked at me in so thoroughly bewildered a way, that I was almost persuaded of his entire innocence, and regretted my hasty judgment against a character till now unsuspected as wholly beyond reproach. Then he grew very pale, and stared at me fixedly for several moments without speaking.

I was convinced of his guilt, now, and met the gaze unflinch-

ingly.

"Perhaps you have kept this matter also a secret," I went on, "for fear of 'causing alarm,' as in a previous instance, Dr. Romaine? This considerate treatment merits my gratitude."

"Helen, I can scarcely believe my senses. Was it your voice that just spoke so bitterly?"

He had approached to where I sat by the window, and had

taken my hand in his, but I drew it angrily away.

"For heaven's sake," I cried, no longer struggling to conceal my indignation, and rising haughtily to my feet, "that until your relations are explained satisfactory with the woman whom you met by appointment in London, and from whose lips you are known to have received-

"Not another word, Helen Romaine! I command you, not another word !"

For a moment, I shrank beneath the almost appalling sternness of his tones, the fierce flash of his eyes, the august, forbidding gesture of his uplifted arm; and then, like the mad, reckless creature into which jealousy had turned me, I poured forth a torrent of reproachful, passionate words, accusing, judging and condemning, all, as it were, in a single breath. I can remember nothing of what I said; I can only remember George Romaine's look of unutterable contempt and pity, as he glanced at me for an instant when the wild outburst had ended; and, without a syllable in response, passed hastily from the apartment.

Dr. Romaine quitted Ashbury for London by the last train that evening. Seated at the library window, from which I had not stirred since my husband, two hours before, had left me, I watched him enter the carriage that was to bear him to the station. A pang of the keenest self-reproach shot through my heart as his face, white and sorrowful, I fancied it, gleamed out a moment from the lamplit vehicle.

And so, with not a word of farewell, he had gone! Would he ever return after what I had said? Had I wronged him? And was he really innocent, and if innocent, how terribly must he have suffered the outrage, the falsity of my charges? These charges-in what language had I framed them? Putting my hands to my head in a bewildered way, I slowly paced the room, and tried to remember everything but I could recall nothing. Only a confused consciousness of accusation having followed insult—a dim remembrance that I had spoken bitterly, scornfully, cruelly, of his cold, unloving behavior since our marriage; these, and many more vague recollections, were all that now remained. I had allowed him no opportunity for selfjustification; and the enormity of my foolish conduct smote me with all the strength of a newly-aroused repentance. As for the story told by Mrs. Peters, what right had I to believe it? Did not my husband warn me against the woman's malicious love of gossip? I hated Mrs. Peters—yes, even if her story were true, I hated Mrs. Peters, and longed to tell her so.

But, instead of gratifying this inclination, I contented myself, for three consecutive mornings, with denying the lady admission when she called to pay her regular daily visit. My message was brief, and to the point—"Mrs. Romaine is engaged, and desires to be excused."

After the third morning Mrs. Peters took the hint, and I was troubled no more.

I passed a week in the most perfect seclusion and retirement, Somehow, I could restrain myself no longer. The thought of and, meanwhile, heard no tidings from my husband. I shall not

seek to describe the wretchedness which weighed upon my spirits during that week of self-imposed solitude. Enough, that I was, at its end, a changed woman; that I believed more firmly than ever in my husband's guilt; that I construed his silence and continued absence into an acknowledgment of my having discovered his criminal secret, and that I resolved to gloom my life no longer with tormenting and unprofitable regrets. Ashbury society was very gay just then, and I knew how my unwillingness to appear at its entertainments must have become matter for general gossip. I would show these people that Dr. Romaine's wife did not share in the anchoritish tastes of her husband, nor grieve so seriously at his absence-need I say that Mrs. Peters had spitefully spread her opinions throughout the place concerning the real cause of that absence ?-as to seclude Lerself from everything that resembled gayety or amusement.

And at the end of another week I was reinstated in my former place of a popular favorite throughout our circles. I was once again a blithe and social spirit at the balls and tea-parties in Ashbury; I drove out in the carriage each afternoon, and always had some lady-friend to accompany me; I scarcely ever spent an evening at home, except on the occasion of receiving my guests there; I lived, in short, apparently for the single purpose of self-enjoyment, and yet I was undeniably and thoroughly miserable.

A fortnight had passed, and yet no news of my husband-no

sign of his return. One morning, while I was scated at breakfast, young Mr. Williams, the surgeon of whom George had spoken as so competent to fill his place, sent in a card by the servant, accompanied with an urgent request that I would see him immediately on a matter of great importance.

I think there was the least show of nervousness in my manner as I entered the parlor where Mr. Williams was sitting; something told me, plainly enough, that this "matter of importance" related to my husband. I knew of the intimacy that had always existed between these two men, notwithstanding the difference in their respective ages. Could it be possible that my husband had sent me some message at last, through the medium of a letter to his friend?

In this surmise I was mistaken. But I learned the following piece of intelligence from Mr. Williams: My husband was then lying dangerously ill of the fever which he had been so successful in treating a fortnight ago while in Swinley. Mr. Williams had heard thus much by letter from a mutual acquaintance in London, and fancied-he looked a little embarrassed here-"that Mrs. Romaine would be—be obliged to him for imparting the information."

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Williams," I said, feeling every drop of blood leave my cheeks, and knowing that the voice with which I answered him was tremulous and husky. "This accounts for-for Dr. Romaine's not having written lately. Of course I will start for London by the earliest train this morning. You learned my husband's address in town?"
"The Clarendon Hotel, madame."

There was the least tinge of contempt, or so I fancied, in Mr. Williams's voice, as he uttered these words. I guessed that he understood plainly my deceit in endeavoring to convince him that Dr. Romaine had written to me at all during his absence from home. Mrs. Peters's spiteful gossip had spread itself widely throughout Ashbury.

I shall never forget the torture of suspense that followed, from the moment of Dr. Romaine's dangerous illness until the time-about four hours later-when I reached the Clarendon Hotel in Bond street, and was shown to the room adjoining the one in which my husband lay.

The servant who escorted me started when I raised my vail, at the colorless, agitated face beneath it.

"Is there any one with Mr. Romaine at present?" I asked, striving to speak as calmly as I could—"any one, I mean, besides the attendants?"

- "I believe so, ma'am."
- "A lady?"
- "Yes, ma'am."

The words seemed to stab me.

age from the new agony which his reply caused me; "is he better-or-or worse?

"Much better, I believe, ma'am. I will mention to the lady that you are here. What name, if you please?"

I handed him my card.

"Give this to the lady herself," I said; and taking a pencil from my pocket, I wrote below the name upon the card: "It is my particular wish that you shall not mention my presence here to Dr. Romaine until you have seen me."

"Thank heaven!" I murmured, when the man had disappeared, "that the danger of his illness is abated-that, after all, he may not die!"

Then I stood in the sitting-room, and apparently quite calm though an indignant fire burned at my heart-awaited the coming of this woman who had wronged and insulted my love.

"Will she dare to show her face before me?" I mentally asked myself, when, after nearly five minutes had passed, there was still no sign of her appearance.

But at this moment, as if in answer to my question, the door opened, and a lady of surpassing beauty, though wearing upon her face rather a sorrowful expression, moved forward to where I stood.

"You have come at last," she said, in a tone of the most sincere thankfulness. "I am so glad. Your husband will receive you kindly-do not fear." Then, seeing the haughty look with which I answered what seemed to me the very summit of shameless audacity-" I trust you will not be offended," she went on, "if I confess to you that I have learned about that unhappy quarrel from Dr. Romaine himself. He wished me to write you a letter at his dictation, and it was, therefore, necessary that I should be acquainted with a few of the particulars."

Unparalleled insolence! And this woman dared to boast in my very presence of her intimacy with my husband. Sheer amazement kept me silent for several minutes. When I did speak, the words came with difficulty, though my voice was scornful enough.

"Perhaps you learned also, madame, the cause of my quarrel with Dr. Romaine?"

"No; I am ignorant of it?"

"And am I, then, mistaken," I said, "in the person who is before me? May I ask you another question, madame?"

"Certainly."

"Are you not the lady whom Dr. Romaine has been in the habit of meeting on his visits to London?" Somehow I felt my anger and jealous hatred increasing with each word I uttered. "The lady," I continued, hotly, "who, for months past, had openly corresponded with my husband, who---'

"Stop, Mrs. Romaine!" she cried, a flush of vivid scarlet on either cheek, and seizing my unwilling hand as she spoke. "These words, delivered in such a tone, convey the deepest in-

"Reply to my question," I said, sternly, disengaging my hand, "and I will apologize for my words, or repeat them, according as you deny or acknowledge the charge which they contain."

The sorrowful look on her face deepened visibly; she turned away her head, and burst into tears. An awkward silence followed, broken, presently, by her tremulous, agitated voice.

"How bitterly unjust it seems that your husband's generosity and kindness should meet with a reward like this! Do you know, Helen Romaine, who I really am? Do you know that the wife of your brother Edward is before you? Do you know that this brother, by the commission of a forgery on the bank where he was employed, has been compelled to fly from the pursuit of justice, and that he confided me-left almost penniless at the time of his flight-to the charge of your husband? The gratitude which I feel toward Dr. Romaine, words would be quite valueless in expressing. Without his noble assistance, heaven only knows to what terrible extremity I would now be reduced. The letters of which you spoke may be easily explained. I longed, ever since my husband's disappearance, to join him once more, and was willing, nay, anxious, to share his disgrace; for, although his ways have been wild and dissipated since our secret "And the doctor himself," I went on, somehow gaining cour- ward has proved to me that I possess his entire love. Dr. Ro-



Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized /

maine offered to aid my plan of joining him; and during the first of that series of visits to London-whither Edward's letters called him—we both endeavored earnestly to discover what direction the fugitive had taken. When professional business forced Dr. Romaine to return to Ashbury, I continued my secret inquiries among all Edward's old friends from whom there was the least chance of gaining information. The result of these efforts was usually vain; but twice I imagined that I had found a clue to my husband's whereabouts. On both occasions Dr. Romaine, with a kindness for which I can never sufficiently thank him, visited London for the purpose of assisting me. This, his third visit, equally futile, was from the same cause."

"Take me to my husband!" I sobbed, in an imploring, helpless way, when Edward's wife had finished. "Weak, suspicious woman that I have been! Can he ever forgive me? Do you believe there is a chance of ever regaining his love? What bitter agony my infamous charges must have cost him! And he so innocent-so noble! Hiding from me the story of Edward's guilt; aiding you, my brother's wife! No; I have lost his love! There can be no hope that he will either forget or for-give!"

"He is willing to do both, Helen."

My husband's voice-a glance toward the threshold of the open door assured me that I was not dreaming. Clad in a loose dressing-gown, that fell in great folds about his emaciated figure, and wearing upon his face that deadly pallor which told through what a terrible illness he had passed, George Romaine stood gazing at me from the doorway.

The next moment my head was pillowed upon his shoulder, and I felt his arm clasped about my form as it shook with in-

"Thank heaven, you have come at last!" he whispered, fondly. "Your presence is a new life to me, Helen. Heaven knows how I lived at all without you!"

In three days after our meeting, my husband was well enough to bear the journey to Ashbury, accompanied by myself and Lilla Murray, Edward's poor broken-hearted wife, who had now given up all hope of discovering her husband's place of refuge. She lives with us yet in the old house, a sorrowful, quiet woman, whose pale, beautiful face seems to reproach me, sometimes, for the perfect happiness I enjoy.

And it is a happiness that, heaven willing, no cloud can shadow for years yet. Not even the thought of my unhappy brother's guilt can gloom its pure brightness. A love like mine is an armor against all sorrow; truly it "passeth understand-

ing."

AVENGING TRUTH.

THE engraving we give on page 260 represents Prouha's famous statue of *La Verité Vengeance*, which was exhibited in the Paris Saloon in 1861. Monsieur Prouha has the reputation of being the most suggestive of French sculptors, having produced several remarkably fine works, the most popular of which are Spring, Inspiration, Diana and Medea. His female figures are especially distinguished for their exquisite taste, elegance and nicety of finish.

MOORISH DOORWAY.

In a former number we gave the picture of a window in the Arabesque style. We now present one of a doorway of the Moorish architecture. The grand effect of this excessive elaboration of ornament is very striking, but more fitted to Eastern than Western civilization.

COBBLER'S STALL

We copy a small print representing a Cobbler's Stall in London and Boston about a century ago. The curious reader will be approached that the description of the company of be amused with the dress of the woman, since she rejoices in an unmistakable Grecian bend. The march of modern progress has swept away those useful old "patchers of upper-leather and cient protection from sunshine, and even showers.

menders of solos;" but there are many living, both in England and America, who remember the last of this now almost lost tribe of utilities. Our readers may be amused when they are told that in the northern part of England cobblers are called " translators."

VAILS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

From the remotest period of history (subsequent to the deluge) we find the Vail in existence, and only a little less essential to the daughters of the patriarchs than to the women of the East at the present day, when no one of reputation goes abroad without one.

We say only less essential, for the fair daughter of Bethel wore none when Eliezer of Damascus met her at the well without Nabor; and it is expressly said, that at the approach of Isaac she took a vail and covered herself-a proof that they were not constantly worn out of doors, nor in the presence of men. Now, the most important part of an Eastern woman's

dress is the vail, with which they cover their faces the moment one of the other sex comes near. "Not even a Greek woman," says Miss Pardoe, in the 'City of the Sultan,' stirs abroad without flinging a long white vail over her gaudy turban."

Unfortunately for the curious in these matters, the material of the Hebrew ladies' vails are not as easily decided, as the fact of their wearing them. Occasionally we learn from inference that they were sufficiently large to cover the person, and so thick as to conceal it-that of Ruth, which held six measures of barley, must have been of this description; but, besides these opaque vails, transparent ones were sometimes worn by Jewish women, as we gather from Solomon's expression in the Canticles (the beauty of which is lost in the English translation)-"Thine eyes are like those of doves within thy vail;" and as lace is distinctly spoken of by Moses in the description of the sacerdotal vestments, and as we read that the Egyptians possessed the art of preparing a gauze so delicately light and thin as to obtain the name of "woven air," in all probability vails of such fabrics were occasionally worn. At a later period of Hebrew history it was customary for young girls at twelve years of age to wear a kind of vail called "Oralia," which covered the head and mouth; and, with the idea of timid modesty engendered by this habit, how infinitely pathetic becomes the exclamation of the dove-eyed maiden in Solomon's song, "The keepers of the walls took away my vail from me."

Isaiah speaks of vails and mufflers; and other authorities tell us, that the short vail, or kerchief, richly wrought, was sometimes worn by the women of this nation.

At present the materials of the "yashmac," or vail, as well as the manner of wearing it, varies in different parts of the Turkish empire. "In Constantinople," says the lady traveler before referred to, "it is bound over the mouth, and, in most instances, over the lower part of the nose, and concealed upon the shoulders by the 'fcridjhe.'" In Asia, on the contrary, it is simply fastened, in most cases, under the chin, and is flung over the mantle, hanging down the back like a curtain. In the capital the yashmac is made of fine thin muslin, through which the painted handkerchief and diamond pins that confine it can be distinctly seen, and arranged with a coquetry perfectly wonderful. At Broussa it is composed of thick cambric, and bound so tightly about the head, that it looks like a shroud.

The most curious circumstance with which we find our subject associated in the East, is the use to which it was put by the impostor Hakem ben Haschem, the Vailed Prophet of Khorassen, whom D'Harblot tells us was called Mokaman, from a vail of silver; or, as some say, golden gauze, which he never put off, lest, as his disciples were made to believe, he should, like another Moses, dazzle those who approached him, par l'éclat de

In classic Greek and Rome, before refinement became lost in luxury, the simple elegance of the vail constituted, besides the Eden adornment of flowers, the only head-dress of the womennow falling in loose folds over the face, a screen as modest as it was graceful, or lightly undulating in the wanton wind, a suffi-

THE WOODCUTTER'S WIFE

SHE had a child in her arms, a little creature, whose rosy face nestled on her shoulder, shyly hiding at the sight of a stranger. "What can I do for you, Ernestine?" I asked.

"Oh, if monsieur would be so good as to come and see Louis, he has had a sad accident. This cutting morning, wood in the dawn, with scarcely light enough to see by, he ran a splinter into his hand, and now it is swelled terribly."

I saw by her face that the accident was worse than her words seemed to make it, so bidding her sit down, I wrote a line to the good doctor of Saint Eglise, and sent a boy with it on my pony. Then I started with Ernestine for her husband's cottage. It lay just within the fringe of a great wood, which covered the hill beyond it, clothing the height to its summit in gold, and brown, and crimson. Away to the right stretched the bare bleak steppes of the Ardennes, covered only with a shaggy heath, that looked dark and murky in the autumn air. Between these dusky heights, on which the cloud-shadows passed like gray ghosts of airy giants, there lay many an abrupt and sudden valley, whose precipitous sides were clothed with birch and ash, shadowing streams and meadows. But the eye roamed over the bare, brown hills, catching no glimpse of these narrow and verdant vales, which, like deep

gorges, or chasms cut in the rock, lie hidden between the steppes. Indeed, a wayfarer is scarce aware of these green hungry; monsieur is welcome." rents in the barren land, till his foot touches the brink of some rocky ridge, beneath which flashes the sudden herbage and the smiling stream. Thus the prospect all around the cottage, save where the many-tinted wood gleamed and glistened in the sun, was bleak and sombre beyond description. A feasted, and I waited till the meal was over, before I unbound

sullen gray seemed to cover all the land, varied only by the great shadows of clouds which flitted from hill to hill, chasing the bars of purplish sunlight, that rested or the heath.

"A cold spot, Ernestine," said 1.

"Ah, monsieur should see it in winter, when the snow is on the ground, and every hill is white for leagues and leagues about Then, but for the wood behind, which gives some shelter,

I think we should die of cold."

As she spoke, my glance following hers took in all the prospect, and I saw. on every side, between us and the horizon, not a single rock, or tree, that could shelter a wayfarer from the blast. Yes, there was one solitary tree, standing out like a landmark, sharply defined against the sky, but even this was stunted, and twisted by keen winds into a weird shape, like some grim goblin of the heath.

Louis the woodcutter was a young man of thirty, handsome as health could make him, and bearing on his sunburnt face an expression of intelligence and refinement, not often seen in the peasants of the Ardennes.

One little child sat on his knee, another knelt before the fire, blowing the embers into a flame. On a small table stood a brown loaf, and a pot of chicory-water, which the Ardennais drink for coffee. Like a picture I saw the breakfast, scanty and the wistful face of the wounded man, gazing into the fire gloomily. Then our presence startled him, and he turned toward his wife with a cheerful look.

"I am glad thou art come back, Er-

nestine. I cannot

And putting down the child, he gave me a chair by the fire.

A slice of dark bread, and a cup of chicory-water, without milk or sugar, this was the poor repast on which the children



AVENGING TRUTH.-PAGE 259.



the man's hand, and looked upon the havoc made amid the flesh and sinews by the splinter.

It was a terrible sight, and I perceived at once, that only the most skillful surgery could save the hand from amputation, or even render it a useful member again. As I looked up, I caught the man's sad and earnest gaze rivetted on my face. Then his eyes turned slowly on his wife and children.

"Winter is coming on, monsieur," he said, wearily. "Will my hand be long in getting well?"

"I hope not, Louis," I answered, "but the doctor will be here soon, he will be able to tell you better than I.'

He glanced at me in a frightened way, and then dropped forward wearily, with his head resting on his

"God help me!" he said, in a despairing tone. "What

will become of my wife and children if I can't work?"

"Your neighbors will help you, Louis," I replied, cheerfully; "do not despair."

The woodcutter's face flushed, painfully.
"Beggary!" he murmured, "have I brought her to beg-



COBBLER'S STALL .- PAGE 259.

"Louis," I said, earnestly, "when they hear you are laid up, Ernestine's parents will surely relent."

He shook his head, sadly.

"I cannot think so, monsieur, and of my own will, I will never let her go to them again. No, not even if we are starving."

I was saved the pain of replying, by the arrival of the doctor, who set about his work instantly, with all care and tenderness. But the dressing of such a jagged wound made the nerves shrink, and poor Louis fainted ere the work was done. His young wife had stood by, aiding him with calm courage, till she saw him sink and fall, then her tears burst forth, and a sharp cry of agony was wrung from her lips.

The doctor looked at her graceful figure in some surprise, as though wondering why one so young and fair should be visited with so much sorrow, but his patient requiring all his attention, he asked no questions then. But two hours later, when seated by my fire-side, he took his pipe from his mouth, and said, abruptly:

"She has the air of a lady, that girl — how is that?"

"Well, the reason is a love-story," said I, "which I'll tell, if you like to hear it. She has been married five years, and she has, as you saw, three little children and a husband whom she loves dearly."

"Who is she?" asked the doctor.

"You will be surprised when I tell you. She is the daughter of Monsieur Sarrasin, the rich old notary of Trèves."

"I had heard his daughter had made a strange match," exclaimed the doctor, in astonishment, "but I did not know she had descended so low as this."

"Not so low as you may think," I responded; "Louis's birth is quite as good as Ernestine's, but his father became bankrupt, and the young man, as soon as he came of age, handed over to the creditors the small

fortune which he had inherited from his mother." "Romantic humbug," observed the doctor-"the sort of thing that tells on the stage, or in a story, but in real life it fails

altogether.'

MOORISH DOORWAY.—PAGE 259

"In Louis's case it certainly failed," I answered, "inasmuch as it paid nobody in full, and it left him penniless. The creditors were still sufferers, and the truth is, by his mad act, Louis had made himself the deepest sufferer of all. His father saw this, and crushed by his bankruptcy, his wife's death, and his

son's ruin he hastened to quit the world.
"Now, in the days when his foundry and his quarry were flourishing, Monsieur Sarrasin had been glad to talk of a marriage between his daughter Ernestine, and the young Louis Dartôt. Both were only children, and it was a favorite scheme of their respective parents to unite the great fortunes, that each would have. But the quarry failed, the foundry was burnt



VAILS, ANCIENT AND MODERN. - PAGE 259



down, and the confidential clerk of Dartôt & Co. falsified the accounts, and ran away to America with all the ready cash upon which he could lay his hands. Ruin followed, and Monsieur Sarrasin shut Louis Dartôt from his house.

"Imagine the rest: think of the long waiting, the sick hope, the fevered patience of all those slow years, while Louis fought against fate, trying to conquer fortune. During his mother's life, he could still see Ernestine at times without compromising her, as she was invariably present at these meetings, but when she was gone, he knew he could only see the girl he loved, at the cost of her good name. Hence he generously sought no more for secret interviews, but Ernestine misinterpreting this generosity, unfortunately fancied he had forgotten her.

"After the death of his mother, Louis, now utterly penniless, accepted a situation as clerk to a brewer, a rich man, but coarse and unfeeling, to a strange degree. The chief in the establishment, to whom Louis came for orders, and who might be looked upon as his master, was the brewer's eldest son-a fellow in whom there lurked all the extravagant vices of a great city, mingled with the meanness and cruelty inherent in his blood. Louis was slow to discover that his master hated him, nevertheless, this discovery was forced on him at last, through countless petty slights, sneering words, and, in the end, outspoken insults. But he bore them patiently, for his father, paralytic and feeble, before his time, was dependent on his exertions for daily bread, so Louis worked on, in silence, and Henri Mathiste reveled hourly in cruel sneers and fault-finding.

"All this while, Louis had caught no glimpse of Ernestine, except at church, and each Sunday, or saint day, he fancied she looked paler and thinner, but she turned away her face when he regarded her, and clung closer to her keen-eyed father. Thus things went on for six months, and then Louis returning one night over-worked and weary to his poor lodging, found his father lifeless in his chair. Since his ruin and his wife's death, the poor old man could scarcely have been said to live, and now that the feeble spark of life was really gone, his poor, pinched face was so little changed from the aspect it had worn for many weary months, that his son spoke twice to him, and waited for an answer, not believing he was dead.

"It was hard to go to work, next day, carrying that heavy grief with him cold as his heart, and harder still to bear Henri Mathiste's insolence, feeling as he did, that at such a time, gentleness was his due, even from an enemy. But to-day, young Mathiste was in brutal spirits, and in the exuberance of his cruel gayety, he cast off all reticence, flinging his sneers and insults on Louis's grief with a sort of reckless pleasure.

" 'Here you, Dartôt!' cried the young brewer; 'I suppose you'll be wanting a holiday to-morrow, won't you, to bury that

"'I bury my father at six to-morrow morning,' returned Louis, without looking up. 'I want no holiday, thank you.'

"'Whew!' whistled Mathiste, 'we bury him at six in the morning, like a mendicant, do we?'o

" 'Sir!' cried Louis, starting up in fury.

"But the old clerk pressed him down with one hand.

"'1s it worth your while to be angry?' he whispered.
"'No, indeed,' returned Louis; 'such a nature as his, is worthy only of pity and contempt.'

"Seated, as he was, in an inner office, young Mathiste could only guess at these words, instead of distinctly hearing them. His face flushed with fury; this bankrupt's son, then, despised him. But he would scarcely do that when he struck his last

" 'You can do as you like about taking a holiday, Dartôt,' he said, in a sneering tone; 'but I intend to give all the other employés one, since to-morrow I sign my contrat-de-mariage with Mademoiselle Sarrasin.'

"'It is a lie!' returned Louis; as pale as death, he rose, and confronted the tormentor.

" 'You are polite, sir,' returned Mathiste, with great coolness; 'but I excuse you. Your misfortunes earn my pardon. I believe you had pretensions to the lady yourself once, but of course she declined the honor of an alliance with the son of a swindler.'

* Early funerals are the cheapest, in most Catholic countries.

"As the words left his throat, Louis sprang at him and knocked him down. Perhaps he would have pommeled him heartily, but for the old clerk, who, in breathless horror, dragged him from the body of the fallen bully, and led him away.

"In Pierre Festin's room, Louis clutched him by the arm, gasping breathlessly:

" 'Is this true what the coward says? - does she marry

" 'It is true, Louis; we have known it this month past, only no one has dared to tell you.'

" 'Women are always cruel to the unfortunate; they fly to riches, as the vulture to carrion,' said Louis, bitterly, as he sank into a chair. 'Well, she has chosen a happy time in which to strike the blow; she signs her marriage contract on the day that I lay my father in the earth.'

"A sob burst from his throat, and he covered his face with his hands

"Pierre Festin looked at him pityingly.

" 'I believe Mademoiselle Sarrasin has been coerced into this," he said. 'I know she has been made to think strange things concerning you. I will undertake to carry a letter to her, if you will write it.'

" 'I'll send her my congratulations on her marriage,' returned Louis, scornfully. 'I'll let her know what I think of her bride-

"He seized pen and paper, and poured forth some of the gall and despair, and wounded love rankling in his heart. The letter must have been a strange mingling of reproach, sorrow and passion; it must have been written in words that burn, since it so wrought upon the mind of the girl, who loved him, that falling upon her knees, as she read it, she thanked heaven she was not yet Henri Mathiste's wife."

CHAPTER II.

ATE that night, as Louis Dartôt sat alone, cowering over his small fire, the door of his poor garret was opened softly, and there stood. framed by the dingy arch around her, a pale, shrinking figure, upon whom his eyes fell wonderingly. Slowly, they gathered in the truth, and his lips in pain and astonishment uttered her name.

" 'Ernestine!'

" 'I am come,' said the girl, falteringly. But overcome with terror at the step she had taken, she stopped, and sank to the ground, trembling and weeping.

" 'Why are you here, mademoiselle?' asked Louis Dartôt, coldly. 'You would be ruined in the estimation of your fiance, if he became aware of this strange visit to me.

"'You are cruel,' cried Ernestine, as she lifted her tearful face from her hands.

" 'Pardon me, mademoiselle, it is you who are cruel. On the eve of your marriage with another, you come to the man you have forsaken, to madden him with a sight of your face. You come to see his abject poverty, to see his misery, his grief. Beholding these, you doubtless feel justified in your own sight, for your desertion of such a hapless wretch. You perceive, I am so forlorn, that I have not another room, in which to shelter myself from the heartrending presence of the dead. Yonder, in that dim corner, lies my father, a man whom you honored and loved when he was rich. As for me, mademoiselle, you do right to despise me, because for a whole year, I have borne the taunts and insults of that reptile, whom to-morrow you take for your husband. But take care, lest as I lay my father in the grave, I should think of you in your bridal finery, and curse you!'

"Truly, 'jealousy burneth like a fire,' and in its scorching pain Louis spoke madly and cruelly. For a moment, when his



University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain, torrent of words ceased, no sound broke the silence save the low sobs of Ernestine; then she said, in a broken voice:

"'You wrong me, Louis. I was told you had forgotten me, and seeing you never wrote to me, never strove to see me, I believed it. Then I thought, since you loved me no more, there only remained for me on earth, my duty to my parents. To fullfil that, I yielded to their wish, and permitted them to arrange this terrible marriage with Henri Mathiste. But you little know how long I resisted, nor in what grief and tears I consented; neither can you guess how my indifference, and my love for you have chafed the man they chose for me.'

"She ceased, her tones having gathered courage and calmness as she went on.

"'This, then, is the secret of Mathiste's hate to me,' said Louis. 'And do you mean to marry him, mademoiselle?'

"'No, never,' answered Ernestine. 'It was to tell you so that I have dared to come here to-night. When I read your letter, I thought that surely you still loved me, and I felt that neither poverty, sickness, nor death, could separate you from my love. But now—now that I hear your bitter words, and see that I am unwelcome, I am sorry that I have troubled you.'

"She rose, blinded by tears, and put out her hands, gropingly, toward the door. At that instant, Louis sprang to her side, and seized her.

"'Ernestine,' he said, imploringly, 'forgive me! Much sorrow has made me mad.'

"Her head drooped upon his shoulder, as he spoke, and they wept together.

"" Ma tendre amie." murmured Louis, as he held her in his arms, 'you have risked your name for me, and what can I do for you in return? Can I ask you to share this misery? No; I cannot be so selfish, so cruel. We must say farewell, Ernestine, and for ever. You will marry some good man, and forget me."

"'No, no,' she cried, 'we will wait, we will hope. Here, in the presence of your dead father, who plighted us to each other, I swear I will never be any man's wife but yours. You will win success in time, and my parents will consent to our marriage.'

"There was no hope in Louis's heart as he listened to her words; to him all was blank poverty and despair; and he felt, now, he had been impulsive and selfish in disturbing her peace. Better let her marry even Henri Mathiste than share my miseries,' he said to himself, bitterly. In this thought he grew anxious for her safe return to her home unnoticed. Both knew that her rash deed, if not kept a strict secret, would bring on her ruin and disgrace.

"'Ernestine,' said Louis, lifting her head from his shoulder, 'you have spoken truly, we are in the presence of my father. Come and look on him.'

"He drew her near that silent presence, that had witnessed this interview, and uncovered the calm, white face. Unable to bear the sight without a burst of grief, he leant over the bed in tearless agony; while Ernestine's eyes overflowed, and, seeking to comfort him, she pressed her lips upon his cheek.

"'Ma scule, ma noble amie,' he said, gently, 'surely, knowing such a witness as this was here, the cruelest tongue would not dare to slander thee.'

"As he uttered the words there was a sudden noise upon the stairs; the door was flung open and there entered, white with fury, Ernestine's father and the elder Monsieur Mathiste.

"'Infamous girl,' cried Monsieur Sarrasin, as, with clinched hands, he advanced toward her, 'I did not believe you were so lost."

"'I told you she was here,' exclaimed Monsieur Mathiste, eagerly 'Mademoiselle, you will consider your marriage with my son broken off, if you please.'

"'I have written to him already to say so,' returned Ernestine, coldly. 'Father, listen to me—___'

"'Listen to you! I see you here, is not that enough?'
roared Monsieur Sarrasin, in an agony of fury and distress.

"'Monsieur,' said Louis, quietly, as he laid his hand upon his father's cold brow, 'here is the witness of our interview. Your

daughter has not been alone with me in this chamber; your dead friend has been with us.'

"Any other man would have been touched, but Monsieur Sarrasin was a miser, and a lover of money. He hated poverty, as one hates leprosy, so he turned away, dragging his daughter with him by the hand. It was Monsieur Mathiste who answered Louis's appeal.

""My friend," he said, to Monsicur Sarrasin, 'I am willing to believe the young man. Let us endeavor to hush up the matter. For my part, if mademoiselle will explain wherefore she came hither, and if she will promise never to speak to this person again, I will sign the contract to-morrow with pleasure. I know my son has set his heart on it."

"'Speak, Ernestine,' cried her father. 'What madness made you come to this place?"

"I came, she said, 'to tell Louis that I would not marry Monsieur Henri Mathiste, and that I had been deceived with false reports regarding him, else I would never have given my consent to such a marriage. Monsieur,' she continued, addressing herself to Henri's father, 'I cannot give you the promise you desire, for I have just sworn, in this sacred presence, never to forsake Louis Dartôt while I have life.'

"The effect of her bold words is past telling.

"Monsieur Mathiste bowed to her, and departed without a word.

"'Henri must get over it,' he said to himself, as he went down the garret stairs.

"'You have ruined my daughter's prospects,' cried Monsieur Sarrasin; 'there is no refuge for her now but a convent. If I were a younger man I would blow your brains out.'

"So saying, he dragged away his weeping daughter, paying no heed to her prayers and expostulations.

"It is impossible to describe the hubbub this affair made. Enough, that the poor girl was shunned like the pestilence, and her character was irretrievably ruined. She bowed before the storm without a murmur, as she knew that in breaking through the rules of etiquette, to visit her lover in his dire affliction, she had sinned beyond forgiveness in the eyes of the world.

"Hearing these slanders, Louis presented himself at her father's house, and formally demanded her hand without a dôt. His proposal was refused.

" Do you want to beg together? asked Monsieur Sarrasin.

"And now the poor girl began to die slowly. She had fancied she had courage to bear the tide of slander and shame, this terrible isolation and hissing of tongues, but her health and spirits sank before it, and she presented to the unpitying world a white, woeful face, bearing the seal of death on its youthful brow.

"The sight maddened Louis Dartôt, but it did not enable him to coin money. At length a hurried line reached him, saying just this:

"'Henri Mathiste has demanded my hand again. My father gives me two alternatives—to accept him or to enter a convent. After all that has been said, it would be a shame, a dishonor in me, to marry any man but you. If you will not take me, I choose the convent.'

"That night Louis Dartôt and Ernestine Sarrasin created that worst of French scandals—an elopement.

"It was a poor, wan shadow that Louis took into his arms, as she crept out guiltily from her father's door; and for many days she lay on the pallet-bed, in his bare lodging, hanging between life and death, exhausted with the patience of sorrow.

"Then followed her parents' enforced consent to her marriage, together with the settlement of the wretched pittance of four hundred francs a year on her and her children. After this, the young couple escaped from the scorn of the world, and settled in the solitude of the Ardennes. Here Louis has cultivated a little land, and eked out a living by woodcutting and other labors. He finds it a happier, freer life, he says, than toiling in an office. And, above all, what renders it dearer to him, is the fact that there is no cheating, no chicancry in it. There is not a lie in all the woods, he says; and, in digging up the earth, his spade never shows him the meanness, the insolence, the trickery, that man flung before his eyes, when he strove to earn his bread like a 'gentleman' in the crowded city.

"That's the love story, doctor."



HE winter came down upon the Ardennes early, and in grim carnest. Soon there was not a blade of grass or a green spot anywhere to be seen: the whole earth wore

a mantle of snow, white, glistening, and durable. Each day rolled on, with biting winds and Russian frosts, making the surface of the snow so hard that sleighs and carriages drove whither they would. On the grandes routes government employed men to clear the way, but

elsewhere, all roads were invisible, swallowed up in snow.

As the weeks went on, the eye ached with the constant whiteness, and the ear longed for some sound-some note of bird or cry of beast to break the dead stillness of the winter. The cry came at last. Drawing nearer and nearer, through the great woods toward the borders, where cottages and homesteads lay, it came—the cry of the famished wolf. Sometimes in pairs, sometimes in packs of three or four, these hungry prowlers came creeping round lonely dwellings, seeking what they could devour. In the still, frosty, starlight nights the sudden sight of their dusky forms passing swiftly, stealthily, over the snow, startled the solitary wayfarer from his security, with a strange shudder of fear.

And through all this hard and bitter weather, Louis Dartôt lay ill in his bed, or sat by the wood fire, weak and helpless. He had escaped the horrors of lockjaw, but suffering and anxiety brought on fever, and, prostrate with this, he seemed a dying man. The anguish of his mind and the miseries of poverty kept the fever in his veins, which riches and ease might have driven away. In vain neighbors helped and friends sent wine and nourishment; such aids could not make head against the strong tide of misfortune rolling over the hapless family. It was a painful task to go to the cottage and witness the sorrows of that bitter winter. The sick man in his bed, the two tiny children shivering over the fire, the little baby in its mother's arms, with pinched face and listless eyes full of pain, and, worst of all, the haggard, weary looks of the young wife herself, who, worn with woe and watching, went about a very ghost.

One day, I found Louis sitting up in bed, with flushed face and eager eyes, reading a letter.

"She is gone!" he said, falling back on his pillow, "they will never let her return to this misery; they will keep her with them, and I shall die here alone. Take the children to her when I am gone. They will not be so hard as to shut their door against the little ones."

From the wildness of his haggard eyes, I thought him wandering in mind, till he placed the letter in my hand, and I read a few dry lines, from Monsieur Sarrasin, coldly proposing to receive his daughter again in his home, on the condition that she came with only her youngest child, leaving her husband and the others to their fate.

"She cannot have accepted this inhuman proposal?" I exclaimed.

The unhappy invalid made no answer, but I saw his face change to the hue of death, as he turned it on the pillow to hide his tears from me.

I felt much shaken in mind as I walked homeward; Ernestine's departure seemed so cruel, so unlike herself. "She cannot mean to forsake them," I said to myself, constantly. But when the whole day and the night went by bringing no tidings, I was forced to confess, that the iron of poverty had entered into her soul, and the thought of ease and comfort in her father's house had been too great a temptation for her weak-

Madame Rodière sat up with Louis Dartôt that night, and in the morning she came forth from the cottage door to meet me.

"He has raved all night," she said. "Through all the slow hours, he has cried 'Ernestine! Ernestine!' till the sound rang through my heart. She is a cruel woman to desert her dying husband, and her children like this."

"Hush!" I answered. "Do not let us judge her; we know nothing."

Louis was sleeping, but he woke, suddenly, with a smile on

"Is the snow still on the ground?" he said. "I dreamed I was walking in green fields with Ernestine, and the sunshine was warm about us, and there was no sorrow, neither was there any more pain. Is the snow gone?"

"No," I answered, wistfully, "it is as deep and hard as it was a month ago; it looks as if it would hide the green earth from us for ever."

"For ever!" echoed Louis. "No, I saw fields and flowers in my sleep." Then suddenly he caught my hand, and said, eagerly: "Is she come back? No? Well, I am not so cruel, when in my senses, as to wish her back. Tell her so, if you see her again when I am dead. Tell her I never reproached her, never thought her unkind to leave me. She has done all things well; shall I not trust her now?"

The little children listened, wondering, and the elder one, the girl, stealing near, kissed her father's pale hand, leaving tears on it.

The cold hours of the short bright day went on, bringing no tidings to the desolate man, of the wife who had left him alone to die. Toward night he raved again, and the sharp cry of "Ernestine! Ernestine!" rang out into the cold, dark air.

I sat by his bed that night, and sometimes when the fever lulled suddenly, his restless cries ceased, and looking at me with a wistful air, he would murmur.

And in another moment, as his weary head turned from side to side, back came the old cry, ringing her name through the night silence.

At length he slept, and rising softly, I laid logs upon the fire, and sat down by it, with wistful thoughts for company. A hurried footstep without, and a sharp tap upon the door roused me, and I opened it swiftly, lest the sleeper should be disturbed. Upon the snow stood a stalwart peasant with a face so white with ghastly fear, that I started back amazed at him. He dashed within the door as I opened it, and stood by me, trembling.

"The wolves are out," he said, in a whisper. Then I understood his fear, and looking across the snow, I saw four or five black forms creeping cowardly away. I closed the door safely, and led the man by the fire, where for awhile, his teeth chattered audibly, not with cold.

"The beasts followed me all across the hill," he said, "walking on either side, waiting for me to trip or fall. I had this stout stick with me, so they dared not spring. The cowards rarely attack a man. But it was warm work walking a league with those black devils on either side of me. However, here's the letter. It might have cost me my life to bring it, but a promise is a promise, and she seemed so terribly in earnest over

I seized, impatiently, the letter which his slow fingers had drawn from his vest, and placed it in Louis's hand. It was from Ernestine.

"My love," she wrote, "I dared not tell you I was going, because I feared you would not let me undertake so terrible a journey on foot. But I have not walked all the way, le bon Dieu has sent me many helps. I thought I would show my little baby to my mother, and soften her heart. I thought I would throw myself at my father's feet, and tell him how ill you were, and that I—his only child—lived on the charity of strangers. Oh, Louis, I hoped to move him by my prayers and tears, but I have wept and implored in vain. He would only repeat the cruel offer he made in his letter -as if I would ever leave thee, dearest, till God parts us. So I am coming home again darling, with my little one, and my mother has given me two hundred francs from her savings, and this little sum will greatly aid us. I trust to find thee better and more cheerful. Take heart Louis; this money will help us through the winter, and when spring comes thou wilt work again. To return to thee quicker, I spend ten francs for a seat in the diligence, which will set me down only a

Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized /

I took it up, and looked at the date. Why it was this night

-this very night she was coming back.

"We ought to have had the letter yesterday," I said to the countryman.

"Yes, but my cart and horse got into a bank of snow, and I had to get men to dig them out. The poor beast was nearly dead—I had to leave him at Bastoigne, and walk the rest of the way."

As he spoke, a sudden thought chilled my blood. Ernestine was going to walk a league across the hills, and the wolves were out! Almost paralyzed by fear, I drew the man aside, and bade him load Louis's gun, and get the lantern lighted.

"The diligence sets her down at eleven o'clock," I said; "we have not a moment to lose. Wolves are such cowards, that if they have ventured to draw near her, they will flee at the first signs of our coming."

"I am not going," returned the peasant, sturdily. "I have faced a pack of wolves once to-night; I don't do that a second

Nothing would move him, so I was compelled to tell Louis that I left him there as his companion.

"And I am going to meet Ernestine," I said. "She may

THAPTER IV.

T took me a good half-hour to reach the village, where I roused the men, and armed with all kinds of weapons, we departed for that point on the grande route, where the diligence supped to put down passengers. All was blank here, and on the hard, frozen road it was vain to look for marks of wheels. The hour, however, convinced me the diligence had long gone by, and set down its frail freight to fight her way through cold and darkness over the blcak snow-covered steppes.

The men were hopeful of her safety.

"She is used to the Ardennes," they said; "she knows the shapes of the hills, and will find her way by these. And as to wolves, we have not seen any on our road."

For two hours we shouted Ernestine's name aloud, we went from steppe to steppe, we descended the rugged sides of deep valleys, and searched among snow rifts; our fears growing

2 on us, and hope sinking as we went. At length, as with our sticks and guns aiding us, we toiled up the snowy side of a great hill, there fled by us like the wind a dusky form. Then another and another passed, then three together, and a voice shouted: "Wolves! fire! fire!"

One or two guns went off at random, but no shot took effect, and the brutes vanished like shadows.

At the top of this hill stood that solitary twisted tree, of which I have spoken, and I know not what instinct impelled me to it, but I made straight for this with a feeling of horror indescribable. The men followed, whispering ominously

"So they are out—and fiendish with famine. They don't fear women and children then."

Breathless, I struggled on. At the foot of the tree, the moonlight showed us something lying strangely still. Another instant, and we were near enough to cry, "It is a woman!"

I sprang forward, and knelt by her side on the hard snow.

It was Ernestine. She was dead, but this was not what made the men recoil with horror. It was the blood spots all around | see her."

leagne from home. Adieu till to-morrow, mon cher, when I | upon the snow, and the sight of her fair arms and hands mangled by cruel jaws.

Our arrival had driven the brutes from their prey; had we come a moment later, we might never have found the body of Ernestine Dartôt."

Doubtless she had come to the tree for shelter, and here for a long while she had stood at bay, the wolves still fearing to touch her. We knew this by the marks of their feet, showing where they had walked round and round the tree in a cruel circle, glaring on her with hungry eyes. We knew it by a more pitiful token still. Here, high up as she could reach, was her little infant wrapped in her shawl, and tied safely to a branch. Doubtless she had died defending it.

The child's sudden cry made many men there weep; and it was with very tender hands we unfastened it from its wild cradle, and then looked upon its little, white face.

"She has died of cold and terror," said the soldier—Fifine's husband—as he raised her, softly. "You see, when she took off her shawl to wrap round the child, she had no protection against the bitter wind. And then the wolves, walking round and round her, must have made her heart die within her. Look you! I don't think they touched her till she was dead."

It was the sole comfort he could give us.

"And she died praying," said another, "with her hands before her face, that is how the brutes have not touched it."

We carried her home—the mournfulest procession that heart could dream of—and laid her down out of her husband's sight.

Then a woman, one whom his wife had loved, broke the truth gently to him. But how could such a truth fall gently on his bruised spirit? He lost the sense and meaning of her words before the tale was finished, and babbling of his dream, and the fields, where he would walk with Ernestine when the snow was gone, he died.

0

In the afternoon of the day following that sad night, there came across the steppes a light caleche, drawn by a strong horse, rough-shod. I stood aside to let it pass, but, seeing me, the driver pulled up, and asked the way to the cottage of Louis

"You can scarcely drive thither." I answered.

Then a hard, sarcastic face thrust itself from beneath the hood, and accosted me.

"I will walk there, if you will show me the way, sir."

Knowing who he was, I bowed to him, and led him toward the cottage, silently.

"They are all well, I suppose," he said, uneasily. "My daughter left me yesterday with—with her child, and—well, in fact, her mother has persuaded me that she looks ill, and wants better things than that sad scamp, her husband, can give her. Yesterday I offered to take her and the children, which was very liberal on my part. I had at first proposed taking only herself. She refused these offers of reconciliation. She would never leave her husband, she said. It seems the man is ill."

I was still silent.

"He is no worse, I trust," continued Monsieur Sarrasin, more and more uneasy at my looks. "The truth is, I am come to-day -madame desiring it so earnestly-to take them all back to Trèves. Will my daughter's husband be able to bear the journey, sir?"
"He will never go but one journey more, monsieur, and that

is to his grave. He is dead."

The miser held himself erect under this blow, but I saw his cyelids quiver.

"Poor Ernestine," he said, softly. "She loved him, she will feel this separation deeply, but she will recover it, sir—she will recover. Her mother and I will be tender to her."

"There is no separation between these two, Monsieur Sarrasin," said I. "They were 'lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

"What do you mean?" cried the wretched man, clutching me by the arm. "What are you saying?"

His face was ghastly white, and his lips trembling.

"I am saying your daughter is with her husband: come and



Generated at Ur Public Domain,

The grief of the old is terrible, I will not dwell on it.

"She was brave, always," he said, as he looked upon the lacerated arms that had defended and saved her child.

"When he went away with the children, I saw he held that little one close against his breast.

"Poor old man! As in years to come he cherishes that grandson fondly, will he ever look upon his face, without seeing also the mangled, brave arms of the daughter he forgave too late?"

COURTING AN HEIRESS.

"I DON'T think he cares two straws for me," thought Elsie Miller, pulling the withered roses out of her hair with a quick impatient little jerk. "And he used to be so different. Oh, dear, talk about the fickleness of women! Men are twenty times as unaccountable. But I don't care—I don't care one particle."

And in undeniable proof of her indifference, the round, bright, diamond-drops rolled down her fresh pink cheeks, and her lip quivered.

Elsie was a pretty, piquant little damsel, with eyes as blue as china marbles, a complexion like a damask rose, and bright tendrils of silken, soit hair, partaking decidedly of the reddish hue, greatly to our heroine's daily dissatisfaction.

"Nobody has red hair in all my novels," said Elsie, almost ready to despair.

Aunt Bridget Merriam had brought Elsie up, until she stood on the threshold of her seventeenth year-brought her up in a kindly, old-fashioned sort of way, to knit and to sew, and to make her own fresh little merino dresses, and stitch her own spotless linen collars.

"For there's no knowing what tribulation a body may have to pass through in the world, Elsie," said the old lady, solemnly: "and it's always just as well to be able to turn your hand to almost anything. I've lived sixty and seven years, and I've found out that heaven helps those who help themselves."

So Elsie unconsciously provided herself for a stormy future, brightening up whatever weapons Nature had given her for that battle with the world which Aunt Bridget appeared to consider almost inevitable.

And when Aunt Bridget died suddenly, and she was left alone, poor Elsie thought vaguely of dressmaking, school-teaching, copying, all the makeshifts by which women now-a-days contrive to stave off the wolf's footsteps from the door.

"This is a very unexpected stroke of Providence, Miss Miller!" said Mr. Peck, the solemn-faced lawyer.
"Yes, sir, indeed it is," said Elsie, sadly, thinking how

lonely the house would be without Aunt Bridget's brisk step, and aged kindly face.

"But we must all be prepared to meet the dispensations of a higher wisdom than ours," he added.

"Yes, sir," said Elsie, wishing he would stop talking in that sanctimonious whine, and tell her whether she had better accept the situation of teacher in the district school, or go as governess to Squire Dalton's six motherless little girls.

"And we none of us suspected for an instant that our dear departed friend was worth fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand dollars!"

Elsie opened her china-blue eyes widely enough now.

"Exactly that sum, my dear Miss Miller; and she has beenbeen-pleased to testify her confidence in my-er-humble abilities, by constituting me your guardian until you reach the age of twenty-one years. Allow me—h'm—to proffer my most cordial congratulations."

How Mr. Peck wished his Freddy was twenty instead of ten years of age!

"For," he inwardly reasoned, stroking his lank, bristly chin, "she's sure to fall a victim to some fortune-hunter or other. And she's such a fool !"

But Mr. Peck was mistaken in that last estimate. Elsie Miller was no fool.

Gervaise Colton heard the story of Miss Miller's good fortune in silence.

Dalton. "I was going there this very evening to ask Elsie if

she would accept a home at my hands."
"Do you mean, marry you?" demanded the straightforward squire.

"Certainly-of course."

"My dear boy, you couldn't do a more sensible thing. You'll have the richest wife and the prettiest wife in town, and I always thought that little Elsie fancied you. Go, by all means."

"Never," said Gervaise, emphatically.
"Hallo!" cried the squire, dropping the red-silk handkerchief that he was flourishing about, and staring fixedly at the handsome young man opposite him.

"I would sooner cut my right hand off than give people occasion to call me a fortune-hunter," said Colton, with a quiet determination that made his mouth look like iron, his brows like adamant.

"Gammon!" said the squire, rather uncourteously; "didn't you just tell me you were about to propose to her under the impression that she hadn't a penny in the world?"

"Yes, I told you so, and it was the truth; but it would be rather difficult to convince the world in general of it."

"Oh, bother the world in general. What do you care for its verdict one way or the other?"

But Colton shook his head.

"I have striven all my life long to be an honorable gentleman," said he, calmly, "nor shall I allow the shadow of a shade to dim my character now. I love Elsic Miller as truly and tenderly as a man can love, but I will not submit to be called an heiress-hunter."

"But, my dear boy, please reflect that the days of Don Quixote are over. Nobody will appreciate the sacrifice you are making; and Elsie herself will probably marry some calculating miscreant or other, who won't make her half so good a husband as you would have done."

Gervaise Colton remained obstinately unconvinced, however, and the squire's cloquence was utterly thrown away.

And little Elsie?
How she marveled at Gervaise's altered manner, at his cold constraint, and distant politeness! What scalding tears she shed upon her midnight pillow, and how vainly she tried to read the unreadable riddle!

"I'm sure he used to like me," said Elsie, as she bathed her eyes with rose-water in the mornings. "And there's the rosebuds he gave me just before Aunt Bridget died, and the letters he used to write, and-and-"

So ended most of Miss Elsie's soliloquies—in tears.

"But I don't care!" persisted our heroine.

The months passed away, and still Gervaise adhered to his new rôle of distant, courteous friend, until one night Elsie resolved to ask him what she had done to forfeit the old place in

So she marched up to him, in the merry confusion of good Squire Dalton's birthday party—a resolute little soldier, in armor of white muslin, and shield of roses.

Gervaise was leaning sadly against the door, listening abstractedly to the music, when Elsie laid her bouquet of roses lightly on his arm.

"Gervaise." He started.

" Miss Miller."

"Miss Miller!" she repeated, bitterly. "Oh, Gervaise, you used to call me Elsie once. Why are you so cold, so changed? What have I said or done to lose your friendship?"

"Nothing," he answered, strangely embarrassed.

"Gervaise!"

"Will you excuse me?" he said, hurriedly. "I see a friend to whom I must speak."

Elsie stood with her cheeks flaming like the roses in her hand. and her blue eyes humid with tears. Had she humiliated herself in vain?

And this was the night that she went home and declared, for at least the hundred and ninety-ninth time, that "she didn't

"I am glad you told me," he said to his informant, Squire forget dignity, manhood, resolution, and everything else, if she "I cannot endure this," thought Gervaise Colton. "I shall



looks me in the eyes like that once again. Oh, if Miss Bridget Merriam's fifty thousand dollars could be thrown into the sea!" All that night Gervaise spent in packing his valise, burning

old letters, and setting his affairs in order for a journey.

"I may as well go to Europe," he thought. "It's a wide place, and I shall be safe from the besetting demon of temptation only there. I may surely keep this little bunch of dried violets that she gave me off the day of the pic-nic; she will never know.'

Alas, there was little of consolation in that last reflection.

"Ought I to write and bid her good-by?" he pondered, with an indescribable yearning for one last link to bridge over the dividing currents of their lives. "No; I must leave her free, unfettered even by a fancy."

Gervaise Colton sat underneath the swinging lamp of the express train as it thundered through the midnight solitudes, with folded arms and sleepless, staring eyes

He was leaving hope, happiness, sunshine, behind him for

Oh, why had Providence made the path of duty so narrow, and so beset by prickly thorns?

Why must be fight such a perpetual battle with himself? Would it not be better to die at once?

As the vague, repining aspiration after the peace and oblivion of death came across his mind there was a crash—a jar—a noise like the rending of beams and splintering of arches-and Ger-

vaise Colton was thrown violently against the side of the carriage with a concussion that for a few moments deprived him of sense or consciousness.

Then he struggled up, sick and faint, into a sitting position, and became aware that he was surrounded by dead and dying.

The train had run off the track, and the three foremost cars were precipitated into a sort of gorge or declivity some seven or eight feet deep just beyond.

Gervaise Colton had wished for death-here it was, face to face with him. No wonder that he shrank appalled from the ghastly sight.

Steadying himself by the broken seat, he rose to his feet, convincing himself that he was not seriously hurt, beyond a bruise or two, and began to assist his less fortunate fellow-travelers.

Almost directly behind him had sat a man in a slouched hat, and muffled face; he lay now beneath a mass of splintered woodwork and shivered glass.

"It's no use," he groaned, feebly, as Gervaise dragged away the superincumbent weight, and strove to lift him up; "I'm dying fast. There's an ugly gash on the back of my head that all the surgeons in creation couldn't close up again. Let me die in peace."

"Why, it is Jotham Peck!" exclaimed Gervaise, recognising the lawyer's voice, husky and faint though it was.

"Yes, Gervaise Colton, it is I," faltered the dying man. "Go back to Elsie Miller, and tell her she is penniless once more. I have risked her fortune in railway shares, and lost it; but if I had succeeded—and they looked promising—I should have doubled it for her. I was on my way to Europe. I dared not look her in the ce and tell her what I am telling you. But it is all over now. God will judge me more charitably than man would have done; and I meant well—indeed, indeed, I meant well. For-

There was a choking sort of gurgle in his throat—a rush of crimson blood over his lips, and the next moment Gervaise Colton was holding a dead man's head upon his knee.

"Lost! My fortune all lost! Stop a moment, Gervaise, and let me collect my thoughts—my head is growing dizzy, I think." Elsie Miller had cared as little for the glitter of wealth as woman could, and yet this shock came to her sharp and sudden.

No more luxury, no more indolent indulgences, no more day-

She must turn once more to the hard, dusty, high road of work-day life; and oh, how lonely and desolate she felt in the contemplation of that new existence!

"Oh, Gervaise, Gervaise, what shall I do?"

The words broke almost involuntarily from her parched lips; there was an imploring glance in her blue eyes.

"I will tell you," he said, gently taking both her cold flut-tering hands in his. "Trust yourself to me—give your future into my care. And may heaven be my judge if ever I fail in the charge it has committed to me!"

"Gervaise, I--I am a little bewildered by this strange, sudden calamity, and I do not quite understand you."

"I love you, Elsic—I would fain make you my wife. That surely should be plain enough," he said, fondly.

"But my money is all gone. I am poor as the beggars on yonder pavement."

"I rejoice that it is gone, Elsic. Your wealth has been a barrier between us long enough -- now I may dare to speak out what has been in my heart for years. Thank God that you are poor,

She looked at him with a new light breaking in upon her mind and memory.

"Oh, Gervaise, how cruelly you have misjudged me!"

"That's not the question, Elsie," he answered, tenderly. "Will you be my wife? Will you give me the right to care for you and protect you always?"

She laid her hot cheek upon his shoulder.

"I have loved you, Gervaise, as long and as faithfully as you have loved me."

The barrier was broken down at last, and heart met heart.
"I am poor to-night," said Elsie, half jestingly, as she sat in the twilight with her hand close imprisoned in Gervaise's tender clasp, "but I think I am richer than I have ever been before."

She was an heiress no longer-she was only plain little Elsie Miller; yet how unspeakably precious in Gervaise Colton's

And Jotham Peck might have rested easier in his dishonored grave, knowing that he was forgiven.

MOUNT SINAI.

This is the name of a group of mountains in Arabia Petræa, in the southern portion of that peninsula, which projects between the two forks of the Red Sea, the Gulf of Suez separating it from Egypt on the west, and the Gulf of Akabah from Arabia on the east.

The peninsula of Sinai is triangular in shape, about one hundred and forty miles in length from north to south, and nearly the same in breadth at the widest portion. The northern portion is an arid and desert plain, with sand hills and mountains of small elevation; below the twenty-ninth parallel it rises into four ranges of mountains. There are numerous peaks, ranging from one thousand to over nine thousand feet above the sea, divided by deep wadys, or narrow sand valleys. Our engraving represents the Jibbel Musa, or Mount of Moses, on whose summit, amid thunder and lightning, Moses received the commandments.

It is divided from the Jibbel-ed-Deir on the west by a narrow valley, on one of the slopes of which the Convent of St. Catharine is situated. The Mount of Moses is about six thousand one hundred feet above the level of the sea. There are three churches and three chapels on this mountain, all small, and in a ruinous condition, and on the west side, about two thousand feet below the summit, is the monastery, celebrated alike for its antiquity, its manuscript treasures, and the hospitality of its monks.

The Arabs point out in the wady, or raheh, the Hill of Aaron, the Pit of Korah, and the place where the molten calf was made.

In the earlier ages of Christianity, the caves of Mount Sinai were a refuge of persecuted Christians, and later they were a resort of Anchorites and Ascetics.

Good Words cost the great so little, and their quality is such an indisputable dispensation from keeping the most solemn promises, that it is modesty in the nobility to be so sparing of them as they generally are.

CANDOR.—However little practised, all do candor the homage of their praise, and all feel the power and charm of its in-





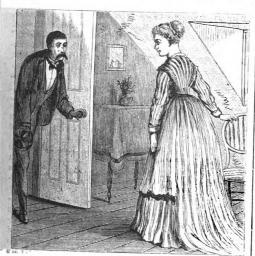


FROM THE LIFE OF KATHARINE VARNER.

PART I.

Searching the world, you would have found no truer, braver woman than Katharine Varner; none more beautiful; few poorer. She was just twenty-three, and-well, her good looks had grown with her years. Her good fortune, however, remained stubbornly dwarfish, for here was she, with all her beauty, receiving but a subordinate's salary at a Broadway theatre. To this girl, consequently, who was honest and alone, each day brought new cares, each night fresh temptations. The fact that these were nobly battled with, and signally overborne, may tell you more than words could do all our Katharine's worth.

Now, this Monday evening, in November, at nine o'clock, or thereabout, it was an off-night, and Miss Varner was busily bespangling the identical cap which is always so respectfully doffed by the page in tights and short clothes, at the very moment when that false-hearted menial presents to "My Lord Duke" the poisoned wine, when a sharp rap at her chamber door startled the actress and sent the historical head-gear under



"'COME IN, SHE CRIED," AND A SMALL, WIRY MAN ENTERED.

"Come in!" cried she; and, quick upon the mandate, entered the visitor—a small, wiry man, oldish, evidently, dark, blackeyed, and calmly consequential, as well became the owner of so wondrously fine a mustache.

"Miss Varner?"

The tones were none the less pleasant that through them ran a tinge of foreign accent. Katharine arose and proffered a chair, which the visitor politely accepted; then, with a rapid survey of his surroundings, proceeded:

"We are alone, miss?"

"Quite alone, sir."

"Very well. I have come to you from—ah! I forgot; I am negligent. Permit me first to explain—to say to you what I truly am—a servant. You are surprise? That surprise flatters me; but I am nothing more. I speak your language so well, because I am here a long time. I am valet and courier to my noble with the speak your language so well, noble mistress, and my noble mistress, whose heart is full of goodness, and whose hands are full of gold, desire that you should profit by her munificence; in other words, she has commission Aristêde Michat to see you, miss, and to solicit your personification of Venus, one of the characters in a little parlor tableau which will be perform upon the occasion of an approaching fête. Now, Aristéde Michat, your humble servant, miss, entreat you to comply with this request. Moreover, al-Vol. XXIV., No. 4-15



"MONSIEUR'S LONG LEAN HAND SLIPPED UP AND STIFLED HER CRY."

ways speaking for his noble mistress, he offers this sum of one hundred dollars as an earnest of what you may reasonably expect. He is all ashamed-the amount is so trifling, indeed; but do you accept, miss?"

As for "miss," amused, perplexed, and pleased, she seemed in a sore dismay, until the little man ceased, and the bright golden pieces rattled upon the table. Then, with a half-cry, she exclaimed:

"What! do you mean to say that a rich lady will give me so

much for one night's performance?"

"Remember that she is rich," gravely suggested monsieur—
"very rich, and very singular. Pray, let nothing surprise that madame la marquise may do. She has seen you; she has been please to find you beautiful; she admire your fine blue eyes and graceful figure; she is almost envious of your golden hair. Her words, miss. She said to me, 'Conduct her, Aristéde, if she will come;' and I say to you, 'Will you come?'"

"One hundred dollars!" mused Katharine. Then, sharply, "What is her name?"

"Madame la Marquise de Narsac."

"And she lives-



"NOW HE STOOD GLARING AT THE BLACK-ROBED FIGURE."



"At present, she occupies the house of your General Farnham, in Twenty-seventh street."

"Must I go at night?"

"Pardon; we will go in the early morning, when the air is fresh, and the little birds are singing—at least, they would be singing, but this is a triste month, indeed. They cannot sing now, those little birds, but we will enjoy the fine time. I will come to this place with a carriage; you will mount within. Together we will arrive at the house of my noble mistress, who will welcome you with a charming grace. Will you?"

"Yes, I will; and thank you kindly, sir," heartily declared Katharine.

Why, there glittered the gold, and she so poor! Besides, there was that grand title glibly uttered-a marchioness! To what dizzy heights might not this good fortune lead one!

"And now," said Monsieur Aristéde, "one thing more. For the matter of dress, you will consult with my noble mistress; that she will arrange. And I say to you, miss, good-evening. To-morrow, at eight by the clock, I will be at your door.

The valet bowed—a movement so abrupt and angular that one waited expectantly for the click of the spring which set this living skeleton in motion-bowed, and smiled, and was skipping down the stairs before Katharine fairly knew that the door had closed after him.

Did she go with Monsieur Aristéde? Undoubtedly. At eight next morning, a hack was being rapidly driven from Charlton street; in it were the actress and the valet.

But few words were spoken. Presently, Katharine started from her dreams, to cry out, excitedly:

"Sir, we have passed the street!"

"Ah, no," assured monsieur.

"We have, I tell you; and that man is driving faster yet! Why, this is Forty-ninth street!"
"Ah, no," purred the Frenchman.

"Ah, no? Ah, yes, I say. I won't go; I was mad to believe you. You may have your money. Stop this carriage! Let me out! Will-

Monsieur's long, lean hand slipped up and stifled her cry, and monsieur threw himself upon the seat beside her.

"Will I? Yes. Will you be quiet now? Will you still make a noise? I pray you not to look me so," he beseeched. "So much tears in your fine eyes touch my heart. Of what are you afraid? I swear to you, upon the word of an honest man. that we go to madame. There! You will be still? Well, I remove my hand. Observe, I take this pistol. Do not start; it is a good pistol. I keep it so, and I say to you that, if you robel, I send every ball in your brain. Ld! I pray you to be prudent.'

A prayer not to be disregarded. What assistance could Katharine expect? And even with assistance coming at its quickest, the bullets, surely, must reach her first. So the poor child, too frightened even for tears, sat in a kind of stupor until the country road was gained. Then said monsieur:

"You must be blindfold."

And, without more ado, threw a thick vail over her head. Resistance would have been sheer madness. When the carriage stopped. Katharine obediently followed her guide.

"I am afraid," she whispered, stifling a sob.

"You are a child," philosophically reasoned the valet.

"Ah, if you only-

"See, now, petite, be reasonable. Que diable! dare I dis-obey orders?"

That they were in the country, the girl knew; that their path wound through a thickly-wooded park, she divined; for the dead leaves were rustling beneath her feet. In a few moments, they were entering a building; a heavy door clanged after them; then a staircase, a long hall, and now a comfortable warmth, driving away the chill of the outer air.

"There!" exclaimed the Frenchman; and advoitly removing the vail, he stood, in all his smiling ugliness, before the heavy-hearted girl. "There! You are safe, I hope! See a little what folly was your! You were afraid, and here you are. Now, madame will come. Wait, I pray—I will call her.

She could not reply; he was gone. She ran to the windows; they were securely fastened, and protected, upon the inner side,

by strong net-work of iron. Through the half-closed shutters, however, streamed the pale winter sunlight. She tried the door; it was locked. The room itself was small, but luxuriosly furnished. Upon one side ran a low couch. Here, with a kind

of forced bravery, the girl seated herself.
"Some one must come directly," she thought.

But the moments dragged by, and she was still alone. An awful fear came over her. She wept, she prayed, she cried for help. Kneeling beside the door, she leaned her head against the panel and sobbed away her strength. Then-then-staggering to her feet, she tore loose her dress, gasping for breath, the while.

"Water! water!" she implored, "only water!" and so sank down again, like one bereft of life.

And there she crouched, neither sleeping nor waking, neither dreaming nor dead; yet dying, surely, for the light faded from the wide-opened eyes, the thick breathing sank away to gasping sobs, until, at last, one long-drawn moan, and the little actress fell back-dead!

Almost at the same moment, the key turned in the lock, the door opened, and two persons stood upon the threshold, one an old woman, the other a young man.

"Come in!" whispered the former: "there's no danger now."

" Is she--" commenced the man.

"Hush! don't say the word; it frightens me. Help, now, dear. Lord! if she hasn't fallen right across the doorway! Let's get her on this lounge. But ain't it wonderful, though? Deary, deary me! I'm all of a tremble; but, as I've commenced, I'm not a-goin' to snip off a service just here. There, now, my darling, just you take a hold and get her to the room. Careful now. Lord, it is wonderful! I never did see such a thing! Ain't it well them pryin' servants are off to-day!"

They were bearing the girl to a chamber.

"Now," advised the woman when their burden lay upon the bed—"now, down to my room, Jem, and be loafing about, you know. No one can suspect. You're safe, sure as I'm named Jane Norton, but-I'd go."

Obedient Jem was off without a word. Indeed, in all this while he had scarcely spoken. He was a small, slightly-built fellow, singularly comely and strangely attractive-at least to Jane Norton, who watched every movement with a sort of pitying love.

An hour later, when the gardener's boy-the first to returnsauntered into the servants' hall, Norton came hobbling down to him. He must go for the doctor, and that speedily, she declared; for madame lay, as she believed, at death's door. And when the physician came, he marched to madame's chamber as one who knew the way, but no sooner had he beheld the ghastly face upon the pillow than he started back and cried:

"When did this happen?"

"Oh, sir, protested Norton, "I'd been about my work, and coming back I found her lying here upon the floor-in a faint." "Ay, ay," broke in the doctor, grimly. In a faint that knows

no waking. She's dead."

Of course there was much ado about the matter, but in the end the sudden death of Madame la Marquise de Narsac was duly declared.

Now, madame la marquise had been simply Helen Sackville, a rich orphan and an American. Soon upon her titled marriage there followed a separation never satisfactorily explained, for madame withdrew from the world, and monsicur's haughty reserve was his shield against all inquisitive questionings. Thus stood matters until the announcement of his wife's death brought the gentleman to that lonely country-house.

He was a man of forty-five, it might be-tall and thin-dark hair well dashed with gray; brown eyes, and a heavy mustache shading lips sternly compressed. He was alone with the dead woman, lovely even in death. He touched her brow, he touched her lips. And then, looking down upon her, spoke sharply in his native tongue. And what he said one might have fancied a prayer, had not the frown and sneer and scornful laugh quite routed any such charitable supposition. Here was the sum of his words.

"Dead, indeed. Still I do not thank thee. Thou wast wicked



University of Illinois 1, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

enough, beautiful angel, to have remained with us through sheer spite. I know thee, my beloved. Happily, thy Justin is not inconsolable. He has his little plans, for other women are there in the world, dear soul! I wonder now if they'll say 'twas chagrin killed thee, little one."

And yet, when he left the room, the marquis seemed bowed with grief!

Before the second day had passed by, madame's body lay in a vault in the country churchyard. Before a week had passed by it was en route for monsieur's family resting-place at Pere la

Upon the night of the very day when this ugly freight was shipped Katharine Varner, the actrsss, returned to her home. This startled no one, for no one had seen her—as we had seen her in that fatal chamber. She returned as she had gone-in a carriage, and with a companion. This time it was Jem, the young fellow from the country-house, who accompanied her. At parting, he held her hand, and whispered low. To him she gave this earnest promise:

"As I live, I will! Trust me!"

And here now seemed the ending of this strange affair. For the actress—having acted that $r\hat{o}le$, at the bare thought of which she shuddered—now resumed her duties. The marquis was at his diplomatic post, whilst in the vault at Pere la Chaise reposed a coffin with these words traced upon its silver plate: "Helen, beloved wife of Justin Octave de Méry, Marquis de Narsac."

PART II.

Two years later. Our Katharine had gone on in her quiet way. Not that in reality it could be a very peaceful way which led at last to the glare of the footlights; but yet hers had been a life undisturbed by any new adventure, until here must come again her old visitor, Monsieur Aristéde. Now, as before, monsieur selected an off-night for his call. Now, as before, his quick, sharp tap startled the girl from her golden dreams, and now, as before, he skipped across the room with all his easy grace and self-possession.

"You!" exclaimed Katharine, rising, and with something like alarm in her tones.

"I, dear miss—I, your humble servant. Pray allow me to speak. Do not fear. Ah, wretched fate which has so placed me beyond the grace of your good will!" declaimed monsieur, with an eloquence of gesticulation truly impressive. "Nothing will secure my pardon? Now, not even this?" And he held

Breathlessly the actress broke the seal. Thus it ran:

"Place full confidence in Aristéde. Do as he directs. Obey him in everything. Remember your oath. H."

"To do as you direct!" echoed Katharine. "Ah, sir, will you direct me again to some wretched work ?"

"Dear lady, I am amaze. Listen. As I then brought to you Death, so now do I bring Life. In fact I am the bearer of a double message. The one you have before you, the other comes from monsicur le marquis."

"From monsieur le marquis? Why, what can he have to say .to me?"

"Simply this, miss. My master make to you a proposition, and I will thus explain it in my awkward way: Monsieur de Narsac has an aunt, an old maid. The Demoiselle de Voygoux, who is fabulously wealthy, resides at her chateau in the south of France. The good soul is very excentrique, and so shut off from the world that there can be only little probability that she hear already about the sad fate of my mistress. In this my master interest himself very much; for the demoiselle has always declare her intention to make of the wife of her nephew a fine heiress. Now monsieur demur to lose a bouquet so splendid; indeed, a saint would vex himself over that, consequently a sinner might let his soul be eat with chagrin. Then I, Aristede, who adore the theatre—I who have at the end of my fingers all the dark tragedies of the Porte St. Martin-I conceived a scheme simply superb. I remembered your singular likeness to

applaud my keen idea when you see me before you, his messenger?"

"But I never saw him!" declared Katharine.

"Certainly not," blandly assented the valet. "That was not necessary. He has need of a wife to present to that rich old aunt—without that, he lose a fortune. I propose a little plan. He is please to find it very fine. Will you?" he grimaced persuasively. "Think now, a grand title, gold in plenty, a trip about the world, which is pleasant, and all that if you say Yes to my master and obey that," pointing to the letter in her hand.
"You have sworn, recollect. You have take the oath that when the moment arrive you would think 'I am deaf for any voice but her voice. I am her slave. I obey!"

"Ah, but who is this woman that she should break upon my tranquil life and say 'Come! I command? No will must you have save my will alone.' Who is she to do this, I ask?"

"You ask a trifling question, then, petite. You know her as I know her. You know that she is your friend, hem-that so long as you live she is your friend. Come now. She await you. We must not waste the precious moments."

"And if I refuse?"

"See! Let us understand each other," his long, lean forefinger tapping time with his words. "Aristede Michat offer to you this advice-Obey! What! you suppose he will look for another? You suppose he will waste his brain in this affair to have it ruin by you? You suppose because you say 'I do not wish,' that he will go and leave with you his secret? Eh, bien, he tell you no! Ah, what you think of him? Remember, he is a bad fellow, that Aristéde."

"Ah, sir," and this with truthful tears-"ah, sir, I know

that I appear faint-hearted, but—I am afraid."
"Afraid? Nothing but that? What is that—afraid? I never see it. Where you find it? Allons, you are a child. This chance to become a grande lady come not every day."

"I will certainly be found out and exposed," demurred the actress, who, truth to tell, was, after all, mightily pleased with the novel rôle offered her.

"I think not. You remember, no person has ever see the wife of my master—no one of his people, I mean—for he marry with her here, at this place."

"But how will it all end? for end it must. I can't always be playing at marquise, I suppose."

"So. You are anxious for the end? Eh, bien, it will be arrange to please you. Here one may manage all things as one may wish. Who can tell? But I forget. Perhaps you have a lover. You think of him."

"No. I have no lover."

"Good! You will, then?"

So in the end monsieur's arguments and that written command overpowered all scruples.

It was astonishing to witness the zest with which this good Aristéde entered into the arrangements for Katharine's new calling. He positively reveled in the thought of the dismay which her disappearance would cause.
"It is fine!" he declared. "It is like the third act of a

drama, and I, Aristéde, am the author! We will lose no time, petite; we will go now."

" Not to-night!" cried startled Katharine.

"As I say, now, to-night. First, arrange everything. I will wait here. Then call up your landlady; here is all the money you need; and as for your theatre mandit—ah, will a marquise be their soubrette now? I demand that a little——"
"Assuredly not."

"You will not wish to blindfold me again?"

The actress asked this before entering the carriage.

"No, miss. We have not the need. We do not go to the same place.'

" Ah ?"

"I conduct you to the marquis; and, remember my counsel. You will find my master a haughty man; you will be a haughty woman. You will find him imperious and reserved; you will madame la marquise, and I suggested to monsieur a little act of counsel; I am wrong—it is the advice of one for whom a madame la marquise, and I suggested to monsieur a little act of counsel is I am wrong—it is the advice of one for whom a madame la marquise, and I suggested to monsieur a little act of quick to give up my life. Do not forget how much depends upon

you; do not forget your oath to her; and bear in your mind that Aristêde is near at hand."

"I shall forget nothing," said Katharine. "What I have sworn, I shall do; but I feel, heaven help me, I know that I am lending myself to a fearful work! Oh, sir, the woman who could devise and execute this vengeance is a woman who would not quit her victim until the coffin-lid closed above him! I am

"You are right," assented monsieur, with grim candor. "My mistress is one who, when she makes an entry in her book of record, does not quickly turn the page, and say, 'Let us forget!' She is a woman of her word, and she has pledge her word already that no harm shall come to you. Besides, this farce is not for all time; she will soon release you. Be content, I pray you, and obey."

As monsieur had said, they were driven to "The Clarendon."
"Remember! Be proud, be firm. She was." This was the valet's whispered admonition, as he led the way to a private parlor. At the entrance, he paused again. "Do not tremble; do not refuse. Think of her!" and now the warning became a

supplication.

Then he threw open the door, and ushered in his companion. A gentleman arose as they entered. We have already seen him -this Justin Octave de Méry, Marquis de Narsac—and now we do not find one trait of that stern countenance softened. It may be that the lines about the brow and mouth have deepened; yet monsieur's tall form is still a model of manly grace and elegance; and it may be that, at times, a weary, haggard look steals into the keen brown eyes. Yet monsieur's low, wellmodulated voice comes to you like the echo of pleasant music. This was the gentleman who arose as Katharine entered.

"Monsieur, I have brought madame."

This presentation was made with an emphasis upon the last word.

"I welcome madame," declared the marquis. Then adroitly raising the vail which had remained obstinately lowered, he continued, gallantly, "She will permit-

But what came over monsieur le marquis? What shock could thus send him reeling backward, and bring that pallor to his

"My God!" he cried; "it is the woman whom I have-

Here now was Katharine's opportunity, and here were the valet's teachings bearing fruit. Said the actress, and both tone and gesture were replete with haughtiness:

"Sir, I am but a woman engaged to enact a certain part, nothing more."

"Take off her bonnet!" motioned the marquis.

Aristéde made known his master's bidding.

"My God!" repeated Monsieur de Narsac, when Katharine stood revealed in all her blonde beauty. Turning from her, he continued, still speaking in a strangely altered voice, "My ser vant has given me to understand that I may depend upon your good offices. I thank you. Remember that, beyond the reserve necessary in your new position, I shall demand nothing of you. I shall never intrude upon you. We need meet but seldom. I wish you to leave New York to-morrow morning. Are you ready?"

"I am ready, sir."

"That is all, then. Aristéde will give you the necessary instructions. Aristéde, conduct Madame la Marquise de Narsac to her private apartment. She will remain there until our departure—an invalid, recollect. I have the honor, madame.' But not even a glance accompanied the polite salutation.

So Monsieur and Madame de Narsac sailed for Europe, whilst the little world of that Broadway theatre was being rent by wondering surmisings upon the probable fate of that missing girl, Katharine Varner.

No one ever spoke of the Château de la Roche Noire as of an Eden. It was lonely and gloomy and frowning. It reared itself upon a jutting table-rock which overhung an ugly precipice. Far down below, the river, lashing itself into a white wrath, lamplight fall upon her ghastly face.

threw up its cloud of spray and foam; and this almost overtopped the jagged range whose broad backs were obstinately braced against the noisy rage of the torrent.

No one ever spoke of the mistress of the château as of a saint. She was quarrelsome and captious, and as flinty-hearted as the foundation of her home. If any conviction of the awkward truth came to her at this moment, it failed to bring one pang to that battered old conscience; for now the demoisclle lay a-dying, and here were her parting admonitions. She was speaking to the marquis, and they were alone.

"If you understood your wife, monsieur, you would deal differently by her. She is proud, and she is positive; but all the angels of that heaven which is soon to be my home would fail to convince me that she is unworthy the name she bears!"
"You do not understand," soothingly explained the marquis.

"I am not complaining; I do not even accuse her of imprudence.

"And I say that you do accuse! Do you not tell me that she is clever ?"

"Certainly."

"And beautiful?"

" Very beautiful."

"Well, that admission, uttered in a tone so sad, becomes an open accusation. Of what is your wife guilty, monsieur?"

"She? Ah, of nothing-believe me, madame."

"That is well. Now, let us be frank. Tiens! this breathing troubles me. Was there not once an awkward story told of your

"I never heard it."

"They said that you had killed some one in a duel, and upon her account. I am not positive; my mind is not clear; besides, scandals are always garbled."

"Nothing like this has ever happened. I cannot imagine who could have originated such a report. My wife was an angel of purity—and is, I trust."

- "A sentiment so Christianlike pleases me. I adore charity, and detest deception. I am dying; I want an heir. Raise my pillow, my nephew. There! You, Justin, do not please me; you never did. I know you to be a hypocrite and an unprincipled roue. You acted wisely when you brought here your American wife. I loved her as much as I detested you. Pardon my lack of courtesy, but I have no time for compliments. Now, mon cher, I cannot cut you off from the succession. I cannot league away from you this old home; at my death it must be yours. Indeed, I should not lie quietly in my grave were strangers stepping after me. Take, therefore, what the law allows; I cannot object; but to your wife I give the estate in Languedoc, the château in Normandy, and all my marsh-lands in Bretagne. That will render my favorite independent, I
 - "Madame de Narsac will be grateful, dear aunt."

"I hope so, dear nephew."

"She has a tender heart, poor child. Would to heaven that you might know her better !"

"That kind wish pleases me also. You are not vexed, my nephew? You bear me no ill-will?"

"Truly, no, madame. I confess, however, that my soul is wrung at the idea of your quitting this world with such a frightful opinion of me."

"You are wrong, monsieur; I have no opinion at all upon such a subject. Now, I wish to see your wife."

The marquis arose to touch the bell, but the old woman reached out her hand.

"Do not disturb yourself; she is here."

And De Narsac uttered an exclamation of astonishment, for, at the further side of the bed, the curtains were drawn apart, and in the opening thus made, a woman stood.
"She is here," continued mademoiselle; "and as she is

here, let her speak for herself."

"Has he not spoken for me?—he who closed my coffin-lid, and sent me to the tomb? Has he not told you all?'

The marquis had started to his feet. Now he stood glaring at the black-robed figure. The cry he might have uttered died away upon his lips, as the woman, leaning forward, let the



"He murdered me—he buried me. From the grave he gave | tions, and that the instructions came from the Marquis de me, I have come. She who bears his name is nothing to him; I, and I only, am his wife !"

Words quietly spoken, yet words of such wondrous power, that he who heard them sank down as from a well-dealt blow.

"Ah, mon Dieu! We have killed him!" gasped mademoiselle.
But the other gave no sign of alarm. Gliding toward the prostrate man, she knelt, and presently arose with this calm as-

"It is nothing. He has fainted."

Then she rang. Meeting the servant in the hall, she gave some whispered command. The marquis was silently borne away, and his wife returned to the bedside to answer this anxious question:

"Is he reviving?"

"He is better."

And she who spoke knew that the man was dead!

What then passed between the women heaven only knew. Morning found the old demoiselle fiercely battling with death. Noon found her busy with the notaire and her will. Night found her lifeless.

Here was the closing clause to the last testament of Mademoiselle de Voygoux :

"And as my nephew, Justin Octave de Méry, Marquis de Narsac, has preceded me to the grave, I hereby name and declare his widow, Helen Sackville de Méry, Marquise de Narsac, my sole inheritress," etc., etc.

A friend was with the widow through the dreary days which followed—a friend so nearly resembling the marquise that one would have declared, "It is her sister."

Said the widow to her:

"We are alone now, and you are free. Tell me, truly, do you wish to return to America?" "Indeed, no," protested Katharine, for she it was

"Do you regret no one there?"

"No one."

"Then," said madame, taking her hand, and speaking very solemnly—"then remain with me. Do not leave me. Life would be so wretched without you. Who can tell? We may be contented and-it is possible-quietly happy. You love no one. The knowledge of my sad experience may teach you much. See how I suffer. Why, my remorse is undying. I see before me the man I loved—dead. I see before me the man I hated-dead. Sleeping or waking they are there. What matters it that I am an innocent woman? Innocent of actual guilt? I have killed them both. The one through a foolish passion contritely confessed, the other through a thirst for vengeance. Can God forgive me ever?"

Madame de Narsac's head was bowed, and tears were trickling down her pale cheeks, as Katharine softly answered:

"Have no fear. I love you dearly. I shall never leave you. In the wide world I have no friend but you. We will live together always, and our secret shall go with us to the grave. No one may part us, my sister!" G

Before the second summer had gone by, a gentleman came to the château. He was tall and handsome; sturdy, dark-eyed, and finely sun-bronzed as well.

Now madame, when she saw him, cried out like one who saw the dead arise. As well she might, for here was the very man whom she mourned as in his grave—the man she loved !

This was the gist of what he told her.

One winter's night he had been lured upon an outward-bound vessel; then attacked, manacled, and placed in close confine ment. Released from this, what was his dismay to find himself at sea and surrounded by men of whose language he knew no-

"But there certainly had been a duel between you and the marquis?" cried madame.

"Never. Hear the truth. Our vessel was wrecked upon the African coast. Stung by remorse, the mate confessed to me that the intention had been to cast me ashore amidst a savage and hostile tribe; that in so doing they were obeying instruc-

But the wreck drifted ashore, and our lover went to a living death—slavery—to find at last, when freedom came, a tenfold death in every word which told him of her marriage.

"I have waited many months, and now I come to you. Why were you false to me, Helen?"

"Not I!" she cried, and truth rang in her clear tones. "I was not false!"

And so she told her story—a story so pitiful and true, that he who hearkened pardoned as he heard.

"I was forced to marry him," she said, when he had listened to it all. "As for what I did, I found the courage in this facthe never really loved me. For my youth and wealth he offered his title. And if that dazzled me, here is my sole extenuation. I was but a child, and I had not yet loved you. He soon tired of his caprice—he ill-treated me, Gerald. Then, when I quitted him, he sought to buy my housekeeper. That was not the work of one moment. Jane Norton, instigated by the intended victim, had her seeming scruples, whilst I—who was privy to it all -was busily scheming and plotting with Aristêde. I knew that the honest fellow was very fond of me, consequently I was safe, for I acted upon my knowledge. In all that followed I was ruled by his suggestions. When everything was arranged, Jane consented to obey the marquis. In the place of the poison, designed for myself, a subtle Eastern perfume was exposed in that little room where Katharine Varner was kept a prisoner. It was not cruel. I knew that there could be no danger, and I was curious to witness the farce which would be enacted over the dead wife. Katharine knows it all. She has forgiven the boy, Jem, and she is here. As for the body lying at Pere la Chaise, it is that of a poor creature whom Aristéde procured from a hos-pital and brought to the house in a coffin. This was afterward placed in the shell from which Katharine had been removed. The marquis now had perfected an expedient by which he would secure the fortune of Mademoiselle de Voygoux. He knew that his aunt hated him-knew that I would receive all but what the law reserved for him. There was his reason for seeking one who might successfully dupe an old and dving woman. But I had outwitted him. I arrived here before him. From the demoiselle I concealed nothing. She planned that fatal surprise, and I-

"Avenged our love so bitterly wronged!" broke in Gerald Aylesbury.

When madame la marquise with her great joy went that same day to Katharine, that young lady grew contritely confidential. "I, too, have a secret, dear friend," she cried.

"I see. You have a lover," pointedly corrected madame.

Of course she had. So here was a fine ending to this conventual seclusion. The self-sworn nuns were choosing mates! "It is Claude de Sartiges!" triumphantly divined the marquise.

A natural conclusion, for the young baron was an assiduous visitor. A just conclusion, for when, a few months later, our widow became a wife, the same priest made of our actress a baroness.

With Mrs. Aylesbury—she has quite foregone that hated title now-remain two faithful servants, Jane and Aristéde. The one a motherly soul, the other a devoted watcher. How devoted we who sneer at love which does not come tricked out in pretty phrases may never know.

"She is so far above me!" he sighs. "She is so noble and so beautiful! No, I am not jealous of him. I only wish to live in such a way that when my hour comes I may have the right to crawl to her feet and die there."

Who shall say that this passion may not purify?

As for Katharine, if she has not kept her vow of seclusion, she has been true to her promise of secrecy. No matter from whence this story comes, it does not come from her. The baroness may tell you nothing from the life of Katharine

IF you would kill a slander, let it alone.

DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.

WHEN Diana was represented by the Greeks as a beautiful huntress, at Ephesus, where she had a magnificent temple, she was represented in the uncoath shapes which we give. Her dress seems like the old-fashioned swaddling-clothes for infants, and in one is adorned with cows' heads. She, herself, was represented with many breasts, and was a symbol of the Earth, the fruitful mother. The statue in the temple was believed to have fallen from Jupiter. The temple of Ephesus was considered one of the Seven Wonders of the World. It was four hundred and twenty-five feet long, by two hundred broad. The roof was supported by one hundred and twenty-seven columns, sixty feet high, each the gift of a king. It took two hundred and twenty years to complete it. The first temple was destroyed by fire the night that Alexander the Great was born, but soon rose again more magnificent than ever. People came from remote parts to worship the goddess in this temple, and took away as charms little silver statuettes of Diana, or silver models of the temple.

So, when Paul began to preach Christ at Ephesus, the silversmiths took alarm, and Demetrius, one of them, called all of the trade together, and showed them the danger of their market being spoiled. On this, they ran out, crying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and roused the whole city. The mob then seized two of Paul's companions, and dragged them to the theatre. Paul would have gone, too, but his friends withheld him. There the riot became tremendous. As often happens, half the people did not know what it was all about; so for a couple of hours they kept bawling: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" At last the town clerk, getting at the bottom of the disturbance, showed the people that the silversmiths were wrong, and that if they had anything against the men, they must make a charge in the proper tribunal. Then the crowd, seeing that they might get into trouble, took his advice, and broke up.

THE TRIAL OF JEALOUSY.

Among the rites of the Jewish law, which, in these antiritual days, seem to us so strange, was the Trial of Jealousy, thus described in the Book of Numbers:

"If the spirit of jealousy come upon him, and he be jealous of his wife, and she be defiled; or if the spirit of jealousy come upon him, and he be jealous of his wife, and she be not defiled. Then shall the man bring his wife unto the priest, and he shall bring her offering for her, the tenth part of an epah of barley meal; he shall pour no oil upon it, nor put frankincense thereon; for it is an offering of jealousy, an offering of memorial, bringing iniquity to remembrance. And the priest shall bring her near, and set her before the Lord. And the priest shall take holy water in an earthen vessel, and of the dust that is in the floor of the tabernacle the priest shall take and put it into the water. And the priest shall set the woman before the Lord, and uncover the woman's head, and put the offering of memorial in her hands, which is the jealousy offering; and the priest shall have in his hand the bitter water that causeth the curse. And the priest shall charge her by an oath, and say unto the woman, 'If thou hast not gone aside with another instead of thy husband, be thou free from this bitter water that causeth the curse.' And the priest shall write these curses in a book, and he shall blot them out with the bitter water. And he shall cause the woman to drink the bitter water that causeth the curse; and the water that causeth the curse shall enter into her and become bitter. Then the priest shall take the jealousy offering out of the woman's band, and shall wave the offering before the Lord, and offer it upon the altar. And the priest shall take a handful of the offering, even the memorial thereof, and burn it upon the altar, and afterward shall cause the woman to drink the water. And when he hath made her to drink the water, then it shall come to pass if she be defiled and have done trespass against her husband, that the water that causeth the curse shall enter into her, and become bitter, and the woman shall be a curse among the people. And if the woman be not defiled, but be clean, then she shall be free."

A QUAKER MEETING.

This remarkable sect was founded in England by George Fox in the middle of the seventeenth century. He had been bred up as a shoemaker, but in his nineteenth year he became an itinerant preacher, and traveled over the greater part of England and the Continent. He also made a visit to this country. They have no recognized clergy, each member, whether male or female, being competent to expound the Gospel. This is supposed to be under the direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit. This frequently results in the prayer-meeting being perfectly silent, the Spirit not having moved any person to rise and hold forth. Their dress is very peculiar, and has the effect of keeping them still more apart from general society. Generally speaking, they are distinguished for their blamcless lives and grave demeanor. It is a singular and suggestive fact that the average of insanity is larger among this denomination of religionists than any other -a striking proof that the repression of cheerfulness and pastimes is deleterious to the human mind.

LADIES' PATCHES AND PAINT.

THE unnatural and ridiculous custom of placing patches on the face dates as far back as the latter days of the Roman Empire, it being the fashion for the fair dames of the imperial city so to berlizen themselves; but it was first adopted in England about 1650, and our engraving represents a lady of the court of Charles I. "adorned" with patches, the coaches-and-horses on her forehead being an especial favorite.

Mr. Pepys records in his diary the first appearance of his wife in patches, thus: "My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch."

The satirists of the day, more especially the Puritans, inveighed continually against the custom; but, as now with crinoline, which has caused the burning to death of hundreds of women, fashion was proof against the assaults of rhyme or reason. When party-feeling ran high in the reign of Queen Anne, the Whig ladies patched the right and the Tory dames the left cheek. while neutrals decorated both. Patches held their own till the beginning of the present century, when they died out, although in 1826 traces of them were to be found on the toilet-tables of the fair sex of modern Rome, the place of their origin.

The reprehensible custom of painting has been common to all ages and countries since Jezebel "painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out a window," as the avenging Jehu entered in at the gate. Shakespeare frequently alludes to it. The Puritan Stubbs complains that his countrywomen "adulterate the Lord's words workmanship." And Sir John Harrington declares he would rather salute a lady's glove than her lip or cheek:

" If with my reason you would be acquainted,
Your gloves perfumed, your lip and cheek are painted."

The beauties of the court of Louis-Quinze thought they had made a notable discovery, when they gummed pieces of black taffeta on their cheeks to heighten the brilliancy of their complexion; but the fops of Elizabethan England had long before anticipated them, by decorating their faces with black stars, crescents and lozenges:

> " To draw an arrant foe from top to toe, Whose very look at first dash show him so: Give him a mean, proud garb, a dapper grace, A pert dull grin, a black patch cross his face."

During the Commonwealth no lady dared paint, but the Restoration brought back the pernicious practice, which like the use of opium, once indulged in, cannot easily be left off, health and complexion both being damaged by the application of rouge

Mary of Modena disregarded the rebukes of her confessor, for she rouged contrary to her own inclination, merely to please her husband; while the beautiful Lady Coventry, who killed herself by cosmetics, used to run away from her husband when he endeavored to remove the obnoxious color. Lady Mary Wortly Montague



Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-diqitized /

KITTY. 275

not only used the cheapest white paint she could get, but left it on her skin so long that it was obliged to be scraped off her! We conclude with the words of an old author, with whom we coincide: "From beef without mustard, from a servant who

overvalues himself, and from a woman who painteth herself, good Lord, deliver us."

KITTY.

CHAPTER XXXI.-LAURA'S SLIPPERS.



R. NORMAN had not intended to be cruel; but poor Kitty looked tremblingly first at the cup of poison, then at the halter, then at the dagger, not knowing which punishment to choose. Meantime a month intervened between the sentence and its fulfillment, and each day of it seemed inexpressibly precious to her.

They were to leave Fontaine bleau in a few weeks' time for Germany or the Pyrenecs, and Kitty longed to break up the pleasant little camp and bivouac afresh.

Myra, having lost the occupation of being in love, and involuntarily blaming Kitty for her loss, grew irritable. In the first stage of their friendship they had been all in all to each other like school-girls, but by infinitesimally gradual degrees Kitty had waxed colder.

Myra saw it, and could not forgive. She never imagined that Kitty could get tired of worshiping, and thus was punishing her for shortcomings rather than for actual faults, though it must be admitted that Kitty was

now a great deal with her new friend Ella Bartelotte, and Myra often alone.

How could she remonstrate with her for showing kindness to a fragile little invalid hardly ever off the sofa? One day when she had gone to Ella to consult with her as to their autumn trip, the girl, seeing Kitty's embodiment of beautiful health and capacity, flushed with a feeling half of enthusiasm, half of

envy:
"You animated, animating thing!" she said. "When I see
"You are right for leaving all the sickly babies to die. What use or ornament are we in the

"There are far more beautiful things than health," Kitty said, hanging over the invalid with eyes brimful of sympathy; adding, with charming frankness, "I am handsome, I know but you have the face of an angel."

And then the two had a long discussion about the friendships of men for women and of women for each other, which ended in Ella growing communicative.

"I get so tired of living with people who have no more capa-city of growing than brick walls," she said. "How happy Mrs. Wingfield must be in having a friend like you! You grow more than any one I know. I believe there isn't a day that does not prove a revelation of some kind to you."

Kitty's face beamed.

"I do enjoy life more than most people," she said; "but the more one enjoys the more one criticises, that is the worst of it; and you cannot alter circumstances so easily as you can criticise them."

"But you would hardly alter your circumstances?" asked Ella, wistfully. "Free, strong, bright, happy, who would not

"Oh!" Kitty cried, laughing, "one can never judge from the born to live together, voilà tout."

Ella would fain have learned more, but was too delicate to ask questions. She persisted in talking of Kitty and Kitty's affairs, however, till Sir George came in, who, seeing Ella quite changed from the drooping, weary thing he had left an hour ago, was ready to fall at her feet. He liked Kitty, too, admired her splendid stature, her bright wit, her clear, asserting intellect, and Kitty had gone a little out of her way to please him for no explicable reasons.

She liked Ella and Ella's surroundings, and somehow never found Sir George too tiresome, though he would discourse for hours upon books of which she knew nothing. One can forgive so much in a host who is lavish in providing pleasure, no matter of what kind, and Sir George did not care how largely he spent money upon Ella's visitors, providing the daintiest little musical fêtes, pic-nics, déjeuners, &c., and Kitty of all others had aided and abetted him in catering for the daily feast, and afterward enjoying it. So Sir George liked Kitty, and admired her too, and knew well enough that he and Ella had no more fervent admirer anywhere. With Kitty it was always "What does Sir George say?" or "What does darling Ella think?" or "Do you both think so—both?" looking from father to daughter

The matter in hand was most satisfactorily settled for the time being, by Sir George promising to see one or two of Ella's physicians at once as to the quality of the baths at Ischl or at Arcachon. Kitty had discerned these places with safe enthusiasm, feeling sure that neither in the Austrian Tyrol nor in the Pyrenees her sins, or rather her lovers, would find her out. The physician's opinion was to be conveyed to Kitty and Myra to-night, and meantime they decided to leave Fontainebleau in three days in whichsoever direction they might be sent. Kitty went to Paris next day to buy traveling dresses, highly pleased with the issue of events hitherto, and very thoughtful about the future. Thinking of the future as she passed along the crowded Rue St. Honoré, glancing in the gay shop windows from time to time, she caught sight of two faces that she knew.

It was Laura and Perry, and Perry was evidently helping Laura to choose a pair of slippers. He held two shoes in his hands, one bright and new, the other old and worn, measuring them sole to sole, as carefully as he had often measured shoes for Kitty in the old days, his boyish face solemnly eager, his golden hair blown about more than ever. Laura stood by watching him with the face of a happy child.

Kitty turned away from the pretty picture, feeling suddenly heart-sick, soul-sick. How beautiful he was, and how true, how pure! Yet she could not love him.

She walked hastily on, troubled with the suggestions of the scene. Surely Laura was not falling in love with Perry? Laura and Dr. Norman must be saved at any cost; and no sooner had she reached her hotel than she dispatched a letter to Laura, begging her to come to her early next day without saying a word to any living soul. If she could not become Dr. Norman's wife, she would, at least, prove his friend. The thought was consolatory.

Folly is a fair supper, but miserable breakfast. Laura and Perry had met after her installation in the Rue de Trévise with downcast eyes and sudden little blushes, looking like children who have stolen cherries and expect a whipping. Perry could not convict himself of having aided and abetted Laura's contrivances to come; and now that she was among them, he wished himself away. What good could he do her? What good could she do him? It was sweet to have her sympathy, as it is sweet to any man to have the sympathy of a gentle, loving child-woman, and Laura's influence had really staid Perry on the road to ruin; but what if the feeling on her side should grow into something else?

So where poor Laura had looked for wells of comfort she found thirsty deserts only, and her young heart swelled with the bitterness of indignation. She had done nothing to warrant Perry's coldness, nothing to deserve his neglect, and he seemed on the alert to be cold and neglectful. All the old tenderness of manner, half-protective, half-appealing, was wanting; and if by chance they were left alone together, which happened seldom, he would busy himself with a book or talk in a constrained way about common things. The very first



opportunity that Perry could get of speaking privately to Mrs. Cornford he poured out his sins, craving absolution. He knew how wrong his conduct had been in making a confidante of Laura; he knew that he could never love any woman but Kitty; he knew that he had been drawn to Laura by her childlike love and pity for him. Laura was young and able to forget; he was weak, but able to make a great effort when occasion required, and occasion required a great effort now.

"And what do all these fine speeches tend to?" asked Mrs. Cornford, smiling. "You are never to be less trusted, Perry, than when you have delivered yourself of some excellent resolution, for the first thing you do is to go and break it. I know your ways. If you came to me vowing and declaring that you were over head and ears in love with little Laura and Kitty both, and must marry Laura because Kitty won't marry you, I should have some hopes of you."

"Every one is wise once in his life," Perry answered, "and I am going to be wise now. It is a horrid punishment to me to make that sweet child hate me; but she shall do that rather than-

"Tut-tut-tut!" cried Mrs. Cornford.

"Oh! you don't know how I love her," Perry said, with the utmost simplicity; then catching Mrs. Cornford's convicting look, he added, "I mean, how I love Kitty."

"Oh what a man may do, and yet not think himself an ass! Perugino, I love thee like a mother, but do not ask me to listen when thou brayest."

And Mrs. Cornford drove him out of the room with her maulstick. When she heard the door of his study shut, in a loud and dignified manner she summoned Laura, and talked to her



DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS. PAGE 274.

muffinly experience-the long and short of her sermon being, as far as Laura could gather it, that men were donkeys, that women were fools, and that Perry and Laura excelled the rest of their kind in folly.

Poor Laura! she found the Rue de Trévise very far from the paradise she expected it to be, and heartily wished herself in Switzerland with her father and little Prissy. The weather was almost tropical, and she felt scarcely able to breathe in the stuffy little rooms, always smelling of oil-color and onions. Sometimes the little girls took her for long walks into the Parc Monceaux and the Bois; but there was no fresh air to be had anywhere, and she wearied of their boisterous

ways.
When Laura reached home, she found Kitty's letter awaiting her. The address had been written by Frangine (who accompanied her mistress to Paris), and, to make secresy doubly sure, Kitty had enclosed a milliner's card, writing inside the envelope, "Private, K. S."

Laura therefore protected the unsuspected missive, and read it when she found herself

Kitty in Paris! Kitty wishing to see her! and her alone! She hardly knew how to keep the astounding surprise to herself, and was thinking of it all the evening. Perry,

too, was filled with thoughts of Kitty.

Laura went with all sorts of emotion, and wondering whether she should be courageous enough to plead Perry's cause. After waiting nearly an hour, as all Kitty's slaves of the lamp had to do, in she came, this queen, this goddess, this Helen of two or three Troys, this Cleopatra of so many Antonys. She was perfectly and richly dressed after French fashion, and bore with her with the oddest possible mixture of motherly wisdom and raga- the indescribable atmosphere of a soft, elegant, pampered life.



THE TRIAL OF JEALOUSY.—PAGE 274.



QUAKER MEETING .- PAGE 274.

Her hands were so white, her hair so glossy, the little lace-bor- the part of a friend toward you. Do not allow yourself to be dered pocket-handkerchief stuck in her girdle so perfumed, her skirt so long and stately, that Laura felt humbled and abashed, and had not a word to say.

But she was in Kitty's arms, caught to Kitty's heart, kissed by Kitty's lips, ere any words were said, and when the greeting was over Kitty herself spoke :

"How good it is to see you again!" she said, caressing the child as a mother might have done a little daughter long lost

"Oh, how good it is to see you again! And you are more beautiful than ever," cried Laura, lost in childlike admiration of the costly clothes that seemed emanations of Kitty's self.

Kitty sighed and looked contemptuous.

"I liked the cheap blue stuff gown I used to wear at Shelley church much better," she said. "But I did not send for you to talk of my clothes; I want to talk of you." Then looking into Laura's eyes with tender scrutiny, she added .

"I saw you with Mr. Neeve yesterday." Laura became rosy-red in a moment.

"We only went to buy some shoes," she said.

"But what business had Mr. Neeve with your shoes?"

"Papa does not like me to walk about Paris alone, and every one else was busy, and that is why Mr. Neeve went-"Is that all?" asked Kitty, still tenderly inquisitorial

You must have no secrets from me, Laura."

Thus urged, Laura told her story—and a touching story it was, having for its theme and burden the love of Perry and of herself for this cruel, kind, good, naughty, tender, pitiless creature called Kitty.

"We never talk of anything else," Laura said, with charming pathos, "and I think we could talk of you all day long. Oh, Kitty, he has painted such beautiful pictures lately! I am sure he will become a great artist like Murillo or Raphael one day, and you know artists do make fortunes if they are clever."

Kitty understood very well what Laura meant by this little speech, but looked as innocent as a baby.

"My dear child," she said, "artists are the greatest dreamers on the face of the earth, and Mr. Neeve the greatest of all. But that does not matter now. I know I am always causing pain to those I love, though I do love you, Laura, and I do want to act drawn into a friendship with Perry Neeve. He has a sweet nature, and is the most gifted creature I know"-she colored and stammered a little-"but-but there are reasons why you should not make a friend of him. You are too young and he is too young for that, and, then there is your father to con-

Laura hung her head like a scolded child, and Kitty went on, alternately chiding and consoling. Laura must not listen to Perry's confidences, because it was unwise and unmaidenly; Laura must not be persuaded into any foolish compact of friendship with him, because Dr. Norman would not approve; lastly, Laura must not dream of allying herself permanently with Mrs. Cornford's set, because of les convenances, as Kitty put it.

"You see, my darling," Kitty said, "how ill unequal friendships have answered in my own case. Ambition," she added, modestly, "I may say, the tastes inherited with gentle blood, first led me into bettering my condition in life; but at what a cost! Am I not a traitor in the eyes of every one who knows me, and an ungrateful wretch in my own? I cannot go back to Mrs. Cornford; I do not think I can marry your good father; and I hate myself for what I am and what I do; and yet, being



LADIES' PATCHES AND PAINT.-PAGE 274

She wound her arms round the young girl's neck in a vehement, Vivien-like passion of entreaty, that would have swayed a much stronger will than Laura's, and never left off coaxing and pressing till the word of promise was said. Laura consented to abjure Perry's friendship, to hear no more of his confidence, to return to her father as soon as an opportunity offered, and to study his wishes in everything.

And when she had pledged herself to all this, she received a goodly reward—such a reward as only Kitty can give; sweet special words of tenderness, lofty confidences, insinuating little bits of praise, and, lastly, a little ring from off her own finger.

bits of praise, and, lastly, a little ring from off her own finger.

"That is a pledge," she said, "that my little Laura is not going to make all those belonging to her unhappy and herself too by doing imprudent things."

And then she kissed her for the last time, and said she feared she must send her away.

e must send her away.
"And when shall I see you again?" asked Laura, wistfully.

"How can I tell, dear? This is a flying visit to Paris, on my part, from our headquarters, and we shall start for some far-off place of resort in a day or two, most likely at half an hour's notice: at present it is quite uncertain whither we go. But I will write to you wherever I am—as if I should not! and, mind, no word of this meeting to anybody."

Laura returned home with a dreary foreboding of Perry's vexation in the future; for, after all, she had set out on a mission for him, and ill had that mission been fulfilled. What would Perry say, too, when she should reject his friendship, and not be able to tell him why?

This Kitty they all loved so made them very miserable!

CHAPTER XXXII.—PASTURES NEW.



T MUST must be confessed that Kitty made the problem of life unnecessarily difficult. Here she was entangling herself anew with the Bartelottes, although already entangled past extrication with all those whom she had known, and who had loved her up till now. By some singular and fatal quality of character, she seemed unable to lead a simple existence, but must complicate it by all sorts of unprovoked and irrevocable acts. For instance, no sooner was it settled that she and Myra should go with the Bartelottes to the

Pyrenees, than she threw herself with such heart and soul into Ella's interests, that Myra grew savagely jealous.

Kitty felt a warm liking for Ella, but after all they were mere acquaintances, and there could be no reason for the voluntary slavery into which Kitty sold herself for her new idol. She did a hundred things a day that a less exacting nature than Myra's might have resented—giving Ella her morning leisure, her companionship, her sparkling wit, her bright spirits, all of which belonged to Myra by the right of compact.

What would become of her if, or rather when, Myra married? Might not Ella be a powerful friend?—Ella, who was sole mistress of a wealthy house—Ella, who was so dependent upon those she loved, and who said that she loved her—Ella, who possessed wealth she could not use, and servants for whom she could hardly find employment, luxuries she could only enjoy vicariously? Moreover, Ella's mode and condition of life was very unlikely to alter. Who so likely to value Kitty for Kitty's self as she?

And how pleasant it would be to spend the winters at Cannes or Nice, the springs in a mansion in Belgravia, the autumns in an ancestral country seat, with an undulating deer-park around it, and all sorts of pomps and pleasures hitherto undreamed of! Myra had become rich by marrying a wealthy Anglo-Indian, and had no position anywhere beyond that which wealth and fair

breeding give anybody; and then, Kitty tacked this provise to every worldly-minded speculation as a salve to her conscience—Myra, by mooting marriage, has declared her intention of forsaking me, before I dreamed of forsaking her.

It was now arranged that they would go all together to Arcachon, and things might have gone smoothly enough but for Kitty's unfortunate propensity to run into extremes. Had she stuck by Myra in everything, thus losing her hold on Ella's affections, and perhaps vexing Sir George a little, all might have gone well; but as it was, she must try her old game of serving two masters, and live from time to time on the verge of a terrific crisis. The crisis was staved off till the eve of departure, when a most lucky circumstance—for Kitty—occurred, and the gordian knot was beautifully clipped on a sudden.

Myra was one of those fortunate persons to whom people were always leaving money, without any other rhyme or reason than relationship. She had more than enough for her needs already, and did nothing to deserve substantial remembrance at the hands of uncles, aunts, and cousins, and yet they could not make their wills without adding to her fortune. So Myra, just as she was going off to the Pyrences to enjoy herself, must be sent for to England, because some horridly provoking relation had seen fit to leave her a handsome sum in the Consols, and family complications of a business nature made her presence necessary.

"It's too bad," she said, pouting and crying like a child, "that I should be dragged to London at this time of the year, and be disappointed of all my pleasure. No, Kitty, I won't or "

"Oh, what nonsense!" Kitty said, with a genuine laugh; "as if a legacy came every day."

"How good of you to bear it so patiently, when I am sure your heart is quite set upon Arcachon! But you shall have your reward."

Kitty looked grave.

"I don't quite see how we can both go," she said. "Think how entirely the Bartelottes have relied upon us, and Ella so helpless, too! It would not be fair to them."

"If you go to Arcachon, I go," Myra said, decidedly

"My dear Myra-"

"If you go to Arcachon, I go," reiterated the little lady.

"But just consider the way in which we have pledged ourselves," Kitty pleaded. "Ella would never have thought of Arcachon, or, indeed, of any other place, without some capable friends at hand, and for both of us to fail her in the eleventh hour, when there isn't an available soul left in Paris, would be too unkind. Your stay in England need be but short, and I would meet you at Bordeaux, or even at Tours, or even at Paris," she added, very sweetly.

"You propose, then, to sacrifice me in order that Ella may not pout a little while, or Sir John be made cross for half an hour."

Kitty became pale and silent. For a time Myra was silent too. At length she said, with passionate tears and quivering

lips:
"Of course, I don't want you to feel conventionally bound to me—I'm not so mean as that—but I did think that you cared for me a little, Kitty."

Kitty would fain have taken her hands and caressed her into a gentler mood, but Myra put her away, and refused to listen when she began speaking in self-justification.

"You speak as if I had determined upon quitting you for ever," Kitty said, with a calm smile. "Dear Myra, your absence in England need not extend beyond a week, and you will then find me—not with the Bartelottes, but awaiting you in your own house. Nothing of the programme is to be changed, except that you join us a few days later, and if it were not for poor Ella's helplessness, I should not dream of going with them."

"Ella less helpless than I am!" Myra said, petulantly. "She has twice as much cleverness and twice as many servants! I am sure to be cheated or sent on to the wrong place by that dear stupid Tom-Tom and the boy Walter."

it, and all sorts of pomps and pleasures hitherto undreamed of!

Myra had become rich by marrying a wealthy Anglo-Indian, and had no position anywhere beyond that which wealth and fair ties would vanish," Kitty said, brightly; "and you must know

that if I were to go with them, it would be solely as your representative, and putting other considerations out of the question utterly.

"All other considerations?" asked Myra, bitterly.
"Oh, you jealous, wayward thing!" cried Kitty, seating herself on a low stool at her friend's feet, and looking up into her face with an irresistible, fond, though fault-finding smile. "You must not say such things, for you do not mean them, I know. As if I cared for Ella as much as I do for you, my more than sister, my benefactor, my patron-

"But if you care for me so much, why do you dream for a moment of letting me go to England alone?"

"Dearest," began Kitty, "is not every one obliged sometimes to sacrifice feelings to les convenances? but I am always preaching on this text, and the more I preach the less you seem to listen. In plain English, we are pledged to Sir George and Ella," and she went on with her casuistry till Myra consented that Kitty should go to Arcachon, and not only consented, but acknowledged the necessity of it. Having obtained this concession, Kitty proceeded to instruct Myra's servants, Walter, Tom-Tom, and her maid, as to the care of their mistress on the journey, and to make all sorts of fanciful preparations for her comfort, cramming her pockets with bonbons, her bag with new novels, her trunk with all sorts of things that she persisted in considering necessary. It was arranged that Kitty should meet Myra at Tours on her return, and that they should write to each other at least twice a week. Kitty smiled and scoffed at the merest insinuation of her part of the compact being broken, and after a time Myra believed her, and presented her with a costly diamond and ruby ring, as a pledge of good faith and friendship.

Then came the hurried lunch, the drive to the station, the leave-taking, and, when the train was fairly on its way to Boulogne, Kitty breathed a great sigh of relief. She was fond of Myra, and she wished to save her pain, but she felt very glad to have her away for a time.

CHAPTER XXXIII .- THE WATERS OF OBLIVION.



RCACHON is the quaintest place in the world, with a little village of lodging-houses; and Kitty Silver forgot the friends and lovers to whom she was bound.

She was enjoying a sense of freedom, as new as it was delightful. Sir George and Ella treated her as if she had been a duchess. It was always, "Would Miss Silver like this? Would Miss Silver object to that? Did Miss Silver wish to visit such and such a place?" Every arrangement seemed

made with regard to Kitty's pleasure, and, beyond a little care of Ella, she was absolutely free from any responsibility whatever.

Here life was easy beyond her imagination. She had nothing to do but to enjoy herself all day long, and she flourised on such liberal diet, looking so handsome in

her airy, country costume, that it was a pleasure to behold her. "How beautiful you are!" Ella was always saying. "How handsome and clever that girl is, by Jove!" was Sir George always thinking; and between the two Kitty got as much praise as was good for her. Praise is, no doubt, a great personal beautifier, so long as it is kept within legitimate bounds, just as undeserved blame makes people grow cross and ugly. Kitty could hardly help smiling and looking bright when she saw her smiles and bright looks reflected in other faces, and her new friends were most appreciative.

Her Protean idiosyncrasy came out astoundingly. Sir George was a bibliomaniac; and what, in heaven's name, could Kitty know about old books? But Kitty was not one of those who written than she held the paper to the candle, and destroyed

"eyes have they and see not, ears have they and hear not." She had lived in Bohemia, and Bohemia boasts of its bibliomaniacs too

"It is so good of you to interest yourself about poor papa's book-mania," Ella would say. "You know it bores other people dreadfully, especially young people. I cannot think how it is that nothing in the world seems to bore you."

"Could I find anything to bore me here, I should be a captious wretch, not fit to live," Kitty answered, demurely.

"But tell me honestly, dear-do you like old books?"

"I do, indeed. You know, my childhood was spent among scholarly people, and I am interested in everything they

"How fortunate for papa-and for me!" Ella said, smiling archly, "for, with the best intentions in the world, we are dull company for each other sometimes," she added, with a sigh. "I often think papa must be an angel to bear being tied to a fretful invalid as he does. He is unpopular, generally speaking, and many domestic matters have helped to sour his temper; but you see how good and kind and unselfish he is at home.

It was a happy, oblivious time, and Kitty wished that it might last forever. The sword of Damocles, in the shape of Dr. Norman's letter, was always hanging over her, but she persisted in not seeing it.

When she first arrived at Arcachon there remained exactly twenty-one days' respite to her, and twenty-one days pass quickly under pleasant circumstances. From the dewy, pine-scented, bird-singing morning, till the luminous, tranquil, southern night, there was nothing to do at Arcachon but to enjoy exist-

Kitty's twenty-one days passed like a dream, and she awoke one morning to find herself utterly dismayed. She had counted the time that must elapse between the sending of her letter and the arrival of it, and she knew that she must write to Dr. Norman within the next four-and-twenty hours. The early half of the time was not insupportable. It is so easy to forget at midday that one has to swallow an unpleasant potion at midnight; and Kitty drove out with Ella, sauntered about the garden with Sir George, enjoyed her noontide siesta, and dined as usual. But all these things came to an end, and she found herself at last shut up in her own room, pen in hand, Dr. Norman's letter lying before, and her mind full of irresolution, penitence, and dismay. She sat down, and calmly reviewed the state of her affairs, moral and material.

One point was clear—she stood bound to Dr. Norman; and another was equally so—her friendship for Dr. Norman was the only safe investment she bad made. Myra loved her; but Myra was ready to marry any day without considering her friend's welfare. Ella loved her; but Ella was not an easy person to know intimately; and beyond a delightful acquaintance, what was Ella to her? If Myra forsook her, if no one else took her up, should she not be fairly worsted in the battle of life?

It seemed to Kitty that duty and expediency ran here in parallel lines, and that if the former stood Dr. Norman in good stead, so much more did the latter. Compassion also inclined

The clock of the little church struck eleven, twelve, one, and Kitty knew no more what the purport of her letter was to be than she had done in the morning. She dipped her pen in the ink, and, having dated the letter, began desperately:

"My dear Dr. Norman."

But as soon as that was done, she rose in desperate indecision and walked up and down the room, sighing to herself. Perhaps had she felt morally certain that if she broke off with Dr. Norman then and there she should be no more reminded of him, no more brought into contact with anybody belonging to him, she could have sat down at once and ended the misery.

If only some one, if only something would help me, she said to herself, as she turned about the paper, unwilling to write the death-warrant of her best friend's happiness. Once she stopped, and wrote the following sentence, to see how the truth looked on paper: "Oh! forgive me. I must be false to you. Forget the wretch that I am;" but no sooner were the words

the horrid symbols that they were. She cared for Dr. Norman's good opinions, for her own self-respect, too much to prove herself a liar; but then the cost of being true!-to go back to the humdrum village life; to take upon herself the charge of those willful children; to respond to Dr. Norman's noble, honest, large-hearted life and love. Could she do all these at all, much less, do them well?

And, then, there was Perry!

She threw herself on the bed in a paganish impatience with the Fates that had brought her into such straits, craving in her poor blind humanity a God to pray to, or a second self to help and counsel.

As Kitty lay thus, wondering if this were the kind of ordeal to make people pinched and old and ugly, she glided from the stupor of despondency into the stupor of sleep, and dozed intermittently.

During that state of imperfect slumber, she dreamed, or thought she dreamed, that she was drowsing on the eld sofa in Paradise Place, sitting up to let in Perry and Mrs. Cornford, who had gone to the theatre. Kitty and Mrs. Cornford used to take by turns to go with him when the ticket of admission was only a double one, and it was Perry's custom to signify their return by throwing a pebble against the casement, or singing a snatch of a song. How real Kitty's dream seemed to be! There was Perry outside singing:

"Oh! had I a thousand a year, Gaffer Green;"

and then there came the impatient shower of gravel against the panes.

"Oh! wait a minute," she cried, starting up impatiently; but the action roused her, and she laid her head on the pillow almost wishing that the dream were true. And it was true, in a sense, for the singing and the shower did not cease, though Kitty remained wakeful, and when she rose from her bed to peer out, there was a wild Quixotic figure, Perry's self, keeping watch beneath the window.

CHAPTER XXXIV .- CAUGHT IN A NET.



HERE was no time for thinking. He had found her out. She must accord him an interview at any risk. Implacably foolish, implacably fond, never-to-be-forgiven Perry.

By a great effort she controlled the passion of terror and indignation that had taken possession of her, and opening the window, said, all in a breath:

"You must be mad to think we can recognize each other here. Am I not a woman? have I not a reputation? do you want me to hate you, that you persecute me thus? But I will meet you at Bourdeaux to-morrow.

and hear all that you have to say. I will meet you at the Hôtel de la Paix to-morrow, exactly at eleven o'clock. Good-night!" "One word," pleaded Perry, with pathetic passion in his

voice; but Kitty had shut the window and fastened the shutters resolutely.

When she felt once more alone, she could have cried with mortification and dismay; all her feelings of compassion for Dr. Norman had died out, and she sat down to write to him in a mood that was half-retributive, and half-revengeful. What right had Dr. Norman, what right had Perry to make her so suffer? Was she not free to choose her own life, and select from all the affections held out to her the one she found sweetest and best? Why was she to be hunted down just because she happened to be brighter, wittier, more attractive than most other women, and goaded, netted, entangled, like any helpless dumb animal? Poor Kitty, it must be confessed, had no idea of any higher duty than inclination. Inclination was her religion, her law, her judge; and inclination no longer pleaded in behalf of Dr. Norman.

So, visiting Perry's sins upon Dr. Norman's head, she sat down to write to him in a state of mind which could but argue ill both for the manner and matter of her letter. What she as Colonel Johnson is in love with you."

wrote, she could not precisely remember afterward; she only knew that her meaning was worded as plainly as could be, and that it was the utter defeat of Dr. Norman's hopes. For once in her life she had written nothing but the naked, unvarnished truth; how he would receive it was an after and secondary thought. Then she sealed her letter savagely, and creeping down-stairs, placed it beside the letter-bag, already locked in readiness for the early post.

Kitty had a power of voluntary forgetfulness, which is most enviable in these feverish, overworked times. She could force herself to sentence one lover to a humiliating disappointment, and to make a dangerous assignation with another, without keeping awake after it. Her mind was not yet made up as to the safest means of carrying her plan into effect; but she knew that to begin to think was to go on thinking, so she shut up the faculties of her mind, as one shuts up trinkets in a drawer, and slept soundly till dawn.

Over the process of dressing she determined upon the wisest conduct to pursue: she would feign to receive a letter from some old friend passing through Bordeaux, or, if the letter-bag were opened before Sir George and Ella, and there were no letters for her at all, she would feign to have received some such letter a day or two since.

"I am most annoyingly obliged to take the half-past nine o'clock train to Bourdeaux this morning; if you will stay with Ella, perhaps, she will not mind."

"Some important shopping on hand?" said Sir George, quizzically; he was profoundly inquisitive.

"No. I go to meet a friend there who is passing through Bourdeaux on his way—to Spain, I presume," Kitty answered hypothetically, adding with a smile: "he is a poor young artist -a protégé of mine, I might say (oh! happy Kitty to have hit upon that innocent word), and if I refused to go and see him, he would feel greatly hurt."

Sir George acquiesced, and, with a faint show of well-bred surprise, Ella acquiesced also. Neither of them liked the idea of losing Kitty—the sun of their universe—for a whole day, and there was a little feeling of jealousy underlying the regret. Who was this all-important protégé of her's for whom she gave up a luncheon-party as rigidly as if she were a lawyer bound to Bourdeaux to make a will? It seemed incredible that a poor wandering art-student -- a mere boy, as they gleaned from Kitty's reports-should exact such excessive considerations of punctuality from her. Could he not have waited? Could he not have come?

Whilst Kitty was making out her case, Sir George and Ella saw matters exactly in the light that she wished them to do; so subtly could she force the reasoning powers of another into a focus of any compass she liked. She had said with the utmost simplicity—I must go to Bourdeaux to see a poor young artist, a protégé of mine, and I must go to-day-and there seemed no possible objection to make to either statement. But no sooner was her personal influence withdrawn than their faculties gradually sharpened, and they perceived that the circumstance was pregnant with suggestion, and-they could not conceal the thought from each other-suspicion also.

"Our dear Kitty is so generous, and so full of sympathy and affection, that I could never be quite sure into what imprudence she might not be led," said Ella, "and Mrs. Wingfield used to talk of Kitty's lovers as if they were legion."

"Of course, of course," said Sir George, a little testily, feeling envious of younger men in general and of Kitty lovers in particular. "A woman like that has lovers whether she is rich or poor—the daughter of a peer or of a sweep. What a figure she has! and what wit! She is superb!"

"Don't you go and fall in love with Kitty yourself, papa," Ella added, joking; "for generous as she is, and sweet and loving as she is, she cannot marry all her lovers"—adding archly, "and I don't want a step-mamma—though I adore Kitty.

Sir George seemed somewhat shocked at Ella's levity.
"My dear," he said, "you forget that you and I have not a shilling to spare, and that I wouldn't spoil your comfort if Miss Silver had a million . . . and I were as much in love with her



Generated at Ur Public Domain,

Ella laughed sarcastically.

ξ.

s.

12

"I hope your passion would be to better purpose, though I doubt it," she said. "I believe Kitty might be led into follies and complications by exaggerated notions of kindness, but she is as far from falling in love as I am—and that is saying a great deal.

"You will never marry, Ella?"

"Papa, how preposterous is the very idea! and that brings us back to Kitty. A woman who renounces marriage, especially when such renunciation is the cause of permanent weak health, must seek for compensations in friendship. I cannot tell you what it would be to me now to lose the friend I have found in Kitty Silver.'

"There is no present danger of that kind that I see," Sir George said. "Miss Kitty Silver likes us, and likes our ways. She will not go yet."

"We have no kind of claim upon her time, remember, papa," Ella said; "but it is not the idea of losing Kitty for the present that makes me uneasy. It is the future I am thinking of. Supposing Kitty holds herself free to accept a home with us instead of returning to Mrs. Wingfield-of course, I do not know how matters stand with them, and speak hypothetically-would you offer any objection to such an arrangement?"

Sir George looked like a man who is suddenly asked to lend his dearest friend a large sum of money.

"She is a poor clergyman's daughter, or something of that pay her at least a hundred a year!"

"Poor papa!" cried Ella, laughing heartily at this display of

her father's little weakness; "poor, victimized papa! it is too bad to come down upon you with such expensive whims; but if Kitty is to be had at any price, I must have her—always sup-posing Kitty to be all and no more than we take her to be."

"She rides splendidly, and if that isn't a sign of good breeding I don't know what is; but there is just a dash of artistic Bohemia about her," said Sir George, "that makes one feel a little uncertain whether 'Love me, love my friends,' would apply in her case;" and thus he stopped short, and looked at Ella earnestly.

"Exactly," answered Ella; "but how are we ever to obtain certainty? Mrs. Wingfield is the only friend of Kitty's we know, and she is a gentlewoman, though sadly destitute of brains and education. We couldn't go to her for 'references' of her most intimate friend?"

"Will it not be better to leave matters as they are for the resent?" asked her father, unwilling to spend an extra hundred a year, even were it to secure the society of a young, handsome, and gifted woman.

And for the present, the matter was allowed to rest.

CHAPTER XXXV. -- KITTY AND HER PROTEGE.

No source did Kitty find herself alone with Frangine, on her way to Bourdeaux, than a delicious, vagabondish sense of fivedom took possession of her. It was a long time now since she had experienced the feeling, and though she was a slave of her own free will, and the chains that bound her were covered with velvet and down, they galled a little at times. To-day she had cast them off, and she felt glad.

Kitty was silent till the train arrived at Bourdeaux, and stepped out on to the platform—calm, though pale.

She drew her vail over her face, saw at a glance that Perry was not there; then beckoning a coachman, ordered him to drive her to the Hôtel de la Paix.

There are some things in which one never grows older, and Kitty, who grew, morally speaking, months every day, was as young as ever in this, that she could not meet Perry un-

On this occasion her heart was beating fast all the time that she greeted him with apparent indifference; he did not see it, he did not divine it, but under that calm, beautifully-poised manner, burned a volcanic fire of conflicting passions.

They shook hands and talked of the weather till they were

pretty breakfast adorned with flowers, for Perry never forgot to fele Kitty under any circumstances. Then Kitty let Francine take off her soft summer cloak of creamy white, and her modest straw bonnet with one little rosebud, and motioning the young girl to a seat by the window, sat down at the head of Perry's

table.
"What are we to have?" she said, with an affectation of the old childish gourmandise that Perry had delighted to indulge; "little fish, little birds? and, oh, there is some nougat! Give me a bit, this minute, please."

Perry chipped off a bit of the nougat, delighted, and Kitty crushed it with her strong, beautiful little teeth, and asked for more. She had overcome her agitation now, and determined to be good and kind to her poor faithful protégé, and make him happy for an hour, if she could.

"And now, tell me," she said (my little maid understands no English), "from whence you came, and whither you go? How is dear Polly and her chicks? What is she doing? And is Vittoria married? I want to hear everything about everybody."

Perry began his catechism at the end:
"Vittoria was married; Polly Cornford and her chicks had gone home; her stay in Paris had turned out well, he thought,"

and so on.
"And what are you going to do with yourself this winter, dear Perry?" asked Kitty.

Perry was clumsily carving a little bird.

"I will tell you when I have achieved this performance," he said; and when a delicate bit was finally conveyed to Kitty's plate, added:

"I am going to Madrid to see the Velasquez, and from Madrid to Cadiz, and from Cadiz to Tunis, and, perhaps, into Algiers. Algiers is a fine place for artists, some of our fellows say. If I like it, I shall stay to paint there."

So the hours wore on; and Kitty and Perry, as children who have started for a summer walk holding hands across a tiny brooklet, found the brooklet grow into a brook, and the brook into a rivulet, and the rivulet into a river-broad and deep. They spoke to each other, but their voices had a strange and hollow sound. They could not go back to the point from whence they had started, and the river grew wider and wider. The sky was bright overhead, the world was bright around, but life seemed cold, and dark, and old to them, as they lost sight of each other's faces and went their ways.

There is a Spanish proverb which says, "Every hair has its shadow," but the maker of the proverb should have added, by way of moral, " Happy is he who sees it not."

The possessor of superabundant tact can scarcely be a happy person, and Kitty was such a person. She saw the shadow of every hair.

For instance, no sooner had she received Ella's kiss of welcome and Sir George's hand-shake-both were apparently as cordial as ever-than she knew something was going wrong. Just a touch of apprehension, just a shade of mistrust, just an approximation of jealousy were evident to her, which could not have been evident to one person out of fifty thousand. Whilst she was making of her day at Bourdeaux as pretty an idyll as could be, whilst Ella listened, smiled, and asked none but answerable questions, for Ella had plenty of tact too, whilst Sir George talked naturally of Perry's projected tour and the advantages likely to accrue from it, Kitty saw as clearly as ordinary people see that black is black and white is white, what mischief Perry had worked her. The harm was done, past cure. She must make the best of it.

She worked harder than ever for the next few days. She posed as an angel, and did it to perfection. Sir George could almost have forgiven ugliness in a woman who was so amiable, so lively, so capable as she. Kitty managed the house now, even marketed at times, and this coonomical proceeding enchanted Sir George beyond anything. Kitty suggested that the courier was unnecessary—a master stroke! The courier was dismissed, and Kitty had reached the pinnacle of Sir George's favor. If possible, she devoted herself to Ella more than ever. fairly installed in a little salon where Perry had provided a Ella concluded a dozen times a day that she could not possibly



live without Kitty, but she wished Kitty had no protégés, and hesitated about making her one of themselves.

But Ella had an attack of illness, and that brought matters to a crisis. Kitty sat up with her for several successive nights; but for Kitty's care, the doctor said, Ella might have succumbed. It was Kitty who could soothe her to sleep, Kitty who could devise a comfortable bed. Kitty who could think of something for her to eat. Sir George's gratitude was rapturous, and as soon as ever Ella became convalescent revived her plan regarding Kitty's future.

"It is not a question of choice, it is a question of necessity," he said. "Kitty must come to us. She is just the person we want; we are just the people she wants. It really seems a dispensation of Providence-but I don't think, my dear, we need

say anything about salary. What a home it is for her!"
"Papa!" cried Ella, quite shocked; "I am so fond of Kitty that I hate giving her money at all. But two hundred pounds a year would be too little for any gentlewoman, under the circumstances---

Sir George looked excessively nervous and uncomfortable.

"I don't want to be shabby, Ella; she is a splendid girl, good as gold and sharp as a Jew. She will save you the expense of a lady's-maid, and work all sorts of reformations among our extravagant pack of servants into the bargain."

"Indeed, you misunderstand me, papa," Ella answered, coloring painfully. "I want Kitty to be my friend, not my ser-I cannot and will not trade upon her goodness to me."

"But, my dear child, she declares that nothing makes her so happy as doing things for people she likes. Why not let her be happy in her own way?" Sir George chuckled to himself, and added, "and save our pockets when we can?"

"Papa, you would not take that tone if you knew how I abhor it," Ella said; "we are not deciding a question of moncy. We are thinking of Kitty's happiness and our own."

Sir George was terribly afraid of Ella's anger, and said, very penitently:

"I can't help thinking of money, how can I, when every acre I have goes to a man I hate, and your whole portion must be saved out of my income? I should not be stingy if it were not for this."

Ella laid one of her fragile little hands on his arm.

"Poor, dear papa!" she said, "I am always forgetting the future. I suppose it is because I fancy I shall not live to be old, and want money."

To return to Miss Silver," began Sir George, abruptly-he could not bear to dwell for a moment on the probability of Ella's life being short-"she is to live with us if she likes; that is understood—is it not?"

"On one or two conditions," Ella answered, brightly. "In the first place, you shall not be mulcted much, papa; my in come is too large for an invalid who cannot go to balls and make five toilets a day-"

"I dare say Miss Silver would not be offended if you gave her a left-off gown now and then. Poor clergymen's daughters are used to that sort of thing."

"Papa, there are more considerations far more important than my left-off gowns. Is Kitty free to accept our offer? Is her family such as to warrant us in making it?"

For some moments both were silent.

"I will tell you the best thing to do," Sir George said, at "I must go to London before long on business. Why should I not go at once and ease your mind about Miss Silver's family and antecedents by obtaining all necessary information?"

"From whom?" asked Ella, doubtfully. "From Mrs. Wingfield, in the first instance, and from the friends at whose house Mrs. Wingfield first made her acquaintance."

"Would not that be underhand and a little mean?" Ella said, still doubtful.

"Miss Silver need never know. Provided we do not tell her, there is no objection to the plan that I can discover. The plain truth of the matter is, Miss Silver has made herself necessary to you, and Miss Silver we must keep, at any cost. I do believe she almost saved your life in this last illness."

Ella's eyes filled.

"How can we ever repay such devotion?" she said.

"You forget that she is poor," Sir George replied; "and that reminds me to ask you, my dear, what became of all the trinkets your aunt Frances left you! There was a pretty coral necklace, worth very little; why not give it to Miss Silver?"

"Oh, papa! as if Kitty would wear such trumpery! But I am going to give her something on her birthday, which will make her look like a queen," and Ella instructed Sir George to pick out a certain violet case from her drawer, and take from it two or three strings of exquisite pearls.

"They-are-not-out-of-your-own-jewel-case?" gasped her father.

"I ought first to have told you that they were bought on purpose for Kitty," answered Ella, "knowing your dislike for anything going out of the family. These were never in the family, papa. How lovely they are, and how Kitty will love them for my sake !" and for Kitty's sake she kissed them before they were put away.

Sir George having decided to go to England, decided to go at once, and Kitty had to be told.

Kitty had vague grounds for uneasiness. She saw plainly enough that there was some secret at the bottom of Sir George's sudden departure for England; but how could such a secret affect her directly? She could hardly believe herself to be of so much importance in Ella's or her father's eyes as to imagine that the journey was made on her account. And yet, she felt instinctively that she had something to do with it.

CHAPTER XXXVI .- HOW SIR GEORGE FARED ON HIS ERRAND.



IR GEORGE set off in a state of excitement that bordered on elation. If one thing in the world was almost as dear to him as his daughter, it was his ducats: and he felt that to secure Kitty as a member of his household would be an inestimable piece of economy. He was one of the few men who could mix up his admiration for a young and fascinating wo-

man with the baldest mercenary consideration. Kitty was handsome, and he admired her; Kitty was clever, and he liked her company; Kitty was masterly in dealing with the common affairs of life, and for that quality he adored her.

Poor Sir George's nature had been embittered by various causes. In the first place, he began life by marrying a penniless girl for love, an act of self-sacrifice which he could never quite forgive him-

self, especially as she bore him no son. In the second, his name and estate would go to the man he hated above all others in the world. Thirdly, he was comparatively poor, and could only provide for Ella's future by letting his house in Clarges street, and his country seat, and living economically abroad.

He had one extravagance-namely, a passion for old rare books; but that one bore the same relation to his numerous economies as the Corsair's "one virtue linked unto a thousand

He traveled second-class when traveling alone; dressed as shabbily as decency permitted; drank vin ordinaire with water; dined off a single dish, and answered people's letters on the blank leaf of their own. In fine, where ordinarily economical people spent a shilling, he spent about ninepence; if fairly out of Ella's sight, sevenpence. What the grosser pleasures of the world were to other men, the pleasures of saving were to him. To feel himself at liberty to be as economical as he pleased, was a little debauch of which he could not make enough. He grew gay, brisk, and almost affectionately disposed toward the world when thus inebriated; would be courteous to the pitch of geniality with the second or third-class passengers with whom he traveled; would be civil to French officials, whom he detested; would offer a cigar to any one sitting next him.

GENOA. 283

When reckoning up the expenses of the day he chuckled to himself and praised himself as if he had achieved a great action, and would enjoy the profound sleep of the happy con-

As soon as the business that took him to London was fairly over, he presented himself at Mrs. Wingfield's lodgings in Green street.

Myra received everybody cordially, and over a charming little the defee lunch, which Sir George did not disdain, as he only practiced abstemiousness when it answered some end; they talked a great deal of Kitty and Kitty's affairs.

Simple as Myra was, she got Sir George to tell her all that she wanted to know before saying a word; and then, much too tickled at the new turn affairs were taking to be angry, she burst into a hearty laugh, and said :

"My dear Sir George, what an odd notion to think of concerning yourself about Kitty's antecedents or belongings. Nobody in the world does that. Of course, Kitty has friends and lovers, and may have what you call antecedents, for aught I know; but so long as she contrives to keep them so beautifully in the background, what matters it to us?"

She opened her large, sleepy, blue eyes, and fixing them on Sir George's wizen, hairy face with an inexpressible mixture of childish naivelé and womanly shrewdness, added :

You might, with perfect safety, marry Kitty, Sir George. She would take care that her family or family affairs never

"I don't want to marry Miss Silver," Sir George said, pettishly. "I want to make your dear Ella happy — that is

"Ella is a spoiled child crying for Kitty instead of the moon," Myra rejoined; "but the moon won't come down, and

"Ella is so excessively tender of conscience that she would not for worlds make any proposals to Miss Silver till after I had seen you. We feel, indeed, that we stand in a delicate position with regard to yourself——"

"0h! as if I should hold you responsible-

"I do assure you that we have never once urged her to remain with us longer than her previous arrangements with you would enable her to do so," Sir George continued, apolo-

"Kity is a free agent. I never held her bound except by her inclinations and affections," Myra said, a little bitterly.

"I am thankful to hear you say so, Mrs. Wingfield. Ella has been quite troubled lest we should appear to have acted an unfriendly part toward you."

"She left me because she liked it, and she will stay for the same reason," Myra answered. "I hope she will not change her mind again in a great hurry. That is all."

"I don't think she will change her mind, because she is so devotedly attached to Ella. They are like sisters," Sir George

"Oh! that counts for nothing. She loved me like a sister a couple of months back."

Sir George did not think any worse of Kitty for thus being spoken of by her dearest friend. On the contrary, he rather admired Kitty for showing so much sagacity in the selection of her patrons. Of course, Kitty knew well enough how immeasurably superior Ella's social position was to Myra's—the former a baronet's daughter, the latter a merchant's widow! Sir George laughed in his sleeve at Myra's insensibility to this view of the question, and as he liked the little lady, and had no particular motive for undecsiving her, he allowed her to go on

of course, Kitty adored his darling Ella; but it seemed preposterous that Myra should even have expected adoration in equal degree. Excepting in Kitty's case—for Kitty was an exception to every rule—Sir George completely confounded personallies with circumstances. A person stood represented in his many months. A person swood aspectant, and so many worldly advantages in general. Mere intellectual attainments wheat ments, whether scientific, literary, social, or artistic, went for little or nothing; amiabilities and moral qualities were altogether in an aniabilities and moral qualities were altoge-

He returned pertinaciously to the matter of Kitty's kith and kin.

"My dear Ella being young and motherless, I feel it my duty to know something definite about this young lady's position in the world. She will not marry. A girl without a penny rarely marries out of her own sphere, and if she is to be Ella's companion for years to come, we want to feel that no poor or disreputable relations come down upon us."

"If you are guided by me," she said at parting "you will just give Kitty big lumps of sugar, and not trouble your head about anything else. What good are pedigrees to clever

When her visitor had gone, Myra went to her room, and cried for an hour over Kitty's unkind behaviour. She was going back to India, the wife of Captain Longley; but was not her approaching marriage an extra reason for needing her friend?

Myra was not romantic. She knew the world very well, and she entertained no sentimental notions about love and marriage. She had been married before, and she understood the necessity of husband and wife not boring each other, if they would be happy. But she was so terribly dependent on others, that she felt she must inevitably bore Captain Longley if she were shut up with him alone in some lonely station up-country. If Kitty were but with her always, all would go smoothly.

Myra really cared for Kitty; moreover, she now declared to herself bitterly that she would never again trust a friend as she

had trusted this false one.

NOT DIVIDED.

Togerner fifty years they trod The wandering ways of life; Then slept beneath the same green sod, Fond husband, faithful wife.

Their days to seventy years had grown, And, when he went away,
She made no wild and bitter moan
Above his lifeless clay.

But, gently as a summer day Sinks to its beauteous close. Her life and spirit ebbed away, And into glory rose.

He died just as the morning beamed, And she before the night A new eternal bridal seemed The solemn burial rite.

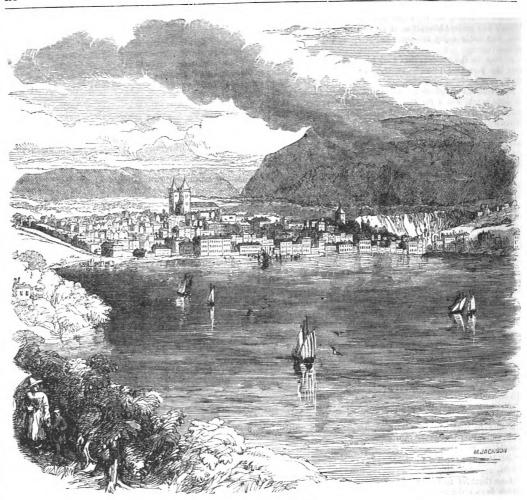
Three generations of their name, Proud fathers, bridegrooms blest, And lovers in their earliest flame, Conveyed them to their rest.

In the low chamber gently laid, And heaped their couch with flowers; And in their spirits softly prayed-"May such an end be ours!"

GENOA.

GENOA is a fortified maritime city in the north-west of Italy, once a celebrated republic, now the capital of a province of the Sardinian States. It is situate at the north point of the Gulf of Genoa, eighty miles from Turin. The houses are well built; but the streets are so narrow and irregular, that, in many places, it is almost impossible to pass them in a carriage. Three streets, however, the Strada Balbi, the Strada Nuova, and the Strada Nuovissima, form striking exceptions: they are regular, spacious, and the more impressive to a stranger from following each other in succession.

It is in these streets that are to be found the palaces of the great families; buildings which display the attractions, not only of architecture, but of painting and sculpture. The most remarkable public edifices are the Palazzo della Signora, the ancient residence of the doge; and the palaces Doria-Pamfili, Brignole, Durazzo, Spinola, Serra, Balbi, Pallavicini, which con-



G E N O A .- PAGE 283

tain numerous choice specimens of art. There are many magnificent churches, among which the Dell' Annunciada, and the cathedral are the most conspicuous. The elegant church of Carignano was built at the expense of a citizen of the name of Sauli; his grandson erected a monument of equal magnificence, and the bridge of the same name, which is of great height, connecting two hills, and forming one of the favorite resorts of the Genoese.

There are several theatres, numerous convents, a university, with a botanic garden and museum; and the great hospital for the sick and infirm, and the Albergo dei Poveri, or poorhouse, are magnificent buildings. Besides these, there are fifteen female asylums, an exchange, and the bank of St. George. The harbor of Genoa is in the form of a semi-circle, with a diameter of about one thousand fathoms. It is enclosed by two strong moles, the opening between which is three hundred and fifty fathoms in width; but the entrance is difficult.

The manufactures are velvets, silks, damasks, paper, etc. The city possesses a number of ingenious workmen in articles of jewclry and coral, vases and cups. Genoa exports the products of the adjacent country, such as rice and fruit, and, in particular, olive oil, to a great annual value.

Their importations are corn from Sicily, and occasionally from Barbary; raw silk from Sicily; iron and naval stores from the Baltic; linen and sail-cloth from Germany; tin, lead, hardware, and cottons from England. To these are to be | table-talk.

added wool from Spain, wax and cotton from the Levant, and from the United States different articles of American produce. Fish from Newfoundland is here, as in other Catholic cities, an import of considerable amount. Genoa is the see of an archbishop.

Population-112,000. From the eleventh to the eighteenth century, Genoa was the capital of a flourishing commercial republic, and planted colonies on the shores of the Black Sea, as well as in the Levant. It was bombarded by the French in 1684, and submitted to the Hungarians in 1746; but a citizen being abused by an Austrian officer, the inhabitants rose and massacred most of the soldiery, and drove away the remainder. The republic, in 1798, assumed the French form of government. with the title of Ligurian Republic, which was confirmed by the treaty of Luneville, but not by that of Amiens. In 1815 it was ceded to the King of Sardinia, and in 1859 the French troops landed here on their route to oppose the Anstrian army, which had invaded Sardinia. It is connected with Turin by railway The birthplace of Columbus.

Newspapers.-To appreciate the true value of newspapers. we have only to suppose that they were totally to be discontinued for a month. We turn with horror from the fright ful idea! We deprecate such a shock to the circulation of

THE SOUL'S LAST REFUGE.

WHAT are friends, and what are pleasures, When within the heart is dearth? What is home, and fame, and riches.
When a ghoul sits by the hearth?

Do four walls make up the measure, Tho' with pictures covered o'er, And rare statues in the niches, And soft carpets on the floor?

Tho' a Raphael, Turner, Guido, Hangs its wealth before the eye,
Does it lessen life's deep sorrow?
Does it check the soul's sick sigh?

What the courtly grace may linger, Where Earth's music charms the hour? What tho' Beauty hover round us, With its deep and subtle power?

What the airy feet may flutter, O'er the tesselated floor; What all these when Love is vanished, To return, ah! nevermore?

PAGET'S WIFE.

PART I.

"Can one purchase happiness?"—Mr. Paget was repeating a question put by the woman sitting near him-"can one-Well, yes. Money buys it. Ah, my love, life is short, and at the best, but a very second-rate affair. Preachers tell us that common sense bids us be kind to ourselves. We should heed the one, and obey the other. Enjoy existence, and secure

content. My angel, there is no earthly happiness which gold may not purchase."

Vivian Coyle Paget made this pleasant assertion in that gracefully candid manner peculiar to himself. Then, his elbow upon the table, and the little glass of eau de vie de Dantzig carefully poised in his white, jeweled fingers, he languidly resigned him-But it did not come. The woman sitting near him—she bore

his name—spoke calmly enough.
"Will it? Would it purchase your love? Ah, my God!
don't speak, Vivian!" Excitedly now, waking and warming into life and fire as the eager, quick-spoken words rolled from her lips. "Hear me. I love you !-I love you? No wretched creature ever-strove as I have done-none was ever beaten back

as I have been. Surely, none has ever so hoped and dreamed——''
"Surely, no dreams were ever wilder," gravely interposed the gentleman.

"I love you," she repeated, "and you are killing me, body and soul! Be frank, now-be honest-tell me that you hate me, and I will never, never weary you again. Say it!" Her voice sank to an agonized pleading. The lustre of her eyes, the pallor of her face were frightful. "Never, never, never again! Oh, my life! my darling! my husband!"

A vivid glow flushed Mr. Paget's cheeks. He drained his glass, replaced it upon the table, then slowly turned to his companion.

"A Paget never lies," said he. "And, as for your question-

"Well?"

"I adore you."

The cynical sneer was not needed to strengthen the quiet scorn which words and tone conveyed. A second of swift, sharp, physical pain, and then Constance Paget laughed carelessly.

"It is a clever comedy," she declared; "and we are actors to be envied and admired."

"Not so," protested the other. "We are a simple, peaceful,



FIGURESCE ANNERSLEY DREW ONE DEET. GASPING BREATH, FALTERED, SWAYED, AND SANK AT LAST IN A HUDDLED HEAP AT THE FRET YOL. XXIV., No. 4-16

humdrum couple. I, unfortunately, am a little given to an evil temper; and you are too wise a woman ever to provoke

An ashen, ghostly gray crept over Mrs. Paget's face; a heavy sigh checked the laugh upon her lips; her great black eyes were upon her husband, and not for a second did their fixed gaze

See her as she sat there. Dark, with jetty hair smoothly brushed from a low, square brow. A face not really beautiful, but full of quiet power; and the eyes had a way of looking steadily, never dropping their fine-fringed lids-a way just now sufficiently annoying to Mr. Paget, for he arose, and would have quitted the room, but the woman stepped quickly before him. Her hand fell upon his arm, and the little fingers were like slender bands of steel

"Vivian!"

" Well ?"

"It is false !- it is all a mockery! You do not care for me." Another man might have raved or vowed. Vivian Paget did neither. He simply loosened the deathlike grasp, and thrust

the pleader aside.

"You weary me," said he; "you weary me with your acting and melodramatic sentiment; you drive me to rudenesses when they are furthest from my thoughts. Pray, be somewhat considerate.

"And you—you drive me to desperation; you make a madwoman of me! Man! how dare you?" Then all this fierce anger changed to an indescribable tenderness, as she went on: "Ah, forgive! I do not mean that; but I am wretched—so unhappy. Vivian, dear Vivian, in the name of all that is good, and honest, and true-in the name of the love you once bore me, remember your promise. Make me---

She did not finish the supplication. A simple motion of his hand arrested the words upon her lips; but she sank down upon her knees, and flung her arms about him.

"You shall not leave me," she cried. "I will die herehere at your feet else. Only promise !--only promise !"

He had torn her hands apart; he raised her firmly; he bent his face—that handsome, evil face—quite close to hers; his treacherous blue eyes were glittering; his low voice was harsh with suppressed fury.

"Do you want an answer? Take it, then. No, no, no!—a thousand times, no! We are two now, you and I; our days of sentiment and folly are over. You can never more be to me but what you are—a drag—nor I to you but what I am—a master! Be quiet, be docile, and I will be kind, never fear; but you must not do this. You must not threaten. You must not go too far. You would ruin me; but I-I may kill you; indeed, I may, woman!"

"I am not afraid of that. I am only afraid of myself, as you have made me. Wait-hear me. What is that girl, Florence Sommerville, to you?"

"Nothing. Yet-

"She loves you. Do not attempt a denial. I know it. She loves you. Yes; but does she love you enough to be to you all that I have been ?"

"Heaven forbid! All that you have been? Fou?"

No blow was given; but the cruel scorn had struck her, and the hurt was pitiful. Yet she turned from him without a cry or moan.

When she raised that pallid face from her hands she was alone. For a little while, she stood there quite motionless. Then she started suddenly, and fell to pacing the room, and, as she walked rapidly back and forth, the color stole in the marble cheeks, the light gleamed again in the dangerous eyes. Once, she paused before the mirror.

Courage!"—nodding to the shadow in it—"courage, you beloved one! Be brave, be patient, and wait. The hour of tri-umph must come at last—oh, trusting woman!"

THE same night, Constance Paget sat before the library fire. Leaning upon the mantel was her handsome husband. There had been a contrite pleading for pardon upon his part—a noble self-forgetfulness upon hers. The one had made many prom-

ises; the other accepted them; and the end of it all was a fixed determination to forget past grievances.

"Taste it, love; it is the best in the cellar. Drink it," urged Vivian, handing his wife a glass of wine.

At that moment some one knocked. It was Conrad, Mr. Paget's own man, and he spoke, as his master answered the summons:

"If you please, sir, any orders for the morning, sir?" " None. Go !"

Vivian Paget turned sharply, closing the door as he gave his command. His shifting blue eyes glanced uneasily at his wife. There she still sat, unconcernedly sipping the wine he had given her. His own glass stood where he had left it, upon the mantel. Snatching it up, he drained it hurriedly. As he replaced it, Mrs. Paget looked, and smiled.

"I drink to you," said she.

And, drinking, her eyes were fastened upon him, her steady gaze never wavering; nor did she release him from that piercing look until her glass was withdrawn from her lips-empty. Then she added, very solemnly:

"And may God be good to us, and pardon us!"

Some vague suspicion seized the man.

"What do you mean now?" he cried.

" Nothing.

"But what is this you say of pardon?"

Mrs. Paget arose and touched the bell. Then, standing before him, she gave her answer:

"The wine you poured for me, you drank. I changed the alasses !''

"You-changed"-ah, what a mortal terror was ringing in that voice !-- "you-changed-

"I changed them. Yes; when you were at the door. There could be no harm in that. Why, what is it?"

If she could have seen his heart she would not have asked that question; she only saw his ghastly face, and that he covered as he turned from her.

Then a sudden fury seemed to seize him, for he darted back. and snatched her hands, glaring down at her, with an awful wickedness convulsing that blanched and handsome face.

"Come in!" laughed Constance, merrily.

He had not heard the knock at the door. Now, it was Hester, Mrs. Paget's maid, who entered.

"Excuse me, ma'am. I heard the bell, and I thought you were alone, so I came."

"That was right. I rang for you. Wait for me. Goodnight, my love!"

She had wrenched her hands from her husband's grasp. Now crossing to the maid, she looked back, and again her joyous laugh rang out:

"Good-night, my love !"

HUSBAND and wife met next morning at breakfast. Tenderly attentive, graciously content to be cared for, they were, indeed, models of marital felicity. Said she:

"Were you not at my door last night? I fancied that I heard a step in the hall, then some one turned the latch. You. of course.

" Yes."

"I knew it. I was not well, and Hester would not leave me. The good soul sat up all night by the fire. From this day she shall have the little room opening from my own. These sudden indispositions alarm me, and I do not like being alone.

Are you well, dear?" with a searching glance at her husband.
"I? Of course; I am always well," was the nonchalant as-

"I have either sadly misjudged him, or he is a brave man," mused Mrs. Paget, when she was alone. "I have either been nursing a foolish fancy, or else Vivian Paget has death in his veins. Which is it, oh, Florence, ma belle?"

PART II.

"Give me that ribbon, Hester. Now, continue. Mr. Paget was here, you say?"'

"Here, ma'am. I came up this afternoon while you were in



the drawing-room with those ladies, and, lo and behold, here was he! 'Hester,' says he, holding up your sash, 'what's this?' 'Mrs. Paget wears it to-night, sir,' says I. 'No domino?' says he. Then I undid this black satin. 'Look at it. sir,' says I; 'plain, to be sure, but rich. Now, knot this scarf about it, and your wife will be the grandest lady here. 'Pshaw!' he laughed; 'there will be fifty disguised like that.'
'Never one,' says I; 'there isn't such another scarf in New York; gold and silver threads, and they as soft as silk! Another? No, indeed!" " Well!" then went out."

"That was all, ma'am. He left these flowers for you, and

Mrs. Paget turned from the mirror.

"Fasten this."

"Lord! Ain't you beautiful!" exclaimed the maid, in honest admiration.

"Am I?" with a faint smile—"am I, Hester?"

Beautiful? She was superb. Diamonds gleamed amid the braided coils of her jetty hair. Excitement or art had flushed her dark cheeks, and her eyes were burning with a steady light. Over the black background of her satin domino floated the fleecy folds of that wondrous scarf.

"A very nice badge for the Mistress of Ceremonies," she

declared. "I wonder if many people have arrived."

"Many?" echoed the woman. "Lord, ma'am! they've been coming for the last half hour. This will be a grander ball than any you have ever given, Mrs. Paget."

"Yes. And now-well, we shall see. Give me my maskah, and the flowers. Thank you!"

She stood for a moment upon the threshold of the door. Already crowds of maskers came trooping up the grand staircase. Merry words and pleasant laughter rang through the higharched halls, while from the rooms below stole the soft sighs of sweetest melodies. Evidently, the Pagets were surpassing all rivals, and this ball, or fête, would be one to be remembered.

Presently, a tiny, gloved hand was laid upon the lady's arm, and a fresh voice laughed prettily.

"Waiting for me, my dear ?"

"You, Florence?"

"I-Florence. How lovely you are, Mrs. Paget. I knew that scarf would be superb. How is my disguise? Good? Dear, dear, I have been so anxious to see you! Would you recognize me under this mask? Honest, now? Ah, come-come quickly, please, Mrs. Paget. I am dying with curiosity to hear the wonderful secret you promised to confide."

"Presently, my love. Amuse yourself while you may, and you shall soon know all, never fear. Let us see what is going on. Don't quit me, Florence."

"No danger," assured her companion. "I am your shadow." Forcing their way through the throng below, they were

drawn nigh a group of maskers.

"My goodness!" whispered Florence; "how comical to hear them! They look like members of the Council of Ten, and they are absolutely discussing cotton !" "Hush !"

For one of the black-robed figures turned sharply, and it was evident that it was covertly watching them.

HALF an hour later, the two women were alone upon a low balcony of the now deserted music-room. Said Florence:

"It will be delightful! They all know that you wear this scarf, and now your lovers will come flocking to me. Fasten it,

please, dear Mrs. Paget."

"And the flowers," suggested dear Mrs. Paget. "There! How the crimson blooms glow upon your domino! My husband gave me these flowers, Florence."

"Ah!" with the quick catching of the breath.

"Surely, yes. Raise your mask for a moment, child. That will do.'

She had seen a face beautiful with youth and freshness—even by the dim starlight she saw that. She listened to the saucy laugh, and divined the flicker of pretty scorn that shot from the dark eyes now raised to hers with treacherous trust.

"Well," said Mrs. Paget—"well, we are quite alone, and I wish you to divine why I brought you here.'

"Can I tell?"

"Certainly. You should be able. If, however, you cannot imagine, I will not keep you in suspense."

"Of course, it is for the secret you promised."

"Quite right. To commence, my friend, you will do well to give me your very best attention. Answer me. How dare you come here, knowing as you do that Vivian Paget loves you?" "Madam!"

"Stay! He loves you. He has told you so. More. I overheard a conversation between you some days since. It was really very pretty; and, had I not been so nearly interested, it would have charmed and touched me. He told you that he had married a silly girl for whom he had no love, but a vast amount of pity-his pity! Now, try to think-try to remember me as you know me, and answer honestly. Am I one to be safely pitied? No doubt, you believed him; but every word that he uttered was false?

Calm and unmoved, Constance Paget stood there. Cowering before her, her face hidden in her shaking hands, the other woman listened.

"Ah, what is it? Great heaven, what do you mean?"
"What do I mean?" repeated the wife, fiercely. "My husband cares for you, after his fashion; but I-I love him. Do you understand me now? False and wicked as he is, I love him, and nothing shall ever come between him and me but death. I swear it !"

"Ah, you will not kill me?"—Florence sprang to her feet—
you will not, Mrs. Paget?"

"I shall not kill you. No; I—"
"You frighten me!" moaned the girl. "You kill me now with fear!" shivering beneath that unsparing gaze. "Let me go!—oh, let me go!"

"Silence!" Mrs. Paget was looking over the balcony. What was there in the shrubbery below? Nothing, evidently, for she slowly turned again to her companion. "No, I shall not kill you. Speak lower: no one must hear us. Now, listen. The time may come, perhaps, when I shall have so far conquered self as to think lightly of these perfidies. It will not be easy, of course; for I am but a woman, and very weak; yet it is false and dastardly weakness, and I shall battle with it, and in the end—who can tell? Perhaps"—she was dreaming aloud; but starting quickly, went on with nervous utterance-"I am certain that you intend no open avowal of your fault. You are too prudent-he too cunning. It is wise to attempt no denial, for my own senses could not have deceived me. I overheard you the other night-here in this house-his house. Oh, shame! Ah, if you but knew him as well as I know him, you would fear this man whose flimsy falsehoods have snared you; if you knew him as I know him, you would find this honorable gentleman a villain and a murderer!"

The cold, even tones never rose above a whisper; yet to the other they seemed to echo through all space.

"He a murderer ?"

"Now, I have lived for him-I have believed in him-I have asked no other love but his. You cannot understand that; you could never say it. He has been mad, indeed, to goad me on to this. Even you, with your cold heart and shallow nashrink from me, please. Stand here—in the full light. So! Don't tremble. You cannot be ashamed of your conduct."

"Mrs. Paget, for the love of heaven, let me go! I promise anything you wish. I have done wrong, I know; yet not so much, perhaps, as you imagine. I have been foolish, I confess it-wicked. Yes, dear Mrs. Paget, I declare to you-

What? Nothing. But from the garden below came a sharp snap, a whizzing of some swift missile, a shriek, and then-Florence Annersley drew one deep, gasping breath, faltered, swayed, and sank at last in a huddled heap at the feet of the wife she had so grossly wronged.

A fête and a murder-for Miss Annersley was dead. The assassin? Ah, who could name the guilty one? Among the first who came at Mrs. Paget's wild cries was the master of the house.

"Constance! Constance! speak to me, my darling!" he implored.

Some reverent hand had flung the golden scarf over the white, set face, and its marvelous web was already dripping from an ugly crimson stain.

Now, Vivian tore it away; then, reeling back, stood there quite still, with a slow, cold fear creeping over and numbing him. It was not Constance-not his "darling;" it was the pretty, fickle coquette who had lured him to a double shameand worse.

"Ah, my God!"

And he said no more, for his eyes fell upon his wife. That one look alone told how he feared; it could not tell how he hated her.

Ah, well! it was a sad ending to that night of revelry. And the criminal, the motive, remained ugly mysteries. Not all the wealth of all the Annersleys could purchase the murderer's betrayal. Not all their love could give to that poor dead girl but a narrow bed and a wreath of fast-fading roses.

PART III.

On the night of Friday, December the fifteenth, in the year of our Lord --- sixty-five, Vivian Coyle Paget breathed his last. The date is exact, for when such solemn truths as these are told, one dare not trifle. He died as he had lived-carcless, reckless, hard and cruel. Three years had passed since the incident just recorded, and weary years had they been.

Constance Paget had truly said: Surely she loved this man with a desperate kind of love; and although a terrible anguish had thrust itself into their lives, she battled bravely with the horrible repulsion it entailed—battled so well, in fact, that, to the world, she was a faithful, tender wife ever.

A singular scene passed not two hours before that soul floated out over the dark waters.

"Madam"—the dying man's sunken eyes gleamed with unearthly brilliancy; his thin face lay white and wan against the pillow-"madam, now that the farce is nearly ended, you may be frank. Tell me, why did you change those glasses? You have not forgotten it. What was your purpose?'

"What was your purpose in giving me the wine?"

"Frankly, I intended to kill you."

"I suspected as much. That answers your question. Fortunately, I had a clear conception of your amiable character; then heaven befriended me, I suppose, and so sent the inspiration."

"And the poison was slow—slower than I thought it would be. See how it has wasted me," holding out his shriveled hand. "Ah, my God! what a burning torture have I borne about in my breast since then! Death in life! Yes, death in life, for I knew that aid might never, never, never come -to me. You were a brave woman, madam."

"I was a desperate woman," she corrected. "Desperate only. Ah! it was a good angel saved me then. That good angel prompted me when I wound my scarf about that creature and placed her in the light-a mark for the ball that tore her brain, and left her dead at my feet. A good angel did that for me, Vivian Paget, and you foolishly stained your soul with a crime that brought you no reward."

"You persist in accusing me, then."

"Since you are guilty, yes. You would not attempt a denial now?"

"Not I. Does that content you? Ah," with a sudden ferocity-"ah, for one week-one little day of life!"

"Vivian"—a strange softness crept into the woman's tones, a wondrous tenderness shone in the glorious eyes—" Vivian, have you no pity for me?—no word of pity, even? Think of the love that defied fate, that scorned conscience and heaven, for you! Think of the fierce pangs of my anguish-of that pitiful, cowardly, cruel contempt which alone has come to me. We are lost, utterly lost, you and I. For such as we there can be no hope, no pardon. In all the world I have had but you, and to you have I clung with a mad, defiant obstinacy. Think, then, how well, how truly, how slavishly I have served you; think of my deadly suffering, my blank misery, my utter loneliness.

Wait, I do not upbraid—that would be folly, sheer folly—I implore. By all my strange and wondrous and unwominly love, I implore! You are drifting from me, Vivian-ah, be good, be noble, be true now, Vivian; save me from this-shame!

There was not one touch of pity in the slow, cold answer:

"I am no coward. You know that. Death-the only fee I ever feared—is coming to me now. I cannot escape it. You know that, too. There has been close play between us; and now that you have won, why, let that content you. Be considcrate enough to permit me to die in peace. It is useless to talk to me of heaven or God. You should understand that. Our ugly secret has given you-power-over me-and you have made me-feel it-in many ways. We are equally guilty, though-I did it-for love of you. Upon my soul! I loved you then-not now-ah, not now! Whatever tenderness was in my nature went out—long ago—to the girl whose blood—whose blood is upon my soul; and I hated you. An eternal law, I suppose. Mutual crime kills love. And it is-it is very sweet to tell you this. I hated you—a living link between myself and that awful past—I hated and I—cursed you! I curse you now, as deeply, as bitterly as my evil heart can prompt. I feared you once. I would have murdered you—that night—you remember-when I tried your door. I would have risked all and murdered you then—so much I feared and loathed you-

The woman shivered and groaned, but did not speak. "I would not lift my hand to save you one pang," went on the monster. "I would not speak to spare you-one blush of shame—I utterly hate you; and now—now that the worst has come, let me die, and have done with it-all!"

They found her sitting by the bedside in a dumb, stony silence; and when they would have led her away, she turnedher hands pressed close upon her breast-turned and bent and kissed the man's pallid lips.

"Dead!" she whispered, as to herself. "He is dead, and the dead have no faults. I love him."

THE will of Vivian Coyle Paget, Esq., contained one puzzling clause. It ran thus:

"And to the woman who bears my name, I leave and bequeath-but her souvenirs."

"He had reason and right upon his side," declared Constance to the astonished lawyers. "I was not his wife—"

"Not his wife?" came the questioning echo.
"Not his wife," she firmly repeated, a crimson flush staining her white cheeks.
"What does it all mean?" ventured some one.

Here was the answer:

"Pardon me. As I make no demands, I reserve the right of confession. I have nothing to tell you."

So the great Paget estate fell to a well-to-do country lawyer the nearest relative.

There was a fluttering among the pure doves of good society. What! had they been so outrageously deceived by that shameless Englishwoman! Evidently they had. As for that "shameless Englishwoman," she had means of her own, that was clear; for she went abroad, and there we may learn the story she refused to confide—the story and its sequel.

PART IV.

One morning last summer, two young men were sauntering along one of the broad, well-kept roads which cut the wood of Boulogne. They were Americans, rich, traveled, idle, and more or less au fait to every choice bit of scandal. And gay Paris furnished them with innumerable delicacies of this kind. Cried one, with a start, as a pretty little carriage went dashing by:

"By Jove, it is she!"

"She! Who?" demanded his companion.

"That magnificent creature, the Countess Menschikoff."

"And who is she?"

"Is it possible that you are so ignorant? Why, she was Mrs.

Paget once, par politesse only, however."
"Is that so? Certainly, I remember her now. That was an

Generated at U Public Domain,

awfully aggravating affair, wasn't it? The honest women were clamorously indignant; but the dear, curious creatures never succeeded in mastering the matter. That worried and angered them more than anything elese, I firmly believe."
"Of course, of course. I had quite forgotten her. By-the-

by, was anything ever discovered about her?"
"There was no discovery to make. She was a very beautiful woman, a widow, whom Paget had married. Every one knew that."

"There certainly was a mystery somewhere, and Vivian Paget acted like a brute toward her. That will of his alone was quite enough to brand any woman forever. Do you know anything of her first husband?"

"Yes."

"Do let us have it, then—there's a good fellow!"

"Willingly. To commence: One fine morning, a few years ago, Captain Marston was found on the highway—murdered!"
"An effective beginning. Pray, who was Captain Mars-

ton?"

"Be patient. The unfortunate officer, who was the son of a rich old Devonshire baronet, had been a wild, rollicking fellow, much given to interdicted pleasures, yet passionately attached to his wife. She was from Louisiana, I believe—at all events, from the South. Marston met her at New Orleans during the winter he passed in America. An orphan and wealthy, she was not to be despised; so they were married, and then she returned to England with him."

"She was not English, then?"

"No more than you or I-American, pur sang. Well, were they happy or wretched? Who can tell? No one. Yet one may guess pretty shrewdly, for Philip Marston speedily relapsed into his evil ways, and that I know to be true. So the end of it all was, that some one shot the gay fellow, and, not six months later, his widow went off with Paget, who has also thoughtfully taken his departure."

"And Paget never married her?"

"No. She admitted that. He acted shabbily, the scoundrel!"

"And is she living here now? She does not appear to be plunged in grief."

"Do you expect her to weep in public, my dear sir? Nonsense! Of course, she lives here now. I suppose, however, that she will soon go back to Russia with the old Count Menschickoff."

"Ah-a bonne amie?"

"Not at all—a wife. Menschikoff married her three months ago, and now all Paris is at her feet."

"Whew! Well, one is puzzled which to admire most—her complaisance, or the old Russian's bravery."

At that moment, the pretty carriage came rattling again toward them.

"Look well!" commanded one of the men—he, in fact, who had recounted that little history.

As if she had heard the words, the woman who sat there alone raised her eyes, and met the curious gaze with haughty indifference.

"We are fortunate," continued the last speaker. "Now, what do you think of her?"

"Tell me; who murdered her first husband?"

"No one can imagine; it remains a mystery."

"Do you suppose that Menschikoff is aware of the liaison with

"Doubtless he places faith in her assertion that she was foully wronged. She persists that she was married; but she qualifies her statement by the admission that she was deceived that the whole affair was a successful trick—that the false priest was Paget's boon companion, and the ceremony itself but a burlesque. She must have truth upon her side, for every one believes her. At all events, she has contrived to win a coronet, and old Menschikoff is very proud of his handsome wife, I as-

"And so the first husband's death remains a mystery, eh? Well, my good fellow, my opinion is that your countess is not altogether ignorant about that matter."
"What folly!"

"Granted. Still, poor Marston and thoughtless Meuschikoff-

"Why, she is forever doing good—an angel of mercy; everyone blesses her. Her heart-

"Wait a bit, my boy," gravely interrupted the other; "never mind about her heart. I don't accuse her, heaven knows. If the world is content, I shall not upset it in order to convince you. Now, you are twenty-seven, but I am forty-three. You regard every dear creature as an open book. That is very well; but the book is not always open at a truthful page. No, indeed, I could not accuse her; and, as you say, she is altogether a magnificent creature; but I know this, that were I in search of a wife, I would never dream of marrying the countess—provided always that the Russian was killed."

"Dead, you mean."

"Well, no; I do not. The count is but mortal; he may be as unfortunate as his predecessors. Who can tell?"

LET us forget the uncharitable inference. Here is a little word

"My wife is far above all other women." wrote Count Menschikoff to a friend. "Every hour brings to light some admirable trait; every moment discovers some fresh charm. I regard her with amazement. I wonder how heaven could have crushed that gentle spirit with such a weight of woe. The admirable tenderness! the quiet dignity! I am ready to fall at her feet and worship her. I can find no regrets for my free, bachelor's joys; I revel in my slavery; I shall never, never cease to bless the day that brought me to her.

"Will you listen to a little episode of our domestic life? Here it is: Last night I very foolistly commenced to speak to her of that American, Vivian Paget. I regretted it instantly. My wife's pallor frightened me. She cried out as though I had

inflicted a bodily hurt.

"'Do not!' she implored. 'He was a villain!"

"I could not restrain my indignation at the bare memory of wrongs so vile. You know how he acted toward her.

"'He is dead,' she said-'dead, and the dead have no faults. I forgive him.'

"Can you imagine anything more exquisite? Can you, my old friend and comrade? Well, she uttered this pardon so truthfully, that I was touched and rebuked. I could say no more; but I contented myself with swearing roundly-when I was alone.

"You will perceive why I make this confidence. I wish you and all the world to understand that Madame la Comtesse is an angel. I am not altogether a Christian yet. I cannot forget injuries; but I can appreciate a blessing; I can be thankful that one like this has come to my old age; that so honest, and good, and pure a woman as Constance bears my name.

"And she is not jealous! Ah, my friend, a soul like hers could never comprehend so mean a passion. When officious babblers recount my past adventures, my conquests and my romantic love-affairs, she listens with a superb calmness. Then, when I venture to explain-

"'It is useless,' she will invariably say. 'I do not believe them. They are wicked perjurers.'
"And I as invariably fall at her feet and swear that she is

right. I honestly hope that I may be forgiven; but I could never break her poor heart by a stupid confession; I could never shock a faith so fresh and child-like. I am convinced that my wife loves me tenderly, and I implore you, by your great friendship, to insult any one who may presume to question my wisdom in marrying."

That the Countess Menschikoff is a very happy woman, who can doubt? Has she not her beauty, her great wealth, her grand name, and her souvenirs? That she is a good woman, you must be convinced.

When we are young we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortable when we grow old, and when we are old we perceive it is too late to live as we

ONLY.

ONLY a wither'd rose! Moldering to decay, Faded is its color, Its perfume died away. Only a wither'd rose,
Quite a worthless thing,
But oh! the happy memories That faded flower can bring.

Only an old letter! A short and hurried scrawl, So few the words-it seems Scarcely a letter at all. Hardly legible now, Yellow and faded with years, That time-worn fingered letter. Blistered and blurred with tears.

Only a lock of hair! A golden, sunny brown, Taken from under the coffin-lid Ere to rest they laid him down. Only a broken heart! Longing for its rest, Wait thy time; be patient, heart, God knoweth what is best.

UP MONT BLANC.

In the September of 1850 a very interesting ascent of Mont Blanc was accomplished by Mr. Erasınus Galton.

We take from Mr. Galton's journal the substance of his narrative of his ascent:

On September 4, 1850, at seven o'clock in the morning, the weather looking fine, I made up my mind to ascend Mont Blanc.

On the morning of the 5th the weather looked doubtful, and it was not, consequently, until ten o'clock that my party started. It consisted of six guides, named respectively, Jean Tairray, Victor Tairray, Alexander Dirousseux, Joseph Tairray, Jean Carrier, Basil Tairray; seven porters, one volunteer (a young guide), and a German mechanic.

I rode a mule for the first hour, when, the path ceasing, I had to dismount; and, having stripped off my coat, waistcoat, neckcloth, turned up my shirt sleeves, etc., we began the ascent in earnest. Victor Tairray going first, myself second, and the rest following. The pace slow but constant.

At about one, P. M., we reached the ice, which we never left again, crossing the Glaciers de Bossons and Taccunez. These glaciers are very dangerous, as on the left above there is a succession of high precipices, down which avalanches are continually falling: they come down at a great pace; and, as the whole glacier is full of gigantic crevasses, it is impossible to get out of their way.

At half past 4, P. M., on arriving at a tremendous crevasse, we left the porters behind to return to Chamouni, and, loading ourselves with the provisions and other requisites which they had brought so far, we crossed the crevasse without accident, and stepped out for the Grandes Mulets, where we arrived at fortyfive minutes past four, P. M. Here we were to sleep; so we all immediately changed our clothes, and put on dry and extra

We next had our supper, and then to sleep. The guides rigged up a tent, made out of four Alpine stocks laid against the rocks, and then spread some light canvas.

The whole width of the place was five feet; and, as I slept the outside man, by lifting up my head, without moving my body, I could look down about four hundred feet upon the

At eight, P. M., the guides awoke me to see the view at sunset. It was the most sublime scene possible to conceive, all the valleys being filled with clouds (we, being far above them, had a perfectly clear sky); therefore, on looking down, the whole

with just the tops of the mountains showing through like small islands; and the vapor being divided into masses, looked like an immense sea of ice, far below us, and joining on the real one.

It was a sight that no writing can explain. The thought that crossed my mind at the time was, "O God, how wonderful are Thy works!'

At twelve o'clock, midnight, we again proceeded. No moon, but the reflection from the snow gave considerable light. The leading man with a lantern, to be used at crevasses; and all tied together, at about nine feet apart.

The rope to each person, after being knotted round his own waist, was tied to the rope at the back of the next man. By this means, if a man fell into a crevasse, the next man to him, both before and behind, must assist to get him out, as by this plan they cannot release themselves, which a man in a state of alarm might do if he had the power; and this would be the case were the rope fastened in front.

We continued walking all night, steadily but slowly, till about six, A. M., when my respiration began to be affected (this was the Grande Plateau). Here our volunteer, the young guide, and the German, gave out; they had plenty of pluck, but were utterly exhausted. I was quite grieved for them.

We got on well till seven, A. M., when I fell down on my face till my lungs became inflated. From that time till nine, A. M., I continually became almost unconscious and partially blind and stupefied, and tumbled about like a drunken man; but, in every case, after lying down for about two minutes, I easily got up and started without difficulty.

At half past ninc, A. M., we gained the summit, when we all again lay down for about four minutes, and then got up much revived. The sky was quite clear and the boundless view perfect, but on too great a scale for the mind to take it all in.

I wanted so much to see everything, that I could not calmly look at each point separately, more particularly as one of my guides was suffering very much from cold and difficulty of breathing, and implored me to descend.

I think I could have staid on the summit for an hour or two; but the party who last came up having had three persons frostbitten, I did not feel justified in keeping the guides long on the summit.

In about fifteen minutes we began to descend, which I found to be much more dangerous than the ascent. I had two ropes tied to me, very long ones, as it is of great consequence not to give a sudden jerk to your next man, in case you slip. In descending the steep slopes, one man goes first to cut each step in the snow.

It seemed to me a service of great danger, as he is not allowed to have a rope tied to him, the object being to oblige him to cut each step deep and quite safe, as the steps wear so fast from the friction of the feet that the last man would be in danger of slipping down-a most serious matter, as he would push the others before him, outward from behind; and, not having any one to check him, if a second one slipped, all would probably be carried away. We arrived at the Grandes Mulets by one, P. M., where we took off our extra clothing. The guides dined, and I slept till two, P. M., when we again descended, crossing at our old route, the Glacier de Bossons, as far as we were able; but, in the few hours which had passed since we had crossed it in our ascent, many of the crevices had been much altered—some closed, and one (a very large one) fresh formed. At five we reached the chalct at the foot of the mountain. At half-past six, P. M., we arrived at the inn at Chamouni.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

WE give a page of this most interesting study for the benefit of Midies who might wish to read them to those "family jewels" of which the mother of the Gracchi was so justly proud.

Our picture of the cats represents one of them on the qua vive for a bird, and the other removing her youngest kitten in her mouth. The tenderness with which they accomplish this is a wonderful instance of instinct.

A cat, being generally part of our household, is so familiar to world seemed gone, and in its place a sea of clouds below us, all that we shall confine ourself to a few anecdotes, so well



authenticated that they may be received with implicit confi-

Mrs. Loudon, in her book of "Domestic Pets," tells several amusing stories. Her mother, the writer says, had a servant who disliked cats very much, and in particular a large black cat, which she was in the habit of beating, whenever she could do so unobserved. The catdisliked and feared the girl exceedingly; however, one day, when her enemy was carrying some dishes down-stairs into the kitchen, and had both her hands full, the cat flew at her and scratched her hands and face severely.

A strange cat had two kittens in a stable belonging to the house, and one day, pitying its wretched condition. Mrs. Loudon ordered her some milk. A large tomcat, attached to the establishment, watched the proceeding very attentively, and while the cat was lapping, went to the stable, brought out one of the kittens in his mouth, and placed it beside the saucer, and then fetched the other, looking up into the lady's face, and mewing when he had done so, as much as to say, "You have fed the mother, so you may as well feed the children," which was done; and it should be added, for the credit of tom's character, that he never attempted to touch the milk himself.

But the best story is this: Mrs. Loudon had a cat which had unfortunately hurt its leg. During the whole time the leg was bad, that lady constantly gave it milk; but, at last, she found out that, though the cat had become quite well, yet whenever it saw her, it used to walk lame and hold up its paw, as though it were painful to put it to the ground.

A favorite cat, much petted by her mistress, was one day struck by a servant. She resented the injury so much that she refused to eat anything which he gave her. Day after day he handed her dinner to her, but she sat in sulky indignation, though she eagerly ate the food as soon as it was offered to her by any other person. Her resentment continued undiminished for upward of six weeks.

The same cat, having been offended by the housemaid, watched three days before she found a favorable opportunity for retaliation. The housemaid was on her knees washing the passage, when the cat went up to her and scratched her arm, to show her that no one should ill-use her with impunity. It is, however, but fair to record her good qualities as well as her bad ones. If her resentment was strong, her attachment was equally so, and she took a singular mode of showing it. All the tit-bits she could steal from the pantry, and all the dainty mice she could catch, she invariably brought and laid at her mistress's feet. She has been known to bring a mouse to her door in the middle of the night, and mew till it was opened, when she would present it to her mistress. After doing this she was quiet and contented.

A family in Callander had in their possession a favorite tomeat, which had upon several occasions exhibited more than ordinary sagacity. One day, tom made off with a piece of beef, and the servant followed him cautiously with the intention of catching and administering to him a little wholesome correction. To her amazement, she saw the cat go to a corner of the yard where she knew a rat-hole existed, and lay the beef down by the side of it. Leaving the beef there, he hid himself a short distance off, and watched until a rat made his appearance. Tom's tail then began to wag, and just as the rat was moving away with the bait, he sprang upon, and killed it.

It one day occurred to M. de la Croix that he ought to try an experiment upon a cat with an air-pump. The necessity for her torture was not, however, so apparent to the intended victim of science as to the scientific experimenter. Therefore, when she found the air growing scarce, and discovered how it was being exhausted, she stopped up the valve with her paw. Then M. de la Croix let the air run back, and pussy took away her paw, but i, soon as he began to pump, she again stopped up the hole. This baffled the man of science, and there is no knowing what valuable discovery might have been made, had not his feline friend been so very unaccommodating.

A PART of goodness consists perhaps in esteeming and loving people more than they deserve; but then a part of prudence is to believe that people are not always what we rate them at.

THE MALLARD, OR WILD DUCK.

The wild duck is the origin of our domestic bird, and is widely spread over the northern parts of Europe, Asia and America. In the winter it migrates in countless flocks.

In Lincolnshire, England, incredible numbers are taken in a very ingenious trap, called a "decoy." It is a perfect edifice of poles and nets, and is built in the form of a tube, very wide at the mouth, and very narrow at the extremity. The ducks are induced to enter "the pipe" by the antics of a dog, and by some hempseed previously strewn on the water. They are then driven onward to the smaller end, where they are caught and killed.

Wilson, in his "American Ornithology," gives the following account of the method of catching wild ducks practiced in America:

"In some ponds frequented by these birds, five or six wooden figures, cut and painted so as to represent ducks, and sunk by pieces of lead nailed on their bottoms so as to float at the usual depth on the surface, are anchored in a favorable position for being raked from a concealment of brush, etc., on shore. The appearance of these usually attracts passing flocks, which alight, and are shot down. Sometimes eight or ten of these painted ducks are fixed on a frame in various swimming postures, and secured to the bow of the gunner's skiff, projecting before it in such a way that the weight of the frame sinks the figures to their proper depth; the skiff is then dressed with sedge, or coarse grass, in an artful manner, as low as the water's edge; and under cover of this, which appears like a party of ducks swimming by a small island, the gunner floats down sometimes to the very skirt of a whole congregated multitude, and pours in a destructive and repeated fire of shot among them. In winter, when detached pieces of ice are occasionally floating in the river, some of the gunners on the Delaware paint the whole of their skiff or canoe white, and laying themselves flat at the bottom, with their hands over the side silently managing a small paddle, direct it imperceptibly into or near a flock before the ducks have distinguished it from a floating mass of ice, and generally do great execution among them. A whole flock has some-times been thus surprised asleep with their heads under their wings."

The tame duck is so well known as to need no description The manner in which it fights the rooster is highly amusing, and but little known. It frequently happens while the fowls are being fed, that the duck runs among them, and, by the help of his larger beak, gobbles up an undue share of the provisions. This the rooster resents by giving him a peck. The duck takes no notice, but gets behind the rooster, deals him a hard peck, and looks innocent. The rooster jumps around, but sees nothing. Presently another hard peck comes, and he gets very angry. A third peck; but this time he sees his enemy, and rushes at him furiously. Down flops the duck on the ground, and lets the rooster pass over him. After running over him once or twice, and then jumping on him, the rooster is persuaded his enemy is quite dead, and walks off on the tips of his toes. Presently the duck opens first one eye, and then the other, gets up, and quietly pecks the rooster again. The same manœuvres are repeated, and at last the duck wins, like Fabius, by delay, and drives his antagonist fairly off the field.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Ir was Christmas Eve! From many a church tower the bells were chiming with a musical monotone, bearing far away into the echoes the tidings of the anniversary. The moon was clear and bright; the snow lay in white hard masses over roads and walks. Large houses, illuminated in every room, were filled with revelers; shops were crowded with busy customers; trees laden with the wonderful fruit that grows only once a year upon them, were delighting merry eyes; everywhere were mirth and gladness.

Mrs. Ford's large lodging-house was brilliantly lighted. A large gathering of friends filled the drawing-room; in the dining-room a long table invited all to Christmas cheer; each

room had its concourse of happy faces; every occupant seemed keeping festive the holiday, save one.

One large, handsome room was closed against intrusive gayety, and the occupant sat by the fire thinking. He was a man, a writing a little, studying more; now earning a scanty living as

It is not easy to describe this man's existence. A dreaming boy, full of ambitious desire and high hope, with no physical energy to meet the mental craving. A youth poor and talented,



MONT BLANC.—PAGE 290.

little past the prime of life, though not forty years old. A a clerk, then teaching languages; one year trying to live by his nervous, weak man, who had aged fast, though his life had drifted away in a sort of dream.

| A | a clerk, then teaching languages; one year trying to live by his nervous, weak man, who had aged fast, though his life had pen, the next, discouraged and despairing, taking a business position again. An aimless, wandering life, while in the brain.



MRS. LOUDON'S CAT.—PAGE 290.

ON THE WATCH.—PAGE 290.

so unfitted to cope with the practical necessities of this world, ous. He must make money; work; grow rich and famous. dwelt all the lofty aspirations of genius.

pure and upright, with almost childlike innocence of mind and heart, yet always poor and weak. Then two great eras of happiness came to him. He loved, where a warm love answered his own, and while he was anxiously questioning as to his future, a legacy fell to him

that raised him above want. He married, and for one year was content to love and dream; happy as a child is happy in the sunlight, letting the past die, and the future rest in a halo of lovetinted rosy clouds. His Mary, a fair, delicate woman, understood, as no one else on earth did, the sensitive, beautiful soul in his shy nature, and drew forth the treasures of his gifted mind by the magic power of her sympathy and love. One year of happiness! Well, there are many lives that cannot count even that brief term of joy.

Then a wee babe was born to Murray Warren, and he became restless. His little fortune placed two above want; that was all. But for his child he became covet-

So he left the quiet study, the peaceful companionship of his For thirty-five years this man had lived and dreamed; always books, and invested his money in business. Friends shook

their heads; one friend of long standing, John Hancock, petitioned for the position of adviser-in-chief, being a practical business man of high standing; the enterprise succeeded. The little fortune began to increase, the dreamy student woke to new life, baby flourished, and stimulated the father to new efforts, and so another year passed away.

Summer was just fading into autumn, when Mary Warren called her husband to her side one evening. The year-old Sadie was sleeping, and the mother lay upon a sofa in the firelight. Very fair and very frail she looked in the ruddy glow cast

by the open grate.
"Murray," she said, as he sat beside her, and drew her into his arms, "Murray, the -the doctor left a message for you, to-day."
"You are not worse, dar-

ling?" he said, with a quick spasm of fear.

" Not worse in pain or any suffering, Murray; but the winter is coming on, and the doctor is afraid I cannot bear



THE MALLARD, OR WILD DUCK .- PAGE 291.

7 01:52 GMT / use#pd-google at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 http://www.hathitrust.org/access u Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized / the cold this year. He thinks I had better go abroad for a few ! months. Can you take me, Murray?"

" Mary-he does not think-he did not say

She clasped his hand in her little thin one.

"Not yet, I think, Murray. I think I shall stay a little longer, dearest. But you know I never dared hope for a very long life, Murray. We have talked of it before."

"Yes, but I never realized, never felt it. Mary-oh, you will never leave me!"

But the separation was even then decreed. Before the preparations were completed for the winter's trip, Mary Warren died.

All the energy of the past two years seemed for a time stricken from her husband's life. His business languished, his enterprises remained unfinished, his life seemed to have stopped again, and just two nights before our story commences his business-house had been destroyed by fire.

So he sat by his hearth on Christmas Eve, hopeless, weary, and heart-sick. In a tiny crib in one corner of the room lay a sleeping child, the nurse having obtained a holiday, but Murray Warren did not look toward the babe, nor seem to heed its presence. From the room below he caught sounds of music and gay voices; everywhere around him life overflowed with happiness, and he sat in the dark a widowed, ruined man.

A rap at his door aroused him, and mechanically he rose to open it. In the light of the broad hall stood a man, upon whose face and figure were imprinted all the energy, life, and commonsense that Murray Warren lacked. Of the same age, yet this man looked ten years younger. In place of dark, dreaming eyes, with fitful gleams of genius, he had large, well-opened blue ones, full of kindliness and hearty good sense; in lieu of a stooping, nerveless figure, he stood erect, with broad chest well thrown out, a firm step, and the carriage of an upright, honorable man, who fears nothing save wrong-doing and sin.
"John Hancock! this is kind. Come in," was the greeting

he received, as he stood waiting at the door.
"Moping in the dark, Murray? This is bad for you, man," and in a moment the visitor had lit the gas-burner.

The first excitement of welcoming his guest over, Murray

Warren had dropped into his old attitude by the fire. "Come, come, Murray, you must rouse yourself! Tis will never do!" and, with all the eloquence of well-meaning friend-

ship, John Hancock tried to rouse the drooping, despairing spirit. There was little response till he said, "There is Sadie to think of, Murray."

Then the weary eyes were raised.

- "I have ruined her, John. Every dollar of my uncie's legacy was in the business."
- "But the insurance-
- "Did I not tell you? The policy expired last quarter."
- "And was it not renewed?"
- "No; I forgot it!"
- "Whew! that is bad! Goodness me! that is bad. I don't see how—" and then the tone of reproach softened, as John looked again at his friend, for whom he had felt all his life the same protecting love a man feels for a woman or a child friend. He could not reproach one so broken and sad. There was a silence in the room for some moments, and then Murray Warren spoke:
 - "Mr. Stephens was here to-day."
 - "Mary's uncle?"
 - Murray winced at the name of the dead, but nodded assent.
 - "Well?" said John.
 - "He offered me the agency of the new branch house."
 - "You accepted it, of course. It is a splendid opening."
 - "I did not decide."
 - "Not decide! Are you growing foolish, Murray?"
- "No-I-you see, John, it involves a great deal of traveling, and-and-Sadie."
- "Murray, that was partly my errand to-night. Will you trust Sadie to Mary and me?"
 - "John!"
- The pale, sad face was fairly illuminated for a moment.
- "We will take the best of care of her for you."
- "I know, I know, and I can seek her fortune for her again. But you don't know what a care she is."

- "That's a likely story, with four of our own!"
- "I have so longed to see her merry like other children, John. Do you think she will laugh at your house?"
 - "Of course she will."
- "She is so pale and still. She sits here in my arms with her great black eyes as sad as a woman's, looking so like her mother that I grow afraid she will fade away from me. But if she be with you, with your children, I can go out and make a fortune for her, and take her home at last. I often fancy the home I would build for Sadie."

 - "Then we may take her?"
 "Not to-night," the father said, nervously.
- "Oh, not till all your preparations are complete, and you are ready to start."

Moved by the same impulse, the two men went to the little crib and stood there, the one so strong and manly, the other so fair and effeminate, looking at the little sleeper. Fair and pale as a lily she lay on the pillows. The delicate little face, with its exquisite features, small, sensitive mouth, and low, broad forehead, seemed too matured for a baby's face; and the long black eyelashes and crisp curls of dark-brown hair added to the pallor of the fair face.

John Hancock, thinking of his own rosy-cheeked, goldenhaired darlings, felt as if this child must be molded of finer clay; yet a sad conviction crept over him that their charge would be a brief one, and this lily-flower would fade away, as her father feared. Once the father spoke, as they stood there: "You will not let her forget me, John?"

One week later the father placed the treasure of his life in Mrs. Hancock's motherly arms.

"She is all that makes life dear to me," he said, sadly. You will not let her forget me?"

"No, indeed! And you must come often to see her," was the cordial reply. "You know there is always a room here for you."

"Well, well, perhaps. You will be kind, I know; and some day or other I may be able to thank you as I wish. But now-now-

"Now I want you," said John, coming to the rescue. "The carriage is here, and it is time you were off."

A long kiss printed upon the baby face, a warm hand-pressure, and Murray Warren was gone, hearing, when far out of actual ear-shot, the echo of Sadie's mournful "Papa! papa!"

Years rolled away, and Sadie Warren grew to womanhood. Her life was one of peaceful occupations, of study and quiet pleasures. There was very little in John Hancock's house to wake the higher instincts of her nature. It was a thoroughly happy home. Three daughters and a son were brought up in the modern manner; learning what was taught at school, playing the piano a little, speaking execrable French, and worse German, dancing, and doing moderately well all their loving, commonplace parents required them to do. In housework and needlework the girls were proficients; while young John looked forward to a seat in his father's counting-house as the climax of earthly ambition. There was no favoritism with the kindly heads of the house; and Sadie Warren shared every study and every advantage of John Hancock's daughters; she went to school, had masters, dressed like the others, shared every invitation, and was "of the house" in all senses of the word.

But caging an eaglet among barnyard fowls will never make a chicken or duck of the young prince of air, and the great heart and soul imprisoned in the girl's frail form sought and found vents of which the household around her never dreamed. Music with her was not a mere study of exercises and pretty airs, tame polkas, or insipid waltzes. It was a medium by which genius could convey its beauties to heart and ear. The little world around her said, "That is one of Sadic's fancies," when some grand harmony broke from her inspired voice or fingers, and never dreamed that the fancy was born of a heart and brain far above the dull routine of their life. When her cheek flushed, or her brain grew dizzy over some masterpiece of poetry, or her whole being seemed exalted before a painting or expanse of scenery, there was no other heart to meet hers in the rebound and claim kindred with its high pulsations. She lived alone an

inner, secret life, that met no eye, while her outward bearing was so gentle, unassuming, and retired, that "Sadie's shyness" passed into a proverb.

And in this inner life of dreaming was shrined the memory of her dead mother and the hope of one day meeting her unknown father. He had left when she was only four years old, writing to John Hancock of some wonderful scheme by which he was to realize his darling's fortune, and from that time all trace of him was lost. John believed him dead; but Sadie never listened for a moment to the suggestion. Some day in the far future he would come to her, and her soul meet the companionship and sympathy for which it longed. He would understand her music; he would fill her home with paintings; would take her abroad to see the wonders of nature and art; would read with her from her favorite poets. As a young girl waits for the prince who is to woo, win and carry her off to happy life in the future, Sadie looked for the coming of the father who was toiling for her in some far away country.

She had passed her twentieth birthday when her mother's uncle died, and left her a legacy that would suffice for all her simple wants, though far too small to give her all the luxuries of art that her genius craved. She offered all at first to her foster-father, who indignantly denied that she had ever been a burden to him, and bade her make herself fine with her modest income.

Twenty-six years had passed since Sadie Warren's birthday, and in a small tenement house in a populous town, a man was sitting, dreaming of her baby face. An old, old man, pitifully aged and worn. The winter winds were gathering, sending chill streams of air through the thin, cracked walls of the house, and the old man's clothing was poor and scant, so he shivered at this whisper of the coming frosts.

"I wonder if he will come," he muttered, as he drew his old coat close around him. "John Hancock loved me and has been good to my baby. I wonder if he will come and take me to the asylum. I am old and blind, and somebody must care for me. John Hancock will come and take me to the asylum. But Sadie must not know. Sadie must never know!"

So wandering, so trying to recall scraps of old. long-forgotten interests, now talking of his child, now of his wife, now of the unattainable riches, John Hancock found him.

He was an old man now, too; but it was a hale, hearty old egc, surrounded by every comfort that a life of honest, industrious prosperity could gather. In the kind heart there beat as warm and true a love for his old friend as had ever been there, and he had come at once in answer to the call sent him.

"John!" Murray Warren cried, as the step of his old friend sounded on the floor. "I cannot see you, John, but you are

"I am here! Why, old friend, how is this?"

"I would not have sent for you, John, but the doctors say I must go to the asylum for the blind in my own parish, and there is no one to take me there. I tried hard, John, to make a fortune for Sadic, but everything went wrong. I have been all over the country seeking, but I found no gold for my child. But she is with you, John, and you will not let her want, will

"She is in better keeping than mine now, Murray."

"She is not dead?" he cried.

"No, no! She is married, and in a home of her own. She married a painter, who is not very rich, to be sure, but they seem to be as happy as birds in a nest."

"Married! You will not tell her about me? You must not sadden her, John. My little Sadie!"

My pen can never draw the sad picture of Murray Warren's sinking faculties. He had strained his eyes over night writing, striving for that will-o'-the-wisp, fortune, till the organ of vision faded, grew dim, faint, and finally failed entirely. Then the overtaxed mental powers began to fail too, and he became a helpless, suffering, childish old man.

The long journey roused him somewhat, and when John informed him that they were nearly home, he woke up to an interest in what passed around him.

"Are we near the asylum?" he asked, as John proposed walking from the station.

"Very near your asylum," was the answer. "Do you know what night this is, Murray?"

"No. All nights are alike now."

"Not so. This is Christmas Eve, Murray. Do you remember the Christmas Eve when you promised me the care of Sadie? You charged me then never to let her forget you. Murray, I obeyed the charge. She has never forgotten you, she has never ceased to love you."

They were ascending the steps of a modest but neat little house, and, crossing the hall, entered a bright cheerful parlor; but Murray heeded not the change, absorbed in memory. The parlor was occupied, but a dead silence reigned as John raised a warning finger.

"Then she knows how I loved her, though I left her," said Murray, as John placed him in a chair.

"She has always loved you. Do you think, Murray, that if she were poor, old, and helpless, and you had a home, that you would like to have her pass that home to seek an asylum from public charity ?''

"God forbid!"

"And if she loves you as tenderly as you love her, is it not her right to take you to her home and heart, Murray?"

"Sadie!" he said, opening his arms, "Sadie, come to me." "I am here, father," she said, kneeling beside him and guiding his hands to her face.

But the shock of joy was too much for the weakened mind. "Sadie," he repeated. "John, where is my child, my little

"I am here," she sobbed, as he repulsed her.

"John, I want my child!"

The mother's instinct came to aid Sadie. Rising, she softly left the room, returning quickly to lay her sleeping babe in her father's arms.

He touched the little face with gentle reverence, seeming too happy for words. The long years of suffering passed away like a dream, and he was Murray Warren again, with his babe in his

"John," he said, "it is Christmas Eve, again, and I am at home. Is it not so, old friend?'

It would be too long a tale to tell how, under the genial influence of love and care, his mind grew clearer, till the mists were all scattered. How his child loved him I can never tell you, and, as her husband's name grew famous among artists, her heart throbbed with pride, knowing how many precious treasures of thought and observation her father poured out at her husband's feet.

In one of the leading galleries of art, there is a large painting representing an old man, poorly clad, seated by a fireside with a babe in his arms. Leaning over his chair another old man looks down, too, upon the infant, while, kneeling, encircling babe and parent with her arms, is a fair young woman, whose uplifted face is full of holy peace and love. It is called "Christmas Eve," and I tell you its history as it was told to me.

WILL YOU BUY MY BODY?

"Will you buy my body, sir?"

I, Charles Markham, a young surgeon, was sitting alone in the dusky little room that the brass-plate without dignified with the title of "Surgery," when the words fell upon my ears. I had just returned from visiting the few patients I could boast of, thoroughly heartsick at the want of humanity in the world, wet to the skin, and more than half frozen. I never remember a worse night in all respects. It was cold as the Arctic, blustering; and the sleet that rattled upon the windows soon covered them with a coating of ice.

"God help any one that is forced to be abroad to-night," had been my thought, as I hurried along, after finishing my professional duties, and breasted my way homeward.

But scarcely had I reached it, changed my saturated garments, coaxed the fire into a cheerful glow, made myself comfortable, and begun building castles in Spain of the time when I should have a lucrative practice and ride in my carriage, when the strange and heart-chilling words fell upon my ears, causing alk my pleasant fancies to drift away in an instant.

Generated at Ur Public Domain,



"Will you buy my body, sir?"

I sprang from my easy-chair, dropping my well-colored meerschaum in my astonishment, and turned to see who it was that, like Poe's raven, had uttered the terrible words.

"Will you buy my body, sir?"

The question was repeated for the second time, before I had sufficiently recovered myself-before I was convinced that it was no ill-omened bird, but one of human semblance at least. Yet the request was so utterly unusual, so much at variance with all preconceived notions of barter and sale, that all I could do was to push a chair toward the intruder, and stand in silent wonderment.

In a few moments, the self-command I had learned during hospital practice came to my aid, and I saw that my visitor was a woman-girl, rather, for she could not have been more than nineteen or twenty at the utmost; and that if it had not been for the extreme pallor of the face, the pinched-up look about the mouth, and the sad, sunken eyes, she would have possessed—far more than is ordinarily the case—the rare gift of beauty.

The flickering light of the fire flashed upon the soft, brown hair, giving it a more golden glory, and, dissolving the snowflakes that had lodged there, made them glitter like liquid pearls. This much, and that the dress and shawl were of the cheapest materials, and but a poor defense against the howling storm and pitiless cold, and the strange request darted with lightning rapidity through my brain.

"Draw nearer to the fire," I said. "You are numbed. Warm yourself, and-

"I have no time-must not stay," she answered, with a sigh, though she dropped heavily into the chair, and brushed away the snowdrops from her face with her thin hands.

Without waiting for further remonstrance, I hastened to get some reviving medicine, of which I saw she stood so much in need, and with gentle force held it to her lips.

"I cannot—I cannot!" she gasped, half pushing it away.
"You must," I insisted. "Remember, I am a surgeon—that
this is a prescription—that your life may depend upon it."

"Life! O God! how long and sad. Will it save my life?

Will it give me strength?" "That certainly is the object I have in urging you to take it. What else should it be?"

"Give it to me."

And she swallowed it without a murmur, save one of thankfulness.

I wheeled her chair up nearer to the fire, stirred the coals to a more brilliant glow, hoping that the potion would quiet her excitement, wake the chilled blood to a warmer and swifter llow, and that sleep would follow. And, for a moment, I fancied that I was right. The little hands dropped nervously into her lap; the softly-vailed lids dropped over the deep-blue eyes; the head fell forward upon the breast. But, alas! it was only a momentary delusion. In another instant, she sprang to her eet again, pressed her hands upon her temples, as if to still their throbbings, and looked wildly around.

"Oh, heaven!" she exclaimed; "I here amid warmth and comfort-and-and-"

Convulsive sobs choked any further utterance.

"Sit down and tell me the reason of your coming here," I almost commanded, as I placed her in the chair.

"Ah, I remember all now! Remember! Is there no such thing as forgetfulness? Yes. I remember all. I came here to-to-

"Be calm. I understand that you are in need, and came for assistance."

"I came," she replied, and looked upon me with such utter despair, and spoke so calmly, that it made my blood run cold-"I came, doctor, to sell you my body."

Was I talking to a sane woman or a maniac? The latter was certainly my thought, but I could detect nothing in the clear, blue eyes of the wanderings of insanity.

Sell her body? She spoke of it as an every-day transac-

"Great heaven!" I exclaimed, laying my fingers upon her pulse, with the expectation of finding it bounding with race-

horse rapidity, but, on the contrary, finding it far more calm than my own. "Great heaven! You cannot be in earnest?"

"I am in earnest-God alone knows how much in earnest! It was my last resort. Will you buy it? Will you give me some money for it?"

And she reached out her hands toward me, as a miser would have done when he heard the dear sound of jingling gold.

"How can I purchase it? You are yet alive?"

"But I will soon die, and then—then you can claim it. For the love of heaven, give me a little—just a little money?" And the hitherto dry eyes were flooded with tears.

"Why do you wish to sell it? You cannot but understand that it is an unheard-of proceeding. Our profession never purchases bodies" (how I shuddered as I gazed into her face, while I was forcing myself to calmly utter these words) "before death no matter what we may do after."

"I know it-I know it; but I must have money, and there is no other means left me to get it. I must have it, now-instantly!"

And she would have arisen again, but I resolutely held her

"For what purpose do you wish it?"

"To purchase food, fire, medicine."

"For yourself?"

"Ah! no. Had that been the case, I would never have come hither. I would have lain down in the gutter and died-God knows how willingly. But tell me," she continued, almost fiercely, "will you give me some money? I must have it-must have it!"

"If not for yourself, in the name of heaven, for whom would you have made such a fearful sacrifice? Is it one that is very near and dear to you?"

"It is—is—my little sister."

The words dropped from her tongue as they might have done from that of an angel, and her face wore as holy a light as if she had already been star-crowned.
"Then she is ill?"

"Dying! dying! and I sitting idly here!"

"Why did you not tell me of this before?"

"Because I have begged so long in vain. I had no money to pay a doctor; and who would go forth upon such a night as this without it?"

My blood boiled so that I could not answer. Could there be such men? Alas! reason told me a moment that her words were but too true. Without delay, I gathered such things as I fancied might be of service, wrapped the delicate form in a heavy cloak, and with a few whispered words of comfort, we sallied out together into the black night and merciless storm and cold.

Fortunately, the distance we had to travel was a short one. A few houses passed, and she led me up several flights of dismal creaking stairs into a room.

"Florence, is that you?" I heard asked by what my ear convinced me was a pair of childish, almost infantile lips.

"Yes, my darling. Lie still for a moment."

"I am so glad. You have been so long, so very, very long away, and I am so cold and hungry, and it was so dark, and I have been so frightened at the strange noises."

My fair guide had been making preparations to obtain a light; but when she heard the words, she flew to the other side of the room, and I knew that many warm kisses were given and returned.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, as she returned and lighted the little remnant of a candle. "Excuse me, but I had been so long away from Bessie."

I answered not. Her voice had a melody in it, now attuned by love, that I wished to linger upon my ear unbroken, like the strains of some songs I have heard, and which haunted me for years.

In a moment the candle shed a sickly light around the room. Little, indeed, and unfurnished to nothingness! One scantilycovered bed was all! But within it I saw a sweet, wee face that made me forget all else. I approached it, and laid my hands upon the pulse of the little sufferer.

"Who are you?" she asked, drawing back in alarm.



"He is a doctor, Bessie; a dear, good, kind friend," replied Bessie, and imprint a kiss upon the curl-wreathed and snowy her sister; and from that moment she became perfectly passive in my hands

It did not require one learned in the science of materia medica to see what was required. I made the proper prescription, saw that it was tenderly administered, told the eldest sister that I would be back in a few moments, and resisting all her attempts to light me down stairs, groped my way out into the street. I had noticed an eating-house at but a little distance as we came along; and a statement of the case, backed by the all-powerful king of the world, gold, soon procured the loan of a couple of chairs, fuel, light, and proper food, and in a brief half-hour that little room wore something like an air of comfort. Another hour, and the eyes of the child were closed in slumber, and I urged her sister to, also, seek repose; but in vain.

"At least, lie down, and let me cover you with my cloak," I

urged.

"No, doctor," was the constant reply, "I cannot. I am so steps to you."

And so we sat with the night-wind roaring without, watching the almost angelic face of the peacefully-slumbering child-sat and talked of what I was more than anxious to hear. But the conversation of those long, dark hours can be condensed into a very brief space.

She who would have sold her body for the sake of giving a little longer of life to her sister, was the daughter of at least supposed wealth. But a few years previously, she could have held her head as high as the highest. Both birth and education fitted her for it. But misfortune came-a series of disasters upon the land and sea-against which no human forethought could guard, combined with treachery and ingratitude of the deepest die, swept away all. In their footsteps followed the death of the mother, leaving an infant of but a few months old. The fond father struggled against the tide manfully for a brief time-then his health gave way-he followed his wife through the dark valley and beyond the shining river, leaving the elder sister to provide for the younger.

"For a time," continued the poor girl, "I was able to live comfortably by the sale of the furniture and articles of value I possessed. Then—but why should I unbosom myself to a stranger?" she asked, stopping suddenly, and looking me full in the face.

"Because," I replied, with a smile at her earnestness—"be cause you have found a true heart, and one that can feel for

"Yes, may kind heaven be thanked! I feel that it is so. Well, I struggled on-no, fought were the better word," she continued, with the lines about her mobile mouth suddenly becoming hard—"I fought for life, sometimes teaching, sometimes obtaining a little needlework; in short, doing anything that my strength permitted, until illness came. Still, I gave not way to despair. Truly, I was bound to the stake—a sweet one, my darling sister. Of the the insults I received while seeking for work, I shall not speak."

"And found no employment?"

"None! Piece by piece, I parted with the little furniture I was the possessor of, until what you see was all that remained." "My poor child!"

"It is true"—I saw that she was nerving herself to tell me something that was painful, very painful, and would have stopped her, but she resolutely continued—"it is true, some money was offered me by more than one man, but I instantly and indignantly hurled it back in my insulter's face. Then. great heaven! upon this bitter night, with all of hope gone, I determined to sell my body to some surgeon."

"What in the name of heaven could have put such an idea

into your head?"
"Idon't know—I cannot tell. Somewhere, I had either heard or read something of the kind."

"You must have been very desperate."

On the verge of distraction! I had but one dream—one desire—to save my darling even a single hour of pain." "Have you no relatives?"

She paused, and turned to smooth the hair of the slumbering

brow; and I thought what desperate trials one like her must have passed through in order to bring her mind to look calmly upon giving herself to the knife and the ribald jests of the dissecting-room! And I thought, too, of the sterling truth of her young heart, that could resist the allurements of gold when so hedged by want and pain in their most terrible shapes. thought, too-but she interrupted me with:

"My kind-indeed, I might say my only friend-whom God raised up to me in the hour when all was darkness and misery and black death, and a pauper's grave was staring me in the face—my kind friend—But I am—have been keeping you from rest."

"Me! A surgeon's life is one that is constantly broken in upon, and—will you pardon me?—I have nover had my heart so deeply touched, or my feelings so much interested, in all my

A faint rose-blush crept up from the exquisitely moulded throat and mantled the soft cheeks. She took my hand and pressed it to her lips, leaving a warm kiss lingering upon it.

Did I suddenly build any castle in Spain!

When the morning light broke again over the gay city, the storm had ceased and nature smiled—cold, it is true, but brilliantly. There was a plentiful breakfast served in that little room that same morning.

As I write these lines, I (with some, at least, of my dreams of wealth and position realized) sit in a cosy study, and listen to the wrathful howling of the storm without. There is a beautiful, brown-haired woman sewing near-a sprite of a girl decorating a snow-white kitten with crimson ribbons on the rug in front of the glowing grate. I look up suddenly from the book I am reading. Our eyes meet. Are we both thinking of the past? It may be so? She steals softly behind my chair, and twines her arms around my neck.

"Darling, do you remember such a night as this a year ago?" she asks.

"Yes. I was thinking of it."

"And of what brought me to you?"

" Yes."

She bends still nearer to me. I feel her warm breath upon my cheeks. I feel her fervent kiss-such a one as only a young and lovely wife can give; and I hear, as it were, whispered rather by spirit than mortal lips,

"Now, my darling, I am yours, body and soul." Thank God that it is so!

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

ŒUFS A LA TRIPE.—Hard boil a dozen eggs, and cut them in slices: peel some small pickling-onions, and fry them gently in butter over a slow fire; dust them with flour, moisten them with equal quantities of stock and cream, add a little salt and pepper, and stew them till quite tender; then add the eggs, and give them a warm up-serve as hot as possible.

LOBSTER CURRY .- (Time, half an hour.) One large lobster, one large onion, a piece of butter, three dessert-spoonfuls of curry-paste, juice of half a lemon, a pint of broth, or more if required. Boil a nice large lobster, or procure one ready boiled, break the shell, cut it down the back, pick out all the flesh, and cut it into small pieces. Cut a large onion into slices, and fry it brown; then stir in the curry-paste mixed smooth, pour in the broth or stock, and boil it up until rather thick. Put in the pieces of lobster, stir all well together, cover it close, and stew it for rather more than half an hour if required, taking care that it is sufficiently moist, adding a few spoonfuls of broth if too dry; when ready to serve, add the juice of half a lemon, and serve it up hot with a dish of boiled rice.

Unrivaled Plum Pudding.—A contemporary recommends the following ingredients for a good plum pudding: one pound and a half of Muscatel raisins, one pound and three quarters of currants, one pound of Sultana raisins, two pounds of finest moist sugar, two pounds of bread-crumbs, sixteen eggs, two pounds of finely chopped suct, six ounces of mixed candied peel, the rind of two lemons, one ounce of ground nutmeg, one ounce of

ground cinnamon, half an ounce of powdered bitter almonds, quarter of a pint of brandy. Stone and cut up the raisins, but do not chop them; wash and dry the currants, and cut the candicd peel into thin slices. Mix all the dry ingredients well together, and moisten with the eggs, which should be well beaten and strained, then stir in the brandy, and when all is thoroughly mixed, butter and flour a stout pudding-cloth, put in the pudding, tie it down tightly, boil from six to eight hours, and serve with brandy sauce. A few sweet almonds blanched and cut in strips, and stuck on the pudding ornament it prettily. This quantity may be divided for small families, as the above ingredients will make a large pudding.

To Clean Plate.—Plate-powder is made by mixing two table-spoonfuls of powdered whiting, with a teaspoonful of rouge. Rouge may be procured from any good silver-smith's. The powder is to be made into a paste with a little water. To clean the plate, dip a piece of flannel into the paste, and rub it well on the plate. Allow it to dry on, then rub with a washleather, and brush the powder well out of the cracks with a plate-brush, and, lastly, polish it with a clean washleather. If silver is very tarnished, make the plate-powder into a paste with a little gin or spirits of wine instead of water. Plate-powder containing mercury is very injurious to silver; it cleans it very readily, but wears it, and makes it very brittle. Salt stains silver. All silver used with salt should be cleansed at once, as if left any time a stain will appear which is difficult to get off.

Grape Wine.—Take any kind of fresh-gathered ripe grapes, strain them, add two gallons of water to one gallon of juice, and three pounds and a half of loaf-sugar. Leave it to ferment for about six weeks, then add the whites of two eggs to clear it, and, if preferred, a quart of brandy; but this is not recommended. Barrel, as usual.

Scotch Shortbread.—Ingredients: two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of pounded loaf-sugar, half an ounce of carraway seeds, one ounce of sweet almonds, and a few strips of candied orange-peel. Beat the butter to a cream, gradually dredge in the flour, and add the sugar, carraway seeds, and sweet almonds, which should be blanched and cut into small pieces. Work the paste until it is quite smooth, and divide it into six pieces; put each cake on a separate piece of paper, roll the paste out square to the thickness of about an inch, and pinch it up on all sides; prick it well, and ornament with one or two strips of caudied orange-peel; put the cakes into a good oven, and bake them from twenty-five to thirty minutes.

HUNTERS' PUDDING .- Ingredients: one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of suct, one pound of breadcrumbs, half a pound of moist sugar, eight eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, a quarter of a pound of mixed candied peel, one glass of brandy, ten drops of essence of lemons, ten drops of essence of almonds, half a nutmeg, two blades of mace, and six cloves. Stone and shred the raisins rather small, chop the suct finely, and rub the bread until all lumps are well broken; pound the spice to powder, cut the candied peel into thin shreds, and mix all these ingredients well together, adding the sugar. Beat the eggs to a strong froth, and, as they are beaten, drop into them the essence of lemon and essence of almonds; stir these to the dry ingredients, mix well, and add the brandy. Tie the pudding firmly in a cloth, and boil it for six hours at the least: seven or eight hours would be still better for it. Serve with boiled custard, or red-currant jelly, or brandy

COOKING A CALT'S HEAD.—Take half a calf's head, wash it, and take out the brains, being careful to wash away all the blood, etc.; tie the head in a cloth, and boil it for an hour and a half, or if a large one rather longer. Take it out and remove the jawbone, skin the tongue, and roll it and the part of the head whence the bone was removed together, and tie with a broad tape; put the head in the cloth again, and let it boil about three-quarters of an hour till perfectly tender, then take it out of the cloth, place it on a dish, with a paste-brush put on a little white of egg, sprinkle it all over with fine fried broad crumbs, and pass a salamander over it. Ornament the ear by

notching it with scissors; boil an egg hard, cut it in half and put it into the ear. Make a thick gravy, and fry some small forced meat-balls to garnish with. Scald the brains, being very careful to take off every particle of skin and vein, put them in a piece of muslin, and boil them with a little parsley; take them up, put them in a basin, and beat them up well with s fork; chop the parsley very fine, and add a very little fine-dried sage, pepper and salt; beat up one egg and the yolk of another, and mix these all together. Have a frying-pan with a piece of butter boiling hot on the fire, drop the mixture in, about a desert-spoonful at a time, and fry small-sized cakes of a pale brown color, which place round the dish.

GINGER CORDIAL.—To one gallon of brandy put nine pounds of bruised white or red currants (or both sorts mixed, as preferred), fresh and ripe, eight ounces pounced or ground ginger, the rind of eight lemons, and two ounces of bitter almonds, blanched and pounded; mix all together, and stir the mixture frequently. Let it stand for a few days, then run it through a jelly bag; add four pounds of loaf sugar, not broken into small pieces. When the sugar is quite dissolved it will be fit to bottle.

COUGH.—Syrup of poppies, oxymel of squills, simple oxymel. of each two ounces. A teaspoonful when the cough is trouble-some.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Wash the hands with oatmeal instead of soap, and after each washing take a little dry oatmeal and rul over them, so as to absorb any moisture.

BLACE CRAPE.—Skim-milk and water, with a little bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, will restore old rusty black Italian crape. If clapped, and pulled dry like fine muslin, it will look as good as new.

RATS AND MICE.—The following mixture will be found effectual in getting rid of these household pests: Mix powered nux vomica with oatmeal, and lay it in their haunts, observing proper precaution to prevent accidents. Another method is to mix oatmeal with a little powdered phosphorus.

Stewed Celery.—Cut the whitest of several heads of celery, blanch them, and put them into cold water. Drain them dry, and put them into a stewpan with a little stock and sugar; stew them gently; take out the celery, stir in the gravy the beaten yolks of two eggs, and a half a gill of cream, and pour over the celery.

RIBUMATISM.—The Chelsea Pensioner's Recipe.—Honey, two pounds, clarified by a slow fire down to one pound; flour of sulphur, two ounces; cream of tartar, one ounce; Jamaica ginger, powdered, half an ounce; one nutmeg, grated; gum, guiacum, powdered, one drachm. Mix all these ingredients well. Dose—two teaspoonfuls twice a day in a tumbler of hot water.

RAMEQUINS OF PASTRY.—Make a light puff-paste with cream and butter, roll it out quite thin, and spread over it half the weight of the paste in grated Parmesan or any fine cheese. Fold and roll the paste twice, that the cheese may be thoroughly incorporated with it; then roll out half an inch thick, cut in rounds with a paste-cutter, brush them over with beaten eggs, and bake for a quarter of an hour; serve hot.

A RABBIT CURRY.—(Time, three-quarters to one hour.) One rabbit, one large spoonful of curry-powder, half a dessert-spoonful of curry-paste; one large onion, or two small ones; one ounce and a half of butter, a rasher of bacon, one large sour apple, a very little flour, one pint of good broth or stock. Cut one large onion, or two small ones, with a large sour apple, into slices, and fry them a nice brown into about an ounce and a half or two ounces of butter; then stir in the curry-powder and paste, and pour in a pint of good broth or stock. Divide the rabbit, and cut the joints into rather small pieces; split the head, dredge it with flour, and add it to the other ingredients, with a large slice of bacon cut into little square pieces. Cover the stewpan, set it over the fire, and let it stew gontly for about three-quarters of an hour, or until the meat will leave the bone easily, and the sauce is thick. Pour off any fat, and serve it with boiled rice in a separate dish.



of

University o n, Google-dig

A STRING OF BEADS

An incorrigible loafer, being taken to task for his laziness, re

plied:
"I tell you, gentlemen, you are mistaken: I have not a lazy bone in my body; but the fact is, I was born tired!"

How the Prince of Wales popped the question to the Princess of Denmark: "Please, deign to marry me." And the fare Dane deigned.

THE woman who was "buried in grief" is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment.

"How no you like me now?" asked a belle of her spouse, as she sailed into the room, with a sweeping train of muslin following her. "Well," said he, "to tell the truth, it is impossible for me to like you any longer."

Prescotious.—A returned Australian found the baby he left at home a miss of five summers. One day he offended her, and she fretfully exclaimed:

"I wish you had never married into the family."

A Poser.—As a schoolmaster was employed the other day in Scotland in his "delightful task" of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher at the state, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instead in the state. instructor:
"Where diz a' the figures gang till when they're rubbit out?"

HEN PHILOSOFHY.—"Now, young people," said a professor of natural history to his class—"now, then, as to hens. A hen has the capacity of laying just six hundred eggs, and no more, and she finishes the job in just about five years. Now, what is to be done with her after that?"

"Cut off her head, and sell her for a spring chicken!" exclaimed an urchin whose father dealt in poultry.

According to the latest definition, a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miscrable.

"Tour."—At a school at Newcastle the master asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite." After a short pause, one little boy said:
"I know, sir; when I'm eatin' I'm happy, and when I'm done I'm tight."

"A FRENCHMAN cannot pronounce "ship." The word sounds "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an ironclad, a Frenchman asked: "Is dish a war-sheep?" "No," answered a boy; "it's a ram."

A YOUNG lady who prided herself on her geography, seeing a candle aslant, remarked that it reminded her of the "Leaning Tower of Pisa."
"Yes," responded a wag, "with this difference: that is a tower in Italy, while this is a tower in grease."

It is said that the reason that ladies are like arrows is because they are in a quiver when a beau comes.

A COLORD servant, sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a ten sent stamp on the carpet, which he carried to the owner.

"You may keep it for your honesty," said he.
A short time after he missed his gold pencil-case, and inquired of his servant if he had seen it.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And what have you done with it?"

"Kept it for my honesty, sir."

CARPETS are bought by the yard, and worn by the foot.

A vendor of hoop skirts was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband.

"No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the shop-keeper."

"Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was something of a wag; "she should be within it."

Might and Man.—Hood, in describing the meeting of a man and a lion, said the man ran off with all his maje,

UNPORTUNATE AT COMPLIMENTS.—It is related of a Parisian portrait painter that, having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic, who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, "It is was stated to be a proper to the parising the property of the parising the property of the parising the property of the parising the pa

"It is very nicely painted; but why did you take such an ugly model?"

"It is my mother," calmly replied the artist.
"Unity my mother," calmly replied the artist.
"Oh, pardon, a thousand times!" cried the critic, in the greatest confusion; "you are right—I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely."

Echo.—A traveler inquired of a guide the reason why "echo" was always spoken of as a "she," and was informed that it was because it always has the last word.

MUTUAL AID.—The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals: no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guit.

Who was Dead?—A gentleman said to his Hibernian servant:
"Pat, here comes a funeral; "do you know who is dead?"
"Faith, I guess, sir, it must be the man in the coffin," was the

PLEASING CHILDREN.—A clergyman says it is curious to note how many people attend a circus "only because they want to please their children; but still more curious to observe that in many instances it takes two or three able-bodied men, with as many women, to look after one little boy or girl."

A DEVOTEE of Bacchus was overheard, the other night, thus addressing his hat, which had fallen from his head:
"If I policy you up, I fall; if I fall, you will not pick me up; then I leave you;" and he staggered proudly away.

In the last illness of the witty George Colman, the doctor being later than the time appointed, apologised to his patient, saying that he had called in to see a man who had fallen down a well.

"Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned Colman.

HE who asked the daughter's hand and got the father's foot, had the consolation of knowing that his wooing was not bootless.

Ir books are, as poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always murmuring about?

 Λ Poser.—If a husband deserts his wife, which is the most abandoned—the woman or the man ?

A Photographer in Boston was recently visited by a young woman, who, with sweet simplicity, asked:
"How long does it take to get my photograph after leaving my measure?"

"HAVE I not offered you every advantage?" said a doting father

to his son.
"Oh. yes," replied the youth; "but I could not think of taking any advantage of my father."

An Alehouse politician was boasting that he could bring an argument to a "pint" as quick as any other man.
"You can bring a quart to a pint a good deal quicker," observed a wag.

A COWARDLY fellow having kicked a newshoy the other day for pestering him to buy an evening paper, the lad waited till another boy accosted the "gentleman," and then shouted, in the hearing of all bystanders:

"It's no use to try him, Jim; he can't read."

In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thine own self. Another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand. Another thou mayest avoid, but thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.

"John, did you leave Mr. Filkins's umbrella at his house"
"No, ma," said John.
"Why didn't you? Didn't I tell you to do so?"
"Yes, ma; but didn't you tell me yesterday always to keep something on hand for a rainy day; and what better thing can I keep than an umbrella?"

A woman having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The bystanders asked him if he was mad—she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered:

"She was obstinate and contrary in her life, and, no doubt, she was the same at her death."

FIENDISH REVENGE.—A crusty old gentleman, not liking the way his landlady's daughter had of making free with his hair-oil, filled his bottle with liquid glue the day before a ball to which the girl had been invited, and she stayed at home.

"Massa," said Sambo, "one of your oxen is dead; t'oder, too. 'Fraid to tell you of boff at once, for fear you couldn't bore it!"

An Irishman, being asked by his angry master what he did to the dog every day to make him cry out as if cruelly treated, replied:
"Cruelly trait him, yer honor, not !! I never could hurt a poor dumb cratur in my life; but yer honor bade me cut his tail, and so I cut only a little bit off every day, to make it more aisy for him."

A PERSON was told that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink one quarter of a yard.
"Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?"

PASSTE VERBS.—A teacher, in trying to explain passive verbs to a class, said to one of the boys:

"Now, observe: if I say, 'John is beaten,' what is John's relation to the verb?"

"John gets licked," answered the boy.

"No, no, you blockhead; what does John do?"

"I dunno, unless he hollers."

PAINFUL.—George: "I was sorry to hear that you had broken your arm. I suppose it pained you awfully, didn't it?" Frank (with much feeling): "It wasn't the pain, old fellow—ch, no! It was being deprived of carrying my hands in my pookets which broke me down."

A FACT .- Courtship is bliss, but matrimony is blister.

Nor LIGHTLY.—"I have not loved lightly," as the man said, when he married a widow weighing three hundred pounds.

OUR GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.



Miss Smythe does not like a retrousse nose.



The tady who does not like simplicity.

The lady who does like simplicity.



Maria Jones does like a retrou s nose.



One who likes a small mouth.



One who doesn't.



Miss Gusher, who writes poetry.



Mrs. Virginia can't bear it.



One who likes to look in the glass.



One who don't like budding Misses.



A choice of beauties.



Portrait of the lady who is not vain.

Digitized by Google

= Ξ



Ver YYE

Vol. XXIV.

MAY, 1869.

No. 5.



ends. Three loops of ribbon, each with a fringed end, fall over the chignon.

No. 3.—Straw hat. This shape is novel and stylish, and peculiarly adapted to the coiffure of the present day. The brim turns up much more at the sides and back than in front. A scarf of white silk net, starting from the front, crosses the crown, where it is gracefully draped, and relieved by bows of white satin ribbon. The very long fringed ends fall at the back. At one side is a large pompon of fancy straw.

DESCRIPTION OF FOUR-PAGE ENGRAVING

Fig. 1.—Train dress of lavender-colored poplin. Bias bands of blue silk, bordered with narrow black velvet,



DESCRIPTION OF BONNETS.

FROM MISS MATHERS, 891 BROADWAY.

The three bonnets from Miss Mathers's establishment are elegant exponents of that lady's refined taste.

No. 1 is of rich white lace. The high-pointed coronet-front is of quilled lace. A bow of white satin ribbon, and cluster of golden-grains, attach the wide strings in front. At the back is a fall of lace; above it is a large ribbon-bow. A humming-bird, with open wings, is poised upon the golden grains in front.

No. 2.—Bonnet of fine straw. A straw band, with large loops, crosses the top. Through the two centre loops pass wheat-ears of straw, tipped with black. A scarf of black lace crosses the top, and falls at the sides; it fastens in front beneath a straw-colored ribbon knot, with fringed



BONNETS.—From Miss Mathers, 891 Broadway.

cover the seams of the gored skirt, and head the two flounces, which are also bound with blue. The corsage is high at the back, quite low and square in front, and entirely bordered by bias bands similar to those upon the skirt. Bands conceal the seams at the back. In front are three small lavender-colored bows. The plastron, or upper part of the front, and the long straight sleeves, are of blue silk. Small black buttons fasten the former, four flat rows of narrow black velvet trim the latter. A velvet band encircles the neck, and knots in front. Collar and undersleeves of quilled lace. Blue ribbon bow in the hair.

Fig. 2.—Princess dress of mauve silk. The long, plain skirt is bordered by a piping of the same. The corsage-corselet buttons in front, and is headed by a pinked-out ruching.

Vol. XXIV., No. 5-17

Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana-Cha Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.ha A narrow ruching supports the short puffed sleeves, and entirely edges the waisthand, which fastens at the back, and falls in long, rounded ends. Under-body of white muslin, with bands of embroidery between the plaits, and a double ruching of lace around the neck. Muslin sleeves. In the hair is worn a satin bow of the same shade as the dress.

Dow of the same shade as the cross.

Fig. 3.—Dress of light-green foulard. The long skirt is without fullness. A bias width forms the scalloped tablier. Each scallop is fastened down by a small silk button. Bows of green satin, with floating ends, trim the rest of the skirt. The flounce of the panier is simulated by small satin bows which confine the folds at equal distances. The pelerine of the open corsage is pointed at the back, and crosses in front. In each scallop is a button. The scallops upon the outer seam of the straight sleeve are continued quite around the wrist. Here is a satin bow; another is placed upon the shoulder. A broad waistband knots at the back. Above the corsage rises a double puffing of white lace, the long ends of which fall upon the front. Lace under-sleeves. Head-dress of black lace, and small blush-roses.

Fig. 4.—Dress of silver-gray mohair. The back widths of the train skirt are gathered in the upper part to form the panier. At each side is a large bow of black silk with long shaped ends. The five shaped tabs upon each side of the skirt graduate in size, and the upper one reaches the silk waistband. These tabs, as well as the ends of the large bows, are tipped with black silk tassels. Smaller tabs and tassels trim the very low, square corsage. Two others, much longer, cross each shoulder, and head the short sleeves of black lace. Under-body and sleeves of puffed muslin. Black ribbon bow in the hair.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of Metternich green alpaca. The round lower skirt has one very deep box-plaited flounce, divided near the top by a bias band of the same. A smaller flounce, headed by a bias band, edges the tunic. This is lifted at each side by a large silk bow. Immediately beneath, and upon the lower skirt, are three similar bows. The polonaise-basquine is fastened by green satin buttons. At the back it is cut quite square, and is trimmed with small bows. A ruffle edges the deep fronts. Four bows are placed upon each shoulder-seam. Straight sleeves, with two rouleaux of silk at the wrists. The silk ceinture knots at the back. Point d'Alengon cravat.

Fig. 6.—Round petticoat of blue silk, with broad stripes of a darker shade. Dress of blue silk. At each side, shaped tabs of the same material, bound with white, lift the tablier front. This is slightly gathered in beneath a pinked-out flounce, divided near the top by a plaiting of white silk. A deeper flounce edges the long train skirt. Beneath the lower tab at each side is a large bow with long ends, fringed with white silk. A narrow ruching borders the close-fitting corsage, which is slightly open. At each shoulder is a flat bow with a series of loops. These reach to the broad waistbelt, both back and front. Straight sleeves finished by a ruching. At the neck is a quilling of narrow white lace. Lace under-sleeves. Coiffure of blue satin ribbons.

Fig. 7.—Dinner dress of rich mauve silk, with a full tunic of the same. This is edged with deep black lace. Low corsage, with ceinture of plaited silk fastening at the back beneath large loops and ends. Lace bertha and sleeves. At each shoulder is a small rosebud in a full puff of lace. Similar puffs and rosebuds compose the head-dress.

buds compose the head-dress.

Fig. 8.—Evening toilet. Train-skirt of tea-rose silk. Paniertunic of blue silk, the bias flounce of which is headed by a broad puffing of the same. This is carried up each seam to the waistband. The Scarabée corsage is a novelty. It is of blue silk, headed by a deep platting of the same color as the lower skirt. A narrow band of this, with a puffing of illusion, upon which is placed a blue bow, forma the sleeves. A puffing rises above the corsage. A large bow fastens the silk ceinture at the back; from beneath it fall puffed ends, which are flounced and attached by butterfly-bows Coiffure of roses and small blue flowers.

Fig. 9.—Princess dress of light lilac summer poplin, with a silk ceinture is attached at the back beneath long train. The high corsage opens beneath a chemisette-front of puffed muslin and lace. The straight sleeve has a revers of puffed muslin with a deep fall of lace. Lilac waistband, with lace and small satin bows compose the coiffure.

loops and long ends. A knot of white lace upon a lilac bandeau composes the coiffure.

Fig. 10.—Promenade toilet of black poult-de-soie. The round skirt has but little fullness. The deep flounce is divided near the top by a rouleau of the same. Above this is a broad ruching of poult-de-soie. A ruching also heads the flounce upon the upper skirt, which is lifted at the back. The close-fitting casaque and straight sleeves are trimmed to correspond. The very broad waistband fastens at the back beneath a large bow with long ends. Embroidered collar and sleeves. Bonnet of black silk and lace, with tufts of violets. This costume may be rendered more effective by employing a colored silk for the rouleaux of lower skirt, waistband and bow, and sleeves.

Fig. 11.—Here the material is pearl-gray silk. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by a flounce of the silk, headed by a narrow ruche of black silk ribbon. The upper skirt is cut en tunique, and is rounded at the back, and edged by a flounce of black lace, headed by a narrow ruche, like that on the lower skirt. The casaque is of violet silk. The upper part forms a pelerine, fastened at the back by a knot, and having long floating ends. The casaque is trimmed all round by a quilling of black silk ribbon, headed by a narrow guipure lace. The pelerine is similarly trimmed, but with a much narrower quilling. A hood is imitated by the same ribbon and lace, and the long floating ends are edged by the lace, and have the broad quilling at their extremities only. The sleeves are trimmed at the wrists to correspond. Hat à la Casquette of gray and violet silk.

Fig. 12.—Dress of gray mohair. The skirt is en train, and entirely without trimming. The mantelet is of black silk. It consists of a back and front only, is quite open at the sides, and is fastened in at the waist by a belt composed of folds of black silk, a broad bias band of which is carried entirely round the mantelet. The upper part is covered by a small pelerine similarly trimmed, to the back of which are attached two bows of black silk ribbon, with long floating ends reaching below the mantelet. Bonnet of pink $cr\ell pe$, trimmed by a rose and bulse and black lace.

Fig. 13.—Dress with two skirts, both of slate-colored silk. The lower skirt is entirely covered by narrow flounces of the same, bound with jonquil-colored ribbon. The upper skirt is edged by a flounce similarly bound; it is caught up at the sides and in the middle of the back, and fastened by a succession of pointed tabs, bound with the jonquil ribbon. The upper ones pass under the waistband, and are continued about half way up the corsage, which is fastened by a row of jonquil-colored silk buttons. The neck is trimmed by a narrow tab of silk, bound with the jonquil ribbon, and having short ends which cross each other in front. The sleeves are tight-fitting, and have epaulettes composed of double frills of silk, bound with jonquil ribbon.

Fig. 14.—Toilet of black silk. The long train skirt has one very deep flounce; puffings of the same form the sharply-pointed heading. The front of the skirt is without fullness. The closefitting casaque is edged with a rich fringe, and lifted at each side by numerous small plaits. The corsage buttons in front. Rouleaux simulate revers. Fringe falling from the waist outlines a deep point in front. Silk ceinture knotted at the back with large loops and floating ends. Fringe heads the straight sleeve, which is finished at the wrist by a puffing silk. Linen collar and under-sleeves.

Fig. 15.—Home toilet of pale-green alpaca. Plain train petticoat. The upper skirt forms one large puff, over which fall at the back four large loops of silk of a darker shade. The skirt of the close-fitting basquine is shaped, trimmed with rouleaux of silk, and edged by a very deep-fluted flounce. This trimming is repeated, en peti, higher up. Straight sleeves, with fluted cuffs. Linen collar and under-sleeves.

Fig. 16.—Costume of cuir-doré. The lower skirt forms a long train. There are two tunics. Each of these is slightly gathered in beneath a deep flounce cut in sharp points, and bordered with the same. The plain, high corsage buttons in front. The silk ceinture is attached at the back beneath a large pinked out rosette. The straight, half-long sleeves are trimmed like the tunics. Lace collar and under-sleeves. A barbe of white lace and small satin bows compose the coiffure.



Generated a Public Doma

Fig. 17.—Train petticoat of pearl-gray foulard. Dress of apple-green foulard. The short puffed skirt is cut in sharp points, and has a broad pearl-gray border. Four pearl-gray scarf-ends, each trimmed with large ovals of apple-green, and edged with a very deep and heavy fringe, fall from the waist-band of the same upon the seams of the upper skirt. The close corsage has a shaped pelerine bordered with pearl-gray. Bands like the scarf-ends cover the outer seams of the straight sleeves. They are met by cuffs of the same color. Coiffure of frosted foliage with aigrette.

Fig. 18.—Costume of dove-colored grenadine. The round lower skirt has a deep-fluted flounce. The upper skirt is also flounced, and lifted at each side by a bow of colored silk with floating ends. The graduated flounce which crosses the front is carried quite up, thus finishing the tablier. A flounce frames the small panier. A deep ruffle and bow upon the close corsage simulate a pelerine. Ruffles trim the long loose sleeves. Lace collar and under-sleeves. Hat of English straw, with a scarf of rich black lace.

Fig. 19.—Princess dress of ashes-of-rose foulard. The long train skirt is plain. The high corsage is trimmed with a small ruffle and rouleaux of the same. From the large rosette at the back depend two long tabs, trimmed to correspond. Upon these and at the shoulders are loops of ribbon to match the dress. A puff heads the straight sleeves. At the wrists are ribbon bows. Silk ceinture.

Fig. 20.—Here the material is black silk. Four graduated flounces, starting from the sides, pass below the puff at the back. The front of the dress is ornamented with a row of large black buttons. Close corsage. Two ruffles trim the bottom of the straight sleeves; following the outer seams, they cross the shoulders as epaulettes. Collarette, bow, and under-sleeves of Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 21.—Louis XV. toilet. This is of claret-colored grenadine, and trimmed with silk to match. The first skirt is bordered with a flounce sewn on with a heading, and ornamented with bows of silk fastened on the crossband; Louis XV. tunic forming both bodice and casaque. The front fastens the entire length, and the back is ornamented with a large Watteau plait formed on the skirt, and fastened at the top of the bodice with a large silk bow. This tunic is bordered with a similar flounce to that round the skirt, but narrower. The sleeves have two frills.

Fig. 22.—Striped muslin dress. The round corsage is cut low and square in front. Long straight sleeves. The short skirt has two narrow flounces. The deep panier is ruffled. The pelerine mantle, of the same material, has long ruffled ends which cross in front, and are fastened down by lace buttons. The small hat shown on this figure is simply given as an illustration of the style so much in vogue in Paris at the present moment. It is of rice-straw, trimmed with ribbon.

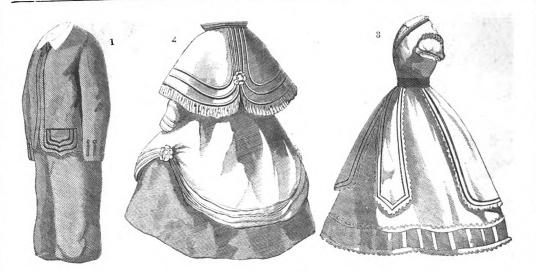
Fig. 23.—Dress of silver-gray summer poplin. The first skirt is trimmed with three narrow cross-bands of silk of the darker shade; the second skirt, which is ornamented in the same style, is looped up first on each side, with a bow without ends, and at the back it forms a pouf, which is kept in its place by the bow of the sash. The high bodice is trimmed round the armholes, throat, and cuffs with crossbands of silk. Bows on the shoulder, and a plaiting at the back above the waistband, both likewise of silk.

Fig. 24.—Costume for the country. Slip of white cambric. The body, high at the back, opens in front. The sleeves are puffed. A bow of ribbon with long ends is placed at the back of the skirt. A flat ribbon divides the deep flounce near the top. In front a fluted ruffle and ribbon outline the large square tablier. The silk jacket, without sleeves, is cut with pointed basques, and embroidered in chain-stitch. Toque of English straw. The round crown is ornamented with plaited black lace and ribbon loops.

Fig. 25.—Straw hat with a turned-up brim. A scarf of black lace falls over the chignon; in front is a cluster of field flowers. Foulard dress. The open corsage has a short, round waist with long straight sleeves. The front of the skirt repre-

DESCRIPTION OF PARIS BONNETS. PAGE 322.





sents a large, shaped tablier; from this seven flounces cross the back. The waistband fastens beneath a bow with long, floating ends. Attached to it in front are two large square scarf-ends, the bordering of which is repeated upon the corsage to simulate a pelerine.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

PAGE 319, Nos. 1, 2 and 3.—This is the back, side, and front of a toilet, which will be found in our Colored Plate.

Page 321, No. 1.-Evening or dinner toilet of very pale blue glacé silk. The train skirt is elaborately trimmed with puffings and ruchings of the same. Above these rises a deep white lace. Lace with a ruched heading borders the full panier. Ruchings and narrow lace trim the Pompadour corsage. The falls



of lace upon the half-long sleeves are very deep. The silk ceinture fastens at the back beneath a lace rosette. Coiffure of small blue flowers, with trailing sprays.

No. 2.—Reception dress. Train slip of rose-colored faye, with two fluted flounces. Low corsage; very short flounces. Low corsage; very short sleeves. This dress is entirely covered by another of black lace. Lace borders the rose-silk panier. Broad ceinture, attached at the back beneath a large lace rosette. Silk bows at the shoulders; white lace underbody, with short sleeves. Puff of rose-ribbons in the hair.

No. 3. - Toilet of violet-colored alpaca. The very deep flounce upon the lower skirt is headed by four bias bands of silk of a darker shade. The shaped tunic has a narrow flounce, surmounted by three bands. Three puffs of silk,



DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. PAGE 323.





fastened down at the sides by rosettes, compose the panier. Close, high cor-The straight sleeve opens at the wrist, and is trimmed with bias bands and a rosette. A large rosette fastens the silk waistband at the back. Linen collar and under-sleeves.

No. 4.—Walking dress of green summer poplin. The short skirt is ornamented with two flounces, trimmed with a bias band of satin. The casaque has long ends in front, and is looped up with satin rosettes at the sides and back, forming a panier. High round corsage, and coat sleeves. The trimmings consist of bias folds of satin. Bonnet of green crape, trimmed with a satin bow, pompon, and black lace.

Fig. 5.—Visiting toilet of gray silk. The long skirt is edged with a flounce of the same, cut in vandykes top and bottom, and bound with satin. front breadth has two additional floun-The peplum tunic is very full, and looped up in the back only, and is quite plain and open in front. High



round corsage, and coat sleeves trimmed at the shoulders, with a series of tiny ruffles, vandyked at the edges, and bound with satin. Bonnet composed of puffs of cerulean blue crape and blonde lace, with a white feather on one side.

No. 6.-Dress of wine-colored foulard. The round skirt has four rows of fluted flounces. The two upper and narrower flounces are separated from the others by a large rouleaux of foulard. This is divided at intervals by small bands, thus forming full puffs. The shorter skirt has a single flounce, headed by two rouleaux, and is slightly lifted at each side by a small silk strap. The close-buttoned corsage and straight sleeves are trimmed with ruffles and puffings. Silk waistband, with large loops and ends at the back. Linen collar and under-sleeves.

Page 322, No. 1.—Plain muslin body. The plaited fichu is rounded at the back, with long ends crossing in front. Lace, with rouleaux of bright-colored silk and large ribbon rosettes compose the trim-



ming. A rosette fastens the very broad silk waistband at the back. The large scalloped collar of fine linen, with ribbon rouleaux, is attached by a rosette composed of ribbon loops with floating ends. The straight muslin sleeves have deep linen cuffs trimmed to match the collar.

No. 2.—Corsage of plaited muslin. The targe open pelerine is separate. It is rounded at the back, and pointed in front. The trimming consists of bias bands of colored silk, and a lace quilling. The bow and ends are of lace. Shaped corselet of white silk. The bordering here and the wide ceinture are of colored silk. A rosette fastens the latter at the back. The puffings of the long sleeves are separated by bias bands. Deep plain cuffs, each bordered by a band.

No. 3.-Walking toilet. Dress of caroubier-colored sultana; short underskirt, trimmed at the bottom with a deep flounce. Very short upper-skirt, open in front, with points on each side. This



skirt is longer at the back, and looped up in the Louis XV. style, with passementerie trimmings. The whole toilet is trimmed with black silk cross-strips. Bonnet of fine straw, with a black aigrette at the side, a narrow silk crossstrip, edged with lace, forms the strings, which fasten under the chin with a lace bow.

No. 4.—Evening costume. Dress of blue silk, trimmed with application d'Angleterre. Muslin ever-skirt, with a full puff at the back, under which is placed a large silk bow with ends. Plain waistband, with a bow. Low, square bodice, with a bertha edged by application d'Angleterre. Short lace sleeves with small blue bows.

No. 5.—Dinner dress of mauve silk. The train petticoat has a flounce of black chantilly lace, or, if preferred, a flounce of the same material as the dress, headed by a bias band of mauve satin. In front this flounce outlines a sharp point, which is met by double bows of satin, and a row of large satin



HAIR-DRESSING. BARKER, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY. PAGE 325.

buttons. The loose-fitting Pompadour corsage opens upon a lace chemisette. The shaped basque is trimmed with lace and bias bands, and is lifted by double bows. The half-long sleeve is bordered with satin, caught at the back by a bow, and finished by a fall of lace, or silk ruffle. With this costume the hair should be rolled upward and curled. Mauve plume with black aigrette.

No. 6. - Home toilet of currantcolored silk poplin. The long skirt is slightly gathered in at the back beneath the two flounces. The upper and smaller of these is surmounted by a bias band of black silk. The shaped panier is framed in black silk, and finished by a flounce. Bands upon the front of the skirt meet the silk ceinture. From this a deep ruffle falls upon the panier. Black buttons fasten the close, high corsage. Bands and narrow erect ruffles head the straight sleeves and outline pointed cuffs. Linen collar and under-sleeves. Black ribbons in the hair.

Page, 323, No. 1.—This is a graceful design for a basque-corsage. It
may be of silk, or of the same material as the skirt with which it is
worn. It opens widely in front, and
is entirely bordered by a marquise
ruching. The shaped basque is lifted
at each side by a bow. Ruches trim
the straight sleeves. Silk waistland
with rosette. Under-body of plaited
muslin, with insertions of embroidery
and pointed collar.

No. 2.—White muslin body. This is low and open in front. The small bertha is trimmed with colored satin ribbons and Valenciennes lace. It crosses beneath the silk waistband. A quilling of narrow lace forms the heading and loops it at the shoulders. The shaped basque and straight sleeves are trimmed to correspond. This corsage is worn over another, which should also be open, plaited, and edged with lace.

No. 3.—This corsage-casaque may be either of silk or muslin. It is bordered by a wide marquise ruche, which should also be repeated, en tablier, upon the skirt of the dress. Muslin bows lift the basque in front. Narrow ruffles trim the pointed collar, epaulettes, and deep cuffs of the straight sleeves. Broad waistband, attached at the back beneath a rosette.

Nos. 4 and 5.—Ingenuity is almost exhausted in the fashioning of coquettish bows, hence the following novel models will surely be acceptable. They are simply fan-shaped quillings of wide ribbon—one above, the other beneath the ceinture. The floating ends should not be very long.

Page 324, Nos. 1, 2, and 3.—Back, frent, and side of a robe de chambre, which will be found in our Colored Plate.







Nos. 4, 5, and 6.—For description of this toilet, also, we refer to our Colored Plate.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS. Page 320.

FROM MADAME RALLINGS'S MAGASIN DES MODES, 779 BROADWAY.

The following are from Madame Rallings's latest importation of Parisian novelties. The great favor in which Madame's establishment is held, is certainly based upon a true appreciation of the refined taste which prompts the selection of toilets as exquisite as the following:

No. 1.-Reception dress of rosecolored glace silk. A deep fall of black lace, headed by a double quilling of silk, lifts the long skirt to form a large puff. At the back a broad ruching crosses, and disappears beneath the lace of the tablicz. The low, heart-shaped corsage has a lace bertha. Under-body of puffed muslin, with short, full sleeves. The silk ceinture fastens at the back leneath a large box-plaiting of silk and lace. The long, rounded tab is ruilled. The lace rosettes upon it graduate in size. Above these is a flat silk bow. The ceinture, ruchings and ruffles are all bound and headed by bands of black silk. Roses in the hair.

No. 2.—Evening or dinner toilet of pale mauve-colored glacé silk. The round lower skirt has two deep flounces of point d'Alencon, headed by two rouleaux of white silk. A fall of lace similarly headed borders the over-skirt. This is short in front, and lifted at each side by a very large lace rosette, thus forming the tablier. The back is a full train. The corsage-casaque is low and square, with small jockey-sleeves. It is entirely bordered by a white band, with falls of lace. Lace edges round the skirt. Fluted muslin under-body.

No. 3. — Walking dress. Round petticoat of maize-colored silk, striped with blue. Dress of dark-blue silk. Double rows of blue-and-maize-colored silk cord lift the skirt to form the puffed panier. A similar trimming puffs the long, full sleeves, and borders the deep pelerine which crosses in front. Blue silk ceinture with large rosette. Linen chemisette and under-sleeves.

No. 4.—Princess dress of Metternich green silk. High corsage. Straight sleeves. The casaque is of black silk, with a deep fall of rich black lace, which is headed by rouleaux of silk. The very wide and open sleeve is edged with lace, and finished by one large silk rosette. The lace bretelles meet at the back and front beneath rosettes. Lace collar and undersleeves. Fanchon of Metternich green silk and black lace.

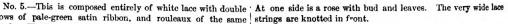
1, 2 and 3. back, side, and front of a toilet. This toilet also will be found in our colored plate. Page 316.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE,



bows of pale-green satin ribbon, and rouleaux of the same shade. The lace coronet is supported by a cluster of roses, buds and leaves. A fall of lace almost covers the chignon. The broad satin strings fasten at the back.

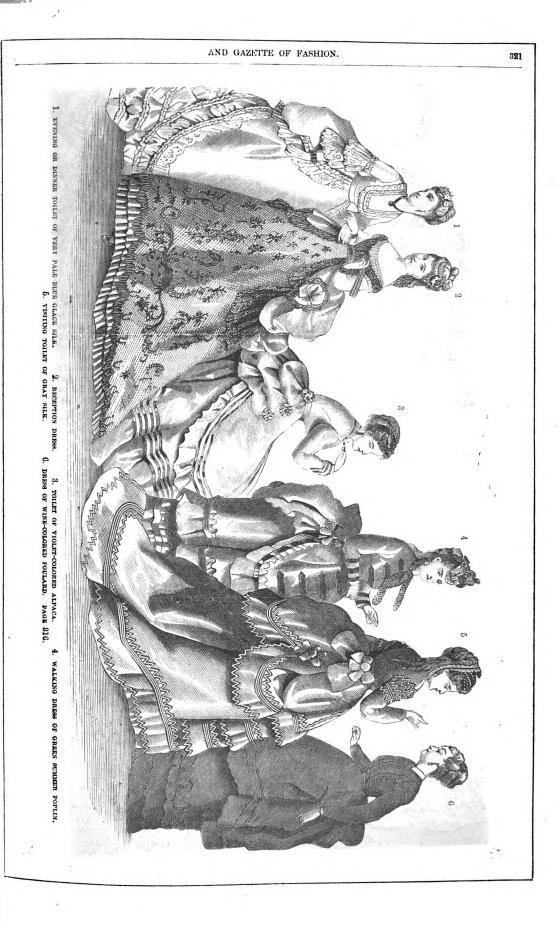
No. 6.—Here we have a creation remarkably rich and elegant. It is a fanchon formed of one large puff of white lace. Upon this is a cluster of large loops of white satin ribbon, framed in a quilling of lace. Long ends of ribbon fall over the chignon. A band of delicate fancy straw forms the coronet front. From the centre rises an aigrette of small wheat ears.







FASHIONS.—FROM MADAME RALLINGS'S MAGASIN DES MODES, 779 BROADWAY. Page 319.

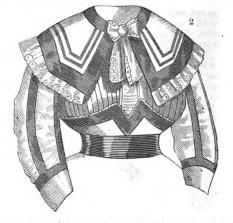




FROM MADAME MORRISSON'S, NO. 6 RUE DE LA MICHODIERE.

No. 1 is a hat of white silk, trimmed by long white ostrich feathers, and by a bunch of small roses and buds.

No. 2 is a bonnet of white crape. The front edge is trimmed by a quilling of the same material, in the centre of which is a of half-open roses, with buds and foliage. At the back is a



narrow band of pale jonquil-colored ribbon, and at the side there is a group of bows formed of jonquil-ribbon, with a bunch of violets, a jonquil-colored ostrich feather, and a white aigrette. At the back is a frill of white blonde, which is continued down the sides of brides, which are formed of jonquil-celored ribbon, and terminate by three loops of ribbon, in the centre of which is a bunch of violets.

No. 3 is a bonnet of black tulle, and lace of the same color. In front are some fullings of black lace and a black feather; also, a large bow of black lace, and on the left side is a group



2. CORSAGE OF PLAITED MUSLIN.

Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 01:52 GMT / Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access use#pd-google

ruching and band of rose-colored ribbon, and a frill of black lace, which is continued down the sides, forming an edging to the brides, which are of rose-colored ribbon. There are, also, narrow strings of rose-colored ribbon to fasten under the chig-

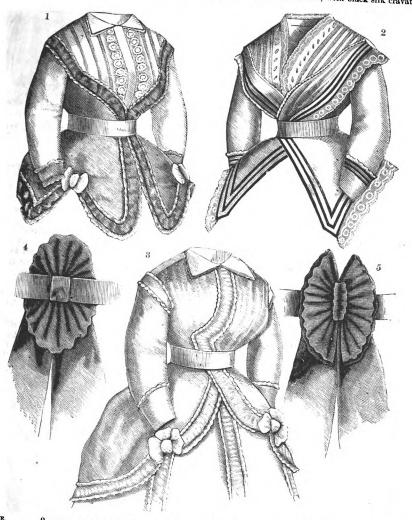
No. 4 is a bonnet of rose-colored tulle, trimmed by white lace, and by bows and ruches of ribbon of the same color. In front are bows of ribbon, a rare bird, and a white aigrette. The brides are of ribbon, edged on one side by a quilling.

No. 5 is a hat, covered by sky-blue ostrich feathers, and trimmed by large bows of spotted tulle of the same color, and also

No. 8 is a bonnet of mauve ribbon and black lace. front is of mauve ribbon, slightly ruched, and having in the centre a circlet of jet, and at the left side a bouquet of yellow tulips and leaves. At the back is a band of mauve ribbon (to pass across the chignon), and the brides are composed of mauve ribbon and black lace.

DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.—PAGE 316.

No. 1.—Costume for a little boy. Paletot and pantaloons of blue summer cloth, ornamented with black galloon and butby a rare bird, and a group of moss-rose buds with foliage. At tons. Deep linen collar, with black silk cravat.



1. BASQUE

2. WHITE MUSLIN BODY.

3. CORSAGE-CASAQUE.

4 AND 5. COQUETTISH BOWS. PAGE 319.

the back is a frill of the tulle, with blonde edging, and this is brought round to the front, and fastens under the chin.

No. 6 is a bonnet of white tulle. The front trimmed by a quilling and band of sea-green ribbon, with white lace edging. At the side is a bouquet of pansies, and at the back are bows and a band of sea-green ribbon, edged by white lace, which is continued down the sides, forming brides, terminated by bows

No. 7 is a bonnet of white crape, trimmed by a quilling and bandeau of sky-blue ribbon, and a bouquet of Marquerites, and also by large 1 also by large loops of sky-blue ribbon, a band of which crosses the back, and is continued down the sides, forming brides.

No. 2.—Dress of rose-colored sultane. Pardessus tunique of the same. This is trimmed with rouleaux of silk and a deep fringe. Rosettes lift the pelerine and sides of the tunic.

No. 3.—Costume of white leno. The high corsage is without sleeves; ruchings of green ribbon encircle the arm-holes. At the back it is continued, to form a large square tablier. The fronts are slightly open, and cross upon the skirt in long fichu ends. Rouleaux of green silk, with a white llama lace, compose the trimming. Around the skirt is a broad band of leno, edged with lace. A green ribbon passes beneath the small plaits. Short puffed muslin sleeves.

No. 4.—Dress of striped silk, pink and white, with a broad







1, 2, AND 3. BACK, FRONT, AND SIDE OF A ROBE DE CHAMBRE, WHICH WILL BE FOUND IN OUR COLORED PLATE.

ruching of pink ribbon upon the skirt. Corselet and tunic of pink silk; the former is cut in sharp points; the latter is open at the sides, and bordered by a ribbon ruching. Ribbon rosettes are placed upon the short puffed sleeve.

No. 5.—Little girl's toilet of pearl-gray alpaca, trimmed with blue silk. Upon the very short lower skirt are three flounces of fluted silk. The second skirt is held up by blue rosettes; close corsage; straight sleeves. The deep cape buttons in front; a rosette lifts it at the back.

No. 6.-Infant's robe of fine cambric. The plaited front is framed in richly-embroidered bands, which cross the shoulders as bretelles. Small scalloped and embroidered jockey sleeves. A bright-colored ribbon, with long floating ends, knots at the back.

No. 7.—Dress of gray delaine. Both skirts are scalloped and bound with light-green silk. Upon the upper skirt the scallops are carried quite up to the broad waistband of gray, bound with green. This fastens at the back, beneath a rosette; close corsage; straight sleeves. The deep cuffs are of green silk; the same material borders the scallops of the pelerine. Linen chemisette and under-sleeves.

DESCRIPTION OF PALETOTS.-PAGE 317.

No. 1.—This is made of rich black silk. It fits closely. The back is deep and plain. The shaped fronts cross and fasten at one side. The entire garment is trimmed with passementerie and a heavy drop-fringe. Short bands of passementerie cross the outer part of the long, straight sleeves.

No. 2.—This graceful novelty is of plain black silk. It is close-fitting, and buttons down the front to the edge of the scalloped tablier. At the back each basque is puffed and bordered by a scalloped band. A ribbon bow is placed over the opening at each side. A narrow scalloped band, with rouleaux and two flat bows, trim the back of the corsage. A narrower band finishes the straight sleeves. A large double bow fastens the silk waistbelt at the back.

No. 3.—A paletot of black gros-grains silk. The front is close-fitting; the skirt very deep. At the back, however, this is rounded off to form the tablier, which is finished by a boxplaited flounce with a narrow bias heading. Small box-plaited ruffles trim the long loose sleeves and deep pelerine. At the







5 m

一日 明祖 明 明 年

M

4, 5, and 6. For description of this toilet. Also, we refer to our colored plate.

H

43

back a large puff, framed in a wide ruffle, falls from beneath the latter.

No. 4.—This may be either of black silk, or of the same color as the dress. The chasseur fronts button the entire depth. They are edged with a deep, box-plaited ruffle, and are trimmed with silken rouleaux, which simulate revers. In each of these is a single button. At the back the casaque fits closely. The skirt is gathered up to form a large full puff. The upper part of the sleeve is very wide; deep rounded cape.

DESCRIPTION OF HAIR-DRESSING .- PAGE 818.

FROM ME. J. W. BARKER'S, Nos. 622 AND 624 BROADWAY.

No. 1.—For this coiffure, comb the front hair well up. Then make three large rouleaux. The chignon is formed of rouleaux and small curls. From beneath it depend two long tresses, slightly curled. Branches of flowers and foliage cross the top, and fall over the chignon in one long trailing spray.

No. 2.—The front hair is lifted and rolled loosely to the top of the head, where it is met by the rolled chignon. Over this fall curls of different lengths; small wreath of foliage, with a large flower; aigrette in front.

No. 3.—Each side of the front hair forms three rouleaux. The upper two are close and high; the lower is thrown back. From the rolled chignon depends one long and thick curl. A bird of Paradise nestles in the ruching of mauve ribbon which falls at the back in long ends.

No. 4.—The lower part of the front hair is rolled. The upper part forms two large braids, which are carried back, and pass beneath the rouleaux and curls forming the chignon. Two very long curls fall upon the shoulders. Garland of roses and leaves, with a small humming-bird.

No. 5.—The hair of the temples is combed well up; that above it is disposed in two loose rolls, with small frizzed curls. Curied chignon. Small flowers and leaves, with long grasses, complete a charming coiffure.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED-PLATE.

Fig. 1—Dress of Light-blue Silk.—The short, round skirt is without fullness. It has one very deep, box-plaited flounce; this is bound with black silk, and headed by two flat black bands, the lower of which is rather wide. The front of the upper-skirt forms a tablier framed in a black band, and finished by a boxplaited ruffle. At the back it is gathered in beneath a broad fat band of blue silk, with ruffles of the same, bordered and headed with black. The bertha of the close corsage is similarly timmed; from each scallop depends a large drop-button. This is repeated around the neck, only en petit. A narrow scalloped band and two rows of blue-and-black silk cord trim the straight sleeves. Blue ribbon in the hair.

Fig. 2.—Walking-dress.—Here the material is a light-green chaly. The round, plain skirt has a fluted flounce, headed by a flat band of silk of the same shade. This is put on to outline a rounded tablier, both at the front and back. The upper-skirt opens in front. It forms a large puff. This, at the back, quite falls over the flounce, with which it is bordered. Three bands, salloped and bound with rouleaux of silk, confine the small panier. Plain, high corsage. Full sleeves, with deep, ruffled cuffs. The large ruffled cape is lifted at the back by a silk rosette. Linen collar and under-sleeves. Hat of English straw with loops of green ribbon around the low crown.

Fig. 8.—DINNER-TOLLET OF BLACK SILK.—Two very large puffs, each supported by a box-plaited flounce, compose the skirt. Low corresponding of white lace. A deep allk fringe edges the small, rounded tablier, which fastens at the back beneath a very large puff with long, shaped ends,

siged with fringe. A second puff also confine these ends.

Fig. 4.— Darse of Curs-colored Silk.—Upon the round skirt is a fluted flounce with a wide, puffed heading. The second skirt is draped at one side by means of a large rosette with deep and wide-fluted end. This is headed by a band and For brides' dresses there are beautiful white watered silks

piping of black silk, and finished by a black silk fringe. Around the neck of the high, close corsage is a flat, scalloped band. Straight, open sleeves, trimmed with bands and fringe. The large open cape is much deeper at the back than in front, and is also trimmed with a band and fringe. These outline a second cape. The loose, fringed fronts fasten beneath a ribbon A larger rosette attach them lower down. Linen collar and under-dress.

Fig. 5.—Morning Dress of Pearl-Gray Leno.—The round skirt has three deep, box-plaited flounces. The upper one is headed by a band of rose silk, upon which are small rosettes of the same. Narrow bands of rose silk trim the close corsage, and outline a small, shaped collar and square bertha. A deep, rounded train, lined with rose-color, falls from beneath the lower band of the bertha. It is trimmed with three rosecolored bands. The sides are turned back and fastened down by rosettes. Double sleeves. The lower are straight and finished by three narrow bands. The others are square and hanging. The bands, rosettes and fringe, are all of rose-

FIG. 6.—COSTUME OF LIGHT VIOLET-COLORED GLACE SILK.—The long skirt is gathered in at the back beneath a box-plaited flounce, and crossed by two erect, box-plaited ruffles, thus forming the large, full puff. A narrow band of the same divides the lower ruffle. Ruffle and bands outline a square tablier. Silk puffings trim the high corsage and straight sleeves. The black silk mantelet is lined with white silk and fringed. Small, standing-up collar. Large buttons fasten the garment. A scarf of violet silk, edged with narrow bands and a very deep fringe of the same shade, passes around the waist and confines the fronts. The round hat is of black silk, with a fan-shaped aigrette of violet silk in front. A vail of white lace falls over the chignon.

Fig. 7.—Toilet of Pale-Green Glace Foulard.—The lowerskirt is plain. The second skirt forms a large puff, which is supported by a flat scalloped band of light-yellow foulard. A bow of green silk, with one broad end edged with a fluted ruffle of yellow silk, lifts this skirt. The upper-skirt falls in a full oval-shaped puff at each side. The back is slightly gathered in. The scalloped bands are all of yellow silk. From the waistbelt fall small puffs of green silk; the floating ends have yellow, fluted ruffles. Plain high corsage. Scalloped bands of yellow silk border the loose sleeves. A similar trimming is upon the large cape, which is lifted at the back by a rosette. Linen collar. Hat of green and yellow silk, with a large aigrette.

WHAT SHOULD BE WORN, AND WHAT SHOULD NOT.

FROM THE TABLETS OF A PARISIAN LADY OF SOCIETY.

I HAVE just been examining a large collection of silk and fancy materials for the season. They are pretty and varied.

In fancy materials there are plain mohairs of all shades of color, but especially gray and buff.

Striped or chined lenos; sultane; a finer quality of mohair; taffetaline, poplinette, and crétonne.

A very pretty chined wool and silk material is called mignonette, and is especially elegant in mauve and blue.

Small patterns—extremely fine stripes and chinures—are once more the fashion this spring.

Another very soft and silky kind of mohair is called cristal. A more transparent sort of material goes by the name of satin gauze.

Brillantine, a fabric something between mohair and grena-dine, is especially pretty in black. Black and colored grenadines are also very suitable for double-skirted dresses, with an underslip of silk.

I have already mentioned the new striped foulards, which are in great favor. In glace silks, I noticed very diminutive patterns of two shades. Shot silks are finely striped, either of two colors, or of two shades of the same color-red and garnetcolored, red and buff, light and dark green, or blue, mauve and

brocaded with white patterns; and for rich visiting dresses black watered silks brocaded with colored patterns. For underskirts there are striped satin delaines, a wool and silk material, which looks remarkably well in green, blue and black, gray, orange and red, maize, black and violet, and so on.

There is a great deal of variety in the fashions, although they are generally confined to one style, that in vogue about a cen-

There is a great deal of variety in the fashions, although they are generally confined to one style, that in vogue about a century ago, during the last years of the reign of Louis XV. and the beginning of that of the unfortunate Louis XVI., whose beautiful young queen showed ever the most exquisite taste in the choice and ornamentation of her toilets.

The full tournure is become indispensable in all toilets. The walking dress, of the simplest description, consists of a skirt not quite touching the ground, trimmed with one or more flounces, and of a tight-fitting casaque, which at once answers the purpose of both a bodice and a looped-up second skirt. If this casaque is chosen of black silk it can be worn with any skirt or under-dress, and thus becomes quite as useful as the black silk paletot, which is now very much gone out of fashion.

Our lady readers are so numerous that they belong to all ranks and fortunes, so that there are, no doubt, some among them forced to study economy in their toilet, though still wishing to follow the fashions of the day.

To these I should certainly advise the choice for this summer

To these I should certainly advise the choice for this summer of an upper-dress of black silk, as it will enable them to wear all their dresses of a former season not made exactly after the fashion of the present moment. Suppose you possess a dress made quite plain, with all the widths gored, and a very long train at the back. Cut it off at the top, leaving the fuller under part for the lower edge; make it of the length of modern skirts—not quite touching the ground—so as not to have to be looped up at all. With the part cut away at the top, make a fluting, as deep as the material will allow of, and put it on round the bottom of the skirt. If the bodice is still good, you may leave it as it is; if not, you can wear a white foulard or cambric bodice instead. Over the shortened dress you wear a black silk short tunic dress, which dispenses you from wearing a mantle of any kind out of doors.

The tunic dress must have a tight-fitting bodice and a very short skirt, open and rounded off, or looped up on either side, and raised at the back into a large puff. The usual trimming for an upper-dress of this style is a fluting of the same material, headed with a cross strip of silk or satin. This trimming simulates a pelerine, fichu, or low corselet upon the high bodice.

This model is generally preferred to all others when it is of a different material to the under-dress, but when the costume is complete of one material, there are other models also very fashionable.

Spring toilets of gray mohair are composed of an under-skirt, upper-skirt and bodice and mantelet, all of the same material. The shape and trimming of the whole costumes differ, of course, in different models, so I can only choose a few among those that seem to me the prettiest, to describe them to you.

For gray mohair, then, I prefer the following simple but tasteful pattern. Dress with a high bodice and skirt, fully gathered at the back, but plain in front, trimmed round the bottom with one gathered flounce, headed with a morquise ruche. Second skirt edged all round with a fluting of the same material, and with a cross-strip of the same material also, but of a lighter shade of color. It is looped up at the seams of the back with bows of gray mohair, piped with a lighter color.

The mantle forms a slightly-pointed pelerine at the back, with two rounded lapels falling from under it upon the skirt; there are shorter lapels in front, which are passed under the waistband. The bow which fastens the waistband is placed upon the pelerine at the waist in the middle of the back. This mantle is trimmed all round with a fluting and cross-strip like the upper-skirt.

Another style of mantelet forms a fichu crossed in front, with long-pointed lapels at the back, and shorter lapels in front: waistband with a bow formed of three loops at the back. The trimming consists of a fluting edged with lace, and headed with two rouleaux of silk and satin.

For a silk toilet the following is a pretty model: Skirt trimmed with a gathered flounce, put on with a heading. Tight-

fitting jacket, with a deep-pointed basque at the back, the upper part of which is looped up into a puff. It is trimmed with cross-strips of satin and silk fringe. This trimming simulates a fichu, and is continued upon the small lapels which complete the jacket in front. The bodice of the dress is plain, and buttoned down the front. Dress of plain or striped glacé silk can be made after this pattern. In black brillantine a very elegant and useful toilet can be made, composed of a low under-dress, trimmed with five or seven pinked-out flounces, and of a long casaque, gathered on the back seams, and fastened with loops of black ribbon. The tight bodice of this casaque should not be lined, and the trimming be put on so as to follow the outline of the low bodice underneath. The prettiest trimming for black brillantine is a fluted ribbon of black gros-grain silk. This trimming goes all round the lower edge of the skirt.

A casaque of black brillantine also looks very well upon an under low dress of black silk. Grenadine, or any other light material, can also be used as an upper-dress with an under-dress of silk.

But while simple dresses, meant for walking out on foot, are made with moderately short skirts, the elegant toilets of our grandes dames still appear with sweeping trains.

The last compromise we hear of between long skirts and short skirts is this: the dress is made with a first skirt just touching the ground, and second skirt, very short in front, and rounded like an apron, very long at the back, so long, indeed, that to attempt to walk with such an incumbrance is impossible, and that it must be looped up, or less carried on the arm. The latter method is adopted by a few of la crême de la crême in the Bois de Boulogne when they leave their carriages to take a turn in those wide avenues where a few sedan chairs are beginning to make their appearance, as if every fashion belonging to the ancient régime were now to be revived.

Very old-fashioned, and looking strangely out of place, are these same sedan chairs, moving slowly along, while the velocipedes are whirled at a furious speed, and gentlemen in black cloth and chimney-top hats play the courtiers' part with much less grace, I am sure, than the marquises of a century ago, all adorned in lace and satin.

For while ladies are coming back with so much enthusiasm to the graceful and mignardes fashions of a former age, gentlemen keep strictly to their severe black costume, and thus form a contrast to their fair companions, and mar the total ensemble of the aspect of many an assembly which otherwise would make us think we had gone back a century, and were moving in the court of Louis XV.

But, to return to trains. Wearing them upon the arm is no new fashion; it was much practiced in Paris by the élite of feminine elegance during the last years before the great French Revolution, and it may be seen in the fashion-albums of the time. The end of the enormously long train was gracefully thrown over the left arm, and this style of dress was entitled, Robe queue du diable. If the fashion comes in again, I don't see why this very original name should not be kept; but perhaps, as our ears have become more delicate, the name would prevent the dress from being worn; which indeed would be no bad thing, for it is as ridiculous as it is cumbersome and uncomfortable.

Without going the length of having to carry one's dress upon the arm, one can have an elegant dress of glace silk or poull-desoie, made as above described, with two skirts—the upper one short and rounded in front, and train-shaped at the back.

I have seen some very pretty dresses made in this way—one, in particular, was of carmelite brown poul-de-soie; the first skirt was trimmed with a flounce and ruche; the second with a ruche all round. All the ruches were edged with satin. A simular ornament simulated a low corselet upon the high bodice.

新田者在京屋 年上日本省日屋だいる 東京なる あばくしょう

Another, of the same pattern also, was of lilac glace silk. It was a dinner-dress. The under-skirt was train-shaped, with a deep flounce, put on with a heading; the second skirt was trimmed with a very handsome flounce of point lace. A bertha of the same ornamented the bodice.

Marie Antoinette sleeves, finished off at the elbow, are worn with evening-dresses. For the day time, a few of these sleeves are seen trimmed with a fluting of the same material; but in general the sleeves are tight and trimmed, no longer on the

//www.hathitrust.org/access_use

Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana. Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www shoulders, but round the elbows and wrists. There is frequently a puffing at the elbows, with a small ruche or frilling on either side, or else a cross strip of the material of the dress, edged with silk or satin, continued outside the arm into a bow with lapels. This style of ornament is called a brassard, in remembrance, no doubt, of the badge which knights used in olden times to wear on their arms. Again, other sleeves are elaborately trimmed from the bend of the arm to the wrist with ornaments to correspond with the trimming of the dress.

Large sashes are still much worn; but there are no longer lapels to the bows at the back; they are entirely formed of very wide loops. The smaller loops, that are very much used for trimming dresses, are also made without lapels.

Now that the question of short or long skirts has been finally settled to the satisfaction of all parties, the subject of debate is that of high or low head-dresses.

On one side there are ladies, who, having taken up with great eageness the toilets in the style of Louis XV. or Louis XVI., think it indispensable to complete them by wearing the high Marie Antoinette coiffures; and, on the other, there some who condemn the exaggeration of the modern style of head-dressing, and the immense quantity of false hair worn in modern chignons.

Going to the other extreme, they pretend that the hair should be simply plaited and worn in a net, falling on the neck. To be at all pretty, this would require an abundance of beautiful hair, and, as a consequence, the admirers of simplicity have not the upper hand as yet.

Head-dresses are extremely high, and the ornaments are placed so high that soon we shall not be able to enter a carriage with fashionable coiffures, or we shall be obliged to do like the ladies of the court of Marie Antoinette, who used to crouch down—so we read in a paper of the time—in the middle of the carriage, lastead of sitting upon the cushions, in order to avoid crushing their feathers. As for the queen herself, she used to have hers put on when she reached the house in which the ball took place.

Bonnets are high in proportion to coiffures. They are mere puffs, or diadems of lace, with flowers or feathers.

Here are some of the latest models of the season:

A black lace bonnet, forming a diadem of ruches, between which are placed branches of white lace with green foliage. A lace lapel forms a Benoiton necklace in front, fastened at the side with a small bunch of leaves.

A bonnet of pink silk tulle, with pink blonde to match, arranged into a puff, with a small pink feather in the centre. On one side a large bow of pink ribbon, from which springs a white aigrette tipped with black.

A bonnet entirely covered with black curled feathers and ruches of black lace; aigrette of black feathers in front; on one side a branch of myrtle-blossoms and leaves, with a trailing branch of buds and foliage falling at the back, over the chignon. The strings, also formed of feathers, are finished off with black lapels tied into a bow.

A bonnet of green silk tulle, arranged in bouillons, with a puff of green blonde at the top. In the centre of the puff there is an aigrette of white feathers turned back over the hair.

A bonnet for a visiting toilet, of white tulle, ornamented with small bows of white satin ribbon, and long lapels falling at the back. In front a long white feather forms a sort of turban, fastened at the side with a bunch of moss rosebuds.

And a bonnet formed of quillings of white straw, trimmed with field flowers and black lace, with lappets of white straw edged with black lace, and fastened with a bunch of flowers.

If one had but kept some of the curtains of the large Leghorn bonnets worn ten years ago, they would be quite sufficient to form by themselves the diminutive modern chapeaux.

In bats, the shapes are getting a little large. At the last races of La Maube a new and very elegant model made its appearance. It is the Versailles hat—quite in the Louis XIV. siyle—rather high crown, oval shape, worn very much slanting over the forehead—shading the eyes. This hat is extremely graceful and coquettish, and I think we may safely predict great success to it during the summer. It is far more becoming than the flat toquet, which has been almost exclusively worn by both ladies and children for some years past.

The Versailles hat is made of felt or straw, and richly trimmed with feathers. It is very stylish, and is a perfect finish to an elegant costume de course, either for riding or driving. It will also, most probably, be worn by our elegantes at wateringplaces this summer.

ELLEN'S EARTH MISSION.

"Well, darling, shall we ride this morning?" asked Henry Morley of his invalid wife, who was reclining in her easy-chair, with a heavy shawl closely wrapped about her fair shoulders, as in seeming mockery of the warm breath of the June morning, which was shaking the great drops from the young flowers, and raising their little heads to the glorious sunshine. "Nature is dressed in her most beautiful robes to-day, Ellen; and Dr. Bell said it would do you good to ride, did he not, darling?"

"Yes, but wait until the sun is higher, and it is a little warmer, Henry; and please ring for Thomas to put a little more coal on the fire, for I feel dreadfully cold this morning?"

"Cold! what should make you cold, darling? It is very warm to-day, and the fresh breeze comes to us laden with blessings; the choicest of which is a healing balm for my little Ellen! Just wait until we get out, darling, and see if you do not feel strong and almost well again!"

Then, pressing a kiss upon the pale lips, and drawing the shawl closer about the dear form, he went out, and, in his unsuspecting heart, drew hope from the faint glow which deepened on her cheek, so like was it to the rose hue of health.

The poor wife listened to the retreating step, which fell so lightly along the passage, then to the hopeful tones with which he gave Thomas her order; and, covering her face with her thin white hands, sob after sob welled up from her young heart in its great agony.

"Dying! dying!" she gasped; "and yet he knows it not. Oh, Henry! Henry! my dearest one—my own darling husband! how can I die and leave you thus, my husband? But the Providence in whom I trust, and in whom I have always found my own solace, will comfort you, Henry," she murmured, as she sank back, weak and faint, upon the cushions which supported her.

Days, and a few brief weeks, have passed, and Henry Morley stands beside his desolate hearth, and refuses to be comforted. Like the tempest-tossed mariner, with compass gone, he stands alone, with no guiding star to point him through the thick blackness to the bright beyond! In his wicked, rebellious heart, he murmurs at the great Power which has taken his idol from earth! Bitterly he paces his lonely room, and calls upon her beloved name, and beseeches her, by his great love for her, to come back to him! Days, weeks, and months pass away, and yet the proud heart bows not in submission to His holy will!

At length, from a remote corner of a long neglected drawer, comes a tiny messenger to him—a messenger from heaven! Tears had fallen upon the dear pencilings, and the loving hand had faltered as it traced them there.

"Yes, I am dying, dearest Henry, and yet you know it not! My poor frail life is fast going out, and already I hear the fatal summons which is to take me from you for ever! The fresh warm breath of the June morning is floating in and out, kissing the bright green of the summer leaves, and toying with the young flowers; yet it brings no warmth to me! There is an icy chilliness about my heart, and, ere another June shall come to you, I shall have long ago been carried from your dear presence. The coffin-lid will have closed above all that is left of your lost Ellen! The joyous birds will sing as sweetly then as now, yet I shall hear them not! The soft breeze which fans your heated brow, and lifts the curls which cluster there, will way the grass above my grave! Oh, it is hard to leave you thus, my dearest Henry, ere one brief year of weddded bliss is ours! and but too well I know how long and deeply you will mourn for me; but remember it is His will, dear Henry, and let not one hard, rebellious thought enter that dear heart. Promise me this, dear Henry; 'tis all I have to ask-I, who, when your

tearful eyes shall scan this page, will sleep sweetly, with the flowers which you have plucked still pressed in my cold hands! Promise it, Henry-oh, promise it!"

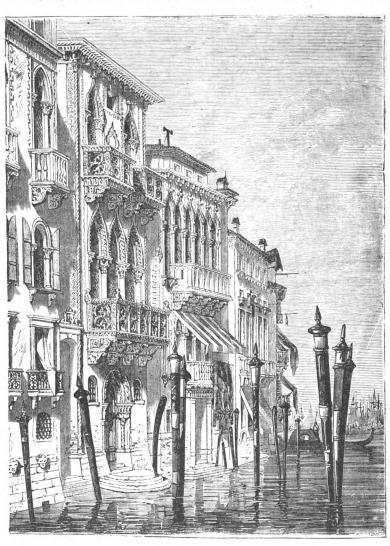
And down upon his bended knees Henry did promise. Then the angels smiled down upon him, and Ellen saw that her "earth mission" was accomplished!

THE PALAZZO FERRO, VENICE.

VENICE, which Byron poetically calls "the bride of the sea," is divided into two unequal parts by the canalazzo, or grand ish lady, it appears, has had in her employment for some time

Few of these magnificent structures are now occupied by their noble owners, but are let out to wealthy foreigners. The Palazzo Grimani, one of their finest, is now used as a post-office. But a few still retain some of their ancestral glory, and many abound with valuable pictures, which, however, are growing fewer every day. The Palazzo Manfrini contains a magnificent collection of valuable paintings.

A STRANGE STORY .- A more than ordinary interesting rumor reaches us from Spain; and, though we will not vouch for its strict accuracy, there is, doubtless, some truth in it. A Span-



THE PALAZZO FERRO, VENICE.

canal which runs through it, in the form of an S reversed, and is also traversed by one hundred and forty-six smaller canals, which penetrate the city in all directions. These canals are crossed by three hundred and sixty bridges; but over the grand canal there is only one, the famous Rialto.

The grand canal varies in breadth from one hundred to one hundred and eighty feet, and on both sides is lined by magnificent palaces, among which the Palazzo Ferro is conspicuous for

an English coachman, steady and well conducted. The latter has unexpectedly succeeded to \$30,000 a year. His mistress, on being informed of her faithful servant's good fortune, told him he was at full liberty to leave; but he implored to be allowed to remain, which has been granted. He drives his mistress round the "Lakes" with the same respect as when he was on his \$200 per annum and board wages. It would not be surprising if the lady, who, it is said, is unmarried, would finish up the romance, and give her hand to this romantic knight.

Generated Public Doma



"NOT SO DIM BUT THAT SHE SAW THE TWO FIGURES SLOWLY PASSING BY."

LESLIE GRAY.

Long, long ago the autumn fled, When on the meadow gate we swung, And rowan berries ripe and red Were for a coral necklace strung; Half proud, half 'sham'd of loving you. And blushing while I answer'd "Nay, Our teasing schoolmates said 'twas true, You were my sweetheart, Leslie Gray.

Oh, Leslie, love, the saddest time The dreariest hour in all my life, Was when I heard a wedding chime, And yor rode forth a baron's wife. Down o'er thy golden links of hair The vail fell in a filmy mist, Upon a cheek as pale and fair As the white pearls clasped round thy wrist.

I thought of olden days and sigh'd, When rowan was thine only pearl-I could not love the baron's bride, As I had loved the peasant girl; Nor could I check a bitter smile To see thee 'mid that gilded state, It seemed so shortly since the while We swung upon that meadow gate.

ASHES OF ROSES.

BY MRS. H. W. PIERSON.

A FIERCE August sun, tree and shrub motionless in the sultry air without; within the long rooms of the factory, a myriad of wheels that turned and turned with a maddening drone, till Alice Severn, spent and gasping, felt like crying out, with a frantic moan, "Hush! be silent for to-day."

Only to have some break in this weary life—anything—anything—even a fiery trial—something to prove that she was not part of the vast machinery that carried on the great worksborn only to guide the tinted threads—to have no other brightness in her life than the gay fleecy things, rose-flushed, purple-dvad dyed, or with a romanesque affluence of color that lay in heaps

Sometimes she followed in fancy a bit of airy head-gear, that looked like a snow-cloud, to its destined home—to some petted child of fortune who had always "fed on the roses, and lain in the illies of life." She saw the dainty well-poised head—the me a blue b'atin' ef he got to know it. Sure an' he tuk all me

unclouded eyes, which had hardly looked on sorrow-the sweet child-mouth, where the trusting smiles of childhood still lingered, and then she looked up to heaven with a vague appealing, half reproach, half prayer, "Who has made us to differ?

She was in this mood to-day. The heavy-heated air made her temples throb; she felt as though a myriad of wheels were turning in her brain. How many days like this would make up the sum of her life? How many dull gray mornings must she drag herself up into the pallid light, kindle the fire, cook the breakfast, bear her sickly mother's complaints, worry over little Rex, wend her way to the great brick building, toil over colored wools, breathe the fluffy air, listen to the whirling of the wheels, to the grumbling of some, the bold jests of others, see the day golden into noon, and die into a purple flush of sunset-to go home to finish the household duties, and then to bed? Could this be all?-could this be her life till the end?

A great engine stood in one of the rooms on the ground floor -a great insensate monster, that turned every wheel, and was the source of every motion in the vast building. Alice had often watched it with a feeling half of fear, half of wonder. So softly it used its ponderous force, that there was scarcely a sound. With its polished steel and shining brass bands, it worked its noiseless way like a thing of life. Should it forget its work one moment, the great industry would stand stillevery wheel would cease to turn-every motion die. Alice looked up at the mid-day sky, where the fierce sun was playing with a whimsical but not irreverent thought of the great moving-power of the universe who dwells beyond that unfathomable blue. If He could forget her for one moment, these maddening wheels that turned in her brain would stop forever. Was she ready for that? No; not yet, although she had been so ready with complaint. The cup of life had been bitter enough, but she hoped for the sweetness to come. And there was Robert -Robert Brent, the foreman, who came in now, with a kind word for every one-a fresh, hearty fellow, who came in like a breeze, and seemed to give the oppressive air a little of his own buoyancy

Alice had not put him in the picture of her life, or among the figures of the home-scenes, although he had boarded with them for a year, because she felt that any change or chance could take him away, and she must resolutely look at the pale, dull stuff that made up her life without him.

"Let me kiss him for his mother," whispered a rosy-cheeked girl near her, with a mischievous glance.

"Arrah, but I've spint my last sint on the beautifulest breast-pin for the ball the night," said Catharine Daly, a black-eyed Irish girl, leaning a little toward her; "an' me father ud give butther is all the cry. Talkin' to me iv bread and butther whin I was sufferin' for a breastpin! Sure, Alice darlin', will Mr. Brint be at the ball?"

"I cannot tell," answered Alice, with a little sighing wish to go herself-she had known so little pleasure in her young life, for an innate refinement kept her from entering into the boisterous merrymakings of the other factory-girls. Besides, she was pale and plain, and no one sought her out. The common men saw no beauty in the face that lacked the coloring and even the roundness of youth; but it was clear and pure as a lily in the sun, and Robert Brent looked at her with a curious, examining gaze as she worked away without a glance for him.

She hardly looked up as he stood near her, although the faintest breath of fire seemed to kindle in the sluggish tide of life and send it leaping through every vein. A weary spirit, struggling to be free, looked out of her eyes as between prisonbars-a hungry look, as though searching for all she had missed

How white and quiet she seemed in the midst of all the riotous color, and life, and motion. A strange pity, akin to love, welled up in the strong man's heart. He looked at her in a new

way.

"Alice, you look like a spirit. The day is too much for you.

On't you want to get away? I can manage it."

"I think I will go, Robert," she said, with a choking feeling in her throat. "This heat seems to press down on my brain like a heavy hand."

"I think we'll have a shower soon, and that will clear the air. You had better stay out a day or two, Alice."

"Ah! but I cannot lose so much."

"You shall not." Robert paused, and colored from the innate delicacy of his soul. "I will make it all right—if you will allow me to do so."

He had drawn near her as he spoke, and bent over her, till her face burned, and a crimson flush dyed her cheeks. The next moment a pallor covered her face like a mask.

"Take care," she cried, and started up.
The movement pushed Robert Brent aside, and at the same instant part of the machinery struck Alice in the face. Then the busy wheels stopped turning in her brain, the heavy hand weighed her down no more—through crashing spaces she seemed to fall into the blackness of darkness-into an utter coolness and calm.

When Mrs. Severn saw Alice borne home in this state, although she had been prepared in some measure by Robert Brent's kind way of breaking the dismal tidings, she immediately went into a fairst, and revived only to be useless. A pale, faded, nervous woman, who played all her sorrows as so many trump cards upon society. This new and shining one was bemoaned to every neighbor who came in.

If one could judge from Mrs. Severn, she knew the flavor of every cup of grief, and drank no other beverage. This last drop in the cup seemed to hold all the bitterness for her alone. She bemoaned her own fate as if Alice suffered nothing, and the severest sting was the thought that her girl would have no chance now in the matrimonial market.

"She was plain enough before," said this mother, with a self-pitying sigh, "but this scar will make her a positive fright."

Alice, meantime, lay on her bed in a merciful trance of insensibility, and even when life seemed to stir in her veins once more, she tossed about in delirium, and felt no pain. She lived in a fantastic realm full of weird, wild scenes that shifted like the figures of a kaleidoscope. Tropic fruits and palms in cluster sprang around her. She walked kneedeep in fragrant blooms a lawless vegetation swarmed about her-cactii-like serpents crawled over the ground, or twined around her with prickly bristles, and vivid star-like flowers—the orange-trees swung their pendulous spheres of gold within her reach-brightwinged birds fluttered like flying gems over the woodlands-an emerald-colored stream fell over the rocks-a stream that flickered in the light like a dying flame, that rose and fell with a sentient life, that crept nearer with a cruel, slow-paced motion, low and sure. Ah! it touched her feet with liquid fire-it

wage last week to feed thim botherin' young ones. Bread and I mounted higher, it scorched her hands, it leaped like a lightning flash to her brain, and seemed to burn there for ever.

se lea to

in the

z d 83. 60

The Di-

idat: "!

12 ad to \$1

3 0 rat

DATE OF I

· Est void

-vauth

रशंकित हो।

La is 62

-Sin faot

उत्तर ध हरू

I sarei fac

lastaeut.

This or

350 00

Contract w

Britische t.

L wat is

il lidet w

Elekal don

- is bank at =) ds of pr

ablan as l

in the turn

2.10

da dine de

 $\mathbb{T}_{3\rightarrow be}.$

all parsing

કે જો છે જ

can sim

ita ibi ibi

brell Lk

7 Cithen, as

2 1535

Phonasic

is, but she

s after a

THE OD.

inprons. be

Tello her a

hizrah tir a

 $^{2}\,g_{ab}^{1}$ into (

at is ber tha

St Sto h

To so of ber

Trees. The

in a each

≯ 20 m²

pukina: thi

E traviant.

क्षेत्रंश के भी

Shuda

This be mar

 $_{j \in \mathcal{E}_i^{(q)} | j \in \mathcal{F}_i^{(q)}}$

海地山市

So who is t

ton the pal

This to the .

Christanii)

7 DE 109

78: 23: (0 2;

 m_{11}

an hear ha

Section 1

251

Then something put it out. Was it Robert's cool hands, or the snow-fields and cold, biting air? What frost-jewels glittered about-what wastes of snow, just touched with a faint rosebloom-what pines, in deathless stillness, green and sombre in that white calm! Was the earth dead, she wondered, and laid out in a snowy shroud? She felt a bolt of ice transfixed her; she was growing white as the snow, cold as the ice. The skeleton arms of the trees seemed to point to a distant, shuddering sky where the white clouds were all huddled together for cold; and she saw a vanishing of angels' wings; but she could not move. She was frozen fast in that desolate and illimitable waste. In vain she struggled with her numbed feet and rigid hands; in vain Mrs. Severn settled into a mild misery after awhile.

Alice grew quieter in a few days, and her mother found a painful pleasure in talking of the accident over a cup of tea with her neighbor and friend, Mrs. Crane. This good woman, whose temper might have been styled a pleasant sour—something in the cream of tartar style—I suppose had no bereavements of any kind to match Mrs. Severn's; but she had a living husband whom she considered much worse than six dead ones, that gentleman being much addicted to "a go of rum and sugar warm," and immediately becoming what his wife termed "feariocous."

Mrs. Crane had indeed very little sympathy to spare after her own needs were attended to; but in consideration of the excellent tea and buttered toast which her neighbor furnished, she gave a little.

"Poor dear," she murmured, as she peered into the flushed face on the pillow, "what a butcherin' slash it was. I reckon her market's spoiled; an' perhaps she's reason to be thankful. I'm sure if I'd been able to look into the future, I'd a-bin grateful to have bin chopped into mincement sooner than have fallen into a drunkards hand's. It's all for the best, Mrs. Severn."

"Oh, it's easy for you to say that, as has never had a chick nor a child," said Mrs. Severn, with an impatient sniff; "an' she my main-stay, for she kept up the house entirely, an' Rex a-howlin' after her, and won't even say his prayers like a Christian since she's bin a-lyin' here. I believe no human bein' ever had so outrageous a boy, an' he only six years old. What do you think he said to the minister the last time he was here? When the reverend gentleman asked him if he would like to have a Bible, he said, immediately, 'Yes, sir; I should like to have a Bible, and a squirt!"

"Sakes alive! I hope the grace of God 'ill change him before he grows up, or I pity his poor, unfortunate wife. What does Crane do last night when he come home in the most obstreperous state. I was a-setten as peaceable by one of the winders a fannin' myself, for it was too hot to breathe, an' he sez,
'I wish the devil had that fan!' 'Would it cool him, do you think?' sez I. An' with that he up with a three-legged stool, an' if I hadn't got out of the way, I'd a-been cool enough before long, I'm thinkin'. Now, did you ever hear of such an onreasonable animal, when I give him such a peaceable answer-mild as the flowers of May?'

And Mrs. Crane looked sourly into her teacup, with an aspect that might have curdled the cream.

Mrs. Severn sighed, and sipped a little.

"But he's a good perwider—that you can't deny," she said. You need never go into an empty cupboard; an' he saves a neat little penny, if he does treat himself too often. But what kind of a prospect have I got? I had the kindest and best husband, of the mildest temper, an' of course he was too good to live. Now, you have that comfort, Mrs. Crane-you won't lose Crane on that account."

"The more's the pity," snapped Mrs. Crane, eagerly, as she bit into a slice of toast in the most vindictive way.

"There's her father's relations, too," said Mrs. Severn, looking plaintively at Alice, "all well to do, and, if you believe it, they have never given me the wrappings of their finger-nails -no," she added, after a reflective pause, as if to add new emphasis, "not even the wrappings of their finger-nails."

What advantage such a peculiar and inexplicable gift could

did not trouble herself to inquire, being absorbed in a second cup of tea, and becoming visibly mollified thereby.
"I like Robert Brent well enough," Mrs. Severn went on, re-

flectively; "but I'd a-seen him further afore I'd have taken that gash to save him; but Alice was always that kind of creature. It wouldn's have spoiled his prospects a mite, for a man kin always git some one to have him."
"Yes; when Crane was a-courtin me, there was a black-eyed

jade-Samanthy Ann Smitheres lived near-and the way she courted that man—I only wish she'd got him!"

"Alice is on my ands for good now," sighed Mrs. Severn, selfishly; "not but she'll earn her way; but every mother has a desire to see her daughter settled, and who'd want her with that scarred face ?"

A movement at the door startled the two women. It was s sultry August evening, still bright as day, and doors and windows stood open. They were not surprised to see Robert Brent standing there with a pale and anxious face.

"How is she to-night?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Oh, come in! She don't know an earthly thing," said Mrs. Severn

And Robert walked quietly to the bedside without another word.

He looked down on her poor bandaged face and closed eyes, the hot hands that moved restlessly, the flushed cheeks, the stray locks of pale, lustreless hair. Some grave purpose came into his heart as he looked-some solemn resolve was written on his face as he turned away.
"She's better, I think," said the mother. "I've been given

her them slime draughts all day."

"Will it-does the doctor think it will disfigure her much?" he asked, pausing at the door.

"He said it would leave an ugly scar," said Mrs. Severn, ravenous for sympathy, as usual; "and poor Alice, she can ill bear that; but she is the best of girls."

"How well I know that!" Robert Brent said, in a reverent way; and then, as if he could not trust himself to speak again, he hurried away.

"He seems awfully cut up about it," said Mrs. Crane.

"Yes; but she's a great deal worse cut up," retorted the mother. "He'll pay the expense, I suppose—that's no more than right."

Weeks wore on. Sultry August days burned themselves away into a vaporous, hot September. Then the leaves flamed with the frost-touches, and the "flying gold of the ruined woodland drove through the air" before Alice Severn walked out again.

She looked into the mirror that day. There was a stern, heroic stuff in her that forced her to face the truth. She faced it relentlessly. She looked at the long, ghastly scar that spoiled the sweetness of her mouth, that ran its zig-zag course through her pale cheek. The mouth had been her only beauty; now that was marred for ever. She took a farewell of all sweet hopes as she gazed. No man could ever look on her with love—that dream was over; the dull, gray life, the apathetic end, that was all that remained.

She looked up with a mute appeal to heaven. God would belp her, for vain was the help of man. He had given such strength to the martyrs of old that they stood rejoicing in the torture, and only looked on the flames as on a chariot of fire that would bear them the sooner to heaven. Surely He would give His grace to her in this fiery ordeal—to her, "a martyr by the pang, without the palm."

She took up the old burdens, one by one, with a weary thought that it would be sweet to lay them down for ever. She had no illusions now to glorify the hard, bare reality, and so Notember came on gray, and cold as her life.

"You want a walk, Alice," Robert said to her one evening "You have been keeping too much out of the air. Come out গাঁth me for awhile.''

"No; she's a-goin' to put me to bed," said little Molock, otherwise called Rex; "an' she's a-goin' to be a long time about it, for there's a circus comin', and I want to talk to her about it. Say, Alice, how would you like to have an elephant

have been to Mrs. Severn, she did not explain, and Mrs. Crain | a-standin' on you? There's a picture of one, an' a girl ridin' on one foot, and-

"Oh, do be good to-night, Rex," said Alice, wearily. "If you go to sleep in ten minutes, I'll give you ten marbles."
"No, you don't," said Rex, scornfully. "You must tell me

a story—a good long one. I don't want to hear about that boy who couldn't tell a lie—either, I don't believe him. He could if he tried. Why, if I'd cut that plum-tree, I'd a-sed, 'Wasn't me, pa; 'twas Jim Grey.' I'd rather tell forty lies than get a lickin'."

Alice sighed softly, as she went up-stairs; but she was patient enough with the frolicksome child, although she could hear Robert pacing backward and forward in the little porch with quick steps, and her heart beat with an indefinite pleasure at the thought of the coming walk.

The sun was setting as they went out; a damp, cool air blew freshly about them, a leaden sky seemed to bend heavily over their heads, only in the west it was warmed into billowy waves of purple and red-red gold.

Was she dreaming now? Was a remnant of her old delirium hanging round her still-a feverish phantasy that would dissolve the next moment? Or was it true that Robert Brent was asking her to be his wife?

"They stood by a bit of gayly-colored woodland at the end of the little town, and they paused there in the walk, as if the question had brought them both to a full stop in life.

Her heart throbbed with a sudden ecstacy that was almost pain.

" She drank the cup of a costly death,

Brimmed with delirious draughts of warmest life."

But she would not be rash; she would be as calm and deliberate as if she judged for another.

"Look at me well, Robert, before you pledge yourself." she said. "Will you never grow tired of this plain, scarred face?"

She turned fully toward him as she spoke, and the pale November sunshine brought out cruelly all the defects of that pathetic face, the smooth, lustreless hair, the quiet gray eyes, the sallow skin, the long scar, that seemed to crimson and throb with some of the old pain under his examining glance. He accepted the situation, though his heart grew heavy as he gazed. Why did an old line of Scripture echo through his brain—" His visage was marred more than any man's"-or something like

Because this slight girl had in some sort been his savior : because her face had been marred for him. He drew her softly

into his arms for an answer.
"Scarred for me," he murmured, tenderly. "Can I ever forget that? It is the sign and seal of my love. What heroic stuff must be in you, to start up in that way and take the blow for me," and he kissed her—not passionately, not tenderly even, but in a grateful, reverend way.

Alice was not critical. She only felt that the world had grown suddenly bright to her. The gray November sky flushed and goldened; the dull earth, sodden with cold rains, seemed to wear the tender greenery of spring; a light that never shone on sea or land lent its glory to all, and even the river, swollen and turbid, crawling by them, made a music of its own in the soft plash of its waves on the bare, pebbly shore.

She put up her hands to her face, and touched the long, ghastly seam in a caressing way. If it called out his love, it was dearer than a kingly crown.

Poor blind Alice! and still so willing to be blind! She had known so little love, how could she judge of this, its quality or degree? She went home in a dazed and happy state, as if she were floating in a vaporous, fragrant summer-cloud. She was only brought down to earth by her mother's cool announcement:

"I've taken a new boarder while you've bin out."

"A what!" Alice exclaimed, in surprise.

"A boarder. Why, you look as if I said a hyena," cried Mrs. Severn, in a moaning way. "She works in the factory; and she's such a mite of a thing, I'm sure she won't eat much, and she won't take up much room."

"Where is she to sleep?" asked Alice, in a slightly irritated

"Mother, I think you might have said something to me voice. before-

"There it is again," complained Mrs. Severn. "Parents, obey your children. That's the new command, I suppose. With all I have to bear, Alice—and I'm sure if I can stand Rex prancing about my bed like a young colt, and a-turning somersets into my very mouth—you needn't complain of this little. 'Silky,' I think, she said her name was, and an orphan, too.'

Alice saw that it was too late to remonstrate; besides, she felt too happy for that; so she went up silently to her own

A vision met her there, at which she started back. Her mother had, in her usual inconsequent style, failed to mention that the young girl was already in possession. She stood by the window, with a lighted candle near her-a little pink and white creature, pinker and whiter because of her black dress, with rings of reddish-brown hair lying like a child's curls all over her head. Truly, "Silky" was a good name for her, Alice thought, if it was her name.

The little creature was more self-possessed than the owner of the room.

"Your mother sent me up," she said, "and I made a mis-take. I opened the other door first, and frightened a young man who was there. He had his head buried in his hands, and he started up as if he had seen a ghost. Is he in trouble?"

A coldness settled on the beating, bounding heart at these words; but Alice did not answer the question; she only quietly showed the unwelcome guest where she might lay her things, and then asked her name.

"Florence-Florence McCarty. Isn't it horrid-the last name I mean? But we women can change that," she added, with a quiet consciousness of her own power. "Poor mother called me Flossy always. I wish you would always call me that; it would make me feel at home-won't you ?"

Perhaps, after awhile," Alice said, reluctantly, as Flossy ruffled the silken little curls, and prepared to go down-stairs.

Something rankled in her heart—the random arrow shot by this new-comer. What troubled Robert Brent on this night, that he had not told her? Ah, well, perfect confidence would come in time. Some day she would have the right to comfort him.

Or it might have been a mistake, after all. He might have buried his face in his hands for happy dreams. What could this girl see or read in that one startled moment that he had looked on her? And she put the troublesome thought away as best she could.

Robert was down so early the next morning, with his helpful ways, making every household duty a delight to her, she entirely forgot the new boarder in her happiness. But Robert re-

"Oh, I had a visitor last night," he said, laughing.

"Un, I had a visitor last night, the said, laughing."
Like what?" Alice asked, in a dreamy way.
"Like a walking-doll, I think," he said; "only she carried a lamp in her hand, and talked."
Alice came out of her dream at once, and gravely explained.

Robert listened with an impatient shrug.

"A chattering, silly little thing, I'll be bound. Won't she be terribly in our way, Alice?"

They looked up at a little rustle which made itself heard that moment. It was Miss Flossy herself, fresh as a rose in the dew. How much had she heard? Nothing, they hoped; for she came forward, pleasantly enough.

"I am not a ghost, you see," she said, with a defiant laugh at Robert, when she was introduced. "You looked frightened enough last night; any one might suppose you were a haunted man.

"One might pray to be haunted by such visions," said Robert, with a gallantry that sent a pain—an unreasonable pain, she said-to the heart of Alice.

What a fluttering little butterfly she was-empty-headed, full of petty vanities; but the head was so prettily furnished outside that one forgave the lack of furniture within. She glanced about like a sunbeam in the plain, dull old house. But one felt

would drench all that sparkle and color from her life. She would grow querrulous, and full of stinging reproaches. God pity the man who chooses such a frail reed for his prop through life, to find it fail and break, and pierce him to the heart in his darkest hour!

Flossy queened it in the little circle in a regal way. Even Robert felt the charm, and obeyed like a born vassal. Alice saw him yield to little whims and fancies, and she felt a vague torment which she could not explain. This spoiled child, with her appealing eyes, and pretty white hands, and fresh, pink cheeks, was more potent already as an authority in the house than the daughter who had a better right. Even Rex appealed to her on the subject of kites, and hugged her with delight when she went out with him and helped him fly his on the common.

It was a crisp, frosty day, but the last sunbeams struck athwart the iced branches, and they glittered in their crystal mail. Alice paused in her evening work to look out. A sense of loneliness and coldness fell upon her as she gazed. A third party had joined the kite-flyers-a tall, stalwart form, a grave, handsome face. She could hear the gay tones of Flossy's voice -the ringing laugh. She could see that upturned face, fresh and rosy; the tossed hair, that lay in tangled curls, half pushed back under the quaint little crimson hood. How they lingered. The sun seemed to be suddenly quenched in a bank of cold gray cloud. The wide, silent winter night was stealing around, and still they lingered. She turned away full of self-reproach at her own doubts. Why should not Robert find it pleasant to talk to the merry little creature as one would talk to a pretty child? And the flushed and sparkling face was like a charming picture to look upon. What man would not look at it with pleasure?

Still Alice took a resolve that night. It was right for her to tell Flossy all, and she did so while they were preparing for

Flossy paused in brushing the shining brown rings of hair about her little fingers, and looked at Alice in round-eyed

"Is it possible?" she began, in a breathless way.

"Why should it seem strange?" Alice asked, quickly.

"Oh, because-" Flossy was too polite to criticise the lack of charm in the face into which she was coolly gazing, but she had such a firm belief in the omnipotence of beauty, that she could not solve the problem of this love affair-" because he does not act like a lover. Well, I wish you joy!"

3)

10

.

34

T:

اخزر

'n

la

k,

Ŋ,

٧.

i h

ij.

ŀ,

41

Alice said nothing more, but this last shaft sank into her breast and rankled there like a poisoned arrow. How did lovers act, then? She had small experience in such things. Perhapsoh, how her heart sank !- perhaps he was not a lover. Perhaps pity or gratitude had prompted his generous offer, but what a cruel kindness that would be. It would not make her happy. She could not feed for life on the husks of a poor pity when her soul was famishing for love, when she gave such a boundless self-abnegating love to him.

She turned sleeplessly in the bed. After all, should she take Flossy's ideal of a lover for her own? Were her needs and her nature like this gossamer little thing that she should accept her standard of requirements? Robert Brent could never have sacrificed himself to a woman whom he did not love from a mistaken idea of gratitude. It could not be.

Then, in the silence of the night-watches, she took a resolution if at any future time she should find that he had wearied of her, or, worse still, had never loved her, she would not cling to him—she herself would break the bond which perhaps even now galled him to weariness. She would pluck this from her bosom though her heart were at the root. So, at last, she fell into a troubled sleep.

The next morning ushered in a diamond day. The whole earth blazed with frost jewels. After the day's work Alice did not hasten home. She felt that a brisk walk in that crisp air might send a warmth through her tired, numb frame. The girls flocked about her part of the way with laughs and gay jests. How happy, how thoughtlessly happy they were! She that she was only made for summer weather; storm and trial though a few weeks ago she would have smiled in scorn at such



a thought. How soon can doubt eat like a canker into the loveliest rose of love!

Alice walked rapidly over the crisp, white road—pure and white enough, she thought, for the footsteps of angels, but doomed to be trodden only by sinful, soul-burdened men. She hardly knew that her feet were bearing her to the spot where Robert had asked her to be his wife. But when she reached the place it seemed to cheer her in some way, as though the tones of his voice still echoed there—the tender, earnest voice, that could not lie.

She was sure of it now. She had vexed herself with fancies. She stood back in the shadow of a great oak. She leaned against it, in trembling weakness, and looked out on the white earth. Did it look like a bride or a white corpse laid out stiff and still in its winding-sheet? The trees were bare and dark, the river, not yet silent, made its way between margins of ice. Soon, soon the icy fetters would bind it fast. And Alice thought her heart would be like the river if she suffered this ley despair to settle on it.

But that was over now, she said, and she repeated it again and again. The chill of the night was hardly felt in the new glow that kindled in her heart. Between the dark branches a shining vista opened. Not the glittering ice-palace of nature, with its crystal lights flashing a cold splendor, but a pleasant home beside a household fire, and one beside her so dear that her eyes grew dim with the happiness which makes the heart afraid as she gazed.

Not so dim but that she saw the two figures slowly passing by, walking with a lingering fondness, as if the way they walked together could never seem too long. The crimson hood upon the flower-like face, the fresh, cool, creamy curves, the bewildering eyes, the warm rose-tints, the fluttering, shining curls, Alice could see them all even in the moment of passing. She could hear, too, as one hears in dreams, these words: "We make terrible mistakes in these heart affairs, Flossy. What is one to do, though? Honor holds us. I am sure I did not know that I was offering poor Alice a cheat and a lie in return for her great love. I think I would have died sooner. But I have turned over a new page since. I see what might have been. Am I to blame for this? Can we make the earth stand still, or our own lives and experiences?"

He had evidently gone beyond the understanding of the pretty little flutterer at his side. Flossy was in a dazed dream, but she felt that this grand and noble-hearted fellow was a worshiper at her shrine, and a subtle joy of conquest took possession of her. "Ah, Robert," Alice heard her begin, with a pretty affectation of sentiment, and then the childish voice and words were lost to her hearing, and she sank down, careless of the cold, and pressed handsful of the snow to her burning head and lips.

But life clung to her still; it would not go, though hope and love had gone. Life, importunate with all its cares, its needs, its demands, called out to her, called her back to her dreary tasks. So, as one still in a dreary dream, she went home.

Rex met her at the door with loud reproaches. She had promised him shortcakes for tea, and had forgotten her promises. Oh, ho! she wanted him to be like the little boys in the S. S. books. Wait till she was like their sisters you read about. They didn't tell lies; they did everything they didn't want to do for their little brothers—they did.

Even this seemed a blow to the faint heart of Alice. She was glad to excuse herself by a plea of sickness, and got off to bed, groaning to think that even there she could not be long alone, for her mother followed with a dose of mint-tea, and then Flossy, with her face full of prettier pink blushes than ever, as if she had just learned the "secret of a happy dream she did not care to speak," came and tortured her with various offers and suggestions.

"Robert is out in the wood-shed," she exclaimed, "trying the funniest chemical experiments; making a new dye, I believe. He has been looking at me in a blue light, and he says I—"

"Flossy, my head aches," cried poor Alice; "if you would only leave me alone."

Which Flossy did, with a little shrug, and went out to Robert, ready to give him the privilege of seeing her in any light.

And she was alone to think. In the morning she must act; now she need only lie there supinely, and let the salt waves of this sorrow break over her, drenching all the color out of her life. No use to struggle now. All that was worse than useless. She would be stranded on some shore without an effort, because life seemed a worthless gift; it would be left her from the wreck of more precious things. So she lay, thought after thought throbbing through her with an endless pain.

Ah! if the hour had only come, the supreme hour when she would lay down her hope. How would she meet Robert? In what words would she make him free? How would he receive it? With a sudden joy impossible to be concealed, or with some cold, conventional politeness? and after, she would go to the mill and work, and life would go on. How strange to think that life could go on after that!

The air seemed to swoon about her, and something like sleep steeped her senses in forgetfulness. Then came a strange glimmer through the darkness of her dreams; it deepened into a light that seemed to burn into her brain. A blast like the hot breath of a sirocco swept over her face. She opened her eyes, and the full horror of the truth rushed upon her. She started up with a wild cry of "Fire! fire!"

"Flossy shook the sleep from her drowsy eyes, with a halfcomprehension of the truth; but Alice did not wait. Through all the chambers of her soul one name only rang for ever— "Robert."

Faster than the hungry flames she sped, and roused him at last from the stupor brought on by the heat and smoke. Mrs. Severn, in a pitiful state of woe, and Rex, in a half exultant mood over such immense fireworks, free, were soon standing in the cool night-air, watching their poor home and household goods whirling up in smoke and flame to heaven. How the devouring tongues of flame seemed to lick up every trace of them!

All at once, Robert saw that Flossy was not there. He turned in angry amaze. He forgot all but his selfish, absorbing love.

"Where is she?" he demanded, fiercely. "Oh, my poor lamb! What is my life worth without her?"

A convulsive working came over the white face of Alice, and the scar seemed to burn and pale like a live coal. Her heart ceased to beat as she listened to the anguish of those tones. He had never noticed her; he had never thanked God that any life was spared, even his own; but for this doll, this pink-andwhite baby-face, his whole soul cried out in agony.

"I will find her for you, Robert, or die," cried Alice, with a great heart-throb, which seemed her last of life.

Before they could detain her, she was in the burning house. Indeed, it was only Mrs. Severn who made a mild effort to keep her back. Robert rushed in a dazed way to look for his treasure.

Flossy's childish shricks soon marked the spot where she stood. In her bewilderment she had taken the wrong way, and found herself stifled with smoke, fumbling blindly at a locked door. She heard Alice call her name.

"You must come and lead me," she cried. "I cannot see."
Alice groped her way; the air snapped about her; her brain seethed and cracked; her eyes seemed on fire; the blood turned to lava in her veins; burning brands fell in a perilous shower about her.

"Life is no more sweet, so death is no more bitter," she thought. "I will save his treasure for him."

At the word, a charred and loosened beam crashed its way





EGYPTIAN CUPS.—PAGE 384.

for that devoted head. Only one moment, and she had lapsed in the cool, dewy-dark of an eternal rest. Another ear heard Flossy's call, a strong arm bore her out;

his foot touched some obstacle on the way, but with that precious burden he did not stop to see. Once out under the frosty sky, he whispered:
"I have saved you for myself, Flossy. This fire has burned

away all my false reasoning. You must be my wife.'

Then Flossy, with her coquettish air still about her, answered: "Ah! but I am promised to another. How odd that I never told you!"

EGYPTIAN CUPS.

THESE cups are made of several materials, but principally of a red earth, baked almost into the hardness and toughness of Lane says that he has seen some which were three thousand years old, perfect in form and color, and although composed of clay, yet their preparation had given them a metallic ring that resembled iron. It will be seen that their shape very much resembles the covered cups of the present period.

LADIES' COSTUMES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

With the exception of a lily, there is no more beautiful object in the world than a well-dressed woman. The importance of the subject has consequently been elevated into one of the fine arts, of which every girl is a born professor. How wonderfully fashions repeat themselves is known to all who study the science of French costume. Our engravings on page 836 represent the styles of dress of two classes of society in the reigns of Queen Anne and George the First of England. That of the ladies ascending the stairway of St. James's Palace represent two peeresses in the court-dress, which included a train and hair elaboration, going up to the presence-chamber of the Queen, while the second represents the attire of the middle It will be observed that the hoop flourished a century and a half ago with as much vigor and amplitude as it did some five years ago in our own fashions.

MADAME RECAMIER.

This celebrated beauty was born in Lyons, France, December 8, 1777, her maiden name being Jeanne Françoise Julie Adelaide Bernard. Her father was a post-office contractor, and being a man of wealth, was enabled to give her a very complete education. In April, 1793, being only sixteen, she married Monsieur Recamier, a wealthy banker of Paris, but considerably older than herself. Established in a luxurious home, she gathered around her the most celebrated men of her time, and the brilliancy of her conversation, the charm of her manner, and the surpassing loveliness of her person, made her the centre and attraction of such men as Lucien Bonaparte, Moreau, Talleyrand, Bernadotte, La Harpe, Benj. Constant, David, and others. But as the society there adopted a tone hostile to the First Empire, she was ordered by the Emperor Napoleon to leave Paris immediately. She resided for some time in Lyons, her native city, and then went to Italy. On the downfall of the First Napoleon she returned to Paris, and reopened her saloons, which, as before, were crowded by all that was famous and learned in Parisian society.

In consequence of a severe reverse of fortune, in 1819, she was compelled to give up her mansion in Paris, and retire to Abbaye aux Bois, near that city; but, even here, her house was the resort of all the celebrities of the time.

Among her most intimate friends were Lamartine and Chateaubriand, both of whom were her most devoted admirers. Through her connection with the circle which regarded Madame de Stucl as its centre, she was enabled to exercise considerable influence in the social and literary world.

She died in Paris, May 11, 1849, having reached the age of seventy-two. Her correspondence was published in Paris, in two volumes, in 1860, and displays considerable literary ability and varied information.

EGYPTIAN NECKLACES AND ORNAMENTS.

Among the Egyptian curiosities in the Museum of the New York Historical Society is a necklace found on a daughter of one of the Pharoahs, and the signet ring of the great Sisostris. They are made of gold, and are in the highest state of preservation. Our picture represents necklaces even now used by the dancing-girls of Egypt. Strange to add, although their dances excel the can-can in their features, the girls themselves are generally of very good reputation for the East.

SHADOWS.

When the children are hushed in the nursery. And the swallow sleeps in the eaves, And the night wind is murmuring secrets Apart to the listening leaves; Then I open the inner chamber That was closed from the dust of day. And gently undraw the curtain Where my holiest treasures lay.

Sweet spirits that may not slumber; Cool shadows from lights now gone; And the echoes of voices sounding, All sounding for me alone. And, blending among the others, One echo is softer yet; One shadow is cooler, deeper; And my dimming eyes grow wet.

For the image I gaze on longest Is the image that blessed my youth; The angel that lit my journey With her lamp of love and truth. We traveled life's way together A little while side by side; And, when I grew faint or weary, That light was my strength and guide.

And dearer it grew-how dearer! Till I watched it wane and fade; And my angel said as we parted, Be patient, be not afraid. And when I am sick and weary With the heat and the dust of the day, How the sense of her words comes o'er me-Her words ere she went away!

And I ask for a patient wisdom, As I journey the way alone; Till I tread on the golden threshold Of the heaven where she is gone. When the children are hushed in the nursery, And the swallow sleeps in the eaves, And the night wind is murmuring secrets Apart to the listening leaves.

OUR HONEYMOON.

"Aubrey, there she goes! Do come and look at her, just to please me. I wonder who she is, and what her story is; she has such a proud, handsome face, and looks so dreadfully sad! Isn't she handsome?" I added, as my husband, at my request, came to the window to look at the young lady who had so piqued my curiosity.

We had only been married a week, and were enjoying our honeymoon at a quiet little seaside town in Dorsetshire (England), where the fresh sea breezes mitigated in some degree the scorching heat of the July sun.

We had taken rooms in the airiest house we could find, and our only fellow-lodger was a Mrs. Hall, a tall, handsome, gipsylooking woman, with great lustrous dark eyes, and a queenly step, and a look of haughty sadness that roused my curiosity.

My landlady, Miss Rowe, could tell me nothing about her lodger, except that she believed she was seeking a place as governess or companion, and seemed far from rich. She could not even discover where the interesting stranger came from, though she had several times asked her as plainly as she could.



University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

"But she's a perfect lady, ma'am," added the quaint old | ward misery, and I exclaimed eagerly, while the tears started to maid, "and speaks like a duchess, so dignified and grand-like; I'm sure she's all right, ma'am."

What the old lady's ideas of "all right" were, I had no idea, but I quite agreed with her that Mrs. Hall was "a perfect The quiet, courteous bow with which she passed me on the stairs, the white, well-formed hand, with its handsome ring, the whole air of good breeding and refinement spoke for her even more than the plain but good clothes she always wore.

"She goes out every morning at this time," I said, as my husband leaned over my chair and watched Mrs. Hall pass the window, "and comes back in about an hour, looking weary and depressed, and then sits on the beach by the hour together, either painting or doing embroidery. I fancy she sells her

"Very likely, poor thing," replied my husband, compassionately. "She is probably some young widow left without a penny, and too proud to be dependent on her friends. She is certainly very handsome; but never mind her now; come out for a walk. I promised to go and see that horse this morning at Dyke Farm. I think he is just what Fred wants, so I don't want to lose him."

"Oh, Aubrey, I can't walk all that way in this broiling heat," I exclaimed, languidly. "Can't we drive there this even-

ing?"
"Not very well," replied Aubrey, "for I made a positive engagement with the farmer at twelve. Besides, I want to drive you to those ruins this evening. I don't mind the heat, but I don't like leaving you alone."

"Oh, never mind that," I answered, laughing; "it will be a great relief to lose sight of you, after being together for a whole week. Pray, go. I shall go on to the beach and sketch the cliffs."

"That rude speech has quite set me at rest," returned my husband, pulling my ear. "Don't expect me till you see me, for I shan't return until I've made you repent it. I expect you want to get me out of the way, to scrape acquaintance with Mrs. Hall. I expect she'll ask to tell your fortune," he added, and, laughing merrily at my indignant "Nonsense!" he ran downstairs, and left the house.

Aubrey was partly right, for the idea had flashed through my mind that if he was out of the way I might make friends with this interesting stranger; and, full of this thought, I put on my hat, put my sketching materials together, and made my way to the beach, sitting down close to the spot where Mrs. Hall generally took her seat.

I had just finished the penciling in, and was toning my paper when she came slowly toward me, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her whole air expressing more dejection than usual. She did not see me until she was very near me; she then started, and raised her head, looking undecided whether to stay or go; I saw that tears were trembling on her beautiful sweeping lashes, and it emboldened me to speak.

"I hope I have not taken your usual seat," I said, timidly; "I want to get a good view of the town, and that cliff oppo-

"It does not matter at all," she replied, hurriedly. "There is still plenty of room for me in the shade, if I shall not be in your way.

"Not in the least," I replied, quickly. "I shall be very glad of a companion, for my husband has left me alone.

Something in my speech made the rich color deepen on her cheek, and a look of keen pain dart across her features; and evidently with a great effort, she replied, in a low tone:

"You are so young a wife, that I suppose a few hours' separation seems long to you?"

"This is our first," I said, laughing; "so I can hardly say yet. But where is your husband. Have you been long separated?"

It was a most impertinent question, and regretted as soon as

asked, for my companion winced, as if she had been struck, and turned very pale. For a few moments she was silent, and then, in a cold, dry voice, said, firmly:

"I have no husband."

My heart smote me, for I had never heard such a tone of incross my path again.

my eyes:

Oh, please forgive me! It was very rude and unkind of me to ask. I am so sorry."

Mrs. Hall pressed one hand to her throat, and looked straight

out to sea, struggling hard for composure.
"Don't speak like that," she said, hoarsely. "I can't bear sympathy yet. But it does not matter-it does not matter!"

She rose and walked hurriedly away, her head thrown back with a defiant air, and her carriage more queenly than usual.

I was more sorry than words can express for having allowed my curiosity to lead me into such an error, and thus thwart itself, for I felt convinced that the young stranger would avoid me

Aubrey was provoking enough to laugh at me when I told him of my failure, and said he thought that I was better without such a mysterious acquintance; but I did not mean to give up all hope yet of getting at Mrs. Hall; so the next morning I watched for her to pass the window again; but she did not appear at her usual hour, nor did she go to her accustomed seat on the beach at all that morning, and I began to fear she was ill, or determined to avoid me.

"Is Mrs. Hall ill?" I asked of Miss Rowe, as she laid our

luncheon. "She has not been out this morning."
"She's gone, ma'am," replied the old creature, sententiously;
"she went away yesterday afternoon while you were out driving. Poor thing! I found her crying bitterly when I took her her bit of lunch; but she tried to hide it from me, and never said a word, only asked me to bring my bill, as she was going. I took it to her, and she paid me, and walked away at four o'clock, and a porter came and fetched her box. I only hope there ain't nothing wrong about her; but she don't write or receive no letters, and there weren't no direction on her box, for I looked particular myself. She were a strange lady; but my heart ached for the poor thing when I see her so sad and lonely."

The kind-hearted old woman wiped her eyes, as she left the room, and I turned to my husband with a blank look of dis-

"Oh, Aubrey, I wonder why she's gone! I believe it was because of what I said."

"It looks like it," replied Aubrey, pulling at an obstinate cork in a bottle of ale until he was black in the face. "Bother this cork! I wish it was as easy to get rid of. There you are, you obstinate beggar," said he; and he put the bottle on the table, and proceeded to wind the cork off the corkscrew, as if there was no such thing as a beautiful, mysterious young widow at all in the world.

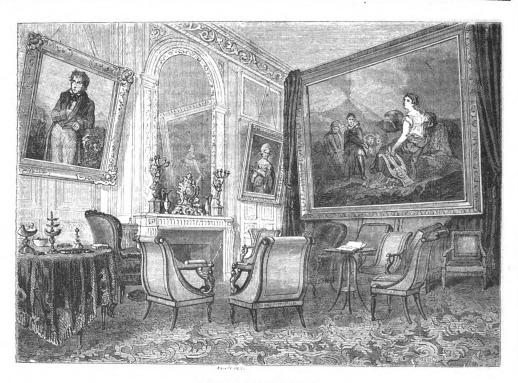
"How provoking you are, Aubrey!" I exclaimed, impatiently. "I was so anxious to know more of her, and do away with the pain I had given her; and now she is gone-afraid of my prying into her affairs, most likely-and I must seem like an

inquisitive busybody to her."
"So you are, dear," said Aubrey, coolly, as he cut up the cold chicken; "but you won't feel it so much when you've had some luncheon. So, come along. Be thankful you've got a good husband of your own, and don't ask about other people's for the future."

"Oh, Aubrey, don't tease," I replied, dismally. "I really am so sorry. I never saw anybody who attracted me more. I wish she had not gone; I meant to make friends with her."
"Well, Minnie dear," said my husband, more gravely, "I

can't say I wish you to make friends with every pretty mysterious woman you meet. I don't care for my wife to make acquaintance with people she knows nothing about; and this lady was evidently hiding, or why was she so secret as to where she was going, and what was there in your simple question to upset her, as you say it did? I own I'm glad she's gone before the matter proceeded further."

I felt that Aubrey's remarks were very sensible, and I said no more on the subject, but rose from the luncheon-table to wander through the open window on the lawn, and wonder where the sad, handsome Mrs. Hall had gone, and whether she would ever



CHAMBER OF MADAME RECAMIER.

There are some women who have an irresistible fascination for others of their own sex-for whom those younger than themselves feel an admiration and attraction almost equaling what a man would feel. I had never been a girl to make rapturous friendships; and though I had many companions and friends of my own age and sex, I had never had any of the demonstrative, absorbing affection for other girls that I had often witnessed, and secretly despised. But this woman had cast a spell over

From the first moment that her beautiful dark eyes rested on me, and the faint smile passed over her sad face as I met her on the stairs, I had felt irresistibly drawn toward her. I had watched her every movement, so full of grace and dignity, as she daily passed my window, and longed to know her history,

of her, and draw from her the cause of the sadness that hung over her.

I think melancholy has a peculiar charm for the young, especially when it is accompanied by beauty; and hers was a face that would haunt any one who saw it, or who met the glance of those dark, lustrous, heavily-fringed eyes. But she was gone, and I sat down on the grassy bank in front of the house, and gazed out over the deep blue sea, feeling almost sad as I realized it.

Presently I was aroused by an approaching step. Aubrey was still in the sitting-room, looking at a distant vessel through the great telescope, so it was not his step. Turning my head, I saw a tall, fair, handsome young man enter the garden. He started violently when he saw me, and a bright look of delight why she was so lonely and sad; and had hoped to make a friend passed over his fine features; but it vanished in a moment,





LADIES' COSTUMES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY .- PAGE 334.

and he strode past, and rang a quick, sharp peal at the front | my husband, laughing. "Never mind, Minnie, it was to be; so

"Another lodger," I thought to myself; but his words startled me into a more lively interest.

"Does a Mrs. Hall lodge here?" he asked of Miss Rowe, in a tone of ill-concealed anxiety, when she appeared.

"She was here, sir," she replied, slowly, "but left yesterday

The gentleman uttered an exclamation of intense disappointment, and wheeled round on his heel, as if unable to control himself.

"Gone again!" he cried, impatiently; "so near, and yet to miss her! By what train did she go, and where were her boxes directed?"

"She went by the 4.20, I think, sir," replied the old lady;

don't cry over spilt milk. I only hope you won't follow her example, and run away from me, for it's a great deal too hot to scour the country after you, and you'd get into all sorts of scrapes."

"Nonsense, old conceit!" I replied, with mock indignation; "as if I could not get on perfectly well without you! Now, go and get my work-case and your book, and we'll sit out here under the trees: it is cooler than in the house."

We had been sitting there half an hour when the stranger once more made his appearance, this time with so slow and weary a step, and such a look of miscry in his blue eyes, that my heart ached for him. He lifted his hat as he met my eye, and coming up to us, said, in a quiet, subdued tone:

"Will you forgive me for addressing you, and for asking if



MADAME RACAMIER.—PAGE 334.

"but I can't say for certain, as there's a down and up train | you can tell me what has become of Mrs. — of my wife? I about the same time, and she might have gone by either. There weren't no directions on her box, sir, for I looked."

The stranger made no reply, but with a heavy sigh and a slower step, he left the garden, and went toward the station. Aubrey and I looked after him, and then our eyes met.

"The plot thickens," he said, haif laughing. "I wonder who he is? She has evidently run away from somebody; but whether he's husband, brother, or nothing, I can't say.

"Poor man," I sighed, "how disappointed he seemed! must be her husband or her lover. And but for me they would probably have met. How I wish I had not spoken to

"And very likely have had a worse row than ever," returned them, in mute inquiry.

have lost all trace of her; perhaps you can give me some clue. I am quite worn out with searching for her."

His voice sank, and leaning down on the iron railings, he buried his face in his arms, and remained silent. I looked at Aubrey, for I did not like to speak, and, with some hesitation, he said:

"Indeed, I would gladly assist you in any way in my power, but Mrs. Hall left the house while we were out, and we know nothing of her, except that my wife had a short conversation with her yesterday morning."

He raised his pale, wretched face, and fixed his eyes on me, while great drops, telling of the depth of his misery, stood in



I repeated, word for word, what had passed between us, and thing to assist you. You had better advertise in the Times. spoke of her extreme agitation, while he drank in all I said with

eager looks.
"What can it mean?—what can it mean?" he exclaimed, wearily, as I ended. "I begin to feel as if I were in some horrid dream. Oh, would to heaven I were to wake and find Maud once more by me! Can she have gone mad? She told you that she had no husband! Will you let me tell you what has happened, and lend me your help to unravel this fearful mys-

He looked at me, turning, as a man always will, to woman for comfort in his hour of sorrow; and I replied, warmly:

"Indeed, I shall be very glad to hear, for I never felt more interest in anybody than I did in Mrs. Hall."

He laid himself down on the grass near us, resting his head on his hands, to hide at times the emotion that nearly overpow-

"Hall was no more her name than it is yours," he said, sadly. "My name is Harry Ray, and she is my wife as firmly and surely as church and law can make her. We were married last February, after a year's engagement, and I do not think any one on earth could be happier than we have been ever since, for I loved-nay, loved her as I believe few men do love, and she returned my affection with equal ardor. Yes, if I never see her again, I cannot and will not believe that she did not love me as truly and devotedly as I could desire. I am a barrister, and live a few miles out of London, and am of course generally tied by the leg. But last month I fancied Maud was looking pale, and wanted change, and we planned to go down to Bournemouth for a few weeks. Would to heaven I had never thought of such a place! We were to go together, of course; but just at the last moment some business occurred to keep me in town a week longer; and, as the lodgings were already engaged, I persuaded Maud to go down first and wait there for me. She went, and I had a happy, loving letter from her, saying she was thoroughly enjoying the place, and longing for me to join her. I went down the moment my business was ended, and found the house empty, and Maud gone! I have never seen her since!"

He stopped and hid his face, while his whole frame trembled with his efforts to command his feelings. The tears were in my eyes, and Aubrey looked fidgety and uncomfortable. Presently, Mr. Ray raised his head, and in a low, trembling tone, continued:

"The landlady told me that she had gone off in the middle of the day with a box, and had left no message, except to say that I should be there by seven and would explain everything. In her room was a note addressed to me, saying only this:

"'You will never see me again. It will be quite useless to search for me. I have found out everything. Ido not reproach you. Your own heart will do that bitterly enough. Farewell

"All the jewels and presents I had given her were left, except a locket containing my miniature, and her engagement and wedding rings. She loves me still; but oh, Maud, Maud, why have you left me? You will break my heart!" and bowing his head on the grass, he sobbed like a child.

It is a terrible sight to see a man crying; and my own tears fell fast, while my husband rose and paced the lawn with hurried steps.

easteps.
"Cheer up, my poor fellow!" he said, in a husky voice, kneeling down, and laying his hand on the other's shoulder. "It is all some horrid mistake or mischief-making, and will all come right yet, take my word for it. We must set the police to work. They will soon discover her."

The young man raised his flushed face, and dashed aside his tears.

"I am very weak," he said, tremblingly. "Do not despise me. It is now ten days since I lost her, and I have hardly eaten or slept; and now, just when I thought I had found her, I am thrown back and further off than ever."

"It is very trying," replied my husband, gently; "but bear up bravely, and hope for the best. I will do all in my power to help you. Go and look in her room if you can discover any-

She is not a common-looking woman. People would not lightly pass her by or forget her."

"There is no fear of that," replied Mr. Ray, proudly. "She is far too queenly and beautiful to pass unnoticed. I will do as you advise.'

He rose and walked slowly to the house, while Aubrey and I discussed the strange story we had just heard. Presently, Mr.

Ray returned, sad and dejected, but calm and composed.
"There is no trace of any sort," he said; "nothing but a rose in a glass, and a half-finished sketch of this place. I shall sleep here to-night, and start again to-morrow on my wanderings, though I do not know where to look for her now.

We begged him to join us at dinner; but he refused, saving he was not fit for anybody's society but his own.

n en Tek

2 501

idel :

 $\mathcal{P}_{i}^{1}\otimes$

40. EM

200

igram.

a frit

光度切

Ding.

6.2

17,3.

N ille

10 1-1

side:

350

 $I_{\mathcal{P}_{n,l}}$

Toig

42.5

14.12

17.77 1

[- <u>[-</u>]-<u>M</u>L

 $i_{\forall i \in \mathcal{C}_i}$

in tra col

C. T. Tay

13111

Stage,

er, jj

ne frag

erei i

COMP.

ATH NO

- 11116

75 J

to the

Og p 83

r. Maine

Station

<. 3₂₀₀

1.12

· · ·] 8[5]

T No

TO ALL MILITAR

thice to be

elle le

্রধর জন্ম জন্ম Mi Mese

ત્રીષ્

Gine.

Poor fellow, he must have spent a sad, lonely evening in the room that was so true a picture of his life now, deserted by all that had made it bright and beautiful.

He left us on the following morning, leaving us his address to telegraph to him should we discover any trace of his wife; and he went on his weary journey, even more touching in his manly sorrow and loneliness than the beautiful woman who had caused it.

٥

Weeks passed away; we left our little seaside lodgings, and settled down in the cozy cottage in Surrey that was to be our home; but in spite of all that I had to engross my thoughts, I could not forget the misery of the deserted young husband; and I at length induced Aubrey to write and ask if he had found the wanderer. The answer came; its quiet, hopeless sorrow

sending a pang in our hearts as we read it.
"I am still alone," he wrote. "Every effort has failed to discover my lost wife. I begin slowly to realize that her words are true, and that I shall never see her again. I have returned to my home-if home I can call it-and am striving to bear my burden like a man and a Christian. Your kind sympathy gives me as much pleasure as anything now can in life; but do not let remembrance of my grief damp your happiness. I cannot look forward. I dare not look back; but I live from day to day with no thought, no hope, no joy, no fear. My heart is broken."

It was a miserable letter; but what comfort could we give? Truly, life had lost every ray of sunshine for him; and if hearts can break, his was broken by the woman to whom he had given it. Often and often did his pale, handsome face, with its melancholy blue eyes and quivering lips, haunt me, and the words, "Oh, Maud, Maud, why have you left me? You will break my heart!" ring in my ears in those tones of bitter anguish. And so summer faded into autumn, autumn shiveringly gave place to hoary winter, and the lonely man sat by his desolate hearth, and bore his ruined life.

One chill December evening I was sitting by the fire, listening for the step in the hall that was the sweetest sound in the day to me, when my husband returned from his dingy London office, with the merry cry of "Minnie-wifey-where are you?" that called me to his side; but this evening he came in quietly, and entered the room in silence. One glance at his face showed me that something was wrong, and, with a vague feeling of alarm, I sprang forward.

"Aubrey, what is the matter? Why are you so quiet?" I asked. Is anything wrong?"

"I'm afraid there is, dear," he said, passing his arm round me; "but my little wife will bear it bravely, I know. I have had a letter from your mother to-day, to say that your father is very ill, indeed, and begging me to take you to him to-morrow. It may not be as bad as she thinks. We will hope for the best; but you had better get ready to start by the first train to-

I would not worry my husband by giving way to my grief, but, with many a silent prayer and unseen tear, I packed all we should need, gave the necessary orders to my servants, and started by the first train.

Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized / mas, and came home for New Year's Day; and as we neared the quiet little station that was nearest to our home, I said to my husband:

"How little I thought, Aubrey, that we should return so happy! I made up my mind for the worst, for Dr. Taylor said last year that he was afraid papa would go off very suddenly some day. How well it has all ended!"

I turned to my husband as I spoke, when I felt as if somebody had struck me a violent blow on the head, and I knew no more. When I came to myself I was lying out in the cold winter night on the embankment, and Aubrey, with a very pale face, bending over me, and pouring brandy down my throat.

"Thank God, my darling!" he cried, as I opened my eyes.

I tried to raise myself, and, though feeling very stiff and bruised, could do so, and soon found that I was unhurt. I looked around. What a fearful sight that pale winter moon looked down upon!—carriages smashed and overturned; one huge engine lying on its side, almost hidden in the clouds of white steam that escaped from it; the other mounted high on a heap of ruins, as though exulting in the mischief it had done; dead and wounded strewing the lines, or propped against the frozen grass embankment; while cries and moans sounded on the still night air, telling piteous tales of the pain and grief around us. With a cry of horror, I struggled to my feet, and clung to my husband.

"Oh, Aubrey, Aubrey, how terrible! What can we do?" I cried, while I shuddered from head to foot at the fearful sights around us—limbs and mangled bodies, blood, or dead faces among the crushed carriages.

"Come away, dear one," he said, passing his arm round me; "this is too fearful a sight for you. The station is within a mile. We had better walk on."

I obeyed, and we made our way through the terrible scene, till one body, lying far apart from the others, as though flung there by the violence of the shock, a young woman, her hands clasped tightly together, and her pale face upturned in the moonlight, made me stop with an exclamation of horror.

"Aubrey, Aubrey!" I cried, turning sick and faint, 1 1 71
Mrs. Hall—Mr. Ray's !ost wife! Oh, is the quite dead?"

Kneeling down by her side, I laid my hand on her neart. Alas, it was quite still. I could not feel the slightest pulsation, and giving way to this last shock, I burst into tears.

After all that long, long search, all those months of misery and watching, was this all that the poor husband was to find—that still, cold body?

She was fearfully thin, and there were lines of pain round the beautiful mouth and closed eyes, and I knew that the mistaken woman had suffered as deeply as, or even more so, than her deserted husband.

"Oh, Minnie, Minnie, this is very sad," said Aubrey, sorrowfully. "Is she quite dead? Here, Thompson," he cried, catching sight of a medical man he knew, "come here for a moment, and tell me if this poor woman is really dead."

"Glad to see both of you all right," replied Dr. Thompson, as he approached. "This is an awful sight. It's lucky I was

He knelt down by the still body, and placed his hand on her heart. He shook his head, and raised himself.

"She's not quite dead," he said; "but it's only a matter of few minutes. Do you know her?"

"Yes," I answered: "we have met before, and I know her busband. Oh, Dr. Thompson, can you not save her? Aubrey, the brandy—quick!"

I took it from him, and placing her head in my lap, forced tome between her teeth, while the two gentlemen stood by and watched me.

"That is the best thing," said Dr. Thompson; "but I cannot tell what injuries she has. If we could only get her to a house. But I must be off. We shall meet again," and, raising his hat,

Meanwhile my patient began to show some slight signs of life. Slowly and faintly her heart began to beat perceptibly, and, with renewed hope, I exclaimed:

"Oh, Aubrey, she might be saved if we could get her home. Run to the station, and see if you can get any sort of conveyance; otherwise she will die in this cold."

Aubrey went, but not to the station. One of the unbroken carriages was being detached, and was going to be pushed by the men, filled with the wounded, to the station. It was stopped just in front of me, and I, with my charge, was placed in it, while Aubrey ran by the side. The journey was soon accomplished.

Once started, the carriage, impelled by a dozen eager men, went easily enough, and in a few minutes I was seated, with Mrs. Ray, half sitting, half lying, by my side, in a fly, and driving homeward.

She was still unconscious, though her breathing was now audible, and we left word at the station for Dr. Thompson to come to us as soon as he possibly could. We also telegraphed to Mr. Ray, to say, "We have news of your wife. Come to us at once."

It was late at night when we reached our quiet little home, and the servants, who had heard a rumor of the accident, were on the watch. A bed was quickly warmed, and the still unconscious lady was undressed and placed in it, and then all we could do was to sit still and wait for the arrival of Dr. Thompson, though I still persisted in my doses of brandy at intervals. It might have been from this, or from the warmth of the room and bed, that the color came slowly back to the lips and checks, and a faint sigh escaped from her, as she slowly opened her eyes and whispered, "Harry."

My heart gave a great jump, and I leaned eagerly forward, saying, gently:

"Do you want your husband?"

She gazed at me in bewilderment, and tried to speak; but being worn out and exhausted, she fell asleep. Long and soundly she slept, in spite of the arrival of Dr. Thompson, who, after a slight examination, declared that he did not believe she had received any injury at all, but had fainted from terror and weakness.

"She is as thin as it is possible to be," he said; "but I can see no sign of injury. I will call again in the morning, and until then give her brandy and arrowroot, or beef-tea—some-thing that will put life into her."

He left us; and I sat by the bedside through the long winter night watching the sleeper, while Aubrey took the rest he needed so much more than I did. I could not have slept if I had tried; my brain was far too excited by surrounding events and the scenes I had so lately passed through. But men need sleep more than women, and he had to go to business in the morning.

Hours wore on, and there was no sound in the room but that of the moving coals in the fire, and the heavy breathing of the sleeping invalid, who seemed, as Dr. Thompson had said, completely worn out and exhausted.

The casement slowly grew a glimmering square,

when the sound of approaching wheels made my heart beat, and rising softly from my chair, I crept from the room, and hurrying down-stairs with noiseless feet, I opened the hall-door just as Mr. Ray, pale, eager and excited, raised his hand to the knocker. He seemed struggling between hope and fear, and, without a moment's pause, he exclaimed, hoursely:

"Maud! Where is she! Is she alive?"

"Hush! Yes," I replied, placing my hand on his arm, and drawing him into the dining-room. "She is here and sleeping. With God's help, we may yet restore her to you. She was in the train to which the accident happened last night, and we found her and brought her here. She has only spoken once, and then it was your name."

"Thank God!" burst from the young man's lips, in tones of such heartfelt gratitude that the tears sprang to his eyes. "Take me to her. Oh, let me see her while she sleeps! I will not speak nor move; only let me see her face again."

I could not refuse, though I felt doubtful as to the prudence of acceding to his request; so, slipping off his boots, he followed me up-stairs. She still slept, her dark hair falling loosely about her pale face, and one thin, white hand, on which



rested on the counterpane

Harry Ray knelt down by the bed, his breathing coming thick and fast, and gazed at her with eyes of such deep, devoted love, that I began to realise the depth of the misery he had suffered. There were lines on his high forehead, and a firm setting of the finely-cut lips that told their own tale of suffering and self-control, and I felt convinced that the noble nature had been raised and purified by the ordeal.

Meanwhile Maud, as if conscious of the presence of her husband, even in her sleep, began to show signs of awaking; and, fearful of startling her, we drew back behind the curtains. Then the soft dark eyes unclosed, and the same cry as before broke from the pale lips: "Harry!"

I saw him shiver from head to foot as the name fell on his ear, and I stepped hastily forward.

"What is it you want?" I asked, gently. "Are you bet-

"I want my husband," she said, faintly. "I thought he was here.

"So I am, my darling!" he exclaimed, drawing aside the curtain, and bending over her. "Maud, my own love, my wife! have I found you at last?"

Her head fell on his shoulder as he caught her to him. I heard her murmur:

"Oh, Harry, forgive me!" and I stole away, feeling that that was no scene for a third person to be present at.

Surely no joy on earth could surpass theirs; and I sought Aubrey, with a brimful heart, to tell him that the husband and wife had met. We left them alone together, for I felt that he would prove a more efficient nurse than I, and I went down to prepare breakfast, for I knew that the two gentlemen, at all events, would need it, and I was beginning to feel very much exhausted myself.

When I went up-stairs again, Mr. Ray was standing on the landing, waiting for me, such a look of intense happiness in his deep blue eyes that they seemed actually to glow. He took my hand in both of his, saying, earnestly:

"Mrs. Merton, no words of mine can thank you for what you have done; but surely it must be almost reward enough to know the unutterable happiness you have given me. It was all a terrible mistake. She has told me all. Will you go to her? I do not think there is anything the matter with her but extreme exhaustion."

I went into the bedroom, and found Maud lying back, with a bright spot on each cheek, and her eyes closed; but oh, such a happy smile playing round her beautiful mouth! She looked very weak, and I would not let her speak until she had had the breakfast I brought her; and, before she had finished, Dr. Thompson arrived. He corroborated what Mr. Ray had said, and told me to feed her up, and she would soon be well and strong, and told her to lie down and go to sleep again.

"I will," she said, taking my hand, and lifting her lovely eyes, pleadingly, to mine; "but let Harry come and sit with me. I will not talk. I will go to sleep; but I want him by me."

I could not refuse such a request, and I felt, judging by my own feelings, that she would sleep the sounder by having him by her; nor was I mistaken. Through the whole day she slept, only waking now and then for the food she so greatly needed, and she rapidly grew stronger.

Two days afterward her happy husband carried her downstairs, and laid her on the sofa in my little drawing-room; then I heard the story of her disappearance, for she told it to me herself as I sat by her, Harry leaning over her, and drinking in the sweet tones of the voice he loved so well, and had thought never to hear again.
"Harry told you," she said, "of my going to Bournemouth

to wait for him, and then vanishing the very day he came; so I will begin there. I had made acquaintance, by accident, with a young woman who had interested me very much, she looked so sad and so very delicate. She used to come and sit in the wood with me, and by degrees we became so friendly that I asked her one day why she was there all alone, though as yet I did not even know her name. Then she told me her history, crying husband's writing, and a sharp pang shot through me. Was it,

still glittered her wedding-ring, and a handsome diamond one, | bitterly most of the time. She was not a lady, for her father was a bookseller in London; but she was pretty and gentle, and had all the softness and refinement of a lady; and it seemed that a young man who dealt with her father (a gentleman, she said, and a rich man, though she did not know what his profession was) had fallen in love with her, and succeeded in gaining her affections in return. Then, when he found she loved him, he told her that his father, who was a very proud man, would never consent to his marrying so far beneath him, and, after much persuasion, he induced her to run away with him, and to become his wife secretly.

"They were married, and for some months they lived very happily; but then his love began to cool, and he left her more and more often. He kept her in comfort and independence, but slighted and abused her, and told her again and again that he wished with all his heart he had never married her, as he loved another girl, a handsome girl, with plenty of money, and but for her he should make that girl his wife.

"The poor young wife cried as if her heart would break as she added that she had not seen or heard from her husband for six months, and feared that he had married this rich, beautiful Maud Alders.

"You may imagine my horror, for that was my own name before I was married; and I asked her breathlessly what her husband's name was; she told me it was Harry Ray!

"I can hardly bear even now to think of what I felt as the words fell on my ear. The poor girl must have thought me mad, for I rose and left her without a word. I went back to my lodgings like one in a dream. I could not collect my thoughts, or realize anything except that I was not Harry's wife—that that young girl was the real Mrs. Ray; and I—what was I? I had only one thought. I could not meet Harry again; I must go. But where? I did not know nor care; but, like one in a horrible dream, I packed my clothes.

"Since then I have wandered about from place to place, making just enough to exist on by selling paintings and work. I would not go back to my own home, for how could I face my parents with such a tale? Besides, I knew that Harry would find me there, and I could not meet him again.

"At last a craving came over me to see that young girl again, she whose life had been wrecked by the same hand that had wrecked mine, to hear more from her—to know if he had returned to her now that he had lost me; and I went back to Bournemouth. I carefully shunned my old lodgings, fearful of being recognized; besides, they were far beyond my scanty means. I knew where the young girl had lodged, and I went there and asked for her.

"'She's dead,' said the woman who opened the door. 'She died three weeks ago. Her father's in there, if you want to see

"She flung open the door as she spoke, and I found myself face to face with a white-haired old man, who seemed bowed to the earth by his grief.

" 'Here's somebody asking for your daughter,' said the woman, and left us.

"The old man rose, and came toward me.

"Were you looking for my Annie?" he asked, in a low, trembling voice. 'She's at rest. She's gone from me; but I'm soon going to her. Only a little while, a very little while.

"He sank back into his chair, and the tears ran down his withered cheeks.

"'Dead!' I exclaimed; but the question I longed to ask died on my lips. I could not ask if Harry had been with her. The old man wiped away his tears and raised his eyes.

"'Yes, dead,' he repeated, slowly. 'He broke her heart; my poor child was murdered. He took my one pet lamb, and then killed her. She never spoke again after that letter—that cruel, cruel letter! Oh, he might have let her die in peace, my poor little Annie, my poor child!'

"" What letter?' I asked, my heart beating slowly and heavily before this touching witness of the baseness of the man I loved.

"The old man fumbled at his pocket, and producing a letter, put it into my hand. One glance showed me that it was not my



at

Generated a Public Doma

Be

then, a mistake, after all? With my whirling brain I read these words:

"'You ask me to own you for my wife before you die, to let you tell your father so. Tell him what you choose, you are no wife of mine; Harry Ray is no more my name than Dick Jones, nor do I intend you to know what it is. If you want more money, you can have it; but I cannot come to you, as my wife is ill. You had better send for your father.'

"I gave back the letter to the old man, who sat weeping silently. I felt sick and giddy; and my heart ached sorely for the cruelly bereaved father.

"'God comfort you!' I said, 'for I cannot. I did not know there was such wickedness on earth.'

"I left him, for my whole being was yearning to see Harry once more, my poor deserted husband. I hurried to the station, got into the next London train, and you know the rest. Had I been killed, my poor Harry would have been made wretched for life by my hasty presumption, my want of faith in him; but God was very merciful."

She ceased, and we were all silent. Two hearts were very full, and my own was almost equally so at the sight of their happiness.

We are fast nearing middle age now, but we are growing old in friendship; and the more I know of her, the more do I bless the day on which I first met her.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

I have always had a singular liking for a circus—a low-lived liking, it is very probable I might hear you say, were I near enough; but I scorn to dispute the point.

Tell mewhat there can be in high life more intoxicating, with a sort of bubbling, effervescing pleasure, than the whole paraphernalia of a circus!

Why, your opera is child's play beside it—beside the first moment when the tent rises like one great swelling cloud, and the flag, fluttering and flapping above, makes your heart flutter as wildly too; your approach through such throngs of strange people never unearthed before; through all the tremendous assurances of the side-shows, whose allurements you steadily resist; the triumphant purchase of your tickets from the man at the back of some painted wagon or traveling ticket-office; and then the stepping in between the mysterious canvas folds that sweep their great wrinkles down to your very feet, while the sunshine falls through them, sifted magically from everything but a soft and dreamy light; the opening upon the great amphitheatre already crowded with faces and colors, rank above

rank, like a great full-petaled blossom; the aromatic smell of the trodden grass; the sudden blare of bugles and clash of cymbals; the shadow of the banner flowing over the luminous roof, or the lesser spot cast swiftly from the wing of some darting bird; the ring, round which a certain awfulness dwells; the curtain opposite, that will blow aside and let us see the horses which, all flags and spangles, stand ready with their knights and ladies to prance in presently at full gallop, when our hearts shall rise in our throats for the hundreth time, just as madly and with the same delicious suffocation as when, in our earliest childhood, we first gaped aghast at the bewildering and enchanting sight.

The senorita, who seems a mere butterfly floating at the will of the wind, on the stage and behind the footlights, is only heaviness beside this thistledown of a woman who adds to all the poetry of strolling outdoor life, her own bounding grace and vigor and the fire and spirit of the steed upon whose back she stands a-tiptoe, or which she touches for relieving-point in her flight aloft through hoops and over banners.

He may be the dullest old drone of a treadmill horse in all the world, to me he is always the fleetest of Godolphins; she may be the clumsiest creature whose slipper ever felt the chalk, but my heart is underneath her feet, and sends her up clastic.

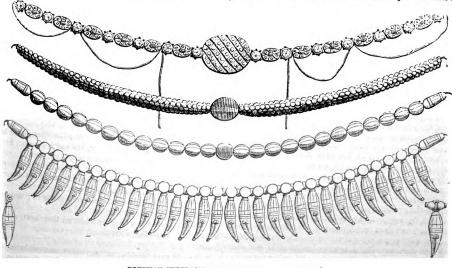
The jokes of the clowns—I can repeat them, everyone, if you like—come just as freshly to their point as if the witty fancy had for the first time exploded in the jester's brain.

And when it comes to the crowning performance of promiscuous rides upon the resisting mules, although I know as well as you do the spectacle I should make of myself, I always try to mount and try my best, as enthusiastically as the raggedest little imp that is there in the sawdust, tumbling, and scrambling, and catching hold again, and finally rolling ignominiously over and over in an outward direction, till danger and the mule are left within the ropes.

I was thinking all these thoughts over one day as I entered one of these sunny pavilions with the escort which my companion had picked up of a half-dozen lounging but penniless urchins, and thinking whether, in spite of all my love of motion, and swiftness, and strength, and grace, so timid a person as I would have had much enjoyment in an old Roman circus where men and beasts encountered in contests of blood, and where ladies, whose hearts could have been not greatly different from my own, applauded the death-struggle of a gladiator as I did the summersaults of little Ninonito.

I had no idea how nearly the performances were going to approach the old Roman standard before we were through with them.

The present entertainment was called upon the bills a "Great



EGYPTIAN NECKLACES AND ORNAMENTS.—PAGE 334.

Moral Exhibition;" and as with the circus it combined a superior menagerie, in which Asiatic jungles and African deserts had contributed, clergymen and others were cordially invited to witness the trained lion and the lamb lying down together, and particularly to inspect the pictures upon the flags of the various stages, which were nothing less than scenes from the Holy Scriptures-constituting, on the whole, an Illustrative Bible Show.

So far from striking the community as a statement having any relation to blasphemy, the compromise between sin and sanctity thus effected afforded many unworldly men and women opportunity to take their broads to see the gambols of the lion and the unicorn, and give themselves, meanwhile, a side-squint at the clown.

For myself, I will hide my face and confess that I liked the exhibition best before it was pronounced Moral-to come, from my own monotonously virtuous life, so near these people, between whom and myself an impassable gulf was set, and yet to see their faces, and their smiles, so like those of my virtuous neighbors, gave a piquancy to it all that reformation could but destroy.

Once sitting on a low seat, I had thrown a rose to the woman just springing from her horse; she saw me giving greeting, caught the rose and kissed it, and put it in her bosom, and I felt then as if I had been in the inmost circle of that immoral life —if immoral life it is—and had somehow come out without a blemish

Of the performance, of which I am particularly speaking, the last item had been described in the advertisement as the "Terrible Exploits of the Dauntless Bartouro in the Den of Wild Beasts;" the capitals had been thrilling.

And accordingly, after a sufficient quantity of little boys had been thrown by the nules, and a teamster, in the truly wonderful disguise of a verdant youth from the country, had tamed one of the fiery little beasts to the extent of riding him out of the ring, an enormous carriage, that filled nearly half the space, was slowly wheeled upon the scene, the sides were let down, and the Den of Wild Beasts was disclosed.

It was in three compartments, with strong partitions made of leopards and a Bengal tiger of great beauty were roaming restlessly round, up and down, out, in, and round and about, in a way to make one's heart ache.

It was an unnecessary heart-ache, though-for so far from longing for the wild freedom of native forests, these beasts had been born in a cage, and had known no other existence than by night the traveling over the highway, and by day the throngs of faces; and they had always appeared as harmless and playful as kittens, whenever they had occasion to exhibit their propen-

In the central compartment a lion was striding up and down lashing his tail about, while his lioness, lying in one corner with her two whelps fawning round her, looked with complacent curiosity at the crowd, who returned her gaze. They were large and tawny creatures, and, though born in a cage as well as the others, and civilized from their birth, there was an unpleasant suggestion in the massive limbs and red jaws to any one who has ever seen the beasts of a menagerie break their fast, tearing the raw flesh with talons and tusks-those terrible white, crooked tusks.

But when the lids were let down from the last compartment, all thought of the occupants of the other two was for a moment forgotten, as the immense and single lion within that one sprang upon his hind-legs, pawing at the side of the cage as if he would break through and bound out upon us, and uttering simultaneously a roar that resounded and reverberated from side to side, and made every heart stand still.

We were almost all decorously placed on the tiers of seats, but at the sound and the sight the whole audience shook a little closer together; and, for my part, never liking such scenes as this promised to be, I had risen to go, and was down upon the grass near the ring, waiting for my companion to collect the urchins for whose safety we were in a manner responsible, and who seemed determined to see the show out, and have our money's

nified my wish to hasten; "it is a trite thing enough; the creatures are gorged with food and dandled from their birth;

the exhibitor is in no danger."
"You are mistaken, sir," said one of the group of bystand-"In the first two cages they are certainly tame enough; but the last beast is the true Nemæan, raging for his liberty, as ready to rend a man to pieces as ever his wildest ancestor was."
"Then, why is he in that cage, sir," I asked, shivering be-

neath the blaze of those eyeballs like coals.

"He was only added to the collection a few hours since," said another gentleman at my side. "Some sailors brought him home on their own account; the ship happened to arrive in harbor on this very morning, just as the menagerie was setting up its tent; the sailors lost no time in making their bargain, and the animal was transferred immediately; but, an injury happening to his own cage, he was temporarily shut into this one till better accommodation could be arranged, I believe."
"But is it strong enough?" I asked, with a quaver.

"Oh, without doubt."

"And then the exhibitor does not venture into that compartment?"

"Not unless he is insane, I fancy."

"Ah, what a roar! It is thunder's self!"

"Possibly he has not been fed to-day."

"I think we had better go," I said then at that. "It really makes me ill."

"No, indeed," was the response I met with. "If there is going to be anything unusual, let us have the benefit of it."

But it seems to me the exhibitor is not very ready—I don't

believe but that he is afraid himself."

"He has no occasion," said the second bystander again.
"In spite of our friend's opinion of the beast, unless the exhibitor should open the door of the third cage, there is absolutely not a shadow of danger."

"And if he should?"

"Why, then I imagine he would get his deserts."

"The lion would, at any rate," said my companion.
"Oh, how nervous you make me!" I exclaimed. "I wonder

why the dauntless Bartouro does not come, and have it over."
"Possibly he is asleep," said the second bystander once
more; "he has a little habit, they say, which occasions drowsiness; I suppose so hazardous an occupation as his may have been in the beginning, required stimulants, and he has abused the necessity. And if they are not sobering him with bucketfuls of cold water dashed over him-the way they are cooling the poor polar bear yonder—they are probably assisting him to hurry on his tights and spangles."

As as he spoke, a man, carrying a little switch, bounded into the ring, made his bow to the audience, threw open the cage of the leopards, leaped lightly up, and in an instant had shut himself within.

He wore only his silken tights and the glittering silver breechcloth. He was a man of splendid physical development; and so quick had been his three movements that one had not time to see his flushed face and its swollen veins, before it seemed that the exertion of seizing a leopard and tossing him into the air had occasioned it.

"What a handsome fellow!" cried my companion. "What shoulders, what a forearm, his neck is a white column, it is the torso of a hero. Was he put together in that splendid way, I wonder, for nothing else than to play with kittens?"

He was a picture as he fronted us; the two leopards stood with a paw on his either shoulder, the spots seeming to waver and very like flames in their supple sides, or like the sparks a glows in half-blackened fire-brands, while the tiger bounded and fro over the switch he held for him as if his sleek cur were made of nothing but caoutchouc.

It was plain that the creatures loved the man; they reach out their long, rough tongues and licked him; he had fed th and tended them since they first opened their eyes, and was them their only visible Providence.

As I thought thus, Bartouro flung aside the first partition of iron bars, with a thrust, and was in the central cage, stepping quickly to the lioness and switching her till she rose upon her "Never mind," said my companion to me, as I excitedly sig- | feet, catching the hairy little cubs in his arms and throwing

them about like jugglers' balls, calling the lion to his side and lying down between them all, as if for peaceful repose in the

Meanwhile, the tiger came and stretched himself at his feet, and one of the leopards amused himself with boxing an impertinent little cub, while another leopard retired to the furthest corner of the cage, and appeared to keep watch like a sentinel over the domestic scene.

It was, after all, a charming sight—the place rang with plaudits; it seemed to teach us how little was required for all God's creatures to dwell together in harmony; and one could not but think how shameful it was that when this man could thus tame raving wild beasts, he was unable—as well as we also who beheld him—to keep his own blind passions in check.

Suddenly, the dauntless Bartouro sprung to his feet, bowed again to the audience, stepped to and threw open the last parti-

My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth with horror, the whole amphitheatre hung upon one breath. The three compartments were now a single cage alone; but the animals in the first portion hurriedly huddled themselves together in the remotest part, cowering, and whining, and trembling abjectly.

But with a magnificent fearlessness Bartouro trod swiftly toward the lion, who stood erect, holding by his tremendous paws to the side of the cage, his huge black mane rising and bristling round him as if instinct with savage life itself, while he turned his head at the clang of the iron bars, and glared with red hot eyes upon Bartouro.

"Come back! For God's sake, come back!" cried the ringmaster, darting across the arena toward the cage. "It is the new lion; wild from the woods. You are a dead man!"

The whole audience rose-oh, the cruel, handsome faces of those dead-and-gone Roman women! These were not their ghosts.

But Bartouro did not vouchsafe him a glance—only he trod swiftly forward, and struck the great beast a tingling blow in

It was the deathblow of courage.

The lion, amazed for one heart-beat, with the next did not pause to crouch ere springing, but had thrown himself in one mass upon Bartouro, who tottered and half failed, but rose again, and lifted his arms, that were like springs of steel, to thrust the beast away, when, as if lightning-struck, the arms dropped powerless, the man sank down, his eyes wide open, and staring on the lion, his face whiter than ashes, the blood pouring along his side in a scarlet torrent.

Women were fainting now in the audience, children were shricking, men were springing forward—there was neither gun nor pistol amongst all the throng—the people of the menagerie were running for some weapon—an ax, a revolver, anything; there was not one who dared to enter the cage and snatch his prey from the dreadful thing which would devour it before their eyes, for all we knew, and which dragged it a few steps, and then settled himself upon it with a growl like the rumble of an earthquake, while Bartouro gazed up at him, the color now of a corpse long dead, and utterly paralyzed and insensible alike to pain or terror in the lethargy of the beast's benumb-

All at once in that swift, breathless instant, a ball of fire shot through the air from one end of the cage to the other.

It was the leopard who had sat sentinel.

In a moment his mate had followed.

One had no time to note their superb beauty, nor to wonder at their furious spring, before the tiger had hurled himself after them, and all three had fallen with a yell on the lien, who tore his claws away, and half forgot Bartouro, to turn on

Whether it was love of their master, or whether some forestscent, still lingering about the wild brute, had roused the neverbefore-awakened rage of their blood, no one can say; they were giving their lives for Bartouro, so much was certain.

And Bartouro lay there and looked at them, and, now that he was free, forgot to stir, or could not.

The people were shouting to him to save himself; their voices

seemed to reach him like mere echoes a dozen miles away. He

neither moved nor rose.

His own lion came and bent over him caressingly, his long mane sweeping across Bartouro; but, at his touch, as if some glimmer of sense returned in a sudden flash, Bartouro must have felt that the animal should not lap away, however innocently at first, the blood that was streaming down his own side, and he pushed him off, and sprang to his feet.

With that he was a man again, a sober man, too, in one sense; but, in another sense, more mad with rage than he had been before with liquor; for he, Bartouro, the lion-tamer, had been struck to the earth in the face of all men by one of his own

creatures.
"Come out, come out!" we cried, in one voice. "Oh, you are mad, Bartouro!'

He did not deign us a look; but his voice rose over the snarl, and roar, and cry of the struggling beasts, and over the uproar awakened in the neighboring cages, like a blast of wind:
"And leave my leopards to die?"

In a moment he had darted forward, the helpless arm dangling from his shoulder, but his right hand grasping his whip, and as the lion, turning at the side-glance which he caught of his first assailant, regardless of leopards or tigers, shook them off with a mighty shudder, and collected himself for a second leap upon him, Bartouro ran up with his whip, and, suddenly, with the precision of a marksman, he had flecked its thong first in one eye of the lion, and then in the other, slipping aside as the lion rose on his spring with a yell of pain and agony, and fell sprawling and rolling over, striking against the iron sides of the cage, gathering himself together again, and crouching as still as the sphinx.

Another ray of light never entered those thong-flecked eyes; the lion was stone-blind from that day.

The whole scene had not occupied three minutes. At this its close, Bartouro caught his torn leopards and tossed them into the other end of the enclosure, single-armed, drew his tiger, already badly maimed, away by the jaws, clanging down the iron door between, stepped out, shut the cage behind him, bowed to the audience—just as the ring-master and his assistants dashed in with guns and swords—and ran off.

But, as if it was necessary that something should appear to testify to the terror of the occasion, I fainted away myself, and never since that time have I stepped inside the pavilion of any great moral exhibition.

WOMEN OF CERVETRI IN ITALY FETCHING WATER.

In many parts of Italy everything is in as primitive a state now as it was in the days of our Saviour, when he met the woman of Samaria at the well. Our engraving represents the women of Cervetri, a village in the Pontifical States, fetching water for their daily purposes. Cervetri is remarkable for the tomb recently discovered there, and which, there is every reason to suppose, was that of the Tarquins. This was discovered in 1846. It contains two chambers, one of which is called by the peasantry the Grotto delle Iscrizioni, from the number of its in-

INFLUENCE OF HAPPINESS OVER THE MIND. -It should never be forgotten that the happier a child is the cleverer he will be. This is not only because, in a state of happiness, the mind is free, and at liberty for the exercise of its faculties, instead of spending its thoughts and energies in brooding over troubles; but also because the action of the brain is stronger when the frame is in a state of hilarity; the ideas are more clear; impressions of outward objects are more vivid; and the memory will not let them slip. This is reason enough for the mother to take some care that she is the cheerful guide and comforter of her child. If she is anxious or fatigued, she will exercise some control over herself, and speak cheerfully, and try to enter freely into the subject of the moment; to meet the child's mind, in short, instead of making him sink for want of companionship.

Most persons know what they hate, few what they love.



WOMEN OF CERVETRI; IN ITALY, FETCHING WATER.—PAGE 343.

Google-digitized

Generated at



THE OLD STONE HOUSE

THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

ANY years ago, in the village where I then resided, a dwelling, commonly called "the old stone house," together with the small but fertile farm on which it stood, was offered for sale. This property had descended in the family of its original owner for nearly a century, and the departure of the last heir gave me the opportunity I had long desired of becoming its possessor. place was handsome in itself, while the rapid rise of real estate in its

neighborhood would, I knew, soon cause it to double in value. I was not to be deterred from so desirable an investment by certain unpleasant rumors which had lately attached themselves to this ancient home of the Ward-The foundation for these had, no doubt, been afforded by the following circumstances:

The blood of the family just named had been tainted with insanity for several generations, and its two last surviving members had come to sudden and mysterious ends. These two were uncle and nephew-both single men, and residing almost alone together in the family mansion.

Somewhat late in life, the former had been visited by the hereditary curse of his race, and, in consequence, was removed to an asylum. The nephew, of course, succeeded to the virtual ownership of the estate.

After the lapse of a year, however, the elder Wardlaw unexpectedly recovered his reason, returned home, and resumed his former position. A few months later, he suddenly disappeared. He was never afterward heard of, nor was any clue found to his fate, excepting that some weeks subsequently a strange man called at the house with a hat, which, he said, had been taken from a mill-dam ten miles off, whither it must have been conveyed by the swollen waters of the creek that ran through our

This hat bore Mr. Wardlaw's name, and was recognized as his by the naphew. The latter stated that his uncle had for some time previous given tokens of returning mental disorder, and was therefore watched as closely as possible without arous-

ing his suspicions. He must have contrived, however, to escape unnoticed during the stormy winter's night, and had, probably, either committed suicide or fallen into the stream by accident. The nephew's reputation being unblemished, the authorities had no alternative but to accept the theory thus offered, and the matter appeared to be set at rest for ever.

A few months after these occurrences, the nephew himself passed away, even more completely and inexplicably, from human sight and knowledge. Not the slightest trace of him was ever recovered, nor could even a plausible conjecture be hazarded concerning his fate, except that he too had strayed away in a fit of insanity, though never known to have been thus af-

His affairs were left in a very disordered condition, the house and grounds being heavily mortgaged. A foreclosure quickly took place; and thus I was enabled to become their proprietor. I wished to take up my abode in the picturesque old mansion; but my wife, who was in a delicate state of health, was so strongly opposed to the idea that I was compelled to relinquish it.

Then I sought for a tenant, and soon found one in the person of Squire Goodrich, recently arrived in our neighborhood. He staid twenty-four hours on the premises, and then gave up his occupancy, declaring his willingness to forfeit a year's rent rather than face the terrors of another night in the old stone house

By his account, and that of his family, nothing unusual had been seen, but he and his wife had been kept awake all night by screams and curses, seeming to come from beneath the floor of their room, together with sounds as of "pounding and hammering" on the walls.

I released the squire from his contract on very easy termsonly requesting him to keep as quiet about the matter as possi-His successor was Deacon Trowbridge, whose eminent piety, I thought, would surely render him proof against all diabolical assaults and visitations. In this belief I was sorely disappointed.

On the third morning after beginning his residence, the good man called on me in a high state of alarm and indignation, protesting that I should pay dearly for inveigling him upon premises which I must have known were already occupied by the Evil One, or his emissaries. In vain I affirmed my ignorance and incredulity; the deacon was not to be pacified until I had not only canceled our agreement, but paid him a considerable sum by way of indemnity, and to prevent further expo-

So far as I could gather, his experience had not varied much from that of Mr. Goodrich, the nightly disturbances still consisting merely of sounds.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE DEAD MANIAC.

By this time I was naturally a little discouraged as to the prospect of finding a good permanent tenant for the old house. The unfavorable reports concerning it had gained additional force and currency, and few, indeed, for miles around, were those who could now have been induced to spend a night under its roof. To sell the place at present would involve a heavy sacrifice. I was beginning to think of tearing down the house, and dividing the farm into building-lots.

Just then, my wife, whose hearth rendered a change of climate advisable, accepted an invitation from a former schoolmate who was settled in Florida, to spend the winter with her at St. Augustine. My business made it impossible for me to accompany her, and when she had left me I was at liberty to enter upon a personal investigation of the mysteries which threatened to affect seriously the value of my new acquisition.

I at once proceeded to shift my quarters to the old house; but, as I had expected, no one could be persuaded to share them with me at night. If I persisted in my enterprise, I must face my ghostly adversaries alone. The prospect, I confess, was not an agreeable one; but I was not to be daunted.

I began by providing myself with an excellent six-shooter; next I made a thorough exploration of the premises, without finding anything remarkable. When night came, I retired to the large chamber on the second floor which had been occupied by my predecessors.

This room was built and furnished after the quaint fashion of a long-past generation. Its walis were wainscoted in heavy oak. The bed—a huge four-poster of funereal aspect—stood in the middle of the floor, facing a large bay-window which was deeply shaded by ivy, which was trained over the front of the house.

Altogether, the apartment, though far from comfortless, wore decidedly an air of gloom. I sat up reading for about two hours without being disturbed in any way; and then, feeling half inclined to laugh at my previous apprehensions, prepared myself for bed.

I looked carefully to the priming of my revolver, and laid it within my reach on a small stand beside the bed, together with a lamp, which I kept burning. Thus prepared, I fortified myself spiritually by reading a chapter of the Bible, and soon fell asleep.

I dreamed, and my dreams in the beginning were of an agreeable character; but at length I seemed to be wandering in a forest, where I was surrounded and taken captive by a band of Indians. I was bound to a stake, and, as a hideous old squaw advanced to apply a burning brand to my shrinking flesh, my appeal for mercy was answered by a malignant warwhoop. At this moment I awoke.

The moon had risen, and her rays, streaming through the ivied and diamonded panes of the bay-window, fell in a fantastic pattern on the bare caken floor. Everything were the same air of sombre repose; yet still the notes of that barbarous outcry were falling, fully and distinctly, on my astonished ears. They ceased—could I have been dreaming with my eyes open? No! Again the shout arose, shrill and appalling, as if from the bowels of the earth.

Every hair of my head seemed to stand on end, and I grasped convulsively the handle of my trusty weapon. The sounds died away, and then came a dull, muffled noise, as of blows against the paneling of the walls. I fired in the direction thus indicated; a deep groan followed, and all was still again.

As may be supposed, I slept no more that night. With one hand on my revolver, I lay for some time peering vainly into the surrounding darkness. Neither sight nor sound disturbed me further. Having regained composure, I began to reflect upon the circumstances, and finally resolved on a plan of proceedings for the morrow.

When morning came, I rose early, partook of a hearty breakfast, and met the inquiries and congratulations of my neighbors with a degree of coolness which, I could plainly sec, rather disappointed them. I merely said that a revelation hal been afforded me last night which might lead to an important discovery, but that, in what I was about to do, I should require to be accompanied by three stout, courageous men, if such would volunteer their services. These were soon selected from a num-

ber who offered themselves, while the wiser portion of the assembly openly manifested their opinion that the terrors of the previous night had unsettled my reason.

I at once led the way with my chosen auxiliaries, all others being excluded, to the haunted chamber. There we proceeded to sound carefully with iron bars the oaken paneling of the walls. All seemed firm and solid, except at one spot, behind which it was easy to detect that an empty space existed. The board was broken into without ceremony, when we found that it had been a sliding door, fastened with a spring, and opening directly on the head of a narrow, precipitous stone staircase, constructed in the thickness of the wall, and winding down into utter darkness.

Lights were procured, and we descended, but soon encountered a most dreadful and overpowering odor. This grew stronger until we reached the foot of the stairs, as low down, apparently, as the foundation of the building. There we stumbled over an object which proved to be a dead body. It was that of an aged man, covered with blood and filth, and emaciated to the last degree. His only garment was a shirt of the coarsest tow-linen, and his gray hair and beard were long and matted. Death appeared to have been recent, as the body still retained a trace of warmth, and a deep wound on the back of the head seemed to show that it had either been caused or hastened by a fall down the flinty steps. These steps, we found, led directly into the cell which had evidently been the abode of this unfortunate. What here met our gaze is almost too horrible for belief or narration.

The cell was of stone, scarcely eight feet by ten in dimensions, and lighted high up by a single aperture resembling the grating of a drain. Its bare walls and floor, as well as the rough wooden bedstead which comprised all its furniture, were thickly besmeared, or rather plastered, with clotted blood, mingled here and there with pieces of half-putrid flesh. The disjointed bones of a human skeleton were strewn in every direction, so that it seemed as if we had penetrated to the cavern of some carnivorous beast.

In one corner an earthen pitcher lay overturned and broken, and near it was a wooden platter, which had once contained food. As we gazed, the hideous picture of madness, crime, and retribution seemed to rise before us in all its imaginable details. The corpse we at once recognized as that of the elder Wardlaw—the insane uncle—imprisoned in this unsuspected den by his only relative, while supposed to have wandered forth and perished long ago.

Startled, probably, the night before by the report of my pistol, he had fallen down the stairs, and fractured his skull. The bones—the blood—the mutilated flesh—what was to be inferred from these, save that the nephew, while visiting his victim, had been accidentally caught in his own device of the sliding panel, with its secret spring, and had expiated his crime by death at the hands of the maniac, and partial interment in a living lomb! We gazed a few moments on the accursed sight, and then, as by a common impulse, turned away, and sought the upper air without a word.

Assembled in the chamber above, we pledged each other never to reveal to the world the truth of what we had witnessed. No good purpose could be served by dragging before the general gaze those desecrated rolics of humanity, or subjecting them to the idle formalities of an inquest. The panel was securely fastened up, and the dead were left as we found them. There, for aught 1 know, they still remain, awaiting the dread summons which shall rouse from their graves the innocent and the guilty, and lay bare the secrets of the "Old Stone House."

A LINE BETWEEN HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—Blessed be the little children who make up so unconsciously our life-disappointments. How many couples, mutually unable to bear each other's faults, or to bear the causes of irritation, find solace for their pain in these golden links which still continue to unite them. On that they are one. There they can really repose. Those fragile props keep them from quite sinking disheartened by life's road-side. How often has a little hand drawn amicably together two else-unwilling ones, and main them see how bright and blessed earth may become in pronouncing that little word—"forgive."

1

4

She turned from his pleadings; her womanly heart Grew strong as her white lips refused him; She knew that his passionate prayer was a part Of the play that so long had amused him; She knew that her name had been sported, the jest Of his frivolous friends; and the coward and the coward had been sported of wounding her innecest breast Had boasted of wounding her innocent breast, He! whom that love had endower'd!

You could tell by the colorless lines of her face, By the proud nostril's tremulous quiver, The fathomless scorn of her soul, till the grace Of her wrath made him tremble and shiver And yet she had loved him, had lived in the light of his tenderness till life was gladness;
Till soon o'er the buds of her joy came the blight Of his cowardly folly and madness.

Ay, madness! for never till now had his pride Ay, mamess for never till now had his pride Felt the sting of a pure woman's scorning, His wealth and his beauty by virtue defied, His life's night been lit by truth's morning. Ay, folly! for priceless the wealth of that love She had poured through his heart like a river; for he knew now the treasure he prized far above All on earth was lost to him for ever.

So he knelt at her feet, and with passionate words Besongth ter to pity and save him;

And her beautiful eyes grow as soft as a bird's,

As she turned, and in sorrow forgave him. But never again could the broken shrine send Up the incense of purest devotion; No, never again could her life's streamlet blend With the wreck-burdened waves of his ocean.

She turned from his pleadings; her womanly heart Grew faint as her white lips refused him; She felt now his passionate prayers were no part In the play that so long had amused him; She pitied, forgave all his folly and sin, And she left him in sadness and sorrow Oh, crucified heart, may the darkness within Grow bright in the glow of to-morrow!

KITTY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—WHAT MRS. CORNFORD SAID ON KITTY'S BEHALF.

EVER had Paradise Place looked more unmitigatedly disreputable than on the occasion of Sir George Bartelotte's visit. On seeing Sir George knock at aunty's door, Binnie refrained from sending a well-aimed snow-ball at his face, and rushed to open it, calling out at the top of her voice:

"Aunty, here's a gentleman!" Then Miss Binnie slammed the door violently, leaving Sir George in the dark, dirty passage, to await Mrs. Cornford's pleasure.

He stood aghast. It seemed to him that Kitty's self, Kitty's devotion, and Kitty's economies were lost to him and to Ella for ever and ever.

As he waited thus, Mrs. Cornford's voice came down from one of the upper rooms.

"I hope you don't mind waiting?" she said. "'Take things easy, and you'll grow fat,' as the snail said to the grasshopper."

In a few minutes she came down, ushered him into the same little sitting-room where Laura had first seen Perry, nearly two Years ago, and where Kitty had given Laura a drawing-lesson, with all sorts of visions floating before her mind all the time; and, motioning to him to take one arm-chair, dropped into the other with a somewhat abrupt and catechetical:

Sir George very pompously handed her his card, saying to himself:

"If that does not put a curb upon the woman's impudence, nothing will."

But it did not put a curb on Mrs. Cornford's impudence.

She gave an incomparable little "whew!" of astonishment, and said, very unceremoniously:

"Oh! you're Sir George Bartelotte, are you? Well, there's no telling who turns up. I'm sure I should as soon have expected to see that artful little dodger, Miss Kitty, herself."

"I believe you have known Miss Silver from her earliest years ?"

"I should just think I have."

"What was her father?" he asked, in rather a crestfallen manner.

For the first time during the interview, the motive of Sir George's coming dawned upon Mrs. Cornford's mind; now poor Polly Cornford had not a particle of malice in her composition, and had forgiven Kitty's shortcomings toward herself long ago, but for the life of her she could not help playing Sir George a trick at Kitty's expense.

"The pompous little monkey," she thought, "I'll teach him not to insult artists again."

"Oh! you've come here for Kitty's character, have you?" she asked.

"I have come, madam," replied Sir George, with the inimitable loftiness of little-minded men, "to inquire whether Miss Silver's family is of such a stamp as would justify me in retaining her as the companion of my daughtor. Miss Silver's father was in the church, I believe?"

'I should think he was in the church if anybody ever was! He was a Presbyterian minister, and his name was the Reverend Nehemiah Silver, and he married the only daughter of the younger son of Sir Thomas Mistletoe, who hated the match, and he (the parson) went out as a missionary to try and convert the Himalayan Mountains."

"I presume, madam, you mean some uncivilized tribes dwelling in the Himalayan regions?" said Sir George.

"Just as you please," Mrs. Cornford went on; "all I know is that he did not make many converts, and it so preyed upon his mind that he died of a broken heart, and if you ever go that way—his grave lies exactly half way between Astracan and Pekin—you will see written somewhere on the stone his name, age, and birthplace. Ah, poor Kitty, little you know what a father you lost in him!"

And Mrs. Cornford held her apron to her face to hide the laughter that she could not control.

"And you think that—ahem—no inconvenience would arise to us in consequence of Miss Silver's early connections?"

"Inconvenience!" cried Mrs. Cornford, indignantly. "Kitty Silver would scorn to put us to shame by the spectacle of her own grandeur; she would rather suffer death by slow fire than humiliate her old friends!"

"That sentiment does her honor," replied Sir George,

brightening up—"very great honor, indeed!"

And then Sir George very politely took his leave. He was determined to form no opinion on the matter of Mrs. Cornford's disclosures till they had been communicated to Ella.

"A most extraordinary person that," he mused, as he walked back to Sloane street; "so unpleasantly familiar, and yet evidently intending no harm."

"What a little prig, to be sure! But I took him in gloriously about the Himalayan Mountains," said Polly; and she assembled all her friends to laugh with her over the story.

In spite of their affection for each other, in spite of Ella's well-bred self-possession and Kitty's innate tact, the two girls were ill at ease during Sir George's absence. Just a touch of reserve, just a shade of coldness, crept into the daily intercourse that had hitherto been so unalloyed and sweet to both; and Arcachon seemed for the time a dreary, monotonous, unbeautiful place.

"If I lose Ella," thought Kitty, "what beggar in all the



the prodigal-I cannot work, and to beg I am ashamed.

She felt morally certain that Sir George's departure had something to do with herself.

At that thought Kitty would walk up and down her room in a passion of indignation against the Fates for having used her so

But if Kitty's mind was in a ferment when she had only suspicion as a base for her uneasiness, what was her condition after reading the following letter from Mrs. Cornford?

" Paradise Place, ! Iovember 10th.

"DEAR MISS GOOD-FOR-NOTHING-A uttle, youngish-oldish, Jack-in-the-box-looking man, with as much hair on his face as would make two or three clothes-brushes, came here yesterday to inquire about you and your belongings. I gave the first thing in the way of a pedigree that came to my mind, and if he took it as true, he must blame himself for being a fool, and not me, for taking him in.

"Well, I told the little wretch all this, and much more, and praised you up as much as a shopman praises damaged goods he wants to get rid of. Your father was an English divine, remember that, and he went to India as a missionary, and died there, and is buried at the foot of the Himalayan Mountains; and your mother was the daughter of the younger son of Sir Thomas Mistletoe—remember that, too, and she was disinherited because she married a poor curate. Whatever you do, don't muddle the story.

"Good-by, little Daughter of Mammon.

"Yours ever,

POLLY C."

Think of what Kitty must have felt as she read this letter; picture, if you can, her rage, her terror, her mortification. Nothing as yet had happened so adverse to her fortunes as this; and as she held the letter in her hand, looking like a ghost, it seemed too horrible to be true. For a short time the blow para-

"Poverty would soon kill me, I do think," she said: "and if it did not it would make life more hateful to me than death itself. Oh, what shall I do?"

When she had calmly considered the question in all its bearings, she came to the conclusion that if she could mend matters at once, she could only do so by one means. She must tell Ella the truth, and throw herself upon her generosity. Ella loved her dearly; a sister could hardly love her better; and she was of a most constant, clinging, loyal, fervent nature. Would Ella tolerate the idea of her friend, her darling, her counselor, going out into the unkind world alone? Would not affection for once conquer pride?

Kitty was not well versed enough in the hearts of other women to feel sure on this point. She knew how generous men could be when they love; but was the same spirit of sacrifice to be expected of a woman toward her friend? It is true that they were dearer than most friends, and had loved to style each other "sister;" their affection had been based on mutual esteem and admiration; their sympathies had drawn them nearer from day to day.

Yet Kitty-who judged all women by herself-doubted.

And yet, how little did these two women read each other's thoughts! how far were they from knowing each other's hearts! On this particular day, for instance, they sat face to face in the same carriage, ate at the same table, called each other by the same sisterly names of endearment, whilst each had her own painful secret, and still more painful suspicion.

It is easier to talk of painful matters at twilight, and as Ella rested on her sofa, and Kitty sat in her easy-chair opposite, she began. in a low voice:

"Ella, I have something to say to you that lies on my heart like a lump of lead. I must get rid of the lump whilst we are alone."

"Yes. dear," Ella said, with plaintive resignation.

She did not say, "Come close to me and say it, with your hand in mine," as Kitty had hoped, but hardly expected.

"I take great blame to myself that I did not speak out long

world will be so poor, so friendless, so forlorn as I? I am like | ago when we were first thrown together; but I have always been such a coward where my affections are concerned, and I soon grew to care for you more than for all my other friends," Kitty went on, very proudly and calmly; "and you were fond of me -were you not ?''

"Oh, Kitty! how can you speak as if it were a thing past and done. I shall always care for you more than for any other

friend."

"Well," said Kitty, "I am a social gipsy—born of them, bred among them, made love to by them. We lived like vagabonds on the face of the earth, taking no care for the morrowfeasting one day, starving the next; but we broke no laws, except those of custom and comfort. The men were honest, the women were good, and a universal tie of kindness and charity bound them together. It was a merry life that we led in this Bohemia of ours, Ella, and as free from care as the life of the birds in the woods. If one of us wanted a shilling, a coat, or a loaf of bread, there were our neighbors ready for us; and, toward myself, the goodness was such as I should be wicked to forget. It was not a life of inward, if of outward, vulgarity. We adored pictures, and music, and beautiful things, and often went without food to get a taste of them. Yet, as I grew to be a woman, I hated the life. I longed for softness and refinement, as other women long for finery and admiration. Perhaps it was because I came of gentle blood—so they told me—and the instinct of respectability was too strong for me. I felt like an alien, and I determined to elevate myself, some day or other, at any cost. I used to sit at home—a very Cinderella among the dirt-thinking, thinking-scheming, scheming. I had no talents; that was the worst of it. I could act passably, but not well enough to go on the stage; I could sing and play a little, but had no real music in me; I could not draw a line to save my life. My only natural gift seemed the art of acquiring popularity—I ought to say affection. People always liked me better than anybody else. It was as if wherever I went I exercised a magnetic influence, and this often without any volition of my own. If we were dunned by some hard-hearted grocer or butcher, I went to him and talked him into waiting for his money a little longer. There was a poor old Pole in our little colony, a teacher of languages, who would go without bread to buy me sweetmeats. If Mrs. Cornford's pupils brought little gifts of flowers or fruit, they were always presented to me. When one of them, Laura Norman, asked me to stay at her father's house in the country, and I went, of course Dr. Norman, who was a widower of forty-two, fell in love with me; and his son, a youth of twenty, fell in love with me too, and I had no more sought their love than I had sought the love of the others at home. In an ill-advised moment, I consented to become Dr. Norman's wife; and, if Myra had not offered me a home with her, I should have married him-whether for good or evil, I know not; I fancy for evil. You know how entirely Myra leaned upon me and looked up to me. I believe she would have given me the half of her fortune in her generous, impulsive affection; and we were as happy together as two women can be, when the only tie that binds them together is that of helplessness on one side, and capability on the other. Myra is a mere child, as you know, and it was not likely that we should have much in common. Then I came to know you; and just when I have grown fonder of you than of all these loves of mine, I must go. To lose the others pained me chiefly on their account; but to lose you, who have been my companion, my teacher, my ideal, is like going into a strange land, where I should be of no more account than thousands of forlorn emigrants. It is very hard," Kitty said, sorrowfully; "so hard that it leads me to doubt whether things are always ordered for the best," and she broke off into a vehement, indignant sob.

Just then Francine entered with a little lamp, and Kitty saw by the light of it that Ella was crying also. In a moment she was at her friend's side, holding her little hands, calling her by pet names, and begging her to be comforted in a dozen loving phrases.

我們不到好的人人 的機

"Oh, life is so short! It must not, must not be!" Ella said, at last. "If I am dear to you, are you less dear to me? Stay with we does with a dear to me? with us, dear Kitty, at least whilst you are happy."
"How can I stay?" Kitty cried. "Are you not a high-born

at

University of Illinois , Google-digitized /

Generated at U Public Domain,

19375

[8004

Eity

other

then.

ng.

70%-

13,8

the

arit

1 18

他

, or a

1,10

ed to

rit.

ofer

to be test

Thi

th

è E

80

10

10

đđ

12

11

rife 1

lady? Am I not a gipsy—a pariah? Ah! you do not yet know all," she added, without looking at her friend's face; "Sir George has seen these old protectors and companions of mine. He will not think I ought to sit down to table with you after

"Oh!" Ella said, "now it is my time to make a confession; and you would never guess how ignoble it is. When I think of my own capabilities of littleness, I hate myself. It was I who instigated papa to act as he has done; I did it with a good intention. I wanted to offer you a home with papa and me, as long as you might find it a happy one; and it seemed as if I had no right to make the offer unless I was quite sure that nothing stood in the way of your future happiness and com-

She leaned forward, so that her head rested on Kitty's shoulder, and added, in a penitent, pathetic voice:

"Why can one's affections never be good and unselfish and unworldly-oh, why?"

"You wished me to stay with you always?" Kitty asked, breathlessly.

"Could anything else so good have happened to us both?" Ella said, with a sad smile. "You don't know how different papa's life and mine have been since you came to us. We were often quite tired of each other's company before."

Kitty's heart beat fast, but she listened in silence. It was very sweet to her to be so praised by Ella.

"Rank does not naturally imply refinement," Ella went on, in the same plaintive voice; "you must have seen that for yourself; and littleness of every kind has been the bugbear of my life ever since I was a child. But there is no littleness in you that I could discover, and it breaks my heart to act meanly toward the person I most love and admire—in all the world," she cried, throwing her arms around her friend's neck. "Oh, Kitty, why was I not also born a gipsy—as you call yourself?"

And she laughed and cried, and kissed Kitty as frantically as if that very moment they were going to be separated for ever

"Think what it would be for me to go back to a life without you! Women like me, who spend their days on the sofa, must live with women for the most part; and how dull they are! Oh, dear! how dull they are! Fancy your poor Ella shut up with Constance Gardiner and her snails!"

The two girls laughed in the middle of their tears.

"Or with Madeleine and her dried plants," Ella went on, wiping her cheeks; "and they are exceptionally intelligent for the girls of my set, I assure you. There isn't anything like originality amongst them, poor things! Kitty, having fared sumptuously, I can't content myself with the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. I can't go down from Kitty Silver to the Miss Gardiners."

"But, dear," Kitty said, very thoughtfully and gravely, "if you really care for me so much, there need be no question of pride between you and me. I was too proud to accept Dr. Norman's home, since I could not love him; I was too proud to eat of Myra's bread without paying back in such kind as I could; but I care more for you than for both of these, and I will not be proud now. Let me stay with you as your hired servant in the eyes of the world; let me eat at a separate table; let me play the dependent's part—I could do it easily—only let me stay. I must stay."

Ella looked up, radiant with smiles and tears.

"As if I should accept such a sacrifice from you, you dear, generous, high-souled thing," she cried, fervently; "but now, I'll tell you what I think will be the wisest for us to do. Having relieved our minds, we can afford to be happy again. Let us be happy for the present and not take any trouble about the You understand what I mean," she said. "I'm determined that the happiness is to last; but I can do nothing till papa comes home. You are as free to act as the winds of heaven; but a girl living with her father is as dependent upon him as a baby."

"It is easy enough for me to be happy, now that I know how much you care for me," Kitty answered. "There is, after all, some consolation in being a social gipsy; one is liked for one's own sake, and one naturally likes others for the same

Then she rose from her station by the sofa, and began the usual evening amusement of reading aloud, as if nothing had

Everything went merry as a marriage-bell till Sir George's return, which event naturally changed the course of things. Ella was determined to keep Kitty, and Kitty was determined to stay; but Sir George must be umpire, and he was a very practical person; concurring himself-not as they did, with high feelings, and noble sentiments, but with expediency and the material bearings of the question.

He and Ella had a great many talks without coming to any conclusion whatever. Sir George was shocked at Ella's want of prudence and common-sense; at her recklessness in money matters; at her willful opposition to the line of action he chalked out for her. Nothing could be more ladylike and sensible, he urged, than to show carefulness regarding the disposal of one's income; and Ella seemed determined to dispose of her income

as carelessly as if she were a speculator.

"After all, my darling Ella," Sir George said, "I don't think you have adjusted the moral balance of the case so well as I have done. Every value in this world is a relative value, and let us be as fond of Miss Silver as we may, we are only justified in giving her what her care, gifts, and talents would gain for her

"Oh, papa! as if I could think of Kitty in that way."

"You have never studied political economy, my dear, or it would come naturally to you. Society is made up of exchange, and each member is only entitled to give the real value of the thing he obtains. Now, our dear Miss Silver is a noble creature-I don't know another woman like her; but it will be a disadvantage to her through life that she comes of-well-of what class shall I say?—of the people? and in offering her a home under our roof we are bound to take that fact into con-

Ella's heart was swelling with indignation; but she loved her father too well, and was too used to such displays of feeling on his part to take offense.

CHAPTER XXXVIII .- GOOD NEWS.



T IS a question whether the noblest and bravest of us could long support the small vexations that will disturb even the best ordered life without the stimulus of a pleasant surprise. Wise men and good women can doubtless do a great deal toward preventing sordid or unworthy elements from spoiling the harmony of daily existence; but who can command those happy accidents upon which we are all so dependent? We learn-ah, how bitterly!—the mirage-like nature of anticipated joy; but hap-

piness, that comes to us as unexpectedly as treasure trove, how good and reviving and blessed it is! We may respect our preachers, but let those who like listen to the best sermon that ever was preached, and give me for my soul's good a sudden piece of welcome news instead!

Whilst poor Ella was pondering upon the numerous vexations cropping up in her daily path in consequence of her father's intractable temper, an unseen force was at work that would for the time turn the lion into a lamb. It must be mentioned, then, that Sir George's temper had been of late years tried, amongst other things, by a lawsuit.

The question was one involving twenty thousand pounds, however; and when news came one morning that he was master of the field, he hardly knew how to keep his exultation within decorous, much less dignified, bounds.

The two girls were sitting in their pretty summer-house one

fine morning, looking across the orange-trees at the beautiful purple mountains, and talking over their needlework, when he rushed in, flourishing a letter over his head, his teeth chattering with excitement, his black hair blown about his eyes, which were like the bright little eyes of a terrier who smells pleasant

prey.

"I've gained it! I've gained it!" he cried, throwing the letter on the table, and taking it up the next moment, as if it was too precious to be out of his hands. "I've gained it!"

Then he laughed, almost a maniacal laugh, kissed Ella, and made toward Kitty, as if he intended to kiss her too, upon which Miss Kitty blushed, and drew back with a lady-like amount of shyness, and Sir George shook hands with her instead.

When the first preliminaries of congratulations were got through, Kitty, with her usual tact, left the father and daughter alone. Sir George looked up, as much as to say, "Ob, what can it matter who hears about a lawsuit that has put twenty thousand pounds in my pocket?"

Ella looked up, as much as to say, "As if we had secrets from you." But Kitty's tact was never at fault. She was, in truth, an epicure where her friendship was concerned, never accepting immoderately of the good things her adorers offered her, never taking an ell if her friends offered her several inches even. Time cannot state the infinite variety of a person so rich in gifts and graces, and so temperate in using the tribute paid to

So Kitty smiled and nodded to her friend; and, pretending that she wanted to write some letters that very minute, left them to their cheerful little tête-à-tête.

"Dear papa" cried Ella; "what a weight off your mind! I am so glad!"

"But it makes such a difference in our income. In fact, it makes all the difference," Sir George went on, now quite calm and collected. "We need not keep away from England all the year round, as if we were dunned—not that I like England—it's growing so abominably democratic; but you should be in London for a season now and then."

"Kitty would no doubt like it," Ella said, reflectively; "and I would like it for some things."

"Or we might go down to Akenholme Park; I want very much to get my books recatalogued. I shall put up a memorial window to your mother in the church now, Ella; and oh, my darling, I could die with an easy mind any minute, for you will have enough to live upon."

Sir George's eyes were actually full of tears just then, but the next moment he was laughing again exultingly.

"It's about the only piece of good luck that ever overtook me in my life," he went on; "isn't it? All my laborers' wives bore them sons; but no boy was ever born to me. Your poor mother died when we were both in the heyday of our youth. In the matter of property, how shamefully did your uncles and aunts treat me! In fact, without wishing to find fault with Providence, I must say I've been all along more hardly used than my neighbors, though I'm a good churchman, and lead a proper sort of life.'

"But now," said Ella, affectionately, for she was too used to her father's somewhat pompous orthodoxy to be shocked by it, "all will be well with us; and if we are not contented and pleasant, and charitable to our neighbors, there will be no excuse."

But Ella went back to the subject of the twenty thousand pounds, and brought out all the salient points of it with so much discretion, that Sir George's heart softened toward the whole world in general, and Kitty in particular, and he promised to treat poor Kitty more leniently in future.

In the few days following, Sir George was highly busy in consequence of his newly-acquired property, writing letters, making calculations as to investments, and so on. Ella advised him slyly to go to England. Kitty advised him to go too, in her business-like, superior sort of way; but he declared that nothing in the world should induce him to make the journey

Kitty was treated by her fiery little patron very much as a spoiled child at this epoch. If she was scolded and punished

one moment, she was sure to receive sugar-plums the next. One day, it was a pretty silk scarf Sir George gave her; on another, a Spanish fan; neither of them costly gifts, certainly, but astounding as coming from him. He used to apologize for this new kind of spasmodic generosity to £1la by saying that he had never showed his appreciation of Kitty's devotion to her during her illness; and that it was high time to do so now.

One day, when he had been unusually provocative and unusually generous, having presented Kitty with a pair of Malaga figures in colored terra-cotta, of the value of twenty francs, Kitty made a show of deprecation.

"You are really too good, Sir George," she said. "I feel

quite ashamed to take so many gifts from you."
"I am sure you deserve them," he answered, rather bluntly.
"Oh! indeed, I deserve nothing."

He looked up, with a curious mixture of suspicion, irritation, and dismay.

"There is nothing in the world I would not give you," he said, in an eager undertone. "On my soul, nothing!"

Then, seeing that she blushed and dropped her eyelids, as much disconcerted by the manner as the matter of his speech, he added:

"And I tell you, once for all, that if you marry that confounded doctor, I shall be the most miserable beggar on the face of the earth."

He looked at her sharply for a minute, as much as to say, "If that confession does not take you aback, nothing will," and went away.

When she was alone, Kitty closed the door softly, and walked up and down the room, coloring, smiling, almost laughing to herself at this unexpected turn of affairs. So utterly astounded and amused was she, that she could not restrain one or two little ejaculations—ejaculations not perhaps self-congratulatory, but certainly not expressive of displeasure.

"What next?" she said, as she thought of Sir George being in love with her.

Kitty, of course, kept her own counsel about this little declaration of feeling on Sir George's part; but she did not forget it, and acted very warily during the few days that followed.

Her behavior to her new adorer was admirable. In the society of others it was precisely her ordinary behavior, even Ella not noticing a shade of difference; but when alone with Sir George, which happened pretty often, she manifested a woman-like, lady-like show of embarrassment, would evade a teled-tête, would make a pretext for running away, in fact, as any modest girl behaves to a man who is more than a friend, and not quite a lover. Sir George found her more bewitching than ever, but he lacked courage to say so, feeling as yet too fright ened at his first piece of audacity to venture upon repeating it.

One day he asked Kitty whether she would not walk as far as the Consulate with him, and Kitty said she should very much like a little walk at such a beautiful hour of the day.

So they set off, side by side.

"You don't object to a cigar, do you?" asked Sir George, after a considerable silence.

And of course Kitty did not object.

"Would you like to take my arm?" again asked her companion.
You must be a little tired."

And of course Kitty accepted his arm, saying that she was a little tired; adding that exercise was most refreshing, however. "Don't you think we have had a pleasant day?" Sir George

went on.

"Delightful, indeed."

"But, seriously speaking, if Ella's consent can be obtained, why should you not marry me?"

Kitty was silent.

"You wouldn't object, would you?" asked the baronet, sharply. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, you know; and a penniless girl, no matter how handsome, can't marry a title and a comfortable home every day."

"I know you do me great honor," Miss Kitty said, slowlyvery great honor, indeed. But—"

"Of course there must be a few "Buts!" I quite expected that."

"I was only going to say that nothing would induce me to

Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized /

marry you merely because you have a title," Kitty went on, with something of offended dignity in her voice. "I am not quite so mercenary as you seem to suppose."

"Oh, I take it for granted that you like me pretty well," answered her lover, coolly. "We have been such capital friends all along, and I'm sure if ever a man was desperately in love, it it is myself! But what about Ella?"

"Dear Ella! she must not be made unhappy, of all others in

"No; I must sooner give you up than spoil Ella's peace of mind. It would be morally impossible for me to grieve her." "And I love her so dearly that I would almost give up my life for her sake."

"I know you would," Sir George said, eagerly; "and she knows it too. Surely she would make a little sacrifice in order to have you always with her.'

Kitty, who knew Ella better than her father did, simply be-

cause they were both women, was silent.
"Suppose you name it to her?" Sir George added, with considerable uneasiness in his voice. "On my soul, I don't think I

And Kitty promised to name it to Ella.

Sir George and Kitty agreed that it would be best to keep their own counsel for a day or two. Certainly, to come down from the affection of such men as Dr. Norman and Perry to the affection of such men as Sir George, was coming down from grapes to thorns with a vengeance. Kitty, whatever might be her weaknesses, had the keenest perception of the reality of things, and, whilst accepting Sir George's love, valued it exactly for what it was worth. She, moreover, looked into the future, and saw what it would be worth during the years to

In the first place it would bring her a title, and Kitty exulted childishly over the idea of being called Lady Bartelotte. She repeated the words to herself again and again, and wrote it on little scraps of paper in her clear fine hand :

LADY BARTELOTTE-

and dreamed pleasantly at night of being called My Lady by Francine and the rest of the servants. Thus much would Sir George's love bring her. And it would bring her, if not wealth -for Sir George was the last person in the world to win his Dona in a shower of gold—the appliances of wealth: a train of servants, a well-appointed house to live in—home hardly seemed the word to use—a carriage to ride in, fashionable clothes to wear; perhaps a few jewels.

If all went well—that is to say, if Ella could be brought to consent—she should marry Sir George, and make him as good a wife as his heart could desire.

During the two or three days that followed Sir George's proposal of marriage, his behavior was hardly what could be called dignified. In Ella's presence he conducted himself with so much discretion toward the woman he adored that no one would have guessed his secret sentiments for an instant. He affected a sort of patronising air to her, which to any one less amiable and long-suffering than our Kitty, would have been intolerable; asked her to run and fetch this; to sit down by his side and write that; corrected her of faults of pronunciation; flatly quizzed her for such naive little blunders in etiquette as the most careful and clever persons can hardly help making who have upheaved themselves from the proletarian to the patrician strata of society; in fine, whilst intending to blind Ella, and to put his relationship with Kitty on a sure and stable footing by a little wholesome discipline, made himself appear as unlike a lover as could well be.

Now, full credit must be given to Sir George for wooing Kitty in this frank and unceremonious manner. Sir George was endeavoring, therefore, to curb Kitty's ambition, hoping by this means to prevent all misunderstanding in the future. Kitty had much better marry him with her eyes open if she married him at all; and, though he felt that to lose her now would disappoint him and enrage him beyond measure, he was determined to make courtship a fit preparation for marriage. When alone with her he would permit himself to indulge in

tender little looks and speeches that, he thought, must more than compensate for overt castigations and hostilities. He would talk to her in a confidential way about their future manner of living, interlarding his words with "my love," and "my dear," as if they were married already. Once or twice he had attempted to behave in a more lover-like fashion; but Miss Kitty, who was as proud as a peacock where her personal dignity was concerned, had repelled these advances with a charming show of haughtiness, saying:

"You forget, Sir George, that we are not engaged as yet; and though I am the Beggar's daughter, and you are King Cophetua, I presume that the Beggar's daughter is not to be thought worse of for having a little womanly pride, sir!"

And this little touch of coquetry, prudery—call it what you will—made the baronet swear a hundred secret vows that a girl with so much spirit should be his wife at any cost.

They were talking one day about their probable return to England, and Sir George, who had been extremely fault-finding and captious that morning, mentioned a season in London by way of a compensating sugar-plum.

Kitty's eyes sparkled, and her cheeks glowed with pleasure at the bare thought. For a few seconds she could not speak. A season in London!

As if in a vision, all the delights of such an old, old dream fulfilled, passed before her mind. She saw herself, the Cinderella of by-gone times, driving through the parks in the full sunshine of a June afternoon; her equipage flashing by, the dusty, eager foot-passengers looking on; her toilet as elegant as those she was wont to envy when she also had gazed at the gay scene, dusty, and on foot; she saw herself, leaning on her husband's arm—he a baronet!—ascending carpeted staircases, and joining crowds of fashionable men and women in brilliantly-lighted reception rooms; she saw—what, indeed, did she not see during that momentary rapture?

Sir George's voice broke the spell.

"You have too much good sense to care about conventionalities, I am sure," he said; "and, of course, we could not do as other people do; but we should see the pictures, and Ella would hear a little good music;" and, adding, suddenly: "You don't care for gayeties, I hope—do you?"

Upon which Kitty blushed guiltily, and said she did not care for them.

"Because, it is better we should understand each other upon that point without delay," her lover went on. "We could not pretend to fashionable gayeties in any shape, and Ella does not like them. We should be able to stay at Clarges street, or at Akenholme Park, and be very comfortable with a little economy; but there would be no sort of surplus for conventional extravagances. I must think of the future, and provide for you as well as Ella, in case ——"he broke off hesitatingly—"in case it should be necessary. You will have as comfortable a home as any lady could desire; and you know that I will leave no stone unturned to make you happy. But there is a medium in all things; and, if comforts will not satisfy a woman, no amount of luxuries ever will."

"I want no luxuries. You are much too good to me," poor Kitty said, humbly, feeling ready to cry, less overcome by Sir George's goodness than by a feeling of childish disappointment.

"Nonsense!" he said. And, not daring to kiss her, though sorely tempted to do so, he clasped her hand, and spoke out boldly, like a lover:

"I will be as good to you as my means will allow when you are my wife: and you are a little fond of me—are you not?

Of course Kitty was fond of him. Was she not naturally disposed to be fond of those who loved her, and gave her the things in which her soul delighted?

Poor Kitty's moral notions were, it must be confessed, sadly muddled. She could not see what good women-indeed, most women-perceive, by intuition, that where self-sacrifice is a positive duty, one is generally as happy as one could be under any other circumstances, and often more so.

Sir George set off for his walk that morning in high glee. "Mind and do your best for us both—your very best," were his last words to Kitty.

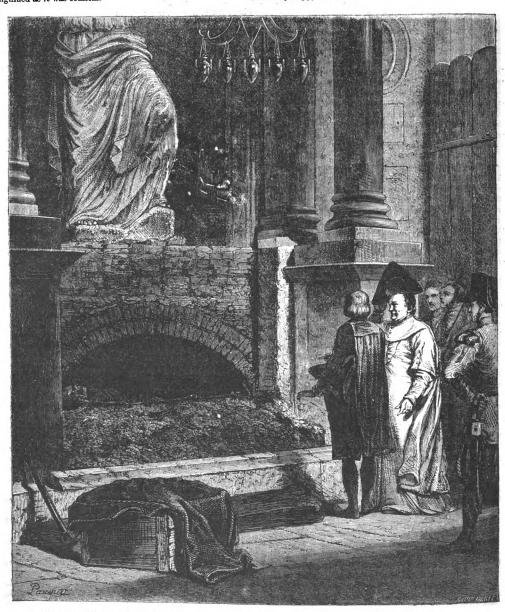
Kitty smiled to herself as she walked home in the blazing



noon-tide. yet it was the only love-making which she had ever willingly listened to! Had she possessed the faculty of humor in equal degrees with other faculties, she would have seen, not only the strangeness of Sir George's conduct, but the glaring whimsicality of it. She wished that he was different in many things, but she did not see that his conduct toward herself was as undignified as it was comical.

What a parody upon love-making was this! and | to Kitty; whilst that of being Lady Bartelotte, and the mistress of Akenholme, was eminently so.

> "I do wish you to marry one day," said Ella to Kitty that afternoon as they sat in Ella's room. "I am not selfish enough to hope for a moment that of all your lovers none shall win you and make you happy. But there is time enough yet, and we are very happy as we are."



THE DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF RAFFAELLE, THE GREAT PAINTER IN THE PANTHEON, ON SEPTEMBER, 1833.—PAGE 354-

"After all, it is better he should be away," she said. "It would be intolerable to me to see a quarrel arise between Ella and her father on my account. I will banish myself, a beggar, to the uttermost ends of the earth, rather than make them so miserable."

But the idea of being banished, and a beggar, in remote places of the earth, was not a cheerful subject of contemplation "Very happy," Kitty said, and sighed.

Ella looked up anxiously.

"What has happened?" she asked, laying one little hand on her friend's arm.

Hody 1 dell माध्येतं स en artisons हे स्टिब्र्स होते हैं। इ.स.च्या न्त्र गंद्रांज्य in wheel ME Se loga that K of Does at

Mari jagri

神田山

ी ध्व से

कि शहे का

And to be to

em to batala

- "Oh, Ella! you would never guess."
- "You are not unhappy?"
- "Sir George wants me to marry him—if you don't mind it."



LA FORNARINA.—PAGE 354.

This piece of information at first affected Ella in a wholly unexpected way. We have heard of earthquakes and other sudden convulsions of nature, or shocks of any kind, acting magnetically upon chronic disease, whether mental or physical; and such was the effect of Kitty's disclosure upon Ella.

She forgot that since her last severe attack of illness at Arcachon she had never risen from her couch unassisted; she forgot that even moderate laughter was almost sure to bring on a fit of coughing; and she forgot everything in comic mazement, jumping from her seat, walking up and down the room, and laughing the loud enjoying laugh of a robust erson.

"Oh, that is delicious!" she cried; and hen her first ebullition of amusement as over, she sat down by Kitty's side, id begged to be told all about it.

But you will be so tired. Do let me ake you comfortable on the sofa," Kitty



RAFFAELLE. -PAGE 354.

urged. Ella, however, persisted in remaining where she was.

"I am too impatient," she said, "and I do believe that papa's proposals to you have cured all my aches and pains for months to come. But we must soon put these romantic ideas out of his head, my dear."

Kitty looked a little shocked at Ella's levity.

"It is no laughing matter, I assure you," she said, with great seriousness. "I suppose it is difficult for you to look upon Sir George in the same light that other people do. But he is no older than Dr. Norman, and you saw no absurdity in Dr. Norman's attachment for me."

"That is quite another thing." Ella answered, gravely comic. "Dr. Norman is not my father."

"But the circumstances were, in a measure, similar. Dr. Norman's eldest son was as old as you are," Kitty con"You have not fallen in love with papa, have you?" Ella asked, with another outburst of genuine laughter. "My dear, I adore you; but I couldn't endure a stepmother—I couldn't, indeed.'

"Do be serious for five minutes," Kitty said, still as grave as a judge.

"I can't be serious where papa's love-affairs are concerned. How can I?" asked Ella. "He is quite unlike other people. and I know him so well-dear, good, fidgety papa. What glamor have you cast over his eyes to work this mischief?"

"Oh, Ella! as if I ever dreamed shat such a thing was going to happen."

"Dear Kitty, I only spoke in jest. It is so much better that we treat the matter as a joke. It is, indeed."

"Sir George would never forgive me if I so treated it," Kitty answered.

Seeing that there was no prospect of coming to any conclusion whilst she persisted in her sportive mood, Ella returned to her sofa, and declared herself penitent, and willing to be good and tractable for the term of Kitty's good pleasure.

"Nothing could have happened so embarrassing," Kitty began, "and you will readily believe me, when I say so unexpected. You have seen all along how frank and friendly has been the intercourse between Sir George and myself, and how little I dreamed that it would ever change. But the mischief is done past cure -

"We won't say so," Ella interposed, cheerfully. "Papa loves me too dearly, and has too much friendship for yourself, to be incapable of making a sacrifice for us. He must see things in the proper light ere very long."

Kitty shook her head.

"Indeed, Ella dear, I speak without exaggeration, when I say that the mischief is done past cure." Then she added, with emphasis: "I am sure that Sir George's liking for me is no passing fancy. I am sure that I shall not be able to stay under your roof, unless as Sir George's wife. Would that, for your sake, this were not the truth."

"Oh! Kitty, it cannot be the truth! I will not, I dare not, believe it. We are both in a nightmare, from which we shall wake soon."

Again Kitty shook her head, and this time there was even more of stately sadness and resolution in the gesture than before. Can a mind like Kitty's be swayed by the paltry consideration of rank? Would she sacrifice her freedom, her youth, her beauty, for the scant privileges of being Sir George Bartelotte's wife? Would she consent to give up so much in return for so little? These were the thoughts that flashed across Ella's mind.

"Putting myself wholly out of the question, would you marry papa?" she asked, at length, turning suddenly cold and

pale.
"My darling, it is impossible to put you out of the question we get the happiness of spend." If I marry Sir George, I ensure myself the happiness of spending my life with you. If I do not marry him—into such straits has this madness of his brought us-I could not with comfort, with dignity, nay, with decorum, remain in his house."

And then Kitty crossed over, and, kneeling by Ella's side,

kissed her pale cheeks and her cold lips. For a time Ella lay wholly silent, sighing gently, and making no sort of response to Kitty's caresses and tender words. By-and-by she asked:

"Did pspa know that I was to be told this miserable secret during his absence?"

"Sir George had no courage to tell you himself, and deputed me to do it," Kitty said, blushing a little—as was surely natural-for her lover.

"You could not marry papa?" Ella cried, more impetuously than ever. "It would not be good; it would not be right. A woman should love her husband, at least a little."

"It was my dream, once, to marry a husband whom I should love a great deal; but I suppose all women have those when they are very young," Kitty made answer, sadly; "but how seldom do they come true!"

"To me it seems," Ella said, "that nothing could be more book.

tinued, "and people fall in love irrespective of any circum-stances." calculated to make you wretched. You know as well as I do stances." Could you bear to be tied to him, to be dependent on him, all your life?"

"One cannot have a perfect life, Ella. I would make any sacrifice to have you with me always."

"What if you should find the sacrifice greater than you could bear? What if papa should grow hateful to you? Oh! Kitty, next to him, you are the dearest thing I have in the world, and I would rather die than lose you so."

And, saying this, Ella cried bitterly, and could not be consoled, though Kitty said a hundred loving things, made a hundred loving protestations.

After the storm came a lull.

Seeing Ella so implacably unhappy, Kitty could not do otherwise than let the question of a marriage between herself and Sir George rest for the present. She had tried argument; she had tried entreaty; she had tried coaxing-all failed; and Kitty, who combined the wisdom of the serpent with the gentleness of the dove, saw that it was not only kind but expedient to wait and bide her time.

SANZIO RAFFAELLE

This great painter was born in Urbino, Italy, on Good Friday, March 28, 1483, and, by an odd coincidence, died in Rome on Good Friday, April 6, 1520. He belonged to a family of artists, and his father, a man of moderate ability, was his first instructor. In his twelfth year he was placed in the school of Perugino, where he remained for eight years. In 1504 he first visited Florence. Soon after he returned to Perugia, and employed his time in painting altar-pieces. He then returned to Florence, and devoted himself to the study of the famous cartoons of Da Vinci and Michael Angelo; after which he went to Rome, where he was employed by Pope Julius the Second in the embellishment of the Vatican. He also painted several fine pieces for Francis the First of France, who liberally rewarded him. Leo the Tenth employed him in designing the coartons for the tapestry to be hung in the Sistine Chapel. These drawings were sent to Flanders to be copied, and, after remaining there a century, seven were bought by Charles the First; they are at present at Hampton Court, England.

The works of this, the most eminent painter of modern times, are very numerous, but are chiefly to be found at Rome. In the National Gallery of London there are a St. Catharine, portrait of Julius the Second, a portion of a cartoon, and the Vision of a Knight, with the original pen-and-ink drawing. The University of Oxford, England, also possesses a fine collection of his drawings. He lived in princely magnificence, honored by the chief statesmen, authors, and artists of the day, with the solitary exception of Michael Angelo, whose proud and overbearing spirit could bear no brother near his throne. Amid all the great designs and works of Raffaelle, he did not neglect the youthful passion of his soul, and numerous Madonas and Holy Families testify to his wonderful power of delineating the Beauty of Woman and the Innocence of Childhood.

He was also celebrated for his portraits, of which he painted over eighty, the most famous of which are those of Pope Julius the Second, Leo the Tenth, Cardinals Bibbiena, Bembo, De Medici, and De Rossi, Joanna of Aragon, and the Fornarina, which was long supposed to represent one of his mistresses, but which is now considered to be the portrait of a celebrated Improvisatrice named Beatrice Pio.

We must not forget to mention that after the death of Bramante, in 1514, he directed the construction of St. Peters. He died of a fever, caught in superintending subterranean excavations, and was buried in the Pantheon, near the remains of Maria di Bibbiena, niece of the Cardinal of that name, to whom he had once been betrothed. His remains were exhumed in September, 1833, and reintered, October 18, with great ceremony. We give a picture illustrating this remarkable incident on page 352.

Every great book is an action, and every great action is a

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

Įį.

8,50

¥.

rel:

Ϊij.

e.

h.

40

ε.

ź,

rý.

ņ

Ŗ

=

1

12

32

Ü

1

A CHINESE PAGODA.

In China pagodas form a very conspicuous and characteristic feature of the scenery, and are generally towers of nine stories in height. The most celebrated of these was the porcelain pagoda of Nanking, which was destroyed by the Chinese rebels in 1856. This famous building was begun in 1412, and finished 1431, and having been erected as a mark of respect to an emperor of the Ming dynasty, it was called the Temple of Gratitude. It was octagonal in form, and two hundred and thirty-six feet high, inclusive of an iron spire thirty feet in height, which surmounted it, and from the summit of which eight chairs depended, to each of which were attached nine bells, while to each angle of the lower roofs a bell was attached, making the total number of bells one hundred and forty-four, which tinkled in harmony to every breeze.

The most striking peculiarity of this pagoda, however, was, that its brick walls were covered with porcelain, producing a singular brilliancy of effect. Almost every town in China possesses one or more of these structures—all alike in design, but differing in dimensions, and in the richness of the material and

In Burmah these edifices, although differing somewhat in shape, are very lofty, one at Pegu rising to the elevation of three hundred and sixty-one feet, with a base of three hundred and ninety-five feet. There is one in Burmah, called the Khomado, which is situated on the banks of the Irrawaddy, nearly opposite Ava. It is one hundred and sixty feet high, surmounted by a spire twenty-two feet in height and fifteen in diameter. The circumference of its base is nine hundred and forty-four feet, and it is surrounded by a stockade of dwarf pillars of sandstone, about five feet in height and eight hundred and two in number.

THE THREE SOULS.

In 1845 I finished my sixth year of transcendental philosophy at Heidelberg. You know of what a lordly sort the university life is. You get up at mid-day, smoke your old pipe, drink a glass or two of schnapps, and then you button your coat up to the chin, set your hat on one side, and go to listen calmly for half an hour to the illustrious Professor Hasenkopf. Every one is free to do as he chooses—to go to sleep if he likes. The lecture over, you betake yourself to the tavern of Gambrinus, where the pretty servant-maids, in black silk bodices, bring you plates of sausages, with slices of ham, and glasses of strong beer. You whistle an air from the "Robbers" of Schiller; one calls his dog Hector; another seizes Charlotte or Gredale by the waist; or, sometimes a quarrel begins, when in comes the watchman, and you are carried off to pass the night in durance

In this way the days, months and years passed by.

I was then thirty-two years old, and the bottle, the pipe, and saur-kraut had begun to fall in my estimation. I felt the need of a change. Often did I say to myself, "Kasper Zaan! it is not good to know too much; nature has no more illusions for

Such was my melancholy state of mind, when, toward the close of the spring of 1845, a terrible event happened which taught me that I was far from knowing everything, and that the path of the philosopher is not always strewn with roses.

Among my old comrades was a certain Wolfgang Schart, the most inflexible logician I have ever met with. Figure to yourself a little dried-up man, with white eye-lids, and eyes sunken in his head, with bushy red hair, and hollow cheeks adorned with a coarse beard; wearing, moreover, a tattered cloak over his broad shoulders, and you have him before you. Wolfgang thought only of metaphysics. For five or six years he had lived on bread and water, in a garret of the old meat-market; so that the poor fellow was frightful to look at. This strange being, in his voluntary isolation, seemed to feel for me alone a little sympathy. He came to see me from time to time, and, gravely seated in my arm-chair, he would impart to me his wild

"Kasper," said he to me one day-"Kasper, what is the soul ?"

Proud of displaying my learning to his eyes, I replied, with a pedantic air, "According to Thales, it is a kind of magnet—according to Asclepiades, an excitation of the senses. Anaximander said-

- "Yes! yes! but what think you of the substance of the soul ?"
- "Me, Wolfgang? I know nothing about it. All judgment must come of the senses; and, since the soul does not fall under my senses, I can make no judgment concerning it."
- "Nevertheless, Kasper, see how many animals, such as insects, fishes, etc., live, wanting one or more of the senses. How do we know whether we have them all ourselves? May there not exist some of which we have not even an idea?"
- "Quite possible; but, in the doubt, I hesitate to say." "Do you think, Kasper, that we can know anything without
- having learned it?"
- "No; all science proceeds either from experience or from study."
- "But, then, comrade, how happens it that the little chickens, when they break the shell, start off to run and take their food of themselves? How is it that they discover the hawk far up in the clouds, and take refuge under the mother's wings? Did they learn to know their enemy while they were yet in the
- egg?"
 "All that is the result of instinct, Wolfgang; all animals are obedient to instinct."
- "Then it seems that instinct consists in knowing what has never been learned?"
- "Oh!" said I, "you ask me too much. How can I tell?"

He smiled disdainfully, threw the corner of his cloak over his shoulder, and went out without adding another word. I looked upon him as a lunatic, but of the most harmless kind. Who would have thought that the passion for metaphysics could be

Things stood thus when the old cake-woman, Catharine Wogel, suddenly disappeared. This good woman, as was her custom, came to the beer-house of Gambrinus at about eleven o'clock. The students joked with her about the freaks of her youthful days, at the remembrance of which she seemed much amused, and laughed heartily. Her disappearance came to be remarked the third day after this.

"What can have become of Catharine? Can she be ill? She seemed so merry the last time we saw her!"

My opinion was that the old woman, having drank a little too much kirsch-water, had fallen into the river during the night.

On the morrow, coming out from Hasenkopf's lecture, I met Wolfgang. As soon as he perceived me he hastened toward me, his eye sparkling, and said, "Kasper, I've been looking for you; man, the hour of triumph has come—follow me."

His look, his pallor, his every motion, betrayed extreme agitation; and, as he seized. by the arm, leading me toward the quarter of the Tanners, I could not keep down the feeling of undefined fear that crept over me. The street through which we proceeded at a sharp walk led behind the minster into a collection of houses old as Heidelberg itself. The square roofs, the wooden balconies, the exterior crooked stairways; the many wan and curious faces peering with eager air down on the strangers from the garret windows; the long poles stretched from house to house, loaded with dripping skins; the dense smoke escaping from the rude chimneys—all this scene passed before my eyes like a vision of the middle ages; and the few bright rays of light which found their way through these many obstructions, gilding the dilapidated walls where they touched. only added to my emotion by the strange contrast they produced.

There are moments when a man loses all presence of mind. It never occurred to me to ask Wolfgang where we were going. Soon we reached the deserted quarter of the old meat-market. All of a sudden Wolfgang, whose dry, cold hand seemed riveted to my wrist, led me into a hovel, between the hay-loft of the Landwehr and the cattle-pen of the slaughter-house.

"Go on a-head," said he to me.



I followed along a wall of dry earth, at the end of which was a broken staircase. We climbed through the rubbish; and, although my companion kept all the time repeating, in an impatient voice, "Go on, higher yet!" I stopped several times, seized with fear, under the pretext of regaining breath, but in reality to ask myself if it were not about time to turn back. At last we came to the foot of a ladder, the top of which

was hidden by the darkness, reaching up into a loft above. How I had the folly to climb up that ladder, without asking the least explanation from my friend Wolfgang, is a mystery to me. It would seem as though madness were contagious.

Up I climbed, he behind me, until I reached the top. There I stepped upon the dusty floor of the loft, and looked around me. It was an immense garret, the roof pierced with three windows, and in the midst stood a small table loaded with books. It was impossible to look outside, for the windows were at a height of ten or twelve feet above the floor. I did not at first perceive a low door, and a large, square hole at some height up, contrived in the wall. Wolfgang, without saying a word, pushed toward me an old box which served him for a chair; and, taking up in his his two hands a pitcher of water, he drank a long draught, while I looked on in silence.

"We are in a loft of the old slaughter-house," said he, with a strange smile, setting down his pitcher on the floor; "the council has voted funds for building one outside the city. I have been here for five years without paying any rent. Not a soul has come to interrupt my studies." Sitting down upon some old logs of wood in one corner-" Now," continued he, "let us come to the point. Are your certain, Kasper, that we

"Hark you, Wolfgang!" replied I; if you have brought me here to talk metaphysics, you've made a great mistake. I had just come from Hasenkopf's lecture, and was going to the beerhouse for dinner, when you stopped me. I have had my dose of abstraction, and that is sufficient. Explain yourself clearly,

then, or else let me return to my dinner."
"You live, then, only to eat?" said he, in a harsh tone. "Do you know that I have passed whole days without tasting a morsel of food, only for the love of science?"

"Each to his taste; you live on syllogisms and dilemmas—I love sausages and strong beer. What else do you want?"

He became very pale, and his lips trembled; but, restraining his anger, he said, "Kasper, since you won't answer me, at least listen to my explanations. Man needs admirers, and I want you to admire, and be in some degree astounded by the ublime revelation that I am about to make to you. It is not oo much, I think, to ask you to listen for an hour to that which has cost me ten whole years of faithful study."

"Well, go on; I am listening.".

His face was agitated anew by some powerful emotion, and I began to hitterly repent having climbed up the ladder. I assumed a grave expression in order not to anger him any further; and this appeared to calm him somewhat; for, after a rew moments' silence, he exclaimed, "You are hungry; well, there is my bread, and there my pitcher-eat-drink-but listen."

"Never mind, Wolfgang; I will listen to you without that." He smiled bitterly, and went on :

"We are not the only beings that have souls. From the plant up to man, all beings live—they are animated—therefore they have a soul. Yes, all organized existences have at least one soul; but, the more their organism is perfected, the more omplicated does it become, and the number of souls is increased. This is what distinguishes living beings, the one from the other. The plant has only one soul-the vegetable soul. Its function is simply to obtain nutriment from the air through the medium of the leaves, and from the earth through the The animal has two souls: first, the vegetable soul, whose functions are the same as in the plant; and the animal soul, strictly so called, whose organ is the heart. Lastly, man has three souls—the vegetable soul; the animal soul, whose functions are carried on the same as the brute; and the human soul, or the reason, whose organ is the brain.'

Here Wolfgang paused for some moments, and, looking at me, said, "Well, what do you think of this?"

"Why, it's a theory, like any other: the only difficulty is, that the proof is wanting."

A sort of frenzy seized Wolfgang at this reply. He sprang from his seat, exclaiming, "Yes-yes-the proof is wanting; that is what has troubled my soul for ten whole years! That has been the cause of all my sufferings and privations! Upon myself; yes, upon myself, Kasper, I tried to experiment first. More and more was this sublime conviction forced upon me, without my being able to prove it. But at last the proof is found; I have it here; soon shall you hear the three souls manifest and proclaim themselves; you shall hear them!"

After this burst of enthusiasm, which sent a cold chill through me, so much of fanatic strength did it display, he suddenly became calm; and, sitting down, and leaning his elbows upon the table, he went on, pointing at the same time to the wall in which was the opening before described:

"The proof is there-behind that wall; you shall soon see it for yourself. But first, you must follow the onward march of my ideas. I have maintained the distinct existence of three souls. Reason told me that every man, before reaching his final development, must pass through the condition of the plant or animal. I determined to resolve this problem. To do this it was necessary to extinguish in myself the three souls successively, and then to revive them. I had recourse to a rigorous fast; but, unfortunately, the human soul had to yield first, in order to permit the free action of the animal soul. Hunger made me lose the faculty of observing the animal state in myself—the exhaustion prevented me from judging anything concerning it. After many fruitless attempts upon my own organism, I felt convinced that there was but one means of reaching the desired end-I must have some one else. But who would be willing to submit to such treatment?"

Wolfgang paused; his lips were contracted; and, in a quick tone, he added, "I felt I must have a subject at any price; I determined to experiment on some one!"

I shuddered, for this man was, I saw, capable of anything.

"Do you understand?" said he.

"Perfectly. You wanted a victim-"To analyze," added he, coolly.

"And have you found one?"

"Yes; I promised that you should hear the three souls. It will be difficult just now. But yesterday you could have heard them, off and on, howling, groaning, praying, and gnashing the teeth!"

My face grew pale; but Wolfgang calmly lit a small lamp which he used for his study, and, approaching the hole contrived in the wall, "Look," said he, advancing the lamp into the darkness beyond, that we might see the better; "come and look-and then listen !"

In spite of my fatal presentiment-in spite of the chill which ran through me, drawn on by a mysterious attraction, I bent forward and peered into the space behind the wall. Then, by the faint light of the lamp, I saw a rude apartment, about fifteen feet high, and having no other outlet than that by the garret where we were. At first I could perceive nothing, and

told Wolfgang so.

"Look closely," said he, in a low voice; "do you not see what looks like a bundle of clothes in one corner? It is old Catharine Wogel, the cake-woman, who-

He had not time to finish, for a sharp, angry cry, like the howl of a cat in agony, was heard, and an enraged being sprang up, and seemed trying to climb up the wall with its nails.

More dead than alive, with the cold sweat starting from my forehead, I drew back, crying, "Oh, it is horrible!"
"Did you hear it?" said Wolfgang, his face lighted up with

an infernal joy. "Wasn't it the cry of a cat? Ha! ha! Yes! The old woman has been both a cat and a panther. Yes! yes! Hunger and thirst work wonders, I can tell you."

He did not look at me; he was enjoying his infernal triumph. The howling of the poor old woman had ceased; and the maniac, laying his lamp down upon the table, added, in explanation:

"This is the fourth day of her fast. I enticed her here under pretext of selling her some kirsch-water. I made her go down into that room, and then I shut her in. The first two



days the human soul was strong in her. She prayed, she implored me, she protested her innocence, saying that she had never injured me in any way; then she loaded me with reproaches, denounced me as a monster and a wretch, and called down upon my head the curse of heaven. The third day, which was yesterday—Wednesday—the human soul disappeared altogether. Hunger was strong, and she began to mew and to howl like a cat. Luckily we are in an out-of-the-way place, for last night you would have thought that there was a regular battle of the cats—the cries would have made you shudder. But, now, Kasper, when the animal soul shall be extinguished, do you know what will come then? The vegetable soul will have its time, and it is the last. It has been noticed that the nails and hair of the head grow while the body lies in the grave. In the same way, there is formed in the openings of the skull a kind of human lichen, which is thought to be a species of moss, engendered by the juices of the brain. At last, the vegetable soul itself will die. So, you see, Kasper, that the proof of the three souls is complete."

These words struck upon my ears as the ravings of a maniac. The cry of Catharine Wogel pierced to my very marrow. I seemed to lose all knowledge of where I was, or what had happened. But, all of a sudden, waking from this moral stupor, I sprang up, seized the maniac by the throat, and dragged him

toward the ladder.
"Villain!" cried I, "how have you dared to raise your hand against your fellow-creature to satisfy your infamous curiosity? I will give you up to justice!"

He was so much surprised at my attack—for to him his act seemed perfectly innocent—that at first he offered no resistance; and I dragged him easily to the ladder. But there, turning on me with astonishing quickness, he in turn seized me by the throat, lifted me from the floor, and with one hand held me tight against the wall, while with the other he opened the door of that terrible hole. Seeing his intention, I made a frantic effort to break away, but in vain, for he seemed endowed with superhuman strength. After a desperate struggle I felt myself again lifted off my feet and hurled into space, while in my ears rang these strange words :

"So perish the rebellious flesh! So triumph the immortal soul!"

There I lay, bruised, exhausted, on the floor of this chamber of horrors, while the heavy door was closed on me, shutting out the grayish light of the garret.

Caught thus, like a rat in a trap, my consternation was such that I uttered not a single cry. Slowly raising myself up, and leaning my back against the wall for support, "Kasper," said I, with a strange calmness, "now you must either devour the old woman, or else be devoured by her. Make your choice! It will be only lost time trying to get out of this hole. Wolfgang has you in his clutches; he will not let you go. The walls are stone, and the floor is of oak; no one saw you cross the quarter of the Tanners; no one will think of looking for you here. It is finished, Kasper—it is finished. The poor Catharine Wogel is your last resource; or, rather, you are the last resource the

All this passed through my mind like a flash; and, when at the same moment the pale face of Wolfgang, with his little lamp, appeared at the opening above, I tried to supplicate him, but only stammered horribly, and not a word came from my

Seeing this he began to laugh; and, in the silence, I could lear him saying, "The coward! he implores me!"

This was my finishing stroke. I fell face downward on the oor, and it was only the fear of being attacked by the old oman that kept me from swooning. She, however, had not s yet moved, or in the least manifested her presence. The toe of Wolfgang was withdrawn; but I could hear the maniac alking to an fro in his garret. My ear was so quick that the ightest noise did not escape me. I heard the old woman ter a kind of yawn, and, turning round, I perceived for the st time her eyes glittering in the darkness.

At the same time Wolfgang descended the ladder; and I unted his steps one by one until they died away in the dis-

tance. Where was the wretch going? I knew not; but through all the day and following night he did not return.

It was not until the morrow, at about eight o'clock in the evening, at a moment when the old woman and myself were shricking to make the very walls tremble, that he came back. I had not once closed my eyes during the night. I no longer felt either fear or anger, but only a devouring hunger, which I knew would increase all the time.

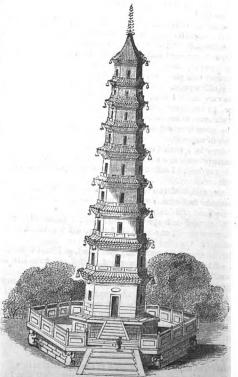
When I heard the faint noise in the garret I became silent, and, looking up, saw, by the brightness coming through the opening, that Wolfgang was lighting his lamp. I doubted not that he would come to see me; and with this hope I prepared a touching supplication. But the light was extinguished and no one came. This was the most frightful moment of all. I seemed to feel my hair whiten upon my head-which it really did at this very moment—until at length my agony became such that I lost all consciousness.

About midnight I was aroused from this stupor by feeling something touch my body. I started up from my position with disgust. The old woman had approached, urged on by hunger. Her hands were on my clothes, and at the same moment the cry, as of a cat filled the place, and sent a cold shivering through my whole body. I expected she would attack me, but the poor wretch had not strength enough left; this was her

Then the words of Wolfgang returned to my mind: "As soon as the animal soul becomes exhausted, the vegetable soul gets the advantage; the hair and nails grow under the ground; the green moss takes root in the openings of the skull."

I pictured to myself the old woman reduced to this stateher skull covered with moldy lichen, and myself, lying near her, our souls intertwining their vegetation, the one with the other, alone in the silent darkness!

This image took such possession of my mind, that I scarcely felt any longer the gnawings of hunger. Stretched out against the wall, my eyes wide open, I stared before me into the empty



A CHINESE PAGODA. -PAGE. 355



As I lay thus, more dead than alive, a faint light penetrated the surrounding darkness. I raised my eyes. The pale face of Wolfgang appeared at the opening. He did not laugh; he seemed to experience neither joy nor satisfaction; he merely observed me with a cold, pitiless eye. Thus we remained, our eyes fixed upon one another-1 fear-stricken-he cold, calm, attentive, as though looking at some lifeless object. The insect, pierced by a needle, which we look at through a microscope, if he could think, if he could understand the man's eye, would have just such a vision as I then had. I saw that prayer would be worse than useless, and I said nothing.

After scanning me thus, the maniac turned his head in order to look at the old woman. I followed mechanically the direction of his gaze. What I saw, the human tongue cannot express; a face ghastly meagre; the limbs shriveled, and so sharp that they seemed about to pierce the rags which covered them; something shapeless, frightful-a death's head, the hair matted around the skull like long, withered grass, and in the midst of this, two eyes burning with the fever light, and two long yellow teeth; and, horrible to tell, I saw two snails crawling over this living skeleton.

Then, closing my eyes with a convulsive sigh, I said to myself, "That is what you will be in five days!"

When I again opened my eyes, the light was gone.

"Wolfgang," cried I, "God is above us-God sees us, Wolfgang; His curse be upon you!"

My worst suffering was from thirst; at this point it was intolerable. When the first uncertain light of the morning ap-

peared, suddenly a wild fury seized upon me.
"The villain is there," said I to myself; "he has some bread, a pitcher of water—he drinks!"

Then I imagined him raising the pitcher to his lips. I seemed to see the torrents of water pass slowly down his throat. It was a delicious stream, which flowed—flowed unceasingly; and I saw the throat of the wretch rise and fall voluptuously with the refreshing current. Anger, despair, indignation, seized me, and I began to run round my prison, crying out, "Water, water, water!"

And the old woman roused up, repeating after me, "Water, water, water!"

In the midst of this scene, the face of Wolfgang appeared for the third time at the opening. Then, stopping, I said to him:

"Wolfgang, listen; let me drink only one draught from your pitcher, and you may leave me to die of hunger. I will not reproach you!" And I wept. Then I went on, "Your immortal soul will answer for this before God. Yes, for the life of this old woman. But I have studied, and I find your system very fine. I admire it. Let me only take a drink of water. I have never seen so sublime a conception as yours. It is certain the three souls exists. Yes, I will proclaim it. I will be your firm adherent. Won't you let me take a single swallow of water?"

He drew back from the opening without answering. My exasperation then knew no bounds. I leaped against the wall, bruising myself. I called upon the wretch in the hardest terms I could command.

In the midst of this fit of fury, suddenly I noticed that the old woman had sunk down all in a heap, and the idea came into my head of drinking her blood.

"What need has she of blood?" said I to myself. "She must soon perish, any way. If I delay, all her blood will be dried up!"

Red flames passed before my eyes; and, as I bent toward the old woman, my strength gave out, and I fell near her in a

How long I remained unconscious I know not. I was roused by a strange circumstance, the remembrance of which will remain with me always: I was awakened from the swoon by the plaintive howling of a dog-by a cry more piteous, more moving than that of a human being. I rose, my face bathed in tears. not knowing whence these cries came, so suitable to my own agony. I listened, and judge of my astonishment when I found that it was I myself that lamented thus, without being aware of it. The animal soul! Here was the explanation!

From this moment all remembrance ceases. All that I know

is, that I remained two days longer in my prison house, under the eye of the maniac, whose enthusiasm at seeing the triumph of his idea was such, that he did not hesitate to call in several of our philosophers, that he might witness their surprise.

Six weeks after I awoke in my little room in the Rue du Plat d'Etain, surrounded by my comrades, who congratulated me on having escaped this lesson in transcendental philosophy. Poor Catharine Wogel had died.

It is needless to add that justice laid its heavy hand upon the wretched Wolfgang; but, in place of hanging him, according to his deserts, after six months' investigation it was established that this vile fellow was a lunatic of the most dangerous kind. He was placed in a cell of Klingenmunster, the mad-house of Rhenish Bavaria, where visitors heard him dilating in a quick, peremptory tone upon the three souls.

THE MISER'S BEQUEST.

THE hour-hand of Philip Acre's old-fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure eight; the snug red curtains shut out the rain and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and cracked behind the red-hot bars of the little grate, in a most cozy and comfortable sort of way, casting a rosy shine into the thoughtful brown eyes that were tracing castles and coronets in the brightly burning coals.

For Philip Acre was, for once, indulging himself in the dan-

gerous fascinations of a day-dream.
"If I were only rich!" he pondered to himself. "Ah, if! Then good-by to all these musty old law-books; good-by to mended boots, and turned coats, and all the ways and means that turn a man's life into wretched bondage. Wouldn't I revel in new books and delicious paintings, and high-stepping horses! Wouldn't I buy a set of jewels for Edith-not pale pearls, or sickly emeralds, but diamonds, to blaze like links of fire upon her royal throat! Wouldn't I—what nonsense I'm talking, though!" he cried, suddenly, to himself. "Phil Acre, hold your tongue. I did suppose you were a fellow of more sense. Here you are, neither rich nor distinguished, but a simple law student; while Edith Wyllis is as far above your moon-struck aspirations as the Queen of Night herself! She loves me, though—she will wait—and the time may one day come. If only Dr. Wyllis were not so distrustful of a fellow! However, I must learn to prove myself worthy of the sweetest prize that ever-Hallo! come in there, whoever you are!"

It was only the serving-maid of the lodging-house, carrying a letter in the corner of her apron, between her finger and thumb. "Please, sir, the postman has just left it."

"All right, Katy. Now, then," he added, as the door closed behind Katy's substantial back, "let's see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal, eh? Not having any relations to lose, I am not alarmed at the prognostic."

He broke the seal, and glanced leisurely over the short, business-like communication contained within, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness.

"Am I dreaming?" he murmured, rubbing his eyes, and shaking himself, as if to ensure complete possession of his senses. "No, I'm wide awake, and in my right mind; it is no delusion -no part of my waking visions. But who would ever suppose that old Thomas Mortimer, whom I haven't seen since I was a boy of sixteen, and picked him out of the river half-dead between cramp and fright, would die and leave me all his money! Why, I'm not the shadow of a relation; but then I never heard that the old man had any kith or kin, so I can't imagine any harm in taking advantage of his odd freak. Rich-am I really to be rich? Is my Aladdin vision to be an actual fact? Oh, Edith, Edith!"

How full of heart-sunshine were the weeks that flitted over the head of the accepted lover—brightened by Edith's smilemade beautiful by the soft radiance of Edith's love. There was only one alloying shadow—the almost imperceptible touch of distrust and suspicion with which stern old Dr. Wyllis regarded his future son-in-law. Ah! he feared to trust his only child to the keeping of any man who had not been proved in the fiery furnace of trial.

It was precisely a week before the day appointed for the wed-

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

ij

E

7,

ú

21 21

 $\leq \vec{2}$

ú

=

5% 53

÷

ding, and the soft lights vailed by shades of ground-glass were just lighted in Dr. Wyllis's drawing-room, where Edith sat among her white roses and heliotrope, working on a bit of cambric ruffling, and singing to herself. She was a slender, beautiful girl, with violet eyes, a blue-veined forehead, and glossy, abundant curls, of that pale gold that old painters love to por-

"I wonder if Mortimer Place is so very lovely!" she said to a silver-haired lady who sat opposite. "Philip is going to take me there, when we return from our wedding tour, aunty; he says it is the sweetest place a poet's fancy can devise, with fountains and shrubberries, and delicious copses. Oh, shall we not be happy there!"

She started up, with a bright, sudden blush; for even while the words were trembling on her lips, Philip Acre came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withal. Mrs. Wyllis, with an arch nod at her niece, disappeared into the perfumed perspective of the conservatory, leaving the lovers to themselves.

"You are looking grave, Philip," said Edith, as he bent over and kissed her cheek.

"And I am feeling so, darling. I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to-night—our marriage must be postponed

"Philip, for what reason?"

"To enable me, by diligent labor at my profession, to realize sufficient means to support you, dearest, in a manner satisfactory to your father's expectations and my own wishes."

"But, Philip, I thought-

"You thought me the heir of Thomas Mortimer's wealth? So I was, Edith, a few hours since, but I have relinquished all claim to it now. When I accepted the bequest, I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learnt to-day that a distant cousin—a woman—is alive, although, my lawyer tells me, in ignorance of her relationship to Thomas Mortimer. Of course, I shall transfer the property to her immediately."

"But, Philip, the will has made it legally yours."

"Legally, it has; but, Edith, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor, to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak, at this woman's expense? I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again, could I dream of legally defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honor as a Christian gentleman."

"You have done right, Philip," said Edith, with sparkling eyes. "We will wait, and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? What is her name ?"

"That's just what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write eain to my lawyer to ask these questions, and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out; and then, dar-

His lips quivered a moment—yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence :

"Then I will begin the battle of life over again."

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his

noble self-abnegation—a sweet testimonial.

"Hem!" said Dr. Wyllis, polishing his eye-glasses magisterially, with a silk crimson pocket-handkerchief; "I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him-a very honorable thing to do. Edith, I have never felt exactly about Phil Acre's being worthy of you before. about Phil Acre's being worthy of you before-

"But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?" "This evening," faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly droop-

ing.
"Tell him, Edith, that he may have you next Wednesday, just the same as ever! And as for the law-practicing—why, me with your kisses—keep 'em for Phil."

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

"Tried—and not found wanting!" he muttered, instinctively.

The perfume of orange-blossoms had died away, the glimmer late, and braided with black.

of pearls and satin were hidden in velvet caskets and travelingtrunks-and Mr. and Mrs. Acre, old married people of full a month's duration, were driving along a country road, in the amber glow of a glorious June sunset.

"Hallo! which way is Thomas going?" said Philip, leaning

from the window, as the carriage turned out of the main road.

"I told him the direction to take, Phil," said Edith, with bright, sparkling eyes. "Let me have my own way, just for once. We are going to our new home."

"Are we?" said Phil, with a comical grimace. "It is to be

love in a cottage, I suppose?"
"Wait until you see, sir." said Mrs. Acre, pursing her little

rose-bub of a mouth. And Philip waited duteously.

"Where are we?" he asked, in astonishment, when the carriage drew up in front of a stately pillared portico, which seemed to be not unfamiliar to him. "Surely this is Mortimer Place!"

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was!" said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the doorway. "Walk in, my boy-come, Edith! Well, how do you like your new home?"

"Our new home? I do not understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Thomas Mortimer, although she never knew it till this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the facts all along; but I wasn't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil Acre! And now, as the deed of conveyance isn't made out yet, I don't suppose your lawyer need trouble himself about it. The heiress won't quarrel with you, I'll be bound!"

Philip Acre's cheek flushed, and then grew pale with strong, hidden emotion, as he looked at his fair wife, standing beside him, when the sunset turned her bright hair to coils of shining gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of the darkness had come light!

HUMMING-BIRDS.

THISE delicate and beautiful creatures, peculiar to America as the sun-birds are to the Old World, have always attracted attention, even from the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent. The ancient Mexicans worked their feathers into mantles, pictures, and various ornamental articles. No epithet has been spared to convey an idea of the richness of coloring of these oirds, and yet all fail in comparison with the reality. The lustres of the topaz, emeralds and rubies, the hue of roses steeped in liquid fire, have been applied to the surpassing beauty of their plumage. As we leave the tropics their numbers decrease, and but a very few are found within the limits of the United States.

When hovering over a flower, their wings are moved so rapidly that they become invisible, causing a humming sound—hence their name. They rarely alight on the ground, but settle readily on branches. Their nest is delicate, but compact, and lined with the softest vegetable down. It is about an inch in diameter, and the same in depth, and placed on trees, shrubs and reeds. Their eggs, one or two in number, are about the size of small hazel-nuts, generally of a white color, and are hatched in ten or twelve days. They live upon insects, and occasionally honey. The species of the humming bird are very numerous, there being, it is said, more than four hundred; of the curved bill humming-bird there are nearly one hundred species. The com-mon species throughout the Eastern States, extending to the high central plains and south of Brazil, is the only throated humming-bird, the trochilus colubris of Linnæus. The length of "this glittering fragment of the rainbow" (as Andabon calls it) is about three inches and a quarter, with an extent of wing of four inches and a half. The upper parts are uniform metallic green, with a ruby-red gorget in the male, a white collar on the throat, and the deeply-forked tail brownish violet. The female has not the red throat, and the tail is rounded, emarginFRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.



360

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. I know very well that Laurence is only a bookkeeper with a moderate salary; but then he knew very well before he married me that I had an inordinate love of diamonds, and dresses, and feathers and finery; and a person's tastes are not so elastic that they can always be accommodated to that person's means, and the fact that we are poor does not hinder me from going into ecstacies over a piece of lace that looks like a tangible hoar-frost, as if it were spun by the winds, and that might just as well be spun from the starbeams themselves for all of any purse of mine.

BARBE.

It is true I had, of course, rather please Laurence in my appearance than anybody else on earth, and it is also true that Laurence would never know whether I wore an Antwerp silk or a

Lowell print, provided my hair was still glossy as black satin and my cheek did not lose its color like the heart of a tea-rose. For, you see, I am really quite a fine-looking brunette, rather large-molded and rich-tinted, and absolutely designed by Fate to display the sweep of splendid tissues as I walk; any one would say who did not first observe that Fate had planted me inside a brown merino and bade me stay there irretrievably.

If I had any finger-knack I might make myself useful, turn an honest penny by means of trifles of dainty workmanship that need feminine touch—decalcomanie, tatting—and eke out Laurence's salary with sufficient to give me two new silks a year. But I haven't; I'm an ignoramus, and don't know enough to teach, can't spell well enough to write, don't play or paint to speak of, and though I could possibly do worsted-work and make it worth my while to use a tricot-needle, it never would do in our set, anyway, and I had better go without in the beginaing. When I spoke of it once to Laurence, he negatived the dea in a single breath.

"No, my dear," said he, "I shall give my consent to nothing of the kind. I hope I can clothe you suitably to our position etter perhaps than a clerk's wife really ought to dress. Anyhing beyond that must throw suspicion both upon me and on Put such idle wishes, and all they lead to, out of our head, Charlotte; and be content, my darling, with the lot f a poor man's wife, which you chose long ago." For all that, I wish Laurence was a rich man! Because, you

THE POINT LACE

"IT IS A PLEASURE TO ME TO SHOW MADAME MY WARES."

see, in reality. though Laurence is poor, we visit among the rich.

I was an orphan, and entirely penniless myself; but I have a flock of cousins, all of them rich as need be, and all of them stingy, as, I'm sorry to say, rich people are apt to be-or perhaps they think, with Laurence, that satins and velvets wouldn't become my position; I'm sure they do, now I think of it, and at any rate I'm glad that it is so, for I don't want any of their giving.

I suppose it's spiteful. But sometimes when I see Lavinia's long, white hand reach forward for anything, and the light suddenly dip into it, so that you lose sight of the hand itself altogether for the flash of the jewel there-or when, I plodding along in brogans, Catharine lifts her skirt and I see that French brodequin, making her foot look as if an artist had sculptured it-or when Amelia comes into the room at some one of their count-

less parties, and the wilderness of her white net flows round her like a cloud, and as she sits down to talk with me, I sink as if completely submerged in the foam of it-well, I am free to confess that there are times when I could fairly steal.

"You ought to keep away from such places, then," says Laurence.

But how can I? They're my cousins; it would be odd and envious and churlish enough if I did so, and they never let on but what I am dressed like a princess, and are always introducing me to everybody and making much of me altogether, and wishing they had my hair or my teeth, or my eyes, as if I could do without everything.

But there! they're dear good girls, and I love them every one, and I take back what I said about stinginess-they are thoughtless, I suppose, and feel a sort of delicacy about giving me things that would imply Laurence's inability to give them, knowing how high-strung he is. And then, the fact is, I do contrive to make a very respectable appearance on mighty little; and, since my dear little Laura has come and filled the time so, I don't go into their old gayeties nearly as much; but, for all that, when I do go, I like to go fittingly, and my manias, as Laurence calls them, are as strong as ever.

"You'd give anything for my eyes?" I said, in reply to Amelia, the other day. "And I'd give my eyes for your point

"Then we're quits," said Amelia.

Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana-Champa Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathi Now, if I'd been in Amelia's place I should have said, "Take the point lace, dear." But she didn't. And just that little thing is the root of a dilemma that was exactly as grievous to me as ever the dilemma of the diamond aigrette was to Anne of Austria—if that was the right lady. I'm not very well up in those little fictions, you see.

Laurence had made me a present of a new black silk, thick and heavy, and looking as if it had a treasure of lustre inside its web if the shadows would only let it out. He never could have afforded to buy it, in all the world, at Stewart's; and it was only because a packman, going through the counting-rooms, offered it at some miraculous figure, that he secured it. Of course it was smuggled, and I told him so; such a thing had never entered his head; and as he regards smuggling as positive theft—not any the less theft, he says, because stealing from a great many instead of a single one—he would incontinently have given it back to the packman—but the packman was not be found. I had not so many scruples, so I took the dress and had it made; but the scrape into which that dress brought me, shows me now the real folly of a person's trying to make an appearance before the world exceeding that allowed by their acknowledged means.

Of course the making up of the dress was no trifle. I do believe that mantuamakers think money grows spontaneously in the pockets of people's husbands, like fire in the end of a match. It should have been trimmed with lace, but that being utterly out of the question, the last cent of money in my private purse was gone when it came home set off with a fringe; but the fringe was rich and long, so I didn't care.

I tried on the gown. I was perfectly delighted. What a sweep it had! I had never worn such a superb fabric; how it became me! how round and handsome it made my figure! Ab, what would Amelia say now when she saw it! If only I had the proper decorations for my throat and wrists! My old Honiton set was darned too much to look like anything but rag-fair, or a satire on the dress itself. My one little collar of point did look so skimpy; however, it would do-if only I could get a barbe to match it. A bow of point lace and long hanging ends of the webbish beauty-that would just make the whole toilet ravishing! But I couldn't. I hadn't a cent in the world. I must just do without it. There was only the month's housekeeping money in the the drawer-and if I were willing to starve, Laurence wasn't-and there wasn't a dime too much of that. And then it grew upon me, like an ague, that the dress wouldn't be fit to be seen without that barbe, would be perfectly ridiculous, tell the whole story of how everything had been spent upon the silk and nothing left for accompaniments. One might just as well wear a printed placard of poverty upon one's back. I tore off the dress and hid myself in my wrapper, and I was so vexed with myself and my circumstances that I could have sat down and cried with a good relish. You see I tell you right out what a fool I am.

When Laurence came home to dinner that day, he told me, gently as possible, that he was obliged to go on a journey for his employer, and should be absent more than a week. I usually made a great fuss when he went away. I couldn't bear to have him gone; I missed him; and I was afraid to be alone, and afraid something would happen to him; and he always went under protest from me, and in the midst of tears and embraces that were a perfect nuisance. He must have been surprised at the patient way in which, on that one day, I received his announcement. Visions of housekeeping economy, of abstaining from dinners, of dollars enough saved from the bills of grocer, butcher, and poulterer to buy me my point lace barbe flashed over me now and obscured his departure; and I bade him adieu with equanimity and an absent mind, to say nothing of the absence of my heart, which had absolutely been stifled in the visionary folds of that point lace barbe. I know he was amazed and puzzled by my tranquillity; for after he had gone once, he came back and peered into the drawing-room where I sat by the fire quietly adding up the sum of my proposed economies, and looking over my shoulder, he asked me if

customary ululu. But he had not been gone an hour before I returned to my idols.

For, you see, possession of a point lace barbe had become a sort of insanity with me; and the thing was to get it before the dress to wear it with was worn out, and while Laurence was gone. I could not at any rate betray myself by talking about it in my sleep, as I was sure I did.

So all that week, to begin with, I had no fire in the drawingroom. But I had not dreamed of the embarrassments a saving
of coal might occasion—quite equal to the annoyance of being
seen without a point lace barbe. For, of course, the natural
consequence of having no fire in the drawing-room was, that
every soul on my visiting-list took that week to call upon me.
Of course I had to resort to all manner of subterfuges that kept
the blood flowing rapidly enough in my veins, so that I, at
least, was not cold; finally, though, I sent word to the door
that I was not at home. The housemaid refused, on moral
grounds, to take any such message, and insisted upon saying
that I was extremely engaged; by which means I offended the
very people I would not have offended on any account whatever,
and who were of the sort never willing to admit that you can be
too much engaged to see themselves.

Meanwhile I dispensed with chops or steaks or omelets at breakfast, reduced that meal to little else but bread and tea, and abolished dinner altogether. After three days of no joints or roasts, the rebellious housemaid left me in high dudgeon, and since then no doubt has scattered broadcast her views of my parsimony—and having all my neighbors imagine me a miser is certainly as unpleasant as going without a point lace barbe.

When you are in any trouble, somehow or other everything helps to heap it up. I don't see why it was that I couldn't have the barbe and keep the housemaid too. It was all the harder to have her go just then, for little Laura had caught cold in the drawing-room and was down with the croup. I forgot about everything else with that, and hung over her in a fever myself. Nobody knows how a day tells in a child's life; perhaps in reducing our diet I had robbed her of the very strength she needed to resist the attack; if it had not been for my going without fires she would not have had the attack at all. I had great fires roaring up every chimney in the house, now that they were of no use, and the doctor hardly quitted her bedside.

I never dreamed of what Laurence would say, when he found how it had all come about; I didn't care what he would say to me, while she was in danger; he might kill me, and welcome, if he wished. If she had died I don't know but I should have killed myself. And just as she rallied, the very day that Laurence was expected, the very train in which I expected him was thrown from the track, and whether he was dead or alive I could not know for four mortal hours. And I had so indifferently let him leave me. When he walked in, at last, all safe and sound, I just betook myself to bed, and never left it for three weeks, and the doctor's bill was something terrible.

So, my economy proving almost ruinous, I did have, for a little while, the strength to put all thoughts of a point lace barbe out of my mind. Perhaps half of what gave me that strength was the fact that the thoughts were of no manner of use. What I couldn't have, I couldn't. But I didn't cease envying the women who went stepping by with their beautiful laces floating out like the gossamer dew that of a June morning you have seen rising up into a sunny sky, and that in France the peasants call the "Virgin's thread." If the pin of any one of them all had only loosened, and the lace had gently fluttered to the ground, I don't know, I don't really know, as I should have picked it up till after she was out of sight, and when I couldn't have returned it to her. Dear me! they talk about money's being the root of all evil; for my part, I think it is the want of it that is the root of all evil. At all events it has completely demoralized me.

I was just going across the hall one day, when I heard the door-bell tinkling for the second time, and as nobody seemed to be attending to it, I went to the door myself.

where I sat by the fire quietly adding up the sum of my proposed economies, and looking over my shoulder, he asked me if I was consoling myself with figures. And then, indeed, all my indifference crumbled, and I treated him to a touch of the



Æ

1

is

D f

912

d o

يًا وَلَوْجُ

aŭ.

30. **13**.

1.17

شنبين

机顶

111

(D) =

1 18

1 (1) 3

抽 e yie 41.2 r 32: $\mathcal{N}^{(1)}$ 1866 11.16 155 0 at Urbana-Champaign on 202 http://www.hathitrust.org/ 14 L 2 18.3 ė hatt 12.0 制力 110 11:2 University of Illinois 1, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ul Public Domain,

you must. So I never let them so much as begin their little | to-day, to-morrow a worthless rag. This little strip of lace will speech. But this one was a cunning dog. He looked at me, and then he lifted the lid of his basket, held it open, and looked at me again; while, taken unawares, I surveyed the contents. Laces — Valenciennes, Mechlin, Limerick, point folded away there over their colored silks like so many clouds curdled over a bed of flowers.

In spite of myself, and though I should have remembered the absurdity of letting him waste his time with me, before I knew what I did I had thrown the door open, and he was in the back parlor, spreading his wares upon the table, and expatiating over their beauties volubly enough to drive one mad.

There was a bridal vail; of course I had, fortunately, no need for that; but then it could be worn as a mantle. The price of it was a thousand dollars. I touched it with a kind of awe, all the more that I was sure the price ought to have been three thousand. Then it came over me that it had been smuggled. I recalled Laurence's description of the packman who had sold him my silk. This was the identical individual. And I knew that the part of honesty would have been to turn him out of doors without another word, and, instead of even wanting to buy his baubles, to save my pennies with a different view, and some day send to the Treasury, in conscience-money, such a sum as would have been the government duty at the custom-house upon that piece of silk.

But I am weak-minded. I just let that piece of airy loveliness hang over my hands, and wondered if I ought not to send the man to my uncle's house, where Amelia would have bought the vall out of hand. And while I wondered, he went on unfolding, one by one, flounces and shawls, and peplums and berthas, and at last—a barbe. A barbe, and what a beauty! It was more than a yard long, of exquisite shape, curving in and out like a strip of sea-foam blown by the wind, and with its dainty and perfect pattern might have been a bannerol for the armies of Oberon and Titania.

If my mouth didn't water for it my eyes did. The price of it? Seventy-five dollars. Real point, he assured me, and worth twice the money, as I must already know. I threw it down in despair. Seventy-five dollars! I had ten in my purse, which Laurence had handed me the day before, to go and come upon, as he phrased it.

"It is of no use," I said, dismally. "I must not make you vaste any more time, and ought not to have let you come in, for I cannot afford to purchase any such things."

"Do not mention it," said the merchant, graciously. "That is of no consequence. It is a pleasure to me to show madame my wares. They are seldom so well appreciated."

"Yes," I answered, instead of allowing him to depart with

no more words, "I can certainly admire, although I have no money to buy."

"That is of small odds," said the merchant, again, graclously. "What is money? A mere measure of the value of other things. What is there in this little silver piece," filliping between thumb and finger a coin which he took from his pocket, "to give it value? Nothing whatever. It is merely a written order from the world at large to give me such and so much at sight. I had as lief receive other commodities in exchange for my goods as the gold and silver, which in the end only procure me these same commodities. If madame feels inclined to trade, I have no doubt she has half-worn dresses, linen, napery, books, silver spoons a little battered, for all of which I shall be glad to barter with her. How is that? To be arranged ?"

He had seen my hungry gaze devouring the barbe; he cunningly took it up again and displayed its broidery against the light, gathered it into the various shapes in which it might be worn graceful, as only lace can be, and displaying perfectly the transparent linnea-bells of its design everywhere caught upon the awns of the blanched and bearded grass that seemed to thread it.

"It is a lovely trifle, indeed," he said. "And what pure art in the execution of the fancy! One need not tell me there is less art in the design of a rare bit of lace than in a great painter's fresco, for I deny it! Nor is it as if the purchase of

be as valuable a hundred years from now, if you can take care of it"-already assuming that it would be mine to take care of -"as it is to-day. You wear it at your throat at the next din-ner-party, at the opera. By-and-by there are calls to be made and only a commonplace bonnet to wear, or one even that madame's fingers have shaped themselves; let, then, this bit of lace be twisted here and there, as may be, in the folds or over them, and the bonnet has come from Paris, and is worth a couple of hundred dollars for all that the wisest can tell. Or when there is nothing but mull muslin for the great ball where satins and velvets and diamonds reign, this lappet of point, basted down the centre of the front breadth, leaves the dress rich enough in its simplicity for a princess. Ah, there is no end to the uses to which a bit of valuable lace can be turned! And then it is a heritage for one's children, besides."

I stood stupefied by his eloquence, which pierced me to the heart; not noticing that this was indeed his little speech which he had been too skillful to utter at the door, nor heeding that a man talking this way, but doing such questionable things, was more than likely to be a villain fallen from high estate. I forgot all my prudence in the truth of what he said, and sat and stared at the lovely streamer of lace as if my salvation depended on its acquisition.

"Let me see," recommenced the oily tongue, "if madame has not a silk dress, a little past its best; a poplin; a shawl too much soiled for a lady to wrap about her; an atom of old china; or, indeed, any underclothing, such as ladies have a habit of making up and putting away against some fancied need of it. It will not take an armful to reach the pitiful amount of seventy-five dollars," said this son of Jewry.

Suddenly my face must have brightened; he took the cue, and grew more fervid in his plausibility; but I did not hear a word he said, for I was reckoning over my possible treasures. There was my bright ruby silk—to be sure it was hardly wrinkled; but Laurence detested it, and I had not worn it for a year and a half. Perhaps that would balance the barbe. I ran and brought it down, leaving little Laura in the room with

I must have known, be it ever so faintly, that I was doing something wrong; for a fright took hold of me, lest in my absence he should run away with the child, and I flew down the staircase like lightning. But he had a more profitable game than that on hand. I eagerly unfolded the dress.

"It is but a poor color," said he. It was the richest of rubies. "One of those pronounced things," he added, "that are seldom available. And the fashion is old—ah yes, very old. Has madame no silk of neutral tint, no pearl-color, no black ?"

Balance the barbe, indeed! He was not going to take the dress at any price, apparently. I saw that my plausible gentleman must be bargained with.

"First, let me know," I said, "what price you would set on

"Madame must set her own price."

"Well, it cost me-material, making and trimming-a hundred," I ventured.

"Alas!" said the worthy. "Madame is proceeding on an entirely false assumption. And to put her right at once, I will tell her that I will give her ten dollars for this dress, and no more. Six is the usual allowance; but the guipure on this shall make the difference."

What a simpleton I had been! Why hadn't I remembered this old guipure when trimming my new gown? The thought only flashed upon me and was gone; for I was in a stupefied condition at the idea of the beggarly sum he offered for my splendid ruby silk.

"No," I said, valiant with indignation. "You may keep your laces. I had rather give the dress away."

"Madame must not be vexed at such a matter. It is an affair of bargain and sale. Let her consider the case. I receive a dress cut to a certain form; I shall not perhaps find so good a form again in all my transactions, and therefore none whom it will suit, and who will take it off my hands. It is a fashion of three years ago, and in purchasing it I take the responsibility of it were an extravagance, a whim of the passing fashion, costly meeting, by the barest chance, with three conditions—a person

to wear it, who is of as fine figure as madame is herself. It is to be allowed that with so many risks ten dollars is all the amount with which I should be right in burdening myself. Let madame reflect if she has nothing else of value; ladies will keep worthless things in their wardrobes for years, that in truth are mere lumber and food for moths."

And he folded the dress up leisurely and placed it on one side, and set down in a little note-book, which he had held

open, the sum of ten dollars.

I was evidently destined by him to consummate the whole arrangement. I knew he had defrauded my country, and now he was stealing my dress. Why didn't I order him out of the house? On the contrary, I went meekly and brought down my foulard; once it had been the pride of my silly heart, but I had spilled a cup of cream on it, and now I was just as dishonest as he was, for I wasn't going to say a word about that unless he himself discovered it. Unless he discovered it! His lynx-eyes lighted on it as if by instinct.

"That's done," said he, disdainfully. "Shall I exchange point lace for grease spots? Say two dollars."

And he laid it in a little parcel on the other, and wrote down in his note-book two dollars.

I humbly went up-stairs again, and this time brought down my French cashmere. Aunt Jane had paid fifty dollars for it once, but I had always disliked it, and had hardly ever worn it.
"Ah, that is entirely out of date," said my cozener. "Those

palm-leaves, that border, are of the style of half a generation since. It is worth very little to me, absolutely almost nothing. Hem! a bit of fringe gone too; a bad crease; it has not been carefully folded. A shawl should always be put away in the same folds it wore when bought; no, it has been very badly treated.'

I am thankful to say that the Adam in me turned under that

treading, though it was only for a moment.
"You can take your basket and go," I said. "I do not care for any further dealings with you to-day, sir."

He became servile in a moment.

"A thousand, ten thousand pardons! Madame must not look at my poor remarks in a personal light. I intend no reflections upon herself. She must understand that I but give her the reasons for my price. For the shawl we will say five dollars," relapsing from the gentleman to the Jew again, in his astonishing way, and without budging an inch he folded it carefully and laid it on the pile at his left, made another entry in his note-book, and I crept away like a spaniel, doing his bidding.

Two gowns and a shawl gone. I paused to consider what I could add to the holocaust. There was an organdy that I could spare—that went over my arm—but then I recollected that it was the dress I wore on the day when Laurence first kissed my hand, and I hung it up again. In its place I gathered together a parcel of odds and ends, that I knew he would flout, as he

did—a sacque, an apron, a cape, a hood, a waterproof.

"Poor duds," said he. And he held them up to the light, that I might be satisfied, without words, as to how threadbare they were, felt of the edges to assure me they were ragged, found the stains by natural intuition, and then showed them to me with an eloquent and reproachful glance, intimating that he did not care for them, did not know as he would take them away even if I gave them to him for nothing, but finally rolled them all together and said he would allow a dollar for the lot! That was eighteen dollars. What else had I to make up the fifty-seven still wanting? he would beg to ask.

"Nothing!" I said. "Nothing at all. It is impossible!"
"Not so," cried my companion. "Nothing is impossible. And it would indeed be a poor business to retreat from the purchase, when with so little trouble a quarter of it is already procured. Has madame no small sum of money she can add to the

I thought of my ten dollars. To be sure, if I gave it up I should have to go afoot, and neither car nor carriage for me the rest of the season. I should have to turn every beggar from the door, which I had never been obliged to do yet. I should be positively unable to buy so much as a spool of cotton all "On the contrary winter; for as to telling Laurence what I had done with the madame," said he.

who does not care for the fashion of it, who is brunette and able to wear it, who is of as fine figure as madame is herself. It is these things in the future seemed! I liked best to walk; I didn't approve of street-beggars and promiscuous charity; perhaps I should need no cotton or nicknacks till Laurence handed me another bill.

The lace merchant put away the piece of paper in his pocket.

and changed the figures on his note-book.

"Twenty-eight," said he.

a third on our way already."

He threw his hawk's eyes round about him. "Ah," he cried, "I see here a bit of old china," for little Laura had succeeded in opening the closet-door where I keep my best dinner-service and one or two old family keep-sakes, and the contents were all displayed. "Ah," said he again, bending forward, "there is something, not so very old, but still it may be better than delf. Shall I see it? The little bowl with a cover. I pay my best prices for old china."
"Do you mean this?" I asked, taking down a little sugar-

bowl that had been my great-grandmother's. "Oh, no, I could

not sell that at any price."

"But shall I take it in my hands one moment?" he asked, humbly, and admiringly.

It was a small oblong bowl, in the shape of a half melon, the cover completing the other half; over all the ribs ran a tiny vine of sweet-briar, tinted as exquisitely as if a painter had spent his lifetime upon the work; it rung to the touch with a tone like silver, and it was as translucent as though it had only been thickened out of ice. The peddler bent above it in a sort of rapture. I believe he thought that I was so silly it was no object for him to conceal his feelings. "And one heavenly little crack," I heard him murmur to himself.

"You shall have ten dollars for it," then he said, glancing

up at me.

"No, indeed," I answered. "It is an heirloom; I couldn't think of parting with it."

"I will say fifteen," he urged. "Nay, not to haggle. twenty."

I took it from him, and set it on the shelf again. .

"I should feel as though I were selling my great-grandmother's bones," I said. "But here is a tablecloth and nap-kins I could do without," as they caught my eye.

I queried, afterward, if taking such articles as that, and disposing of them in such a manner, were not as much theft, on my part, as if I had been a light-fingered housemaid doing the same. But I did not think of that then, feeling so virtuous, as I did, at not selling my great-grandmother's sugar-bowl; and my companion had no more conscience than at the moment had I, and he added the napery to his pile, and some small figure to

After that I scraped my memories and my closets for an old grenadine, a little scarf, a coat of Laurence's, a cloak that I had hung out to give to Betty, the poor washerwoman: a dozen small articles were added to his selection; these he threw aside, and would have none of them, so contemptuously that my ears burned, and I grew momently more abject; those he depreciated to the last thread; now he paid a half dollar, now a few cents, while I tremblingly awaited his flat. And the sum total grew so slowly that in a despair I could have torn my-chignon to think I had ever begun such a bad business at all.

I had, at last, nothing left that I could spare or could remember. I had sold a quantity that indeed I couldn't spare, and the sum total was yet but thirty-five dollars. I began to be woefully ashamed of my poverty, and to think that I had taken up a whole hour of this man's time for nothing. I was afraid, too, that if we really concluded no bargain, he would be impudent and ugly, perhaps snatch Laura and run off with her before my very eyes; and there never is a policeman in sight when you want one, though at any other time they are marching down the sidewalk six abreast. I sat down and tried to recall any other possible possession that I had.

"I suppose you don't care for old linen?" I asked, recalling the trunk in the attic, full of articles made up in the usual use less profusion at the time of my marriage, and not yet en-

croached upon.

"On the contrary, it was one of the things I mentioned to



11

1:0

at h

f Illinois itized /

y of -digi⁺

University .n, Google-div

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

re tride (

to walk ...

barity ; p

And I ran up the stairs to overhaul the trunk, without loss of | triffe, and fearing that Laura would articulate plainly enough to time. I recollected with what pleasure I had set every stitch in that pile of whiteness; the things there seemed, in a way, sacred to me now, and their sale to the packman a sort of sacri-

I took them up tenderly, one by one; the chemises with their dainty ruffles, the pretty little underwaists, the skirts, the night-dresses, full of puffs and insertings. Once I dropped them back again, but a second thought of the barbe, a second fear of the man, and I gathered them all up in one heap and sprang down to the back-parlor again.

"They have never been worn," said I, abandoning them triumphantly.

"They have been made a long time," said he. "They are very yellow. Perhaps starched when put away; if so, then very rotten. And then there may be moths, and, possibly, crickets."

He displayed them to the light, peered among the gathers, pulled them in one direction and another, and grew sharperfeatured than a buzzard while he hunted them over.

"When I bought that cloth," murmured I, "I paid eighty cents a yard for it."

"Dear, dear!" he answered. "They took advantage of you. And that was when gold was running up among the two-forties. Now, I can buy it anywhere for a shilling." "It is very fine," I urged.

"And all the worse for wearing, then. Home-made, I venture to believe ?"

"Certainly. I made them all myself," I replied, with proud fatuity.

"And, in no disparagement to madame's finger-work, there are those whose business this work is, and who do it so much the better that their livelihood depends upon it."

How much my contrabandista knew! How well he talked! I was so overawed that I said no more, and suffered him to lay on his growing hillock all my precious garments that had been put away for the rainy day, and to set down for them, without a remonstrance, the pitiful sum of fifteen dollars.

"We want but twenty-five more," said he.
"And shall have to want," I cried. I had sold him a trunkful of new clothing, my gowns, my shawls, my hoods, a part of my table-linen—presently I should be beggared. "I haven't another atom of anything. I have stripped my house. I have been very wrong to undertake the thing. I cannot conclude it.

You positively must take your laces away."

"Madame must reflect," said the robber, now severely, "that

I cannot afford to waste valuable time in this way. It would be unjustifiable on her part, if, at this stage, the affair were not continued to the end. There is the trifle of old chins. I offered madame twenty—I will say twenty-five dollars; and that will close our bargain, and madame will be the richer by a rare bit of point lace that a princess might wear."

"Take it!" I cried, glad now to get him out of the house on any terms.

And I ran and put it in his hands, and helped him tie up his bundle, and shut the door upon him at last, and flew up-stairs to hide my barbe, and to bathe my head, which ached as though the veins were full of fire.

It was very strange that that very day Laurence, searching in the back parlor closet, should have turned to me and said, "I suppose that ancestral sugar-bowl of yours, Charlotte, was broken while you and Laura were sick? Too bad! I would rather have given a good deal than that she shouldn't have had that delicate bit to show her own children? How did it

But by the most fortunate accident in the world, showing that sometimes accidents are fortunate, just then little Laura tripped and fell, and raised such an uproar that I had to run and carry her from the room for vinegar and brown paper, and trust, with a heart beating in my throat, that her father would have forgotten his question by the time I returned.

It was plain that I never should dare to tell Laurence of the quantities of things I had that day sacrificed on the shrine of my vanity. I felt as if I had stolen his purse; and it was days and days before I left off starting, as if I were stung, at every I have a little Valenciennes set with rose-colored ribbons, that

be understood, something about my transactions; for they had entertained her so highly that she had fashioned them into a sort of lyrical recital.

"What is that which Laura keeps singing," asked her father one day, "about a man with clouds, and a man with spiders" webs, and a man with a big nose carrying off your clothes?"

"Nancy has been teaching her 'Mother Goose,'" said I, tremblingly, though really that part of my reply was no fib. "Is it that? The man in the moon, or the maid that was in the garden hanging out the clothes, when along came a blackbird and snipped off her nose?"

I had never deceived him about anything before in my life; and I cried so much, in consequence of all this, that if tears made anybody immaculate, I should have been washed clean of

all the sin of it very soon.

It was not very long after this that Aunt Maria said to me, "What are you going to wear to our great dinner-party next week, Charlotte? I rely upon you and Laurence to take a great deal off my hands. Your Aunt Jane's girls, Lavinia and Catharine, that is, are always so much taken up with themselves that they are of no service to anybody. The general and his chief of staff are to be there, and that new poet, Sluiceaway, and the very grandissimi of the city; and Mrs. Vandervan, too, who always dresses so tremendously that it is no matter what anybody else puts on at all, she has quite enough to go round."

"I can wear my new silk that Laurence gave me the other

day. It is a beauty," I said.
"Ah? That is nice. All complete? Do you want anything

Why was Aunt Maria so solicitous concerning my toilet. It was a new freak on her part. Was she going to make me a present? All at once it occurred to me that perhaps if I suggested a point lace barbe, she would, in the plenitude of her sudden generosity of the moment, give me a check with which I could buy my own! or, at any rate, could make good the things I had thrown away for it.

"Yes," I said; and it was such an artful fit that I felt as if it were an innocent one. I never knew I had such a capacity for wickedness before. "Yes, I do want to wear with it a point lace barbe. It is such a handsome silk that anything else would

"A point lace barbe!" cried my aunt. "What is the child thinking of? It would cost a hundred and fifty dollars."
"No, indeed," said I; "only seventy-five."

"You could not get it for twice that in any store in town," said my sunt. And very truly, for I remembered then what the packman had told me. "What would people say of you?" continued my aunt. "Every one knows Laurence couldn't afford it. I wouldn't have you wear one if you had it! It is the very reason that I never give you anything inconsistent with your position; for I would not for the world have people think "—Aunt Maria does care so much for what people think! "that you were an extravagant spendthrift of a wife, leading

Laurence to his ruin, when you are such a nice, careful house-keeper for him, my dear." I twinged, I know I did. "And they would certainly have to think that you ran him in debt for it, or else came by your toggery in some way not so pleasant even as that."

" Why, Aunt Maria!"

"Yes, child," shaking her head, dolorously; "there is little Mrs. Venning, whose husband is Mr. Marvaughn's clerk—the rich Marvaughn. They live in Mr. Marvaughn's house, and, as her husband is that gentleman's secretary, to be sure that is all well enough. But you have only to look that woman over to see that her husband's yearly salary would not pay for half her evening dresses. And when I met her, the other day, in an Indian cashmere that cost five thousand dollars if it cost a cent, why, I cut her dead!"
"Why, Aunt Maria, I never thought of such a thing!"

"I dare say not. You're not a woman of the world, thank goodness! and you're very innocent, for all you're such a great handsome thing. Now, my dear," concluded Aunt Maria, tumbling over her bureau-drawer, "what led to all this, is that is too gay for me, and just the thing for you. It only cost a trifle, and I want you to wear it. Now, good-by. I must see my dressmaker. I had rather it were my dentist. Don't you fail me on Thursday."

You may be sure I walked home with my cheeks tingling; and, meeting Laurence on the steps, I poured the whole conver-

sation forth with one gush the moment we were in the parlor.
"She was very right, dear. Your Aunt Maria is a woman of sense," said he. "Every one knows that your relations do nothing for you since your marriage, except the small kindnesses which are all I would endure your accepting. And you would stand in a very questionable light in every one's eyes."

"What do you care for every one's eyes?" I asked, pettishly.

"We all care," said Laurence.

"I'm sure I don't."

"If you didn't, you wouldn't wish to wear this finery. Eh? And either disagreeable things must be thought of you, or else it would be supposed that I was embezzling my employer's funds."

"Embezzling!"

"And nothing less-if you are seen with a bit of lace at your throat worth a couple of hundred dollars."

"Why, Laurence!" I cried. "I only paid seventy-five for it."

"Only paid?" said he.

And then the mischief was out, and out came all the rest of the story.

"And that was where the china bowl went to!" I said, despairingly, as I finished.

Laurence didn't say a word; but he walked up and down the room with such a grave face, and then went out. He was so disappointed in his wife. By-and-by he came back; and as I was crying fit to break my heart, he came and took me in his arms and kissed me, and forgave me.

"We will think no more about it, now," he said.

"Oh, I'll never wear it, Laurence!" I cried, through my bbs. "I'll keep it for little Laurs, when she's married."
"It will be no more fit for Laura than for Laura's mother, ворв.

said he. "No; we will look at it now and then, to grow wiser by. Perhaps some time we shall be rich enough to wear it. It is not the barbe, Charlotte, that was a mere indiscretion; it is the first want of confidence, the first deception between you and me.

"Oh, Laurence!" I cried, "how good you are! What ever made you marry such a selfish, unprincipled wretch as I am?" "Perhaps because one loves a person all the better for not being quite perfect," said he, mischievously.

But his kindness, do you know, was harder to bear than if he had been angry. I made so many good resolves on the spot. I have been trying ever since so hard to keep them. And the very first thing I did was to take Nancy for an escort, that very evening, and run up to Aunt Maria's, and tell her the whole story. And, do you believe, the good old soul bought the hateful little rag on the spot, and gave me just what I paid for it, only gave it in money, and wore it at her dinner-party, and has been congratulating herself ever since on the bargain she made in that point lace barbe. But the very sight of it makes me shiver.

THE WOODMAN OF THE VOSGES.

THE Vosges is a country where mountain life and existence buried in the forests has given the people a stamp and manners peculiarly their own. Wood-choppers, charceal-burners, and others, thriving by woodland industries, make up the population. The ax does not swing as freely as in our forests. To fell a tree is a matter that few can attempt. It is the perquisite of the favored few. Most of the woodmen, like Pierre Rosier, were but weod-choppers, allowed to lop off the branches.

Pierre was a surly, fitful man; at times industrious, active, energetic; then again moody, sullen, roaming off to the wildest part of the mountain, not to work, but to brood. What caused this no one knew, for Perine, his wife, was the most beautiful and best woman that entered the portal of the mountain chapel. All acknowledged her merit, while they wondered at her choice

plainingly, and when his moody idleness pinched everything in the household, she never complained. The fits grew more and more frequent.

Where was it to end? Just then a ray of relief came: a gentleman in feeble health had come to the mountains by his physician's order, to try, as a last resource, the pure air of their breezy heights. The cure to whom he applied, aware of Perine's embarrassment, directed him to her cabin. She cheerfully undertook to give him such accommodations as her roof could afford, and even Pierre seemed relieved.

But as the health of Mr. Saunier improved, a new cloud came over the brow of Pierre. His solitary wife found pleasure and forgetfulness in the conversation of her guest during the long absences of her husband.

Pierre became jealous; he now remained at home, not working, but sulkily lounging. His wife's irreproachable life gave no ground for suspicion, and the fact that he could detect not a shadow on which to base an accusation seemed to make him only more fierce and brutal.

One day they needed fuel; the large pile always near the door having gradually dwindled down, the consumed portion was not now replaced by Pierre. She asked him to go and cut some. It was Mr. Saunier's last day, and with the morrow his departure would deprive them of what had long been their sole support. This thought, too, seemed to cross his mind, and with an oath he declared that he would bring her the branches of the Ecore pine, a well-known tree that for generations had stood upon the

brink of a fearful precipice, untouched by woodman's hand.

"Don't talk so, Pierre," she cried,; "you can get wood without tempting Providence;" and she went on busily with the

washing at which she was engaged.

Pierre strode off with his ax in hand, and climbed the step like whitened rocks on which the old tree stood. He climbed, and began to lop off. Branch after branch fell, some where he might get them, others far below in the deep ravine, that no one had ever ventured to descend. As he got up, a sort of fury seized him, and he resolved to cut off the topmost branch; but when not half a dozen remained, a shudder ran through his frame as he heard a crackling sound far below that he knew too well. The old tree was snapping off below; the incessant blows of his ax had given it the impulse. With a prayer that hardly reached his lips, he flung his ax to the winds, and clasped the tree with the agony of despair. With a crash, the giant of the forest swung; not where other trees might have broken its fall, and given him a chance for life, but headlong down the abyss. One fearful cry, and all was still. The cry brought another woodcutter in sight of the broken stump, and he hastened to Perine to announce the fate of her unhappy husband. It was a work of hours to reach the spot where he fell. Rough but kindly hands raised the corpse, and when placed in its rude coffin, the woodmen gathered to bear it down on the curious railroad of the mountain to the chapel door, where the last services were to be performed over the victim of his own jealousy, and the Ecore pine.

THE CAT AND THE HEN.

A HEN was once very sick, and confined to her nest; this having reached the ears of a cat, she resolved to pay the hen a visit and condole with her. When the hen saw who her visitor was, she was greatly agitated.

"Don't alarm yourself," said the cat; "keep up your spirits. I hope you will soon be abroad again. Can I do anything for you, or can I be of any use to you? You may command my services."

"I am much obliged to you," said the hen; "but if you will be so good as to leave me, I am sure I shall soon be better."

THE DOG AND WATER-LILY.

One of Cowpers sweetest little poems is entitled "The Dog and Water-lily." It is founded on an incident which the famous artist, Harrison Weir, has beautifully illustrated, and of of such a husband. Still she bore all his waywardness uncom- which our engraving is a faithful copy. The melancholy poet



54 原形原 原 mme: 12 by busica धा श्रे अ

retribing a

re of Perso beafalls o or orlin a cloud as:

Marie E. ring the in: ne mêma dile life no i detection

to mirio orbics mass ctsa: his dear in and with moth d the last

lanizată 12 : 22 d mate N 123 hol 34 He citie dar (12) THE 180 8 Hat d =

handle

beard: threat 3 2171 CONT. GMT بخاضا ا desc: 52 121112 de si num 1100 SUZ 1 10 Est.

305 120,72 1 14 T. C. 1 Champaign 1: 22.3 1018 Tis 2 s Urbana-NO. 1 0.5

at f Illinois itized / 10 of git University n, Google-di 는 기

was taking his customary noonday walk by the side of that pretty little river, the Ouse, accompanied by his favorite spaniel, Beau, when Cowper's attention was drawn to some beautiful water-lilies at a short distance from the bank.

" With cane extended far, I sought To stretch it close to land ; But still the prize, though nearly caught, Escaped my eager hand. Beau marked my unsuccessful pains With fixed, considerate face, And puzzling set his puppy brains To comprehend the case.

• . " My ramble ended, I returned, Beau trotting far before, The floating wreath again discerned, And, plunging, left the shore. I saw him with that lily cropped Impatient swim to meet My quick approach, and soon he dropped The treasure at my feet."

PIERRE, THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

CHAPTER L.

A STEAMOR race are the charcoal-burners. Living apart among the woods, in hute roughly put together, and rarely mixing with the denizens of town or village, they seem, by their wild ways, to be a link between the old savage times and the modern days of civilization. They are a solitary people, pursuing their calling in the loneliest glades of the forest, never seeking to associate with others, never seeking to change their manners and modes of living, never assimilating themselves to the refinements, the religion, or the culture around them. Some say they never go to mass, and all their baptisms (if any) and their marriages are settled by laws of their own. At all events, they marry only among themselves; the reason, perhaps, being, that to the rest of the community they are pariahs, with whom a man would be ashamed to connect himself.

Awful tales have reached my ears of the savagery of the charcoal-burners.

"Their children are as untaught and wild as young wolves," said one. "They attend no school, they go to no church."

"Their dwellings are foul with smoke and dirt," cried another. "No doors, no windows, no chimney, and as to water, they can't understand the use of it. In fact, they live like

"But they must come to market sometimes," I observed, mildly. "And they must buy clothes."

"Clothes! I don't think the little ones in the huts trouble themselves much with clothes. And as to provisions, they are fetched from the villages as seldom as possible; then usually one of their men comes with a cart and pony, and procures

"And why do they live such a strange life?" I asked.

"I don't know. They have always done it. They lived like that hundreds of years ago, and they live so still."

This was the answer I invariably received. No one seemed to possess any deeper knowledge; so I was fain to put up with the scanty information I could get. And, indeed, this is all I know of the the charcoal-burners to this day, for their huts lay so far in the recesses of the forest, that I never found time to pay them a visit, and prove, by the evidence of my own senses, whether the strange tales told me of their savage lives were too highly colored or not.

I could fancy that in the lonely glades of that great wooded belt, which stretches into the Black Forest, a race of men might grow savage. And finding themselves despised and shunned, they might learn, on their side, to contemn the civilization and the religion of those who scorned them. But would this make them wicked? Surely in the green, quiet cloisters of the wood, in the long, leafy naves of this great temple, in its shadowy and arched choir, the human soul was more attuned to worship the holy and the pure than in the festering city, where sin walks unabashed, insolent, showy, and loud.

"You wanted to see a charcoal-burner," said Madame Rodiers to me one morning. "Well, here comes the charrette of Pierre, the charcoal-burner. Now you can talk to him, monsieur, if

I ran out into the road, and followed the wheels of the cart till they stopped at the grocer's door. Then a tall, spare man, with iron-gray hair, sprang to the ground, and entered the shop. His face was hard and bronzed, the features good, the eyes piercing, the cheeks thin and hollow, the mouth firm, and grave to such a strange degree that it seemed never to have smiled. It was this which gave to his face a peculiarity so remarkable, that I could not refrain from watching him almost rudely. He took no notice, however, of my steady gaze, as, with a singular display of memory, he enumerated the puzzling varieties of articles required by the community, whose commissioner he was. For all these things he had a pile of little packets, each containing money, and, to my surprise, he made no single error either in the reckoning of this, or in the name of the person to whom it belonged.

"I am astonished you should trouble yourself to remember

all this," said L "Why not write it down?"
"Monsieur, I cannot write," returned the charcoal-burner, gravely. "We cannot learn writing in the woods; we must trust to our memories. And the memory of a charcoal burner is good," he added.

He said this with a sudden flash in his fierce eyes, while there fell on his face an expression of hate and suffering indescriba-

"That man has a history, and a strange one," I thought, as I watched the shadow of pain come over his hard features, and leave them as composed and passionless as before.

"How old should you think Pierre to be?" asked the grocer, in his usual mincing voice, as the charcoal burner strode away to help Adolphe, the shopman, to stow the packages in the

"I should think him between fifty and sixty," I answered. The grocer chuckled with delight at this reply.

"Why, ten years ago," he cried, "there wasn't a handsomer young fellow in the woods than Pierre. At the utmost, he is not more than thirty-four."

I was so astonished, that I could only turn my eyes in bewilderment on the worn, hard face, whose aged lines of care and sorrow seemed utterly to belie the grocer's words.

"Ah," said he, "you may well look surprised, but I tell you the exact truth. That man has not seen more than thirtyfour years of life-a hard, strange life, certainly, and it has made him what you see him. In fact, he has nover smiled

"Since what? since when?" I cried, half angrily.

"Since the murder. Of course you know all the story, monsieur ?''

"Of course, I know nothing," I answered. "You Ardennais are the most aggravating people upon the earth. No sooner does a stranger come among you than you talk to him as if he knew all your village gossip since the days of St. Hubert."

"Monsieur is half right there. But I thought Madame Rodiere had told you the story of poor Elmire's death," said the

"I would rather hear it from Pierre himself," said I, "if, as suppose, the story is connected with him."

"Hush, here he comes! Pierre!" cried the grocer, "will you take a glass of pékie (the Ardennes genièvre)."

"Monsieur knows I never drink aught but water," returned the man, taking up his last packets from the counter.

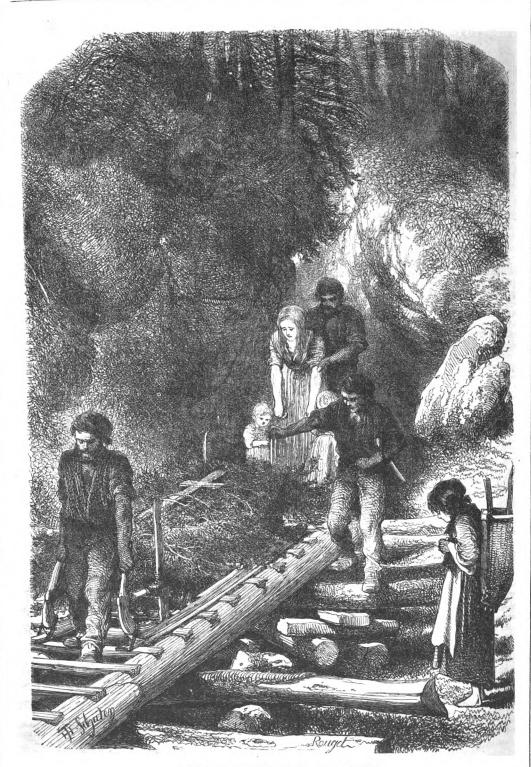
"This gentleman prays you to drink a health with him, and tell him how it is your face looks so old when you are still young. Why, Pierre, he has just guessed your age at sixty.'

We all smiled except the charcoal-burner, whose harsh face seemed to grow a shade older as he listened.

"I am little used to talking," he said, "especially in houses. Out in the woods I might tell the story, if the gentleman is not afraid to come."

"I am not afraid, Pierre," I answered.

"We charcoal-burners are a wild lot," he continued, "and I should be sorry to tell a tale before them; but anywhere beneath



BURLAL OF THE WOODMAN OF THE VOSGES.—PAGE 366.

明の は の の 二 に な な は は は の の の の に は



THE CAT AND THE HEN.—PAGE 366

the trees in quiet, I might, in my rough way, draw you out a say a 'Pater' in Latin to save her life; she was untaught and

"I will meet you where you please," I cried, eagerly. "The in the woods with us for a while. lonelier the spot, the better I shall like it."

"I'm watching a pile of burning wood in the forest, near the old cross in the Bastoigne road," he answered, "and if any day, for a week to come, monsieur will travel that way and blow his horn"-(travelers and sportsmen carry horns in their pockets, to blow if lost)-"I shall hear it, and I will make my way through the trees, and bring you to the

"I will come on Monday, Pierre," I said,

He bowed to me, without a word more, and departed.

"An uncouth man," said the grocer; "but there—I wonder he is alive or in his senses. Far less than he has suffered would make a lunatic of me."

I would not be irritated into asking questions, so I bought a bundle of cigars, and bade the smirking grocer good-day.

CHAPTER II.

THROUGH what wonderful green glades I passed! What cool arcades, and lofty arches, roofed with fluttering leaves, soft, shining,

shadowy, bathing the eye in delicious rest, and filling every sense with beauty! For a true and noble temple, commend me to the woods. What cathedral nave can equal this avenue of elms? What tracery in stone, carved by the most cunning hand, can rival this fretwork of leaf and light above my head? And as for music and for prayer—on every side I hear going up to the summer sky sounds that speak of joy and

Down in a little glen, where the trees grew thick and tall, shutting out the sun, and the loneliness was so intense that the voice grew hushed, and the heart seemed stirred with memories of other worlds, I heard in broken phrases. uncouth and roughly-spoken, the story of Pierre, the charcoal-burner.

"I am the poorest man alive." said Pierre; "in all the world there's none poorer or rougher. In saying I am a charcoal-burner, all's said in one word. I am an outcast of the woods, and I know it, and I rarely trouble a town, for there I feel myself alone - not tuned, as it were, to the tone about me. Here 'tis different; my spirit does not jar with these trees and rocks, these long-stretching shadows and fantastic lights, these wild cries of bird and beast, and this mysterious moan, which comes at times upon the wind's breath, shaking the forest with the wail of some unspeakable sorrow. No; I love the wild, free woods; and she loved the forest, too, with all her heart. There wasn't a sound in it she couldn't tell and interpret, from the song of the nightingale down to the weakest cry of the small insect on the grass.

"People said she was ignorant. She

shadow of the truth—only a shadow at the best, for words don't ignorant as a bird or a beast. I've heard the townfolks say this of her often, and I've smiled, and wished they were out



THE DOG AND WATER-LILY.-PAGE 336.

"Ignorant, was she? Why, she knew every tree that grows; she knew every herb that springs out of the grass; she could tell you where the fresheat water ran, and the greenest cresses grew. There wasn't a healing leaf in the woods that she hadn't learnt to understand; and if you did but hurt your finger, she would spring aside, and come back smiling, with some sweet-smelling remedy in her pretty hand.

"Then the flowers! There was no eye like hers for flowers. She knew them all, and never gathered them as town-folks do, to throw away when they faded. No; she dried them in the sun, and kept them for the sick in winter. The rose and gilly-flower for colds, the lime-blossoms for fever. Ah, what a store she gathered every summer! And with what wreaths and posies she decked out our little hut!

"We were brought up together, sir, so I know what I am saying when I tell you she was not ignorant. But, like us all, she had no town-learning; her only books were the forest and the sky; but out of these she got a wisdom that might have put learned men to shame."

Pierre paused here, and his eyes looked out far away beneath the green glades, as though he saw there some sight that filled his soul with the unutterable longing of sorrow.

"Down there, at that old gnarled tree, she used to meet me every day. Sometimes, at sunset, I think I see her still; but I know it is only fancy. If I were a townsman, taught out of books, these fancies would not come upon me strong as they do now. But I don't wish them away. No; it does me good to fancy I see her.

"I wish you could see her, sir, as I do now. I am so afraid, as you listen to my poor talk, you will think her rude and rough like me. You will think, because she was a charcoalburner's daughter, and because she loved such a man as I am, that her ways must have been like my ways; but I tell you, no. It is not in me to have such thoughts as she had, and to put them in such noble words—words that had a music and a measure in them, like the winds have on a stormy night. And it is not in me to learn the things from sky, and herb, and tree, that she learnt. Every little leaf and flower-cup told her its secret, and the stars, as they looked down on her, breathed into her soul such thoughts of an infinite love, of an ever-yearning pity, and eternal glory, that my heart would stop beating as I listened to her.

"Was she beautiful? you ask. I don't kpow, sir. Her face was not like any face I have heard called beautiful in towns and villages; but once, in a picture, I saw a face like hers. It was the picture of a woman in the wilderness, weeping, as she lay on the ground, with her hand resting on a book."

" Mary Magdalen," said I.

"It might be, sir. But her name, you know, was Elmire. I've made the woods ring with her name many a time in the old joyous days; and in the sad times since, I've whispered it to myself in prison, in such bitterness as few men know. You wouldn't think, sir, that she was a girl, whom a wicked man would dare to love in a wicked way; yet that misery came to her. If you were to climb to the top of that green knoll, and look westward over the sloping trees, you'd see the smoke of the village where he lived. I never go there now. The sight of the place would set my brain on fire.

"He was a farmer's son, well to do. A coarse, drunken brute,

vile and cruel as a wolf, but clever, so the schoolmaster said, and rich, as all the world knew. And, you see, she was only a charcoal-burner's daughter, an outcast, ignorant as a bird, and wilder. She never went to mass, she never came to confess, she never joined a procession, she never danced at a village fête, she could neither read nor write, and in all her life she had never seen a town. So she was too far beneath him to be thought of as a wife; she was even in his eyes so low, that he kept his base love a secret from all his neighbors.

"But he crept into the wood, and came upon her in lonely places, and insulted her with hot words of passion. Or he stole upon her unawares, when she sat at work beneath the trees, and fawned and cringed for a word from her. Or he threatened, and frightened her, when she came into the village for flax and wool. All things, all ways, he tried, and he gained only her quiet scorn, and her untold loathing.

"We wild children of the woods have an instinct, which warns us of a hurtful reptile or a poisonous plant, and thus we avoid them, though we know not their names, and though we could not, in our ignorance, utter our reason for our fear. So with her: she hated this man from the first, and one day in our wanderings, she told me she thought he would kill her, as a snake or a wolf might when hungry, or angry. I laughed at this.

"'He dare not lift his hand against thee, Elmire,' I said.
'He is a coward, and he knows that I should kill him if he did but touch thee.'

"Indeed, my anger burned so fiercely against the villain that Elmire had with difficulty kept us from blows. But for her prayers and tears, I would have rid her path of him long before. There was another hindrance, too—her father. With him lay all the root of this misery. He was a drunkard, and for drink he was willing to sell even his daughter. He was lost, swallowed up in that one vice; reason, affection, conscience, all drowned in it. He was so weak beneath its sway, that he fell into the pitfall laid for him, as a blind beast would.

"Luc Leroy had but to say, 'Here's a drink for thee, Pere Martin,' and forthwith he would answer, with a cunning leer:

"'Elmire is down in the dell yonder, or she has gone to the old cross to-day.'

"And grappling the bottle for which he had sold his child's peace, he would depart, muttering and chuckling with drunken glee.

"To save this miserable wretch from my contempt, Elmire bore all this, and held her peace. I guessed some of it; Inever guessed the whole till too late.

"Look yonder, monsieur, down that deep, narrow pathway, where the trees arch overhead so closely that the sunlight does but sprinkle sparingly the ground beneath. Do you see, high up on the tallest tree, a white cross cut in the bark? That sign, cut by these hands, is a memorial of the foulest murder ever done in this land. There is not a lonelier spot in all the forest than the little glade that lies beneath that tree.

"It is autumn now, and the leaves are spare; but in full summer the tiny pathway you see yonder is covered up with foliage and long grass, so rank that only a forester's eye can trace the track. And scarce any but a forester's foot can follow it as it winds down, over crags and precipices, into the solitary dell below.

"In that dell the undergrowth is cleared away, giving place to softest turf, and through the midst there runs a liftle rill, trickling music all the day. Lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, and wild roses edge the stream, with many other herbs and flowers, for which my rude, unlettered tongue can find no name. But Elmire knew them all, and she came hither constantly in summer time to cull and dry them in the sun.

"Except for that tall, solitary tree, the dell is open to the sky, and though it is so small that a man may pace it from end to end in a minute, yet here he seems to breathe a freer, fresher air, as, looking upward, no shadow falls between the face and the blue heavens. Standing all around, a sea of green, are hill upon hill of forest, and countless shadows come creeping, with silent tread, to the stream's edge, advancing, retiring, passing, repassing, telling each hour of the day to a wary eye, till the sun goes down, taking the brightness from the grass, and carrying the shadows with him.

"But at noon-day, this brightness glances like a jewel in the forest, and all the shadows, thrust back by the sun, do but fringe the brook, standing like a dark setting round about the dell

"Think of the loneliness of this spot, where a pebble flung into the stream startles the ear, and the sound of a footfall comes like a wonder. If a shriek of agony—if a cry for help went up to heaven from this lone place, no human ear would hear it. If some dreadful deed were done here, no human eye would witness it—no tongue could ever testify against the evil-doer.

"Ten years ago, one August day, when the sun was blasing in the aky, I crept away from my fellows, and bent my steps toward this dell. All the hot morning, as I worked, I bad thought of it longingly, and the sound of the cool rill trick-



Generated at Ur Public Domain,

ling over the pebbles, had haunted me, whispering of rest and freshness. So, while the others betook themselves to the siesta beneath the trees, I crept away, and wound round through the wood, following the music of the brook.

"Somehow it seemed to me that I did not step through the underwood, but that I broke through it suddenly, like a man would in a dream, and then I saw Elmire lying on the grass, in the glare of the noon-day sun. It did not come upon me gradually that she was dead. I knew it like a flash, even as I beheld

her.
"The place was silent as a wrecked ship in mid-ocean might
"The place was silent as a wrecked ship in mid-ocean might be. Not a leaf stirred in the hot air, not a blade of grass quivered as I stood looking at her. I saw she was dead, yet I would not see it—I would not believe it. So, as the color came slowly back to my face, as my heart began to beat again, I cried,

" Elmire! Elmire!"

"There was no answer—no movement in the prostrate form; and then I knew the silence was the silence of death.

"I sprang across the brook and lifted her in my arms, and as I touched her my hands were covered with blood. I do not tell you what I felt. As I have said before, suffering has no words. The tongue cannot betray the agony of the soul, strive as it may. No; it cannot even utter the pangs of the flesh; true grief and pain are silent, and the woes that chatter of their smart are nothing.

"She was stabbed again and again before she died. I could see the blood upon the grass. I could see the places where she had knelt and begged for mercy. And from her knees she had fallen on her face, and so I found her—her hands clasped as she had lifted them in prayer, and her fair face pressed against

"From the wounds upon her neck, her hands, her arms, I saw the murderer had struck again and again in a frenzy of cruelty, of savage hate or jealousy.

"It is Luc Leroy,' I said, as I laid her back gently on the

"I had not cried aloud for help—I had not even thought of it. Whether the horror of the scene, or the instinctive knowledge of the uselessness of cries in this lone place kept me silent, I know not. Neither do I know how long I sat with my dead love in my arms before I roused myself, and rushed from that dreary sunshine into the dim wood.

"I came up this rugged path a madman, blind with grief and rage. Had I met Luc Leroy then, I should have torn his heart out. I ran on toward the place where I had left my companions, but before I reached them, I met her father staggering through the wood, stupidly drunken. He stared at me with bleared eyes, and saw the blood on me.

"'What's this?' he said, eagerly.

"Seeing him helpless, I would have passed him in a silence that was half pity, half disgust; but the miserable man seized me, and shrieked aloud for help.
"'Let me pass on!' I cried; 'your daughter lies murdered

"The sense left in him was so little, that he caught at the words wrong.

"'. Do you dare to own that you have killed her?' he shricked. 'Help, comrades! help!'

"We were struggling together on the ground when they came running to the spot, and, as they lifted me, my ghastly looks might well make them deem me guilty.

"'He comes red from the deed!' cried Pere Martin, shaking with terror. 'Look at his hands!'

"The old man's drowned senses were so bewildered now that he struck at mc frantically, crying aloud the while on his daughter's name, and raving of her beauty and goodness.

"He was jealous—this assassin here. He knows a rich man wanted my child; Luc Leroy would have made her his

"Meanwhile I fought with my fellow-workmen like a ma hisc. I strove to speak to them—I strove to tell them all that had happened to me; but my reason had gone wild, my heart was breaking, my lips were cracked, my voice only came in

"'Elmire! Elmire! they say I killed thee! I who loved thee better than my life. Are you mad, comrades? I tell you Luc

"Luc has just left me. He has been in my hut with me all the morning, said Pere Martin.

"As he said this, I flung myself on the ground in utter despair, and suffered silently the cords with which my comrades bound me; then some staid to watch me, while others went to the village to apprise the authorities of the murder.

"You perceive, monsieur, that when the gendarmes arrived they were necessarily already prejudiced against me, therefore my bearing and my words all seemed to them proofs of guilt. But a more certain proof was now forthcoming. Down in the dell, near the body of the murdered girl, they found a knife my knife; it was covered with blood, and it had evidently been the weapon used against her.

"As the men spoke of this, I remembered with a ghastly sinking of my heart that I had lost this knife a day or two before in the wood, but I had mentioned this loss only to Elmire and her father. I appealed to him, now reminding him of this fact; but he answered me angrily that he remembered nothing of it.

"Then I sank into sullen despair, and went silently to prison.

CHAPTER III.

"The trial drew crowds to the court. The chief witnesses against me were Pere Martin and Luc Leroy.

"'The girl loved me,' said this last villain, insolently; 'naturally she preferred a man of my station to a mere charcoalburner. She flattered herself I should marry her. I had no intention of the sort, but I amused myself in talking to her.

"'When did you last see her?' asked the judge.

"'At a quarter to ten o'clock, in her father's hut."

" 'Was her father there?"

"'No; and I only saw her for a moment or two. She seemed frightened, and begged me to go away. She said the man Pierre was jealous, and she should not like him to see us toge-

" Did you leave the hut at her request?"

" No, I refused to do so; and then she left it herself, saying, she was going to gather herbs to sell to the chemists.

" 'Did you follow her?"

" Only a step or two, and after a little talk beneath the trees, I returned to the hut where her father found me.

"'If you loved the girl, and was pleased to be in her society, why did you not accompany her in her quest for herbs?"

"Well, the truth is, I didn't much like being seen with a charcoal-burner's daughter; I should have been jeered at by my friends. Then, again, I was unwilling to arouse the prisoner's jealousy; he had threatened me on various occasions, and I wanted to avoid his violence, for the girl's sake.'

"Other falsehoods he uttered, I cannot repeat to you. They madden me with indignation even now as I think of them. Enough, that he slandered the girl he had murdered, while he strove to swear away my life.

"I never doubted he had killed her, and as I looked in his shrinking, cowardly face, I knew it, as surely as I knew there was a sun in the heavens.

"When Pere Martin was called, I gazed at him eagerly, to see if there were any signs of sense in him. But no; his face was hopelessly dull, his brain hopelessly drowned in intoxication.

" 'When did you last see your daughter alive?' was the first question to him.

" 'I don't know the hour, but I think it was about half-past nine.

"'' Why did you leave her, and what was she then doing?" " 'She was sewing. I left her to fetch a jar of pékie, which Mensieur Leroy had put for me behind the old cross, on the road in the forest that leads to Bastoigne.'

" 'At what hour did you return to the hut?"

" 'At ten, and I then found Monsieur Deroy there waiting for

" But if you de not know the exact time at which you left the hut, how can you tell it was ten when you returned?

" 'I know, because Monsieur Leroy showed me his watch; it

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

wanted two minutes of ten. He was angry because I kept him waiting. He had been there, he said, nearly half an hour. This is how I became aware that it was half-past nine when I left home.'

" 'You seem to know the time only from Monsieur Leroyhow is that?'

"'I did not know it from him; I looked at his watch myself.'

" 'And what did you do when you reached the hut?"

" 'We drank pékie."

" 'Till what hour ?'

"'I don't know. We drank together till just before the moment when I met the accused, and he told me he had murdered my daughter.'

" ' How did he look when you met him?"

" 'He was wild and haggard, and his hands and arms were covered with blood.'

" Do you recollect his having told you he had lost his knife?"

" 'I remember nothing of it."

"I repeat these interrogations and replies, monsieur, to show you that the chief point at the trial rested on a question of

"Up to a certain hour I was toiling with my fellow-workmen, and I was supposed to have committed the crime in the period which elapsed between the time I left them and the moment I was seen by Pere Martin. On the other hand, was Luc Leroy really found in the hut at two minutes to ten, or had he put his watch back, and by this and other means deceived his half-drunken companion?

"According to their own testimony, they had sat together drinking for nearly two hours; but I did not believe this. I imagined they had been together only an hour, and the impression of a longer period had been cunningly made by Luc Leroy on the drunkard's mind in order to screen his own

"But it was in vain my counsel and I questioned and crossexamined; we elicited nothing beyond the fact that Pere Martin had 'tasted' the pékie on his way to the hut.

" 'Did you sit down to taste it?" I asked.

" 'Well, yes; I think so.'

" 'Did you taste it more than once?"

" 'I don't know; but I might have."

" 'And you sat down each time?"

" 'Well, yes.'

" 'Then how could you get from your hut to the cross and back again in less than half an hour?"

" 'I walked fast.'

"After these questions and answers the distance was mea-

sured, and it was found a man could walk it in half an hour.
"'But not an old man," said my counsel, 'not a man who

sits down four or five times by the way to drink.'

" 'He must have left the hut earlier than half-past-nine,' observed the Procureur du Roi. 'His ideas of time are vague till he sees Luc Leroy's watch.'

"We fought a good fight, monsieur, my counsel and I, but we were defeated. I was found guilty, and condemned to a prison for life. My exact statement of the truth was entirely discredited—the loss of my knife especially was looked on as a flimsy invention; and, but for the 'extenuating circumstances' which were presumed to exist in my passionate jealousy, and poor Elmire's love for the villain Leroy, I should have lost my head under the sword of the guillotine.

"Ah, monsieur, when I tell you that I, an innocent man, spent four years in all the sufferings of the Bagne, you will not wonder that my face has the lines of age, the marks of an iron servitude, the scars of a fire not yet quenched.

"Have you ever seen a wild bird beat itself to death against the bars of its cage?

"Well, I should have done that but for one thought-the thought of Elmire—the burning desire to avenge her kept me alive, and sustained me through all my miseries. This gave me hope to study a plan of escape; this gave me courage and fortitude to pursue it.

"'God is a just God,' I said to myself continually; 'therefore I shall not fail in my purpose."

"And I did not. I escaped; but how, and by what means, I am bound never to tell.

"Four years of prison had so changed me, that none of my old companions, looking on my face, would have said, 'There goes Pierre, the charcoal-burner.'

"To a freeman of the woods like me, chains had been a living death, and my anguish had made me old and ghastly, when, once more at liberty, I breathed again the fresh air of the forest.

"I knew it was dangerous to return hither; nevertheless, I came. I trusted one of my old friends, and he proved faithful. He hid me, and supplied me with food till the heat of the search for me was over. It is a hard thing for gendarmes to find a man in the forest; as well hunt for a wolf or a wild boar without dogs, as look for a fugitive in this wilderness.

"In six months my hair and beard had grown long and thick it had become gray, nearly white, as you see, and I felt that the eye even of a detective would scarcely recognize the escaped forcat; much less, then, would the villagers see in this whitehaired, aged man, Pierre, the charcoal-burner.

"' 'Claude,' I said to my friend, 'I shall hire myself as a servant to Madame Leroy.'

"He was frightened at my scheme; but he could not disanade me from it.

"I had heard from him that Luc Leroy's mother had married again, but her new husband had died suddenly, leaving her with an infant of whom she was passionately fond. This child was the source of constant quarrel between Luc and his mother, and in this dissension I hoped to find a weapon of defense and retribution.

"Moreover, Pere Martin, no longer supplied with drink by young Leroy, was now his sworn enemy. Thus the ground was prepared for me, and I entered on the battle without fear.'

CHAPTER IV.

" 'Do you mean to hire that old man?" said Luc Leroy to his mother. 'He is a fool, and past work.'

"'He can work hard enough,' returned madame, 'and his age is in his favor; old folks are scarcely such fools as young ones.

"Words grew high between them; but, after a bitter dispute, the widow had her own way, and hired me for a year.
"'Look here,' said Luc Leroy to me the next day, 'whose

servant do you mean to be-hers or mine? If you are her's, I'll put your bones under the harrow every hour of the day; if you are mine, and you please me, you may have as much drink as you like, and we'll cheat the old woman together.'

"'I'm yours, young master, body and soul,' I answered;

give me a drink now.

"I never touched anything but water, monsieur, and I had a hard time in striving to deceive Luc Leroy with regard to my drinking propensities; yet, nerved as I was, and knowing failure would be death, I succeeded in this as in all else.

"I grew apparently so helpless and drunken that the villain

at last put his life in my hands.

"'See here,' he said to me one day, seizing his little step-brother by the arm, 'isn't it hard a man should be cheated out of his inheritance by a weazel like this? Why don't you take the fever and die, little miserable? Pshaw! not you! there's no such luck as that for me!'

"I watched him more narrowly after this, and twice I saved the child's life, when a seeming accident would have crushed it to death. First, when stumbling against the boy, he flung him beneath the heavy wheel of a loaded wagon; and again in the mill, when only a desperate exertion of strength on my part extricated him from a frightful fate.

"But this constant watch over the child wore out my nerves and strength, and I resolved to put an end to it. So one night late, when Madame Leroy and I sat up together, waiting for her dissipated son, I said, suddenly:

" 'Madame, if you wish to save your little child's life, send

"' What do you mean, imbecile?" she cried, angrily. 'Are you drunk again to-night?'



- "'I thought, madame, you knew by this time that I am not so fond of drink as I pretend to be. I tell you, your son Luc is resolved to kill the little Henri.
- "The woman turned pale, and looked at me in ghastly ter-
- "'I believe you,' she said; 'I know Luc is capable of any wickedness.
- "'I am worn out with watching the child,' I returned; and I will not promise you that I can save his life again.
- "Here I told her what had happened, and though she had heard this before from the child's imperfect speech, yet now that it came to her circumstantially, she trembled.
- ". I will send the child to his father's friends to-morrow,' she cried; 'and I will delay no longer to make my will. Luc shall gain nothing by his wickedness.'
- "'Keep your own counsel as to that,' I answered, 'and take care not to betray what I have said to your son. If he discharges me, you will have no friend.'
 - "She knew this, and fear made her cautious.
- "'What new whim is this of my mothers?' asked Luc Leroy of me on the next night, when he found the child gone.
- "'How can I tell?' I answered.
 "'Find out, then,' he retorted. 'What do I pay you and and give you drink for, unless it is to be my spy?'
- " You let your mother perceive too clearly that you hate the boy, I returned; 'that has made her send him out of your
- way.'

 "'Ah, likely enough,' he said; 'and I do hate him, and let me tell you that when I hate any one it is a bad thing for him. I hated a fellow once, and thought I should never get a chance of doing him an ill turn, but the chance came.'
- "'How, monsieur?' said I, in a stupid way, as I filled my glass,"
- "'Never mind; I found a knife of his in the wood."
- "'And how could finding a knife hurt him?" said I, with a drunken laugh.
- "But I could get no more out of him then.
- "A few days after this, it came somehow to his knowledge that his mother was going to make her will in his brother's favor. This made him resolve on a desperate crime.
- "'Jean,' he said to me, 'you are a good herbalist. Can't you
- gather me something that would kill a dog?'
 "'Yes, monsieur,' I answered. 'I know where the hemlock and the deadly nightshade grow, and if you made a decoction from either of these it would kill a man, much less a dog.
- "'Gather me some to-night,' he said.
- "Instead of gathering them, I went to the captain of the gendarmes, who was a keen, quiet man, and I told him as much of the truth as I thought safe. I did not confess my identity, but I let him know that Luc Leroy had confessed to me the finding of a knife in the wood, which an enemy of his had lost, and he had also avowed that he had drugged old Pere Martin on the morning of his daughter's death.
- "This last fact had escaped him when talking to me of the nightahade. He tried to recall his words immediately he had spoken them; but seeing me stupid, careless, and unheeding, he grew at ease again, and dropped the subject.
- "The captain of the gendarmes was a keen-witted man, silent and cautious. He hid a detective in the farm-house, who, by my aid, crept about unseen like a cat, and from a chink in the wall watched Luc Leroy as he brewed his deadly drinks. He had, of course, gathered the poisonous herbs himself, and it was easy to see by the skill with which he distilled them that he had taught himself something of chemistry. He tried the poison on a dog and a tame rabbit—both died. And now, apparently satisfied, he ceased his work, after filling a goodlysized phial with the deadly water he had distilled.
- "The detective and I both thought the wretched man aimed at his mother's existence; therefore we protected her life by every possible precaution. I feigned illness, and never stirred from my seat by the kitchen fire, where I saw every meal cooked of which we partook.
- "As for the policeman, he had his own food, and no one suspected his presence, hidden carefully as he was in the lumber-

- "'Arrest him to-night,' was the order given by his chief. We must prevent the crime he meditates.
- "Alas! we were too late! It was not prevented.
- "As I sat that evening at my post by the fire, a messenger came running eagerly from the little Henri's relatives to Madame Leroy.
- " 'The poor little thing is ill, desperately ill!' cried the woman. 'Come at once!'
- "Sick at heart, and faint with fear, I followed the distracted mother, as she rushed from the house. The cottage, where the child was staying with his grandmother, was half a mile off, but we reached it in a few minutes, and the first glance I took at the little sufferer's face, told me he was dying—poisoned.

 "'This was how his father died,' said old Madame Coupienne,
- as she seized the hand of her daughter-in-law.
- "The younger Madame Coupienne—or Leroy, as I have continued to call her-sank down by the bedside, sobbing. All her heart was with the little creature, whose arms now clung around her in agony.
- "Oh, my darling! my darling! what shall I do for thee?" she moaned, piteously.
- "What have you been drinking, little one?" said L
- " Only eau-saucré, that brother Luc gave me."
- "I could bear no more. My heart reproached me, as though I had been guilty of this little sufferer's pain; and running wildly toward the village, I called upon all I met to help me to seize Luc Leroy, the murderer.
- "We found him at work in the hay-field, sullen and quiet, but with a suppressed excitement in his manner, which told his
- " 'Unhand me, sot!' he cried, as I clutched him.
- "As my fingers gripped him, I lost that quiet self-command that for years had hidden my rage and despair.
- "'I am no sot! I am Pierre, the charcoal-burner, whose affianced wife you murdered, and whose life you tried to swear
- "I was mad, and they had to tear me from him, as he lay writhing with terror on the ground. My unexpected words had pierced his shrinking soul, and in abject cowardice, he confessed his crimes.
- "His little brother's life was saved, monsieur; but Luc Leroy was most justly guillotined at Liege for the murders of his step-father and of Elmire, the daughter of Pere Martin, the charcoal-burner.
- "I saw the villain's head drop into the basket, and I turned away, sick and weary with blood. Elmire was avenged, but I was a lonely men henceforth for ever.
- "At Luc Leroy's trial, he confessed every circumstance of his guilt. To ensure Pere Martin's absence from the hut, he had informed him the night before of the spot where he would find liquor in the morning. No sooner was her father gone than he presented himself before Elmire, who, to be rid of him, escaped from the hut, and ran, as she thought, unseen, to the dell. But he followed her, and grew so insolent that the unhappy girl told him that she hated and scorned him. He laid his rude hand on her at this, and then she shricked aloud on my name for help. That roused his jealousy to madness, and he struck her, first with his hand alone, then with the knife. Even with the first stab, he remembered the knife was mine; and when his fury was over, and his victim lay dead, he began to think he might put the crime on me.
- "He washed the red stains from his hands in the brook, and returned to the hut. Here he put back his watch, persuading the foolish old man, whom he had drugged, that he had been but half an hour away. On his return home he put his watch right again, and took care to compare it with a neighbor's.
- "Monsieur, you know the rest, and there is much I have not told which you can guess. I have not touched on all I suffered again in confinement—while the tedious process of Luo Leroy's trial, and my réhabilitation were got through with. The law would not give me my liberty this while, though justice acknowledged I was innocent; and when freedom came at last, it could not bring me back my youth and my dead love. Neither could it efface from my memory those sufferings in the Bagne, which are marked here on my face.



Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 01:52 GMT / Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access use#pd-google

"As for Pere Martin, I worked for him, and took care of him till the day of his death. I cut that white cross you see yonder on the tree on the day the law at last pronounced me a guilt-less and injured man. I shall always keep that cross white and neat while I live. It is the only memorial Elmire has. Monsieur, you have heard now all the story that Pierre, the Charcoal-burner, has to tell."

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

THE following receipts are valuable as suggestions for the utilizing of the cold poultry left over from a previous meal:

POULTRY CROQUETTES .- CROQUETTE DE VOLAILLE.-Melt a bit of butter in a stewpan; put into it chopped parsley and mush-rooms, two spoonfuls of flour, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Fry it, and pour in stock and a little cream. This sauce ought to have the consistence of thick milk. Cut up any poultry which has been cooked the day before into dice; put them into the sauce, and let it get cold; form it into balls, and cover them with bread-crumbs; wash these in eggs which have been beaten up, and roll them in bread-crumbs a second time. Fry them to a good color, and serve with a garnish of fried parsley. Croquettes of rabbit or veal may be served in the same way

BLANQUETTE DE VOLAILLE.—ENTREE.—Cut up cold roast fowl into thin slices, and put them into a white sauce. Let it simmer for a quarter of an hour, and serve.

CAPILOTADE DE VOLAILLE.—ENTREE.—This dish is made of the remains of poultry. A little butter is melted and mixed with flour, salt, pepper, herbs, and mushrooms which have been scalded and cut up small. When this begins to turn yellow, a mixture of equal parts of white wine and gravy stock is poured in. After it has been boiled for twenty minutes, the pieces of any sort of roast poultry, having been nicely cut, are put into the sauce. It is left over the fire for a quarter of an bour, and served .- Another recipe: Take poultry which has been dressed for the day before, and cut it up. Put it into a stewpan with a thickening of butter and flour. Add half a glass of stock. Let it simmer. Before serving put in gherkins cut in slices.

SALAD DE VOLAILLE.—ENTREE.—Take a fowl dressed the day before, either whole or cut. Remove the flesh in nice slices. Arrange them with taste, with a lettuce cut up. This should be placed at the bottom of a dish or salad bowl. Add other lettuces. Garnish with anchovies cut in slips. Season with the sauce usually made for salads. This dish may be made with

POULTRY SALAD. SALADE DE VOLAILLE. Take a cold roast fowl and cut it up. Put it into a deep dish or salad-bowl; mingle it with bits of the hearts of lettuce. Add hard eggs, anchovies cut in strips, gherkins, and herbs. Vinegar and other sauce may be added after it comes to table.

APPLE CREAM .- Boil twelve apples in water till soft; take off the peel, and press off the pulp through a hair-sieve upon half a pound of sugar; whip the whites of two eggs; add them to the apples, and beat all together till it becomes very stiff and looks quite white. Serve it heaped up on a dish.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Grate the peel of three oranges into a pint of good milk, with three ounces of sugar and the crumbs of a five cent loaf, and the yolks of four eggs. Let it just boil, steam it through a cloth, add the juice of four oranges, and bake it half an hour.

To Boil Broccoll.—Cut off the stalks and outside leaves, letting only enough remain to make them look well, and to keep the flower compact. Put them into hot water, and let them boil gently until the flower is quite tender—not long enough for them to break. The rule of cooking them until the stalk is soft holds good only when they are fresh cut, and then only if they have been quickly grown, otherwise the flower breaks before the the harder stalk becomes tender. If fresh, they take about a quarter of an hour; but if they are not quite fresh, or have been rather long growing, they take longer. Drain them, put them to keep hot until the moment of serving (for a cool cauli- | twenty minutes.

flower is a very poor thing), and send them to table whole, with melted-butter in a sauce-tureen. It requires care to send them to table nice-looking and unbroken. Four small heads, six very small ones, or one of a good size, are as many as can be well served in a good-sized vegetable-dish, and while they cook the saucepan should be kept well skimmed, or the dark scum will settle on the flower and entirely spoil the color and the appearance. If more are required than a vegetable-dish will hold, or if they are very large, it is best to serve them on a flat dish, and to place them on table the last of the course; for, to be good, they must be served very hot; the choicest main dishes, served in the best manner, will not compensate for delicate vegetables being spoiled in the cooking. Those are the best providers and cooks who place on the table first-rate viands, welldressed, and accompanied by really good and well-dressed sauces, vegetables, and other addenda. With money in the purse, it is no difficult matter to place lots of dishes on the table; but ever so plain a dinner, well provided, well cooked, and well served, is a credit to a lady, be she rich or poor.

GATEAU DE POMMES.-Boil a pound and a half of lump sugar in a pint of water till it becomes sugar again; then add two pounds of apples, pared and cored; the peel and a little of the juice of two small lemons. Boil it quite stiff, and put it in a mold. When cold it should be turned out, and before being sent to table should have a thick custard noured round it. The cake will keep several months.

FRUIT JELLY.—Take two quarts of red currants, two quarts of raspoerries, pick and bruise them, and put them into a flamel oag to drain, which should be done the night before they are wanted. The fruit should be quite ripe. Then clarify some isinglass according to the size of the mold (which must be earthenware), have some clarified sugar to make it rich, and put it in ice to cool.

RAISINE.—Pick thoroughly ripe grapes off the bunch; press the juice out of them; boil this juice until it is reduced to half. Put pears which have been peeled, cut in quarters, and freed from their cores, into this syrup. Let it boil, and reduce the syrup by one-third. When the grapes are not thoroughly ripe sugar must be added in the proportion of a quarter of a pound of sugar to one pound weight of juice, without which the raisino will not keep.

To Wash and Pink Silk Stockings. - Wash the stockings in soap and water, and rinse them well in clean water. Now make a rinse-water, containing the juice of half a lemon, in which wash off the color from a pink saucer till it gives the color desired; finally, dry and iron them between flannel. The iron must not be very hot, otherwise the color will fade.

DERBY CAKES .- Mix one pound of butter, one pound of sifted sugar, one pound and a quarter of flour, with a beaten egg, into a paste; roll it into small cakes, which bake on a tin.

WHITEWASH THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF .- Mix up half a pailful of lime and water; take half a pint of flour and make a starch of it, and pour it into the whitewash while hot. Stir it well, and make it ready for use.

To Color Old Straw Hats and Baskets.—Take either red or black sealing-wax; to every two ounces of sealing-wax add one ounce of rectified spirits of wine; pound the wax fine; sift it through a fine lawn sieve till you have made it extremely fine; put it into a large phial with the spirits of wine; shake it; let it stand near the fire forty-eight hours, shaking it often; then with a brush (a hog's-bristle brush) lay it all over the baskets. Let it dry, and repeat the application a second time.

Baked Macaroni.—Fill a small pie-dish with macaroni, cover with cold water, and, after it has soaked an hour, pour off the water. Then boil it in milk about an hour, after which drain it. Procure some nice cheese, and grate it very fine. Butter a baking-dish, and sprinkle in a little cheese, some small pieces of butter, a little white pepper, and salt, a layer of macaroni, another of cheese, pepper and salt, then macaroni, and so on, until the dish is full, putting the cheese on last, with bits of butter. Put it into a pretty hot oven to brown for about



Mock Turtle.—Half a calf's head will be quite sufficient, even if it be small, to provide soup enough for a moderate party, as it will fill a tureen of two quarts; but it must be fresh and unstripped of the skin, which is the most gelatinous part. Take out the brains, clean the head carefully in hot water by squeezing it with the hand to press out the blood, and leave it afterward for an hour in cold water; then put into it five or six quarts of warm water, along with two pounds of veal, two pounds of delicate pickled pork, chiefly fat, a roasted onion or two, stuck full of cloves, and the thinly-pared rind of a lemon, together with a large bundle of savory pot-herbs, two sliced take up the head and the pork.

The head must be stripped of its skin, and the brains, tongue, and eyes taken out. Let the bones of the head be broken and returned to the soup, and boil two hours longer—the brains being made into forcement balls, the tongue skinned and sliced; the black part of the eye should also be taken out, and the remainder minced; the skin being cut into pieces of little more than an inch square. While the stock is boiling, put into a stewpan a small quantity of butter, with some onions, sliced thin, a little basil, marjoram, and parsley, a small quantity of thyme, three bay-leaves, two blades of mace, a few allspice; sweat all these well over the fire; when done, add sufficient flour to thicken the soup. Stir in the boiling stock by degrees, to avoid its being lumpy; let it boil gently for an hour, then rub it through a tammy and set it over the fire; when it boils add the meat. When thoroughly cooked, season the soup to your taste with salt, a small quantity of cayenne pepper, lemon-juice, together with nearly a pint of sherry. Serve with two lemons upon a plate, cut in half, as some persons like the soup to be somewhat acid. Mushrooms are sometimes added. The soup will take at least seven or eight hours in preparation. A calf's head requires its own weight of meat to make the broth of proper quality.

Gibler Sour.—Scald and clean a set, or more, of giblets; stew them in a little gravy, with two onions, a bunch of sweet herbs, two glasses of white wine, pepper, and salt, until the gizzards are quite tender; then take out the giblets and strain the broth. Make a stock with two pounds of gravy beef, three omons, and five pints of water. Skin some onions, slice them, and fry them in butter, with a small quantity of basil, marjoram, and parsley; take them out of the pan; add sufficient to thicken the soup, and let it be slightly browned. Then stir in the boiling stock; let it boil half an hour, pass it through a tammy, put it again on the fire, and skim it carefully; add the giblets, two glasses of sherry or Madeira wine, and a little lemon-juice. Season it highly. The gizzards should be cut into quarters, or they will not become so tender as the other parts; divide the liver, feet, neck and pinions in moderate-sized pieces; take off the bill, and cut the head in two. In some marshy situations, where geese are reared more for the profit derived from their feathers than their flesh, and thus not properly fattened, the whole bird is sometimes made into soup, ready trussed for the table, the giblets being dressed as above—the carcass, which is served up separately, being smothered in onions. th must be stewed very slowly, and will take from three to four hours, according to its size, before it can be brought to table; but the soup will be of first-rate quality. Duck giblets make a very good soup, but, being much smaller than those of a goose, a larger quantity will be necessary; and those of other fowls, turkeys, and game may also be used with nearly the same

A STRING OF BEADS.

A PARMER, believing himself to be dying, sent for a clergyman, and somewhat shocked that good man by the off-hand, easy way in which he announced his fitness to die. Pressed upon certain topics, he forgarly upon the question of forgiveness to his enemies, he said he forgare everybody who had injured him "except John Bat, of certain cow, that the farmer declared nothing should make him for certain cow, that the farmer declared nothing should make him for moved by fear of the consequences of dying unforgiving and unformed by the consequences of dying unforgiving and unformed to the minister and said, with an air of satisfaction at having hu to the subject of the difficulty:

"I tell 'e what, maister, if I die, I'll forgive un; but if I gets well, I'll at un agen."

CLEVER CHILD.—A Paris paper gives a conversation between a father and his little daughter:
"What have you done with your doll?"
"I have put it away, to keep for my children when I grow up."
But if you shouldn't have any?"
"Ah! well, then it will do for my grandchildren."

Impossible.—A debating society had under consideration the ques-lon, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" The decision arrived at was, No, but impossible."

Born Duxe.—" Doctor," said an old lady, the other day, to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born

dumb?"
"Why, hem! certainly, madam," replied the doctor; "it is owing to the fact that they came into the world without the power of "La, me," remarked the old lady, "now jest see what it is to have a physic education! I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that 'ere same thing, and all that I could ever get out of him was, 'Kase they is!'"

BETTER THAN A DOZEN.—"How many children have you?" asked a gentleman of one of his laborers, looking around in surprise upon the family.

Better than a dozen, sir."

"I only make out eleven," safd the gentleman,

"Faith, an' isn't that better than a dozen, sir, when one has to feed 'em?" exclaimed the happy father.

AN EPITAPH.

Here lies a man who loved the simple truth— An upright man has failen low, forsooth! His virtues—hold! what can his friends say more? Here lies at length who never lied before.

An honest farmer was invited to attend a party at the village doctor's one evening, when there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who

said:
"Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not
the quartettes excellent?"
"Why, really, sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em;
but the pork-ohops were the finest I ever ate."

AFTER THE DANCE.

CHARLES (loquitur).

Tell me, Laura, why that sadness?
Tell me why that look of care?
Why has fied that look of gladness
That thy face was won't to wear?

LAUBA.
Charles, 'tis useless to dissemble; Well my face may wear a frown, For I've lost my largest hair-pin, And my chignon's coming down!

A SOLDIER being asked if he met with much hospitality when in Ireland, replied, "That he was in the hospital nearly all the time he

Was here.
Shoemaking by Machinery.—A country cobbler visited one of the large shoe manufactories the other day, and for the first time in his life saw shoes made by machinery.

"What do you think of that?" saked the foreman.

The astonished cobbler stood breathless, with his hands thrust into his pockets, gazing at the wonder-working machine before him.

"It beats awi," was the laconic reply.

WE believe it is rare that an editor indulges in a drop; but when they do, their readers are sure to find them out. A contemporary was called upon to record a "melancholy event" at a time when his "Yesterday morning, at four o'clock P. M., a man with a heel in the hole of his stocking committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The inquest of the verdict returned a jury that the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament the end of his untimely loss. In death we are in the midst of life."

Something like a Love.—"Amelia, for thee—yes, at thy command, I'd tear this eternal firmament in a thousand fragments; I'd gather the stars, one by one, as they tumble from the regions of ethereal space, and put them in my trowsers pocket; I'd plack the sun, that Oriental god of day, that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor; I'd tear him from the sky, and quench his bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee!"

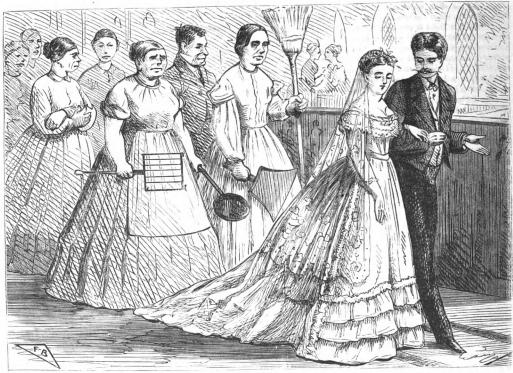
A Few days sgo a little urchin up-town saws five cent piece lying on the footway. He had no sooner picked it up than it was claimed "Your's hadn't got a hole in it."
"Your's hadn't got a hole in it."
"Yea it had," said the rogue of a carman.
"Then, this one ain't," coolly replied the boy, and walked off triumphantly.

A DEBTOR who owed eight hundred dollars, offered his creditor promissory notes of a hundred dollars each, payable on the first day of eight consecutive months, which were accepted. The first not was protested, on it's coming due; and on the creditor's asking the debtor for an explanation, the latter said:

"The fact is, my friend, I can't pay you anything, and divided the debt into small portions to save you the shock of losing it all at once."



MARRIAGE AS IT OUGHT TO BE.



Scene—Grace Church, New York.—" The happy bride was attended by the various domestics of her father's house, who bore in their hands the emblems of her proficiency in the useful arts. The diploma of her domestic merits was handed to the Rev. Mr. Clarke, who forthwith commenced reading the marriage ceremony."—New York Paper.

SMART BOY.—A man from the country was accosted by a juvenile polisher of begrimed understanding with the usual question:
"Black your boots, sir?"
"No."

"No."
"Black 'em for a penny!"
"No."
"I'll do 'em for nothing!"
"All right."
The young hopeful set about his work with great energy, and soon had one boot in a bright, shining condition.
Then, turning up his face to the blackee, he gravely announced:
"Now, you'll have to give me five cents to do the other."
That boy will yet be somebody.

Unffeling.—Widow Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the haud of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to

"Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick round so, and wear all the sheets out, if you are dying!"

"SANDING" THE SUGAR.—A resident in a certain village having had sanded sugar sold to him, inserted in the local paper the follow-

had sanded sugar soid to min, inserved in the local paper the london-ing:

"Notice—I bought of a grocer in this village a quantity of sugar, from which I obtained one pound of sand. If the rascal who cheated me will send to my address seven pounds of good sugar, I will be satisfied; if not, I shall expose him."

The following day nine seven-pound packages of sugar were left at his residence from as many different dealers, each supposing him-self the one intended.

self the one intended.

self the one intended.

"A DOG," says a correspondent, "is a good thing to have in the country. I have one that I raised from a pup. He is a good stout fellow, and a heavy barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was a thoroughbred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch-dog, though the moment he sees any suspicious person about the premises, he goes right into the kitchen, and gets under the dresser. First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up in the garden, and he howled so that the neighbors shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally we gave him away, and he came back; and now he has just recovered from a fit, in which he has torn up a patch that had been sown for our spring radishes."

During the war a lady was distributing tracts to the occupants of a military hospital, and was excessively shocked to hear one poor fellow laugh at her. She stooped to reprove the wretched patient. "Why, ma'am," said he, "you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing, when I have got both my legs shot off."

A New York urchin unconsciously perpetrated a great joke at the expense of his teacher. The lady was announcing to her pupils the holiday of February 22d, and asking them some questions concerning its observance; among others, why the birthday of Washington should be celebrated more than that of any one else.

"Why," she added, "more than mine? You may tell me," she said, to a little fellow, eager to explain.

"Because," he exclaimed, with great vivacity—" because he never told a lie!"

Good for Hogs.—Dr. Johnson was one day dining at the house of a lady, when she asked him if he did not think her pudding good, "Yes," growled the great moralist; "it is very good for hogs. "Shall I help you to another plateful, then?" asked the polite hostess.

LOST SHEEP.—A Methodist preacher was traveling in one of the back settlements, and stopped at a cabin, where the old lady received him very kindly. After setting provisions before him, she began to question him.

"Stranger, where mought you be from?"

"Madame, I reside in Shelby county, Kentucky."

"Wall, stranger, no, offense, but what mought you be doin up here?"

here?"
"Madame, I am searching for the lost sheep of the tribe of

"Madame, I am searching for the lost with the this Israel."

"John, John!" shouted the old lady, "come right here this minnit; here's a stranger all the way from Shelby county, Kentucky, a hunting stock, and I'll just bet my life that the tangle-haired ram, that's been in our lot all last week, is one of his'n."

Overpoing the Matter.—An elderly lady, who had insisted on her minister's praying for rain, had her cabbages cut up by a hailstorm, and, on viewing the wreck, remarked that she "never knew him undertake anything without overdoing the matter."

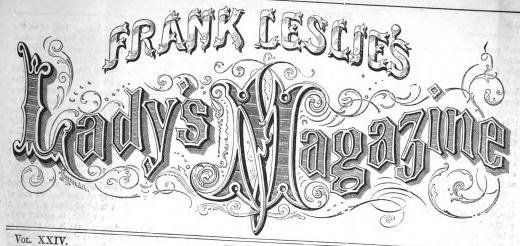
HAPPINESS.—A little girl, attending a party, was asked by her not ther how she enjoyed herself.
"Oh." said she. "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be any happine unless I could grow."

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



OL XXIV.



JUNE, 1869.

No. 6.



DESCRIPTION OF BONNETS.

FROM MISS MATHERS, 891 BROADWAY.

Some of the prettiest and most elegant models of the season we find at Miss Mathers's establishment. There are many, and all are charmingly graceful. This month, however, we shall speak exclusively of the round hats, which still continue à la mode.

No. 1.—A hat of fine English straw. The sides of the broad brim are turned up, and finished by a quilling of white silk ribbon. A band of ribbon encircles the high crown, and knots in front in a large loose bow. From beneath it springs a long white plume.

No. 2.—A Bergère (shepherdess) hat, as novel as coquettish. It is of white chip, quite flat, and edged with black lace. Black satin ribbon, framed in lace, outlines a square upon the top, where it is fastened down at one side by two large red roses, with buds and leaves. The long lace ends, finished by ribbon bows, fall at the

Vol. XXIV., No. 6-21

back. Black ribbons fasten beneath the chignon.

No. 3.—This is a jaunty little affair, of white Neapolitan and blue silk. At one side the brim is turned up, thus revealing the full silk lining. Around the crown is a loosely-rolled blue ribbon, and upon the top is a large flat cluster of white daisies and green leaves, with one long trailing spray.

DESCRIPTION OF FOUR-PAGE ENGRAVING.

Fig. 1.—Dress à deux jupes of gray silk, shaded with blue. The lower skirt is trimmed all round the bottom by two rows of ruching of the same silk. A large square tab is imitated at each side of skirt by similar ruches, which disappear beneath the upper skirt, and in the centre of which are



Bonnets.-From Miss Mathers, 891 Broadway.



placed bows of the same silk. The upper skirt is composed of a tablier and a tunique bouffante, both edged by single ruchings. Those on the front sides of the tunique are continued up the sides of the corsage, and round the neck. Square corsage, the lower part fastened by silk buttons; the front is also trimmed by large bows of the silk. The sleeves are edged by frills of white lace, headed by ruchings of silk. The coiffure is simply a band of blue ribbon, fastened down at each side by a rosette, and a fall of white lace.

Fig. 2.—Costume of pale straw-colored silk. The round skirt is trimmed with three ruchings of blue silk. A narrow ruching heads the low square corsage, which has one large rosette at the side, and another, somewhat smaller, at each shoulder. Above the corsage rises a lace ruffle. The straight, half-long sleeve is finished by a deep fall of white muslin, lifted at the inner side, beneath a blue bow with ends. Similar bows



and small rosettes loop the short muslin over-skirt at each side. Blue waistband. In the hair is a white rose, with small blue flowers.

Fig. 3.—Toilet of pink grenadine. The round lower skirt has one deep flounce of rich white lace, headed by a wide puffing of white grenadine. The second skirt is quite open in front, and forms a long train. It is slightly gathered in at each side, and is edged with a ruching of pink satin ribbon, and a lace flounce. The Louis XV. corsage is very low and square in front. The guimpe, or stomacher, is of muslin, with a narrow ribbon ruching heading the ruffled edge, and a broader ribbon encircling the throat. The half-long sleeves are trimmed to correspond. A silk waistband, with long fringed ends, knots at the back. Coiffure of pink roses.

Fig. 4.—Dress of emerald green mohair. The gored skirt has a short train, and is trimmed with three rows of green ribbon, dotted with black. At the back this skirt forms a large puff, which is supported by the two rounded basque-fronts, and a large flat bow with ends. These are edged with dotted ribbon, two rows of which head the fluted ruffle upon the fronts. The corsage amazone opens in front. The revers, the long straight sleeves, and the ceinture, are all ruffled and trimmed with ribbon. The latter is fastened at one side beneath a rosette, with a black silk button in the centre. Chemisette and under-sleeves of fluted cambric.

Fig. 5.-Visiting toilet of mauve silk. The lower skirt forms a long train, with four pinked-out flounces. The second skirt is shaped and trimmed with rouleaux, and large mother-of-pearl buttons. The upper skirt is short in front, and very long at the sides and back. It is entirely edged with a rich white lace. The pointed side-widths are open, and lifted to form the panier. The high corsage buttons in front. The pelcrine is quite open, and finished by a narrow lace. Straight sleeves. The deep cuffs are framed in lace, and have a row of motherof-pearl buttons upon the outer side. The rouleaux, or pipings of silk, are repeated here as well as upon the corsage and upper skirt-shaped ceinture. Lace collar. Bonnet of mauve crape and white lace, with a large golden tulip in front.

Fig. 6.—Walking dress of salmon-colored foulard. The high corsage opens upon a front of green silk, which simulates a buttoned vest. The basque-fronts are shaped; the back is rounded. Bias bands of green silk, with leaves of the same, and a fluted ruffle, compose the trimming. Ruffles edge the deep cuffs of the straight sleeves. Bands and leaves outline and trim the tablier of the round lower skirt. The four pinkedout flounces are alternately green and salmon-colored. The short upper skirt is open in front, and looped back beneath groups of leaves in passementerie. Toque of white tulle. The full puffs of the border are separated by buttons of green silk. Feather aigrette.

Fig. 7.-A Watteau robe-de-chambre. This is of pink leno. The fronts are quite open, and thrown back to reveal the lining of white silk. The back is sewn on in three large folds to the yoke. The small ornaments at each side are of pink silk; from these fall the broad ribbons which knot and support the full puff. Around the lower part of the skirt is a broad fluted band. Small pelerine. Straight sleeves, with deep cuffs. Collar and sleeves of embroidered muslin. A puff of muslin, framed in lace, compose the small morning cap.

Fig. 8.—Dress of ashes-of-rose foulard. The long train skirt is gored. The corsage is high and plain; the sleeve straight, with a large puff covering the upper part. This is headed by a narrow black lace, and supported by a broad band of strawcolored ribbon, framed in lace. Very deep black lace cuffs. White lace collar, with a large rosette of black lace. The wide ceinture, of straw-colored ribbon, edged with narrow black lace, is fastened down in front by a blue ornament. At the back it is attached beneath a large double bow, with ends. In the hair is worn an ornament similar to that upon the waistband.

Fig. 9.—Bridal toilet. The material is white gaze-de-soie; the

round lower-skirt is trimmed en lablier with falls of deep white lace—application d'Angleterre. These are disposed in rounded flounces, each with a heading of ruched satin ribbon. The upper skirt is an open train, edged with a ruching, above which rises a single flat row of lace. A ruche borders the Pompadour at the commencement of each festoon there is a bow. The high

corsage, which opens upon a lace chemisette. Lace trims the long, straight sleeves, and forms the bow with broad ends which fastens the ceinture at the back. Orange blossoms in the hair, with a large vail of white tulle.

Fig. 10.—Visiting toilet of lilac-colored silk. The long skirt has a very deep flounce with a puffed heading. The front of the basquine simulates a buttoned vest; the sides and back are deep and shaped. A narrow silk ruching crosses the corsage, and is continued quite around, thus supporting the bouffants, or puffs, at the back. The ruching heads a flounce of black Chantilly lace. Lace bow, with floating ends. Straight sleeves. The large puff is framed in a narrow ruching. Lace finishes the small cuffs. Collar and under-sleeves of white lace. Bonnet of white tulle, and lilac ribbon, with a lace vail falling over the

Fig. 11.—Dress of gray foulard, the bottom of skirt trimmed by five flounces, composed alternately of gray foulard and of Metternich green silk, headed by a band of green ribbon. A biais band of foulard, bound by green ribbon, is carried up to the waist, and continued up the corsage. On it are placed, at equal distances, bows of Metternich green ribbon. The upper part of the skirt is trimmed by a bouffant like the dress, edged by flounces of Metternich green silk, and of the gray foulard. From underneath this bouffant appears, on each side of the skirt, a long, pointed tab of the foulard, edged by a frill of the green silk, and trimmed by bows of green ribbon. The corsage is edged by a band of green ribbon, and headed by black lace. The front is trimmed by three bows of ribbon: ceinture of gray foulard, edged by the green ribbon. The sleeves are trimmed at the wrist by deep cuffs of Metternich green silk, with narrow black lace edging, and having at the bottom frills of black lace. A lace shawl or mantle may be added for outdoor wear. Leg-horn hat, trimmed with pink ribbon, black lace, and a white feather.

Fig. 12.—All-round skirt of mauve mohair, bordered with a flounce, the plaits of which are laid one above the other. The flounce measures twelve inches in depth, is corded with mauve satin, and the head of it is scalloped. The second skirt forms a puff at the back; under the puff there is a bow with wide hanging loops and short ends, all of the same material as the dress, the band being satin. The border to the second skirt is likewise mauve satin. The bodice and basques are trimmed with satin.

Fig. 13.—Bismark brown foulard costume. The first skirt is bordered with a marquise ruche, and a similar ruche being repeated six inches above it. The second skirt corresponds, and is looped up at the back with a large rosette of ribbon. Another rosette on a smaller scale, is repeated at the back of the waist. The head-dress is composed of white blonde, studded with flowerets, and terminating behind with two long ends of black velvet that cross the chignon and descend to the waist. The

ends are ornamented in a spiral pattern with white blonde.

Fig. 14.—Dress of grenadine. The first skirt is bordered with a flounce eight inches deep, headed with three cross-cut bands to match. The second skirt is open in front, rounded at each side, and edged with a flounce five inches deep, which flounce is headed by two cross-cut bands of satin. This second skirt is gathered up as a puff at the back, which puff is fastened by a satin sash tied underneath it. The high bodice is trimmed with a flounce of four inches, headed by two cross-bands, all laid on to simulate a bertha. A satin rosette in the centre. There is a basque fastened to the bodice. It is short at the back, but in front is continued to a long point. At the hips it is crossed by the sash, and is bordered all round with a flounce, measuring six inches at the front, but decreasing to two inches at the back. Above the flounce there are two cross-bands. A gold Louis XV. locket, tied with velvet the color of the dress. Earrings to match. White blonde lappets, falling in streamers at the back, and ornamented with a wreath of honeysuckle, and loops of green ribbon.

Fig. 15.—The first skirt is of malachite green mohair brillantine. The hem is ornamented with bows sewn on at regular intervals, and about eight inches apart. The second skirt forms a puff at the back, which is gathered up so as to form festoons;











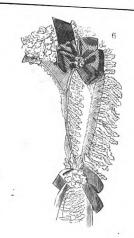
bodice is plain, and the sleeves are ornamented on the shoulders and wrists with ribbon bows. There is a bow in front at the top of the bodice, another at the top of the back, and a third at the waist; the two latter are joined with ribbon ends, which cross the back lengthwise. All the bows on the dress are composed of four loops with a strap across. Those at the top of the bodice, on the sleeves and cuffs, are of medium size, the rest are larger in proportion. Linen collar and cuffs. Chignon of

Fig. 16.—Dress of grenadine barège. The under-skirt is trimmed with six small flounces, headed by a puff. The upper-skirt, bound with satin, is also of grenadine barège, and in front falls as low as the third flounce, but is looped up at the back very high by means of a huge satin bow. The skirt is laid in folds at the back, so as to simulate sash ends, as seen in the engraving. High round corsage, trimmed with a ruffle, put on so as to simulate a pelerine, and headed with a fold of satin.

Fig. 17.—Dress of Roman striped grenadine. The skirt is arranged with a double panier at the back, and a fringe to match the brilliant colors in the dress is put on so as to simulate a tablier (apron) in front, and is continued beneath the panier, terminating in broad sash ends, edged with fringe. Low, square corsage without sleeves, beneath which is worn a waist of white guipure.

Fig. 18.—Dress of gaze-de-soie. The underskirt is long, and trimmed with a puff of satin, a fall of lace, and Marguerite bows. Tunic over-skirt, which forms in front two rounded basques in butterflies' wings; these basques are trimmed with a puffing of satin, and a flounce of white blonde, which continues at the back, and falls over the trained skirt. The puff is held back on each side by Marguerite bows. The very low body is trimmed in berthe braces, with a wide puffing of satin surrounded by blonde, lessening in width as it approaches the waist. The round band is fastened in front by a white satin bow. Three narrow white blonde flounces form the sleeves. Manon head-dress with a row of pearls and a Marguerite bow on one side. All the bows of this dress can be intermingled with pearls, if desired to make it more splendid. A very beautiful wedding dress can be made of this toilet by adding a stomacher and white blonde sleeves with satin rolls, and a high blonde body. White satin Dauphin shoes, with high

DESCRIPTION OF PARIS BONNETS. PAGE 399.









heels, surrounded by white blonde, complete this magnificent dress.

Fig. 19.—Dress of foulard. Round skirt, trimmed at the bottom with two cross pieces forming flounces; these are very slightly gathered. For heading, a very small flounce, closely gathered at the edge. Puff tunic, rounded at the back and long, trimmed with a violet fringe, with a jet heading surmounting it; two inches and a half above this trimming a gathered black lace is placed reversewise; above this another row of fringe, and again above this last a second row of lace is rounded and turns upon the sides. These two last trimmings of lace and fringe, very much raised over the sides, are made to form the small round and short basque chatelaine, which ornaments the front of the dress. The sash has



a wide bow of satin, surrounded with black lace at the back; it has three short, fan-like ends which refall over the puff, and two half long ones, trimmed with fringe and lace, which descend rather low down on the dress. Bonnet of black lace.

Fig. 20.—Train skirt; the front breadth describes a deep scallop, the remaining portion of the skirt is vandyked. Between each large vandyke there is one on a smaller scale; all are edged with mauve ribbon, brocaded with flowers of a darker shade. The ribbon is festooned at one edge; the heading is pinked out with narrow mauve silk. The basque, which is in the same style, is fastened up en pouf at the back with a large bow, the ends of which are likewise vandyked and embroidered. Alengon lace collar and sleeves.



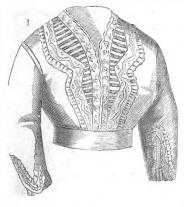
DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. PAGE 400.

io alt

53

14 15

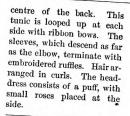
12



White blonde fanchon bonnet, ornamented with a bouquet of azaleas the same color as the dress. The blonde strings are fastened to the bodice with a mauve satin bow.

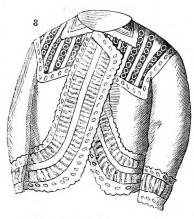
Fig. 21.—Short costume, composed of black silk and black satin. The skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce of silk, vandyked at both edges, and piped with black satin. Silk basquine, forming a tunic, and looped or bunched up at the back. It is edged with a flounce vandyked in the same style as that which ornaments the skirt. The bodice is buttoned to the waist, the top is vandyked with satin, and the sleeves are ornamented to correspond.

Fig. 22.—The Countess du Barry toilet. White muslin dress, with long train at the back, and trimmed with a rich embroidered flounce, sewn on with a cross-cut band of silk. The bodice, which is low and square, is bordered with a ribbon ruche, and is then enriched with a beautiful embroidered tunic, arranged à la Louis Xr., with a wide box-plait in the



DESCRIPTION OF FASH-IONS.—Page 397.

No. 1.-Dress of violet barège. The long train skirt has five flounces. The upperskirt is finished by a deep fringe of a darker shade. Shaped bands outline the very small tablier, and separate the large puffs. A similar trimming is repeated upon the close corsage and long sleeves. A silken ornament fastens the waistband at the



back. Embroidered collar and cuffs. Bonnet of white tulle and violet ribbon, with feather aigrette at the side.

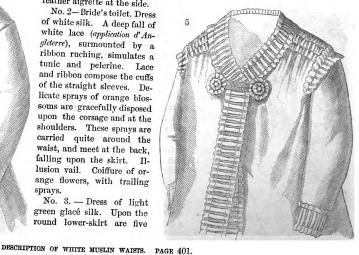
No. 2-Bride's toilet. Dress of white silk. A deep fall of white lace (application d'Angleterre), surmounted by a ribbon ruching, simulates a tunic and pelerine. Lace and ribbon compose the cuffs of the straight sleeves. Delicate sprays of orange blossoms are gracefully disposed upon the corsage and at the shoulders. These sprays are carried quite around the waist, and meet at the back, falling upon the skirt. Illusion vail. Coiffure of orange flowers, with trailing sprays.

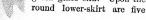
No. 3. - Dress of light green glacé silk. Upon the



pinked-out flounces, the upper of which is erect. The tunic is rounded in front and open at the back, and is bordered by a bias band of the same, and a deep tassel-fringe to match. The corsage is close-fitting, with long straight sleeves. A bias band and fringe outline a shaped pelerine. At the back are five loops of silk; these graduate in size. broad floating ends of the silk waistbelt are fringed. Linen collar and under-sleeves. Bonnet of green tulle. At one side is placed a pink rose with trailing sprays of foliage.

No. 4.—Dinner-toilet of rose-colored grenadine. The long skirt is entirely covered with small pinkedout flounces. The paniers are bordered by narrow bias bands of rose-colored satin, and finished by a very deep white lace. Leaf-shaped tabs of grenadine, bound with satin, and geranium flowers with drooping sprays are placed at each side of the front. Lace edges the low square corsage and short puffed sleeves. A puffing of grenadine, with a fluted ruffle, forms the bertha. The bias bands here and upon the sleeves, as









well as those which border the ceinture and the leaf-shaped ends of the large rosette at the back, are of rose-colored satin. Head-dress of roses and leaves.

No. 5. - Dinner or evening toilet. Long train petticoat of white Chambery gauze, with a flounce of the same, bordered with a bias band of light green The second flounce-white gauze, striped with green-is bias. The striped skirt follows the outline of the petticoat. The very wide flounce of white gauze upon this is bound at each edge by bands of green silk, and is divided near the top by a bias striped puffing. The upper-skirt is similarly trimmed. bows of light green ribbon lift it at each side to form the panier. The back of the close corsage is high; the front is low and square. It is trimmed with lace and bias bands and bows of silk. The kerchief is of plain illusion. The half-long sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Broad waistbelt and double bow of silk. Green ribbons in the hair.



No. 6. — Toilet for a young girl. The material is raw silk of a Scotch plaid pattern. The round skirt and the deep bias flounce are scalloped and bound with green silk. The low square corsage and short puffed sleeves are scalloped. Puffed under-body and sleeves of white muslin. Ceinture of green silk, with very large bow, and long, fringed ends. Head-dress of green ribbons.

Page 398—Nos. 1 and 2.—Back and front of a looped-up skirt. For those who will not wear short costumes, all sorts of contrivances are had recourse to for looping up train skirts. Our illustrations show one of these. As will be seen, it is managed by buttons and loops; the buttons are sewn on the centre back seam, and the loops on the side breadths at the back. There is also a loop below the lower button. No. 2 gives the effect when looped up; the upper button is sewn six inches below the waist; the



distance of the second must be regulated by the height it is desired to drape the over-skirt.

Nos. 3, 4, and 5.—Back, front and side of a toilet which will be found in our Colored Plate. Its elegance, novelty and peculiar grace entitle it to a close consideration.

Page 400, No. 1.—A casaque of rich black silk; it fits closely. The rounded skirt is gathered in beneath a ruched puffing and a deep flounce. From the waistband fall two small bouffants or puffs. These are ruffled and separated by a silken ornament with a heavy cord and a large tassel. Straight sleeves, ruffled at the wrists. The large cape is ruffled. Black silk cord similar to that upon the puffing of the skirt trims this cape and traces a pointed hood, which is finished by a ruffle.



No. 2.—This is also of black silk. It is rather loose-fitting; the skirt is shaped, and finished with a ruffle, headed by three rows of black silk cord. The pointed cape, the straight sleeves and broad ends falling beneath the three large loops of the ceinture, are all corded and ruffled. This casaque may be made of white muslin; in that case a colored ribbon is substituted for the cord.

No. 3.—Round petticoat of white Swiss muslin with a flounce and a wide puffed heading. Dress of the same. Low puffed corsage with a bertha of rich white lace. Lace falls from the short, full sleeves. Long train skirt with one flounce of lace, surmounted by a ruched heading of the same. ,This skirt is lifted at each side and gracefully draped. Supporting the puff at the back is a very large bow of



HAIR-DRESSING. BARKER, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY. PAGE 401.



colored ribbon with floating ends. The little mantelet of white or black silk should be embroidered with silk of a vividly contrasting color, with tassels to match. Flowers in the hair.

No. 4.—Dress of bottle-green summer mohair. This is princess-shaped, with a long train. A black passementeric trims the corsage and outlines a deep tunic. Louis XV. sleeves. These are halflong, pointed, trimmed like the dress, and completed by a fall of Chantilly lace. Collar of Valenciennes lace.

No. 5.—Toilet of light blue silk. The long train skirt is quite plain. The short upperskirt has a scalloped flounce; the puffed heading is confined at intervals by large buttons of blue satin. It is open in front, and lifted at each side beneath a coquille of blue satin.







DESCRIPTION OF MANTLES. PAGE 401.



Satin waistband with large loops at the back. Plain corsage. Straight sleeves with large puffs and small cuffs, all of satin. Marie Antoinette bonnet of black lace with small blue marabout feathers at one side.

No. 6.—Dress of plain black silk. The long lower-skirt is gored; it has a fluted flounce arranged in scallops. These are separated by double butterfly bows of broad black ribbon; higher up, a bow is placed upon each side of the skirt. The close corsage buttons in front. Straight sleeves, with a small butterfly bow at the wrist. This second skirt is short, and shaped in front, where it is edged with a fluted flounce. The back breadths are gathered up to form large puffs. A bow and pointed ends fasten the waistband. Lace collar and under-sleeves. Bonnet of white tulle, with a cluster of violets at one side.



FASHIONS.—FROM MADAME RALLINGS'S MAGASIN DES MODES, 779 BROADWAY.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

From Madame Rallings's Magasin des Modes, 779 Broadway.

From Madame Rallings's large and varied assortment of elegant summer novelties, we have selected the following recent Parisian importations.

No. 1.—This is an evening toilet of pink glace silk beneath white silk gauze. The long skirt is gathered in to form two very large puffs. Upon the deep flounce thus arranged fails a rich white lace. The gauze of the upper and larger puff is worked with gold. At each side is a large oval tab of gauze puffed between cross-bands of pink satin ribbon. These are framed in ribbon, fastened down by small silk buttons, edged





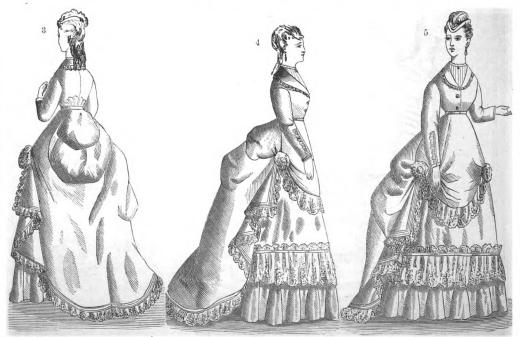
with lace, and finished each by a large bow with floating ends. A narrow dotted band heads the fringe of the low corsage; above it rises a lace ruff. The sleeves are very small. With this dress the hair should be worn high, with white flowers and leaves at one side. A tiny hat of pink silk is placed well in front. Over it falls a very large and deep vail of white illusion dotted with gold.

No. 2.—Round petticoat of slate-colored silk, with one deep-fluted flounce. Robe-casaque of violet silk. This is open in front, and is entirely bordered by a piping of the same, and an erect row of small slate-colored scallops. Smaller scallops trim



sleeves. At the back a drapery of silk falls from the waistband. This is caught in front beneath a puff with four loops. The deep rounded tab is framed in a wide-scalloped, slate-colored band. Linen collar and cuffs.

No. 3.-Walking dress of light-green summer silk. The round skirt has one deep box-plaited flounce. This is headed and bordered by rows of black silk pipings. A similar flounce outlines the largest tablier. Those of the two upper and smaller are narrower. Close corsage with long straight sleeves, the deep cuffs of which are ruffled. The large cape has three rows the corsage, the deep collar and the full puff of the straight of piping, and is lifted at the back by three loops; beneath it



1 and 2. Back and front of a looped-up skirt. P SKIRT. 3, 4, AND 5, BACK. FRONT AND SIDE OF A TOILET, WHICH WILL BE FOUND IN OUR COLORED PLATE. PAGE 394.

falls a pointed end. The loops are repeated at the shoulders Embroidered collar and under-sleeves.

No. 4. - An exquisite evening toilet of pale-blue glacé silk beneath white dotted muslin. Fluted flounces form the tablier-front. At each side is a series of puffs, and the back breadths fall in a long train. The corsage is low and close-fitting, the sleeves very small. With this is worn a draped covering of white lace, and the effect thus produced leaves nothing to be desired. In the hair should be placed a white rose with green leaves and tiny buds.

There is something remarkably elegant in the present style of Particularly in those "airy nothings" of Madame Rallings's fine showrooms is there a novelty and a delicate freshness which speedily captivates; indeed, the pretty wildwood blossoms and long dew-spangled grasses are extremely suggestive. One could almost become poetical over them.

And these bonnets are smallso small! Truly, it appears that in the construction of these little wonders we are actuated by a fervent desire to compress all beauty, elegance and novelty imaginable into the least space possible.

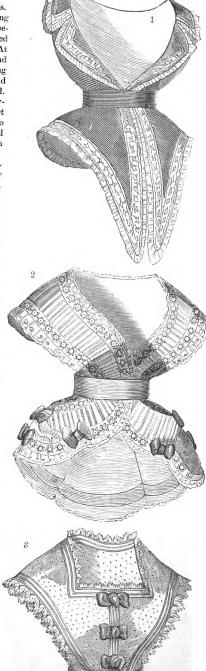
No. 5. — This is of pale yellow silk; it is simply one large puff, framed in a broad rouleau of the same. Across the front are tiny white marabout feathers with green leaves and drooping clusters of purple grapes. Secured to the tempting display by the finest metal thread is a golden dragon-fly with outspread wings. The effect thus produced is really charming. At the back a fall of fine black lace is looped beneath a fringed bow of silk. A larger bow confines the lace scarf-ends.

No. 6.—Here we have a creation of white silk and blonde lace. It, is somewhat of the Marie Stuart shape. The lace, starting from the front, is carried over and quite down the sides. It crosses the chignon instead of falling above A white feather, a spray of blossoms, and a few frosted leaves are placed in front. Broad silk strings.

DESCRIPTION OF PARIS BON-NETS.—Page 391.

FROM MADAME MORRISSON'S, No. 6 RUE DE LA MICHAUDIERE.

No. 1 is a bonnet of black tulle. The front is trimmed by a large bow of black lace, surrounded by jet ornaments, and having an agraffe of jet in the centre; also by a rose and a black ostrich fea-Double brides of black lace,



fastened by bows and ends of black ribbon

No. 2 is a fanchon bonnet of skyblue tulle. The front is trimmed by blue satin bows, and by a large tea-rose with buds and foliage. The brides are composed of quilled blue satin ribbon, fastened by a group of

No. 3 is a hat of black tulle, having a frill of black lace all round the edge. It is trimmed by a plume of black ostrich feathers, and by bouquets of violets with tendrils and foliage, with a trail, which falls over the back.

No. 4 is a round hat of white chip, trimmed by a band and double quilling of sky-blue velvet, and having at the left side an ostrich feather of the same color, with a rose and foliage. At the back are long floating ends of white lace.

No. 5 is a fanchon bonnet of white tulle, trimmed in front by large Marguerites with foliage, and at the back by several bows of white satin ribbon, intermixed with white spotted tulle, which also covers one of the Marguerites, and is continued, edged by white blonde, down the sides, forming double brides, a spray of buds and foliage falling over the one on the left side.

No. 6 is a bonnet of white chip, trimmed in front by a ruche of black lace, a bouquet of white lilac, and a group of bows of black satin ribbon, in the centre of which is a small rosette of black lace. At the back is a double frill of black lace, which is continued down the sides, falling over the brides of black satin ribbon, which are fastened by loops of similar ribbon, with a small eventail of black lace, and a bunch of white lilac in the centre.

No. 7 is a fanchon bonnet of pink tulle, trimmed both in front and at the back by frills of pink, crape scalloped out at the edges. The top of the bonnet is trimmed by bows and ends of pink satin ribbon, and by a large Marguerite. In the front are also three emerald-green bees, placed at equal distances; and the brides, of pink satin ribbon, are edged on one side by scalloped frills of pink crape, and are fastened by large bows.

No. 8 is a fanchon bonnet of black tulle. The front is trimmed by a large group of bows of black ribbon, and by a double plaiting of black tulle. At the left side is a bouquet of double Narcissus, with foliage and a long trail. The back of the bonnet is trimmed by a frill of lace, which is continued down the sides, forming brides, headed by a ruche of black lace. The brides are fastened by bows and ends of black ribbon.

1. LIGHT-COLORED SILK CORSAGE. 2. MUSLIN CORSAGE FOR A BALL TOILET.

3. FICHU OF BLACK DOTTED TULLE. PAGE 401.



DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.—PAGE 392.

No. 1.—Short skirt of pearl-gray silk, shot with pink, trimmed with three flounces six inches wide, and edged with pink silk; short polonaise to match. The bodice fastens \grave{a} la Russe from right to left, describing a very pointed vandyke. The right | bric collar and cuffs; gray buttons.



basque also crosses over the left one, describing the vandyke of the bodice. The sleeves are ornamented both at the top and bottom with a pink ruche; a similar ruche likewise borders the polonaise. Pink sash, fastened in front under a small bow, without ends. The bodice is fastened with ten buttons. Cam-



1 and 2. casaque of rich black silk. 3. round petticoat of white swiss muslin. summer mohair. 5. toilet of light blue silk. 6. dress of plain blue silk. 4. DRESS OF BOTTLE-GREEN 6. DRESS OF PLAIN BLACK SILK. PAGE 394.

No. 2.—Dress à la Princesse, with square corsage and short sleeves, of maize-colored silk. The front of the skirt and corsage fasten by blue buttons. The skirt is trimmed en tablier by bows of blue ribbon, between each of which is placed a button. This trimming is carried up to the waist, and continued up the sides of the corsage to the shoulders, the final bows forming a heading to the epaulettes. The top of the corsage is trimmed by a narrow band of blue ribbon. Chemisette and long sleeves of white muslin.

No. 3.—Costume for a little girl. The short skirt is of pink silk. The corsage and basques are of light-blue summer poplin. The full puff upon the latter is headed by a narrow bias band of a darker shade, with a delicate passementeric trimming to match. Straight sleeves. Pink silk ceinture fastening at the side beneath a large double bow. Linen collar and undersleeves.

No. 4.—Dress of light-colored foulard, with a dcep flounce, surmounted by a puffed and ruched heading. The second skirt is open in front; it is finished by a silken drop-fringe, and is lifted at each side by large double bows of silk. Close corsage. This slightly crosses in front, and is fastened down by one large silk button. Straight sleeves. Silk ceinture, with a bow at the back. Linen collar and under-sleeves.

No. 5.—Skirt of blue foulard, trimmed with six flounces, each two inches deep; white foulard overskirt, which reaches both at the back and front to the second flounce of the first skirt; it is looped up at each side to the sixth flounce. This second skirt is edged with a narrow blue flounce, headed with three rows of blue rouleaux. Low square-cut white foulard bodice with long sleeves; it is borderd with a narrow blue frill with a quilled heading; a second blue frill ornaments the top of the frill. Blue ribbon sash fastened in front with a rosette. Cambric under-body and sleeves with festooned edge.

No. 6.—Evening toilet for a little girl. Straw-colored poplin dress, trimmed with narrow flounces and cross-strips of orange silk. The first skirt forms a cut out Grecian pattern, the second one is looped up back and front with silk bows. Low square bodice, worn with a plaited muslin chemisette. Silk waistband with large double bow.

No. 7.—Dress à deux jupes. The under-skirt is of silver-gray. foulard. It is trimmed near the bottom by three rows of gray and green gimp. The upper-skirt and square body, à la Princesse, are of striped green and black foulard. The bottom of the skirt is cut up at equal distances all round, so as to form a succession of broad tabs, which are trimmed all round and up the openings by green and white gimp. At each side of the skirt pockets are imitated by the gimp. The top of the body—which is square in front only—and the sleeves, at the arm-holes and wrists, are similarly trimmed, the gimp being carried slightly up at the back of each wrist to represent an opening. The silver-gray foulard, like the under-skirt, appears above the square body, and is carried up to the neck en chemisette. Linen collar

DESCRIPTION OF MUSLIN WAISTS, ETC.—PAGE 393.

No. 1.-Nausouk corsage. This is close-fitting. The trimming is composed of a band of narrow plaits and a wide insertion. It simulates a rounded pelerine at the back, and shaped revers in front. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond.

No. 2.—Muslin body. The small pelerine opens in front. Straight sleeves. Insertion and flutings of embroidered muslin

No. 3.—A loose jacket of fine white cambric. An embroidered band outlines a low-shaped corsage, and is met by others which cross the shoulders. The fronts cross, and the two rows of puffing, framed in flat embroidered bands, are carried quite around. Sharply-pointed collar, similarly trimmed. Straight sleeves, with a cuff formed of a single puff and narrow bands.

No. 4.—This is a graceful design for a *peignoir*, or morning-gown, of cambric, either white or colored. It is gored. The fronts cross, and the sleeves are straight. It is trimmed with a band of embroidery between narrow plaits, and finished by a

No. 5.—This is another gown in cambric. It is gathered at the shoulders in large puffs, and falls loosely. A marquise ruche of the same forms the trimming, and two cords, with large lace buttons, fasten it in front.

Page 399.—No. 1.—A charming pattern for a light-colored silk corsage, to be worn over a muslin skirt. It is cut low, and the heart-shaped front opens upon a small chemisette of tucked and embroidered muslin. Pointed revers, with a large round collar. The basque is rounded at the back, and sharply-pointed in front. An insertion of guipure, bordered with a narrow ruching of white silk gauze, composes the trimming.

No. 2.—This is a muslin corsage for a ball toilet. It simulates a plaited scarf. At the back it forms a rounded pelerine. The open fronts cross. It is trimmed with colored ribbon, which is covered by an insertion of guipure, and edged with the lace. The rounded basque is slightly lifted at each side by bows of ribbon. A large double bow fastens the broad waistband at the back.

No. 3.—Fichu of black dotted tulle. It is rounded at the back like a small pelerine. The fronts fall upon the skirt in long shaped ends. It is trimmed with several rows of narrow black velvet and lace. Ceinture, and bows of bright-colored

DESCRIPTION OF HAIR-DRESSING .- PAGE 394.

FROM MR. J. W. BARKER'S, Nos. 622 AND 624 BROADWAY.

Nos. 1 and 2.—Divide the front hair into eight parts, and make them into relevés, turned inward, those on the eighth side almost touching each other. With the short hair on the forchead form four very light curls. Add a creole chignon, disposed in two large octagons, from which proceeds a bouquet of unequal curls. The flowers as indicated in the engraving.

No. 3.—The front hair is rolled back, and forms a puff upon the top of the large roll, which is encircled by a bright-colored, beaded ribbon. At the back fall long frizzed curls. The hair across the forehead is also frizzed. Ribbon bows with ornaments are placed at the back and at one side.

Nos. 4 and 5 make the front and cross-partings. Prepare a point of support on the top of the head by means of a small plat turned round. Comb up from the roots the hair on the temples. Make a number of loops and relevés interlaced, and form a small Circassian cordon which passes across and ornaments the loops and relevés. Add a cluster of drooping curls. Ribbons and trailing sprays of roses, as in the engraving.

MANTLES .-- PAGE 895.

No. 1.—This is of black silk. It is close-fitting. The front simulates a small tablier, the sides are shaped, and the back forms a large puff. Straight sleeves. A flat band of passementerie, with deep, narrow scallops of silk, each tipped with a drop-button, composes the trimming. It borders the corsage, which opens in front. Waistband with rosette at the back. Beneath the puff depend two large tassels.

No. 2.—Here, too, the material is black silk. The paletot is rather close-fitting, with long straight sleeves. A very rich tassel-fringe outlines a shaped pelerine, borders the skirt, and edges the long-shaped ends which fall at the back. Upon each of these is placed a large ornament in passementerie with a knotted cord and tassels.

No. 3.—The very deep fronts of this mantle are open and rounded. The back is gathered in to form a puff, and the the sleeves are large and open. It is trimmed with bands of passementerie and a tassel-fringe. From an ornament placed at the waist in front a band with a border of scalloped silk is carried quite up and around the neck. This garment may be of silk or cashmere, either black or colored.

No. 4.—This is of white Swiss muslin, and is intended to be worn with a dress of the same. The front forms a deep, square apron. There are neither side-pieces nor sleeves, and the back is sharply hollowed out at each side. The ceinture fastens beneath a puff; from this falls another larger puff, with two very deep oval tabs. Pipings of colored ribbon and white lace compose the trimming.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE..

Fig. 1.—Walking-dress.—This material is crystal, a very soft and silky kind of mohair. The round gored skirt has one fluted flounce of black silk. A narrow bias band of the same divides it near the top. The short front width of the upper-skirt is en tablier; the others are gathered in to form a full puff, and the the whole is finished by a deep box-plaited flounce of black silk. Silk flutings upon the close corsage simulate a double pelerine. The straight sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Linen collar and under-sleeves.

Fig. 2.—Evening Toilet of Pale Straw-colored Glace Silk. -The lower gored shirt has a long, pointed train. It is lined with white silk, and has one wide ruching of black silk divided down the middle by a rouleau of the same. The upper-skirt is similarly shaped and trimmed, and both are quite short at the right side, thus revealing the richly-embroidered petticoat. The corsage is low and square, and bordered with a flat band of black silk, narrow bands of which divide the puffs of the long sleeves. Upon each upper puff is one large rosette of black lace. From beneath the bow of the black silk waistband fall six puffed ends of the same. These vary in size. The lower one, however, is very deep and shaped, and all are edged with wide black lace. High under-body of plain white cambric ruffled around the throat. Ruffled under-sleeves.

Fig. 8.—Walking Dress of Blue-gray Cretonne.—The round gored skirt is without fullness, and has one deep flounce of blue silk. This is gathered in near the top to form the full puff and box-plaited ruffle. Upon the upper part of the skirt a narrow box-plaited band outlines deep square tabs. These are finished by a handsome drop-fringe to match. Similar ruffles trim the close corsage and double sleeves. It will be observed that the upper sleeve is very deep and open. Plain linen collar.

Fig. 4-Costume of Light Lemon-colored Silk .- Above the deep flounce upon the lower skirt is another of Chantilly lace. A bias band of silk divides this near the top. The skirt of the princess dress forms a rounded tablier, or apron, and is gathered up at each side beneath a large lace rosette. The sides are shaped; the back is rounded. A piped bias band of silk with a fall of lace compose the trimming. The lace only is continued around the tablier. The close corsage opens upon a plaited cambric chemisette, and is fastened by two large silk buttons. Narrow lace edges the deep collar. Extending half way up the front of each straight sleeve is a quilling of lace, headed by very small silk rouleaux. Waistband of the same fasters at the back beneath a large lace rosette. The Versailles hat is of fine white straw and light green silk, with long white feathers.

Fig. 5. — Toilet of Pale Lilac-colored Glace Silk.—The round skirt has one very deep-fluted flounce of pink silk with a ruched heading. A narrower flounce simulates a second skirt, and, crossing at the back, disappears beneath the flounce of the full panier. The close corsage and double sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Ceinture of lilac silk with pink rosette. Linen collar and under-sleeves. Pink ribbons in the hair.

FIG. 6.—COSTUME OF GREEN SATIN-GAUZE.—This material is a kind of mohair, much lighter and more transparent than the crystal. Here the round skirt is composed of one large puff and a very deep-fluted flounce, which is ruffled at the top and bottom. The short upper-skirt is gathered in beneath a fluted ruffle, and slightly lifted at each side, where it is met by a puffed and ruffled band which entirely covers the seam. Small bows of the same are placed down the front of the close corsage. A ruffle edges the shaped basque; others head and trim the Henry IV. sleeves. Silk waistband with a small rosette at each side. Linen collar.

Fig. 7.—Walking Dress of Light-brown Poplinette.—The lower-skirt has one deep-fluted flounce, with a puffed heading framed in narrow ruffles; the upper one falls upon the puff. The second skirt is quite short and draped in front; the sides are shaped, bordered with silk rouleaux of the same shade, and ruffled. A deep ruffle supports the full panier. Down the front of the close corsage is a double row of buttons. The small, square pelerine is trimmed with rouleaux and silk fringe to Rouleaux and narrow ruffles simulate cuffs upon the straight sleeves. Ceinture of the same fastens at the back beneath a rosette. Scalloped linen collar and under-sleeves.

WHAT SHOULD BE WORN, AND WHAT SHOULD NOT.

FROM THE TABLETS OF A PARISIAN LADY OF SOCIETY.

Fashions decidedly adhere to puffed-out dresses and paletots, although some new models appear with long points at the back, or with large square lappets; these have no puffs, or paniers, but are always completed by a large bow at the back.

The short costume is more in vogue than ever, now that the under-skirt is only just short enough not to touch the ground, thus rendering it unnecessary to loop it up in any way, and train-shaped skirts are exclusively reserved for evening parties, and for visits of ceremony.

The walking costumes are either composed of a skirt and a tunic-casaque, forming at once a second skirt and a bodice, or of a double-skirted dress and a mantelet. The latter are preferred for dresses of any thin material, such as grenadine, barege, gaze de Chambery, and so on. The bodice is made quite plain, to wear under the mantelet, trimmed with flutings or ruchings; but frequently a small pelerine or a berthe is made of the material to wear over it when the mantelet is removed.

We see some very nice costumes of toile indienne, a sort of mohair of good quality, composed of a skirt trimmed round the bottom with a flounce put on with a heading, and of a very stylish Louis XV., with a square basque, open in front, or else a casaque very long at the back, looped up at the sides, slit behind in the middle, and edged with a fluting down the slit; or, again, a short paletot with revers, edged with a fluting, in which case a second skirt must be worn, looped up at the back and sides, and trimmed all round like the first, with a flounce.

These costumes are also made of striped material, but we prefer, in that case, the vetement to be of another tissue. There are some very pretty paletots made of white alpaca, of a very graceful shape and pretty ornaments.

Besides fancy woolen tissues, which are mostly self-colored, or more or less finely striped—these are also for walking costumes -there are very pretty striped coulits-toile d'Irlande, and foulards of different kinds, and also striped materials of foulard and satin, which are much used for under-skirts, with tunicdresses of the same color, but without stripes.

These materials, tastefully made up and ornamented, form very elegant costumes. Soft tints, such as fawn, buff, and salmon-color, are particularly fashionable.

Plain or short glace silks and faille compose the most stylish dresses of the season, and costumes of black silk are always considered most lady-like for the street, whether they consist of a black tunic dress over a colored skirt, or of the dress complete, ornamented with pink, maize, blue, cerise; or, again, are entirely black and trimmed with lace or fringe

We also see this summer, for dresses of a lighter description, a numerous collection of bareges, grenadines, plain or striped, sultana, florentine, gaze de Chambery, plain, or striped with satin; chaly, and Chinese crape, in white or colors.

With these materials, dresses are very elaborately trimmed with flutings, edged with satin of the same color, or with lace ruches and satin rouleaux. The out-of-door garment is either a tight-fitting paletot, puffed out at the back, or else a mantelet with long lapels.

Long dresses, being more particularly destined to very elegant toilets, are mostly made of glace silk or faille, poult-de-soie, or gaze de Chambery.

The most tasteful are made with a very long train, very ample at the back and sides, but plain in front. They are trimmed round the bottom either with three narrow lace flounces, headed with a vandyked border of the material of the dress, edged with satin; or, again, with five or seven flounces of the material of the dress gathered and put on with a heading. These trimmings are placed all round the dress, or else they simulate the shape of a tunic, open in front, and come up to the waist on either side, while the bodice is trimmed with five or six rows of lace, forming a jabot. The greatest nouveante of the season for dressy toilets is the bodice, open in front in the shape of a heart, with revers à châle, or else in the shape of a plastroon, with sleeves á la Marie Théràse, not coming down further than the bend of the arm, and finished off with deep lace engageante.

<u>ज</u>ा. त

There

re in

1005

13. بخل

والمستنيلة والمستنا

Jos.

1113

h #:===

1111.3

18

111

41 (

TET E

etr

6.

0

150

B 6

131

M.

Not a few of our grandes-dames adhere to the rules laid down in the Sport, a Parisian journal of high life, for the costume de This costume, specially and exclusively destined to be worn at the races, is to consist of a skirt just touching the ground, of faille, or other silk material, and the color of which must depend upon the state of the weather. A train, made separate from the skirt, is added to it at the back. This train is, of course, of the same material as the dress. In the carriage it may be left to fall loose or draped round the figure, and for walking it can be looped up with buttons. A mantelet, with lapels in front, completes the dress, which has none of the extravagant sash bows of which some of our élégantes have been making rather an abuse of late, but merely a high waistband with a strap and buckle holding a small aumonière, much resembling that worn by Marguerite in Faust. The hat to be worn with this costume is the chapeau de Versailles, of which we spoke last month.

Although costumes complete of the same material render black silk mantles less necessary, yet these are still so useful on many occasions, that they form an indispensable article in a lady's wardrobe. They are made much in the same manner as those of the same material as the dress. There is the Watteau casaque, the tight-fitting paletot, the long paletot, tightfitting at the back, but loose in front; the Louis XV. jacket with square basque, the pelerine mantelet, looped up at the back; the scarf mantelet with long lapels, and other models in the same style, all trimmed with flutings, satin rouleaux and pipings, silk fringes and black lace.

Elderly ladies generally prefer the mantelet of a more ample shape, and falling in wide lapels in front. Very pretty mantles are also made this summer in white cashmere, and in white or black grenadine, striped or embroidered with gold.

Almost all the long-neglected fashions seem to be coming to life again this year. Even Indian cashmere shawls are brought out again after being left in the shade so long. But ladies seem to have forgotten how to fold and drape these beautiful shawls, once the distinguished mark of a real grande dame. There was a time when one belonging to la crême de la crême could be recognized merely by the way in which she wore her cashmere shawl. But this is no longer the case; the Indian shawl seems now to have come down to the rank of any ordinary mantle. Without being cut, it is gathered in at the waist, and arranged so as to form a casaque, fitting at the back; in front it is also gathered up over the arms, so as to form sleeves, and it falls loose from the neck. Shawls have been much worn, thus arranged, during this spring; and even now, from favorite manteaux de voyage, Chinese crape shawls are worn in the same way.

As for lace shawls, with lace flounces, they are no longer à la mode; but they can very easily be transformed into tunic dresses, which look remarkably well upon colored silk dresses. These tunics, with the fichu to match, are very fashionable, not only for evening, but also for dressy town and visiting toilets.

The same are made in lama lace of good quality. In this kind of lace very pretty dresses are also made, either with long duchess skirts, made up with thick plaits behind, or half-long, in the Louis XV. style, looped up at the sides; or, again, à la Pompadour, shorter behind than in front. All these dresses have high or low bodices of the same lace, and look extremely pretty upon under-dresses of mauve, blue, maize, or rose-colored eilk.

Of models we have also various new models to mention; all are small, but their shapes vary:

Here, first of all, is an Egyptian bonnet, formed by two flutings of white crinoline, with small bunches of red berries between each plait of the fluting. In front a bow of black lace, and a white aigrette. Black lace border at the back, continued in front upon the lappets of crinoline like the bonnet, and fastened by a bunch of red berries.

Then a Flemish bonnet of rice straw, with a ruche of pink silk all round, and a bow of the same in front, fastening a bunch of roses and a small white feather; a very small straw curtain is turned up at the back, with another very large bow of pink silk. Strings of wide pink ribbon.

Another Flemish bonnet is of white fancy straw, edged with black; curtain turned up with a bow of black satin. In front,

and all round the edge, a ruching of shaded red ribbon, vailed over with black lace; at the side, a rosette of the same ribbon, from which springs a white aigrette, tipped with black; the strings are formed of cross strips of black silk, edged with lace, fastened with a large rosette of red ribbon and lace.

A Montespau puff of mauve tulle is bordered with a rosette of violets, continued into a necklace in front, with a fluting of mauve tulle. At the back a bow of mauve silk, with fringed ends. On the left side, in front, a bunch of ivy leaves and brilliant grasses; one blade of grass supports a beautiful amethyst

Then there are diadems of black lace and black satin, with a small bunch of flowers, or a brilliant little bird in front, and a white or black aigrette.

It is singular, indeed, to what extent black lace and black satin are used this summer for trimming even white straw

We must mention, also, the coquettish bonnets called nid d'oiseau, which certainly have very much the shape of a bird's Though worn by some ladies of fashion, we do not give these as la mode generally adopted; no, by no means. But as they are very much spoken of, we could not omit including these fanciful little chapeaux in our list of nouveautés.

One of them, made for the beautiful Polish Princess Tablonowska, is composed of fern leaves, moss, tinted foliage, and delicate blossoms, such as wood anemones, hare-bells, cuckoo flowers, forget-me-nots, and lilies of the valley. A small humming bird is posed upon this pretty nest, which is bordered with a ruche of black Chantilly lace. The lappete of black tulle and lace are tied in front a la Marie Antoinette.

Hats are also of various shapes. The chapeaux Russes, which were made of Astrakan fur last winter, are now made of black tulle and lace; the ornament, whether a sprig of flowers, a feather, or a bird, is placed as an aigrette in front.

For the races there is, besides the Versailles hats, the Gabrielle, which resembles it in shape.

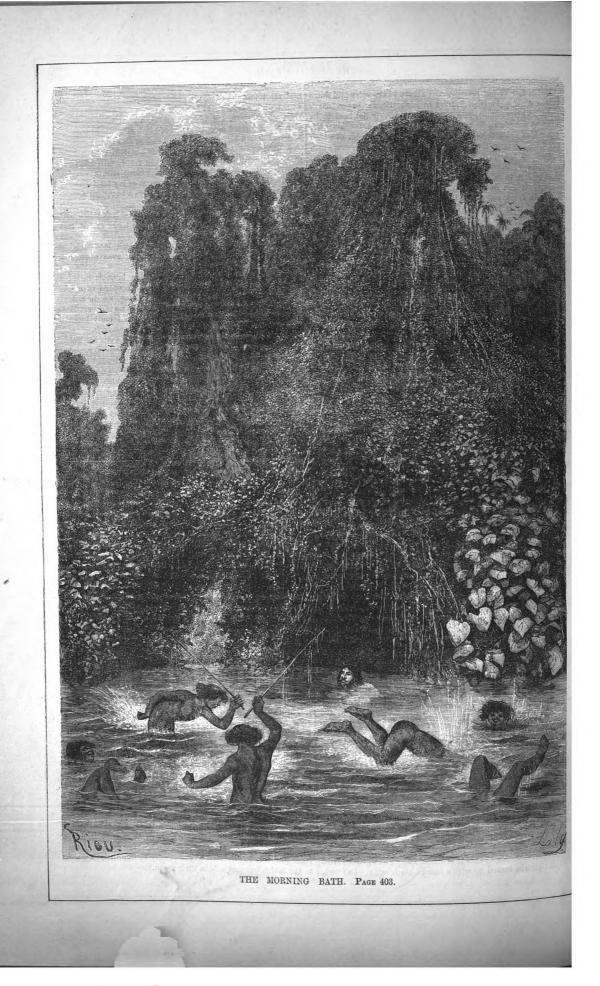
A pretty model of the sort we have seen is of white straw; a ery large white feather is turned back over it, and fastened in front by a ruby-colored bow of satin ribbon. At the back a similar bow is completed by long fringed lapels.

Other hats, of white crinoline, are trimmed round with a wreath of flowers; but a satin bow is generally added to the trimming.

Chignons are decidedly less in favor than they have been; and we rejoice to see a great many of our most elegant grandesdames wearing their hair simply plaited, and arranged in drooping loops at the back of their heads; sometimes in a net, and sometimes not. Exaggerated fashions last a while; but, happily, one is always sure to see them disappear eventually.

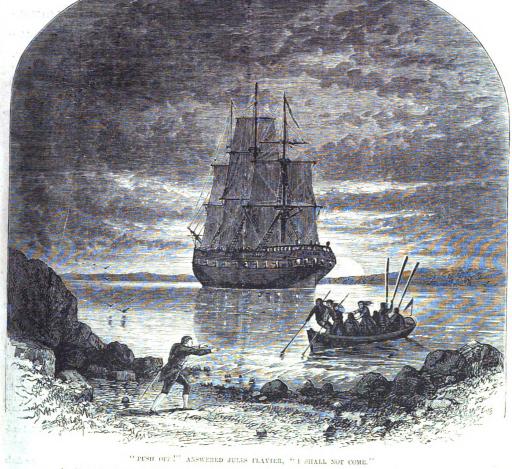
THE MORNING BATH.

PAUL MARCOY, in his amusing travels in South America, gives a very graphic description of bathing in the Ucayale, a branch of the Amazon, near the mission of Sarayucu. He states that a more pleasant spot for a bath he never saw, the water being cold, placid, and just deep enough for the purpose. The high trees and tropical foliage made a delightful shade, and it seemed a retired spot in Eden. There was one little drawback to this terrestrial paradise. It was haunted by alligators, who lay concealed, ready to spring upon some unwary victim. To obviate their danger, Paul Marcoy and his companions hired a number of the young natives, who jumped into the river with sticks, beating the water, and yelling, shricking and hallooing at the top of their voice. This strategy so effectually frightened the alligators that Paul Marcoy and his fellow-travelers took their bath in ease and safety. When they had bathed to their heart's content they gave a signal to their body-guard of water-thrashers, and all sprang on dry land again. The boys of this region are very fond of ball-playing, and this pastime makes them as expert in handling the stick as though they were Irishmen wielding a shillalah. They consequently beat the water with such vigor that it is so disturbed as completely to blind the alligators to the lavish banquet within their reach.





THE COMBAT.



A MAD PASSION.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER 1.

As autumn moon is shining golden and warm over the gardens of the Palais-Royal. All Paris is out this night. Hundreds of people lounge through the stone galleries—hundreds of

people crowd the tables of the cafés — men of the republic, beautiful women in classic draperies, sol-liers of the army of Italy and Egypt, with the kisses of a southern sun brown upon their faces, and such names as Lodi and the Pyramids written in their hearts. It is the year 1801, and Napoleon is First Consul of France.

At a table of the Café de la Rotonde, a tritle withdrawn from the crowd, sat two officers. The first, a fair, blonde fellow, wearing the epaulettes of a captain, was sipping a glass of Lagge, and talking at intervals to the Houtenant seated

at the other side of the board, with eyes fixed on the famous garden and the young moon shining out through long lines of waving trees. Monsieur the capitaine, you would have observed, was a handsome man, with an air of the old régime. Monsieur the lieutenant, on the contrary, has the bearing of the sans culottes—the men who clustered, savage and cold, about the dripping guillotine; the men who sang the awful "Ca ira"

of the faubourgs. He has a rugged face, dark as a mulatto; a fiery mouth, a keen, reticent eye. Born the son of a wine-seller of the Rue Dennis, while yet the Bourbon held the throne of Henri Quartre, Jules Flavier had received his education in the school of the Revolution—a frightful school, indeed, but the like of whose students the world will rarely see again.

"Parbleu!" cried the fair captain, setting down his wine-glass; "know you aught of this miserable island where the blacks have nearly, or quite, exterminated the whites?"



HE HEARD A SINGULAR CRY.



Generated at Ur Public Domain,

"It is called Hayti," replied the lieutenant, without turning his eyes

"Well, what would you? We embark at Brest, or, perhaps, Lorient. We go upon a tedious voyage; we broil indefinitely beneath a tropic sun, because, forsooth, the First Consul must needs punish this mad negro chief, l'Overture. Bah! rather give me the Alps again, the Nile, the desert!"

The gloomy face of Jules Flavier lifted a little. He shrugged his high shoulders.

"Monsieur, we soldiers cannot choose; we can only obey."

"Ah, Clarisse!" sighed the captain, his mustache taking a downward droop.

A group of gay grisettes came chattering past the table, smart and coquettish, in holiday attire, as only the Parisian grisette can be. Jules Flavier looked at them askant, but with a cold, unbending mouth.

"I see," he said, addressing his comrade, "you have a mistress."

The captain lifted his eyebrows.

"No, but a betrothed—the loveliest woman in Paris. She will go with me to this island of fever and butchery. Ma foi! what will not a woman do for love?"

Jules Flavier stared full at the other.

"A betrothed!" he echoed. "Pardieu! may I ask her name!''

"What! You have been in Paris a month, and you have not heard of Clarisse? There is but one, I assure you—the daughter of the old Marchioness de Charrier. Monsieur, she has fifty thousand francs, and she is an angel."

"You love her, then?" said the lieutenant, still regarding him steadily.

Monsieur the captain laid a hand upon his heart. "Mon Dieu! yes."

After a little silence, Jules Flavier pushed his chair from the

"Allons!" he said; "the moon is sinking. Let us go."

The captain rose also, rung for the white-aproned gargon, and paid the bill. The crowd had now begun to ebb a little. He linked his arm through his friend's, and strolled out of the

As the two gained the streets, Paris looked a great gilded, painted solitude. The lamps were lighted along the boulevards -they streamed from all the cafés, but the pavement itself was nearly deserted. Only here and there a carriage rolled by to the theatre. Only now and then a bourgeoise with her husband, or an artisan in blouse and sabots scurried past, and made no sign. Monsieur the captain looked at his companion.

"Let us go to the grand opera," he said. "You are gloomy and distrait; that will revive you."

Jules Flavier smiled, grimly.

"Monsieur, I know nothing of the music; I care nothing for the ballet. Pardon me."

"Nevertheless, I wish you to go. Mademoiselle Clarisse will be there. The marchioness has a box in the first tier. My friend, you will not refuse to be presented to my betrothed? Come, come."

A flacre was just passing. They called to it, entered, and drove to the opera-house.

Men, pressing on the verge of fate rarely know it. They walk blindfold. This is inevitable, but it is sad. Jules Flavier, on this night, was going to his doom, but unconsciously as a

They entered the opera-house together. Monsieur the captain made his way to the first tier, and opened the door of a box. His friend followed. The whole house was a sea of light and flowers and perfumes. In the royal box, where Maria Antoinotte used to sit, were the First Consul and his Creol wife, Josephine. A hundred musicians, the best in the world, crowd the hushed and scented air with music. The stage is a subordinate piece of light and color.

"Come," whispered Captain Victor to his friend.

Jules Flavier entered the Marchioness de Charrier's box. Within it sat two ladies. The first an old woman, busy with a jeweled lorgnette-this was the marchioness. The other a young girl,

with a rose in her bosom, resting one arm on the velvet cushion of the railing-this was Mademoiselle Clarisse

"Marchioness," said the captain, "I have brought my friend, M. Flavier. I beg leave to present him."

The old marchioness stretched out her hand. Jules Flavier groped for it like one in a dream.

Mademoiselle Clarisse had turned her head, and was looking at him.

She was looking at him with a face whose beauty was a divine despair; she was looking at him with eyes purple as a hyacinth, and full of that fatal delusive warmth rarely seen save in Frenchwomen's eyes.

As Jules Flavier looked, heaven itself seemed breaking upon him.

"Ah," whispered the old marchioness, "see him stare at mademoiselle! You have brought us more of your canaille, Gustave. They have no manners."

"Be not angry, I pray you," pleaded M. Victor, in the pink ear of his betrothed. "He saved my life at Arcola. You are heavenly to-night, mademoiselle—be gracious, also."

Mademoiselle turned to the silent lieutenant with a smile. "Monsieur," she said, sweetly, "I have heard of you. You were in Egypt and Italy."

He did not answer; he had not spoken a word since entering the box; he had not once withdrawn his eyes from mademoiselle's face.

"Monsieur," she tried again, "here is the book of the oratorio. The First Consul is very fond of this opera. It is one of Gluck's."

Still he did not speak. One might have thought the man had taken leave of his senses. Mademoiselle de Charrier flushed, and turned her shoulder upon him.

"Entre nous," she whispered to her betrothed, "your friend is very stupid; he is also very ugly. Do not bring him here again, monsieur. I do not like him."

"Fie!" said Victor, in great mortification. looked at the stage."

As for Jules Flavier, he had heard every word. He was now utterly incapable of speech. He continued to stare at the shoulder mademoiselle had turned upon him in her contempt. It was a full, soft, and dazzling shoulder, melting into a still more dazzling bosom. One long, tawny curl trailed across it like a sunbeam. He stood, lost in a maze of madness. Suddenly there was a whisper.

"Does this sans-culotte go with you to Hayti?" asked Mademoiselle de Charrier.

" Oui.

A sudden shudder convulsed that bosom. She grew a shade paler.

"Ah, heaven! Is it not strange, monsieur, that to speak the name of that island costs me a pang? I assure you some frightful fate threatens me there.'

Victor lifted his brows.

"Mademoiselle, in six months the island will be crushedthe whole army will have returned to Paris."

"Alas! my prophetic heart! Why does it tell me otherwise ?"

"Good God! mademoiselle, do not talk thus. Madame Leclerc goes with the captain-general----'

She put up her hand. "Hush! not a word more. The marchioness will hear us."

Jules Flavier started, as from a sleep. Of what had he been dreaming? This girl was the betrothed of his friend. Yes! yes! she would marry him—would go to Hayti. To hear this from her own lips wrung his heart with twofold agony. He tore his blinded eyes from her. He tried to look at the lights, the crowd, the arch of the stage. Vain! Monsieur the lieuten-ant could see nothing in that moment but hell itself yawning at his feat! his feet!

After awhile the old marchioness arose to go; Victor gave her his arm. Mademoiselle Clarisse was left to Jules Flavier.

He was dreadfully pale. She looked at him with concern.

"Monsieur, you are ill?"

" No." "Let us hasten. M. Victor and my mother are disappearing."



et cabin

nor me

SFr

is lost

0.15

Tests

37

4.47

ŝ.

75

A step forward, and the rose dropped from her breast. Jules Flavier snatched it up, then raised his hand, as suddenly to hurl

"Ah, monsieur," she said, "the thorn has stung you."
"To the heart!" he answered, then drew her savagely after him through the crowd.

At the door of the opera-house, Victor received his betrothed. He found her a trifle pale and discomposed.

"I am ill with the crowd and the heat," she said, springing into the carriage.

The marchioness leaned out to look at the pale, dark licutenant left alone on the pavement.

"Monsieur, I bid you good-night," she said.

No word from mademoiselle. The carriage went rolling off down the street. Jules Flavier turned and rushed away.

He rushed away into the black midnight of Paris, that swallowed him up in pity. Hither and thither he fled for an hour or more—now through the still dark faubourgs, now on the lonesome quays, staring down at the lights mirrored in the Seine, hearing the river washing sluggishly against the piers. Monsieur the lieutenant had unquiet thoughts.

Presently a man, turning from the Pont Neuf, came walking rapidly along the quay. The two jostled violently. In the encounter something was shaken from Jules Flavier's breast to the ground. He was the first to recover himself and lay a hand on

"Gardez!" he cried, threateningly.

The other laughed aloud.

"What! Monsieur Lieutenant, it is you, then! Pass!" Jules Flavier's hand slipped from his sword-hilt.

"Pardon!" he faltered, guiltily.

Victor stooped, and caught up the something that had fallen from his comrade's breast.

"Ah!" he said, "what is this? Mon Dieu! a rose!

He held it up, pale and withered, the same that Mademoiselle de Charrier had worn in the opera-box. He recognized it with a hot flush streaming up to his hot temples.

"Peste! you wear this on your heart—you? Monsieur, it was my gift. A month hence she will be my wife. You are a man

Jules Flavier was dumb. He stood staring down at the black river wherein the lamps were mirrored like floating fires. He seemed hardly to breathe. Victor moved nearer.

"Monsieur, you have a sword at your side!" he said, loudly. The lieutenant lifted his eyes then.

"Great Heaven! she loves you, and you throw your life away for a rose!"

The other pressed him hotly.

"That is my affair. The quay is quite deserted. We shall not be disturbed. Draw!"

Both threw off their cloaks—the two swords leaped from their scabbards. The face of monsicur the captain was flushed and haughty-that if his lieutenant stolid and cold. Their

At the first pass, the weapon of Jules Flavier penetrated his antagonist's sleeve, and grazed, fine and cold, against the flesh. At the second, he turned the point of Victor's weapon aside from his own breast. At the third, the edges of the two blades clanged. Then something flashed in mid air, cut a swift half circle, and descended with a dull splash into the river. Monsieur the captain stood upon the quay, pale and disarmed, with an empty scabbard at his sword-belt.

For a moment he eyed the other haughtily. Then, advancing a step or two, he threw open the linen upon his breast.

"Parbleu! you have done well. My sword is in the Seine. Strike !"

Jules Flavier retreated a step as the other advanced. His face still kept its look of coldness and repose. He drove his own weapon with a dull thrust back to its sheath. "Not so," he answered; "she loves you."

In the dust of the quay at their feet the rose was still lying. Each had trampled upon it in turn. As Jules Flavier spoke, he bent down and picked it up. He stripped the bruised and scented leaves from the stem. He uplifted a dark and haggard

ward. A single word, low, broken, but full of wild appeal, dropped from his lips: "God !"

The petals scattered like a flock of birds. Hither and thither dashed across the pavement, whirled into the river. When the last fell, the quay was quite deserted. The two men standing there had parted in utter silence—parted and disappeared—one back toward the Pont Neuf, walking slowly and thoughtfully; the other scurrying away in an opposite direction, lost in a breath amid the silence and darkness of the faubourgs.

CHAPTER II.

A curving shore, with stupendous cliffs beetling over, casting their shadows to a great distance on the deep. A dark, retreating bay, alive now with French warships at their anchorage. A drowsy, tropic town, stretching up from the water's edge, the white houses rising tier above tier, and semi-circled by a broken amphitheatre of hills. These houses are all built after the fashion of France. They are two or three stories high, covered with tiles and mahogany shingles. Past them, down every street, go the wide gutters, conveying the mountain rains from the hills to the sca. The gorgeous tropic twilight has fallen. The great southern stars glow in the purple sky. Not a breath stirs the dense bamboos and the ribbed banana leaves of the gardens. Only the fountain plashes on in the parched square; only now and then a strain of music, floating out from the open windows of the general-in-chief's headquarters, sets the fiery scented air palpitating with voluptuous life. Day is dead, and Madame Leclerc is holding her nightly revel under the great Haytien stars.

"I will have a fele every day," cries this famous beauty, "and a ball every night. These are our last moments; let us spend them in pleasure."

On the broad balcony of the house, under some awnings of Indian silk, a lute, swept by a master hand, was tinkling dreamily. Near by a divan, heaved with satin cushions, had been placed. On this Madame Leclerc languished, holding court. Napoleon called her the handsomest woman in France. She wore a green silk turban, clasped with emeralds, twisted about her magnificent hair. Her matchless beauty filled the place with a new day.

"Clarisse," said Madame Leclerc, turning her head toward the awnings, and speaking in an undertone, "look into the ballroom, and tell me if Colonel Petion has arrived. How can people dance on such a night? The wives and daughters of these planters are all bourgeoise."

The tinkling lute ceased. A hand drew the Indian silk aside, and Clarisse stepped forth upon the balcony. She turned and looked into the ballroom, magnificent with its gilded ceilings, its marble floors, and glass doors opening everywhere to reveal silent courts and galleries, where fountains tinkled, and scents of flowers steeped the air.

The gold-embroidered uniforms of the officers of the expedition were flashing everywhere; but she saw no Colonel Petion. "Madame, no; he is not here."

"Ah, great heaven! only last night he swore that he adored me! Look at this turban, Clarisse—is it not becoming? You will see me in my palanquin to-morrow in Creole short waist and skirt of striped muslin."

"Madame," answered Clarisse, "you are always beautiful in anything."

"And you—mon Dieu! let me look at you, petile. You are heavenly to-night. But one need not always be lovely for one's husband alone. Why do you not flirt with some of these stupid officers? Look! yonder is monsieur the lieutenant. Beckon him forward, Clarisse. Of all men, he is the only one, I think, who tells me the truth. I must speak with him.'

Madame Victor lifted her eyes. A few yards distant in the ballroom, his face bent upon his breast, stood Jules Flavier. She signed for him to approach; he obeyed her, growing deadly

During the months that had elapsed since that night at the face toward the stars. He tossed the pale petals suddenly upand absorbed, over the gilded railing. Her face was pensive, and a little pale; her golden hair made a halo there in the darkness. The gauzy folds of her white dress, the marble arms, bare to the shoulders, the unutterable grace of ner figure-all were ravishing. Jules Flavier advanced to Madame Leclerc's divan. His eyes were cast down. She saw, too, that he was trembling.

"Monsieur Lieutenant," she said, with an adorable look, "tell me, where is Colonel Petion to-night?"

The lieutenant regarded her coldly.
"Madame," he answered, "Colonel Petion died an hour ago of the fever."

"Mon Dieu! he was not false, then? Proceed, monsieur. General Hardy has not arrived yet, and he promised to be early."

"Madame, do not look for him longer. He was buried this morning."

"Alas, this frightful fever!" said Pauline, putting up her charming hands to arrange her green silk turban. "What is to become of us?"

Madame Victor turned suddenly from the railing. Monsieur the lieutenant felt her eyes upon his face, but he dared not look

up.
"I implore you to tell us truly, monsieur," she said; "is the whole army dying?"
"Madame," faltered Jules Flavier, "the city is one vast

lazaretto. From three to four hundred persons perish daily. The army is a wreck. We have not sailors enough left to man the ships."

Madame Leclerc started up from her divan.

"Clarisse!" she cried, "I shall go to my country-house tomorrow. This stupid city is doomed. And you-you must go with your husband to that western station of Verone."

Jules Flavier stood paralyzed.

"Verone! Good God! madame, you cannot intend that Madame Victor shall accompany us to Verone. The entire west is a prey to that Congo negro, Lamour de Rance."

"Monsieur," answered Madame Leclerc, "it is her wish. Moreover, to remain here is to die. You would not have her die, monsieur? Lamour de Rance has not approached Verone,

"No, but he has laid the Highlands in ruin. He has ravaged a hundred plantations in the plain of Léogane. The war that he has instituted, madame, is the war of the knife."

"Alas! monsieur, what is this savage like?"

"He is a half naked black; more ferocious, perhaps, than Dessalines. He wears his epaulets tied to his shoulders with a cord, as his only token of authority. We, who go out to punish him, find nothing but vast seas of fire and ruin, which every-where mark his flight."

Madame Leclerc made a graceful gesture.

"Ah, go, monsieur; tell me no more of these horrors. You are a hero. See that you protect my dear Clarisse at Verone. Heaven be thanked! hither comes General Rochambeau; he, at least, is not dead. Adieu, monsieur."

As the swart figure of Rochambeau, the second in command, appeared on the balcony, Madame Leclerc took his arm, and, nodding to the impassive lieutenant, stepped out into the ballroom.

Jules Flavier looked around. He was alone. Clarisse also had disappeared.

Sad and depressed, she had made her escape from the balcony. She was passing, even then, unnoticed, through the winding passages of the house. Crossing a paved court whose flags still reeked with the late mountain rains, Madame Victor entered upon the honeyed gloom of the captain-general's garden.

It was a vast and odorous garden, silent as the grave. Overhead the feathery bamboo and the orange-trees formed a dense canopy, underfoot the life of countless flowers exhaled in intoxicating sweetness.

Madame Victor turned into a labyrinth of walks flaming with bloom. Past thickets of penguin, aloe, and white jasmine, all in flower; past hedges of the sharp, prickly Adam's needle, whose pointed leaves caught at her thin dress like so many re-

pressed her. Her heart was like lead in her bosom. A sense of impending peril crowded upon her like suffocation.

At the end of the long garden Madame Victor paused. Here, lost in painful thought, she stood, when a rustle in the bloomy thicket at her side startled her. She looked around. The large cup-like blossoms of some scarlet parasites growing there were swinging on their stems, shaking out clouds of incense as they swung. This was odd. There was no wind in the garden. The night was still as death itself.

"Who is there?" said Madame Victor, aloud.

No reply. Only something, like two coals of fire, flashed through the blossoms for an instant, and were gone.

"It is some belated bird," thought Clarisse, and stepped out upon the narrow terrace overlooking the sea.

Heavens, how fair was this Haytien night! How lovely this purple sourthern heaven that smiled only to destroy! Bursts of music came floating out from Madame Leclerc's ball-room. Large and luminous the stars shone from above. Below, the sapphire bay lay smooth as glass, dotted only by the masts of the French war-ships.

Madame Victor stood for a long time with eyes turned seaward. Where now was the grand army which Leclerc had brought to conquer this fearful island? Dead of the yellow fever and the sword of the blacks. Only a remnant remained, scattered in different garrisons. A passion of terror and homesick longing came over this young girl. She leaned against the hedge, pale as a Niobe. Her golden hair was damp with the dew of the flowers. Her attitude was one of unutterable sad-

"France! La belle France!" she cried, stretching her arms toward the sea.

Hark! That rustle in the thicket again! The two burning coals there glare out through the parasites. Clarisse neither sees nor hears. A mist of tears overspreads her eyes and weighs down her lashes. The movement is repeated. Some dry twigs crack, as under a cautious step. A fiery breath sweeps across her cheek. She starts from her fatal stupor, at last, with a cry of alarm.

Too late! A hand, thrust out of the thicket, clutched one arm, and held her fast, as she turned to fly. It was a horrible hand, black as night, and furrowed and scarred with strange characters to the finger-tips. Following after it, a figure stepped out upon the terrace and confronted Madame Victor.

For a moment her very heart stood still. The figure was that of a gigantic black—a full-blooded Congo—with a frightful tattooed face, that belongs to the coast. His half-naked limbs shone like ebony in the starlight. On his shoulders he wore a pair of general's epaulets, tied with hempen cord.

"Hist!" cried this apparition, in tolerable French, devouring Madame Victor's face with fierce and threatening eyes. "Look

at me, and be silent!"

Clarisse gazed at him steadily. It flashed upon her at onee who this savage might be-some outlawed chief of the blacks, prowling about the headquarters of the hated French general. She sought to shake off his frightful hand from her arm. In vain. He held her fast.

"Release me!" said this daughter of a marquis, with a haughty gesture. "How dare you, slave? Release me, I command you, or I must summon help."

The black laid one hand on the knife in his belt. He laughed derisively.

"This garden is deserted. Well! Yonder, at the end of the terrace, Leclerc's sentry is pacing. His face is as black as mine. Shriek! He will not heed you, though you bring the heavens down. He knows who walks this garden in spite of friends or foes. Meanwhile, you frail white thing, I can crush you like a flower in my hand."

A moment of utter silence followed these words. Madame Victor grew pale as death.

"Who are you?" she demanded, shuddering.

"I am a bird of the night and the mountains. Men call me Lamour de Rance."

At sound of that name all the peril of her position rushed with full force on Clarisse. It was no man who stood before straining hands. She walked slowly. Dark forebodings op- her there on that dark and lonesome terrace, but a devil, whose



University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

1. A 98082 1

assel Re-

n the blue

d. The bro

ig there is:

me u ie

garden, L

atrocities were without parallel. Villages sacked and burned, high-born and beautiful women outraged, appalling midnight butcheries, all the catalogue of his crimes leaped like fire to her brain.

"Monster!" she cried, with a gesture of horror, then turned to fly.

He sprang before her. He barred her way with a brawny, outstretched arm.

"Stay, fairest of all the Frenchwomen!" and now his voice took an undertone of tenderness that was frightful; "the heart of Lamour de Rance is not always hard. Listen to me. This is not the first time I have entered your captain-general's garden. God! were I to sit at his board, as Dessalines and Christophe have done, I should drink his dastard blood with my wine! He walks here often with Rochambeau. They discuss their plans to each other and to me. They torture their wits to know how they shall punish that black barbarian, De Rance. Mistress, I see you often walking on this terrace. You come here alone, and when the stars are up. To-night I swore to speak with you."

Mocking and sweet the music floated out of Madame Leclerc's ball-room. Oh, was there no one there who would come to seek her? No one to deliver her from the hands of this wretch?

"You are late," he went on; "I had almost despaired of you. As you passed the hedges here your step was noiseless. was off my guard. Had you stirred a single blossom, you would have discovered me."

"I see," said Madame Victor, struggling hard to command her voice, "you wish to rob me."

She put up her swift hands and tore from her hair its band of pearls. The long tresses, thus loosened, rolled heavy and golden adown her neck. She unclasped the bracelets from her wrists, the girdle from her waist.

"For the love of heaven!" she cried, "take these and let me go !"

Lamour de Rance devoured her with his fearful eyes. He took the jewels she held out, and casting them on the ground between them, set his foot upon them, and ground them into

"No," he answered; "I came not here to rob you!"

"To murder me, then," said Clarisse.

"No; but to look upon your face—to see you pass back and forth here under the stars—to hear you talk to the flowers, or to your own pining heart. Ah! never has the Frenchman brought to this island so fair a thing as you to be the spoil of

At last she understood him—at last she saw the fate that menaced her. No sound in the garden—no footstep.

"You loathe me now," cried the black, watching her, fiercely, hungrily; "you shudder to look at me. My hand upon your arm just now was agony. Listen! Before another moon dawns on this bay, the Frenchman and all he possesses will be the prey of the blacks. You see this city. It is your last stronghold. God has sent the pestilence already. Lamour de Rance will send the torch and the knife. On the day when you see these roofs aflame, you will know that I have come for you. Do not think to escape me. You cannot. Dessalines may have the warships, Christophe the imperial power; but I-I will have yoụ !''

Ah! has a wind risen in the aloe walk, or is it the click of spurs, the clattering of a sword, as some one advances? Clarisse hears it. With a shrick, she thrusts aside the arm of Lamour de Rance ; she flies past him. The thick shrubbery closes after her and separates them for a moment. Ah! he has seized her again. No! it is but the prickly leaves in the thickets that catch at her draperies as she rushes by. Then the garden, with its fatal sweets, seems reeling around her. Some one bends over her; she looks up into the cold, stern face of the lieutenant, Jules Flavier.

In the name of God, madame, what has happened?" he cried. She was past speaking; she could only point back toward the

Jules Flavier sprang out upon it in the starlight. It lay before him, dim and deserted in the shadow of the garden. No human thing was there.

He drew his sword, and plunged it into the thicket. The parasites had been trampled down by a heavy foot, but that was all. Whatever had been there to alarm Madame Victor was

"Monsieur," he heard her calling. He returned to the walk.

She stood awaiting him. "Monsieur, we are losing time. I beg you will conduct me from this place immediately. I have news for General Leclerc."

He gave her his arm in utter silence; he saw that she was shivering violently in the hot night air. They hurried through the walks, neither speaking, and entered on the paved court. Here Madame Victor turned to her companion.

"Monsieur," she said, gently "you have done me a great service this night. I thank you."

Then she saw that a man in the uniform of a French captain had entered the court also, and was advancing across it to meet them. She sprang forward, and threw herself on her husband's

"Ah, Gustave," she cried, weeping bitterly, "let us go from this frightful city. I implore you, if you love me, to take me

"Mon amie!" answered Captain Victor, "be calm. We start to-morrow for Verone."

CHAPTER III.

THE station of Verone lay on a broken chain of hills in the west. It was a position nearly surrounded by moats, cut in a hard soil. It was of some importance, inasmuch as it seemed to protect the route of General Leclerc's provision trains. The garrison commanded by Captain Victor consisted of his lieutenant and fifty colonial troops—blacks and mulattoes.

And Clarisse?

She dwelt secure in her low white dwelling inside the fortifications. She swung in her gay Indian hammock on the broad balconies in the hot and starry night. From thence she saw a wonderful country stretching away on all sides, broken by gorges Forests of mahogany and logwood covered the hills. Nightly the large stars shone in the bald, black mountain of Gonaires. Daily, prodigious flocks of birds came sweeping up from the savannahs of La Desolée. The heart of this girl, in her fancied security, grew joyous. Only now and then the old hatred of the island oppressed her. She was unutterably lovely, and wayward as a child. As for her husband, he adored her. They had been at Verone a month. During this time one man of the garrison had neither rested nor slept.

This was Jules Flavier.

He saw her borne past him in her palanquin on the shoulders of her slaves; he saw her aswing in the gorgeous network of the Indian hammock; he saw her hanging pensive over her twilight balconies. Hardest of all, everywhere Victor was at her side, each happy in worshiping the other.

No torture of the rack could have been greater; yet, seeing all this, Jules Flavier walked his daily way and made no sign.

The heart of the man was of iron, and his nerves of steel.

"Oh, he is very odd," said Clarisse to her husband, "and very distrait. Monsieur, would you believe it, he never looks at me—he never speaks to me. I think he has some affaire

Captain Victor gave his wife a long, searching look. "Sacré!" he muttered, "so also do I."

Shortly after this, the superior officer received a little visit from his dull subordinate.

"Monsieur," said Jules Flavier, "we have in this garrison fifty black soldiers. I have been watching them, monsieur. Out of that number I find there is not one who is not brooding treachery. Will you look to this?"

Captain Victor regarded his lieutenant in cold amaze.

"Monsieur, I thank you for your information. General Leclerc assured me that these men were picked from his forces at the Cape, and could be relied on. Monsieur, bon jour!"

Jules Flavier flushed to his dark temples, bowed, and withdrew.

After that he never seemed to sleep. His nights he passed in walking about the fortifications. The black sentries found him

following them on their beats through the darkness, noiseless and terrible. His fierce eyes were upon them everywhere; they trembled at sight of him.

One man was trying to fill a breach wherein a thousand were needed, alas!"

At the expiration of another week, Captain Victor's lieutenant surprised him with a second visit. He was admitted to a room on the ground-floor of the house. From thence a glass door opened on the veranda. Through this door Clarisse could be seen reciining on a bamboo couch in a thick gloom of orangetrees. A negress, with a Madras handkerchief about her head, stood fanning her enchanting mistress with a bunch of scarlet feathers.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," said Jules Flavier, speaking in a loud, clear voice, "the plantations at St. Millais were ravaged last night, the dwellings burned, and every white inhabitant butchered. Monseiur, this is the work of Lamour de Rance. He has abandoned his plans upon Leclerc and returned to the west. A request for more troops should be sent to the captain-general without delay."

Captain Victor twisted his mustaches and frowned.

"Diables ! if Lamour de Rance appears at Verone, the message that I send to Leclerc will be his black head on a charger !"

"Monsieur, I assure you that the need of fresh troops here is most pressing."

"Pardon; you have told me this before. Yet you were a brave man in Italy. There is something, I fear, in the air of this island fatal to the nerves of Frenchmen."

Jules Flavier grew deadly pale. He laid his hand on his swordhilt, dropped it again, and walked away in silence.

Then Madame Victor sprang up from her bamboo couch, and ran to her husband.

"Lamour de Rance!" she gasped, "here—in these gorges! Gustave! Gustave! monsieur the lieutenant is right. Send for men at once, or we are lost!"

"Clarisse, since you desire it, the messenger shall be dispatched to-morrow.

"To-morrow!" she echoed. "Alas! who knows what fate may befall us before to-morrow!"

"Fie! These are idle fancies. That black brigand will never dare attack a position like Verone. Ah, love, can harm come to you where I am? I swear to you no!"

Yet, long after he had left her, Madame Victor paced the veranda, pale and troubled. The terrors of her heart were not to be so easily appeared.

Presently she became aware that the negress, still standing in the shadow of the orange-trees, was watching her with singularly intent and glittering eyes.

"Honore," she said, sadly, "why do you look at me like that? Are you, too, faithless?"

The black started, made a step forward, and threw herself at Madame Victor's feet. She lifted the hand of her mistress to

her lips.
" Non, non!" she answered; "the poor black loves you. She would give her live for yours."

Tears fell on Madame Victor's hand. She shook them off, shuddering.

"Go, Honore, go. The sun is setting. I would be alone." As for Jules Flavier, he had returned to his watch.

Night drew on apace. It was intensely dark. A suffocating heat and silence filled the air. Nature herself seemed foreboding disaster. Inside the earthwork, the tall logwood-trees stretched long and black, without a shiver. No soldiers were anywhere visible.

Jules Flavier went up to the bristling wall of logs and earth, scaled it like a cat, and peered over into the moat.

This most was six feet deep and twelve wide. There was in it four feet of water. Three guns, wheeled into position, frowned above the edge of the wall.

Hanging there, over the turbid water, Jules Flavier heard a sudden and singular cry. It came from some point near at hand. It was shrill and long-drawn, something like the scream of a mountain-bird. He listened.

All was still for a moment. Not a sound but the dull lapping of the water.

Then, for the second time, the strange boding call cleft the ominous stillness. Throat of beast or bird never gave forth such a cry. Jules Flavier's blood seems turning to fire in his veins.

Hark! a long coying tread approaches the earthwork from behind. Another follows. He hears a panting breath-the rattling of gun-stocks as they strike the wall. A man leaps up and hangs for an instant there, close to his side.

All along the wall he sees them-black heads rearing, black, stealthy faces looking into the moat.

With a cry of fury, Jules Flavier sprung at the throat of the black at his side. He tore the pistols from his belt. His eyes blazed in the darkness.

"Traitors!" he shouted; "back to your post! Back! or I will shoot you like dogs."

A yell of unutterable hate answered him. "Death! death to the Frenchmen!"

The black struggled in his grasp; raised the stock of his gun and struck blindly out before him. The blow missed its mark. Jules Flavier fired, and the soldier flung up his arms and fell back dead in the moat. He emptied his two remaining pistols. A horrible death-cry rose up from the water at each discharge.

"Treachery!" shouted Jules Flavier, and leaped down from the wall.

He rushed into the open space before the barracks. Here a volume of smoke, bursting out of the long, low buildings, drove him back half strangled. A spiral column of flame followed. The whole place glowed and shone with the light of day. The barracks were on fire.

Suddenly a haggard figure emerged from the smoke, and rushed toward him. It was Captain Victor. The face of the superior officer was as the face of the dead.
"Monsieur," he cried, "save yourself! All is lost."

"No, no," answered Jules Flavier. "To the guns! They will storm the works. Let us sell our lives dearly."

"Monsieur, the guns are spiked. Lamour de Rance is without. He can carry the works in five minutes."

They confronted each other there in the awful light, those two desperate and forsaken men.

"My God! is no one left?" cried Victor.

"Gardez!" came in a sharp, warning cry from the lieutenant. The figure of a man came dashing out of the burning barracks. Another and another followed. They tore across the open space, making for the wall. The flames shone on their black and distorted faces. They grasped their firelocks as they

"Stand!" thundered the two officers, hurling themselves before the flying troop.

A wild yell answered them.

"Death! death to the Frenchmen!" There was a scattering volley, a splashing in the waters of the most. Captain Victor staggered and fell back into the

arms of his lieutenant.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, "I am killed!" Jules Flavier bent over him. He tore the linen from his breast. The thick blood welled up smoking under his hand. A

horrible gunshot wound had nearly laid the heart bare.
"Monsieur," murmured Victor, "I called you a coward this day; forgive me. It is I who have brought this upon us. Monsieur, I pray you draw the pistols from my belt.'

Jules Flavier obeyed. His own face was nearly as white as the other's. Over both the ruddy glare of the flames played

"Ah, great heaven!" faltered the dying man, "my wife! Monsieur, I have watched you well; I have hated you well. Nevertheless, you are the noblest of men. You love her still. Well! Kneel here at my side. I command it."

Jules Flavier knelt.

"Monsieur, you know the fate of women that fall into the hands of Lamour de Rance. For either of you there is no escape. But you will die one death, monsieur, and she ten thousand. Swear to me, as you are a man and a French soldier, that Lamour de Rance shall never look upon her living. Take these pistols, there is enough within them for you both. Swear



Jules Flavier reeled sick and faint above the dying man. "I swear it!" he answered.

II data

Site for

in it.

with the

math-1

a leave

ज्यात है

ñŝ 🕾

hall r

155

alò

3654

7.5

12

15

ĸ2

"Go to her-yonder-hasten! There is not a moment to lose—your oath—your oath!"

His head fell back. The blood dripped thick and sluggish

from the wound. Jules Flavier bent above him-he was

Dead! The lieutenant staggered to his feet. He looked at the weapons in his hand. They were loaded, cocked, and ready. He shuddered.

Hark! A long, wild yell resounds outside the wall. They are coming! They plunge into the moat. They are swarming and struggling up the earthworks. Yell echoes yell. Jules Flavier turned from the dead body and fled.

He fled as the wind flies. He leaped upon the low veranda where he had last seen her, and threw himself against the door. It yielded. He rushed in, and drew across it the bar of heavy mahogany and the iron chain. This would give him a moment

All within was dark and silent. The blacks there had followed the blacks without. He tore along the passage, and approached a door at its further extremity. It was locked. He set his shoulder against it. The hinges snapped like reeds. He dashed into the room beyond. She was there.

He saw her kneeling before a carved crucifix, her white draperies trailing around her, her head bowed on her hands. A lamp, swinging from the ceiling, shone upon her with subdued light. She was praying.

Grim with powder and smoke, Jules Flavier dashed in. Madame Victor rose from her knees. Her face was heavenly with the calm of prayer. Her disordered hair made a glory about her. She advanced toward him.

"Prepare to die!" he cried, loudly and wildly.

She looked at him. Her eyes dilated, but she did not speak. He went close up to her.

"Shall I tell you who is without? Lamour de Rance! Your husband is dead. We are the last that is left. Great God! there is no escape. I shall not outlive you a momeut. Speak! Dare you die by my hand?"

One cry escaped her. It was the wail of her widowhood. Then she drew herself up to her full height. Her eyes sought his. He saw that she comprehended all.

"Monsieur, I dare!"

"Adieu, then! When we meet again you will know all!" He retreated a pace or two, and took deliberate aim at her. She stood with her head drooping a little, her eyes upon him. A convulsive trembling seized him. He fired. The ball whistled past that golden head, and shattered a mirror on the wall.

"Courage, monsieur!" she said, calmly—" courage! I do not fear to die."

A thundering blow at the outer door. He heard the panels crack like glass. The iron chain creaked. He raised the

"Turn your eyes from me!" he implored, in agony.
She obeyed. Unbidden she advanced a step. Her arms fell at her side.

"Dieu vous gardé!" she murmured. "Aim at my heart." With a cry of mental pain, as if, indeed, his own heart was

pierced, Jules Flavier sought to obey, but a hand from behind had clutched his arm—the pistol was dragged down. Some one rushed between the two, holding them apart with uplifted

It was the negress Honoré!

"For the love of God," she shrieked, "kill her not, monsieur! I will save her. Quick! Follow me!"

She rushed to the door and threw it wide open. She beckoned them wildly. "Quick! I implore, or it will be too late."

Madame Victor neither stirred nor spoke. Casting an arm about her, Jules Flavier plunged into the dark of the outer passage, close on the heels of the slave. At this moment the outer door fell.

"Hasten, monsieur, in the name of God!" cried Honoré.

"Take good care," answered Jules Flavier in her ear. "At the first sign of treachery you shall die!"

The black made an appealing gesture.

"Look, monsieur, look!"

They had reached a strip of solid wall, forming an angle of the narrow court of the house. Jules Flavier saw a mass of crumbling masonry, laid in blocks, and overgrown with parasites in great profusion. Honoré tore them aside with both hands. Nothing was visible but the bare wall. "Traitress!" cried Jules Flavier, white with despair.

For answer, the black swung herself with all her force against the wall. The solid stone seemed to resist for a moment -then a crevice appeared. She inserted both hands, and the entire block slid back, disclosing an aperture of a few feet gaping there in the wrinkled wall.

"Come!" cried Honoré.

She was the first to spring through; Jules Flavier and his companion followed. They heard the stone rumbling back into its place—the vines falling against it. They stood in utter darkness

"Monsieur, descend," said the voice of the negress, somewhere from below.

He held Madame Victor firmly. The dust of falling masonry rose up around them-slid away under their feet. He made a step forward, and, losing his balance, was precipitated with his companion a dozen rods or more down—down—he knew not whither, in the intense and stifling darkness.

"Are you hurt?" he cried, as he lifted Madame Victor.
"Monsieur, no," came the answer, clear but tremulous. Honoré groped toward them, noiselessly.

"Here is a mantle for madame," she whispered. "Take it.

There is water here, and the air is cold." "Hold!" said Jules Flavier; "where are we, and whither are we going?"

"Monsieur, we are under the earth," answered the slave.
"We are going to the gorges and the sea."
"Lead on—lead on!"

Gradually, the darkness around them cleared a little. They began to see that they were hurrying through a subterranean passage. From its sides the damp dripped, and strange forms of fungi hung. Here and there rifts of star-light fell through chinks in the rude masonry. Underfoot the way was rocky and wet, and impeded constantly by fallen debris.

They had fallen on an old haunt of the Buccaneers—the men who ruled this island one hundred years before, and who made these ravines their hiding-place and the storehouse of their

Jules Flavier looked at his companion. She had fallen behind him a few paces; her bowed head, the drooping languor of her figure, filled him with unutterable alarm. He held out his She laid her own in it like a child. For the first time, those two hands met. His trembled violently. turned his face from her, and went on in silence.

More than a mile of this strange way was passed. Then a cry broke from Honoré. A burst of moonlight smote the faces of the three; they plunged through a thicket of guava-bushes, and stood under the open sky at the bottom of a gorge.

Far and wide the hills stretched, with their frightful steeps and declivities. The sound of rushing rivers filled the air. Vast forests of mahogany and cancagon woods darkened the horizon. They saw that the clouds had parted, and the brazen shield of the moon was just showing over the peak of the black Gonaives.

Honoré pointed silently upward. Lo! the whole zenith was crimson with the glare of fire. It was the flames of Verone. Faint, muffled cries were borne to their ears down the gorge. Jules Flavier felt the hand he held tighten on his own convulsively.

"Monsieur," said Honore, "yonder lies the sea. Let us hasten. Every step is fraught with danger; tread cautiously; speak not above your breath."

Madame Victor lifted her eyes to his. He touched his swordhilt, significantly.

"Fear nothing—this is left to us."

So they took up their noiseless line of march-toilsome and



LADIES OF AREQUIPA, PERU, -PAGE 414.

slow. Not a word was spoken; not a sound broke the portentous stillness. Massive granite walls lined the way. The cabbage-palm and the treefun cast gigantic shadows athwart the moonlight. Multitudes of wild guinea fowls, disturbed from sleep, sprang up in their path. Overhead the parasite fuchsia, touched by some vagrant wind, shook down showers of crimson bloom. Honoré, who was in the advance, paused, and laid her ear to the ground. She made a warning gesture.

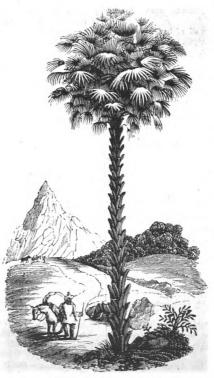
- "Monsieur, we are pursued!"
- " Diable !"
- "They are in the gorges above—hasten! hasten!"

After that the slow march became a wild and desperate flight.

They came to a mountain stream crossing the path, broad and rocky. Honoré plunged in, and waded to the opposite bank; Jules Flavier looked at his companion.

"I must take you in my arms," he said.

She resigned herself to him in silence. The water was intensely cold and strong. His arms closed about her like iron; he held her above the current, her long hair rippling against his breast. She felt his heart beating like the blows of a triphammer. When they reached the opposite bank, he leaned against



BRAZILIAN TREE.—PAGE 415.

a tree, and, drawing forth his handkerchief, pressed it against his side. Then she saw him tighten his sword-hilt, hurriedly.

"Monsieur," she said, regarding him timidly, "you are hurt."

"It is but a scratch that I received at Verone," he answered. Nevertheless, his face was like ashes. As for Honoré, she had her ear to the ground again.
"Ah! do not pause," she plead-

ed, pointing back up the defile. "They are there."

The fugitives pressed on again.

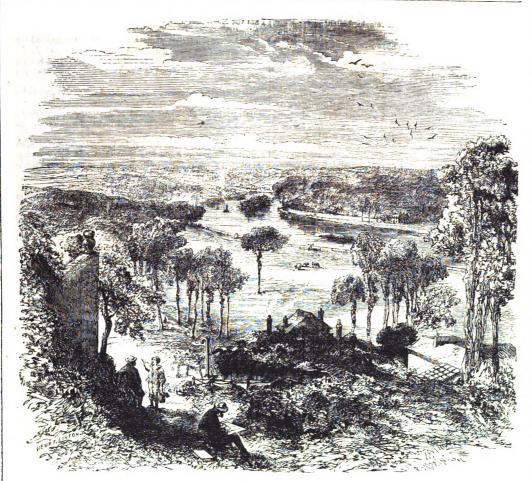
Hour after hour passed-to them eternities. The moon began to sink behind the beetling cliffs; the darkness deepened; the huge forests disappeared; a range of naked chalk-hills appeared on the horizon Suddenly, Honoré, who still kep in

the advance, raised a shrill cry.
"Look! look!" she screamed; "the sea! the sea!"

Straight before them, through an opening in the cliffs, it lay, burnished and low in the last light of the sinking moon - the broad, purple

They descended to a strip of curving beach. Close before them, so near that it seemed as if a simple hail might be heard from thence, lay the French warship Le Pont. The shadow of her hull stretched broad on the water.





RICHMOND, ENGLAND. - PAGE 415.

dip of oars near by struck his ear. A boat, with a pennon flying at her stern, appeared rounding the point whereon he stood.

His loud hail rang over the water like a trumpet. The rowers slacked their speed. An answering hail rang back.

- "Who are you?" cried Jules Flavier.
- "Frenchmen."
- "Whither bound?"
- A shining our pointed to the hull of the Le Pont.
- "Approach, then, in the name of God and of the Republic.'

The boat turned in her course. She came shooting shoreward, like an arrow, through the shadow of the cliffs.

Jules Flavier advanced toward Madame Victor. She stood on the sands, exhausted and worn, her eyes fixed on the boat, her uncovered hair floating in the wind.

"Hear, then," said Jules Flavier, "all peril ceases. Yonder ship is a safe refuge. The admiral is your friend.
"And you, monsieur," she answered, sadly, "for all that

you have dared and suffered for me this night—how am I to

Her eyes, overspreading with tears, sought his. He saw her standing there in her fatal beauty, and the strength that had been his safeguard for so many months deserted him in a single moment.

A sudden frenzy overpowered him. The blood leaped like fire through his veins; flashes of light passed before his eyes. There, in view of that advancing boat—there on that wild, dark

Jules Flavier advanced to the water's edge; as he did so a | beach, with the haggard light of the setting moon on both their faces, he stood up before her, bitter, desperate, and told her all.

She had been widowed six hours.
"To love you," he cried, "is alike my heaven and my hell! You are my life, my breath, my universe, my torture, and my despair. There is nothing but you. To die here at your feet, as you stand looking at me, would be rapture unspeakable. I ask for nothing-I hope for nothing; I only love you. Yonder ship is about to sail for France. You will go with her-you will forget this night and me. Well, go! You cannot escape my love; it will follow you for all time and all eternity—in this world and in the next. As I love you now, without hope, without limit, without reason, I must love you forevermore. Now, farewell !"

She neither stirred nor spoke. She stood speechless, overwhelmed, growing paler and paler as he raved on. Something stronger than anger overpowered her-something deeper than amaze struck her dumb.

Then the boat grated against the sands. Honoré cast herself at her mistress's feet.

"For the love of God, take me with you!" she cried.

Madame Victor pointed to the boat. The negress leaped into the bow. With a single repellant gesture Madame Victor fled past Jules Flavier, and followed after. He was left alone on the beach.

- "Monsieur! monsieur!" cried the voice of Honoré.
- " Allons!" called the oarsman. "We cannot stay."

Generated at Ur Public Domain, "Push off!" answered Jules Flavier. "I shall not come." They entreated. Only one voice remained silent.

"Monsieur," cried Honoré, "you are mad! The wolf of the hills has followed us—he will find you here. If you love your life, come."

"Push off!" repeated Jules Flavier, loudly and clearly. "I swear to you that I will not come!"

The boat receded from the shore.

He cast himself down on the sand. His agonized eyes followed it hungrily. She was in the bow with Honoré. Once she looked back. He saw her hair fluttering in the wind. Long and steadily she gazed upon that shore that she was now leaving, widowed and alone. Then she flung up her arms in a passion of grief, and, sinking forward, hid her face on the breast of Honoré.

Stark and motionless, he watched it all. Stark and motionless, he saw her borne further and further away. Then he thrust his hand into his side, and tore from thence a handkerchief reeking and red with blood. He cast it on the sand beside him. A bitter smile passed over his lips. Nothing now was left but death.

The moon sank behind the black mahogany wood. The boat had reached the side of the Le Pont. Those strained and anguished eyes could pursue it no further. He looked down at the ground beneath him, and saw it reddening slowly, as it licked up his life.

Wild visions began to dance through his brain. Hot feverthrills passed over him. The waves of the sea seemed to arise and tramp upon him in multitudes. Nearer they drew and nearer. The beach echoed with stealthy footsteps. Jules Flavier looked up.

Ah, it was too late! The glare of a torch lit the strip of curving beach Surrounding him he saw a circle of armed and naked figures. Black faces glared down on him, half afraid even then of their prostrate foe. The instinct of self-preservation, which departs only with life, fluttered in Jules Flavier's breast. He staggered to his feet. He groped for his sword-hilt. As he did so, the blood gushed in torrents through his fingers.

"Surrender!" cried a voice. "Surrender, brave Frenchman!"

The half-drawn weapon dropped from Jules Flavier's hand. A black and brawny arm received him as he fell.

"Lay him down," said another voice. "He is hurt unto death."

Then the red torch went out in darkness, the circle of black faces faded, and all was a blank.

The grand review was over in the Place du Carousal. The dense crowds that filled the streets of Paris began to move. The close-packed lines of carriages dissolved quietly and disappeared. That of the old Marchioness de Charrier was one of the last to depart. As it rolled under the archway of the Louvre, the marchioness put her face to the window and looked out.

She saw, standing a few yards distant, as she passed, a group of staff officers. This group numbered a score or more. Handsome, heroic men, covered with scars and gold embroideries. Among them stood a man in the uniform of a colonel. He had a dark, fervid face, and an air at once reticent and cold.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the marchioness, leaning over the side of her carriage.

' She beckoned to this man. He approached, but reluctantly, and in great surprise.

"Monsieur le Colonel," said the marchioness, "I wish to speak with you. Come into the carriage."

He did not stir.

"Monsieur, I beg, I entreat you to come into the carriage!" repeated the marchioness.

" Madame---"

"Monsieur le Colonel, at last I look upon you. Your name is Flavier. You were in Hayti with Leclerc. Come! come!"

He sprang into the carriage. She pointed to the seat opposite. He took it in silence. They moved on. Then the marchioness, leaning toward him, took the hands of the officer in her own. She pressed them tenderly. Tears gushed from her eyes.

"Ah, monsieur, you know me not—you look at me in amaze. I am the Marchioness de Charrier. I am the mother of Madama Victor."

At the sound of that name a deadly pallor overspread the officer's face. He seemed about to faint.

"Monsieur, I implore you to tell me how you have reached France. Ah, I have prayed to live, that I might look upon you once more!"

"Madame," answered Jules Flavier, in great agitation, "I returned with Rochambeau and the wreck of the army."

"Great heaven! The admiral could learn nothing of you, except that you had fallen, wounded and sick with fever, into the hands of the blacks."

"Madame, yes. Nevertheless, in their mountain fastnesses I learned that they could pity a helpless and dying enemy. Under God I owe my life to them—the fiercest foe the Frenchmen ever had."

"But how - how did you escape?"

"I fied their camp by night. I made my way to the Cape in time to embark with Rochambeau."

"Alas!" cried the marchioness, "what misfortunes! That unhappy Madame Leclerc returns with the dead body of her husband, and her jewels concealed in the bottom of his coffin; she cuts off her hair and goes into retirement. Alas!"

The carriage rolled into the Faubourg St. Germain.

"Madame, whither are you taking me?" faltered Jules Flavier.

"Monsieur, the carriage has stopped. I wish you to alight. I have brought you to dine with me."

He was like a man in a dream. They passed together the gloomy, arched entrance of the house. They ascended the grand staircase. The old marchioness opened the door of a salon and beckened in her guest.

This salon, with its carving and gilding, might have belonged to the days of Pompadour. A fire burned on the polished hearth. Standing before it, in the warm light, Jules Flavier looked again upon the object of his long, mad passion.

At the opening of the door she had turned.

All was there unchanged—the fatal face, with its warm and sumptuous beauty, its splendor of yellow hair. She wore a dress of black lace, with a white rose in her bosom.

"Clarisse," said the old marchioness, "see! I have brought you a guest."

He advanced toward her without speaking. They stood on the tiled hearth of the salon and looked at each other. A long, long gaze, wherein was blent all the passionate memories that stirred them both. Jules Flavier's chest heaved. With a cry of unutterable pain, he stretched forth his hands to her. The white rose trembled on her bosom. Her warm, delusive eyes fell. She glided to him, and laid her own hands in his without a word.

The Marchioness de Charrier took these clasped palms and pressed them in her own.

"Monsieur," she said, "I give her to you. Embrace me, my children."

LADIES OF AREQUIPA, PERU.

AREQUIPA, a city of Peru, is about four hundred and fifty miles south-east of Lima, and forty miles from the shores of the Pucific. It is finely situated on the river Chili, which is here spanned by a fine stone bridge. It enjoys a most beautiful climate, and it has the reputation of being one of the best built and most refined cities in Peru. It has a population of nearly forty thousand. The houses are massive, in order to resist the slighter shocks of earthquake, which are very common here, having been laid in ashes four times previous to the last and most terrible visitation of August 13, 1868, when it was almost totally swallowed up.

We give a sketch on page 412 of some of the ladies of this ill-fated city. We must not forget to add, that it has been famous for years for its woolen and cotton manufacture, and also for its gold tissue.

on have read

fortune! Is

m of both

الأربعيان

h saugh

at tour to

7 mil 2

الدُون مِنْ ا

hare term

a the patri

t, John The

ji ur

(A)

Ale!

muit

Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign on Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust. / 其光器 影響器器器器器

THE WAX-PALM OF THE BRAZILS.

This most singular tree rears its lofty trunk to the height of nearly two hundred feet. It is found in various parts of South America, and is one of the most singular and magnificent of trees. The trunk is marked with rings, which show the places where the large leaves once grew; but, as they fell off, and the tree rose in height, they left behind the base, or ends of the the leaf-stalks, forming these sharp, scaly rings. The leaves are from eighteen to twenty feet long. The tree has received its name from the fact that the spaces between the leaves of a fullgrown tree are covered two inches thick with a coating of wax, of which excellent candles are made. The fruit is bitter, but furnishes ample repasts for monkeys and parrots, and even the Indians ent it greedily.

RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, a town and parish of the county of Surrey, England, stands on an eminence on the south bank of the Thames, ten miles west of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. It is a spot of great celebrity, both for the beauty of its scenery and from its being the seat of a royal palace during several centuries. This palace is now totally demolished, and its site occupied by several houses. The rich scenery of Richmond and its vicinity has been the theme of general admiration, and has attracted a number of families of distinction, whose seats render the town and neighborhood remarkably gay and splendid. The town extends a mile, or more, up the hill, from the Thames, skirted and intermingled with agreeable gardens. The church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, consists of a nave, two aisles, and a chancel, built of bricks, with a square embattled tower at the west end. Among its monuments is one to Thomson, the poet, and also to Kean, the actor. In the village there are several alms-houses, and a charity-school. An elegant stone bridge, of five semicircular arches, was erected over the river here. Its population is about ten thousand. Richmond park adjoins the town, and has a circuit of eight miles. It is first mentioned in the reign of Edward 1.; and several ornamental buildings were erected here by Caroline, George II.'s queen. George III. frequently resided here in the early part of his reign. At a short distance an observatory was erected, from designs by Sir William Chambers, and amply provided with the finest astronomical instruments. Part of the old park forms a grazing and dairy farm, formerly occupied by George III. The remainder is occupied by the beautiful royal gardens, which in summer are opened to the public. The new, or great park, formed by Charles I., is well stocked with deer, and is enclosed by a brick

The view we present on page 413 is taken from the brow of Richmond hill, and ir of the raost picturesque beauty. The river flowing before is the Thames. The house on the banks is the famous villa where Pope, the poet lived and died. The little island in the centre is Eel pie Island, a tavorite resort for pic-nic parties. It derives its name from the pies made of that fish there, and which are renowned for their exquisite flavor.

THE GOLDEN STAIRCASE OF THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

One of the most imposing and interesting buildings in Europe is the Ducal Palace in Venice. It was first built in 820, and has since that time been once demolished by a mob, and twice totally, and three times partially, destroyed by fire. It stands on the eastern side of the Piazzetta, and is built in the form of an irregular square in the Gothic style, but in many of the repairs and alterations the later Italian style is introduced.

Among the more modern additions is the beautiful entrance called Porta della Carla. opening from the Piazzetta into the great court. Opposite to this entrance is the celebrated giant's staircase, which derives its name from the colossal statues of Mars

this landing the newly-elected doge received the beretta of his

The palace contains many magnificent rooms, one of which, the Hall of the Greater Council, is one hundred and seventysix feet long, eighty-four broad, and fifty-one high. It is enriched with splendid paintings, some of which are among the earliest large specimens of oil painting upon canvas. Other apartments are the Hall of the Four Doors, so called from the four doors designed by Palladis; the Hall of the Colleges, in which the doge and his council received foreign ambassadors, and the Hall of the Council of Ten, in which the famous council of that name held their sessions.

In the lower stories are the cells described by Hobhouse, in his notes to the fourth canto of Byron's "Childe Harold," and at the top are the cells called Under the Leads, where Silvio Pellico was confined by the barbarous Austrian government. These are now used as lumber-rooms. Among the most splendid staircases in the world is the golden staircase, of which our engraving on page 417 is an exact representation.

FLORENCE'S BET.

"And so you have really and truly enjoyed this month in the country, Cousin Clive?"

"I have, indeed, Florence; and the only thing that takes the sting from regret at leaving this dear old place, is the thought that you are to return with me, and that I may try my utmost to make you enjoy the next month as I have done this."

"To introduce me into society, to bring me out, I suppose?" said Florence. "But don't you think I am rather old for that sort of thing? I have seen twenty, Cousin Clive."

"Without one season in New York," said he; "without one admirer save the clownish young men of the neighborhood. without a single offer of marriage, if I mistake not, Floy. It is really shocking to bury your beauty for so long in such a remote place as this."

"As to offers of marriage, you are wrong," replied the young lady, laughing. "I have been honored by two—one from Mr. Sam Gregory, who, with a great deal of bashfulness and fidgeting about, asked my consent to be Mrs. Sam, and the other from the Reverend Westrop Dean, a poor curate, who couldn't sound his r's. I didn't accept either."

Mr. Clive Hardinge lifted his hand with a gesture of disgust, and, shaking his head, replied, dolefully, "Which it will eventually come to, perhaps, if you are not quickly lifted out of this mediocre class into that higher grade of society to which you are entitled by birth and position. I am very glad you are going to my mother for a little time; for, although there is not, my dear cousin, a more perfect lady in all New York than you, yet the constant companionship of this so-called upper class of the village might in time cause you to forget that your superior birth precluded the possibility of your ever choosing a husband from among the young men of the families you are in the habit of visiting; for it would ill beseem the blood of a Hardinge to mate with one beneath her."

The hot blood flew up in a torrent to the girl's face as her cousin uttefed these words, for she knew that her mother had been so considered to demean herself, when, two-and-twenty years before, she disobeyed the commands of a stern parent and sterner brother, and proudly placed her hand in the strong, warm grasp of a man who had no sin against him but his poverty, his ambitious day-dreams, and his love for her. She remembered how, in this obscure spot, they had eked out his meagre pittance; how the glorious productions of art, that his glowing imagination had vivified into almost living creations, had passed away, and left the noble face drawn and sad, and the large, eloquent eyes, that had fought so bravely for them, a closed volume of blindness and death. Then the struggle for life, for existence, the long years of suffering and sorrow of her early life, and subsequently the one thousand dollars a year that some unknown relative, dying, left them.

She had never seen a single member of her mother's family, and Neptune by Sansovino standing at the head of it. Upon brother who had sealed up his father's heart against his sister at University of Illinois nain, Google-digitized /

all the days of his life, came suddenly upon them in their quiet country home, was struck with the refinement that pervaded the atmosphere in which his aunt and cousin lived, and charmed with the rare grace and fresh beauty of the young girl. He hastened to create an amiable understanding between his mother and Mrs. Lysle, which, being easily effected, as Mrs. Hardinge entertained no feeling of resentment against a woman she had never seen, he suddenly fancied that the cool fresh breezes of Hillside might have a beneficial influence on his town-bred constitution; and, therefore, without much circumlocution, he gave a broad hint to that effect. His aunt took the hint, and invited him. During his stay he and Florence had been a great deal thrown together, and, with a constant interchange of thought and opinions passing between them, grew in a month pretty well to know and appreciate each other.

Clive Hardinge was neither handsome nor young; but he possessed that which our people, and our women especially, value more in men than correctness of feature, or even youthstrength, courage, and manliness. Five-and-thirty years had rolled over his brown head, and left the wavy hair still brown, and the gray eyes undimmed in the fire of their boyhood. He considered himself a middle-aged man now; and, if any midsummer day-dream ever had tinged with a transient brightness the even tenor of his life, it was long since rolled up in the forgotten past. He took an interest in Florence, a deep interest, by reason of her beauty, her innocence, and her unprotection. Man of the world as he was, thoroughly understanding all the ins and outs of society, he felt that his cousin was no common girl—that she was at once adapted to fill a higher position than that in which she had yet moved. He took this interest to heart, and acted rather vaguely upon it.

In the pause that succeeded his last remark, his keen discernment instantly detected the insult he had unintentionally offered her, and, with a slight embarrassment in his face, he bent forward, and said, earnestly, "Forgive me, Floy; do not misunderstand my meaning. I am referring to yourself. You will be engaged before you leave New York. Mark my words."

The flush died out of her face, and a merry sparkle danced in her eyes as she said, gayly, "What; in one month! My good cousin, how quickly you are going to dispose of me! Make no such rash prophecy, thou oracle of evil."
"But I do," said Clive. "Let me bet you a dozen pair of

gloves that my prediction comes true."

"Against what?" she asked.
"Against—a kiss," he replied.

"Sir, you surprise me!" said Florence. "But you would lose your bet."

"If I lose, I will pay," said he, "and if you lose, you must

pay."
"But I shall not lose, Cousin Clive," said Florence. I am sure that none of the gentlemen to whom you introduce me will satisfy my fastidious taste."

"Wait until you see them, my dear child," said Clive. "You are very unsophisticated. I only fear they will find too easy ingress to that little untried heart of yours."

She laughed a laugh that had a ring of scorn in it, which made him look up with a puzzled expression, as though he could not quite fathom her, as she left the room.

Mrs. Earldale's saloons were crowded with fashion, beauty, and wealth. It was her last ball of the season, and the most brilliant she had given. Amongst the assembled ladies it was evident that one was the centre of attraction, the dazzling star around which the smaller stars ceased to shine. She was quite surrounded by gentlemen obtrusive in their attention and tiresome in their flattery. She seemed to feel it scutely, as she stood, with heightened color and disdainful lips, mutely in the midst. She scarcely lifted the curling lashes from her dark black eyes, or gave the least movement to the hair that covered her white shoulders like a golden vail. She was perturbed and distressed, and wanted to get away from them. All the evening she had been herself merry and gay; but her most careless glance had been met by one almost passionate in its admiration, her laughing tones answered by the most fulsome flattery, that, angry with herself and them-having aptly learned in three

short weeks to heartily despise the hollow mockery of what the world calls pleasure—she now stood this last hour in the ballroom in anything but a happy frame of mind. At last there was a break in the circle, and the low tones of the votaries of fashion ceased for a moment, as a young man of quiet, gentlemanly bearing, made his way up to the young lady.
"Miss Lysle," said he, "permit me to conduct you to the conservatory. You were speaking of ——"

They had passed through the rooms, and she turned to thank him for bringing her away.

"But where is Clive," she asked. "Are we not soon going home? I am so tired, Willie."

"Tired of dancing, or of New York dissipation, Florencewhich?" he asked.

"Both," she replied. "I wouldn't live here for worlds, if I am to be dragged about night after night like this.'

"Then such a life has no charms for you?" he said. "No, indeed," was the reply. "I am disappointed in Clive Hardinge. I thought him superior to such frivolity. He

seems to like it." "There you mistake, Floy," said her companion. "It is

society that courts him—not he who courts society. As you say, he is superior to it."

"Then why does he go into it so much?" she asked.

"He is performing a sort of penance," was the reply, "and, mixing in gayety, which he detests, for the sake of one whom he cares for much, to see if the pure gold of spirituality in her heart will stand the test of the scheming world."

She looked up into the clear dark eyes of Clive's dearest friend; but, beyond the smile upon the lips, and the slight pressure of her hand upon his arm, she could read nothing.

"I am going home in five days," she said, as they passed through the rooms.

"Are you sorry or glad !" he asked.

"I shall be glad to see my mother again," she replied; "but I shall be sorry to leave my aunt, she has been so kind to meand-and Cousin Clive."

"He is rather old, don't you think, Floy !- something of the old bachelor about him-too old to marry, in fact."

"Who-Clive?" she said. "He is not old-is he? I never noticed it. His hair is not gray, and his face is not wrinkled. He is very handsome, is Cousin Clive."
"Handsome, Floy? You must have put on Love's spec-

tacles, surely; friend as he is, I could never call him handsome yet."

"Don't talk nonsense, Willie," said Florence, pettishly. "I repeat, Clive Hardinge is handsome. He has more strength, might, and majesty in his countenance than a dozen ordinary men. Here he comes; now, judge for yourself."

If a very weary look and a pale face denoted a handsome physique, Clive Hardinge certainly possessed it at that moment. He came forward to Florence.

"Would you like to go now?" he said, kindly; my mother is already cloaked, and waiting for the carriage."

She quietly took his proffered arm, and, extending her hand to Clive's friend, bade him good-night.

Miss Lysle sat at work in her aunt's morning room the day before her departure home. The blue cashmere robe she wore suited well the purity of her complexion and the rich curls of glittering hair. She looked marvelously pretty, and so thought Clive Hardinge, as he made it his especial business to visit the room that morning. But her eyelashes were wet; she looked as if she had been shedding a tear or two, silently, there to herself; and, perhaps the softness and tenderness in her face made her appear more beautiful still. Clive carried a long harrow box in his hand, of blue enamel and gilt, and placed it under her eyes.

"The bet, Florence," said he. "Had you forgotten it? You have won it quite fairly-or will have done so to-morrow, for there remains yet one more day before the month is completed. Now, will you tell me why you have so coldly declined the two offers of marriage you have been honored with since your stay with us?"

"I did not feel myself honored," she replied. "One was

ball

3 0

afle

127

#I

FIL

from a spendthrift and debauchee; the other from a brainless fop, who possessed but one idea in the world—that of admiring

"But you have repelled admiration so persistently," said Clive; "others, who certainly admired you, might have—"
"Thank you, Cousin Clive, for the bet. May I look?" in-

terrupted Florence Lysle, as she put out her hand for the

"Certainly not, until to-morrow," was the reply; "then you may wear home the prettiest pair of gloves the box contains, if

came I could sleep soundly enough at night, and wake refreshed in the morning; but now my dreams are wild and feverish, of bewildering eyes, and glittering golden hair, and one ethereal form that comes between me and slumber."

"Please don't, Cousin Clive," said Florence.

"But I will," said he. "Oh, you shall fairly win your bet, my little Floy. I am a cross, old bachelor, cousin; but, for all that, I mean to tell you that I love you with all my heart and soul."

Her head drooped down suddenly, and the long hair fell over



THE GOLDEN STAIRCASE OF THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE. - PAGE 415.

you like; and when you are gone, perhaps I shall be able to get back my rest again, and my appetite. You have robbed me of both since you have been here."

"Cousin Clive!" she exclaimed. "I say you have robbed me of both," repeated Clive. "Before I saw you I was able to eat like any other ordinary mortal; but now the dazzling things at the table are not the plate and crystal, but a pair of snowy hands that keep moving up and down, and mesmerise my black eyes to look at them. Before you

her hot cheeks, and her hands trembled and clasped themselves together on her lap.

There was a painful pause; and when Florence dared to lift her eyes, she saw Clive Hardinge's face buried in his folded arms, quiet and still. She rose, hesitatingly, and then went up to him, placing one soft hand on his hair, while with the other she extended the unopened box.

"I don't want your gloves, Cousin Clive," she said.

"Why not?" he asked, with white lips.

"Because I have lost my bet," she replied, turning away her

say face.
"Florence—my darling Floy, have I won it?" he exclaimed,

rapturously, starting up, and catching her hand.
"Yes, and me, too," she murmured, as she lifted her blushing face to his, and his arms closed round her in a tight embrace.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

A TROPICAL night on the Pacific! The sky is studded with stars, which are mirrored in the vast deep beneath. There is just enough air to keep the Dolphin moving at a quiet rate, and the passengers are gathered on the deck to enjoy the matchless evening.

A short distance away stand two lovers-Edmund Prescott and Florence Harris-looking out upon the ocean, and meditating and conversing upon the scene.

"How different this sky from our northern firmament!" remarked the latter, after a pause. "I can hardly recognize my favorite constellation. The Southern Cross is beautiful, but then I miss the others. Ursa Major has entirely disappeared, and as for the Minor Bear, scarce a star of him is visible.'

At this observation, which was intended for no particular ears, Adolphus Fitzgibbon aroused himself.

"Aw-what's that, Miss Harris? Aw! have you seen bears at sea?"

"Yes, and monkeys, too," was the quick but good-natured reply.

All of us laughed, while Fitzgibbon looked very silly, then grinned hugely, then seemed to meditate some scathing witticism, then concluded he would not, and stretched out upon his side with his back toward the lovers, and pretending to, or really did, fall asleep within the next fifteen minutes.

I was reclining on the deck, about a dozen feet from where the lovers stood-not with any intention of listening to their words, but simply because I had taken my position first, and was too languid to change it. I had been an invalid for years, and was now recovering from a very severe spell of sickness.

I was lazily drawing at my Havannah, puffing the thin fragrant smoke from my mouth without removing the cigar, and gazing upward at the brilliant stars as they slowly sailed overhead. I was in that delicious dreamy state, half asleep and half awake, hearing only the murmur of the voices around me as one hears the faint sound of a distant waterfall.

I presume I had lain thus for nearly an hour, and my cigar had burned almost to my mouth, while the long column of ashes was still unbroken, when something struck my ear like the sound of a bell. It was not until I had heard it several times that it seemed really to affect my senses.

All at once I gave a start, the ashes dropped upon my bosom, and I arose to a sitting position, and gazed around me.

"Hark!" said I; "didn't you hear that bell?"

"Just what I have been trying to make Edmund believe!" laughed Florence Harris; "he persisted in not believing it." "Listen!" I said, raising my hand.

And immediately there fell a death-like silence.

And while thus intently listening, there came across the sea, faint but distinct, the soft, distant sound of a bell. We scarcely breathed for a minute. The strange, solemn sound was repeated at regular intervals, as if swung by the hand of some exhausted sufferer, or tolled by the swell of the ocean.

The captain by this time had approached, and stood in the attitude of attention.

"We must be near the land?" I ventured to say, rather in

the form of an inquiry than that of an assertion.

"No, sir," responded the captain. "The nearest island is a good eight hundred miles away, and this doesn't come from there, I should think."

"What can it be?" asked several, in the same breath.

"The sound comes from that direction," said Florence Harris, pointing toward the equator.

Perhaps it is on board a ship," I again ventured.

"Don't think it is," replied the captain, with a shake of the head.

"What can it be ?" asked Florence.

To this no one ventured to reply for several moments. In the meantime the tolling of the bell had become quite distinct, and Adolphus Fitzgibbon gave a yawn, a groun, a kick, and awoke.

"Aw-yes-aw-I was about so suggest-aw-that the teabell should ring—aw—aw !" he stammered, confusedly rising to his feet, and pitching back and forth. Then, seeing us all in the attitude of attention, he asked, "What-aw-the dooce is is the matter?"

"It's the Bell of Doom!" exclaimed Backstay Bob, a tall, scarred sailor, from his position at the wheel.

"Pshaw! you're too childish," replied the captain. "Whatever it is, we are rapidly approaching it, for, notice how much louder it sounds."

Such was the case. The bell was now heard clear and distinct to the south, and was approaching nearer every moment. Shortly after, the captain took his night-glass and gazed long and intently in that direction. When he lowered it, he said:

"I can just discover a dark body rising and falling on the waves, but nothing more. Backstay Bob, you have got the best eyesight of any one on board. Sec what you can make of it."

Bob resigned his place at the wheel to one of the men, and came forward and took the glass. He held it to his eye for several minutes without speaking, and, to all appearance, without even breathing, while we awaited his word with the deepest interest. Finally, he gave a great sigh, and lowered it.

"Blow me if it ain't old Davy Jones afloat!"

"How does it look?" several of us inquired in the same

"I'll be hanged if I can tell! There's no bowsprit, and-Here he leveled the glass again, and shortly after continued his observations:

"There's no sail-no nothin'."

"There must be something."

"Aw-certainly-aw-something, certainly, if your visionaw—is able to discern it," ventured the gentle Adolphus Fitz-

"Don't you see anything like a sail?" inquired the captain.

"Not a speck, nor any place to put one, either. Hold a minute," exclaimed Backstay Bob; "I've got her in range now. She ain't got the least mite of a boom, yard, or anything like. She looks like some great hulk of a light-boat. Hold on again. I see the bell. The've rigged it up at the mast-head, so that it swings back'ards and for ards every time the thing gives a lurch to leewards."

"Can you see anything aboard?"

"Not a creetur, living or dead."

"Keep away a couple of points," cried the captain to the man at the wheel.

"Ay, ay, sir !"

And the ship's course was altered, so as to bring her rapidly near the mysterious craft toward which all eyes were directed.

Several of the company now openly remarked that there was something supernatural in the appearance of this boat with its tolling bell. To all of these Florence Harris and her lover replied lightly, neither of them having the least faith in their credulity.

edulity.

The captain listened impatiently, and the Laid:

"You are all a set of cowards. No doubt you imagine Old Nick is aboard, with a crew of little imps, bound for the Gallapagos Isles with a load of brimstone. If you'll content yourself for half an hour longer, I'll tell you something about it, for I intend to board that old lumbering hulk, even if it turns out to be the Flying Dutchman, or Davy Jones's flagship, and shall explore it from stem to stern."

To show that he meant what he said, orders were given to heave to, and to get one of the boats in readiness. By this time the nondescript was plainly visible to all.

It appeared to be an old hulk, with a single mast in the cen tre. The bell was suspended from the mast-head, and ever and anon sent forth its solemn tolling, as the hulk rose and sank with the heavings of the sea.

Before the ship was brought to we had passed the hulk some



2

111

g!

25

: 5

(2)

ر. داور

13

A boat was lowered, and the captain having selected a crew, pulled away toward the hulk. I asked permission to accompany it, but, on account of a recent illness, was refused. Fortunate, indeed, for me was that refusal!

There was something so extraordinary regarding the appearance and action of the hulk, that the curiosity of us all was so intense as to be painful. We strained our gaze, as the captain and his crew drew rapidly near it.

We saw the distance swiftly decrease between the two boats until the shadowy forms merged into one. And then followed an impressive silence—suddenly broken by a howl, a pistolshot, and a scream; and as our hearts almost stopped beating, we saw, a moment later, the boat put off from the hulk, and the men rowing with all their might back to the ship. As they came nearer we discerned that the captain was missing.

Backstay Bob dashed toward the boat, and, shaking his fist at the men, demanded furiously:

"You cowardly dogs! Where is Captain Luster?"
"The devil has got him!"

Absurd as the riply might have seemed at any other time, it was uttered in solemn earnest, as the ghastly faces of the crew attested

In reply to our eager questions, they said the moment they came alongside the craft they heard a low, hollow, unearthly sound, which caused them to hesitate. The captain climbed up the side of the vessel, descended the hatchway, and disappeared from view. He was hardly out of sight when the noise they had heard at first was repeated, far louder and fiercer. The next moment the report of the captain's pistol was heard, followed by a terrific shrick, and then all was still!

Horror-struck, they called loudly and repeatedly to their commander, but receiving no answer, pulled away from the ship.

"You're a purty set of cowardly sneaks, ain't you, to go and desert your captain that way, when, like enough, he needed you to save his life," exclaimed Backstay Bob, forgetting in his fury that the first mate was among those whom he denounced. "I'm going back to that old hulk; and if I can't get at the devil in any other way, I'll put a keg of powder in it and blow it to blazes !"

"Bob is right, if his excitement does make him forget his manners," said the mate. "It was not my intention to desert Captain Luster in trouble. The men were so frightened that I thought it best to come back and get a new set."

There was some difficulty in procuring the requisite number; and accordingly Prescott and myself were accepted. As the former went over the ship's side, Florence Harris said:

"Don't you come back, Edmund, until you have heard what has become of poor Captain Luster."

He gave her his promise, and a few minutes later the boat shoved off, and we rapidly neared the hulk, which had acquired

such a strange interest to us all. Prescott, in addition to his revolver, had a small Italian dagger, which I observed him handle, as if to assure himself that

it was reliable. Then, as he replaced it, he remarked to me: "There's no telling what's inside that mass of lumber, and this may be the weapon I need, after all."

Arriving at the craft, after a short consultation, it was agreed that the four oarsmen, the mate and myself, should remain behind, while Backstay Bob and William Prescott should explore the hulk.

As it was morally certain that some dreadful danger menaced all who entered the cabin, and as I was good for nothing, I needed no more urging than the mate to remain in my po-

Prescott went first, holding his pistol in one hand and a lantern in the other, while Bob closely followed with his cutlass. We saw them descend the hatchway. All was still, and then I heard the single exclamation from Prescott:

"Oh, my God?"

This was followed by a terrible roar, a quick succession of pistol-shots, a fierce struggle, and then all was still again. The next moment, both Prescott and Backstay Bob emerged to view, covered from head to foot with blood.

"Come aboard," said they. "The danger is over."

The next instant we were on deck. I rushed to the hole, and gazed down. Merciful heaven! what did I behold?

By the dim light of the lantern we beheld the mangled body of Captain Luster. The head and one of his limbs were gone, and there was scarcely a semblance of humanity in the remains before us. Near him was the gaunt, terrible form of an expiring Bengal tiger, killed by the bullets, cutlass, and dagger of Prescott and Backstay Bob.

The two latter, on entering the cabin first, saw the mutilated body of Captain Luster. A low growl warned them of danger, and as Prescott turned his gaze, he saw the tiger crouching, and in the very act of springing. Dropping his lantern, he fired his revolver; and, as the terrible animal bore him to the floor, he drew his dagger and stabbed him again and again. The needlepointed instrument reached his heart, which, united with the slashing blows of Backstay Bob, settled his hash before he could inflict any material injury

We now made a crititical examination of the place. A number of human bones strewed the floor, and several articles of wearing apparel, which seemed to indicate that the place had been tenanted by two human beings of opposite sexes, and had probably been torn to pieces by the famished tiger. The room was long and low, extending the whole length of the vessel, and having at either extremity a massive iron chain, terminating in a heavy ring at one end, the other being fastened by a strong staple to a beam in the vessel's side.

The brute had a chain to his neck, and had been confined to one corner of the room by a delicate iron ring, which had been put there to be broken. Over the centre of the room was written something in an Indian dialect, which was pronounced by the mate (who had spent several years in India) to read:

"I have sought-I have found that which I sought-vengeance.''

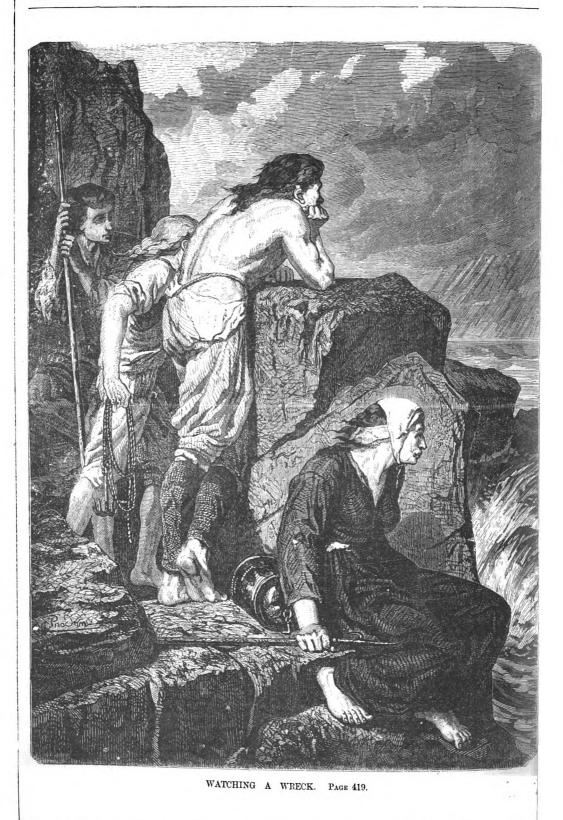
Carefully removing the body of the captain to the little boat, we scuttled the mysterious craft, and saw it sink to the bottom of the ocean. Shortly after, the captain was wrapped in his winding-sheet, and followed.

The strange, awful tale regarding the old craft we never learned. It ever remained to us all an unvailed mystery of the

WATCHING A WRECK.

THE exposed coast of almost every country has a class of people who obtain a precarious and occasional living by picking up the fragments of wrecks which have been washed on shore. Frequently when a storm is raging a number of these wreckers watch from the rocks any vessel that may be off the coast, and so completely has the greed of gain overcome their humanity, that they hail with pleasure the prospect of any of the stormtossed vessels being dashed upon the rocks. Even women are seen in these parties, watching with the keenest anxiety the battle of the ship with the storm. When the vessel strikes, they rush down to the beach, sometimes to assist in saving life, but always to share the plunder. Our engraving, on page 420, represents a party of wreckers on the coast of Brittany on the look out for these flotsams and jetsams.

DREAMS.—Who cares for dreams? Who attaches any importance to the idle shadows that flit across the brain in sleep? It is in vain to ask such questions or reply to them. We would despise dreams if we could, but their effect on the mind by no means depends on volition; places and things in external nature, peculiar in their localities, have been known to agree in a remarkable manner with midnight prefigurations, and to a visible testimony with respect to the oracle of slumber, which we cannot choose but recognize. There are more things in heaven and earth than are understood-ay, or dreamt of-in the pride of philosophy. And, in spite of the sneers of scepticism, circumstances have actually occurred with reference to dreams which are out of the ordinary roll of events, yet not the less true, make what use of them you will.





"HERE IS THE BRIDEGROOM, GERTY," AND HONOR TURNED TO FOLD BOTH HANDS TENDERLY ABOUT THE ARM OF TARIFA."

SWEET ROSE ADAIR.

The pallid night falls like a cloud, The pallid night falls like a shroud, Between my hands my head is bowed, Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

Oh, sadd'ning tears fall salt and slow! Oh, madd'ning tears confess my woe!
Deep in the grave they laid thee low, Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

But once thy trembling hand I pressed, But once I held thee to my breast; But now thou art among the blest, Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

From love's deep trance too soon I woke, I reeled beneath the cruel stroke; But hope still clasps the ruined oak, Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

Two stars gaze sadly through the skies, Two stars that seem thy earnest eyes; Thine eyes beseeching me to rise, Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

Oh, swift their glancing light must be! But swifter than it comes to me, My joy-winged soul shall sweep to thee, Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

HONOR'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

SHE stood there alone, face to face with a great temptation, for she held her fate in her hand. A few girls of seventeen would pause long in deciding between sunshine and shadow. As her eye glanced over the ardent letter of her boy-lover, she contrasted the life that would be hers if she fled with him, and the life she must continue to lead if she refused. On one side, love, wealth, pleasure, freedom; on the other, neglect, poverty, distasteful labor, and the bitterest dependence.

Vol. XXIV., No. 6-23

She did not truly love young St. John, but his devotion touched and charmed her; her heart was free, and she believed she could easily learn to love if she became his wife. She hated with all the vehemence of a passionate nature the cousin who grudgingly gave the orphan a home, and made the favor hard to accept by reproaches and injustice.

"I shall do something desperate unless I break away, for this dreadful life will kill me," she muttered, as she glanced about the poor room, and the shabby dress that could not hide her beauty. "Gertrude thinks I have no spirit, and believes I will remain her drudge for ever. She fancies I've neither money, sense, nor courage enough to escape; but I have all three. St. John opens the way, and I'd gladly go if it did not seem wrong to accept his help and marry without love. Poor boy! he is so ardent, and I cannot deny that it is sweet to be loved. There is no other way; I must fly to-night, or wait years, perhaps, for another chance like this."

She stood a moment with her eyes fixed intently on the outer gloom, as if to pierce the future; then a smile broke over her face, and she threw up her hand with a half-triumphant, halfdefiant gesture, exclaiming:

"I'll go! Surely with youth, beauty, courage and talent, I can win liberty, and earn the right to enjoy it."

As if afraid her decision might waver, she bestirred herself energetically. A few garments from her scanty wardrobe, and a few little treasures were soon made into a portable parcel. Her plain cloak and bonnet were soon on, and, leaving a note of brief but bitterly ironical thanks for her cousin's kindness, she glided through the silent house out into the autumn night. On the threshold she paused, with a sudden sinking of the heart, for the great world lay before her, unknown, untried, and she was leaving the one refuge she possessed.

As she stood there, a fresh gust blew across the lawn, a brilliant star shone through the flying clouds, and across the silence came the quick tramp of horses' feet, the signal that the hour had come. The free wind, the propitious star, the welcome sound, all cheered her heart, confirmed her courage, and, with a silent gesture, as if she cast off a chain, the girl sprang forward to meet liberty and love.

The carriage waited at the appointed spot, but her lover was

"He was detained by his father's illness, miss; but here's a note saying he'll meet you without fail at Croydon. The night-train gets in at four in the morning, and we shall be there by two, so there is no danger of missing," said the confidential servant, as respectfully as if she was already his mistress.

Away they went, and for an hour Honor enjoyed the excitement and the romance of the flight with all the zest of a girl. But, as the time approached when she should meet her lover, her courage strangely failed, and she almost longed to be safely back in her dreary room. The thought of that hasty marriage daunted her, and she began to frame excuses and delays.

By two o'clock she was quietly settled in a room of the Croydon Hotel to await St. John's arrival. Two hours were hers in which to make or mar her fortune, and, as she paced the luxurious chamber, she was suddenly inspired with a thought that opened a way of escape from both the old bondage and the new.

"How often I have longed to be on my way to London with money in my purse, and no one to control or counsel me? Now my wish is granted, and I should enjoy it heartily but for that poor boy. If I could leave him out I should be entirely content, and—"

There she paused, abruptly, for the new thought came filling her with fresh courage and energy.

her w th fresh courage and energy.

"Why not leave him out for a time, at least? Why not go privately away before he comes, leaving word that he shall hear from me soon? London is but fifteen miles away; I have ten pounds in my purse. I remember Madame Paul's address; she loved her little pupil long ago, and will help me now. I have heard more than one person tell Gertrude that my voice would make my fortune; now I'll try it. I'll sing, earn money, repay St. John, and make my peace. Then, if I can love him, I will; if not, he'll soon outlive his boyish passion. Come, this is a good thought; I'll act upon it."

Putting back the curtain, she looked out. A balcony ran along that side of the hotel; steps descended from one end into a small garden; a low wall shut it from the street, and beyond was the sleeping town, the wide common, with London looming dimly in the distance.

"It is possible," muttered Honor, looking and listening keenly. "Nearly an hour before the train is in; by that time I can be lost in the great park yonder, and take an early train on the other side."

Hastily writing a few lines, she left them on the toilet-table, and stole out to essay a second flight.

Gliding like a shadow past the curtained windows looking on the balcony, she crossed the garden unseen, leaped the low wall, and hastened down the deserted street toward the open country. Once in the park she felt safe, and walked rapidly on in the gray dawn, meeting no one but the deer, who eyed her with mild surprise from their layers among the fern.

When the sun rose, it shone upon her sitting alone on the wide common, with unwented color on her cheeks, unwonted light in her eyes, unwonted happiness in her heart. A blissful sense of freedom possessed her, and youth's hopeful spirit made all things fair and possible.

"It is too early yet for the seven train. I'll sit here and rest, and try my voice, for no one can see or hear me, and it must be in order for Madame Paul's criticism," she said, smiling, as she glanced about her in all directions, and saw nothing but a few sheep, heard nothing but the larks singing blithely as they went up. With a music as sweet and effortless her own fine voice rang out as she sung her most difficult airs, and rejoiced to find how perfect her execution was.

Very lonely did she look, that young girl, sitting alone on the wild common. Her bonnet lay by her side; the wind lifted her bright hair from her forehead; the sunshine glittered on its gald, and touched the delicate bloom of her cheeks as she sung, with a smile on her lips and a brilliant light in her violet eyes, fixed on the far-off city where her future lay.

As she ended a sparkling canzonet, a soft sound of applause startled her to her feet. Turning like a frightened doe, she faced a man who had noiselessly approached, and seemed to have been listening delightedly, as he leaned on a mossy stone. He swept off his hat with a smile and a bow of half-playful, half-carnest contrition, saying, gently, and with a foreign accent:

"Pardon, mademoiselle. It was impossible to restrain my admiration; though by not doing so I deprive myself of the rest of this charming matinée."

Honor made no answer, but stood regarding him with the grave scrutiny of a child; for, as her alarm vanished, curiosity awoke.

A slender, swarthy man of five-and-twenty, with lustrous, dark eyes, a thin-lipped, scarlet mouth, under a delicate mustache, luxuriant black hair, and the well-cut features of an Arab. Plain as his dress was, it received an air of elegance from its wearer, and the sinewy, brown hand that held his hat was as small as a woman's. Something in the cordial ring of the voice, the frank gaze of the fine eyes, the whole singularly attractive expression of that peculiar face pleased the girl, and won her confidence. With a little sigh of relief she said, in a tone of satisfaction and pleasure:

"I thought it was that boy. Thank heaven it isn't! I'm glad you came——'

"Unhappy boy, to be so shunned, and thrice happy me, to be so welcomed!" broke in the stranger, as she paused with a sudden blush at his smile and her own words.

"I meant I was glad to meet any one who would tell me the way to the station. I haven't been here for years, and forget the place."

"I am going there. May I show you the way, mademoiselle?"

"Thank you, yes -on one condition," she answered, slowly, for, though irresistibly impelled to trust the stranger, she remembered that she was a runaway.

"I agree to anything," he said, still addressing her with the air which a well-bred man assumes toward a pretty child of the fair sex. Honor liked it, for, with all her stength of character, she was as artless as a little girl.

"Please, don't tell any one you met me. Will you promise that? Indeed, you may. I'm doing no harm, and only leaving those who wrong mo," she said, earnestly.

"What a heartless boy, to wrong so sweet a sister! Can nothing be done to make him behave?" he answered, laughing.

"Now, you mistake," she cried, hastily, unconsciously betraying that she was no child. "The boy isn't my brother, and he loves me too well to trouble me. Let him be. It is an unkind woman who drives me away. I'm going to an old friend in London, and I go clandestinely, because I will have liberty. Do you blame me?" she asked, with kindling eyes, yet a wistful look that evidently touched him.

"I love freedom too well myself to blame any one for securing it at all it costs. Permit me to offer my help, for you are too young, and—pardon me that I say it to your face—too beautiful to travel alone, mademoiselle."

She shook her head impatiently, but gave no sign of gratified vanity, as she fixed her lovely eyes on his in a grave glance of inquiry that would have aroused in any man a sincere desire to win her confidence. He bore that scrutiny successfully, for, with a sudden smile and an impulsive gesture full of grace, she offered her hand, saying, frankly:

"I trust you, sir. I don't know why I do so, but I am sure you will be an honest friend to me."

" I will."

The hearty brevity of his reply was more emphatic and satisfactory than the most eloquent protestations, and the cordial pressure of the hand was a better pledge than any oath.

"Thank you! Now I must go, for the early train will soon pass. Is it far?" she said, rising, with a sudden consciousness that a night of excitement and fatigue was beginning to tell upon her strength.

"Just over the common-you can see the roof of the station in the valley yonder. No, I carry this, and have still an arm to offer you, my tired comrade," he answered, lifting her parcel, and respectfully proffering the much-needed support.

But Honor shyly declined it, and walked on beside him, finding it very pleasant to be traveling in such courteous company. He smiled, but said nothing, till the girl asked, abruptly, as if following her own thoughts:

"Did you really like my singing?"
"I did. You have a wonderful voice."



2:

÷

25

15

20

. 3

...

1

1

17.12

عقت

115

1.

1

6744

10.45

:5

4.7

Sign

13 35

فتلطع

915

78.7

XI.

d .

D.

11E

123

¥S

ù

ıć.

g.

15

Generated at Ur Public Domain, "Do you think I could sing for money with any chance of success?" she went on, in a pretty, business-like way that would have amused him had he not been too much interested to observe it.

He glanced at the young face beside him, and a shadow passed over his own as he thought how soon its innocent freshness would disappear in such a life.

"I have no doubt of it. But is that necessary?"

"Why, yes, of course it is," she said, opening her eyes at him, as if surprised at the question. "I've nothing in the world but my voice and a little borrowed money. I wish to support myself, and I'll do anything rather than go back, or marry—some one I don't love."

She checked the name on her lips, and looked abashed that she had allowed so much to escape her. The stranger observed this, and made mental notes, but betrayed no especial interest, and replied, kindly:

"You are right; and, if your friend possesses the power to help you, both freedom and independence may be yours."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. I'm very hopeful—very ignorant; but I really wish to help myself, and feel that I can if I am only let alone."

She glanced over her shoulder as she spoke, and uttered a low cry of terror, for several men were rapidly approaching. "It is he!—St. John! Don't let him take me away! Idon't

"It is no!—St. John! Don't let nim take me away! Idon't love him; I can't marry him; I'll go back and be miserable rather than do that! Oh, help me—I've no friend but you!"

She clurg to his arm as she spoke with the volumence of

She clung to his arm as she spoke, with the vehemence of mingled fear and resolution.

"No one shall molest you, my child," he said, soothingly. "Tell me how it is, then I can serve you better."

Breathless with the haste she made, and still holding fast to the strong arm of her new friend, Honor poured out her little story as she went, unconscious of the sudden and entire change which passed over her hearer as he listened.

which passed over her hearer as he listened.

"Rest tranquil, my girl; I shall protect you. See, the station is here, and the train already approaches. Hold fast, and we shall be there in time to escape those persons."

Casting a quick glance behind him, the stranger strode on, half carrying Honor. Just as the train thundered up, they reached the platform, and, with a word to the guard, they sprang into an empty carriage. No other passengers waited at the little station, and they rolled away before the pursuers, if such they were, appeared in sight.

Pale and panting, Honor lay back, quite spent with this last flurry. She dimly wondered at the exulting laugh which broke from her companion as they shot away, and was touched by the gentle care he took of her, trying by every reassuring wile to cheer and restore her. She was soon herself again, and during that brief journey she permitted him draw from her the story of her past life.

"Papa died long ago, and mamma offended Uncle Hugh by refusing to marry him. He went away to India, and we knew no more of him till two or three years ago he sent word that he was coming home, and the niece who was the best in every way should be his heiress. There is only Cousin Gertrude and myself, and of course he will choose her, for she has written him all sorts of bad reports of me, and tried in every way to win his favor. I don't care much for his money, but I do long for his love, I've had so little since mamma died."

"Why did you not write also, and set the matter straight with the old man?" asked the stranger, as she paused with trembling lips.

"I did, but my letters were not allowed to go. I tried to do well, and live on patiently till uncle came; but Gertrude was so tyrannical and unkind I could not bear it. She is a widow now, and I taught her children, but she wouldn't let them love me, and I was miserable. Then St. John saw me by accident, and loved me. Gertrude refused him, but he managed to write, and so it came about that I ran away. If I only cared for him I should not leave him; but I don't, and every hour makes me surer of it. Am I doing very wrong to disappoint the poor boy?"

boy?'
"How old is the boy?" asked her companion, knitting his
brows, though an amused smile lurked about his mouth.

"Nineteen," she answered, coloring; then she broke into a silvery laugh, and exclaimed, with charming frankness, "Iknow it must sound very childish and silly, and I dare say I am outraging all the proprieties by running away twice, and telling all my affairs to an utter stranger. But I've been so shut up, I know no more of the world than a child, and I really can't help trusting you, sir, you are so kind."

"Thank you. I'll prove worthy of your confidence, Miss Honor," began the stranger; but the girl exclaimed, abruptly:
"How do you know my name? I didn't tell you?"

He bit his lip, his brown cheek flushed a little, and his keen eye seemed to glance over her with a half-scrutinizing, half annoyed expression. Then a quick smile appeared, and with an air of relief he teuched the handkerchief that lay in her lap, saying, quietly:

"I read it there."

"What sharp eyes you must have! The words are almost washed out," and the girl gravely examined the corner of the handkerchief.

He smiled, and changed the subject, and beguiled the way so pleasantly that Honor was surprised when the journey ended. The noise and bustle at the Waterloo Station so bewildered her that she gratefully permitted her new friend to take care of her. Placing her in a cab, he gave Madame Paul's address to the man, pressed her hand, and said, emphatically:

"I do not say adieu, because I shall see you again. In any trouble send to me, and remember I am your friend. Here is my address. Be of good courage, little Honor; you will find your fortune soon."

With a smile that seemed to prophecy all good things, he vanished, leaving a card in her hand, bearing the words, "H. Tarifa, St. James Hotel, London."

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK later a similar card was carried up to Mrs. Gertrude Avon, and threw that lady into a state of joyful excitement.

"News from Unclue Hugh. This is the name of his partner in Calcutta. Perhaps he is coming. How fortunate that Honor has lost all hope of the fortune! Is this H. Tarifa an old man, Annette?" she asked of her maid, who was helping her to give a few effective touches to her dress.

"No, madame-young, and very bandsome."

"Ah! the son, doubtless. Give me the wrapper trimmed with Valenciennes, and let down a few more curls. They give a youthful look to my face."

The ten minutes' delay caused by Mrs. Avon's desire to make a coquettish toilet cost her more than she knew; for while he waited, her guest strolled about the room, using his keen eyes to some purpose. A card with these words penciled under St. John's name was one discovery: "She is at Madame P.'s, but will not see me." A portrait of Mrs. Avon caused him to mutter, after a long survey, "Insincere eyes, and a hard mouth. Poor little Honor must have fared ill in the hands of such a woman." And the prattle of a child playing in the room, whom he questioned, brought out the fact that Honor was much beloved and mourned by her little pupils.

With a soft rustle, a beaming smile, and a white hand hospitably extended, Mrs. Avon glided into the room, paused with well-acted surprise, dropped her fine eyes, and murmured, with charming embarrassment:

"Pardon me. I fancied my dear uncle's partner would be an older man. Nevertheless, permit me to welcome you to England for his sake."

M. Tarifa bowed, and replied, in a cool, calm tone, which made Mrs. Avon look keenly at him:

"I am now the only remaining member of the old firm, my father having retired and your uncle being dead. Excuse my abrupt announcement of the fact; but the letters dispatched before I sailed were evidently lost, therefore I find you unprepared for the sad news."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Avon, from behind her handkerchief, which she had lifted to hide, not tears, but exultation that the fortune was so near her grasp. "I will not detain you by any

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

selfish grief, for I loved the old man, though we have been

parted so long. "I fear that I have yet another disappointment for you, madame; but perhaps your knowledge of your uncle's whims may have prepared you for any caprice of his. What caused the sudden change of purpose, I cannot tell, unless it was gratitude for a small favor I once did him; but when his will was read, it appeared that his whole fortune was left to me."

"You!" and Mrs Avon's eyes flashed with irrepressible an-

ger at the downfall of all her hopes.

"To me, with no mention of his nieces, except a wish which I find it somewhat difficult to mention, though far less difficult

to obey than I had expected." Something in the tone of the young man's voice, the smile that touched his lips, and the softened glance of his brilliant southern eyes caused a sudden hope to spring up in the woman's heart. Vailing her sharp disappointment under a half-timid, half-melancholy air, she said, sweetly:

"Believe me, I rejoice at your prosperity, and am sure that you will pardon a mother's regret at the loss which affects her fatherless children. May I ask what my uncle's wish was?"

"That I should share the fortune with one of his lawful heirs by marrying her."

"How cruel of him to hamper his bequest with so hard a condition!" and Mrs. Avon gave him an eloquent look as she

"Not hard, but every moment growing easier," gallantly replied M. Tarifa. "If you will permit me to make a few inquiries concerning your sister, I shall be better able to conduct this delicate affair. She is with you, I believe?"

"Alas, no; she eloped a week ago, and is now married, I

hope."
"You know nothing of her, then?"

"Nothing, except that she rejected my love and protection, and left me for a wild boy, who will soon desert her, I fear.

"If so, you will receive and protect her again ?"

"Never! How can I, with my little daughters growing up about me? I pity her; but I must think of them, for I have no one to lean upon, and, though five years a widow, I have not yet learned to bear my solitude with courage."

"I may then regard Miss Honor as no longer worthy a share

of your uncle's henefaction?"

"I leave that for you to decide," and Mrs. Avon's scornful

face plainly expressed her opinion.

There was a little pause, in which M. Tarifa seemed lost in thought, as he sat looking at the handsome woman before him. She fancied he was embarrassed at the position in which he found himself, and she came to his assistance with an artful question:

" May I ask if this singular desire of the old man is in any

way binding upon you, sir?"
"Not in the least; but I desire to show my gratitude by complying with it, if possible. I am anxious to settle in England, to make a home for my father, and find happiness for myself. Being heart-free, and having seen pictures of both nieces, the task seemed full of romance to me, and I came, hoping to prosper in the only means of restitution which it is in my power to make. But as Miss Honor is lost, there is no hope of success, perhaps; at least, I dare not believe so, unless-

As the last words fell slowly from his lips, Mrs. Avon, colored with soft confusion, dropped her eyes, and tenderly caressing the child leaning on her knee, she murmured, in a low tone:

"It is so very sudden and unexpected—such an embarrassing position-I would do much for my darling. My first marriage was a loveless one, but I have honored my husband's memory by a long widowhood. In time I might find my loneliness too hard to bear. Indeed, I need a friend. Be that to me at least, and ask nothing more as yet!"

As a piece of acting, that speech was perfect, and would have touched any man but the one who heard it. Being forewarned, he was forearmed, and a satirical smile passed across his face as he answered, in a voice to which a softer language than ours

"Thank you for that permission. I promised to befriend the | well-acted affection and delight.

old man's niece, and I will. I may come again?" he added,

"Yes," was all she said, but her eyes bade him welcome so eloquently that he could not doubt the sincerity of her invitation. "And your unhappy sister, is there no way in which I can

aid her?" he asked, pausing, with a significant look.
"If she is Mrs. St. John, she will need no help. If she is not, I no longer have a sister. Of course, you are at liberty to do what you will; but remember that you choose between us, for I decline all further friendship, if those reckless children are to be taken up after the disgrace they have brought upon me.

"My dear Mrs. Avon, have no fears. My choice is already made," and kissing her hand in his graceful foreign fashion, M. Tarifa took his leave, wearing an expression of satisfaction which both puzzled and charmed the ambitious widow.

For three weeks the young millionaire came and went, always with some pretext of business, to prevent awkwardness in the interviews, which were always very brief, in spite of Mrs. Avon's fascinations.

"He is young," she thought, "and has seen little of women, evidently. This coldness is assumed for my sake. A man with such eyes and voice must be full of fire and tenderness. A little patience and his passion will break out, and then what a magnificent lover he will be! Thank heaven Honor destroyed her chance of winning before he came, for her blue eyes would surely have bewitched him."

One thing struck Mrs. Avon, which was, that at each visit M. Tarifa alluded to her sister; but she fancied that the girl's picture had awakened an interest in the young man's mind, and set herself to efface it as fast as possible by artfully-worded insinuations, accusations, and regrets; all of which were received in grave silence, and with a look of satisfaction which delighted

On the fourth week he arrived, radiant with some new happiness, which made him so charming that Mrs. Avon felt that the long-desired moment must be at hand when the lover's ardor was to replace the stranger's natural reserve.

"I have a favor to ask of you-may I say Gertrude?" he began, with a new softness in both face and tone.

"You know you may. What favor, Henri?" and the widow uttered his name with the timid tenderness of a young girl.

"I want you to forgive your sister."

"Never till she is married."

"She is married."

"Who told you that?" and the widow's shyness vanished, as she put the question sharply.

"I saw it done," was the cool reply.

"You! When ?-where ?-why?"

"Two days ago, at Madame Paul's, and because I felt that the young creature needed a protector."

"And that boy actually married her? Truly, it was the least he could do after the wrong he had done her."

"He felt that, and gladly made the only reparation in his power," replied Tarifa, with a tranquil smile.

"How good you are! That sad affair needed a wise and energetic head to settle it, and in the midst of your own duties you found time to do it. I hope they were truly grateful. I never can thank you for your brotherly care of that headstrong girl;" and Mrs. Avon put both her white hands in his with a tender look.

"They were very grateful, and if you will promise to pardon them, I shall consider your debt to me well paid."

"Anything for you, Henri," whispered the widow.
"Thanks! And will you receive them to-morrow for my sake, Gertrude ?''

"I will, and gladly forget and forgive the past. Does that satisfy you?"

"Entirely. Now I must leave you; but when I come again receive me with a smile like this, and find that virtue is always its own reward."

Mrs. Avon's toilet was a marve' of taste, and Mrs. Avon's face wore its sweetest smiles as she rose to greet her guests next day, when Tarifa led her lovely sister in to be embraced with



" he still

i welcome s

er invitein

which Is

p. Ifèi

at liber

tetues :

des dilà

rough pe

ce is sies

eign fein

f stide

west of

rbsit

Mala

le of Fine

Ame

8 1

11/11/20

letter is

े तृह क्यो

व्यं वर्ष व

hites

I TELLE

|r-mmis

PER PER

ided

erein

H:bi

bre's E

12 7 9

他的

2,5

13:32

Google-digitized

Generated at University of Public Domain, Google-digit

low.

k.

"Where is the bridegroom? Does he fear to face me? Ah, well he may, after robbing me of my darling; but I have promised to pardon everything, and will keep my word for your sake, Henri," she said, longing to have the scene over, that she might receive the reward.

"Here is the bridegroom, Gerty," and Honor turned to fold both hands tenderly about the arm of Tarifa, who looked the lover to the life now.

"You! It is a lie!" cried Mrs. Avon, in a tone of despair, for his face answered before his lips.

"You told me to choose between you, and I did so. I gave you many opportunities to save your sister, but you rejected them all, to your own loss. I loved her image before I found the fair reality waiting for me on the moor, and when you cast her off, my heart took her in. If the old man wronged her, I have atoned for it by giving her all I possess."

"And she—that imprudent child has won the fortune, after all," gasped Mrs. Avon, as her last hope vanished.

"The only fortune that I covet is here," and Honor leaned her bright head on her husband's breast, thinking only of the generous and tender heart that took her in when most forlorn.

FEMALE COSTUMES IN THE TIME OF JAMES I.

In nothing does the human mind show more caprice than in its shifting fashions of dress. One of its remarkable features is, that, like history, it is always repeating itself. The single article of hoops has appeared, disappeared, and re-appeared repeatedly since the time of Queen Elizabeth. In one respect female taste varies considerably from the standard of earlier days. It was only in the reign of Charles II. that the ladies were their dresses low in the neck. Our ancestors were very careful in covering that part of the person. In the costumes we have engraved it will be seen that even the mouth was closely covered. Our fair friends, whose bonnets are now not larger than butterflies, may congratulate themselves that they did not live in the times of James I.

MARIA DE MEDICI.

This famous historical person was the daughter of Francis I. Grand Duke of Tuscany, and of the Archduchess Johanna of Austria, and was born in Florence, May 4, 1574. She was educated in utter seclusion, and knew nothing beyond the Florentine court, when, in 1599, being then twenty-five years old, her hand was asked in marriage by Henry IV., of France. The offer was accepted, and, in 1600, their nuptials were celebrated with great splendor. In 1601 she gave birth to the first Dauphin that had been born since 1543. This son afterward became Louis XIII., of France. The marriage of Maria with Henry was not a happy one, the fault being equally divided between ker obstinacy, jealousy, and violence of temper, and his numerous infidelities, which were too flagrant to be concealed. On one occasion she flewat her husband with such violence that she would have struck him had not his Prime Minister, Sully, stepped between and intercepted the blow. Henry frequently threatened to send her back to Italy with her favorites, the reasoned Ella, "and yet she cannot see how this wretched mar-Concinis, who had considerable influence over

the queen, and whose dangerous counsels finally engulfed her in ruin.

On May 13th, 1610, she was crowned with great magnificence, and a few days afterward her husband was assassinated by Ravaillæ, a Jesuit. Some historians have endeavored to mix her up in that event, but impartial writers do not sustain the accusation, which rests only upon the prejudices of her enemies. On the death of her husband, through the machinations of the Duke of Epernon, Colonel-general of the French Guard, she became Regent. Her first step was to get rid of Sully, and to rule through her favorites, and soon her government became one of the worst known in the annals of tyranny.

In 1617 her son, after Louis XIII., and others, conspired against her authority, and deposed her, exiling her to Blois, and putting her chief favorites, the Concinis, to death. Through the mediation of Epernon, a reconciliation was effected between her son and herself, and she was suffered to return to Paris. Here she entered into an alliance with Richelieu, through whose assistance she regained much of her former power. But her Italian love of intrigue was too much for her prudence, and she was tempted by the enemies of Richelieu to conspire against him. The wily priest was, however, too much for her, and she was defeated and imprisoned in 1631. Escaping to the Netherlands, she remained there till 1658, when she went to England, her daughter, Henrietta Maria, having married Charles L

In England she became so unpopular that the Long Parliament requested her to leave the country, and, to induce her to go quietly, they made her a present of three thousand pounds, and promised her six thousand pounds more on her arrival on

Consequently, in August, 1641, she left England, and soon arrived at Antwerp, taking up her residence in the house of Rubens, the famsus painter whose patron she had formerly been. Engaging in some intrigues against the French government, she was ordered to leave Antwerp and take up her residence at Cologne, where she arrived October 12, 1641. She was soon after taken ill, and died in comparative obscurity and want, after much suffering, on July 3, 1642, in her sixty-ninth

THE AMAZON CAPTIVE.

This beautiful statue is one of the finest works of the famous French sculptor, Geoffrey, a pupil of Ramey and of Franceschi, both celebrated for their genius. The pose of the captive is very fine and very natural. She is seated on a rock, her hands are bound, while her buckler and helm are thrown upon the ground. Her head is bent earthward, depicting confusion and grief. The composition at once arrests attention, on account of its simple grandeur, and its easy grace. The only defect is the modeling, which is comparatively feeble, and betrays a young and somewhat inexperienced hand. But, with all these imperfections, the Amazon Captive, being a first work, is full of promise, and, doubtless, is the herald of a great reputation.

KITTY.

CHAPTER XXXIX .- SUCCESSFUL DIPLOMACY.

KITTY determined to marry Sir George Bartelotte; Ella equally determined not to have her dearest friend for her stepmother. How were these parallel lines ever to meet?

Two months of pleasant distraction had slipped by, and neither Kitty nor Ella had yielded an inch. The obnoxious subject was wholly ignored for the most part, but whenever it came up, each of the girls felt a transient bitterness toward her



FEMALE COSTUMES IN THE TIME OF JAMES I.

Generated a Public Doma

riage must come between us. If we were indifferent to each other, there would be no cause for me to raise any objection to it."

"Ella is so sweet and unselfish," Kitty thought, "and yet she cannot understand that I am capable of unselfishness too. I suppose all women, even the angelic ones, are jealous by na-

Thus they naturally went on misjudging and misinterpreting each other. It was as little likely that Ella should comprehend Kitty's ambitious eagerness, as that Kitty should comprehend Ella's generous scruples.

Between father and daughter the subject had been tabooed from the beginning. Once or twice Sir George made a feeble effort on behalf of himself and his bride-elect; but Ella's deprecatory look and word were enough to awe him into immediate silence.

He was always saying to himsilf, "To-day I will speak out," or, "To-morrow I will constrain Ella to listen;" but to-day and to-morrow passed away, and he had not spoken out. There were more reasons than one why Sir George was so eager to consummate this marriage.

In the first place, he was in love with Kitty after a fashion. In the second, it was reasonable to hope that a young wife

would bring him an heir.

In the third, he had a man's natural wish to bequeath the estates that had come to him from his father to a son of his

Poor Sir George felt that such a blessing would indeed be a recompense for the crosses that had befallen him, and the upright and Christian career on which he prided himself. The anticipation of it made his heart light and his step elate.

If only Ella would listen!

Ella's uncompromising attitude drove him to Kitty for consolation. It was like a sudden descent from mountain regions of perpetual snow to soft green meadows, laughing streams, and hedgerows full of flowers.

When they were alone, Kitty petted Sir George as only women like Kitty can pet men, women, children-any one whose liking they covet. She said all sorts of pretty things that meant little enough, but effected a good deal, for Sir George felt himself younger, more confident, and of more worth in the world for hours after. She told him, moreover, that nothing short of Ella's persistent opposition should induce her to break the promise she had given him; and that "because I should be so wretched away from you now"—she would say, with insinuating fondness. Whereupon, Sir George would boldly kiss the pretty hand that was never withdrawn, swearing to reward her for such constancy, and to stand by her as long as he lived.

When a young and beautiful woman makes love to a man double her years, he is sure to lose his head, whether he possesses a heart or no; and Sir George soon lost his head under the influence of Kitty's fascination.

One day, with Kitty leaning on his arm, Kitty looking up into his eyes, Kitty's caressing words sounding in his ears, Sir George grew intoxicated. Never before had Kitty allowed him to taste the sweets of courtship; never before had she frankly and fondly talked of the future they were to spend together; never before had she said how dear his affection was to her.

Truth to tell, Kitty's patience was giving way a little. She rebelled equally against Ella's willful hostility and against Sir George's long-continued supineness. Such a state of things could not go on forever. Come what might, she determined to act boldly now.

After all this friendly talk, with just a little show of shyness on Kitty's part, by way of tempting Sir George's outspoken adairation, she said, blushing and sighing:

"But of what use for us to build up so many card-houses which dear Ella is sure to blow down? Most likely the end will be that I shall leave you—as I came—a poor outcast, and never once set foot in Akenholm Park."

"By George, no, no. I say !" exclaimed Sir George, fiercely. "If I live, you shall be mistress of Akenholm, and who knows but that it may go down to some of my name yet? You will manage things beautifully, too, for that poor darling girl when anything happens to me-

"Oh! how can you talk of such crue! things?" Kitty said.
"My dear, I did not mean to be cruel. It is only right to think of the future. Ella has got plenty of faculty, but she is a little inclined to be over-generous; and, without some friendly guidance, would inevitably cripple her resources. Now, you are the very soul of prudence."

"You think much too highly of me," Kitty began.

"Nonsense. I should be a fool if I did not know what a treasure I have won in you. Why, I do believe you will cost me less as my wife than as Ella's companion," sir George said, gushingly. "And then the difference to me in comfort!"

"I think I could make you comfortable; at least, I am sure I could," Kitty answered, "if Ella will only let me try."
"She will—she must," Sir George said. "I have no influ-

ence over her whatever; but I am sure she will listen to you." "She did not listen before."

"Suppose you try once more," Sir George ventured to sug-

"I cannot help thinking that the second overtures would come best from yourself," Kitty said, feeling, in truth, hardly courageous enough to fight Sir George's battles with Ella over again.

Sir George was silent; but, by the curious contortion that passed over his features, she saw how unpalatable was the advice.

After a little reflection, he said, briskly:

"I really see no necessity of speaking to Ella any more. She knows well enough what you and I have determined upon. Let us follow our own devices, and take her consent for granted."

"Would that be quite fair toward Ella?" Kitty asked.

- "What can we do that she will consider quite fair?"
- " Ah! true."

"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui côute," Sir George added. "Dear Ella cannot fail to see, by-and-by, that your marriage with me will be for her own good; and till that time we must bear her vexation as best we can. The sooner all is settled the better, I say."

This was exactly what Kitty had thought for a long time; but she listened in silence.

"We might as well be married quietly without any loss of time; don't you think so?"

"Oh! that is for you alone to decide," Kitty made answer, modestly.

"I decide in favor of the proposition—taking it for granted, of course, that you have no womanish notions about trousseaux and that sort of thing."

Kitty had very womanish notions about trousseaux "and that sort of thing," but was too much overcome by her lover's condescending goodness to confess her weakness. Sir George went on.

"You will find me a much more practical person to deal with than Ella, who, I verily believe, would spend every penny she possesses in decking you out with finery. Beauty unadorned is adorned the most, to my thinking, and you always look handsomer than other women, no matter how you dress."

Kitty acknowledged the compliment, though in her secret heart she prized beyond expression the adornments of the outer woman he seemed to think so supererogatory. She was too well satisfied, however, with Sir George's new mood to cavil at minor mortifications, and had, moreover, schooled herself resolutely into an attitude of meekness. I have, indeed, won a treasure in this girl, Sir George thought, who had so taken to heart the teachings of adversity. What other woman would recognize her true position—as she does—to the nicety of a hair? And he snatched a kiss from the object of his affections, by way of rewarding her for her meckness, and himself for his generous behavior.

Thus the matter was settled, and Kitty felt sure at last that she should become Lady Bartelotte.

Ella was not slow to interpret the sly looks and signs interchanged by the lovers; nor was she less slow to understand Kitty's somewhat artificial though devoted manner toward herself, and Sir George's affected ease and unaffected hilarity. Kitty, moreover, wore a ring of Sir George's giving. There



University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

those who can might read.

In Ella's pure heart waged a terrible conflict. She would fain have exonerated Kitty from blame, and loved her as dearly as ever; but some strong spell seemed to hold her back. Perhaps, indeed, she did love her as dearly as ever. Only how terrible are our affections to us when the leaven of mistrust has leavened the whole lump!

But Ella could not support her unhappy scruples long. The atmosphere of solitude and mistrust was so unbearable, that she determined to come down from the high level on which Kitty's spirit had once moved in unison with her own, and abide where Kitty willed. She reasoned with herself, thus: Kitty is surely not to blame if her ideal of life and conduct is less lofty than mine. I am rather to blame for carrying an inborn and nurtured fastidiousness into my affections. Kitty is what she is as much by the force of circumstances as I am myself. We must have patience—God only knows how much! -with those we love.

What Ella suffered in this conflict can hardly be told. To her loving, religious nature, Kitty had come as a sweet pariah from the outer world of sin and suffering, and she had set herself the task of turning the pariah into an angel. Loving Kitty passionately as she did, she had hitherto borne the moral defects of this superbly-endowed, captivating, enthusiastic creature, hoping to see them amended in time. But now what hope was there for Kitty any more? Was she not selling herself to a title? Was she not forfeiting all that good women hold dear and sacred—the close affection and friendship of mar-

Kitty had said, that but for her friend she would never have promised to marry Sir George; and Ella knew well that she believed such a statement to be true. Would Sir George have had to go away, an unexpected wooer, in any case? Ella

There was only one Kitty in all the world, however, and Ella felt that she could forgive even more at her hands than Accordingly, when the two girls were next alone, Ella's embarrassed mood melted, and she clasped her friend's hand,

"I hope you will be happy in your own way, dear Kitty. If I have been angry that your way is not mine, I am sure you forgive me."

Of course Kitty declared that she had nothing to forgive, and they kissed like children who have quarreled about a cake. After a great many protestations on Kitty's part of her entire self-abnegation and devotion to Ella in the future, why was it that the loyal Ella made no premises?—the conversation naturally fell upon wedding-clothes and other topics of the same

There is a comic vein running through every tragedy, no matter how dismal it may be; and, after the agonies of dismay, suspense, and apprehension described in these later pages, all the comedy of Sir George Bartelotte's engagement to Kitty

Having secured his bride, his whole being seemed concentrated on the economic arrangements of his new household. He was like a miser who has indulged a whim in buying a pretty tame bird, and begrudges his pet any but the cheapest cage and the commonest food. That the bird would rebel against its ugly prison and uninviting fare never once occurred to him. On the contrary, he was always chuckling over Kitty's good luck, and congratulating himself for disinterestedly making her the mistress of his house and the partner of his fortunes. He dared not talk to Ella in this strain; but, "out of the fullness of his heart the mouth speaketh," and Ella, perforce, heard much that was unpalatable to her. To his bride elect he was much more communicative; and a person less good-natured than Miss Kitty Silver must certainly have resented his prosaic, not to say indelicate, way of putting things. For instance, his eye fell by chance one day on an advertisement in the Times newspaper, headed "A Trousseau for twenty pounds," which he cut out and brought to Kitty in great glee. After all, a

was no need to ask questions. The truth was so plain, that | could be kept within reasonable bounds, and a trousseau for twenty pounds was certainly reasonable.

"What is your opinion?" he asked of Kitty, as her eye ran over the advertisement.

"It would be as well to have samples," said Miss Kitty, artfully determined not to displease her lover, and not to have the trousseau for twenty pounds.

"That is an excellent idea. Ah! you will not be imposed upon, I see. If Ella were only like you! but don't say a word to her about this advertisement, for she would think me much too miserly and interfering. And what about your allowance

"That is for you to determine," Kitty answered.

"Nonsense! What can a man know about the price of ladies' clothes? I only know that I have heard my poor mother say, she and her five sisters had to dress upon thirty pounds a year each; and they were of the very best blood in England." Kitty cast down her eyes very meekly.

"If I had only myself to consider, I could dress upon almost any sum," she said, "but, as your wife, I must keep up a certain appearance."

Oh! these women—these women! sighed Sir George Bartelotte, how they befool us with their handsome eyes and insinuating ways! Then he waited for what Kitty should say, he quaking with fear, and determined, at any cost, to hold his

"Pray, understand that I wish to avoid meanness on the one hand, as well as indiscretion on the other," he said, at last, growing impatient. "Tell me in plain English what 'a certain appearance' means in L. S. D. ?"

Kitty still paused irresolute.

"Would fifty pounds a year hit the mark, eh?" asked her ver, eagerly. "If fifty pounds isn't liberal for a poor devil lover, eagerly. like myself, I don't know what is."

"Oh! Sir George," Kitty said, smiling sweetly; "as if the beggar-maid did not accept whatever King Cophetua chose to bestow upon her, and be thankful!"

"But, for all that, it is better to be business-like, and know where we are. I always like to know where I am in money matters," said the bridegroom elect, eagerly. "Can you dress like a lady, and keep your temper, on an allowance of fifty pounds a year ?"

Kitty burst out laughing; and, laying one little hand on Sir George's arm, looked up comically and caressingly into his

"I should make a point of being good-tempered," she answered; "but I can't answer for the other. You see, it takes twice as much stuff to make me a gown as it does most women, I am so tall—so unfortunately tall," she repeated, rearing her neck, and surveying herself from head to foot with a very pardonable amount of satisfaction.

This little bit of coquetry so fascinated Sir George, that he committed himself to an ebulition of generosity on the spot. "On my soul," he said, "I can refuse you nothing. Well, then, let us say a hundred. That will do—won't it?"

And poor Kitty, whose ambitions had aimed much higher, felt compelled to say "Yes," and look delighted. How often in the day was she obliged to say "Yes," and look delighted, when her inmost heart was full of rebellion!

The matter of allowance being settled to Sir George's entire satisfaction, another no less important filled his mind. Since the fact of his engagement to Kitty had become an accepted one, Kitty had assumed a sort of half-playful, half-serious, wife-like manner toward him that he found inexpressibly bewitching. If only bewitching things did not interfere with one's purse!

For instance, no sooner was Kitty put in the sort of authority over him which the position of affianced wife implies, than she began to scold and tease him about his shabby clothes. She attached that overweening importance to appearances which people of inferior or uncertain breeding are sure to do, and thought it an affair of exceeding concern whether or no Sir George wore a threadbare coat or a hat that cost less than his penniless wife was not so very expensive a luxury, if her wants be told he looked well in such and such a dress, and ill in neighbor's. Of course it flattered her elderly lover mightily to

most money, and love versus economy waged fierce war in the baronet's heart.

another; but what Kitty found becoming was sure to cost the | and, over a supper, improvised on the moment, they sat talking over the past till midnight had long passed.

After a few days he fell into his old habits-painting when the humor seized him; playing on the piano for hours at a While Kitty was undergoing all those petty anxieties and | time; doing the things he liked to do, and avoiding those he



MARIA DE MEDICI.—PAGE 425.

annoyances which the schemer has to endure, Perry was leisurely strolling through Spain, painting his way, so to speak, till one fine day he suddenly made his appearance in Paradise Row. Mrs. Cornford's heart opened widely to receive the prodigal; for him.

found irksome. He seldom mentioned Kitty's name, and always with the utmost bitterness. Mrs. Cornford accepted it as a healthy sign that at last he acknowledged she did not care



"She will marry that mean, little beggar, Sir George Bartelotte," he had said once or twice, telling Mrs. Cornford at the same time all sorts of stories he had picked up somehow about Sir George's odd ways. And, true enough, before Perry had been home a week, came the following confirmation of his fears in the Court Journal-the paragraph having been sent Mrs. Cornford by a friend who was a dressmaker in the West End: "A

marriage is about to take place between Sir George Bartelotte, Bart., of Akenholm Park, Berks, and Miss Catharine Silver, daughter of the late Reverend Nehemiah Silver, of London."

"Well done, thou daughter of Mam-mon!" cried Mrs. Comford, after reading the extract to Perry over their dinner-table. "May we all serve our gods as faithfully as thou hast done, and get as well rewarded! Health and long life to my Lady Bartelotte, and a good appetite to her for the fleshpots of Israel."

Perry's eyes were devouring the paragraph, and he did not heed Mrs. Cornford's speech.

"Come, Perugino," she said, with, perhaps, a little forced gayety, "toast our old comrade. Let bygones be bygones, and wish Kitty good luck."

"I can't be a hypocrite," said poor Perry, looking utterly miserable. "She has been my Why perdition. should I wish her good luck? I hope she will be a little unhappy sometimes.'

"Stuff and nonsense!" interrupted Polly. "Have you no religion in you? Do you take Kitty to be like the brute beasts, born without a soul? I've other

notions, and I wish the poor thing good luck."

"You are the most extraordinary inconsistent person in the world," Perry answered, savagely. "Had Kitty done the right thing, and married ma, I suppose you would have blamed her conduct as much as you seem to Epprove of it now."

"Who says I approve, oh! paragon of donkeys!" said Mrs. Cornford. "It isn't for us, poor fools, to judge each other, or to dole out the kicks and halfpence of this world, either. If let our angry passions rise, papa."

Kitty gets halfpence to-day, I'm glad; and, if kicks to-morrow,

I'll put salve on the bruises, and make no remarks."
"You think she will be unhappy?" asked Perry, with a touch of self-reproach. "Oh, Kitty, Kitty!" and, saying this, he rushed up-stairs to his studio, and locked himself in for the rest of the day.

The news of Kitty's approaching marriage reached Dr. Nor-



THE AMAZON CAPTIVE.—PAGE 425.

man's quiet household at the same Laura cut time. out the paragraph and sent it to Regy, who professed himself to be Kitty's devoted admirer still, and Prissy deluged her elder sister with questions about Kitty's future rank and position in the world. Dr. Norman made no comment, determined to let matters take their course; but, when day succeeded day, and Kitty's marriage was still the theme at meal-times, he said, one morning, in a very decided tone of voice:

"Children, let this be the last talk about Miss Silver. It is right that we forgive her for the wrong she has done us; but we can never have part or lot with her any more, and the sooner her very name is forgotten the better."

"May Laura and I talk about her when we are by ourselves?" Prissy asked.

"I think you might easily find a more pleasant subject," Dr. Norman said, smiling bit-

terly.
"Laura doesn't care for my subjects, papa, and likes to walk for miles with-out speaking," Prissy said.

Laura blushed deeply.

"Settle your subject, when out walking, as you like," Dr. Norman answer-

ed; "but, for Heaven's sake, let us have our meals in future without all this talking about Kitty." "Oh, papa, dear, how cross we are to-day!" cried pert Miss

Prissy, patting his hand, reprovingly. "We have enough to make us cross, I think," Dr. Norman

said, not heeding his little girl's caress. "Have we, papa? but Dr. Watts says that 'we should not

"Dr. Watts was a fool," Dr. Norman answered.

"Then I won't learn any more of his hymns," Miss Prissy

Dr. Norman felt hereupon bound to give his little daughter an explanation.

"Pray, understand me, Prissy," he went on, "that if Dr. Watts had said we should not let our angry passions rise for nothing, he would have been right. But there are occasions when it is one's duty to be angry. For instance, Martin Luther was right to let his angry passions rise against the Pope."

"And Kitty is your Pope, isn't she, papa? Naughty Pope! Poor Martin Luther!"

Then the patting and caressing began again, and Dr. Norman, seeing no way to enlighten Prissy's moral notions further, took refuge in his library. His experiments and lucubrations did not go on well for the next few days. The former seemed unsatisfactory, the latter uninteresting. He invited a friend or two to dinner; but the conversation lagged, to his thinking, and the dishes were ill-cooked. He accompanied Laura to a small evening party, and found the women very dull, or else very frivolous

In plain English, tidings of Kitty's approaching marriage put Dr. Norman in a state of irritation which lasted for several days, and might have lasted much longer, but for a severe attack of lumbago, which he caught whilst moodily studying the binary stars from the house-top one damp autumnal night.

The lumbago, with its attendant discomforts, kept him to his bed for a week, and effectually cured his discontented mood.

Meantime, when the first flush of her great joy had passed away, Laura's heart was full of wonder and uneasiness. Should she encounter Perry again? Did he care for her still? Would he devise some way of sceing her, and speaking to her sometimes? She remembered that she was no longer a child, and that Perry's friendship for her must henceforth mean more than it had a year ago. And, in those sweet days of comradeship, it had not been all over with Perry and Kitty; but Kitty was lost to Perry now, and Laura read in his bright looks and bueyant manner happy auguries for herself.

She did not grudge Kitty the early, faithful passion of that dear heart-for Kitty had been a goddess to Laura also-but she longed to recompense him for past sufferings by loving him, and clinging to him till life should end.

This was sweet Laura's sole ambition.

Perry shut himself up in his studio for several days, and refused alike counsel and comfort from everybody. When night came on, he would wrap himself up in his Spanish cloak, and stalk up and down the lonely Brompton lanes, to the infinite terror of any benighted little milliner's apprentice or timid elderly gentleman he might encounter. Solitude, he said, was what he wanted, and he could never get half enough of it. Those who loved him now could best show it by betaking themselves out of his sight. "After Kitty's marriage, the deluge," he reiterated to Polly Cornford. "The world for me is virtually at an end. I am a ghost; I consort only with dire shapes and spirits. My nightly visions would terrify you, so that your hair would stand on an end."

"Not they," good Polly would answer, cheerfully. "I have never been frightened in my life but once, and that was when I slipped down into a hole among the rocks at Ramsgate, and there stuck like a jelly-fish."

Perry gave vent to his feelings in painting a picture on an enormous canvas, which he said was to be his bridal-gift to Kitty. The composition was in the worst manner of Gustave Dore, and the execution perfect as scene-painting.

When the picture was done, Perry felt better. His frenzy passed as an ague-fit.

Then his thoughts reverted to Laura.

"I have sowed my wild oats, Polly," he said, seriously. "Like the Ancient Mariner, I have become a sadder and a wiser man. Why should I not cast anchor, for once and for all, by marrying that sweet girl!'

"Why should you not, indeed," cried Polly, "if she would have you, and if Dr. Norman approved of a scapegrace for a son-in-law?"

"An artist," said Perry, waving his hand, "is always a gen-

tleman, and my prospects could not be better."
"Your clothes might be a trifle better," Polly said, quizzically. "At any rate, don't go a' courting till you have got a new coat."

That Perry seriously entertained the idea of proposing to Laura, she never for a moment suspected. The idea was too preposterous.

But Perry had never been more in earnest during the term of his existence. He yearned for sympathy, and had not Laura given him sympathy of the sweetest kind? He yearned for some woman's love, and was he not as sure of Laura's love as of Kitty's indifference? In fine, he yearned to turn over a fresh page of life; and this one promised to be very fair. Perry's genius was not baffled by such considerations as difference of social position and want of money. He consulted one of his friends, Crosbie Carrington, who promised to help him.

"I know some people who sometimes meet Dr. Norman and his pretty daughter at a house in Bayswater. I'll ask 'em to take you, or get you invited-being a distinguished artistand, once there, any one will introduce you to the old buffer-I

Crosbie Carrington was as good as his word; and soon there came a formal invitation from the family at Baywater to an At Home. Perry got himself up magnificenty, thanks to a dresssuit borrowed of Crosbie, and a new pair of shiny boots, and a dress-shirt, on which he had laid out his last guinea. Moreover, he had his hair cut, and his beard dressed, by a barber, and got some one to lend him a limp French hat to carry in his hand, as the delectable fashion of the day requires.

Perry felt considerable elation as he alighted from his Hansom cab about eleven o'clock at a well-appointed, spacious house in Porchester Terrace, and heard the big footman at the bottom of the staircase call out, stentoriously, "Mr. Perugino Neeve!" and then the big footman at the top, as Perry afterward jocosely related, "took up the wondrous tale;" and the mistress of the house came forward, and the master of the house came forward, and he was made much of, as, being a genius, it behoved him to be.

It was not a crowded party, and the first persons on whom Perry's eye lighted were Laura Norman and her father. Dr. Norman recognized Mrs. Cornford's friend at once, and held out his hand. Laura felt that she might do the same, and the three talked like old acquaintances.

"Your friends and the public have had great cause of un-casiness on your behalf," Dr. Norman began; and, feeling a friendliness for the frank, handsome young fellow, whom he imagined to be struggling with want and obscurity, he added one or two gracious little speeches about his last picture in the

By-and-by Perry's hostess came up, wanting to introduce him to So-and-so and So-and-so; and Laura's heart bounded at the homage her hero was receiving. The mistress of the house was a most amiable and Christian-minded lion-hunter, who did infinite service to artistic society in general, by collecting in her drawing-room not only the big lions who could roar, and show their teeth, and lash their tails, but the timid lions, and the toothless lions, and the little lions who had very small tails, and didn't know in the least how to lash them.

Perry, coming under the last category, was trained accordingly. His hostess had heard of Mr. Neeve's great musical attainments. Would Mr. Neeve play some little bagatelle or other? And, of course, Perry sat down, and played one or two enchanting fancies of Heller in his best, most fantastic manner, and then a delicious French melody, light and airy as a play of fountains, and his audience listened with delight.

True, he had only to talk to Laura for five minutes; but then

what an auspicious beginning! "I wish you had been there, Polly," he said to poor, patient Mrs. Cornford, who was sitting up to let him in and hear his report. "It was such a jolly party, and I cut as good a figure as many of my betters, I assure you."

Then he told her the whole story from beginning to end; and Polly went to bed, feeling, that if one thing in the world would recompense her for the kicks and cuffs of malicious for



Perry rose next day, determined, as he said, to strike while the iron was hot, and declare his intentions to Dr. Norman whilst Dr. Norman's favorable impression of him should be

Mrs. Cornford sent proverbs and wise saws at his head, as thick and hard-hitting as hailstones, in dissuasion of such a proceeding, but Perry shook them off.

"Now or never is the time for me to marry and make a man of myself," he said; "if I once begin shilly-shallying, the end will be that I shall take to thinking about Kitty again, and have no courage for anything." "Well, wait a week."

"Not a day—not an hour," Perry said, authoritatively; and, ringing the bell, cried out to Mary Hann: "Mary Hann, black my boots to the best of your juvenile ability, and then bring 'em to me to finish off."

As soon as he had finished breakfast, Mr. Perugino took off his coat, and worked away zealously at his boots till the desimble polish was attained. Then he dived into the little scullery, and, filling the largest bucket to be found with warm water, went up-stairs to perform his toilet.

The toilet occupied upward of an hour, at the end of which time Mr. Perugino emerged like one of the Trojan heroes whom the wand of Pallas Athene has washed, curled, perfumed, and

"My stars!" cried Polly. "I'm sure the world must be coming to an end."

"I'm sorry to say my cravats are," Perry said, dolefully. "A dark-blue necktie would be just a point of color in the pic-

"I'll run to the bottom of the street and buy you one," Polly said, good-naturedly; and, quick as lightning, she put on her bonnet, and performed the errand.

When, as Perry complacently observed, the last touch had been put in, he sallied forth, Mrs. Cornford singing after him:

- freggy would a-wooing go, Whether his mother would let him or no; Roly-poly gamage and spinach, Heigho! says Roly."

Nothing could be more cordial than Dr. Norman's reception of Perry. He had heard of his old infatuation for Kitty, and her heartless behavior to him had struck a sympathetic chord in his bosom. To a certain extent it had somewhat reconciled him to the treatment he had himself received. Without his at all suspecting, it had to a certain extent soothed the irritation which had for some time existed in his mind, since the rejection of a young and brilliant artist led him to regard her rejection of his suit with more composure. Without, therefore, committing himself to Perry's suit with Laura, Dr. Norman gave him that rational encouragement which every sensible and affectionate parent bestows. Perry, therefore, returned in that peculiar frame of mind which every man feels who has made his first offer of marriage which has been partially accepted. Nevertheless, it was with a bitter pang he read in the fashionable paper of the day, that she, who had been so long the idol of his dreams, whom he had so petted, and for whom he would have died, had renounced his love without a sigh, and given herself away to a man whom she never could love, whom she most probably despised, and whose claim to her hand was an

Despite all his resolutions to banish her from his mind, her fascinating image would rise before him, overshadowing the holier semblance of Laura's. During this mental struggle Polly Cornford was a ministering angel to him, for she alternately scolded, consoled, and cheered him.

"Bless my soul," she would say, "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and what is the use of crying after spilt milk. Kitty was a very nice, clever girl in her way for a Summer day, but I would sooner trust my golden guinees with a highwayman than my happiness in her hands. Laura is

worth a dozen of her. Now, Perry, mind that you don't lose the substance by snapping after the shadow, as the foolish dog did in the fable; for Dr. Norman is not a man to endure any nonsense, besides, he has been jilted by Kitty himself, and therefore he won't like you to be groaning over the same tune as himself."

Never had Kitty looked so lovely as when she stood at the altar of the English chapel in Paris, a willing sacrifice to the social vanity of ascending a step in life. Sir George felt proud of the admiration she excited; but still, 'midst it all, a faint whisper would steal upon his self-satisfaction, that possibly she might not be so docile and amiable when the novelty of her position had worn off, and when she felt that she could entrench herself behind the impregnable stockade of a marriage certificate. It would be difficult to accurately define what Ella's feelings were. That the result lowered Kitty in her estimation was undoubted; but then there came that sober and unselfish second thought, which made her reconsider the question, and almost, as it were, to reverse the decision of her impulses.

"Poor Kitty," she would say to herself, "I am unreasonable to expect that you would throw away so rare a chance of acquiring an assured position. In the same circumstances I might have acted so myself, although Lfeel now so inclined to blame her. I am afraid she will not be happy as poor papa's wife; but, at all events, she will escape the subordinate position of being my frail companion. Alas! dependence is a bitter draught to quaff—inadvertencies are tortured into slights—inattention into insults. No, Kitty; you, perhaps, knew your own nature best, and consulted the happiness it craves for most, when you married a man you could not love, merely to be above the possible humiliation of dependence."

And now we will drop the curtain on Kitty, and leave her, as Lady Bartelotte, to reap the reward of her scheming. Doubtless, Perry will discover that Laura's gentle companionship is far more calculated to make him happy than the inconstant and fascinating creature, who by turns electrified and paralyzed bim; while Dr. Norman will, as time heals the wound he had so unwittingly invited Kitty to inflict upon him, rejoice that he has retained his happiness in his own hands, instead of periling it on the breakers and quicksands of a second marriage, more especially when the bride is young enough to be his daughter. Polly Cornford is one of those cheerful natures that Fate ever deals gently with, and she feels that one great trouble, her boy Perry's future, had been well secured. Myra, as Mrs. Longley, reaps the reward of an easy conscience—that most priceless of all gifts to a fashionable lady, excepting, of course, a charming

THE END.

A PENGUIN HUNT.

This peculiar bird, which is renowned for its stupidity, is found in immense numbers about the Straits of Magellan, the Falkland Islands, and the western group of the South Pacific Islands. They group themselves when on shore, which is only during the breeding season, in regular ranks, like soldiers, classed strictly according as they are young, moulting, incubating, or with perfect plumage, those of one class not being allowed to intrude upon another. Their appearance, as they sit upright, is very strange. They lay their eggs on the ground, or in holes. Their bill is moderate, strong, compressed, grooved on the sides, and slightly hooked at the top. The tail is long, of narrow, rigid feathers. The toes are long and strong. They are about as large as a stout duck, black above and white below, with a yellowish white crest on each side of the head, with red bill and feet. The Magellanic penguin is much longer than the other species, many of them weighing nearly thirty pounds, and measuring two feet in length.

There may be as honest a difference between two men as between two thermometers. The difference in both cases may arise from difference in position.

MISERY requires action—happiness repose.

University of Illinois

at

Generated a Public Doma

Google-digitized

TRUE.

THE fair, frail blooms which loved the sun Grew faint at touch of cold, And, chilled and pale, fell one by one Dead in the dust and mold.

And though the friends I once held dear Are far, or false, or flown, I need not grieve, for you are here-My hope, my love, my own!

SAVED BY LOVE.

CHAPTER I .- ALONE IN LIFE.



LMOST in the middle of that windswept plain which lies between Blois and Chartres, and dooms to unsightly monotony the central provinces of France, stands a small village, called St. Martin.

Flat, flat, dreary, bare, uninteresting. That is the traveler's impression as he crosses these monotonous plains, whereon a bush is a prominent feature, and a group of trees, what French people call an event. Uninteresting? Yes, to you who pass on and

go your way; but to those whose way it is to abide here, full of interest, life-stirring and terrible as any that ever formed the ground-work of historic dramas. Nearly opposite the little dilapidated church, with

its dumb clock, whose rusty hands eternally pointed to half-past three, and whose rusty, arrow-shaped weather-cock never swerved from N.N.W., stood a shop with barred door and closed shutters. Upon a broad stripe of dirty white, which extended all round the habitation, was inscribed, in big, black letters, the following legend:

WIDOW RAYNAL, GROCER AND VINTNER.

The shop formed the corner of the street, inasmuch as, whilst one side of it opened upon the street, the other had its windows upon a small, open space, terminating in a narrow, muddy lane, and the door of the shop itself formed the apex of the uncouth triangle, blunted and flattened by two uneven door-steps of gray stone. Just across the open space we have mentioned, some twenty or thirty yards square, rose a building three stories high, with a smart balcony to its first floor-a hotel, forsooth! not an inn, or an ale-house, or anything so rustic or unimportant-but a hotel, with a bran new sign, on which was blazoned forth, in gold upon bright blue, nothing less than the words, A l'Hôtel de l'Europe.

Yes; the flaunting house of cheer might well look down upon the gloomy house over the way, with its sealed entrances; for, behind those closed-up channels of light and life, there had passed a miserable series of woful scenes, which would only have been a shade more woful still, had the poor, hard-striving, utterly helpless, and, at last, despairing Widow Raynal, Grocer and Vintner, lived to witness them.

The Widow Raynal had not always been alone and a widow. Her history was that of many of the women of her class, and none the less sorrowful for that.

Some thirty years ago, Claude Raynal, the son of the landsteward of a wealthy proprietor near Chartres, started in life with what was called a good education, very little money, but the protection of his father's employer; and this very protection ruined him. Though his school-gains amounted to what might be deemed little enough, Claude proved, for his particular character, to have too much education, and too little money. He was always thinking of enjoyment without labor, and grew to be so convinced that mere protection could and ought to se cure for him all he desired, that when protection either could or would not do what he expected, he regarded himself as an injured man. One day, when he was somewhere about five and had died; she alone remained, healthy as far as mere health

twenty, his father announced to him that he had found a wife for him. The girl was the only child of a well-to-do peasant near Blois, was well brought up, not pretty, and would at her father's death inherit sundry strips and morsels of land—du bien! as the people of that class in France call it.

They married, and went to live with the peasant father near Blois. They had two or three children, and, in course of time, the two fathers both died, and Claude Raynal and his wife came into the enjoyment of whatever they were to be possessed of. The bits of land ruined them utterly, as land in such conditions ruins many thousands of petty proprietors in France. Claude fancied he had some aptitude for agriculture, and, not having land enough to test these aptitudes upon, he borrowed money to buy a bit or two more, and a very short time saw him beggared of almost everything he possessed. When the irretrievable ruin had set in, then, as invariably happens in such cases, began the martyrdom of the wife. This endured fifteen years, the one great marvel being how the poor wretched woman contrived to keep all their heads above water for such a long lapse of time Luckily, about two years before the period at which our story opens, Claude Raynal died, and-his wife regretted

Yes! Claude had been weak, lazy, ungrateful, useless-he had drained to the very dregs every resource which his helpmate had to dispose of, and had never thanked her; he had made her entire existence one long succession of various and unceasing toil, whilst he indulged in all the debauchery he could practice without falling under the clutch of the law; he had come across the path of this poor, striving, honest woman, and doomed her to incurable misery, and the only child that was left of thema girl-to total destitution.

Besides all this, too, the man's illness had cost money, for it had lasted long after repeated attacks of delirium tremens had enfeebled him; and his burial, which the widow resolved should be a decent one, cost something more, and her own strength momentarily shattered, was insufficient for the increased work demanded of it, and so the Widow Raynal had to sell the last of her small belongings, a cottage with its kitchen-garden, a source till now of gain.

When all was settled a small sum remained; it was very small, but it would vanish if not utilized. And accordingly the Widow Raynard decided upon purchasing the goodwill of the grocer's business belonging to the corner shop we have described in the village of St. Martin.

To do this, she had to borrow five hundred francs, her own meagre resources not sufficing, so she began her new business with her future profits already, to a certain degree, pledged. However, the old activity reawoke, and, at the end of a year, the widow was straining through her hardships, and had paid half her debt.

She had added to her grocery and odds-and-ends trade (all things generally from woolen stuffs, writing-paper, and fireworks down to marbles) a manner of wineshop, and in a side room there were two or three tables at which the wine of the country could be drunk, pipes smoked, and the Siècle read.

But one day the progress of our age asserted itself, and the house with a balcony, and three stories, and a bright blue sign, rose up over the way, and the Hotel de l'Europe overwhelmed the miserable drinking-shop opposite. The Hotel de l'Europe opened a café where absinthe was to be had, and wherein a counter of shining zinc mirrored itself in a glass with a gold frame, and the days of the wineshop were numbered.

The widow struggled still, for it was in her nature to do her utmost; but she struggled feebly, for, in the first place, the flesh was not equal to the will, and, in the next, she knew herself vanquished. The spirit of the time had beaten her, and she despaired, without knowing why.

A month before our tale opens, the Widow Raynal had died. By the side of the woman, whose life had been one long sacrifice, stood a girl of seventeen, utterly unknowing what the immediate future of life would be to her.

Madeleine Raynal was familiar with hardship. From the time she could receive impression the difficulty of living had impressed itself upon her. All the children born before her

University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

at

Generated a Public Doma

Life was a shipwrick to them, and a day lived through was a gain.

Madeleine was brought up as best she could be; sent to the salle d'asile from the age of two to that of seven, and to the communal school till she was fourteen. She could read, write, sew, and cast up accounts tolerably, but she was decreed to be a dull child, and so indeed she looked; and she was never anybody's pet or favorite. The Sisters never petted her, nor M. le Curé either, nor any of the ladies in the chateaux roundabout; and Madeleine grew up an unnoticed, uninteresting girl.

The Widow Raynal was beginning to think of what she could do with her daughter when she died-died suddenly.

At her mother's death Madeleine learned what it is to be destitute. She had only known privation hitherto, and though cold and hunger had approached her more than once, she did not know what it was to shiver and be without one log of wood or even warm ashes for the foot-pan, or to crave and be without one crust to still the craving. This it was which she learned when the Widow Raynal died.

As the half-yearly rent for the shop had been over-due more than a month, the proprietor took his precedence of other creditors, and seized. As the poor wooden coffin, borne on one man's shoulder, was carried out of the shop, the bailiff walked into it, and took possession of all it contained, except one bed.

When Madeleine came home from seeing her mother's remains put into the common grave of paupers, she found the men of law at their grim work; which was soon ended, there was so little to seize. The proprietor was not a bad man, and he said the girl might stay a few days. She tried to do so; and, for two days, continued to eat the small remains of food she

She thought that grief for her mother's loss possessed her; so it did till the animal wants came. But the cold (it was a sharp November) pinched her, and hunger gnawed at her, and the darkness and solitude frightened her, and, on the fourth day, she ran out, leaving the door open behind her, and darting over the threshold of a neighboring dwelling (the little sabotmaker's shop by the church across the road), she caught at the figure of a woman who was bending over a pot upon the fire, and, joining her hands, exclaimed:

"Oh, Madame Perrot!" and burst into a fit of convulsive sobbing.

The sabot-maker's mother, a widow also, and also very poor, took the unfortunate girl to her heart, warmed her, fed her, soothed her; and, with a charity which rarely fails women of the poorer classes in France, pre-

vented Madeleine Raynal from being crushed out of reason or life by the overwhelming sense of utter loneliness.

CHAPTER II.—THE APPEAL.

A MONTH went by, and the keen winds of the plains made the frosts of December more biting. Madeleine Raynal had been warmed and fed, and there was a low straw chair by the side of the fire in the sabot-maker's abode where the girl might be seen, day after day, cowering over the carefully covered

Those who remembered Claude Raynal, shrugged their shoulders contemptuously, and opined that the father's lazy, dependent character was fast coming out in the Poor Madame Perrot said nothing, uttered no reproach, went

on dividing her humble cheer with her guest, and sought vainly to find some employment by which Madeleine might earn her livelihood. She found nothing. But there was in the sabotmaker's dwelling some one who looked grudgingly on the portion of existence which was subtracted from the little household by Madeleine, and this was the sabot-maker himself. Denis Perrot was ten years older than Madeleine, and had once or twice, as a boy, taken notice of her. But Denis had met with an accident to his hip in the early autumn; an abscess had ensued, he had had to take to his bed, and, for the last three weeks, had been incapable of any work at all.

As he lay in his hed in the small room on the ground-floor, which was kitchen, shop, bedroom, everything, you might see him casting glances of fierce envy at Madeleine, as she took from his mother her bowlful of the soup, into which it cost so dear to put even pork, let alone a bone of beef with any flesh

The doctor had said that the invalid's strength must be kept up, and here was this stranger sapping this strength by her unconscious appetite. She was devouring what was to be the marrow of his bones. He hated her—one day he told her so. They were alone; and the hard words and bitter reproaches that issued suddenly from the lair, on which she thought Denis was sleeping, stung Madeleine to the quick, and roused whatever was dormant in her sluggish nature. Perhaps some spark of her mother's energy lay under the ashes, after all.

"You have no right to stay here," said, at last, the sick man, in a querulous tone. "You are eating my mother's substance; you should go away."

"Go where?" retorted Madeleine.

"I'm sure I can't tell," was the reply; "but somewhereanywhere. You ought to do something." "Do what?" asked the girl.

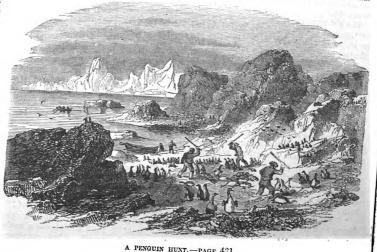
"Well, I'll tell you what," and Denis raised himself on his elbow with a sudden inspiration; "go up to the chateau yonder. This very morning, the gardener, Jean Louis, was down here about his sabots, and told how the ladies have as good as lost their maid, who has got the typhus fever. They're going up to Paris next week. Go and get 'em to take you as their maid. Go! that would be a rare fine thing."

The girl had risen to her feet, and was standing looking intently into the fire.

"A chambermaid?" she repeated, gloomily. "A servant? -a drudge!"

"Yes," growled the sabot-maker; "you'd rather beg than work—rather eat my food than work or your own!" There was a suppressed savagen as in his tone that overawed

"I will go and try, Denis," said she, submissively; she put on her shawl and her sabots, and went her way to the chateau.



A PENGUIN HUNT.-PAGE 431.

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

line. You went down the road from Blois to Tours, crossing the road from Tours to Chartres, and, on the other side, at the end of a long, straight, lime avenue, stood a massive building, in the style of Louis XIII., the habitation of the Comte Rene de Clavreuil, one of the four or five large landowners of the province, who lived there with his wife and only daughter during seven or eight months of the year.

It was past three when Madeleine set out on her errand; it would take her nearly an hour to get to Clavreuil, so she had to make haste, for the day was a lowering one, with dark clouds upon the horizon, and night falls early in December.

She walked quick, and reached the house before the clocks struck four. With some little trouble, she obtained admittance to the countess's presence, and began to recount the sad story of her life, and her mother's trials, before asking for anything definite; for it became apparent, even to her dull perceptions, that there was a terrible gulf between her own wretchedly clad person and the meanest domestic of this well-appointed household. She felt she must first interest her hearers. She tried to do so, and failed.

Madame de Clavreuil's reputation for charity stood firm and lofty in the neighborhood of St. Martin. There was no school, no asylum, no refuge, no foundation of any kind within twenty miles that did not count her among its patronesses. She was active and large-handed, and still fair to look upon, and all good Christians blessed her.

In the room into which Madeleine Raynal was shown everything breathed comfort and peaceful happiness. There was warmth and the perfume of sweet flowers, and pure women; and no goodlier sight could be well imagined than Madame de Clavreuil bending over her embroidery frame, on which glowed a magnificent priestly stole, and her young daughter Claire, who was reading aloud to her the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

When Madeleine entered, the countess looked up from her embroidery, her daughter laid down her book upon the table. Both ladies looked at the unattractive, meanly-dressed girl, and she felt that all courage, and nearly all coherence of thought had departed from her. She told her story lamely.

"Why did M. le Curé never speak to me of your mother, my poor child?" inquired Madame de Clavreuil, with a gentleness of tone and look that ought to have encouraged the petitioner, but did not do so.

"We scarcely knew him," was the reply; "he never came to us.''

"You should have gone to him," rejoined the lady.

"Mother had no time. " was all work at home. There were days when she was up at two o'clock in the morning, and there were nights when she never got to bed at all."

"And Sundays when you never went to church," interposed Madame de Clavreuil, not severely, but as though it pained her to sav it.

The girl hung her head.

"Madame la Comtesse," murmured she, "let alone the work, mother had not always clothes in which she could go to mass. She had been better off, and was ashamed."

Madame de Clavreuil shook her head.

"Ashamed!" she echoed, with a sigh—"ashamed to go to the house of God! I am afraid, Madeleine, that what has been said to me more than once was too true; that your poor mother relied too much upon herself, and not enough upon the only support that avails. It is a grievous fault; but we will hope that it is forgiven her. She died, having received all the sacraments, did she not?"

"All," answered Madeleine; adding, naively, "M. le Curé said all was quite in order; but I never saw him again since the funeral."

"You have lived since then at Mother Perrot's?" observed the countess; "M. le Curé could not go there. Denis Perrot is a noted scoffer, and his mother performs few or none of her religious duties."

"I was dying of want, and had not a crust when Mother Perrot took me in," objected Madeleine. "If she had not given me food, I must have starved in the street."

The Chateau de Clavreuil was about a mile off, in a straight | between Madame de Clavreuil and Madeleine Raynal would have been inclined to suppose that the dauntless energy and self-reliance of the poor dead widow had left to her child an inheritance of distrust. She was evidently distrusted because her mother had committed the impiety of over-trust in herself. All this time Claire de Clavreuil never took her eyes from Madeleine's face, but gazed at her with an intent and curious gaze.

After a short pause in the conversation:

"What can I do to help you?" said the countess, compassionately. "What was it you came to ask of me?"

Madeleine stared in amazement, for the original object of her visit had been driven momentarily out of her head, and the consciousness of her fearful needs brought it back to her with a shock. She blushed, and then turned pale, and, clasping her hands together:

"Oh, Madame la Comtesse," stammered she, "take me into your service."

Madame de Clavreuil put away her embroidery frame, and turned her chair half round, so as fully to front the supplicant. "Take you into my service?" she said, kindly; "but my poor

girl, what can you do?"

At this question, Madeleine revived as at the contact of a vague hope.

"What can I do?" she repeated, almost briskly; "I can read and write well, and do anything in the way of work. Oh! madame," she continued, emboldened, and coming nearer to the countess, "take me as your maid in place of Mademoiselle Celeste, who is so ill."

The difficulty was surmounted, the worst was done; she had made the request, and now she would struggle hard to obtain it. Madame de Clavreuil's first impression had been evidently one of blank surprise, and she instantly repressed it. It was succeeded by a look of pain and pity.

"The place of lady's-maid in Paris (and we shall be there next week) requires experience, which you have not," observed she, gently; "it would be impossible for you to fulfill its duties.

At the word impossible, the whole sense of her destitute position rushed back upon Madeleine, and lent her an energy which was not in her every-day nature.

"Oh, madame!" she cried, desperately, "try me. I can do more than you think, and I must starve if you do not take me!

Madame de Clavreuil made an imperceptible sign to her daughter, who left the room.

"Madeleine," said she, rising, and coming close to the petitioner, "your inexperience and incapacity are not the real reasons for my being unable to give you a situation in my house. The real reason is"—she hesitated—"the real reason is, that it would be giving a bad example."

The girl fixed her eyes upon her in speechless bewilderment. "My poor child," continued Madame de Clavreuil, with real compassion, and taking the girl's hand in hers, "you and your unfortunate mother have never set a good example. I do not accuse you of unbelief-God forbid!-but you never showed any piety; you have not been well-noted in your classes, my poor Madeleine. I do not speak of laziness, doggedness, hardness of disposition; those are human defects—but you have shown no love for our divine religion. You have set a bad example, Madeleine; it was remarked that you passed through your first communion with indifference, and for two years you have not been to confession. My poor girl, if I took you into my house I should be flying in the face of my duty, and doing an injustice. I have a daughter; my maid attends upon her. I could not allow—"

三年 四日日日日日

10

Ŋ

à,

14 a

"Madame la Comtesse," burst forth the girl, with sudden

fire, "no one living can say any harm of me."

"In a certain sense, none, Madeleine," was the reply; "but I should be rewarding a manifest neglect of religious duties if I engaged you in my service. I have, moreover, already promised Celeste's place to Justine Vaud."

"To Justine Vaud!" ejaculated Madeleine-"to the daughter of the carpenter, who has been saving money all his life?"

A casual spectator who should have witnessed this interview "And who is a model of picty," rejoined Madame de Clarreuil. "But, my dear child, I will come to your aid also,



I would

ty ad

ianis

ause be

de C 1100 3007 15 100 11/1 100 m729 di M g(r) 140

110% 1]; Fá le (c at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 http://www.hathitrust.org/access_ 3.1 174.I j. P 35. University of Illinois n, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ul Public Domain,

though in another way. Go home, be patient, offer up your sufferings to our Lord, go to the Sisters, go to M. le Curé; I will see them all to-morrow on your behalf, and be convinced that it is never too late to mend. Return to God with true fervor, and you may yet set a good example to those around

Madeleine wept, and knelt, and implored, but all in vain, and when she left Madame de Clavreuil's presence, she did so without hating her, for she knew Madame de Clavreuil was sincere.

In a passage leading toward the door, which opened on the steps descending into the stable-yard, a tall, slight figure brushed by, a light touch was laid on Madeleine's arm, and a

"My poor, poor girl-take this," and a small silver medal was put into her hand.

She looked up, and met the sweet, sympathizing, pure glance of Claire de Clavreuil.

"I have nothing else," said Claire; "but promise me to wear this always, and to pray fervently to the Blessed Virgin. She

The look was a dull, stupid one, with which Madeleine Raynal stared first at the medal and then at its giver, and before she could thank the latter, she was gone.

When Madeleine reached the stable-yard it was raining. She put her old gray shawl over her head, and went toward the gate

As she passed before an open door, she perceived two young men standing at it. They were in riding costume, rather bespattered with mud, and were apparently but just arrived. Why she stood still when she came close to them, she did not herself

"Who are you?" said one of the two. "Where do you come from? Do you want any one here?"

She came closer, and drew her shawl tighter over her head. "I am the Widow Raynal's daughter, from St. Martin," she replied, "and I am starving."

"Starving!" echoed he who had already spoken, but not in a particularly kind tone; however, he put his hand into his pocket, and, holding out a five-franc piece, "take that, then," he added, "though I confess I never exactly know what people mean when they talk of starving-nobody ever actually

"Yes, they do!" retorted Madeleinc, and, as she came nearer, the light of the lamp over the stable-door fell upon her

She left the yard slowly, lingeringly, and before she had done so, she overheard the following dialogue between the two young men:

"Good God! what a strange face," said one.

"Strangely ugly," said the other.

"Strangely, suriously beautiful!" replied the first

"That's what comes of being a painter," observed his friend. "You painters see what you call beauty in what is positively hideous."

"I see beauty when it is only latent," was the rejoinder. "Look at the form of that girl's mouth and nose and brow; look at the line of the eyebrows; it reminds one of the Medusa; how I should like to study that head! You, Olivier, only see the muddy, insignificant coloring; but feed the girl well, and you would soon see how she'd come out. She's only

"Br.r.r!" responded he who had been called Olivier. "I have no taste whatever for a hungry heroine. I tell you it is only you artists who see beauty in your dreams, and distribute it to those who have no trace of it in themselves. Besides, how can a woman be otherwise than ugly unless she is dressed: a sloppy, ragged, draggle-tail girl with a dirty shawl over her head is not a woman. Bah! my dear Henri, it may be hard and unchristian, and all that sort of thing, but the poor are always

The noblest spirits are those which turn to heaven not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy: like the lark, they wait for the clouds to disperse, to soar up into their native element.

THE SOUTH SEA MANIA.

In 1720 a great number of the English people indulged in ${\bf a}$ mania, which, even in these days of gigantic speculations, is looked upon with wonder. In that year a number of men, some rich, and others mere speculators, concocted a scheme to be called the South Sea Company. This they said was to be the richest company the world ever saw, every £100 stock being guaranteed to produce a large income to the stockholders.

Exchange Alley was the scat of the gambling fever; it was blocked up every day by crowds, as were Cornhill and Lombard street with carriages.

On the day the bill was passed by Parliament the shares were 316; next day they fell to 290. Within five days after, the directors opened their books for a subscription of a million, at the rate of £300 for every £100 capital; and this first subscription soon exceeded two millions of original stock. In a few days the stock advanced to 340, and the subscriptions were sold for double the price of the first payment. Then the directors announced a mid-summer dividend of ten per cent. upon all subscriptions. A second subscription of a million at 400 per cent. was then opened, and in a few hours a million and a half

Innumerable bubble companies soon started up, by which one million and a half, sterling, was won and lost in a very short time. The absurdity of the schemes was monstrous. One was 'a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know where it is." In all these bubbles, persons of both sexes alike engaged—the men meeting their brokers at taverns and coffee-houses, and the ladies at the shops of milliners and haberdashers; and, in Exchange Alley, shares in the same bubble were sold, at the same instant, ten per cent. higher at one end of the Alley than the other. Yet the South Sea Stock was quoted at 550, and in four days it rose to 890; then fell to 600; but was finally raised to 1,000 per cent., and then fell to 700. The alarm now increased, and, in a few days, the price fell to 400. This occasioned a great run upon the bank, which was saved by the intervention of a holiday; but the South Sea Company was wrecked, and its stock fell to 150.

The Government were now implored to punish the directors, though the ministers were far from blameless, and the nation was as culpable as the company. It was gravely recommended in Parliament that the people, having no law to punish the directors, should treat them like Roman parricides—tie them in sacks, and throw them into the Thames!

The cry out-of-doors for justice was equally loud. Mr. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Craggs, were openly accused. Five directors, including Mr. Edward Gibbon, the grandfather of the celebrated historian, were ordered to the custody of the Black Rod. Meanwhile, Knight, the treasurer of the company, taking with him the books and documents, and secrets of the directors, escaped, disguised, in a boat on the Thames, and was conveyed thence to Calais in a vessel hired for the purpose. Two thousand pounds reward was, by royal proclamation, offered for his apprehension. The doors of the House of Commons were locked, the keys were placed upon the table, and the inquiry proceeded. The South Sea directors and officers were secured; their papers were seized, and such as were Members of Parliament were expelled the house, and taken into custody.

Our illustration on page 436 is a faithful transcript of a scene of daily occurrence in Change Alley, a narrow court leading from Cornbill, and where the once famous Garraway's coffee-house is situated. This renowned resort still exists, with very little alteration. As our readers will perceive from the sketch, the fair sex was equally bitten with this madness for speculation. Women of rank waited half the day, and strove with all their blandishments to secure a preference.

A hunchback made a large sum of money by letting out his hump as a writing-desk to the various brokers and dealers. In a word, it was a repetition of the Mississippi bubble, the calamitous effect of which did not seem to teach wisdom, although almost contemporaneous.

BIRTHDAYS. — Keep the birthdays religiously. They belong exclusively to, and are treasured among, the sweetest memories

and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside "little Charlie," who is "six to-day," and is soon "going to be a man." Fathers who have half a dozen little ones to care for,



THE SOUTH SEA MANIA. - PAGE 435.

The special pudding is made expressly for them; a new jacket, the children years after, they would never or trowsers with pockets, or the first pair of boots, are donned; step between them and a parent's privilege.

so light, to show that it is remembered. Birthdays are great when they are busy, and sometimes when they are "nervous." events to children; for one day they feel that they are herished by events to children; for one day they feel that they are beroes.

The special pudding is made expressly for them a new idea. the children years after, they would never permit any cause to e" to be care in

"THEN SHE LIFTED HER WHIP, AND STRUCK HIM WITH IT ACROSS THE BAD, BEAUTIFUL FACE." SEPARATION.

FILL high, my friends! to-night is ours, To-night, kind speech and cordial hand; To-morrow-and the early showers Blot from our eyes the lessening strand.

Fill high to those who love us well, Or seem to love us—who can know to Oh, folly! for our last farewell Shall be forgotten ere we go.

And whom should our departing grieve? Such guests are borne by every wind. We-what are we-that hope to leave Remembrance and regret behind?

Only too pleasant was the shore, Too sweet its songs, too fair its smiles; And well for us that sail and oar Shall bear us from these golden isles;

Shall bear us down to other skies, Past barren shores, through adverse foam, Until there vanish from our eyes This vision of a happy home!

"LORENE."

BY MISS F. HODGSON.

I THREW down my "David Copperfield" in a sort of despair. "Who is Lorene?" I asked.

They had been talking of Lorene for a week, and yet she was a myth to me. "Lorene is coming," they said. "Lorene will be here on Friday." "When Lorene comes," etc. Even six year old Flo had something to say about this wonderful visitor. "Who is Lorene?" I repeated, and my tone was half-impatient.

My good sister looked up from the miraculous pattern she was braiding on the dress of my fifth niece.
"Lorene is Gracie's favorite mystery. She can answer your

Vol. XXIV., No. 6-24

Gracie, niece number one, was a pretty, enthusiastic girl of sixteen years old, and had only just returned from Boulogne, where she had been educated. She was standing at the table before a heap of glossy, dark-green leaves, which she was twining into a wreath to decorate the chamber of this same Lorene.

"She is so beautiful!" was her somewhat indefinite answer to my inquiring glance.
"But who—" I began.

"That is it," she interrupted. "I don't know who she is." "Rather a strange state of affairs," I commented.

"You see," said Gracie, explanatorily, "she was at school with me at Boulogne, and when I was taken ill she was kind to me. If you could but see her!" dropping the wreaths with a pretty, excited face. "Ah, Uncle Philip, I am sure she has a story!"

I smiled. This was the secret of the great enthusiasm. A schoolgirl friendship, whose object was supposed to have a romantic history

"My dear child," I moralized, "every woman has a story. "How old is your heroine?"

"Nineteen," said Gracie. "But she looks like a child. Madame Duprez says she is the daughter of an Indian officer. A gentleman brought her to the establishment three years ago, and she has never left it since. She has a great deal of money, but she never receives letters from home, and never says anything about her parents. Babette, the head waitress, told me that a man brought her in a carriage very late one night, and that she fainted three times in the parlor. The girls used to make up romances about her, and tell them after we went to Loria Marcelli told us one about the Vendetta that made us all scream, and the English governess heard us, and put us on the 'no pudding' list for breaking dormitory rules."

"That is so like a party of schoolgirls," I said. "Here is a pretty, reserved little creature, whose friends prefer she shall finish her education before returning home, and accordingly waitress, laundress, and pupils pounce upon her as a fit model for the heroine of a twelve act tragedy. My dear, I have not the slightest doubt but that your friend will tell me her girlish history before she has known me a month."

Gracie shook her head.

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

her."

word about herself."

"When is she coming?" I asked, turning my attention to "Mr. Micawber" again.

"Friday, we think. Uncle Philip, you will fall in love with

But I was too much engrossed in the history of David's reunion to heed the prophecy.

Later in the evening, as I lay on the sofa, preparing myself for a composing siesta, my charming young niece came to me.

"Uncle Philip," she said, twisting her belt stud in the nervous way girls have, "I want to ask you a favor."

Gracie was my favorite niece, and noticing that she seemed rather more earnest than usual, the interest I always took in her little whims became heightened.

"What is it, my dear?" I asked.

"I want you to promise to like Lorene," she said. "I did not tell you everything this morning, because it would not be fair to disclose what I learned by accident; but I—I think she needs a friend, Uncle Philip, I do, indeed." (The dear child's eyes were actually full of tears.) "And I should be thankful if you would try to love her. She is very young and lovely, and she has no mother."

"Have you tried to help her yourself, Gracie?" She hesitated a little.

"I have tried my best," she said, blushing. "But, you see, Uncle Philip, I am not as wise as you are, and I could only love her and try to show her that I wanted to make her happy."

I drew the loving young face down to mine.
"Kiss me, dear child," I said. "If your friend has need of a brother she shall find one in me. Ah, little Gracie," I said, watching her as she left me, "how much wiser you are with your soft, loving eyes and sweet sympathy than a sage who might read this girl's secret at a glance."

A few days after the expected visitor came.

I had been absent all morning, and on my return was told by Flo that " Miss Maynewaring was in the parlor, and had a brown dress on."

I do not know why it was, I am sure, but I actually stood at the door holding the handle in my hand for five minutes before I turned it.

A girl was standing by the fire, resting one elbow on the marble mantel pillar, and looking down at Gracie, who sat on the rug at her feet. A straight, slender schoolgirl, in a dress of sombre brown, relieved only by a frill of soft white lace at the throat. A soft, dusky skin, with a rich color burning upon cheek and lip, great dusky eyes, almost hidden under heavy down-drooping lashes, and thick hair thrown back and fastened loosely in a gilded net.

It was easy to understand Gracie's worship of her, for, child as she was, she looked like a young sultana or some rajah's

But I was a man, and the days of my romance were over, so, as I looked at her from shapely foot to graceful head, I decided that my niece's heroine was only a reserved girl with a wonderful passionate power to be developed.

But the moment after I had made my decision she caught sight of me as I stood in silence. A little start, a slow dilation of the intense eyes, and then her face quietened.

"She has a story," I said, inwardly. "No woman is terrified at the sight of a stranger without cause."

Gracie had seen me, too, and rose with a pleased exclama-

"This is Uncle Philip," she said. "And, Uncle Philip, this is Lorene-I ought to say Miss Maynewaring."

I took the slight, soft hand in mine, wondering at the strange

expression of relief which seemed to have crept upon her face. "Gracie's friends are always my friends," I said. "Miss Maynewaring, let me welcome you to London and The Heights."

All the day I watched her closely, and in watching learned to pity her. The shadowy eyes were filled with a vague fear, the girlish mouth curved with an uncertain restlessness, which was terrible in one so young.

As Gracie said, a stranger would never have imagined her to be more than a mere child, for, in spite of her nineteen years, that lay upon her fair young life?

"I wish she would. Why, Uncle Philip, she never says a her secluded schoolgirl life showed itself plainly, not in gaucherie, it is true, but in a certain girlish reserve. With my thirty years of experience I could afford to look upon her as a child, and this made my efforts at gaining her friendship more successful than they could have been with a more matured woman.

> A few weeks' watching and kindly, unobtrusive attention and her sensitive shyness wore off, and she seemed to begin to understand and have a sort of confidence in me.

> "I thought you were very much older than you are, Mr. Carlyon," she said to me one day, lifting her large, sombre eyes to my face with the grave childishness which was peculiar to her. "When Gracie said 'Uncle Philip,' I fancied you were an old man."

"Are you glad or sorry that you were mistaken?" I asked her.

"Glad," she answered, a little shyly. "If you had been an old man I am afraid you would not have liked me, and you know I am so lonely that I need friendship more than other

"But have you no friends?"

"Ah, yes. At Boulogne every one was kind to me."

That was not what I wanted.

"But I mean relatives. Lorie, how is it you never tell me of your life in India? I should think it was the most interesting portion of your history."

I had expected to see her look startled, but I was not prepared for the agitation that showed itself at my speech.
"I cannot tell you about it," she said, passionately, the hot

blood flashing to her face almost as though in a fierce shame. "I hate it, I hate it! Oh, I hate it!"

I hardly knew what to say, so I dropped the subject quietly; but this much I had learned, that, if there was a tragedy in her life, it had been enacted before she left her father's home.

But a little later another link was added to the chain. We had been talking of family jewels, and in a pretty, girlish

pride, which was very becoming, Lorie brought some quaint, rich ornaments to show to me. They were in a curious, heavy case, evidently of Indian workmanship, and the gems themselves were antique and rare to a wonder. Great, massive blocks and claws of gold, set with emeralds and pearls, and one long, slender serpent with ruby eyes and crest.

Gracie was kneeling before her, and as she took the things out held them up, one after another, for my admiration. Suddenly, a little cry of glee broke from her, and she caught up a slender chain of brilliants that linked together two hearts of gold.

"What a bon-bon of prettiness!" she exclaimed. "Where did the little beauties come from? They were not here a minute ago.''

Lorene glanced up with an almost terrified face.

"They were in a letter," she said, "and must have fallen out. I do not see it now. Please, find it for me, Mr. Carlyon."

It was not necessary to search long, for it was lying at her feet; but as I picked it up, I saw that a picture had half-slipped from the envelope—the picture of a man with scarlet lips, and a scornful, wicked, handsome face.

ŧ

4

1,

ù

ì

4

.

ì

I handed it to her without speaking, but looking down at her steadily and unflinchingly.

Her very lips were white, her extended hand trembled, and her head drooped aside wearily before my inquiring gaze.

She was a woman in years, but a very child in worldly knowledge, and her innocence had made her so dear to me that I was filled with a sorrowful pity. .

Was there anything of shame in her story? I could not, nay, I would not let the thought make itself a possibility.

I turned away in silence, leaving the girls to themselves, and

went to my room. I had decided long ago that she had a story, but I had never

imagined it could have such a connection as this. Had she no friend in whom she could confide? Did she bear all the weight of her sad mystery alone? Poor child! So young and tenderso much at the mercy of the world! What was the blight Lif.

20

2

. شعق 12 172 7E 35 6

My heart had ached for her a thousand times before, but to- sent to her, apparently without any previous notice or afternight, as the shadowed eyes had dropped away from mine, full remark. of mute pleading, my very soul cried out for pity.

I had been in my room about an hour when Grace came to the

"I am obliged to go out," she said, timidly. "Uncle Philip, won't you, please, go and talk to Lorene while I am away.

Grace had made no exclamation when I found the picture, but I could read in her troubled face that she had seen it. Perhaps this sudden plea of business was a little innocent diplomacy to give me the chance to see her friend alone. However that was, I availed myself of the opportunity.

I found Lorie sitting on a low chair before the fire, leaning her head upon her slender hand, and looking into the glowing coals. The jewel casket lay upon her lap, the crested snake twined itself round her slight wrist, and the linked hearts lay on her palm.

She did not notice my entrance, so I went behind her and laid my hand on the back of her chair.

"Gracie says I must entertain you during her absence. May I, or are your dreams sufficient amusement?"

"I had forgotten I was dreaming," raising the dusky eyes; "but I had thought you had gone out, too, Mr. Carlyon." I drew a low divan to her side, and, seating myself, took the ornament from her hand.

"I have heard it said that every trinket has its romance. What story can this bijou tell?"

"A bitter one," she answered, lowly, the flush reddening her cheek again.

I did not speak at first, but the next moment I bent over her, and caught her hands in mine.

"What is this mystery?" I demanded, with a quick passion. "Child, child, what is this shadow that has darkened your

I had not intended to speak, but the mist of unshed tears in her eyes, the weary ring in her voice, forced the words from me. She drew her hands away with a passionate gesture, pushing the

casket from her knee.

"I cannot tell you," she said. "I cannot—cannot. I thought you were my friend. Oh, why do you ask me?"

"Because I am your friend," I cried. "Because I love you."

She rose to her feet, and stood before me, holding up her hands with a motion that had something of horror in it.

"Hush, hush!" she exclaimed; "you don't know what you are saying. I dare not listen to you. Let me go!" for I had drawn her to my arms, and was holding her there.

"Not until you have told me the truth. Have you no trust in me?

But she turned her face away.

"I have said I cannot tell you. I dare not. Oh, Mr. Carlyon, pity me—save me from myself!"

She was shuddering from head to foot, and her large eyes were almost pitcous in their appeal. I loosened my grasp, and she slipped into the chair as though she had been powerless

"Loric," I said, "you are a child, and I aman with a worldly experience. Is it right to throw away my proffered assistance? Is there no chance that I might help you?"

"None," she said—" none. There is no help for me."

I saw my questions only tortured her, and so became silent. Whatever it was, her trouble was beyond my grasp.

I did not speak to her on the subject again, but as the weeks passed on I tried to win her trust. I had no hope that she would tell me the secret willingly, but I wished that when the time came that she needed a friend and brother, she might feel that she could turn to me for help. I think in time the dear child grew to love me, for she seemed to try to show that she understood me and was grateful. Little Grace and I were leagued together to make her forget herself; and sometimes I fancied that we were almost successful, and that her face had grown more restful and quiet.

We had persuaded her not to return to Boulogne until the ensuing summer, and she had consented. There seemed to be no controlling power over her. When she needed money it was

We knew that her father was an officer in the Indian service, and that she had been sent to Europe for her health, but more than this none of us had learned.

She had been with us three months when a letter came to her bearing a foreign postmark. If she had been in the habit of receiving letters frequently, I should not have noticed it, but as this was the first that had reached her since the commencement of her visit, I observed it particularly. It was enclosed in a narrow envelope, and scaled with a tiger's head on yellow wax. We were at the breakfast-table when it arrived, and as I handed it to her, I saw her eyes widen as with absolute

She opened it, and a slip of paper fell upon the carpet. She picked it up, mechanically, read it, and then rose from her chair and left the parlor, crushing it in her hand.

From that time such a change came over her as astonished us. She seemed to have cast off her old self utterly, and blossomed into the sweet happiness which was natural to her youth. The rare girlish face, with its rich glow of color and its dusky eyes, bloomed like some gorgeous tropical flower. Quaint humor and pretty whims began to flash through the old vail of timid reserve. Instead of being silent, she was brilliant and gay, brightening the whole house with her presence.

Her secret appeared to be forgotten completely, and sometimes she would even tell us stories of her past life. In the long, dark evenings she would bring Gracie into my study, and, sitting on the hearth-rug, with her pretty hands clasped, would relate weird Eastern legends of gods and Brahmins that her ayah had told her in her babyhood.

She was so pretty and winning, with her fanciful conceits and childish whimsicalities, so different to any other woman! It would be hard to say how dear she was to me—harder still to tell how anxiously, almost fearfully, I watched her, hoping that at last I might win her for my own. As I look back upon the past, a stanza of Poe's "Annabel" rises in my mind:

" She was a child and I was a child, In this kingdom by the sea."

I loved her so that I was content to let the mystery rest, trusting her completely.

One winter morning, she came into my sitting-room, as she often did, to show me a poem that had pleased her. She was ready dressed for a ride; her heavy robe swept the carpet in great folds, her cheeks bloomed like vivid scarlet roses, her eyes were glowing like stars.

She was in one of the rare sweet moods that ruled her so often, and she laid the book upon the table, smiling.

"I want you to read it to me before I go," she said. "I want to think of it while I am out."

It was one of her quaint fancies that I must read some poem to her every morning.

I took up the book, smiling. The piece was a selection from the "Idylls of the King":

" Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain, And sweet is death, who puts an end to pain; I know not which is sweeter—no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? Then bitter death must be. Love, art thou bitter? Sweet is death to me. Oh, love, if death be sweeter, let me die."

"Why did you choose that?" I asked, when I had finished. 'It is too sad."

"I don't know," with the fringed lids drooping, thoughtfully. "It has been ringing in my mind all the day like some mournful echo."

There was a pause, in which she stood by me with downcast eyes, toying with the handle of her whip. Presently she looked

up with a deeper flush on her cheek, and spoke, hesitatingly:
"Sad as it is, once it would have seemed truth to me. Mr. Carlyon, the time has come when I think I can answer the question you asked me."

I knew that she alluded to the mystery, and my heart thrilled with a passionate, hopeful happiness.

"I want you to know the truth." she said, with a little sadness threading her voice. "I want to feel that you know the truth. Ah! Mr. Carlyon, you have trusted me so long, I wonder if you will trust me when I have told you all."

Her slender hands were outstretched with an unconscious gesture, which had a world of pleading in it. I clasped them in mine, and drew her to my side.
"Dear child," I whispered, "I love you."

I had learned my fate. She did not speak, only waited with a fluttering color and down-drooping lids, and, for the first time, I bent and kissed her.

"I will tell you all when I return," she said, shyly, at last-"if I may, Mr. Carlyon."

When she had gone, I returned to my work, employing myself busily, and at last finishing my task, flung myself on the sofa by the window to await her coming. She had not intended to be absent long, and I could while away the time with my dreaming

Ah, the fair hope that rose in my heart, the tender thoughts of the past, the tender dreaming of the future!

My blossom! my love! my sweet-faced darling! Could it be that she was mine at last, that the fair, innocent life was given into my hands for ever? I had dreamed an hour away, and still lay on the lounge, when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the road. It was Lorene. Gracie had not gone with her, as I had expected, and she was alone. No, not alone; for as she rode swiftly up the avenue, I saw that a man followed her, urging his horse to a furious gallop.

What was the matter? I rose to my feet. The girl's face was

blanched to an awful pallor, her hands clinched upon the reins, her eyes dilated and flashing. It seemed almost a race for life. She did not glance backward, only struck her horse as though to invite him to fresh efforts. It had been a fierce struggle at first, but when she reached the terrace, she sprang from the animal's back, and, holding the whip in her hand, turned and stood waiting her pursuer's coming, like some wild hunted thing at bay. "Why did you not go to her?" you ask.

Why not? Because, as the man slackened his speed and came nearer, I saw that his was the wicked, handsome face whose

counterpart lay hidden in the jewel-casket, the same bad, handsome face, with the scarlet lips curved downward in a scornful

I was going to hear the story, indeed.

He dismounted, and, flinging his reins back, stood before her, smiling still.

"Well!" he said, coolly-"well!"

She caught up the word with an indrawn breath that had a hot, fierce defiance in it:

" Well !"

"Is it well?" he asked, in the low, musical voice. "To Shakespeare, or Byron, or somebody else, or the prayer-book, we are indebted for the pathetic sentiment, 'Not dead, but sleeping.' And so you thought you were a charming young widow, mon amie?'

She did not speak; she waited a moment, with all the hot, tropical blood staining her cheek and blazing in her eyes. Then she lifted her whip, and struck him with it across the bad, beautiful face.

He wrenched it from her with a contemptuous exclamation, snapped it in two, and flung the pieces far on to the lawn.

"Bah!" he said. "Scenes from 'Aurora Floyd' have become stafe; try something original, my angel. Three years at Boulogne have not improved you."

"What do you want of me?" she demanded, sharply. "Love or money?"

He laughed again.

"Madame Duprez has not improved you," he said. "I observe you are emotional. Tragedy becomes comedy in private life. What a pity you were brought up in the jungles! Love, did you say? Hardly. Money? Not yet. Doubtless that will come all in good time. I merely wished to let you know I was still living and in the flesh, thinking that, taking your new flame into consideration, it might interest you-nothing more. Being a moral character myself, and opposed to bigamy as a general rule, I fancied I might be doing you a service."

She dropped her face upon the marble balustrade of the terrace when first he spoke, now she lifted it, and gazed at him for a moment in passionless silence.

"Come into the house," she said, and turned away.

I knew that she was coming to me, and in a few moments I heard her footsteps in the hall.

She did not knock at the door, but opened it without summons, and came straight to my side.

I took her little cold hands in mine with a wild longing to give her strength.

"I have heard it all," I said. "Is this true?"

She raised her white face in a very passion of despair.

"It is all true. I have been his wife for three years. I thought he was dead. Now you know what my misery has been. God help me!"

"For three years!"

"Yes. I was only sixteen when he came. A motherless child, without a friend in the world but my foolish old ayah, and she, in her ignorance, brought my childish madness to its completion. We were married privately, and when my father discovered our secret he separated me from him and brought me to Boulogne. Before I had been his wife a month, child as I was, I knew that he would be the curse of my life. When my ayah sent me the notice of his death, I thought that the shadow was lifted and that I might find rest at last; but he has hunted me down."

I was silent a moment.

"Wait here," I said at last. "I will go and see him."

I found the man in the parlor.

"Listen here," he said, when I had spoken to him. "When I married that girl I made a fool of myself. She was a little innocent baby, and for the time, I dare say, I loved her. Well, in time, like many a better man, I tired of her schoolgirl prettiness, and when cher papa discovered the truth and sent her to Boulogne, I won't pretend to say that I was absolutely disconsolate. Unlike the inconvenient husband in novels, I don't want money; and my coming here to-day was as much a whim as anything else. I may be a scamp, possibly something of a scoundrel, but la belle Lorene has been my wife, and a somewhat inconsistent consideration for her innocence inspired me with a wish to warn her that at present it would not be in strictaccordance with the rules of propriety to form another alliance. If I had been a better man, I should, I dare say, have loved her more truly, and we might have been enjoying ourselves on the jungle à la Darby and Joan. As it is, I acknowledge I am going to the devil with great dispatch; still, I don't want to drag her with me. I am not going to bore the child. You may keep her if you want her, and when I have filled out the list of my enormities (which I shall doubtless do in a year or so), I dare say she will make you a good wife, as wives go. I don't want any scenes; they bore me. You can tell her what I have said. I believe I have made all necessary observations. If you have nothing more to suggest, I will bid you a very good-evening.'

I looked at the man in astonishment. He might have been speaking of some puppet, so utterly and coolly did he fling away

all responsibility

"And you do not wish to see her again?" I asked.

He shook his head, with a nonchalant smile.
"No; I start for Baden to-morrow, and leave you to make my adieu. It occurs to me that in so doing I display both good taste and consideration."

I watched him mount his horse and ride away, and then went back to Lorene.

The room was dark, and I could barely see her, as she knelt by the couch, her arms flung out, her head resting upon them.

"Lorene," I said, "come here to me." She rose and came to me, and stood with clasped hands, like

a little wearied child. I drew her into the firelight and raised her face.

"Do you know that he has gone?"

She bent her head, without speaking. "Do you think that you can trust me?" I went on. "Trust

me wholly ?"

"Will you promise that whatever I tell you to do you will



remember that I love you and adore you as I would a dear little sister?"

She began to shiver, clinging to my hands tightly, and

the ter-

him to

ut sea

ging b

क्ष्म क्रि

theile

d mi

Stor

ythis

A11 6

"Tie

H

ilps

tk

Ibi

113

igi

17 DE

100

龍

10

推

15

She began to shiver, clinging to my hands tightly, and the thick sobs almost smothered her voice as she whispered her answer:

"Yes, I will remember."

She was so near to me, and yet so far away. My darling, my little darling! So near to me, and yet I might not stretch forth my arms and fold her in them.

"You are very young," I said, hoarsely; "but you must look this sorrow bravely in the face. I think it would be better that you should return to Boulogne with Gracie for a year, and then perhaps we may both be able to accept our crosses more calmly. Are you willing to do this?"

She only answered as before, with a weary, listless assent, and, after placing herself in a chair, I went to Grace.

I thought the dear child's heart would have broken when I told her the story. In a moment she was with Lorene, kneeling before her, with both arms flung round her waist, kissing her bent face, and sobbing out her love and pity in a thousand little tender, caressing words.

"Oh, my love, my dear!" she cried. "Oh, my darling! if I could save you from this pain!"

With Lorene's consent, my sister was told all, and, with her womanly sympathies, she took the poor child to her heart.

From the time he had discovered her marriage, Lorene's father, a proud, haughty man, had cast her off, say ing that when he left her at school he washed his hands of her as regarded all but pecuniary matters. He supplied her liberally with money, but apart from that had left her to herself.

It was arranged that the two girls should return to school together, and, in a sort of silence, all the necessary preparations were made. A week after that sad day we left London for Boulogne.

"I will take care of her, Uncle Philip," promised tearful little Gracie, when I bade her good-by.

Lorene had fallen back into her old self, silent and watching, the old, sad sha-



THE BLIND RAT AND HIS FRIEND.—PAGE 443.



A POMERANIAN DOG.—PAGE 443.

dow of fear and pain darkening her weary eyes.

"Remember that I love you," I said to her at the last; "remember that whatever happens, you may trust to me."

"You have been very kind," with wistful eyes. "I never knew what it was to have a friend before, Mr. Carlyon. I shall always trust you."

When I returned home, it seemed as though the whole world had darkened. The very house was haunted by the presence of the dark, girlish face, every room echoed with the soft, low laughing. Here on the piano lay her music, here on the rug by the fire she used to sit with clasped hands, dreaming or telling us the quaint Oriental stories.

Once in my room I came upon the volume of Tennyson she had brought me on that eventful morning. It had slipped behind a lounge, and lay open, with a dead flower marking her poem:

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain; And sweet is death that puts an end to pain.

I know not which is sweeter, no not I."

I laid it away reverently, just as I had found it, and in someway for days after the words rose in my mind and haunted me, as she had said, like a mournful echo.

Letters came to us every week, sometimes from Lorene, but oftener from Gracie. It seemed as though my little niece had changed, she had grown so thoughtful.

"How can I be thoughtless," she wrote to me, in her pretty, tender way, "when my dear love is so sad, and I cannot help her. Oh, if I only could! She is like a tired child, and I cannot rouse her. Her face has grown so white and her beautiful eyes so dark with pain. Sometimes I think she must be ill, but she says she does not suffer."

But as the year grew, Gracie wrote oftener of Lorie's seeming sickness, saying that she appeared weak and weary, and could not be roused from her apathy, and at last there came a letter putting an abrupt end to the strange dram

"She has gone back to India," said Gracie. "Her father came and took her away with him. I enclose a letter she asked me to deliver to you."

"My father has forgiven me," the letter ran, "and wishes me to return home with him. What can I say to you to show you how thankful I am for your kindness, to convince you how impossible it would be for me to forget it? If I have ever unconsciously pained you, please try to forgive me now; and sometimes when you sit by the fire in the twilight I loved so well, think of the lonely little girl who had no friend but you.

"LORENE."

Nothing more—nothing which I might use as a clue to her whereabouts. When I had read it I put the letter back in its envelope, and laid it away out of sight, drawing a deep sigh over the strange chapter in my history, which seemed to have broken off disconnectedly before its closing.

Gracie came back from school in a few months, sweet and affectionate as ever, but she had very little to tell me.

"He was a very stern-looking man, Uncle Philip," she said, speaking of Lorie's father. "But when he saw Lorie he took her in his arms, and called her 'my darling,' and 'my little daughter;' and he sent for me and kissed me, and he took us both to Paris and showed us the lions before they left Europe. I think he was sorry that he had been so cruel, he was so kind to dear Lorie. Perhaps she may be happy, after all."

"But did she not ask you to write to her?" Gracie blushed.

"She came into my room the last night she staid at school," she answered, in a low tone, "and, Uncle Philip, she knelt on the floor by mc in the moonlight, and put her arms around me, and cried, with her face on my lap. She said she had been a little lonely girl, and no one had loved her, for her mother was dead. Her old ayah was a foolish, ignorant woman, and thought it would be a fine thing for her baby to marry so young, and when that wicked man came he seemed to love her so that she went to him." Gracie's arms were round my neck, and her soft cheek was pressed against mine as she whispered the rest of her story. "And, Uncle Philip, she learned to love you, and she was afraid that if she received letters from us it might make her forget that she had no right to think of you as she once did. Was that wrong?"

"No, dear," I said, huskily, and, kissing her, I broke from her twining arms, and went away.

My little innocent darling-my own pure heart!

Two years had passed, and I was sitting at the window of an hotel in Paris, listening to the rhapsodies of Gracie's favorite cavalier. Gracie was a full-fledged young lady, now, with a whole retinue of courtiers, and great reputation for belle-dom; but she was Gracie still, sweet and tender-hearted, and still cherishing the old affection for Uncle Philip. We had been

traveling together in Europe for several months.
"Gracie will enjoy it," said my good sister, and accordingly the young lady was delivered into my hands.

We had sauntered on the banks of the Rhine, and pretended to be connoisseures of art in Rome. Like the celebrated Mrs. Gill, who was "very ill, and said nothing would improve her," we

"Had been to see the Tuileries, And pattered through the Louvre."

We had criticised the Vatican, and become enthusiastic on the lighting of the great St. Peter's. We had decided that Naples was charming, and that Venice the real, compared with the ideal Venice of the stay-at-homes, was rather a failure. Its palaces were dingy, and the gondolas had too substantial an appearance; besides that, instead of being superb young noblemen, habited in the somewhat thin disguise of a black velvet cloak and a guitar, the gondoliers were sturdy, commonplace individuals, who evinced a mercenary disposition to look sharply after their pay.

To tell the truth, we both agreed that, to use Gracie's words, "It was ever so much nicer in books." But, at last, we were in Paris again, and Tresham was bashfully eulogizing Gracie's beauty and Gracie's riding.

"I never saw more than one woman who rode like her, and loved you always."

-'' A stop, and then an exclamation of surprise. "Jove, shethere she goes. Look down the street, Carlyon. Mrs. Ingestre, you know, the old major's daughter!"

An old gentleman was cantering slowly by, and at his side rode a slender, supple-figured girl, on a spirited black horse.

I drew a sharp breath; for, as they passed, I noted a graceful, dusky throat, heavy, down-drooping lids, and a fame of tropical crimson, such as never glowed on any girlish cheek but one.

"Go on," I said, knocking the white ashes from my cigar. "What were you saying?"

"I was only going to say that, girl as she is, she is a widow. Some scamp eloped with her; or, rather, married her clandestinely when she was a mere child; and, when her father found the affair out, he brought her to Boulogne, to keep her out of his way. She finished her education, and then went back to India. She has only lately returned to Europe. Fellow's name was Ingestre; a regular scamp. From the third month of their marriage she never saw him for years. But, a few weeks ago, there was quite a furore among her friends, for a man, who had been stabbed at some gambling table, sent f-r la belle Lorene to come to him. It was her husband, and he died that night; so, you see, the poor girl is free at last."

I put my hand up to my throat, and unloosed my necktie.

"A glass of water, if you please," I said, in answer to Tresbam's astonished glance; and, when he gave it to me, I swallowed it without a word. An hour after I stood at Gracie's door, knocking for admittance.

"I have seen Lorene," I said, excitedly. "She is in Paris. Gracie, her husband, is dead."

I can hardly remember how the rest of the day passed. I have some faint recollection of wandering about the streets, vainly endeavoring to discover Major Maynewaring's address, and of my anxiety being at last ended by Tresham marching into the hotel in the evening, with a cigar in his mouth.

"If you want an introduction to Mrs. Ingestre, prepare yourself for a visit this evening. I have procured cards for the Delauny's reception, and the major is sure to be there;" and then I remember standing in the crowded, brilliantly-lighted hall, and Tresham was saying:
"There she is. This way, Carlyon. Mrs. Ingestre, you

know.'

Lorene, just as I had seen her first, as she leaned against the marble mantel pillar-the glow upon her cheek, the downdrooping lids and dusky eyes, only with a little proud carriage of her slender throat, and a soft curve on her lip, I had never

Tresham bent forward, smiling and bowing; and, catching

sight of him, the major stopped to greet him
"I am glad to see——" he was beginning, when Lorie looked up. A little start, and then -

"Oh, Gracie! Oh, Gracie! Oh, Mr. Carlyon!" and she was close beside me, and the two slender hands were clasped tightly in mine.

Two months, two happy months, which I will pass over, and we were in England again. It was a fancy of mine, that I would say my say for the second time where I had said it first.

It was the evening after our return, and Lorie was sitting on the rug by the fire, as in the olden days, looking into the coals. I took a book from the table, and began to read, in a low voice:

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain, And sweet is death who puts an end to pain. I know not which is sweeter—no, not I."

Before I had finished the verse two soft hands were laid gently on mine, and, clasping them in my fingers, I went on to the end.

- "Do you remember?" I asked.
 "Yes," whispered very low.
- "You did not answer me that morning. Win you answer me now?"
- " Yes."
- "How, Lorie?"
- "As I meant to answer then"—the leaping fire flashed upon the dusky eyes, dropped in sweet humility-" I love you-I have



"In

3. lz

i lie si

poss.

1172

1 faze d

lish den

1 mr dat

1885

her inte

to late:

a weather

. Felir

third ext

Bat 150

1902.101

14.80

wight.

333

1.16

1000

330 **5**4, [

11.11

2 128

್ಷ ಬ್ರಕ್ಷಣೆ

ni.

طعا دين

والمسترقق و

e pere

dank:

1 27 B

iliani in

1.80

24) EST 2

ek, 200

TI II

p. 1 2

21 22

al- w

 $[^{\alpha}g_{i}]^{\otimes 1}$

157.

ME C

disti-

This is

ato Cali

. . 64

100

M C

at University of Illinois main, Google-digitized /

Generated at Ur Public Domain, tir-

THE BLIND RAT AND HIS FRIEND.

One evening a gentleman was out walking in the meadows, when he met a company of rats all going in one direction. Now, as he knew a great deal about all kinds of little animals, and rats among the number, he soon guessed what they were doing—leaving their old home, and going to seek another somewhere else—and so he watched them.

In the middle of the crowd of rats, he saw one poor old fellow that seemed quite blind, and walked very slowly; but that was no reason why he should be left behind; and, so, when he looked a little closer, he found that one of its friends was leading the poor old rat along by a piece of wood which they held between them in their mouths, and his guide took as much care of him as you would of your papa if he were blind.

A kindred circumstance was witnessed in 1757 by Mr. Purdew, surgeon's mate on board the Lancaster. Lying awake one evening in his berth, he saw a rat enter, look cautiously round, and retire. He soon returned, leading a second rat by the ear, and which appeared to be blind. A third rat joined them shortly afterward, and assisted the original conductor in picking up fragments of buscuit, and placing them before their infirm parent, as the blind old patriarch was supposed to be.

Alady from Dutchess county, New York, tells us, that once in her younger days she saw two harvest mice in the same manner lead along a blind companion.

A driver of an omnibus in London once found a rat in very great trouble, and squeaking most piteously. What do you think was the matter? Why, just this: his mamma had put him to bed in the hay-loft of a stable, and, having tucked him up snugly, she had gone out to find some supper, and was a very long time gone, at least so her baby thought. Perhaps he was hungry, and thought it very hard to go to bed without any supper. At all events, he began to cry, and was making a very dismal noise when the omnibus-driver found him. The man thought he would take the baby-rat home to show his children, and so the little fellow was put into his great-coat pocket, and went home with him. He soon grew fond of the coachman's children, and became their greatest pet. They called him "Ikey," after their eldest brother Isaac, and I am afraid they spoiled him sadly, for he was allowed to go wherever he liked, and do just what he pleased.

Now, there were two things that Master Ikey disliked very much, indeed—cold and dirt. His favorite seat was on the kitchen hearth, but he would only go there when it was very clean; and when, in the evening, the room got cold, and the wind blew outside, he would lie down at full length before the fire to keep himself warm, and in the night he was sometimes very impertinent, indeed, for he would creep into his master's bed, and lie there just as comfortable as if it were his own.

His master taught him many funny tricks. One was to come when he called him, and to jump into his coat-pocket, which he held open to receive him. He sometimes staid there the whole day, going with his master on the omnibus about London; and at other times he sat in the boot of the omnibus, to take care of the driver's dinner. He was a good little rat, and never ate it, unless it happened that there was some plum-pudding in the basket, and then it was quite impossible to resist the temptation; and, so, when his master came to look for his dinner, he generally found all the plums gone, and Master Rat looking very guilty and frightened by the side of what he had left. And no wonder he was frightened, for his master had made a little whip on purpose for him, and when he did not behave properly, it was brought out; and then the little fellow began to squeak most piteously, and would run and hide himself in the darkest corner he could find.

This little rat lived all his life in the coachman's family, and seemed very happy there, and very contented. But, though he knew all the children very well, and was never afraid of any of them, he always became very shy if any strangers came in, and would never come out of his hiding-place till they were gone, however hungry he might be.

When he began to grow old, his teeth became very bad, and the children often laughed to see how distressed he was when

any of his food was too hard for him to bite. They used to give him pieces of a very hard cake, made of treacle, which he had always been particularly fond of, just for the fun of seeing him gnawing away with the few teeth he had left—now giving up the task in despair, and then again going at it with fresh courage, not being able to make up his mind to let the sweet bit alone; like some little people, who would rather put up with a little toothache than give up those dear but mischievous sugar-plums.

A POMERANIAN DOG.

This dog, which is very sagacious and lively, is a native of Pomerania, a Prussian province. They are mostly white, although some few have very light-brown hair mixed with the white. They are about the height of a chair, and all but their faces and legs are covered with long hair. Their ears are short, and stick up, which gives them a sharp, knowing look; and they have fine bushy tails, which curl like a feather over their backs. They are generally very much petted by those who keep them, which sometimes, like all other indulgences, render them very snappish.

A PLEA FOR CHILDHOOD.

There is a habit among parents about which, although we hope it is not as prevalent amongst our readers as others, we feel moved to say a word. It is that of impatience toward children, because of their propensity to ask many questions which seem silly to the adult and experienced mind.

A writer, who has given evidence of a wide range of observation, and a discriminating judgment, has furnished a striking plea for childhood in this matter. He asks parents to imagine themselves in a strange country, where everything would be unknown to them, and asks them if they would not be apt to make constant inquiries of the older inhabitants, and so not only exhibit their ignorance, but do it in a way well calculated to excite the mirth of the questioned! He goes on to answer his own questions affirmatively, and to show what these adults in a strange land would do, unless they were downright dolts, as the only means of acquiring information.

What are little children but "strangers in a strange land?" Everything is strange and new to them. The range of their vision is very narrow at first. As it gradually widens, they become actively curious; so much so, that it requires a very well-informed and wide-awake parent to satisfy their curiosity. But, suppose he or she fails to answer the hundred and one question, prompted by this curiosity, is the questioned justified in getting out of patience with the questioner? Surely not. Much less should the little prattler be scolded for "asking so many silly questions"—perhaps by way of covering up conscious ignorance of things which ought to have been learned by the parent, as a preparation for parentage.

Have patience, parents, with the intensest desire to ask questions, however foolish they may seem to you, which may be shown by your little ones.

The ideas of right and wrong in human conduct are never observable in a young child. How many acts of an injurious nature would he commit if not restrained, without allowing that they were injurious. He seizes everything within his reach, without any sensations relative to justice or injustice. The humored child always thinks that he has a right to everything that he desires, and resents a refusal as an injustice and cruelty. The little tyrant behaves, in his small circle, like great tyrants in their large spheres, as if the whole creation were at their disposal, or formed for their sole gratification.

Life is a book in which we every day read a page. We ought to note down every instructive incident that passes. A crowd of useful thoughts cannot but flow from self-converse. Hold every day a solitary conversation with yourself. This is the way in which to attain the highest relish of existence; and, if we may so say, to cast anchor in the river of life.

IDEALS.

You may talk of your ideal-Paint her finer than a queen, And try to make our lowly lot
And lowly living mean;
But I tell you, sir, the fairest
And the best that I have seen,

Were common men and women, Used to humble work and ways, Doing what was right and hones Without favor, without praise, Lighting up the night behind them With the whiteness of their days.

There is one that shines upon me From the mists of memory-A woman, with the weakness Of a woman, it may be, But away with your ideals While the world holds such as she!

To clothe her with your fantasy You need not be at pains, Her homespun sleeve is more to me Than all your broidered trains; For in the blessed realm of love She sweetly rules and reigns.

So keep to your ideal, But I pray you, of your grace, To leave the little homely house, The flowery garden-place, And the window with the sunshine Of this dear, remembered face!

Ah, keep to your ideal, But I pray you leave to me The chair there in the corner, Just the way it used to be, And the dear, devoted mother, With her children at her knee.

A CADAVEROUS WHIM .- Greek scholars recollect the pathetic story in Herodotus about the daughter of King Mycerinus, who, in dying, made her father promise to let the people bring her body forth once a year into the sunlight. Ages pass, but human hearts remain the same; all the wisdom of the Pharoahs could not comfort the Egyptian princess against the darkness, and all the wit and philosophy of Goethe's brilliant time did not steel Rachel Levin, Varnhagen's beautiful and famous wife, against the same feeling of dread and lethal loneliness. Thirty years ago she died, and last week but one she was interred. Partly fearing to be buried alive, partly moved—like the Nile lady—by some yearning wish for the presence and remembrance of the living, she left orders in her will that her coffin should be made with a glass window, that it should be constantly watched for a month after death, and that then for thirty years more it should be deposited in a special chamber. Her friends have carried out these strange instructions to the letter; and the time being expired for this vain lingering on the threshold of the tomb, they have laid Von Varnhagen's wife in her grave at last. Pity she should have missed its gentle, necessary oblivion so long; for the body of the wisest and fairest is but a gracious dress which the soul has done with, to exchange for a robe that "no moth corrupts."

SINGERS AND THEIR VOICES .- According to a French journal, an astonishing variety of articles are used by celebrated singers for the purpose of strengthening the voice. Madame Sontag used to take sardines in oil between acts; Dorus ate cold veal; Desparres drank warm water; Cruvelli took Bordeaux wine mixed with champagne; Adelina Patti favors beer; Sass eats beefsteak; Cabel ate pears; Ugalde, potatoes; Lucca took peppermint drops and candy; Michot swallowed an enormous draught of coffee; Troy drinks milk; and Mario smokes continually. It is hinted that a certain prima donna in New York depended for success upon sliced sausage between acts.

THE SOLDIER'S SON.

Ir was at a fierce and critical period of the war in the Penmsula, that General Morillo, then commanding the fifth Spanish army, about 4,000 strong, passed down the Portuguese frontier to the Lower Guadiana, intending to fall on Seville as soon as Marshal Soult should advance to the succor of Badajoz. In the beginning of April, while the French were disheartened by the sudden news of the fall of that city, Morillo, issuing out of Portugal, crossed the Lower Guadiana, and marched toward

But the hopes entertained by the Spaniards of being speedily in possession of Seville, were cut off by a piece of deceit. False information, adroitly given by a Spaniard in the French interest, led Morillo to believe Soult was close at hand, whereupon he immediately retired to Gibraleou.

This disappointment and failure in the execution of a favorite project, cherished for many months, irritated beyond control the naturally severe temper of General Morillo. It was evening, and the division of the army under him were encamped some hours' march on their retreat. Preparations might have been seen for a military execution; and a couple of French prisoners captured in the last skirmish were, according to the cruel practice of many chiefs in those times, to be put to death. The captives were guarded by a file of soldiers, and the executioners, waiting the word of command to draw up, were leaning on their weapons, and talking of the events of the last two days.

Just then, one of the inferior officers returning to his tent, after giving some order to the men, was interrupted by a boy, apparently, ten years of age, who, seizing his hand, and speaking in an accent slightly foreign, besought him, with piteous entreaties, to procure him admittance to the General. The officer found, on inquiry, that he was the son of one of the prisoners, a soldier distinguished for his eminent personal bravery, who had not been taken, even when overwhelmed by numbers, without giving and receiving many severe wounds.

This soldier, wearied and wounded, but invincible in courage and spirit, for he scorned to ask clemency of his conqueror, was now to suffer death with his companion in misfortune. The terrible order had been given, for Morillo would not be impeded in his march by prisoners; and he so hated the French, that the bravest and most generous among them could have found no mercy at his hands. The prisoner's little boy, refusing to be separated from his father, had been suffered by the Spaniards to follow him.

"You shall see the general, boy, since you wish it," said the officer, in reply to the child's passionate entreaties; "but he will not grant your father's life. San Lucas! but these French dogs have given us too much trouble already."

They entered the general's tent. Morillo, by the light of a lamp burning on the table, was reading a dispatch he had just received. Two of his officers stood near him; there was no one else in the tent. The brow of the chief was contracted, and his eyes flashed as if what he read displeased him; and he looked up with an impatient exclamation as the officer entered with the boy. The child, as soon as Morillo was pointed out to him, rushed forward, and knelt at his feet.

"What does this mean?" demanded the General.

"Spare him! spare my father!" sobbed the youthful supplicant.

The officer explained his relationship to one of the prisoners about to be executed.

"Ah, that reminds me," said the chief, looking at his watch; Pero, nine is the hour. Let them be punctual, and have the business soon over."

Again, with moving entreaties, the child besought his father's

- "Did your father send you hither?" asked the general. "No, senor, he did not."
- "And how dare you, then
- "My father has done nothing to deserve death," answered the lad "He is a prisoner of war."
- "Ha! who taught you to question my justice? Answer | me."



in the Percfifth Spanis guese froche ille as 5000 a lajoz. In th rtened by the ssoinz on d uched tour

eing spect decrit. Its French inte id, wherein n of a feedb

nd contricts The other 100mmi अक aht has be सक्ते प्रसंख्य he ore se th Trap COLUMN TO SERVICE un 198 653

go bilat 12 119 1.25 110 (df. l. Infr he priese harm r mien f

bb T 47.110 31 P-1 e me 由班 P (D ner! Sala

org/access 12.5 F3') trace. n n ict str 16

15

Generated at University of Illinois Public Domain, Google-digitized /

"No one, senor; but brave generals do not always kill their prisoners."

"I kill whom I choose!" thundered Morillo; "and I hate the French. Boy, your father shall die! I have said it; be-

The officer made a silent sign to the petitioner, to intimate there was no hope, and that he must begone. But the boy's countenance suddenly changed. He walked up to the general, who had turned away, and placed himself directly before him, with a look of calm resolution worthy of a martyr.

"Hear me, senor," said he; "my father is gray-haired; he is wounded; his strength is failing even now, though he stands up to receive the fire of your men. I am young, and strong, and well. Let them shoot me in his place, and let my father

It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of this offer, for the face of the devoted child was kindled with a holy enthusiasm. A dark flush rushed to the brow of Morillo, and for a moment he looked on the boy in silence.

"You are willing to die," at length he said, "for your father? Then, to suffer pain for him will be nothing? Will you lose one of your ears to save him?"
"I will," was the firm reply.

'Lend me your sword, Pabla;" and in an instant, at one blow, the general struck off the boy's ear. The victim wept, but resisted not; nor raised his hand to wipe away the blood. "So far, good; will you lose the other ear?"

"I will, to save my father!" answered the boy, convulsively.

Morillo's eyes flashed. The heroism of a child compelled his admiration; but unmoved from his cruel purpose, he smote off the other ear with his still-recking sword.

There was a dead silence.

"And now, senor?" said the boy, breathing quickly, and looking up into the general's face.

"And now," answered Morillo, "depart. The father of such a child is dangerous to Spain; he must pay the forfeit of his life."

The maimed child went forth from the presence of this inhuman foe. Presently the report of fire-arms announced that he had witnessed the execution of his father.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

POULTRY CROQUETTES .- Melt a bit of butter in a stewpan; put into it chopped parsley and mushrooms, two spoonfuls of flour, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Fry it, and pour in stock and a little cream. This sauce ought to have the consistence of thick milk. Cut up any poultry which has been cooked the day before into dice. Put them into the sauce and let it get cold; form it into balls, and cover them with bread-crumbs; wash these in eggs which have been beaten up, and roll them in bread-crumbs a second time. Fry them to a good color, and serve with a garnish of fried pareley. Croquettes of veal or rabbit may be prepared in the same way.

ŒUFS A LA TURQUE.—Pound in a mortar four ounces of pistachio nuts; add a little milk; put them into a stewpan with a dessert-spoonful of rice flour, the yolks of eight raw eggs, half pound of powdered loaf-sugar, and a stick of cinnamon; stir well, and gradually add a quart of cream. Take out the cinnamon, pour the composition into a dish, place round it a dozen eggs poached in a sweet syrup; garnish the dish with small mscaroons soaked in brandy, and serve hot.

Sweet Biscuit.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, the same of powdered sugar, and two beaten eggs; make the whole into a stiff paste with cold water, roll it out, form it into little balls, flatten, and bake upon tins.

BAKING POWDER. —"The best I have ever tried," says a correspondent, "is made of bicarbonate of soda and pure cream of tartar—one small teaspoonful of soda to three of cream of tartar. The above quantity is enough for one quart of flour. It is best to sift the cream of tartar with the flour in order to have it thoroughly mixed before adding anything else. Dissolve the soda with a little boiling water, and add it the last

WINE SAUCE FOR PUDDING .- Half a pint of sherry or Madeira wine, and half a gill of water; boil together, and add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice of one lemon, and the rind cut into small pieces. To be poured over the pudding just before the latter is to be eaten.

JOCKEY CLUB PERFUME.—Orris-root extract, two pints; triple extract of rose, one pint; extract of cassia and extract of tuberose, of each half a pint; otto of bergamot, half an ounce; and extract of ambergris, half a pint.

Weak and Inflamed Eyes.—Tannic acid, one grain; chloride of zinc, two grains; and soft water, two ounces. With a soft rag wetted with this preparation wash the eyes twice or thrice a day, and let a few drops fall into each eye. If used but once a day, just before retiring is the proper time. If too strong, it may be diluted to the proper strength with water.

RANCID BUTTER.—To a pint of water add thirty drops (about half a teaspoonful) of liquor of chloride of lime. Wash in this two and a half pounds of rancid butter. When every particle of the butter has come in contact with the water, let it stand an hour or two, then wash the butter well again in pure water. The butter is then left without any odor, and has the sweetness of fresh butter.

EVERTON TOFFY. - Melt in a shallow vessel a quarter of a pound of butter, and then add to it one pound of brown sugar. Stir them together for fifteen minutes, or until a little of the mixture dropped into a basin of cold water will break clean between the teeth without sticking to them. Any flavoring that is desired, as lemon, pineapple or vanilla, should be added just before the cooking is complete. The toffy, when done, should be poured into a shallow dish which is buttered on the bottom and sides. By drawing a knife across it when it is partially cool, it can easily be broken into squares.

WHITE HANDS.—The best means to "whiten red hands" is to wear a pair of cosmetic gloves thus prepared: "Fresh eggs, two; oil of sweet almonds, two teaspoonfuls; rose-water, one ounce; tincture of benzine, thirty-six grains. First beat the eggs and oil together, and then add the rose-water and tincture. Welldaub a pair of kid gloves with the mixture on the inside, and wear them during the night.

DOCTOR F. BARKER recommends the following rules for avoiding sea-sickness: 1. Rest yourself on the eve of your departure, so that the nervous system may not be over-excited when you go on board. 2. Lie down before anchor is weighed, and keep in a horizontal posture for two days running. 8. Eat as much as you can at every meal, but without raising your head. In this way the stomach does not lose the habit of digestion; you keep up your strength, and gradually get accustomed to the ship's motion. By following these rules, the heaviest gales may be encountered without sea-sickness.

BORAX.—The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing-powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax-powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (required to be made very stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet-table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda as a cooling beverage.

Tipsy Cake.—Place a sponge-cake in a glass dessert-dish; prick the cake with a fine fork, pour over it raisin-wine and brandy in equal parts, and when well moistened strew sifted sugar over it, and place round it a very rich custard. Or, simply steep small sponge-cakes in brandy, stick into them thin slips of blanched almonds, or sprinkle them thickly with candied-peel and grated sweet almonds, heap up the cakes in a glass dish, surround them with a custard, and add preserved fruit, such as brandy-cherries, etc., divested of syrup.

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS.—Boil two pounds of sugar with one quart of water. Boil until you can make a soft ball. You can try it by dipping a stick in the sugar, and then putting the stick in water. If done, it will form a ball. Pour the sugar on a marble slab; when partly cool, stir with a saddle, or stick, until it returns to a cream. Flavor with vanilla, or any kind of flavoring. Prepare a broad box about one inch deep; fill with corn starch; smooth the top; have large marbles fastened to a stick with sealing-wax about three inches apart. These marbles form the molds when pressed into the smooth starch. Put the cream into a pan, melt it, and pour it into the molds. After doing this, leave them to get hard. Take chocolate, put it into a pan, have another pan on the fire with boiling water in it, set the pan containing the chocolate into the boiling water until the chocolate is dissolved. Be careful not to get any water in. Let the drops fall in the mold while hot, and let them harden.

TWELTTH-CAKE.—One pound fresh butter, beaten to a cream, the same quantity of sifted sugar, and a little lemon-zest; add six eggs, two at a time, two pounds of currants, half a pound of orange, lemon, and citron peel, and, lastly, stir in a pound and a quarter of flour. Trim it neatly round the sides and top with a sharp kitchen-knife until even. When nearly cold, ice over with sugar, spread carefully over; ornament with an emblematical figure in the centre, with bon-bons, liqueur ornaments, etc. Fasten them with icing, introducing a little piping in colored icing between the ornaments.

To Soften the Hands.—Half a pound of mutton tallow, one ounce of camphor gum, and one ounce of glycerine; melt, and when thoroughly mixed, set away to cool. Rub the hands with this at night. It will render them white, smooth, and soft.

SULPHUR IN THE TREATMENT OF CROUP.—The use of the perchloride of iron and of the bromide of potassium has been much advocated of late in the treatment of croup and diphtheritic angina. The flour of sulphur, which had already been pointed out by different writers as an excellent remedy in similar cases, is now spoken of in most laudatory terms by a French writer, Dr. Feyreigne, of Toulouse, in whose hands it produced most wonderful effects. Dr. Feyreigne only records one case, but it was a peculiarly bad one. The patient, a little girl of four years, was in a dying condition with intense diphtheritic angina, when the administration of the flour of sulphur brought her back to life. The dose employed was five grammes of sublimated sulphur to one glass of water; a teaspoonful of the mixture to be given every hour.

CURE FOR SPRAINS.—Make a paste of fresh butter and pulverized rosin, spread it on a linen rag, and apply it to the part affected.

FRICASSEED CHICKEN.—Ingredients: The remains of cold roast or boiled chicken, a strip of lemon-peel, a bunch of savory herbs, one onion, pepper and salt to taste, one pint of water, four tablespoonfuls of cream, and the yolk of an egg. Mode: Cut some nice slices from the remains of a cold chicken, and put the bones and trimmings into a stewpan, with the lemon-peel, herbs, onion, pepper, salt, and the water; stew for an hour, strain the gravy, and lay in the pieces of chicken. When warm through, add the cream and the yolk of an egg; stir it well round, and, when getting thick, take out the pieces, lay them on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over. Garnish the fricassee with sippets of toasted bread. Celery or cucumber, cut into small pieces, may be put into the sauce; if the former, it must be boiled first.

To Take Grease our of Woolens.—If there is any thickness of grease, such as drops from a lighted candle, it should be scraped off the surface. This can be most effectually done when the grease has become cold. To take out the remainder, make a common poker red-hot, and hold the heated end over the greasy spots, about one and a half inches from the material, moving the poker a little backward and forward to prevent scorching. If the material is fine, such as Freuch merino, it is better to place a piece of blotting-paper over the spots, to prevent the hot poker from scorching or taking the color out; but for thick things, such as table-covers, blotting-paper is not necessary.

SAVOY CAKE.—Ingredients: The weight of four eggs in pounded loaf sugar, the weight of seven in flour, a little grated lemonrind, or essence of almonds, or orange-flower water. Mode: Break the seven eggs, putting the yolks into one basin and the whites into another. Whisk the former, and mix with them the sugar, the grated lemon-rind, or any other flavoring to taste. Beat them well together, and add the whites of the eggs, whisked to a froth. Put in the flour by degrees, continuing to beat the mixture for a quarter of an hour, butter a mold, pour in the cake, and bake it from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half. This is a very nice cake for dessert, and may be iced for a supper-table, or cut into slices and spread with jam, which converts it into sandwiches.

To Clean Tins and Dish-Covers.—Mix some whiting with cleaning oil to a paste. Rub it thoroughly on the tins with a piece of flannel; have two or three old soft dusters charged with dry, powdered whiting, and use them, one after the other, till the tin is freed from oil and looks clean, then polish with a leather. Dish-covers cleaned in this way once a week look as bright as silver. The dusters should be clean every time they are used for the tins.

MUSITROOM SAUCE.—Peel button mushrooms, and put them into water and lemon-juice to keep them white. Strain them, and put them into a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and pepper, mixed, and the juice of half a lemon. Stew half an hour; then add a teaspoonful of flour, with half a pint of cream, or white or brown sauce, and boil five minutes. If pickled mushrooms be used, omit the lemon-juice and wine.

To Take our Marking-ink.—Before sending to the wash, touch with a solution of cyanide of potassium till the stain disappears. N.B.—Oxalic acid and cyanide of potassium are poisons. Carcless persons should not be allowed to use them. They should not be used by one whose skin is cut or cracked.

To take Stoppers out of Bottles or Decanters.—Take the bottle by the neck with the left hand, and place the first finger at the back of the stopper. Take a piece of wood in the right hand, and tap the stopper first one side, then the other, turning the decanter round in the hand. A quick succession of little short taps is the most effective. If this fails, wind a bit of rough string once round the neck—one end of the string being held by one person, the other by another; pull backward and forward till the neck becomes hot with the friction, then tap as before. Stoppers often become wedged into decanters from the wrong stopper being used. To avoid this, the bottom of the stopper should be scratched with a number, and a corresponding number scratched under the bottom of the decanter.

A STRING OF BEADS.

IMPORTANT REASON.—The agent for the office in which we are insured says a married man should insure his life for many reasons. But the most important of all is that it would prove a great help to his wife's second husband, and might be the means of starting him in business.

A WITTY VETERAN.—Sir John Burgoyne, though now eighty-six, wields a vigorous and graceful pen, and throws off copies of playful effusions, both in prose and verse. The following tells its own tale:

"You wish me a happy new year as a toast,
And a kindly good act it appears;
But when you perceive I'm deaf as a post,
You should wish me two happy new ears."

BLINDNESS CURED.—A blind beggar recently begged of a Scotch inukeeper. He told a pitiful story. The guid wife fed him, but Boniface quietly put half-a-crown in the poor fellow's path. The cure was complete. The beggar stooped for the coin, miraculously received his sight—and a basting.

"Mother, this book you gave me tells about the angry waves of the ocean. Now, what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been crossed so often, my son."

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.—Mamma: "Where is papa? Why, he has gone to town, of course, to earn some more bread and butter." Very Young Lady of the Period: "I wish he would earn buns sometimes, instead?"

No Doubt.—A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied he kept a hothouse.



Urk tp:/

at

f Illinois itized /

University of , Google-digit

HYGIENE.—Hearty old Gentleman (to dyspeptic friend): "Doesn't agree with you! Oh, I never let anything of that sort bother me. I slways eat what I like, and drink what I like, and finish off with a good stiff glass o' grog at bedtime, and go fast asleep, an' let 'm fight 't out 'mong' emselves."

eggs in port &

le grated 🛌 ,

Water, Mi ie lain wie mir sith to

aroring to be es of the err

· continue:

let a mold you

arte: to as he ett. abl n r.

pread within

the tire rich

destes desafter threft n pilit nia

a week bie s

every time to

didless minus m 4/324

3 211 1.14 ية أن و 00.00

 $p \geq m_{\pi}^4$ 5 to \$10 1000

ingés (1)

2-160 kg

10-50 自由工

112 7

3.1 18/15 £1. 32.70

005 ůs: بشنتنا

"What's jografy, Bill?"
"It's a-tellin' of forrin lands that we knows nothin' about by cute chaps that's never seen 'em."

CONCERT.—M. Bellows on finishing his song has been vociferously

Bill: "What's that chap brought back for?"
Harry: "Wby, he sung his song so badly, they are going to make
him do it all over again."

One Morning Pat was taking down the shutters, when a brother Use along the state of the shutters, Pat?" said he.
"To let out the dark, to be shure," was the reply.

CAMBRICS AND GINGHAMS.—A funny friend suggests that if ladies were contractors and builders, the favorite bricks with them would be cam-brics. We suppose he would argue that if they were provision dealers, the kind of hams they would be most likely to keep would be ging-hams.

A Horse-dealer was asked if an animal which he offered for sale

was timid.

"Not at all." said he; "he often passes many nights by himself in the stable."

"Where shall I put this paper, so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" inquired Mary Jane of her brother Churles. "On the looking-glass?" was her brother's reply.

The Pyrotechnical Remedy.—"I say, ma," exclaimed a little minx of thirteen, "do you know what the pyrotechnical remedy is for a crying infant?"

"Goodness gracious me, no; I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, ma, it's rocket"

To Rent to Parties Without Children.—A week before the commencement of the quarter in Paris, agentleman came to the proprietor of a house and commenced the following conversation:

"One of my friends, who is unable to come himself on account of illness, has sent me to rent for him the second floor of your house."

"Your friend is not married? Has he no children?"

"No, sir."

"Your friend is not married? Has he no children?"
"No. sir."
"I will accept him only on those conditions. My house is very quiet; and to make sure, you will be good enough to mention that the tenant is a bachelor, in the contract."

The sick man's agent agreed to these terms, and, by virtue of his power of attorney, signed a lease of the rooms for three years.

When the day for taking possession of the premises came, four children, the oldest of whom was not more than ten, arrived with the furniture. On hearing this, the proprietor rushed out in a rage, children, the oldest of whom was not more than ten, arrived with and, addressing the officious iriend, who was superintending the transportation of the furniture, reminded him of the special agreement in the lease.

"My dear sir," he answered. "you have rented your apartments to my eldest son, that young lad who is sucking barley-sugar at the fact of the stairway. I assure you that he is not married nor the father of a family. You have nothing to fear from his children for a long time to come—only he extends to his father and brothers that hospitality which your signiture authorises him to exercise for the next three years."

A RDDLE.—"I will consent to all you desire," said a facetious lady to her lover, "on condition that you give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me."

What did she ask for? A husband.

Don't Put the Hay too High.—A transcendental preacher took for his text, "Feed my lambs." A plain farmer very quaintly remarked to him, on coming out of the church:
"A very good text, sir; but you should take care not to put the hay so high in the rack that the lambs can't reach it."

"I DON'T miss my church so much as you may suppose," said a lady to her minister, who called on her during her illness; "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and she tells me who are going to church, and whether they have got anything new."

"A COPPIN," said an Irishman, " is the house a man lives in when he is dead."

"You have a very striking countenance," as the donkey said to the elephant when he hit him over the back with his trunk.

 $rac{A}{c_{
m AT}}$ caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, but the spar-

A car caught a sparrow, and was according to washes a sid:

"No gentleman eats till he washes his face."

The cat, struck with this remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This washed puss extremely, and he said:

"As long as I live, I will eat first, and wash afterward," which all cats do even to this day." A CYPHER.—An exquisitely-dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his person, said to the jeweler ab—to denote what he was—ah—something engraved on it—"Certainly, certainly," said the tradesman; "I'll put a cypher on it."

A MAN, hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said,

A MAN, nearing of another with a MAN, nearing of contemptuously:

"Shaw! what a fuss about nothing. Why, if my grandfather was alive, he would now be a hundred and fifty years old."

ADVICE TOO LATE.—"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend, who was walking with him in his garden, "No matter," said his friend, blowing the mud and water from his mouth, "I've found it."

SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.—A surgeon, who was on his way to per-form an operation on a patient, had his carriage robbed, and lost his surgical instruments while making a temporary stop, "whereby," adds the reporter, "the operation was prevented, and the patient's life saved."

A French Court Scene..... Prisoner, did you steal this silver from this gentleman's house?"
"Your honor, upon my word, I thought it was pewter."

What Killed Him?—A few years ago, when Judge Gould, lately deceased, was holding court in this city, a prisoner was being tried before him for willful murder, in causing the death of a man by a pistol shot. An eminent surgeon was called as a witness for the

cerense.

The prisoner's counsel, an adroit lawyer, attempted to show that
the man, who lived some little time after being shot, might have
died from some other cause, and examined his witness after this the man, ""

died from some other cause, and examined his witness atter and died from some other cause, and such a thing cause death?"

"Ob, yes, to be sure."

"We'!, doctor, might not this man have died from such and such causes?"

"Oh, yes, he might."

"That is quite sufficient for us," exclaimed the defendant's counsel, with an air of triumph, twirling his eyeglass.

Judge Gould turned on his seat, bent his penetrating black eyes full on the witness, and said, a little too sharphy:

"Doctor, you have now told us what might have caused this man's death; now, will you be so kind as to tell me what did cause his death?"

"The bullet, sir," answered the witness.

This ended the case.

"I hate to hear people talking behind one's back," as the robber

"I HATE to hear people talking behindone's back," as the robber said when the constable was chasing him, and crying, "Stop

VIVID DESCRIPTION.—Aunt: "Now, Jimmy, tell me all about your

day."

Jimmy (who has been out visiting): "Well, aunty, we had dinner directly we got there, then cake and wine, and tea before we came away."

"A PASSIVE VERE," said a teacher, "is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as, 'Peter is beaten.' Now, what did Peter "Well," I don't know," said the scholar, deliberating, "unless he hollored."

A PAINTER being employed to represent some cherubim and seraphim, in a church not a hundred miles from here, he made them appear with very sorrowful, crying faces. His revered employer ask ng him his reason for doing so, he replied that his prayer-book informed him that "cherubim and seraphim continually do cry."

A PARADOX .- The Best of Writing .- " To right wrong."

SLATES.—"Please, sir, mother says, what is the coals now?"
Retail Vender: "One and five pence a hundred."
Girl: "Oh, how dear! The last was only one and twopence."
Retail Vender, "Very true; but you must know that coals is

Girl: "Oh, won't mother be glad! She said the last was all slate!"

RECIPE.—A lady, being asked for a recipe for whooping-cough for little twin patients, copied by mistake something referring to the pickling of onions, which said:
"If not too young, skin them pretty closely, immerse in scalding water, sprinkle plentifully with salt, and leave them for a week in strong brine."

THE following touching lines are inscribed on a tombstone in a country churchyard:

"Died, when young and full of promise, Of the whooping cough—our Thomas."

"WHAT! Mr. Brown a brute! Why, he writes to his wife every week!"
"Yes, he writes a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence, but he has never remitted her a shilling. Do you call that kindness?"

"Decidedly, unremitting kindness."

An indignant Yankee orator, at a recent political meeting, in re-futing an opponent, thundered: "Mr. Chairman, I scorn the allegation, and I defy the allegator."

IF you should ever meet with an accident at table, endeavor to be composed. A gentleman carving a tough goose had the misfortune to tend it entirely out of the dish into the lap of a young lady who sat next to him, on which he looked her full in the face, and said, with the utmost coolness:

"Madam, I will thank you for that goose!"

Generated at Ur Public Domain,

VELOCIPEDES AND CENTIPEDES.

Young Ladies.—"Oh, ma, do buy us a velocipede!" Unsophisticated Parent.—"My dear, they'd kill you. got in Jamaica from one of those venemous reptiles." My brother George died from a bite he

have grown an inch during the night."
The family retired to rest; but, before he went to sleep, the man who had committed the theft, thinking to outwit the priest, cunningly cut off an inch from his stick, firmly believing by this means to attain the length of the others by the next morning. The sticks were returned, and, by comparing them, the priest was instantly able to pitch upon the offender, to his great surprise and dismay. surprise and dismay.

A Gascon nobleman had been reproaching his son for impatience. "I owe you nothing," said the unfilial young man. "So far from having served me, you have ever stood in my way; for if you had never been born, I should at this moment be the next heir of my rich grandmother."

HOLINESS.—At one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a clergyman asked the question, "What is holiness?" A poor Irish convert, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said:
"Plase, your riverence, it's to be clane inside."

"ISN'T it strange," remarked a lady, "that the Miss Smiths are so gross?" "Not at all," was the reply, "their father was a grocer."

"SOLDIERS must be fearfully dishonest," says Mrs. Partington "as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

"What class of women are most apt to give tone to so-ciety?" "The belles."

BARON ROTHSCHILD AT BUSINESS.—Among the stories told of the late Baron Rothschild, of Paris, is this. He was a business man in business hours, and so it was natural in him to say, without looking up from his paper, what rather offended the cars of the dignified Count F., who, by some mistake, was led into the banker's private room:

"Um! Take a chair."
Silence, and then:

"But—ah—pardon me, I am the Count F."

"Oh, um! take two chairs."

A high party comes to close an important transaction—a matter of moving some millions of francs from one country to another.

"What will be the rate of ex-

francs from one country to another.

"What will be the rate of exchange?"

The baron rings, and puts his interlocutor's question in German to the clerk who answers the bell.

"One per cent.," says the special clerk, in German.

"Two per cent.," says the baron, turning to the high party.
"Pardon me, baron, but I understand German."

"Ah! Well, in that case, and between friends, for you the rate is one and a half per cent."

FOUND OUT.—A Hindoo priest called in all the members of a large family, one of whom was known to have committed theft, and thus addressed them:

"Take each of you one of these sticks, which are of equal length, and put them under your pillows to-night. I do not at present know the offender, but you must return the sticks to me to-morrow morning; and the one belonging to the thief will

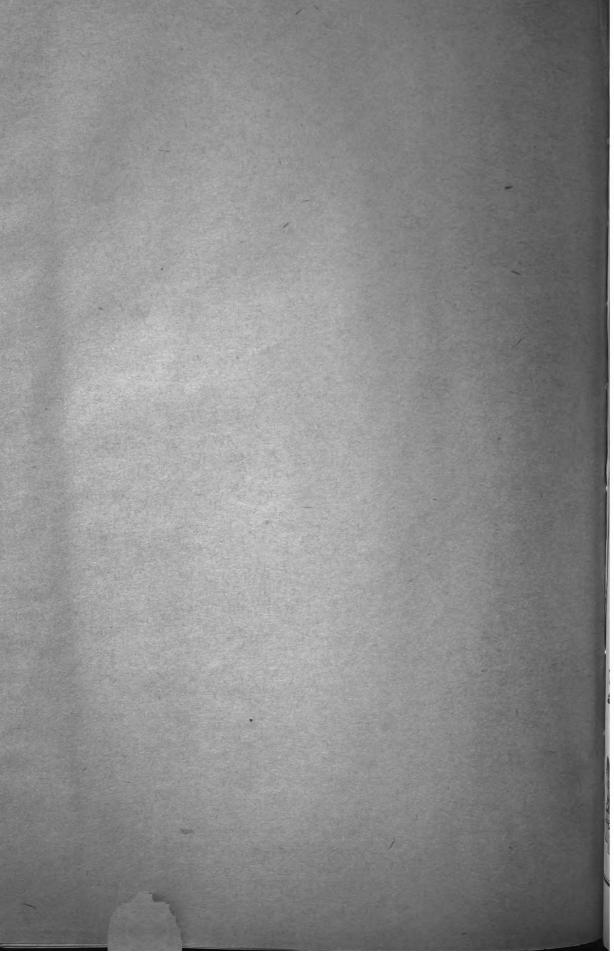


Of a long train of absurd fashions, the Grecian Bend brings up the rear.

Generated at University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign on 2023-11-27 01:52 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/umn.31951000968039j Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA