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

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. HALE.
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1863.



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FANCY PALETOT, FOR THE COUNTRY.	BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A LADY'S CRAVAT.
EMBROIDERY PATTERNS. Five engravings.	SOFA OR ELBOW CUSHION.
MORNING ROBE.	NAME FOR MARKING.
COIFFURE FOR A YOUNG LADY. Front and back view. Two engravings.	INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.
COIFFURE ALEXANDRA. Two engravings.	CROCHET SOCK.
HEADRESS.	A NEW STYLE OF CROCHET FRINGE.
THE MARIA THERESA CRAVAT.	FANCY TRIMMING.
FANCY COIFFURES. Two engravings.	NECK-TIE AND CUFF. Two engravings.
THE ANDALUSIAN. From Brodie.	EMBROIDERED INITIALS FOR A PILLOW-CASE.
	BRAIDING PATTERNS. Two engravings.
	INSERTION ARRANGED FOR COLORED RIBBON OR VELVET.
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GRANDFATHERS PORTRAIT



GODFREY'S FASHIONS



GRANDFATHERS PORTRAIT



GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR JULY 1863.



Wm. Sc.

FOR JULY 1863.



HATS AND FACES AT A WATERING-PLACE.

TRUTHFUL AND SATIRICAL.

I am Old and Gray.

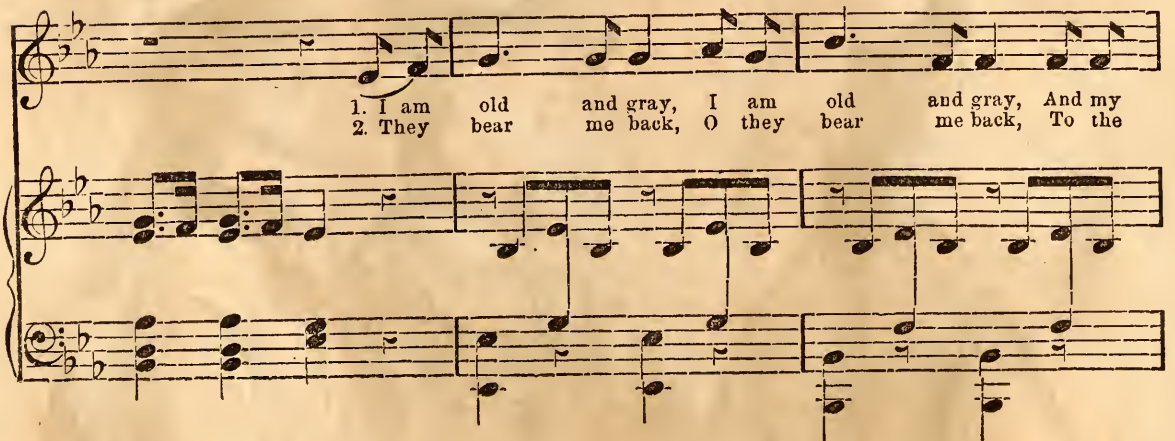
WRITTEN BY LIEUT. A. T. LEE, U. S. A

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY JAS. M. STEWART.



Piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment continues from the introduction.

1. I am old and gray, I am old and gray, And my
2. They bear me back, O they bear me back, To the



Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the last two lines of the song. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment continues from the previous system.

strength is fail-ing me day by day, Yet it warms my heart when the
field of youth and its flow - 'ry track, When my step was light and my

I AM OLD AND GRAY.

sun is gone, And her robe of stars the night puts on, To
heart was bold, And my first young love was not grown cold. I

gaze on the glad ones who lin - ger here, To breathe their sweet songs on my a - ged ear.
gaze on full ma - ny a smil - ing brow That sleeps in the still old church-yard now.

3.

It wrung my heart, O it wrung my heart,
To see them one by one depart,
And it cost me full many a tear of woe,
For my hopes then hung on the things below ;
But the visions of earthly joy grow dim
With the whitening hair and the failing limb.

4.

I am old and gray, I am old and gray,
But I've strength enough left me to kneel and pray,
And morning and evening I bless the power
That woke me to light in the midnight hour
That spared me to gaze with an aged eye
On a hope that can never fade or die.

LATEST STYLE.



Dress of white grenadine, with bouquets of gay flowers thrown over it. A fluted flounce of sea-green silk is on the edge of the skirt. The tablier and corsage trimmings are also of green silk. White straw hat, trimmed with a black lace scarf and a bunch of wild flowers.

ORGANDIE DRESS.

Presented to Godey's Lady's Book for publication by MESSRS. A. T. STEWART & Co. of New York.

(Front and Back view.)
(See description, Fashion department.)



INSERTION FOR MUSLIN.



FANCY PALETOT, FOR THE COUNTRY.



It will require two and a half yards of cloth, or five yards of silk to make this paletot. Either mohair or silk braid can be used for the braiding. The two braids which form the cable should be worked at the same time, so that they may be turned over and under alternately each link. The outline only of the anchors should be braided, the inner part being formed of velvet or cloth.

EMBROIDERY.



MORNING ROBE.



Trimmed down the front with a graduated piece, scalloped on each edge, and finished with a row of insertion and magic ruffling, neatly fluted. The sleeves and sash are trimmed in the same style.

COIFFURE FOR A YOUNG LADY.

(Front and Back view.)

(See description, Fashion department.)



COIFFURE ALEXANDRA.

The hair is cut short in the front, and curled, the little curls being arranged over frizzettes to give the coiffure the shape indicated in the illustration. The rest of the hair is parted down the centre, tied on each side behind the ear, and then arranged in as many curls as it is possible so to do. Single roses and leaves are dotted here and there among the curls in front, and an ornamental comb, with a flower on each side, finishes the headdress behind.



COMB WITH HAIR ATTACHED, FOR COIFFURE ALEXANDRA.



This small illustration shows the comb with hair attached, which may be purchased, ready arranged, to match the natural hair. This has merely to be stuck in the small knot behind, and the back of the hair is dressed in less than a minute.



THE MARIA THERESA CRAVAT.

(See description, Fashion department.)



HEADRESS.

(See description, Fashion department.)



FANCY COIFFURES.—(See description, Fashion department.)

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

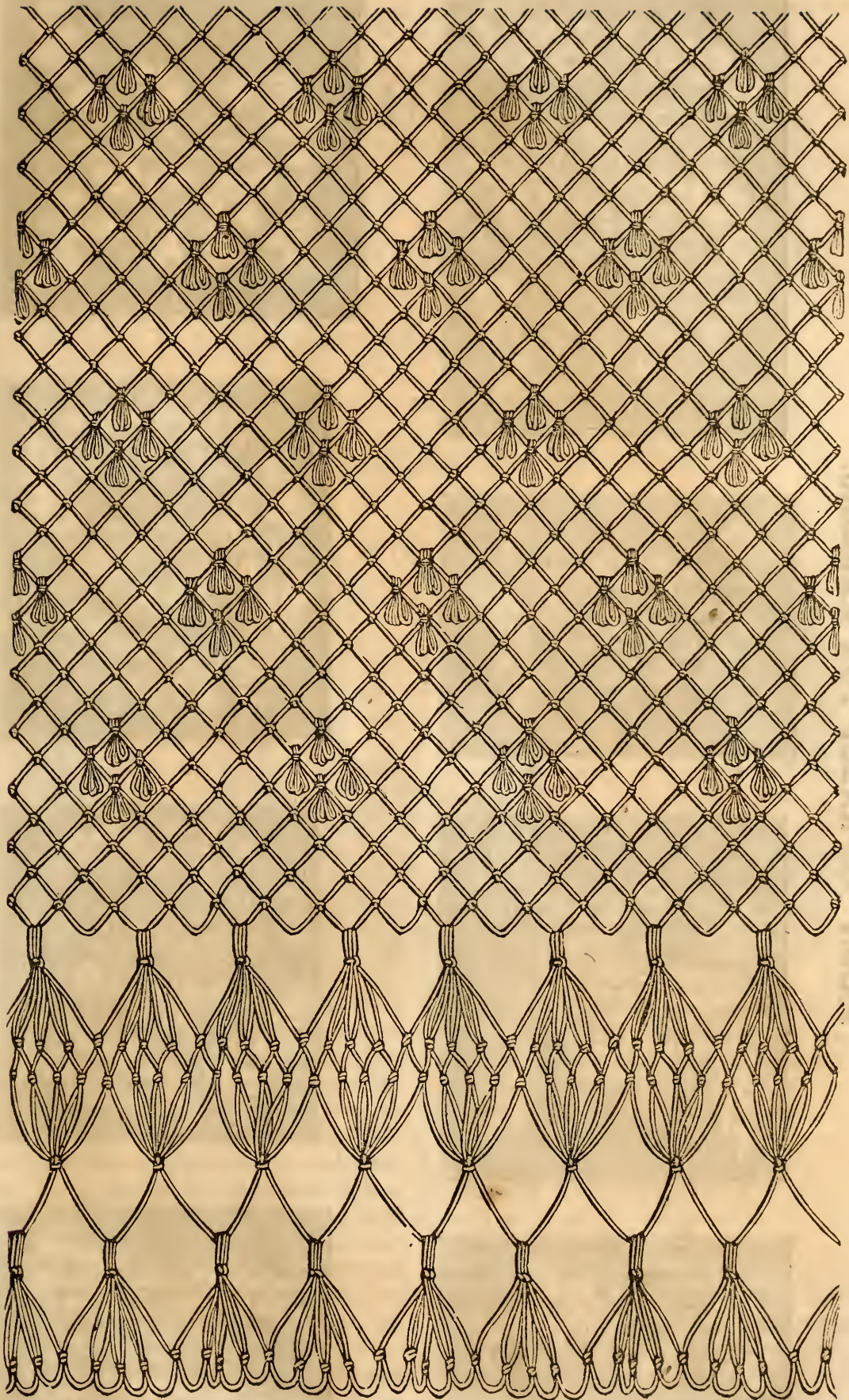


THE ANDALUSIAN.

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



Among the pardessus of the season we think none surpass the beauty of this charming variety ; the *gilet* gives a dash of piquancy that adds greatly to its attraction. The stuff of which it is made is taffeta, with drop buttons falling from macarons, and adorned with the universally popular braid-wrought embroidery.



NETTED BORDER.

(See description, Work Department.)

FANCY ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

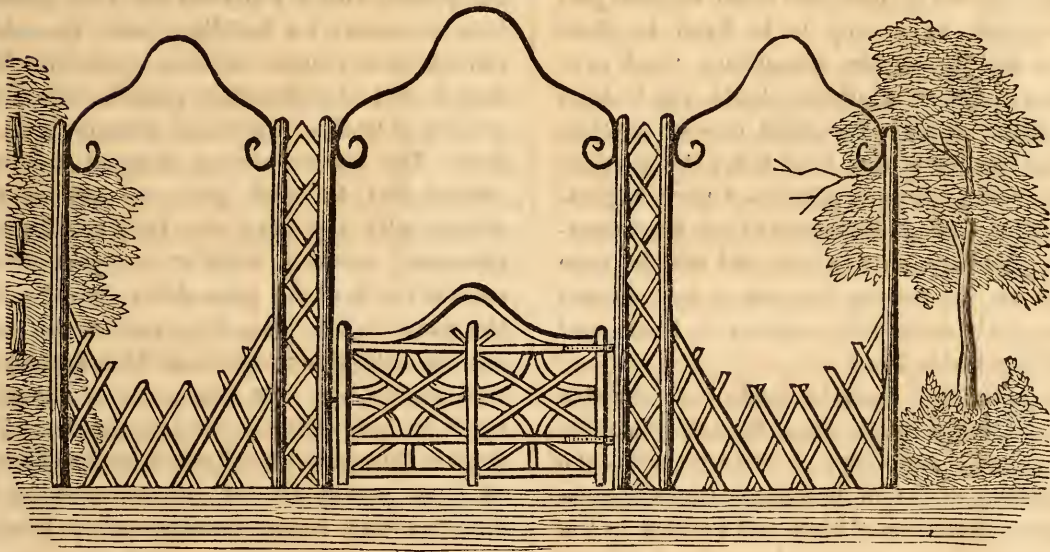


GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1863.

GARDEN STRUCTURES.—TRELLISES.

Fig. 1.

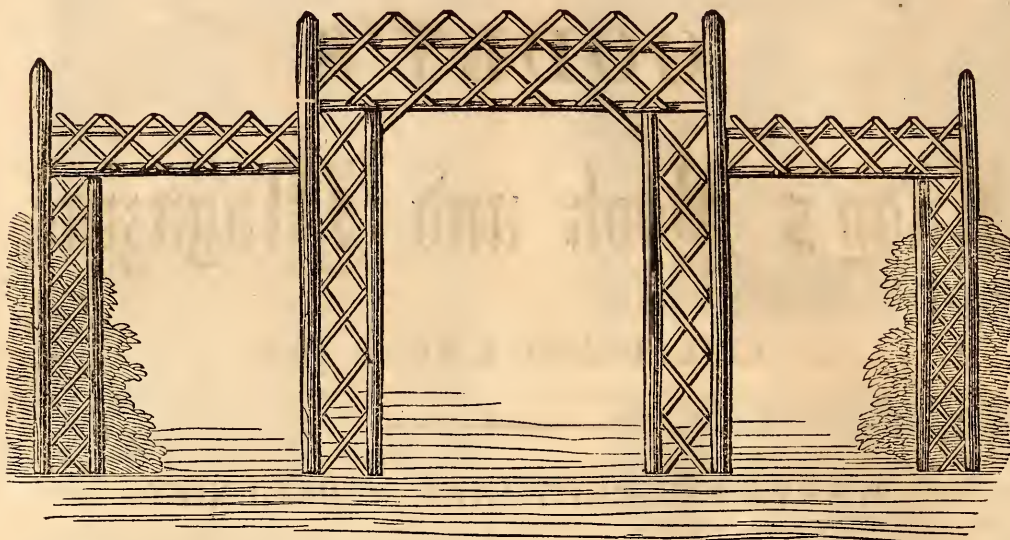


WHETHER a garden be large or small, there are few instances in which it may not be improved by means of some sort of rustic-work, in the way of trellised arches or fences, either for the purpose of dividing one part of the garden from another, or simply as an ornament in some suitable spot. The simplest form of trellis is a low fence composed of hazel stakes, driven into the ground in a slanting direction, with others crossing them at right angles; and these may be joined together by tying them at the top with pieces of thin copper wire, or slightly nailing them. This sort of fence answers admirably for training nasturtiums or sweet peas, which may be sown close to it, and allowed to trail over it. Such a fence will last several years; but if it is desired to make it more durable, or carry it higher, it will be necessary to make it stronger with stout posts of the required height; these should be let into

the ground about two feet at regular distances. The part that is let into the ground may be made even more durable by giving it a coat of pitch, or by holding it in a fire till the part is blackened or charred, but not burned away. This has a wonderful effect in adding durability to the wood in resisting damp, which is the first thing to be guarded against. When the posts are in their places, and firmly rammed down, it is advisable to tie them together with stakes cut to the required length, and then proceed to nail hazel rods crosswise, or in any ornamental style—and this is easily suggested on the spot; it may also be a means of testing the ingenuity of the operator, as it is never advisable to copy from others in such matters, since it ought not to be lost sight of that the surroundings, which may tally well with one style, may not suit another.

Wire trellises may be got ready made, and

Fig. 2.



also wire arches of neat and often elegant patterns, which have only to be fixed in their places; and these are sometimes fixed over pathways, where climbing plants are trained over them; indeed, the chief uses of trellises and rustic-work of this kind is for the purpose of supporting climbing plants—a most important section, comprising some of the most ornamental plants in cultivation, and will be sure to add an interesting feature to any garden where a little attention is given to them, and that of a suitable kind.

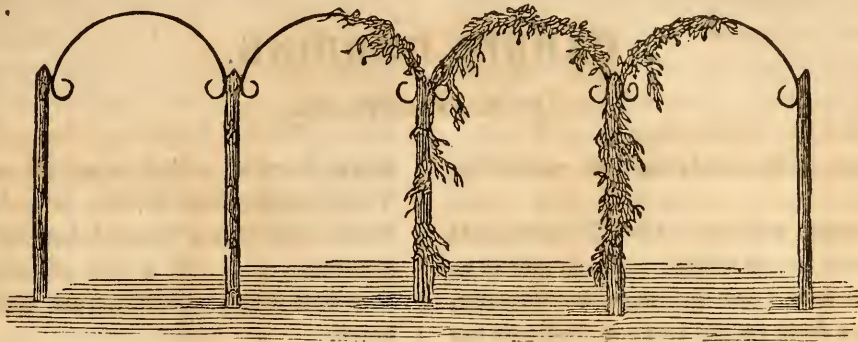
Garden trellises may be made both durable and exceedingly ornamental, by using suitable material, and exercising a little taste in the arrangement of it; in doing this there may be an endless diversity of form and pattern in the disposition of the smaller pieces; and, if well done, nothing adds more to the general effect of a garden, however small; but it is a too common practice to have them of deal wood, both posts and laths cut straight and planed smooth, and generally painted green, which takes off all rusticity from their appearance, until they are completely covered with such plants as are allowed to trail over them. In these structures a certain air of rusticity should be a characteristic feature, and where a person is at all capable of doing the work, it is better to do so than to employ a carpenter who does his work by line and rule. We do not think we can do better here than to copy the following from the "Gardeners' Weekly Magazine and Floricultural Cabinet," which applies very much to the point, and expresses most of what we would say:—

"The chief requisites for the structures here figured, are generally to be found growing upon

the place; and if a person can only spare the time necessary for building them, there is not otherwise any great expense incurred. When well done and judiciously placed, they add exceedingly to the interesting features of a garden. The accompanying designs are to be carried out in larch poles or oak saplings, always with the bark on; they are useful for throwing across a walk at any part where a semi-division of the ground is required—where the more highly dressed portion of the ground merges into the wilderness, the fernery, the rose-garden, etc.; or may encircle any special nook set apart for any special purpose. These sorts of things will hardly look amiss anywhere, as they would be, of course, covered with climbers—as roses, honeysuckles, jasmines, pyracantha, cotoneaster, clematis, etc.; or otherwise with ivy—a class of plants, generally speaking, too little grown. The distance from column to column may be regulated according to circumstances; as also their height; but from seven to eight feet in the width of openings, and from seven to nine feet in the height of columns, will be about the best proportions; of course using the greatest height where the columns are furthest apart, and *vice versa*. The principal posts should be about five to seven inches in diameter, and the filling-up stuff about two inches. The iron bows over Figs. 1 and 3 are formed of round iron rods, five-eighths of an inch in diameter. Collectors of climbing plants cannot adopt a better mode of displaying them than these trellises; when covered with species and varieties of clematis, they are most beautiful ornaments to a garden."

One of the best climbing plants for trellises is *jasminum nudiflora*—the yellow naked flow-

Fig. 3.



ering jasmine; it flowers freely in the winter, and makes a fine dense foliage in the summer; it will grow in any soil or situation, and requires no extra treatment beyond what is required by ordinary climbers, that is, to be neatly trained, and never allowed to make any extra growth before tying up. Clematis flamula, or the sweet-scented virgin's flower, is another climber exceedingly well adapted to cover a trellised archway; it gives out a delicious perfume when in flower, in July and August. Cotoneaster macrophylla will also give satisfaction on account of its red berries. Many sorts of roses will also be found highly ornamental when allowed to trail over arches and trellis-work; but although, as before mentioned, climbing plants ought never to be allowed to wear any appearance of neglect, and should be fastened up in time to prevent that unsightly appearance that always accompanies tying up, after allowing them to grow as they please for too long a time, still they look none the better for being trained in too closely or with any degree of formality; a certain natural and easy look about these trellis plants will always have a most pleasing effect. It would be impossible to enumerate all the various plants suitable for the purpose of clothing garden trellises with a verdant covering; they are very numerous, comprising both annuals and perennials. Of the former, tropeolums, convolvulus, cobeascandens, etc., may be taken as examples, they being the most common. Others die down every year, as everlasting peas, and some sort of clematis; but the best are those that live on, as the honeysuckle, the jasmine, the glycine, or wistaria; and not the least worthy of note is ivy, which makes a fine evergreen wall or fence for hiding one part of the ground from another, or covering in an unsightly corner. Speaking of this, we have seen some beautiful arches built of burrs and shells, having both variegated and plain leaved ivy trailing about them, but not enough to hide the burrs and shells, yet presenting a due proportion of each,

filling up in a most effective style what would otherwise be a most unsightly corner.

THE LOVER'S PRIDE.—I believe there is no period of life so happy as that in which a thriving lover leaves his mistress after his first success. His joy is more perfect than at the absolute moment of his own eager vow, and her half-assenting blushes. Then he is thinking mostly of her, and is to a certain degree embarrassed by the effort necessary for success. But when the promise has once been given to him, and he is able to escape into the domain of his own heart, he is as a conqueror who has mastered half a continent by his own strategy. It never occurs to him, he hardly believes that his success is no more than that which is the ordinary lot of mortal man. He never reflects that all the old married fogies whom he knows and despises, have just as much ground for pride, if such pride were enduring; that every fat, silent, dull, somnolent old lady whom he sees and quizzes, has at some period been deemed as worthy a prize as his priceless galleon; and so deemed by as bold a captor as himself. Some one has said that every young mother, when her first child is born, regards the babe as the most wonderful production of that description which the world has yet seen. And this, too, is true. But I doubt even whether that conviction is so strong as the conviction of the young successful lover, that he has achieved a triumph which should ennoble him down to late generations. As he goes along he has a contempt for other men; for they know nothing of such glory as his. As he pores over his *Blackstone*, he remembers that he does so, not so much that he may acquire law, as that he may acquire Fanny; and then all other porers over *Blackstone* are low and mean in his sight—are mercenary in their views, and unfortunate in their ideas, for they have no Fanny in view.

CARRIE HARDING.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

“WHAT are you studying so earnestly, Carrie?”

“French verbs, mother. Miss Delattre said I was backward in my verbs; and, as she is so kind as to teach me her language for nothing, the least I can do is to try to be a credit to my teacher.”

“Right! you are right, Carrie. Learn all you can now, it will come of use some time, be sure of that.” And the widow sighed as her eye rested on the intelligent face raised to hers, regretting the limited advantages accorded to the child.

True, she went to the public school, but there were many times when Mrs. Harding’s illness kept the uncomplaining little girl in her room for weeks at a time.

Mrs. Harding was the widow of a sea-captain; and of seven children, Carrie was the only one who had survived her infancy. Carrie was, at the time my story opens, in her thirteenth year, tall, but very slender, with a pale, thin face, lighted by large brown eyes, of wonderful intelligence. Accustomed from her earliest childhood to be her mother’s comfort and support, her willing little hands were fitted for many a task suited to older years. To cook their simple meals, to take care of the room, and help her mother to sew were her daily tasks; and when illness came, Carrie’s busy hands finished the work her mother was unable to complete, and took it home. In the same house, where Mrs. Harding rented a room, there lived an old French lady, who earned an humble livelihood by making artificial flowers. She had lived for years in this little house, and none suspected her of being born to a higher station than the one she filled; but her history was one quite common, but not less mournful on that account. She had been a lady of rank and fortune, driven from her home by the Revolution, and obliged to turn the pretty art she had learned to decorate her own rooms and vases, into a means of gaining her daily bread. From their first meeting, there had been a cordial feeling between Mrs. Harding and Miss Delattre; and the old French lady especially loved the active, handy little Carrie. She had taught her to cut and form the many-colored muslins into flowers, and was repaid by many an hour of active assistance when a

large, hurried order required constant work. Then, seeing the child’s love for books and study, she began to teach her her own musical language, and felt a real pleasure in hearing the well-loved accents from the fresh girlish voice.

“There! I know it!” and Carrie laid aside her book and came close to her mother’s side. “Mother, do you feel sick to-night? You are so pale, and your lips look dry and parched.”

“My head aches,” and Mrs. Harding leaned wearily back in her chair, letting the sewing fall from her listless fingers.

Carrie placed a soft, cool hand on her mother’s forehead, whispering, in low, loving accents: “Poor mamma! dear mamma! Lie down and rest!”

“No, no! this must be done to night,” said her mother, taking up the sewing.

“I will finish it! Oh dear, I can’t—it is embroidery! I must learn to embroider. Oh, mamma, how I wish I could help you!”

“You do help me, Carrie. Think how little I should get done if I had to stop to run home with work, to make the bed, dust, sweep, or do all the labor my little girl does so handily.”

“I will make you a cup of tea now, and see if it will not take the pain from that poor head.” And, pleased with the idea of relieving her mother, Carrie hummed a merry little tune as she proceeded with her labor of love.

The tea did not prove a sufficiently powerful remedy, and Mrs. Harding was forced to lay aside the work, and resign herself to Carrie’s nursing. The next morning, rising softly and dressing herself, Carrie was preparing to get breakfast, when a moan from the bed startled her. She went towards it. Mrs. Harding lay with her eyes staring wide open, a bright color in her cheeks, her lips parted, breathing heavily.

“Mamma!” said Carrie, uneasily, for she had never seen her mother look so before.

“Go away,” said her mother, turning her eyes towards her daughter, without one ray of recognition in them. “Go away!”

“Go away, mamma? Will you send away your own little Carrie?” And the child bent over her, and kissed the hot cheeks.

“I tell you go away!” cried Mrs. Harding. “I know what you want. You want to persuade Harry to go to sea again without me! Harry,

don't leave me! It is so lonely when you are away! Our babies are all dead, Harry; don't leave me all alone!"

The tears started into Carrie's eyes at the mournful pathos of her mother's voice, and then she drew in her breath quickly with terror, for it was the first time she had ever seen delirium. What could ail her mother!

"Mamma, dear mother, don't you know me?" she said pleadingly.

"Hush!" said her mother, "don't you hear the waves? Under the waves! far away at sea! Dead! dead! and he could not bid me good-bye. I couldn't go! They wouldn't let him take me and the baby! Carrie! Where is my baby? Did she die too?"

"I am here, mother. Your own little Carrie!" sobbed the child.

"Don't cry," said Mrs. Harding, looking earnestly at her; "don't cry. We must all die. It's only that some are called earlier than others."

Frightened now beyond her powers of control, the child left her mother's side to seek assistance. Miss Delattre answering her loud, terrified knock, accompanied her back to the room. One glance showed her how the case was, and she calmed Carrie effectually by telling her that her mother's life perhaps depended upon careful, quiet nursing. Loving, as she did, the only parent she had ever known, Carrie controlled her grief by an effort, marvellous in one so young, and started to go for a doctor.

Miss Delattre, seeing the impropriety of leaving her friend entirely in the charge of a mere child, brought the table with her articles of toil upon it, and set down to await the arrival of Carrie with the doctor.

A few days of violent illness—bitter days, during which the poor child obtained not one glance of recognition and love, and then Carrie Harding was motherless.

"She shall come into my room. I teach her my trade. She shall live with me!" said Miss Delattre, when the question how to dispose of the child came up.

These were days and nights of bitter, mournful sorrow; but, young as she was, Carrie had been taught by a pious parent where to look for comfort, and Miss Delattre, a sincere, earnest Christian herself, enforced the early lessons; and, as the elasticity of a child's mind gradually awakened to new impressions, she became cheerful, happy once more. Not that she forgot, but she let present duties fill her time, and drew her thoughts from unavailing

sorrow. Many tears were shed as she and her kind old friend talked over the loved one who was gone; but they were quiet tears, and she became resigned to the will of Providence, and calm in proportion as she felt willing to submit.

Her days passed quietly, but were not without their pleasures. Miss Delattre, who loved her intensely, took her from school, to superintend, herself, her studies. It was a pleasant sight to see the old lady, with busy fingers, shaping the leaves which the child cut and handed to her, and all the while listening to the recitations the little one was giving. As French from constant intercourse with her instructor became easier, Carrie gradually fell into the habit of using it instead of her own tongue, and reciting her lessons in history or geography in her teacher's own language.

Her mother had been dead some months, when her room was taken by a gentleman, a middle aged man, with light hair and a heavy beard, whose violin and piano preceded him, and who met the child in the entry with a grunt and a nod of approval.

She gave him a sly, but graceful salutation, her eye wandering curiously to the open piano, visible through the door.

"You knows him, ha?" said the gentleman, following the glance.

"Sir?"

"You plays him?"

"No, sir!"

"You have hear him?"

"No, sir."

"Come in, come in! I plays him for you."

Carrie followed him into the room full of curiosity, wondering what the queer looking instrument could be.

The first chord made her eyes open wide with delighted surprise. A hand organ and the human voice were the only mediums through which the child had ever heard music, and this was like opening a new world. The musician, amused and pleased by the unaffected delight betokened in the eager face and large dark eyes, played one simple air after another; when he ceased, Carrie, drawing a deep breath, and unconsciously using one of her old friend's exclamations, whispered: "C'est magnifique!"

Her own delight in the music was equalled by the expression of the musician's face. "Vous parlez Francais?" he cried.

"Oui, monsieur!" said Carrie, blushing as she spoke.

The gentleman, or, we may as well give him his name, Mr. Beauvais, began eagerly to question her about her love of music, and while he

appeared amazed at her ignorance of different instruments, he was delighted by the intelligence of her answers, and, above all, by her pure Parisian accent and correct use of the language. Questions, delicately put, elicited from the little girl a simple but touching account of her mother's death and her dear friend and instructor Miss Delattre. At this point of the conversation, finding he had a countrywoman in the building, the musician, discarding all ceremony, took the hand of his little friend and started to pay his respects to Miss Delattre. The rooms being directly opposite to each other, separated only by an entry, Miss Delattre had heard much of the conversation, and rose to meet her guest as he came into the room.

He introduced himself! Mons. Beauvais, first violinist of the — theatre orchestra, and her countryman.

The three neighbors were soon fast friends. Many a meal Carrie's active little fingers prepared for Mr. Beauvais, amply repaid by the uninterrupted flow of music from his violin or piano, and through the open doors the sounds of his practising made little fingers fly speedier in the pretty task of flower making, and the little old maid's heart beat with new life and energy.

One morning Mr. Beauvais had gone to rehearsal, Miss Delattre was out purchasing the materials to fill a large order for flowers, and Carrie, having put both rooms in perfect order, was wandering listlessly up and down, weary with the, to her, novel weariness of nothing to do. Her eye rested on the open piano, and, crossing the entry, she sat down before it, wishing intensely that she could draw from it the sweet sounds which Mr. Beauvais' fingers called forth. With a timid hand she touched one of the keys, then another, and having run the scale with light frightened fingers, she began slowly and laboriously to pick out note by note one of her favorite airs. Finding the task rather a hopeless one, she abandoned the effort and began to hum the air. Before the arrival of the wondrous instruments of music she had often sung softly as she moved about her work, but her wonderful reverence for them had lately kept her musical efforts silent. Now, alone, and full of earnestness to hear the air she loved, she gradually allowed her voice to rise and swell, sometimes touching one of the keys, flushing with delight if it accorded with the tones of her voice. A new idea now struck her. She could not play the air, but she could sing it, and some of her notes accorded with these white and black keys. After several

trials she found she could sing and play occasionally a note without interrupting the air, and with this simple, one note accompaniment, she poured forth her pure clear voice fearlessly. No miser, over a new-found treasure, ever felt his heart beat with more rapture than this child felt at her newly discovered power. Her pale cheeks flushed crimson, her eyes were raised, and her whole figure seemed expanded with rapture, as the clear notes swelled higher and higher, filling the little room with waves of melody. At last, excited, trembling with pleasure, she bent her head over the piano, and burst into tears. An exclamation behind her made her start and spring to her feet.

Mons. Beauvais stood there, and not alone. With him was a gentleman, whom she had never seen before, whose large blue eyes rested full upon her trembling figure and flushed face, as she stood silent before him.

"Is this one of your pupils, Beauvais?" he said, putting his fingers under the child's chin, and gently raising her tearful face.

"No, sare! I never heard her sing before."

"Who taught you?" said the gentleman kindly, to Carrie.

"No one, sir. They were all out, and I tried a little. I was very careful not to strike hard, and I did not wear it out much, I hope!"

Both gentlemen laughed, and glad not to be scolded for meddling, the child glided past them into her own little room.

"Beauvais, that child's a genius!" said the stranger.

"Eh, sare! I never hears her sing before!" repeated the musician, who was in truth overwhelmed with surprise at Carrie's performance.

The conversation turned upon other topics, and having settled the business which had brought him there, the arrangements for a serenade to be given to one of his fashionable friends, Mr. Clarence Latimer went away, and wondered who that child was with such a magnificent voice, and then forgot the whole incident.

Not so Mons. Beauvais. The idea that he had lived for six months within reach of such a voice, and never heard it, confounded him. He had liked Carrie, was pleased with her attentions to himself, and her frankly expressed delight at his music, but he had never thought of taking the same place as Miss Delattre towards their little friend. Now the case seemed entirely altered, and he at once conceived the design of instructing the child, and cultivating the musical talent with which she was evidently endowed.

Words cannot describe Carrie's ecstasy when this plan was imparted to her. Her eyes filled with tears, and throwing herself on her friend's bosom, she fairly sobbed out her thanks. From that time regular hours were set apart for music.

Six years had passed since Mrs. Harding died, when it became necessary for Carrie to leave the quiet, happy seclusion in which she had heretofore lived, and go out into the great city to earn her living. Miss Delattre had taken early in the winter a severe cold, neglect of its symptoms had increased it; rheumatism came after, and finally terminated in the loss of the use of the right hand. Now was the time for Carrie to repay the years of care which the old lady had lavished upon her, and she cheerfully took up the burden.

Making flowers she soon found would not be sufficient; it was very well while there were two persons to work at it, but, alone, she found her labors would not be sufficient to support them.

She applied at the millinery establishment for which her old friend had worked for so many years, and they readily agreed to take her as a hand.

A perfect French scholar and a fine musician, it may seem strange that she did not think of these accomplishments as a means of support; but Carrie never thought of this. For every difficulty that she conquered in music, her instructor supplied another to be surmounted, and the young girl really felt that her progress was slow, and would have urged her own incompetency, had any one suggested to her to teach the art in which she was so promising a pupil; and, as for French, so natural was it now for her to use it, that she did not think of it as an accomplishment. She would as soon have thought of priding herself upon speaking English correctly.

Mrs. Manners, the principal of the milliner's store in which Carrie now worked, placed her as saleswoman in the show room. Her childish leanness of contour had vanished with her growth, the thin face was now a beautiful oval, the pale complexion, still white and smooth, was tinged with a healthful color, and a profusion of rich brown hair shaded the broad white forehead. Tall, graceful, and beautiful, with a natural refinement, improved by her intercourse with her old French friend, Carrie was a most valuable acquisition in the show room, especially as a native modesty, fostered by her secluded life, made her unobtrusive and respectful. Her evenings were devoted to music and the society of her friend.

"Carrie, can you spare time to alter the arrangement of these flowers?" said Mrs. Manners, coming into the show room with an exquisite crape hat in her hand. "Mrs. Latimer wishes to have them higher up, and the girls are so hurried just now."

"Certainly; give it to me. How stiff they are!" And with quick, skilful fingers, Carrie took off the flowers, and began to reshape them.

"Don't! you will tear them to pieces!" cried Mrs. Manners.

"Tear them to pieces!" said Carrie, smiling. "Why, I have spent nearly all my life making flowers! There! Is not that better?"

"Beautiful! There, put them in. Here comes Mrs. Latimer, and—why, bless me, she has got our new neighbor, the rich French lady who lives around the corner. If I can secure her custom I'm a made milliner; for, I think, she wears a new bonnet every time she goes out."

Mrs. Latimer, a tall, elderly lady, entered the salesroom, accompanied by another lady about her own age, dressed with exquisite taste, and with a mild, benevolent face once seen never to be forgotten.

After duly admiring the change in her new hat, wrought by Carrie's skilful fingers, Mrs. Latimer introduced Madame de Villa, and, pleading an engagement, hurried away, leaving her friend to make her own selections. A difficulty now arose, which Carrie, occupied in another part of the room, did not at first perceive. Mrs. Manners could speak nothing but English; Madame de Villa, nothing but French. Weary at last with the fruitless effort to understand her customer, Mrs. Manners turned away, saying:—

"Dear me! how provoking to lose such a rich customer, just because I can't speak French!"

Carrie caught the words, and coming to Madame de Villa, requested her order in French. Mrs. Manners was surprised, but gratified; and through the medium of this willing interpreter, the orders were clearly delivered.

"Call at my house this afternoon, and I will give you the flowers for the bonnet," said Madame de Villa to Carrie, as she left.

"Will you go?" said Mrs. Manners. "I know it is not exactly your place, but the errand-girl would never understand her."

"Certainly, I will go," said Carrie.

When she made the promised call, Madame de Villa sent for her to come up into her dressing-room. The young girl's eyes would rove with a natural curiosity over furniture, dresses,

and bijouterie, such as she had never seen before; but she listened attentively to the directions for the disposal of the flowers.

Hearing her own tongue from such a musical voice, and with such a pure accent from a beautiful girl, who, simply attired, acted as saleswoman in a store, naturally roused Madame de Villa's curiosity; and, courteously requesting Carrie to be seated, she began to question her, and in a short time drew from her her simple history.

"Why do you not teach French?" she asked. "You say you have studied the grammar thoroughly; your accent is pure and your idioms correct."

"I should not know where to apply for scholars," said Carrie. "I have no friends excepting Mons. Beauvais and Miss Delattre, and they have lived very secluded."

"Well, well, we will see!" said Madame de Villa, and Carrie, understanding that the interview was over, took her leave.

The next morning she was standing in the show-room alone, when Mrs. Latimer came in.

"Miss Harding," she said, coming abruptly to the point, "I have been talking to Madame de Villa about you, and she says you are competent to teach French. I have been looking out for a French teacher for my daughter, and having ascertained from Mrs. Manners that the story you told yesterday was true—there, don't blush, we never doubted it—I have come to engage your services. As I know that one scholar alone will not support you, I propose to get more. Come to my house on Wednesday evening next; I am going to have a party, and I will introduce you to some of my friends who have children, and we will try to make you a class. There, not a word. You are a good girl, or Mrs. Manners would never speak of you as she does. Be sure you come on Wednesday. Stay! I will send for you. What is your address?"

Carrie gave it, and Mrs. Latimer left her. Invited to a party at one of the largest houses in the city, and by one of its most elegant leaders of fashion, Carrie was half afraid she was dreaming.

As soon as she reached home, she spoke of her new opening in life to Miss Delattre, or Aunt Elise, as she always called her.

"You must go, my dear! you must go!" said the old lady, decidedly. "Open the lower drawer in that bureau, and bring me a large roll you will find there."

Carrie obeyed. When opened, the roll contained many rich dresses, relics of the little old

maid's former state, but one and another was rejected. One was too dark, another faded, and all were too small, while the difference between the stature of the tall graceful girl, and her little old friend, made any alteration a hopeless task. With a sigh, the roll was placed again in the drawer.

"Oh," said Carrie, suddenly, "I know what will do. I remember a roll of white muslin father sent to mother before I was born, which she always persisted was too rich for her to wear. It is in her trunk; I will get it. I have often seen it," and Carrie turned eagerly to the trunk.

The muslin proved to be a rich India muslin heavily wrought, yellow, but otherwise in perfect order. Soap, water, and a hot sun soon bleached it white, and Carrie made it up.

The anxiously expected evening came, and, when dressed, Carrie looked like some bright spirit in the little room. For the first time in her life she wore a dress which, fitting her form perfectly, left her arms and shoulders uncovered. It fell, this snowy drapery, in full soft folds round her, and was untrimmed, save by a lace hunted up from Miss Delattre's stock, which partially shaded the round white arms. Wreathed in with her dark chestnut curls, were clusters of jessamine, made by her own skilful fingers, and her beautiful face needed no ornament of jewels to set it off. The carriage sent by Mrs. Latimer came early, and, with many good wishes from her two friends, Carrie started for the party.

The dressing room, filled with gay laughing girls, gave her an uneasy sensation; she felt so lost and lonely in this crowd of strangers, but, throwing aside her shawl, and smoothing her hair with her hands, she descended the broad staircase to find her hostess.

Many admiring eyes followed her graceful figure as she threaded her way among the crowd, but she did not know it. Mrs. Latimer received her kindly, herself astonished at the wondrous beauty of the young girl in her becoming dress, and Madame de Villa took her young *protégée* under her own especial charge. The blaze of light, rich dresses, and splendid apartment were like dream land to the young girl, but native ease took the place of custom, and no awkward stare or gesture marked the novice. She was still chatting with Madame de Villa, not hearing the inquiries made to Mrs. Latimer about the beautiful French girl, when the hostess came up with a face full of vexation.

"Is it not too provoking?" she said; "Mr. B. has brought his violin to play for us, and all

his music is in duets. His friend Mr. L., who was to play second violin, has sent a regret, and so we lose our music."

Carrie listened, and then said timidly: "If it is not very difficult, I can play it for you."

"Play the violin!" cried the astonished lady.

"I can play a little!"

The music was brought to her, and one glance showed it to be within her power. An instrument lay upon the piano, and Carrie, taking it up, pronounced herself ready to assist Mr. B. The celebrated musician cast one half contemptuous glance at his proposed assistant, but took his violin, and, nodding to her, began to play. The contemptuous expression changed to one of quiet satisfaction as they proceeded. Perfect time, accuracy and expression characterized Carrie's performance. Unconscious that she was doing anything extraordinary, only anxious to give her hostess the pleasure of hearing the great violinist, she played her part, as it should be played, secondary to her companion. As the last note died on the air, murmurs of applause greeted them, but Carrie never dreamed that any of these were intended for her.

Mr. B., turning to her, complimented her highly upon her performance, and, taking another piece from his pile, asked her if she could play the accompaniment. It was for piano and violin, and Carrie gave a ready assent. She was even more at home here than with the violin, and the performance went off with great success.

"You sing?" said Mr. B., as she finished. He seemed to wish to engross the young girl entirely.

"Yes."

"Sing!" he said, abruptly, and Carrie complied.

There was no wish for display in all this. Remembering the intense delight she herself felt in hearing music, she hoped that, in a less degree, she was imparting the same pleasure. Her instrumental performances had been purely mechanical, but now the genius in her own soul shone forth. As she sang, the murmurs of conversation through the room were hushed, and all crowded to the piano. Clear, pure, and true came the notes, and full of power and richness rose the fresh young voice. Now, as the song required, dying away in trills, growing fainter and fainter, then coming back in prolonged full notes, filling the whole room with music. As she finished, a deep hush was over all that crowded room, for it seemed more than human, that glorious young voice. Mr.

B.'s eyes were full of tears, so powerfully had this affected him; and, still perfectly ignorant that she had done anything worthy of especial notice, the young girl glided back to her seat beside Madame de Villa.

Gentlemen were introduced to her, but after a few moments' chat, shrugged their shoulders, voted her a mere musical machine, and left her. Why? She had never been to the opera, knew none of the celebrities, and had no small talk. One only exception there was to this rule. One gentleman, Mrs. Latimer's only son, kept his place beside her. He knew her history, and instead of talking on the chit-chat of society, he began to discuss books and music. Here Carrie was in her element. Mr. Beauvais had a good library of French literature, and knowing as he did many men of letters, he had from time to time borrowed standard works in her own language for the young girl's perusal, and also to improve his own knowledge of English.

Modest and quiet, Carrie still chatted with ease and grace, and Clarence was amazed at the information her remarks displayed.

"Do you remember," he said, suddenly, "the first time you ever tried to play?"

"Yes, indeed," said Carrie, smiling; "I was caught in the act by Mr. Beauvais and another gentleman. I do not remember his face, for I was too much frightened to look up; but he had a gentle touch and a sweet voice."

"Thank you," said Clarence, laughing. "I prophesied then that you had genius, and my predictions are fulfilled."

"You! was it you?"

"I, myself," was the gay answer. "Tell me, now, how you enjoy this evening?"

"Oh, so much," said Carrie, "particularly the piano"—and she glanced at the grand piano on which her fingers had lingered with such a loving touch. "It don't jingle like ours, and the pedal does not creak."

"Rather important advantages," said Clarence. "So you enjoy the piano?"

"Indeed I do. And I like to talk to you, too," she added, frankly. "You know so much. How I should like to travel as you have done, and see all you have seen."

Clarence had too much tact to embarrass her by noticing the compliment, but he fully appreciated it.

All pleasant things must have an end, and at midnight, according to promise, Carrie went home. She bade Mrs. Latimer and Madame de Villa good-night, and glided away, leaving the gayety in full bloom. Clarence accompanied her; and asking permission to call, left her at

her own door. Think how odd it seemed for such a girl as that, to live in a little room in the third story of a small house in a narrow court.

The next day Carrie took a grateful leave of her kind friend, Mrs. Manners, and entered upon her duties as a teacher. The *eclat* of her introduction, and the announcement of the fact that Mrs. Latimer intended to place her daughter under her instruction for both French and music, gave her a start in this line, and in a few weeks her time was entirely filled up at good prices.

She was glad to change her former life for the present one, as it gave her more time to be at home, and her Aunt Elise seemed every day to need her care more. The old lady, in her little room, watched for the bright young face, and hungered for the cheerful voice that made the music of her home. No invitation to dine or sup in the houses where she taught, could keep Carrie away at the hours when she knew Miss Delattre was waiting for her to prepare her simple meals, and no daughter's hand could have more gently and kindly fed the cripple. Her first party was the only indulgence of this kind she permitted herself to take. Many invitations were extended; but she remembered her old friend's words when she returned—

"Oh, I am so glad to see you! I have been so lonely all the evening. Mr. Beauvais was at the theatre, and it was very dull."

And Carrie, thinking only of the immense debt of gratitude she owed her old friend, resolved never to call forth the same complaint of loneliness again.

Madame de Villa was the young girl's constant friend. Books, music, paintings, all were placed within her reach, and the French lady delighted in her young *protégée*. One morning, calling to get a book to read in the evenings to Miss Delattre, Carrie was surprised to find Madame de Villa making preparations for a journey.

"Ah, Carrie!" she said, looking up as the young girl entered. "I was going to send for you. Sit down, and listen to me. I am going to France, going to live there, and I want you to go with me. Not," she continued, mistaking the young girl's expression of dismay, "not as a companion or a subordinate, but as my child, my adopted daughter, to whom at my death I shall will all my property. I love you, Carrie!" and she drew her into a close embrace. "I am widowed and childless; you shall be my child."

For a few moments surprise kept Carrie silent;

then she said: "Oh, you are too kind, too good, but I cannot!"

"Cannot! why?"

"I cannot leave Aunt Elise. She depends upon my labors for her daily bread. Could I leave her to starve?"

"My dear child, do not accuse me of such an inhuman idea! I will leave an ample income for Miss Delattre."

"But she is a cripple; she cannot live alone."

"I will pay some one to attend to her; so make your mind easy about that."

"Pay some one! Oh, Madame de Villa, can hired hands be to her what mine are? Can paid services take the place of those dictated by love alone? She loves me, and the separation would kill her. You are kind, and I am very, very grateful; but I cannot leave Aunt Elise!"

"But, my child, I will make you rich, and you can send her superb presents. She is no relation to you—has no real claim upon you."

"No real claim upon me! She has been more than a mother to me since my own died. Parent, teacher, friend. All I am I owe to her. Could you expect me to be a grateful, dutiful child to you, if I repaid her by deserting her in her lonely, crippled old age?"

"You are right! Go back to her. I will write to you often; and remember if her death releases you, you are to be mine, my child."

A long loving conversation followed, and then Carrie returned home.

Miss Delattre was seated in her arm-chair near the window when Carrie entered, and a gush of emotion flooded the young girl's eyes as she pictured her waiting thus for one who would never come. Crossing the room softly, she knelt down beside her old friend, and looked up lovingly into her face.

"Carrie, Carrie," softly sighed Miss Delattre, stroking back the rich dark hair from the fair forehead. "I think you have been gone a great while."

"I was detained at Madame de Villa's."

"Did you get a new book?"

"No, auntie, I forgot it. Madame de Villa is going home to France. She starts for New York this afternoon."

"Going home! France, dear France!" and the invalid's fingers fluttered. "Home to France!" and then a deep silence fell on the two. Carrie, leaning her head against the arm-chair, thought over her long conversation with Madame de Villa, and the invalid went in fancy across the water to "dear France."

The next afternoon, when Miss Julia Latimer

was taking her singing lesson, her brother Clarence strolled into the parlor. It was the first time Carrie had seen him since the eventful party, and she returned his graceful bow, with smiling pleasure.

"Do go away, Claire, while I take my lesson," said his sister.

"I shall not disturb you," was the reply, and he sat down near the window.

The lesson was over, but Sophie, Carrie's other scholar, was out, though expected home every minute. Julie, glad to run away, left the room, and Clarence joined Carrie at the piano. No idea of impropriety disturbed the young girl. She was waiting for a pupil. Mr. Latimer surely had a right to remain in his own parlor, and the time would be less tedious in company than alone.

"Do you still retain your love for this piano?" said Clarence.

"As the first really fine instrument I ever touched, I certainly love it," was Carrie's reply.

"I never heard you play except to accompany a duet or the voice; will you favor me now?"

"Certainly! I must wait till Sophie comes. Give me a subject!"

"A subject?"

"I had rather improvise than play from memory. Mons. Beauvais always gave me a subject at every lesson."

"She does not seem aware that there is any genius required for that," thought Clarence, amused at her simple business-like tone; aloud he said: "Take memory, Miss Harding."

"Memory, whose? mine?"

"Yes."

For an instant she was silent, then she said in a low tone: "My first recollection is my mother's lament over my father's death at sea.

Low, quivering notes softly glided into a murmuring like rippling water, growing deeper and stronger as, forgetting her listener, the young girl's imagination pictured a storm at sea. Gradually the deep sonorous chords, and rapid sweeping, like wind, among the keys, died away, and joining her voice, a wailing dirge for the lost sailor filled the room; then more slowly, solemnly rose a hymn for her mother. Gliding softly from sad strains, little scraps of the negro airs she had first learned from the hand organs followed, and then her face flushed and her eyes shone as she recalled Mons. Beauvais' first meeting with her. Looking earnestly forward, her fingers gradually drawing out sounds of unparalleled sweetness

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and melody, she burst suddenly into a song of praise. There were no words, yet Clarence knew she was recalling the day when she first tested her own musical powers. The rich glorious voice filled the air around him, and the joyousness of the song made him almost long to join his voice with hers, when she was recalled from her dreams, he from his ecstasy, by—

"I am ready for my lesson, Miss Harding!"

Little Sophie, Mrs. Latimer's youngest child, had, all unperceived by Carrie or Clarence, come in, taken off shawl and bonnet, and now stood ready for her lesson.

Thoughtfully, his heart full of that glorious music, Clarence left them, feeling that his sister's childish strumming would be unendurable after Carrie's performance.

That same evening, while Carrie sat at her aunt's feet reading aloud, there came a tap at the door. She opened it, to find Mr. Latimer standing there.

"May I hope I am not intruding?" he said; "you gave me permission to call, on the evening when I escorted you home from my mother's. I have been out of town, or I should have availed myself of it sooner.

"Walk in," said Carrie. "Aunt Elise, this is Mr. Latimer, the gentleman I spoke to you about."

Clarence spoke to the old lady in her own tongue, and accepted Carrie's offered seat. His call was a long one. Having lately visited France, he could give Miss Delattre intelligence of scenes and people, from whom she never expected to hear again, yet although attentive to her, his eye took in the neat arrangement of the simple furniture and the graceful figure sewing near the table.

"You will come again, come often," said Miss Delattre as he rose to go.

"Thank you for permission to do so," he said. There were few *tête à tête's* after this for Carrie and her old friend. Some time in the evening, if only to stay long enough to bring some flowers or a book, Clarence came in, often remaining for hours, reading aloud while Carrie sewed, or chatting with Miss Delattre of the never wearying subject—France. Coming home from long walks and patience tasking lessons, Carrie learned to listen for the well-known knock, and cheerful voice at the door, welcoming both with frank pleasure.

Coming home one day at dinner time, she was surprised at having no answer to her cheery good-day, from her aunt, and looking up saw that the old lady's head was thrown back, her

mouth partly open, her eyes fixed and glassy. A loud cry of terror brought Mons. Beauvais to her side, but all help now was useless. Miss Delattre was dead.

With this grief still weighing bitterly upon her, a new trial came. Mrs. Latimer visited her, paid her bill for her daughter's tuition, withdrew them from Carrie's care, and then heaped upon the young girl's head the bitterest reproaches for her "shameless conduct with regard to Clarence."

"My conduct! My brain is confused with sorrow and surprise! What have I done?"

"It is too late to feign ignorance, Miss Harding," said Mrs. Latimer, severely. "I little thought my kindness to you would meet with such base ingratitude. Have not you and your aunt tried to inveigle my son, one of the first young men in the city, into marrying you—a music teacher?"

Carrie stood erect, with flashing eye and flushed cheek. "You mistake, madam. That your son has sought me, loves me, is true. That I return his love is also true; for, unaccustomed to let worldly calculations influence my heart, I gave him my love freely, as he offered his. He has asked me to be his bride; but"—and she drew a ring from her finger, and placed it in Mrs. Latimer's hand—"you will return this, telling him why I send it. I"—and she drew herself up proudly—"I enter no family where I am unwelcome." And she bent her head with queenly grace, and left the room, crossing the entry to remain with Mons. Beauvais till Mrs. Latimer saw fit to depart, which she did soon, glad to have got through her errand without the expected fit of tears and hysterics.

Furious with generous indignation, Clarence flew to Carrie that evening, after hearing his mother's story. She was gone. Mons. Beauvais could not or would not give any clue to her whereabouts; and, after weeks spent in fruitless search, Clarence finally relinquished the pursuit in despair.

Three years passed away. Clarence was on a visit to New York when an invitation was sent to him to join a large fancy party; the note concluded thus:—

"Amongst our other guests, my mother has invited a new belle, a French lady, heiress to an immense fortune, who is on a visit to America with her guardian. Be sure to come.

"HENRY."

The rooms were crowded when Clarence came

in, and the usual mixture of costumes belonging to such a scene prevailed. His own dress of a friar was too modest to attract much notice, and he mingled in the crowd.

"Have you seen the fortune-teller?" said a pretty blonde, who accepted his arm for a promenade. "All the gentlemen are crazy about her, and she will not unmask. Ah! there she is!"

Clarence looked in the direction indicated. A tall, graceful girl was leaning against a marble pedestal, toying with some flowers upon it, and conversing with two gentlemen. She was dressed in black velvet, richly embroidered in gold. The dress, open in front, left exposed a vest of white satin buttoned with large pearl buttons, and rich lace closed with a diamond pin at the throat. Upon her head was a long, rich, black lace veil, and her mask covered all her face save her mouth, which could be seen through its lace edge, while two large dark eyes shone through the holes in the mask.

"Ah," said one of the gentlemen, looking up, "there comes Clarence Latimer. Now, Lady Sorceress, for a new trait of skill."

The lady did not answer, her graceful head being bent low over the flowers.

"Come, Claire, and have your fortune told," said both gentlemen, in gay tones.

Clarence bowed to the stately lady, who turned her eyes full upon his face.

"You have known trouble," she said, in a deep voice; "the lines on your face tell that."

"Trouble!" said one of the gentlemen, gayly. "I think your skill is failing you. Why, Clarence Latimer is the envy of half his friends."

"Yet he has known trouble through poverty and obscurity."

"It is clear you have mistaken the person," continued the young man, son of the hostess for the evening.

"No, I do not mistake!" was the answer. "It was not his own poverty, but that of one—"

"Hush! hush!" said Clarence, in a low tone; "do not name her here."

"Then you have not forgotten her?" said the lady, in the same low voice. The rest of the group left the two together.

"Forgotten! Never!"

"I can give you tidings of her."

"You can?" said the young man, eagerly. "Where is she? Is she near, or far away? Alas! I fear poor and friendless now!"

"Not so. Through the death and liberal will of one who adopted her after her aged friend's death, she is now in the highest society in Paris, and rich enough to"—and her voice

took a tone of bitter irony—"satisfy even your mother."

"Lost! lost!" said Clarence, in a low, sad tone. "Had she been in trouble, seas could not have divided us; but now she might justly despise me if I sought her."

"Not so! I know her well: she cannot forget, cannot cease to love one who won her heart when her friends were few, and who would have married her despite her station. But she is proud; she cannot seek one whose family cast her off."

"Gently," said Clarence, "gently! My mother is dead."

"Are you confessing to this reverend friar?" said a gay voice behind the two.

"Not yet," said the sorceress, taking Clarence's arm. "Will you promenade with me, Mr. Latimer?" She gently led him to the conservatory. Then, when they were alone, Clarence said in an agitated voice:—

"Tell me, who are you?"

"Mademoiselle de Villa, the adopted child and heiress of your mother's old friend, but"—and she took off her mask—"better known to you as Carrie Harding."

So Clarence, of all the suitors to the French heiress was the successful one, though all the disappointed ones declared they could not make it out "why he was introduced at Mrs. Mason's fancy ball just one week before he was married."

THE MARVELS AND MYSTERIES OF A SEED.

HAVE you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is the miracle of miracles. God said, "Let there be 'plants yielding seed,'" and it is further added, each one "after his kind."

The great naturalist, Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present, and future generations of seeds were contained one within the other, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. But what signify all their explanations? Let them explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same, and we must still look upon the reproduction of the seed as a continual miracle.

Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is inclosed in a single seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple-seed, one small seed of a tree—picked

up, perhaps, by a bird for her little ones—the smallest seed of a poppy or a bluebell, or even one of the seeds that float about in the air invisible to our eyes! There is a world of marvels and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their immense number, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness!

Consider, first, their number. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnæus, "the father of Botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But, a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described 40,000 kinds of plants; and at a later period he counted 60,000, then 80,000, and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

Well, let us ask, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore-tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech-tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and, on the way, may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under the shade of which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest.

Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer, and shut them up, and sixty years afterward, when his hair is white and his step tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and, soon after, he will see it spring up into new life, and become a young, fresh, and beautiful plant.

M. Jouannet relates that in the year 1835 several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Bergorac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small square stone or brick, with a hole in it, containing a few seeds, which had been placed there beside the dead by the heathen friends who had buried them, perhaps 1,500 or 1,700 years before. These seeds were carefully sowed by those who found them—and what, think you, was seen to spring up from this dust of the dead?—beautiful sunflowers, blue corn-flowers, and clover, bearing

blossoms as bright and sweet as those woven into wreaths by merry children playing in the fields.

Some years ago a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt, by Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as stone. The peas were planted carefully under glass on the 4th of June, 1844, and, at the end of thirty days, these old seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about 3,000 years ago (perhaps in the time of Moses), and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living, in the dust of the tomb.

Is not the springing of the seed an emblem of the resurrection of the dead? Accordingly it is mentioned by the Apostle Paul, in 1 Cor. xv., where, from the springing of the seed, he explains the doctrine of the resurrection unto life.

THE RAIN.

BY EARNEST BEALLE.

MERRILY, mournfully, pattering still,
 Falling like dew on the flowers,
 Singing, and sighing, and moaning at will,
 Falleth the rain all the hours ;
 Dancing so merrily over the eaves,
 Falling like music's refrain,
 Hiding its gems in the heart of the leaves,
 Merrily falleth the rain.

Falling and falling cheerily still,
 It kisses the lilies' white breast ;
 Over the meadows it wanders at will,
 Lulling the blue-bells to rest.
 Merrily, cheerily falleth the rain
 Over the country and town,
 Like the soft murmur of music's refrain,
 The fairy-like rain cometh down.

The rain, the rain, the beautiful rain,
 Sadly and sweetly it falls,
 To the souls of the dead, where the grass groweth green,
 In sweet spirit voices it calls ;
 It makes, with its murmurs of beautiful grief,
 The flowers to blow o'er each head,
 And by its sweet treasures of rose-bud and leaf
 Makes lovely the homes of the dead.

The rain, the rain, the beautiful rain,
 The merrily, mournfully falling,
 The echo of footsteps that fall not again,
 Strange voices to earth ever calling ;
 The whisper of magic that maketh the buds
 In beauty and frailty to glow,
 The message of mercy to man from his God,
 Proclaiming "All peace be below."

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

BY S. E. H.

"MAMMA, I've had a sweet, sweet dream :
 I thought the spring was come,
 And, standing by a cool bright stream,
 I heard the brown bees hum.

"The countless sands beneath my feet
 Seemed drops of yellow gold,
 And the wind that toss'd my hair was sweet
 With odors manifold.

"And oh, mamma, you cannot think
 How gay the blossoms grew !
 A host upon the river's brink
 Were clad in white and blue.

"While others stretched across the wood,
 And up the hillside wound,
 As if a bunch of rainbows had
 Been flung upon the ground.

"And as I watched in ecstasy
 Their bright heads toss and flare,
 A stream of sweetest melody
 Came surging through the air.

"And oh, mamma, it soared and rang,
 And seemed the sky to fill ;
 An Eden seraph must have sang
 Above that flowery hill.

"And while I knelt with strange sweet awe
 I ne'er had felt before,
 These words came mingling with the song,
 And echoed down the shore :

"Sweet child ! no strife, nor fear, nor care,
 Hath aught to do with thee—
 Thou art too pure to see or share
 The false world's falsity !

"And, bright-haired darling ! ere the sun
 Another round shall take,
 Thou 'lt stand where sorrows never come,
 Where pure hearts never break !

"And then the music, soft and low,
 Died out along the stream ;
 The landscape faint and fainter grew,
 I woke—and 'twas a dream !

"But deep within my heart I know
 The angel's words were true ;
 And, mother, I would joy to go
 If you were going too.

"And you *will* come ere many years ;
 This world 's fleeing fast—
 Oh, mother, why those bitter tears ?
 We 'll meet above at last !"

* * * * *

When twilight's clouds of purple hue
 Sailed o'er the far off sky,
 That child with dreamy eyes of blue,
 Lay sweetly down to die.

And ere with morn's first gush of song
 The eastern hills were rife,
 He stood amid that shining throng
 Beside the stream of life !

THE NIECE OF JUDGE HUMPHREYS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was something very unusual, but that morning Mary Humphreys had a headache ; not one of that kind which throbs with its fierce heats through the temples, and fires the brain, and tortures every nerve with its sharp baptismal of pain—nothing of that sort had ever seized on the pretty head of Mary Humphreys, but it ached, nevertheless, with a dull, slow, heavy ache, that made her long-lashed eyelids droop over a pair of eyes like amethyst, and quenched somewhat the half blossomed roses that always seemed on the point of opening wide and bright in the cheeks of this girl of whom I am to tell you.

She was an only daughter, and her father, Doctor Samuel Humphreys, was the oldest physician in Woodleaf, and belonged to one of the oldest families in the fine old town. Indeed, the Humphreys have always prided themselves on their fine old stock, and the doctor seemed to combine all the best qualities of his race. He was a man of high cultivation, of warm, broad, generous nature, of instincts and sympathies fine as a woman's ; a Christian gentleman ; and this Christianity, which was, with the old doctor, a living, abiding principle, permeated his whole life, and softened the haughtiness and exclusiveness which manifested itself in the other members of his family. Mary was like her father. Her mother was a woman gentle, sweet, lovable, a true home wife and mother ; whose rare and delicate beauty, faded now, was a type of her character. Mary inherited her father's force, his warm, quick, impulsive nature, which her twenty-three years had not yet controlled and disciplined.

The holidays were just over, and the doctor's daughter had taken an active part in the Christmas festivals, in the dressing of the Christmas tree in the old gray stone church ; and the late nights and the exciting work had at last proved too much for even Mary's elastic youth and nerves.

"You want rest, my dear, for a day—that is all ; you'll be right to-morrow," said the doctor, as he looked at the drooping face of his darling, and handed her a sedative he had just mixed. "Take that instead of the sleigh-ride I intended to give you to-day."

"Oh, father, you're not going down to the Run this dreadful morning !" said Mrs. Humphreys with a deprecatory tone and face, as

she came into the sitting-room, and saw her husband drawing on his gloves.

"This dreadful morning ! This glorious morning, you mean, my dear, with the pines drooping, heavy with the white lilies of snow they've gathered over night ; and the branches of every tree thick with crystals, that remind one of Aaron's rod which blossomed all over."

"O, Samuel, you have your old way of putting things !" said Mrs. Humphreys, with a smile which retained somewhat of the beauty of her youth.

"It's the right way, mamma," said Mary, with eyes cast, brimful of pride and tenderness, on her father, who was a man that any wife and child might be proud of.

The doctor kissed the two women, then went out, and his sleigh cut the first line in the white flannel of snow which clothed the principal street of Woodleaf that winter morning. The ride to the Run was a long one, but the doctor's patients there were a family poor and sick. That was enough. Mary Humphreys walked up and down the room awhile, looking out of the window, and marvelled at the miracle which had clothed the earth—the earth, which had waited bare and patient for it, through the slow December ; and now, in the sunlight, the branches were glorified with clusters of pearl and opal, and the grove of pines on the left crowned its green plumes with snow that looked like a surf of lilies.

Mary was in a softened, susceptible mood that morning, for pain has likewise its mission, and her sweet eyes searched in the snow, and found in its whiteness and purity, wrapping up the blank, sodden, uncomely winter earth, a type of the Eternal love, and wisdom, and power from whence it came. At last the sedative soothed the pain in her head ; she turned from the window, and sat down before the grate fire, and watched the bright jets of flame, and compared them to glowing leaves bursting suddenly out of the dark soil of coal beneath.

And as she sat there, in her dreamy, convalescing state of mind and body, the door opened suddenly, without even a preliminary knock, and a young man entered the room. He was dark, tall, with a fine, not handsome face, which had some subtle likeness to Mary's, a good manly face, a rapid, nervous figure ; and always the bearing of a gentleman. But his

face was white, now, and agitated. No one could doubt that he was laboring under deep, but well-disciplined emotion; there was something that bordered on desperation in his eyes, but a purpose, deliberately made, one that would be followed to the death, had concentrated itself about his lips.

"George, what is the matter?" stammered Mary, as she rose up, for she felt at once that her cousin brought her evil tidings.

He was the son of Judge Humphreys, her father's brother, a gentleman of the old school, with all the pride and obstinacy of the old, dead Humphreys. With a deep-seated pride in his good name and position, a man with many good qualities, but one whose purposes and convictions it was not pleasant to encounter.

The young man sat down, and looked at her a moment without answering a word. There was something in his eyes which drew out Mary's heart, and George had always been to her in place of the elder brother God took in his boyhood; for the cousin and the brother were both of one age, just four years Mary's seniors. At last the young man spoke.

"What is the matter, did you say, Mary? Perhaps I had better leave it for others to tell as I first intended. You will know soon enough."

She put her little hand on his arm in the pretty sisterly way that was like her. "It is something that concerns you—that troubles you, George; and so I had rather hear it from *your* lips."

He looked at her again, and she saw the desperate gleam banish from the eyes; and they filmed with something that at another time George Humphreys would have turned away his head that she should not see. "It is the same sweet, bright, pitiful face that it always was, Mary," he said; "the face that I always believed in, trusted, and loved, too, better than all faces in the world—all but one. It will be very hard, very strange to see it grow cold, and darken down on me; but it will not shake my purpose, not for a moment." And now the old gleam drank up the tears in the eyes of George Humphreys, and he ground his teeth together.

"George, George, what is the matter?" some vague fear taking hold of the doctor's daughter and chilling her from head to foot.

He did not delay his answer now. "This is the matter, Mary: My father has this morning turned me from his house forever, and forbade me to look upon his face, because I have disgraced him, and dishonored his name!" He

fairly hurled out the words at her, in a stern, defiant way, that for the moment took no thought of their effect.

But the shock for the moment was too much. She leaned her head back, faint and sick. Her cousin was at her side in a moment, chafing her hands.

"Forgive me, Mary! I didn't think you would take it so."

"Wait a moment—I am better now. What have you done, George?" She asked the question without faltering, looking him steadily in the face, and yet the heart of Mary Humphreys stood still as she awaited the answer, for a terrible fear had taken possession of her.

It came prompt and fearless. "Nothing, Mary, that I am ashamed of before God or man."

"Thank God!" said Mary Humphreys, and she burst into tears. Her worst fears were relieved now. Nothing would seem very terrible after that.

"You do not fear *that*, Mary?"

"I did, George, for a minute; forgive me."

She saw what was coming next cost him a terrible struggle. "But there has harm, disgrace come to Elizabeth. Oh, Mary, you used to love her—you were schoolmates together—you will not forsake her now, now that the world will!"

"What has happened to Elizabeth, George?" And again there was bewilderment and terror in the sweet eyes of Mary Humphreys. In the next hour she had learned the whole truth. It was fearful enough; and yet Mary thanked God in her heart that the sin was not on the souls of those she loved. George Humphreys had been for a year betrothed to Elizabeth Seaton. She was the daughter of a wealthy banker in New York, a schoolmate and friend of Mary's, whom the young lawyer had first met on a visit to the doctor's.

Elizabeth Seaton was a girl-woman, fit to be the elect and dearest friend of Mary Humphreys; a sweet, generous, noble woman, with a face, not handsome, but at times beautiful, always delicate, sweet, intelligent.

The families on both sides had been gratified with the engagement. The Seatons occupied a high social position in the city, and were wealthy and honorable. And Judge Humphreys was a man who valued these things; and George was his only son, of whom any parent might be proud.

The matter was all settled; the wedding was to transpire the following May, when lo! Mr. Seaton, the president of the old saving bank, was

found to have embezzled large sums from the bank, where he had occupied for more than two years a position of the highest trust. The discovery was made suddenly, and fairly stunned those who had known the man longest and most intimately. But, alas! no man can sin to himself. With what bewilderment and anguish, bitterer than death, the blow fell upon Gerald Seaton's wife and daughter cannot be imagined, much less told. The defaulter managed to make his escape from the country, just in time to avoid apprehension.

The first knowledge of these appalling facts reached George Humphreys through the letter of his betrothed. It fell like a thunderbolt on the heart of the young man. Elizabeth Seaton, in the midst of her humility and anguish was too honorable to conceal anything. She disclosed the whole truth, holding back nothing for her own sake or her father's, and offering no extenuation for his crime beyond that which all his friends did, that he had been beguiled into heavy and ruinous speculations; and that he had hoped, as many a man so vainly does, to save himself from failure, by employing the bank funds, and restoring what he had taken before the embezzlement should be detected. He did not *mean* that it should be robbery.

And then Elizabeth Seaton did just what any one, knowing the real essence of this girl's character, would be certain she would have done. She absolutely released her betrothed from his engagement. She and her mother were about to hide their sorrow and shame in some obscure village, where the small fortune which Mrs. Seaton held in her own right would support them.

George Humphreys was a man of the finest honor; moreover, he loved Elizabeth Seaton with that love which neither misfortune nor disgrace could shake; and the idea of forsaking her, in this hour of her great affliction, was one that his honor would have spurned as it would the suggestion of a crime, had not his heart, too, wrung with pity and tenderness, for he longed to bear all the storm which had fallen so suddenly into her sweet young life.

George Humphreys held long counsel with himself after reading the letter of his betrothed, and his resolution was taken. He would at once seek Elizabeth, and prevail upon her to become his wife, overruling any obstacles which her pride and delicacy might interpose at this juncture to their union. *He*, at least, would show to the world that he was as proud and glad to do her that greatest honor which man can bestow on woman, now that the shadow of her

father's disgrace had fallen upon her, as he was when it stood fair as his own before all men. And, like a true man, George Humphreys rejoiced that his strong arm and his loving heart should shelter Elizabeth Seaton in the time of amazement and anguish.

And with this purpose deliberately settled, George Humphreys sought his father. It cost him a strong pang to tell the story to the stern, proud old man, who listened silently and with his head hidden in his hands, after the first few brief, sharp questions he had asked at the commencement. So George Humphreys was not interrupted until he had disclosed all that Elizabeth had written, and added thereto his intention of going to her at once, and having their union consummated.

There was a little silence when the ardent voice of the young man ceased; and then old Judge Humphreys lifted his face, a pale, proud face, beneath its crown of shining gray hairs. "You shall not do this thing, George. You shall not bring dishonor upon the old name of Humphreys by uniting it to the daughter of a criminal."

The young man winced under the words; for a moment his eyes blazed—it was well that no man but his father dared speak that name in his presence; but remembering whom he was addressing, he choked down the pain and the anger, enough to say in a pleading voice: "But Elizabeth is not to blame for her father's sin?"

"I grant it. I am sorry for you both from my heart. But she must bear her shame alone; no son of mine must take it on him."

So the old Judge was inexorable. Pride was the strongest, hardest part of his nature; pride in the old honorable name of his fathers, which had come down to him through many generations without stain or blemish, and this pride hardened and blinded the old man to all pity or compassion; for George was his only son, and the thought that he would marry the daughter of one whose name was now a by-word and a disgrace, was more than the old Judge could bear. Argument and entreaty availed nothing. The strong will set itself as a rock against them; and at last high words, terrible words, passed between the father and the son. George would not be moved from his purpose of at once taking to wife Elizabeth Seaton, and it ended at last in the old Judge's solemnly lifting up his hand, and declaring that the hour in which he married the daughter of "that outlaw from justice," he was no longer a son of his, and forbidding him even, as the hus-

band of Elizabeth Seaton, to cross his father's threshold again.

So George Humphreys bowed his head and went out from his father's presence, with a face white as the dead, and a step that faltered as a little child's; but his purpose was not shaken.

An hour later, he was leaving Woodleaf, resolving to confide nothing of all which had transpired to any mortal, when the thought of his cousin Mary came over him. The shock which the young lawyer had received during this interview with his father made him feel for the time that all men were against him; but as Mary's sweet face rose before him, and the memory of the quick, tender heart beneath it, which all his boyhood intimacy with her had furnished him such proof, the soul of George Humphreys softened; and, half against his own will, he turned back, and sought his uncle's dwelling.

Mary Humphreys had listened to her cousin's story, with a face out of which all the roses were blanched. Amazement, horror, and pity shook her by turns; but the thought of all Elizabeth Seaton's anguish mastered all the others at last; for the girls had been to each other almost what sisters are, and she was sobbing like a child when her cousin finally paused.

"What are you going to do, George?" she stammered out at last.

"Mary, how can you ask? There is but one thing which it is right that I should do. It is that which I told my father."

What could Mary say? Surely in this case the higher law abrogated the lower: "A man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife."

George searched her white, agitated face, and read there his answer. "Mary, if you were in my place, you would do as I am doing," he said.

"I should do it," answered, solemnly, Mary Humphreys, and she thought of Elizabeth. "God bless you, you and Elizabeth both."

George Humphreys smiled for the first time, and the tears were in his proud eyes, as he bent down and kissed the girl. "Ah, Mary, I was not wrong in trusting you. And I shall carry that blessing in my heart, and it will keep it from growing cold when I remember my father. I must go now, or I shall miss the train."

"Wait for the next one—wait and see father!" pleaded his cousin.

"Wait, Mary, when Elizabeth sits alone in

her anguish and desolation, and there is none but me to comfort her?"

And after that Mary could not say "wait." She followed her cousin to the door, and they parted here with a mute caress which said what their lips could not.

When Doctor Humphreys returned from the "Run," that noon, he heard from his daughter all that she had learned from her cousin. The doctor's sympathies and his wife's were with their nephew. "Elizabeth is not to blame for her father's sin, neither does it absolve George from his duty," was the old physician's verdict.

"But, father, *she* did just what I should do, if I were in her place!" exclaimed Mary; and then, as that terrible "if" flashed across her, she sprang to her father's side, gathered her arms about his neck, and was sobbing on his breast.

The old doctor divined her thought. "My precious child!" trying to soothe her, and feeling a still keener sympathy for her suffering schoolmate. "Truly, we should thank God for every day that we are kept from temptation, and delivered from evil."

"Samuel, you always had more influence with Joseph than anybody," said his wife, wiping away her tears. "Won't you see now what you can do with him for poor George's sake?"

"I shall see him this very evening; but I see, Lucy, that it will be no light thing to move him. In most matters, I might; but here his pride will be stronger than his affection, and the more so, because George is his idol; and the thought of any disgrace falling on him will steel his heart. But for the sake of the living and the dead, I will do what I can."

Doctor Humphreys was faithful to his promise. That evening Mary and her mother waited until the long hours gathered themselves into midnight for the doctor's return.

He came at last; and when they looked in his face, they knew that his mission had failed. "We must wait God's will, now," he said, in a weary way, as he drew off his overcoat.

"Didn't he melt once, father?" asked Mary, as she assisted him to put on his dressing-gown.

"Not once, daughter. I tried every appeal, I urged every motive which would be likely to reach his sense of justice, or his love; but it all availed nothing. He walked the room, white as a sheet; he told me that to save George this sorrow, he would gladly lay down his life; but when, despite his commands and entreaties,

he made himself the son of a criminal flying from justice, he could be his child no longer."

"Oh, father, *such* pride is sin!"

"I know it; I told him so."

A little silence, and then the doctor said, looking from his wife to his daughter: "There, Lucy, Mary, go to bed at once. You both look as though you 'd been ill a week."

Mary's pillow was a sleepless one that night. She thought of Elizabeth and of her father's sin, of her inexorable uncle, and of the face of her Cousin George, and these all drove slumber from her eyes. She longed to be able to serve them in some way; she sometimes half resolved to go and plead with her uncle, with whom she was a great favorite, standing to him in place of the daughter that was not, and then remembering how her father had failed to influence him, she relinquished the plan as hopeless. At last the gray day began to break slowly the long darkness of the night, and with it a new purpose suddenly flashed among Mary's thoughts, as she lay with her face turned to the east, watching the first faint prophesy of the day, written in gray blurred lines upon the distant horizon.

In one of the drawers of the pretty dressing cabinet in Mary's chamber, was a box containing a miniature, of whose existence no one in the world but herself was now aware. The miniature was set in a case of costly veined agate, and the face was that of a little girl, which could hardly have passed out of its tenth summer—a beautiful child's face! a face that once seen could hardly be forgotten. The deep sea-blue eyes, the brown hair, touched with gold, the wide warm roses in the small oval cheeks, and the smile on the lips, red as swamp-berries in the low marshes in December, all made the sweet, wonderful child beauty of that face like a vision that is sometimes seen in dreams of the night, like some face haunting, and shining, and baffling an artist at his work of love.

This face was the face of George Humphreys' mother. It was taken just after her tenth birthday, and just too after her future husband, then a young sophomore, happening on a brief visit at her father's house, had met her for the first time, for the parents of the young student and the little girl were old friends.

Mrs. Humphreys had never discovered this picture to her husband, intending to surprise and gladden him with it some day, and then, after the birth of her daughter Mary, preserving it for the child whom it singularly resembled. But the little girl never saw as many

years as her mother had, when the picture was painted; and so Mary, the doctor's daughter, was christened after her dead cousin and living aunt. And those who loved them best, always detected some subtle likeness betwixt the face that lay still and cold, under the dark plush of the summer grasses, and the face warm and bright above it.

So Mary became to her uncle and aunt almost in place of the daughter that to them was not; and one day, a little while before her aunt's sudden death, she entered her chamber in her privileged fashion, and found her busy in arranging her drawers. The child was a pet with every one in the Judge's house; and after standing and watching her aunt for awhile, she suddenly laid her hand on a small box in a corner of the drawer, and asked with the curiosity of childhood: "What is it, Aunt Mary?"

Mrs. Humphreys opened the box, and disclosed the miniature inside. "Do you know who it is, my dear?" smiled the lady, as the breathless, wondering child lifted her bewildered eyes to her face.

"It looks like the portrait of Cousin Mary in the parlor."

"So it does; but it's not she. It is your Aunt Mary as she was at your age; and looks more like you now than it does like anybody else in the world," glancing from the miniature to her niece. "Nobody, not even your uncle, knows of the existence of this picture, and you must not reveal the secret, Mary. Some time I intend to show it to him."

Mary promised, and she was a conscientious child; she kept her word faithfully.

Several years after this, when Mrs. Humphreys was gradually sinking into that decline which ended her life, she said one day to her niece, who was now blossoming into her girlhood: "Mary, I want you to take and keep sacredly, for my sake, that miniature which you have seen of me in my early childhood. It is the most precious gift which I could offer you, and you must take it in place of the Mary who went home before the rest of us, and whom it sometimes seems of late that I shall see in a little while. Some time, when I am gone, you must show it to your uncle; it will comfort him; and, Mary, if the time should ever come, when you have some petition to make of him—some especial favor which only he can grant, take this, and tell him in the name of his dear wife and child not to refuse you." And Mary had taken the gift with many tears, and locked it

away from all human gaze until the time appointed.

And as she watched the gray dawn with its white fingers silently breaking down the black walls of the darkness, she felt that the time had come for her to present the gift, to make known her petition. She knew that her uncle had loved his wife with a love which bordered on idolatry, a love whose great tides of tenderness had risen high, and overflowed his proud, strong, reticent character, as the rivers swell in the spring, and overflow the banks and cover the fields.

"I will go to him this very day, and God be with me!" murmured Mary Humphreys; and she turned upon her pillow and slept, and the dawn grew into day.

"Uncle Joseph!"

The voice, sweet, soft, with a little timid plea in it, stole to the old Judge's ear, as he sat, just as the day was closing, in his office study, with his piles of papers before him; and he looked what he was, the straight, inexorable, stately, masterful old man. No matter what anguish he might suffer, what loneliness, what desolation of spirit, whatsoever he had said, that thing he would do to the death; you read this in the face, in the forehead, and in the eyes, and read it anew in the firm concentrated lips; there was no weakness, no flexibility there. But the voice, the sweet woman's voice stole softly to the old Judge sitting among his books and his papers, as another voice used to steal in at that very door, and wind itself in silvery flowing sounds through the tenderest and softest places of his heart.

"Come in, Mary," said the Judge; and his tones now were like those with which he used to answer that other voice, that he would never, never hear again, speaking at the door. She came in, with her swift step and her young bright face, in which some thought at her heart made the roses wider than usual.

"Uncle Joseph, are you glad to see me?" she said; and she put her arms about his neck.

His heart, his lonely heart, that would ache beneath the iron will that held and ruled it, was touched and comforted.

"Was I ever otherwise than glad to see you, Mary, my child?" answered the old Judge, and took the girl on his knee, and held her there, as though she had been his very own.

And Mary Humphreys smiled, and brushed with her soft, warm hand the white hair from her uncle's forehead, and then, as she looked to find courage in that face whereon the un-

flinching will had graven itself, her heart failed her, and her uncle felt the shiver which shook her as she sat on his knee.

"What is the matter, my child?"

"I came here, Uncle Joseph, to ask you a question, but my heart has failed me. I can't do it," stammered the girl, looking at him in fear and bewilderment.

He divined in a moment what she meant; the face settled away from its sudden tenderness into stern rigidity. Every feature and lineament was like a rock.

"Mary, it will be useless to ask *that!*" said Judge Humphreys.

"Then, I will not, Uncle Joseph, but somebody else will instead. See here, it is *she speaks to you.*" And with her swift, shaking fingers, she drew out the case of dark veined agate, opened it, and there, before Joseph Humphreys, was the face of the wife of his youth, just as he had seen it the first time in his life! The sweet, breathing, living picture of the dead wife and child. The blue eyes looked out, the lips like berries smiled upon him, just as they had done those long, long gone years, over which his thoughts went swiftly as lightning now, and he saw the old avenue of chestnuts, and the great lawn, and the wide old-fashioned house, and he was chasing that face of wondrous beauty through them all, and the sweet laughter was tossed back to him on the summer winds, and then again, a little graver, the child's face had come to his side and was nestled longingly down close to his knee, and he was stroking it softly, and watching the great wonder and eagerness which filled it, and he was telling stories, strange, marvellous stories of foreign lands, as he told them in his youth, to the child who was one day to be his wife.

The old man gave a low cry as his eyes first caught the picture. He lifted it up, and gazed with that long, greedy gaze that could never have enough of it, and the tears fell like rain down his cheeks.

"Where did you get it, Mary?" he said at last, looking up, with a face that was *not* the face of Judge Humphreys.

"*She* gave it to me, Uncle Joseph, a little while before she left us. And she charged you solemnly, through me, that if on the time when I should show you that picture, I should bring to you any petition, you should listen to it, and should grant it in her name, for *her* sake, and for the dead child's, as though she asked it standing by your side."

"Mary, Mary, what have you come to ask

me?" There was a great pain and pathos in the Judge's voice.

Then Mary Humphreys stood up, very white, and her words were slow and calm, although her loud heart seemed almost to shake her where she stood. "I came, Uncle Joseph, to ask you, in the name of your dead wife, and your boy's mother, and in the name of your love for her, not to cast him out from your heart and home forever, because he cannot do the wrong you would have him to the woman whom he loves as *you* loved his mother. And I ask you, and not I, but those silent lips speaking through me—'Take back our boy, Joseph, take him back with your new daughter, for my sake, to the heart and home from which you have driven him with your curses!'"

The old Judge bowed his head on the table. The night had fallen now, and drowned the room with its darkness. Mary heard the long, heavy sobs which filled the silence, and the large frame of the old man shook with them, and Mary sat down at his feet, and wept, too. At last, through the darkness she felt a hand steal and rest softly upon her head.

"Mary," said a voice which was not like the voice of Judge Humphreys—so tender and solemn was it, "I have answered the prayer which the dead has spoken through you."

That night Judge Humphreys wrote a letter. It was very brief, but few letters have ever contained so much in so few words.

Come back to your home, my son, and bring your wife Elizabeth, my daughter. You shall both be welcome, my children.

Your father, JOSEPH HUMPHREYS.

And if you had seen the face of Mary Humphreys, as she went home through the darkness, you would have wondered if you had seen the face of an angel.

The next week George and Elizabeth Humphreys returned to Woodleaf. Judge Humphreys gave the newly-wedded pair a father's welcome, and the young bride little suspected that a few days before her husband had, for her sake, been driven from that very home forever!

In less than a year, her father sank into his dishonored grave in a strange land; but it was years later, until she was a wife, happy and well beloved herself, that Mr. and Mrs. George Humphreys knew all that Mary, the niece of Judge Humphreys, had done for them.

DIFFICULTIES dissolve before a cheerful spirit like snow-drifts before the sun.

TRIFLES.

WHAT is a trifle? We search the dictionary, and find, "A thing of no moment, no value." We look abroad to the heavens, where stars

"Numerous as glitt'ring gems of morning dew,
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,"

each in their sphere of use—no trifle there. Look we to nature; 'tis but a drop that wears the hardest rock, and opes the way for foaming cataracts and gushing rivers, which sweep relentlessly o'er lands and homes, bringing devastation. A grain of sand is but a small thing, yet what agony it can cause either singly, or as the dangerous bar whereon so many mariners' hopes are wrecked. The careless gardener passes the down which blows hither and thither, and only wakes to his mistake when on the following year, he tries in vain to eradicate deeply-rooted weeds, which choke his blooming flowers, and thus is it, "For there is nothing on the earth so small that it may not produce great things." And, as in nature, so with humanity, for to us "Each breath is burdened with a bidding, and every minute has its mission." We cannot say to the passing event, 'tis but a trifle, like the stone thrown in the water, causing a circle far beyond the beholder's eye. So the word which escapes the thoughtless lips may go forth winged with a power to change a life—nay, perhaps, tipped with a poison as deadly as the Indian's arrow, which the speaker forgets as soon as said, or only remembered it when too late, in a time of distress or despair; and thus the heedless ones of the earth daily repeat in society words and deeds, and calm their consciences with the thought, "'Tis but a trifle!" Half our faults arise from thoughtlessness, forgetting that

"So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray."

Happy the man who goeth forth knowing *no* trifles, "sowing the good seed beside all waters," waiting in patience for its fruits; realizing that the acorn may become the pride of the forest, and that no action is too small to influence others for good or evil; and particularly remembers, at this joyous season, that

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above."

ONE might as well be out of the world as beloved by nobody in it.

A SLIGHT SKETCH OF MISS JUMBLE'S CAREER.

BY HERSELF.

FANNY said to me the other day: "I wish I could write such sweet, interesting pieces as you do for Q's Magazine. I'd publish, too, and get a reputation for being literary, as you have."

"Which is not at all desirable."

"Dear me! why not?" And Fanny stared at me, her great blue eyes opening wider than ever with wonder.

"Let me tell you some of my woes, and trials, and annoyances, and then you will see for yourself that it is not so very fine to be the literary star of a small village firmament."

"Pray do; but you will be unable to change my wish. When I was a little girl, I used to think you the most wonderful person in the world, because I read your stories in print. And I'd like to be such a marvel to others."

"That is the worst part of the whole matter. Hear me. I began to write when a child of nine years, because I couldn't help it, stories, school compositions, and endless letters to all my young cousins. When I was older, and went to boarding-school, the girls would beg me to write their compositions. I did so at first, partly because it gave me a sense of superiority, and partly because I liked the work. But I not only soon grew weary of laboring in this way for others, but began to see that it was wrong, and then refused. They called me a very selfish, disobliging person. After leaving school, and when the stern realities of life looked me in the face, I kept on scribbling, and at length saw myself in print. This I took quietly, but was glad to profit by—thanks to a publisher as kind as he was liberal—to the amount of sundry convenient sums of pocket-money, not large, but very welcome. And then to hear the remarks of friends and acquaintances—'Jane Jumble was *so literary* they were afraid of her.' It is very queer that some people will persist in calling a woman literary who has only written a few light, *very light* articles for the magazines. It was not long, however, before their awe subsided, and then such an ordeal as some of these same friends would subject me to, would have been funny if it had not been so vexatious.

"They started a 'literary association,' a sort of 'mutual admiration' affair, meeting once a week at each others' houses to read 'original pieces,' talk over the last romance, and have

a 'little music and flirtation.' A very good thing they made of it, too, as they did not happen all of them to be geese. But it so fell out that time, and again on the very morning of the day on the evening whereof a meeting was to be held, Molly Jones, or Tilly Smith, or somebody else would rush to my house, saying: 'Oh, look here, please! The Athenians meet to-night, and there isn't a single original article. Do now, Miss Jumble, write one of your funny essays, or a poem, or a little story, or something—now do. You write so easy—it's nothing for you to throw off an article. And they are going to meet at my house, and I want a real nice lot of pieces, you know, when they come there.' It was of no avail to tell Tilly or Molly that I could write nothing good in such haste. They believed my brain was a sort of mill, and that I had only to grind with a few strokes of the pen, and a story or essay would come forth. If I went to the gathering, without a peace-offering of this description, some would look cross at me, and others bemoan and lament my dereliction in a manner that was meant to be flattering, but that proved greatly tiresome. So I would hunt up some old thing that I was ashamed of, or scratch off a few pages in such a hurry that nobody but myself could make sense of them, and read aloud to an admiring auditory. No matter what it was, it was always praised. My favorite style then was serio-comic, and I mention it as one of the trials of my 'career,' that often after an article had been read, some matter-of-fact young man in the company would ask his neighbor—'Do you suppose that's written in earnest?'

"Once I went out West to visit some relatives whom I had never seen. They received me kindly, but very constrainedly, and for several days were shy and embarrassed. I could not understand their manner till after a week had brought about some signs of confidence; and Cousin Peggy said to me one morning, with the first genial expression of face that she had worn: 'Well, I don't see but what you can make up a bed jest as well as my girls, and wait on yerself, too. I was dretfully afraid to have you come here, for I thought *ye'd be stuck up, because ye wrote for the papers.*' Shade of my grandmother! Wasn't that a poser!"

Fanny thought these very trifling troubles when compared with the *éclat* of being such a "lovely writer" as myself.

"But I have not told you all yet. One summer I went to — Spa with my brother, to drink the sulphurous nectar for both our healths. I had not the least idea that anybody there knew me for the same 'Jane Jumble' that wrote for Q's Magazine, for I put my real name to my articles. But fate had decreed that I should be famous, and my identity was soon discovered. The second day after my arrival, our private parlor was unceremoniously entered by two tall young gentlemen, evidently country youths, who introduced each other, and then asked if 'this was Miss Jumble?'"

"'Yes, that is my name, gentlemen,' said I, rather bewildered by their abrupt entrance, and thinking them farmers' sons with butter and cheese to sell.

"'Well,' said the foremost, sitting down in a gawky way, 'we heard you was the one that wrote for Q's Magazine, and we had a curiosity to see you, and so we've called.'

"That was coming to the point with refreshing frankness. They believed that no kind of talk except about 'literatoor' would be agreeable to me, and at it they went, asking my opinion of all the authors with whose names or works they happened to be acquainted, and especially of lady writers. Much amused, I turned the subject as soon as possible, by inquiring into the peculiarities of the soil in that region, and the properties of their very fragrant spa. They stared and soon went away, evidently disappointed because I looked and acted like other women."

Fanny thought it must be delightful to have strange youths hunt you up in a strange place by reason of your literary reputation having gone there in advance. I did not agree with her.

"But, Fanny, my next experience was rather more startling. In a certain large inland town where I went to rub off the rust of country life, and visit a married schoolmate, it was soon made known to me that the general impression of the reading folks there was—that I was actually the original Mrs. Partington. That was too much for me—me, who never concocted a single Partingtonian saying in my life, and who secretly prided myself on the growing dignified character of my magazine articles; and homewards in disgust I went.

"Yet this was nothing to what happened not long after, when I was staying at the famous watering-place of S——, where a lady, whose

acquaintance I made in a quiet way, introduced me to all her friends in my literary character. One day, after dinner, I sat with my own party on the piazza, when this person joined us, and asked me if I would like to be introduced to a New York lady, who held a high and influential position in society. 'A very remarkable woman,' she proceeded to say; 'very fond of literary people, and she has literary soirees at her house every week. Encourages all the young writers, and does a great deal to elevate the tone of society.' Hardly waiting for an answer, she dragged me through the nearest window to a sofa just within, where sat an elderly lady of a very serene and elegant aspect, richly, but quietly dressed, diamonds on her fingers, and diamonds in the superb lace of her coiffure.

"'Mrs. Van Derbunt, my dear madam, I am glad to have found you here. This is the lady I spoke of. Miss Jumble, that writes for Q's magazine. Allow me to introduce you to each other.'

"Mrs. Van Derbunt eyed me kindly and patronizingly. She must have had the names of all the writing women mixed up in a queer heap inside her dear, old, honest head. For she said to me: 'Oh! then, you're Fanny Fern, ain't you?'"

"'No, madam, I beg your pardon—I never saw that authoress, but am quite familiar with her writings.'

"'Excuse the mistake,' said my lady patroness; 'I meant to ask if you were not the author of "Say and Seal." Or her sister—I have heard there are two of them.'

"Another disclaimer from myself:—and then Mrs. Van Derbunt, being determined to settle in her mind who I could be, launched forth once more.

"'I remember now all about you. I am sure I have seen your name to that long story in the *Weekly Budget*, 'the Red plumed Bandit,' that is just finished. I have not read it. I get no time to read though I admire talent very much. But my son and daughter are delighted with it. You must come to the city and attend my literary reunions.'

"What do you think of that, Fanny, to be pronounced a contributor to the *Weekly Budget*—a writer of sensation stories? I withdrew from my officious new friend after this adventure. Such scares are rather more than human nature can bear and maintain gravity."

"There is nothing terrible in what you have told me," said Fanny. "And in the end you found a husband too, notwithstanding the men

are said to be afraid of writing women. My associates tell me the gentlemen will all be afraid of me if I cultivate my taste for composition, and that I shall be an old maid. Surely they were not all afraid of you."

"Wait a moment, and hear that part of my experience. You know that, about the time of my visit at S——, that lucky man who was to be my husband came to our village to reside, a man weary of business cares, and seeking retirement. My literary fame had become an old story, and nobody thought of telling him that I was a writing woman. Whatever may have led him to become interested in me, it certainly was not my reputation as a writer. But we were engaged—when, ten days before the wedding, my cousin lent him a bound volume of Q's Magazine with some of my effusions in it. He handed me the book a few days after, saying, rather gravely: 'I like those stories of yours. They are very good. Some of the love scenes are very touching—but if I had read them before I made your acquaintance, you may be sure that I should never have had the courage to approach you.'

"It was too late to back out, therefore back out he did not. And what do you suppose he really did? In a retired farming village, a pleasant day's drive from us, live some of his kinsfolk and many warm friends. So he must e'en freight the invitations to our marriage feast with some odd numbers of Q's Magazine containing what he, in his newly found pride in my so-called talents, thought my best productions. Mark this instance of masculine vanity. The gifted author of these 'interesting articles' was to be *his* wife. *He* had secured this intellectual prize—no matter whether he knew it or not when he proposed to me. On reading these writings, they would know how to appreciate his choice. Well—and what was the result? Not one of those good people came to the wedding—a circumstance that caused in us regret and wonder. They afterwards confessed that they were afraid to come. I was 'so literary,' that the party would be of the bluest, primmest kind, they were sure, and being used to the freedom and joyousness of country gatherings, they 'couldn't stand it, they knew they couldn't.' We went among them on a round of honeymoon visits, and you would have laughed to see the astonished faces of the women, and to hear the admiring remarks of the men, when they found that I ate, and talked, and joked like other folks, knew how to keep house, could prescribe for a sick child, and give a receipt for a new kind of cake. And before I tell

you any more of my experiences, let me say that they have proved congenial friends, and are as conversant with the best authors as they are skilful in farming and housekeeping. The only difficulty had been, that they had not a live author among them, and could not detach the creator of books from his works."

"It all turned out nicely, then," said Fanny; "and you have just as good a husband as if you were not literary. I am still determined to write if I can."

"But Fame, my dear Fanny, has other drawbacks, and many humiliations that I have not mentioned yet. There are people living on the same street with me who do not dream that I write, and to them I am only 'one of the neighbors.' A few days ago, my washerwoman's daughter came to me, and said: 'Noaw, mother's been out West to Uncle Smith's, and she heard how 't you wrote a story 'twas printed in a book, and she wants to borrow it.'

"Alas! thought I, and you have lived near me these six years, and never before knew that I wrote. And again, your acquaintances are always making you out to be your own heroine, and saying such absurd things to you, that it is out of the question to frame a reply. Not long ago, a sketch of mine appeared in the *Trumpet*, our weekly paper. Most of my neighbors take it. The object of the sketch was to depict a certain social foible, and turned on the incident of the writer having been visiting a distant town.

"That piece sounds just like you," said Molly Jones of the olden time, now a quiet matron. 'And the other day, at the sewing society, we all said the same. But then we knew you couldn't have written it, because you hav'n't been away anywhere in more than a year.'

"Such a misconstruction is by no means distressing; but too intensely foolish not to make one feel a little wiser than one's neighbors, which is not good for me."

"And you are just as good a wife and housekeeper," said Fanny, "as if you never wrote. And I know all your household look up to you."

"Alas! no. Do you not believe that saying about no man being a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*? Now, there is my cook, who duly buys and reads each number of the *Ladies' Parlor Friend*. She holds me in no more awe for knowing that I write for its pages. In fact, I think she would respect me more if I was not a writing woman. She doesn't hesitate at all to dispute my ways of doing things. And the

only fact that has made me of late rise in her estimation is this: Last summer I insisted that the green corn should be boiled before drying. She insisted just as strongly that it should be scraped from the cob and dried raw; and so she did it. The consequence is that our winter dish of 'succotash' is not fit to eat. And she has been glad to have left some corn of my own preparing the previous season. I heard her say to your mother's maid the other day that I did know something after all."

"And, after all," said Fanny, with a laugh, "just give me your receipt for making a magazine article, and I will set about concocting one without delay."

"Well, Fanny, laugh if you please; but your jesting request reminds me of another of my experiences. Many a one has come to me and begged it as an especial favor that I would tell her or him even how to go to work to write an article. What hour in the day to begin, and what to begin with; what to do with the personages of a story, if a story it was to be, or how to evolve from their misty brains a subject for an essay. There was something mechanical about the process that they could not just hit upon, unless I would be so kind as to give them a hint. Rules for composition are very proper; but where there is nothing in one's noddle to apply them to, they can be left unknown."

"So I am not to have your receipt," said Fanny. "You put me among the empty noddles."

"No, far from it. But go home and read 'Addison's Spectator,' and Washington Irving, and those delicious old tales of the days of King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table. Then, if you are determined on being a writing woman, stick to good, old-fashioned English. And be sure of my deepest sympathy with you in your 'career.'"

THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Pearl the Seventh.—July.

Now the long, fervid summer days
Oppress the heart; the sultry rays
Of solar heat make weak the nerve,
And men from all their purpose swerve,
And only ask some quiet spot
Where, all forgetting and forgot,
They may in indolence and ease,
Beneath the cool, umbrageous trees,
Or by the limpid streamlet, lie,
And watch the white clouds in the sky,

And call them angels, on their way
To far off realms of endless day,
With messages of love and bliss
To brighter, fairer worlds than this;
Or, listening to singing birds
Repeating tender, wooing words
In bowers hard by, they fall asleep,
And in their dreams Time's barriers leap
And reach that fair, Utopian clime,
Where—like a song of perfect rhyme
To sweetest music wedded—life,
Forever separate from strife,
From agony of hope or fear,
From bursting sigh, from falling tear,
From disappointed plans, and from
The woe that makes its victims dumb—
Moves onward in the grooves of joy
Without the taint of Time's alloy;
Where perfect happiness resides,
Where Summer as a queen abides
In a perpetual reign, and where
All beatific things and rare
Present their pleasures to the soul,
As from an overflowing bowl.

So, 'neath the fervor of July,
Its sultry heats, its torrid sky,
Man languishes with time and sense,
And lapses into indolence,
While Nature from her treasure pours
Upon the world her myriad stores
Of fruits and flowers, and strews the road
With gifts that leads to her abode.
The droning bee, amid the hay,
Fears not the reaper in its play;
The butterfly, amid the flowers,
Heeds not the child that roams the bowers;
The humming-bird upon the rose
Sits idly, careless of all foes;
And all the children of the air
The confidence of nature share.
The days go by, we scarce know why,
We scarce know how; they're born, they die,
And others come, and still we turn
And in the sky and air discern
A sense of heaviness and gloom,
Though freighted with Cathay's perfume.
Turning aside from written books,
We find our lessons in the brooks;
The leaf of the witch-hazel gleams
With the bright alphabet of dreams;
In the lake lilies' bosom lie
Stars with twin-sisters in the sky;
And the sweet violet offers up,
Within the azure of her cup,
The heavy freighted odorous hour,
And bids us prize the precious dower.

EXCELLENCE.—Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make their hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.

“HUSKS.”

“And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat ; and no man gave unto him.”

BY MARION HARLAND.

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

(Continued from page 553.)

CHAPTER XIV.

LEWIS HAMMOND had thrown the whole weight of his influence in the family conclave, into the Newport scale ; and to this popular resort Sarah went, in July, in company with the Bensons, her mother, and Jeannie, who was made one of the party at Lewis's request and expense. The generous fellow acted in conformity with conscience and judgment in this temporary exile of his treasures ; and, consistent in his purpose of rendering it a pleasure excursion to his wife, he made very light of his prospects of lonely widowerhood, representing, instead, the benefit she and the babe would draw from the sea-breezes, and his enhanced enjoyment of his weekly visits, because they *were* so far apart. He went with them to the shore, at their general flitting, and spent two days ; saw for himself that those whose comfort was nearest his heart were properly accommodated ; privately feed chambermaid and waiter, with hints of future emolument to accrue to them from special regard to the wants of Mrs. Hammond and her infant, and returned to town with the unenviable consciousness of having left at least three-fourths of himself behind him.

A brisk rush of business beguiled him of the aching, hollow void for a few hours after he got back. Not even Baby Belle's accents could be heard amid that roar and whirl. But at luncheon-time, while waiting for his order to be filled at a restaurant, the dreary, solitary void overtook him—a fit of unmistakable homesickness, that yet caused him to recoil at the idea of entering the deserted house up-town, when evening should oblige him to seek a lodging. How were Sarah and baby getting along without him ? He was afraid that Lucy was not, in all respects, as congenial a companion as he could have wished his wife to have, and that Mrs. Hunt's undisguised worldliness, her foolish love of fashion and display, would often annoy and mortify her sensible, right-judging daughter. Benson was capital company, though—a gentleman, every inch of him ! and very friendly to Sarah. But for her

reserved manners he would act the part of a real brother to her ; in any case, he would be kind, and see that she wanted for nothing.

Then—shot into his head by some unseen and unaccountable machinery—there darted across his mind a fragment of a conversation he had overheard, at entering his parlor, the day before the Bensons left. Philip and Lucy were standing before a miniature painting of Sarah and her child, completed and brought home a short time previous. Although seemingly intent upon the picture, their conversation must have strayed far from the starting-point, for the first sentence that reached the unintentional listener was a tart, scornful speech from Lucy, that could by no stretch of the imagination be made to apply to her sister.

“If you admire her so much, why did you not marry her when you had the opportunity ? She was willing enough !”

“Take care you do not make me regret that I did not do so !” was Philip's stern rejoinder as he turned from her.

The change of position showed him that Lewis was present, and for a second his inimitable self-possession wavered. Recovering himself, he reverted to the picture, and called upon his host to decide some disputed point in its artistic execution which he and Lucy were discussing.

“Poor fellow ! he has learned that all is not gold that glitters !” mused Lewis to the newspaper he was pretending to read. “Lucy had a high reputation for amiability before she was Mrs. Benson. There is no touchstone like the wedding-ring to bring out one's true qualities.”

He sat with his back to the entrance of the saloon, and the table directly behind him was now taken possession of by three or four new arrivals—all gentlemen, and apparently on familiar terms with one another. They called for a bountiful lunch, including wine, and plunged into a lively, rather noisy talk. Lewis closed his ears, and applied himself in earnest to his paper. He started presently at a word he could have declared was his name. Re-

straining the impulse to look around and see who of the group was known to him, he yet could not help trying to determine this point by their voices. One, a thin falsetto, he fancied belonged to George Bond, who was no more of a favorite with him than was his better half with Sarah. Lewis regarded him as a conceited rattle-pate, whose sole talent lay in the art of making money—whose glory was his purse. “Why should he be talking about me here? Nonsense; I was mistaken!” and another page of the newspaper was turned.

“When I leave my wife at Newport, or anywhere else, in the particular and brotherly care of one of her former flames, publish me as a crazy fool!” said the wiry voice again, almost in the reader’s ear.

“He doesn’t know old stories as well as you do, perhaps,” replied some one.

“I should think not! When *my* wife pulls the wool over my eyes in that style, horsewhip me around town, and I won’t cry ‘Quarter!’ Sister’s husband or not, I’ll be hanged if I would have him in my house for two weeks, and he such a good-looking dog, too!”

He stopped, as if his neighbor had jogged him, as Lewis looked over his shoulder in the direction of the gossip. A dead and awkward silence ensued, ended at last by the pertinent observation that the “waiter was a long time bringing their lunch.”

In a maze of angry doubt and incredulity as to the evidence of his senses and suspicions, Lewis finished his meal, and stalked out past the subdued and now voracious quartette, favoring them with a searching look as he went by, which they sustained with great meekness. All the afternoon a heavy load lay upon his heart—an indefinable dread he dared not analyze; a foreboding he would not face, yet could not dismiss.

“You are blue, Lewis!” said Mr. Marlow, kindly, as they started up town together. “This is the worst of having a wife and children; you miss them so terribly when they are away. But you will get used to it. Make up your mind at the eleventh hour to cross the water, and stay abroad three months. You will be surprised to find how easy your mind will become after a couple of weeks.”

“I am satisfied, sir, without making personal trial of the matter, that men do become inured to misery, which seemed in the beginning to be insupportable.”

Mr. Marlow laughed, and they separated.

Lewis sighed as he looked up at the blinds of his house, shut fast and grim, and still more

deeply as he admitted himself to the front hall, that echoed dismally the sound of the closing door. His next movement was to walk into the parlor, throw open a shutter, and let in the evening light upon the portraits of the dear absent ones. There he stood, scanning their faces—eyes and soul full of love and longing—until the mellow glow passed away and left them in darkness.

The comfortless evening repast was over, and he betook himself to the library, Sarah’s favorite room, as it was also his. Her low easy-chair stood in its usual place opposite his, at the centre-table, but her work-basket was missing; likewise the book, with its silver marker, that he was wont to see lying side by side with some volume he had selected for his own reading. But one lay there now, and there was an odd choking in his throat as he read the title on the back. He had expressed a wish for it in Sarah’s hearing some days before, and her delicate forethought had left it here as a solace and keepsake, one that should, while reminding him of her, yet charm away sad feelings in her absence. Even in the exterior of the gift, she had been regardful of his taste. The binding was solid and rich; no gaudy coloring or tawdry gilt; the thick smooth paper and clear type were a luxury to touch and sight. Lewis was no sentimentalist, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, yet he kissed the name his wife had traced upon the fly-leaf ere he sat down to employ the evening as she by her gift tacitly requested him to do. But it was a useless attempt. The book was not in fault, and he should have read it intently, if only because she had bestowed it; still the hand that held it sank lower and lower, until it rested upon his knee, and the reader was the thinker instead. The most prosaic of human beings have their seasons of reverie—pleasing or mournful, which are, unknown often to themselves, the poetry of their lives. Such was the drama Lewis Hammond was now rehearsing in his retrospective dreams.

The wan and weary mother, whom he remembered as always clothed in widow’s weeds, and toiling in painful drudgery to maintain herself and her only boy; who had smiled and wept, rendered thanksgivings and uttered prayers for strength, alternately, as she heard Mr. Marlow’s proposal to protect and help the lad through the world that had borne so hardly upon her; who had strained him to her bosom, and shed fast, hot tears of speechless anguish at their parting—a farewell that was never to be forgotten in any meeting on this side of

eternity ; this was the vision, hers the palladium of love, that had nerved him for the close wrestle with fortune, guarded him amid the burning ploughshares of temptation, carried him unscathed past the hundred mouths of hell, that gape upon the innocent and unwary in all large cities. Cold and unsusceptible as he was deemed in society, he kept unpolluted in his breast a fresh, living stream of genuine romantic feeling, such as we are apt to think went out of fashion—aye, and out of being—with the belted knights of yore ; wealth he had vowed never to squander, never reveal, until he should pour it, without one thought of selfish reserve, upon *his wife!* He never hinted this to a living creature before the moment came for revealing it to the object of his choice. He was a “predestined old bachelor!” an “infidel to love and the sex,” said and believed the gay and frivolous, and he let them talk. His ideal woman, his mother’s representative and successor—the beauty and crown of his existence—was too sacred for the gaze and comment of indifferent worldlings. For her he labored, and studied, and lived ; confident in a fatalistic belief that, at the right moment, the dream would become a reality—the phantasm leave her cloudy height for his arms. Love so beautiful and intense as this, like snow in its purity, like fire in its fervor, cannot be won to full and eloquent utterance but by answering love—a sentiment identical in kind, if not equal in degree ; and Sarah Hammond’s estimate of her husband’s affection was, in consequence of this want in herself, cruelly unjust in its coldness and poverty. His patience with her transient fits of gloom or waywardness in the early months of their married life ; his noble forgetfulness of her faults, and grateful acknowledgment of her most trifling effort to please him ; his unceasing care ; his lavish bounty—all these she attributed too much to natural amiability and conscientious views of duty ; too little to his warm regard for her, personally. In this persuasion she had copied his conduct in externals so far as she could ; and applauding observers adjudged the mock gem to be a fair and equitable equivalent for the rare pearl she had received.

Lest this digression, into which I have been inadvertently betrayed, should mislead any with the idea that I have some design of dignifying into a hero this respectable, but very commonplace personage, return we to him as he hears eleven o’clock rung out by the monitor on the mantel, and says to himself, “Baby Belle has been asleep these three hours, and

mamma, caring nothing for beaux and ball-room, is preparing to follow her.”

Beaux and ball-room ! Pshaw ! why should the nonsensical talk of that jackanapes, George Bond, come to his mind just then ? The whole tenor of the remarks that succeeded the name he imagined was his disproved that imagination. But *who* had left his wife at Newport in the care of a “good-looking” brother-in-law ? *who* had been domesticated in the family of the deluded husband for a fortnight ?

Pshaw again ! What concern had he with their scandalous, doubtless slanderous tattle ?

“Why did you not marry her when you had the opportunity ? *She* was willing enough !”

Could Lucy have spoken thus of her sister ? Sarah was barely acquainted with Philip Benson when Lucy wedded him, having met him but once prior to the wedding-day at the house of her aunt in the country, from which place his own letter penned by her father’s sick bed recalled her. How far from his thoughts then was the rapid train of consequences that followed upon this preliminary act of their intercourse !

Did that scoundrel Bond say “Hammond ?” It was not a common name, and came quite distinctly to his ears in the high, unpleasant key he so disliked. A flush of honest shame arose to his forehead at this uncontrollable straying of his ideas to a topic so disagreeable, and so often rejected by his mind.

“As if—even had I been the person insulted by his pity—I would believe one syllable he said of a woman as far above him in virtue and intellect, in everything good and lovable, as the heavens are lifted above the earth ! I would despise myself as much as I do him, if I could lend my ear for an instant to so degrading a whisper ! I wish I had faced him and demanded the whole tale ; yet no ! that would have been rash and absurd. Better as it is ! By to-morrow, I shall laugh at my ridiculous fancies !”

“Scratch ! scratch ! scratch !” The house was so still in the approaching midnight that the slight noise caused him a shock and quiver in the excited state of his nerves. The interruption was something between a scrape and a rap, three times repeated, and proceeding, apparently, from the bookcase at his right. What could it be ? He had never seen or heard of a mouse on the premises, nor did the sound much resemble the nibbling of that animal. Ashamed of the momentary thrill he had experienced, he remained still and collected, awaiting its repetition.

"Scratch! scratch! rap!" It was in the bookcase—in the lower part where were drawers shut in by solid doors. These he had never explored, but knew that his wife kept pamphlets and papers in them. He opened the outer doors cautiously, and listened again, until assured by the scratching that his search was in the right direction. There were three drawers, two deep, the third and upper shallow. This he drew out and examined. It contained writing-paper and envelopes; all in good order. Nor was there any sign of the intruder amongst the loose music and periodicals in the second. The lower one was locked—no doubt accidentally, for he had never seen Sarah lock up anything except jewels and money. Their servants were honest, and she had no cause to fear investigation on his part.

Feeling, rather than arguing thus, he removed the drawer above, leaving exposed the locked one, and thrust his hand down into it. It encountered the polished surface of a small box or case, which he was in the act of drawing through the aperture left by the second drawer, when something dark and swift ran over his hand and up his sleeve. With a violent start, he dashed the casket to the floor, and another energetic fling of his arm dislodged the mouse. His first care was to pursue and kill it; his next to examine into the damage it had indirectly produced. The box—ebony, lined with sandal-wood—had fallen with such force as to loosen the spring, and lay on its side wide open; its treasures strewed over the carpet. They were neither numerous, nor in themselves valuable. A bouquet of dried flowers, enveloped in silver paper, lay nearest Lewis's hand, as he knelt to pick up the scattered articles. The paper was tied about the stalks of the flowers with black ribbon, and to this was attached a card: "Will Miss Sarah accept this trifling token of regard from one who is her staunch friend, and hopes, in time, to have a nearer claim upon her esteem?"

The hand was familiar to the reader as Philip Benson's. Why should Sarah preserve this, while the many floral tokens of his love which she had received were flung away when withered like worthless weeds? The pang of jealousy was new—sharp as the death-wrench to the heart-strings, cruel as the grave! The card was without date, or he would have read, with a different apprehension of its meaning, the harmless clause—"And hopes in time to have a nearer claim upon her esteem." There was a time, then, when, as Lucy had taunted her husband, he might have married her sister!

when Sarah loved him, and had reason to think herself beloved in return! What was this sable badge but the insignia of a bereaved heart, that mourned still in secret the faithlessness of her early love, or the adverse fate that had sundered him from her, and given him to another?

Crushing the frail, dead stems in his hand, he threw them back into the box, and took up a bit of dark gray wood, rough on one side—smoothed on the other into a rude tablet. "*Philip Benson, Deal Beach. July 27th, 18—.* *Pensez à moi!*" But ten days before he met her at the wharf in New York to take her to her sick father! but three months before she plighted her troth to him, promised to wed him, while in spirit she was still weeping tears of blood over the inconstant! for he did not forget that Philip's engagement to Lucy preceded his own to Sarah by eight or nine weeks. There were other relics in the box, a half-worn glove, retaining the shape of the manly hand it had inclosed—which, he learned afterwards, Philip had left in his chamber at the farm-house when he departed to seek gayer scenes; a white shell, upon whose rosy lining were scratched with the point of a knife the ominous initials "P. B.," and beneath them "S. B. H.," a faded rose-bud, and several printed slips, cut from the columns of newspapers. He unfolded but two of these.

One was an extract from Tennyson's "Maud"—the invitation to the garden. Breathlessly, by reason of the terrible stricture tightening around his heart, Lewis ran his eyes over the charming whimsical morceau. They rested upon and reviewed the last verse:

"She is coming—my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat;
Were it earth in an earthy bed,
My dust would hear her and beat;
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

He did not discriminate now between printed and written verses. These were love stanzas sent by another man to his wife, received and cherished by her, hidden away with a care that, in itself, bordered on criminality, for was not its object the deception of the injured husband? The most passionate autograph love-letter could hardly have stabbed him more keenly.

The other was Mrs. Browning's exquisite "Portrait."

And here the reader can have an explanation the tortured man could not obtain. With the

acumen for which Cupid's votaries are proverbial, Philip Benson, then at the "summer heat" degree of his flame for the Saratoga belle, had recognized in this poem the most correct and beautiful description of his lady-love. Curiosity to see if the resemblance were apparent to other eyes, and a desire for sympathy tempted him to forward it to Sarah. She must perceive the likeness to her divine sister, and surmise the sentiment that had induced him to send it. A little alteration in the opening stanza was requisite to make it "a perfect fit." Thus it ran when the change was made:—

"I will paint her as I see her:
— times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun."

The poetess, guiltless of any intention to cater for the wants of grown-up lovers, had written "Ten" in the space made blank by Philip's gallantry and real ignorance of his charmer's age. For the rest, the "lily-clear face," the "forehead fair and saintly," the "trail of golden hair," the blue eyes, "like meek prayers before a shrine;" the voice that

"Murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels you feel the sun"

were, we may safely assert, quite as much like poor Sarah, when he sent the poem, as they were now like the portrait he would—if put upon his oath—sketch of his unidealized Lucy.

It was not unnatural then, in Lewis Hammond, to overlook, in his present state, these glaring discrepancies in the picture as applied by him. With a blanched and rigid countenance he put all the things back into the box, shut it, and restored it to its place. Then he knelt on the floor and hid his face in her chair; and there struggled out into the still air of the desecrated home-temple, made sacred by his love and her abiding, deep sobs from the strong man's stricken heart—a grief as much more fearful than that of widowhood, as the desertion and dishonor of the loved one are worse than death.

CHAPTER XV.

It was the "grand hop" night at the headquarters of Newport fashion. Sarah, characteristically indifferent to gayeties "made to order," had determined not to appear below. The air of her room was fresh and pure, and a book, yet unread, lay under the lamp upon her table. Her sister and mother had withdrawn to dress, when Jeannie's curly head peeped in

at Mrs. Hammond's door. Her features wore a most woe-begone expression.

"What has gone wrong, Jeannie?" inquired Sarah.

"Why, mamma says that I will be in her way if I go into the ball-room; and it will be so stupid to stay out the whole evening, while all the other girls can see the dancing and dresses, and hear the music. And sister Lucy says that children are 'bores' in company."

"A sad state of things, certainly! Perhaps I may persuade mother to let you go."

"Yes; but if she does, she will sit close against the wall with a lot of other fat old ladies, and they will talk over my head, and squeeze me almost to death, besides rumpling my dress; and I so want to wear my tucked pink grenadine, sister!"

"And you would like to have me go down with you; is that it?"

Jeannie's eyes beamed delightedly. "Oh, if you only would!"

Sarah looked down into the eager face and saw, in anticipation, her own little Belle imploring some boon, as important to her, as easy to be granted by another as this, and consented with a kiss.

"Run away and bring your finery here! Mother is too busy to attend to you. Mary can dress you."

The order was obeyed with lightning speed; and Sarah, still beholding in the excited child the foreshadowing of her darling's girlhood, superintended the toilet, while she made herself ready.

"What shall I wear, Jeannie?" she asked, carelessly, holding open the door of her wardrobe.

"O that lovely fawn-colored silk, please! the one with the black lace flounces! It is the prettiest color I ever saw; and I heard Mrs. Greyling tell another lady the night you wore it, when brother Lewis was here, you know, that it was one of the richest dresses in the room, modest as it looked, and that the flounces must have cost a penny!"

"Probably more!"

Sarah proceeded to array herself in the fortunate robe that had won the praise of the fashionably distinguished Mrs. Greyling. Her abundant dark hair was lighted by two coral sprigs, which formed the heads of her hair-pins, and handkerchief and gloves in hand, she was taking a last survey of Jeannie's more brilliant costume when there came a knock at the door.

"Mr. Benson!" said Mary, unclosing it.

“May I come in?” he asked.

The tidy Mary had removed all traces of the recent tiring operations from the apartment, which was a compound of parlor and dressing-room, a necessary adjunct to the small chamber and smaller nursery, leading out of it, at the side and rear.

“You may!” replied Sarah. “Here is an aspirant for ball-room honors, who awaits your approval.”

“Mademoiselle, que vous êtes charmante! I am penetrated with profound admiration!” exclaimed the teasing brother-in-law, raising his hands in true melodramatic style.

Jeannie laughed and blushed until her cheeks matched the grenadine.

“Mrs. Hunt told me that you had changed your mind, and intended to grace the festive scene with your presence,” continued Philip, addressing Sarah. “She and Lucy are there, and the dancing has begun. I came to escort you and our fair *débutante* here—that is, unless some one else has offered his services and been accepted.”

“That is not likely, since Mr. Hammond left us in your care. Do not your fourfold duties oppress you?”

“Not in the least. If all of my charges were as chary of their calls upon me as you are, my time would hang heavily upon my hands. No one would imagine, from your reluctance to be waited upon, that you had been spoiled at home. If Mr. Hammond were here now, he would tell you to draw that shawl—”

“It is an opera-cloak!” interrupted Jeannie.

“A ball-cloak to-night, then, is it not? I was saying that, although the night is not cool for sea air, you had better wrap that mantle about your chest and throat as we go out.”

Just outside the door, a waiter passed them with a note in his hand. He stopped, on seeing Philip.

“Mr. Benson! I was on my way to your rooms with this, sir.”

Philip stepped back within the parlor to read it by the light. It was a line from a friend who had just arrived at another hotel, notifying him of this fact. It required no reply, and leaving it upon the table, he rejoined his companions.

“See mamma! Isn’t it just as I said?” whispered Jeannie, as she established herself beside her sister in a comfortable corner that commanded a view of the spacious hall and its gay, restless sea of figures.

Sarah smiled at discovering her mother sandwiched between two portly dowagers; one in purple, the other in lavender silk; all three

bobbing and waiving in their earnest confabulations, in a style that presented a ludicrously marked resemblance to the gesticulations of a group of Muscovy ducks, on the margin of a mud-puddle, held by them in their capacity of a joint stock company.

“I see that Lucy has taken the floor,” observed Philip. “She will not thank me for any *devoirs* I could render her for the next three hours. If they get up anything so humdrum as quadrilles, may I ask the pleasure of your company for the set?”

“If you wish it—and my dress is not too grave in hue—”

“And too decorous in its make, you were about to add, I presume,” he finished the sentence bluntly. “It forms a refreshing contrast to the prevailing style around us.”

Lucy here flitted into sight, and her very bare arms and shoulders pointed her husband’s strictures. A stool, brought into the room for the use of some child or invalid looker-on of the festivities, now stood empty under Sarah’s chair, and Philip, espying it, seized upon and drew it forth. When seated, his mouth was nearly on a level with Sarah’s ear.

“This is pleasant!” he said. “We are quite as much isolated from the rest of mankind as if we were sitting among the heathery hillocks on Deal Beach. You do not love the visions of those tranquil, sunny days as I do. You never allude to them voluntarily. Yet you have had less to convert your dreams into every day actualities, tedious and prosaic, than I have. I stand in direful need of one of the old lectures, inculcating more charity, and less study of complex motives and biassed tendencies in the machine we call Man. Begin! I am at your mercy.”

“I have forgotten how to deliver them. I am out of practice.”

“That is not surprising. Your husband is behind the age he lives in—and so are you. You two would make Barnum’s fortune, could he ever persuade the public of your idiosyncrasies.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Look around and through this room, and you will understand one part of my meaning. Do you remark the preponderance of married over single belles? and that the most tenderly deferential cavaliers are husbands, and *not* dancing with their wives? I could point out to you three men, leaders of the *ton* in this extremely reputable, eminently moral assembly, who, it is whispered among the knowing ones, are married, and, having left their domestic

associations for a season of recreation, boldly attach themselves to certain stylish young ladies here, and challenge observation, defy public censure, by their marked and increasing devotion. I meet them strolling along the beach in the morning; riding together in the afternoon; and when not engaged in this evening exhibition of toilet and muscle, you will find them pacing the moon or star-lit piazza, or, perchance, again sentimentalizing on the shore until the witching hour draws near."

"You surprise me!"

"You have no right to be surprised. You have the same thing continually before you in your city. Every fashionable hotel or boarding-house can supply you with such flirtations by the dozen. A married woman who declines the polite services of any gentleman, except her husband and near relatives, is a prude, with false scruples of propriety and delicacy. Let her legal partner complain—he is cried out upon as a despot, and you can trust the sweet angel of an abused wife to elude his vigilance—violence, she terms it—for the future, without altering her conduct in aught else. Do you see that pretty woman in blue—the one with the Madonna-like face? Her tyrant is here but once a week—from Saturday until Monday—then hies back to the business he loves as well as she does her pleasure. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and the forenoon of Saturday, any moustachioed puppy may walk, talk, drive, and flirt with her—bask in the rays of those liquid orbs. When the rightful lord appears, she is demure as a nun, patient as a saint, dutiful as Griselda, to him and him alone. Do you begin to understand why I congratulated you upon having a husband of the olden stamp? why I do from my heart felicitate my friend Hammond upon having gained, as a helpmeet, one of that nearly obsolete species—Woman!"

Sarah's embarrassment was painful, and but indifferently concealed. She felt that it was barely excusable, in consideration of his fraternal relation to her, for Philip to speak so plainly of this social blemish; and altogether unpardonable, while he did not or could not prevent his wife's participation in the questionable gayeties he assailed so unsparingly. Reply she could not, without implicating Lucy in her reprobation, and he must perceive her difficulty. This was the trouble that lay uppermost. At her heart's core, the uneasy feeling she ever experienced in conversation with him; the stirring of the entombed love, of whose actual death she had horrible misgivings; the incon-

gruous blending of past emotion with present duty, were now aggravated by the enforced acceptance of unmerited praise. Her woman's instinct, her experience as a wife, told her that the cause of the sinful recklessness, the contempt of the true spirit of the marriage tie was not the fruit merely of the vanity and thirst for adulation, to which it was properly attributed. With the recollection of her own life, the education she had received at home, the hateful, yet even to her independent spirit resistless decrees of society, there swelled up within her bosom something akin to Philip's bitter cynicism. Under this spur, she spoke.

"And from these signs of the times, you would argue an inherent degeneracy of womanhood—a radical change in its composition, such as some anatomists tell us has taken place in the structure of our bodies—our blood—our very teeth. A dentist, who filled a tooth for me the other day, imparted divers scientific items of information to me that may illustrate your position. 'Enamel, madam, is not what enamel was in the days of our ancestors!' he affirmed, pathetically. 'The color, the very ingredients of the bone, the calcareous base of the teeth differ sadly from the indestructible molars of fifty years ago.' At this passage of his jeremiade, he chanced to touch the nerve in the unhappy 'molar' he was excavating, and I am persuaded that I suffered as really as my grandmother would have done, had she sat in my place."

She paused, and beat time with her fingers on Jeannie's shoulder to the wild, varying waltz that swept the giddy crowd around the room in fast and flying circles.

"Your analogy asserts, then, that at heart women are alike in all ages?"

"Why not, as well as men?"

"Then why does not action remain the same, if that be true?"

"Because custom—fashion, if you prefer this name—an unaccountable, irresponsible power—owing its birth oftenest to accident or caprice, says, 'Do this!' and it is done! be it to perpetrate a cravat-bow, a marriage, or a murder!"

Another pause—in which music and dancers seemed sweeping on to sweet intoxication—so joyous in their *abandon* were the gushing strains; so swift the whirl of the living ring. The fingers played lightly and rapidly on Jeannie's plump shoulder—then rested on a half-beat.

"Yes!" She was looking towards the crowd, but her eye was fixed, and her accents slow and grave. "Hearts live and hearts love,

while time endures. The heart selects its mate in life's spring-time, with judgment as untaught as that of the silly bird that asks no companion but the one the God of Nature has bestowed upon it. But see you not, my good brother"—she faced him, a smile wreathing her lip—a strange glitter in her eye—"see you not to what woeful disorders these untrained desires, this unsophisticated following out of unregulated affections would give rise? It would sap the foundations of caste; level all wholesome distinctions of society; consign the accomplished daughters of palatial halls—hoary with a semi-decade of years—to one-story cottages and a maid-of-all work; doom nice young men to the drudgery of business, for the remainder of their wretched lives, to maintain wives whose dowries would not keep their lily-handed lords in French kids for a year; cover managing mammas with ignominy, and hasten ambitious papas to their costly vaults in—as Dickens has it—'some genteel place of interment.' Come what may of blasted hopes and wrecked hearts, the decencies of life must be observed. Every heart has its nerve—genuine, sensitive, sometimes vulgarly tenacious of life—but there *are* corrosives that will eat it out; fine, deadly wires, that can probe and torture and extract it. And when the troublesome thing is finally gotten rid of, there is an end to all obstacles to judicious courtships and eligible alliances!" She laughed scornfully, and Philip recoiled, without knowing why he did so, as he heard her.

"That is all very well, when the nature of the contract is understood on both sides," he said, gloomily. "I doubt, however, whether the beautiful economy of your system will be appreciated by those whose living hearts are bound to the bloodless plaster-casts you do describe."

"These accidents will occur in spite of caution on the part of the best managers of suitable marriages. By far the larger proportion of the shocks inflicted upon polite circles arise from this very cause. Pygmalion grows weary of wooing his statue, and wants sympathy in his disappointment and loneliness."

The dance was ended. The fantastic variations of the waltz were exchanged for a noble march—pealing through the heated rooms like a rush of the healthful sea-breeze. The spark died in Sarah's eye. Her voice took its habitual pitch.

"I have permitted myself to become excited, and, I am afraid, have said many things that I

had no right to think—much less to utter. If my freedom has displeased you, I am sorry."

"The error—if error there were—was mine," rejoined Philip. "I led the conversation into the channel; you, after awhile, followed. I believe there is no danger of our misunderstanding each other."

"Darby and Joan! good children in the corner!" cried Lucy, flushed with exercise and radiant with good-humor, as she promenaded past them leaning on the arm of a young West Pointer, a native Southerner and an acquaintance of Philip's. If his wife must flirt and frolic, he was watchful that she did not compromise him by association with doubtful characters. On several occasions, the advances of gay gentlemen, whose toilets were more nearly irreproachable than their reputations, had been checked by his cool and significant resumption of the husband's post beside the belle, and if need existed, by the prompt withdrawal of the unwilling lady from the scene. The cadet laughed, and, convinced that she had said a witty thing, Lucy swam by.

"The common sense of our tropes and rhodomontades and allegories is this!" said Philip, biting his lip, and speaking in a hard tone. "The only safe ground in marriage is mutual, permanent affection. You meant to convey the idea that if each of these dressy matrons, humming around our ears, had a sincere, abiding love for her husband—and each of these gallant Benedicks the right kind of regard for his wedded Beatrice, the vocation of us corner censors would be gone?"

"Well said, Mr. Interpreter!" she responded in affected jest.

"This point settled, will you take my arm for a turn through the room before the next set is formed? They are talking of quadrilles. I shall claim your promise if a set is made up, unless you are not courageous enough to have the public sneer by dancing with your brother. Come, Jeannie, and walk with us."

Two sets of quadrilles were arranged at different ends of the saloon. Philip led Sarah through one, with Lucy—who considered it a capital joke—and the partner *vis-à-vis* to them, Jeannie, meanwhile, remaining by her mother.

The summer nights were short; and, when the dance was over, Sarah intimated to her younger sister the propriety of retiring. Mrs. Hunt's head ached, and she esteemed the sacrifice comparatively light, therefore, that she, too, had to leave the revels and accompany the child to her chamber. Sarah's apartments

were on the same floor, several doors further on. Having said "Good-night" to the others, she and Philip walked slowly along the piazza, light as day in the moonbeams, until they reached her outer room, the parlor.

"I hope you will experience no ill effects from your dissipation," said Philip, in playful irony. "In a lady of your staid habits, this disposition to gayety is alarming. Absolutely eleven o'clock! What will Hammond say when he hears the story? Good-night! Don't let your conscience keep you awake!"

Sarah opened the door softly, that she might not startle the baby-sleeper in the inner room. The lamp was shining brightly, and by it sat—her husband!

CHAPTER XVI.

LEWIS had entered his wife's room within fifteen minutes after she left it. He looked so ill and weary that the girl, Mary, gave a stifled scream of fright and surprise.

"Are you sick, sir?" she asked, hastily, as he threw off his hat, and wiped his pale forehead. "Shall I tell Mrs. Hammond that you are here? She went down to the ball-room awhile ago."

"What did you say? No!" replied he, shortly.

His frown rather than his tone silenced her. He had picked up the envelope Philip had dropped on the table, and his face darkened still more. Too proud to question a servant of her mistress' actions and associates, he believed that he had gathered from this mute witness all that it was needful to know. As a privileged *habitué* of the cozy boudoir he had been at such pains to procure and make fit for his wife's occupancy, another had sat here and read his evening mail, while awaiting her leisure; careless of appearances, since the deceived one would not be there to notice them, had tossed this note down with as much freedom as he would have done in his own apartment.

Through the open windows poured the distant strains of the band; and, seized by a sudden thought, he caught up his hat and strode out, along piazzas and through halls, to the entrance-door of the ball saloon. As Sarah's ill-fortune ordained it, the piercing glance that ran over and beyond the crowd of spectators and dancers detected her at the instant of Philip's taking his lowly seat at her side. Jeannie's pink attire was concealed by the drapery of a lady, whose place in the set then

forming was directly in front of her. Lewis saw but the two, virtually *tête-à-tête*; and, as he obtained fleeting glimpses of them through the shifting throng, marked Philip's energetic, yet confidential discourse, and the intentness with which she listened, until, warmed or excited by his theme, Sarah lifted her downcast eyes and spoke, with what feeling and effect her auditor's varying expression showed.

The gazer stood there like a statue, unheeding the surprised and questioning looks cast by passers-by upon his travelling-dress, streaked with dust—his sad and settled visage, so unbefitting the scene within—while Philip made the tour of the room, with Sarah upon his arm, until they took their stations for the dance; he, courteous and attentive—she, smiling and happy, more beautiful in her husband's eyes than her blonde sister opposite; and he could stay no longer. If Mary had thought him sick and cross at his former entrance, she considered him savage now, for one who was ordinarily a kind and gentle master.

"You can go to your room!" he ordered, not advised. "I will sit up for Mrs. Hammond!"

"I have slept in the nursery, sir, while you were away."

"That cannot be to-night. I will find you some other place."

He had no intention that the anticipated conversation with his wife should be overheard.

"I can stay with a friend of mine, sir, only a few doors off."

"Very well."

Quickly and quietly the nurse arranged the night-lamp and the child's food, that her mistress might have no trouble during her absence, and went out.

Baby Belle slumbered on, happily wandering through the guileless mazes of baby dreamland; one little arm, bared from the sleeve of her gown, thrown above her head—the hand of the other cradling her cheek. The father ventured to press a light kiss upon the red lips. In his desolation, he craved this trifling solace. The child's face was contorted by an expression of discomfort, and, still dreaming, she murmured, in her inarticulate language, some pettish expression of disgust.

"My very child shrinks from me! It is in the blood!" said the unhappy man, drawing back from the crib.

If his resolution had waned at sight of the sleeper, it was fixed again when he returned to his chair in the outer room. He raised his head from his folded arms when he heard Philip

and Sarah approaching, but did not otherwise alter his position. The low tone of their parting words—one soon learned by the sojourners in hotels and watering-places, where thin partitions and ventilators abound—was, to him, the cautiously repressed voice of affectionate good-nights. But one clause was distinct—“What will Hammond say, when he hears the story?” They jested thus of him, then. One of them, at least, should learn ere long what he *would* say.

“Lewis! you here!”

Sarah changed color with amazement and vague alarms—emotion that paralyzed her momentarily. Then, as she discerned the tokens of disorder in his dress and countenance, she hurried forward.

“What has brought you so unexpectedly? Are you sick? Has anything happened?”

He did not rise; and, resting her hand on his shoulder, she stooped for a kiss. But his stern gaze never moved from hers—*anxious and inquiring*—and his lips were like stone.

“Lewis, speak to me! If you have dreadful news to tell me, for pity’s sake, do not keep me in suspense!”

“I have nothing to say that will be new to you,” he said, without relaxing his hard, cold manner, “and not a great deal that ought to have been kept back from *me* when I wished to marry you, believing that you had a heart to give me with your hand.”

As if struck in the face, Sarah sank back into a chair, speechless and trembling.

“Yes! had you been sincere with me then, grieved and disappointed as I would have felt, I would have respected you the more, and loved you none the less for the disclosure. But when, after a year and a half of married life, I learn that the woman I have loved and trusted with my whole soul—from whom I have never concealed a thought that it could interest her to know—has all the while been playing a false part—vowing at the altar to love me and me alone, when she secretly idolized another; bearing my name, living beneath my roof, sleeping in my bosom—yet thinking of and caring for *him*, treasuring his keepsakes as the most precious of her possessions—is it strange that, when the tongue of a vulgar gossip proclaims my shame in my hearing, and other evidence proves what I thought was his vile slander, to be true as gospel—is it strange, I say, that I am incensed at the deception practised upon me—at the infamous outrage of my dearest hopes—my most holy feelings?”

She threw herself at his feet, clasped his knees, and implored him, chokingly, to “forgive” her. “Oh! if you knew what I have suffered!”

“What you have suffered!” He folded his arms and looked sorrowfully down at her crouching figure. “Yes! you were not by nature coarse and unfeeling! The violence you have committed upon your heart and every principle of delicacy and truth must have cost you pain. Then, you loved him!”

“Once! a long while ago!” said Sarah, hiding her face in her hands.

“Take care!” There was no softness now in his tone. “Remember that I have seen you together day by day, and that glances and actions, unnoticed at the time in my stupid blindness, recur to me now with terrible meaning. For once, speak the true voice of feeling, and own what I know already, that all the love you ever had to give belongs still to your sister’s husband!”

“I will speak the truth!” Sarah arose and stood before him—face livid and eyes burning. “I *did* love this man! I married you, partly to please my parents, partly because I found out that by some means my secret had fallen into unscrupulous hands, and I was mad with dread of its exposure! It seemed to me that no worse shame could come upon me than to have it trumpeted abroad that I had bestowed my love unsought, and was ready to die because it was slighted. I have learned since that it is far, far worse to live a lie—to despise myself! Oh! that I *had* died then!” She battled with the emotion that threatened to overwhelm her, and went on. “Once bound to you, it has been my hourly endeavor to feel and act as became the faithful wife of a kind, noble man. If, sometimes, I have erred in thought—if my feelings have failed me in the moment of trial—yet, in word and deed, in look and gesture, I have been true to you. No one have I deceived more thoroughly than Philip Benson. He never suspected my unfortunate partiality for himself; he believes me still, what I would give worlds to become in truth, your loyal, loving wife! It is well that you know the truth at last. I do not ask you how you have obtained the outlines of a disgraceful story, that I have tried a thousand times to tell you, but was prevented by the fear of losing your favor forever. This is my poor defence—not against your charges, but in palliation of the sin of which they justly accuse me. I can say nothing more. Do with me as you will!”

“It is but just to myself that you should

hear the circumstances which accidentally revealed this matter to me."

He narrated the scene at the restaurant, and the discovery of the evening. He evinced neither relenting nor sympathy in the recital. Her confession had extinguished the last ray of hope, cherished, though unacknowledged by himself, that she might extenuate her error or give a more favorable construction to the evidence against her. It was not singular that, in the reaction of disappointment, he was ready to believe that he had not heard all; to imagine that he could perceive throughout her statement a disposition to screen Philip, that was, in itself, a proof of disingenuousness, if not deliberate falsehood. She denied that he had ever been aware of her attachment or had reciprocated it. What meant then those words—"hopes in time to have a nearer claim?" what those impassioned verses? what the linking of their initials within the shell? the motto on the wooden tablet? While these subtle queries were insinuated into his soul by some mocking spirit, he concluded the history of the discovery of the casket.

"I have never opened it since the night before I was married," said Sarah, with no haste of self-justification. "I put it into the drawer the day after we went to our house. It has not been unlocked from that day to this."

"Why keep it at all, unless as a memento of one still dear to you?"

"I felt as if I had buried it. I said to myself: 'If the time ever comes when I can disinter these relics and show them to my husband, without a pang or fear, as mementoes of a dead and almost forgotten folly, he shall destroy them, and I shall have gained a victory that will insure my lifelong happiness.'"

"And that time has never arrived."

She would have spoken, but her tongue proved traitorous. She crimsoned and was silent.

Lewis smiled drearily. "You see that I know you better than you do yourself. It is well, as you have said, that I know all at last. I pity you! If I could, I would release you from your bondage. As it is, I will do all that I can for this end."

"Never!" cried Sarah, shuddering. "Have you forgotten our child?"

"I have not!" His voice shook for a second. "She is all that unites us now. For the sake of her future—her good name—an open separation ought to be avoided, if possible. If it be inevitable, *your* conduct must not be the ostensible cause. To quiet malicious tongues, you

must remain here awhile longer under your mother's care. To accomplish the same end, I must appear once more in public, and on apparently friendly terms with—your brother-in-law. When your mother returns to the city, you had best go, too, and to your own house. Your brother Robert is now sixteen years old—steady and manly enough to act as your protector. Invite him to stay with you, and also Jeannie, if you find it lonely."

"What are you saying? Where will you be that you speak of my choosing another protector?"

"A very incompetent one I have proved myself to be!" he returned, with the same sad smile. "I have not been able to shield you from invidious reports; still less to save you from yourself. I sail for Europe day after tomorrow."

"Lewis, you will not! If you ever loved me, do not desert me and our child now! I will submit to any punishment but this!" She clung anew to his knees as she poured out her prayer.

Not a month ago she had turned pale with fright at the suggestion of this voyage. It was sheer acting *then!* why not now?

"Objections are useless!" he said. "My arrangements are made. I have passed my word."

"But you will not leave me in anger! Say that you forgive me! that you will return soon, and this miserable night be forgotten!"

"Shall I tell you when I will return?" He raised her head, and looked straight into her eyes. "When you write to me, and tell me that you have destroyed the love-tokens in that box; when you bid me come back for your sake—not for our child's! Until then, I shall believe that my presence would be irksome to you. It is necessary for our house to have a resident partner in England. It is my expectation to fill that place for some time to come; it shall be for you to say how long."

Bowed as Sarah's spirit was beneath the burst of the long dreaded storm and her accusing conscience, her womanly pride revolted at this speech. She had humbled herself in the dust at the feet of a man whom she did not love; had borne meekly his reproaches; submitted dumbly to the degrading suspicions that far transcended her actual sin: but as the idea of her suing servilely for the love she had never yet valued; of him, indifferent and independent, awaiting afar off for her petition—*hers*, whom he had abandoned to the scornful sneers of the keen-witted hyenas of society; to

the cross-examination of her distrustful relatives; the stings of remorse; left in one word to *herself!*—as this picture grew up clearly before her mind, the tide of feeling turned.

“You reject my prayers and despise my tears!” she said, proudly. “You refuse to accept of my humiliation. Yet you do not doubt me, as you would have me believe that you do! Else you would not *dare* to trust me—the keeper of your honor and your child’s fair name—out of your sight! I throw back the charge in your teeth, and tell you that your conduct gives it the lie! I have asked you—shame on me that I did!—to continue to me the shelter of your name and presence, to shield me, a helpless woman, more unhappy than guilty, from the ban of the world, and you deny me everything but a contemptible shadow of respectability, which the veriest fool can penetrate. I would not have you suppose that your generous confidence in my integrity”—she brought out the words with scathing contempt—“will deter me from sinking to the level you are pleased to assign me. If the native dignity of my womanhood, the principles I inherit from my father, my love for my innocent babe do not hold me back from ruin, be assured that the hope of winning your approval will not. To you I make no pledges of *reformation*; I offer but one promise. If you choose to remain abroad until I, in spirit, kiss your feet, and pray you to receive a love such as most men are glad to win by assiduity of attention, and every pleasing art—which you would force into being by wilful and revengeful absence—you will never see your native land again until the grass grows upon my grave!” She paused for breath, and continued more slowly. “While your child lives, and I remain her guardian, I will use your means for her maintenance—will reside in your house. If she dies, or you take her from me, I will not owe you my support for a single day more!”

Lewis grew pallid to his lips; but he, too, was proud, and his stubborn will was called into bold exercise.

“Very well! It is in your choice to accede to my propositions, or not. A share in all that I have is yours; not only during the child’s life, but as long as you live. Before I leave America, I shall deposit for you in your father’s bank a sum, which, I hope, you will find sufficient to maintain you in comfort. Your father will be my executor in this matter. I shall not confide to him the peculiar circumstances of my departure, leaving you at liberty to act in

this respect, as in everything else, according to the dictates of your will and pleasure. At the end of a certain term of years specified by law, you can, if you wish, procure a divorce on the ground of my wilful and continued desertion of you; in which case, the provision for your support will remain unchanged. As to the child—the mother’s is the strongest claim. I shall never take her from you. Do not let me keep you up longer. It is late!”

With a silent inclination of the head, she withdrew, and he cast himself upon the sofa, there to lie during the few hours of the night that were yet unspent.

He had arisen, and was standing at the window when Sarah entered in the morning. But for the dark shadows under the eyes, and the tight-drawn look about the mouth, she appeared as usual; and her “Good-morning,” if cold, was yet polite.

“I imagine,” she said, as the gong clashed out its second call, “that you wish me to accompany you to breakfast, and to preserve my ordinary manner towards you when others are by. Am I right?”

“You are. This is all I ask. The effort will not be a tedious one. I leave here at noon.”

Arm in arm they directed their steps towards the great dining-hall—to the view of the spectator as comfortable and happy a pair as any that pursued that route on that summer morning. Together they sat down at table, and Mr. Hammond ordered “his lady’s” breakfast with his own. Mrs. Hunt bustled in shortly after they were seated, full of wonderment at having heard from Sarah’s maid of her master’s unexpected arrival; while Jeannie gave his hand a squeeze as hearty as was the welcome in her smiling face. The Bensons were always late. So much the better. There were more people present to observe the cordial meeting between the brothers-in-law, made the more conspicuous by Philip’s surprise. The genuineness of his good spirits, his easy, unembarrassed manner was the best veil that could have been devised for Sarah’s constraint and Lewis’s counterfeit composure.

It did not escape Philip’s eye that Sarah ate nothing, and spoke only to avoid the appearance of singularity, and he believed that he had discovered the origin of her trouble when Lewis communicated his purpose of foreign travel. When the burst of surprise subsided, the latter tried successfully to represent his plan as a business necessity. Lucy, who never saw an inch beyond her nose—morally and

mentally speaking—except when her intuitions were quickened by self-love, was the questioner most to be dreaded.

“Why don't you go with him?” she inquired of her sister. “He should not stir one step without me, if I were in your place. Only think! you might spend six months in Paris!”

“How would Baby Belle relish a sea voyage!” returned Sarah.

“Nonsense! How supremely silly! One would suppose that she was the only member of the family whose comfort was to be consulted. Rather than expose her to the possibility of inconvenience, you will deprive yourself of profit and pleasure, and be separated from your husband for nobody knows how long. This shows how much these model married people really care for one another. When put to the test they are no better than we poor sinners, whom everybody calls flirts. Phil, are those muffins warm? This one of mine has grown cold while I was talking.”

“How are the horses, Benson?” inquired Lewis. “Have they been exercised regularly?”

“Yes, and are in capital order. You could have left us no more acceptable reminder of yourself than those same fine bays.”

“If you have no other engagement, suppose we have them up before the light carriage after breakfast, and take a short drive.”

“Agreed, with all my heart! unless Mrs. Hammond quarrels with me for robbing her of a portion of your last morning with her.”

“She will forgive you!” Lewis rejoined, to spare her the effort of reply.

From her window Sarah saw them whirl off along the beach in sight of the hundreds of spectators on the sands and about the hotels, and recognized the ingenuity of this scheme for proclaiming the amicable feeling between the two.

“But one more scene, and the hateful mockery is over!” thought the wife, as she heard her husband's step outside the door on his return.

She snatched a paper from the table, and seemed absorbed in its contents, not looking up at his entrance. Lewis made several turns through the room, sighed heavily, and once paused, as if about to address her, but changed his mind.

Then sounded from without the fresh, gurgling laugh of a child, and the nurse came in with the baby—rosy and bright—from her morning walk on the shore. She almost sprang from Mary's hold at sight of her father, and

dismissing the woman with a word, he took his darling into his arms, and sat down behind his wife. Inflexibly sullen, Sarah tried not to listen, as she would not see them; but she heard every sound: the child's soft coo of satisfaction as she nestled in the father's bosom; the many kisses he imprinted upon her pure face and mouth—what agony Sarah well knew—the irregular respiration, sometimes repressed, until its breaking forth was like sobs; and the proud, miserable heart confessed reluctantly that, in one respect, his share of their divided lot was heavier than hers. She was not to witness his final resignation of his idol. Under color of summoning Mary, he carried the infant from the room, and came back without her.

“It is time for me to go now, Sarah!”

His voice was calm, and its firmness destroyed what slender encouragement she might have drawn from the scene with his child, to hope for some modification of his resolution.

“Will you write to me, at regular intervals, to give me news of Belle?”

“Certainly, if such is your wish.”

“And yourself? you will be careful of your health, will you not? And, if I can ever serve you in any way, you will let me know?”

“It is not likely that you can; thank you.”

There was a silence of some moments. Sarah stood playing with the tassel of her morning-robe, pale and composed.

“Sarah!” Lewis took her hand. “We have both been hasty, both violent! Unfeeling as you think me, and as I may have seemed in this affair, believe me that it almost kills me to part from you so coldly. It is not like me to retract a determination, but if you will say now what you did last night—‘Do not go!’ I will stay and be as good a husband to you as I can. Shall we not forgive, and try to forget?”

The demon of resentful pride was not so easily exorcised. At a breath of repentance—a suggestion of compromise, the fell legion rallied an impregnable phalanx. She was frozen, relentless; her eyes, black and haughty, met his with an answer her tongue could not have framed in words.

“I have nothing to say!”

“‘Nothing!’ The ocean must then separate us for years—it may be forever!”

“It was your choice. I will not reverse it.”

“Not if you knew that if you let me go I would never return?”

“Not if I knew that you would never return!”

Without another word, without a farewell look, or the hand-grasp mere strangers exchange, he left her there—the stony monument

of her ill-directed life and affections; the victim of a worldly mother and a backbiting tongue!

(Conclusion next month.)

THE COMEDY OF AN EVENING.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

Dramatis Personæ.

MR. LEROY, *a middle-aged gentleman of fortune.*
 DR. SAMPSON, *brother-in-law to MR. LEROY, and living in his family.*
 DR. HEMMINGWAY, *friend to DR. SAMPSON.*
 MR. HARVEY LAWRENCE, *cousin of MRS. MEDFORD.*
 MRS. MEDFORD.
 MISS THERESA LEROY, }
 MISS EMILY LEROY, } *daughters of MR. LEROY.*
 MISS LUZETTA LEROY, }

SCENE I.—MRS. MEDFORD'S *sitting-room.* MRS. MEDFORD and MR. HARVEY LAWRENCE.

Mrs. Medford. Thirty-five, and not engaged! What keeps you, Harvey, from marrying? You are handsome, wealthy, and attractive.

Mr. Lawrence (ironically). You are no flatterer, Mrs. Medford, ah?

Mrs. Medford. No, I am no flatterer. I only say what you already believe to be true. A bachelor's life is, at best, a heartless life.

Mr. Lawrence. And what do I want of a heart, pray? Don't I have aches enough already? My heart throbbed all last week, and my teeth have troubled me for a fortnight. You, no doubt, would be pleased to see me pouring out tears, and reciting verses, like a lover in the Arabian Nights; but, really, unless I can meet with your counterpart—

Mrs. Medford. Either talk sensibly, Harvey, or give up talking entirely.

Mr. Lawrence. And leave all the time to you, Mrs. Medford, in which to deliver your homilies on marriage. Were all husbands as happy as Mr. Medford, I might change my views on the subject; as it is, St. Paul, Hannah More, and myself, form an excellent trio in favor of celibacy.

Mrs. Medford. Hannah More herself came within an ace of marrying; and if you were more like St. Paul, I should have less objections to your remaining single. But, placed as you are, you are leading a heartless, selfish, dangerous life—(*Mr. Lawrence smiles*); for it is dangerous, Harvey. If you were poor, it would be different; but with wealth enough, and time enough, and Satan to find work for your idle hands—I tremble for you, Harvey!

Mr. Lawrence. I can't perceive it. You ap-

pear perfectly calm, and I assure you it is entirely unnecessary.

Mrs. Medford. Just think of it, Harvey! Your mornings are all dogs and horses, your afternoons all smoke and billiards, your evenings all waltzes and wine.

Mr. Lawrence. How unjust! All yesterday I devoted to your charming self; and, to-night, I intend to spend the evening with the three Miss Leroy's, when I certainly shall not waltz, and wine is highly improbable.

Mrs. Medford. The Miss Leroy's! For once, Fortune favors me! If you ever intend to relinquish your obduracy, you will never have a better opportunity than the present. They are, at once, fascinating and intelligent. They sing like syrens.

Mr. Lawrence. And are as amiable as angels, and as beautiful as Peris—the only trouble being, there are too many of them. I'm not prepared to take three at once; and, besides, I am not sure you would better my morals by making me turn Mormon.

Mrs. Medford. But I am in earnest, Harvey. They are, really, very uncommon girls, and so different from each other that you have the widest liberty of choice. Do you know them, already?

Mr. Lawrence. Very slightly. I have met them at parties, and admire them *all*. They are, as you say, very unlike each other.

Mrs. Medford. Theresa now; she is exactly the person I would wish you to marry. She converses with the dignity of a queen, and would preside at your table—

Mr. Lawrence. O yes! I shall certainly marry Theresa. But Emily—what of her?

Mrs. Medford. Oh, she is as amiable as the day is long. She doesn't read much, it is true; but you have a horror of learned ladies, and perhaps you will prefer her to Theresa; but, for my part—

Mr. Lawrence. O delightful! I admire one of these waxy women, that will take your stamp, whatever it is. As for the youngest one?

Mrs. Medford. Luzette, you mean. She is a bright little butterfly, pretty and pleasant

enough; but then I hadn't thought of her. Theresa seems to me more fitted than either of the others to render you happy. I hope—

Servant (at the door). Mrs. Pendleton is in the parlor.

Mrs. Medford. Don't forget my injunctions, Harvey; I am really in earnest.

Mr. Lawrence. You must give me leave to cast lots, Mrs. Medford.

[*Exit MRS. MEDFORD.*]

Mr. Lawrence (solus). It is as she says. I am leading a heartless, selfish, dangerous life. I am sick of it! *tired to death* of cigars and billiards, and balls and parties, and dancing and flirtations! Bah! those girls at Saratoga! I want to do something serious and sensible; I wish I were anything—a student of theology—a missionary to the Tulus—anything but what I am—a poor, miserable, pleasure-seeking fool! I have half a mind to follow her directions and marry Theresa Leroy. It, at least, would be what people call a sensible proceeding; she has property, she has family, she has intellect, she has good looks; she has also two sisters, possessing equal advantages with herself. One of the family must certainly furnish the future Mrs. Lawrence. Adieu to hotels and billiards! I mean to live a nobler and a better life. It will certainly be easier to do right with some good angel to point out the way.

SCENE II.—MR. LEROY'S *parlor*. DR. HEMMINGWAY *seated*.

Enter DR. SAMPSON.

Dr. Sampson. What? Hemmingway? You are a sight to do my eyes good. I've been down to your office every day, for a fortnight, and always found the door shut. How is Miss What's-her-name—the case of fits? Does the medicine suit her?

Dr. Hemmingway. I can scarcely say. She had a spasm yesterday, though not so violent as the day before.

Dr. Sampson. What a splendid opportunity for your investigation! I quite envy you to have her among your patients. You seem to have all the remarkable cases. Are you going to amputate young Nicholson's leg?

Dr. Hemmingway. We are hoping to avoid an operation. If we are compelled to use the knife, you must certainly be present.

Dr. Sampson. I am expecting, to-morrow, to remove the tumor, of which I told you, from the neck of an old lady sixty-nine years old. Let me call for you, may I, at nine o'clock? Most of the fraternity at our end will be there.

It will be a difficult and somewhat painful operation, though, of course, I shall use chloroform. (*He holds up a bottle.*)

Dr. Hemmingway. That chloroform? I thought it was a cologne bottle when I saw it in your hands. By the way, have you read Jessup's Essay on the Uses and Abuses of Chloroform?

Dr. Sampson. Yes; and the answer to it.

Dr. Hemmingway. Answer? I hav'n't seen it. My four boys must be *my* excuse; but you have all your spare moments; unless, indeed, they are given to your nieces, who are, I hear, the belles of the town, and the sweetest singers in the county.

Dr. Sampson. My nieces! Pshaw! They are pleasant enough in their way, but they are no society for a man of science.

Dr. Hemmingway. You are censorious. I have heard them all well spoken of; but Theresa, especially, I have always regarded as a young lady of superior mind.

Dr. Sampson. I never intimated that she had no mind. I said she had no science, and she has none. Her desire for knowledge is limited by the acquirements of those around her. If her companions knew nothing but their letters, she would never get beyond the abs in the spelling-book. She was the best scholar in the school she attended. She desired to excel, and she excelled. She is now in society; she is ambitious to please, and she pleases.

Dr. Hemmingway. A little artful, perhaps? It seems to be the special temptation of young ladies.

Dr. Sampson. A little artful? I am positively afraid of her. She is like a checker-man that has been in the king-row; she can move both ways and jump on either side. She is, however, I suppose, a good girl, and I am very much attached to her; I am to all my nieces.

Dr. Hemmingway. And Emily; does she resemble her?

Dr. Sampson. Emily? No; she is one of the yielding sort, and takes her form, like a jelly, from the mould she is put in. She has not strength enough to oppose; she would yield alike to Satan or an angel.

Dr. Hemmingway. And Luzetta?

Dr. Sampson. Oh, Letta? Bless her little heart! She is the sunshine of the house! She is truthful, and good-tempered, and conscientious; but she has about as much science as a kitten, and is as noisy as a Guinea-hen. I spent all one evening explaining to her the circulation of the blood, and the next morning she had forgotten it all, and refused to hear it over.

Dr. Hemmingway. Poor fellow! what man ever endured such afflictions? But I must not delay; I have stayed too long already. Can you not call with me now on Miss Clark, the young lady who has spasms?

Dr. Sampson. Certainly, there is nothing to detain me, but this bottle of chloroform. I was intending to take it up to the office, but as you are in haste, I will leave it here. It is a neat looking bottle, and the girls, silly butterflies, never meddle with anything pertaining to science.

SCENE III.—MRS. LEROY'S *parlor*. MISS THERESA seated in full dress by the table.

Miss Theresa (solo). Three of us, and all at home; it is so provoking! Two young ladies at once in a family, are only just passable; but three is beyond all endurance. In such a family, a *tête-à-tête* is quite out of the question, and a flirtation is simply impossible. Among so many sisters, one attracts no more attention than a single blossom of a compound flower. You are never viewed individually but collectively. I always get my invitations in this way: "Please come, Miss Theresa, or send one of your sisters." I am always known by the town's people as "one of the Leroy's." And, to-night, instead of having a clear field, in which case I should feel sure of a conquest, I must meet Mr. Lawrence in company with my two rival sisters. But Emily and Luzetta cannot have equal chances with myself. I can play a better game than both of them together; and I shall *do* it. Emily I will throw into the background. Luzetta is too talkative by far, when she is excited. I will humor her bent; she shall appear like a noisy child; I will be dignified, yet affable; but above all things I will be observant.

Enter EMILY and LUZETTA.

Emily. Theresa, how do I look?

Theresa. Very nicely. If I were you I would have worn that corn-colored bow.

Luzetta. That bow? It makes her look like a fright. Do I look well? I've spent time enough; I hope I do. I can't help it, Theresa; you always seem so calm, and dewy, and indifferent, as if it made no difference whether you pleased or not; but I never can be satisfied without I know that people are pleased with me, and I with them. Should you care because you talked so much when I met Mr. Lawrence before at the Gibson party? I can't help it; I've been troubled about it ever since.

Theresa. Nonsense! He liked you all the

better for it. He enjoys a gay girl, I have no doubt. You must talk to-night, for I feel as though I could scarcely say a word. There is no danger of being too lively. Say what you like, and enjoy it.

Emily (languidly seating herself). What is that bottle on the table? I never saw it before.

Theresa. It is a cologne-bottle I should think. Do you wish for some? (*She passes the bottle towards Emily.*)

Luzetta (who is standing by her and takes the bottle). Here; give it to me. I've a penknife in my pocket to take out the cork. (*She tries to remove the cork.*) I never saw a cork in so tightly. (*She tries again.*) Oh, here it comes. Do you want some, Emily? (*She takes out her own handkerchief and perfumes it.*) If you do, hand me your handkerchief. I've drenched mine. (*They hand their handkerchiefs, which she moistens from the bottle.*) Here, Emily, let me pour some on your hair. (*She pours some on Emily's hair.*) And Theresa, I will anoint you with oil. (*She pours some on Theresa's hair.*)

Theresa (pettishly). I wish, Luzetta, you would be quiet. You are wetting my collar, and spilling it on my neck. If you want the cologne, use it yourself; and besides, I never saw any perfumery like it; it is very strange and unpleasant.

Luzetta. Well; it is not much like cologne I must confess. I hope Bridget hears the bell; it must be he. I didn't mean to vex you, Theresa. (*Aside.*) O dear! I wish I hadn't touched that bottle; I never saw anything like it before, and hope I never shall again. (*She smells of her handkerchief, and places the bottle on a mantle in another part of the room.*)

Emily. It is a gentleman's step in the entry. It must be he.

Theresa. Don't talk so loud.

Enter MR. LAWRENCE.

Mr. Lawrence. Good evening, Miss Leroy. (*He shakes hands with Theresa.*) Good evening, Miss Emily (*he shakes hands*); and Miss Luzetta (*shakes hands*).

Theresa. We are happy to meet you again. Pray, be seated.

Mr. Lawrence. And I to renew the acquaintances I formed at Miss Gibson's party. I remember your *repartée*, Miss Luzetta; and the sprig of honeysuckle you gave me, Miss Leroy, I shall keep among my treasures. (*Miss Theresa bows.*) Have you been well since we last met? all of you?

Luzetta (rather drowsily). Quite well—thank you; quite—well—thank—you.

Mr. Lawrence. I am happy to hear it. Mrs. Medford was speaking of you this afternoon, and said you had been devoting yourselves to music of late. It is a divine accomplishment! One can enjoy it either in society or in solitude. It seems to me far superior, as an art, to painting; does it not to you, Miss Leroy?

Theresa (very drowsily). It is very pretty—thank you—sir—very—pretty—indeed.

Mr. Lawrence. Mrs. Medford assures me I must imitate Ulysses; but I prefer to try and make friends with the syrens than to seek to avoid them. (*During these remarks, the young ladies are becoming more and more unconscious, and are now lost to all around them.*)

Mr. Lawrence. I hope I shall be able to practise now and then with you, before I leave. I play a little upon the flute—very little to be sure, but I am passionately fond of it. Are there many singers in the place, Miss Luzetta? (*Mr. Lawrence, who has been observing them before, here perceives that they are all apparently asleep. He supposes it to be a joke.*) I appreciate the wit of your idea, young ladies; and, though I am the subject of your jest, I can enjoy it with you—provided, of course, it is not continued too long. (*He waits a moment.*) Ah, you are unrelenting! I shall be obliged to wait for your returning smiles, and solace myself with books. What have you here? (*He takes up the books on the table.*) Godey's Lady's Book, Great Expectations, Bryant's Poems. (*He opens the latter, and turns over the leaves.*) Oh, here we have something to the point! (*He reads aloud.*)

"If slumber, sweet Lisena,
Hath stolen o'er thine eyes,
As night steals o'er the glory
Of Spring's transparent skies;
Wake, in thy scorn and beauty,
And listen to the strain
That murmurs my devotion,
And mourns for thy disdain."

(*He pauses and looks around him.*)

Indeed, Miss Luzetta, since I find you so obdurate, I must take my own way of awaking you. (*He rises, and taking the hand of Luzetta, who is next him, presses it to his lips, when he perceives that her stupor is unaffected.*) Can it be possible that you really are asleep? I must entreat you, young ladies, if you are in jest, to please, for my sake, discontinue it. It bears too much the semblance of reality. (*He takes the lamp and holds it close to the faces of EMILY and THERESA. He puts down the lamp.*) Where am I? Tell me, are you awake, or is it I who sleep? It seems as if I were wandering around in a strange dream, from which it is impossible to

awaken. Have I gone really mad? Is not this the vision of a distempered brain? It is too terrible—too terrible a thought! (*He walks back and forth.*)

Theresa speaks. One thing is certain. If I cannot succeed in winning Mr. Lawrence, neither of my sisters ever shall. That thing is certain—that thing is certain—that thing is certain.

Mr. Lawrence. It is past comprehension. Surely, they cannot be subject to such turns. Luzetta, there, I like the best; she's laughing in her sleep.

Luzetta speaks. I want to please him of course, but I won't try; I hate trying. He shall either like me for what I am, or he sha'n't like me at all. I won't be a hypocrite.

Mr. Lawrence. That's right, Luzetta. I'll remember that when I come to choose the future Mrs. Lawrence. But, really, I must do something to get away from this absurd situation. Perhaps, however, I am mad, and yet my head seems clear. If I am mad, I may as well do one thing as another. (*He seizes Miss THERESA, and begins to shake her with considerable force.*) Wake, wake, for mercy's sake! wake! wake! (*While he is thus engaged, MR. LEROY rushes in.*)

Mr. Leroy (very angrily). Sir, what does this mean? I demand an explanation. Is this the part of a gentleman to startle us with the cries of a madman?

Mr. Lawrence (pointing around him). My only explanation, sir, is the state of these young ladies. I found them—

Mr. Leroy. Found them? You villain! Found them? Out, out of my house, before you can tell what infernal arts you have practised upon them.

Mr. Lawrence. But certainly, Mr. Leroy, I am as unable as yourself to account for their situation.

Mr. Leroy. My daughters are not idiots. Out of my house! out of my house! and thank Heaven that I have not a pistol with me. To have done this injury you must have been a fiend, and not a man.

Mr. Lawrence. But, sir—

Mr. Leroy. Leave my house.

SCENE IV.—MR. LEROY'S library. MISSES THERESA and LUZETTA seated in rocking-chairs, partially recovered, but looking very weary. MR. LEROY walking up and down the floor.

Mr. Leroy. I wish (*he clutches his hands*) I wish—

Enter DR. SAMPSON.

Dr. Sampson (hurriedly). What, you sick? Not much, I hope, for I can't possibly stay. Hemmingway took me off with him to see one of his patients; fits—remarkable fits. But I can't stop a moment; I only came in to ask about a bottle, that I left upon the parlor table.

Mr. Leroy. What kind of a bottle?

Dr. Sampson. A bottle of chloroform.

Luzetta (starting up). Theresa, Theresa, the mystery is explained. That bottle of cologne—

Theresa. Was a bottle of chloroform. What will Mr. Lawrence think of us? What will Mr. Lawrence say? What lunatics we must have seemed! (*She covers her face with her handkerchief.*)

Dr. Sampson (impatiently). What was it? What is it?

Luzetta. I can't help it. It was a splendid joke.

SCENE V.—MR. LEROY'S *parlor*. MR. LAWRENCE seated in an *easy chair*, singing, or, if preferred, reciting to himself.

Mr. Lawrence.

"I have placed a golden
Ring upon the hand,
Of the sweetest little
Lady in the land.

"When the royal roses
Scent the summer air,
I shall gather white ones
For my darling's hair.

"Hasten, happy roses,
Come to me by May;
In your folded petals
Lies my wedding-day!"

Enter LUZETTA, who steals up behind him and lays her hand upon his forehead.

Luzetta. Harvey!

Mr. Lawrence. My better angel!

Luzetta. Positive good, comparative better, superlative best. I only possess the second degree of excellence.

Mr. Lawrence. You desire promotion? my best, best angel! Then do you know how much you have done for me?

Luzetta. Certainly. I made your lounging-cap and two pairs of slippers.

Mr. Lawrence. But seriously.

Luzetta. I did not speak of the watch-case, and of the red pin-flat.

Mr. Lawrence. But truly, Luzetta, do you realize how often your shadow has come between me and temptation? how the memory

of your truthful face has kept me back from many a sin, and that, to-day, I am a nobler and, I trust, a better man, for having known and loved you?

Luzetta (with mock gravity). No, I did not realize it. I had no idea my goodness was so remarkable.

Mr. Lawrence (affecting a frown). You provoking image! You are, I believe, only charming when you are unconscious of your charms. Did you know that I might never have loved you had I not seen you fast asleep on the night of my memorable call? Through the dull haze of that chloroform stupor, I saw your soul gleam out like a star from a cloud, and you have been dear to me ever since.

Luzetta. What a wonderful call!

Mr. Lawrence. Yes; the idea of drawing one's happiness from absurdity; of finding the elixir of life in a chloroform bottle!

INFANTS.—This is a hard world for babies. We have had experience enough of the dear little creatures to feel keenly the hardships of their state, and to rejoice greatly in anything that promises to make it easier for them, or that may help in any measure to carry their tender and precious life safe through the perils which threaten it. For what were this world, what could it be, to us, without the purity, the innocence, the frolicsome happiness, the moral sunshine of little children? They are indeed the very best fragrance that has survived the wrecks of Paradise. And we can but pity the man who does not so regard them; nay, we more than pity him; we *fear* him too, even as we would

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd by concord of sweet sound.

ACROSTIC.—TO MRS. ———.

BY LEWIS TORSON VOIGT.

As some cool fount, amid the desert sands,
Makes a green Eden in its crystal play;
And fills with rapture the faint pilgrim bands
Noon's torrid heats have parch'd; so o'er our way,
Do thy sweet charms, fair lady, winsome throw,
A spell enchanting as that streamlet's flow.

Brightly may gentle thoughts and deeds of love
Enwreath, like fragrant flowers, thy path beside;
And home-born joys around thee sweetly prove
That still on earth an Eden may abide,
Enshrined within the heart: as that glad stream
Smiles with the rainbow blooms which o'er it gleam.

HYACINTH COTTAGE.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

“ARTHUR!”

“Well, Maria?”

“You hav’n’t said a word about what we talked of last evening.”

This sentence was spoken a little querulously, and a shade of dissatisfaction rested on the forehead of the pretty, stylish-looking little lady who sat behind the coffee-urn. Her husband—the tall, handsome man, who had risen, and was drawing on his gloves preparatory to going down town—turned toward her with a half-annoyed, half-wearied expression, and dropped into his chair again. The nursery girl at that moment appeared, and took away the two children, Master Charlie and Miss Katy, who had shared the breakfast of hot rolls and fragrant coffee, and the parents were alone.

“You mean about taking the cottage out of town this summer, I suppose, Mrs. Woodner?” He always said “Mrs. Woodner” when displeased or grave.

“Yes,” replied the lady, too eager in securing her point to seem to notice his evident dissatisfaction. “We must take it! I can’t tolerate the idea of staying cooped up in town, when everybody is to leave. And it’s such an opportunity! Mrs. Harrison says her husband has made a purchase of the one adjoining it. Oh, Arthur, I wish you’d buy this one!”

“That isn’t to be thought of in these times,” said Mr. Woodner, decidedly. “You ought to know as well as I, that, with my income and our expenses, it is impossible for me to keep up two establishments; and, if we even lease this house at Belmont for the summer, it will be a hard drain on my purse.”

“Why, Mr. Woodner, you talk as though it would ruin us!” said the lady, with a little red spot on each cheek. “I’m sure your business is as profitable as Mr. Harrison’s, everybody says; and we never have lived half so extravagantly. Her wardrobe is far more expensive than mine, and they have been to the seaside every summer since they were married, besides that trip to the Mountains last season. If we cannot take the cottage, say so at once; and I’ll go poking off into the country, and bury myself at Wheaton!” And the little lady grew decidedly unpleasant-looking as the crimson spread from cheeks to brow.

“Maria, listen a minute,” said Mr. Woodner

in a calm voice. “Let us talk this matter over dispassionately. We will set aside the question of our neighbors, who should be no guides for us in our domestic affairs. I always thought it was a pleasure to you to visit your girlhood home at Wheaton, and that you enjoyed your summer stay there.”

“And so I do,” interrupted the lady, a little ashamed of her hastiness, “and of course I don’t intend to give up my yearly visit home, only I shouldn’t stop so long there if we took a house out of town. I could be a fortnight at the homestead, and then bring sisters Annie and Kate back with me to Belmont. And don’t you see that it would be far better for me to be in my own house with the children; father is growing old, and they must disturb him.”

“I thought your father was never weary of Charlie and Kate,” said Mr. Woodner, in an astonished tone.

“Oh, children always disturb old people!” was the reply.

Mr. Woodner smiled a little incredulously at her ingenuity in presenting reasons for the carrying of her point. Only a year before, she had anticipated the pleasure the advent of the children would give Grandma and Grandpapa French at the old homestead; but that was before a band of building speculators had erected a dozen showy “Gothic” cottages, in the much-advertised, much-newspaper-puffed new town of Belmont, said cottages being set forth as “elegant, desirable suburban residences, airy, roomy, with all the modern improvements, and presenting rare inducements for genteel families going out of town for the summer.”

“And then another reason, and the best of all!” continued Mrs. Woodner. “You know that when I have been at father’s, you always had to sleep in town, and was lonesome; but now you can come out every night. Mr. Harrison is going to!” and she clinched the sentence triumphantly.

“Twenty miles out, and twenty in—and I don’t love the steam cars well enough to spend nearly two hours every day in them,” said Mr. Woodner. “Harrison must find greater comfort in the puff of a locomotive than I do.”

“Why, they’re all coming out every night; not only Mr. Harrison, but Mr. Davenport and

Mr. Blake, and others. You wouldn't be *alone*, Arthur!"

"Misery loves company to be sure!" he replied, shrugging his shoulders at her suggestion.

"What bugbears you *do* conjure up, Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Woodner, testily. "How many times I've heard you say you'd give anything for a little rural home of your own, after the day's bustle in the city!"

"And so I should, Maria, if it were *really* a home," he replied. "But a man may sigh for what is neither expedient nor practicable. We are comfortable here; the house is large, high, and airy, and on a good street; and so long as I am in business we must make our home in the city. If I ever am rich enough to retire, then we will own a house in some fine old country town, where we may have society, and build up new interests around us. We cannot serve two masters—nor keep up two houses," he added.

Mrs. Woodner's face fell. This sentence seemed to dash to earth the darling project of her heart. "Then I am to be disappointed, I suppose!" she said in a voice that quivered a little.

But, talk as he might, Mr. Woodner had only been making a decision. Although he doubted the wisdom of the step his wife was so intent upon taking, he had determined to permit her to proceed. He was neither an unkind nor captious husband.

"Maria, I am not going to disappoint you," he said. "We will take this cottage for the summer; *lease* it, for as I said, I am not able to buy; and, if I were, I don't think any of these cheap-built affairs would suit me. So you may make your arrangements as soon as you like. You can probably send out some of the furniture from here, enough to make us comfortable; it would be needless to furnish it new for one season."

"Oh, that's a kind, good Arthur!" exclaimed the little wife, now all smiles and sunshine, springing to his side and hastily bestowing a shower of kisses on his cheeks. "I knew you would let me have the cottage! I told Mrs. Harrison *we* ought to afford it as well as *they*. You're a dear, good soul, if you do get such queer notions into your head sometimes about living within our income and economy! And now I shall go to work with a will to get away from this horrid, dusty old Boston! And of course I shall be very economical, and send out lots of things from here—mattresses, crockery, and furniture. But there'll be *some* things

we shall need, only a few, you know; you'll let me get those, won't you, Arthur?"

"Certainly, anything reasonable; only remember, Maria, that we shan't require our *menage* very elaborately furnished for three months," was the answer. "And don't get what we can dispense with."

"Oh, Mrs. Harrison will tell me just what I want! I will send Bridget right in to ask if she can go down town with me this very day. It's best to commence early."

"Better trust to your own good sense, and go *alone*!" said Mr. Woodner, quite vexed at this lady's influence over his wife.

"Why, how you do dislike Mrs. Harrison, Arthur! You are *so* prejudiced! I'm sure her husband always admires to have me accompany *her* out shopping!"

"I suppose because he is in hopes you sometimes prove a check upon her extravagance and thoughtlessness," was Mr. Woodner's comment.

"I'm sure I don't think her extravagant. People ought to live up to the times if they can afford to, and they can, if anybody. But I shall be very economical about furnishing the cottage, I assure you, Arthur. I shall send out everything available from here, as I said; only getting a few light things that we can't do without—such as straw mattings, for you know we shouldn't want to take out our heavy Brussels carpets, one or two of those pretty garden chairs, and a bamboo lounge for the piazza—and, oh, Arthur! why can't you hire a good cottage piano, for ours is too large to be moved easily, and you will enjoy music so after coming from the noisy, dusty city."

Mr. Woodner smiled. A vision of the daily twenty miles ride by steam cars rose before him, leaving little leisure for anything afterwards but rest and sleep; but he only replied: "I'll see! But I must be at the store, it is late!" And, after the customary parting kiss, he again drew on his gloves, took his hat, and left the house for down town.

After Mr. Woodner emerged from his dwelling and gained the brick *pave*, a shade of depression deepened over his face, and his eye grew moody. Many thoughts were at work in his brain.

"It isn't the expense of this house for the summer," he mentally murmured, "but it's Maria's growing love of display and restlessness—never satisfied, never calculating in her expenditures—that troubles me; and that woman's influence over her." (By "that woman," he meant Mrs. Harrison.) "How changed she is

since the early years of our marriage! Then, our house here was the height of her desires; now, though I refurnished last year, by another I suppose there 'll be more new things, to keep up with the times. Then, two or three months of the hot weather at the pleasant old country-house at home was enjoyment; now, it's one of these sham-built martin's nests Slab & Lathe have put up, with 'Gothic' fixings round the roof and portico. I'll wager that the first July thunder-shower will make a sieve of it! But 'Mrs. Harrison takes a cottage at Belmont,' it sounds well; and so Maria must. Well, I'll leave her have her 'bent' *this* time; see if she don't see the folly of it!"

Mr. Woodner walked the length of a block after closing up his mental argument with this peroration; then, turning the corner of the street that brought him into one of the city's great thoroughfares, he held up his hand as the customary signal to the horse-car that now came in sight. The harsh tinkle of its ceaseless bell did not disturb the tenor of his brain wanderings; for, as he stepped from the sidewalk to take his seat in the vehicle, he set out anew in this wise:

"I suppose they 'll be 'bamboo-lounge' hunting all day together! I wish I'd limited Maria; that woman 'll lead her into every conceivable piece of extravagance and folly!"

His train of meditation was here again interrupted by the dissonant tintinabulation of the car-bell; and then, with the passenger who entered next, came the stereotyped barefooted, ragged, old-faced, small newsboy, who, a moment before, had been exercising his little lungs along the *pave*, by informing all within sound of his shrill voice that the damp sheet on his arm contained "the latest strategies of General M'Clellan, and news from the Army of the Potomac."

A moment more, and two bright nickel cents had found their way to the newsboy's dingy palm; and our down town merchant was plunged deep into the "Latest by Telegraph" of the morning journal, forgetful, for the time being, of rural cottages, breakfast conversation, or his little wife's ambitious plans.

Meantime, that little lady had received, *via* Bridget, her neighbor's message that "Mrs. Harrison would indade be plazed to go out with Mrs. Woodner." And, after bestowing a hasty visit to Master Charlie and little Katy, she left the nursery to expedite her toilet for the day's shopping. An hour and a half later saw the two ladies seated in the horse-car, animated

and pleased with the thought of the agreeable duties before them.

The last of June came; and the Woodners were fairly established at "Hyacinth Cottage," for so the rural home at Belmont had been christened, patterning after Mrs. Harrison, who had bestowed upon her own summer retreat the poetical cognomen of "Lilac Hill," from the fact that several young specimens of that rare (?) shrub had been disposed along the gradually ascending avenue that led to the house.

From the last week in May, when Mr. Woodner had taken the lease of the cottage, and his busy wife had commenced her "arrangements," there had been no quiet in the formerly well-kept, orderly city home on H—— Street. As the first act in the programme, Mrs. Woodner had dispatched Charlie and Katy, with the nursery-maid, to the Wheaton farm-house, quite forgetful of the fact that "old people are *always* disturbed by children," sending word to her young sisters to hold themselves in readiness to spend half the summer with her at Belmont "after she was settled;" then followed such a dismantling of chambers, sitting-room, dining-room, and closets, that the husband who returned at evening from the store found a literal reign of "chaos and old night;" and one day imparted to his wife his decision to "go to Parker's till affairs were regulated."

"And I didn't oppose Arthur one bit," said Mrs. Woodner to her confidential friend, Mrs. Harrison. "It is such a trouble to get up dinners now, when we want half the crockery packed to take out to Belmont, that I did feel relieved when he proposed it. I wouldn't have believed that I should have so much to do! If I could have done just as I pleased, I'd have had the cottage entirely new furnished, and not sent out a thing; but Arthur never'd have consented to that; and, as it is, I don't know but he 'll think I've been rather extravagant. Dear me! you've no idea how he talks 'economy' and 'war times!' What a relief it must be not to hear that word 'economy' for a month! *Your* husband doesn't preach like Arthur, I do believe, Mrs. Harrison!"

"Oh, la, my dear, there's nothing like getting used to it! Harrison, if you will believe it, actually said he couldn't afford a single additional item of expense this year, and talked of 'retrenchment' instead; but I was determined to carry my point, and wouldn't listen to 'a lease,' but made him *buy* the house at Belmont. These men—it's a habit they have

of denying us any little thing we may ask. I tell Harrison it's as natural for him to say 'Can't afford it' to me as 'tis to eat his breakfast; but I'm pretty well used to it now; and so I made him buy the cottage."

Mrs. Harrison did not know that the genteel little place at Belmont was not, in reality, her husband's "possession," since the conditions of the purchase were saddled by a "mortgage back," which nearly covered the property. But her injudicious, unwifely system of "teazing," to "gain her point," had wrought its legitimate effect; her husband—a kind-hearted, but weak-minded man—had not the courage to stand out against her; and so acts of folly and extravagance followed upon each other, and they drifted on.

The last day of June came; Mrs. Woodner had paid a flying visit of a week to the old homestead; brought back the children and nurse Ann to Belmont, where she had given orders for the cook, and Bridget the chamber girl, to proceed before her; and now all was in readiness to receive the *pater familias*. Mrs. Harrison was established at "Lilaç Hill," the Davenport's at "Laburnum Villa," the Blakes at "Sycamore Lodge," and one or two other city families at their "Country residence," the "genteel," desirable cottages erected by the firm of Slab & Lathe, Architects, aforementioned. This little community at Belmont was quite an affair of city neighbors come to their "country seats" for the summer; and Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Woodner congratulated themselves upon the "select society" Belmont would afford them.

It was at the close of a pleasant day that Mr. Woodner left the Belmont station and walked over to his cottage. It had been intensely hot in town, one of those scorching days when all the heats of summer seem concentrated in the air and reflected back from the tall brick walls; and he wore his thinnest linen duster and lightest straw hat.

"A full half mile, if it's a step, to the house!" he soliloquized, as he walked along with a somewhat lagging pace. "I declare, I did not think it half so far! A pretty walk this, every night after being all fagged out in town, and in this new road, too, where the soil shifts like quicksand under your feet! 'Hyacinth Cottage' is a humbug!" and he trudged along wearily through the shifting, red, sandy soil of "Oak Avenue," the new road from the depot.

It was quite sunset when he turned up to Hyacinth Cottage, lifted the latch of the rustic wicker-gate, and set foot on the fancifully-

paved walk bordered by box which he had "ordered," at so much per foot, from a nursery. Mrs. Woodner was awaiting her husband on the piazza; and she made a pretty picture—tastefully dressed in a flowing, airy muslin, which became her still girlish figure, and standing under a jessamine trained over the trellis at the door. Mr. Woodner cast a brief glance over the cottage, the peaked roof, dormer windows, with their abundant Gothic adornments of pendent carved wood, the various lattices, and the columns that supported the piazza, then called out—"Well, I suppose this is 'home' till next October, Maria?"

"Yes; and don't you think it's delightful, Arthur?" replied his wife, animatedly. Mrs. Harrison has run over to-day, and says they've got settled nicely, too."

"That woman *first* here!" muttered the husband *sotto voce*, as he sank wearily on the light bamboo lounge on the piazza under the low parlor window, fanning his heated forehead with the brim of his hat.

"But come—you are tired, Arthur; and tea is waiting!" said his wife. "The children have just gone up stairs—such a cunning little room as they have! You must go up after tea, and over the house," and she led the way to the dining-room along the hall.

"A country tea! Plenty of sweet milk, strawberries and cream, golden butter, and so forth, I suppose, Maria?" said Mr. Woodner, entering the apartment which seemed strangely small and cramped after that of their large and comfortable city house, and he seated himself at table.

"Well, I'm sorry that we've been quite unfortunate for a few days, Arthur," replied Mrs. Woodner with some embarrassment. "The butter isn't so good as we *ought* to have had; I engaged to take it of a farmer who called, but it isn't sweet; and milk, I fear, we shall find it difficult to get regularly; they send it into the city, they say. I always thought everybody could get plenty of everything in the country. I'm sure I *must* have milk for the children!"

"Tea without milk, and rancid butter! This is one of the conveniences of being in the country!" said Mr. Woodner. "Well, I shall send out a firken of prime butter to-morrow, and hunt up a man who will supply us with plenty of milk and eggs. Why, what ails the biscuits, Maria? Jane never baked these!" and he broke one hard, clammy edible which he took from the plate before him.

"Yes, they are Jane's, but the blame isn't

hers. It is the range; it don't draw well or bake at all. Jane has been scolding about it for three days, and says she had rather lose her place than her reputation as a cook. She ruins everything."

"A defect in the chimney, I suppose, is the reason it don't draw. The chimneys in these modern cottages are n't much bigger than a stove-pipe. I'll have a mason sent out tomorrow. A glass of ice water, my dear! I am very thirsty to-night."

"We have no ice; they don't bring it to Belmont, but you will find the water pretty cold, I think," and Mrs. Woodner filled a goblet, which she passed him.

"About the temperature of our Cochituate, I should say," he replied after one sip, when he quickly sat down the glass; "but what a peculiar taste, Maria!" and he wiped his lips with his napkin.

"I know it. Disagreeable, I thought; but Mrs. Harrison says it's just like the Congress water at Saratoga Springs, and it's because it comes through a ledge or mineral soil, or something. We sha'n't taste it when it's been *boiled*."

"Possibly! But boiling or boiled water is not very palatable, my dear!" replied Mr. Woodner, with a wry face and a queer smile, returning to his milkless tea again. "Mrs. Harrison may drink her Congress water. It isn't quite to my taste."

After the tea was over, Mrs. Woodner took a kerosene lamp and preceded her husband "over the house." First, they visited the parlors, two small square rooms, communicating by an arched doorway; showily papered, and poorly painted. Low, "French" windows opened on the piazza; in stepping through one of which Mr. Woodner's head came in contact with the sash with some violence.

"An imitation of city parlors in the tenth degree!" he said, rubbing his head. "Why, a man can't stand upright in this little box!"

"You're very tall, you know," said his wife, excusingly.

"So I am. I never realized the fact before!" was the rueful reply, saturating his handkerchief from a cologne stand on the table, and bathing the abrasion on his forehead. "You've got the cottage piano, I see, Maria. But these chairs, and this table, and *tête-à-tête*, where'd they come from? Not from home, surely!"

"No; the truth was, Arthur, after I'd been out here to see the cottage with Mrs. Harrison, we came to the conclusion that very little of our heavy parlor furniture at home would be

adapted to a house so much smaller; so we purchased these cheap at Veneer & Co's. You hav'n't had the bill sent in yet, I suppose. He said we should not deface them at all this summer; and, if we didn't want the house another season, they'd sell for almost as much as we paid at the auction-rooms. But perhaps it is possible we may come here again, you know, Arthur?"

Mrs. Woodner's tone was a little hurried and embarrassed as she said this; she began to realize that she had exceeded her warrant, led on by Mrs. Harrison. "The curtains, tabourets, pictures—everything else, came from home, you see, Arthur."

"What else did you buy at Veneer's, Mrs. Woodner?" asked her husband, as he followed her into the hall and up stairs. His tone was full of displeasure.

"Only a couple of chamber sets. Ours were too large to put into these smaller rooms, you know, husband. We really needed these."

"And the straw mattings throughout the house—those are all new?" he asked. "And the rustic furniture for the piazza and garden?"

"O yes, I forgot that! Three garden chairs and two bamboo-lounges; and then—then—I got a smaller extension-table than ours. That was too large for this dining-room, you *must* see, Arthur!" And her voice grew a little sharp through its embarrassment, as though she was determined not to acknowledge her folly in her "bargains."

Mr. Woodner made no reply. He was displeased that she had not consulted him. "That woman" had been the means of this; and he inly anathematized Mrs. Harrison none too mildly.

"Which is your nursery, Mrs. Woodner?" he asked, after turning from the little seven-by-nine box, crowded with a staring, new, painted chamber set, which apartment his wife had informed him was their chamber.

"Here it is," and she paused at an open door, between which and the one window sat poor perspiring Ann, vainly endeavoring to catch a breath of air as she essayed to rock Miss Katy to sleep.

"Oh, but isn't it *blissed* hot weather, Mither Woodner!" Ann exclaimed, looking up as he paused in the doorway and scanned the little room, crowded with the bed, Master Charlie's crib, and a few toilet conveniences. "And wasn't ye afther being scorched to death in the city to day?"

"No, Ann; a hot day, to be sure; but 'twas

cooler there than here!" he answered, as he turned away from the stifling prison.

"Sure an' how can the mather say so?" soliloquized Ann, after he had departed. "When it's hot as the breath ov Purgatory here, in the green and blissed country, I thought they must be dead intirely in the town. Now hush, Miss Katy! Will ye niver be ather shuttin' yer swate blue eyes the whole livelong evenin'?" And, with a fresh lurch of the low rocker and another copious start of perspiration, honest Ann swayed the poor heated, fretted child in her stout red arms, and started anew upon the seventh verse of a love-ditty in her native Celtic tongue.

"And now your bath-room, Maria?" was the next query, as Mr. Woodner left the nursery.

There was a little hesitancy of manner, and then she said in a vexed tone: "That is a luxury I miss, Arthur! I quite forgot to notice the want of it when I looked at the house: it is a shame that a new house should be built without one; but Mrs. Harrison says we can have a tub set in that unoccupied chamber over the wood-shed. They're going to at their cottage."

"I thought the advertisements stated 'all the modern improvements,'" said Mr. Woodner, sarcastically, as he led the way down stairs. "But I hope we have a cellar; else, in the absence of ice, we shall be in a nice quandary where to keep our food and stores."

"O yes; there is a cellar!" was the triumphant reply; but as yet, Mrs. Woodner was quite ignorant that said cellar—whose regions Jane only had explored—was scarcely larger than a coal-bin, and damp and mouldy; and that "Hyacinth Cottage" was built over a stagnant, marshy soil, redolent of miasmas and typhus.

"And this is the back yard?" continued the lessee of the summer residence, emerging into those precincts from the passage beyond the kitchen and wood-shed. "These water cisterns may be convenient for Bridget on wash-days, but, to my fancy, they are strongly suggestive of mosquitos. I must have bars at all the windows. What are those—old willows down yonder?" and he pointed away across a lonely, desolate, low marsh to a sickly row of pale-green, gnarled bushes bordering a brook that flowed sluggishly onward.

"Yes, I suppose so," Mrs. Woodner answered.

"Hum! the 'fine belts of woodland and open country views' the advertisements of Belmont property speak of, I suppose," was the somewhat satirical comment. "Come, let us go in, now; it seems uncommonly damp here

after so hot a day. I hope it's a healthy location, Maria?"

"Oh, it must be; so delightfully cool!" was her quick answer.

"Outside the house, you mean; it's stifling enough *within*," muttered Mr. Woodner, as they re-entered the parlors. "But let us have a little music—'Old Hundred,' anything, only one tune, and then I'll go to bed, for I feel wretchedly tired after such a tedious day;" and he lifted the lid of the cottage piano.

Mrs. Woodner played one or two pieces with much grace, for she possessed considerable musical talent; and her husband listened from his position on a lounge he had drawn up close by the window to get a breath of the evening air. Presently, in the midst of a strain from Norma, slap, slap together came his hands, creating a little discord and much commotion as he jumped from the lounge.

"Confound it, Maria, not only mosquitos, but beetle-bugs!" he exclaimed, as one flying visitor settled on his head, whence he brushed it with frantic eagerness. "It's the light that brings them. We shall have no peace to-night, I see, unless we close the windows; and, in that case, we run the risk of stifling. What is it Willis says about going to sleep in the country, and waking with a bug in your ear? But hark! there's Katy! How feverish and restless she looked to-night!" and the child's voice sounded out in a loud, fretful cry.

"I do hope Katy isn't going to be sick!" said Mrs. Woodner, anxiously, dropping the lid of the piano, preparatory to going up stairs.

"It must be that she's played too hard to-day."

"More likely it's the heat, and that stifling little chamber!" was Mr. Woodner's ejaculation to himself, as he lowered the "French" windows, to the exclusion of the great, brown, shining insects that now bumped and whizzed vainly against the panes. "The children will miss their nice airy nursery at home, and the bath-room, and a hundred conveniences it's impossible to get here, in this little coop *yclept* 'Hyacinth Cottage.' But no matter; we'll sweat the summer through because it's 'genteel,' and Mrs. Harrison has laid down her *dictum*. That woman! I only hope she's enjoying a hot-air bath in her little, pent-up 'Lilac Hill Cottage' to-night."

"Sure, ma'am, it's the bloody murtherin' *muskatoes* that plague the childer so!" exclaimed poor Ann as her mistress made her appearance, and found that worthy daughter of Erin battling a whole army of those winged

pests with a large feather-duster, while the window stood wide open, and a glaring kerosene lamp burned brightly on the table between the bed and Master Charley's crib. "Ah, but wasn't I prayin' this blissid minnit for Saint Patrick to fly into the winder, and then fly out agin wid ivery singin' divil ov 'em!"

"Put out the light, Ann, after you have driven out all you can; and then drop your window curtain. Mr. Woodner is going to send out some mosquito-bars to-morrow. I never imagined we should be so infested by these torments," said the lady; and, after soothing little restless, heated Katy, she left the chamber.

"There, now! Kape whist, and out wid ye, ye murtherin divils!" said Ann, after several wide brushings and plungings with her weapon of clearance. "Sure, an' the misthress called ye right 'pesterin' torments,' comin' here to bite the swate, slapin' childer! There! Saint Patrick be off wid ye now, while honest folks are afther gettin' a wink ov sleep; for it's clane tired out I am intirely!" and the poor girl began to make preparations for sharing her little charge's slumbers. Scarcely three minutes after, she lifted her head from the pillow to cry out, "Arrah now! is it *back* agin' ye are, ye murtherin' thieves? Sure, but it's *aisier* slapin' in ould-Ireland! An' it's *there* I wish I was this blissid minnit, and not in this buggy Ameriky!"

An hour later, silence had spread her mantle over Hyacinth Cottage; silence, save the shrill, small "winding horn" of the insects that roamed the "stilly night;" but sleep had not yet brought her blessed dew to seal the eyelids of all beneath that roof.

"Maria," said Mr. Woodner, turning restlessly on his pillow, "I advise that you cage and train one of the biggest of these mosquitos, in case you want a carrier dove to bear any little neighborly dispatches to Mrs. Harrison."

Three months had passed at Belmont; and the little community had perspired, fretted, and pined away the heated term in their "genteel," "desirable," country residences. Isolated as they were, yet the roar of the breakers of the fashionable world came dimly to their ears. Perhaps all had not enjoyed their retirement as much as they had anticipated; perhaps Mrs. Harrison had felt a longing to join the party of friends who whirled off to Niagara or to the White Mountains; she confessed as much, in imparting to Mrs. Woodner her resolution to "stay it out at Lilac Hill, though she *did* believe Harrison never came

home unless he brought news of *somebody's* going *somewhere*;" and perhaps the latter lady had not found her summer retreat that *beau ideal* of rural felicity which she had conjured.

Hyacinth Cottage had held numerous guests during those three months from the last of June to the close of September. Mrs. Woodner's two young sisters had spent some weeks with her at her urgent solicitation, though it must be confessed that they had left a far pleasanter country home behind, in the pleasant old town of Wheaton; and then many city acquaintances, to whom the lady had spoken patronizingly of "our house out town," had not hesitated to test her hospitality. Once, Mr. Woodner had expressed the wish that "the dining-room was bigger than a band-box," in order that he might invite half-a-dozen gentlemen cronies out to dinner; but he contented himself with transferring the *locale* of his good intentions to Parker's, at whose "mahogany" they enjoyed a feast of good things, while Hyacinth Cottage was left to the undisputed possession of lady and children visitors.

"It seems to me that you are wearing yourself out with so much company, Maria," said Mr. Woodner, one evening, after the last retreating ebb of a tide of visitors which had set in a fortnight before from the city—the last having that day departed.

"I have had considerable lately, though not half as much as Mrs. Harrison. Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Oakley, with their five children and two servants, have just left her. But she enjoys it; and tells me that I feel too much care when people are here, that I don't know how to take things easy."

"I sincerely hope you never will learn to take some things as 'easy' as that woman does! And perhaps her mood of repose won't last always!" he impetuously returned. "Poor Harrison!"

"Why, what can you mean, Arthur?" asked Mrs. Woodner. "Is anything going to happen? You speak strangely. Is Mr. Harrison involved in any unfortunate business speculations?"

"Time will tell!" was the evasive answer; then, hastily changing the subject, he began imparting some bit of news he had heard that day in town, and finally drew forth the evening paper, from which he commenced reading aloud the latest war-tidings, while Mrs. Woodner listened between the intricacies of her crochet-work.

The last of September arrived; and the Davenports and the Blakes had given up their cottages, and returned to town. Mrs. Woodner

began to revolve the same subject in her own mind ; and when, one day, Mrs. Harrison came over to make known her decision to "break up" within the next fortnight, she immediately resolved to follow. That evening she communicated this resolve to her husband.

"Well, for my part, I shall be glad to get home again," was his pleased reply. "It's getting to be too much like work, to be at the station for the first train, now the days are growing shorter. But you look anxious to-night. How is Katy? The child isn't well—I'm convinced of that; she's been pining all summer."

"That's what worries me, Arthur," replied his wife, nervously. "Katy's been fretting and moaning all day; and to-night she's hot and flushed. I'm afraid she's going to have some of the diseases children are subject to—scarlatina, perhaps."

Mr. Woodner started up from the tea-table where this conversation had taken place, and went up stairs hastily. Charlie slept in his crib; he, too, had not gained either in size or plumpness, as he always had during his previous summer visits at his grandfather's in the healthy country mansion at Wheaton; but in little Katy, always a delicate child, the change was most apparent. She moaned and tossed on the pillow, beside which faithful Ann sat, soothing her; her little face was pallid, save two bright red spots that burned on her cheeks; and her skin was dry and hot to the touch.

"I have had her in my arms all day," said Mrs. Woodner, who had followed her husband. "Have hardly given her up to Ann a minute. Isn't she really sick, Arthur?" And she nervously watched his anxious face as he leaned over the pillow. "Oh, I wish I had sent into town this morning for Doctor Sibley; he understands the children so well—and there isn't a good physician anywhere round here."

"Katy certainly is feverish, and I wish Doctor Sibley was here," was the father's reply as he felt the hot, dry skin of the child, and the hard, bounding pulse. "I shall not leave her to-night; but you look quite worn out, and must go to bed immediately, Maria. To-morrow I will have the doctor out by the early afternoon train."

"Oh, if it should be *scarlatina*, Arthur! I always dread that so!" was the anxious exclamation. "And Katy is such a delicate child, it would go hard with her!"

"Do not be unnecessarily alarmed, Maria!" her husband replied, soothingly. "It may be nothing more than a cold, which renders her

feverish. But you must get some sleep; and, Ann, you look tired, too; you had better go out and get a breath of the evening air, and then sleep up stairs to-night. I will take care of Katy."

The night passed; and Mr. Woodner did not close his eyes beside the sick child. With the early morning train, he sought the city; and returned in the afternoon with the family physician, in whom both himself and wife reposed implicit confidence. When Doctor Sibley turned from the little crib, which had been removed to Mrs. Woodner's room, and beside which the mother had anxiously watched all day, a grave look was on his face.

"Is she very sick, doctor?" asked the mother. "And oh, don't tell me that it's *scarlatina*! I dread that so!"

"No, it's not that; but a fever as much to be feared—*typhus*!" was the physician's thoughtful reply. "I will not deceive you; your child is very sick; but we will hope for the best."

"Oh, my darling Katy! do not let her die, doctor!" pleaded Mrs. Woodner, in great agitation. "'Typhus!' how do you think she took it, doctor? I have been so careful of her. No one has been here to give it. If we were in town, now, I shouldn't wonder so much; but Ann has taken her out every day, and she has had the country air all summer."

"Fevers of this class are often the result of our surroundings. Are you quite sure you have selected a healthy summer residence, Mrs. Woodner? I could not help observing a heavy mist that hung over the low grounds in the rear of your cottage, as I came up from the station. And you are not looking as well yourself as when I saw you last in town, Mrs. Woodner."

"Hyacinth Cottage is built over a bog-hole; and the water we have been drinking all summer, doctor, would nauseate your stomach!" bluntly replied Mr. Woodner. "And we have been stifled in these little chambers. No wonder Katy is sick! I'm surprised that we all are not. We were talking of going back to town next week; but now, I suppose poor little Katy must stay here, and take her chance of recovery. What a pity we hadn't got away, doctor!"

"Yes, it is a pity; but the child is too sick to be removed at present. I have no doubt but this location is very unhealthy; hav'n't, much faith in these modern cottages for summer retreats; you really would have had much purer air in your large house near the Park, it seems to me, Mr. Woodner. But do not be

over alarmed about your child; I will do my best for her; and that is all any of us can do, you know," he said, sympathizingly.

"But Katy is so frail—so delicate, doctor!" said the mother.

"That very circumstance may be in her favor, Mrs. Woodner; for often a fever goes harder with a very vigorous person than a less healthy one. Now, your boy is more robust: I should fear more for him, with typhus. And, by the way, you had better send him away at once from this region of danger."

"Ann shall take him to Wheaton to-morrow. I wish I had gone there this summer. The children were never healthier than when there. Oh, doctor, if I were well out of Belmont, I never would desire to set foot in it again. If Katy lives, I shall only be too happy to leave it."

As this confession fell from the sorrow-stricken mother's lips, Mr. Woodner could not help wishing that Mrs. Harrison were present; and, looking upon his darling child, tossing to and fro upon her little pillow, his feelings toward "that woman," who had been the prime cause of their coming to this unhealthy region, were none too pleasant.

"Doctor, what do you think of Katy?" he asked, as he followed the physician to the gate, when he was leaving to take the train back to the city. "If we should lose her, I never should forgive myself for letting Maria come here."

"As I said, she is very sick; but I hope to be the instrument of saving her for you. Keep calm, Mr. Woodner; I will be out again in a day or two: meantime, follow my directions. Good-night!" And Doctor Sibley left him. "There is miasma in every breath. I would as soon bring a family to the midst of the Dismal Swamp as to this marshy spot," said the physician, as he walked rapidly along. "I see how it is—hot and burning at mid-day, and damp and chilly at night; and the vapors curling up from that sluggish creek that cuts the lowlands. These building speculators—they ought to be hung, every one of them, to put up a line of showy cottages in this region, and then dupe the people from comfortable city homes where the air is a hundred times purer. I am surprised that a man of Arthur Woodner's sense should have fallen into the trap. But the illness of his child will be a lesson to him."

As Doctor Sibley indulged in these reflections until he gained the Belmont station, some friendly voice ought to have whispered into his ear that Mr. Woodner should not have borne the blame which ought, by right, to have

settled heavily on the heads of his wife and Mrs. Harrison.

Three weeks dragged by, on leaden wings to the afflicted parents; and then, to their great joy, little Katy was pronounced convalescent. Pale, weak, and emaciated, she lay in her little crib, over which the mother had hung tenderly, and beside which the father had passed many days, feeling too anxious to be away in town. Doctor Sibley, meanwhile, had been faithful and unremitting; and it was with genuine pleasure that he received the grateful thanks of the parents when he spoke confidently of his little patient's recovery.

"And, now, my last piece of advice is, that you break up here and return to town just as soon as possible; taking care that little Katy gets no cold to bring on a relapse. Your own health demands it, Mrs. Woodner; for the sake of your husband and children, I don't want to have you on my hands next," said the kind physician, as he paid his last visit to the cottage.

Mrs. Woodner drew a long breath of relief, and the tears stood in her eyes. "To think dear Katy is spared to us, Arthur!" she said, thankfully, to her husband. "I cannot get away from here soon enough. I shall tell Jane and Bridget to commence packing up to-morrow. We will have the new furniture sent off to the auction-rooms: I never want to see anything that shall remind me of this summer at Belmont. To-morrow, when you are in town, you had better go up to the house, and see that it is properly aired for our coming. And oh, how glad I shall be to have Charlie at home again! Sister Annie writes that the little fellow is plump and rosy, and has had such splendid times at 'grandpapa's,' now they are gathering the fruit in. How happy we shall all be when we get home again! If ever I again leave our nice house in Boston during the summer season, it shall only be to spend the hottest weather at father's."

"Then you've had enough of 'Hyacinth Cottage,' Maria?" said her husband, quizzically, though inly delighted as much as herself at their proposed speedy flitting.

"Don't mention it to me again, Arthur!" she answered, quickly, with a vexed tone, but a little laugh. "'Hyacinths!' I never saw a single specimen of that flower here. I'd better name it 'Dandelion Cottage,' for they were plenty. Mrs. Harrison's 'lilacs' *did* bloom; but that shrub grows everywhere; but the Blakes were as foolish as I, for there was only

one old, dying sycamore—'buttonwood' they call it out here—that grew within half a mile of their house."

"I pity *Harrison*, with his cottage on his hands; but probably she won't want to come here next summer, now some of her neighbors, over whom she *used* to have such influence, have decided not to accompany her!" Mr. Woodner did not hesitate to say "*used* to have," for he felt quite sure, now, that the influence "that woman" had formerly wielded over his wife was lessened. And, if this result had been accomplished, "Hyacinth Cottage" had not been such a costly lesson after all.

The following day, Mr. Woodner went into town, transacted his business at the counting-room, dined at Parker's—then, with elate heart and eager step, turned his way to the old familiar house on H—— Street. Opening its doors, and walking through lonely halls and apartments that would soon ring again with the sound of welcome household voices, he felt a keen thrill of pleasure at his heart. But, as he left the house and walked down the street the length of a few blocks, he suddenly cast his eye up at the handsome stone front on whose silver door-plate was engraved "George Harrison." Mrs. Harrison had left "Lilac Hill," full three weeks before, for her town home; but to-day the house on H—— Street was strangely dull-looking—the curtains down, and no callers had left their cards for forty-eight hours at the door.

"Poor Harrison! I thought it would come to *this*, with that woman's extravagances and want of sympathy with his business cares and perplexities!" sighed Mr. Woodner as he walked past.

When he crossed the threshold of the cottage at Belmont that evening, his wife's first exclamation was: "Why, Arthur, how sober you look! Has anything happened?"

"Yes, Maria—what I have feared for some time, though it shocked me when I heard of it to-day on 'Change—the firm of Harrison & Co. has gone down."

"Failed, Arthur? You don't mean it! What will poor Mrs. Harrison do?"

"Do what she *ought* to have done years ago—learn to *think*; to see the folly of her idle, fashionable, extravagant life; to adapt herself, in future, if poor Harrison should ever rise above it, to her limited income; to do what she seemed bent on *not* doing for the past few years, though she *must* have known the need of retrenchment—to live economically. I can't

pity that woman so much as I ought to, perhaps, Maria!"

"Retrenchment! 'Economy!' the very words her husband used to say to her," repeated Mrs. Woodner, in a low tone, when she was alone. "Poor soul! I'm *so* sorry for her! But how thankful I ought to be that Arthur's business stands so firm, when many others are broken up these dreadful war times! Let him talk 'economy' as much as he pleases in the future, I shall be convinced that *he* is the best judge!" And, with a blush of shame, she remembered the many occasions when she had contested his better judgment, and, like Mrs. Harrison, "gained her point" through "much importunity." And, as she turned away from little Katy, whom she resigned to Bridget while she went down to take her place at the tea-table, Mrs. Woodner gave another deep and heartfelt sigh for poor Mrs. Harrison.

A week more saw the Woodners comfortably established in their city home again; while the deserted "summer residence" at Belmont was resigned to silence, and the cottage-furniture turned over to an auction-room. The still pale, but fast-recovering little Katy was assigned the coziest corner in the large, cheerful, well-ventilated nursery; and when Charlie, accompanied by nurse Ann and Aunt Annie, made his appearance from Wheaton, the little convalescent's delight knew no bounds. "Brudder Charlie" was ever ready to play with her and amuse her; she pined no longer, but gained rapidly day by day. "Sure, but it's blissid good to *say* Miss Kathy gettin' so well an' strong, afther the dreadful faiver!" said Ann—"an' it's good, too, to be back agin in ould Bostin, away from the singin' bugs and 'skaters! Ah! and wouldn't Saint Patrick be afther havin' plenty ov worruk to do, if he lived in *Ameriky*?"

Another summer has passed since Mrs. Woodner learned her lesson, that a "genteel, desirable summer residence" may not always be a comfortable or healthy one; and she was well content to spend its months in the large, airy mansion whose roof had sheltered her girlhood, and where blossoming clover roses, new-mown hay, plenty of sweet milk, and "good country fare" deepened the bloom of health upon her own cheeks and her children's.

As for her husband, whenever that gentleman wishes to satirize any plan whereby genuine comfort is likely to be sacrificed to outward show, he gently refers to "Hyacinth Cottage."

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

THIRD LESSON.

You must now turn your attention to the drawing of curved lines. Unless you can draw a curved line accurately in any direction, you can never hope to delineate the human figure or animals in a proper manner; for the outlines of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms are made up of curved lines of every variety. It is needless to give a long list of examples; the student will easily observe them in the objects around him, from the horse to the cat or diminutive mouse; or from the gay butterfly that soars above him, to the caterpillar from which it has been transformed; or from the lofty oak to the humble acorn.

Commence practising the formation of curved lines by drawing several like *a*, Fig. 10, and then, when you are able to do so accurately and easily, draw parallel lines with greater curve, as *b*, Fig. 10. When you can enlarge these copies upon a blackboard, with a piece of chalk, or reduce them with a pencil upon paper, then you may venture to draw a circle like *c*, Fig. 10.

To draw a circle.—Commence by making a faint dot upon the paper to mark the centre; then place another dot on either side of it, and at equal distances, and continue placing dots at equal distances all round the central one, until a circle of dots is formed; you must then join all the dots with a steady and slow sweep of the hand, beginning at the top of the circle, and drawing from left to right, and right round from the point at which you started. Practise this several times, as it will give you precision, and enable you to observe the relative distance of the outer part of the circle from the centre. Do not attempt to use compasses to draw a circle.

When you have drawn a few dozen circles by the aid of the dots, draw some without making any marks upon the paper or board; sometimes drawing from left to right, and at other times from right to left.

Draw one circle within another, so that their margins shall be parallel, as in the portion of the one shown in *b*, Fig. 10.

Draw a semicircle (as *f*, in Fig. 10), and then practise forming *d* and *e* in the same figure, until you can *join lines* neatly, sometimes commencing from the lower part of the figures, and at other times from the upper part.

Divide circles into sections, so as to exhibit the half, a quarter, a third, or other divisions of a circle.

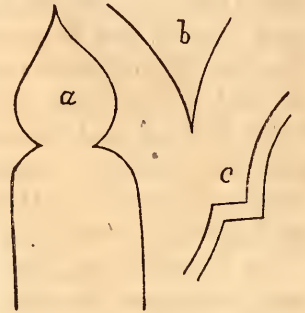
Draw squares, polygons, and triangles within circles, and then construct a circle within a square.

Copy the following figure (11), and then pro-

Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.

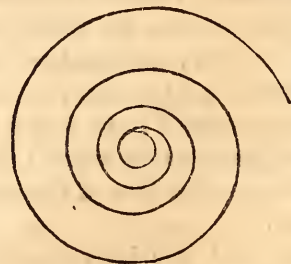


ceed to draw the three following outlines, which you will no doubt do correctly and readily, from the practice you have already had in the curved lines. Be careful, in copying *a* and *c*, to make the left-hand lines darker than those to the right, while *b* has lines of each breadth. It is well to use the pencil marked HB for this purpose, the different thicknesses of the line being produced by the degrees of pressure employed.

In drawing lines, the hand should rest upon the last two fingers. If the lines are short the motion of the hand should not extend beyond the wrist joint; but if the lines are long, then the hand will glide over the paper easily, if it is carefully balanced and rests upon these fingers, while the motion of the hand proceeds from the elbow or from the shoulder.

As you have already practised curved lines and circles, you will no doubt be able to copy this example, which is the outline of the volute

Fig. 13.



of an Ionic capital from the Erictheum, at Athens. It is needless to describe how it should be drawn, because, if you have attended to the rules already given, you will be able to know how to proceed at once. Copy this example over and over again, enlarging and diminishing the copy, until your eye has become familiar with the figure; then endeavor to form its outline without having the example before you. When you have accomplished your task,

you will be better prepared to copy the next example.

This drawing is a combination of curved and

Fig. 14.



straight lines, so arranged that they form the outline of the base of a column; and by copying this example frequently, you will acquire a very good idea of proportion. If you had not exercised yourself in drawing straight and curved lines, you could not have drawn this figure. You may, therefore, look upon straight and curved lines as the letters or alphabet of drawing.

PLATO.—Several anecdotes of Plato are preserved, which reflect honor on his moral principles and character. Having raised his hand to correct a servant when in anger, he kept his arm fixed in that posture for a considerable time. To a friend coming in, and inquiring the reason of his singular conduct, he replied, "I am punishing a passionate man!" At another time, he said to one of his servants, "I would chastise you if I were not angry." When told that his enemies were circulating reports to his disadvantage, he remarked, "I will so live that no one will believe them." A friend observing his studious habits, even in extreme years, inquired how long he intended to be a scholar.—"As long," said he, "as I have need to grow wiser and better."

A LITTLE explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo, the rugged atoms will fit like smooth mosaic.

MY SISTER-IN-LAW.

BY C. J. M.

I know not how to paint her, so good and fair was she:
Her eyes were like the ring-dove's, so pure their brilliancy;
Her voice was low and liquid, her hair was soft and brown,
And her cheeks were like the roses that bloom in Summer's crown.

But not for all her beauty my sister did I prize—
'Twas for the love that looked on me from out her gentle eyes;
'Twas for the soul's sweet graces that beamed upon her face,
And all the truth and goodness that in her heart found place.

'Twas not in days of childhood we learned to love so well;
Her home a city's crowded mart, mine in a northern dell;
And not until a husband's love my happy life had crowned,
Did I find the name of sister so very dear a sound.

For years our skies were cloudless, our paths were strewn with flowers,
But at length we saw the shadows from out the coming hours;
Ah, then life's thorns so pierced our hearts beside our mother's tomb,
We felt no more the sunshine, we saw no more the bloom.

Time laid his hand upon our grief—once more the skies grow bright,
When o'er my sister's home there fell the darkness of the night;
In the midst of anxious watchings the angel Death came down
And bore away her fairest to beautify his crown.

And though I loved her dearly when sorrow was unknown,
For all her days of anguish she had far dearer grown,
I said, "If prayers can shield her from aught of grief or ill,
Can bring her any gladness, God knows mine surely will."

Alas, 'twas not in power of love to save her life from care,
God lays on each the burdens he wishes them to bear;
She had her joys and sorrows as those of mortal birth,
But bore them all so meekly she seeméd not of earth.

And now that God hath called her unto her heavenly rest,
Why should we mourn and murmur? He knoweth what is best;
Oh give us, God, the eye of faith, that henceforth we may see
The one whom thou hast torn from us, forever, Lord, with thee.

WHOEVER is honorable and candid, honest and courteous, is a true gentleman, whether learned or unlearned, rich or poor.

NOVELTIES FOR JULY.

LATEST STYLE OF HEADRESSES, MANTLE, CAPS, ETC.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Figs. 1 and 2 are the back and front views of the same coiffure. The hair is *crépé*, rolled, and dressed with feathers and flowers.

Fig. 3.—Marie Antoinette coiffure.

Fig. 4.—Very simple coiffure for a young lady.

Fig. 5.—Coiffure arranged in looped bands in front and a waterfall at the back.

Fig. 6.—Hair dressed in front with a succession of puffs and a ringlet behind each ear. A coronet tuft of flowers is placed between the puffs, and the hair is dressed in a double bow at the back.

Fig. 7.—The hair is in a double roll in front, with a curl falling behind each ear. The back

Fig. 8.



Fig. 8.—Summer mantle, made of white *barège*, and trimmed with bands of very narrow black velvet.

Fig. 9.



back hair is tightly rolled and formed in a scroll, and kept in place by two fancy pins.

Fig. 10.



Fig. 9.—Fancy dinner-cap, made of figured illusion, *point appliqué* lace, and violet ribbons.

Fig. 10.—Apron for a little girl from five to seven years of age.

Fig. 11.

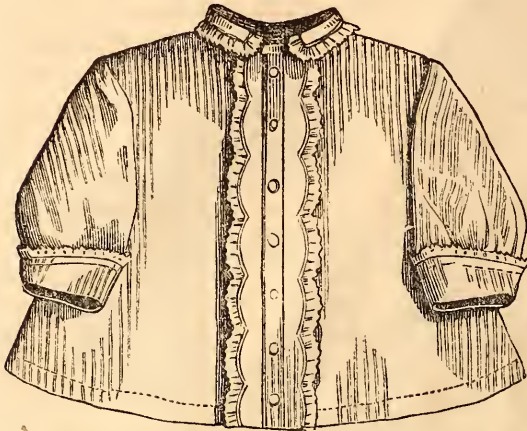


Fig. 11.—Night-dress for a young child.

Fig. 12.



Fig. 12.—White muslin bow, trimmed with fluted ruffles.

LITTLE GIRL'S CROCHET UNDER PETTICOAT.



Materials.—Half pound of white double Berlin wool ; half ounce of scarlet ditto ; a long crochet needle.

A NICE warm petticoat of this description is indeed a comfortable garment for little girls to wear *under* their crinolines, over the usual flannel petticoat, and mothers will do well to employ their leisure time in making a little article like this for their children, to protect, in a slight degree, their little legs from exposure to cold. The stitch that it may be done

in may be left, to a certain extent, to the taste of the worker ; but we will give the full description of the petticoat from which our illustration was made, which was very pretty and comfortable-looking. For a child from six to seven years of age, the garment should be one and a half yards wide and thirteen inches long. The ground-work is in *Gobelin* stitch, and the borders, of which there are three, are in *Wave* stitch. Descriptions of these two stitches have

been given in previous numbers. In white wool, a chain of two hundred and ten stitches should be made, and on this a row of ordinary double crochet worked. Then commence the Wave stitch and work seven double rows, then three double rows of Gobelin stitch, five double rows in Wave stitch, three in Gobelin stitch, three in Wave stitch, thirty-seven in Gobelin stitch—so finishing the petticoat. Care must be taken to keep the work straight at the edges by always inserting the needle through the last loop in each row. The garment is joined behind, leaving an opening for the placket-hole, which should be worked round with double crochet. The small border at the edge in scarlet wool is done in the following manner: one double crochet, * three long, one

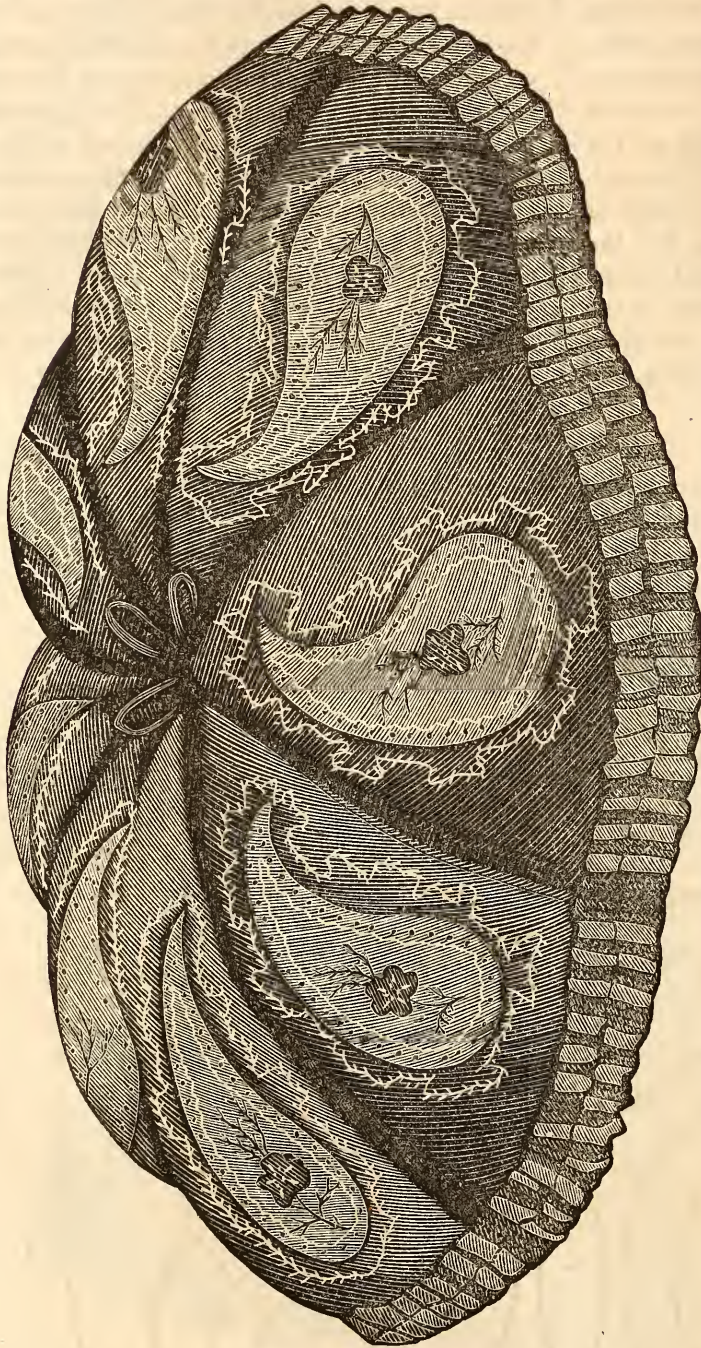
double in the first of these long, one treble in the same long, one double in the two following stitches of foundation; now repeat from *. A treble needleful of red wool should be run in the *first row of Wave stitch*, just below the Gobelin stitch, to give the three stripes seen in the illustration. The top of the petticoat is pleated and put into a band, which should be done in *tightly-worked double crochet*. The garment is pleated up to the desired size, and secured by a row of tightly-worked double crochet, always inserting the needle through the double or treble portions of the pleats at the same time. Eight rows have then to be worked very closely, leaving a space in the working to form the button-hole. A button is sewed on the other side, so that the band fastens neatly.

—•••••
BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A LADY'S CRAVAT.



SOFA OR ELBOW CUSHION.

Materials.—Four pieces of blue French merino; four pieces of scarlet ditto; one skein of white purse silk; one skein of black ditto; one skein of bright amber ditto; one skein of scarlet ditto.



WE have given a certain arrangement for color, as by so doing the description of the work is rendered more comprehensible. But there are many more contrasts which would be equally pretty: such as scarlet and white, blue and white, black and scarlet, etc. etc. As many ladies will have by them some odd pieces of merino which might be advantageously used for a cushion of this description, we would recommend them, if they may wish to make a showy, and at the same time inexpensive pre-

sent, to work one of these pretty little articles. Cut out four pieces of blue and four pieces of scarlet merino, and allow enough for trimmings, and be particular that one side of each piece is cut the salvage way of the material. Then embroider the blue pieces in the following manner: Centre of pine white silk, pine amber silk, coral border round pine, scarlet silk. In the scarlet merino the same arrangement of color, with the exception of the coral border, which should be done in black silk. Some of the embroidery is executed in buttonhole-stitch, some in herringbone-stitch, and some in varied dots. The making up, which is always a difficulty and an expense with articles of fancy work, may be accomplished by the worker. The eight pieces of merino must be stitched together, placing one selvage and a crossway piece so as to prevent the merino from stretching. The bottom must then be cut out; this consists of a simple round the size of the top when all the pieces are stitched together. A calico case, made exactly the same shape as the merino, should be stuffed with wool, the merino laid over, and the opening sewn up. A ruching of ribbon forms a pretty finish to the edge, and the cushion is stabbed through the centre to the wrong side, and ornamented with a rosette. Sometimes the backs of these cushions are made of leather, as being stronger and more durable than merino.

BEAD BRACELET AND CHAIN.

THIS little bracelet may be composed of as many rows as the taste of the worker may prefer. If made in jet or imitation pearl, a chain to match is a great improvement. The following are the instructions for threading the beads. Commence with three strings, keeping one for the centre, on which thread one bead, which ought to be a little larger than the others. On the right hand, thread two beads; on the left, four, passing the needle of the right hand through two beads on the left, leaving the centre thread *under*. Thread two more beads on the left-hand side; pass the needle from the right through them, bringing the centre thread

over. By passing the centre thread alternately under and over, the middle bead and thread are firmly fixed in their place. Repeat to the required length. Three rows make a pretty bracelet. Finish with a jet or fancy snap.



NETTED BORDER.

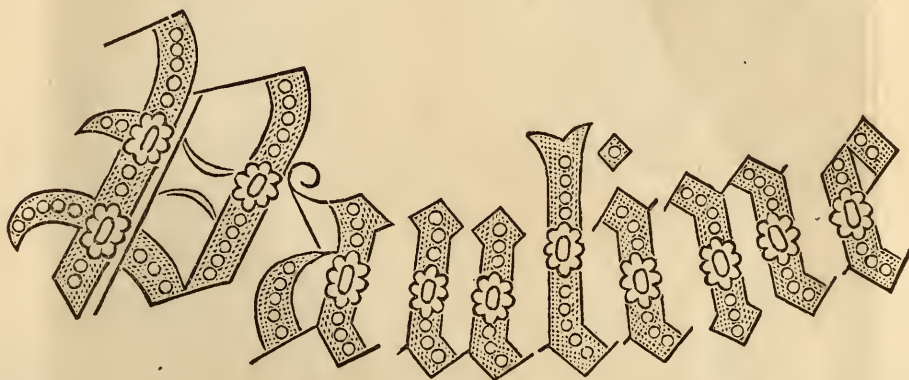
(See engraving, page 25.)

This border may be made any width, and is suitable for trimming bed-furniture, dimity window curtains, etc. Knitting Cotton No. 8, 3-threads, and 2 different sized meshes are required. After making a foundation, net 2 plain rows. 2d row: Net 4 plain, wind the cotton 3 times round the mesh, putting the needle each time into the stitch, but not netting it; then, to knot the stitch firmly, pass the needle round the 3 loops without putting the thread over the

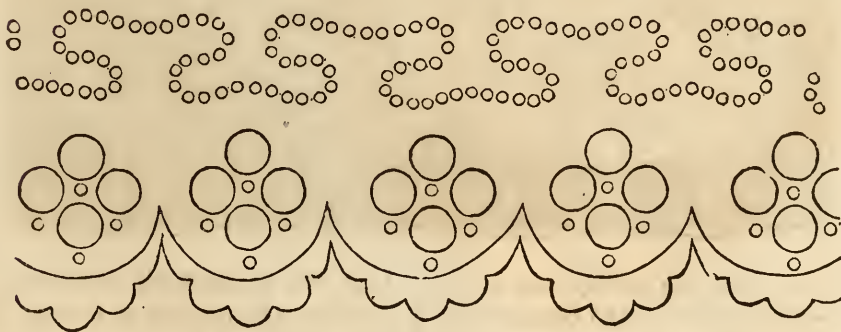
mesh, and secure it in the same manner as a buttonhole stitch would be made at the edge of embroidery. This, we think, will explain the mode of fastening the stitch. The arrangement of the little feathers in the netting can be easily worked from the illustration, and the pattern can be varied as taste dictates, making the diamonds larger, so decreasing the quantity of plain netting. When the top of the border is finished, the fringe is commenced with the largest mesh. 1st row: Net 4 stitches into every alternate loop, and secure in the same manner as the smaller feathers or fancy stitches. The 2d row is netted plain with the smaller mesh. The 3d row the same with the large mesh. 4th row: With the large mesh take 4 loops of preceding row, and make 1 stitch of them. Repeat. 5th row: Same as 1st. 6th row: Same as 2d.



NAME FOR MARKING.



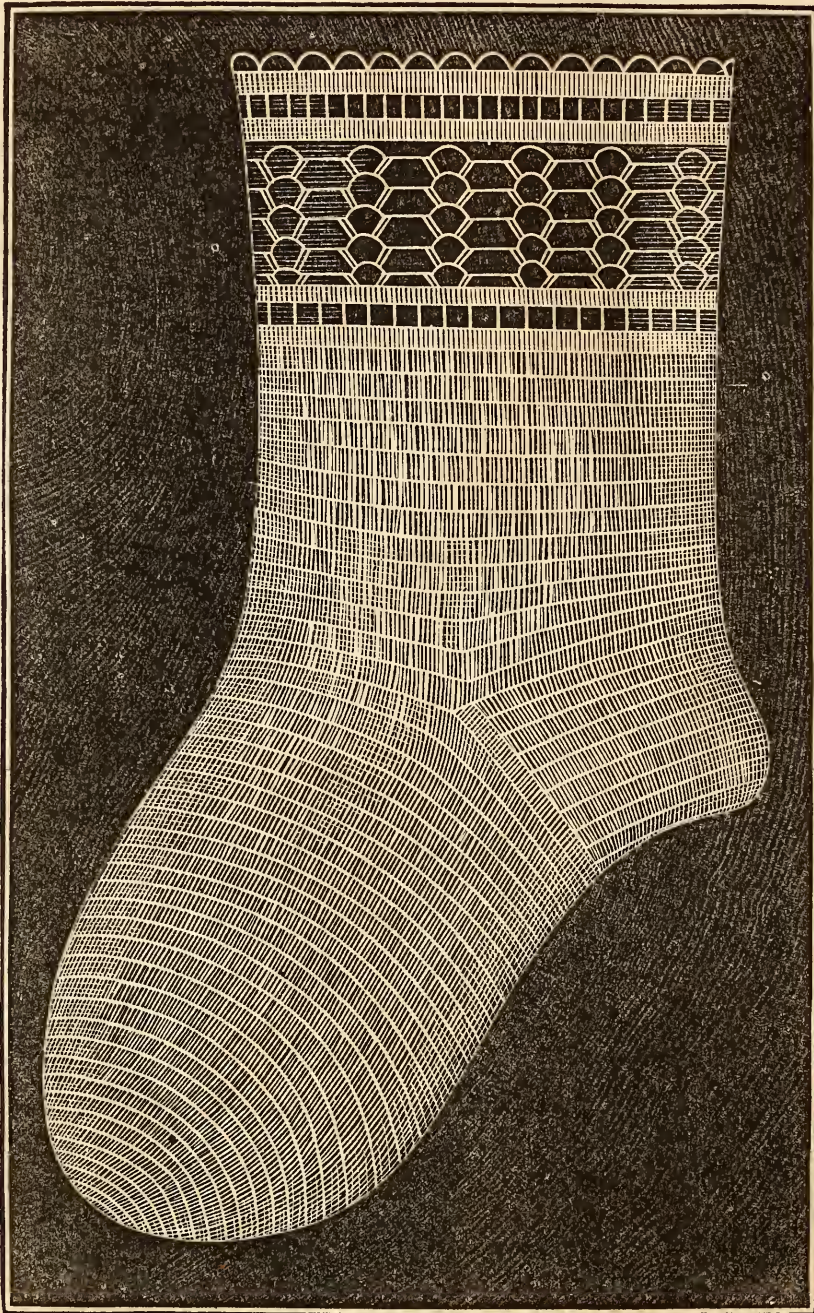
EMBROIDERY.



INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.



CROCHET SOCK.



It is pleasant to combine utility and ornament together, and thus render the occupations of the work-table conducive to a double interest. Crochet is now so universally practised, that few ladies could be found who do not excel in this branch of fancy-work. We have therefore given a little article in it, which is so generally useful, that we feel sure it will be acceptable to many of our subscribers. Children's socks in this pattern are both easy of execution, and extremely durable; they are also adapted for summer wear from their openness, which renders them cool for the hot weather. The pat-

tern will be perfectly understood by the illustration; the manner of forming the sock is the same as that of knitting, namely, to begin at the top. In the one we are now giving, it must be commenced under the fancy pattern which forms the welt, as this is worked the contrary way after the sock is formed. After the upper part is worked, half the width is continued for the heel, which, when long enough, is folded and joined together, the foot being worked from it. The best way is to take a woven sock for a guide for the size, and form it exactly in the same manner. The pattern for the welt is

then worked from the top upwards, and must be in tighter crochet than the sock. If it were commenced at this part, the little pattern would be the wrong way upwards, which would spoil the effect. These socks are extremely pretty when completed. They must of course be worked in fine crochet cotton. The ornamental border at the top can be varied according to taste, as it can be made much more elaborate than the one given by those who are proficient in this branch of fancy-work.

knit a row. Purl the next; and knit and purl alternately six rows. Join on the colored wool. Purl the first row and knit the next. Repeat these alternately until six colored rows are done. Do the two stripes alternately three times more, then cast off loosely, dropping every fourth stitch, and subsequently undoing it to the foundation. Sew the edges together, and draw up the ends.

THE TASSELS.—Take some white wool, and also colored, and wind together round a strong cord about twenty-four times. Tie the strands tightly at even distances of three-quarters of an inch. Cut them between every two ties, and string the balls thus formed on wool, with a rug needle, to form the tassels. Chenille tassels also look very pretty.

RUFF FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

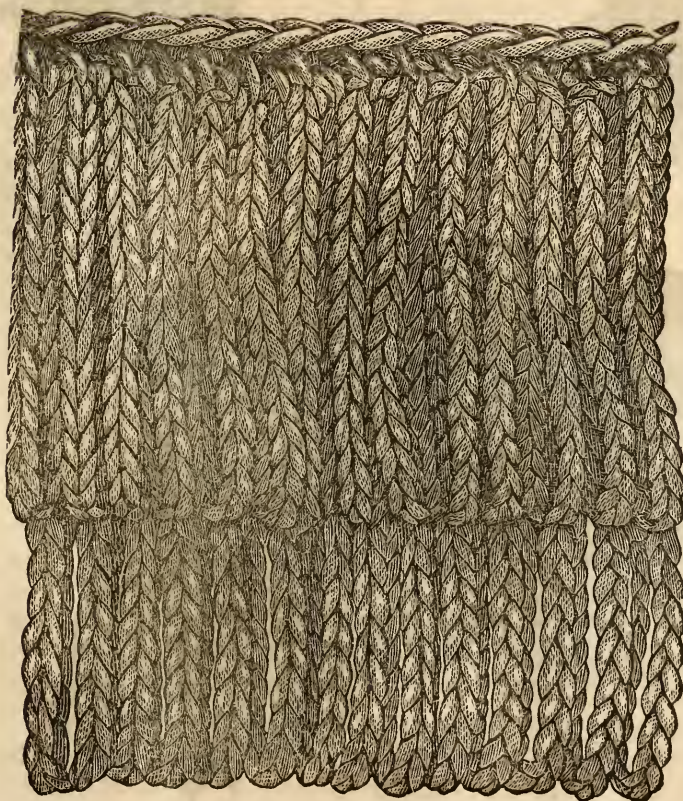
Materials.—Seven skeins of white wool, and seven of pretty rose color. Knitting needles, No. 15.

With the white wool cast on 130 stitches, and

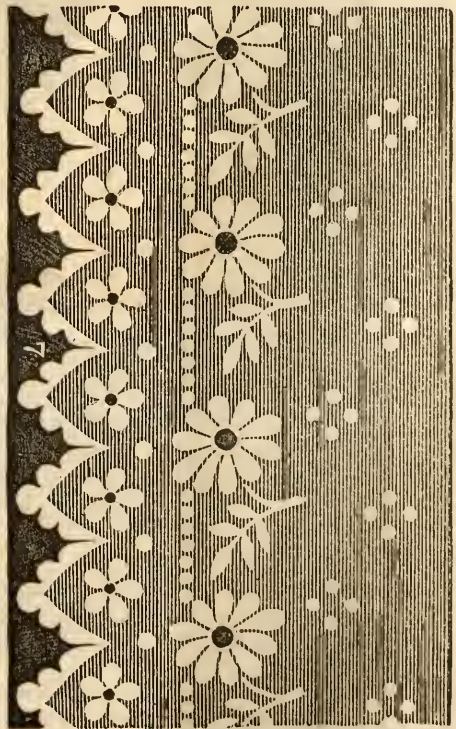
EMBROIDERY.



A NEW STYLE OF CROCHET FRINGE.



EMBROIDERY.



INSERTION FOR MUSLIN.

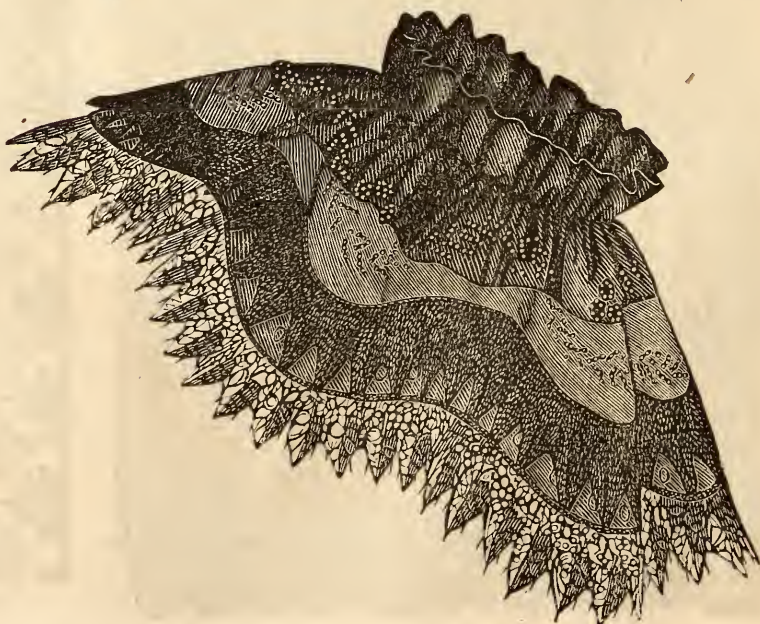
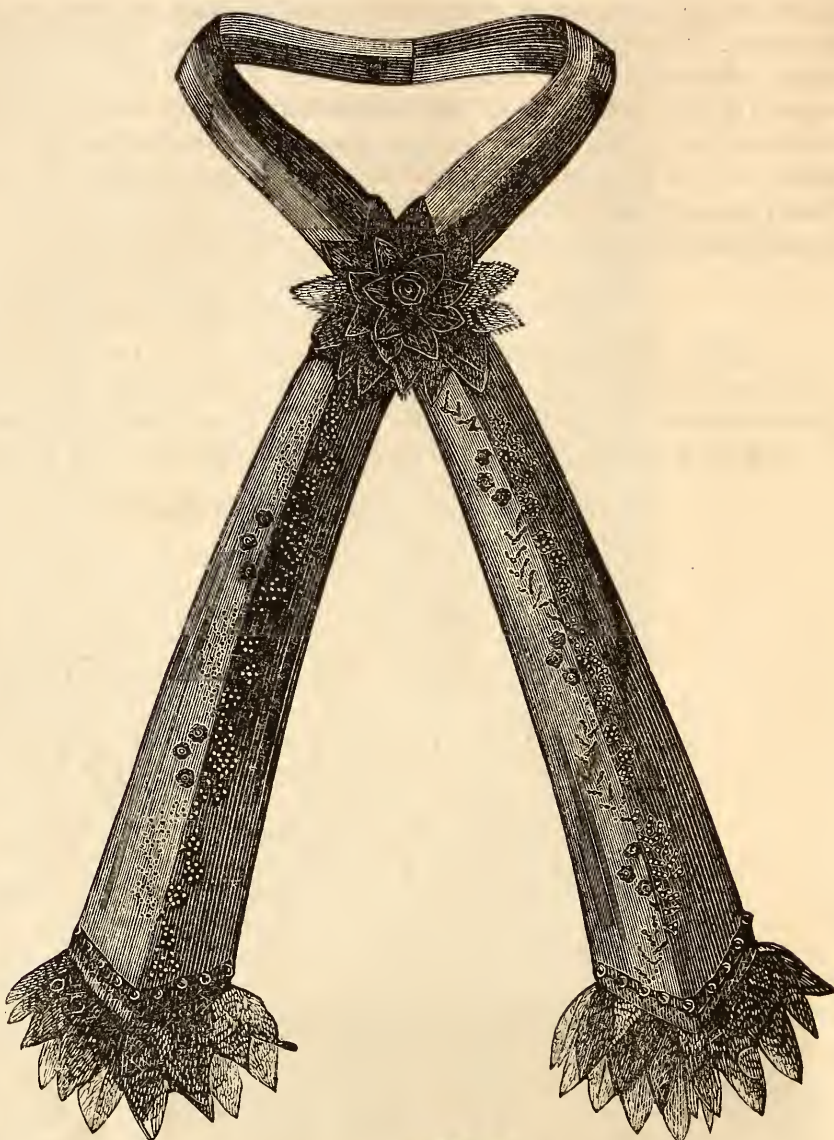


FANCY TRIMMING,
MADE OF RIBBON, AND VERY
SUITABLE FOR SUMMER
DRESSES.

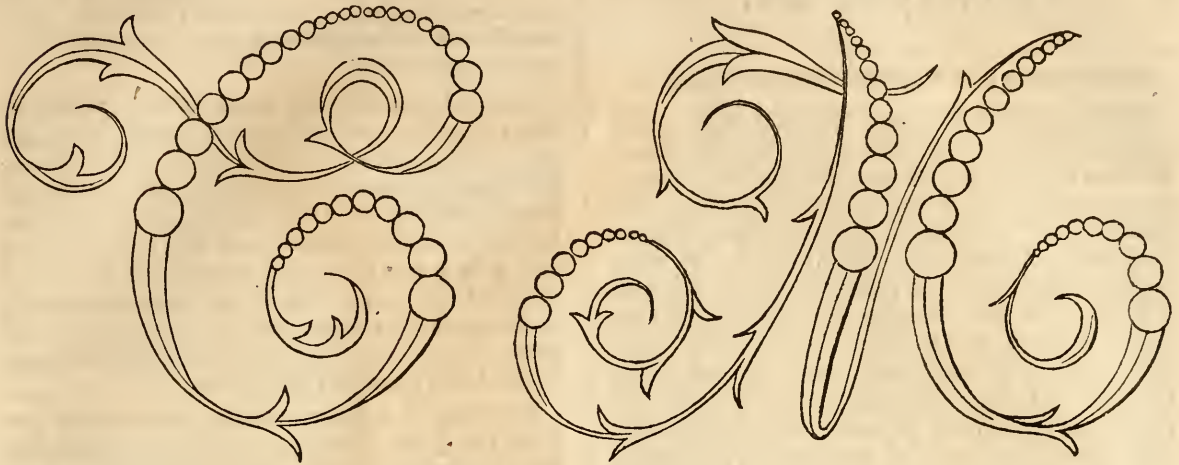


NECK-TIE AND CUFF,

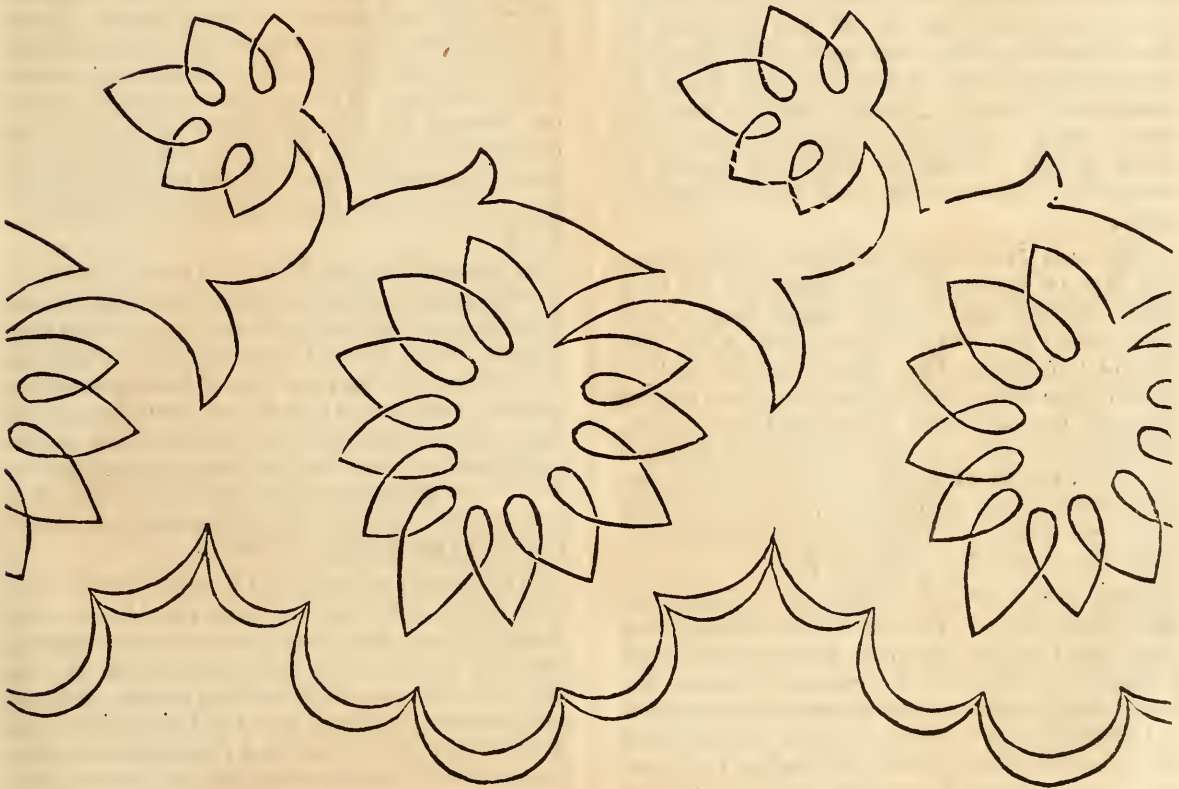
MADE OF BLUE AND BLACK RIBBON, WORKED WITH JET BEADS, AND
EDGED WITH BLACK LACE.



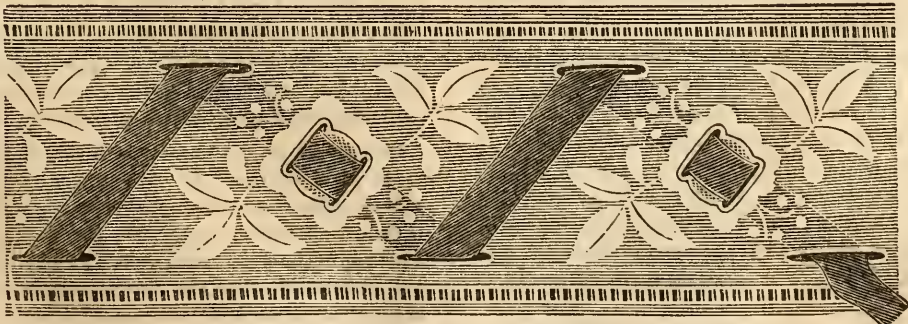
EMBROIDERED INITIALS FOR A PILLOW-CASE.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



INSERTION ARRANGED FOR COLORED RIBBON OR VELVET.



There are numerous purposes for which these insertions may be applied. Collars, sleeves, and chemisettes are much improved by the ornamentation of tasteful insertions like this we have illustrated.

Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS, ETC.

TO PRESERVE GREENGAGES.—The following receipt appears to be a good one: Pick and prick all the plums, put them into a preserving-pan, with cold water enough to cover them; let them remain on the fire until the water simmers well; then take off, and allow them to stand until half cold, putting the plums to drain. To every pound of plums allow one pound of sugar, which must be boiled in the water from which the plums have been taken; let it boil very fast until the syrup drops short from the spoon, skimming carefully all the time. When the sugar is sufficiently boiled, put in the plums and allow them to boil until the sugar covers the pan with large bubbles; then pour the whole into a pan, and let them remain until the following day; drain the syrup from the plums as dry as possible, boil it up quickly, and pour it over the plums; then set them by; do this a third and a fourth time. On the fifth day, when the syrup is boiled, put the plums into it, and let them boil for a few minutes; then put them into jars. Should the greengages be over-ripe, it will be better to make jam of them, using three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Warm the jars before putting the sweetmeats in, and be careful not to boil the sugar to a candy.

GREENGAGE JAM.—When the plums are thoroughly ripe, take off the skins, stone, weigh, and boil them quickly without sugar for fifty minutes, keeping them well stirred; then to every four pounds of fruit add three of loaf sugar reduced quite to powder, boil the preserve from five to eight minutes longer, and clear off the scum perfectly before it is poured into the jars. When the flesh of the fruit will not separate easily from the stones, weigh, and throw the plums whole into the preserving-pan, boil them to a pulp, pass them through a sieve, and deduct the weight of the stones from them when apportioning the sugar to the jam.

PLUMS.—There are several varieties of plums. The richest purple plum for preserving is the damson. There are of these large and small; the large are called sweet damsons; the small ones are very rich flavored. The great difficulty in preserving plums is that the skins crack and the fruit comes to pieces. The rule here laid down for preserving them obviates that difficulty. Purple gages, unless properly preserved, will turn to juice and skins; and the large horse-plum (as it is generally known) comes completely to pieces in ordinary modes of preserving. The one recommended herein will keep them whole, full, and rich.

TO PRESERVE PURPLE PLUMS.—Make a syrup of clean brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving-kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums.

TO KEEP DAMSONS.—Put them in small stone jars, or wide-mouthed glass bottles, and set them up to their necks in a kettle of cold water; set it over the fire to

become boiling hot; then take it off, and let the bottles remain until the water is cold; the next day fill the bottles with cold water, and cork and seal them. These may be used the same as fresh fruit. Greengages may be done in this way.

DAMSON JELLY.—Put any number of fine ripe damsons into a stone jar, and one-third the quantity of bullaces into another, and either bake them in a slow oven, or boil them in a pan of water, till the juice is extracted. Pour off the juice clear from the fruit, strain and weigh it; boil it quickly without sugar for twenty-five minutes, draw it from the fire, stir into it ten ounces of good sugar for each pound of juice, and boil it quickly for six to ten minutes longer, carefully clearing off all the scum. The jelly must be often stirred before the sugar is added, and constantly afterwards.

TO PRESERVE APRICOTS.—Choose fine apricots, pare them thinly and cleanly, and when done, take their weight, cut them in halves and remove the kernel, lay them with the inside upwards, take the same weight of pounded loaf-sugar and strew over them; break the stones of the apricots and blanch the kernels; let the fruit lie in the sugar for twelve hours, then put fruit, sugar, juice, and kernels into a preserving-pan, simmer gently until clear; as the scum rises, remove it; remove the halves of the apricots; as they become cold, lay them in jars, and when the whole of the fruit has been potted, pour equally over them the syrup and the kernels. Cover the fruit with brandy paper, and tie tightly down.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Stalk and crop as many as you require of ripe, red, rough gooseberries; put them into the preserving-pan, and as they warm, stir and bruise them to bring out the juice. Let them boil for ten minutes, then add sugar in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound to every pound of fruit, and place it on the fire again; let it boil slowly, and continue boiling for two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning. When it thickens, and is jelly-like on a plate when cold, it is done enough. Put it into pots, and allow it to remain a day before it is covered.

TO PRESERVE APPLES, GOLDEN PIPPINS.—Take the rind of an orange, and boil it very tender, then lay it in cold water for three days; take two dozen golden pippins, pare, core and quarter them, boil them to a strong jelly, and run it through a jelly-bag till it is clear. Take the same quantity of pippins, pare and core them, and put three pounds of loaf sugar in a preserving-pan with a pint and a half of spring water, let it boil, skim it well, and put in your pippins with the orange rind cut into long thin slips, then let them boil fast till the sugar becomes thick and will almost candy; then put in a pint and a half of pippin jelly, and boil fast till the jelly is clear, then squeeze in the juice of a fine lemon, give the whole another boil, and put the pippins in pots or glasses with the orange peel. Lemon peel may be used instead of orange, but then it must only be boiled, and not soaked.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Gather the fruit when quite ripe; pare, quarter, and core it; boil the skins in the water, measuring a teacupful to a pound of fruit; when they are soft, mash and strain them, and put back the water into the preserving kettle; add the quinces, and boil them until they are soft enough to mash fine; rub through a sieve, and put three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; stir them well together, and boil them over a slow fire until it will fall like jelly from the spoon. Put it in pots or tumblers, and secure

it, when cold, with paper sealed to the edge of the jar with the white of an egg.

TO PRESERVE PEARS.—Take small, rich, fair fruit, as soon as the pips are black; set them over the fire in a kettle, with water to cover them; let them simmer until they will yield to the pressure of the finger, then, with a skimmer, take them into cold water; pare them neatly, leaving on a little of the stem and the blossom end; pierce them at the blossom end to the core; then make a syrup of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; when it is boiling hot, pour it over the pears, and let it stand until the next day, when drain it off, make it boiling hot, and again pour it over; after a day or two, put the fruit in the syrup over the fire, and boil gently until it is clear; then take it into the jars or spread it on dishes; boil the syrup thick, then put it and the fruit in jars.

TO PRESERVE APPLES.—Take equal quantities of good moist sugar and apples. Peel, core, and mince them small. Boil the sugar, allowing to every three pounds a pint of water. Skim well, and boil pretty thick. Then add the apples, the grated peel of one or two lemons, and two or three pieces of white ginger. Boil till the apples fall, and look clear and yellow. Apples prepared in this way will keep for years.

TO PRESERVE CRAB-APPLES.—Take off the stem and core them with a penknife, without cutting them open; weigh a pound of white sugar for each pound of prepared fruit; put a teacup of water to each pound of sugar; put it over a moderate fire. When the sugar is all dissolved and hot, put the apples in; let them boil gently until they are clear, then skim them out, and spread them on flat dishes. Boil the syrup until it is thick; put the fruit in whatever it is to be kept, and, when the syrup is cooled and settled, pour it carefully over the fruit. Slices of lemon boiled with the fruit may be considered an improvement. One lemon is enough for several pounds of fruit. Crab-apples may be preserved whole, with only half an inch of the stem on; three-quarters of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit.

APPLE JELLY.—Pare quickly some highly-flavored juicy apples of any kind, or of various kinds together; slice, without dividing them; but first free them from the stalks and eyes; shake out some of the pips and lay the apples evenly into very clean large stone jars, just dipping an occasional layer into cold water as this is done, the better to preserve the color of the whole. Set the jars into pans of water and boil the fruit slowly until it is quite soft, then turn it into a jelly-bag or cloth, and let the juice all drop from it. Weigh, and boil it for ten minutes, then draw it from the fire, and stir into it, until it is entirely dissolved, twelve ounces of sugar to the pound and quarter (or pint) of juice. Place the preserve again over the fire, and stir it without intermission, except to clear off the scum, until it has boiled from eight to ten minutes longer, for otherwise it will jelly on the surface with the scum upon it, which it will then be difficult to remove, as when touched it will break and fall into the preserve. The strained juice of one small lemon to the pint of jelly should be added two or three minutes before it is poured out, and the rind of one or two, cut very thin, may be simmered in the juice before the sugar is added; but the pale, delicate color of the jelly will be injured by too much of it, and many persons would altogether prefer the pure flavor of the fruit.

RED GRAPE JELLY.—Strip from their stalks some fine ripe black cluster grapes, and stir them with a wooden

spoon over a gentle fire until all have burst, and the juice flows freely from them; strain it off without pressure, and pass it through a jelly-bag, weigh, and then boil it rapidly for twenty minutes; draw it from the fire, stir in it until dissolved fourteen ounces of loaf-sugar, roughly powdered, to each pound of juice, and boil quickly for fifteen minutes longer, keeping it constantly stirred and perfectly well skimmed. It will be very clear, and of a beautiful pale-rose color.

GREEN GRAPES.—Take the largest and best grapes before they are ripe; stone and scald them, let them lie two days in the water they were scalded in, then drain them and put them into a thin syrup, and heat them over a slow fire: the next day turn the grapes into a pan and heat them, then drain them, put them into clarified sugar, give them a good boil, skim them, and set them by. The next day boil more sugar, put it to the grapes, give them all a good boil, skim them, and set them in a warm stove all night; the day after drain the grapes and lay them out to dry, first dusting them.

GREENGAGES.—Weigh a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; the largest when they begin to get soft are the best; split them, and take out the kernels and stew them in part of the sugar, take out the kernels from the shells and blanch them; the next day strain off the syrup and boil it with the remaining sugar about ten minutes; skim it and add the fruit and kernels, skim it until clear, then put it into small pots with syrup and kernels.

TO PRESERVE ORANGES.—Rasp or cut the oranges in scallops with a pen-knife and throw them into water; change it once a day for three days, then boil them till tender enough to run a wheat-straw through, then put them into cold water until next day; pulp and wipe them very dry, have the syrup ready, boil them two or three times till very clear, observing to put the syrup to them; when cold, make it the same as for cucumbers.

TO PRESERVE ORANGE PEEL.—Cut the orange in half, take out the pulp, put the peel in strong salt and water to soak for three days; repeat this three times, then put them on a sieve to dry; take one pound of loaf sugar, add to it a quart of spring water, boil it, skim it until quite clear, let the peels simmer until they are quite transparent, and dry them before the fire. Take loaf sugar with just sufficient water to dissolve it; whilst the sugar is boiling put in the peels, stirring continually until all the sugar is candied round them, then put them to dry, either before the fire or in the oven, and when perfectly dried, put them by for use.

TO KEEP PEARS.—Choose the soundest pears, peel and cut them into quarters, take out the pips, and put the pieces into bottles. If the pears are intended for dessert, one boiling is sufficient, but if for cooking, they must boil five or six times; should the fruit thus bottled have fallen from the tree, instead of being gathered, they will require a quarter of an hour boiling.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

In a recent number of the Book we inquired for a receipt for making "Old-fashioned Connecticut Wedding-Cake." We have received the two following, and we return our thanks to Miss H. N. C., of Boston, and Mrs. A. H. C., of Forrestville, N. Y., for them.

OLD CONNECTICUT BRIDECAKE.—Eighteen pounds of flour, ten pounds of sugar, good brown, nine pounds butter, eighteen eggs, eleven nutmegs, five quarts of new milk, one quart distillery, or good homemade

yeast (brewers' yeast is too bitter), ten pounds of fruit, raisins, currants, and citron, if liked, one ounce mace, one quart wine, one pint brandy.

OLD CONNECTICUT ELECTION CAKE.—Eighteen pounds flour, nine pounds good brown sugar (it makes this kind of cakes more moist), nine pounds butter, ten eggs, three pints fresh yeast (distillery or homemade), nine pints new milk, two ounces nutmegs, two ounces mace, some cinnamon, if liked (cinnamon is not in the original receipt—it can be added in any; I usually put it in), nine pounds of raisins. Currants and citron may be added, if one please; but usually currants are not used in this. Eight wineglasses each of sherry or Madeira wine and brandy. Currant wine will not do in cake. It makes it heavy.

These quantities will make eighteen or twenty loaves, and as it is too much for an ordinary family, I have reduced the quantity of Election Cake, which will make four large-sized loaves.

A SMALL QUANTITY OF ELECTION CAKE.—Two and a quarter pounds of flour, eighteen ounces butter, eighteen ounces sugar, a gill and half of good fresh yeast (as directed in the foregoing receipts), four and a half gills of new milk, two nutmegs, two eggs, half an ounce mace, two pounds raisins (stoned and chopped a little), one wineglass of sherry or Madeira wine, one ditto of brandy. In every kind of cake as much fruit can be used as one chooses.

Directions for Making these Cakes.—The night previous to baking, take all the flour, and all the yeast, and all the milk (if warm from the cow it is sufficient, if not, must be warmed some), part of the sugar and part of the butter. Work it well together, and turn a pan over it, and let it rise. In the morning it will be light. Then take the remainder of the sugar, butter, spices, liquor, and eggs, and work well together as for some other cake, then put it all into the cake; put together the night before, and beat it well together for some time. Cover it, and let it rise again. After it is light, work in the fruit lightly, and put it in the tins, and let it stand a short time, then put it in the oven, and bake. After it is baked, it is to be frosted, if one please. I have given the full directions, as those that are not acquainted with making cannot have good luck unless it is made right. These are valuable receipts, and the best in existence.

Judgment must be used in all cake making, and these cakes must not be kept too warm or too cold. They are often kept too warm; that makes the butter oily, and scalds the whole, and makes it sour, and the fault is in the receipt. There is no fault in these. Mrs. A. H. C.

Forrestville, Chautauque County, N. Y.

OLD-FASHIONED CONNECTICUT WEDDING-CAKE.—Four pounds of sifted flour, two pounds of butter, two and three-quarter pounds of sugar, two cents' worth of yeast, eight eggs, glass of white brandy, raisins, citron, mace, nutmeg, and any other spice to the taste.

Directions for Mixing.—Take all the flour, half the butter, half the sugar, a little milk, and all the yeast, and mix like biscuit dough. When perfectly light, add the rest of the butter, and sugar, with eight eggs, and set it to rise again. When light the second time, add the spice and brandy, and half a teaspoonful of soda mixed well. Paper and butter the tins, and let it stand in them half an hour. Bake in a quick oven. This will make six loaves. It is much improved by frosting.

Miss H. N. C., Boston.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CHEAP AND PHILOSOPHICAL ORNAMENT.—Fill a clear glass bottle with distilled water, in which dissolve some sugar of lead, about a penny-worth to half a pint of water. Insert a scrap of sheet zinc into the cork, long enough to reach half way down the bottle when the cork is in; the lower part of the zinc may be cut into two or three forks and twisted like the branches of a tree. The strip of metal is no sooner immersed in the solution than the latter begins to act chemically upon it, and delicate feathery crystals of lead will cover the whole of the submerged portion. The deposit and growth of the lead may be watched with a magnifying glass, and will continue to increase for some hours, and can only be stopped by carefully pouring out the solution and replacing it with distilled water; it will, however, cease of itself when all the lead is deposited. The result looks like an inverted tree or bush, with thick metallic foliage, glistening as the light happens to fall upon it. It need scarcely be remarked that sugar of lead is poisonous to swallow.

HOW TO KNOW A DOUBLE FROM A SINGLE FLOWER, BEFORE THE BLOSSOM OPENS.—The usual way of ascertaining this is by comparing the buds, those of the double flowers being more globular and larger than the single ones. But the most simple and unerring test is to cut the bud through the middle, when the single flower will be seen folding around the stamens; the double will be all folds and no stamens.

HOW TO STOP BLOOD.—Take the fine dust of tea, or the scrapings of the inside of tanned leather; bind it upon the wound closely, and blood will soon cease to flow. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions will save agitation of mind and running for a surgeon, who, probably, will make no better prescription if present.

POMATUM.—Take one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of castor oil, four ounces of olive oil, and two penny-worth of bergamot, and melt them together in a pot, placed in boiling water, stirring the mixture all the while; when thoroughly mixed, pour the mixture into pots while hot.

PERMANENT INK FOR MARKING LINEN.—Take of lunar caustic (now called nitrate of silver), one drachm; weak solution of tincture of galls, two drachms. The cloth must be wetted first with the following liquid, viz., salt of tartar, one ounce; water, one ounce and a half, and it must be made perfectly dry before it is written upon.

TO WASH BLACK OR COLORED SILKS OF A FAST COLOR.—Make a lye of soft soap by warming it in a pipkin with sufficient water to dissolve it, but do not let it boil; then add about half-a-pint of whiskey (to half-a-pound of the soap), and let it cool. Have a tub of cold water, and take each breadth separately, and rinse well in the water but do not rub it, and then spread it evenly upon a board or table, dip a piece of flannel in the mixture of soap and whiskey, and rub thoroughly over both sides of the silk; rinse again in clean cold water (but great care must be taken to cleanse it from the soap), then throw it over a line in the open air to drain, *but not to dry*, and, by the time you have completed the washing, the first piece will be ready to iron, which must be done with a hot iron—as hot as would be required to iron a piece of linen. The result will be that the silk will look equal to new.

Editors' Table.

WOMAN:

IN HER PERFECTION.

Blessed art thou among women.—*St. Luke*, i. 28.

MORAL character decides the destiny of mankind. Goodness, resulting from obedience to God's laws, is the test of all moral virtue. No individual perfectness can be reached without this obedience, and no progress in what is called "civilization" can be permanent or really improve humanity, which is not founded on and sustained by moral goodness.

When the world has lost the sense of God's holiness,* and of His requirement of holiness (or goodness in men), it is fast ripening for destruction. Nor can any human device long stay its downward progress. The reintroduction of this moral element of character must be the influence of Divine Power in qualifying His chosen agents for the work. Thus Noah was saved to begin anew God's plan of salvation; Abraham was chosen; Moses raised up; and Cyrus, the Gentile, called when the Hebrew people had too nearly lost the idea of moral goodness to strive for their own deliverance from captivity.

At the time when Mary of Nazareth was born, the whole world lay beneath the darkest shadows of evil. Sins, crimes, and wretchedness filled the earth. The moral power of woman was nearly destroyed by the general licentiousness; all reverence and fear of the true God, and all faith in his promises were lost or derided, even among his chosen people. The selfish passions predominated everywhere; and the universal corruptions of society seemed like a pall over the face of the dead—to shut out even the hope of reviving life.

Man's power to sustain the Good and the True being thus overborne, woman was called to help in the ministry of redemption.

When the Angel Gabriel was sent from Heaven to announce that Divine message of mercy, the rekindling of the pure light of goodness before that sinful and miserable generation, did the holy watchers on the crystal walls of Paradise wonder as they marked the swift messenger of grace, and saw him pass by the abodes of the rich, the learned, the great, the mighty men of renown, and never stoop his wing till he entered the humble home of a young and lowly-born maiden? And yet, has it not ever seemed to men, from that age to this, an astonishing wonder, if not a wrong, that they had no part nor lot in Christ's "manifestation in the flesh?"

"Hail, highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women!" Such was the salutation of the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary.

To be the mother of "Shiloh" had, doubtless, been the hope and fervent prayer of many a pious mother in Israel from the time of Jacob's prediction. Isaiah had prophesied that "a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which is, being interpreted, God with us;" yet it is not probable that any Jewish maiden had ever hoped to be thus miraculously endowed with the privilege of motherhood. And Mary of Nazareth could never, in her lowly estate,

* See St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, Chapters 1st and 2d particularly.

betrothed as she was to a poor carpenter, with a life of humble toil and obscurity before them, have dreamed of the glory awaiting her. She had, in perfect truth and humility, been ready to do all the good that offered, performing from her heart every duty of her lot in the fear and love of the Lord God of Israel; thus it was that she "found favor" in His sight. Yet when the angel had assured her she should be the blessed mother of the promised Messiah, and had answered her simple, child-like question—"How shall this be?"—she instantly believed, and accepted the high mission.

Zacharias did not believe the announcement, made to him by Gabriel, of the birth of John. The priest was righteous—as a man is righteous; but the difference between the masculine and the feminine nature is strikingly illustrated in these two examples. *Zacharias was earthward in his doubts, his reason: Mary was heavenward in her faith, her feelings.* He believed not the angel, and was struck dumb: she believed, and "the Holy Ghost overshadowed her!"

Great indeed must have been her faith, when it wholly overcame all fear of man, all selfish considerations. She was betrothed; therefore not only her reputation, but her life would be placed in jeopardy, if she were proven to have been unfaithful to her plighted husband. When assured that she should "bear a Son," who would not be Joseph's son, it might seem natural that some fears for her own safety would have clouded her faith. But no; her humble, trusting reply was:—

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word!"

Worthy was Mary the Virgin to be the mother of our Saviour; that the human nature He, who was very God, took on Himself, should be derived from her, *the obedient woman.* Thus is the high and holy duty of her own sex indicated—by Mary's example—to receive the promises of God in trusting faith, and transmute these, as it were, like living principles into the souls of their sons.

The next event in Mary's life is her meeting with her cousin Elizabeth; this scene, as described in the simple style of divine narrative, is one of the most beautiful and sublime exhibitions of piety and inspiration to be found in the world's history. And Mary's song of triumphant faith, love, and thanksgiving is the sweetest, purest, and most perfect lyrical production of the human mind. (See Luke i. 46.)

The mental endowments of woman will never atone for any lack of moral excellence; yet we are glad to know that the mother of our Saviour possessed the highest order of genius—that *which can comprehend the beautiful in the true and the good, and give fitting expressions to these sublime ideas and pious aspirations.*

From the birth of her first-born, her holy Son, Mary seems to have been absorbed in His high destiny. We only see her when ministering to Him. His nature and His offices were made known to her by the angel; that she applied the term "my Saviour" to God, in her song of thanksgiving, indicates that she was the first disciple of Jesus Christ. And she kept "all these sayings in her heart." A woman's heart held the mighty secret of Divine Wisdom—that the MESSIAH had come!

Mary was "highly favored" in her home life as well as in her heavenly destiny. Her husband was "a just man." What a volume of happy days for the wife is contained in those two words! When, obedient to the angel of the Lord, Joseph took Mary to be his wife, with what careful tenderness he seems to have watched over her and her precious Son! The offices of provider, protector, and lawgiver were as fully intrusted to Joseph as to any husband; he had the warning of danger, and took all the task of providing for their flight into Egypt; the return seems to have been left entirely to his care and judgment. In all these scenes, Joseph was the devoted, loving, and faithful husband; Mary the obedient, loving, trusting wife. That she truly loved and revered her husband, and that their hearts and minds were in tender sympathy, was manifested when "the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem, and Joseph and his mother knew it not." Together they searched and grieved; and when He was found, the mother gave to Joseph the first place in all their cares for her Son: "Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

The domestic life at Nazareth seems to have been an example of conjugal love, parental care, and filial obedience, which would, if universal, almost restore to earth the lost happiness of Eden.

Two pictures of the human mother and her Divine Son are shined in the sacred Book; during His man's life on earth their souls met and mingled, once in joy, and once in sorrow; the beginning of His miracles and the closing of His ministry.

There is a marriage in Cana, of Galilee; the mother, and Jesus, and His disciples are all there. Wine, the type, when rightly used, of innocent joy in God's earthly blessings, is wanted. The mother of Jesus told her Son, having perfect faith that He could supply the need.

Jesus replied: "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come."

Still the mother's heart was not grieved nor discouraged by the reply. Her faith in God was shown by the care she took to help her Divine Son, when His human nature was thus, as it were, shrinking from the awful burden of the world's sins and woes to be laid on him; and her faith prevailed. When she said to the servants: "Do whatsoever He saith unto you," the darkness passed from His soul; He gave forth His command: "Fill the water-pots with water." It is done. "And the pale water saw God and blushed." What a triumph was this to the power of maternal influence! to the gift of insight or harmony with heavenly things which the mind of a true, pure, and pious woman possesses! Even the Son of God, when He came in the form of man to redeem the world, was to be subject to this influence; only at His mother's persuasions and with her sympathy did He begin His miracles.

There is darkness over Jerusalem: but the tear-swollen eyes of Mary the mother of Christ can see Him through the gloom. She was near Him in His last agony; though the dreadful scene was "a sword to pierce through her own heart," yet Mary, the pious mother, was near the cross of Christ.

We see in this the unconquerable power of her love for Jesus, and her perfect faith in His Messiahship, even when He had been rejected of men, scourged and crucified! And his last throb of human affection was for her; the dying Saviour provided for his mother!

One last gleam of light falls on the picture of this perfection of womanhood. The eleven Apostles are gathered in an upper chamber at Jerusalem; "and these all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women and *Mary the Mother of Jesus*."

Mary's youth was distinguished by the favor of God; her maturity by active piety and faithfulness in all her duties; her age by fervent faith in Christ, and holy communion with His first Church on earth.

What Mary said, prophetically, of herself has been fulfilled: "All generations shall call me blessed; for He that is mighty hath done me great things, and holy is His name!"

BORROWED FEATHERS.

CERTAIN pretenders to literary talent seem to be afflicted with a disease that, for want of a definite name, we will call *the mania of appropriation*. When a real poet has won popular applause, these pretenders to genius endeavor either to imitate or plagiarize a portion of the successful poem; and, in some instances, they even appropriate or claim the whole. The young lady who announced herself as the writer of "Nothing to Wear," is a distinguished instance of this kind of *mania*.

The foolishness of the pretender is even more pitiable than his falsehood. His borrowed plumes are only displayed for a moment, to be torn away with the contempt of all classes of readers, for none like to have their sympathies trifled with or an impostor gain their honest tribute of praise. The real author is never injured in these cases; on the contrary, a poem worth stealing, or imitating, is immediately invested with superior merits, all its readers seem ready for the duty of guarding the fame of the genuine poet, and really become his warm friends.

We have lately had an experience of this kind of popular feeling, which has quite interested us. In our long course of editorial duty, we have had many scores of imitations and plagiarisms sent us, but only in one or two instances have we been deceived into accepting and publishing the stolen article. One of these appeared in our April number; see page 365. The poem "Time," by E— (very modest to give only one initial), is the production of Benj. F. Taylor, Esq., formerly known as editor of the *Chicago Journal*, and really is worth reclaiming. The purloiner did not take the whole, therefore we will give the poem, as it deserves to be celebrated for its beauty of sentiment, as well as for the interest it has excited among the friends of the poet. We have half a score of letters on our table, some from ladies, as we judge, each eloquently pleading the right of the author to his own creations. We are gratified by this interest in our Book, and even the plagiarist may be pardoned on the plea that "all is well that ends well."

THE LONG AGO; OR, THE RIVER OF TIME.

BY BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

OH, a wonderful stream is the river TIME,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow!
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical ISLE up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the Roses are staying.

And the name of this ISLE is the LONG Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
They are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that She used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the Mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye, be the blessed Isle,
 All the day of our life till night—
 When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
 May that "GREENWOOD" of Soul be in sight!

OBITUARY.

WE have the sorrowful task of recording here, where the notice of "Miss Hale's School" has so long appeared, that her duties on earth are closed.

MISS SARAH JOSEPHA HALE died May 3d, suddenly at the last, although her health had been failing for some months; still she had been able to manage all the concerns of the school till the last day of her life. Endeared to all who knew her, and greatly beloved by the young hearts she had usefully trained to occupy woman's true place in the world, while earnestly seeking the heavenly inheritance, she was, in the prime of womanhood, taken from this world by her Almighty Father to enjoy the reward of the redeemed in Heaven. The mourning hearts she has left behind feel that her immortal gain is to them an irreparable loss, and that as daughter, sister, teacher, and friend, her loss cannot but be mourned deeply and long.

In our next number a friend has promised to furnish a sketch which may be more satisfactory, than this brief notice, to the many pupils who have enjoyed the benefits of Miss Hale's instruction.

COMMON SENSE, AND HOW TO GAIN IT.—In an excellent Essay on "The Mistakes of Literary Men," Professor John S. Hart makes the following wise suggestions:—

"This habitual intercourse with men and women, and thoughts and things outside of your own little circle, is the true generator of common sense. How often do we see men of great ability and of prodigious learning, become, for the want of a few grains of common sense, mere ciphers in the community. You see a Professor in the lecture-room, whose knowledge in his department is of the very first order, yet utterly powerless in discipline, and consequently utterly useless as an instructor. He has no common sense, no tact. His talents, consequently, are all thrown away. His pupils learn from him nothing, but the habit of insubordination, and skill in the arts of unmanly annoyance. We want among us, undoubtedly, profound scholarship—that original, independent knowledge, which comes only from patient, protracted study in particular lines of investigation. But we do not want men of merely one idea. We do not want the mere book-worm."

PAMPHLETS.—We have the Reports of the New-England and the Pennsylvania Female Medical Colleges, both of which we intend to notice next month.

Other notices are, unavoidably, postponed till the next number.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Uncle Hugh"—"Heroism"—"Eldorado"—and "The Old Maple."

The following are not needed: "A Storm at Sea"—"The Soldier's Fate"—"Columbia"—"England in a Fury"—"Debt and Danger"—"Lady May"—"Admission to the Bar"—"The Sacrifice" (we are sorry to disappoint the writer, but the story is not well written; literature is not an easy path of life, and cannot be successfully pursued without greater effort than young ladies are willing to make)—"Early Friendships"—"The Money Chest"—"My own little Girl"—"Painting as an Art for Ladies"—"Idle Words"—and "The Gift."

Other MSS. on hand will be reported next month.

E. O.—We have no favorite localities. Our contribu-

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tors are from all points of the compass. If an article is good, well written, and we want it, then it is always accepted. Your article is declined.

Health Department.

CHILDREN'S FOOD.*

THIS is a subject of literally vital interest to every family in the land; more especially in large towns and cities, where the want of facilities and inducements to out-door activities makes it absolutely indispensable to adopt some system in reference to the times, quantities, and qualities of the food to be taken by children; for the want of attention to which things multitudes die early, while other multitudes, not as large, however—for half of all that are born die before the age of eighteen years, in consequence mainly of inattention to the habits and health—become dyspeptic, scrofulous, or consumptive before the age of twenty-five, many of whom are destined to a life of weariness, of painful toil, and of wasting efforts for a living through sickness, and disease, and chronic sufferings.

On entering the fifth year, or sixth at farthest, a child can be very easily habituated to eat at three regular times a day, at intervals of five or six hours, with nothing whatever between, except, at a little past mid-way, a single good ripe apple, or a piece of cold, dry, coarse bread may be allowed to the less vigorous.

A second consideration is quantity. If children are taught to eat slowly, in loving good-nature—as will be the case if they are let alone by their parents, and not put in an ill-humor by incessant reprimands and innumerable rules and regulations about a hundred and one contemptible trifles—they may generally be allowed, for breakfast and dinner, to eat as long and as much as they want, only if all the hard food is cut up carefully with a sharp knife into pieces not larger than a pea. This should be conscientiously and always attended to by one of the parents, for it cannot be safely intrusted to one hiring out of a million; parental affection only will do it as it ought to be done.

At supper, children should always be controlled; let observation determine how much a child will eat and leave something over, and then allow thereafter certainly not over two-thirds of that amount.

And now as to that most important of all items—quality of food for growing children. The instinct for sweetness is inappassable; without it, any child, however healthy, will soon die, and, fortunately, the two things which children most love everywhere, and of which they never could get tired, and will always relish when hungry, are milk and bread, and these furnish as much sugar as any child needs. But no child can ever grow up healthy and handsome without good teeth, and as the permanent ones begin to be made from the fourth year, their food should contain in great abundance those elements which are needed for sound, durable teeth. The bony part of the tooth contains seventy-one per cent of lime, the enamel ninety-four per cent. Out of one hundred parts of the finest, whitest flour, only six per cent is lime; of one hundred parts of flour made of the whole grain, there is twenty-five per cent of lime, or four times as much; and no other general article of

* From "Hall's Journal of Health." W. W. Hall, Editor. Terms one dollar a year: single numbers ten cents. Office of publication 831 Broadway, New York.

food contains anything like as much lime as common brown bread. Therefore, it is a reasonable conclusion that if children were to live largely on flour made of the whole product of the grain, in the shape of well-made and well-baked brown bread, very much would be done toward securing them durable and beautiful teeth.

When children are from home, let them live as others; when at home their bread should be uniformly made of the whole product of the grain ground, from their third to their fifteenth year, to be eaten with half a pint of milk for breakfast and supper, adding some berries from June until September, and one or two baked apples the remainder of the year, adding a teaspoon or two of sugar. Such a supper or breakfast will always "taste good" to them. Such a bill of fare with two or three variations a week, and allowing them to eat what they want for dinner, will pretty surely, other things being equal, give good health, good teeth, a good constitution, and a good old age.

Literary Notices.

OWING to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

From GEO. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

THE GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCES OF THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN; *with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation*. By Sir Charles Lyell, F. R. S., author of "Principles of Geology," "Elements of Geology," etc. etc. This book enters deeply and extensively into all the ramifications of the subject of which it treats. The author proceeds with commendable caution over his ground, rejecting all evidence in favor of his theory which bears the least suspicion of incredibility; while he uses the rest so boldly as to render his conclusions almost beyond cavil. All persons of intelligence will be interested in this work.

THE AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR AND LITERARY GAZETTE is a new and handsome publication of ninety-six pages, which is to be issued semi-monthly at \$2 per annum, by the publisher G. W. Childs. It is issued simultaneously in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and, besides giving all the important literary information respecting current literature and authors, gives a list of all the works published in this country during the last year, with announcement of those which are to be published. To publishers of the country, this will be a very useful publication as well as an interesting volume. It will astonish the trade in Europe, being much superior to any publication of a similar character in London or Paris. The publisher may well be congratulated upon his enterprise, good taste, and tact.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

ANNETTE; *or, The Lady of the Pearls*. By Alexander Dumas (the Younger), author of "Camille, the Camelia Lady." Translated by Mrs. W. R. A. Johnson.

From BLANCHARD & LEA, Philada., Publishers:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE. Parts 61 and 62 of this valuable work have been received.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Part 13.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: *its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the death of Lord Raglan*. By Alexander William Kinglake. Volume I. This is a full and minute account of the Crimean war, written with evident care, and from an abundance of reliable material. The book is, however, intended for the especial glorification of Lord Raglan, and he is brought forward on all occasions in the position of a hero. Though the book is more peculiarly interesting to Englishmen, it will, undoubtedly, find many readers on this side the Atlantic.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. *A Tale*. This is a novel which it gives us pleasure to commend. Its tone is a healthy one, and its incidents sufficiently exciting to engage the reader, while it is far from being of the sensational school. Its theme is that pure and rare friendship that "loveth at all times."

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. *A Novel*. By Mrs. Gaskell, author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," etc. Mrs. Gaskell, usually so quiet in her style, has, in this work, attempted a sensational novel. And in this, though she may not have entirely failed, neither has she quite succeeded. Spite of an excellent plot and well drawn characters, the story drags a little, and would be none the worse for condensation. Nevertheless, this talented lady's works are always worthy of perusal.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. We have received Nos. 1 and 2 of this serial. This promises to be a work of both interest and importance, while its portraits of distinguished generals and statesmen on both sides render it particularly valuable.

SEA-KINGS AND NAVAL HEROES. *A Book for Boys*. By John G. Edgar, author of "History for Boys," "Footprints of Famous Men," etc. In this book we have brief yet spirited sketches of Rollo the Norman, Hasting, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Nelson, and a number of other distinguished Naval Heroes. In subject and style it is well calculated to please those for whom it is intended. The volume contains a number of illustrations.

A FIRST LATIN COURSE. *Comprehending Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise-Book*. With Vocabularies. By William Smith, LL. D., author of "A History of Greece," "A Classical Dictionary," etc. Revised by H. Drisler, A. M., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, New York; editor of "Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon," etc.

C. SALLUSTI CRISPI *Catilina et Jugurtha*. Recognovit Geo. Long, M. A. One of Harper's series of Greek and Latin Texts.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

THE PENTATEUCH AND BOOK OF JOSHUA *Critically Examined*. By the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. Part II. We prefer not to enter into the discussion concerning the merits or demerits of this volume, as it is a matter of too serious consideration for a hastily formed or briefly expressed

opinion. Our readers must examine it for themselves, or let it alone, at their option; for it is a book that is likely to try religious faith strongly.

THE GENTLE SKEPTIC; or, *Essays and Conversations of a Country Justice on the Authenticity and Truthfulness of the Old Testament Record.* Edited by the Rev. C. Walworth. The next book we find before us, whose title we have just given, is one of the several which Bishop Colenso's recent works have called out. It is intended not only to refute the arguments and point out the fallacies of that reverend gentleman's Biblical criticisms, but to strengthen wavering faith, wherever found, in the truth of Revelation.

A TEXT-BOOK OF PENMANSHIP. Containing all the Established Rules and Principles of the Art, with Rules for Punctuation, Directions and Forms for Letter-Writing; to which are added a brief History of Writing, and Hints on Writing Materials, etc. etc. For Teachers and Pupils. Adapted for use in Schools, Academies, and Commercial Colleges, in connection with any well-arranged Series of Copy Books. By H. W. Ellsworth, Teacher of Penmanship in the Public Schools of New York City, and for several years Teacher of Book-Keeping, Penmanship, and Commercial Correspondence, in Bryant, Stratton, & Co.'s Chain of Mercantile Colleges.

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

DARRELL MARKHAM; or, *The Captain of the Vulture.* By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," etc. Miss Braddon has rung a fourth change upon her favorite plot, in which she makes her hero or heroine a bigamist. Though this plot has long since lost its novelty, we must yet give her credit for ingenuity and originality for the variety which she succeeds in introducing in it. She seems, too, to be capable of but two conceptions of female character: one, a commanding beauty, with flashing black eyes and imperious will, after which Aurora Floyd and Olivia Marmaduke are patterned; the other is an insipid, doll-like creature, with blue eyes, fair complexion, and hair "like a pale golden halo" around her face. Lady Audley, Lady Lisle, Lucy Floyd, and the heroine of the present novel, Mrs. Duke, are of this type. With her masculine characters she is somewhat more happy, at least presenting us with a greater variety. This, her latest story, is perhaps the best, though it contains no character, either male or female, that equals "Granville Varney," in "Lady Lisle."

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith. We are glad to see that Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, in their "Hand and Pocket Library," are determined to number only sterling novels.

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS. By Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines." This writer draws largely from his own experience at the South for characters and facts. He displays intimate acquaintance with Southern character, from the courteous and hospitable planter, to the colored dependents of the household and plantation, and the miserable "clay-eaters" of North Carolina. He has written a vigorous and entertaining story, though the narrative is rather loosely strung together, with occasional discrepancies. Mr. Kirke succeeds far better in delineation than in construction.

THE NATIONAL TAX LAW, as Amended. With a

complete Compendium of Stamp Duties, etc., and the Decisions of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. By E. H. Hall, Washington, D. C.

From CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through MARTIEN & BROTHER, Philadelphia:—

"I WILL:" *Being the Determinations of the Men of God, as found in some of the "I Wills" of the Psalms.* By Rev. Philip Bennett Power, M. A. Those who have read the "I Wills of Christ," by this author, need no other commendation of this work. It is a remarkable merit in the productions of Mr. Power that his books interest the mind by their practical wisdom, while the heart is wrapt and moved with the devotional ardor of the Christian sentiment.

FAMILY SERMONS. By Horatius Boner, D. D. The poetical genius of this eminent writer has made his name widely known. His "Hymns of Faith and Hope" will be fitting companions for these Sermons, which are full of the pathos and sublimity of "the Gospel of the grace of God."

THE SUNDAY EVENING BOOK: *Short Papers for Family Reading.* This little book is a rare gem of its kind, as six of the most distinguished religious writers of Scotland have contributed to make its worth, beauty, and piety. It has a fitting companion in

THE THOUGHTS OF GOD. By the Rev. J. R. Macduff. The two books should be in every Sunday-School, and in every family. These editions are beautifully prepared.

MINISTERING CHILDREN. *A Tale.* By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. With illustrations. Two volumes. The work has already a wide popularity in our land; but this beautiful edition will find a warm welcome. For the young, there can hardly a book be named which deserves a higher commendation. It begins by interesting the child in works of love and mercy; the pleasure of doing good is so well described, or rather shown, that few of any age, who begin the story, will put it by till read to the close.

From LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York:—

THE BRITISH REVIEWS AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. Among all the aids of literature we Americans possess, no one is so accessible and useful as the general information which is offered us in the republication of the *London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster Quarterly Reviews.* Those who wish to keep up with the age should read these works; ladies who desire to be literary would find a mine of information in the Reviews, which would either greatly improve their capacity for writing, or—and this might be the better part for themselves—induce them to lay aside their ideal fancies for some practical plan of doing good. These Reviews (the *Westminster* excepted) and the *Lady's Book* are a living library for families; which will do more than any other secular influence to diffuse a healthy tone of thought and correct views of life, literature, and morals.

From JOHN BRADBURN, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN ARMY SURGEON; or, *Incidents of Field, Camp, and Hospital Life.* By Thomas T. Ellis, M. D., Late Post-Surgeon at New York, and Acting Medical Director at White House, Va. Few recent publications will be more eagerly sought for than this, as it touches the hearts of the people.

While giving a condensed record of events from the formation of the Army of the Potomac, it lifts the curtain, and admits the reader to many thrilling scenes among the wounded and dying soldiers.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE EVERYDAY PHILOSOPHER IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson." This is another of those delightful productions of the quondam "Country Parson," which no one can read without being charmed and profited. He is a model essayist, investing the homeliest subjects with interest; while his spiciest sayings have a flavor of truth that gives them a double relish.

ON LIBERTY. By John Stuart Mill. The subject of this book is civil or social liberty, which, after the introduction, it treats, in as many chapters, from the following stand-points: "Liberty of Thought and Discussion," "Individuality as one of the Elements of well-being," "Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual," concluding with "Applications." This is a most masterly work, and well deserves the attention of all, of every nation, who prize the word "Liberty."

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

SLAVES OF THE RING; or, *Before and After*. By the author of "Grandmother's Money," "Under the Spell," etc. Here we have a variation from the great mass of fiction which is crowded upon us—a book really novel and refreshing in character and aim. The chief character of the book is Thirsk, a man of strongly marked characteristics, but who has been partly led and partly driven by circumstances to evil. He is selfish, cynical, and passionate, and in every way far from being a pleasing character. Yet when the right moment arrives, and his heart is touched, by mere strength of character he rises above his former self, and becomes a true and good man. His opposite is Robert Genny, who, with natural predispositions to good, and with the best of wives to aid him, yet goes to ruin through a too generous and over-yielding character.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR JULY.—Again we greet you, our fair subscribers. We now issue the first number of the Sixty-seventh Volume of the Lady's Book, and we assure you that we are untiring in our endeavors to please. Do we fall off in our attractions? Look at this number.

"Grandfather's Portrait." An engraving which we have no hesitation in saying cannot be equalled by any magazine in this country. The little fellow who has just scratched the outlines of his grandfather's portrait on the slate, shows no symptoms of the conceit which sometimes distinguishes young pretenders of artistic genius, but calmly awaits the verdict of the family who are scrutinizing the work with ardent interest and approval. The old gentleman himself is rather curious and not altogether at ease regarding the liberty which, unknown to himself, has been taken with his face, and peers across the table to see how he looks.

Our Fashion-plate. It seems useless for us to say anything about this, as it speaks for itself.

"Hats and Faces at a Watering-place. Truthful and

satirical." Such is the title of our wood-cut for this month. It will be difficult for those who visit watering-places, and see the variety of dresses worn there, to tell which is truth and which is satire in our picture.

Fashions from A. T. Stewart & Co. We print in this number another of these splendid plates, and will have several in our next number. Other full length engravings and every variety of work for a lady will also be found in July number.

"Garden Structures" in this number we think will be found very useful to our friends having places in the country, who may wish to ornament them at a reasonable rate.

Our Contributors. Marion Harland, Miss Townsend, Miss Janvrin, Miss Frost, and Mary Forman each have a contribution in this number.

A LITTLE TALK WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—We are willing and anxious to oblige, but our time is valuable; so don't ask us to look over sixty-seven volumes for a particular receipt or a piece of poetry. Here is a sample: "Some time between the years 1836 and 1845, you published a piece of poetry addressed 'To a Rose.' Will you please send me the number containing the article. I was once a subscriber, and probably will be again." Now this is profitable—a day spent in looking for a number that is to be sent gratis. We could multiply such cases, but this one is a sample of many others.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Women's Sanitary Committee on our cover for this month. We ask to it the attention of all who wish to contribute to so useful and patriotic an institution.

ESTLACK'S DIPHTHERIA PILLS.—We take great pleasure in introducing these pills to our subscribers; but we would not do so if they were not strongly recommended by two gentlemen of the faculty whom we know well, and also know they would not recommend anything that was not beneficial. They are useful in diphtheria, sore throat, inflammation of the fauces, membranous croup, enlarged tonsils, catarrh, influenza, asthma, hoarseness, and various other diseases of the throat. They are pleasant to the taste and are useful, in fact almost indispensable, to public speakers and singers for clearing the throat and giving power to the voice. They are manufactured by T. Estlack, Jr., corner of Eighteenth and Market Streets, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents per box.

OLD PRICES.—We trust that we shall soon be enabled to put our Book down to the old price. If paper gets down to the old standard, we certainly shall reduce our price.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—On account of the increase in the price, we do not send any books by mail other than our own publications.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—The fortieth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is now open daily, and the collection of pictures, statuary, and other works of art will be found eminently worthy of the attention of all who can admire the beautiful in art. There is a superb marine painting, of large size, by Hamilton, which excites general attention, and will repay a visit. It is one of his peculiarly grand and impressive efforts, with original ideas well developed, and striking effects portrayed with an adventurous hand.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

The New Musical Monthly.—The third number of our new and beautiful periodical is now published, containing a new and charming ballad by Balfe; a new Polka Schottische, the Lily Bank; and an exquisite new composition by the author of *The Maiden's Prayer*. This last piece, which is entitled *Magdalena, Pensée Fugitive*, is the gem of the number. It is a delightful, dreamy composition, covering seven or eight pages, and is equally adapted to the advanced performer, who will find it a brilliant, showy piece, and to the learner, as a pleasing and profitable study. We will send single copies of the *Monthly*, containing the three pieces as above, for 50 cents; or, to those who desire to examine the *Monthly* as far as published, we will send numbers 1, 2, and 3 on receipt of \$1 00. Future numbers will be 50 cents each, without abatement, excepting to subscribers, who get them at 25 cents by subscribing by the year. The terms are \$3 00 per annum in advance. Every one whose purchases of music amount to twenty-five cents a month should take the *Monthly*, the cheapest and most beautiful publication, in *sheet music form*, ever printed. It is published by subscription, and is not for sale at the music stores. The only way to get it is to address the publisher, J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia. Those who desire complete sets should send in at once.

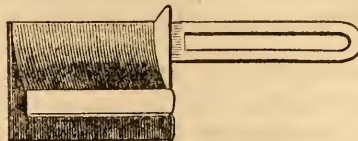
New Sheet Music.—The new firm of Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York, have just issued a splendid composition for advanced players, *Solitude*, a brilliant, dreamy reverie, by Richard Hoffman, 60 cents. Also, *Reminiscences of Leah*, a beautiful arrangement by Robert Stoepel of gems from the new tragedy, with a splendid portrait of Miss Bateman, 50 cents. *Manual of Arms Polka*, by Grafulla, author of *Captain Shepherd's Quickstep*, 35. The same firm issues, *Jane of Ravenswood*, new ballad, by Keller, 25. *How Long the Hours Seem Love*, 25. *Washington and our Country*, fine patriotic song, 40. These are all fine publications. They warrant us in saying that the new firm who issues them cannot fail to be as successful as the old house of Firth, Pond, & Co., especially when we consider that Mr. Pond, the practical member of the late firm, is now at the head of the establishment.

Horace Waters, New York, publishes several fine new songs. *Angel Visitants*, sung at the Old Folks' Concerts. *Come Sing with Me*, pretty song and trio. *Pleasant Words for All*, song and chorus. *Hark, the Signal*; *Where Liberty Dwells is my Country*, and *Freedom, Truth, and Right*, three spirited patriotic songs. Also, *Little Jeany Dow*; *A Penny for your Thoughts*, and *Merry Little Birds*, songs by S. C. Foster, who is always welcome to the public. Each 25 cents.

O. Ditson & Co., Boston, publish *Vespers in C.*, with *Magnificat*, by W. O. Fiske, with Latin and English words. This is a grand composition, containing solos and chorusses, and well adapted to Catholic and Episcopalian choirs, 25 pages, \$1 00. Also, six short organ pieces by Karl Merz, which all organists should have, 40 cents. *General Butler's Grand March*, equestrian portrait, 35. *Golden Robin Polka*, pictorial title, 35. *Fine transcription of Annie Lisle*, by Brinley Richards, 35. *Teresa Carren's Waltz*, with fine portrait of the celebrated child pianist. This is a splendid piece, played by Gottschalk, 75 cents.

The Musical Editor of the Book will purchase and mail any of the above music on receipt of price. Address, at Philadelphia, J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

MR. JEPHTHA A. WAGENER has attached to our Grover & Baker sewing-machine a highly important invention—"Wagener's Baster." A baster attachment, which obviates the necessity of basting fabric to be sewn by machine aid, which can be attached to all kinds of sewing-machines, has been awarded first premiums at late fairs, and is highly endorsed by all who use it. It



is the invention of Jephtha A. Wagener, of Pultney, Steuben County, New York, and is for sale and in use at No. 50 North Fifth Street, and No. 8 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, where all interested can see its utility. Letters patent have been granted Mr. Wagener. Its simplicity and utility will recommend it to all having sewing-machines, and over twelve hundred persons have already used and recommended it.

A GENTLEMAN lately said to his servant: "James, see what time it is by the sun dial."

"But, sir," said the man, "it is dark, the sun set two or three hours ago."

"Well, take a lantern with you," was the reply.

BLOCKLEY INSANE HOSPITAL.—We have received the 14th Annual Report of the Rev. Edward C. Jones, A. M., whose labors of love in the above institution have been so sedulously prosecuted, and with such abundant success. As a faithful friend and benefactor of the mentally affected Mr. Jones has secured for himself a high position, and we are pleased to know that he is fully appreciated by the community in which he has long toiled with a spirit so self-sacrificing and a zeal so unwavering. The Report contains an excellent analysis of mental disorders, and details his own plans of moral amelioration with great clearness and force. He is pastor to about 500 patients, and carries to this large number of stricken ones the genial consolations and rich hopes of the blessed and everlasting gospel of Salvation.

A CONTEMPORARY says that "the advantage of individual over official management is in nothing more apparent than in the present rapid conversion of legal tender notes into the Five-Twenty six per cent. bonds. This business was early put under the special supervision of Jay Cooke, of this city, whose facilities and extended connections with the banks and with capitalists all over the country, enabled him to inaugurate a system that has introduced the bonds into almost every county of the interior."

Let us say a word more upon this subject: if you deal with an official, you deal with a "Jack in office," who will rather pride himself upon letting you know your distance. In dealing with Mr. Cooke you deal with a gentleman in the proper sense of that word. We have seen in Mr. Cooke's office a poor man seated at a table, counting out his money; at the other end we saw, at the same time, one of our millionaires. Mr. Cooke was rather more attentive to the poor than he was to the rich man. We think much of the popularity of this loan has been owing, at least in this city, to Mr. Cooke's management of it. We take this occasion to say that no one—no firm—could have managed this loan as well as Mr. Jay Cooke, a gentleman whom we delight to honor.

A NEW NATIONAL PRODUCT—BEET-ROOT SUGAR.

ONE of the compensations growing out of these troublous times has been an extraordinary stimulus communicated to our industries, and the development of new sources of national prosperity and wealth.

One of the sources bids fair to be a plentiful supply of sugar from the beet. We have had an opportunity, recently, of examining several specimens of it in this city, which were manufactured at Chicago, from beets grown on the prairies of Illinois. The supply of sugar by the Mississippi being cut off by the embargo of that river, Mr. Belcher, a well-known sugar refiner in the West, turned his attention to the refining of syrup from the sorghum plant, which has now become a staple crop in Iowa and Illinois. It is estimated that five million gallons of syrup were produced in the West the past year. To extend the source of supply of domestic sugar, Mr. Belcher procured last spring, from Europe, a supply of seeds of various kinds of the sugar beet, and by the agency of the Illinois Central Railway Company, distributed them among the farmers on the line of that road, and through a range of two hundred miles, with a view to ascertain the kind of soil and climate best adapted to the growth of the root.

The result, so far, has been of a most gratifying character. An analysis of several samples raised in the black prairie soil yielded from nine to thirteen and a half per cent. of saccharine matter. The samples of sugar produced were from liquor evaporated in an open pan, and although undoubtedly far inferior to what might have been produced by more elaborate and scientific processes, have been pronounced by our most intelligent refiners to be of a superior quality, and well granulated, and worth to-day ten cents per pound. The beet is pronounced by intelligent Germans, familiar with the process of sugar-making from it, to be fully equal to the best quality produced in Germany or France under the most favorable circumstances.

The production of sugar from beets has now come to be a leading interest in several European countries. The lands adapted to their culture command the highest prices, and the crop is so profitable that it warrants the most elaborate system of culture. The improvements in the quality of beet and in the process of manufacture, have been so great, that the yield within the last thirty years has increased from three to eleven per cent. Since this percentage has been obtained, the beet in France has become the most important crop in the Empire. In 1861, 148,000 tons were raised in that country, against 9,000 tons in 1830. In Belgium the crop in 1861 was 18,000 tons. In Germany a very large amount was produced; the aggregate for Europe exceeding, in 1861, 200,000 tons, worth more than \$40,000,000.

In our own country the culture of the beet is beginning to attract great interest and attention. The Agricultural Societies of Iowa and Illinois have already taken action in the matter, in which they have been vigorously seconded by the Illinois Central Railway Company, which has offered to transport, free of charge to the manufacturers, all the beets grown from the seeds distributed by Mr. Belcher. Enough has been accomplished to demonstrate that a superior sugar can be produced, and that the percentage of saccharine matter in the American beet exceeds that in the European, as might be expected from the greater heat and moisture of our climate. The President of the Illinois Central Railway has already concluded an arrangement with a German firm to establish a refinery on his farm at Chats-

worth, Ill., the buildings and machinery for which will be in readiness for work the coming season. The contractors will employ fifteen hundred acres of land in the culture of the root.

In the production of beet sugar we have all the advantage of the experience of European manufacturers. In the outset of the culture in France it was stimulated by the Government by the most prodigal bounties. It has now gained such firm footing that an enormous revenue is derived from it. It is so profitable that the annual rental of lands devoted to it in France exceeds four times the price now asked for the soil of the best prairie lands. In France the beet is cultivated entirely by manual labor. In this country, as soon as the plant gained root, the whole culture would be done by labor-saving implements. The produce of this country, the past year, averaged from fifteen to twenty-five tons to the acre, at a cost of not over one dollar the ton. The only element of cost of the manufactured article, remaining unsolved, is that of refining. But, with the well-known skill of our refiners, and the extraordinary success which has attended their efforts, there can be no doubt that this will be equally striking when applied to the clarifying of beet as of cane sugar.

The value of the results growing out of the introduction of the sugar beet into this country can hardly be estimated. Sugar already stands next to manufactures of wool in our imports, and is very rapidly becoming the first. We pay nearly \$40,000,000 annually for foreign sugars alone. If we can place ourselves, as the French have already done, in a position of independence of foreigners, we can keep at home the 40,000,000 in gold and silver, which a balance against us has compelled us to export, to make good our account in the great London clearing house.

We hope the New Agricultural Commission will devote a portion of the appropriation made to it by Congress for the purpose of collecting and diffusing information upon this important subject. It is a crop peculiarly adapted to our Northern States, from the abundant moisture and heat of our climate—two indispensable conditions of successful culture.

EMBROIDERY STAMPS.—Send for a few dozen of S. P. Borden's Celebrated Embroidery and Braiding Stamps. There are thousands of dozens of these stamps in use, and they have never failed to give satisfaction. They will stamp on any material with accuracy. There should be a set in every town. Address S. P. Borden, Massillon, Ohio; or his agents, J. M. Pickering, No. 96 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Carrie P. Aydon, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. A. Brooks, No. 838 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia; Mrs. J. M. Newitt, Chicopee, Mass.; Miss Grace Law, Dixon, Ill.; Mrs. S. A. Childs, Titusville, Pa.; Mrs. E. C. Borden is travelling Agent. Inking cushion, pattern book, and full printed instructions accompany each order without extra charge. Price \$5 per dozen.

A SUBSCRIBER wishes to inquire the best mode of making paste for scrap-books, to keep them from being so stiff. "I have inquired of a great many, and as the last resort I come to you."

"BIDDY, call me at five o'clock to-morrow morning; we leave town at six," said a lady to her domestic.

"Yes, ma'am, and will ye be after ringing the bell to wake me a little airlier, if ye please, so I'll remember."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

We present our young friends with another of those choice illustrated hymns we promised them for their own department.

EVENING PRAYER.



Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!
 Bless thy little lamb to-night!
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Watch my sleep till morning light!

All this day Thy hand has led me—
 Oh, I thank Thee for Thy care;
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me—
 Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven!
 Bless the friends I love so well!
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell!

We also give another one of those amusing Charades in Tableaux.

KNAPSACK.

TABLEAU I.—NAP-

The scene represents the kitchen of a farm-house. At the right of foreground an old woman, with a large white cap, spectacles, and hood, is holding a ball of yarn, in the act of winding it. She has an open book in her lap, over which her hands have fallen, crossed, while her head droops forward on her breast—her eyes are closed; in short, she is an old woman taking a nap while winding her yarn. Standing in front of her, holding an enormous hank of yarn on his outstretched hands, and looking disconsolately at the idle ball connecting with it, is a little boy, in the dress of a country lad. At an open door in the background is a group of children, trying to coax the skein-holder out, making signals, and holding up tops, balls, and marbles.

TABLEAU II.—SACK.

The scene represents a barn. In the background are piled up sacks of apples and potatoes, while in the foreground a party of mischievous boys are collected. One

of them holds open the mouth of a large sack of apples; each of the others has secured an apple, excepting one, who is crawling into the open sack—he is in, and the boys are grouped to show that they mean to tie up the mouth of the sack; one holds the string ready, another leans forward to help the one holding the sack open, and all are laughing. In the background the farmer is just entering, softly, with a large whip in his hand. The boys do not see him.

TABLEAU III.—KNAPSACK.

Here the scene is again the kitchen of a farmhouse, where the family is engaged in fitting out the volunteer. To the right, standing erect, his musket grasped in his right hand, his left arm clasping his wife, who is weeping on his breast, stands a man in the private's costume of the United States Army. His eyes are bent upon his wife, full of love, while his attitude and the firm grasp of his gun show his resolve to go. Near him, seated on the floor and playing with his canteen, is a little girl, while in the centre of foreground, upon the floor, is his open knapsack. The old mother kneeling beside it is putting in his Bible, the father stands with his hands full of stockings, shirts, and other necessaries, while to the left, two sisters are gathering from a table the other articles to fill the knapsack. Children are very good in this tableau, and there is plenty of room for effective dresses. The little old man and woman can wear the dress of the last century, the girls pretty country costumes, and the soldier-boy the blue uniform of the present day—or, the whole scene may be made to represent an event in the Revolution, with the young soldier in full Continental uniform, and the other characters in the dress of that day. If the costumes can be obtained the latter is by far the best for effect, and an old flag with the thirteen stars may be held by a child in the background. Music, as "Hail Columbia," or the "Star-Spangled Banner," if the performer is concealed, will add very much to the effect of the scene.

To COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS.—A new preparation called Newton's Prepared Colors for Albumen pictures is for sale by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. Price, with a bottle of Reducing Liquid complete, with full directions for painting, so that any person, though not an artist, may paint in a most beautiful manner, and very rapidly, the *cartes de visite* and photographs, etc., \$3 30.

There has been offered for sale a worthless imitation that will injure the photograph. See that the box obtained has the name and seal of J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, who are sole agents for the United States.

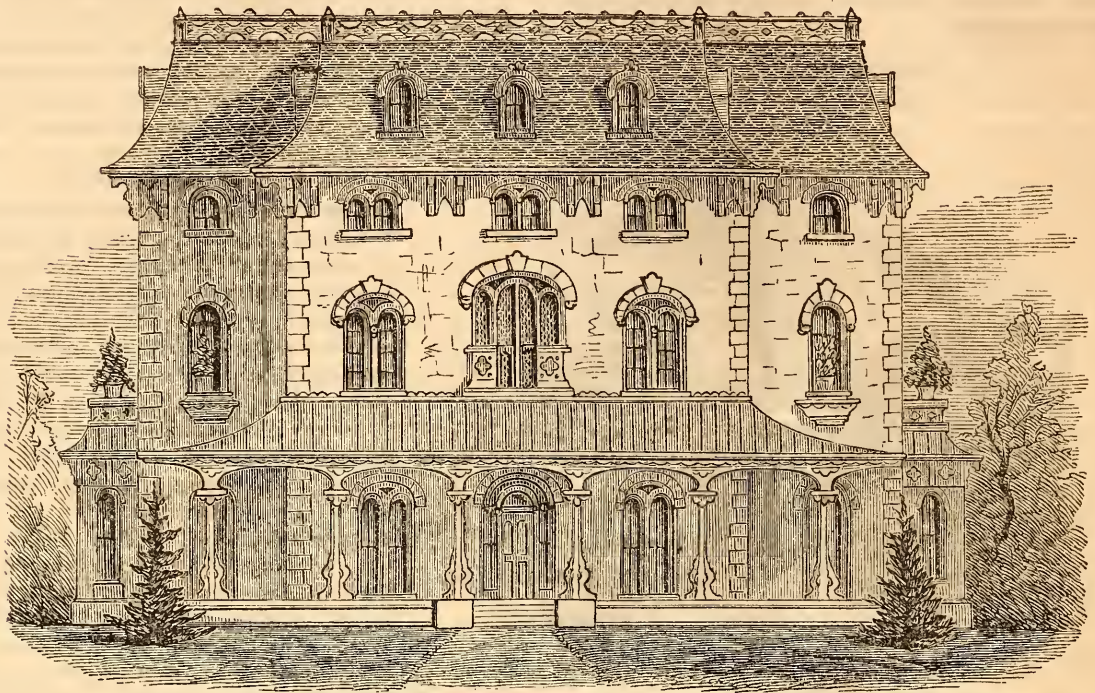
Copies of Natural Flowers for painting with these colors, or for study in oil, pencil, or water colors. Price 25 cents each; per dozen, \$2 25, post paid. Also, beautiful fancy copies of rare engravings for painting this style, 15 cents each; per doz., \$1 25, post paid. Brushes, etc. See Price List of Artists' Goods.

A LADY who prided herself upon her extreme sensibility, said one day to her butcher: "How can you follow such a cruel profession? Ah! how can you kill the poor little innocent lambs!"

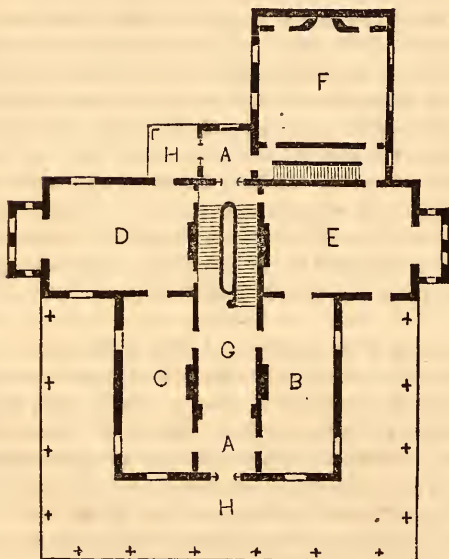
"Madam!" cried the astonished butcher, "would you prefer to eat them alive?"

RURAL RESIDENCE.

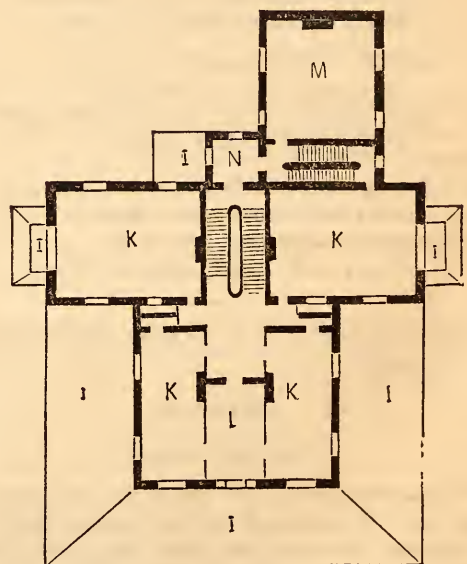
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by ISAAC H. HOBBS, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

First Story.—A vestibule, B sitting-room, C parlor, D parlor, E dining-room, F kitchen, G hall, H porch.

Second Story.—I roofs, K chambers, L dressing-room, M nursery, N bath.

Messrs. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, *ART RECREATIONS*. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will send, post paid, the book for \$2 00. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

WE have received from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, the following music: The Ometeppe Waltz, by J. G. Barnard, as played by the Band of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point; the West Point March; Frederica Waltz; Father Reed's collection of songs—"Johnny is my darling," "Johnny's so bashful," "Shall we know each other there;" L'Amitie Waltz, composed by J. G. Barnard. Flowers of Spring, a choice collection of popular songs with brilliant variations for the piano, by Charles Grobe.

DANIELS, who wished his portrait taken in the most natural manner, desired the painter to represent him—*reading aloud*.

As we receive a large number of new subscribers commencing with the July number, the publication of the following is not amiss:—

SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you miss a number of any magazine, always write to the publishers of the magazine. If *Arthur's*, address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia; if *Harper's*, address Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

When a number of the Lady's Book is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress. Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia."

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply back numbers.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

The postage on the Lady's Book, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four and a half cents* for three monthly numbers.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

THE PARLOR GARDENER.—A complete illustrated guide to the cultivation of house plants, care of green-houses, aquariums, and instructions to many new and beautiful methods of growing plants, of grafting, budding, etc. etc. Price 65 cents. By mail, 70 cents. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, Publishers.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Miss M. S. W.—Sent braiding pattern April 18th.

Miss M. A. B.—Sent patterns 18th.

Mrs. J. McC.—Sent gold braid 18th.

Mrs. E. Y. H.—Sent braiding pattern 18th.

Mrs. S. M. K.—Sent corset pattern 18th.

Mrs. A. G. S.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 18th.

Mrs. M. L. H.—Sent pattern travelling cape, by Kinsley's express 18th.

Mrs. M. N.—Sent talma patterns 18th.

C. G.—Sent braiding pattern and braid, by Adams's express 18th.

Mrs. E. W. R.—Sent braiding pattern 20th.

Miss M. V. L.—Sent hair work 20th.

Mrs. K. C. V.—Sent buttons 22d.

Mrs. J. G. E.—Sent edging 22d.

E. A. S.—Sent hair ring 24th.

E. A.—Sent hair work 24th.

Mrs. C. V. L.—Sent hair rings 24th.

Mrs. C. P.—Sent hair rings 24th.

Mrs. J. M. W.—Sent patterns 24th.

Mrs. A. G.—Sent box containing curtains, etc. by express 25th.

Miss Z. De F.—Sent patterns 27th.

Mrs. H. C. H.—Sent patterns 27th.

Mrs. J. M. S.—Sent gimp for skirt 28th.

Mrs. M. C. J.—Sent flowers, etc. 28th.

D. D. T. M.—Sent pattern 28th.

Mrs. T. T. D.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams's express 29th.

Mrs. G. W. P.—Sent patterns May 1st.

Mrs. J. H. D.—Sent patterns 1st.

Mrs. S. A. C.—Sent patterns 1st.

Mrs. C. P.—Sent patterns 2d.

Mrs. C. R. A.—Sent patterns and needles 2d.

Mrs. E. E. L.—Sent patterns 4th.

Mrs. M. P.—Sent shirt bosoms, etc. 4th.

Mrs. J. C. C.—Sent box containing bonnet, shawl, etc. by express 5th.

J. G.—Sent pattern 8th.

Mrs. C. M. C.—Sent basque pattern 11th.

P. E. B.—Sent braiding pattern 11th.

C. W.—Sent hair net 11th.

Mrs. S. H. B.—Sent pattern boy's pants 11th.

Mrs. A. M. K.—Sent hair pin 13th.

Mrs. C. H. S.—Sent hair ear-rings 13th.

Mrs. E. L.—Sent hair ear-rings and needles 13th.

A. C. S.—Sent hair ring 13th.

Mrs. M. M.—Sent patterns 13th.

Mrs. A. McK.—Sent hair ring 13th.

Mrs. W. H. L.—Sent orne ball and pattern 13th.

Mrs. W., Hillsdale.—Either is correct—according to the tense.

A. E. L.—The Fashion Editor will answer you by sending your name and a stamp to pay return postage.

Miss M. B.—Yours would be an advertisement, and, therefore, subject to a charge.

A New Subscriber.—Pronounce as if spelled Go-de, the accent on the first syllable.

Miss V. R. S.—We will not publish a receipt for removing superfluous hair; nothing will remove it without removing the skin also.

S. C.—We cannot spend several hours looking over numbers for a particular article. We have no idea when the "Camelia" article was published. Some months since we published about a dozen receipts for the skeleton leaves. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, have published a book upon the subject. Should be pleased to oblige you, but "time is money."

H.—It is proposed to have a seat elevator at our theatres to screw up short persons that they may see over a lady's bonnet. What a satisfaction it is that the ladies are just as much incommoded as the gentlemen by the bonnets before them.

Miss L. A. V.—It has become quite customary here, when advertising a marriage, to say "No cards sent." It saves trouble, and no one is offended by not receiving a card. The vile practice of sending presents is still continued. One marriage notice was lately published, "No friends to send cards to."

M. W. C.—An apology is expected by the lady whose founce you tear off by stepping on it, and she is expected to receive it, knowing that you could not have avoided the accident. Her *cue* is to smile and say, "It is of no consequence;" but she is supposed to say privately, "The awkward fellow!"

L. V.—If a married woman were to wear over her

wedding-ring a ring given to her by a single young man, "an acquaintance of three years' standing," we should consider it not only "very improper," but positively disreputable.

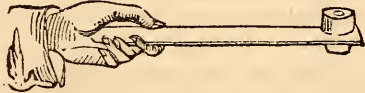
S. A.—You should receive good advice in a meeker and more amiable spirit. You asked, and we gave our opinion.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XXIII.—(Continued.)

567. Add now to the silver a piece of lead about thrice its own dimensions; fuse both together. This silver we will now proceed to extract from the lead, by a process actually followed in practice, and termed *cupellation*. We shall, however, vary a few of the details, the better to suit our purpose.

568. Put into a clear fire—a bone. Burn it to perfect whiteness, and powder the result. Damp it with a little water, ram it very hard into a common brass thimble, smooth the surface level with the thimble's



edge, then let it become perfectly dry in an oven, or other hot place; when perfectly dry, scoop out a small cavity on the surface, and fix the thimble tightly into a hole cut in a slip of wood, which may serve for a handle.

569. Put the alloy of lead and silver into the cavity thus formed, and direct down upon it the hottest part of the blowpipe flame.

570. For this experiment, a spirit-lamp flame probably will be superior to any other. After having continued the fusion for ten or fifteen minutes, all the lead will have become converted into oxide, and the fused oxide will be absorbed into the bone earth, as a sponge. In practice this operation is conducted on a little crucible formed of bone earth, and termed a *cupel*; the latter being heated in a little oven called a *muffle*, furnished with slits in its side to admit the passage of a current of atmospheric air. This muffle is let into the side of a furnace.



571. Had the alloy been one of silver, lead and gold, then the silver and gold would have remained unoxidized and combined. Had it been one of silver, lead, gold and platinum, still only the lead would have been removed. Therefore, silver, gold, and platinum are termed noble metals. Not only is fused lead oxide absorbed by bone earth, but in being absorbed is able to carry small portions of other oxides with it. Hence the operation of cupelling is had recourse to generally for separating the noble metals from the ignoble metals. The noble metals can only be separated from each other by the moist process.

572. In order to apply the process of cupellation, the substance operated on must be in the condition of alloy; that is to say, in the condition of one calcigenous metal united with one or more others. Thus, for instance, common argentiferous galena or sulphuret of lead and silver is not in a condition proper for being cupelled, until all the sulphur has been driven off by the process technically called *roasting*, which consists in exposing the substance to the combined influence of heat and atmospheric air for a considerable period.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggins & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR JULY.

Fig. 1.—Dress of white grenadine *barège*, spotted with purple. One deep fluted flounce is on the edge of the skirt. Over this is a narrow fluted ruffle and a rose quilling of purple silk. The corsage is low, in order that it may be worn with a lace, or muslin guimpe. It is made high in the neck by a fichu of the grenadine *barège*, trimmed to match the skirt. The sleeves are made with a cap, which forms a short sleeve if desired. The long sleeves reach nearly to the elbow, and are finished with one deep fluted ruffle. The sash is of broad purple ribbon. The hat is of Leghorn, caught up on the right side, and drooping very low at the back. The trimming is a wreath of myrtle with blossoms.

Fig. 2.—Mauve grenadine dress, trimmed with two bands of white silk covered by French lace. The corsage is low, and trimmed with a band of lace. A pointed fichu, crossing slightly in front, is trimmed with a fluted ruffle and insertions of black lace over white silk. Straw hat, edged with a fall of black lace, and trimmed with a lace scarf and a tuft of deep red roses.

Fig. 3.—Boy's costume of buff *piqué*, braided with black. The skirt is laid in heavy box plaits, and a braided sash is fastened at the left side. The waist is a Zouave, worn over a very full white Garibaldi shirt.

Fig. 4.—Dress of white *barège*, trimmed with five narrow bias ruffles, edged with black velvet and black

lace. The corsage is plain, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. A short pelerine of the *barège* crosses in front, and forms a sash at the back. The coiffure is one of the most approved styles.

Fig. 5.—Dress of striped pine-apple fibre, made with fluted ruffles on the edge of the skirt, and up the front in the tablier style. The scarf is of the same material as the dress, and perfectly plain. The hair is arranged in *crêpé* bands in front, and caught up in a waterfall at the back.

Fig. 6.—Misses dress, of a very thin pink Mozambique. The skirt is trimmed with four ruffles bound with silk. The corsage is square, and worn with a guimpe. A wide sash of pink ribbon is tied at the back.

ORGANDIE DRESS.

From *A. T. Stewart's Establishment, corner of Broadway and Tenth St., New York.*

(See engravings, page 17.)

BACK and front view of an organdie dress. It is a clear white ground, dotted with purple. The bands bordering the skirt, and extending up the front, are of purple, and the design below the bands is to represent black lace, which it does admirably. The sash is also of organdie, stamped with the same design which ornaments the skirt.

COIFFURE FOR A YOUNG LADY.

(See engravings, page 20.)

THE front hair is in three heavy curls, arranged to look like rolls, and kept in place by small combs. The back hair is tied very low on the neck, and the comb stuck in. The hair being made very smooth, has a fancy colored ribbon trimmed loosely round it, and then looped up to the right and left as represented in our plate.

HEADDRESS.

(See engraving, page 22.)

HAIR turned off the face, and both back and front arranged very loosely over frizettes. The wreath is composed of large pink roses, with their buds and foliage, also fancy grasses.

THE MARIA THERESA CRAVAT.

(See engraving, page 22.)

SILK or velvet may be used for this cravat. The ends are embroidered in silk and beads, *which should be worked before the cravat is lined.* It measures thirty-one inches from end to end, and each end at the widest part is four and three-quarter inches, which is folded in to the width of two inches. The ends are trimmed with three rows of lace, as well as round the neck. In the trimming round the neck a piece of net should be cut, which should be trimmed with lace before it is attached to the cravat. Four yards of lace are required for trimming.

FANCY COIFFURES.

(See engraving, page 23.)

Fig. 1.—A fancy coiffure, made of ruby velvet, gold cord, and a white plume. The small cut refers to the coiffure without the plume. This is one of the most desirable styles.

Fig. 2.—Butterfly coiffure, suitable for a young lady. It is for the back of the head, and made of black velvet and gold cord.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JULY.

WE think we cannot chat this month upon a more interesting subject than riding habits.

Riding, we are glad to see, has increased in favor all over the land. A fine horse is at all times a pleasant sight; but the finest horse never looks so well in our eyes, as when he proudly bears a fair lady, with her flowing skirt. The Empress of the French, besides being the most beautiful woman, is the most admirable rider in her dominions. She sets the fashion for all the world. If it be to her influence that we owe the fashion of riding on horseback, she has rendered our ladies an excellent service.

Fashion has changed very little, in the way of riding habits. All seem to agree that it is rather a conspicuous position for a lady, and consequently her dress should be plain, at least in the city. At a fashionable watering-place, fancy may be allowed more liberty.

The main points are, that the habit should fit well, and the skirt be long and ample. But bear in mind, dear readers, that there is such a thing as a "*juste milieu.*" If the skirt be too long the fair lady's life is in danger, and if it be too wide the horse will be covered with a mountain of dress. The only rule we can give is, that the skirt must be just long and wide enough to hang gracefully.

Few under skirts should be worn. One is ample. Indeed, skirts are generally ignored, and pantaloons, the color of the habit, are now donned.

Though a cloth habit may be found uncomfortably warm on starting, still it is so difficult to provide for both heat and cold, that, as a sanitary precaution, we would advise a rather thick habit. For the city, we admire a dark habit, say black, blue, green, or gray, made with a deep jockey at the back, buttoned in front up to the throat, with tight, or elbow sleeves almost tight. With this should be worn linen collar and cuffs. The Byron is a pretty style. The tie can be of white muslin, or of bright ribbon, either of which, however, must be without streamers to fly about. The hair should be done up closely in a net. The invisible is the best style.

In New York, the steeple hat is much worn, and when the lady is short, and has a well shaped head, it is becoming. But the steeple hat, besides being very warm, does not soften or conceal defects, and we would rather substitute for it the Andalusian, Francis 1st, Henry 3d, or some other fancy style, to be found at Genin's on Broadway. The best style of veil is the Loup or Mask veil, which we described in our January Chat.

At the watering-places we see habits of every variety. There are alpacas and merinos of every shade, trimmed fancifully with silk, velvet, and braid; also gray, buff, white *piqués* made up in the most varied styles.

With these fancy costumes, of course the hat should correspond. The most stylish of the season is of white felt, with rather high crown and trimmed with a black lace scarf tied at the back. The contrast between the white felt and black lace is striking and beautiful.

A handsome whip and well fitting gauntlets complete the equipment of our equestrienne, and so we leave her.

Mme. Demorest has just brought out some entirely new styles for thin dresses. One dress, the Walewski, named after the countess of that name, has three bands of silk or ribbon, sewed on in points, or herring-bone. The lower band extends from the edge of the skirt to the top of hem, the under part of the hem being cut out

between the points, which gives a light and novel effect. The same trimming extends up the front and trims the waist and sleeves. A scarf mantle of new and graceful form accompanies this dress. The *Senorita*—called so, we suppose, from its Spanish appearance—has three ruffles, headed by thick ruchings of silk and caught up in festoons by black lace rosettes. The same style of trimming is on the front of the skirt, the corsage, and sleeves.

Skirts are still plaited, the prettiest style being one large and three small plaits.

The newest body has a jockey half a yard deep, formed of three box plaits, each plait being pointed at the end.

For misses, Mme. Demorest is tucking the skirts, and binding each tuck (which is only one inch wide) with a tiny ribbon or velvet.

Nor have the juveniles been forgotten. From the host of pretty things, we select two for description. One, a dress for a little boy, consists of a white *piqué* skirt elegantly braided, and laid in heavy box plaits. To this is attached shoulder braces, connected both back and front by three bands, all beautifully braided. This is worn over a tucked white waist or shirt.

For a little girl, there is a dress open on each side of the skirt, and the space filled in with an elegantly tucked and braided side stripe. The dress skirt being trimmed all round and up the sides with a fluted ribbon. The corsage is merely side bodies and shoulder straps, sloped down to the waist both back and front, and trimmed with a ruching. This is worn over a muslin waist or *guimpe*. The name of this waist is not taken, as some suppose, from the *Sairey Gamp* of Dickens' story. There are many other beautiful styles, which we have not space to describe.

We think mothers could not do better than to visit this establishment, where every article of clothing for infant, child, miss, or lady can be had in paper, the exact counterpart of the original. To amateur dress-makers, these patterns are of valuable assistance, and there is no excuse for them if they do not have pretty sleeves, when there are so many pretty and, at the same time, simple patterns to be had.

Trimmings for dresses are now of so varied a character, that it is almost impossible to enumerate them. Among them, however, are elegant gimp sets, made expressly for each dress, chenille fringes from two inches to one-half yard in width, and lastly, leather trimmings. This seems at first blush a harsh material for a trimming. When we first saw the plain bands, studded with gilt and steel knobs, it was so much in the trunk style that we were ready to consign leather to oblivion. We have lately, however, had reason to change our opinion respecting leather trimming, since we have seen them on some recently imported French mantles. The leather is pressed to resemble elegant gimps and gimp ornaments. Buttons are also ornamented to match, and the contrast between the leather and the black silk is charming. We can positively say that leather is the prettiest trimming of the season. Not only does it assert its claim to novelty, but also to elegance. Cuir-colored silk is also much used in the trimming of mantles, and with good effect.

The weather has now become so warm that light mantles entirely supersede the silk ones. At Brodie's besides the usual variety of lace of every style, shape, and price, are the pretty white *barège* wraps, always fashionable, of which one never tires, and so cool and

pretty for summer. There are talmas, without arm-holes, trimmed with deep ruffles headed by ruchings, velvets, or braids, and finished at the neck by a very full ruching of the *barège*. Then the gracefully scarf shape, trimmed also with fluted ruffles and ruchings.

A *pardessus* of lace, with an application of ribbon, covered with lace, makes a light and pretty wrap. Grenadines and *barège Anglais* are also made up in the most graceful forms, and will be found a most convenient wrap for the summer season.

Aprons are being introduced for home wear, made generally of black silk, or *moiré*, trimmed with black velvet, black and white braid, fluted ruffles, steel buttons, or leather trimming. In the August number we shall give two very good illustrations of this pretty little article of dress.

The revival of hair powder has not been a success, though to some faces the *white* powder is decidedly becoming. But rest content there, dear ladies, and do not venture on the violet, blue, or green powders you see in the *coiffeurs'* windows. This, however, may be a useless precaution, for we think few of our belles would willingly appear with purple or blue heads. Red, in our eyes, would be decidedly preferable.

Velvet necklaces are among the pretty novelties. They are a yard and a quarter long, and half an inch wide, and are ornamented with pendants, which surround the throat, the velvet being tied in a bow behind.

The white clerical looking tie is still worn.

Sashes made of black foundation lace, and covered with rows of lace and ribbon, and ornamented with beads, are very fashionable, also very expensive, when purchased, though they may be made very prettily at home at a trifling expense.

Not only are children wearing the little Red Riding-hoods, but Mrs. Ellis is also making them up for young ladies. They are trimmed in various ways, some with swan's-down, which is rapidly gaining favor.

Another pretty wrap, to be made of scarlet material, is a very full circle, with pointed hood. The end of the circle, which is finished with a tassel, should be thrown over the left shoulder. When a lady has sufficient style to wear this gracefully, it is a most charming drapery. But few, we are sorry to say, can do it.

Mrs. Ellis is making up some new styles of bodies; some of them with square jockeys and square ends in front. In others, the jockeys and ends are rounded. The thin waists are made without a shoulder seam. The *Pompadour* or square waist has been revived, and is much in favor.

Some of the prettiest braided dresses we have seen are from this establishment. One was an *ashes of roses* alpaca, braided very richly both on the body and skirt with a brown serpentine braid. The sleeves were a novelty. They were buttoned from the shoulder to the wrist, and when closed, made a plain, but pretty sleeve; but when unbuttoned part of the way, and the white sleeve pulled through, it was quite a dressy affair. A talma, richly braided, accompanied this dress. Linked rings of ribbon, silk, or velvet, arranged in different ways on the skirt, is one of the newest styles.

The most simple styles, suitable for misses, are three fluted ruffles, separated by three tucks or bands of ribbon, or else three tiny ruffles just at the edge of the dress.

No two dresses are made alike, and it is impossible for us to describe all the fanciful creations we have seen from the work-room of Mrs. Ellis.

FASHION.

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION. }
New York Agency, 823 Broadway. }
New York, March 3d, 1863.

To Mrs. Moore,
Cor. Sec'y of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch
of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

DEAR MADAM: Allow me, through you, to thank the ladies of Philadelphia, for the cordial and generous reception accorded by them to my propositions for uniting the women of your friendly city, and throughout your Keystone State, in a more systematic supply of the wants of the National Soldier who falls wounded or sick in the service of his country.

Permit me to condense into this letter the essential points in this case.

1. We have about eight hundred thousand men in the field. At any given time one hundred thousand of these may be safely assumed to be sick, either in Regimental hospitals, in Convalescent Camps, or in General Hospitals.

2. Half of this hundred thousand sick may be in cities or other neighborhoods *within the reach of loyal friends*—near New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati. From these points it is possible to reach them, by State and Local Societies, or by private beneficence. A strong objection, however, exists among Government Authorities, both Military and Medical, to the visits of committees, or persons of any kind, in the Camps and Hospitals. Ignorant, as they innocently are, of the rules and regulations, these agents of the benevolence of States, cities, and counties interrupt, confuse, and embarrass the order of the places they visit. They are barely tolerated, and usually viewed with jealousy or dislike by Surgeons and officers. This is truer, in proportion, as the Hospitals are more truly military and nearer the actual seat of war. The objection to these agents is not due to a capricious and needless fault-finding. It grows out of a regard for the patients, who, when gathered in large bodies, must be kept in strict subordination and under rigid regulations, or much life would necessarily be lost. In an Hospital, when well ordered, everything must move like clockwork. There is a responsible officer for every duty. Surgeons, wardmasters, nurses, apothecaries, guards—each and all have their duties assigned, with care, to which each must be held closely. Irregular visitors, committees with delicacies, with extra clothing, can no more be allowed to come in and break up this order, than so many pebbles could be allowed to drop into a chronometer! A few State and local associations understand these matters, and adopt judicious methods; but, as a rule, it requires so much practice and experience to do good service in this department, that the most kindly intended efforts usually fail. The best regulated Hospitals do not allow *any distribution* of food or clothing *by visitors*. The Surgeon has a *donation-room*, into which all gifts pass, and they are distributed by his own order and by the hands of his own responsible nurses, according as need exists. And this alone can secure any proper protection to the patients' lives, who, in very numerous instances, have fallen victims to the imprudent beneficence of their well-meaning, but mistaken friends.

It is of the greatest importance that these Hospitals and Camps, within ordinary reach, should be visited by as few outsiders (excepting always the personal friends of the sick soldier) as possible. They are usually not in serious want of anything which State and local committees are able to give. The Government is so much more their friend than any State or local society of relief can be, that the disturbance, caused by outside aid, usually diminishes (by interrupting the Government system) the general comfort more than it increases it in individual instances. Take the Hospital at West Philadelphia or Chestnut Hill. What outside aid is likely to equal such a fact as this—that one thousand three hundred quarts of the richest milk are daily supplied for the support of about one thousand three hundred patients in each of these Hospitals? The Government supply bears, in almost every particular, a gigantic ratio to all that outside benevolence can do. And if any substantial want exists which Government regulations cannot reach, then it is commonly beyond the relief of local or even State committees. For instance, the Chestnut Hill Hospital had a glaring sun shining in through the uncurtained windows of nearly all its wards, upon the weak eyes and enfeebled nerves of its patients. Thousands of visitors saw it, but until the Sanitary Commission visited it, no one could say, "draw on our treasury for five hundred dollars and order blinds at once for those dreadful windows."

The one fact constantly to be kept in view by those who love the sick and wounded soldier, is that, under God, the National Government is his only constant, unfeeling, omnipresent, long-pursed, and omnipotent friend. That all other aid is weak, fitful, uncertain, and easily baffled. The State Committees, and all sorts of Relief Associations, do all their work for him at great disadvantage, under protest from the authorities, without any certainty of doing good, and that half, at least, of all they attempt, is thrown away. This is true even in dealing with that half of the sick and wounded who are comparatively within reach.

3. But now we come to a much more serious fact. One half of all our sick and wounded men are within the military lines, at comparatively inaccessible points, and exclusively under a strict military and governmental care. They are not at or near Washington. They are at points nearer the front. They are scattered along the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, in North Carolina and near Port Royal, down at New Orleans, Baton Rouge, and above Vicksburg. It is at these distant points that the Government labors with the greatest difficulties in the care of its sick and wounded. Lumber to build, or buildings to serve as Hospitals are had only with difficulty and delay. Supplies are interrupted by low-water, or raid-broken railroads; transportation is embarrassed by the necessity of pressing forward food and ammunition, at the expense of hospital supplies; the country is perhaps ravaged by being the field of war in alternate possession of friend and foe; everything combines to create difficulties. Here it is that the Hospitals require immense supplementary stores. But what local associations, representing rich cities and thickly-settled states, can reach down to these distant places, where the Northern Soldier lies often sick, and thinks himself forgotten at home? Here is the peculiar field of the Sanitary Commission. It is when the New York, the Massachusetts, the Iowa, the Michigan, the Pennsylvania, the Illinois, the Rhode Island soldier finds himself far away from his own State and friends, far down on the front

and in the often desolate regions which the hoof of war has trampled into sterility and ruin, it is there that the Government feels the need of the aid of some representative of the beneficence of the rich, abundant, prosperous homes of the loyal States, to eke out her own arrangements, to supplement the inevitable deficiencies, which the nature of war and the character of the country, and perhaps the ill-trained nature of a body of bold, patriotic, but unskilled officers combine to occasion. And such a representative it finds in the United States Sanitary Commission.

This peculiar body, when the war broke out, was deliberately appointed to fill this place. To accompany, with semi-official authority, each column of the army; to open its depots and storehouses alongside of the Government depots; to have its skilled and trained agents at head quarters; to form a close and cordial alliance with the Medical Directors and Surgeons; to have all possible facilities of transportation and recognition; and to go wherever the soldier went and be wherever his Hospital was opened. The United States Sanitary Commission have performed this office in all parts of the country, North, South, West. Its agents are with every column; its stores accompany every expedition, its watchfulness and care are the greater, as the soldier goes further from the eye of friends and home, from State protection and from domestic knowledge. Without diminishing anything from its devotion to the Camps and Hospitals nearer home—to which it has furnished millions of supplies—it looks after those whom no other body of care takers can look after—the *National soldier in the front when he falls sick or wounded*. True, there, as everywhere, the Government is his best friend, and does, always, ten times more than all others can; but, next to the Government and in aid of the Government, comes the Sanitary Commission, with its long purse, its great facilities, its now long experience, its full acquaintance with Government rules, its hearty relations with the military authorities, and gives the Government just that extra support and aid which its extremity may require. To accomplish this, the Sanitary Commission must have much money in its treasury; it must have immense supplies at its control; it must have numerous and experienced agents in the field; it must have established depots at advanced posts; it must anticipate battles; it must sometimes hire steamboats and send them thousands of miles with loads of supplies; it must own wagons and horses, or hire pack-mules; it must have resources of every kind so large, that nothing short of the benevolence of the whole country, in money, in industry, in gifts, can adequately meet its wants. If it had not enjoyed a confidence which has thus far secured it these means it could never have extended its operations over a hundredth part of the immense field it now covers. What has brought into its treasury about seven hundred thousand dollars in money, and probably three or four million dollars worth of supplies? Only the slow growing confidence of the public, watching all other instrumentalities, and finally, on the general testimony of the Government, Medical Department, the Generals, and those who have studied the question, concluding to concentrate on this special Institution, the beneficent means of meeting the wants of our sick and wounded soldiers.

The wants of the sick are diminishing in that half of the field nearer home, which State and local Societies can do something to meet. They are increasing in that other and more distant half, which none but the United States Sanitary Commission can aid. As we advance into new fields, and go further South, we shall find constantly increasing hardships in the Hospitals that accompany the army or hang near the rear. Supplies are dearer than ever, and materials more costly. It is important to economize to the utmost the good will and industry of the women of the land. We ask, therefore, that the best system shall be permitted to prevail; that supplies should be allowed to go where we alone know they are most wanted that the loyal home shall send their gifts to those who have the best and only facilities of reaching the greatest sufferers; to those who have Government transportation, and relations with the Medical Department, and an understanding with the Generals in the field.

Let there be no more waste, miscarriage or baffled efforts. Whatever you may hitherto have been doing, from this time consider how you can best and most surely reach the suffering soldier, where he is most exposed and forgotten. Organize a circle in your church, your village, your town. Draw in as many women as you can. Make up weekly a small (or a large) bundle or box, and forward it to the Philadelphia Women's Auxiliary of the Sanitary Commission 1307 Chestnut Street, where it will speedily find its way to Washington or to Louisville, and be distributed, in the shortest possible time, to those who need it most. Do not delay, and do not abandon your efforts after a short time. You must enlist in the work for the war. It is the women's part in the struggle we are now in. As long as the men fight, the women must knit and sew, and the friends at home furnish means to alleviate sorrows and wants of the Camps and Hospitals. I might tell you a long story about other parts of the work of the Sanitary Commission; about its constant inspection of Camps, and its great apparatus of care to prevent soldiers from getting sick; about its Tracts and Essays on Health and on Medical Subjects, extending to three hundred thousand copies; about its Hospital Directory, by which, on writing to Washington or Louisville, you can usually learn whether your soldier-boy is sick or well, where he is and how to get to him; of its "Homes" and "Lodges" for discharged soldiers at Washington and elsewhere; of its Pay and Pension Agencies; of its Transportation and Arrangements for getting soldiers home; of its great Statistical Bureau; of its Special Relief Agents; of its Hospital Inspection Corps—but time would fail me.

I can only invoke the peculiar aid of the man and the supply of Hospital clothing from the women in all Pennsylvania, and from all other parts of the country—sure that this is the most direct, humane, efficient and fixed channel through which the good will and Christian care of the people can flow to sick and wounded patriots in the field.

Respectfully and cordially, yours, HENRY W. BELLOWS.

President of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

P. S.—It is hardly necessary to add that a most exact account of the expenditures of the Commission is kept at Washington, and that it is verified by proper auditing officers. The books are open at all times to the inspection of those who have contributed to the support of the Commission.



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of Corn is from 50 to 80 bushels per acre. Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep and Hogs are raised here at a small cost, and yield large profits. It is believed that no section of country presents greater inducements for Dairy Farming than the Prairies of Illinois, a branch of farming to which but little attention has been paid, and which must yield sure profitable results. Between the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers, and Chicago and Dunleith, (a distance of 56 miles on the Branch and 147 miles by the Main Trunk,) Timothy Hay, Spring Wheat, Corn, &c., are produced in great abundance.

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The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Wheat crop of 1861 was estimated at 85,000,000 bushels, while the Corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels besides the crop of Oats, Barley, Rye, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Pumpkins, Squashes,

Flax, Hemp, Peas, Clover, Cabbage, Beets, Tobacco, Sorghums, Grapes, Peaches, Apples, &c., which go to swell the vast aggregate of production in this fertile region. Over Four Million tons of produce were sent out the State of Illinois during the past year.

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There are Ninety-eight Depots on the Company's Railway, giving about one every seven miles. Cities, Towns and Villages are situated at convenient distances throughout the whole route, where every desirable commodity may be found as readily as in the oldest cities of the Union, and where buyers are to be met for all kinds of farm produce.

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