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**CODEY'S
LADY'S
BOOK.**

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



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GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR MAY 1867.



mel. Sc.

FOR MAY 1863.



"HANDS ACROSS."

A D I E U

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

BY W. DELESDERNIER.

—•••—

Adagio Espressivo.



pp



p

Friend of my heart, a - dieu; God keep thee in His



p

A DIEU.

care. Re - ceive this part - ing sigh, Be -

lieve this part - ing pray'r, And do not for - get the
cres.

few Bright hopes we've known. A - dieu, A -
dim. *pp* *diminuendo.*

dieu. Friend of my heart, a - dieu.
pp *pp morendo.*

SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER COSTUME, SUITABLE FOR VISITING.



Dress of green taffetas, with designs in white sprinkled over it. A row of black velvet, braided with white silk cord, is placed on the edge of the dress, and carried up one side. The velvet band is edged with black guipure lace. The body is made with revers, trimmed to match the skirt. Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with buff ribbons and field flowers.

SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER COSTUME.



Violet silk dress, trimmed with bands of black *moiré*, carried up the right side of the dress. The bands are edged with narrow guipure lace. Corslet of black *moiré*, which is merely a band at the back, and finishes with two long ends trimmed with guipure lace. Cap of spotted white lace, trimmed with two shades of green ribbon.

THE SOUTACHE ROBE.



Presented for publication in the Lady's Book by MESSRS. A. T. STEWART & Co., of New York.

(See description, Fashion department.)

THE VEGA.

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



The above illustration will remind our fair friends of the modes which ruled some decade of years ago—this present style consisting of a long scarf form, with a flounce plaited upon it for a skirt. Two narrow frills, *en suite*, ornament the top and head the skirt. These are graced with a button at the upper portion of each facing plait, and the whole series are edged with narrow guipure lace. The tabs are circular, and flounced.

A more ample garment of the talma shape is a great beauty also. It is to say, a circular. At each shoulder one broad plait, and a very narrow one at either side is set on; then start from the apex of the shoulder, the points being arranged to form a Λ head, the tops of which are ornamented with brandebourgs, or drop tassels. The fronts and bottom are richly embroidered.

THE LATEST PARISIAN STYLES FOR HEADDRESSES, ETC.

(See description, Fashion department.)



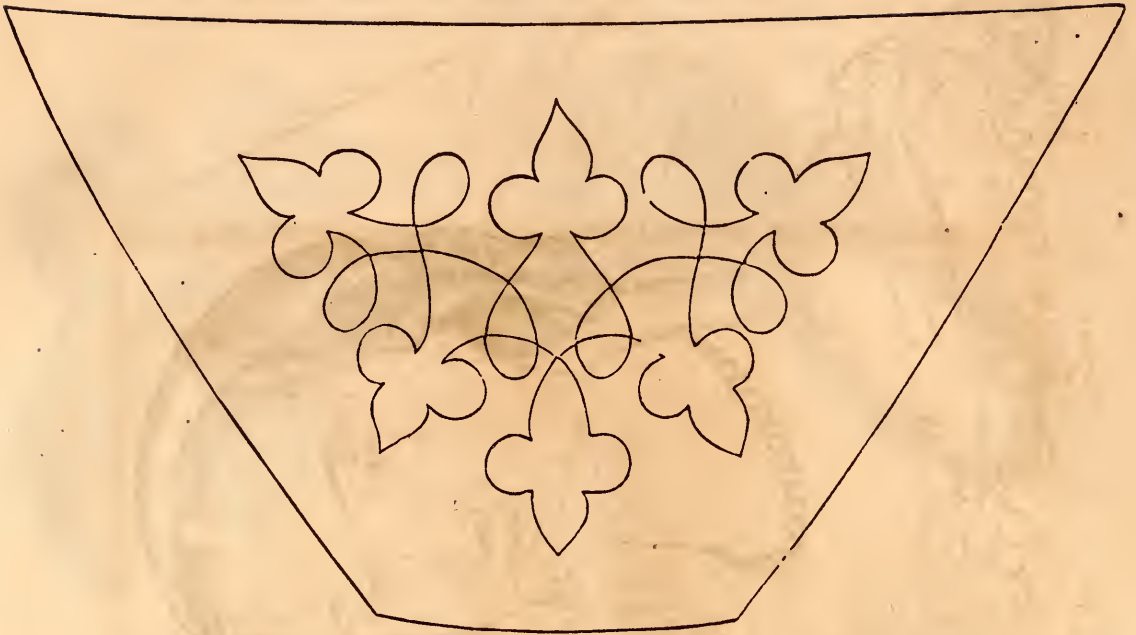
A NEW COIFFURE.

(Front and back view.)

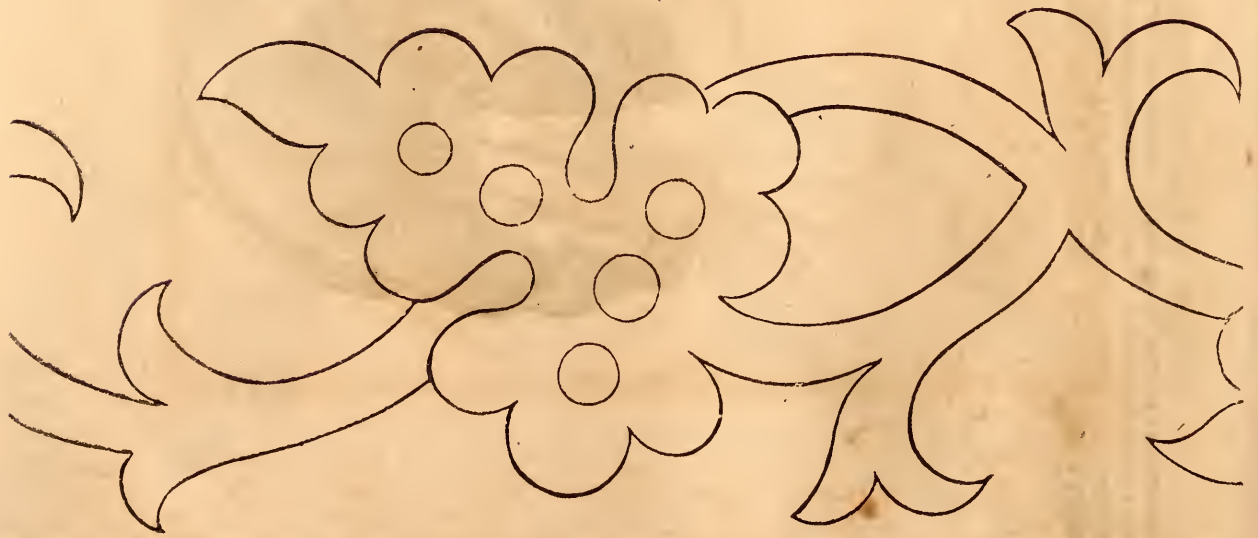
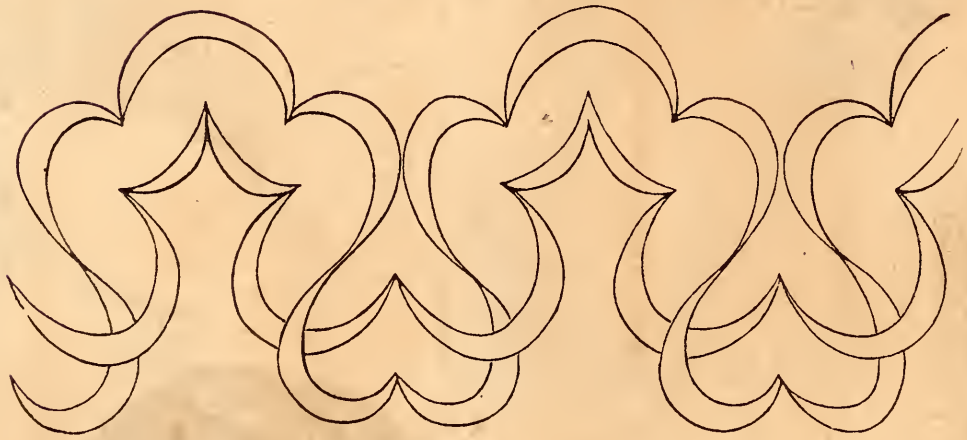


The hair is parted very far back, almost to the neck, reserving but a small portion in which to catch the comb. The front hair is brushed off from the face and rolled forward over a fancy colored ribbon. A succession of rolls fall below this upper one, and are also carried to the back, where the fastenings are concealed by loops of ribbon which fall from the comb.

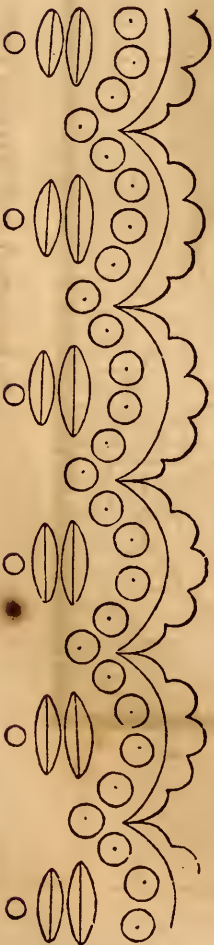
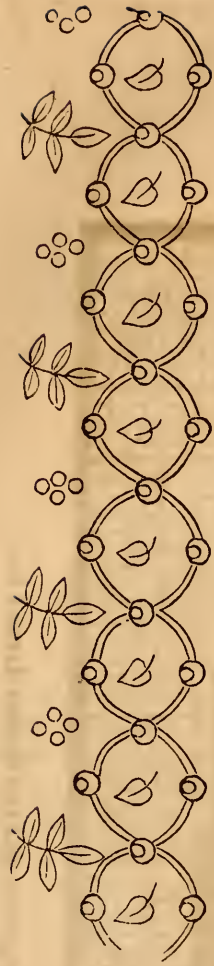
FRONT OF BRAIDED SLIPPER.



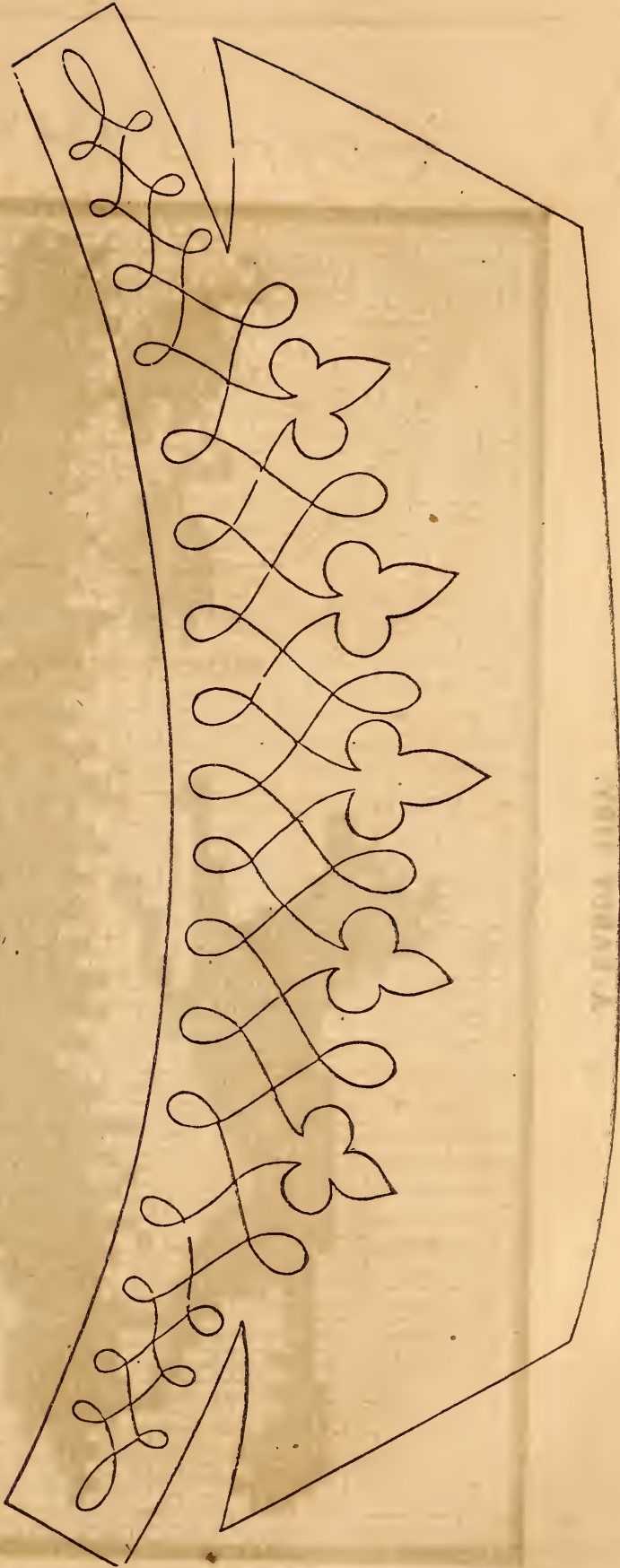
BRAIDING PATTERNS.



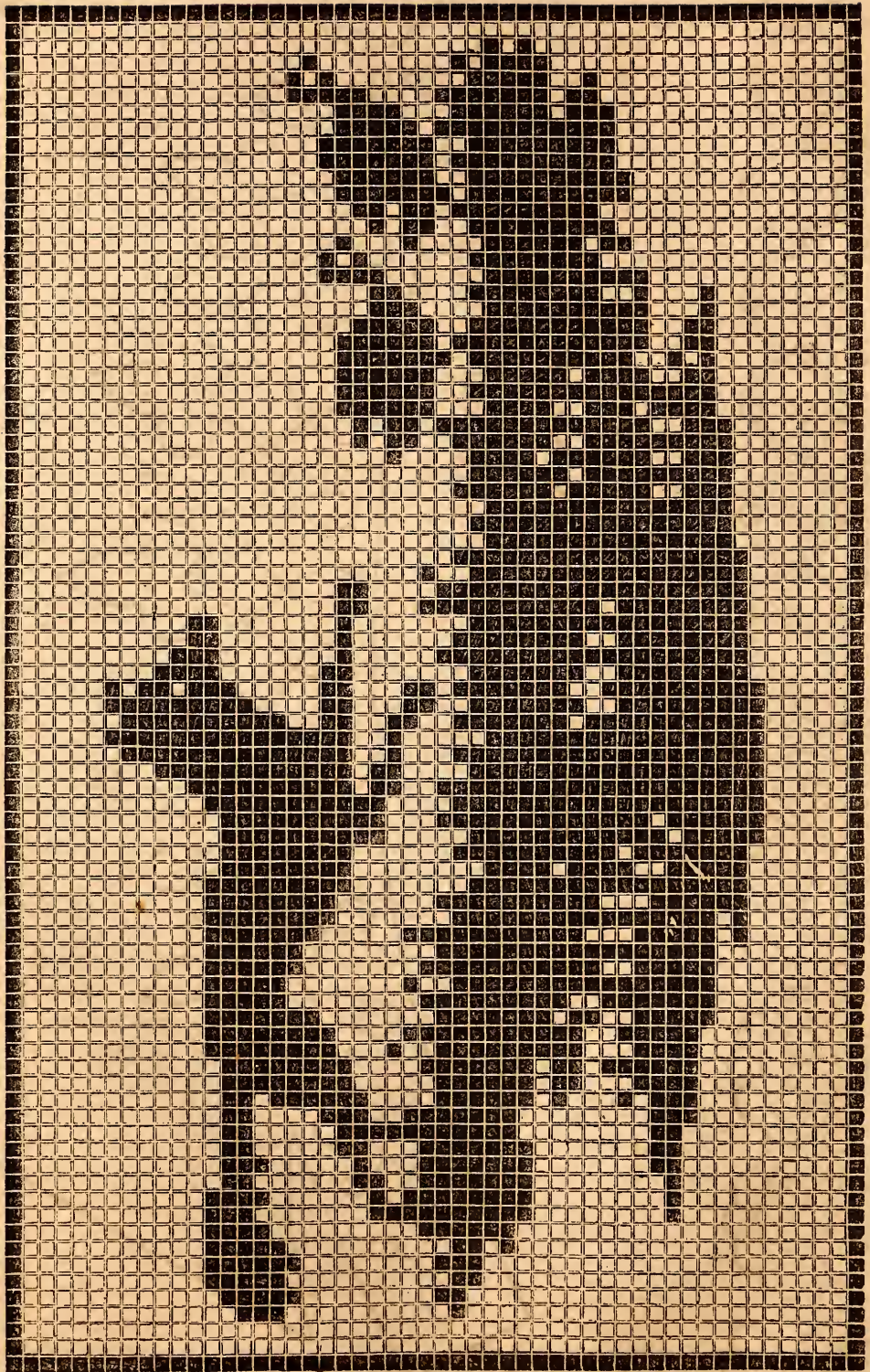
EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



BACK AND SIDES OF BRAIDED SLIPPER.



A FANCY TIDY.



To be netted with German knitting cotton, and the figures darned in.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1863.

A MORNING AT STEWART'S.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

ON the afternoon of a dull November day, in the late dull autumn, we were purchasing some trifle at one of the thronged counters at Stewart's, when we accidentally heard that it was the last week "down town."

Being of the constant conservative temperament that ever deprecates change, whether it is of an article of furniture, a boot maker, or a place of residence, we strolled with a lingering regret, almost amounting to sadness, through those noble saloons for "the last time," calling up the changes that had passed our individual life, since our first bewildered glimpse as a school-girl fresh from the country, of their gay and animated scenes—let us be candid, sixteen years ago!—and the social transition that called for the meditated removal. Then, "Stewart's," opposite the Park, was in the centre of the retail trade; above Canal was up town for general shopping purposes. Now, no one goes below, and the great "quarter"—in which this thronged emporium of spring and fall shoppers stands—is given up, as is "the city," in London to the roar of heavy traffic, and the whirl of vast commercial transactions. They have driven the butterflies from the haunts of trade; the gay equipages and flashing harness give place to the solid dray, or the rattling express; boxes encumber the sidewalk, so lately echoing to the patter of pretty feet, and the light toilets of our "lilies of the field" cease to brighten the anxious, care-worn crowd that throng the public ways. Shall we live to see "below Fourteenth" voted out of reach, and a new Stewart's arise fronting Central Park?

On the morning of Nov. 10th, a sunshiny day at last, after a week of storm and English fog, we drove past the deserted palace, which must

have waked wonderingly that morning to its echoing desolation. Groups of surprised and disconcerted looking females patrolled the steps, tried the various entrances, and at last discovered, from the huge placards, that this was a feminine Stewart's no longer. Henceforth it was given over to unpicturesque buyers of the wholesale.

We designed then, and have recently put into execution, an intention of visiting the new establishment for the benefit of our distant readers who have not an opportunity of seeing with their own eyes. They may congratulate themselves on being saved some physical fatigue, if our pen can photograph its scenes so as to give them some idea of "up town Stewart's."

The building itself, like its predecessor, is of white marble, and looms up purely at the angle of Broadway, occupied by Grace Church, between Ninth and Tenth Streets. It does not yet occupy the whole block, that is left for the hereafter. We will enter on Ninth Street, for this corner is built round, and then have a gradual interior view. We find ourselves instantly in the midst of business. This entrance or lobby is occupied by the package department, where many busy hands are checking, tossing and bearing off for delivery the hundreds of neatly enveloped parcels, stamped, signed, countersigned, and registered to prevent mistakes, to their various places of destination; a most important and beautifully regulated department, and one where great strictness and accuracy are of necessity required, when the whole enormous trade is "retail."

A wide staircase, with a neat mahogany balustrade, apparently ascends to the top of the

building from this entrance; but we are going below, and descending one flight, come upon a room where great brown rolls of oilcloth, twenty, thirty, and forty feet long, are piled like rows of pipes or leaders near an aqueduct terminus; past these, and we enter the wide carpet room, below the level of the busy street, yet as finely lighted on a sunny day as though intended for the sale of silks or satins. How is this managed?

You noticed a pavement of glass running all around the building as you stepped from the sidewalk; knobs of little glass, but so securely set in its close iron framing, and so thickly moulded, that you trod on it as securely as if it had been stone. That is the transparent roof of the recess or gallery that surrounds the room, and from it comes this soft clear daylight; no windows you perceive, unless these great slabs of the same substance underfoot, in the shape of huge windows, occurring at regular intervals beneath the glass roofing, can be called so. They are, indeed, and light a floor still lower, thirty feet under ground, where carpets are stored until required in this the salesroom devoted to them exclusively. Carpets of every degree are spread out upon the wide floor, or ranged in regular order against the wall; from the cotton and woollen plaids, still found upon the floors of the farmer's cheerful sitting-room, to the gorgeous velvet medallions, thick sewn with tropical blossoming, or reproduced from the bewildering lenses of the kaleidoscope, in all their phantasy of form and richness of coloring. Here, by an ingenious contrivance, like the leaves of a huge volume slowly turning, we can choose conveniently from the cumbersome rolls of oilcloth just past; there, as we make the circuit of the room, and mark its depth and breadth, and the graceful Corinthian columns of iron, pure in color as marble, that bear up the fearful weight above them, are piled the luxurious hassocks, on which the rich man kneels to pray in Grace Church yonder; the soft Persian mats that muffle the footfalls of his chamber, or the velvet rugs on which bask "dogs and game," or an antlered deer *couchant*, in the brilliant coloring of life, before his glowing grates.

We are passing on to the staircase on the Tenth Street side, and conveniently near it is a neatly decorated ladies' dressing room of good dimensions, a most admirable thought! of which we make special mention.

Emerging from this staircase, we come at once upon the busy scene. This is the main saloon, entered directly from the street, and

lighted on all sides by walls of plate-glass windows, the light tempered by plain blue shades. No array of laces, and shawls, and silks are displayed temptingly before them, as in other establishments.

"Le bon vin
Needs no sign."

Not even a tendril of enticement is outwardly put forth here.

At first the hum, the stir, the flashing, changing crowd, prevents anything like a survey in detail; but presently we come to see that there are four departments, or parallel ranges of low shelves, that separate but do not divide the wide space which occupies all the floor, save that one division towards Ninth Street, against which the principal staircase is placed. These divisions are cut in two by a central aisle, running from Tenth towards Ninth Street, and are entered by doors from Broadway fronting them. As we come from the carpet room, we are in the first division, with a long scarlet-covered oval counter directly before us, the glove department. We know it to our cost. We have worn no other gloves but *Alexandre's* since those schoolgirl days, and Stewart monopolizes his manufacture. Let us acknowledge our one feminine extravagance—a costly self-indulgence with gloves at \$1 50 (they were seventy-five cents when we made our first investment in a pair for examination day), and those of the plainest. "Stitched backs" are \$1 60; thanks to the rates of foreign exchange! We are not surprised at being told that the business of this counter alone is \$300,000 yearly. The other half of the first division is occupied by muslin and cambric embroidered *lingerie* of all descriptions, and laces, from the neat Valenciennes collar at \$2 50, to the Brussels points (shawls) at \$100, or \$1000, as required.

In the second division we find, on the right as you enter from Broadway, merinoes and all wool goods; opposite are reps, poplins, and fancy fabrics in woollen and cotton, woollen and silk, etc. Beyond the dividing aisle, cheaper mixed fabrics; and opposite them again, one side of the hollow square, which incloses the cashier's desk, divided, yet not concealed from the crowd by a particularly light and graceful screen of iron filagree, painted white. Here is another kindly convenience for ladies—a desk where an order, a note, an address, or a despatch may be written at ease, and intruding upon the time and attention of none. There is a corresponding one on the opposite side of the inclosure.

And here "cash boys most do congregate,"

with pencils and currency; tricks and jokes—such as serve to keep these ubiquitous juveniles in good spirits. Here each purchase is remeasured, and each check certified to prevent mistakes, or fancied ones. This is the main artery of the great “cash” system, for which Stewart’s is distinguished. In these days six months’ accounts are out of date; a thing of the past, and the Reade Street dynasty. Bordering this desk, or series of desks, on the inner side, in the third division, we have the silk department, under the immediate care of an untiring and gentlemanly guide through these unaccustomed labyrinths. And here we are dazzled by a display of delicate and gorgeous fabrics, which never meet the eye of a passing, transient customer, reserved for the occupants of cushioned equipages, which would save them from contact with the dust, and whose owners count their incomes by tens of thousands. Some of these could only be seen in their full perfection by the aid of artificial light, under which they are intended to be worn. They were shown to us in a separate apartment, from which the daylight is entirely excluded, lighted brilliantly by jets of gas, and arranged for an effective display of drapery. But we must not trench on the borders of the “fashion chit-chat,” wherein all these beauties will be found in detail, but pass around the several counters of this department, to which the upper end of two divisions is assigned, not failing to notice “the remnant counter”—dear to a woman’s heart, be she rich or poor, for the love of bargains is inherent with the sex.

A similar arrangement is noticeable in the department of woollens; and thus the stock is kept “clear,” and customers are made happy.

Opposite the first portion of the silk department is the stock of cotton goods—muslins, cambrics, etc.; and adjoining it, just at the present season, the popular stock of the house-keeping department; that is, table linen, etc., of moderate prices, in large demand. Passing through to the one remaining division, also entered from Broadway, we find cloths or materials for the wear of men and boys opposite to a general gentlemen’s furnishing department, and at the other end, a long range of gentlemen’s hosiery on one side, and ladies’ on the other.

To return to the staircase rising from the last division; it is broad, with shallow steps and a plain but handsome balustrade. On the landing, half way up, we pause for a *coup d’œil* of the busy sparkling scene below. Now we have a full view of the saloon itself; the light

and tasteful frescoes on wall and ceiling; the gilded chandeliers with grand glass globes; the graceful Corinthian columns, all of iron, that support the floor above; the innumerable plate-glass windows, with the pale blue tint pervading the light that painters seek to soften an atmosphere, or tone down color; the gayly dressed, restless, ever-changing throng, like a waving tulip-bed, or the glittering of a kaleidoscope, with an ascending hum that marks a hive of human activity and industry.

The second floor resembles the first in its essential features, save that there are fewer departments and more space. We enter the cloak room, from the staircase where are displayed cloaks of every grade and description, from the street wrap to the delicate cloth or cashmere opera cloaks, of snowy white, crimson lined, and gayly tasselled, that hang in the convenient wardrobes with sliding doors, that line the wall.

Next to this are shawls of lower grades, the neat stella and the comfortable plaid; beyond, in the inner shrine, and exposed to the best light, those marvels of Eastern industry, and Western expenditure, camels’ hair shawls and scarfs. Here are displayed to our delighted eyes the graceful combinations of the French looms, and the prouder glories of the “real India,” the cost commencing in price at \$100 and reaching a climax in this heavy drapery of quaint design valued at \$2000. Here we longed to share our morning’s experience with other friends, who have an instinctive love for shawls as well as bargains; here we craved, with the last trace of feminine malice, to prove to Mrs. White that her boasted India was only French, and to show Mrs. Black, who had strained her allowance and curtailed her children’s winter wardrobes for her one hundred and fifty dollar shawl, how coarse and inferior it was after all, by the side of five and seven hundred dollar cashmeres. How much better it would have been, considering her own position and her husband’s means, to have satisfied herself with one of those soft graceful French cashmeres at \$50, either that bride-like white centre with its deep gray and black border, or this rich combination of gold and green, and brown and scarlet, in such wondrous toning and perfect harmony, leaving to Mrs. Smith and Jones, whose husbands are mining gold in Wall Street or California, the triumph duly belonging to an immoderate unstinted income.

Their fairy like frostings of lace draperies indicate an approach to the upholstery, but first we have furs, ermine, sable, mink and

Siberian gray, then we come upon the heavier stuffs for curtains, the reps, drougets, the satin laine, the pure satin, the rich brocade, and the wonderful "cloth of gold," produced from its hidden niche, of real bullion garlanded with silken blossoms such as we find in "kings' houses," or the Fifth Avenue and Walnut Street palaces of the ladies just alluded to. Only \$50 a yard! and how many yards to a lounge, a sofa, or *fauteuil*! There is a sense of freshness and simplicity in the neat furniture chintzes, and twilled stripes for covers, in the immediate neighborhood, and we pass to the housekeeping department beyond, with its dainty wealth of table damask and luxurious blankets, or the plainer grades of every article. Flannels opposite. And now we beg as an especial favor, since we have reviewed this large display of selections for the daily wants of domestic life, that we may be admitted to the great work rooms we have heard exist above us, yet so silent and secluded in their operations that not one in ten of the "oldest customers" guesses their existence.

Our amiable conductor kindly procures for us the desired permission, and leads to the story above, which is occupied as a store-room for the reserved stock, to the next, where we enter a vestibule, or long narrow apartment, where are tables, a stove surrounded by irons required in pressing, and a flock of girls and women busily engaged in that employment. Here, also, are piles of finished garments, cloaks, sacques, etc. ready for the early trade; beyond they are stamping the braiding patterns with which they are to be ornamented. Passing through, we enter the finest work-room we have ever yet seen; and in our vocation and desire to see the employment of working women, we have visited some of the largest in New York. This is neither "under ground" nor in "an attic," but a saloon, spacious and neat enough for a court ball, occupying the entire space covered by the various departments below, and lighted by windows the same size, with no check to perfect ventilation. Here are ranged work-tables, seating from two hundred and fifty to five hundred girls, as the work demands. Our visit was paid in the "dull season," yet the two hundred and fifty grouped over their work under the superintendence of a careful matron, was no insignificant sight.

Another staircase still—the fifth we have ascended—and a busier, more picturesque scene still, presents itself. In the long room or vestibule are piled bales of black rope, the curled hair, which is to be used in the manufacture of

mattresses, like those finished piles; here are women and girls busy in unravelling it; there are great waves and heaps of the picked hair darkening the room—a sight more picturesque than alluring; so we hasten to the light, cheerful saloon beyond, full of work-tables, full of busy groups, of great wicker crates moved on wheels, and piled with orders for house or steamship furnishing—from blankets to kitchen towels. Here the hum of sewing machines where they are hemmed; they are marked yonder; they are reconsigned to a wicker crate again, ready for delivery and use. One may safely say hundreds of dozens of sheets, pillow-cases, towels and napkins, dozens of blankets, counterpanes, etc., pass through these busy hands in a day. There are the costly curtains of the house this order is being executed for; here the carpets, from the Brussels ticketed "Mr. Smith, Fifth Avenue, front basement," to the plain ingrain, "Smith, fifth story, rear hall bedroom;" it is the cook's, probably—and a very good carpet she is to have!

We are certainly lifted "above the world" for once in our mortal life; face to face and on a level with the delicate carving of Grace Church upper spire. Mark the belfries and spires around; the quaint chimney tops; the flat, pointed, square-peaked, gable-roofed houses below; the thread-like openings among them, which are streets and avenues; the jostling crowd of houses stretching out for miles beyond the limit of the eye; the hum of eager life from the far off noisy street; then look back to the busy throng of workers around you; think of the reservoirs of material below; the great warehouse that pours its tide of fabrics and manufactures into this broad outlet; here are the procurers, the producers; there all around you lie the homes of the consumers of this vast centre of industry; even out to the glittering thread of silver that marks the ocean, bearing the floating transient houses "Stewart's" has furnished!

We moralize; it is a sign of advancing age, and one is not ready to confess that there is a point, or a moral in a morning spent amid the trifles that go to make up the sum of household necessities and embellishments; but we thought, as we came back leisurely through the scenes we have attempted to describe, how harmonious was their arrangement, and how those err who break the harmony of social life by vain and ambitious longings for elegancies beyond their stations, and crowd into "a department" where they find only heart-burnings and mali-

cious sarcasms for their straining after dress and equipage.

Let us be content, my sisters, with our neat muslins and our simple merinoes, and admire Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones in their *moirés* and cashmeres. Let us repress the bitter slander of "extravagance" and "worldliness" when we speak of them. It is not extravagance for them, but proper expenditure of ample means; and if it could but be realized, you have had far more pleasure and enjoyment in the serviceable black silk, so neat, so becoming, that hangs now in your wardrobe, than they have realized from the costly brocade, or the dainty lace, that they purchased the morning you so envied them. "Each in their own sphere, and happiness to each."

A SUNSET VISION.

BY JULIA.

ONE time, in the autumn sober,
When the leaves lay crisped and sere,
And the evening light fell faintly
On the hill-tops far and near,

I walked with a full orb'd maiden
In the dim and shadowy wood,
Where the oak and maple closely
In silent grandeur stood.

And her voice was sweet and silver,
While her laughter, free and wild,
Gushed forth from her soul like music
From the lips of a sinless child.

At length her feet grew weary,
As the shadows came and died
Across the meadows slowly,
And up the dark hill-side.

And we sank on a bed of mosses,
While I vainly tried to trace
The holy thoughts uprising
From her white, unshadowed face.

Afar in the purple distance,
From the mountain's slow descent,
Above the lake's still bosom,
The light clouds came and went.

The last gleam faintly trembled
On the verge of space—and then
A vast unfathomed ocean
Lay where the sun had been.

No breeze fell on its stillness,
While its tideless billows grew
Up, up to the far Infinite,
And mingled with the blue.

Then the clouds like sunset islands,
Crept slowly back again,
And softly sank to slumber
Just where the light had lain.

And the solemn silence deepened
With a power that might be felt,
Till, before its mighty presence
My soul in worship knelt.

Then her laughing eyes grew dreamy,
Like the fall of summer rain,
And her parted lips devoutly
Essayed to speak in vain.

And her small hands slowly, gently,
Clasped softly round my arm,
And I felt their thrilling presence
Steal o'er me like a charm.

And when the last gleam faded,
My heart in transport said,
That it fell a golden glory
Around her radiant head.

And now the dream is over,
I feel a quickening thrill,
When the vision of that evening
Comes o'er me calm and still.

For when my eye is clearest,
My heart is full of tears,
And a vague, uncertain whisper
Floats down the tide of years.

And I think of evenings coming
When I shall list in vain,
The fall of one light footstep
Within my room again.

The stars will smile on sweetly
From their shores of belted blue,
But their light will bring no longer
The eyes I once looked through.

And when with throbbing temples
And quickened pulse I stand,
I shall miss the cooling presence
Of one little loving hand.

My life is like those islands,
My love that purple sea,
Which like the clouds returning,
Flows backward silently.

Yet I know that misty ocean
Leads toward a golden shore,
Where her laugh shall ring forever,
And my tears shall fall no more.

COURTESY AT HOME.—Almost any one can be courteous in a neighbor's house. If anything goes wrong, or is out of time, or is disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt; it is attributed to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy but natural in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another, is impossible at home, but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic society. A husband as willing to be pleased at home as he is anxious to be pleased in a neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day, to her family, as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make home happy.

ROXY CROFT.

NESTLED among the hills of New England, yet in these days of locomotion not far distant from the great metropolis, is the little town of Oakfield. To a stranger entering the village, the only conspicuous objects are the church and meeting-house, as still designated, in spite of the remonstrances of the younger portion of the community, who consider the latter appellation, however honored in former times, altogether too primitive for these days. The edifices stand on the brow of a hill, facing each other; and the church, with its lofty spire, its glistening coat of white, and strikingly green blinds, looks down most benignantly upon its inferior neighbor, whose steeple, surmounted by a huge gilded cock, bearing upon its sides the impress of British bullets, was the wonder and admiration of my childish eyes. As a proof that the benevolence of the church was not confined to appearances, it has repeatedly relieved its less prosperous rival of pecuniary difficulties, events which have caused the oldest inhabitants to affirm they distinctly remembered when the balance of power was reversed, and the cock crowed most lustily over the feeble demonstrations of the infant church, which, but for an unseen Power, had been silenced forever. But those days were gone by, and the good-natured people wisely and generously determined to forget past grievances.

A little south of the church formerly stood the mansion of Miss Celia Croft, sole survivor of the family of old Doctor Croft, as she invariably announced herself. The old Doctor, after a pilgrimage of ninety-nine years, whose available portion was wholly absorbed in hoarding up filthy lucre, reluctantly "shuffled off this mortal coil," leaving an ample fortune to his "sole survivor," with a strict injunction she should not allow herself to be defrauded of it by her neighbors—advice, however, little needed, for the mantle of avarice, which for three successive generations had "waxed not old," fell upon shoulders early trained to wear it. Together with her parent's avaricious disposition, she had also inherited an inveterate dislike to children; and yet, by a strange contrariety, she had picked up, none knew where, a poor orphan girl, to relieve her solitude and minister to her necessities; but upon whom she wreaked all her ill-humor.

In close proximity to Miss Croft lived the

family of Mr. Jones, not less noted for their benevolence than was their neighbor for its opposite quality; farther down the street, and just within sight of Miss Croft's front windows, stood the mansion of Esquire Wentworth, which, having been destitute of a mistress for more than a year, had become an object of special interest to the eyes of Miss Celia; and several times a day would she put on her spectacles, and trip from the back sitting-room to her parlor window, as if to assure her vision that there was in reality an anchorage ground for her golden hopes.

"Come in, Roxy!" said Miss Celia, in her shrillest tone, one frosty morning, as she tapped on the window-pane, and at the same time beckoning with her finger to the little shivering figure, who stood with broom in hand on the door-steps. "Hav'n't I told you repeatedly when I send you to sweep off my steps, never to speak to any one passing? Answer me, you little vixen!" exclaimed her mistress, seizing her roughly by the shoulder.

"Oh, Miss Croft!" said the frightened child, "I did not mean to do it; but Squire Wentworth called me to the gate, and asked if you were at home; he told me to say he would call in this afternoon or evening, for he wished to see you on special business."

"Oh! he wishes to see me on business, does he?" Her hand suddenly relaxing its gripe, and an evident smile of satisfaction playing over her features. "Very well, Roxy! as Squire Wentworth called you, I shall not punish you *this* time; but mind you don't disobey me again. Now go to your work; wash the dishes, scour the knives bright as you can, and then come and I'll tell you what next to do. I don't believe in a girl's being idle! Satan always finds mischief for idle hands." So with this invariable finale to all her instructions, Roxy retreated, leaving Miss Celia to herself and her reflections.

"So he wishes to see me on business, does he?" soliloquized our heroine. "I should like to know for a certainty upon *what* business; but then it does not require much shrewdness to conjecture. Poor man! how I pity him! How gladly would I pour consolation into his wounded heart! How joyfully would I share his griefs and cheer his solitude! And then, those harum scarum girls of his are sadly in

need of a mother's oversight! Now, who is there better adapted to this responsible situation than the daughter of old Doctor Croft? Surely no one! But if ever I am mistress of that house, won't I teach those girls better manners! I'll very soon let them know that Mrs. Celia Wentworth is not a woman to be despised or ridiculed!"

So absorbed was Miss Celia in her meditations, that she became no less oblivious to the flight of time, than to her own actual condition. Roxy, having completed her task, had twice knocked at her door for orders; but receiving no answer, had crept cautiously back to the kitchen. Another hour passed; and still was she deafly absorbed in arranging and remodeling the habitation of which she, in imagination, had been installed mistress for more than six months. And now those girls, to whom she had so long owed a grudge, were to be disciplined; and she was actually standing erect on the floor, haranguing Miss Alice, the most guilty of the lawless trio, when the clock struck loud and clear the hour of twelve. At which Roxy, with dilated eyes, rushed in, imagining from the unusual respite to her labors, that something fearful had befallen her mistress. But no! there she stood safe and sound, but with compressed lips and upraised hand, which dealt a succession of violent blows upon the luckless head that moment presenting itself.

"You saucy little brat! Hav'n't I told you repeatedly never to enter this room without knocking? I'll teach you to know your place!"

"Oh, please don't, ma'am. I did knock at the door *twice*; but you didn't answer, and I thought you were busy, or perhaps asleep, and so—"

"Asleep! you little wretch! You know I never sleep in the daytime. Since you came here I've had something else to do. So don't repeat that lie."

"Oh, Miss Croft!" said the terrified child, "it was so still in here I thought *something* had happened. I thought—I thought perhaps you had a fit."

"A fit!" fairly shrieked Miss Croft. "Who ever said I had a fit?"

"Why, I heard Miss Alice say you had one, and—"

"Go on child, go on—tell me every word she said; if you don't you'll be sorry."

"Well, she said, ma'am, she was in hopes 'twould have made you better; but she didn't see that it had."

"There, take *that* for your impudence and

for listening to *her*"—giving her a severe blow—"and never let me hear you repeating her falsehoods again. Now be off; split up some kindlings, for I am going to have a fire put in the front room this afternoon—I *do* wish I knew exactly when the Squire *would* come. But if I don't have the fire kindled early, he'll be sure to come when I'm unprepared for him; and if I have it lighted this afternoon, he won't be likely to come till evening, and then all that wood will be consumed for nothing. With all my economy I find it impossible to get along without *great* waste. Roxy," said she, looking up, "what on earth are you standing there for? I'm not talking to you—hurry and get your kindlings, and I'll run into Mr. Jones's yard and borrow an armful of hard wood from his pile, and that will last for the evening. Come, be off with yourself."

Roxy disappeared on her errand.

Forthwith the fire was lighted; but not without many precautions against its burning too briskly. Miss Croft arrayed herself in her second best dress of snuff-colored merino, which, having with commendable prudence been turned inside out, upside down, and backside in front, was pronounced by its owner fully equal to a new one. A black lace cap of ancient device, lavishly trimmed with pink ribbon, dyed with balsam leaves from the garden, contributed, in her opinion, not a little to the stylishness of her appearance. Her easy-chair and basket of patchwork brought in from the adjoining room, she seated herself most complacently to await the coming of her visitor. As she had sorrowfully predicted, it was not until dusk she heard the well-known sound of the gate latch. Wanting no further proof her guest was at hand, she rushed precipitately into the kitchen, and placed a candle and match within reach of Roxy, giving her strict orders to bring in the light precisely at the hour of six. In a flutter of delight she hastened back to the door, and opening it, exclaimed:

"Ah, Squire Wentworth! How delighted I am to see you! Walk in, walk in, sir! You find me enjoying the twilight all by myself."

The Squire bowing his thanks, modestly entered, and seated himself, utterly unconscious of the imagined import of his visit.

"Do take this arm-chair, and be seated nearer the fire. I fear my room is not as warm as you are accustomed to; but my poor lamented father used to consider hot rooms very unhealthy. Roxy! Roxy!" said she, going to the door, "bring in another stick of wood, and see if you can't make this fire burn more briskly."

Is your general health good, Squire? You appear to have a cold."

"Yes, madam, a slight cold, nothing, however, of any importance."

"Ah! but these *slight* colds, poor father used to say, ought never to be neglected—they often lead to fatal consequences. I have the receipt for a syrup, which is an infallible cure for one, at least poor father thought so, for he used it with success above fifty years. Poor man! how often he regretted I was a daughter, instead of a son, that he might have taught me his profession. My sex, however, could not prevent my becoming a most skilful nurse; and, I doubt not, poor father owed at least a dozen years of his life to my prescriptions and tender watchfulness. There, Roxy, that is sufficient; the fire will burn now."

"I perceive you are not *quite* alone," remarked the Squire, as he glanced at the retreating figure—"a child like that affords one company as well as employment."

"I agree with you in thinking they afford employment. This is a poor orphan girl I took entirely out of charity. She is a very peculiar child and a great trial to me. I fear I shall never be able to train her up in the right way. I'm often led to exclaim, Who is sufficient for these things?"

"Very true, Miss Celia; yet, in my view, the cares and anxieties of guardians are more than compensated in *anticipating*, if not in viewing, the happy result of their labors. If we sow *good seed* we may reasonably hope for a desirable harvest. True, there are exceptions to such results, but, thank Heaven! they are rare. Some of my happiest hours are those spent with my children; and to mark their mental, moral and physical development is a source of never failing satisfaction."

"I readily believe you, sir; and yet, with all your efforts, you can never supply to them a mother's loss. Those poor girls are constantly on my mind. They have sustained an irreparable loss; and at an age, too, when they most need a mother's oversight. I don't wish to flatter you, Squire; but I must say I never knew three more interesting girls than yours. They have my deepest sympathies," said Miss Celia, taking off her spectacles and wiping her eyes.

"I am fully sensible of my double responsibility, ma'am; and my intention is, to secure the services of some worthy person, who will act as Mentor to them."

"You could not adopt a more judicious course, sir."

"Meanwhile, I shall write to their aunt in Clayton, to come and stay with them, until I can make a more permanent arrangement."

Miss Celia smiled her approbation.

"Do you not sometimes find your solitude wearisome?" continued the Squire.

"Oh very much so! To one endowed with a sympathetic nature like my own, it is a most unnatural mode of life. I have felt it keenly, since poor father's death. But the Crofts being naturally of a literary turn, I am enabled to endure solitude better than most of my sex."

"Well, Miss Celia, you are probably aware that our new minister and his wife are expected here next week, and upon me devolves the duty of providing them a suitable boarding-place. It occurred to me, as your house is so convenient to the church, and you have so many unoccupied apartments, you might be induced to accommodate them."

Poor Miss Celia, thunderstruck at this unlooked for proposition, remained for a moment speechless. "Boarders! boarders!" she at length ejaculated; "who ever heard of a Croft's keeping boarders?"

"Pardon me, if I have offended," said the Squire, marking the sudden change in her countenance.

"Not the least offence," she replied, quickly regaining her composure. "But your proposition is so novel and so unexpected, that I scarcely know how to reply to it."

"Mr. Thorne," continued the Squire, "being the son of an old friend of mine, I feel particularly interested in securing him a pleasant home."

"Of course you do, sir; and I would gladly do all in my power to aid you. I don't mean to live for myself alone, Squire! I am willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of doing good. But you must be conscious that to board a clergyman and his wife will subject me to great inconvenience."

"True, but for which you will be most liberally remunerated."

"That would be quite a consideration with many, but if I consent to take them, it will be entirely from a sense of duty and a desire to gratify my *friend*."

"Very well, Miss Celia," said the Squire, as he took his leave, "you may consider the matter and give me your earliest decision."

Miss Croft carefully secured the door after her visitor, and proceeded to the kitchen, where, to her utter dismay, she found Roxy fast asleep before the comfortable fire. "Wake up, Roxy! Wake up, you gypsy! Why are you not in bed?"

How dare you sit here, burning out my wood and candles? I believe you are the most provoking child living!" Roxy involuntarily raised her hand to ward off the expected blow. "You needn't try to dodge me, child; I'm not going to whip you, as you deserve; but now mind what I say. You sha'n't eat a morsel to-morrow! What you waste in one way, I'll teach you to save in another. Come, be off to bed."

"Sister Mary!" said Alice Wentworth, as she looked out of the window next morning, "here comes Miss Croft; do promise me you'll be very entertaining, for half an hour at least."

"Why so anxious, sis? I thought you and Miss Croft were not on very good terms."

"Neither are we, nor do I intend to share your disagreeable task; but I have a project in my head which I can't stop now to explain." And out she ran, just as Miss Croft was admitted.

"Here, Uncle Jack," said she, calling to an old negro in the yard, "take this basket and carry it, quick as you can, to Roxy Croft. She won't open the door, if you knock ever so long; for that's against her orders; so you must go directly in; and if you don't see her, you must call to her, and if she isn't locked up somewhere, she'll come to you. Be quick as you can, for Miss Croft is here now, and she must not see you coming out of her house with a basket."

"Yes, Miss, jess so exactly," said Uncle Jack; and off he started on his errand.

Obedying Miss Alice's directions, he entered the house unheralded; and, guided by the sound of a saw, he opened the cellar door, and beheld the object of his search, at the foot of the stairs, vigorously sawing on a stick of wood. "Well! now, if that don't beat all natur!" said he, with a prolonged whistle. "Now do tell, Roxy, if the old gal set ye 'bout this ere work?"

Roxy looked up, and seeing the good-natured face of Uncle Jack, dropped her saw, and hastened to meet him. "Yes, I saw the wood! but we don't burn much; and Miss Croft says it's good exercise for me."

"Well, I'll be hanged, if she ain't too all-fired mean for anything! Roxy, I'll saw that ere wood for ye, the very first chance I git. I've got some feelin', if I am a nigger! But I can't stop a minit *now*. Here's a basket Miss Alice sent ye; take and empty it quick; for I promised her to be back in less than no time."

"Oh, Uncle Jack, how kind, how good she is!" exclaimed Roxy, peering into the basket. "I never can thank her enough! I didn't

expect to eat a mouthful to-day; and here's a real Thanksgiving dinner for me! Chicken pie! cold ham! biscuit! cake! and I don't know what else! Oh, Uncle Jack, she's an angel! I *know* she is." And the famished child danced about the room in an ecstasy of delight.

"Come, Roxy, you hain't got much time for dancin'. Ef your missus comes in, and ketches me here, you'll have a sorry time on't."

The child, recalled to her senses, hastily seized the basket and ran into the garret to secrete her treasures.

"Uncle Jack," said she, upon returning, "I've been thinking you'd better go through the back gate into Mr. Jones's yard, and out of his gate into the street, for if Miss Croft sees you coming out of ours, she'll ask if you've been here; and then she'll find out all about it, for I can't tell a lie, if it does save me from a beating."

Poor child! fast becoming an adept in artifice; although as yet, she revolted at the idea of uttering a falsehood. Her suggestion proved a fortunate one, for no sooner had Uncle Jack reached neighbor Jones's gate, than he spied Miss Croft about entering her own. She stood and awaited his approach.

"Uncle Jack," said she, "you're the very one I was in search of. The new minister is coming to board with me; and I've got furniture to move, carpets to shake, stoves to set up, and only three days to do it in; and I *must* have your help."

"Jess so ma'am. I've got an errand down to the Squire's, and if he don't want me, I'll be back right away, ma'am, in less than no time."

Uncle Jack, who deserves a particular introduction to the reader, was considered one of the fixtures of the village, and as indispensable to its inhabitants as the Town Clock, or any other public property. An inveterate habit of whistling betrayed his whereabouts at all hours of the day. It was the first sound that greeted the ear at daybreak; and, for loudness and shrillness, had no competitor. On Sunday, arraying himself in holiday attire, he was invariably at his post in church; where, in harmony with his musical propensities, he held the responsible office of organ-blower. It was here that he first made the acquaintance of Roxy; who, to escape the ridicule of the boys and girls in the gallery, had taken refuge at his side in the organ loft. At the present time he was domiciled in the Squire's carriage house; and, consequently, felt under particular obligations to serve its owner.

At the expiration of the three days, Miss Celia pronounced her arrangements complete.

"Uncle Jack," said she, "you've worked for me now three days."

"Jest exactly so, ma'am."

"And I'm going to pay you *well* for it. Now, here's a hat poor father used to wear. To be sure it's a little soiled and worn, but 'twill last a long time yet. That hat cost poor father not less than five dollars; but you've been so faithful that I've concluded to let you have it for your work."

Uncle Jack took the old hat, which had once been white, and examined it rather dubiously.

"Dunno, ma'am, as I know exactly what to do with it. The Squire's jest gin me one as good as new."

"Why, then, lay it by, Uncle Jack; you'll want it some time, if you don't want it now."

"Jess so, ma'am; but couldn't you let me have a quarter? I've been out of tobacco all day, and I wus reck'nin' of buyin' some when you paid me up."

"Well, if you *must* have tobacco, here's two cents. I can't give you any more. My expenses are very great. Here's Roxy, she eats full as much as a man, and isn't worth a cent to me; so, you see, I am obliged to be very saving."

"I see, ma'am," said Uncle Jack, as he took up the hat and made his exit.

Late, Saturday afternoon, the merry sound of a horn announced the approach of the Oakfield stage—an event which, although occurring three times per week, never failed to produce a commotion. First, old Skilton, the driver, reined his prancing steeds up to the post-office, and handed out the mail-bag; while a group of idlers sauntered out to the stage, and took a survey of the passengers and an inventory of their baggage. Then, gathering up the reins, he was this day seen to drive with an extra flourish around to Miss Crofts, where he deposited a couple of passengers, and no small quantity of luggage. Before night, the intelligence that the new minister had arrived, reached the remotest corner of the town.

The next morning, long before the hour of service arrived, lines of vehicles were seen entering the town in all directions; for people who never entered the sanctuary except on Christmas Eve, now felt it an imperative duty to come, and pronounce upon the merits of the new minister. As the bell began to ring, the villagers issuing from their dwellings swelled the motley throng, until the good old church was filled to its utmost capacity. At last Mr.

and Mrs. Thorne entered, preceded by the sexton, who, passing up the broad aisle, quietly ushered the latter into the "minister's pew," and then conducted his remaining charge to the vestry-room. Meanwhile, Miss Marantha Tufts, who for the last hour had been purposely located in an eligible position, after taking a critical survey of the new comers, looked over to Phebe West with a decided nod of approval, and then turned and bestowed a second on Sally Doolittle, who sat a little in her rear. Both met with a hearty response—an occurrence noted with satisfaction by many; for these three individuals were known to be no other than the president, vice-president, and secretary of a clique who, having nothing else to do, had within the last few years taken upon themselves the responsibility of settling and unsettling the minister, *ad libitum*. Everything had proceeded satisfactorily until Mr. Thorne had finished reading the first hymn; then the profound silence which succeeded revealed a fact before unnoticed, that the choir had deserted their post. In vain Miss Marantha stretched her long neck from side to side in her efforts to spy out the deserters; but her eye fell upon one only, who, to her repeated nods and gesticulations, only returned a vacant stare. At length Mr. Jonathan Vamp arose from his seat, in a remote corner, and broke the uncomfortable silence by giving out, in a shrill, piping voice, the good old tune of "Peterborough."

After several attempts to bring his voice to the proper pitch, he commenced on a key which allowed no one to join him; although, during the singing of the eight verses, two or three modestly made the attempt. As Mr. Thorne gave out no more hymns that day, some people came to the uncharitable conclusion that he did not appreciate Mr. Vamp's musical abilities. But of *this* Mr. Vamp did not harbor an idea.

At the conclusion of the sermon there was another interchange of approving signals; and Miss Marantha was heard to exclaim loudly, as she passed out of church, that "the sermon was the most evangelical that had ever been preached from that pulpit." To this remark a bevy of "single sisters" as loudly assented. Mr. Simon Quint, who had slept soundly during the entire sermon, not wishing to remain silent, conscientiously remarked that "Mr. Thorne had a head of the finest black hair he ever set eyes on." Even the most cautious of the congregation wore a look of complacency. Mr. and Mrs. Thorne were so overwhelmed with introductions, congratulations, and invi-

tations that they were glad to escape from the crowd, and take refuge in their own quiet apartments.

Six months passed; during which Mr. Thorne and his wife had exchanged calls with all their widely scattered flock, and the great excitement of their first arrival had given place to a corresponding calm.

"What! my little wife in tears!" exclaimed Mr. Thorne, as he abruptly entered the room one day. "Now, tell me," said he, seizing both her little hands, and looking down into her face. "Are you sick or homesick, or has Miss Marantha been giving you another lecture on the duties of a clergyman's wife?"

"Not one of them," replied she, with a faint smile; "but, to tell the truth, I'm in danger of becoming miserable for want of something to do. If I could only write sermons like yourself, I should be the happiest of mortals. But my lack of brains will forever exclude me from the study."

"Well, if my little wife does *not* aspire to the title of 'Reverend,' like some of her sex, her life may not necessarily be a useless one."

"Oh, you are laughing at me, I see! I do not aspire to titles of any description; nor will my ambition ever lead me beyond my province. I only desire to be useful; in that way alone I feel I shall be happy."

"Yes, I understand you. Your life *is* a monotonous one—strange I never thought of it before. But my time is so absorbed in official duties, that it has never occurred to me you were not as busy as myself."

"In all our parish visits," continued Mrs. Thorne, "I have never met with a needy person; I seem to be as strictly debarred from charitable efforts as from literary ones. I often think I'm the most useless person living."

"Our parish is, indeed, most prosperous; but since you eschew titles, and only desire a field for your charity, I think I can direct you to one, without going from our home."

"What! Do you refer to Roxy? Do you think I can do anything for her?"

"I think you can do *much* for her. Her little pitiful face haunts me continually; and the shrieks forced upon our ears are enough to drive one distracted."

"Yes, I acknowledge it. Miss Croft has several times apologized for the disturbance. She says Roxy is perfectly incorrigible; that she is in the habit of screaming out of spite when she is not being corrected."

"Roxy's face indicates no such disposition. She looks to me like a little crushed flower, so

trodden under, that she hasn't power to raise her head. I don't suppose the child has ever been to school, and, very likely, has never yet been taught to read. If you are willing to devote your evenings to her instruction, you will be conferring upon her a lasting benefit. She is a child susceptible of great improvement."

"If I can obtain Miss Croft's consent, I will do so with all my heart. The plan has often occurred to me; but Miss Croft seems so annoyed, if I express any interest in Roxy, that I've been deterred from mentioning it to her. But I will delay no longer."

"I tell you plainly, Mrs. Thorne, you can't make anything of Roxy if you devote *all* your time to her. She's just fit for a servant, and nothing else. If you try to teach her, she'll get above her place, and make me more trouble than ever. Why, even now, when she hears the sound of your piano, she begins to sing and dance about the kitchen just as though I were not there; although she understands I never allow anything of the kind about *my* premises."

"But, my dear Miss Croft," said Mrs. Thorne, persuasively, "I think it's your duty to have her taught to read and write, at least; and as you can't spare her to go to school, I thought you would gladly accept my offer."

"I have no objections to her learning to read and write; but if she can't do it without getting her head filled with *notions*, she's better off without them. She's a strange child! I can't trust her out of my sight an instant."

"Do promise, Miss Croft, that I may make a trial of her; then, if you find her becoming any more unmanageable for it, I will say nothing farther about teaching her; but I must consult Roxy, too; for, perhaps, she has no desire to be taught."

"No danger of that: she likes anything that will bring her into notice."

"Very well; then you may send her to my room this evening, as soon as she has finished her work; but first, let her put on a clean dress and make herself tidy."

"She hasn't any except her Sunday dress," said Miss Croft, gruffly.

"No matter for that; I'll alter a dress of mine for her, so that she'll have one to wear by Sunday."

"I see plainly, Mrs. Thorne, you're going to ruin that child. I've had a hard task to make her know her place as well as she does."

"Never fear, Miss Croft, of my making her any worse; I trust I shall make her a great

deal better." And good Mrs. Thorne, closing the door, ran back to her room to congratulate with her husband on the success of her mission.

At night Roxy appeared at Mrs. Thorne's door arrayed in a clean calico dress, which had once belonged to her robust mistress, but was now adapted to *her* slight form by a simple shortening of the skirt and sleeves. Mrs. Thorne could scarcely repress a smile at her ludicrous appearance; but she kindly bade her come in and be seated.

"Roxy," said she, "I suppose Miss Croft has told you why I sent for you this evening?"

"No, ma'am," she timidly replied.

"Have you ever been to school?" continued Mrs. Thorne.

"No, ma'am."

"Can you read?"

"I can read a little."

"You have never tried to write?"

"Yes, ma'am," said she, eagerly, "I can make all the letters. I found an old copy-book in the garret where I sleep, and I got Uncle Jack to bring me a nice wide shingle and a piece of chalk, and I've learned to make every one of them."

"How would you like to come and sit with me evenings, and learn to read and write a little better?"

"Oh I should like it so much! But I'm afraid Miss Croft won't let me."

"Yes, Roxy, she's promised to let you come, so long as it doesn't interfere with your work, and you behave well."

"Oh, Mrs. Thorne, I'm afraid then I sha'n't come any more, for I can't please her if I try ever so hard."

"Only do your best," said Mrs. Thorne, encouragingly.

"Yes, ma'am, I shall try to."

"Here's a dress I'm going to give you for your best one. Now stand up by me while I fit it to you. The one you have on you must keep to wear evenings."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll do everything you want me to."

"Have you a book to read in?"

"Yes, ma'am; I've several real nice ones Miss Alice sent me. Oh, Mrs. Thorne, if it hadn't been for her and Uncle Jack, I don't know what I should have done; and now you are going to be my friend too!"

"Yes, Roxy, I'm going to be your friend; and in return, you must try and see how fast you can improve. Now go and bring in your books, and we'll commence with a reading lesson."

Roxy quickly returned with them. And the two became so absorbed in their new duties, that it was not until Mr. Thorne entered from his study that they became aware the evening was drawing to a close.

"Come, Cora," said he, "it's time you had dismissed your pupil; you forget she's obliged to be an early riser."

"True. I had forgotten it; but I must detain her a few moments yet." Mrs. Thorne arose, opened the piano, and seating herself at it called Roxy to her side. "I believe you sing, do you not, Roxy?"

"Sometimes, ma'am," said she, bashfully.

"Can you sing this?" pointing to the Evening Hymn.

Roxy glanced at Mr. Thorne and hesitated.

"You will sing to please me, won't you?" whispered Mrs. Thorne.

Roxy needed no farther solicitation, but instantly joined Mrs. Thorne, at first, low and tremulously, but as she gained courage, in a voice so sweet and plaintive as to excite their deepest admiration. At the close of the hymn, Mrs. Thorne dismissed her, cautioning her at the same time against oversleeping in the morning.

"Cora," said Mr. Thorne, as soon as they were left alone, "I think you will find Roxy no ordinary child."

"I am convinced of it," she replied; "and I feel she's worthy of a higher position than she's likely to occupy. Is not her voice a remarkable one?"

"It is, indeed! I could scarcely restrain my admiration while she was singing. But what induced you to ask her to sing?"

"Because the Wentworths have so often spoken to me of her voice. You know they sit in the choir at church; and Roxy, they tell me, stations herself in the organ loft—out of sight, it is true, but not out of hearing."

"Hereafter, I suppose you will take her under your protection?"

"Most assuredly I shall; and I've already commenced preparing a decent suit for her to wear."

"What course do you intend to pursue regarding her studies?"

"That is what I wish to advise with you about. But if I had the entire control of her, I think I should be inclined to give her a musical education. With her natural talent, she could not fail of becoming an accomplished performer; and besides, as a music teacher, she would always obtain a good support."

"It she could have the necessary time for

practice, I should advise you to commence with music at once."

"There is no time for it, unless she gets up at daylight and practices until her usual time for rising—that, I fear, would be somewhat annoying to those accustomed to a morning nap."

"For her sake, I am quite willing to forego mine," said Mr. Thorne.

"And I mine," echoed Mrs. Thorne. "And as for Miss Croft, her room is so remote from ours that I don't think she can be in the least disturbed."

So it was finally decided that Roxy should be taught music in addition to the simple English branches.

"How comes on your *protégé*?" asked Squire Wentworth of Mrs. Thorne, one day.

"Oh, admirably! It is less than a year since I commenced teaching her, and she's made double the progress an ordinary girl would have done."

"You have hit upon an inexhaustible theme," said Mr. Thorne, laughingly. "Mrs. Thorne is so interested in Roxy, that nothing but the fear of Miss Croft prevents her from going into the kitchen to share her domestic duties also."

"But," said Mrs. Thorne, "if you could only witness her ambition, and knew what daily sacrifices she makes to prosecute her studies, you would not wonder at the interest I take in her. Only think, Squire Wentworth, she has never yet failed to rise at daybreak to practice her music lesson. Then, after working hard all day, she studies till late in the evening. I think you will agree with me, that a girl of her age and position, who thus perseveres, is really a prodigy, and justly entitled to the sympathies of every one."

"Most truly; but I must relieve you of a portion of your duties, by sending Savelli to instruct her in music."

"I am very, very grateful to you for an offer so much to her advantage; for her genius in that department merits a teacher superior to myself."

"He will be at my house to-morrow;—shall I send him to you then?"

"She will not be at leisure until evening."

"Very well! then I will arrange to have him come at that time."

"My dear," said Mr. Thorne, "what think you Miss Croft will say to this new arrangement?"

"Oh, nothing at all," said she, archly; "when I tell her it's Squire Wentworth's proposition."

"If there is likely to be any trouble about it, you must refer her to me," said the Squire, blandly, as he took his leave.

"This is a world full of trouble, Miss Croft. I have *my* trials, and I suppose you have *yours*," said Miss Marantha, one day, in a suggestive tone.

"You would think you had trials if you were in my place," sighed Miss Croft. "Have you heard how that book peddler swindled me out of his board bill?"

"Why no! I haven't heard a word about it."

"Well, he came here with a parcel of books to sell. I told him I shouldn't buy any; but he insisted on my looking at them. He said it wouldn't cost anything to do *that*. So, at last, I sat down and examined them. I found two elegantly bound volumes, that suited me exactly; and in exchange for them, I offered him a razor and lancet for which poor father paid double the price he asked for the books; but he refused everything but cash. As he was preparing to leave, he asked me if I knew of a private family who would board him a couple of weeks. He said he needed quiet as well as rest, and on that account avoided a hotel. I told him, as I had already two boarders, perhaps *I* would accommodate him, if we could agree upon the terms. Well, we made a bargain without difficulty. He proved to be a very light eater, and agreeable in every respect. After staying nearly a fortnight, he took his books one day, and walked out; and that's the last I've seen of him."

"Why! do tell, if he did? Well it's astonishing to see how wicked people are in these days. They're a great deal worse than they used to be."

"Yes, poor father often made the same remark. Then it's a great undertaking for me to board the minister and his wife. There isn't another one in the parish who would make the sacrifices for them that I do."

"But they say he pays you an enormous price for it."

"Well, it *costs* me a great deal! Mr. Thorne is an enormous eater; and it's worth a dollar more a week to board him than I had calculated on."

"I'm not surprised to hear it. He always looked to me like a great eater."

"It would astonish you, I am sure, to see him at the table. At breakfast, he always takes four cups of coffee—and you know the size of my cups?—besides eating as much bread and meat as would last me a week."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Miss Marantha.

"And at dinner, he eats twice as much as at breakfast; and at supper, he devours everything on the table, except a cracker and cup of tea, which Mrs. Thorne takes. Roxy and I don't eat anything at night—we don't consider it healthy."

"Well, it does seem incredible!"

"And takes so little exercise," continued Miss Croft, *that's* what troubles me. I fear he's inclined to apoplexy; and I've felt it my duty to recommend to him a low diet, and plenty of exercise."

"It was very kind in you, I am sure! What did he say to your advice?"

"He said very little; but I thought he eat rather more afterwards than he did before."

"Strange that he'll be so perverse!"

"I think, too, he's naturally very indolent."

"I don't doubt it," said Miss Marantha. "I have observed he keeps very much in his study."

"Yes! he never allows himself but one day in the week for visiting."

"If he visited his parishioners as often as he should, he wouldn't suffer for want of exercise."

"But how much better still," said Miss Croft, "if he would only take a hoe and work a couple of hours every day in my garden. I've often hinted to him there was plenty to do there; but he never profits by my suggestion."

"That's a very sensible idea; I never thought of it before. But I should think he would be delighted with the charge of your garden."

"No! nothing like work delights him; he has never even chopped a stick of wood for himself, since he came here."

"Is it possible he's so inefficient!"

"Yes! it's a fact."

"Well, Miss Croft, we pay our minister a liberal salary; and we expect him to devote his whole time to us. An energetic man would write two sermons a day, and devote the remainder of the week to visiting the Parish; besides chopping wood or cultivating a garden at 'odd spells.' Deacon Billsby and I have been talking over this matter; and he agrees with me precisely."

"Now, Marantha," said Miss Croft, drawing her chair a little nearer her friend, "I'm telling you confidentially a few of my trials. There's Mrs. Thorne—*she* has her faults, as well as the rest of us. As she has no business of her own, she seems to think she must attend to other people's. You've heard, I suppose, what a fool she's making of my Roxy?"

"I've only heard she was trying to educate her."

"Well, I promised Mrs. Thorne she might learn her to read and write; but she wasn't long satisfied with that. She went on teaching her everything she could think of, until at last she got that Italian music master to give her lessons on the piano. You know if you give some people 'an inch they'll take an ell.'"

"Yes, Mrs. Thorne looks to me like just such a woman."

"Roxy has no time for study, except she gets up before daylight, and sits up late in the evening; and you don't know what a trial it is to me to see her deprived of her needful rest—girls of her age require a great deal of sleep."

"It must be a dreadful trial to you; can't you put a stop to it?"

"No, not as long as she has Mrs. Thorne to encourage her; but I'll tell you in confidence that I sha'n't board them much longer, just on her account. I can't afford to have my help spoiled in that way."

"I don't blame you in the least," said Marantha. "I think somebody ought to advise them both; and if nobody else does, I believe I shall undertake the task."

Roxy had now reached her fourteenth year. In every respect she had thus far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of her friends. Still, she was like a plant reared in an uncongenial locality. To Mrs. Thorne, as to the warm sunlight, she turned with all her wealth of affection and talent; while in the atmosphere of a tyrannical mistress, the tree of promise displayed but sickly leaves and blighted buds. Her face, once so wan and pitiful, might now, in its rounded outlines, be styled almost beautiful; and in the lithe figure, so neatly clad, the Roxy of old can scarcely be recognized. Her dark, mournful eyes alone remained unchanged; yet even these in the presence of her benefactress seem to forget their habitual expression.

"Roxy," said Mrs. Thorne one evening, as the former entered her room, "Mr. Thorne and myself are going to Boston to-morrow."

"To Boston!" exclaimed Roxy in great dismay. "How long shall you be absent?"

"About a fortnight; but Mr. Thorne will return sooner. I shall not be able to hear your usual recitations this evening; but you may sit here and study if you wish."

Roxy sat down and opened a book. Mrs. Thorne glanced at her, and saw her eyes were filled with tears.

"Why, Roxy," said she, "do you think

I'm going so far that I shall never get back again."

"No, ma'am," she sadly replied. "I'm getting very selfish, I know; but I feel I can't live a day without you; and a fortnight seems such a very long time."

"It will soon pass, my child. You must practise every morning while I'm gone, and as much more as Miss Croft will allow. I dare say you will have plenty of leisure when we are away."

Roxy shook her head, doubtfully.

"Mr. Savelli says he can give you but one more lesson, as he is about to leave town."

"He is!" exclaimed she with surprise. "He has never mentioned it to me, though that is not strange; for he seldom speaks except about my lesson. But I'm sorry he is going; for although he looks so stern and sad, I can't help liking him."

"He speaks very flatteringly of your progress and ability; and I am sorry to have him leave us; but Esquire Wentworth will employ another teacher in his place; so that you will not be interrupted in your music."

"You are all too kind, Mrs. Thorne; and I only wish I could do something to show you how grateful I am."

She then resumed her study, but evidently her mind was not upon it; for soon closing the book, she said:

"Mrs. Thorne, has Miss Croft ever told you how I came to live with her?"

"No, Roxy, she has never told me anything about you."

"I thought she had not; and I've felt lately I was doing wrong to keep any secret from you who are so good and kind to me. Hav'n't you sometimes heard her call me a gypsy?"

"Yes; but only when she was scolding you."

"Oh, Mrs. Thorne, do not despise me when I tell you *I am* one! I almost hate *myself* for belonging to such a race. I never thought I should tell any one my secret, for I know Miss Croft never has; but I couldn't endure the thought of deceiving you any longer." And Roxy, hiding her face in her hands, burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears.

"Be assured," replied Mrs. Thorne, "that I shall never think the less of you for your origin; as long as your conduct is praiseworthy, you will have my sympathy and affection. Now compose yourself, and tell me your whole story."

"Only one person, I think," continued Roxy, "ever suspected me, and that is Mr. Savelli.

Didn't you notice, the first time he came here, how keenly he looked at me? I was so confused, I would have gladly quit the room, and nothing but the fear of displeasing you prevented me from doing so. As soon as you left us, he said, 'Roxy, you are not an American!' I told him I was; but I think he doubted me, for he looked at me a long time very suspiciously. I think he must have seen me somewhere with the gypsies."

"Very possibly he has. But were not *they* foreigners?"

"I don't know, ma'am; I never thought though but that they were *Americans*. When I was between three and four years old, Annita told me, my mother died, and my father died before she ever knew us. I was very sick, too, at that time, and for a long while after; but, finally, I began to get better, and as there was no one who wanted me, she said she coaxed her husband, Pietro, to let *her* keep me; for she had just lost a child of my age, and was very sad and lonesome."

"Where were you before Annita took you?" asked Mrs. Thorne.

"I don't know, ma'am; I never could remember—I seemed to forget everything that happened before I was sick. The *first* that I do remember was Annita's taking me to the encampment. Everything seemed so different from what I had seen before, that I could never forget it. I was so weak that I couldn't walk much; so Annita carried me most of the way in her arms. We seemed to go a great distance; then we came to a thick wood. Right in the midst of it was a tent, and a great fire burning on the ground before it, where two women were cooking supper. Close by stood a wagon with a horse tied to it, and ever so many people were lounging about. Annita went right into the tent with me, and they came flocking in to see us. They laughed and talked so loud I was afraid of them; so I got into Annita's lap, and hid my face under her arm. Finally, Pietro came in; when he saw me he was very angry. He didn't expect, he said, Annita was going to bring home such a little skeleton as I was. He told her she must carry me back; but she refused, and then he tried to force me from her; but she held me fast, and I clung to her in such terror that he couldn't separate us. I could never afterward get over my fear of him; and whenever I saw him coming, if Annita wasn't with me, I always ran and hid myself. We stayed here some weeks; then they packed up their things and moved on. Annita and I rode in the wagon with the baggage, while the rest

followed on foot. There were eight of us in all. In a few days we came to a large town. Here Pietro and his wife left the company, taking me with them, but not without another dispute about me; for Pietro was determined not to take me any farther. But Annita would not give me up; so we all went on board a ship. I never knew how long we stayed there or where we went, for I fell sick again, and when I got well enough to notice things, we were riding about the country, just as we did before. Whenever we came near a town we would stop, sometimes for several days. Pietro and his wife made baskets, which he sold; while she, taking me by the hand, went from house to house begging and telling fortunes. In this way we got along very well through the summer; but when winter came, I used to suffer very much from the cold, and so often fell sick that I must have been a great trouble to Annita; although she never complained, and always treated me with the greatest kindness. Sometimes Pietro would drink too much, and then he was very cruel to us both. He would steal, too, whenever he had a chance; and once he was put into prison for it. Then they took away our horse and wagon; and Annita and I wandered around the country till they let him out. I lived in this way until I was eight years old. At last, we came to *this* place. We stayed at night in Uncle Simon Quint's barn. In the morning Annita woke me, and told me, with tears in her eyes, that she'd promised Pietro not to keep me any longer; and she was going out to see if she could find a good home for me. She then went out, leaving me alone, for Pietro had gone before I was up. She didn't get back till noon. She brought a bundle with her, which she opened; and taking out some clean clothes, stripped off the rags that covered me, and put them on me. Then she combed my hair, which hung in long curls over my shoulders, and tying on me a bonnet I had never seen before, we set out together for the village. When we came to the Cross Roads, which you know is just a mile from here, we sat down on the great rock to rest ourselves. Annita then told me she had found a lady who would take me to live with her, where I should have a nice pleasant home, and where I should be a great deal better off than I had ever been with her. But she said, if 'twere not for Pietro, she could never be willing to part with me. I loved Annita; and yet I wasn't sorry to quit my wandering life; for, young as I was, I disliked it, and always envied the well-dressed children I saw in their

comfortable homes. While we were sitting there, Annita took a little packet she had concealed about her, and opening it, took out a gold chain with a miniature fastened to it. 'Teresa,' said she, putting it around my neck, 'this is your mother's picture. I've kept it safe from you ever since she died. I hav'n't even let Pietro see it, for fear he would take it from me. Promise me you'll take care of it.' I took the picture in my hand, and as I looked at it, I seemed all at once to remember my mother, as distinctly as though I had seen her but yesterday. 'Oh, Annita!' I cried, 'do tell me something about her.' 'I can't tell you anything,' she said; 'I only know she died and left you a little sickly thing that nobody cared for, and so I took you for my own'; but keep the picture, Teresa, it may be of use to you some time.'

"While we were talking, we saw Pietro coming down the road. Annita seized me by the hand, and we hurried on. We were not long in coming to Miss Croft's; for she was the lady I was going to live with. Miss Croft met us at the door. Annita led me in, and throwing her arms around me, kissed me repeatedly; then, without saying a word, she darted out of the house, and I never saw her any more. I was so grieved when I found she had really left me that I threw myself on the floor, and cried as though my heart would break. Miss Croft, at first, tried to pacify me, but finding nothing would quiet me she concluded to send me to bed. It was scarcely dark when she led the way up into the garret where I was to sleep. I had always been cowardly; but I shall never forget my terror at finding myself, for the first time in my life, alone at night in a strange place. I would have given worlds to have been once more with Pietro and his wife. I took my picture, which seemed to console me a little, and when it became too dark for me to see it any longer, I put it under my pillow and cried myself to sleep.

"Early next morning I heard Miss Croft calling me. I got up and dressed myself as quick as I could, and taking my picture from the chain laid it carefully away; then, putting the chain around my neck, I went down stairs.

"After I had eaten my breakfast, she called me to her, and, taking the scissors from her work-basket, cut off my hair as short as she could. I felt very bad; for Annita had always taken so much pains with it, that I was rather vain of it. Next she took off my chain, and though I told her it was my mother's, and begged her to let me keep it, she wouldn't lis-

ten to me ; and I didn't see it again, until one day a peddler called here, and I saw her swap it away for those gold spectacles she wears and a silver thimble. After this I took good care of the miniature ; for I knew if she saw it, she would take that too. I hadn't lived here long before I found that Miss Croft was quite as much to be feared as Pietro, and perhaps more ; for here there was no one to protect me when she ill-used me. You know something, Mrs. Thorne, of the life I lead here. If it were not for your kindness, I don't think I could endure it ; and do you wonder, ma'am, that I dread to have you leave me even for a visit ? I believe, now, my story is ended. Shall I show you my mother's picture ?"

"By all means, Roxy ; I am very desirous of seeing it."

Roxy left the room for it. When she returned, finding Mr. Thorne present, she hesitated about showing it ; but Mrs. Thorne, extending her hand, she silently placed in it the much-prized treasure.

"Beautiful ! beautiful !" exclaimed Mrs. Thorne, the instant her eye fell upon the picture. "Look, Mr. Thorne, was there ever anything more exquisite ?"

"It is truly exquisite !" said he, examining it with curiosity. "The face, though, seems to be of foreign cast ; and this costly setting is evidently of foreign workmanship. But whose miniature is it ?"

"It is that of Roxy's mother," said Mrs. Thorne.

"And her name was Theresa," said he, deciphering the faintly-traced characters beneath.

"Yes, sir," replied Roxy, modestly ; "and it's my name, too. But Miss Croft didn't like it, so she changed it to Roxy."

Both gazed long and ardently upon the face, whose matchless beauty seemed rather the embodiment of an artist's dream than a sketch from reality.

"Roxy," said Mrs. Thorne, with enthusiasm, "if this is truly your mother's picture, you need no longer lament your origin. This is not one of the forest flowers, beautiful as they often are. In every lineament, I trace high birth and breeding."

"It is my mother, I know," said she, earnestly. "When Annita gave me the picture, I knew at once the face that had always looked so kindly on me in my dreams, but I never knew till then that it was my mother's. Oh, Mrs. Thorne, if I could only believe I were not a gypsy, I should be too happy ! Miss Croft

says every day nobody can make anything of them ; and I know myself everybody despises them. Annita was the only one I could ever love."

"I cannot think you are one ; but even if it be so, you have nothing to discourage you. Your friends will never desert you on that account. Here, take your picture, but bring it to me again some time, for I am not half satisfied with looking at it."

At four o'clock the next morning Roxy bade her kind friends good-by. She watched the stage until out of sight, and then with a heavy heart obeyed the summons to the kitchen.

(To be continued.)

OBSTINACY.

AN obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him ; for when he is once possessed with an error it is like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never looses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to anything it lays hold on. His skull is so thick that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on a wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves ; for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent ; no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment ; and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scruple of his freehold ; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into any lighter color. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says is tied faster before it is full than when it is ; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is burdened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.

A RAILWAY JOURNEY: AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY BELLE RUTLEDGE.

UPON a sunny morning in early June, the post-boy rapped at the door of Judge Marston's dwelling, and left a letter for his pretty daughter Hattie.

Now this letter was nothing remarkable of itself, not being a love-letter, and not even coming from a gentleman correspondent. It simply bore a western post-mark, but it set little Hattie Marston all in a flutter after she had eagerly perused its contents; and, with it in her hand, she hastily sought her mother, who was superintending dinner.

"Oh, mother, a letter from Cousin Lizzie, from Cleveland! Uncle and aunt wished her to write for me to visit them next month. There is a gentleman of their acquaintance coming east in a week or two, who will call for me—a Mr. Farlow—who, Lizzie writes, is the son of an old college friend of uncle's and father's. Lizzie has told him about me, and he politely offers to be my travelling companion on his return. What a grand opportunity it will be! won't it, mother? You know I have been wishing to go West for a year or more; and father is so much engaged that he cannot accompany me. I can go, can't I, mother?" said Hattie, eagerly.

"Wait, and see what your father says. I know we have long promised you a western visit; and now, if the Judge thinks it best, and this young man is a proper escort, I shall be willing for you to leave us for awhile. When your father returns to dinner, read the letter to him, and see what his opinion is."

At dinner, Judge Marston, with his dignified mien, silvery hair, and frank, genial countenance, was met by his daughter.

"What is it, Hattie? what has happened?" he asked, as he noted her eager, flushed face, and the open letter in her hand.

"Oh, father, a letter from Cousin Lizzie, wishing me to pay them a visit! I will read it to you; and shall expect you will gladly say that I may go forthwith." And Hattie proceeded to read aloud her cousin's letter. "There, father, what do you think? May I not go?" she asked, as she finished reading.

"Why, what a girl, Hattie! so eager to leave your old father and mother!" said the Judge, teasingly, "and with a strange young gentleman, too! I don't know about trusting my Hattie to the care of this handsome friend of

Cousin Lizzie's. Who knows what *might* come of it, eh, Hattie?" and the Judge laughed provokingly.

"Don't talk so, father!" said Hattie. "You forget that Lizzie says his father is an old friend of yours, and that he is one of the ablest lawyers of Cleveland."

"Well, if Robert Farlow inherits any of his father's qualities, he is a noble young man. His father was my most intimate college friend, and many a scrape did he save me from while there. I should like to see the young man right well, and hope he has the same traits of character which distinguished his father. You can write your Cousin Lizzie that your mother and I give our consent, and that she may expect 'our plague' at the time appointed," and the Judge turned to his dinner.

Two weeks later, Robert Farlow arrived in W——, and stopped at the village hotel. On the evening after his arrival he called at Judge Marston's, with a letter of introduction from the Judge's brother, Mr. Marston, of Cleveland.

A frank, manly bearing—like that of his father's in youth—quickly won the Judge's favor; and he cordially proffered the hospitalities of his house to the young lawyer during his stay in the place, remarking laughingly to his wife, "That, now, he had no fears of intrusting Hattie to his care!"

And Hattie, what did she think of her escort? Ah, methinks if the pillow whereon she pressed her golden head could tell tales, it would speak of a strong prepossession in the young lawyer's favor.

A week later, and the westward train bore Hattie Marston and Robert Farlow among its passengers.

It was something new for Hattie to travel, having never been farther from home than a neighboring boarding-school; and everything was fresh and delightful to her. The varied scenery of lake and forest delighted her; and her fresh, childish remarks pleased her companion, who had hitherto been accustomed only to the society of fashionable ladies. He discovered in her a true child of nature, whose unhackneyed guilelessness attracted and gratified him. But, as night drew on, poor Hattie became tired of asking questions and looking from the window. She gradually grew silent; and after many vain efforts to keep her eyes

open, they unconsciously closed, and she was really fast asleep, while a gentle hand drew her head down against a manly shoulder, and tender eyes, in which beamed a new light, gazed upon the sweet face nestling there in quiet security.

The succeeding two days and nights were similar to the first to our travellers, save that the manner of Robert Farlow grew more tender and thoughtful for his charge. On the third eve they arrived at their journey's end, and Hattie was safely transferred to her uncle's house.

"And how did you like your escort, Cousin Hattie?" asked Lizzie Marston, as the two girls sat in the latter's room late that night.

"Oh I think he is *splendid!*" answered Hattie, while a blush unconsciously stole up her face. "He was so polite and gentlemanly! It seemed as if he could not do enough to make me comfortable."

"I *thought* you'd like him; and I knew he couldn't help liking Cousin Hattie, as I told him he would! He is usually averse to making himself agreeable to ladies; though they, dear creatures, perfectly dote on him when in his society," said Lizzie, laughingly. "Now I'll tell you a little secret, Hattie, if you'll promise not to scold me. Do you want to hear it, Hattie? If so, promise not to look cross."

"Yes, I'll promise, if it is anything that I ought to know."

"Well, it is; and so here's the story! You see, for a year or more, I've been wanting a certain gentleman and a certain cousin of mine to become acquainted; and, for awhile, I really despaired of effecting a meeting. But one day a bright idea occurred to me. I had just received a letter from this cousin of mine, who shall, for the present, be nameless; and it so chanced that the gentleman in question, who also shall be without a name, happened in as I was reading the letter, when what could I do but read aloud a few passages, and then tell him of the writer? Of course I had never mentioned her before! Then I hinted that a journey east would do him no harm, and that one west would do the lady heaps of good; so, very naturally, he took the hint, and offered to be your escort, Cousin Hattie. There, now, aren't I nice for planning?"

"O you cruel, wicked girl! how *could* you?" exclaimed Hattie, hiding her glowing face, which had gradually grown a deeper hue, till her cousin finished, when it seemed a-blaze with fire—"How could you do it, Hattie? I never would have come *one step*, had I known

of your plans!" And Hattie's voice really betrayed injured feeling and wounded pride.

"There, don't be angry, dear Hattie, or I shall regret having told you!" said her cousin, putting her arm around her and kissing her. "There is no harm done; for I know Robert Farlow doesn't regret his journey, if I can judge from his countenance this evening; and you, Hattie, you, of course, hav'n't been foolish enough to fall in love with him; so, my dear, kiss me forgiveness, and let's seek our pillows, for I know you must be fatigued enough with the journey!"

But little slumber refreshed Hattie Marston's eyes that night, for her cousin's words rang in her ears: "You hav'n't been foolish enough to fall in love with him?" *Had* she? She hid her face in the pillow, and tears of shame dimmed her blue eyes.

The next morning Robert Farlow called, as a matter of course, to inquire after the health of his *compagnon du voyage*. Hattie's manner was cool and reserved toward him, a marked change from what it had previously been; and he felt it.

"Are you ill, Miss Marston?" he asked, anxiously, as he noted her pale face and heavy eyes.

"No, oh no, not in the least," she answered, quickly, the color rapidly mantling her cheek.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Farlow, the journey *has* made her ill. It was almost too long to take without stopping to rest upon the way," said her aunt, Mrs. Marston.

"O no; Cousin Hattie is only a little fatigued; she will recover in a day or two," said Lizzie, demurely.

The wicked girl knew all the while that her words of the previous night had caused the change in her cousin's manner toward their visitor; but she had a plan in her head, which she was determined should be fulfilled.

Time passed, and Hattie Marston enjoyed her visit exceedingly. A gay summer and fall she had at her cousin's in the West, cantering over the flowery prairies, or sailing upon the lakes; and her time was fully occupied. Her beauty and grace attracted much attention, and many suitors were at her side; but to all she turned a deaf ear.

But there was one whom she saw daily—yet who stood aloof when others flocked around her—one word from whose lips would have sent fullest happiness to her heart. But this word was not spoken; for her guarded manner, since the night of their arrival, had continued;

and so they two, so near, walked apart, each mistaken in the other. Ah, Lizzie Marston, your plan should not have been told so soon! You made a sad mistake in its betrayal; for Hattie guards her heart with a double bolt and lock, and Robert Farlow, equally watchful over his own, catches no glimpse of what is hidden so securely within hers whom he deems he loves in vain.

As the autumn days deepened and the beauty of the season departed, one morning, at breakfast, Hattie avowed her intention of returning home, and would not listen to entreaties to remain longer.

"But you cannot go until the last of next month, Hattie," said her uncle, "for I shall not be able to go East until then, and your father cannot come for you now."

"But I must go, uncle! I have made you a long visit already. I can go in charge of the conductor, and shall arrive safely; never fear for that," she replied, stoutly.

"Hattie homesick? why, child!" said her aunt, looking at her scrutinizingly. "Well, I don't much wonder at it, for I expect Lizzie would be if she were on east. But try, dear, and content yourself until your uncle can go on with you. I shouldn't feel right to have you go without a companion."

"Hattie, dear, you mustn't go a step now; so don't say another word about it," said her Cousin Lizzie. "Here we have just begun to enjoy ourselves, and you must take this freak into your head to return home. I sha'n't allow it! so don't give it another thought, but content yourself to remain until uncle comes for you; and then, if, of your own accord, you do not wish to remain longer, why, I won't say another word against it. Will you, Mr. Farlow?" said Lizzie, turning to that gentleman, who had just entered.

"Against what, Miss Lizzie? What is it I am expected to influence your cousin in favor of? I must know the case in question before I give my decision, he answered, smilingly."

"Oh, of course," answered Lizzie. "I did not realize but that you were here just now, when Hattie made known her intention of returning home immediately. Now, what we want is, that you should try your powers of persuasion in behalf of her remaining until her father comes for her, which will be only too soon for us to lose her."

"I hardly flatter myself that anything I can say will have the desired effect if you all have failed," he answered; "but if, on the contrary, your cousin wishes to go, perhaps I might be

of benefit to her on the journey, as the duties of my profession call me to New York next week. If she will again accept my escort, I shall be but too happy in rendering it."

"Just the thing!" said Mr. Marston and Lizzie in a breath; the latter continuing, with a smile lurking in the corners of her mouth:

"Well, Hattie, if you are determined to go, why, you can have your old travelling companion!"

Poor Hattie blushed, and murmured out a few words in thanks; and then, pleading a headache, retired.

A week later found our travelling companions upon the return route. Hattie still maintained her old reserved manner; and Robert Farlow despaired of obtaining her love; so he wrapped himself in a reserve equal to her own. But accident was destined to place that happiness within the young lawyer's grasp, which, otherwise, would never have been given him.

It was the last night of their journey. Hattie had sunk into a deep slumber, unbroken by the jolt of the cars or the hoarse breathing of the engine. She slept; and the eyes of the young lawyer rested upon her with tenderness beaming from their depths. He felt that the time was fast nearing when he would be obliged to yield his lovely charge to her parents; and he found himself unconsciously wishing that something might occur to prolong their journey. This desired "something" came.

A sharp, shrill whistle—a sudden crash, mingled with loud shrieks—told that a frightful accident had occurred to the train; and Robert Farlow felt himself whirled rapidly down a steep embankment. Unconsciously, at the first jar, he had grasped the sleeping girl in his strong arms, and, with her clasped to his heart, had been borne down amid the crashing seats of the car. Very fortunate it was that they had taken passage in the last car, and in the rear of that; otherwise, neither would have been saved the sad fate of mangled limbs met by so many of their fellow-passengers.

Five minutes after that terrible crash of the two fiery engines that came in collision, Robert Farlow, with pale face and one hand bleeding and crushed, arose from the ruin around him, with Hattie still clasped to his breast. Faint and stunned from the shock, moments had passed before he recovered his senses; but awakening to a realization of his situation, he rose with his unconscious burden, and stood out in the clear moonlight.

A crimson mark stained Hattie Marston's white forehead, and her eyes were closed;

while the moonbeams showed the otherwise deathly pallor of her face framed in her loosened golden hair which floated around her.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Robert Farlow, as he gazed upon her and saw that she did not revive. "Oh, Hattie! my beloved! my angel, is dead!" he cried, passionately, as he pressed his lips to hers in a first long kiss.

The lips of the young girl trembled at the pressure of his, and her eyelids slowly unclosed, while she murmured softly:

"Where am I? Am I dreaming?" and she paused in confusion, putting her hand to her head.

"No, you are not dreaming, dearest Hattie! It is true that I love you better than life, that I would gladly meet death, if thereby I might save you a pang!" he answered, tenderly and rapidly.

"But where am I? and what is the matter with your hand? There is blood upon my face too!" she said, as she put her hand to her head.

"We have met with a fearful accident, Hattie," he answered, "and many are seriously injured. I was afraid, at first, that you were; but, thank God, it is not so! My hand is slightly injured, and the blood must have touched your forehead, for there is no wound there. You are not harmed. Oh how thankful I am that you are safe!"

It was a strange place for an avowal of love; there, at that midnight hour and in the moonlight, with the sound of the sufferers still in their ears. But a moment they lingered; yet that was sufficient for Robert Farlow to read an answer—not only in the eyes of his companion, but in her few spoken words:

"You have saved my life, Robert; henceforth it shall be given to its preserver!" Then they turned to assist the unfortunate sufferers around them.

A few hours of detention, and they were again on the road, and arrived safely the next nightfall at Hattie's home, where they were tearfully welcomed by her parents, who had just read the news of the accident.

A month later, a wedding was celebrated at Judge Marston's mansion; and when Hattie again left the home of her girlhood for another western journey, it was as the wife of Robert Farlow.

WHAT PRECIOUS STONES ARE MADE OF.

FIRST, as to the diamond, which, though the king and chief of all, may be dismissed in two

words—pure carbon. The diamond is the ultimate effort, the idealization, the spiritual evolution of coal—the butterfly escaped from its antenatal tomb, the realization of the coal's highest being. Then the ruby, the flaming red oriental ruby, side by side with the sapphire, and the oriental topaz—both rubies of different colors—what are they? Crystals of our commonest argillaceous earth, the earth which makes our potters' clay, our pipe-clay, and common roofing slate—mere bits of alumina. Yet these are among our best gems, these idealizations of our common potters' clay. In every one hundred grains of beautiful blue sapphire, ninety-two are pure alumina with one grain of iron to make that glorious light within. The ruby is colored with chromic acid. The amethyst is only silica or flint. In one hundred grains of amethyst, ninety-eight are pure flint—the same substance as that which made the old flint in the tinder-box, used before our phosphorus and sulphur-headed matches; of this same silica are also cornelian, cat's-eye, rock crystal, Egyptian jasper and opal. In one hundred grains of opal, ninety are pure silica, and ten water. It is the water, then, which gives the gem the peculiarly changeable and iridescent coloring which is so beautiful, and which renders the opal the moonlight queen of the kingly diamond. The garnet, the Brazilian topaz, but not the oriental—the oriental emerald which is of the same species as the beryl; all are compounds of flint and alumina. But the beryl and emerald are not composed exclusively of silica and alumina; they contain another earth called *glucina*—from *glukos*, sweet, because its salts are sweet to the taste. The hyacinth gem is composed of the earth called *zirconia*, first discovered in that species of stone called *zircon*, found in Scotland. A chrysolite is a portion of pure silicate of magnesia. Without carbonate of copper there would be no malachite in Russia, or in the Burra Burra mines in Australia; without carbonate of lime there would be no Carrara marble. The turquoise is nothing but a phosphate of alumina colored blue by copper. Lapis Lazuli is only a bit of earth painted throughout with sulphuret of sodium.

LET us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that, in mature age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comfort but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good.

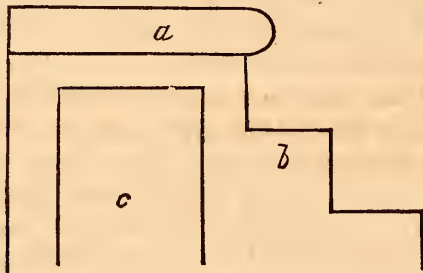
PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING.

SECOND LESSON.

As you have learned to draw straight lines parallel to one another, it will be necessary to make you connect them in some way, so as to form the outline of an object.

Draw two straight lines parallel to one another like *a*, in Fig. 3; then connect the ends of them

Fig. 3.

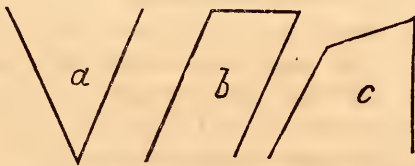


by a small curved line, and from that draw a short perpendicular and a short horizontal line (as *b*, in Fig. 3); repeat until the outline of a set of steps is complete.

Draw a horizontal straight line, and from either extremity of it draw two perpendicular straight lines as in *c*, Fig. 3.

Draw two oblique lines, so that their lower extremities shall meet, as *a*, Fig. 4. Then

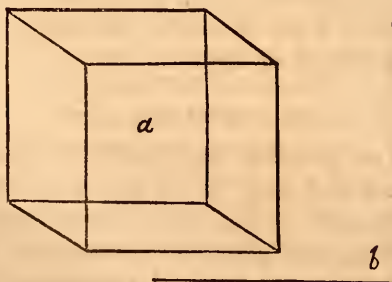
Fig. 4.



draw two parallel straight lines, so that the beginning of the upper one shall be almost immediately over the end of the lower one, and join the ends of these lines with oblique lines, as *b*, in Fig. 4.

Draw a perpendicular straight line, and from the upper end of it an oblique line from right to left, then unite the end of the oblique line to another oblique line, as in *c*, Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.



Draw a perpendicular line, and from the

lower part of it draw a horizontal line from right to left, as *b*, in Fig. 5.

Draw four horizontal lines, and then join their extremities by four perpendicular lines, as in *a*, Fig. 5. This will represent a block of wood (called a *cube* in geometry), having six faces, and eight corners or angles, like a die.

Here is another geometrical figure which you are requested to copy. To do so correctly, begin by making two dots, and then forming the upper line; then calculate that the distance of the second line is twice the depth of the fore part of the stone (which is represented in Fig. 6), and draw a *very faint short stroke* to fix the

Fig. 6.

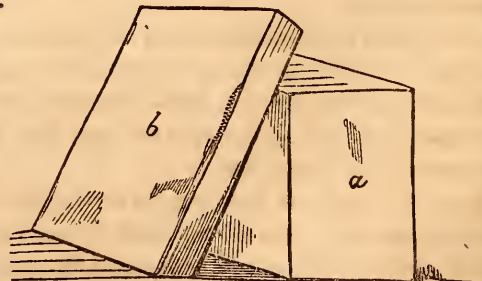


distance. You must now fix the place to commence the second line, and you therefore place a dot at about the same depth as the fore part of the stone towards the right, and another dot at about one and a half of the depth from the right of the end of the upper line; then draw a line between the two dots. Join the ends of these two lines by oblique lines, as represented in the figure above, and proceeding in the same manner to place dots upon the paper for the other parts, draw the short perpendicular lines and the oblique and horizontal lines. The figure is now complete in outline, and you must therefore finish it by the addition of a few strokes and dots as shown in the figure.

To form the outline of the figure, use a *F* pencil, and a *HB* to fill in the other strokes.

Here is another figure that you must practise frequently, because it will give you a fair

Fig. 7.

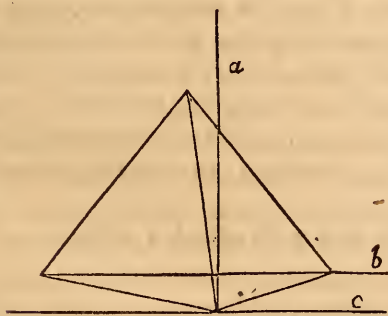


knowledge of the combination of form and proportion, and will school your eyes to the perspective of solids. In this, as in all cases, proceed by making dots before you commence drawing your lines; and we merely repeat this again because we wish our pupils to under-

stand most distinctly *that no line should be drawn until the length of it has been marked upon the paper by dots.* When you have drawn the upper horizontal line of *a*, in Fig. 7, draw a perpendicular line from each end of it, and let each of these lines be one and a half the length of the horizontal line; then unite the two lower ends of the perpendicular lines. Now draw a faint horizontal line along the base of *a*, and at about half the height of the oblong *a* place a dot on the faint horizontal line, and another dot at rather more than a third of the length of the dot just placed upon the line from the left lower angle of the oblong. You must then place a dot at about half the length of the above distance above the horizontal line, and the same distance from the second dot as the width of the base *a*. From these several dots draw oblique lines as in *b*, Fig. 7, and join them by other lines as shown in the figure. You must now draw other short lines from the oblique ones to the face of the oblong, and finish the figure by a few short strokes at the base, as shown in the figure.

It is required to represent the two sides of a pyramid. Draw two faint horizontal lines *b c*, and another one *a*, perpendicular to them; then draw a line from *c* to *b*, commencing at

Fig. 8.



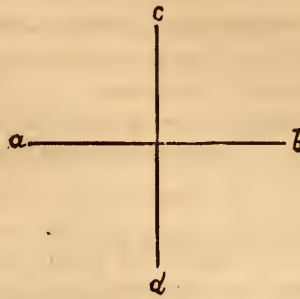
the place where *a* cuts *c*; then draw another line from *c* to *b*, one-third longer than the line on the right of *a*, commencing at the point of junction between *a* and *c*. Place a dot on the left of the perpendicular *a*, at nearly the same distance from it as the space between the lines *b* and *c*, and twice the length of the oblique line on the right of its base, between the line *c b*. From this point or dot draw lines to meet those drawn before, and the figure will be complete.

Draw a horizontal line, *a b*, and then draw a perpendicular line, *c d*, across it, as in Fig. 9.

You will have formed four right angles, *a e c*, *c e b*, *b e d*, *d e a*; but we are not going to study angles now; that is not our object. We wish you to notice our remarks and practise the

figure; then, when you can draw this well, you should draw the lines in different directions so

Fig. 9.



near that *c* may be brought nearer to *b*, and *d* to *a*; by this means you will form various kinds of angles.

THE BROKEN TENDRIL.

BY MRS. WOLVERTON.

THE twilight dew is falling,
The soft moon sailing near,
Within her court of beauty
The starry lights appear.

They waken sleeping memory,
Unfold a view for me:
A mother wildly weeping,
A dying babe I see.

God's guardian angel waiting,
In robe of holy love,
To bear that precious infant
Up to the home above.

Then quick I go in spirit
Through all that shadow dim,
Enfold that stricken mother,
And whisper words of Him.

My tears with hers are falling,
Her head upon my breast;
To still the wild heart tumult,
Her cheek to mine is prest.

None see us but Our Father
Beneath this clond of grief,
Nor hear the words I utter
To give that heart relief.

And He, unseen, is bending
Within that lonely room,
His faith light gently holding
To break the night of gloom.

Most dear the one He chastens!
That one he calls "His own,"
His angel bears the infant,
The mother follows on.

United in his heaven, on
Its bright and happy shore,
Will be the earthly parted
Forever, ever more.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE gives a man the truest and most constant self-possession.

“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. GODEX, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 365.)

CHAPTER IX.

It was at the close of an evening party which both the Hunts attended, and where Mr. Hammond's devotion was as marked as anything so modest could be, that Sarah felt him slip an envelope in her hand, as he put her into the carriage. Surprised as she was at the singularity of the occurrence, and disposed to take offence at the familiarity it implied, she had yet the presence of mind to conceal the missive from Lucy, and talk about other things, until they were set down at home. In the privacy of her chamber, she broke the seal and read her first love-letter.

It was a characteristic composition. If the strong hand had trembled above the lines, the clear, clerkly penmanship did not witness to the weakness. Nor was there anything in the subject matter that did not appear to Sarah as business-like and unimpassioned. It was a frank and manly avowal of attachment for her; a compliment implied, rather than broadly stated, to her virtues; the traits that had gained his esteem; then his love—a deprecatory sentence as to his ability to deserve the treasure he dared to ask—and then the *question!* in plain black and white, unequivocal to bluntness, simple and direct to curtness.

“As he would ask the price of a bale of goods!” burst forth Sarah, indignant, as she threw the paper on the floor, and buried her burning face in her hands.

“That there comes sometimes a glory to the Present, beside which the hues of Past and Future fade and are forgotten, I must and will believe. Such, it seems to me, must be the rapture of acknowledged and reciprocal affection!” This was the echo memory repeated to her soul. She saw again the gently gliding river, with its waves of crimson and gold; breathed the pure fragrance of the summer evening; floated on, towards the sunset, with the loved voice in her ear; the dawn of a strange and beautiful life, shedding blissful calm throughout her being.

And from this review, dangerous as it was,

for one fleeting instant sweet, she returned to the proposal that had amazed and angered her. Lewis's undemonstrative exterior had misled her, as it did most persons, in the estimate of his inner nature. Kind she was compelled to confess that he was, in the remembrance of his goodness to her father; his demeanor was always gentlemanly, and she had caught here and there rumors of his generosity to the needy that prevented a suspicion of sordidness. No doubt he was very well in his way; but he wanted to marry *her!* With the intensity of her fiery spirit, her will arose against the presumptuous request. It was the natural recoil of the woman who already loves, at the suggestion of a union with another than the man of her choice; the spontaneous outspeaking of a heart whose allegiance vows have been pledged and cannot be nullified. But she would not see this. Upon the unfortunate letter and its writer descended the storm of passionate repugnance aroused by its contents. With the reaction of excited feeling came tears—a plentiful shower that relaxed the overwrought nerves, until they were ready to receive the benediction of sleep.

Lewis had not asked a written or verbal reply.

“I will call to take you to drive to-morrow afternoon,” he wrote. “Should your decision upon the question I have proposed be favorable, your consent to accompany me in my ride will be understood as a signal that you have accepted my graver suit. If your conclusion is adverse to my hopes, you can signify the same to me in a letter, to be handed me when I ask for you. This course will spare us both embarrassment—perhaps pain. In any event, be assured that you will ever have a firm friend in
Yours truly, LEWIS HAMMOND.”

Sarah's lip curled as she reperused this clause of the letter on the following morning.

“It is a comfort to know that I have not to answer for the sin of breaking my ardent suitor's heart!” she said, as she drew towards her

the sheet upon which she was to indite her refusal. It was brief and courteous—freezing in its punctilious civility, and prepared without a pang, or a solitary misgiving that its reception would not be philosophically calm. Her design was to intrust it to the footman, to be delivered when Mr. Hammond called; and as the hour approached at which the expectant was to present himself, she took the note from the desk, and started down stairs with it.

The sitting-room door was open, and aware that Victoria West was in there with Lucy, Sarah trod very softly as she neared it. Her own name arrested her as she was going by. She stopped involuntarily.

“I thought Sarah a girl of better regulated mind,” said Victoria, in a tone of censorious pity. “Of course she suffers! It is the inevitable consequence of an unrequited attachment. Such miserable folly, such unpardonable weakness brings its punishment with it. But my sympathies are all yours, my dearest. I only wish you were not so sensitive. You are not to blame for her blind mistake.”

“I cannot help it!” said Lucy, plaintively. “It seems so sad that I should be made the means of depriving her of happiness. I wish I had never known that she was attached to poor Philip. I can’t tell you how awkward I feel when any allusion is made in her hearing to the dear fellow, or to our marriage.”

“I meant it for the best, dear, in telling you of my discovery,” replied Victoria, slightly hurt.

“I know that, my dear creature! And it is well that I should not be kept in the dark as to the state of her affections. I only hope that Philip never penetrated her secret. I should die of mortification for her, if he were to find it out. It is a lamentable affair—and I am sure that he is not in fault. What did you say that you gave for that set of handkerchiefs you showed me yesterday?”

“The cheapest things you ever saw! I got them at Stewart’s, and they averaged six dollars apiece! As to Mr. Benson, I trust, with you, that he is as unsuspecting as he seems; but he has remarkable discernment, you know. What I could not help seeing, before I had any other proof than her behavior, is not likely to have escaped him.”

Half an hour later, the twain were disturbed in their confidences by the sound of wheels stopping before the house, followed by a ring at the door. Victoria, ever on the alert, peeped, with feline caution and curiosity, around the edge of the curtain.

“What is going to happen? Look, Lucy! Mr. Hammond in a handsome light carriage, and driving a lovely pair of horses! I never thought to see him go in such style. How well he looks! Take care! he will see you!”

Both dodged as he glanced at the upper windows; but resumed their look-out in time to see the light that was kindled in his face when Sarah emerged from the front door. He was at her side in a second, to lead her down the steps, and his manner in this movement, and in assisting her into the carriage, the more striking in one generally so self-contained and deliberate, inspired the pair of initiated observers with the same conviction. As the spirited horses disappeared into the Avenue, the friends drew back from their loop-hole, and stared each other in the eyes, with the simultaneous exclamation—“They are engaged!”

They *were* engaged! Lewis felt it with a glad bound of the heart—but a minute before sickening in deadly suspense; felt, as he seated himself by *her* side, that the sorrows of a lonely and struggling youth, the years of manhood’s isolation and unsatisfied longings were swept from memory by this hour of abundant, unalloyed happiness.

And Sarah felt it! As her hand touched his, at their meeting upon the steps, a chill ran through her frame that told the consummation of the sacrifice which was to atone for past folly; to silence, and brand as a lying rumor, the fearful tale that hinted abroad the revelation of that weakness. In her mad horror at the knowledge of its discovery, she had rushed upon this alternative. Better an estate of honorable misery, than to live on, solitary, disgraced, condemned and pitied by her meanest foe! Now that the irreversible step was taken, she experienced no sharp regret, no wild impulse of retreat, but a gradual sinking of spirit into hopeless apathy.

Her veil-concealed her dull eyes and stolid features, and to Lewis’s happy mood there was nothing surprising or discouraging in her disposition to silence. With a tact, for which she had not given him credit, and did not now value aright, he refrained from any direct reference to their altered relation until they were returning homeward. Then, changing his tone of pleasant chat for one of deeper meaning, he said:—

“I have dared to hope much—everything—from your consent to become my companion for this afternoon. Before I ventured to address you directly, I had a long and frank conversation with your father.”

"What did he say?" asked Sarah, turning towards him for the first time.

"He referred me to you for my answer, which, he said, must be final and positive, since he would never attempt to influence your choice. In the event of an affirmative reply from you, he promised that his sanction should not be withheld."

Sarah was silent. She comprehended fully her father's warm interest in his friend's suit, which the speaker was too diffident to imply, and how this expression of his wishes set the seal upon her fate.

"We are poor and proud! Mr. Hammond is rich and seeks to marry me!" was her bitter thought. "It is a fine bargain in the eyes of both my parents. It would be high treason in me to dispute their will. Mr. Hammond has conceived the notion that I am a useful domestic character; a good housekeeper and nurse, and he is willing to bid liberally for my services. It is all arranged between them! Mine is a passive part, to copy Lucy's sweet, submissive ways for a season, for fear of frightening away the game, afterwards to attend to my business, while he looks after his. I have chosen my lot, and I will abide by it!"

"Have I your permission to call this evening and inform your father of my success—may I say of our engagement?" asked Lewis.

"It is best, I suppose, to call things by their right names," replied Sarah, in a cold voice, that was to him only coy. He smiled, and was about to speak, when she resumed: "Since we are virtually engaged"—she caught her breath, as she brought out the word—"I see no reason why we should hesitate to announce it to those whose right it is to know it."

"Thank you! That was spoken like the noble, unaffected woman you are! Will you always be equally sincere with me—*Sarah?*" His accent trembled with excess of emotion in calling the name.

Is it, then, an easy lot that you have chosen, Sarah Hunt? You, whose pride and glory it was to be truthful, who spurned whatever assimilated in the least degree to deception, what think you of a life where a lie meets you on the threshold, and must be accepted and perpetuated, if you would preserve your name and position in his eyes and those of the world. "It is the way two-thirds of the married people live!" you were saying to yourself, just now. It may be so; but it is none the less a career of duplicity, perjury—*crime!*

"I will endeavor to please you!" she fal-

tered, her face in a flame of shame and confusion.

And this was the hue that met Lewis's eye, as her veil was blown aside, in her descent to the pavement, a blush he interpreted to suit his own wishes. Mr. Hunt appeared in the doorway as she alighted, and read in Hammond's smile and joyous salutation all that he most desired to learn. When the door was closed upon the departing suitor, the father drew his best-beloved child to him, and kissed her, without a word of uttered blessing.

"It would break his heart were I to recede now!" thought Sarah, as she bore hers—heavy, hard—up to her room.

That evening was the proudest era of Mrs. Hunt's existence. Two daughters well engaged—unexceptionably paired off! What mother more blest than she? Where could be found other children so dutiful? other sons-in-law so acceptable? By breakfast time, next day, she had arranged everything—Sarah's trousseau, her house, and the double wedding.

Lucy expostulated here. "But, mother, this is the first of November."

"I know that, my dear; but the ceremony will not come off until Christmas, and much can be done in six weeks for your sister—your work is so forward. Then, again, 't isn't as if Sarah couldn't get everything she needs right here, if she shouldn't have enough. It will be tremendously expensive—*awful*, in fact; but we must make sacrifices. We can live economical after you're married and gone, and save enough to meet the bills."

"If you please, madam, I prefer a plain outfit, and no debts," said Sarah's most abrupt tones.

"If *you* please, my dear, I understand my affairs, and mean to do as I think proper," retorted the no less strong-willed mother.

Sarah was not cowed. "And as to the time you set, I cannot agree to it. I presume that in this matter I have some voice. I say six months instead of six weeks!"

"Very well, my love." Mrs. Hunt went on polishing a tumbler with her napkin. She always washed her silver and glass herself. "You must settle that with your father and Mr. Hammond. They are crazy for this plan. They were talking to me about it last night, and I told them that I would engage to have everything ready in time; but you must be consulted. I never saw your father more set upon anything. He said to me, private, that he did hope that you wouldn't raise any squeamish objections, and upset their arrangements."

Mrs. Hunt took up a handful of spoons as composedly as if she had never stretched her conscience in her life.

Sarah's head drooped upon the table. She was very, very miserable. In her morbid state of mind she did not dream of questioning the accuracy of her mother's assertion. That a marriageable single daughter was a burden to one parent, she knew but too well; that to this able financier the prospect of getting two out of the way, with the *éclat* of a double ceremony that should cost no more than Lucy's nuptials would have done, was a stupendous temptation, she also perceived. But that the father whom she so loved; whose sick bed she had tended so faithfully; whose lonely hours it was her province and delight to solace—that he should acquiesce—nay, more, rejoice in this indelicate haste to get rid of her, was a cruel stab. “Very well,” she said, raising an ashy face. “Let it be as you say. The sooner it is over, the better.”

This clause was unheeded by her mother and sister. Had they heard it, they might have understood it as little as they did the composure with which she joined in the work which was begun, without an hour's delay. In this trying juncture, Mrs. Hunt came out in all her strength. Her sewing-machine (she was one of the earliest purchasers of these inestimable time, labor, and money-savers) went night and day; she shopped largely and judiciously, giving orders to tradespeople with the air of a princess; “Jewed” her butcher; watched her pantry, and served up poorer dinners than ever. Jeannie's winter outfit was ingeniously contrived from her sister's cast-off wardrobe; Mr. Hunt's and the boys' shirts and socks were patched and darned until but a trifling quantity of the original material remained; and this pearl of mothers had her two year old cloak and last season's hat “done over” for this year's wear.

Foremost among the visitors to the Hunts, after this latest engagement was made public, was Mrs. Marlow, the wife of Mr. Hammond's benefactor and partner. Sarah was out when she called; so Mrs. Hunt received her, and discovering very soon that, in spite of her husband's wealth and her splendid establishment, she was not, as Mrs. Hunt phrased it to her daughters, “one mite proud, and thought the world and all of Lewis”—the mother opened her heart to her so freely, with regard to the prospective weddings and her maternal anxieties, that Mrs. Marlow was emboldened to introduce a subject which had taken hold of her

thoughts as soon as she heard from Mr. Hammond of his expected marriage.

She had a daughter resident, for the winter, in Paris, whose taste in female attire was unquestionable, and her good nature as praiseworthy. If Miss Sarah Hunt would prepare a memorandum of such articles as she would like to have selected in that emporium of fashion, she would promise, for her daughter, that they should be forwarded in time for “the occasion.”

“Some friends of mine, now abroad, have kindly offered to bring me over any quantity of fine dresses with their baggage,” said the complaisant old lady; “and, as I do not need their services for myself, I can smuggle in whatever your daughter may order. You would be surprised at the difference in prices here and there—to say nothing of the superior excellence and variety of the assortment from which one can choose. My friends will return early in December. Therefore, should you like this arrangement, I ought to have the list and write my letters to-morrow.”

Energetic, fussy, snobbish Mrs. Hunt! She stood an inch taller in her shoes at the imagination of this climax to the glory of the dual ceremony. “Trousseau ordered directly from Paris!” She seemed already to hear the envious and admiring buzz of her set; saw herself the most blessed of women—her daughters the brides of the season. She would order for Lucy, also; for the longer the list, the more importance would the future Mrs. Hammond acquire in the sight of her husband's friends. They could not know that it was not for her alone. Then, as Mrs. Marlow intimated, it would be a saving. Here, like a cold shower-bath, came the agonizing query—“Where was the money to come from?” It would never do to run in debt to such people as the Marlows. If they were hard-pressed shopkeepers, who needed the money, it would be another thing. No! the cash in hand, or its representative, must accompany the memorandum.

Sarah was secretly pleased at this obstacle; for she despised the ostentation and extravagance going on in their hungry household. Strive as she did, with wicked pertinacity, to conform herself to the world's code, there was as yet too much of the ancient and better leaven left to permit more than an outward obedience to the dictates of customs so irrational and tyrannical.

That very evening there arrived a letter that settled the question, and inflated Mrs. Hunt's collapsed spirits to an expansion hitherto

unequaled. It was from Aunt Sarah to her namesake niece; a guileless, fervent expression of good wishes and unabated affection, and a request from "husband" and herself that she would accept the inclosure as a mark of that hopeful regard.

"Since our daughters died"—wrote this true and gentle mother—"we have always intended to give you just exactly what we would have done one of them, as a wedding-present—as you were named for me, and I had nursed you before your mother ever did, and you seemed in some way to belong to us. But since you paid us a visit we have felt nearer to you than ever, and seeing that the Lord has prospered us in this world's goods, we have made up our minds to give you a double portion, dear, what both of our girls would have had, if it had pleased our Father to spare them to have homes of their own upon earth. Living is high in New York, but we have calculated that what we send will buy your wedding-clothes and furnish your house."

The inclosed gift, to Sarah's astonishment, was a check upon a city bank for a thousand dollars!

"Was there ever such a child for luck!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunt, clapping her hands. "What a fortunate thing we sent you down there when we did! That was one of *my* plans, you remember, Mr. H.! Really, Lucy, our little Sarah understands how to play her cards, after all! I never did you justice, my dear daughter. I ain't ashamed to confess it. This puts all straight, and is real handsome in Sister Benson—more than I expected. Go to work right away upon your list, girls! We'll have to set up the best part of the night to get it ready. Ah, well! this comes of putting one's trust in Providence and going ahead!"

Sarah thought, with aching heart and moistened eyes, of Aunt Sarah's mind-pictures of the neat apparel and snug dwelling she deemed proper for a young couple just beginning house-keeping, and rebelled at this waste, this frivolous expenditure of her love-portion. Mr. Hunt sided with her so far as to urge the propriety of her doing as she pleased with what was her exclusive property; but, as in a majority of former altercations, their arguments and powers of endurance were no match for the determination and mind of the real head of the family. With a sigh of pain, disgust, and despair, Mr. Hunt succumbed, and, deserted by her ally, Sarah contended but a short time longer ere she yielded up the cause of the combat to the indomitable victress.

CHAPTER X.

THE bridal day came; frosty and clear, daz- zlingly bright, by reason of the reflection from the snow, which lay deep and firm upon the ground.

"What a delightful novelty this is, coming to a wedding in a sleigh!" lisped one of the triad of bridesmaids, who were to do double duty for the sisters. "How very gay it makes one to hear the bells outside! Have they come, Vic.?"

Victoria, whose marriage was but one week off, was, true to instinct and habit, on the look-out behind the friendly curtain.

She nodded. "Yes—both of them, but not together. What a magnificent sleigh that is of the Marlows! They brought Mr. Hammond. See the bridegrooms shake hands on the sidewalk! That looks so sweet and brotherly! They will be up here, almost directly I suppose."

The attendants immediately began to shake out their robes and stroke their white gloves. They were collected in the sitting-room so often mentioned, and the sisters were also present. In accordance with the ridiculous custom of *very* parvenu modern marriages, although the ceremony was to take place precisely at twelve o'clock, daylight was carefully excluded from the parlors below, gas made its sickly substitute, and the whole company was in full evening costume.

"Am I all right?" inquired Lucy, with a cautious wave of her flowing veil. "Look at me, Vic.!"

"You are perfect, my dearest!" replied the devoted parasite. "How I admire your beautiful self-possession! And as for you, Sarah, your calmness is wonderful! I fear that I should be terribly agitated"—blushing, and casting a meaning smile at Lucy.

Sarah's statuesque repose was broken by a ray of scorn from the eye, and a slight disdainful smile. Whatever were the feelings working beneath her marble mask, she was not yet reduced to the depth of wretchedness that would humble her to accept the insolent pity couched under the pretended praise. She vouchsafed no other reply; but remained standing a little apart from the rest; her gloved hands crossed carelessly before her; her gaze bent downwards; her whole posture that of one who neither waited, nor hoped, nor feared.

"Who would have thought that she could be made such an elegant-looking woman!" whispered one of the bridesmaids aside to another.

"She has actually a high-bred air! I never imagined it was in her. So much for a Parisian toilette!"

"I am so much afraid that I shall lose my color when we enter the room," said Lucy, surveying her pink cheeks in the mirror. "They say it is so trying to the nerves, and I am odious when I am pale."

"Never fear, my sweetest. It is more likely that the unavoidable excitement will improve your complexion. There they are!" returned Victoria, hurriedly, and—unconsciously, no doubt—the three attendants and one of the principals in the forthcoming transaction, "struck an attitude," as the sound of footsteps approached the door.

Lucy had only time for a whisper—a last injunction—to her faithful crony. "Remember to see that my veil and dress hang right when we get down stairs." And the masculine portion of the procession marched in in order.

Sarah did not look up. She bent her head as the formal exchange of salutations was executed, and yielded her hand to the person who took it in his warm pressure, and then transferred it to his arm. It was one of the freaks, thus denominated by her acquaintances, in which she had been indulged, that she desired to have her marriage ceremony precede her sister's. She assigned what Lucy at least considered a sufficient reason for this caprice.

"Nobody will care to look at me after you stand aside, Lucy. Keep the best wine until the last. My only chance of getting an approving glance lies in going in before you attract and fix the public gaze."

She had her way. A limited number of select friends were admitted to behold "the ceremony;" yet the parlors were comfortably filled, excepting in the magical semicircle described by an invisible line in the centre of which stood the clergyman in his robes.

Still dull and calm, Sarah went through the brief role that fell to her share. "Behaved charmingly," was the unanimous verdict of the beholders, and surprised other people, as well as the complimentary bridemaids, by her thorough-bred air and Parisian toilet. Without the pause of a second, so perfect was the drill of the performers, the wedded pair stepped aside, and made way for the second happy couple. Lucy's solicitude on the score of her complexion was needless. As the solemn words were commenced, a rosy blush flickered up to its appointed resting-place—another and another—until, when Philip released her to the congratulatory throng, she was the most en-

chanting type of a radiant Hebe that poet ever sang, or painter burned to immortalize on canvas.

Philip stood beside her and sustained his proportion of the hand-shaking and felicitations until the press diminished, then stepped hastily over to where Hammond and his bride were undergoing a similar martyrdom. Until this moment Sarah had not looked at, or spoken to him—had never met him face to face since their parting in the summer at Aunt Sarah's. Now, not aware who it was that approached her, she raised her eyes with the serious dignity with which she had received all other salutations, and met his downward gaze—full of warm and honest feeling. "Sister!" he said, and in brotherly fondness he bent towards her, and left a kiss upon her mouth.

A hot glow, the lurid red of offended modesty or self-convicted guilt, overspread her face; the lips parted, quivered, and closed tightly after an ineffectual effort to articulate; the room swam around her, and Mr. Hammond caught her just in time to save her from falling. It was Nature's vengeful reaction for the long and unnatural strain upon her energies. She did not faint entirely away, although several moments elapsed before she regained perfect consciousness of her situation and surrounding objects. She had been placed in an easy-chair; her head rested against her father's shoulder, and on the other side stood Lewis, almost as pale as herself, holding a glass of wine to her lips. Around her were grouped her mother, Lucy, and Philip. The guests had withdrawn politely to the background, and maintained a respectful silence.

"What have I betrayed?" was her first coherent reflection; and, with an instinctive perception of the quarter where such disclosures would do most harm, her eye turned with a sort of appealing terror to Lewis. His heart leaped at the movement, revealing, as he fancied it did, dependence upon his strength, recognition of his right to be with and nearest to her.

"You are better," he said, with a moved tenderness he could not and cared not to restrain.

The words, the manner were an inexpressible relief to her fears, and trying to return his smile, she would have arisen but for her father's interposition.

"Sit still," he advised. "Mrs. Hunt, Lucy, Mr. Benson, will you entertain our friends? She will be all right in a little while, Mr. Hammond."

"*Tableaux vivants!*" said Lucy's soft, rich voice, as she advanced towards the reassured guests. "This is a part of the performance not set down in the programme. Quite theatrical, was it not?"

It is very possible that Philip Benson would not have regarded this as an *apropos* or refined witticism, had any one else been the speaker; but as the round, liquid tones rolled it forth, and her delicious laugh led off the instant revival of mirth and badinage, he marvelled at her consummate tact, her happy play of fancy (!), and returned devout thanks to the stars that had bestowed upon him this prodigy of grace, wit, and beauty. Sarah rallied speedily; and, contrary to the advice of her father and husband, maintained her post in the drawing-room all during the reception, which continued from half-past twelve to half-past two.

It was a gay and shifting scene—a sparkling, murmuring tide, that ebbed and flowed to and from the quartette who formed the attractive power. Silks, laces, velvets, furs, and diamonds; faces young, old, and middle-aged; handsome, fair, and homely; all decked in the same conventional holiday smile; bodies tall and short, executing every variety of bow and courtesy; voices sweet, sharp, and guttural, uttering the senseless formula of congratulation—these were Sarah's impressions of the tedious ceremonial. Restored to her rigid composure, she too bowed and spoke the word or sentence custom exacted—an emotionless automaton in seeming, while Lucy's matchless inflections lent interest and beauty to the like nothings, as she rehearsed them in her turn; and Philip Benson, having no solicitude for *his* bride's health or ability to endure the fatigue; was collected enough to compare the two, and, while exulting in his selection, to commiserate the proprietor of the colder and less gifted sister.

At last, the trial was over; the hospitable mansion was closed; the parlors deserted; the preparations for travelling hurried through; and the daughters went forth from their girlhood's home. Philip had cordially invited Sarah and Lewis, by letter, to accompany Lucy and himself to Georgia; but Sarah would not hear of it, and Lewis, while he left the decision to her, was not sorry that she preferred to journey instead with him alone. It was too cold to go northward, and the Hammonds now proposed to proceed with the others as far as Baltimore, there to diverge upon a Western and Southern tour, which was to occupy three weeks, perhaps four.

CHAPTER XI.

DURING the month preceding his marriage, Lewis Hammond had spent much time and many thoughts in providing and furnishing a house for his wife. His coadjutor in this labor of love was not, as one might have expected, Mrs. Hunt—but his early friend, Mrs. Marlow. His omission of his future mother-in-law, in his committee of consultation, he explained to her by representing the number of duties already pressing upon her, and his unwillingness to add aught to their weight. But when both girls were married and gone, and the work of "getting to rights" was all over, this indefatigable woman paid Mrs. Marlow a visit, and offered her assistance in completing the arrangements for the young housekeepers. "There is nothing for us to do," said Mrs. Marlow. "Lewis attended to the purchase of everything before leaving; and the orders are all in the hands of a competent upholsterer whom he has employed, as is also the key of the house. I offered to have the house-cleaning done, but Lewis refused to let me help him even in this. He is very methodical, and rather strict in some of his ideas. When the premises are pronounced ready for the occupancy of the future residents, you and I will play inspectors, and find as much fault as we can."

Mrs. Hunt went around by the house, on her way home. It was new and handsome, a brown stone front, with stone balconies and balustrades; but three stories high, it was true, yet of ample width and pitch of ceiling, and—as she discovered by skirting the square—at least three rooms deep all the way up. The location was unobjectionable; not more than four blocks from the paternal residence, and in a wider street. On the whole, she had no fault to find, provided Mr. Hammond had furnished it in such style as she would have recommended. She had her fears lest his sober taste in other respects should extend to these matters, and hinted something of the kind to her husband.

"I have confidence in Mr. Hammond to believe that he will allow his wife every indulgence compatible with his means," was the reply.

Mr. Hunt did not deem it obligatory upon him to state that his son-in-law had conferred with him upon numerous questions pertaining to Sarah's likes and probable wishes; that he had examined and approved of the entire collection of furniture, etc. selected for her use. Why should he, how could he, without engen-

dering in his wife's bosom the suspicion that had accounted to him for Lewis's choice of the father as an adviser? namely, that the newly made husband had gained a pretty correct estimate of this managing lady's character, her penny-wise and pound-foolish policy, and intended to inaugurate altogether a different one in his house.

Regardless of Mrs. Marlow's polite insinuation that their room was preferable to their company until all things should be in readiness for inspection, the ambitious mother made sundry visits to the premises while they were being fitted up, and delivered herself of divers suggestions and recommendations, which fell like sand on a rock upon the presiding man of business.

On the day appointed for the tourists' return, Mrs. Marlow's carriage drew up at Mr. Hunt's door, by appointment, to take the mistress of the house upon the proposed visit of criticism of her daughter's establishment. Mrs. Marlow was in a sunny mood, and indisposed to censure, as was evinced by her ejaculations of pleasure at the general effect of each apartment as they entered, and praise of its component parts. Mrs. Hunt was not so indiscriminating. The millionaire's wife must not imagine that she was dazzled by any show of elegance, or that she was overjoyed at the prospect of her child's having so beautiful and commodious a home.

“The everlasting oak and green!” she uttered as they reached the dining-room. “It is a pity Mr. Hammond did not select walnut and crimson instead! Green is very unbecoming to Sarah.”

“Then we must impress upon her the importance of cultivating healthy roses in her cheeks, and wearing bright warm colors. This combination—green and oak—is pretty and serviceable, I think. The table is very neatly set, Mary,” continued Mrs. Marlow, kindly, to the tidy serving-maid. “Keep an eye on the silver, my good girl, until your mistress comes. Mrs. Hunt, shall we peep into the china-closets before we go to the kitchen? I have taken the liberty, at Lewis's request, of offering to your daughter the services of a couple of my *protégées*, excellent servants, who hired for years with one of my own children—Mrs. Marland, now in Paris. They are honest, willing, and, I think, competent. The manservant, if Lewis sees fit to keep one, he must procure himself.”

The china, glass, and pantries were in capital order; the kitchen well stocked, light, and clean, and dinner over the fire.

“You will be punctual to the minute, Katy, please!” was the warning here. “Mr. Hammond is particular in the matter of time.”

“And you will see that *my daughter* has a cup of clear, strong coffee!” ordered Mrs. Hunt, magisterially. “She is delicate, and accustomed to the very best of cookery.” And having demonstrated her importance and superior housewifery to the round-eyed cook, she swept out.

To an unprejudiced eye, the whole establishment was without a flaw; and, undisturbed by the captious objections of her companion in the survey, Mrs. Marlow saw and judged for herself, and carried home with her a most pleasing imagination of Lewis's gratification, and Sarah's delighted surprise with the scene that was to close their day of cold and weariness.

By Mr. Hammond's expressed desire to his father-in-law, there was no one except the domestics in the house when they arrived. As the carriage stopped, the listening maid opened the door, and a stream of radiance shot into the misty night across the wet pavement upon the two figures that stepped from the conveyance.

“He sees the light in happy homes!” The mental quotation brought back to Sarah the vision of that lonely evening ten months before, when she had moaned it in her dreary twilight musings at the window of her little room. “Dreary then, hopeless now!” and with this voiceless sigh, she crossed the threshold of her destined abode. With a kindly greeting to the servants in the hall, Lewis hurried his wife onward, past the parlor doors, into a library sitting-room, back of the show apartments, warm and bright, smiling a very home welcome. Here he placed her in a deep, cushioned chair, and, pressing her hands in his, kissed her, with a heartfelt—“May you be very happy in *our home*, dear wife!”

“Thank you!” she replied. “It is pleasant here, and you are too kind.”

“That is impossible where you are concerned. Sit here, while I see to the trunks. When they are carried up stairs, you can go to your room. Throw off your hat and cloak.”

He was very thoughtful of her comfort—too thoughtful, because his love made him watchful of her every look, word, and gesture. She was glad of the brief respite from this vigilance that allowed her to bury her face in her hands and groan aloud. She had no heart to look around her cage. No doubt it was luxurious; the bars softly and richly lined; the various arrangements the best of their kind; still, it

was nothing but a cage—a prison, from which death only could release her.

The trim maid came for her wrappings, and directly afterwards Lewis, to take her up stairs.

“Not a very elaborate toilet, dear,” he said, as he left her for his dressing-room. “You will see no one this evening but our father and mother, and they will remember that you have been travelling all day.”

When she was ready, it lacked still a quarter of an hour of dinner-time, and she acceded to Lewis's proposal that they should go over their dwelling. By his order, there were lights in every room. The graceful furniture, the well contrasted hues of the soft carpets, the curtains and pictures showed to fine advantage. Everything was in place, from cellar to attic; not a symptom of parsimony or cheapness in the whole; and all betokened, besides excellent judgment, such conformity to, or unison with her taste, that Sarah, with all her heaviness of heart, was pleased. She was touched too with gratitude or remorse; for, when they were back in the cozy sitting-room, she laid her hand timidly on that of her husband, and said, falteringly:

“I do not deserve that you should take so much pains to gratify me, Mr. Hammond.”

Over Lewis's face there flushed one of the rare smiles that made him positively handsome while they lasted. He grasped the shrinking fingers firmly, and drew his wife close to his side.

“Shall I tell you how to repay me for all that I have done, or ever can do, to promote your ease and enjoyment?”

“If you please.” But her heart sank, as she foresaw some demands upon a love that had never existed—a treasury that, to him, was sealed and empty; yet whose poverty she dared not avow.

“Call me ‘Lewis,’ now that we are at home, dear. I cannot realize that you are indeed all mine—that our lives are one and the same, while you continue that very proper ‘Mr. Hammond.’”

“It comes more naturally to my tongue, and don't you think it more respectful than—than—the other?”

“I ask no such form of respect from you. I do not fear lest you should fail ‘to honor and obey’ me, you little paragon of duty! Believe me, dearest, I fully understand and reverence the modest reserve, that has not yet ceased to be shyness, in the expression of your sentiments towards me. You are not demonstrative by nature. Neither am I. But since you are

my other self, and there is no living being nearer to you than myself, ought we not to overcome this propensity to, or custom of locking up our feelings in our own breasts? Let me begin by a confession of one uncomfortable complaint, under which I have labored ever since our engagement. Do you know, darling, that I absolutely *hunger*—I cannot give any other name to the longing—I hunger and thirst to hear you say that you love me! Do you remember that you have never told me in so many words what you have given me other good reasons for believing? I need but one thing this evening to fill my cup with purest content. It is to have you say—openly, fearlessly, as my wife has a right to do—‘Lewis, I love you!’”

“It need be a source of no unhappiness to be married to a man whom one does not love, provided he is kind and generous!” say match-makers and worldly-wise mothers. Perhaps not, after one's conscience is seared into callousness by perjuries, and her forehead grown bold as brass; but the neophyte in the laudable work of adaptation to such circumstances will trip in her words and color awkwardly while acquiring this enviable hardihood.

Sarah's head fell, and her face was stained with blushes. One wild impulse was to throw herself at the feet of him whom she had wronged so foully, and confessing her mad, wicked deception upon his holiest feelings, pray him to send her away—to cast her adrift, and rid himself of a curse, while he freed her from the gentle, yet intolerable bondage of his love.

“Dinner is ready!” announced the servant. Sarah's senses returned and with them self-control. With a strange smile, she glanced up at him—a look he did not understand, yet could not guess was born of anguish—and said, with a hesitation that seemed pretty and coquettish to him—“*Lewis!* do you hear? May it please your worship, I am very hungry!”

“Tease! I will have my revenge yet! See if I do not!”

Laughing lightly, she eluded his outstretched arm, and sprang past him into the hall leading to the dining-room. She assumed the seat at the head of the table with a burlesque of dignity, and throughout the meal was more talkative and frolicsome than he had ever seen her before. So captivated was he by her lively discourse and bright looks, that he was sorry to hear the ring, proclaiming the coming of the expected visitors. The dessert had not been removed, and the girl was instructed to show them immediately into the dining-room.

A toast was drunk to the prosperity of the lately established household, and the gentlemen went off to the library.

“Always see to putting away your silver, Sarah!” counselled the mother. “And you had ought to get a common set of dinner and breakfast things. This china is too nice for every day use. Of course, Mr. Hammond can afford to get more when this is broken; but it’s a first-rate rule, child, as you’ll find, to put your money *where it will show most*. That’s the secret of my management. Mr. Hammond must give you an allowance for housekeeping and pin-money. Speak to him about it right away. Men are more liberal while the honeymoon lasts than they ever are afterwards. Strike while the iron is hot. You can’t complain of your husband so far. He has set you up very handsome. If I had been consulted about furnishing, I would have saved enough off of those third-story chambers and the kitchen to buy another pair of mirrors for your parlors. The mantels has a bare look. I noticed it directly I went in. To be sure, the Parian ornaments are pretty and tasty, and expensive enough—dear knows! but they don’t make much of a display.”

“I do not like the fashion of lining walls with mirrors,” said Sarah in her old, short way; “and am satisfied with the house as it is. Shall we join the gentlemen?”

Nothing had ever showed her more plainly the degradation of her false position than the confident air her mother wore in making her coarse observations, and instructing her as to the method of managing her generous, confiding husband. It was the free-masonry of a mercenary wife, whose spouse would have been better represented to her mind by his money-bag than his own proper person, towards another of the same craft, who rated her lawful banker by corresponding rules.

“Will I then really grow to be like her and her associates?” Sarah questioned inly. “Will a fine house and its fixtures, will dress and equipage and pin-money so increase in importance as to fill this aching vacuum in my heart? Will a position in life, and the envy of my neighbors, make up to me for the loss of the love of which I used to dream, the happiness which the world owes me yet? Is this the coin in which it would redeem its promises?”

Mr. Hunt’s mild features wore their happiest expression this evening. He arose at the ladies’ entrance, and beckoned his daughter to a seat on the sofa beside him.

“You are a little travel-worn!” he said. “Your cheeks are not very ruddy.”

“Did you ever see them when they *were*?” asked Sarah, playfully.

“She was always just that pale—when she was a baby,” said Mrs. Hunt, setting herself in the arm-chair proffered by her son-in-law. “Lucy stole all the roses from her.” Sarah may have thought that other and more grievous thefts had succeeded this doubtful one, but she neither looked nor said this. “And that reminds me, Mr. H. ! Did you bring Lucy’s letter for Sarah to read?”

“I did.” Mr. Hunt produced it. “Keep it, and read it at your leisure, Sarah.”

“They are supremely happy, I suppose?” remarked Lewis, with the benevolent interest incident to his fellowship of feeling with them.

“For all the world like two turtle-doves!” Mrs. Hunt rejoined. “Their letters are a curiosity. It is ‘Phil.’ and ‘Lucy’ from one end to the other. I mean to keep them to show to them five years from now. Hot love is soon cool, and by and by they will settle down as sensible as any of the rest of us. You don’t begin so, I see, Sarah, and I am pleased at it. Between me and you, it’s two-thirds of it humbug! There is Victoria West that was! She looks ready, in company, to eat up that lean monkey of a George Bond. I don’t believe but she shows him the other side of the picture in private.”

Sarah heard her father’s suppressed sigh, and felt, without looking up, that her husband’s eyes sought hers wistfully. The unobservant dame pursued her free and easy discourse. Mr. Hammond was “one of the family” now, and there was no more occasion for choice grammar or fine sentiments before him.

“Not that I blame Victoria for taking him. He was a good offer, and she wasn’t much admired by the gentlemen—rich as Mr. West is. Mr. Bond is twenty-five years older than she is, and wears false teeth and a toupee; but I suppose she is willing to overlook trifles. She watches out for the main chance, and will help him take care of his money, as well as spend it. Vic. is a prudent girl.”

“Lucy—Mrs. Benson—was at home when she wrote, was she not?” interrogated Mr. Hammond.

“Yes, at his father’s. His mother keeps house, and Lucy has nothing to do but ride, visit, and entertain company. She says the house is crowded the whole time, and she has so many beaux that Philip stands no chance

of speaking a word to her. She is perfectly happy."

Notwithstanding the various feelings of the listeners, none of them could resist this picture of a felicitous honeymoon, so naively spoken. Lewis's laugh cleared the vapors from his brow, and the pain at Sarah's heart did not hinder her from joining in.

"And the ousted bridegroom, perforce, seeks consolation in the society of his fair friends?" said Lewis. "If this is the way young married people show the love-sickness you complained of just now, Mrs. Hunt, I am content with our more staid ways—eh, Sarah?"

"Quiet ways suit me best," was the answer.

"Still water runs deep," quoted Mrs. Hunt. "I used to worry over your stay-at-home habits and eternal study of books, Sarah; but I'm ready to say now that you was sensible to behave as you did, as it has turned out. I don't mean to flatter Mr. Hammond, but I'd ten times rather you had taken him than a dried-up widower like George Bond."

"Thank you!" bowed Lewis, desirous of diverting attention from Sarah's growing uneasiness beneath her mother's congratulations.

Mrs. Hunt held on her way. "I never had a fear lest Lucy shouldn't marry well. She was pretty and attractive, and knew too much about the world to throw herself away for the sake of love in a cottage. But now the danger is over, I will allow that I used to mistrust Sarah here sometimes. You was just queer enough to fall in love with some adventurer with a foreign name, and never a cent in his pocket—yes, and marry him, too, in spite of all that could be said and done to prevent it. I was forever in a 'feaze' about you; fancying that you was born to make an out-and-out love-match—the silliest thing a girl can do, in my opinion."

"You never dreamed of her 'taking up,' as the phrase is, with a humdrum individual like myself," said Lewis. "Nor, to be candid, did I, for a long time, Mrs. Hunt. Yet I cannot say that I regret her action, disadvantageous to herself though it was. I wrote to you of our visit to New Orleans, did I not, sir?" he continued to Mr. Hunt, inwardly a little disgusted by the frank revelations his mamma-in-law was making of her principles and plans.

The subject so interesting to most wedded people, so embarrassing to one of the present party, was not again introduced during the elder couple's stay. When Lewis returned to the library, after seeing them out, Sarah sat where he had left her, her hand shading her

eyes—deep in thought, or overcome by weariness.

"You had better go up to your room, dear," said Lewis. "I wonder you are not worn out completely."

She arose to obey; walked as far as the door, then came back to him.

"It may appear strange to you that I should speak openly of such a suspicion; but I must beg you not to suppose for an instant that in my acceptance of your offer of—marriage, I was actuated by mercenary motives. You look surprised"—she hurried on yet faster while her resolution lasted—"but I could not rest without doing myself this act of justice. Much that mother said to-night might—must have led you to this conclusion. I would not have you think worse of me than I deserve, and of this one act of baseness I am innocent."

"My precious little wife, how excited you are! and over what a nonsensical imagination! Suspect you—the noblest as well as the dearest of women—of selling yourself, body and soul, for money? Listen to *my* speech now, dear Sarah!"

He sat down and pulled her to his knee. "I esteem you, as I love you above all the rest of your sex—above any other created mortal. I know you to be a pure, highminded woman. When I part with this persuasion, may I part also with the life that doubt on this point would render wretched! Judge, then, whether it be possible for me to link this holy realization of womanhood with the thought of another character, which I will describe. I hold that she who enters the hallowed state of wedlock through motives of pecuniary interest, or ambition, or convenience—indeed, through any consideration save that of love, single and entire, for him to whom she pledges her vows, stands, in the sight of her Maker and the angels, on a level with the most abandoned outcast that pollutes the earth she treads. I shock you, I see; but on this subject I feel strongly. I have seen much, too much, of fashionable marriages formed for worldly aggrandizement—for riches; sometimes in pique at having lost a coveted lover. With my peculiar sentiments, I feel that I could endure no heavier curse than to contract an alliance like any of these. I repeat it, I believe in *Woman* as God made her and intended she should live, if for no other reason than because I recollect my mother, boy as I was when she died; and because I know and have you, my true, blessed Wife!"

(To be continued.)

THE MAIDS OF HONOR TO MARY QUEEN
OF SCOTS.

THEY were allowed one gallon of wine, among them all, two rolls of bread each, and the same diet as their royal mistress, which on flesh days consisted of four sorts of soup, and four *entrées*, a piece of boiled beef, boiled loin of mutton, and a boiled capon. The second course was of roast meats, one joint of mutton, one capon, three pullets or pigeons, three leverets or rabbits, and two pieces of bacon. No sweet dishes are enumerated. The dessert consisted of seven dishes of fruit and preserves, and one dish of chicory paste.

Supper, which was served at four o'clock in the afternoon, was a repetition of the same viands as at dinner—good, plain, substantial fare, with nothing fanciful. Neither tea, coffee, nor chocolate was known in the sixteenth century; milk, whey, and *eau sucrée* were the light beverages which supplied the place of those luxuries with Mary Stuart and her maids of honor. Each of these ladies had a manservant and a maid. The men dined with an officer called the Usher of the Ladies and the *passemantier*, an ingenious needleman who worked the borders of dresses and beds, and designed patterns.

Their maids dined at a separate table with the wife of one of the queen's butlers, and one of her female drolls, or fools, called *La Jardinière*. There were several of these in Queen Mary's establishment, who were dressed in the royal livery—scarlet and yellow. Mary Fleming and her three associate Maries were allowed half a pound of candles between them every night, from the 1st of November till the last of March, and, besides this, a *bougie* of yellow wax, weighing an ounce, each.

Their salaries on their return to Scotland were 200 livres de Tournois, which would be about the rate of twenty pounds a year; but then they were clothed at the queen's expense, and that very sumptuously. On the anniversary of the death of Francis II. of France, the lamented consort of their royal mistress, black velvet was delivered from her wardrobe stores to each of the four Maries for their second mourning; also black cloth for their riding-cloaks and hoods when the court was going on a progress into the country; and there were tailors in the royal household who made their dresses—no greater impropriety than the employment of male habit-makers in modern times. They had received much higher salaries when Mary was Queen Consort of France, but con-

siderable reductions were necessarily made in the wages of both her Scotch and French ladies on her return to Scotland, where the strictest economy was practised in the queen's household, in order not to exceed her reduced income.

THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Pearl the Fifth.—May.

O SWEETEST month of all the year!

All nature with a welcome waits
To greet you as you pass the gates
That open to this mundane sphere.

Thy sister April, coy and chill,
(Like a chaste virgin, love forsworn,
Scarce yielded daisies for the lawn,
Or a green mantle for the hill.

But thou! whose genial bosom glows
With all a lover's ardor—thou!
With radiance streaming from thy brow;
With cheeks the color of the rose—

With steps whose touch to bloom gives birth;
With lips whose breath yields odors rare—
Thou comest, bidding all to share
The glories born to mother Earth.

All day the birds thy praises sing;
All day the roses yield perfume;
And even night discards her gloom
To fold thee 'neath her starry wing.

The farmer at his daily task,
The merchant at his ledger leaves,
The schoolboy binding wisdom's sheaves,
Children, who in thy sunshine bask,

Bless thee in various word and way,
And feel the impulse of thy spell,
While even old age loves to dwell
Upon the memories of May.

Hope—the bright Phosphor of youth's sky—
Points forward unto coming Mays,
Within whose wealth of winning ways
The endless charms of pleasure lie.

While Memory, whose horizon
Holds Hesper—star of life's decline—
To old age teaches, line by line,
The lessons she from Time hath won.

O sweetest month of all the year!
Of lightness, brightness, bliss, and bloom,
Of song, of sunshine, of perfume,
Of all that human hearts hold dear—

All hail! and may thy blessings stay
About our daily paths, to yield
The treasures of a harvest-field
White with the memories of May!

VANITY is the fruit of ignorance, which thrives best in subterranean places, where the air of heaven and the light of the sun cannot reach it.

A ROUGH DOSE.

BY MARY FORMAN.

MRS. LAWRENCE WILLIAMS was an invalid!

In one brief sentence were comprised all the domestic miseries of Lawrence Williams, who had given, fourteen years before our story commences, his heart, hand, and honest love to the lady bearing his name. Poor Lawrence! His hopes of happiness faded slowly year by year before the tyrant who held his wife chained to her sofa or bed from New Year's till Christmas. He was an upright, simple-minded man, this cousin of mine, about whom I write, yet withal shrewd, and not easily imposed upon, and when I came to spend a few weeks in his particularly uncomfortable residence, he opened his heart to me. We had been companions and confidants in childhood and youth, indeed until his marriage took him from his native town, so I could listen and understand.

"You see how it is, Lizzie," he said, one morning, as he came into the library where I was sitting; "my home is not fit to invite you into."

"Why Larry!" I said, surprised to see his genial face so overcast, "what a doleful face!"

"And a doleful heart, Lizzie! For the last ten years I have not had a meal in comfort. My children are neglected, my home wretched, ill-trained servants rule the house, and were it not for—for—Oh, Lizzie, what can I do! I love Mary, and this is all that keeps me from absolutely running away. I have thought of getting a housekeeper, but she resents that as a positive insult."

"But, Larry, if she is sick"—

He interrupted me.

"It pains me more than I can express to say so, Lizzie, but Mary is not so sick as she fancies. I have no doubt that she suffers; for who can be idle for weeks together, and not feel weak and miserable. But she is never too ill for a party, recovers rapidly when the opera is here, and can attend to a tea-party with perfect ease, but is too ill to see to her house, her husband, or her children."

It was all true. Five days' residence in the house gave me a complete insight into Mary's character. She was a blonde, who in her days of girlhood was very pretty, but who, in her now neglected dress, with languid movements and sleepy, half opened eyes, was far from

lovely. Her natural indolence, overcome by her love for her husband in the first years of their married life, had degenerated into a laziness that took advantage of every trifling ailment to keep up weeks of invalid privileges. At times shame would drive her into trying to rectify some of the abuses of which her husband justly complained; but the over-exertion at such times acting upon a system weakened by long spells of inertness, produced pain and actual suffering, that formed for her an admirable excuse for "letting things go." Her children, dirty and ragged, left entirely to the care of servants, were fast becoming vicious. With a heavy heart, I watched my cousin's course. His love of order outraged, his paternal feelings violated, his complaints met with threats or murmurings, he was becoming desperate. Mary's favorite weapon was a fainting fit, and a gloomy appeal to his feelings.

"I cannot live long; and when I am gone you will regret such cruelty," she would sigh, if he remonstrated; and then a flood of tears, or a faint, would bring his kind heart to penitence and a promise to try to "get along."

Another trial was the dear intimate friend of the invalid, a Miss Elvira Jenkins, who revenged herself for the bad taste that left her a lonely maiden, by violent abuse of the whole male sex. Upon Mary she lavished her pity and sympathy, and did not spare her tongue in opinions of Larry's hard-hearted cruelty in expecting this suffering angel to exert herself. My cousin and myself were both convinced that if Miss Elvira were once removed Mary's better sense and feelings might prompt her to a reformation. At last, a plan suggested itself to me, and I, in solemn confidence imparted it to Larry.

"Lizzie," he cried, aghast, "it is too cruel!"

"Harsh medicine must be used, when mild ones fail," I said, resolutely.

"But, Lizzie, to hint at such a possibility."

"Doesn't she speak of it every day?"

He paced up and down the room with much agitation. Finally, stopping in front of me, he said: "I'll try it!"

The following morning I was in Mary's room, removing from a stand the breakfast dishes, when Larry came in.

"Coffee all cold, and weak as water," he said, in a sulky way, without any of his customary kind words for his wife.

"Shall I make you a cup of coffee?" I asked.

"No," he answered, roughly; "you were not invited here to wait on me. If the house were properly managed, there would be coffee fit to drink served on the table."

"O dear!" whined Mary, "I am sure the servants do as well as can be expected, left so much to themselves."

"They need not be left to themselves."

"Oh, Larry, this eternal song is killing me. You complain all the time. I'm sure it is not my fault that I am a poor, suffering invalid"—here she began to grow pathetic; "I wish I was a hearty, strong woman like Lizzie, and could make you comfortable. I'm sure I love you too much to have you uncomfortable if I was able to prevent it." Here Larry would have softened, but I looked daggers at him. "Bear it for a little while, Lawrence; I am sure it will not be long before I die—I am so delicate"—this was between sobs—"and these scenes—wear on my constitution—you will soon be rid of me—and then—when your harshness has driven me—to the grave—you will repent of it—but—I—forgive you"—and then the hysterics came in.

Larry waited patiently till she was quiet again, and then, with a perfection of acting that would have made his fortune on the stage, he stepped coolly to the mirror and began to brush his hair.

"Mary," he said, quietly, not turning his head, "do you really think you will die soon?"

With utter amazement at the matter-of-fact tone, Mary said, "Yes!"

"Well, so you've said a number of times, and I've been thinking it over lately. I think, after you are gone, allowing of course a decent time for mourning, that it will be my duty to the children to marry again."

"What!" The word came from the bed with the force of a pistol shot.

"You see I am still young and good-looking, and I shall try to select a healthy, active partner, who will make my house a home, and be truly a *mother* to the children. A woman who loves me will of course take pride in my home and family, and I can, I know, make her happy. There is a fund of love in my heart for the woman who really loves me."

Poor Mary was sitting up, with straining eyes and pale face. "Lawrence!" she gasped. Then with a sickening fear that her husband's

long tried affections had in reality strayed from her, she said, "Who?"

"Well, I was thinking," he said, "of Miss Elvira Jenkins. She is accustomed to the children, and knows my ways, and if you could exert yourself, Mary, and show her round the house a little"—

He was interrupted by a well aimed pillow flying straight at his head. Mary was crimson with fury. Bottles, spoons, glasses followed the pillow!

"So! that's what she comes here for, is it? To make love to the most cruel, falsehearted man that ever lived! You've made all your arrangements, have you?"—here a bottle of lavender water smashed the mirror. "You'd be very glad to have me die and leave her a clear field"—a tablespoon took Larry in one eye—"but I won't! I won't! I won't!" The last word was a scream, and Mary, utterly exhausted, fell back, this time in a real fainting fit. Lawrence, all penitence, would have ruined all by staying to coax her back to amiability, but I drove him from the house. My patient recovered with a flood of tears. Gravely yet kindly I tried to make her realize the full error of her life, and, softened by the horrible fear that she was really losing the love of her kind, indulgent husband, she made many vows of amendment.

It was a long day's work we did, and when Lawrence came home his eyes fairly shone with pleasure. The well-spread tea-table was covered with nicely arranged dishes, a spotless cloth, and clear glass, silver, and china. His two little girls, in simple but neat dresses, were in the room, but his eyes rested on his wife.

Flushed by exercise and agitation, Mary's cheeks and eyes were bright as of old. She wore a light blue dress, with snowy collar and sleeves, and her soft blonde hair was arranged in wide becoming braids. With a quiet grace, though her hand trembled with excitement, she presided over the table, and led the conversation to indifferent subjects. The evening was spent in the long unoccupied parlor, where the piano did good service in giving fingers the power to take the place of talk. It was not till after the children had retired that Mary went up to her husband. He was standing by the fireplace looking at her with fond eyes. She stole into his arms, whispering, "Forgive me, Larry!"

"My wife! My own dear Mary!"

I crept away with eyes full of tears.

Two years later, I visited them again. A

neat, well-ordered household, and quiet, well-behaved, well-dressed children bore witness to Mary's reform; while she assures me that when, as often occurs, she is prostrated by real

sickness, no kindness can exceed that paid her by Larry. Miss Jenkins has retired in disgust, not relishing the cure effected by the "rough dose."

LETTERS FROM AUNT BETSY BROOMCORN.

LETTER V.

DEAR MR. GODEY: Since I begun to tell you about my experience at Pendle Holler, I s'pose I orter finish; but it seems ruther foolish in an old woman like me to tell you all these things. You must take it into count, that I was young then, and didn't know so much about the world as some girls of my age, that had been about more. I don't mind tellin' *you* so much, or havin' the folks in Scrub Oak know it, but I shouldn't like to have it get back to Pendle Holler that I told these things over, twenty years afterward.

You see I went back to Mr. Stowerses to board, a few days after the old lady died. Nat was dreffle glad to see me. He said that jest as soon as the moon changed, father and he was goin' to saw off the lims to the apple-trees, that grew up agin the house, so the sun could shine in a little. "Ain't you glad," says he, "we're goin' to sow some grass seed there 'n' put some new steps where them old mouldy ones was. I dug up 'bout a cart-load of burdocks, 'n' if you'll go with the gals 'n' me we're goin' to burn em out in the medder to-night. Father said we might. Schoolma'am, dast you set in granny's chair?" I said I didn't want to, but I'd go with em to burn the burdocks. So, after supper, we put on our sun-bonnets and helped Nat make a pile of the old steps, the dry burdocks, and some straw, and after the cows was milked, and it was dark enough to see stars, we took a shovel-full of coals and went out into the medder. Nat put the coals down among the straw, and fanned them with his straw hat till they begun to blaze. Great white puffs of smoke come out of the pile first. Then little threads of flame crept out in sight, and finally a great clump of waverin' red flames flashed out of the top, and swayed round with the wind. The light shone on Nat's brown face, and old lop-brimmed hat, and made a perfect picter of him, paintin' up his clothes till they looked like anything else but jest a coarse cotton shirt and tow trowsers. Clary and Idy poked the fire with sticks, and laughed right out to see the sparks flyin' up among the stars. There was a great oak tree

close by, and I remember the nearest leaves looked as if they was gilted. While the girls was at play, Nat come round to me. Says he, "Schoolma'am, Liddy was over here last night, 'n' I heard her tell mother that she 'n' Kezier had settled with Square Kinyou. Mother wanted to know what on airth she meant, 'n' she said the Square was a dreffle good-natured man 'n' he'd make a good neighbor; but, says she, you never did hear of sich a trick as he played Kezier 'n' me. He come to our house two or three times runnin' about five o'clock, 'n' got his supper with us; 'n' then he'd set 'n' talk to father 'n' mother all the evenin'. Finally he got a chance to talk to Kezier a minit, he up 'n' asked her if she'd have him. Kezier was took so suddin she didn't know what to say at fust, but she told him she reckoned she didn't want to. 'Now,' says Liddy, 'what d' you s'pose he said?' 'I dunno,' says mother. 'Well,' says Liddy, 'he said, you don't understand me, Kezier. I wanted to know if you didn't think Liddy'd have me. I've got a pooty comfortable place; seems to me 'twould jest suit a spry gal like Liddy. Now don't you think so, Kezier? And she said she wouldn't wonder. Geuss he'd find out by askin'. Says he, 'won't you ask her yourself?' She reckoned she hadn't better, Liddy migh'n't like it, she was ruther techy bout sich things. 'Well,' says he, 'ef I had a chance.' 'La,' says she, 'be you in a hurry, Square?' He said, 'No, but when he'd made up his mind he hated to wait,' so says she, 'Kezier jest called me to come 'n' husk them roastin' ears fur the Square. She was going to get some salt to eat with em.' When she come back the Square was sayin' as crank as could be, 'I'm sorry you're so short, Liddy, I only asked ye 'cause you seemed to be ruther 'spectin' it. I didn't mean nothin'. I'll tell ye now, I'm going to be married rite off, 'n' if ye want to, I'll ask you to my weddin'.' Says she, 'I laughed 'n' said I didn't care where I went if ony they had plenty of fun.' 'Now,' says she, 'did you ever hear the like of that? He asked me to have him, jest as if he meant it, 'n' I said, I thought I hadn't better, 'cause I was too young.' 'O shaw,' says he, 'I don't

care anything about that.' 'Maybe I shouldn't,' says I, 'ef you wasn't quite so old.' 'Well,' says he, 'won't you have me, Liddy?' 'No,' says I, 'I won't,' 'n' so he up 'n' pretended he didn't mean it. Now, schoolma'am, what's the use in a man's havin' to make sich a fool of hisseff to git married? The Square thinks because he's middlin well off, he kin jest have his pick out of all the gals in the Holler. I wish he 'd ask my advice. I should tell him that Darkis Blinn was jist sich a woman as he orter to marry." "I wish he would ask your advice, Nat, and take it too, for Darkis needs a good hum," says I. "But he wouldn't do it, schoolma'am. He's got so stuck up that he thinks nobody's good enuff, but the smartest 'n' pootiest gals in the Holler. Now I reckon Tilda Button was about the nicest gal, 'round here. I wish 't' I knew where she was 'n' what she was a doin'. Oh, but she rit some sukerement poitry though, didn't she? There's one verse.

"An' all the stars was stannin'
A-listenin' in the sky,
Their eyes a-weepin' briteness
For sich a melodi."

"Go on, Nat," says I; "let's hear the rest on't."

"The waves upon the oshun
Was chained to the shore;
The winds from up the mountins
Had ceesed their holler roar.

"The thunder and the litenin'
Was folded in a cloud;
And to the ground, the waterfall
Its silver forrid bowed.

"The rustlin' corn was silent,
The popple leaves hung still,
And all the world was listenin' to
The lonesome whippoorwill."

"Ain't that got a tang to it? Tell ye what, I like sich. I know a good lot more she writ; maybe I'll tell 'em to ye some time; but jest now I reckon we'd better go in. The gals has laft over this burnin' some; I'm jest goin' to see ef I can't brighten 'em up some. 'Sposin' I learn to play on the drum? Wouldn't that be kind of lively-like, 'n' chirk our folks up a little?" "I don't know, Nat," says I. "I guess you'd better ask your father. I reckon a fiddle is liveliest." "You don't say so!" says Nat. "I didn't think so, for every time I've hearn one, I've felt as ef I should bust right out a-cryin'; it made me feel so kind of solemn 'n' bad, jest as ef I wanted to lay down in the woods somewhere 'n' die, 'n' have the leaves all fall off the trees 'n' cover me up. Don't you never feel kind of baddish when

you hear a fiddle?" "Why, Nat," says I, "don't you know everybody uses a fiddle to make music for dancin'; it can't be solemn." "But I say it is," says Nat; "'n' dancin's solemn, too; seems to me ef the Lord was to come down out of the clouds before me, I should be just as likely to dance as David. I've hearn granny read about *his* dancin' afore the Lord, 'n' I 'spect it was the solemnest thing he could do."

A few days after that, when I was in school one afternoon, just a-hearin' the first class spell, somebody rapped on the door. I went and looked out, for you see the door was wide open, and there stood Square Kinyon, his everlastin' invisible green Sunday coat and hat, and oh, such a smile lookin' out of his little blue-gray eyes! I colored up in a minit, and I didn't know what on earth to say. He took hold of his hat, and pulled it over one side, and bowed, and said: "Good afternoon, Miss Broomcorn; I'm one of the trustees. Been a-comin' in to see your school ever and ever so long. Didn't have time till to-day. Hope you'll overlook it." "Oh yes," says I, "certainly. Won't you come in?" So he come and took my chair, and sot down, and put his hands together on the desk before him, with all the pints of the fingers twirlin', and the thumbs stuck up some like a fox's ears. Says he: "Go right on with your school, don't mind me; I'm only an obsarver." If he only knew how provoked I was at him for comin' alone, he would have took his hat and cleared out; but, bless you, he hadn't any notion of clearin' out. He took a book pretty soon and looked over, while I put out words. Somehow the children didn't like to have him there either, for they acted ridiculous. They yelled out their letters when they was spellin', and spit from one end of the house to the other, and pretended they had monstrous chunks of tobaccor in their mouths all the time. I felt my face burn like fire, and tears redly to come into my eyes; but I was too mad to cry. When they was done spelling, Gains Jones went down to the foot from his place at the head, and Sally Wood standing' in his place, said, "'Tention!" and they all brightened up, and looked straight at me. "Hands down," says Sally. They all unfolded their hands at once. "Decence," says Sally, and the boys bobbed their chins on to their stummaks, and jerked 'em up agin in a twinklin', while the girls curcheyed all at once with a straight up and down stoop and rise motion. Then they scattered to their seats, and the Square rubbed his hands and said, "Very good,

very good!" I caught little Sam Stowers flippin' paper at him with a quill, and stopped him; but in a minit more they was all a-snickering at one of the little Joneses for puttin' his hands upon the desk jest as the Square did his. I was goin' to dismiss school rite away, but the Square wanted to look at the 'ritin' books. I got out the 'ritin'-books and samples and showed him. Great deel he knew about samples anyway; but he looked 'em all over, big and little letters, flower-baskets, hearts, marks, stars, and crosses. I thought he never would leave off. Then he read most every copy in the 'ritin'-books, and praised 'em up wonderful. Finally, when he got done, I read over the list of scholars and dismissed the school. The scholars gave a yell, pitched on their hats and bunnits, and started fur home. So didn't the Square. I tied on my bunnit, pinned my shawl, and there he sot, 'as smilin' as a basket of chips. I wasn't goin' to wait for him; so says I, "Square Kinyon, I shall have to lock this door." "Oh, certin," says he, a-springin' up and coming out doors. "I'd forgot where I was. Very pleasant place here?" "Ruther," says I, startin' off for hum. "How do you like Pendle Holler?" says he. "Don't you think it's a drefle nice place to live in, only the company ain't much to brag of, the young folks, 'specially. They're ruther shaller, considering their advantages." "I don't know," says I; "I ain't so much acquainted with the folks as you be." "Oh, of course not, Miss Broomcorn; but then I hope you will be afore long. "I hope you mean to stay here." I declare I didn't think what I was about when I answered: "Maybe they won't want me to stay." I meant to keep school agin, of course; but the Square took me up quicker 'n a flash. "Oh, if that's all, you'll stay. I want ye to. I've set my heart on it. I loved ye the first minit I set eyes on ye. You'll marry me, and stay here, won't ye? I am well off. I've got considerable money, and you shall have a silk frock, and I'll take you to Boston for a weddin' tower, and there's heaps of things for housekeepin' in my house—heaps of 'em. I wouldn't have anybody else but you for all the world. Lemme see, I'll git Skimmer to buy you some earrings and gold beads, wouldn't you like that? Just tell me when it shall be; but don't, for massy sake, put it off long." I felt my forehead all break out in a cold sweat while he was goin' on so. Says I, as soon as I got a chance: "For goodness sake, Square Kinyon, jest hear me. I don't want your gold beads, nor silk frock, nor I don't

wan't to marry you. There's too much difference in our ages." "Why," says he "that's a slim excuse. I ain't so old as I might be; besides I'll git some new teeth when we go to Boston. They do sich things there. You'd better think of it now. You will, won't ye? I'll give you till to-morrer to think about it." "I wouldn't for all the world," says I. "It would kill me to think about it till to-morrer. I can tell ye now jest as well as then. I can't have you for a husband, Square." "Oh, but you think about it. I'll fetch my hosses round and give you a ride after supper, and we'll talk it over agin." I begun to feel cross. Says I: "No, Square Kinyon, you needn't fetch your hosses round where I'm goin'; if you do, I won't speak to you. I sha'n't marry you, and you may consider it settled, and drop the subjeck." "Well," says he, a-colorin' up, "such young flirts never know what's good for 'em. You'll be sorry yet, I reckon, when it won't du you any good. Good-arternoon, Miss." And the Square turned 'round, and hopped over the fence into a medder as spry as a boy. Reckon he wanted to show how smart he was. I could see him a-footin' it 'cross lots, and he stepped off as if he was a little riled in his temper. I was, I own. Not but what I'd thought my chance might come with all the rest to git an offer from the Square. He'd took every good-natured, neighborly word to heart so much, he really thought everybody was settin' caps at him. Well, it was Polly Mariar's turn now, sence Dr. Stirrup's girl was jest a-goin' to marry somebody else, and there wa'n't no chance there. I hearn Ma'am Jinks say once that if she was a bit like her mother, she'd make the Square stan' 'round, if she took a notion to marry him. Maybe she would; I didn't care sence I'd got rid of him now.

I hadn't but four weeks left, and I begun to feel lonesome and homesick. I'd boarded at Sam Stowers's, and ever so many other places; but I was a-goin' to stay with Deacon Pendle's folks a few days before I went home; so I went down there one Saturday night. Miss Pendle had a cake in the bake-kettle, and the tea-kettle on. She made me come out behind the house to see her chickens, and she drawed a bucket of water, and turned it over my hands while I washed my dusty face, and neck, and arms. Oh, such water! it was as cool and sweet as a spring in a shady place. Then I went up stairs, and put on my pink calico frock and silk apron, and smoothed down my hair, and come down stairs as fresh as if I'd jest got up in the mornin'. When the Deacon

come in, he shook hands with me, and said he never see me look so bright. Jest as we was settin' down to supper, who should drive up but Deacon Moody and his wife. Of course they had to come in, and Miss Pendle put some more plates on the table, and we all sot down together. The Deacon, Deacon Moody I mean, was jest as glum as ever, and his wife jest as sharp and loud-spoken. She said they'd been over to the Corners a-looking at some furniture. Mr. Damerill owed 'em, and they had got to take furniture for pay. "Why," says Deacon Pendle, "Polly Mariar ain't goin' to get married, is she, Miss Moody?" "I dunno but she may some time, Deacon; anyway, we've got to take the things, and if Polly Mariar gits married, she knows how to take care on 'em better 'n the most of folks, ef I do say it. She is none of your poor shirks. I'll warrant her to make any man fore-handed in the house. And Polly Mariar needn't go out of the way to git married either. There's them as good as the best she can have any minit. Miss Pendle, is your four-and-twenty reed to hum, and your new linen harness? I should like to try 'em on a new piece I'm going to put in, one of these days." "Why, massy on us," says Miss Pendle, "what be you a going to do with so much linen?" "Well," says Miss Moody, liftin' up her eyebrows, "somebody can use it ef I can't. I'm allers exposed to gittin' clean out of a thing before I have anything tu supply myself with new. It's a sartin sign of a poor housekeeper. Miss Broomcorn, I wisht you'd let me have a pattern of your frock sleeves—seems to me they stick out good. Where do you git your pattern? Oh, that's it? Land sakes! There, Deacon, you'll git the stum-mak ake if you take another piece of cake." "Oh no," says Miss Pendle, "not a mite of it. Do take another slice, Deacon. You take another, Miss Moody." "Well, I will; come to think," says Miss Moody, "you're allers famous for cake. Have another piece ef your mind to, Deacon." The Deacon had been lookin' at the cake ruther wishful, but he didn't take one till Deacon Pendle passed him the plate. "I reckon," says he, afterwards, "they don't 'low him to eat cake at hum."

After supper, Miss Moody borrowed a lot of quills, and a shuttle out of Miss Pendle's loom, a pair of hand cards and a quill wheel. Then they went off hum—Miss Moody's big thick shoulders almost crowdin' the Deacon's poor, lean, little body out of the seat; and Dolly, as big and fat as Miss Moody herself, joggin' off at her own rate without mindin' the Deacon's

slappin' the lines over her back when they started.

Next day we went to meetin'. Of course, you know, 'most everybody in Pendle Holler would be there. I could see Dolly Jinks makin' mouths at me from Gran'ther Jinks's pew. She wanted me to look at Square Kinyon. He sat with Darkis Blinn and his little girl. Darkis was a sober-lookin' mortal; but the Square wasn't, I can assure you. His face fairly glistened with grins, and he had on a new blue and white neck hankercher, and a speckled vest. I'spose he 'd about wore out the others, wearin' 'em 'round so much lately, courtin'. Pooty soon Miss Moody come in, with Polly Mariar close behind her, and the Deacon shirkin' along after 'em as meek as a sheep. They wasn't fairly settled before meetin' begun, but somehow folks would look at 'em. They looked when they stood up at prayers, and when they set down for sermon, and when they ought to be findin' their places in the hymn book, they looked; but they looked all at once and together when Elder Jones got up and read out the names of "Timothy Kinyon" and "Polly Mariar Moody," who intended marriage. I'spose nobody had anything agin it, though they was asked to say so, if they had. Well, the folks didn't want anything to talk about that noon-time I can tell you, if it was Sunday. Dolly Jinks told me that she and Reuben found it out in season, or they 'd been called at the same time. "I wouldn't have stood that," says Dolly, "so I jest told Reuben to run over to Elder Jones's, and take back the notis. I put it off a hull week," says she; "though Reuben did look a little put out, I reckon he'll git over it. Now, you'll see what a bustle Miss Moody will be in, and how she'll snub the Deacon. That's the way Polly Mariar'll snub Square Kinyon one of these days, and she'll have her mother to help her, too. That little gal is to be pitied. There ain't no chance for her unless she grows up as big and stout as Polly Mariar herself. Her father won't dast to do a thing for her. Come, don't you wish you was goin' to the weddin'? There'll be one kind of cake baked in four different ways, and they won't let the Deacon eat any of that. Poor Deacon! I tell ye what, Betsy, I'm a-goin' to manage to have the Deacon come when Reube and I git married, and I'll stuff him with goodies then, for once in his life."

In the afternoon meetin', Square Kinyon looked redder, and more pleased than ever. Everybody 'd been a wishin' him joy, and he really begun to think he'd done something

smart. As for Mrs. Moody, a great pair of brass rimmed spectacles was all she had on in the way of extra fixins, and Polly Mariar didn't look as if she knew anything about it, or had ever heard of Square Kinyon at all. I set in the gallery that afternoon, and Nat Stowers was there. He looked so sober I couldn't help thinkin' about him, and wonderin' what he was thinkin' about all the afternoon, when he set and watched the wasps a sailin' round, and round, and bumpin' their backs agin the walls, and buzzin' up and down the windows. After meetin' was out, Nat went with me over to Deacon Pendle's, and set down on the door step, and begun to whittle a laylock sprout. "Why, Nat," says Deacon Pendle, "be you always so sober?" Nat bust out a laffin'. Says he, "I've been a wantin' to tell somebody so bad, that it laid heavy on my mind. You ain't agoin' to laugh at me, schoolma'am, nor you, Deacon, 'cause you stan' as good a chance to git scart as I did, afore it happened. You see I goes right by the old Biddle house when I drive away my cows, 'n' it's all shackly 'n' tumblin' to pieces. Well, I was comin' along one evenin' pooty late. I warn't thinkin' of nothin', till all at once I heard somebody knock-in' in the house. I thought to be sure somebody's in there 't aint no sort of business there. So I jist went 'n' pushed the door back, 'n' peeped in. There warn't nobody there; I could see into the bed-room 'n' all over. It was all still. Wall, says I, that's curus. Guess 'twas a woodpecker, so I went off. When I come back I hearn it agin. I didn't turn out to look for 't; but next mornin' I hearn it agin, louder. So I shyed round and looked. There warn't no woodpecker there at all, but somethin' rapped, rapped hard summers inside the house. I climbed into a winder on the back side 'n' looked agin. It was all as empty as a last year's snail shell. Wall, I jest went off 'n' said nothin'. Fur three mornings 'n' nights, I hearn that rappin' every time I went by the house, 'n' I begun to feel as ef I'd a little ruther not go there, but you see I darn't tell, so I gin a little run 'n' whistled sum when I cum there so as not to hear it. Wall, day before yesterday I spunked up a bit. Thinks I it won't hurt me wuss to see it than it does to hear it. I'll jest go 'n' search down cellar, 'n' up garret. So I went there. I hadn't teched the door stone before I hearn three faint raps. Just as if they didn't mean to scare me. I felt my heart give a big thump 'n' my face 'n' hands prickled all over. I thought of Gran'ther Biddle's wooden leg stumpin' over the

floor. I was jist as sure it was he as ef I'd seen him. But I walked in 'n' stood 'n' looked round. I couldn't see nothin' agin. After I'd stood a minit I went 'n' opened the trap door, 'n' went down cellar. The outside door was down, 'n' the sheep use to sleep there, but there wern't nothin' onnatural in sight. I went up 'n' looked 'n' listened a minit. Bymby, says I, pooty loud, 'Gran'ther.' 'B-a-a-a,' says a little weakly voice in the stair-way. Oh, Diner, how I bounded! I opened the door, 'n' I boo-hooed rite out. I couldn't help it, deacon; I swan I couldn't, for there was our corset sheep Nancy layin' on the broad stair enamost starved to deth. She'd scraped the door with her huff every time she hearn me, 'n' stomped when she could stan' up. That was Nancy's way; she'd stomp when she wanted anything. I never see a poor thing so pitiful; I s'pose she'd laid down there, and the wind blowed the door to; she couldn't stan' up, nor but jest make a noise. I run 'n' gathered sum grass 'n' wet it in the brook, 'n' Nancy eat a little; but she wanted some water. I peeled some bark in a jiffin', made a cup 'n' carried her water. She dranked it up 'n' eat the grass 'n' then I helped her up 'n' out doors, 'n' she lay down 'n' begun to reach out till she'd cleaned a good ring 'roun her. Then I helped her to a spot o' clover, 'n' run home to git her some milk. Nancy's about well, 'n' I reckon I sha'n't come across any more ghosts there. You needen't laugh at me, schoolma'am; I've seen my last ghost." "I hope you have," says I, "fur they ain't agreeable company, I've heard say." "Well, I s'pect they aint," says Deacon Pendle, "leastways they don't appear to make themselves agreeable to them that they allows to see em." "Wall," says Nat, "I reckon I'll run hum. I wish you'd come to our house afore you go off, schoolma'am. We're ofle lonesome, 'n' I want you to see how the sun shines into the winders, 'n' makes the gals play like as if they was kittens." I promised him I would, and he put on his straw hat and went away.

I went down to Miss Jones's the next day, and she said Miss Moody had been there 'most all day long a-havin' her cut and baste a couple of frocks for Polly Mariar, and says she, "Only see what she brought me." She opened a box, and there was about four quarts of Indjin meal, and a paper full of sage. She said sage made good, hulsome tea, better 'n common tea for nervous folks like brother Jones, and she and the Deacon had sage tea and corn coffee all the time. Of course that was a first-rate reason

why we should drink it, too. I jest told Mr. Jones he orter contrive to furnish the folks with sage tea, and corn coffee sermons. Then, only think, Square Kinyon has paraded 'round a five-frank piece he 's goin' to give Mr. Jones for marryin' him. "O, Lord!" says she, "to think anybody can live and bear such things! I wouldn't if I was a man. They're wonderful pious, but they're stingier about religion than anything else on earth."

When Mr. Jones come in he looked 'most as discouraged as his wife; but he took the baby and rocked it to sleep, and then made a top for one boy, and a boat for another, and a paper kite, with a string tail to it, for the little girl, and kep 'em busy till bedtime. I come off next day, thinkin' I wouldn't marry a minister for nothin' on airth.

Well, after I'd been 'round to all the places where I'd boarded, and bid the folks good-by, I come back to Deacon Pendle's to stay till I went home. Square Kinyon was tearin' 'round, gittin' ready to bring a wife home; I 'spose he had the geese picked closer than ever, and all the feathers he'd been savin' for a year was hung on one of the great elm trees in the dooryard to git sunned. There they hung and swung two or three days, lookin' like some monstrous kind of fruit growin' on the tree. The fences was full of blankets airin', and they said there was a new coat of paint put on the north room floor, and all the kitchen chairs was painted over bright blue. The Square put up a new well sweep with his own hands, and got Tom Potter to put a new slat fence before the front yard. Such a fixin' up hadn't happened in Pendle Holler in ever so many years, folks said. But, then, he could afford it jest as well as not, and Square Kinyon wa'n't the man to flinch when he put his hand tu a business. The weddin' was comin' off next week; but I didn't stay to see or hear anything more about it. When Saturday come, Deacon Pendle was to take me hum in his bellus-top shay. I dismissed my school the last day, and give every one of the children a little primer with picters and stories in it, and they went off my very best friends. Then, after my trunk was put into the shay, and I was all ready to start, I went down the little path from the bird-cage portico to the gate where the Deacon was waiting for me. Miss Pendle went along with me, and she couldn't help tellin' me that she hoped I'd been happy there. "Fur," says she, "I never see a poor gal so forlorn and pale as you looked when you come here; but, deary me, you've got as plump and rosy as a pippin. I

hope you'll come and see us agin." I promised her I certain would; and, after sayin' good-by, we drove off toward hum. The fields and hills that was so fresh and green when I come to the Holler, was yeller and bare now, and the crickets was singin' in the stubble all day long. The orchards begun to show their red and yeller apples, and the swallows was gatherin' in great flocks on the roofs of the barns, that had their doors wide open for the wind to blow through, and keep the grain and hay that was crammed into them, dry and cool. The ditches along the road, that in the spring was full of white vilots and blue, had scarlit pinks and bugle-flowers growin' in them now. There was vervine and daisies in the corners of fences, and blackberries beginnin' to git ripe in the new clearin's. If things was different now, they was jest as pleasant, and I felt almost a pain at my heart when I thought that I was goin' home. It was such a gladness as nobody can feel but jest them that's been away the first time in their lives. Gone away too, with such a dreadful faint heart as I had carried with me. But now I was glad I had gone, for I had got a little better able to bear my troubles. I liked the world better, and felt as if I could take hold and help myself, or anybody else that needed help, and not sit down as I use to, and groan and moan, and feel as if I'd like to die—jest because what I hoped for had all melted away into nothin', jest as I was a-goin' to realize what was too much happiness for this world. So I felt glad to go home, and when I come to the turn in the road, I didn't cry, I only said to myself, "I'll make Susan glad, too, to see how I've gained in courage sense I went away." You needn't ask me to tell you any more about that; but I'll tell you how I went back to the Holler visitin' afterwards.

Your obedient,

BETSY BROOMCORN.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

BY L. S.

THE newsboy in his usual round left the daily paper at Mr. Mason's. Kitty was alone in the sitting-room, father had gone away, and mother was busy in her own room; so Kitty had the paper all to herself—a rare occurrence; for, so great was the anxiety to get the news, that the paper was cut into parts that more might read at a time. Now she dropped her sewing, leaned back in her chair, and devoted herself to the perusal of it. First, the headings: "Important from Washington;" "General McClellan's

operations on the Peninsula—Rebels reconnoitering, etc. etc.;" then letters from "our own correspondents;" then the "Editorials;" she stopped then to think over what she had read, and her mind wandered off to the "sunny South," where was her soldier brother; no present anxiety about him though, as she received a long letter from him last night; so she resumed her reading. "Matrimonial" meets her eyes first. "A young gentleman of prepossessing appearance, of good family and fortune, wishes to correspond with some young lady, with a view to matrimony. Address, in sincerity, Leonidas. Box No. —, Post Office."

"Bah!" said Kitty to herself, after running it over, "I guess it is *in sincerity*. I presume, though, the writer will have scores of answers and applications for the honor of his hand, over which he will make merry. I wish I could punish the audacity of such fellows. An idea strikes me—ah, that's the very thing!" And the little gypsy sprang up and ran off to her room, putting her curly head in at her mother's door on the way: "No one killed or wounded in this morning's paper, mother."

That afternoon Kitty sallied out to make some calls. She took the Post Office in her way; fortunately for her, no one was in but the Postmaster, an old friend of the family.

"Here's a letter to mail, Mr. Jamison."

He glanced at the superscription—Leonidas. Box No. —, Post Office. "What does this mean, Kitty?"

"Oh, mischief, I suppose," said the gay little thing. "And, Mr. Jamison, when you stamp it, put the stamp on very lightly, and give it a little 'skew,' will you not—please; for I do not want my friend Leonidas to know where I am?"

Mr. Jamison could not resist her bewitching look, and he promised. Kitty then went on her way rejoicing, and made some of her dear five hundred—no, she had not as many friends as that, but some of her friends happy by calling on them.

In an elegantly furnished room in the city sat two gentlemen, young and handsome. "Morris," said Frank Lucas, "I'm going to have some fun."

"Ah! that's something unusual for *you*."

"Well, I mean a new kind of fun. I'm going to advertise in the papers for a wife; going to lay it down strong about prepossessing appearances. You know the style, and see how many answers I will get from silly girls. I'll not be selfish either; but you may help me read the letters."

"I wish neither part or lot in the matter, Frank; and I think it wrong in you to trifle so," said Harry Morris. "To be sure, some will understand your advertisement in its true light—a humbug—and, for the fun, will answer; but I know there are many others, regarding it 'in sincerity,' as you have written it here, will answer in sincerity."

"So much the more fools they; but, Morris, you always defend the women so, why have you never got one of the angels to torment—no, I mean to bless your life? You look ferocious—no matter about answering; good-morning, old fellow; but I'll be sure to come around when the letters come, and read them to you."

A few days afterwards, Frank made his appearance again at Morris' rooms, with his coat pockets stuffed full of letters, letters in his trowsers pockets, letters in his vest pockets, and some in his hand.

"I have come," he shouted. "Morris, you must hear some of these precious documents. I have had a peck measure full; have brought some of the richest, and here are some I took out of the office on my way, which I have not opened yet."

"Away with you, Frank Lucas. Did I not tell you I would have nothing to do with them?"

"Oh, but I won't away; so here goes No. 1."

"Dear Leonidas—sweet, precious youth! my heart goes forth to you as the dove went from Noah's Ark.' Beautiful comparison! 'I recognize in you a congenial spirit from the mere advertisement you inserted.'"

"Frank, I never have quarrelled with you yet, and I should be sorry to, now; but I tell you plainly, once for all, I will not hear any more of that twaddle," said Morris, looking so much in earnest that Frank thought it best to stop.

"Will your Majesty grant me gracious permission to open the rest of these letters here, or will it desecrate your premises?"

"You know you have the freedom of my rooms when you behave like a loyal subject," replied Morris, smiling. "Proceed."

Silence reigned for a few minutes; it was broken by an exclamation from Frank:

"By Jupiter, a fairy! Look here, Harry Morris." And he handed across the table a sheet of paper containing a full length *photograph* of a young lady, and these words—"Dear Leonidas," then below the picture, "I remain truly yours, Kitty."

"Frank Lucas, where did this come from?" demanded Harry.

“Don’t snap a fellow up so ; I know no more about it than you. Let’s see if there’s any postmark, though,” said Frank, turning over the envelope. “No, I cannot make it out ; it is so indistinct. I can see an *s*, and a *g*, and an *a*—that’s all. Let me look at the picture again.”

While he is looking, we will peep over his shoulder. A beautiful girl, not too tall, her form exquisitely moulded, dark brown hair falling in curls, small pretty hands resting lightly on the back of a chair, by which she is standing, while out of her splendid eyes such a mischievous sprite peeps just now, that Frank thinks she is ready to laugh at his amazement. Ah, Kitty Mason, we understand your little plan now ; we are in your secret, though these two gentlemen are not, and in a pretty state of bewilderment are they—no postmark or any other mark by which they can gain the slightest clue to the whereabouts of the original.

“Frank, I implore you, give me that picture. If there is such a woman on earth, she shall be my wife, though I have to compass heaven and earth to find her.”

“Do you hear that big vow of Harry Morris, Miss Kitty ? Ha ! ha !” laughed Frank. “Changed your song, hav’n’t you ? Are you not the young man who was declaiming with so much vehemence against such immoralities as advertising for wives ? I guess you will have to compass heaven and earth to find the original of this picture. I hav’n’t time ; promised to go jaunting this summer with the Newtons ; am off to-morrow ; so you may have it. I only stipulate that, after you get to house-keeping, I may have the *entrée* of your house as I now do of your rooms.”

“I grant anything you ask.”

Frank soon took his leave, with many satirical wishes for the success of his friend, and then Harry commenced his investigations. He gazed at the lovely picture a long time until every feature was impressed upon his memory, then he looked at the few written words ; nothing to be gained there, except the inference that the writer was a lady from the delicate handwriting ; and now the envelope claims his attention : he studied it as intently as a school-boy his task ; but Mr. Jamison had so well obeyed orders, that not much was to be discovered. “That *s*,” he soliloquized, “is the first letter, I am sure ; then all is blank until the *g*—there’s room for three or four letters between ; then another space, and then an *a*. Is that the last letter of the name ?” He thought of all the names of towns that had an *s*, a *g*, and an

a in them ; he strewed his room with directories and gazetteers ; he spent three or four days consulting his maps—he would not give up, though the search seemed so fruitless. Finally, he bethought himself to go to the city Post Office—perhaps he could get some light on the subject there. Accordingly, he took the envelope to the postmaster, and told him it was a matter of life or death to him to find out the postmark on that envelope.

The good man took it into consideration, as it was such an important affair, looked over his post books, fitted letters into the vacant places, and next day handed it to Harry with “Stringham” marked on it. “That,” said the postmaster, “is the nearest I can come to it. If it proves not to be the right place, I will try again.” The resolve of Mr. Morris was quickly taken ; anything was better than this terrible suspense ; he would go to Stringham. On the next train for the north is Mr. Harry Morris, in search of a young lady named “Kitty” ; he could not help laughing at himself. He did not meet with any adventures, nor did he find Miss Kitty on the cars, though he could not help looking into every lady’s face, if perchance it might be her, but arrived safe and sound at O—the terminus of the railroad in that direction. As soon as possible he procured horses and a carriage, and drove on towards Stringham. His plan was to domesticate himself at the hotel, if there was such a convenience in the place—go to church, and to all places of public assembly—ingratiate himself into the favor of the landlady, and by skilful questionings find out regarding young ladies named Kitty.

“Fortune favors the brave,” as you may have heard. Our hero was riding along, when he espied a pretty cottage near by—some children playing in the yard, and a young lady standing on the piazza, with her back to him. Attracted by the sound of wheels, she turns her face—good heavens ! does he see aright ?—it is—yes, it is, “Kitty.” Driving up before the gate, he stops, gets out and walks bravely up to the young lady, who stands amazed, not recognizing him as belonging to her circle of acquaintance—and—

“Will the lady please give me a drink of water, as it is very warm and dusty ?”

With a graceful nod of acquiescence, she goes into the house, while he improves the opportunity by asking a little girl who stood near what her name was.

“Mary Meade, sir.”

"And that's your sister who has gone after some water?"

"No, it's cousin Kitty."

"Kitty who?" he asked again, thinking it best to gain all possible information.

"Kitty Mason, to be sure—don't you know her?"

Kitty Mason came just then with the water, and prevented further questioning. Harry knew it was not polite to gaze at her while he was drinking, but he could not resist the temptation of seeing if this was certainly the original of the picture he was so sacredly preserving. There could be no mistake—the same hair, eyes, and figure. Mr. Harry drove to the hotel in good spirits, though there was considerable to be done yet in the way of getting introductions to the father, and to the young lady herself. These difficulties overcome as soon as practicable, he desired a private interview with Mr. Mason. It was rather awkward asking a man for his daughter when he had seen neither of them but once or twice before, and was an entire stranger to them, but Harry plunged in heroically.

"Mr. Mason, I rode by your house last week; I saw your daughter; I wish your permission to address her; I am, I know, an entire stranger, but I can refer you to Rev. Dr. Drayton, Mr. Olmstead; and many other prominent persons in my native city as to my character and standing."

To make a long story short, Mr. Mason went to the city himself, obtained satisfactory evidence as to the moral character and standing of Mr. Harry Morris, and gave his consent.

Not a word about the picture yet, you see, until one day Harry took it out of his pocket, and said, "Kitty, did you ever see this before?"

She looked first at the picture, then at him, and exclaimed, "Harry Morris, where did you get that? Are you Leonidas? How did you find out who I was and where I lived?"

"I think there was a Providence in it," he replied, laughing at her amazement, "for I never should have found you without," and then he told her the whole story. Harry and his beautiful wife spent the summer in travelling, and then went in the fall to the pleasant home in the city which Harry had caused to be prepared. Frank Lucas is almost inconsolable, because he had not perseverance enough to "track" Kitty and get her himself.

It is the greatest misfortune in the world to have more learning than good sense.

ANGEL FOOTSTEPS.

BY IVY BELL.

SHE had waited for their coming
Through all the summer hours;
She had seen their shadows throwing
A light o'er fairest flowers.

She had heard their footsteps falling
Upon the soft, thick grass,
Till now the dry leaves rustled
Beneath them as they passed.

Then her sweet, young face grew fairer,
And holier yet her brow;
And like autumn's golden lustre
Was her bright hair in its flow.

Then her eyes grew yet more earnest,
Till, as shorter grew the days,
A veil seemed drawn before them
Like the autumn's faint blue haze.

She was like unto the angels,
As she walked from us apart;
Ever listening to the footsteps,
And the voices in her heart.

Thus ever passed she onward,
Still singing as she went;
Till we knew that she must leave us,
Yet we could not feel content.

But the footsteps came still nearer—
She said she heard their fall—
Come slowly up the pathway
Beneath the garden wall.

And the shadow fell still deeper
Upon her fair, young brow,
And within those earnest eyes
That song is broken now.

TO ELSIE.

BUT for thee, lovely lady,
I long had remained
In a passionless torpor
Despairingly chained,
With naught to impart
The least light to my heart,
Where gloominess only had reigned.

But as the calm twilight
In summer is broke
By the robin's sweet music,
Thy beauty awoke
My soul from its dream
By a magical beam,
And in Hope's soothing melody spoke.

The theme of my musings
Thy beauty shall be;
And my dream shall be nightly,
Dear lady, of thee,
O'er my heart thou shalt reign,
And I never again
From thy power would wish to be free.

NOVELTIES FOR MAY.

Fig. 1.

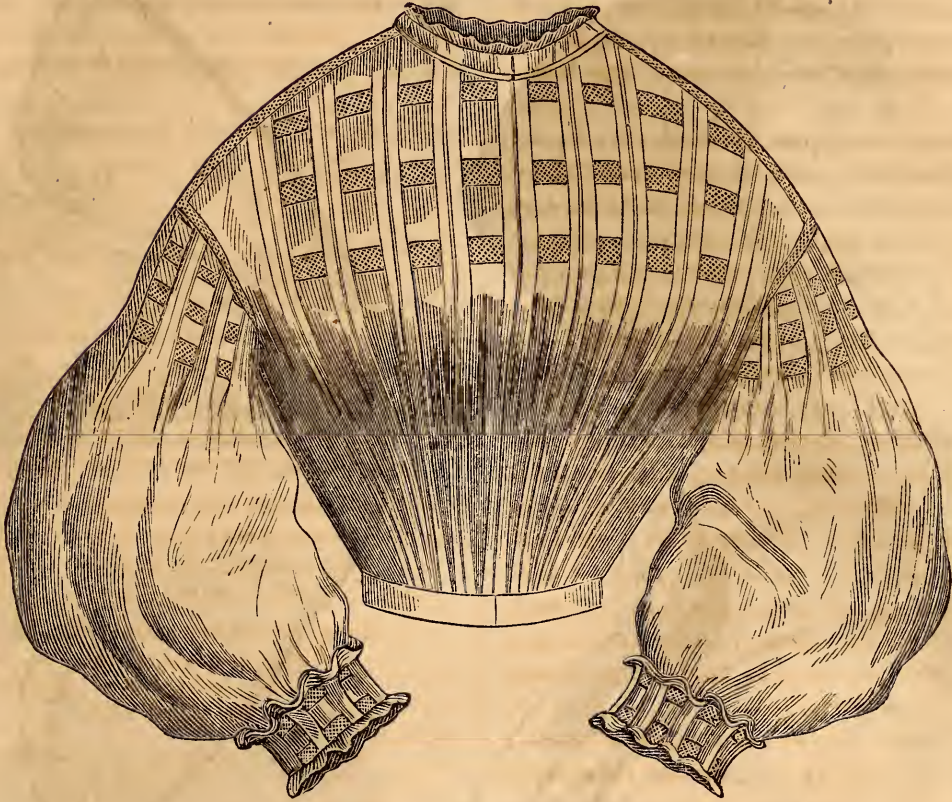


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 1.—A fancy muslin spencer, with ribbon run between the plaits.

Fig. 2.—A new and pretty style for a summer dress. The scarf bretelle can be either of ribbon or silk, embroidered or braided. It is suitable both for thick and thin materials. With a white waist the effect is charming.

Fig. 3.—A bonnet shade, in England called an "Ugly," which we think a very appropriate title for it. It is, however, very convenient for travelling, and a great protection to the face, and for weak eyes very beneficial. Green or blue silk is the most appropriate material. The casings should be as represented in the

engraving. The screen can be caught to the bonnet by a spring, or tied with ribbon under the chin.

Fig. 4.—Fancy sack, suitable for a little boy or girl.

Fig. 6.—Black silk apron, trimmed with a box-plaited ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Dress for a child of five years old. Made of blue merino, and black and white shepherd's check.



PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

The Military Jacket.—This very becoming and stylish jacket closes over the vest, midway to the waist, rounding off to the side and back with a slight spring which descends over the hips. The vest is pointed and closes with but-



tons. The material may be in any solid color, the vest black, or contrasting. The decoration consists of a simple braided border, in an interlaced pattern. The sleeves terminate in a deeply pointed cuff, braided to match the body part of the jacket.



Jerome Coat.—This is a pretty sack coat, trimmed with velvet bands, so as to give something the appearance of a polka jacket. On

the right side, the curl of the velvet forms the pocket, from whence may be seen, issuing, the folds of the handkerchief. Velvet in points, with buttons in the spaces between, constitutes the decoration of the skirt. The sleeves plain, loose, and trimmed with velvet, to match the waist.

Greek Jacket.—The upper part of this jacket buttons over a plain waist, and then rounds off from the front to the side seam under the arm,



where the jacket terminates. The trimming consists of a double quilling, with a narrow velvet run through the centre, and forms a bodice in front of the waist. This decoration is carried round to the back part of the waist, which terminates in a point. The sleeve is plain at the top, demi-flowing, and is decorated with the quilling in the form of the letter S.

French Waist.—This is an elegantly fitting



waist, high and plain, with a slight spring descending upon the hips, and deepening into

points at the back and front. The fastening consists of buttons and button-holes, and descends only to the line of the waist, from whence the points are cut away. The sleeve is demi-flowing, and rounded up on the back, where it is finished with bow and ends of ribbon.

The Lady Alice Sleeve.—This is an admirable style of sleeve for the small checked goods, so much in vogue for house wear. The fulness on the lower front of the sleeve is held by a quilling of silk, in a solid, contrasting color, a



narrow velvet, placed below the upper edge, forming a heading. The trimming crosses directly in front of the arm, and terminates in flat bows. At the top of the sleeve, the silk quilling is arranged in the form of a pointed cap, which completes the decoration.

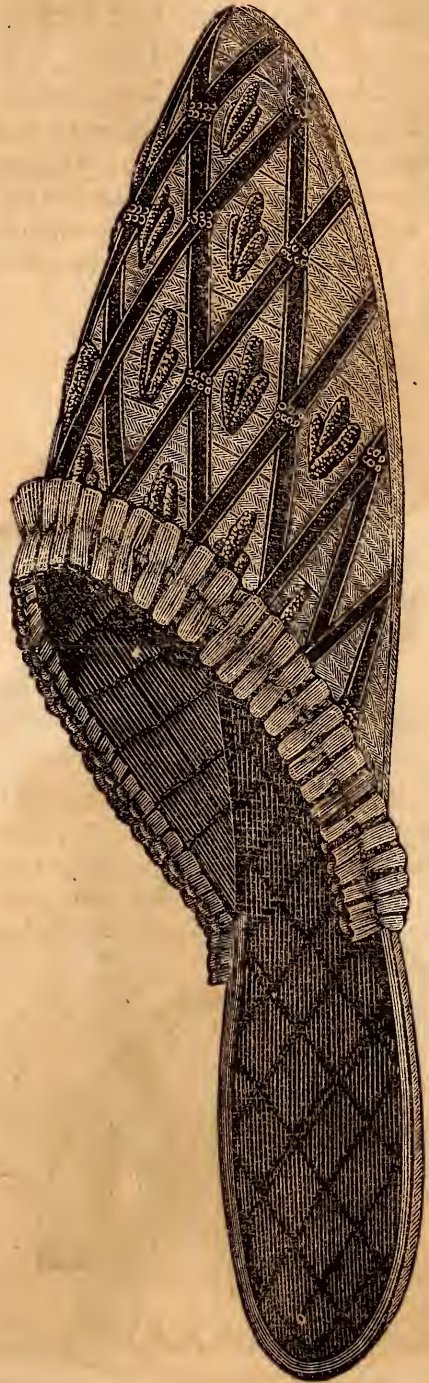
A RUSTIC HANGING BASKET FOR WINDOW OR PORCH.

PROCURE a fancifully-shaped wire basket at the wire-workers; line the inside with moss, with the green side outwards; it will look very pretty through the wide wire openings. Then fill the hollow with earth, and place in the centre a scarlet geranium, or dwarf fuchsia, or other elegant plant. It will live and grow there a long time; and so will the German ivy, which will hang gracefully over the basket, and twine upon the cords by which it hangs. Can anything be prettier than this as an ornament for the vine-shaded porch or window? So easily, too, is it made, that no one need be without one; but you must not forget to water

it every few days, and, once in a while, the whole basket had better be dipped in a pail of water, which will make the moss perfectly green and fresh.

FANCY SLIPPER, WITHOUT HEEL, FOR A LADY.

MADE of strands of straw sewed together, and crossed in diamond form with black velvet. In the centre of each diamond a figure is worked



with scarlet chenille. The slipper is lined and quilted with scarlet silk, and trimmed with a quilling of scarlet ribbon.

SPRING COSTUME FOR A BOY AND GIRL.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 1. *Spring costume for a Boy.*—The body is a Garibaldi, with a short skirt of the same material, which would be pretty of gray sum-

mer poplin. The dress skirt is trimmed with five rows of narrow black velvet or braid, and looped up on each side, in the Watteau style.

Fig. 2.



The underskirt is of black and white striped material, and edged with a Marie Louise blue

braid, quilled. The collar and cuffs of the dress are made of the striped black and white

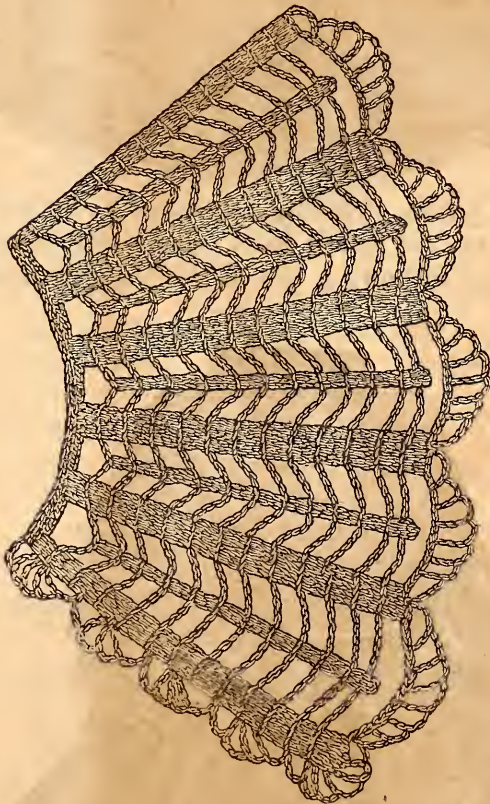
material, and edged with the quilted blue braid. Our cut represents both back and front of the same dress.

Fig. 2. *New Spring Costume for a little Girl.*—Skirt, low peasant's waist, sleeves, and sash of a silver gray alpaca. All the edges of the dress are cut in scallops, and bordered with a black and white braid. Underneath the scallops is sewed a plaited ruffle of blue silk, which has a charming effect. The high waist is of blue silk, finished at the throat with a silk ruching edged with black and white braid. The pockets are trimmed with blue silk and braid.

CROCHET COLLAR.

Material.—Cotton No. 36.

For this pretty and easy collar make a chain of 360 stitches, and work into these 2 rows of dc. The thread is cut off at the end of each row. *3d row.*—* 5 long in the first 5 stitches



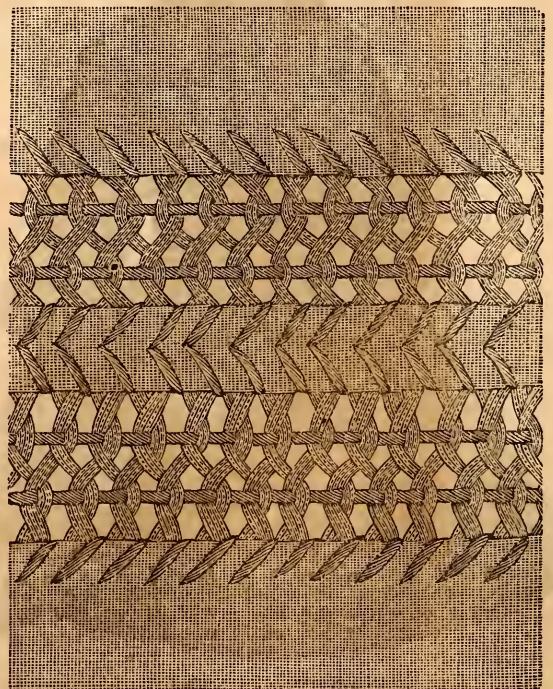
of the previous row, 7 chain, miss 5, repeat from * to the end of the row, arranging the stitches that there may be 5 long at the end as at the beginning, cut the cotton off, and commence the *4th row*: * 5 long, 3 chain, 2 long in the middle of the 7 chain of the previous row, 3 chain, repeat from * to the end. *5th.*—* 5 long, 3 chain, 2 long on the 2 long of the previous row, 3 chain, repeat from * to the end of the row. *6th.*—* 5 long, 4 chain, 2 long, 4

chain, repeat from * to the end. The *7th* and *8th rows* are worked the same as the *6th*. *9th.*—* 5 long, 5 chain, 2 long, 5 chain, repeat from * to the end. The *10th* and *11th rows* are worked like the *9th*. *12th.*—* 5 long, 6 chain, 2 long, 6 chain, repeat from *. The *13th* and *14th rows* are the same as the *12th*. *15th.*—* 5 double long in the 5 long of the previous row, 5 chain, 1 dc. on to the first of the two long in the previous row, 4 chain, 1 dc. on the second long stitch, 5 chain, repeat from * to the end. *16th.*—* 5 long, 15 chain, repeat from * to the end. The *17th* is commenced at the narrow end of the collar, close on the two rows of dc. The cotton is fastened on, and the little scallops plainly seen in the engraving are made. They consist of three long stitches, each separated by 3 chain, and all worked into one of the edge stitches. After the *3d* long crochet 3 chain, miss 1 or 2 stitches, so that the border does not stretch, and make 1 dc. When the small square side of the collar is trimmed in this way, crochet 6 long into the chain forming each scallop at the edge; these stitches must be separated each by 3 chain, and the 4 middle ones must be double long stitches. When the other side of the collar is reached, it must be edged with the small scallops.

PETTICOAT INSERTION.

IN DRAWN LINEN, ORNAMENTED WITH SCARLET.

Materials.—Some good linen, rather coarse, some scarlet crewel.

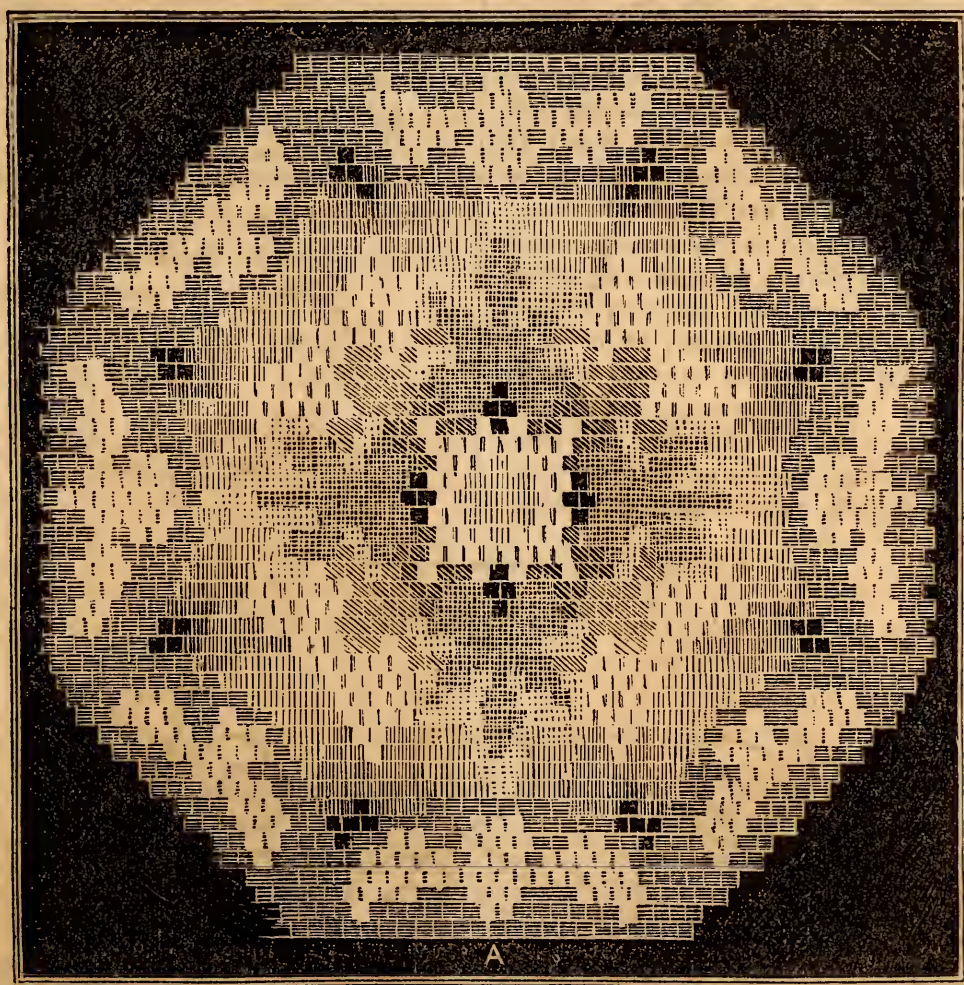


THESE insertions are intended for ornamenting petticoats or children's frocks, and are

made of drawn linen, the threads being interlaced with scarlet braid, and the cross stitches worked in a very old-fashioned material, called crewel. This washes beautifully. If liked entirely in white, the threads may be secured with bobbin, and the fancy stitches worked in coarse cotton. Arranged in this manner, a colored ribbon should be laid under the insertion to show the work off to advantage. The linen, which should not be of too fine a quality, should be nicely washed and ironed, which will soften the threads, and make them easier to draw. The linen should then be marked at equal distances, allowing one inch for the open part, and three-quarters of an inch for the insertion between. The threads must then be drawn across the linen for the open part, and caught in and out in the following manner:

Thread a needle with bobbin or scarlet braid, fasten it to one end of the linen, count 16 threads, and divide them into four. Put the first 4 threads over the third 4 threads, draw the needle through, then pass the second 4 threads over the last 4 threads, and draw the needle through; count another sixteen threads, and proceed in the same manner. When the fancy stripe is finished, *one thread* must be drawn right in the centre of the plain stripe. The cross-stitch is then worked in and out both on the wrong side and right side, the line where the thread is drawn forming the place where the stitches start from on each side. These stitches, being worked over on to the wrong side, keep the edges of the linen from unravelling. This portion of the work is done in scarlet crewel, or in coarse cotton.

GLASS BEAD MAT.



Materials.—Twelve rows dark blue beads, one row black, twelve rows white, four rows light yellow, two rows dark yellow, two rows green (two shades), four rows dark red, four rows middle shade red.

This mat must be begun with one bead in the middle of the thread, taking two beads and one alternately until the centre row is com-

pleted; afterwards work backwards and forwards with one needle only, but work both sides simultaneously in all mats where the pattern is regular: it will save counting, and will insure accuracy in the work. The diminishing must be worked from the pattern.

FLOWER VASE.

THE five parts which form the whole are to be cut separately in either cloth or velvet of some pleasing color, the size being determined according to the place which it is intended to



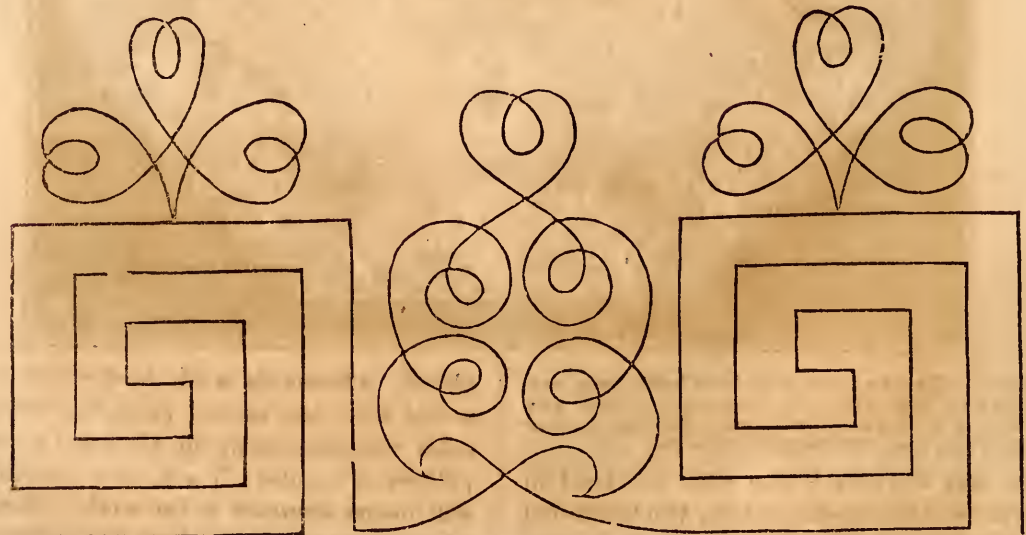
occupy, being larger for the centre of the table than for the mantleshelf. It is to be observed that the part which bends over the top and that which spreads out to form the stand at the bottom are each attached to the centre piece, there being only five in all. Work on the outer piece of cloth or velvet some pretty design in seed beads in a mixture of clear and opaque white, gold and steel, taking that which we have given for an example; or cover it with little stars in beads, or in some of those gilt stars or other gilt ornaments which have been so much used for trimming hair-nets. The outside pieces of the five parts are left plain at the top; but the tops of the inside pieces

are dotted over with chalk-white beads. Cut the shape in five pieces of cardboard, sew a fine wire round each, stretch the work on the outside with its lining in the inside, bind with a very narrow white ribbon, and sew all round with short strings of beads, so as entirely to conceal the ribbon. It will be necessary to procure a wire framework for the inside, which, having a ring round the upper part as well as at the stem, will support the five pieces which are to be attached to them, the tops being bent over, and the bottoms spread out, which can easily be done by means of the wire. It is an improvement to have the outside of one color and the lining of another—namely, crimson and purple, or violet and brown. Any simple glass vessel containing flowers may be slipped into the interior of these vases which have a rich and tasteful effect either on the mantleshelf or on the centre of the table.

INITIAL FOR SQUARE PILLOW-CASE.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



SEAM KNITTING FOR SOFA PILLOWS.

Materials.—Magenta, or any other colored Andalusian wool; knitting pins with knobs, which shall measure round nearly half an inch.

For a trial pattern cast on 19 stitches, and knit a row.

1st row.—Knit 4, Slip 2, taking off the stitches as for knitting; repeat; K 1 at the end.

2d.—P (or pearl) 1, S 2, taking off the stitches as for knitting; repeat; K 4 at the end.

3d.—K 4, S 2; repeat; K 1 at the end.

4th.—Same as 2d row.

5th.—Same as 3d row.

6th.—Pearl row; pearling every stitch and dividing the slip stitches, which are twisted; count nineteen stitches.

7th.—Plain row.

8th.—Pearl row.

8th.—K 1, * Slip 2, K 4; repeat from *; end with K 4.

10th.—P 4, S 2; repeat.

11th.—K 1, * S 2, K 4; repeat from *.

12th.—P 4, S 2.

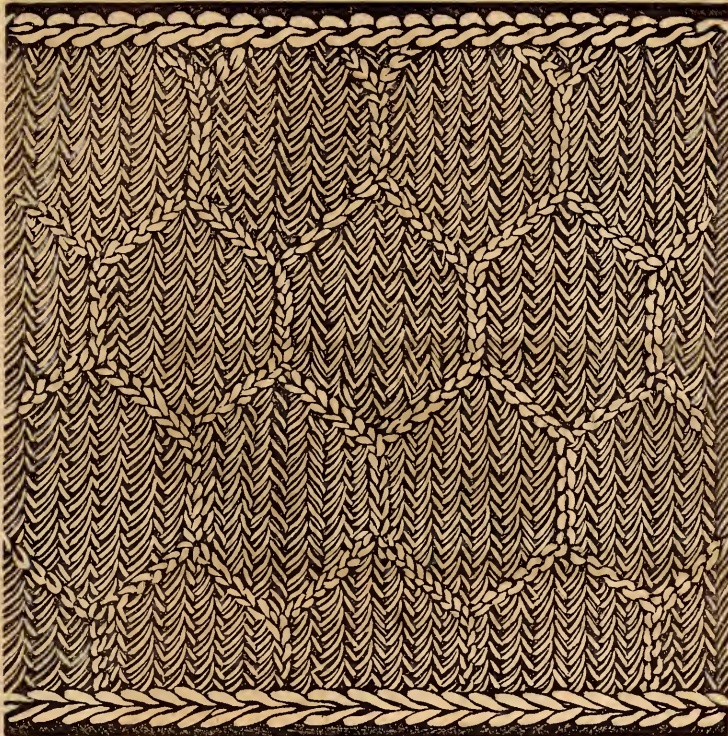
13th.—Same as 9.

14th.—Pearl.

15th.—Plain.

16th.—Pearl, and begin at 1st

row. When this much is knitted and measured, the number of stitches or patterns can be calculated for a pillow cover.

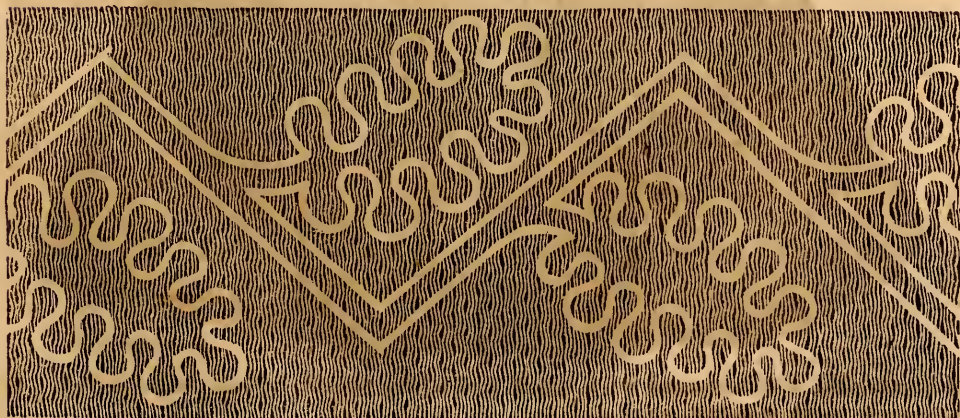


This is a pattern which requires stretching over such a solid surface as a pillow to prevent its curling.

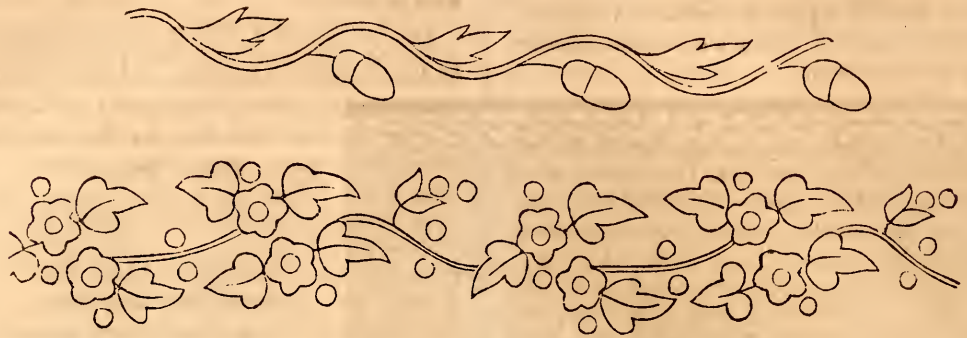
NAME FOR MARKING.

Betty

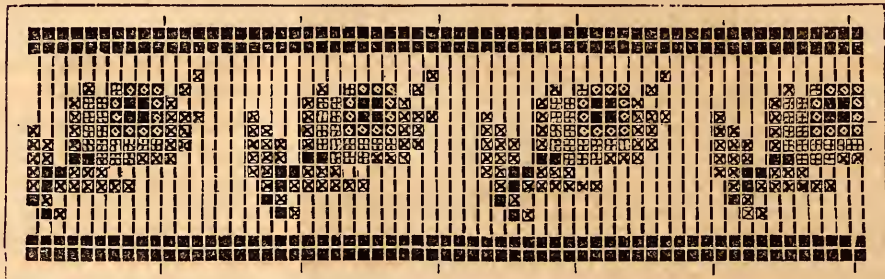
BRAIDING PATTERN.



INSERTION FOR MUSLIN.



PATTERN FOR A CROCHET PURSE OR BAG.



The flowers can be worked either in beads or bright-colored silks; for instance, scarlet and green, on a white or pearl-colored ground.

 SPRING MANTLE.


MADE of black silk, and trimmed with black and white velvet ribbon, box-plaited. It is a sack of medium length, with flowing sleeves.

Receipts, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

BACON AND CABBAGE SOUP.—Put your piece of bacon on to boil in a pot with two gallons (more or less, according to the number you have to provide for) of water, and when it has boiled up, and has been well skimmed, add the cabbages, kale, greens, or sprouts, whichever may be used, well washed and split down, and also some parsnips and carrots; season with pepper, but *no* salt, as the bacon will season the soup sufficiently: and when the whole has boiled together very gently for about two hours, take up the bacon surrounded with the cabbage, parsnips, and carrots, leaving a small portion of the vegetables in the soup, and pour this into a large bowl containing slices of bread; eat the soup first, and make it a rule that those who eat most soup are entitled to the largest share of bacon.

STEWED LEG OF BEEF.—Procure four pounds of leg or shin of beef; cut this into pieces the size of an egg, and fry them of a brown color with a little dripping fat, in a good sized saucepan, then shake in a large handful of flour, add carrots and onions cut up in pieces the same as the meat, season with pepper and salt, moisten with water enough to cover in the whole, stir the stew on the fire till it boils, and then set it on the hob to continue boiling very gently for about an hour and a half, and you will then be able to enjoy an excellent dinner.

PORK CHOPS, GRILLED OR BOILED.—Score the rind of each chop by cutting through the rind at distances of half an inch apart; season the chops with pepper and salt, and place them on a clean gridiron over a clear fire to broil; the chops must be turned over every two minutes until they are done; this will take about fifteen minutes. The chops are then to be eaten plain, or, if convenient, with brown gravy.

POTATO PUDDING.—Ingredients: three pounds of potatoes, two quarts of milk, two ounces of butter, two ounces of sugar, a bit of lemon-peel, a good pinch of salt, and three eggs. First, bake the potatoes, and if you have no means of baking them, let them be either steamed or boiled, and, when done, scoop out all their floury pulp without waste into a large saucepan, and immediately beat it up vigorously with a large fork or a spoon; then add all the remainder of the above-named ingredients (excepting the eggs), stir the potato batter carefully on the fire till it comes to a boil, then add the beaten eggs; pour the batter into a greased pie-dish, and bake the pudding for an hour in your oven, if you have one; if not, send it to the baker's.

MEAT PIE.—Of whatever kind, let the pieces of meat be first fried brown over a quick fire, in a little fat or butter, and seasoned with pepper and salt; put these into a pie-dish with chopped onions, a few slices of half cooked potatoes, and enough water just to cover the meat. Cover the dish with a crust, made with two pounds of flour and six ounces of butter, or lard, or fat dripping, and just enough water to knead it into a stiff kind of dough or paste, and then bake it for about an hour and a half.

GIBLET SOUP.—Let the giblets be well cleaned; cut them into small pieces, and wash them well in water. Put them into a saucepan with one quart of good broth, and all sorts of herbs chopped fine. Let these simmer together until the giblets are tender; then thicken with

flour and butter, and season with salt and cayenne according to taste. Asparagus tops, if in season, may be added; these must be boiled first. If you wish the soup to be white, take the yolks of four eggs, beaten up with half a pint of cream, and add them to the soup five minutes before serving, stirring them in gently, but not allowing them to boil. If the soup is required to be brown, put in a little browning and a glassful of sherry wine.

FRIED STEAKS AND ONIONS.—Season the steak with pepper and salt, and when done brown on both sides, without being overdone, place them in a dish before the fire while you fry some sliced onions in the fat which remains in the pan; as soon as the onions are done, and laid upon the steaks, shake a spoonful of flour in the pan, add a gill of water and a few drops of vinegar; give this gravy a boil up on the fire, and pour it over the steaks, etc.

POTATO BALLS.—Mash some potatoes very well, with butter, pepper, and salt, taking care, as in all mashed potatoes, that no lumps remain; shape them into balls, cover them with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry them a light brown. This is a very nice supper dish, or a pretty garnish for hashes and ragouts.

ROOT VEGETABLES.—Turnips should be pared, have two gashes half through cut in each, to hasten the cooking, and put in plenty of water with a little salt. They must be boiled until quite soft (more than half an hour must be allowed), and mashed with butter, pepper, and salt. Carrots and parsnips must be scraped clean, boiled for much longer, and served cut in quarters.

VEAL CUTLETS WITH TOMATOES.—Wash two or three pounds of cutlets, and season them with salt and pepper. Have some lard and butter hot in a pan; put them in and fry brown on both sides. When done, take it up on a plate. Have ready a quarter-peck of tomatoes; drain and season them with pepper and salt. Pour the tomatoes into the pan with the gravy, and stir them well together. Pour them over the cutlets, and serve.

COLLARED BEEF.—Choose the thick end of a flank of beef, but do not let it be too fat; let it lie in salt or pickle for a week or ten days. The brisket of beef will also serve for this purpose, from which the bones should be taken, and the inside skin removed. When sufficiently salted, prepare the following seasoning: one handful of parsley, chopped fine, some thyme, marjoram, and basil; season the whole with pepper, and mix all well together, and cover the inside of the beef with it. Roll the meat up tight, then roll it in a clean cloth; bind it with strong string or tape, and tie it close at the ends. Boil it gently from three to four hours, and, when cooked, take it up; tie the ends again quite close to the meat, and place it between two dishes, with a heavy weight at the top. When it is cold, remove the cloth.

CALVES' HEAD CAKE.—Parboil a calf's head with some sage; then cut off the meat, and return the bones into the broth, and boil them until the latter is greatly reduced. Put the meat which is already cut into pieces into a jar with the tongue, some cloves, mace, nutmeg, and some slices of ham. Cover the jar with a plate, and bake the whole some hours until it is thoroughly well cooked, then add the brains, beaten up with an egg. Some hard-boiled eggs must be placed round a mould, and the meat poured in.

SHEEP'S HEAD SOUP.—Cut the liver and lights into pieces, and stew them in four quarts of water, with some onion, carrots, and turnips; half a pound of pearl

barley, pepper and salt, cloves, a little marjoram, parsley, and thyme. Stew all these until nearly sufficiently cooked, then put in the head, and boil it until quite tender. Take it out, and strain everything from the liquor, and let it stand until cold, when remove the fat from the top. Before serving it must be thickened with flour and butter, as though it were mock turtle. A wineglassful of sherry should be put into the tureen before the soup is poured in. The heart cut into small pieces with rump steak makes an excellent *pudding*.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Three cups flour, one cup sugar, one cup milk, two tablespoonfuls butter, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one egg; beat all together, then add one teaspoonful soda; flavor with lemon. Bake one-half hour; serve with sauce.

Sauce.—One cup butter, two cups powdered sugar beaten to a cream, two tablespoonfuls wine, half spoonful vanilla beaten with it, half pint boiling water.

LIGHT TEA CAKES.—One pound and a half of fine flour, two ounces fresh lard, one pint of new milk, one large egg, one teaspoonful of salt, ounce and a half fresh yeast. Beat the egg, warm the milk, and mix very well; let it rise as common dough; then put into tins, and let it rise quickly before the fire. It makes nice buns, with spices added after the dough is risen.

CORN STARCH PUDDING.—One pint of milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls corn starch, four teaspoonfuls sugar in pudding, and same in whites.

COCOA-NUT CHEESECAKES.—Take the white part of a cocoa-nut, three ounces of lump sugar, and one-half a gill of water. The sugar must be first dissolved in the water, and the cocoa-nut (grated) to be added to it. Let all boil for a few minutes over a slow fire; let it get cold and then add the yolks of three eggs, and the white of one well beaten up. Put the mixture into small tins with thin paste at the bottom, and bake in a slow oven.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—Beat half a pint of cream to a froth, lay it on a sieve; beat the whites and yolks (separately) of three eggs, add one tablespoonful of flour, and the same quantity of white sugar: mix all lightly, and bake in three saucers for twenty minutes. Dish them up with raspberry or any other preserve, between.

APPLE CREAM.—Boil twelve apples in water until they are soft; take off the peel and press the pulp through a hair sieve upon a half pound of powdered sugar; whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat altogether until it becomes quite stiff, and looks white. Serve it heaped upon a dish, with some fresh cream around it.

ALMOND CHEESE CAKES.—The yolks of three well-beaten eggs, one-quarter pound of bitter almonds, three-quarters pound of sweet almonds, one-quarter pound of sifted sugar. Pound the almonds, but not too fine. The eggs must be beaten to a cream. Mix the sugar with them, then add the almonds.

POUND CAKE.—One pound of sugar, one of butter, one of flour, and the whites of twelve eggs, beaten to a froth; flavor with the essence of lemon. Bake in a quick oven. This quantity will make two good-sized cakes, baked in six-quart pans.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Two quarts of boiling milk, with Indian meal enough to make a thin batter: stir in while boiling hot. Add sugar, allspice, to your taste; also a teacup of cold milk. Bake five hours in a moderate oven.

TO MAKE CREAM PANCAKES.—Take the yolks of two eggs, mix them with half a pint of good cream and two-ounces of sugar, heat the pan over a clear fire and rub it with lard, and fry the batter as thin as possible. Grate loaf sugar over them and serve them up hot.

PUFF PUDDING.—One pint of milk, three eggs, six spoonfuls of flour, a little salt. Beat the yolks, then add the milk and flour; pour in a buttered dish, then add the beaten whites, but don't stir in thoroughly—one and a half hours.

A QUICK MADE PUDDING.—One pound flour, one pound suet, four eggs, one fourth pint new milk, little mace and nutmeg, half pound raisins, quarter pound currants; mix well, and boil three-quarters of an hour.

AN ITALIAN PUDDING.—Take two eggs and their weight in butter and loaf sugar, melt the butter a little, and beat up all well together. Line the dish with a puff paste, and lay some apricot or other good preserve upon it. Pour the mixture of butter, eggs and sugar over it, and bake for twenty minutes.

A SWEET OMELET.—Mix a tablespoonful of fine flour in one pint of new milk, whisk together the yolks and whites of four eggs, and add them to the milk. Put enough fresh butter as will fry the omelet into the frying pan, make it hot over a clear fire, and pour in half the mixture. When this is a little set, put four teaspoonfuls of current jelly, or any other preserve, in the centre, and the remainder of the mixture over the top. As soon as the upper portion is fixed send it to table; or the omelet being fried, spread the preserve on it and roll it.

THE TOILET.

HOW TO PREVENT THE HAIR FROM FALLING OFF.—The following lotion and pomatums have sometimes proved successful in restoring the growth of the hair. The lotion is the receipt of Dr. Erasmus Wilson's.

The Lotion.—Two ounces of eau de Cologne, two drachms of tincture of cantharides, ten drops of oil of lavender, and ten drops of oil of rosemary. This lotion should be used once or twice a day for a considerable time.

The Pomatum.—Take the marrow out of two beef bones, put it into cold water, and let it remain until it is quite clean and white. Before this is effected the water must be changed several times. Dissolve and strain the marrow; then add four ounces of the best castor oil. Beat both well together until cold, then add, before the pomatum becomes firm, half an ounce of strong scent. This pomatum should be well rubbed into the skin of the head every night, and the hair should be well brushed both night and morning.

POMADE FOR CHAPPED ARMS AND HANDS.—Spermaceti, two drachms; white wax, one and a half drachm; sweet oil of almonds, half an ounce; Florence oil of olives, half an ounce; oil of poppies, half an ounce; melt all together gently, and beat into it four drops of the liquid balsam of Peru.

HAIR POMATUM.—To a flask of the finest Lucca oil add an ounce and a half of spermaceti, half an ounce of white wax, and scent of any kind. Cut up the wax and spermaceti, and put it in the oven to melt with a little of the oil. When well mixed, pour in the remainder of the oil, and stir until cold: add the scent when the mixture is cool. If the hair is inclining to gray, add, by drops, a teaspoonful of balsam of Peru, taking care to stir it well in.

FRESH milk mixed with oatmeal is very beneficial to a sunburnt complexion. Many use buttermilk with equal success. Sulphur mixed with fresh milk is also excellent for washing the skin with. Glycerine, too, is efficacious.

PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS TO GARDENERS.

PERFORM every operation in the proper season. Perform every operation in the best manner. This is to be acquired in part by practice, and partly also by reflection. For example, in digging over a piece of ground, it is a common practice with slovens to throw the weeds and stones on the dug ground, or on the adjoining alley or walk, with the intention of gathering them off afterwards. A better way is to have a wheelbarrow, or a large basket, in which to put the weeds and extraneous matter, as they are picked out of the ground.

Complete every part of an operation as you proceed; this is an essential point in garden operations, and the judicious gardener will keep it in view as much as possible: hoeing, raking, and earthing up a small part at a time, so that, leave off where he will, what is done will be complete.

In leaving off working at any job, leave the work and tools in an orderly manner.

In leaving off work for the day, make a temporary finish, and carry the tools to the tool-house.

In passing to and from the work, or on any occasion through any part of the garden, keep a vigilant look-out for weeds, decayed leaves, or any other deformity, and remove them.

In gathering a crop, remove at the same time the roots, leaves, stem, or whatever else is of no further use.

Let no crop of fruit, or herbaceous vegetables, go to waste on the spot.

Cut down the flower-stalks of all plants.

Keep every part of what is under your care perfect in its kind.

Attend in the spring and autumn to walls and buildings, and get them repaired, jointed, glazed, and painted, where wanted. Attend at all times to machines, implements, and tools, keeping them clean, sharp, and in perfect repair. See particularly that they are placed in their proper situations in the tool-house. House every implement, utensil, or machine not in use. Let the edgings be cut to the utmost nicety. Keep all walks in perfect form, whether raised or flat, free from weeds, dry, and well rolled. Let all the lawns be of a close texture, and of a dark-green velvet appearance. Keep the water clean and free from weeds, and let not ponds or lakes rise to the brim in winter, nor sink under it in summer. If too much inshrouded by trees, the water is rendered impure, and its clearness is destroyed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A VALUABLE REMEDY.—Every family should keep a small quantity of chlorate of potash. We have never found anything equal to it for a simple ulcerated sore throat. Dissolve a small teaspoonful of it in a tumbler of water; and then occasionally take a teaspoonful of the solution, so as to gargle the throat. It is nearly tasteless, and not at all offensive to take, and hence it is well adapted to children.

Nothing is better than this for chapped or cracked hands. Wash them in the weak solution, and they will soon be well. It is also good for a rough, pimply or chapped face. It may be had at any druggist's.

TO FLOWER BULBS AT ANY SEASON IN THREE WEEKS.—Fill a flower pot half full of quick lime, fill up with good earth, plant the bulb, and keep the earth damp.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE GENUINE FLAVOR OF COFFEE.—“Knighten's Foreign Life in Ceylon,” furnishes the following hints, derived from long experience, for preparing coffee. The aroma, which resides in the essential oil of the coffee berry, is gradually dissipated after roasting, and of course still more so after being ground. In order to enjoy the full flavor in perfection, the berry should pass at once from the roasting pan to the mill, and thence to the coffee-pot; and, again, after being made, should be mixed, when at almost boiling heat, with hot milk. It must be very bad coffee, indeed, which, these precautions being followed, will not afford an agreeable and exhilarating drink.

TO REMOVE INK-STAINS.—When fresh done and wet, hasten to provide some cold water, an empty cup and a spoon. Pour a little of the water on the stain, not having touched it previously with anything. The water of course dilutes the ink and lessens the mark; then ladle it up into an empty cup. Continue pouring the clean water on the stain and ladling it up, until there is not the slightest mark left. No matter how great the quantity of ink spilt, patience and perseverance will remove every indication of it. To remove a dry ink-stain, dip the part stained into hot milk, and gently rub it; repeat until no sign is left. This is an unfailing remedy.

KNIVES AND FORKS.—The best knife-board is a piece of deal planed very smooth, about three feet long and eight inches wide, with thick wash leather stretched very tightly over it. Clean the knives with rottenstone and fine emery mixed. Bath brick is very commonly used; two pieces may be rubbed together, so as to cause a fine powder to descend on the cleaning board. Forks should be cleaned with leather and the above-named powder, and a thin piece of wood covered with leather to go between the prongs. Knives and forks should be wiped clean as soon as they are brought from the table.

TO PRESERVE ASPARAGUS FOR WINTER.—Prepare the heads by scraping and trimming, in the same way as you would to serve at table, tie them in bundles and put them into boiling salt and water for one moment.

PASTE BLACKING.—Twelve ounces troy of black, eight ounces of treacle, two ounces of oil, two ounces and a quarter of vinegar, one ounce of alum, three-quarters of an ounce of spirits of salt; a proper quantity of pale seal oil to be added last to make it of a proper consistency. Let it stand two or three days, and put it in boxes.

DRIED HERBS.—Herbs are dried by spreading them thinly on trays, and exposing them to the heat of the sun or a current of dry air, or by placing them in a stove-room; observing in either case to turn them repeatedly. When dried in the sun they should be covered with thin paper to prevent their color being injured by the light. The quicker they are dried the better, as “heating” or “fermentation” will be thereby prevented. When sufficiently dried, they should be shaken in a coarse sieve, to remove any sand, or the eggs of insects, that may be mixed with them. Aromatic herbs should be dried very quickly, and by a gentle heat, that their odor may be preserved. Tops and leaves are dried in the same way as whole plants. In every case discolored and rotten leaves and branches should be rejected, and earth and dirt should be screened off before proceeding to dry them.

Editors' Table.

WOMAN!

HER MORAL DESTINY.

"I will put enmity between thee and the woman."

Thus runs the first clause of the sentence which the Lord God pronounced against the serpent, or Satan, before the human pair were called to hear their doom: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—*Gen. iii. 15.*

In this sentence against the evil power, the prophecy of the moral destiny of woman is comprised; she was then and there appointed guardian of moral goodness on earth, and through her the glorious seed, the MESSIAH, the Saviour of man and the Destroyer of evil would be derived.

Let us briefly examine the Bible record of the Fall, which differs materially from Milton's "Paradise Lost;" yet this last seems the generally received standard.

Adam and his wife, when created, were placed in Eden, where grew the tree "of the knowledge of good and evil," the fruit of which they were forbidden to eat on pain of death. The woman, being deceived by the serpent, or Spirit of Evil, into the belief that the penalty would not be inflicted, and that the fruit would confer on the human pair a higher degree of spiritual knowledge than they then possessed—"Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil," was the promise of the subtle tempter—"she took of the fruit, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." Such is the precise account of the Fall.

Commentators have imputed weakness of mind to the woman, because the tempter first assailed her. Does it not rather show that she was the spiritual leader, the most difficult to be won where *duty* was in question, and the serpent knew if he could gain her, the result was sure? Remember that "her husband was with her"—the serpent addressed them both: "Ye shall be as gods." Is it not reasonable to conclude that the *nature* (the human pair was then a unity) best qualified to judge of those high subjects would respond? The decision was, apparently, left to her. The woman led, the man followed. Which showed the greater spiritual power—the controlling impulse of mind? Were not the arguments used by the tempter addressed to the higher faculties as her predominating feelings, namely, the desire for knowledge and wisdom?

We next come to the trial of the guilty pair, and their sentence from the mouth of their Maker. Every word confirms the truth of the position, that woman's moral sense was of a higher standard than man's. She was first sentenced. Meekly and truly she confessed her fault; the sign of a repentant soul betrayed into sin when seeking for good. Her temporal punishment implied deep affections and tender sensibilities, requiring moral and spiritual endowments.

Woman was to suffer "sorrow" for her children, and be subjected to the rule of her husband, to whom "her desire shall be;" that is, her hopes, of escaping from the ignorance and inferiority to which he, through the temptations of Satan, would consign her (see all heathen lands for illustration), must be centred on winning by

her love, gentleness, and submission, her husband's heart; and through the influence of her clearer moral sense, aided by the help of God, who had "put enmity" between her and the Spirit of Evil, she could infuse into the minds of her sons better and holier ideas which would soften and ennoble man's more earthly and selfish nature. Her doom was sad, but not degrading; for, though like an angel with wings broken and bound, she was to minister to her husband, yet the promise of wondrous blessings preceded her sentence.

Not so with Adam. He had shown at every step that his mind was of a different stamp. He had disobeyed God from a lower motive; and, when arraigned, he showed fear and selfishness. He sought to excuse his sin by throwing the blame on his wife, and on God who had "given her" to her husband. True, he was not deceived. His worldly wisdom had not been dazzled by the idea of gaining heavenly wisdom.

Man's sentence seems, therefore, in accordance with the character he then manifested; addressed to the material and sensuous rather than to the spiritual and intellectual in human nature. He was condemned to hard labor for life, on the ground "cursed" for his sake; and, reminded of his origin "from the dust," he was assigned to death and the grave. Not a ray of hope was given the man, save through the promise made to the woman. Does it not seem true that God committed to her care the kindly virtues that conserve the family and society when He "put enmity between the devil and the woman?" She was to be the moral power when man, his will turned aside from God and centred on himself, would be using his strength and skill, his understanding and reason, *selfishly*, for his own good and glory; then she, by her obedience, tenderness, and self-sacrificing affection, was to exemplify the truth of a better life, and keep alive the hope of the promised Deliverer.

This, then, seems the plan of progress and salvation for the human race which God ordained when their disobedience to Him had closed the gates of Eden on our First Parents.

Man was the worker and provider, the protector, and the lawgiver.

Woman was the helper and preserver, the teacher or inspirer, and the exemplar.

Thus, if working in unison, they would have foiled the arts of the Deceiver, till the Deliverer came who was to destroy sin and bring to ransomed humanity eternal life and immortal glory.

But sin was with them to poison their happiness, divide their hopes, and corrupt their inclinations. Still the Bible record shows that the sources of wickedness were in man's passions, and lusts, and power of working his own will. *Murder, polygamy*, and the sins of the Old World, when "the earth was filled with violence," are not descriptive of woman's acts; but the picture does show that her moral gifts had been crushed, her influence for good destroyed, and her better nature overcome by the evil. And when the "enmity" of Satan towards the woman had thus triumphed in corrupting her "imagination," the ruin of the race was

inevitable; the Flood came "on the world of the ungodly."

It is not till the calling of Abraham and the establishment of a sure line through which *her seed* should be manifested, that *woman's destiny* as the moral helper of man, when he is overborne by sin and the punishments of sin, and doomed, apparently, to utter destruction, is brought out and clearly established. We might cite many Bible proofs of her spiritual insight in discerning the true way, and her aid in helping men to keep the true faith; but three photographs of woman's work stand out broadly defined, and are all we have room here, even briefly, to describe.

Our first, from the land of the Nile, shows the Hebrew men so crushed beneath the lash of the cruel Egyptian bondage, that their souls had become as abject as their toils. Pharaoh had, in effect, doomed the Hebrew race to extinction by his decree that "every male child" should, at birth, be destroyed; then the Hebrew women must have amalgamated with other races. Not a Hebrew man was found who dared resist this cruel decree; utter ruin seemed sure. Not a ray of hope appeared, till on the dark surface of the picture the light of a mother's love, and hope, and faith comes softly in, as she lays her "goodly child" in his cradle of "bulrushes," and with her whole heart, trusts him to the Lord.

Ah, Jochebed! fear not. A woman's prayer of faith is mightier than Pharaoh's will. That "ark of bulrushes," woven by thy trembling hands, is a structure more glorious and important to mankind than all the works of Egypt. "The daughter of Pharaoh will have compassion on the babe;" she will take him for her own; but his mother shall train his infancy and childhood. From her heart and soul he shall imbibe the true faith and feelings of an Hebrew, and this influence shall never be lost. In the mind of Moses may be stored "all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" he may, before their great world, be "mighty in word and deed;" but these things will all be foolishness to him when the God of his fathers, in whom his mother taught him to believe, shall call him to the work for which he was saved. Then, in obedience to the Lord God, this Deliverer of Israel, this inspired Lawgiver for all mankind, will appear as meek as the babe laid down by his weeping, praying mother in the "ark of bulrushes." *This picture is woman's heart.*

The second photograph shows the young Josiah King of Judah; but the nation holds only two tribes; and these so sunken in ignorance and idolatry, that even the knowledge that there is a Book of God's Law has passed away. The *Book* is accidentally found, and the picture shows the astonishment of the scribes and priests, and the terror and sorrow of the king, when there was not a prophet in Jerusalem who could interpret the Law and reveal the will of the Lord. Then, "the servants of the king were sent to Huldah, the prophetess (she dwelt in Jerusalem in the college)"; her memory should be dear to every woman who loves God's Book, for she had kept its precepts in her heart, and its knowledge in her soul when the light was lost to scribe and priest, to king and people. Thus her *enlightened soul* influenced and directed the soul of the king, and the destiny of the nation.

Our third photograph shows the great king, who "reigned from India even unto Ethiopia," in his royal house, seated upon the royal throne, where no person, "whether man or woman," might come, uncalled, without incurring instant death, unless the king held out his golden sceptre. This despot, in his drunken orgies, and under the control of a wicked favorite, had doomed to a swift and bloody destruction all the Jews who dwelt in his wide dominions—God's people, exiled from Jerusalem, were in one terrible day to be blotted out; and no human power seemed able to stay the cruel sentence.

A light comes over the sullen gloom of the king's countenance, as his beautiful queen appears a suppliant before him; to her the golden sceptre is held out, and she is promised her request, even "to the half of my kingdom."

Does it seem strange that she did not then fall on her knees and plead for her own people? She had a more difficult task before her: the man who had decreed the destruction of the Jews was *her husband* as well as her sovereign. She must *save him*. He must be drawn from his wicked favorite, his sensual debaucheries, and

won to love innocent pleasures, and find his noblest enjoyment in judging his kingdom righteously. Therefore the young wife, faint with fasting and pale with fear, had yet so restrained her own feelings that she seemed to her husband in her "royal apparel" like a sunbeam of joy, as she invited him to "her banquet," which she intended should give him more real happiness, in novelty of home enjoyment, than the orgies of the palace had ever been able to confer.

And how wise was her discretion that did not separate the king from his favorite, whom she must have abhorred. Queen Esther, by inviting Haman to her banquet, and thus putting herself in direct competition for the favor of the king with this villainous ruler of her husband's mind, showed the resolution of a wise and pious woman who determined to shun no pain nor peril to herself in the effort to gain the confidence and save the honor of the man she was pledged to love and reverence.

She succeeded. Her reply, when the king asked, "what was her petition?" appealed to his judgment as a righteous man and a wise monarch. And how courageous was her truthful accusation of "this wicked Haman" spoken out to his face!

The result is known to every one who has read the "Book of Esther." Haman was hanged. The Jews were saved and exalted; King Ahasuerus was brought into close personal friendship with pious believers in the true God; many of the people of the land became Jews; and the memory of this great deliverance is even to the present day held sacred by all pious Israelites. This lovely picture of piety, patriotism, and conjugal duty we call *the moral power of woman's mind.*

RED-HAIRED LADIES.—We have received a very touching letter from a young lady who is afflicted with this bright-colored hair; it is so wonderfully abundant, so wavy and curling, that the owner is obliged to give up all idea of relief from hair-dye; and so she pleads for a few words of consoling philosophy or some examples of patient endurance of similar calamities. We give a scrap or two from a writer whose sensible remarks are worth reading:—

"The greatest painters of Italy have given bright auburn heads to their heroines; and at the present day, throughout the entire Latin peninsula, red-haired girls are esteemed the greatest beauties. Rubens, the immortal founder of the Flemish School of Art, has followed his southern contemporaries in this matter. The 'gorgeous hue' is prominent in his best efforts. The history of painting shows that the grand, inspiring color of 'rosy-fingered morn'—of the luxurious tropics—is the finest of all hues, while the biographies of the fair prove that the greatest and most beautiful of the sex had red hair.

"In the face of acquaintance with such facts of positive testimony, the prevalent objection to red hair is unaccountable. It must rest on illiterate, vulgar prejudice. What superiority has black, or brown, or mere dark hair over red? None whatever. In real truth, if there be any natural superiority in the matter, it belongs to the red hair. That takes a finer polish, grows more wavy and luxuriantly, and remains much longer without turning gray, than hair of any other hue."

The following lines, from a contributor who has long been a devoted friend of our Book, are not "soaring poetry," but they are true sentiment; those young ladies who keep such beauty in their minds will not be unhappy, even if they have red hair.

CHEERFUL THOUGHTS.

Open your mind to cheerful thoughts,
Till they fill each corner and nook,
And no room is left for those that bring
The sigh and the doleful look.
The mind is the brush that paints the hour,
And bright will the colors glow
If, in the chalice held by Time,
Content its hues doth throw.
But dark and drear the scene will appear,
If gloom steals in the cup;
Then fill the mind with buoyant Hope,
And smile each tear drop up.

MRS. FRANCIS.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL OF PHILADELPHIA.—We have the Seventh Annual Report of this interesting and useful Institution before us. It shows that great good has been done, much suffering relieved, and many dear little sufferers saved from, probably, a life-long decrepitude or early death, by the kind ministration of this Hospital. It only needs better opportunities, that is, a suitable building, well furnished. This is a pressing want. There is a fund of about \$7000 invested, and as soon as \$3000 more are obtained, the Child's Hospital will be commenced. Surely this sum will soon be advanced. Thirty dollars makes a life member. One hundred new life members would fill up the amount. The blessings of "little children" are treasures laid up in heaven.

THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL OF PHILADELPHIA.—This Second Annual Report is very encouraging. The Hospital is situated on North College Avenue, near Girard College. The situation is delightful; the salubrity of the air, and the pleasant surroundings are found beneficial to the invalids.

The same buildings contain the rooms of the "Woman's Medical College" of Pennsylvania; both institutions are benefited by this arrangement. The managers close their interesting report with cheering words, when they say—

"We cannot but regard it as a proof of the strong conviction in the minds of good men and women, of the great necessity for this Institution, and as an evidence of a guiding Providence in the movement, that at a time when public sorrow and pecuniary embarrassment have rested so heavily upon the community, means have been so generously furnished to purchase our building, and initiate successfully the benevolent enterprise for which we are organized."

Those who want more particular information should address Mrs. Cleveland, M. D., Woman's Hospital, North College Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

POSTMISTRESS.—Mrs. Caroline F. Cowan has been appointed postmistress at Biddeford, Me., in place of Louis O. Cowan (her husband), deceased.

WIDOWS' PENSIONS.—There have been filed, since the breaking out of the war, 15,000 applications for widows' pensions, and 9,000 for invalids'.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

This school has now entered on its seventh year. The success and present prosperity are very satisfactory to its friends.

The design of the Principal is to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The Assistants employed are of the first class and highest merit. French is taught by an experienced instructress, a lady lately from France who resides in the family; and thus the pupils have ample opportunities of acquiring the accomplishment of speaking the language.

Particular and continued attention is paid to the moral training, and also to the health and physical development of the young ladies.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

Circulars will be sent wherever required.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall make room for these articles: "The Unfortunate Music Scholar"—"Did you"—"Belle Dana's Temptation"—"A Visit to the Old Manor"—and "Seventeen."

These articles are not needed: "Dew Drops"—"Oh, then I have Thoughts of thee!" (we are not in want of anything at present)—"Minnie Browne" (nothing more)—"A Cloudy Day"—"An Appeal for a Correspondent" (good for a newspaper)—"The Lover's Leap"—"A Glance into the Life of the Poor"—"The Confession"—"The Women of the Revolution" (we had a series of excellent papers on this subject, written by Mrs. Ellet, some years ago)—"The Height of the Ridiculous"—"Lucy Dye" and the other poem (we have no room)—"To my Mother" (pretty for a Christmas Tree, and does credit to the writer's heart)—"A Letter to a Friend"—"A Dream" (we are sorry to refuse the request of "a friend to the Lady's Book," but we must)—"Lines" (the writer can do better)—"A Small Resentment"—"My Awful Wife" (which proves there must be some fault on the husband's side. The poet who wrote "My Little Wife" went home early, and *loved* to be at home; that was the reason why Love was waiting for him)—"Give, and it shall be given you"—"Intemperance"—"A Request"—"The Robin's Nest," and other poems—"The Last Wedding I went to"—"The First Spring Violet"—"The Lover's Song"—"The Little Shoe"—"To a Friend"—and "Squeaky Boots."

We have others on hand which will be examined next month.

"April Fool," by Lex, received too late. The April number was published when the story was received. The same day we received a story with a request that it should be published in March. An article intended for any particular number must be sent four months in advance of the date of the number that it is intended for.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

MUMPS.—This is a common affection of children and young persons. It is a contagious inflammation of one or both the glands beneath the ear, called the *parotid* glands.

Symptoms.—Slight feverishness, with stiffness of the jaws, and redness, soreness, and swelling of one or both of the above glands.

Treatment.—A mild laxative of Epsom salts if the bowels are costive; the warm bath, or warm wet-sheet pack; warm sweating teas of sage, balm, etc.; or cold water, if there is much fever. As local applications to the throat, it is the custom to use all kinds of stimulating liniment, poultices, and plasters, under the idea that the disease may be driven off to some other part. But the danger from this source is much exaggerated, and there is no good reason to believe that cold applications have any tendency to cause translation of the disease. We have no hesitation, therefore, in recommending cold wet cloths to the throat, where there is considerable fever and local inflammation. Should the inflammation be slight, a flannel bound around the throat will be all-sufficient. When the inflammation runs high, the wet cloths should be frequently changed, and exposed to the air, so that the cooling process of evaporation may go on freely. But when the inflammation is more moderate, a towel, three or four double, should be dipped in water,

applied over the affected part, and then a dry binder should be placed over the towel. This acts as a warm poultice, and promotes perspiration of the skin to which it is applied, while it is far superior in comfort, cleanliness, and convenience to any kind of poultice or plaster. The diet of a patient with mumps should be light and unstimulating, and exposure to cold should be avoided for some time after the subsidence of the disease.

The *symptoms of ascarides*, or thread-worms, are a troublesome itching of the parts in which they find a lodgment, with the occasional expulsion, or escape of the troublesome little parasites in the form of very slender, short, white, pointed threads; and hence the name *thread-worms*. These are to be removed by injections; as medicines given in the ordinary way will not reach them. First, wash out the bowel well, by injecting warm water; and then throw up either of the following: 1. Take muriated tincture of iron a teaspoonful; warm water eight tablespoonfuls. 2. Take powdered aloes, a level teaspoonful; boiling water, half a pint. 3. Take sulphuric ether, half a teaspoonful; cold water, four tablespoonfuls. 4. Take common salt, a level tablespoonful; warm water, half a pint.

Whichever one of these injections is selected, it should be used at least once a day, and should be followed by warm water injections, or warm water and salt. This will wash out the worms that have been destroyed, or detached by the means used for that purpose.

Literary Notices.

OWING to the immense increase in the price of books, we will not receive further orders to send by mail. It never was a source of profit to us, but generally a loss, on account of the postage we had to pay.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL. By Francis de Haes Janvier, author of "The Skeleton Monk," "The Voyage of Life," and other poems. This poem has acquired considerable prestige by being read by Mr. James E. Murdoch in Washington, Philadelphia, and other cities, to large and appreciative audiences. It is written in ballad style, and narrates how a young soldier, having fallen asleep while on duty as sentinel at night, was condemned to die, but was pardoned by the President.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

OUTLINES OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY. In three parts; with a copious index to each part, showing the correct mode of pronouncing every name mentioned in it. By Joseph J. Reed. Part I. Ancient History. The importance of historical knowledge need not be urged. To authors, publishers, teachers, and to all who have any vocation or desire for public employment, this kind of information is of the first necessity and importance. The unlettered and those whose daily occupations prevent steady and diligent reading, may, by the aid of properly prepared works of history, gain information which will be of real use as well as pleasure. It needs considerable historical knowledge to understand the allusions and comparisons in the daily paper, or the last popular novel. And family reading, when the Bible is the centre of improvement, gains illustration, interest, and importance from the aid of History. It is

a kind of learning in which women may and should excel; by its aid they may do much to improve social intercourse and promote home enjoyments. All these things Mr. Reed seems to have taken into account when he prepared this—his first volume of "Ancient History." By his method, the shapeless mass of old world events have been reduced to such lucid order, that children will love the study. As a manual of general history, it will be invaluable in schools and families. As a book of reference, professional men as well as students and artists, will find it just what they have wanted. The author deserves a rich reward for devoting his talents to this long and arduous course of study which it must have required to produce such an original and remarkably well-written work. The plan has one new and important feature: Mr. Reed treats of the "Christian Church" as a distinct "Power" in the world; its rise commences in this first volume. In the next the height of its wonderful dominion as developed in the Roman Catholic Church will appear. In the third volume Protestantism will have its mighty influence unfolded.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE. Parts 59 and 60 of this valuable work have been received; price only 20 cents each. Why does not every one subscribe for it. Such a store of information has never before been given to the public.

From GEO. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD for 1863. We noticed this valuable work in our last number; we again call attention to it because it contains more matter, better arranged, and more generally useful and entertaining, of a public character, than any almanac ever issued in this country. It will be found a most valuable book for reference, not only for the year, but for succeeding time, for its contents have more than the ephemeral value usually contained in an almanac.

From FISHER & BROTHER, Philadelphia:—

FOX'S MUSICAL COMPANION. A good collection of banjo and comic songs, sentimental ballads, stump speeches, etc. The songs are set to music.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

HOLLY'S COUNTRY SEATS: *Containing Lithographic Designs for Cottages, Villas, Mansions, etc.* By Henry Hudson Holly, architect. We recommend this work especially to those who are contemplating the purchase or erection of a country residence. Its numerous designs for cottages and villas are all of them so excellent that a man of liberal means cannot fail to find one among them to suit his taste. The author gives, moreover, many useful hints concerning the selection of sites, landscape gardening, etc., which it is well not to overlook.

THE SPIRITUAL POINT-OF-VIEW; or, *The Glass Reversed. An answer to Bishop Colenso.* By M. Mahan, D. D., St.-Mark's-in-the-Bowery, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary. The author of this volume has felt it his duty to enter his earnest protest against the work which recently appeared from the pen of Bishop Colenso. He regards that book as "intensely infidel and materialistic," and altogether of such a character as should emanate from any other source, than that of a bishop in the church who

professes to uphold the faith. He proceeds with zeal to correct the various mistakes, and to refute the fallacies of the bishop's work, and in all faith to reconcile the Scriptures with reason, and with the discoveries of modern science. That this publication will be eagerly hailed by the Christian world there is not a doubt.

THE SOLDIER'S BOOK: *A Pocket Diary for Accounts and Memoranda for Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates of the U. S. Volunteer and Regular Army.* The title sufficiently explains the object of the work.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD; *A Novel.* By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Last of the Mortimers," etc. etc. This book is composed of four separate stories, "The Executor," "The Rector," "The Doctor's Family" and "Salem Chapel." The first three were published together in book form about a year since; and now they reappear, with the addition of the last named, which alone occupies more than one-half the book of three hundred, double columned, closely printed pages. "Salem Chapel" narrates the trials of a young non-conformist minister who takes charge of the little dissenting chapel at Carlingford. He has been educated in a superior fashion, and possesses refined and fastidious tastes, and he finds it very hard to assimilate with the vulgar though friendly natures of his little flock. He cannot meet them on their own level, and, as a result, jealousy is engendered, dissatisfactions are expressed; and finally, in a spirit which we can regard as little better than stubborn pride, he refuses all the peace-offerings of his congregation, and retires from his charge. Interwoven with this simple story is quite a romance of mystery and misfortune, though in the end poetical justice is meted to all.

MODERN WAR: *Its Theory and Practice.* Illustrated from celebrated Campaigns and Battles, with Maps and Diagrams. By Emeric Szabad, Captain U. S. A. Embodying, in a popular form, "an exposition of military operations from their most elementary principles up to their highest development," this volume will be an acceptable one at the present time to a large number of readers. Apart from its lucid explanations of military terms and expressions, many of which are now in general use, without a corresponding clear or precise knowledge of their meaning, the book contains much military information, of an historic character, not readily to be found in any other single work. Its author has seen service in Hungary and Italy, as well as in our own country, and seems to write with a full acquaintance with his subject.

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE GREAT CONSUMMATION: *The Millennial Rest; or the World as it will be.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., F. R. S. E., author of "The Great Tribulation," and "The Great Preparation." The renown of Dr. Cumming both as a preacher and an author will secure for this book not only all who are of the same faith with him, but many others who do not accept his views of the Millennium.

NOTES, CRITICISMS, AND CORRESPONDENCE UPON SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS AND ACTORS. By James Henry Hackett. Few who have seen Mr. Hackett upon the stage will deny that he stands first as a delineator of a certain class of Shakspeare's characters. Of his

"Notes and Criticisms" we are not prepared to give our unqualified approval. There is much that is excellent; while, on the other hand, much with which the vast majority of readers will differ. A lengthy correspondence with John Q. Adams on dramatic matters, particularly the different characters in the play of "Othello," will be read with attention.

GARRET VAN HORN: *or, The Beggar on Horseback.* By John S. Sauzade. Regarding this work as a simple autobiography, there is much in it that will interest, and much that will profit the thoughtful reader. As a novel, the style is too crude, and both characters and plot insufficiently elaborated to create any sensation. In brief, it is a very good, though a dull book.

TACTICS; *or, Cupid in Shoulder-straps: A West Point Love Story.* By Hearton Drille, U. S. A. If this is presented as a *bona fide* picture of West Point society, we fear the world at large will not obtain a very favorable opinion of it. Whatever may be the case in this respect, we believe the author has wasted a great deal of time, and the publisher a great deal of that choice material just now—paper, in the production of a book which is not likely to meet the approval of those of accredited taste and judgment.

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

A TANGLED SKEIN. By Albany Fonblanque, Jr. The publisher of this volume is entitled to the gratitude of the American reading public for introducing to its notice an author already so favorably known in England. This novel is a superior one, and for carefully arranged plot, and concealed denouement, has seldom been surpassed.

From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston:—

ILLUSTRATED JUVENILE BOOKS. This firm must become famous for the beautiful manner in which their works for the young are prepared. A set of these juveniles is a valuable library for the child. We noticed the "Alden Books" some months since; there is the "famous Winnie and Walter Series" and others, which we hope to notice. Now we would call attention to

NEWTON'S PREPARED COLORS FOR ALBUM PAINTING. The box contains nine varieties of colors, a large bottle of reducing liquid, and "directions." By the aid of these rules, any person who knows the use of water colors can paint a photograph. When well executed, these photographs are nearly as beautiful as the finest miniature painting. It is really a charming art—this tinting of the sombre portraits of our friends, till they take the hues of life, and seem to be almost able to thank us for the improvement. Photograph landscapes, flowers, and objects of all kinds can be thus tinted to imitate nature, by the dextrous and delicate use of these "prepared colors," an art that may at small expense, and with great pleasure, be practised in every family.

From WALKER, WISE, & Co., Boston:—

THE EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN: *A Cyclopædia of Woman's Work.* By Virginia Penny. (pp. 500.) The authoress has done good service in the cause of her sex by this summary of industrial pursuits now open to their needs. In the arrangement of her materials, Miss Penny shows much thoughtfulness, research, and good sense. In the practical facts given, she evinces clear judgment and an earnest desire to point out ways of use-

fulness. We warmly commend her book to our readers. It has a mass of valuable information for those who do not need to earn their own livelihood, as well as for those who do. This knowledge should be widely diffused; it will be useful in many ways. We have not time now to enter into this subject of woman's work for an independent support as its importance deserves. Whenever we have room we shall introduce this "Cyclopædia" in our own "Table." Now we counsel all persons who wish for information connected with the *paid employments* of woman—from the little girl to the educated lady—to examine this useful volume.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR MAY, 1863.—A May party in an humble way. We have often given plates showing how the better, or rather richer class, not better, kept the first day of May; but here is a party determined to celebrate the day, despite of riches. The young ones seem to enjoy their repast, evidencing, though not saying, "Contentment is better than wealth."

Our Fashions for May—five figures, colored—and need we repeat that they are the Fashions? We would like all our subscribers to see the miserable fare, in this respect, that is meted out to the subscribers of other publications, either American, French, or English, on this, to the ladies, important subject, and then see the superiority of Godey. We would rest our case there. But we may appeal to those who are not subscribers; those who are, know our superiority.

We lately had the pleasure of exchanging photographs with our oldest subscriber—one who commenced with us in July, 1830. Have we any others who can date from the same period? We think there must be.

A MODEL EDITOR.—L. M. Young, editor of the *Despatch*, Erie, Pa., a most worthy gentleman, informs us that he does not lend the *Lady's Book*, or any of the books he receives for noticing. We commend this example to other editors throughout the United States.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—How can a lady expect us to answer a letter that is anonymous? Send a stamp, and address letter to Fashion editress, with your name attached to it, and it will be answered. The writer asks, as a great many others do, why we do not publish the prices. The prices of what? Of everything we can supply? Why the whole number of the *Lady's Book* for one month would not contain the catalogue.

AMERICAN BUTTERFLIES.—We published an advertisement in our March number about these cards. We have received Part 1, and the cards in it are beautiful. Here we have the butterfly colored after nature, and artistically executed. They are both pleasing and instructive. See advertisement, page 315 March number.

"NO CARDS."—This practice is becoming prevalent. It saves a great deal of heart-burning and expense. Somebody is sure to be forgotten, and just the very person you ought not to have forgotten. The expense saved is very great. We expect very soon to see under the head of every matrimonial notice, "No Cards."

MR. HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY.—We have received the first number of this new and beautiful periodical, which has been announced in the regular "Column" of our Musical Editor for a month or two past. In outward beauty, in the excellence of its contents, and in cheapness, we find it to be all that the publisher claims for it. In this single number, which costs subscribers but 25 cents, are given three pieces of music which in the music stores cost respectively, 50, 30, and 25 cents. These are Brinley Richards' beautiful transcription of Glover's melody, *Floating on the Wind*; *At the Gate*, a new song by the author of *Poor Ben the Piper*, *Beautiful Valley*, and other well known ballads; and the celebrated *Shadow Air*, from Meyerbeer's new Opera *Dinorah*, which has created so great a furor in Paris, Philadelphia, etc. The three title-pages to these pieces are beautifully engraved and printed, and the whole style of the publication is much superior to the average of sheet music.

As the terms are but \$3 00 per annum, a rate that is unprecedentedly low for a work of such high character and cost, Mr. Holloway should have an enormous subscription list. Every lady or gentleman who purchases three dollars' worth of music in a year should subscribe for the work and get five times the value for the same outlay; in fact the *Musical Monthly* should be found in every house where there is a piano and a lady to sing or play. Mr. Holloway will send single numbers, containing one dollar's worth of music, as samples, at 50 cents. Or we will send the *Lady's Book* and the *Musical Monthly* one year for \$5 00, and the money may be sent to ourselves or to Mr. Holloway. Mr. Holloway's address is J. Starr Holloway, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

INDIANA, Dec. 29, 1862.

I am a stranger to you, personally, yet I have been an admirer of your excellent magazine for years, and have been both profited and entertained. I think it far superior to any other in circulation, and I desire to share the benefit of it for another year, and therefore inclose you \$3.

G.

CARTES DE VISITE FOR ALBUMS. A CHARMING SERIES. There has just been issued a series of twenty photograph *cartes de visite* of the leading female characters of Shakspeare. They are very beautiful, and will form a charming addition to albums. We give the list, and have made arrangements to furnish them by mail at \$2 for the series of twenty, postage paid. Eight will be sent for \$1; or a single copy for 15 cents.

Beatrice, from *Much Ado About Nothing*.
Celia, from *As You Like It*.
Desdemona, from *Othello*.
Jessica, from *Merchant of Venice*.
Miranda, from *The Tempest*.
Ophelia, from *Hamlet*.
Rosalind, from *As You Like It*.
Portia, from *Merchant of Venice*.
Katherine, from *Taming the Shrew*.
Constance, from *King John*.
Hero, from *Much Ado About Nothing*.
Imogen, from *Cymbeline*.
Portia, wife of Brutus.
Perdita, from *Winter's Tale*.
Katherine of Arragon.
Margaret of Anjou.
Viola, from *Twelfth Night*.
Titania, from *Midsummer Night's Dream*.
Julia, from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.
Silvia, from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

A LADY wishes a receipt to make the old fashion Connecticut wedding-cake, raised with yeast.

DESCRIPTION OF DRESSES WORN AT A LATE PARTY IN LONDON:—

COUNTESS OF NORBURY.—Bodice and train of silver gray moire antique, lined with white silk, and richly trimmed with black lace and nœuds of ribbon; two skirts of gray crape over glacé silk slip, trimmed with bouffants of crape, intermixed with lace and ribbon. Headdress, feathers, black lace lappets, and tiara of diamonds; necklace and earrings en suite.

COUNTESS HOME.—Train of rich black velvet, lined with glacé, and trimmed with black lace; skirt of black glacé, trimmed with velvet, and handsome flounces of black lace. Headdress, feathers and veil; ornaments, diamonds.

VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON.—Train of blue moire antique, lined with glacé and trimmed with grebe; petticoat of blue crape over glacé, trimmed with ribbon. Headdress, feathers and point lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

VISCOUNTESS CASTLEROSSE.—Court costume, composed of train and corsage of richest white poplin, lined with white glacé and richly trimmed with mauve velvet and blond; petticoat of rich white glacé, covered with tunics of thulle illusion, and richly trimmed with mauve velvet and silver wheat-ears. Headdress, mauve velvet, blonde lappets, feathers and diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

LADY WODEHOUSE.—Costume de cour, composed of a train of rich white silk brocaded and bouquets of rose roi velvet, lined with silk, trimmed with velvet and blond; corsage to correspond, with blond and diamond; skirts of white silk, most elegantly trimmed with rose roi velvet and feather fringe. Coiffure of ostrich feathers, veil and tiara of velvet covered with diamonds.

LADY NAPIER.—Train of black watered silk, lined with glacé, and trimmed with black lace; skirt of rich black glacé, trimmed with puffings of thulle and black satin. Headdress, feathers and point lace; ornaments, diamonds.

LADY SELINA VERNON.—Train and corsage of rich white moire antique, handsomely ornamented with black velvet and fine Irish guipure; dress of white thulle illusion, with narrow flounces, and garniture of black velvet over a silk petticoat. Headdress, plume, lappets, flowers, etc.; ornaments, diamonds.

LADY ISABELLE WHITEREAD.—Bodice and train of pink glacé silk, lined with white, and richly trimmed with blond and silver thulle, with bouquets of variegated carnations and straw; skirt of pink silk, with bouffants of crape and silver thulle, and bouquet of flowers. Headdress, feathers, blond lappets, and flowers.

LADY EMMA STANLEY.—Train of blue glacé, trimmed with thulle and rosettes of satin ribbon; skirt of thulle over glacé, trimmed with pearl flowers, tied in with blue ribbon. Headdress, feathers and blond lappets; ornaments, pearls.

LADY ALICE HILL.—Presentation dress of rich white poul de soie, elegantly trimmed with thulle and silk ruches and plissé silk découpée, corsage drapé, with wreaths of wild roses and bouquet at waist; three wreaths over petticoat, in thulle, caught up at one side by a large bouquet of same flowers, thulle jupe being over glacé in double thulle; small volants plisse; wreath of wild roses; thull veil and feathers.

LADY BLANCHE CRAVEN.—Presentation costume composed of train of white poul de soie, trimmed with thulle puffings, held by white roses, with crystals and grass; corsage to correspond; jupon of white glacé,

trimmed with thulle, studded with white roses, grass, etc. Headdress of white roses, blond lappets, and plumes; pearl ornaments.

THAT our subscribers may see that there is some reason for the rise in the price of periodicals and newspapers, we copy the following:—

PAPER FAMINE.—The Rochester *Union*, one of the most prosperous dailies in the State, has reduced its size by cutting off a column from each page. The Oswego *Daily Times*, a smart and prosperous paper, has cut down its dimensions to six columns a page, on account of the paper famine. The New York *Times*, the last to increase its price, now announces that it will be sold at three cents, or \$8 a year. The price here will be either four or five cents a copy. A new phase in journalism. The Albany *Standard* announces that on and after Monday it will be printed on manilla paper, and sold at one cent a copy. The paper famine is evidently taking effect. The New York *World*, following the *Tribune* and *Herald*, has advanced its rates to eight dollars a year, or eighteen cents a week. New York papers will not be sold here after today at less than four cents a copy, or twenty cents a week—possibly a higher price may be demanded for them.—*Troy Times*.

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.

THE following is a reply to an article that will be found on page 206 of the February number—"A Bachelor's Thoughts about Matrimony":—

DEAR GODEY: I want to talk a few moments with that charming gent. who longs so ardently for a perfect woman. Twelve pages of Astronomy, thirteen of Moral Science, and five of Schiller's William Tell, are forming a strange chemical compound in my brain, I should think, by the way it aches; and for a respite, I would like a chat with the nice bachelor who has such clever "thoughts on matrimony." Of course I will not be so presumptuous as to aspire to be such an amiable bundle of perfections as *he* longs for, what though I fall far short of his exalted standard. I like the picture he draws, and would like to shake hands with him, with my whole heart in my eyes—if *he* is worthy such a woman! Because you see one does not very often see such a specimen of the genus homo—a man of soul, and sense, and candor, that would consent to be held by the silken chain of affection after the honeymoon had waned. But there is one stunner! "She must be good and sweet—bread and sugar, flavored with something sharp." I see you are fond of lemon-drops, and your bread must be light with the foam and snap of good hop yeast.

Oh, I am getting awful sleepy! and I don't believe you are so very interesting after all. But, old bachelor, if you are good and handsome, and a Christian, if so—"Would that Heaven had made me such a husband."

PEARL.

A QUACK DOCTOR, on his death bed willed his property to a lunatic asylum, giving as a reason for doing so, that he wished his fortune to go to the liberal class who patronized him.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

New Musical Monthly.—This beautiful and attractive publication promises to be a decided success. It is just what all music players, of every capacity, whether beginners or finished performers, have wanted, furnishing as it does the very best music at a cheaper rate than has ever before been attempted, and in a form that is new for a periodical. The pages are of *sheet music size, style and form*, and each number is done up in colored covers, giving it the outward appearance of a high-priced piece of music. The music is printed from beautifully engraved plates prepared expressly for this work, and every piece in every number has a distinct and handsome title page of its own, a feature never before attempted in a periodical. The value of the Monthly, for its cheapness alone, will be best understood when we say that its cost to subscribers is but about a cent a page, while all music in stores costs five cents. The terms are three dollars per annum in advance, or four copies for ten dollars. Single numbers, containing one dollar's worth of music, 50 cents. For a list of the contents of the first number, which is now ready, we refer our readers to our last month's "Column" in the book. All remittances must be made to the publisher direct, J. Starr Holloway, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—We can furnish any of the following pieces. Parlor Spanish Dance, introducing several beautiful airs, 30 cents. Moonlight Warblings, fantasia, introducing the celebrated Shadow Air from Meyerbeer's new Opera, *Le Pardon de Ploermel*, a beautiful composition, 30. *Les Cloches du Monastère* (Monastery bells), a new edition of this exquisite composition, 35. Floating on the Wind, transcription by Brinley Richards of this favorite melody, 35. Schreiber's Band Drum Polka, capital piece, as played by the military bands, 25. Airy Castles, 35.

Messrs. O. Ditson & Co., Boston, publish the Fairy Tale Waltzes, brilliant set by Faust, 10 pages, 50 cents. *L'Ange Gardien*, one of Blumenthal's most delightful compositions, 50. Overture to the Doctor of Alcantara, grand Opera Buffo, 50. Grand Valse Brillante, by Leybach, very showy and beautiful, 50. Medora Valse, by D'Albert, with fac-simile of the London title, very handsome, 60. March of the 41st Massachusetts Regiment, with fine portrait, 40. Coldstream Guard's March, by Glover, 30. General Howard's Grand March, 25. Chopin's Mazourkas, first set, 40. Chopin's classical music is always admired by the educated musician.

The same publishers issue the following songs and ballads. A Young and Artless Maiden, The Love You've Slighted, and There's Truth in Woman Still, three pretty songs from Howard Glover's Operetta, *Once Too Often*, each 25 cents. Forth into the Fields, beautiful cavatina, 30. Softly into Heaven she Faded, ballad; The Magic of Moonlight, song; When a Lover is Poor, from the Doctor of Alcantara; Jale Fanès, ballad; The Flag of Our Country, new patriotic song and chorus; If e'er thy heart should Falter, pretty duet; Only in Jest, song; Come back to me, Fair Inez; Friendship, pretty ballad by Haycraft; My Heart remains with Thee; and Benedict's beautiful Echo Song; each 25 cents.

Orders for any of the foregoing will be promptly attended to. Address the Musical Editor, at Philadelphia,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

THE story of the "Origin of the P. H. B. Society" in our April number seems to have pleased our readers very much.

TORTOISE-SHELL.—Think of the following, ladies, when you are handling you tortoise-shell combs: What is called the tortoise-shell is not, as is generally supposed, the bony covering or shield of the turtle, but only the scales which cover it. These are thirteen in number; eight of them flat and five a little curved. Of the flat ones four are large, being sometimes a foot long and seven inches broad, semi-transparent, elegantly variegated with white, red, yellow, and dark brown clouds, which are fully brought out when the shell is prepared and polished. The laminae, as we have said, constitute the external coating of the solid or bony part of the shell, and a large turtle affords about eight pounds of them, the plates varying from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness. The fishers do not kill the turtles; did they so, they would in a few years exterminate them. When a turtle is caught, they fasten him, and cover his back with dry leaves or grass, to which they set fire. The heat causes the plates to separate at their joints; a large knife is then carefully inserted horizontally beneath them, and the laminae lifted from the back, care being taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, nor to force it off until the heat has fully prepared it for separation. Many turtles die under this cruel operation; but instances are numerous in which they have been caught a second time, with the outer coating reproduced; but in these cases, instead of thirteen pieces, it is a single piece.

LETTER from an editor:—

"Yours is the only lady's periodical with which we have exchanged for several years, and I hesitate not to say here, as we do in our paper, that it is the excelling one of all devoted to the interests and entertainment of the women of America. Yours, most truly, L. L. P."

It has always been considered a difficult matter to make a rhyme to Timbuctoo. We published one some months since, and here is another:—

"I went a hunting on the plains,
The plains of Timbuctoo;
I shot one buck for all my pains,
And he was a slim buck too."

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 \$1 75. 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.

MAY is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A country editor says that a girl was asked not long since, to unite herself in the silken tie, to a brisk chap who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying. "Well, make it June, then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and with a blush said:

"Wouldn't April do as well?"

CHOICE PHOTOGRAPHS of Tom Thumb and Lady, in group, or of any other distinguished personages, at 15 cents each. Send for a circular. Agents and the trade supplied.
G. W. TOMLINSON, Boston, Mass.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE LONDON POST OFFICE.—When Mr. Rowland Hill's cheap postage system went into operation, the size, style, and contents, of the various articles sent were very various. One letter that came to the dead-letter office, had, for contents, as officially described, "Three dozen birds' eyes!" A letter from Hull to London contained "one boiled lobster." From Norwich to Cheltenham, a live blackbird, which was actually transported, kept, and fed, and safely delivered to the address. An affectionate mother sent to her son a pottle of strawberries. This was reduced to a *jam* on the way, and out of pure sympathy, it jammed its next neighbor, whose original contents consisted of a quantity of valuable lace, and its prospective owner—the person addressed—was the late Queen Dowager. A black bottle, with no wrapper, only a label, addressed, "Tim M——," "a wee drop o' the crater," was mailed at Dublin, for Bradford, in Yorkshire. From Perth to Berwick, a salmon. Not unfrequently, bank notes are sent in the mail, without any envelope or covering, merely by fastening the two ends of the note together with wafers, and then addressing it. Notes as large as £50 have been sent in this way. From Aberdeen to Ayr, two hares and a grouse; from Wootton Bassett to Sawbridgeworth, six packages of wedding-cake, and one plum-pudding, in the same mail. Live leeches have been sent in bladders, and the bladders bursting, the leeches have been found investigating and exploring the interior of her Majesty's mails. A live mouse, a cork-screw, a paper of shoe-nails, a roast pheasant to Mrs. ——, Brighton; part of a human limb for dissection (detected by the smell), rolls of cigars, lucifer matches, detonating powder, prussic acid, a pistol, loaded to the muzzle, a poodle dog, a sailor's jacket, bottles of perfumery, a sheath knife, a full suit for an infant, to Lady J——, "with love;" a jar of pickles, a pocket-book, a porcelain tea-set, a box full of live spiders, a young alligator, or horned lizard—alive—"to Master J—— H——, to assist him in his natural history studies;" a case of dentist's instruments, daguerreotype portraits, and a live frog, are among the multifarious articles that are sometimes sent as letters. There is a regulation that requires all glass, edged tools, pyrotechnics, liquids, and whatever is liable to injure the mail, to be stopped, but many of these things travel, unobserved to their journey's end.

The Blind Man's Department.—The "blind" letters are taken to the "Blind Man," the title of a clerk whose vision is so sharp that hieroglyphics, which would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer, or a professor of the Black Art, are generally straightened out, and the exact meaning written legibly over or under the original superscription. The correspondent, who directed a letter to "Sromfredevi," was not supposed to know the exact name, style, and title of "Sir Humphrey Davy." The man that wrote "dandy" for Dundee, "Emboro" for Edinburgh, "Dufferlin" for Dunfermline, was, probably, not exceedingly well versed in Scottish geography. It was supposed to be a fresh student of phonetics that addressed a letter to "jonsmeetne Wcasal pin Tin," instead of John Smith, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The letter that was addressed, "Cally Phorni Togow the Niggerauger Rought," was evidently penned by some one who had a brother in the mines. All these the "Blind Man" deciphers, or nearly all of them, for some directions are stone blind, and defy the powers of our hieroglyphic reader. Sometimes the "Blind Man" is seen eyeing a letter intensely, and humming an air, when

suddenly, as if by inspiration, down comes his pen, and the full superscription is at once made plain.

SUMMER PRUNING OR STOPPING OF THE GRAPE VINE.—Our attention has been called, by Mr. Phin's admirable work on Grape Culture, to the great importance of proper summer care of the fruiting vines—in order to secure a full and satisfactory yield of luscious grapes—by stopping, is meant pinching off the ends of the shoots. "If the lateral shoot is allowed to grow unchecked, it will consume its portion of food, in the production of many leaves and some grapes, and the more there is of the former the less will be the weight of the latter. But if the shoot is stopped after having formed two leaves, all that quantity of food which would have been consumed in the production of other leaves, is applied to the increase of size in the grapes and the two leaves that are left, which are to give flavor, sweetness and color to the grapes. By summer pruning, we do not mean the removal of large quantities of leaves, as is often done to the injury of the fruit, as it is well known that the finest bunches grow and ripen under the shade of the leaves. But what is required is simply to break off the ends of the shoots, this should be attended to at this season. For full instruction in this most important branch of grape culture, we would refer our readers to the Sixth Chapter of *Phin's Open Air Grape Culture.*" D. M. Dewey, of Rochester, N. Y., has the work for sale.

SMOKE FROM MY CHIMNEY-CORNER:—

Oh, I'm lonely! sad and lonely,
Now my precious wife's away!
E'en the sun don't shine so brightly,
Nor her flowers look so gay!

If I'm seated by the window,
In her boudoir all alone,
I am listening for her footstep,
Or her voice's loving tone.

I have fed her pet Canary,
But he sings not now to me;
I have dressed his cage with chickweed,
But he listens, love, for thee.

Stay not longer with thy mother,
For thy husband's all alone;
She has others, dear, to love her,
But thou art my only one!

Hark! the postman brings a letter!
From my "wife" it has come!
She is homesick there without me—
And I fly to bring her home.

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 photograph, etc., \$3 25.

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.

J. E. T. & Co. have also beautiful copies of flowers from nature (photographs) for coloring with these colors, or for copies for drawing and painting, which they will send by mail for 25 cents each. Also, *cartes de visite* of all distinguished persons.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

We give this month another one of these amusing Charades in Tableaux we have had prepared for our young friends.

MAY QUEEN.

TABLEAU I.—MAY-

Let the furniture be removed from the stage, and the background draped with white, looped with garlands of flowers and leaves; the floor covered with white, and flowers scattered over it. One single figure represents May. A beautiful blonde should be selected. Let her wear pure white; the dress long, full, and floating. Her hair should fall free, either in curls or waving ripples, and a wreath of delicate flowers rest on her head; flowers should appear to fall all about her; in her hair and on her dress (small pins, or a few stitches of thread will fasten them); her hands are raised, her eyes up-lifted, as if she were just about to rise and soar away. The writer has seen a lovely child so dressed and standing, and the tableau was as beautiful as can be imagined.

TABLEAU II.—QUEEN.

The celebrated historical scene of Raleigh spreading his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to step upon, makes here a most effective tableau. Let the group of attendants, maids of honor, and courtiers be as large as the wardrobe of the company will allow. Queen Bess, in the centre of the stage, should be a little girl with red hair. She wears the high ruff, small crown, and long train of the famous sovereign; at her feet kneels Raleigh, spreading his velvet cloak before her. He wears the courtier's dress of the time. The queen, smiling, lifts her robe with one hand, and extends the other to wave her thanks to the courtier. A full description of the scene may be found in Scott's *Kenilworth*, and the costumes should be prepared from pictures of the times.

TABLEAU III.—MAY QUEEN.

In the centre of stage is a throne, with an arch of flowers above it, and seated upon this is the May queen. She wears white, and holds a sceptre of a long-stemmed lily or branch of tuberose. At her right, one foot on the upper step of the platform of the throne, one on the step lower, is another young girl in pink, who holds the crown of roses over the May queen's head. Kneeling at the left, before the throne, is a third little girl in pale blue, who offers a basket of flowers. A group of children, boys and girls, in light dresses, trimmed with flowers, the boys wearing wreaths on their hats, the girls flowers in their hair and on their dresses, are standing round the throne, their hands joined and forming a circle, as if just dancing round the newly-crowned queen.

MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS.

The Balanced Egg.

Upon a perfectly level table lay a looking-glass. Take a fresh egg, and shake it for some time, so as thoroughly to incorporate the yolk and the white. Then carefully and steadily proceed to balance it upon its end. It will remain upright upon the mirror; an impossibility were the egg in its natural state.

The Balanced Stick.

Obtain a piece of wood about eight inches in length, and half an inch thick. Affix to its upper end the blades

of two pen-knives, and on each side. Carefully place the lower end of the stick on the point of your forefinger, when it will retain its position without falling.

To Melt a Bullet in Paper.

Wrap up a smooth bullet in a piece of paper in such a manner that no wrinkles may be left, and that the paper touches the lead at every part. Next hold this over the flame of a candle, and, in time, the lead will be melted without the paper being burnt, but when the lead has become fused, it will pierce the paper and fall through.

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.

L. B.—Sent dress etc. February 20th.

L. C. L.—Sent hair work 20th.

L. C. W.—Sent hair work 20th.

The Spectator.—Sent patterns 25th.

Miss M. F. P.—Sent patterns and military jacket 25th.

Mrs. S. F.—Sent drygoods 27th.

Mrs. T. H. C.—Sent materials for paper flowers 28th.

Mrs. Wm. B.—Sent patterns March 2d.

Miss N. B.—Sent hair work 3d.

H. H.—Sent hair work 3d.

Mrs. J. B. F.—Sent patterns 4th.

Mrs. H. B. L.—Sent patterns 4th.

Mrs. E. S. C.—Sent patterns 7th.

Mrs. J. McC.—Sent slipper pattern and seal 7th.

Mrs. G. H. D.—Sent marking cotton 10th.

Mrs. W. W.—Sent shoes and gloves 11th.

Dr. O. W.—Sent India-rubber 11th.

Mrs. B. L. M.—Sent goods 12th.

Mrs. E. P. G.—Sent patterns infant's wardrobe 14th.

Miss M. P.—Sent kid gloves 16th.

Miss M. L.—Sent hair bracelet 18th.

Miss L. L.—Sent hair bracelet 18th.

Mrs. V. C. B.—Sent hair pin and ear-rings 18th.

Miss L. S. L.—Sent hair bracelet 18th.

Mrs. M. E. M.—Sent patterns 18th.

J. M. W., P. M.—Sent patterns 18th.

Mrs. W. T. C.—Sent patterns 18th.

Mrs. A. L. R.—Sent hair fob chain 18th.

S. K.—We do not approve of the marriage of such near relations.

Miss V. R. S.—“Throw physic to the dogs.” Take exercise, and plenty of it.

Mrs. H. T. A.—The word guipure is pronounced gu-pure; brioche is pronounced bre-osh.

H. T. R.—See June number of the present year.

Hands and Nails.—We really cannot give any advice upon this subject. We think a physician could. There is no doubt the nails can be remedied in some degree.

Emma.—Fine oatmeal is a good substitute for soap for washing the face. Fold a towel round the hand slightly moistened. Spread the oatmeal over it, and use it as you would soap. It is said to be good also for red hands.

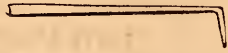
Y. P. F.—We know that a strict regimen of meat, no vegetables, very little sleep, and but little of any kind of liquids will accomplish much; but we have never made up our minds to try it, although coming under the denomination of “fleshy.”

Mrs. A. F.—The same complaint that Lady Macbeth made: Her hands were so red! We know of nothing that will whiten your hands.

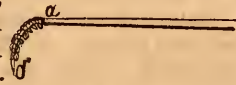
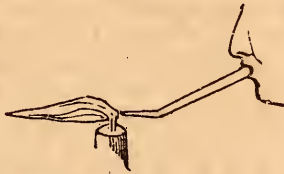
Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XXIII.—(continued.)

558 The blowpipe consists in a tube, usually of metal, large at one extremity, opening to a small orifice at the other, and bent towards that extremity at right angles on itself. By means of it, the flame of a candle or lamp may be deflected from its upward course, and bent laterally, thus—



559. The proper use of the blowpipe can only be learned by practice. Just as easy would it be to teach swimming by writing a book on swimming, as by a parallel method to teach the use of the blowpipe. This proper use consists in acquiring the power of breathing and blowing at one and the same time—a compound operation which seems so impossible that it has passed into the Spanish proverb—“*Ne se puede sorber y soplar a uno y mismo tiempo.*” Nevertheless, this can be done, and must be done before the blowpipe is worth anything in the hands of a chemist, although, strange to say, artisans who use the blowpipe in their avocations—gold-chain makers and gas-fitters, for instance—never acquire this art. The consequence is that, after a short exertion, they suffer from the attempt to maintain long blasts without stopping to breathe, and they are obliged to use the blaze of a torch, when the flame of a common tallow dip candle should have sufficed. This operation of maintaining a continuous blast of air is effected by first inflating the cheeks, then gently contracting them, and thus forcing air, in a very gentle current, held between the lips, or pressed like the mouthpiece of a trumpet (we prefer the latter) externally. It is evident that the degree of facility with which a continuous blast of air may be continued, must greatly depend on the orifice of the small nozzle or jet of the blowpipe. All delicate blowpipes are supplied with two or three movable jets of different sizes; but the bore of the largest should be scarcely adequate to admit a small hog's bristle. We do not recommend the young chemists who study from this book to purchase a high-priced blowpipe. Let them procure an instrument of the commonest description. When procured, let each individual consider at what distance his power of vision is most acute, and cut the blowpipe accordingly. This being done, the mouth part should be made hot, and whilst in this condition smeared with sealing wax in order to protect the lips from the brass of the tube. High-priced blowpipes have silver mouthpieces and platinum jets. Next, tightly wind some stout waxed thread around the angular bend of the blowpipe, some little distance on towards the jet. The use of this contrivance will become evident by and by.



560. Having described the blowpipe, I must now mention that the source of flame to be employed in conjunction with it, may be (1) that of a candle, wax by preference; and for purposes of analysis, this is best of all; (2 and 3) gas, and the spirit-lamp, both of which, on

account of the readiness with which they may be used, are of frequent extemporaneous application for the purpose of glass-blowing and glass-bending, although, in this respect, greatly inferior to (4) a lamp having a large wick supplied with oil, or, still better, tallow. This kind of lamp is used by artisans who work in barometers and thermometers, and the accompanying blowpipe is worked by double bellows. Such an apparatus is unnecessary to all young chemists, and the greater number of old ones.

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 MAY.

Fig. 1.—Green changeable silk dress, barred with a darker shade of green. The dress is somewhat of the Empress style, the corsage and skirt being in one. The skirt is trimmed with a broad Grecque formed of black velvet, with a white edge. The same design, reduced, is on the corsage. The sleeves are rather small, and slashed up to the elbow, being caught together at the edge with a fancy sleeve button. The white sleeve is very full, sufficiently loose to slip the hand through, and finished with a very full muslin ruching. The collar is of embroidered muslin. Buff *gants de Swède* with three buttons at the wrist. Shawl-shaped mantle of black silk, richly embroidered, and trimmed with a fall of deep lace. The hair is slightly *crepe*, and is arranged in loops at the back.

Fig. 2.—Morning snif of violet *piqué*, braided *en tunique*, with a fancy black braid. Graduated black and

white buttons are up the front of the dress. The wrap is of the shawl shape, bound with black braid, and braided to suit the skirt, the design forming a large corner piece in the point. Fancy summer capuchon, made like two half handkerchiefs fitted to the neck at the back. One half is brought over the head and arranged in the Marie Stuart style; the other part falls over the shoulders. It is made of black net, bordered with Vesuve ribbon and edged with thread lace.

Fig. 3.—Walking suit of gray mohair lustre, braided with black; the sack being also trimmed with narrow black velvet and drop buttons. White straw garden hat trimmed with fancy feathers. Hair rolled, and arranged very low on the neck.

Fig. 4.—A golden tan Pongee dress, trimmed with one small flounce, headed by a ruching. Down each side of the skirt and on the front of the corsage are graduated gimp bows. The mantle is of the scarf shape, and of the same material as the dress. It is trimmed with one ruffle, worked in buttonhole stitch, and headed by a ruching. White straw bonnet, trimmed with green, and coronet trimming of pink roses with foliage.

Fig. 5.—A very stylish morning costume for a watering-place. It is made of white alpaca, with one box-plaited flounce bound with black on the edge of the skirt. Above the flounce is a lace-like embroidery, and three rows of black velvet. A short sack cut to the figure, but not fitting closely, is worn over a white muslin waist. The hat is of Leghorn, with rather high crown and straight brim drooping slightly both back and front, trimmed with a black lace scarf and black and scarlet feather. The hair is rolled from the face, and arranged in a chignon at the back.

THE SOUTACHE ROBE.

(See engraving, page 422.)

This robe is of mode-color alpaca, with a bordering of brown made on the dress, and printed to imitate a very rich braiding. It is one of the newest and prettiest of the Spring styles. The bow at the neck can be of silk or white muslin. Fancy muslin cap, with Islay green ribbon bow over the forehead.

HEADRESSES, ETC.

(See engravings, page 424.)

Fig. 1.—A coiffure for the back of the head. It is formed of very rich and wide black ribbon, with moss-roses, buds, and foliage.

Fig. 2.—A coiffure in the coronet style. It can be made of any color to suit the complexion of the wearer. We would suggest, as very stylish, the roll and front puffed loops to be of a rich garnet ribbon, with gold ornament and short white plumes.

Fig. 3.—A ball coiffure, composed of green ribbon and a large tuft of roses, with foliage.

Fig. 4.—One of the newest ball coiffures. Branches of wood twined together, with a large tuft of Narcissus blossoms, with long, graceful leaves, forming a coronet. A smaller tuft of flowers rests on the neck at the back.

Fig. 5.—Coiffure for full ball dress. A scarlet peony forming the coronet, and at the sides sprigs of ivy, oak-leaves, and gold acorns on branches of wood.

Fig. 6.—A wreath formed of white lilies, violet hyacinths, and Vesuve ribbons, twined gracefully round the wood branches. This is also in the coronet style, and being of moderate height it is exceedingly pretty and becoming.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR MAY.

ALTHOUGH some time has elapsed since the wedding of Tom Thumb and the little Warren amused the town, we think a description of a dress designed and made for her at Mme. Demorest's may be acceptable to many of our readers.

It was of a golden maize-colored silk, the skirt cut *en traine*, and ornamented with designs, intended to be emblematical of our own country, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, and Italy. The decorations were formed of very narrow pipings of white satin, softened by rich *point appliqué* lace. The design in front was an ear of corn, the grains in seed pearls, for America. On the right, a rose encircled with buds and leaves for England; on the left, laurel for France; Germany was represented by acorns, with leaves; Italy, by grapes; Ireland, by shamrocks; and Scotland, by the thistle. This rich drapery was caught up at the left to display the petticoat of white silk, with its blonde puffings and diamond-shaped crossings of strung Roman pearls. The corsage was low, with short sleeves, very tastefully trimmed with satin pipings and point lace. But even this elegant robe was not so fascinating to us as the dainty little corset of white satin, elaborately stitched and embroidered, moulded to fit the perfect little figure it was destined to inclose. Its proportions strongly reminded us of doll-dressing days in the nursery. We must not forget to mention the hoop, also a model in its way, and so closely woven that, though perfect in proportion to the tiny figure of the wearer, it contained fifty-two hoops, covered with white silk. The binding and facings were of white satin to match the corset. We venture to say that these contributions of Mme. Demorest to the *trousseau* of Mrs. Thumb have never been excelled. While on the subject of hoops, we must not neglect the new style called *Quaker skirt*. This is much smaller than the usual hoop, tapering most gracefully from the base to the top. It is especially suited to light summer, and airy ball dresses. Heavier dresses, being very long and ample, require a large hoop with a decided spring to give them a graceful appearance.

We select from the many beautiful articles in Mme. Demorest's salons, the following: A rich mauve *moiré* dress, ornamented on the corsage and sleeves with guipure applications, laid upon the material in elegant and varied patterns, which is quite a relief from the ordinary lace with one straight edge. Another was a jacket of white silk, bordered with a piping of cerise silk, covered with a tiny guipure edge. On each side of the corsage was a true lover's knot, formed of guipure, lined with cerise silk, closely stitched down. The sleeves were ornamented to correspond. Another attractive garment was an opera cloak of white cloth, bound with pink silk. It was a circle, bias at the back, with seam down the centre. The front was caught up very gracefully, and thrown over the left shoulder like a Spanish cloak, where it fell in soft graceful folds. We consider this one of the most stylish garments of the season, and one that will be very suitable for street wear, made of drab or cuir-colored cloths. We noticed that most of the white bodies at Mme. Demorest's were tucked in bunches, which is a slight, but very pretty change from last season. We may remark, *en passant*, that both thick and thin muslins can be purchased striped, to imitate tucks in all their different styles, which, of course, will be a great saving of trouble to the *blanchisseuse*.

As mothers are becoming anxious about the little folks'

hats, we are now able to gratify them, having paid a recent visit to Mr. Genin's establishment on Broadway. We found a most excellent variety, both in shape and style, the colors being entirely new. For instance, a dark cuir-colored straw, and a mixture of the most brilliant purple with black and white, besides every possible combination of black and white. For boys, there is the Harrow cap, of a cuir-color, a turban with closely fitting brim, and a vizor, with a binding of a rich blue straw. Others are trimmed with bindings of fancy leather, and bound with velvet the exact shade of the leather. The Berwick is another pretty style, with straight and taper crown, brim very wide and heavily rolled at the sides, and slightly rolled in front. This style is suitable for boys from two to four. Then the Eton, for boys from four to seven, generally of a mixed straw, with sailor brim an inch and a half wide, and the crown a complete round. This style has a dark blue ribbon tied at the side, and fastened with a straw knot. The same style, slightly modified, will be worn by older boys, the difference being that the crown is straight, and rounding only on top. One of the most artistic hats is a Leghorn with double brim, the brim turning from the under part to the outside, reaching the crown, where the straw is fluted, and forms the sole trimming of the hat. Conspicuous among the straw and hair ornaments for children's hats are bees, flies, butterfly bows, bugles, cornets, and other devices.

For little girls, there is the Dartford hat. This is one of the prettiest styles. It has a high taper crown, drooping slightly both back and front, bound with velvet and a piping of velvet, the same width as the binding, laid on the brim. It is trimmed with two bands of velvet round the crown, and a tuft of field flowers directly in front. The trimmings will be flowers, and scarfs of silk with fringed ends.

The riding-hats are of the Spanish styles, very high pointed crowns, with brims rolled at the sides. They are made of every variety of straw, and are very stylish.

We have but few decided novelties to record. One, however, is a monstrosity in the shape of a pocket handkerchief. It is of grass cloth, the color of brown wrapping-paper, ornamented by a single row of hem-stitch, and a narrow border of either blue or red.

Black lace leaves are among the newest things. These are used for ornamenting white muslin jackets, dresses, and opera cloaks. The effect is striking and beautiful. We have seen some pretty grenadine veils, with borders formed of pin stripes. For instance, a light mode-color veil, with a border of black stripes, is very effective. For morning collars, we have the Byron style; that is, a standing collar at the back, and the ends turned down in front. These are worn by both sexes. Another style, called the Alexandra collar, has the Prince of Wales feather stitched on them with colored cotton.

Piqués will be very fashionable, and the colored ones more varied in design and color than in former years. The designs being the same as on the muslins, large Grecques, stars, pin dots, and other styles. We use the future tense respecting *piqués*, for though we are told it is Spring, it is difficult to believe it, and nothing thinner than summer poplins, India silks, mohair lustres, queen's cloth, alpaca, and such goods, can yet be worn. Many of the dress sleeves are made quite small at the wrist, barely admitting a small undersleeve. Dresses of all kinds are being trimmed with flutings, which are to be had ready fluted in tarletane, ribbon and silk, and any material can be quilled at a trifling expense.

Perfect scaffoldings of hair are now built on the head—roll upon roll—puff upon puff. Some of the styles are extremely odd; not the least odd, is that, for which are used two rats, two mice, a cat, and a cataract. Lest, however, we should be the means of some pussy being cut off by a premature death from the circle of which she is the ornament, we hasten to explain. The rats are the long frizettes of curled hair for the side rolls; the mice are the smaller ones above them; the cat is for the roll laid over the top of the head; and the cataract is for the chignon at the back of the head—which is sometimes called waterfall, cataract, and *jet d'eau*.

Little girls are wearing their hair in short frizzed curls, and, in some instances, we have seen very long hair floating down the back only slightly *crepé*. This, however, is not a pretty style, and we would not advise its adoption.

For coiffures, the humming-bird alone disputes with the butterfly the favor of fashion. These ornaments were introduced by the Empress of the French, and bring fabulous prices, many of them being made of precious stones, or of enamel worked with gold. They are worn by young ladies as well as matrons; the humming birds, being the natural bird of the rarest plumage, frequently set with diamond eyes.

At a recent ball the dress of the Empress was hooked up with diamond butterflies. The coiffure was composed of tufts of violets, from which a brilliant diamond butterfly seemed ready to spring into the air. The natural butterfly is however a coveted headdress, and as it is extremely fragile, it is rather an expensive fashion. They, as well as humming birds, are frequently mounted on barbes, with charming effect. One of the prettiest ball dresses we have seen, was a mass of little puffings over which were scattered butterflies of every hue and shade. The mania extends still further. We see them in the florist's windows hovering over plants, baskets of flowers, and choice hand bouquets. The last novelty however is this; every variety of humming bird and butterfly is gotten up on *cartes* of the *carte de visite* size for albums.

Mrs. Ellis, of 880 Broadway, is making up with her usual good taste, a number of very *recherché* walking suits. A very attractive one is an ashes of roses. Spring poplin, with very deep braiding in black above the hem. A talma of the same has a narrower braiding above the binding, and on the shoulders it is braided to represent a guipure round cape, the same as worn on the velvet cloaks this winter. The effect is beautiful. Another is a buff mohair lustre, braided in large palms round the skirt, with a talma of the same braided with smaller palms of the same style.

Brodie is making up Rotundes, sacks, and circles of every shade of steel, mode, and cuir. Most of them are braided in very striking patterns, some with merely a braided epaulet, while others are elegantly trimmed with gimp and jet ornaments. The silk wraps are generally trimmed with rich lace, oftentimes laid over white silk or satin, which gives a very *distingué* appearance. There is a great variety of out door garments, and the choice is left to the individual taste of the wearer.

We see but little alteration in the shape of bonnets. They are quite high, very shallow at the sides, and a gradual slope from the crown to the front. Gray straws are very fashionable, also silk bonnets closely shirred, sometimes with puffs between. In our next we will give more definite information respecting bonnets.

FASHION.

Embellishments, Etc.

PLAYING MAY PARTY. A splendid steel engraving.
 GODEY'S DOUBLE EXTENSION COLORED FASHION-
 PLATE. Containing five figures. Surpassing any pub-
 lished either in Europe or America.
 "HANDS ACROSS." An engraving on wood.
 SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER COSTUMES. Two en-
 gravings.
 THE SOUTACHE ROBE. From A. T. Stewart & Co.
 THE VEGA. From Brodie.
 THE LATEST PARISIAN STYLES FOR HEADDRESSES,
 ETC. Six engravings.
 A NEW COIFFURE. Front and back view. Two en-
 gravings.
 BRAIDED SLIPPER. Two engravings.
 BRAIDING PATTERNS. Four engravings.
 A FANCY TIDY.
 PRACTICAL LESSONS IN DRAWING. Seven engrav-
 ings.

NOVELTIES FOR MAY. Spencer, Bonnet shade, Sack,
 Dress, Apron. Six engravings.
 PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTAB-
 LISHMENT. Five engravings.
 FANCY SLIPPER, WITHOUT HEEL, FOR A LADY.
 SPRING COSTUMES FOR A BOY AND GIRL. Front
 and back views. Four engravings.
 CROCHET COLLAR.
 PETTICOAT INSERTION.
 GLASS BEAD MAT.
 FLOWER VASE.
 LETTER FOR A SQUARE PILLOW-CASE.
 SEAM KNITTING FOR SOFA PILLOWS.
 NAME FOR MARKING.
 INSERTION FOR MUSLIN. Two engravings.
 PATTERN FOR A CROCHET PURSE OR BAG.
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HAIR ORNAMENTS.

Ladies wishing hair made into Bracelets, Pins (which are very beautiful), Necklaces, or Ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.



We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

- Breastpins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$1 50 to \$10.
- Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1 50 to \$3.

- Necklaces, from \$6 to \$15
- Fob-chains, from \$6 to \$12.
- Hair Studs, from \$5 50 to \$11 the set.
- Sleeve Button, from \$6 50 to \$11 the set.

The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, \$4 50.

HAIR is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."



WHEAT CORN COTTON FRUITS & VEGETABLES

EQUAL TO ANY IN THE WORLD!!!

MAY BE PROCURED

At FROM \$8 to \$12 PER ACRE,

Near Markets, Schools, Railroads, Churches, and all the blessings of Civilization.

1,200,000 Acres, in Farms of 40, 80, 120, 160 Acres and upwards, in ILLINOIS, the Garden State of America.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company offer, **ON LONG CREDIT**, the beautiful and fertile **PRAIRIE LANDS** lying along the whole line of their Railroad, **700 MILES IN LENGTH**, upon the most Favorable Terms for enabling Farmers, Manufacturers, Mechanics and Workmen to make for themselves and their families a competency, and a **HOME** they can call **THEIR OWN**, as will appear from the following statements:

ILLINOIS.

Is about equal in extent to England, with a population of 1,722,666, and a soil capable of supporting 20,000,000. No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no part of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, **CORN** and **WHEAT**.

CLIMATE.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results from his labor as on these deep, rich, loamy soils, cultivated with so much ease. The climate from the extreme southern part of the State to the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, a distance of nearly 200 miles, is well adapted to Winter.

WHEAT, CORN, COTTON, TOBACCO.

Peaches, Pears, Tomatoes, and every variety of fruit and vegetables is grown in great abundance, from which Chicago and other Northern markets are furnished from four to six weeks earlier than their immediate vicinity. Between the Terre Haute, Alton & St. Louis Railway and the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers, (a distance of 115 miles on the Branch, and 136 miles on the Main Trunk,) lies the great Corn and Stock raising portion of the State.

THE ORDINARY YIELD

of Corn is from 50 to 80 bushels per acre. Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep and Hogs are raised here at a small cost, and yield large profits. It is believed that no section of country presents greater inducements for Dairy Farming than the Prairies of Illinois, a branch of farming to which but little attention has been paid, and which must yield sure profitable results. Between the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers, and Chicago and Dunleith, (a distance of 56 miles on the Branch and 147 miles by the Main Trunk,) Timothy Hay, Spring Wheat, Corn, &c., are produced in great abundance.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Wheat crop of 1861 was estimated at 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,

THE FINEST FARMING LANDS

Flax, Hemp, Peas, Clover, Cabbage, Beets, Tobacco, Sorghum, Grapes, Peaches, Apples, &c., which go to swell the vast aggregate of production in this fertile region. Over Four Million tons of produce were sent out the State of Illinois during the past year.

STOCK RAISING.

In Central and Southern Illinois uncommon advantages are presented for the extension of Stock raising. All kinds of Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep, Hogs, &c., of the best breeds, yield handsome profits; large fortunes have already been made, and the field is open for others to enter with the fairest prospects of like results. **DAIRY FARMING** also presents its inducements to many.

CULTIVATION OF COTTON.

The experiments in Cotton culture are of very great promise. Commencing in latitude 39 deg. 30 min. (see *Maltoon on the Branch, and Assumption on the Main Line*), the Company owns thousands of acres well adapted to the perfection of this fibre. A settler having a family of young children, can turn their youthful labor to a most profitable account in the growth and perfection of this plant.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

Traverses the whole length of the State, from the banks of the Mississippi and Lake Michigan to the Ohio. As its name imports, the Railroad runs through the centre of the State, and on either side of the road along its whole length lie the lands offered for sale.

CITIES, TOWNS, MARKETS. DEPOTS.

There are Ninety-eight Depots on the Company's Railway, giving about one every seven miles. Cities, Towns and Villages are situated at convenient distances throughout the whole route, where every desirable commodity may be found as readily as in the oldest cities of the Union, and where buyers are to be met for all kinds of farm produce.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and working-men will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of the schools. Children can live in sight of the school, the college, the church, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT—ON LONG CREDIT.

80 acres at \$10 per acre, with interest at 6 per ct. annually on the following terms:		40 acres, at \$10 00 per acre;	
Cash payment.....	\$18 00	Cash payment.....	\$24 00
Payment in one year.....	48 00	Payment in one year.....	24 00
" in two years.....	48 00	" in two years.....	24 00
" in three years.....	48 00	" in three years.....	24 00
" in four years.....	236 00	" in four years.....	118 00
" in five years.....	224 00	" in five years.....	112 00
" in six years.....	212 00	" in six years.....	106 00
" in seven years.....	200 00	" in seven years.....	100 00

Address **Land Commissioner, Illinois Central Railroad, Chicago, Ill.**