WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

HOUSEKEEPER'S CHATELAINE

GODEY'S FASHIONS.

Capewell & Ki

GODEY'S F

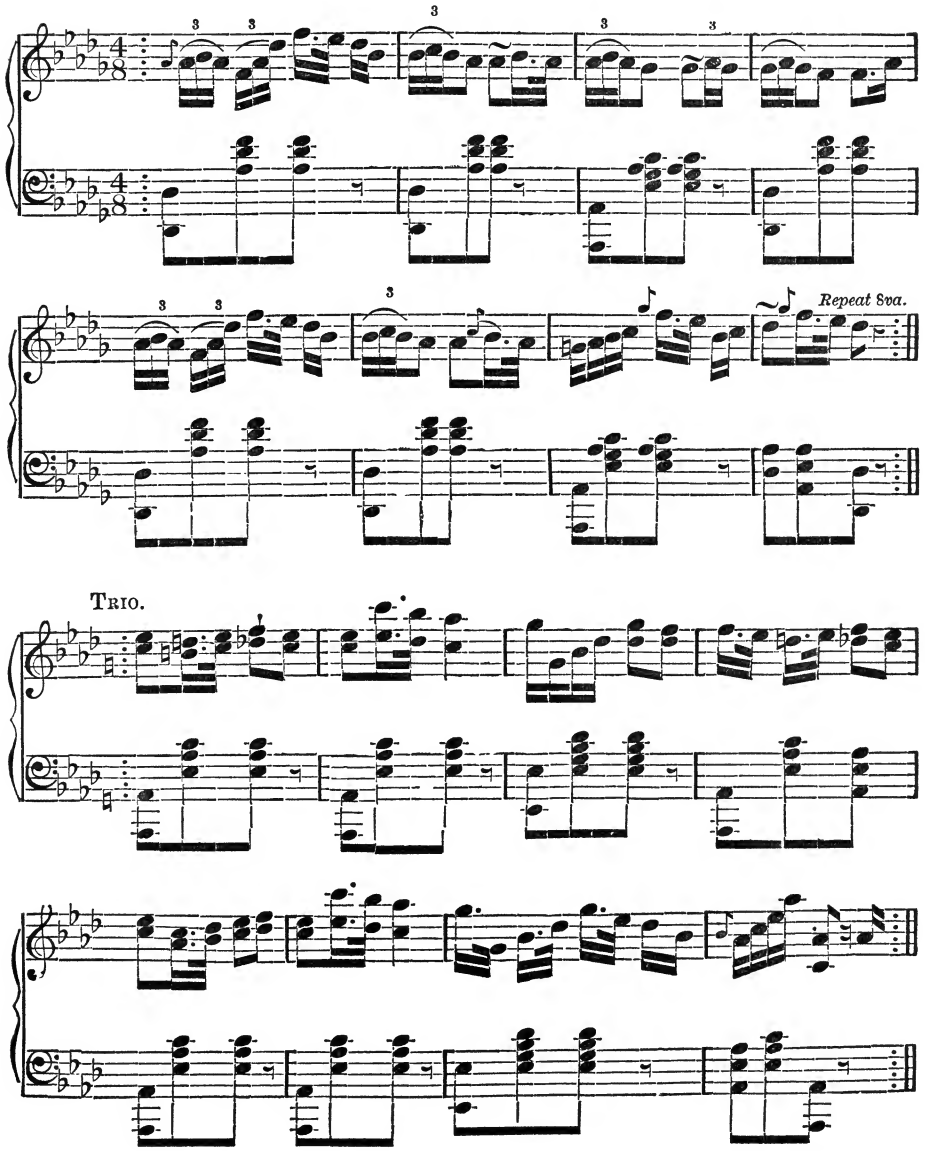
ASHIONS.

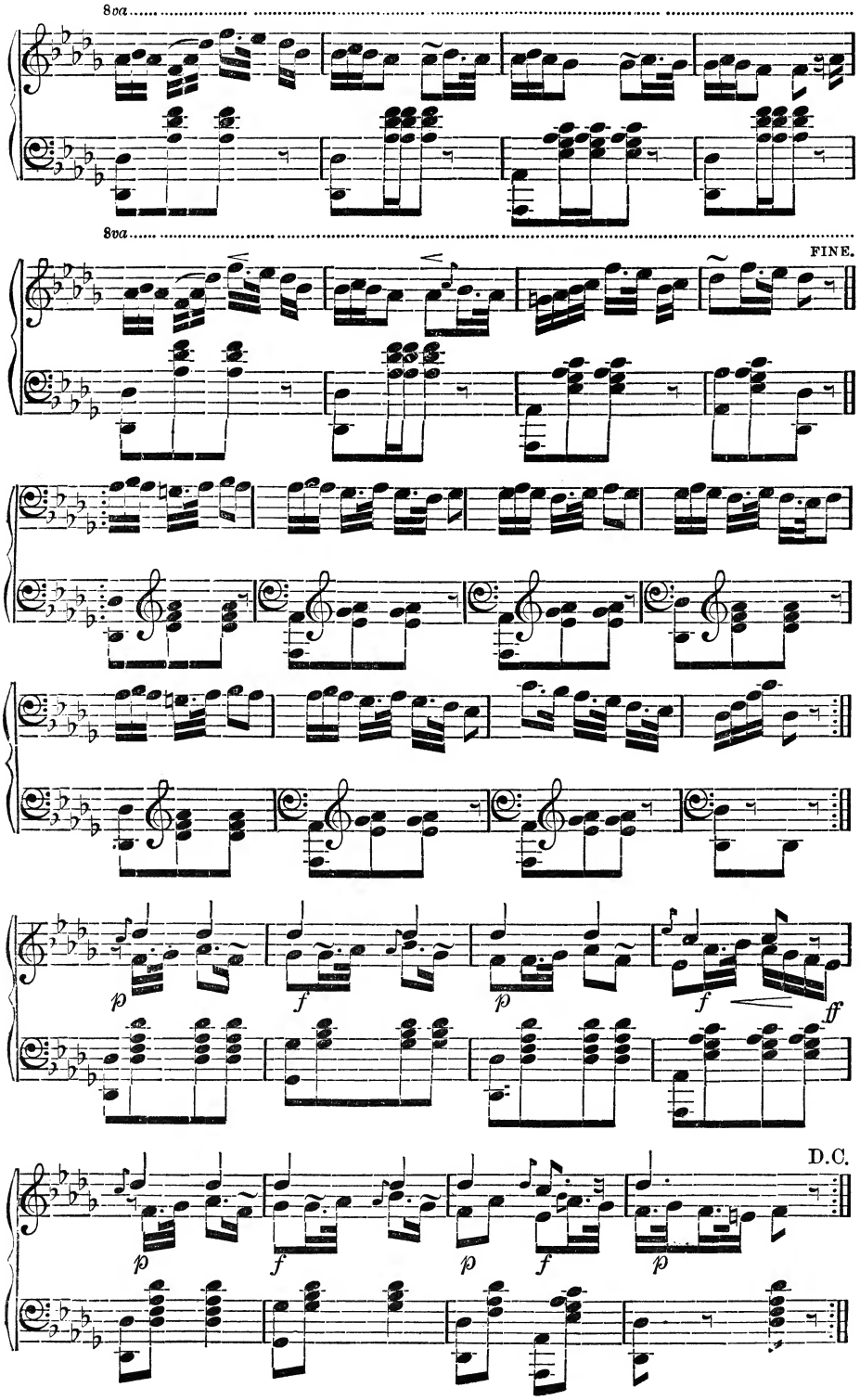
"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

GOLDEN HAIR POLKA.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

By HENRY L. RAYMOND.

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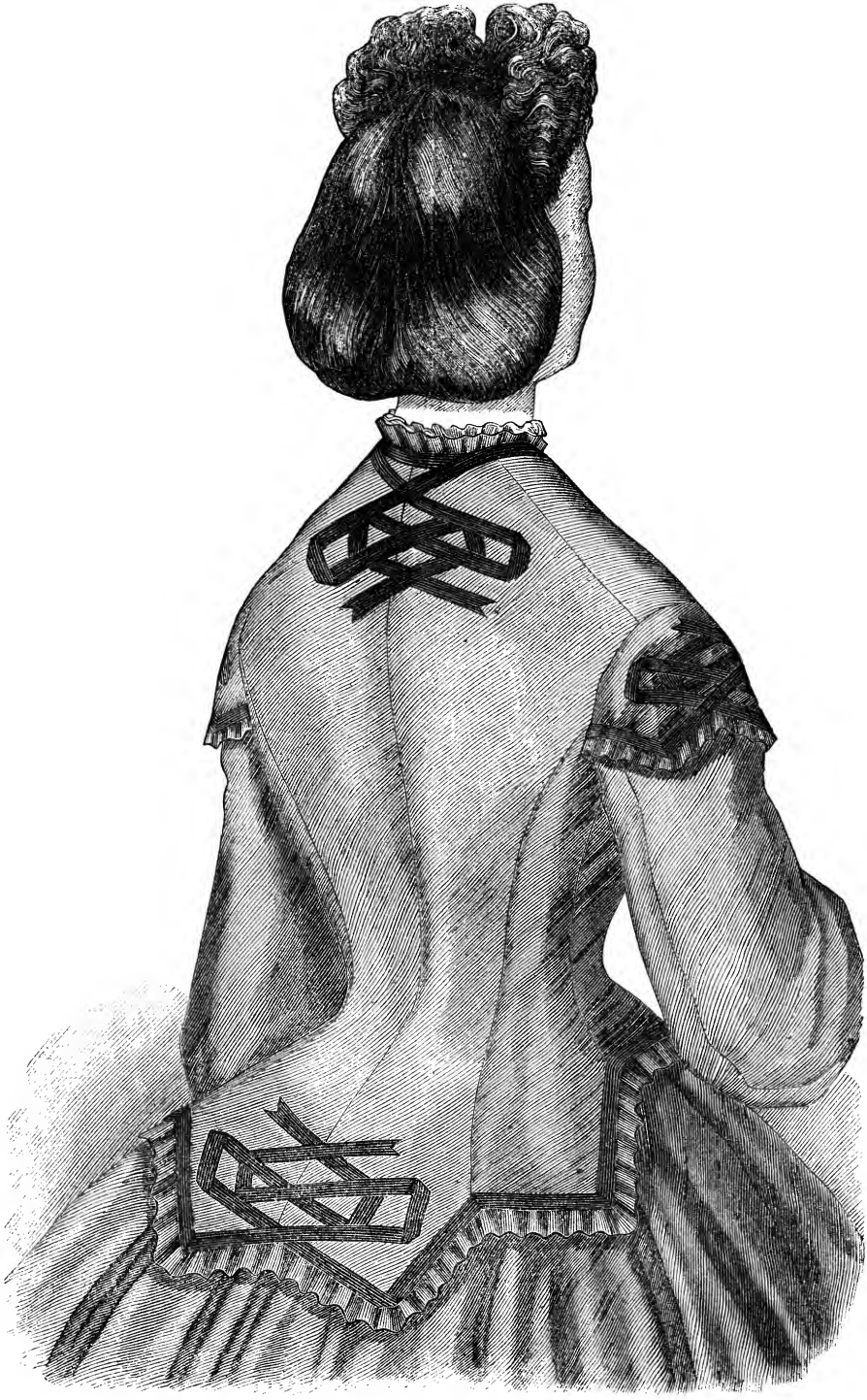
THE FANCHON JACKET.

(Front view.)

This jacket can be made of the same material as the skirt, or else of black silk. It is trimmed with braid, velvet, or bands of leather, and a narrow fluted ruffle of the material of the jacket. The coiffure is one of the latest styles, and suitable for a young lady.

THE FANCHON JACKET.

(*Back view.*)



DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.

It is made of amethyst-colored silk. The skirt is trimmed with four flounces edged with black lace. A graduated piece of black lace, trimmed with lace, velvet, and buttons, extends down the front of the dress, and five sash-like strips of different lengths are arranged round the skirt. The girdle and bretelles are also of black silk, trimmed with lace and velvet.

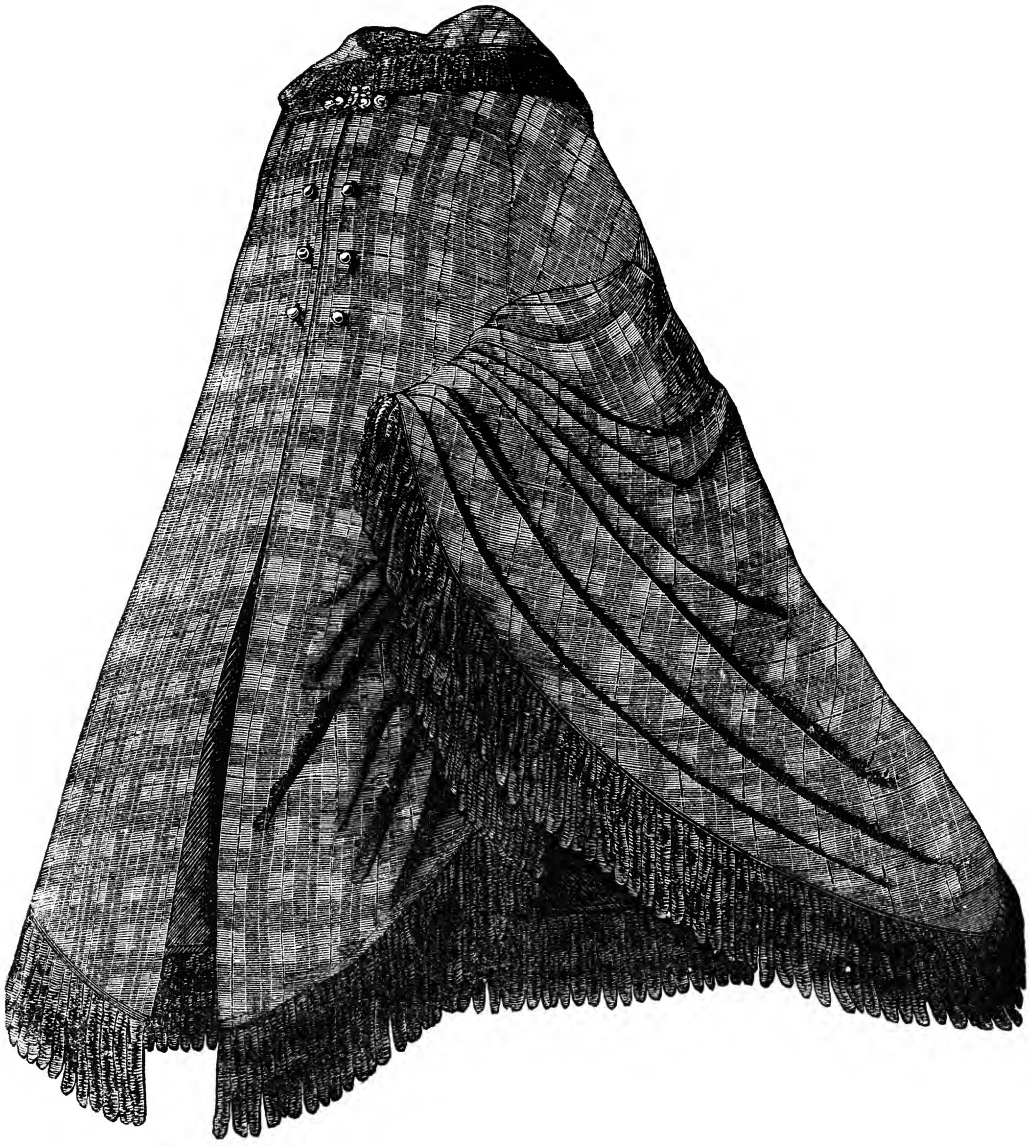
THE DARRO.

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

This mode is one that recommends itself at a glance. Possessing such elegance and quiet refinement, in conjunction with its comfort, it can challenge comparison with any of its predecessors. The garment may be made in several modes, either of the same or two different materials. The front and sides of sleeves may be, for instance, of silk or *moiré antique*, whilst the body of the pardessus is of cloth. The trimming consists of brandebourgs and cords.

NEW SPRING CLOAK.

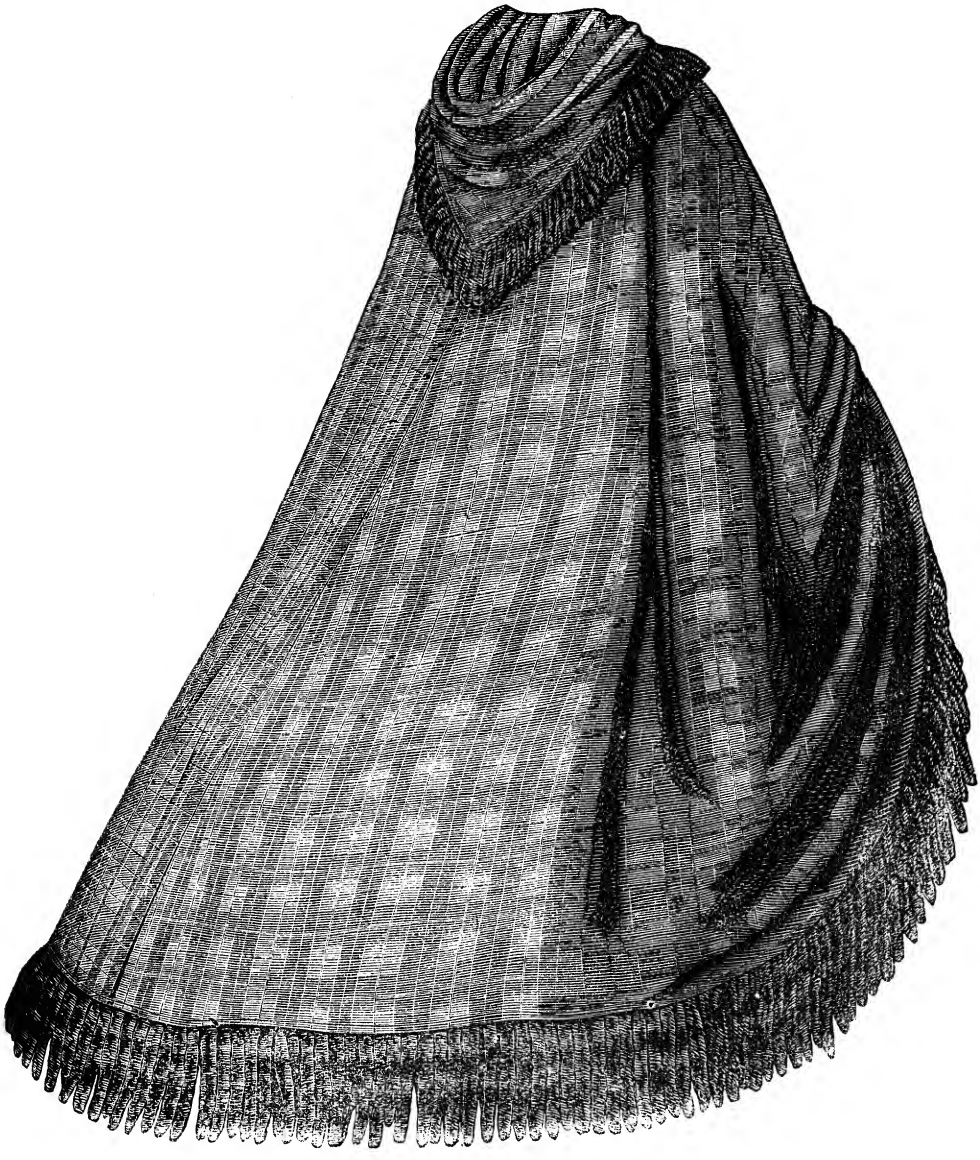
(*Front view.*)



This cloak is made of a fine soft blue and green plaid cloth. It is trimmed with a heavy twisted wool chenille fringe.

NEW SPRING CLOAK.

(Back view.)



The hood resembles a small shawl gracefully draped round the shoulders, and trimmed with a narrow chenille fringe.

LA FRIVOLITE.

VESTE EN MOUSSELINE.

A muslin jacket, to wear with a low-necked dress. It is trimmed with muslin puffs and a worked ruffle. The same style of jacket may be made of either black or white lace, and the effect is extremely pretty.

Fig. 1.

COIFFURES.

Fig. 1.—Spring coiffure for a young lady. The hair is waved, brushed over frizettes, and caught into a puff by a fancy side comb. The back hair is dressed waterfall style.

Fig. 2.—Fancy evening coiffure. The hair is arranged over a cushion in front, and a large bow falls low on the neck at the back. A bouquet of flowers is placed directly over the forehead.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

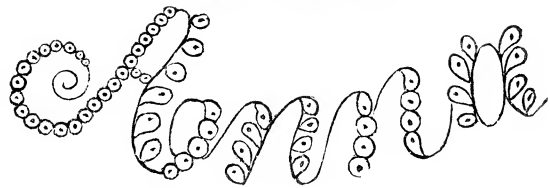
COIFFURES.

Fig. 1.—Spring coiffure for a young lady. The hair is waved, brushed over frizettes, and caught into a puff by a fancy side comb. The back hair is dressed waterfall style.

Fig. 2.—Fancy evening coiffure. The hair is arranged over a cushion in front, and a large bow falls low on the neck at the back. A bouquet of flowers is placed directly over the forehead.

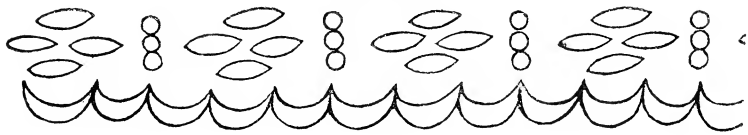
Fig. 2.

NAME FOR MARKING.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.—*(See Description, Work Department.)*

EMBROIDERY.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1864.

"NOBODY TO BLAME."

BY MARION HARLAND

(Continued from page 141.)

CHAPTER V.

WE will pass over the scene that ensued in the carriage, when the trio recovered from the amazement produced by Mr. Cleveland's unexpected adieu, and present ourselves in Miss Dupont's private sitting-room, just as the little party gathered around the fire, to talk over the matter already discussed at some length in the course of their ride.

Maggie was paler than usual with excitement, and there was a droop of the eyelids and an occasional quiver of the lip, that showed a mind ill at ease. Marie drew her to a lounge, and putting her arms around her, tried to reassure her.

"What if he does tell Will and Marian, and they think *so* strange of it, little trembler? You have but to state the truth to clear yourself. Say that Mary was always a queer girl, and wanted to play a harmless trick upon you, but that she was very sorry when she found out that you were troubled about it, and promised not to do the like again. What is easier?"

"Nothing, I suppose; but what if they ask if I knew who *he* was before I got into the carriage?"

"Say 'no!'" said Marie, boldly.

"But would that be true?" objected Maggie, stealing a glance at the face, whose owner she had designated by the expressive personal pronoun.

That face was watching hers very intently just then, and its look was the same that had given offence to John Cleveland's nice notions of the respect due the beloved one on the night of Maggie's *début*. He smiled, as he caught the furtive light of her eye. He was less handsome in this smile than when his features were in repose, because it heightened the peculiar effect of the curling upper lip, before mentioned. It was as if the unpleasant savor he seemed ever inhaling, had suddenly grown stronger, when, to borrow Dickens' inimitable description of the like effect, "his moustache went up and his nose came down." Yet he was, to a casual observer, a splendid-looking man, tall, well-made, with dark eyes, a full, silky beard, and a Romanesque nose. Marie had repeatedly declared to Maggie that he was her beau ideal of manly perfection and beauty, and she, simple, trusting soul, endorsed the report of his mental and spiritual worth, as freely as she did that of his physical charms, and believed devoutly in both.

He abandoned his station by the mantel at her wordless appeal, and pushing an ottoman towards her sat down at her feet.

"Why would it be untrue?" he asked, insinuatingly. "You cannot be said to know a thing that you are not sure of. You had your suspicions that Thomas would be Thomas no longer, when he took off his new, great coat, but what proof had you of my identity, besides this vague impression? I contend that you would commit a grave error were

you to say anything of so slight a surmise, when you are questioned about our innocent frolic. There is no reason why you should get yourself into needless trouble."

"You see, my darling," resumed Marie, "Albert came unexpectedly in the six o'clock train. He wrote to me this morning, inclosing a note for you, saying that he would be up to-night, and asking me to have you here. But this did not arrive until an hour after he did. So, mamma having gone to spend the night in New York, and taken the boys with her, I had no chaperon or escort to watch over me in my moonlight jaunt, unless I had chosen to keep the baby out of bed, and run the risk of croup, cough, and crossness. Thomas was out of the way too, he always is when I want him. What else could we do, unless we had broken our hearts by doing without you?"

"Perhaps she thinks that would have been the best arrangement," said Lorraine, artfully.

"You know better than that!" said Maggie, in ingenuous haste. "But, I think Marian would have let me come more readily if she had known who your protector was. I do not see what objection she would have had, for she believes that you two are—" she stopped, covered with blushes.

"Yes, of course!" nodded Marie. "She thinks just what we meant she should, until we are ready to undeceive her. Why call her attention to Albert's frequent companionship with yourself more than is necessary? And your god-father, my dear! that unselfish adopted brother of yours, what would he have said to your moonlight flitting?"

"Indeed, dear Marie, you are greatly mistaken as to Mr. Cleveland's feelings for me!" rejoined Maggie, eagerly. He is a friend—a brotherly friend—nothing more, I do assure you!"

"*Nous verrons!* For the nonce, he is useful to us. Now, as I can guess how unwelcome I am here, I shall betake myself to the parlor to write a letter. See here, my pet!" She drew a foreign-looking missive from her pocket, and partially unfolded the large, thin sheets. "You are not the only happy ones to-night."

"O, delightful!" exclaimed Maggie, clapping her hands. "When did it come?"

"Albert brought it up, like the good brother he is."

"Is he well?"

"Very well in body, *très malheureux et très fidèle, selon les régles!*" said Marie, without a blush, and evidently thinking that the foreign phrase was a very modest veil for communications upon so delicate a subject. And she danced out singing, "*Toujours fidèle! Toujours fidèle!*"

Uncomfortable as John Cleveland's reveries were after Maggie's abduction, they were cheerful in comparison with the horror that would have seized him, could he have looked into Miss Dupont's boudoir that night. Maggie's hand lay confidingly in Lorraine's, while his arm encircled her waist; love words fell fast and low from his lips, and no utterance of hers reproved his freedom. Why should she shrink from, or repel her betrothed lover?

This was a romance of Marie's manufacture. Affianced herself to an elder Lorraine, who was now abroad, she desired that her "twin soul," as she was fond of styling Maggie, should know similar felicity. Who more likely to effect this end than her Clement's brother? Albert was nothing loath when he had once seen his predestined inamorata. From thinking of the benefit to accrue to him from an alliance with the daughter of a wealthy man, he soon came to love the gentle, pretty creature thrown sedulously in his way, a love far inferior in quality to the depth and singleness of Cleveland's devotion, but as exalted a sentiment as he was capable of feeling. The two men were opposites in grain and in culture. Beneath John's ready smile and merry word there were solidity of thought, uncorruptible principle, and true, inborn refinement, while Lorraine's volubility, a heritage from his French father, covered, sometimes well, sometimes miserably, a shallow, ill-worked mind, as did his gallant and fine sayings, inherent and ineradicable selfishness.

Maggie was hardly to blame that her womanly instinct erred in her estimate of her suitor. Marie's influence over her was not merely the ascendency of a strong over a pliant will; it was the authority of a clever mistress over a loving slave. While Mr. Boylan delved in his counting-house, and his wife dozed, read novels, and bemoaned her petty griefs at home; while Tiny held fidgety sway in her domain, and Marian ruled with a milder hand in hers, the youngling of the flock was helped by Marie's mother wit to

cheat and evade teachers in class hours, and walked, ate, and slept with her during the rest of the twenty-four. She spent more holidays and Sabbaths at Mrs. Dupont's than in her own home, and no one vetoed the arrangement. Tiny's jealousy of her growth in stature and beauty made her presence at her father's irksome to both sisters, and while Marian regretted that this was so, she could not chide Maggie for preferring Marie's society. Albert Lorraine was always in attendance on these fête days, and nobody asked wherefore this should not be. Mrs. Dupont had her friends, and her daughter had hers, and they were best pleased when the house was full of a giddy crowd of pleasure-seekers, whose chief object in existence was the enjoyment of the passing hour.

It was impossible that an impressible girl should retain, in this atmosphere, that rectitude of intention with respect to the right and the wrong, that nicety of discrimination between the true and the false, which is requisite to guide her safely through the labyrinths of fashionable life. Marie's pupil charmed her instructress by her proficiency in dissimulation after her acquaintance with Lorraine had arrived at a certain stage, the interesting turning-point between mutual and evident admiration, and a more absorbing, but more shy emotion. "Maggie never could hide anything in her life," was a proverb in her home, and the faith of her family in its truth was never stronger than when she wore what was supposed to be a present from Marie, but was, in reality, the publicly displayed pledge of a secret betrothal. But why secret? Because Marie so willed it, and Marie knew best what was to be done for her in this, as in everything else, because Albert seconded Marie, and Albert was infallible, thought Maggie. Because it was so delightfully romantic, and had the enchanting smack of mystery that she relished; because it was grand fun to carry the matter on without being suspected by a soul beyond their little circle, and the denouement would be splendid! thought Marie, gleefully. All women love the post of privy-counsellor and manager-general. With her, this liking was a passion. Because it was sound wisdom to secure the young bird before trying to ensnare the old one, and Mr. Boylan was a very sly old bird, one whose investigations and calculations were likely to be unpleasantly close. It was not every fellow whose everyday life could bear such an airing as must be undergone by any one who offered to become his son-in-law. The thing must be confessed at last, but where was the hurry? This was a much more agreeable fashion of love-making than a hum-drum courtship, prosecuted under the prying eyes and vixenish nose of that fussy old maid sister. And when it should "come out," what a sensation the news would create! how the girls would envy her, and the men hate him for having so cunningly stolen a march upon them!

Thus Lorraine had secretly reasoned hitherto, but there were certain grave reasons now why he should alter his policy. Fast horses, champagne suppers, and cards, the luxuries enumerated by Mr. Carvell, as those to which the gay youth did most seriously incline, could not be kept up on only a "fair salary," and creditors began to encroach upon his pleasures. The *prestige* of an engagement with the daughter of a rich merchant would keep these troublesome creatures at bay until he could "raise the wind." It was an agreeable way to get out of his difficulties, this marrying the girl he worshipped. This was not exactly the way he stated his case to Maggie, however.

"You see, my angel, I am growing very impatient, not so much of concealment, but of the necessity for it. I cannot live without you much longer. You are now nineteen years old. Mrs. Ainslie was but twenty when she married. Why should I not ask your father to make me as happy as he did your brother-in-law? a thousand times more happy, indeed, for what is Marian compared with my precious girl? I am miserable without you. I only live in your presence. Why may I not enjoy it always?"

Maggie hid her face upon the arm of the sofa.

"No, no!" she murmured, while a shiver ran over her, born of what strange presentiment, of what inward recoil, she could not tell.

Lorraine frowned—a look it was as well she did not see.

"No! and why not?" he asked, in a soft voice, that had no kinship with the language of his eye. "You fear lest you would weary of me, then, if I were continually near you?"

Her reply was to place her hand within his.

"Perhaps, then, you dread a refusal from

your father? I acknowledge that I do not deserve you, Maggie. No man living ever can."

"You are too good for me!" returned she, half audibly.

"Your father may differ from you as to this. How then?"

"He will like you. How could it be otherwise?" Maggie raised her head to say earnestly. "He is irritable and often stern. I am afraid of him, but you need never be. I have heard Marian say that he was very kind and just to Will when he proposed for her."

"Kind and just! That means came down pretty handsomely with the rhino, I hope!" thought Lorraine. "What is your objection, then?" he inquired, yet more tenderly.

Again Maggie shook with that unaccountable, nameless fear, and her eyes dilated as at the approach of some startling apparition.

"I don't know; I am nervous, I suppose. We are so happy now that I dread any change!" she faltered.

Lorraine arose loftily. "Which dread I am to construe into a disinclination ever to become my wife!" he said, freezingly; then turning from her, apparently to conceal his emotion, he added, in a changed tone: "And this is the end of all my hopes! I had not looked for coquetry from you, Maggie!"

"The end!" Maggie seized his hand. "Oh, Albert! how can you misunderstand me so cruelly? Can you suspect me of trifling? *Me!*"

She sobbed as though her heart were broken.

Lorraine had gained the day. He felt this, as he took the frightened, weeping child into his arms, and soothed her with renewed protestations of love and trust. Marie perceived it upon her return to the apartment, and, well pleased at her ally's victory, informed him, gayly, that it was past midnight, and that Maggie's roses must be saved for the approaching ball.

When the girls were in their chamber, Miss Dupont listened to the story of the arrangements that awaited her sanction. Lorraine was to call upon Mr. Boylan the day succeeding the party, and formally request his permission to address his daughter.

"I begged him not to do it before that time," said Maggie. "It would be embarrassing to appear in company immediately after the announcement. People will be talking about us, you know, and then, to speak frankly, Marie, I think Tiny will be vexed when she hears it, and that would spoil the pleasure of my evening and hers too."

"A very good idea! Just as it should be!" responded Marie. "And, for pity's sake, don't have a long engagement! They are forlorn affairs when they are public. How much attention would I receive in society if it were believed that I was *fiancée*? When poor, dear Clement addressed me, I stipulated that the affair should be kept a profound secret until his return. As to the blind which Albert's attentions throw over the state of my affections, it is so flimsy as scarcely to discourage the most faint-hearted of my other beaux. Any one who is at all knowing in *les affaires du cœur* must see that it is only a Platonic attachment on both sides. And your trousseau, my dearest! What fun we shall have in preparing it! Don't trust Tiny to superintend your shopping. Let Marian or myself do it. We will take more interest in making you charming. Albert has exquisite taste, and his bride must not disappoint him."

Maggie had ceased the duties of her toilet, and sunk down into a chair, her unbound hair streaming over her white dressing-gown, her eyes fixed on the fire. The brightness had all gone from her face, and a haggard expression had followed upon the spent excitement. She looked worn-out, anxious, unhappy—a sad sight in one who had just decided upon so important a move in life.

While Marie talked on of milliners, merchants, and mantua-makers, the thoughts of the other were roving far wide of such dissertations. Why should the scene she had quitted hours before, for the society of her lover, arise before her now in such distinctness and beauty? What meant the indefinable longing with which she turned to it—calm, restful, full of holy affection—after the hot, passionate atmosphere that had surrounded her since she had parted from the pleasant family group? What was the dull aching, far down in her heart, as she thought of saying "Farewell" to John, the steadfast friend of her girlhood? She had divined something of his prejudice against Lorraine; she knew that Albert returned the feeling with interest, that his wife would not be likely to meet his supposed rival, except as a common acquaintance. Why was it so hard to reconcile herself to the thought of this separation? She could not endure to picture

John's approach to her without the lighted eye, the beaming smile, the outstretched hand, and the deep, sweet voice, that made his simple "Maggie!" a more heartfelt greeting, a more earnest assurance of his interest in her than the most lavish professions from other tongues.

And Marian! Maggie had never realized before her belief in Marie's representations of Mrs. Ainslie's designs for her best-loved sister. She had repelled, laughingly or seriously, as the occasion required, Miss Dupont's intimations of Mr. Cleveland's sentiments with regard to his whilom playfellow, and the favor that these met with in the eyes of his partner's wife.

"Marian likes him, just as I do. She never dreams of bringing about a match between us. She would be very angry if she knew that such motives were imputed to her," she had said so often and so earnestly as to delude herself into the conviction of her own sincerity. She said it inwardly, now, but very faintly, and derived no comfort from the reflection. What if Will and Marian were alienated by the disclosure of her attachment to Albert? Would she have to resign them also? And Tiny would be mortally offended at her presumption in daring to be engaged before herself, and her mother would cry all day—"Heigho!"

"What a sigh! and what a distressed countenance!" cried Marie, with a shriek of laughter that made Maggie jump as if a pistol had been fired at her ear. "One would think that the child were going to be buried, instead of married!"

Maggie burst into a flood of hysterical tears.

"I wish I were! O, Marie! I am afraid! I am afraid!"

CHAPTER VI.

"I HAVE brought John back with me," said Mr. Ainslie to his wife, the next evening.

Marian was preparing a salad in the dining-room, whither her husband had come to seek her.

"I am glad to hear it!" she said, sincerely. "He is always welcome, never makes any difference in my arrangements. How did you prevail upon him to deviate so far from his fixed principles as to visit us upon two successive days?"

"Why, the truth is, the poor fellow has been unusually depressed to-day. He tried not to show it, pretended he had a headache from drinking that punch last night, that would not have hurt a fly, but I saw through it all. I told him the quiet and purer air of the country would cure him, and in spite of a desperate show of resistance on his part, I brought him along. I tell you what, Marian, he is pretty far gone! Can't I recognize the signs?"

Mr. Ainslie emphasized these observations by a kiss, bestowed with unwonted gusto, born of the awakened memories of the days when the familiar symptoms possessed him also. Marian smiled wisely, and went on with her work, Will standing by and watching the interesting process.

"Will Maggie drop in this evening, do you think?" he inquired.

"I hope so, unless the saucy minx is afraid to face me after the escapade of last night."

"Better not scold her!" advised Will. "She is a timid, tender-hearted little thing, and loves you very dearly. I don't believe she ever had a thought she was not willing you should share."

"Maggie is affectionate and frank, there is no doubt about that," said Marian.

"She would be safer in the world if she had more force of character, and the power, if not the disposition, to hide her feelings, but she is a sweet child, and I have no wish to scold her. She gets enough of that at home."

"The more reason why she should marry John! (Don't you think a trifle more oil would be an improvement?) His wife will never have cause to complain of his harshness or stubbornness. (Not too much Cayenne, lovey! John has a tender mouth.)"

"Did that last observation refer to his eating my salad, or his obedience to the wifely curb?" asked Marian.

"To both, if you choose. He dreads pepper and temper alike. That is why Tiny never caught him. That reminds me!—did I ever tell you that when he comes home with me, we always take the back street, to avoid her look-out from the parlor windows? She scrutinizes every man that passes that way from the depot. If there is anything that makes me nervous, it is to have her pop in while he is here."

"Am I not a troublesome visitor?" said John, as his hostess extended her hand in welcome.

"Only when you apologize for giving us pleasure," she answered, frankly as gracefully.

She had that rare virtue in a wife, of viewing her husband's friends as her own. In consideration of this, and a hundred other excellent traits, John was willing to overlook her satirical tendencies and very decided fondness for assuming the rule wherever she had a semblance of right to do so. She made Will very happy, and his home more than comfortable for him and his associates, and she was the sister preferred by Maggie, therefore John loved her almost as well as if she were his sister also.

The new dressing-gown and cap had not been sent to the city yet, and the three adjourned to the smoking-room after dinner, for a repetition of the previous night's performances. All thought of the figure that was missing from the corner ottoman, but no one spoke of her, unless a sigh that escaped John's lips, with the first whiff of smoke, were an unsyllabled lament over departed joys. It was hardly lost in air, when a rosy face peeped in at the door.

"Is there admittance for a runaway, Marian, dear? I have come for my lecture."

"Come in!" called Will. "I will stand between you and her, if she is inclined to be cross."

She advanced quite into the room before she perceived Mr. Cleveland. Then the blood poured over her cheeks and brow, and she paused, as if meditating a retreat.

"I did not know that you were here!"

Marian exchanged a swift, triumphant glance with her husband.

"Why should he not be where you left him?" she said. "We have only to imagine that Miss Dupont's call and kidnapping exploit were an unpleasant dream, and we shall be as merry as we meant to be last evening."

Maggie changed color. She was busied in untying her hood and taking off her shawl, but John thought he detected a twinge of painful emotion about the mouth. She was silent for a minute, until her wrappings were unfolded and laid on a table, at the back of the room. Was there a fleeting wish, clear as transient, that all that had passed last night, after she left them, were indeed a dream? She did not ponder this question. She was playing a part, and her rôle must not be marred by dangerous meditations.

Instead of accepting the chair offered by her brother-in-law, she sat down upon Marian's foot-cushion, and crossed her arms upon her sister's lap in mock penitence.

"If you please, madam, I am sorry I was naughty last night!"

"Not very naughty!" Marian caressed the pretty head resting against her knee. "It was not your fault, and we were more disappointed than angry. Only, dear"— she felt that she must warn the inexperienced child— "I do not admire Miss Dupont so much as I could wish, since she is so dear to you She is too loud and self-willed to suit my taste; too much her own mistress, and disposed to domineer over others for so young a lady."

Maggie was troubled. "Marie means well, sister. It is only her way. She is very kind and good, and I can't help loving her."

"Love her as much as you choose," interposed Will. "But don't grow to be like her!"

"Preposterous!" ejaculated John, filliping his cigar, impatiently. "As if she ever could!"

Maggie tried to smile. "You mean to be complimentary, I suppose, Mr. Cleveland, and I thank you for your good opinion of me, but in my eyes, Marie is almost perfection, and I regret more than I can express, the dislike that you have all conceived for her."

"True to your colors! That's a brave girl! Stand up for your friends, right or wrong!" said Will, in his character as Maggie's backer.

"But our best friends have faults," responded Marian, "and you must confess, dear Maggie, that it was neither friendly nor ladylike in Miss Dupont to play such a trick upon you as dressing her lover in her coachman's livery, and enticing you to accompany her, and me to permit you to go, by representations of "Thomas'" respectability! Whatever liberty she may choose to take with you, her terms of intimacy with Mr. Ainslie and myself do not justify her in attempting practical jests with us."

"Keep cool!" suggested Will. "Fair and easy! Don't crowd on steam upon a down grade!"

"I don't mean to be harsh or uncharitable, darling!" Marian, warm-tempered, but warm-hearted, checked herself and went on more mildly. "You know that I would not vex you wilfully, nor do I hold you accountable for your companions' imprudence or folly. After

all, as John intimates, there is no danger of their doing *you* any harm."

Now John never intended to imply any such thing. That Maggie could grow into a counterpart of Miss Dupont, he did not believe; that she might sustain much and serious injury by her intercourse with this wild girl, he greatly feared. But this was not the time for him to speak. He saw that Maggie was already wounded to the quick. The grieved, not sulky pout of her red lip, her downcast eyes and varying complexion, were a pretty and touching sight. *He* could not have put the next question that fell from Marian, although his anxiety to hear the reply exceeded hers.

"Did you know that Mr. Lorraine was Miss Dupont's driver before you got into the carriage?"

Maggie hesitated. It was not an easy thing for her to equivocate, much less tell a direct untruth, when removed from Marie's eye and guidance. She had expected this query, and as we have seen, been prepared for it by her Jesuitical instructors; but still her tongue was slow to frame the words her mind had ready. Involuntarily she glanced at John. His eyes were fastened upon her: his countenance eager, expectant, apprehensive. With womanly quickness she recalled the searching look he had shot at the supposed coachman, at the sound of the voice that had drawn her attention to him, and considered the probability that her agitation had not passed unnoticed.

She spoke very slowly, trying to master the confusion that was beginning to becloud her wits. "I had no suspicion of anything wrong until I heard him speak. Then I was surprised, for I know Thomas' voice well, and thought that this was not he. After we started Marie told me how she had hoaxed us. I was sadly troubled, for I foresaw how displeased you all would be. She apologized, upon seeing how badly I felt, and begged me to assure you, if you were offended, that she only intended a harmless jest."

"Tried by a council of peers, and honorably acquitted!" said Will.

"One more question!" resumed Marian, somewhat curiously. "What did Mr. Lorraine, the usurper of honest Thomas' dignities and overcoat, say about his part in this refined species of amusement?"

"All that a gentleman could do!" answered Maggie, with unwonted spirit. Her eyes sparkled, her cheek burned, and she arose to her feet. "Is my cross-examination ended?"

"There, there! Marian; you are making a mountain out of a mole-hill, as I told you last night!" Will interfered. "Let the matter rest. It is all right, Maggie! So long as the man don't break your neck, we have no cause of complaint against him."

"I have no further inquiries to make," said Marian, drily. "It is a consolation to hear, since Maggie is obliged to associate with him, that Mr. Lorraine is a gentleman. I confess that I had misgivings upon the subject. He has, to me, more the air of a *chevalier d'industrie*."

It was very seldom that Mrs. Ainslie assumed this tone in addressing Maggie, and John was indignant that she did so now, while he silently assented to her judgment of the "gentleman" under debate. His displeasure was quickly forgotten in admiration of the manner of the younger sister beneath the sarcasm. For one second, she quivered—literally swayed and shook, like a leaf in a storm—her head dropped, and her hands sought each other, in a tight, straining clasp. Then, she raised her face and forced a smile, while the tears gathered large and bright ready to fall.

"Marian!" said her husband, in surprise. "You forget that you are addressing this innocent child! She does not mean anything unkind to you, Maggie."

"I know it. She would not hurt my feelings any sooner than I would hers," she replied, sweetly, brushing off the clinging drops from her lashes. "We have never quarrelled yet, and we will not begin now, May, dear, will we? I was cross myself, or she would not have answered me as she did. Forgive and forget!"

She stooped over and kissed her sister's willing lips, and peace was restored outwardly at least.

"She is an angel!" thought Cleveland, enthusiastically. "There is not another like her in the universe!"

Truly Maggie had exercised what was in her an almost miraculous degree of self-control and magnanimity, in seeming to overlook and pardon this hasty and injudicious remark. We say "seeming," since her studiously-acquired art of dissimulation had some part in her conduct. To refute the aspersion cast upon Albert's character, would have been to

avow intimate acquaintance with his antecedents and habits of life; to resent it, might reveal a keener smart than she had a right to feel from this thrust at a friend's friend. To propitiate Marian was indispensable, whether her engagement remained secret, or was soon avowed. Marie's parting advice was, that this coadjutor should be secured at all hazards. Therefore, far as the repentant sister was from imagining it, there was hypocrisy in the kiss of reconciliation she received, burning, bitter thoughts hidden behind the blushing, tearful face that bowed over her, as the token of amity was exchanged.

"Not another like her in creation!" repeated John, inwardly. "How far superior to both of her sisters!"

The front door was opened and closed, and a pair of high heels clicked along the hall-floor, a patter, not unlike the scamper of a cat shod with walnut shells. Will arose aghast; Marian sighed, not inaudibly. John threw his cigar into the grate and gave a wistful, hopeless look at a bay-window, as if seeking a hiding-place.

"Not a word to Tiny about this, please!" Maggie had just time to say, in a terrified, imploring tone, when the diminutive Terror appeared.

"Ah! I have found you, have I, truant?" she began, affectionately jocular, appearing to see Maggie only.

"Yes, madam, here I am quite at your service!" said Mr. Cleveland, audaciously impertinent, making a low bow.

Tiny uttered a charming little scream, and put both hands to her face in dire confusion.

"Mercy! Mr. Cleveland, you have frightened me nearly to death! Who would have thought of seeing you here?"

"I cannot say, indeed, unless you did!" rejoined he, wickedly, and Tiny little thought how truthfully.

"Not I! I came to hunt up this naughty child, who ran off without giving me a hint of her intentions, and left me with no company besides my own meditations."

"And they were not agreeable, we are to judge from your appearance here," John went on, more from the force of habit and the feeling that he must be talking, than from any propensity to badinage. "We are debtors to those same annoying reflections. Your pain has been our gain."

Tiny tossed her head gratifiedly, and put up one nicely-fitting gaiter on the fender, to warm or to show the foot it covered. She was especially vain of her hands and feet, and was forever devising ways and means of exhibiting them. Maggie had retired into the background, and sat demurely thinking her own thoughts.

"Why does Mr. Cleveland flatter Tiny? He never runs on in that strain to me," she had once said to Marian.

"No; because he respects you, and nobody that knows her can respect Tiny," was the reply.

It came back to Maggie now, and brought with it a sense of shame and humiliation.

"Would he, could he respect me if he knew all?" she asked herself. "Oh, if it were over, and I could see what was before me!"

"I ran over to consult you, Marian," Tiny continued, with a plausible show of probability, about my preparations about Marie Dupont's party. Are you going?"

"No."

"No? who is to chaperone us if you decline the office?"

"I cannot say, I am sure, unless ma' will undertake the task."

"That would be a resurrection indeed! Poor, dear mamma would expire at the thought of so much exertion. Why do you stay away? You are so fond of going out, and this is to be the most brilliant affair of the season, I understand. Marie is Maggie's best friend, too! She will think it odd if you are not there."

Tiny said all this in the smoothest of coaxing tones, a sort of affected purr, that acted uncomfortably upon the mental diaphragms of those who were familiar with her out-of-company moods.

"I suppose, moreover, that it will not be many months before Miss Dupont retires to the seclusion of wedded life," she continued, bent upon being entertaining. "Mr. Lorraine is the soul of devotion. What a handsome couple they will be! I presume there is no doubt about their being engaged. How is it, Maggie?"

Maggie gave a start as from a profound reverie.

"What did you say?" she stammered, entirely at a loss how to reply.

"Why, you are dreaming, surely! I asked you if Marie Dupont were engaged to Mr. Lorraine."

The answer was withheld until all eyes were turned wonderingly upon the confused girl. Her presence of mind had completely forsaken her. She had been sorely tried by the conversation that preceded Tiny's entrance, and ere her cheeks had cooled, or her heart ceased its alarmed tremor, this direct question put her returning composure to flight. Without a thought of the after consequences of such a response—only dreading lest her trepidation might provoke further investigation and lead to premature discovery—she said, hastily, but with tolerable firmness, "Yes, that is, I believe that she is."

"I did not say to *Albert* Lorraine!" she excused herself in her own mind, at the exclamation of conscience against this falsehood. It was a quibble worthy of Marie's scholar, and a part of its punishment was not slow. "In three days they will all know you have told a deliberate untruth!" said Conscience, sternly. "Will this miserable plea clear you in their eyes?"

John saw her growing distress, and attributed it to a different cause.

"It is unfair to put you to so severe a test of your discretion," he said, gayly. "These pretty little stories are usually committed to the keeping of some fifty intimate friends, each of whom is sworn to secrecy until the moment of general disclosure arrives. Like the plot of a novel, the secret, technically so-called, may be guessed by the shrewd reader of the opening chapter, but he is expected to keep his suspicions to himself, and be properly thrilled when the *dénouement* is announced. Is it not so with Love's mysteries, Miss Tiny?"

Maggie was grateful for the diversion of notice from herself; Tiny tickled by the very frail straw of his appeal to her upon this interesting subject. Such straws, she wisely argued, showed which way the wind blew, and to the faintest zephyr from the Enchanted Land where Hymen reigned, the vane of her imaginations turned alluringly.

The hour that followed was filled up with cheerful chat, all joining in with a show of mirth, Mr. Cleveland leading in genuine lightness of heart. Still, intermingled with his glee, there was a kindliness of tone, a softened gleam in his eye, that bespoke the rule of some deeper, gentler emotion than that called forth by the hilarious converse in which he was a participant. Tiny manœuvred carefully, but vainly, to make him wait upon her home. He put her shawl upon her shoulders as she requested; picked up the gloves, then the rigolette she let fall at his feet, and while she was drawing on the former, he stepped across to where Maggie stood, close beside Mr. Ainslie, and invited her to take his arm.

Will had a thankless duty to perform in escorting his fair, elder sister to the paternal abode. Her heels clattered upon the sidewalk with a decided ring that betrayed the spiteful, slighted woman, her head oscillated like that of a fretful colt under a curb, and after the tart monosyllable that noticed his observation upon the beauty of the night, neither spoke until they were at the gate of Mr. Boylan's garden.

"What a lazy walker Maggie is!" snapped Tiny then, sending a jealous gleam of her gray eyes down the street to where the flood of moonlight showed two forms slowly approaching the goal she had reached.

"I am much mistaken if Cleveland is not the laggard," returned Will, taking out a match and a cigar.

"He can walk fast enough when he likes," said Tiny crossly. "You were both in such haste this afternoon, that you had not the politeness to stay and help me out of the cars."

"I did not know that you were on the train. Had you been down to the city?"

"Yes, and was tired to death! I called you as loud as I could. I wanted your arm up the hill."

"I did not hear you; it was a pity!"

"Oh, I could not expect you to have eyes or ears for *me!* If it had been Maggie, you would neither of you been so blind or deaf."

Will lighted his cigar in prudent silence, cogitating upon this one signal failure of his back street stratagem, and amused at the idea of what Tiny's sensations would be when she called to mind the discrepancy between the statement she had just made and her extravagant display of surprise at finding Mr. Cleveland in her sister's library.

"A nut for Marian to crack!" he thought, and then resolved upon the self-denial of keeping it from her. "The fact is, those girls quarrel too much now. Tiny is a vixen, but worrying does not improve her temper."

All this time John and his companion were walking slowly homewards in the bright moonlight. Not many words had passed between them, but these few were full of meaning.

"Have I said anything to wound you to-night?" John inquired, when they were fairly in the street.

"No, nothing!"

Then came a pause.

"I wish I could tell you, Maggie, how fervently I desire your happiness—how precious in my sight is your peace of mind, present and future."

"Thank you! You are a true friend."

"I am not?" exclaimed John, impetuously. "It is a cold word! I may be presumptuous; but I am no longer satisfied with the name and place of 'friend.' For years I have longed for the hour when I could throw off this disguise, and confess to you the stronger, warmer feeling that fills my heart."

"Please don't!" Maggie's hand fell from his own, and she drew back in alarm. "Don't speak to me in that way! I mean, don't say anything more until—I am not prepared to answer—wait awhile and I will"—her voice died away.

"Wait!" repeated John, joyfully. "As long as you bid me, dear Maggie! I love you too truly to disturb you by wringing a reply from you in your surprise and agitation at this avowal of mine. I only ask that you will think upon what I have said, and, some time, when you can listen more quietly, allow me to speak to you again upon this subject. My affection is not the hasty growth of a day, that it cannot endure a brief period of suspense. You will hear me at another time, will you not?"

Maggie's heart beat so violently that she could not articulate. She bowed her head, too sick and dizzy to know what the gesture implied. John returned her hand to its resting-place, and felt a thrill of rapture, as she clung unconsciously to his arm. She needed the support, and with it tottered rather than walked by his side, until they joined the impatient Tiny and her philosophically cool brother-in-law. This coolness enabled him to detect something unusual in the manner of the belated pedestrians, and he hurried the leavetakings so officiously that John could only press Maggie's fingers as he released them, without a spoken word, and bow to Tiny, before he was dragged away.

"Well, I must say"—began Tiny, as she shut and locked the door after her.

If the strong necessity of speech was upon her, it is likely that she obeyed the promptings and had her "say" out. But it was in soliloquy, not merely unheard, but uncared for by Maggie. With a fleet but unsteady step she glided up the staircase, reached her room, made fast the entrance, and threw herself, face downwards, upon the bed—a frightened, helpless child, whose unthinking touch had set in motion machinery, the rush and whirl of which bore down her puny will, and threatened to destroy reason and happiness.

"I cannot be false to Albert! Yet John thinks that I have encouraged him. I dare not undeceive him! It is wicked and cruel to let him go on loving me! Oh, how I wish that I could tell him everything, and ask him to forgive me! I used to think it would be a delightful thing to be loved. I find now that it is more sad than sweet!"

Thus she mused, thinking and weeping, marvelling at and lamenting the grievous perplexities that had crept into the life, lately so bright and free, until, chilled and exhausted, she got up and began to prepare for slumber. Her diamond ring flashed glaringly, pertinaciously, as her hand moved to and fro in the gaslight. While combing out her long, soft hair, she was constrained, as it were, by its reflected gleams in the mirror, to pause and examine it more closely.

No, she was *not* free to think of another's love! Here was the symbol of her bondage. Its dazzling rays seemed to mock her indecision. Not that she was really halting between two opinions. She knew her duty, and was ready to obey its leadings. Albert was handsome and noble, and he idolized her. Marie was always telling her what a prize she had won, and how many other girls had tried to capture him and failed; and how proud and happy she ought to be—and whatever Marie approved must be right. It would be very pleasant to be her sister, and live next door to her, and go out riding, and shopping, and visiting with her, and hear everybody talking in praise of the two Mesdames Lorraine; but there was so much to be braved, so many explanations to make! Her thoughts were running into the same channel they had taken, the previous evening, while Marie was descanting upon these future glories, and somehow she could not drive them back now. Marie had said that she was cowardly and childish in permitting these fears to overshadow her, and that she ought to love Albert so intensely as to lose sight of everything

and everybody else in the world. "I do love him! I could not have engaged myself to him if I had not loved him *passionately*," she murmured, in self-exculpation; but the contrast between the strength of meaning in the word and the feeble emphasis was nearly ludicrous.

At that instant, just as she was raising the ring to her lips—the caress Lorraine had begged her to bestow each night and morning upon his love-token—she heard the distant shriek of a locomotive. It was the train in which John was to go back to the city. She imagined him happy and hopeful, forgetting the loneliness of his ride in dreams of her and the sweet half promise he had obtained. She remembered the respectful fervor of his address—the very simplicity of earnestness; his delicate allusion to his long attachment; the generosity he had showed in consenting to await her time of reply—and unconsciously at first, afterwards in spite of her will, she compared all this with the fluent, high-flown, pressing declaration of her accepted lover.

"But it is no use thinking of these things now!" she said, aloud and desperately. "The matter is settled, and all I can do is to float the current. Only"—her voice breaking and eyes swimming—"I should be happier if I could love Albert as well when I am away from him as when he is with me!" And for the first time since it was put upon her finger she fell asleep without kissing the charméd ring.

(To be continued.)

PORTFOLIO DOTTINGS.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

THE POWER OF KIND WORDS.

Sympathy in a man is indeed a high and holy attribute. Its sweet and encouraging voice lightens the toil and enlivens the spirit of many a child of earth who, without it, would travel life's checkered pathway in sorrow and sadness. Under the mighty inspiration of that kindly-spoken word, there are those at this moment who are battling the stern difficulties of life with a newer and nobler energy, and all because of the inspiring magic of that kind utterance. What the gently distilled dew of heaven is to the plants and flowers, so is the kind voice of sympathy to the bosom that heaves under the pressure of life's accumulated sorrows and afflictions. It cannot help carrying gladness and sunshine with it in every direction, and awakening gratitudes that live forever. A kind word can no more die than the noble nature which prompts its utterance. It is a living, potential influence for good forever! Those who have been wont to speak kindly to their fellows have in this respect an inheritance that is imperishable. Acting upon the principle that

> "The drying up a single tear has more
> Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore"

the glory of Alexanders and Cæsars of history falls into insignificance before the peerless majesty of their deeds!

LABOR THE GREAT LAW OF LIFE.

As Jehovah has embosomed the precious gold deep down in the earth that man may delve after it and enrich himself by it, so that even the process of finding it may prove a blessing to him; and as what is now the finely chiseled, almost breathing marble once lay in the rough in the quarry, only awaiting the sublime touch of genius to mould it into beauty and symmetry; so does the human intellect only require the proper unfolding of its powers that it may be itself, and fulfil its sublime destiny in mental power and moral might!

If the law of labor has not been planned out as a great good to man both in the world of matter and of mind, why do not the precious metals, the gold and silver of the earth, lie on the surface? and why does not the mind, without the aid of culture, shine out in all its majesty and splendor? The answer is at hand. Both the hands and head have their appropriate work in the fulfilment of the Creator's great design. Our destiny in this regard, as in every other, is in our own hands. We must of necessity carve it out ourselves.

A DEFINITE PURPOSE NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

Success is never an accident. In whatever department of effort it is achieved, it is always the result of a definite purpose. The thousand failures which are made all around us show very forcibly that more than splendid dreaming is necessary to success in any cause. Men come not to the results of wealth, learning, or fame in the world by the mere caprice of fortune. The man who desires wealth, if he would have desire culminate in success, must

intelligently plan and earnestly work for it. He who aspires after the palm of learning is but the merest visionary, unless he is animated by a longing for its acquisition that will brook no defeat in the execution of his deliberate purpose. And he only may hope to have his name entered upon the roll of distinction who feels the consciousness that the end is to be reached through the means, and who is, therefore, intelligently and determinately resolved on success. Energy, directed by a plan to a given object, must succeed.

"Where there is a will, there is a way." So runs the old proverb. A great purpose is always the antecedent of a great action. Napoleon had never scaled Alpine heights with his veteran soldiery had not a mighty purpose sustained the herculean enterprise. Demosthenes had never made his fame as an orator immortal and world-wide, had not an all-conquering purpose made him equal to a triumph over almost insuperable natural defects in speaking. Our own Franklin had never risen to proud eminence as a philosopher and statesman, had not a great purpose marked out for him, and then nerved him with the power to fill his true niche on the record of human greatness. Thus we might continue to cite names to show that an earnest purpose is a necessary condition of success. We have only to look around us and see how many have acquired wealth, learning, position, and fame, in fact everything by it to teach us that

"Perseverance is a Roman virtue,
That wins each God-like act, and plucks success
Even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger."

NECESSITY OF FAITH IN PROVIDENCE.

Certain moral necessities are on the mind and heart of man; and the recognition of an overruling Providence is one of them. An all-seeing and an all-disposing power confronts us everywhere and in everything; and not to believe in a Providence of which this power is the visible expression would be to confound all the circumstances and necessities of human life, as well as to falsify the whole testimony of our moral nature. The admission of a creation draws after it as a necessary sequence the acknowledgment of a Providence. To admit the one and deny the other is a palpable contradiction.

In an hour of darkness and distress—conditions to which human experience is ever incident—man is forced to look to the supernatural and divine for light and comfort. Here is a condition of dependence which no human power can relieve; this dependence, therefore, implies, unless man's whole nature is a lie, *something to depend on*, which must, of necessity, be divine and without limitation. Faith in a superintending, beneficent Providence is therefore a necessity to the human heart. 'Tis indeed a sublime comfort to the earth-troubled spirit to know that

"Unheard, no burdened heart's appeal
Moans up to God's inclining ear;
Unheeded by his tender eye,
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear."

THE CONSISTENCY OF TRUTH.

Truth is consistent. It never contradicts itself. It is always in consonance with the reality and fitness of things. Although truth is everywhere and in everything, yet it always agrees with itself and the laws which govern the universe. All its parts, whether in mathematics, mechanism, science, government, morals, or religion, are harmoniously adjusted the one to the other, and hang together in order, beauty, and symmetry. Error is crooked and deformed, because self-contradictory; but truth is majestic and peerless, because self-agreeing.

Truth could not be itself, if it were not always of a piece. Its self-consistency is its charm and crown. The least variance with itself in any of its parts would *untruth* it. We could as soon look for darkness from light, heat from cold, music from discord, or happiness from guilt, as to see truth self-opposed or inharmonious. Lord Shaftesbury justly observes: "The most natural beauty in the world is moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of the face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music."

Beauty is always the creation of truth. What is not true as an ideal possibility or an objective reality cannot be beautiful. The rose is beautiful because of the nice adaptation of its several parts and colors to our sense of the beautiful. Any given piece of mechanism, combining with just artistic designs grace of proportion and elegance of finish, is so for the same reason. The creations of art are only beautiful in the same proportion that they embody a just conception of the natural

and the real. Only so far as they "hold the mirror up to nature, so that nature can look in and see herself," can they inspire the emotion of the beautiful.

"Truth is a vision of delight
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven!"

Truth is the perfection of beauty. It is beauty itself. Who can paint it? or who can throw its true proportions and colors on the canvas? No human limner can do it justice. Like the effort "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, or to add another hue to the rainbow," 'twere "wasteful and ridiculous excess" to attempt it. It is simply beyond description. In the language of a gifted poet—

"It is not in the power
Of painting or of sculpture to express
Aught so divine as the fair form of TRUTH!
The creatures of their art may catch the eye,
But her sweet nature captivates the soul."

The whole secret of the beauty of truth, wherever or in whatever manifested, consists in its harmonious self-agreement—its accordance with the eternal nature and reason of things! Always true to itself and its sublime mission among men, it is an evangel in the world to assimilate it to itself and enrobe it in the light, purity, and beauty of heaven!

FORSAKEN.

BY JOHN P. MITCHELL.

O you tell me to forget him, to remember him no more;
That his vows of love were transient as footprints on the shore;
That he trifled with affection as pure as angel's prayer;
That all his vows were fleeting as the arrow in the air;
That he won my love to scorn me, and to cast me from his heart,
When he knew my deep affection was of my life a part;
That he triumphs in the anguish of a spirit he has wrung
In the wail of severed heart-strings that to himself have clung.
O you tell me he is cruel, that his heart is all deceit,
That I no more must love him, for we ne'er again shall meet;
But how little you have fathomed the depth of woman's heart,
If you think that at her bidding love's image will depart.
Oh the face may glow with pleasure, and the voice in laughter ring,
While despair its darkest shadows may o'er her spirit fling.
In the world she may be joyous, and no being ever know
How her weary heart throbs onward beneath a weight of woe;
As the fairest flowers may blossom above the sleeping dead,
As a gorgeous crown may glitter upon a weary head,
As the billows of the ocean in their majesty may sweep
Above the buried millions who have perished in the deep;
So a woman's face may dazzle in its beauty as before,
While within her bosom live the dark memories of yore.
She may smile on all that meet her, while the heart, in deepest woe,
Is draped in sable mourning for the love of long ago.
Ah, how vain the dream that woman can forget the happy hours
When love her pathway scattered with ever blooming flowers!
Oh, how well do I remember when he told me of his love,
When I dreamed that I was happy as angels are above!
In vain were every effort to hide from memory's sight
Those days of heavenly pleasure, those moments of delight,
For they breathe upon my spirit, they burn within my brain,
They whisper me of pleasures I shall never see again.
When the future comes upon me, still my heart will ever grope
In the darkness of the past, o'er the grave of buried hope;
My soul will still remember, though all other powers should fail,
Hours ere the night was round me, or I heard love's dying wail—
An oasis in the desert, a green island in the sea,
When the shadows of life are darkest those days will ever be.
He will learn the fearful anguish of an unrequited love,
Vainly will his tired spirit seek assistance from above;
And far upon the distant past he will gaze in deepest woe,
His memory still will linger on the love of long ago;
He will long for the affection that he won but to betray,
When all his hopes are blighted and his joys all flown away.
But vain were every effort to hate him, or forget
Those happy, happy memories that throng around me yet.
I will strive to hide my sorrow that the world shall never know
How my dream of love has faded in darkest shades of woe;
But the past will ever linger in my memory as before,
And tell me, as I sorrow, "Love is love for evermore."

THE PINES.

BY A. M. F. A.

In their perpetual green the stately pines
Rear their round columns on the mountain's side,
While lowland trees, with their meek, clinging vines,
Unsightly all, amidst the landscape wide,
Are bared of every robe and wreath of pride.
Yet little love or joy our glance betrays,
Which rests upon the emerald crowns that hide
Those regal heads; unto the lowliest sprays,
Mourning the palest leaf of summer days,
We turn us sadly from their living sheen;—
Sternly unyielding it hath never been
Faded, and from our anxious watching strown,
And in their sympathies our natures lean
To things whose doom reminds us of our own.

A PAIR OF MITTENS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mrs. Sutherland, and my dear Dora! I was passing, and thought I *must* run in a minute; besides, I wanted to ask if you had heard of the new arrival who is likely to prove such an acquisition to our Westfield society?" was the salutation of Mrs. Judge Cooper, wife of the principal lawyer of a pleasant suburban town, as she seated herself, one December morning, in the handsome parlor of the ladies addressed.

"No, indeed! Whom do you mean?" asked Mrs. Sutherland, a showy widow of forty; while her beautiful eighteen year old daughter glanced up from the novel she was reading with a slight expression of interest on her delicately-chiselled features.

"Well, of course you remember old Mr. Vane, who died two years ago, leaving a large property; but, I forgot, that must have been before you came here! This is his nephew and heir, young Doctor Edward Vane, who is just home from Europe; and is going to settle down at 'the Elms,' they say."

"Really, I am glad to hear that Westfield is to receive such an addition as a cultivated, travelled gentleman will be! Dora, my love, you hear Mrs. Cooper's news!" said Mrs. Sutherland, turning to her daughter.

The fair Dora, fully aroused from her listlessness, replied: "Certainly, mamma! There are so few *real* gentlemen here in Westfield, you know, Mrs. Cooper!" she added, apologetically.

"It is so different from the city! There our society was constantly numbering new arrivals. Seriously, I have been half-regretting that we purchased our place here in Westfield, and was planning going back to town again for a lively winter!" said the widow. "Not that *I* care for society, you know, my dear Mrs. Cooper," and she glanced at her becoming black dress, "for I have always said I should never marry again; but Dora is young, you know, and this seclusion is so unsuitable for *her*."

"Oh, we can't afford to lose you, Mrs. Sutherland!" exclaimed Mrs. Cooper. "I know our town is quiet, but we must try and make it interesting for the young people this winter. We have a few families of wealth and refinement, you know, my dear friend, who can appreciate the charms of social converse," and the lawyer's lady drew herself up with dignity. "I was remarking to the Judge this morning, that we *must* try and give *a tone* to Westfield society this winter. 'Exactly, my dear,' said he, and then he spoke about young Doctor Vane's return; and then it occurred to me that we old families ought to welcome him back by extending the hospitalities of our homes to him, for he told the Judge, who was over to his hotel last evening, a great deal about the hospitality of the English people, and I am sure *we* ought to let him see that we are not a whit behind them. So I told the Judge, that I meant to inaugurate this by giving a *soiree* one night this week, and the Judge thought it a grand idea. 'Somebody must open the season,' I told him, and I couldn't bear that the Osbornes should get hold of him first. That Margaretta is so bold, and does flirt so outrageously for anybody of her age, thirty, if she 's a day, though she passes for twenty-three or four! So I 've got the plan laid to secure Doctor Vane for Thursday night, and issue invitations for a select party. Suppose I shall have to extend them to the Osbornes for appearances' sake; but I am planning a better match for our new arrival than in that quarter!" and she looked meaningly at Dora.

That elegant young lady laughed and tossed her head, exclaiming, with a pretty affectation of alarm:—

"Upon my word, what a dangerous woman you are, Mrs. Cooper!" but it was easy to see that she was pleased and flattered.

"Yes, indeed! The heir to eighty thousand and that fine old mansion, 'the Elms,' which, of course, needs a mistress! Why *shouldn't you* be the lucky one, Dora? But I must be going home to write out my invitations after I know, certainly, whether the Judge has secured Doctor Vane. Good-morning!"

"Eighty thousand and that fine old country seat! Of course he won't need to practise, with that fortune, and you could spend your winters in town! He is worth coming to

Westfield for! You must have something new for the party, Dora, and send over for that little seamstress, Miss Gerry. She gets excellent fits for you, you know!"

Sweet Fanny Gerry! the prettiest girl in all Westville, hers was a hard, bitter lot, the poor orphan's!

Fanny's father had been a farmer, "well to do in the world," as the country phrase is, and it had been his pride and joy to give his one ewe lamb every fostering care and advantage of education, while good old aunt Dorothy, his maiden sister, took charge of household cares and filled the place of the girl's departed, sweet-voiced, gentle mother; but sickness came upon him, and then, as if to verify the old adage that "misfortunes never come singly," the crops failed, and a man for whom he was held bound played the villain, and the comfortable farm house and the snug acres were swept away at one stroke to satisfy the demands of relentless creditors. True, many said "it was hard for old Gerry, he had always been industrious and hard-working!" but, with the usual "way of the world," nobody offered to put a shoulder to the sinking wheel and lift him from the mire; and so he sank still lower, and sickness made greater ravages where disappointment had undermined his constitution—and he went under entirely—and it all ended with a new grave in the churchyard, and little fifteen-year old Fanny left a lonely waif in the world.

But little Fanny, though a child in years, proved herself a woman in thought and action; she helped Aunt Dorothy arrange the furniture they had saved from the wreck in a few hired rooms in a house at the edge of the town; and then learned the trade of a dressmaker, and soon had sufficient employment to fill her time. It was hard, to be sure, to lay aside her studies, and her beautiful music, and the many little elegancies of needlework she was engaged upon at the time when their misfortunes came; but she sacrificed them all most nobly. And so for three years had she toiled, three years, short, and fleeting to the beautiful, giddy, pleasure-loving Dora Sutherland, released from the restraints of a fashionable boarding-school; but ah, *how* long to the delicate sewing-girl, from whom the freshness of youth was fast departing, and her life merged into sterner woman toils!

Let us follow Fanny on the day of which we write—that preceding Mrs. Judge Cooper's soiree — to the house of Mrs. Sutherland, where she had been for two days engaged upon a costly silk which was to be completed for Dora's wearing. All the long day had she sat sewing upon the thick silk, until the quick-coming winter's twilight fell over her, then she let the dress drop from her hands, and clasped her slender fingers over her forehead corrugated by lines as of pain, while her head burned and her cheeks were scarlet red. Thus she sat until a light step bounded up the staircase, the door was flung open, and Dora Sutherland came in.

"What, in the dark? That careless Bridget not been up yet!" and she lit the gas, turning on such a full flood of light as fairly made the poor seamstress' aching eyes shrink. "Well, how are you getting along with my dress, Miss Gerry?" she asked, turning over the work. "All done but putting in the sleeves and fastening that trimming, I see! Well, I am glad; for I had set my heart on having something different from anybody else in this stupid town. But pray, can't you find time to put this lace on this Spanish waist before you go home, Miss Gerry? I shall want it to wear over my blue silk in a night or two; and, if you can do it—and it won't take more than an hour or so—it 'll save the trouble of your coming again to-morrow."

"If I get time, I will, Miss Sutherland. But I have a bad headache to-night," replied Fanny.

"Oh, you *must* get time! You will have time to rest *afterward!*" exclaimed the heartless girl. "Now, don't disappoint me! It 's only a trifle, you see! After tea, while I am busy with the hair-dresser, you can do it. I 'm sorry for your head, I 'm sure!" she added, as she turned to leave the chamber.

Two hours afterward, while Miss Sutherland sat under the hands of the hair-dresser whom her mother had sent into town for, the flushed scarlet cheeks and brilliant eyes of the sewing-girl rose before her like a vision. But she banished her from her mind, with the impatient thought, "nothing but a cold! She 'll be well enough to-morrow! besides, it was only a little work to trim the waist!" and then, dismissing the Frenchman who had elaborately arranged her abundant, silky hair, she arrayed herself in the new dress which had just been completed.

An hour later, just as the clock struck

eight, and Mrs. Sutherland, elegantly dressed in a rich, lustreless black silk, with crape trimmings — a style of "half-mourning" to which the fair, blonde widow of forty adhered —Bridget brought up word that the dress-maker had finished her work.

Entering the chamber where Fanny stood with bonnet and shawl on, she said: "Well, Miss Gerry, what is your bill for making the dress?" sliding the clasp from her well-filled *porte-monnaie* as she spoke.

"Well, ma'am, I think it worth about four dollars, as I have cut and made the whole without assistance!" said Fanny.

"Four dollars! why, child, what can you be thinking of?" exclaimed Mrs. Sutherland, in astonishment. "I never pay over three for a dress—in the country, I mean—city prices vary, of course!"

"But, ma'am, this is a silk, and hard and stiff to sew!" ventured Fanny. "You will remember that it is trimmed a great deal, too, both skirt and sleeves, and I worked late last night before going home."

"A dress is a dress. I can't afford to pay more than three dollars, miss. If that price suits, then I shall continue to give you more work. You will remember that I always employed Miss Davis till I took you on Mrs. Judge Cooper's recommendation. I dare say you are laying up money now, only yourself to support!" and, laying the bill on the table, she turned from the chamber.

For a minute Fanny Gerry stood motionless. Her first impulse was to indignantly spurn the scanty remuneration for the two days of hurry and toil over the costly silk, and the hours she had stolen from sleep the previous night; but then came over her the thought of her poverty, and for old Aunt Dorothy's sake she swallowed the choking sensation in her throat, and descended the stairs and left the house.

And a half hour afterward, while the poor seamstress, feverish and ill, entered the room where Aunt Dorothy sat waiting her coming, the brilliant Dora Sutherland, radiant in health, beauty, and animation, was the envy of half the women and the admired of all the gentlemen in Mrs. Judge Cooper's parlors.

Two months later—during which a constant round of parties had sufficed to bring our hero, young Doctor Vane, into contact with "the refined portion of Westfield Society," as Mrs. Judge Cooper expressed it—that young gentleman bent his steps, one starlit February evening, to the Westville Town Hall, into which a tide of people were wending their footsteps.

In the vestibule, as he paused to pay his admission fee, he came in contact with old Doctor Quinine, a queer, quaint, half-cynical, half-goodnatured, wealthy old gentleman—and the only disciple of Esculapius, except himself, of whom Westfield could boast.

"Ah, good evening, doctor! You *can* steal a little time from your patients then, to come and patronize our benevolent ladies in their noble labors for the soldiers?" said the young man, smilingly, passing into the hall at the old gentleman's side.

"Ah, hum, had to look in, you see! 'Twould be mighty small, you know, not to come to a *soldiers'* benefit. But *fairs*, in general, are bores to an old man like me!" was the reply. "And I told them I'd rather pay for half a dozen tickets and stay away; but the women folks got hold of it, and said I'd got to come. I only hope the poor fellows off at the war will get the money all this folderol is going to fetch!" and he glanced round at the gayly decorated tables.

"Of course they will, doctor! Our ladies—God bless them!—will coin hundreds of dollars from this festival, to mitigate and alleviate the hardships of our gallant soldiers," replied young Doctor Vane. "But which way go you? Literally, I am beset with attractions, perfect bazaars of beautiful things, and presiding houries, in readiness to make sad havoc on a man's pocket-book and heart, on either side!"

By this time the two physicians had advanced up the hall, and were the observed of a score of young ladies and middle-aged matrons who presided at fancy tables, refreshment tables, or whatever else tempted the eye or appetite.

"There's Doctor Vane!" whispered Mrs. Judge Cooper, eagerly, to Mrs. Sutherland, who was her *vis-à-vis* at a cake table. "I wonder if he is coming this way? There! he sees us!" bowing and smiling through the crowd.

"Perhaps he will purchase some of those beautiful fancy articles on Dora's table?" suggested Mrs. Sutherland.

"Oh, there's dear, good Doctor Quinine, and that *splendid* Doctor Vane!" lisped the

girlish (?) Margaretta Osborne, darting from her station at a plethoric "grab bag," stationed near a spruce tree laden with tiny bags of gauze well stuffed with confections for the gastronomic temptation of the juveniles; and in another minute she had caught hold of the "dear doctor's" arm, and was likewise expending the batteries of her languishing blue eyes upon his companion.

"Well, well, suppose I must dive into grab bags, buy night-caps, or do anything else equally as nonsensical, to please the ladies!" submitted the old doctor with a half-growl. "Come along, Vane, and make a monkey of yourself, too!"

"Oh, dear doctor! Not to please us; but all for the good of our poor, noble, suffering *soldiers!*" lisped Miss Margaretta, shaking her cloud of flaxen ringlets the while at Vane.

"Hum! how you women *do* like an excuse to get up a fair or any other dissipation!" growled the old gentleman, thrusting his hand deeply into the mysterious receptacle, and bringing forth a package, whose contents, after sundry unwrappings, proved to be a tiny china baby.

"Ugh!" growled the old doctor, with a wry face, holding the toy aloft. "Behold a profitable investment for the good of the Federal soldiers! Vane, take *your* turn now, and perhaps Miss Margaretta will dispense to you something equally as profitable."

With a little affectation of a blush, and shaking her finger at the "naughty doctor," who now retreated among the crowd of children congregated in the vicinity, the fair Margaretta smilingly assisted the younger gentleman in the mystery of "grabbing." And shortly, to the intense delight of the juveniles, Doctor Edward Vane extracted from his package a "Jumping-Jack," of uncommonly agile propensities.

"How that artful piece manages to keep them at her side!" said Mrs. Cooper to her friend at her table.

"Yes, I should feel dreadfully if I had a daughter so bold!" rejoined the fair widow, glancing up to the region where Dora, surrounded by a crowd of smitten swains, was alternating her smiles and dulcet speeches with quick glances to the direction in the crowd through which she now saw Doctor Vane approaching.

An hour later, sensible that the beautiful Dora Sutherland would have neither eyes nor ears for them during the remnant of the evening, the group around her fancy table had thinned, leaving young Doctor Vane in his chosen position as *attaché* at her court.

Dora was in triumph. For the last two months she had met him constantly at party, concert, and at her own house; yet never had he been so open in his devotions, so gallant in his attentions, as on this evening. And so public as it was, too! to retain his place by her side, evince no desire to leave it, and, ere the evening was half spent, to request the pleasure of being her escort home! She was in splendid spirits; and everywhere through the hall ran the story that Doctor Vane and Dora Sutherland were probably engaged.

"Engaged?—hum! Everybody says so—then it must be true!" growled old Doctor Quinine, who had been going from table to table, buying an astonishing variety of incongruous articles, and eating cake and oysters in a way that set all known rules of health at defiance—and thereupon he found himself in their vicinage.

"Well, I wonder if you've got anything left at your table for me to buy, Miss Dora?" he asked, looking in admiration at her fresh, beautiful face. "Believe I shall go home now like a pack peddler; but it's all for the good of the *soldiers*, you know!" he chuckled facetiously.

"Why, I believe everything is sold, doctor!" said Miss Sutherland, with one of her most winning smiles. "Everybody has been so generous to-night! it is such a draught on our sympathies, you know, when we think to what a holy cause our charity is devoted—but ah, see here, doctor! here *is* something left—just one pair of mittens, stout yarn mittens!" holding them up. "How funny they would look over your driving-gloves, Doctor, when you are visiting your patients this cold weather!" and she laid them before him with her most bewitching smile.

At this juncture, Dora's mother appeared at the old doctor's side, her blooming beauty comparing favorably with her daughter's.

"Oh, *do* take them, doctor! It is *such* a good joke!" she urged, blandly, with one of her glances, which confirmed the story afloat in Westfield, that the fair widow would not prove insensible to the wealth of the old doctor, if he should lay it at her feet.

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders,

and his keen black eyes twinkled through the wry grimace he made.

"Vane, suppose you and I take the mittens together?"—and, severing the thread which united the pair, he laid down a five dollar bill in payment for the one he retained.

"Agreed, doctor!" replied the young man, following his example, and promptly drawing forth his pocket-book.

"But let me saddle our joint purchase with one proviso," chuckled the old gentleman, putting his mitten into his breast-pocket. "You are a young bachelor—I am an old widower—and the one of us who gets married first shall make a present of his mitten to the other. Hey! what do you think of that, ladies? And, in the mean time, five dollars isn't too much to pay for it, though other men may sometimes be so lucky as to get it for nothing!" And with his short, dry laugh, he hastened away.

"How romantic it was, Dora! and so generous, too!" said Mrs. Sutherland that night, after reaching her own home, and chatting over the events of the evening before a glowing coal fire. "Vane was very attentive I noticed to-night, after he got clear from that artful Margaretta Osborne—*did* you notice her hair *in curls?* Such an affectation of juvenility as she is! I wouldn't wonder if she should set her cap for old Doctor Quinine, now she thinks there is no opportunity to rival you with Vane!"

It may be only a fancy, that more of personal pique than solicitude for her daughter prompted this last sentence uttered by the fair Widow Sutherland.

A few days after the Soldiers' Fair, old Doctor Quinine, in his warm covered sleigh, drove up to "The Elms," where young Vane was sitting, in dressing-gown and slippers, over a glowing wood fire, with the latest novel in hand, and accosted him with—

"A pretty idle sort of life this, for a young gentleman who has had thousands expended on his profession! You 've got to come out of it, Vane! An old fellow like me can't afford to do *all* the mending and patching in a town like Westfield, and let you, hale and hearty, doze over German pipes and French trash. On with your overcoat, and take a ride with me round among my patients!"

Vane obeyed with alacrity. The rough, gusty humor of the old gentleman operated on his somewhat indolent temperament much as a clear northwesterly breeze upon a sleepy lake, stirring it into life and motion.

"You need a good shaking-up, my young friend! Too much prosperity is apt to sap our strength. Now I 'm going to take you round among all sorts of people—rich and poor, nervous and really sick—and let you get a foretaste of the life you are to lead after I give up all my practice into your hands. Why don't you get married, Vane, and settle down to the steady practice of your profession?" bolted out the old gentleman.

Vane laughed. "Perhaps I shall, one of these days, doctor! They say a man needs a wife to make him a useful member of society."

"Well, well, there 's truth in that, young sir! Get a wife of the right sort, and she 's better than is a loadstone to the scattered particles of steel. But I suppose, according to Westfield gossips, you 're fairly on the route, eh?" and he gave a keen glance into Vane's eyes.

"Nonsense, doctor! Don't believe all you hear!" laughed Vane, evasively.

"Well, well—be sure you look before you leap! Have a care that the heart is as beautiful as the face! Pardon an old man for his homely advice; but I say to you just what I would to my own son, if I had one," said the old man, with good humor.

"Thank you, sir! I appreciate your kindness. To tell the truth, I am thinking, seriously, of turning Benedict, after my wandering life. I want a *home;* and when I find the woman in whom I can centre my happiness, 'The Elms' will have a mistress."

"Then you aren't an engaged man yet, despite the rumors I heard at the hall the other night?" asked the doctor, briskly.

"I am not," replied Vane.

"Thank Heaven for that!" muttered the old gentleman under his breath; adding aloud, "Well, well, my young friend, 'a patient waiter is no loser,' you know the old proverb says. Here we are, at my first patient's!"

To enumerate all the visits of that morning in the old doctor's circuit, or portray the nervous, querulous patients to whom he administered the tonic of a sound, sensible lecture—and the really ill, with whom he left an admixture of one-fifth medicine and four-fifths kindly sympathy—would require a longer description than we have space for; but suffice it, that our young hero saw life in more

varied and serious aspects than he had done during those last few months of idle leisure since his return.

"Only one more visit to-day, Vane!" said the old gentleman, jumping into his sleigh briskly as a school-boy—"and that, over to Aunt Dorothy Gerry's, to see her young niece, whose case worries me more than any other in Westfield. You see, she 's a delicate little thing, tender as a spring violet; and, being left a poor orphan, took to a life that has almost killed her—sewing, sewing, month in and out, for a set of heartless, fashion-loving creatures—I won't call 'em women!—who 'd work their fingers off to get up a 'Charity Fair,' or some such 'Mrs. Jellyby' performance—but leave the sweetest young girl in Westfield to stitch herself into a consumption. Come in, Vane! Here we are! 'Twon't hurt you to see both sides of the picture."

A half hour later, Doctor Quinine's sleigh slipped away from Aunt Dorothy Gerry's house, with two occupants whose *personnelles* differed as widely as youth and manly vigor can ever differ from hale, hearty old age, but whose thoughts and reflections were not dissimilar.

"Doctor, answer me truly! Is that exquisitely lovely young girl in a consumption?" asked Vane, earnestly, as they rode along to "The Elms."

"No; but she is in a low, weak state—on the border-ground of that fatal disease to which it needs but a few more months of struggle with depression, loneliness, poverty, and toil, to lead her, past hope. She broke down over two months ago, with a fever brought on by a cold and overwork; and the very last sewing she did was to make a party dress for the belle of this village—who, for certain reasons, shall be nameless here, and then they ground down her price into a paltry pittance. All this, old Aunt Dorothy told me. God knows I have seen suffering enough, in the course of a fifty years' practice, my young friend; but I never had anybody touch my heart so closely as little Fanny Gerry! and I have tried to comfort her a little, since I found out her illness."

The good old gentleman did not think it necessary to say that this "little comfort" consisted in his assuming the entire support of the sick girl and her aged aunt, and roughly sending away several bundles of sewing which sundry charitable (?) ladies of Westfield had sent the girl when past the crisis of her fever, "thinking she might find time to work a little, now she was getting better."

Late that evening, instead of finding himself a welcomed visitor in Mrs. Sutherland's elegantly-furnished parlor, which he had much frequented of late, Edward Vane sat in his own library at "The Elms," with the vision of a poorly-furnished, but neat and tasteful room, enshrining the sweetest young face he had ever seen, rising before him. And though, at intervals, an indignant flash would lighten through his dark eyes, the softened, tenderer mood predominated; and a very fair *chateau d'Espagne* it was that rose from the glowing red embers of the hickory fire. And, presently, his thronging thoughts shaped themselves into a half-uttered soliloquy, whereof a listener might have caught these few words—

"A face more exquisite than any that ever smiled down upon me from Florentine or Venetian pictures; and eyes so blue, so deep, and tender, that a man might find therein his glimpse of heaven!"

Later he added, decidedly aloud and energetically—

"Old Doctor Quinine is *right!* I need a different life—and *now*, I have found my Inspiration!"

But little more remains to be told; for we know that every reader, imaginative or otherwise, must needs divine the sequel.

Rapidly throughout Westfield circled the report that young Doctor Vane had commenced the practice of his profession, and that the old Doctor Quinine was fast relinquishing to him his patients. Certain it was that *one* sweet, fair invalid was resigned most willingly into the young practitioner's care; and neither drugs nor potions of the apothecary's mixing ever brought the bloom of health so rapidly as it came back to little Fanny Gerry's cheek.

But it is no modern discovery—that sympathy, tender care, and sheltering love are better far than medicinal herb for the sensitive spirit and sick heart; and when sweet Fanny realized that the balm and myrrh of love was indeed shed about her lonely pathway, and strong arms were, henceforth, to hedge her in from all life's bitter experiences, then came rapidly back to cheek, lip, and eye, the splendid bloom and sunny gleam of health and happiness.

To recount the mortification of Dora Sutherland, and the customary heart-burnings, and envyings, and malice, ever felt by shallow or scheming natures when a strong, kingly man gathers to his breast the one lily-bud of his love, were not needful here. There may have been a few in Westfield who rejoiced for Fanny Gerry's happiness; but none so open, in the face of all, with congratulatory speeches, as plain-spoken, blunt, good old Dr. Quinine.

After the newly-married pair were well installed at "The Elms," the old gentleman's low buggy stopped one day before the mansion, and, in the course of a call he drew forth a yarn mitten from his breast-pocket, and, with a queer smile and grimace, said: "You remember the proviso, Vane?"

Edward Vane replied, by going to his library, and bringing thence the mate to the old doctor's gift and laying it by its side.

"And now it is hardly fair that this little lady should be kept in ignorance of our freak," said the old gentleman, smilingly; whereupon he recited the history of the evening at the Soldiers' Fair, and their joint purchase of the last article on Miss Sutherland's table, with the proviso thereunto attached.

"But suppose *I*, too, can now impart a bit of information," said Mrs. Vane, with a blush and smile. "I recognize in *these*," laying her hand on the mittens, "the product of *my own* fingers; for, too weak to perform any other work, and wishing to send *something* to the Soldiers' Benefit, I knitted these, at intervals, as I had strength. How strange that they have come back to me in *this* manner!"

"Strange indeed, Fanny!" cried the young husband, kissing the white fingers that knitted them. "And I shall always keep them, as invested with a talismanic charm more potent than any glove ever broidered for knight of old by castled lady love—this pair of mittens!"

DON'T FRET.

FRETTING is probably productive of more unhappiness than downright scolding. The thunder-storm passes away, and the face of nature seems brighter, fresher than before, but the drizzly, lowering day usually casts a sombre shade over the feelings of all. What is more trying to the patient and good than constantly striving to please those who will not be pleased—to shed sunshine where all is perpetual gloom, or to strew flowers knowing they will be wantonly crushed? Alas! for man in his best estate; seldom will he strive long against such apparent hopelessness; and the fretter is usually left to sulk it out as best he may, with none to hold that social intercourse—that interchange of soul which makes companionship lovely and desirable; none except such as are bound to him by no other ties but those of necessity, or interest, to aid in sustaining the burthens which life in its many changes imposes, and to which all are subject.

I have noticed that fretters usually have a very exalted opinion of themselves; trumpeting their own praises, and interlarding their fault-finding with the endless "how I do such and such things." Notwithstanding I have been told that fretting is a low vice, the offspring of ignorance, nursed by self-love and ill-humor, I have found that it not only stalks abroad in open day among the dwellings of the poor, but in various guises, to which shame or pride have given name, such as nervousness, *ennui*, hypochondria, monomania, neuralgia, etc.; it lurks in the houses of the rich—haunts the retirement of the man of science—creeps unseen beneath the blush of beauty, and hides itself behind the drapery of the sanctuary; till, in fact, no condition of life is exempt from the baleful influence of this prisoner of peace, this grand destroyer of domestic felicity.

In my intercourse with society, I have been led to make it a test of character, and have learned that much of every person's success in life depends upon his self-control; a position in which I am not only sustained by the word of God, but by the examples of the wise and good in every age; and when I see a man fretful and impatient to his clerks, journeymen, or apprentices, I usually find that those who are worthy of his confidence will not long bear his temperament; that he is obliged to trust the wily knave or stupid dunce with his business, that he is continually beset with trials and difficulties, losing all confidence in his fellow-man, growing more and more fretful, till his peace, reputation, fortune, friends, all are gone, and he often goes down to an early grave, without honor or regret. And as I call to mind the sages of the world, and remember the frequent exhortations to "patience" contained in Holy Writ, it appears to me the true philosopher's stone—the grand secret of suc-

cess—the very paving to the paths of usefulness, is contained in two words: O man! by all your cherished hopes; by all you hold dear, for yourself and those you love, for time, and for eternity; *don't fret!*

When I see a woman, with that beautiful countenance which has won the heart of her husband, darkened by a frown, constantly fretting and making all about her uncomfortable because there will be "dirt somewhere, the maid-servant is slow, and don't understand her business, baby is cross, always crossest when much is to be done, husband is unreasonable, didn't want me to do anything before marriage, expects more of me now than I can do," and so on, I am tempted to exclaim, "Hush, dear woman, these useless, sinful repinings! examine yourself, perchance the blame lies at your own door after all. There is a talisman possessing a magic charm that will scatter all these evils. It is cheerfulness. The maid-servant is quickened and improved by kind, encouraging words. The very cast of your countenance, the tones of your voice, are forming the temperament of that little one.

Oh! then, let them be tones of loving kindness; let your husband see that instead of a termagant and a fretter, his wife is gentle, kind, uncomplaining, self-denying, shedding peace and happiness around his hearth, and brightening his home by the sunlight of her smiles. A man of sense is not slow in discovering the gentler virtues of his wife. The secret of her influence over him lies here. It is the mystic tie binding him to her, that aught of earth, nor death itself, has power to sever.

I have looked again upon that lovely woman when a few years of uncontrolled peevishness and fretfulness have passed away, and wondered that such a change could come over that face once so fair, but now darkened by habitual frowns. Her husband is morose, stern, cold, and gloomy, her little one has become the stubborn "bad boy;" has taken to the streets, impatient of restraint, and hates his home. Her beauty is departed, her health ruined, she has grown prematurely old, is nervous, listless, and dispirited, and the grave already yawns to receive her. Oh! how earnestly, beseechingly, would I entreat all young ladies as they prize health, beauty, length of days—as they value the affections—as they expect that little ones, that bud of lovely promise, will unfold into a youth who is gentle, kind, obedient, "easy to be entreated," and hope to see him respected and useful among his associates, and a solace to yourself in your declining years, "let patience do its perfect work;" *don't*, I beseech you, *don't fret!*

Whatever you do, keep up a good heart. Put away the fault-finding spirit, and as you prize the love of your friends, the esteem of your neighbors, the reputation of those who are near and dear to you, your own peace of mind and happiness in life, *be patient, and don't fret!*

NIGHT AND MORNING.

BY PHILA EARLE HARDY.

We feel no pang when daylight fair,
Dim shadows o'er her creeping,
Goes down the golden sunset slopes
Unto her silent sleeping!
And be the night so long or dark,
We patient bide the dawning,
For well we know that light and song
Will waken in the morning;
But when the rayless night of grief
Around us darkly closes,
We only feel the crown of thorns,
And cannot see the roses.

We think no light can ever gleam
Down through the darkness dreary,
Faith droops her head amid the hours
So hopeless and so weary.
Why, know we not that every night
Will have the darkness lifted,
That every cloud which o'er the sky
In deepest gloom has drifted,
Still has behind its shadows dark
The sunshine, light, and gladness?
And we should wait in patient trust—
Not in despairing sadness.

That every sleep, however deep
Or dreamless, shall be broken;
For earthland, fair and bright, of this
Gives many a blessed token;
The sleeping day dons robes of light,
To chase away night's shadows;
And birds of song, sweet, joyful notes
Awaken in the meadows:
All nature wakens every morn,
From darkness and dejection,
And to the earth each spring-time seems
A kind of resurrection.

Then if our loved ones go to sleep
With sweet smiles and soft breathings,
Or with cold hands o'er throbless hearts,
No smiles the pale lips wreathing,
They all will wake—some in the morn,
With, on their glad lips, laughter—
The others sleep till angel hands
Shall waken them hereafter.
Then let us meekly, patient wait,
Faith to our bosoms taking,
Though dark the night and long the sleep,
There is a morn and waking.

PERSEVERE: OR, LIFE WITH AN AIM.

BY LULIE.

An aimless life! I am weary of it. Just twenty-two years old to-day; how fondly did I once look forward to this age as the acme of my womanhood, when something great or noble would be accomplished, and now, when I look back into the intervening space, what have I done? what am I doing? Certainly nothing that can deserve so high an epithet. I only see the same great catalogue of hopes, fancies, and wishes before me, and feel as far from the bright realization, as when at twelve I viewed the far off shore.

What am I doing? Writing silly stories for mere amusement, at which I am often as much disgusted as my readers might be, if I had any. Mina Sleever, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. And the fair, young head drooped into one little supporting hand, while the other passed mechanically to the open work-box close at hand, and took from thence a thimble just tiny enough in its proportions to fit one of the tapering fingers.

"Persevere" stood out in bright, gold-chased letters on the silver trinket. "Persevere! a very good device, certainly, if one knew how to follow it," says Mina, again, as she places it upon her finger. "Persevere, but in what? Making shirts, perhaps," and there was an ugly line or two visible around the otherwise neat mouth.

"For two consecutive days I have tried to sit patiently, stitch, stitching at those shirts of John's, a piece of self-denial which, to tell the truth, I do not very often practise. I haven't derived very much satisfaction from it, however. Fine sewing can't be my forte. I wish I could discover what is."

"Discover what, sis?" asked a manly voice, as its owner passes up to the little work-table, and lays an affectionate hand on Miss Mina's shoulder. Brother John, however, did not just at that precise moment happen to be the one that this young lady desired most of all to see; indeed, she neither expected nor wished to see any one in that abstracted mood; so, in answer to her brother's question, she turned her head towards the window and merely said, "Never mind, John."

"And why mayn't I mind, sissy? Is the problem too deep for me to try and solve? Come, Mina, tell me your difficulty."

The unfinished shirt was pulled gently from the unresisting fingers, as John continued with provoking perverseness: "I heard all that you said just now, Mina, but don't be angry with me. I know that it was very mean and all that sort of thing to listen, but I thought that there was some one with you to whom you were talking. I never thought that you were alone till I ventured to peep through the doorway, and then I was tempted by sheer curiosity to stop and watch you."

"I thought only women were curious," retorted Mina, rather pettishly, for she was annoyed at herself for even letting brother John into her secret of indulging the *cácoethes scribendi;* she hit it, however, in her next question: "Was I really talking aloud, John?"

"Loud enough for me to hear, dear; but never mind that. Where were your thoughts that they were wandering after your forte? I thought that you had discovered yours long ago."

"Discovered mine!" and the clear, brown eyes gazed in undisguised amazement. "What made you think so, John?"

"Just this," replied brother John, with a roguish twinkle in his blue eyes, as he deliberately pulled a magazine out of his breast pocket, and, having opened it at a certain page, wafted it playfully before her eyes; she had had merely time to read the title at the top of the page when it was withdrawn, but she had seen enough to assure her that there was something there which she had seen before, not in that magazine certainly, but within the precincts of her own desk.

"John, what have you got there? please, do show it to me," and, springing quickly from her seat, she strove to snatch the disputed article from her brother's hand, as he waved it far above her head.

"Show it to you, indeed! when you have, in all probability, scanned it a dozen times already. No, no, sissy," and the mirthful eyes sparkled and laughed, as with a provoking nonchalance he pocketed the magazine and was walking off. Mina grew more wistful

in consequence, and as she knew that nothing short of coaxing would elicit from him what she wanted to know, she laid an imploring hand on his coat sleeve, and bringing a soft cheek in proximity to the profusion of dark hair which, by a strange inconsistency, had been suffered to grow on the face of bachelor John, she insinuated:—

"You will tell me where you found that, won't you, Johnny dear?"

This was more than John was ever proof against, so taking both his sister's hands, and holding her at arm's length, looked at her blushing face with an amused air, then drew her with him to the sofa.

"Will you forgive me, Mina, when I tell you?"

"How can I promise you that till I know what I have to forgive," was the laughing reply. "Tell me first, and then the forgiveness may follow. Nothing but curiosity could have led you into it I am sure."

"To that I must plead guilty, for I came in possession, of what seems to be a secret of yours, by poking my prying fingers where, I suppose, they had no right to be. As you say, my curiosity was aroused by your constant devotion to your desk, and as you gave me an opportunity one day for gratifying this inordinate propensity, by going out and leaving your desk unlocked, I thought to avail myself of it. This was the fruit of my search," said he, tapping his breast pocket.

"Well, really," said Mina, laughing at the very thought of John, above all others, taking advantage of her carelessness by prying among her papers. "I see that it does not answer to be too unsuspecting; I will be more careful after this. But were you not afraid that I would find you out before now?"

"Oh, I made provision for that, by losing your key in the first place, and providing a substitute for your writing in the second."

"And were those shirts got for the purpose of diverting me from my locked desk?" asked Mina, with an enlightened smile.

"They were, sis, and if you had been paid for them by the hour, you could not have worked at them more closely; come, you shall not put another stitch in them to-night, but may box my ears instead."

"Which I choose not to do, you naughty boy," and a sisterly kiss was taken instead.

"But, Mina," began John again, more gravely, "you must tell me more of this."

"No, no, not of that, John; I am ashamed of it, I am indeed, and sorry that you should have seen and chosen it."

"I am very glad, Mina, for though the subject is not exactly what I should have expected my wise little sister to have selected, yet the way in which it is treated is sufficient to show me that she possesses more talent than I was aware of; but," he added, as he lifted the sweet, blushing face up to his, "you must not let your imagination run away with your common sense, sissy; write as much as you like, dear, only consult your better judgment in preference to your rather wild fancy, and I have no doubt but you shall have fame, yes, fame, Mina, and you are not indifferent to that, are you?"

The answer was fully understood as it expressed itself, not by words, but by the clear, intelligent, brown eyes, as they sparkled with a joyful light.

"But there, adieu; I will try to be home a little earlier to-night," and with a grave, fond kiss, he passed through the hall and out of the house.

Mina sat where John had left her till she heard the street door close behind him, then passing to the window, she watched him as he walked hurriedly along the street till he was out of sight; then, with a pleasant smile hovering around eyes and mouth, the young girl resumed her seat and her sewing, and while we leave her thus employed, we will tell our readers something more of the two whom we have already introduced to them.

John and Mina Sleever were orphans. Both parents had died when Mina was but a child eight years old, and John twenty; young as he then was, he at once assumed the guardianship of his little sister, and from that time she had known no other; her young heart had clung to him as father, mother, and brother combined, and he had acted well in the part of each; indeed no mother could have been more tender and gentle than was John to his little orphan charge, nor no daughter more loving and dutiful than Mina to her bachelor brother. It was something more than even a sister's pride and affection that was cherished, for it was no less a sisterly than a filial love that went forth to this, her only brother, and that brother too well knew that, as yet, no rival had arisen for him in that love, and prized it accordingly, by suffering no other to nestle more closely to his

heart than did his "little sister," as he still fondly called her.

There had been so many strong ties uniting to sum up this affection between the brother and sister, and they had been left each so dependent, the one on the other, that the well-being of both seemed to spring from the other's happiness.

On this night in question, a new bond of mutual sympathy had appeared to spring up between them, and it was with feelings of mingled pride and pleasure that John strode into the office and seated himself again at his desk. Mina too was pleased at, and proud of his approval; and as she sat stitch, stitching at the wristbands of one of the identical shirts, she thought, how much better than giving up, it would be, to appropriate and act by the motto "Persevere;" and thinking, too, fond fancy! that the result might be a something dedicated to that dearly loved brother, which would wreathe the laurel around his brow as well as hers.

He had promised to be home early; so, as it was a chilly October evening, she put by her work, and having lighted the lamp and drawn the curtains, had a pleasant fire kindled in the grate, the table set and arranged for tea, and a few thin slices of toast prepared, such as he liked. That once done, it was eight o'clock, and as she thought he could not be long in coming, she sat down to the piano, thus trying to beguile the time till he would come. Piece after piece was played over, yet he came not; strange that, when he had promised; for Mina had been taught to regard her brother as the very essence of punctuality. Nine o'clock struck with a dull, ominous sound from the little time-piece on the mantel.

Mina threw the music into the rack, and closing the piano went to the outer door and looked out into the darkness, but she could discern no one there. She was growing anxious; a vague fear (not wholly a groundless one) was creeping into her mind and twitching at her heart-strings. Once, twice, aye, even thrice, had she of late waited and watched for him thus, and he had come, but near midnight, and looking so strangely different from his usual self that it was not till the second time that Mina knew rightly what the matter was, and then the truth had been so painfully disagreeable to her that she could scarcely assure herself of it till it had been confirmed even more disagreeably a third time.

Poor little Mina! she was stunned first, then wounded to the very quick. Had it been any other than her steady-going orthodox brother she could have believed him guilty of it. But of him, her own dear noble brother—Oh, it was dreadful! and what could she do to save him from such degradation? she would sacrifice almost anything, do almost anything but speak to him, and that to her was next to an impossibility; she knew that he was as much ashamed of himself as she could be sorry for him. She was annoyed and perplexed nevertheless. What could she do? What would she not do but that?

Poor Mina! she sunk her head into the cushion and wept long and bitterly. But when he would come he must not see her thus. Perhaps, after all, her anxiety was needless; she would even hope so, and that hope, faint though it was, encouraged her to arouse herself. In stooping to mend the fire her ear caught a sound. Yes, it was he; but she would not go to the door till she heard his step. The loud and hurried ring confirmed her suspicions.

As she opened the door, strong fumes of wine and cigar-smoke met her even before the highly-flavored kiss, which for once came unwelcomed. She said nothing, gave him not her usual joyful salutation, but suffered him to lead her as best he could into the sitting-room.

Tea that night proved a very uncomfortable meal, for Mina at least; as for John, he seemed to enjoy both it and his sister's confusion amazingly. He rallied her on her want of appetite, and kept piling toast and dried meat on her plate in an indiscriminate heap; he persisted in a determination of pouring out tea for her, and as a natural consequence of his zeal, spilt half on the immaculate tablecloth. Then he wanted her to sing to him; but that was more than she could command her voice to do; she must play to him then. So after coaxing him to lie down on the sofa in the hope that he might soon fall asleep, she sat down and played over "Romance" and "Bells of the Monastery," till the hazy eyes at length succumbed; and Mina, having placed another pillow beneath his head, seated herself on the floor beside him, watching with glistening eyes those dear features, so changed and contracted as they were in that stupid

sleep, and listening with a heavy heart to the smothered irregular breathing, so different from that of his healthful slumber. Oh, was there nothing that she could do—no remonstrance, nor reasoning she could employ? A new thought flashed immediately across her mind. Why not try her pen, and use the talent that had been given her in doing something more than gratifying a mere idle whim? She would try.

Resting her elbows upon her knees, and her head upon her hands, she sat puzzling her brain to devise a plan by which she could warn her brother of his danger, and acquaint him with her own great fears for his safety. A score of ways and means presented themselves; thoughts, fancies, and realities flitted alternately before her, only to be received and repulsed in quick succession. She had seen but little and experienced far less of the pernicious effects of the evil which she wished to try to check; indeed, it had never, from lack of observation, appeared to her in the light of a direct evil, until it had intruded itself into her own home sanctum. So, if write at all, as she resolved she would, it must be a mere statement of facts, with here and there perhaps a slight embellishment to render the sketch a little more acceptable in the eyes of the one for whom it was designed.

Thus thinking and resolving she fell asleep with her head resting against the edge of the sofa, and did not awake till next morning. Early as it then was, the sofa was vacated, and its occupant gone; she felt glad that the pain of meeting him there and then had been avoided, though the necessity she knew had not been removed but only shifted. She did not forget the determination at which she had arrived on the previous night, but somehow it looked scarcely quite so feasible when viewed in the cold gray light of morning. It was not to be shaken, however; something was to be done, and that something was resolved upon. But now she was neither in a frame of mind or body to enter upon her task; head and heart were both aching, and she could only go to bed and sleep till dinner-time, and then it was but another painful awaking to meet a dreaded necessity.

The meal passed off very quietly. John was grave and silent, and Mina, as a matter of course, the same. Before going away, however, he came up to her, and having stroked the hair from her forehead kissed it, and, looking into the pale, sweet face, murmured, "Poor child, I have grieved you," and passed quickly out, leaving her more sad and wretched than ever.

It was a day or two before this uncomfortable reserve passed off, and Mina was enabled to carry out her resolution by entering upon her allotted task. Very frequently had her motto to be brought forward as a stimulative to the work, but at length it was accomplished with satisfaction to herself. Carefully written, with its details set forth with a nice and delicate attractiveness that a more fastidious man than John could not fail to admire, the written sheets lay in Mina's desk, quietly awaiting their time. It came at length.

One evening, as the brother and sister were seated together by the hearth, Mina took the opportunity of introducing the subject which for many days had lain so near her heart.

"John," she began, rather tremulously, as she left the chair and seated herself on a low stool near him, "do you think that the editor of that 'Monthly' would like to hear from me again?"

"I am sure of it, dear; but why do you ask? Got another story for him, eh!"

"Yes; but I do not know whether or not such an one would be *apropos* to such a publication."

"Will you allow me to be judge of that first, Mina?"

"Oh certainly!" And without the request needing to be urged a second time, the manuscript was brought and placed in his hands, without her saying a word. He looked up laughingly into the blushing face and downcast eyes, but both were speedily hid against his shoulder.

He had read several pages with seemingly absorbed interest ere he again spoke; when he did so, his voice was so changed from its playful tone to one of deep and earnest seriousness as to cause her to look up at him through her tears; his own eyes, dark and blue, were suffused. Drawing her gently from her position, he asked, huskily—

"Can you forgive me, Mina, all the pain and anxiety I have caused you?"

It was a most grateful look and smile that answered him.

"O John, I was afraid I had annoyed you, made you angry; forgive you, of course I will, and it shall never happen again I know."

"No, never, never, Mina, as long as I live,

God helping me, shall I cause you the like anxiety again. Make me angry, indeed; it was you, not I, who had the right to be angry. Poor child! you shall not suffer the like again. You have saved me, Mina; your talent has been put to some account this time, and I am proud of my little sister."

There was no response just then, unless the closer pressure of the arms and the hiding again of the face might be taken for one.

John faithfully kept his promise, ratifying it by a large and handsome writing-desk, which came one day addressed to Mina. What may emanate from within it is guessed only by herself. As to probabilities, even brother John is kept blissfully in the dark.

THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

(Pearl the Third.)

THE IVORY GATE.

HAST read the Legend of the Gates?
One was of ivory, one of horn,
And here kept watch and ward the fates
With spells for all of mortals born.

And they who passed through either gate,
For good or evil chose their path;
Love, joy, and peace on one did wait,
And on the other hate and wrath.

The summer sunshine crowned each gate
With all that beautifies the day;
And they who early came or late,
Had choice of entrance either way.

But on each gate a record stood,
For all who came to read the end;
And if for evil or for good
They knew how either way did tend.

The Ivory Gate was Temperance;
And they who through it passed, would find
Life beautiful in every sense
That 's suited to a happy mind.

All honors that the world could give,
Were theirs to reach; the passing hour
Was crowned with bliss to those who live
Within the circle of the power

Where Temperance, with magic wand,
Reigns over all who own her sway;
Throwing her favors on each hand
And shedding sunshine on the way.

But they who pass the Gate of Horn,
Though fair fields meet their view at first,
Find all too soon the landscape shorn,
And all things by Intemperance curst.

And as they travel on, the days
Grow heavy with the woes that wait
Upon the steps of those whose ways
Were shaped out by a self-made fate.

The sunken cheek, the bloated eye.
The trembling lip, the senseless speech,
Were symbols of the ills that lie
Within Intemperance's reach.

And as the legend grew to life,
There was no need of fancy's power
To fix the gates where such a strife
Is re-enacted every hour.

And since we, wisely, through the Gate
Of Ivory have resolved to walk,
If we can shape a brother's fate
By our example or our talk,

Let us reach forth the helping hand
To those who, careless of their fate,
Would gather with the drunkard's band
And fail to pass the Ivory Gate.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

DOMESTIC happiness has intrinsic worth; it may be realized in poverty; it is internal; above the control of circumstance. Such happiness is a flower of paradise that has been suffered to stray beyond its walls; and though with us it does not bloom in original perfection, yet its blossoms, as we may gather them, are too lovely to leave us in doubt whether it is worth our culture. Of all earthly goods this is Heaven's best gift to man. Whilst there is no other kind of joy that can compensate for its absence, it may alike gild the mud walls of the cabin, or shed vitality and warmth over the cold state of the palace. There is no condition of life to which it may not add untold price. Monarchs there have been who have heard the exulting shout of victory, have joined it for a moment, then inwardly sighed; rebellious sons were a thorn in the heart whose rankling prick was felt to kill all joy. Merchants may have amassed their millions; their names may have been honored in various parts of the globe; but in a moment, when success and security have attended some favorite scheme of hazardous enterprise, in all the bitterness of anguish the soul has whispered, "This is but mockery to him who would ask it to atone for the absence of domestic love." Poets have lived whose brows have been wreathed by a fascinated nation, but whose spirits have loathed the laurels, for thorns grew at home. But never monarch, merchant, nor poet found domestic bliss a joy too much. He who has once possessed it would not barter it for all on earth besides.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

CHAPTER I.

"SHE was always different from the rest of the girls; there 's Miss Blanche, now, that was her mother's darling from the hour she was born, that 's now the pride of the house; far and near you won't find such a white skin and such long, beautiful black curls, and if Miss Beatrice is darker, she has roses on her cheeks that make up for a few shades of brown in her complexion, and though her hair don't curl, it 's thick and long, and a queen might wear the crown she makes of it. The boys, the twins that died, you remember, were bonny, noisy lads, with big black eyes and curling hair, and there 's Miss Laura, who is fair as a lily, with yellow hair, and big blue eyes, will be as pretty as her sisters when she gets her growth. All fine, healthy, bright girls they are too, but this one, and she was sickly and ailing from the first. Never played like the others, but moped in corners, and after she learned to read was never without a book in her hand."

"Then she 's not stupid."

"No, she 's smart enough, I believe, but weak and quiet."

"Well, she won't trouble any one long, I guess."

"Trouble! she was never any trouble, for a quieter, more biddable child never lived; but she 's not like her sisters. With all their proud airs and grand ways, your heart goes out to them; but Miss Effie aint lovable. Nobody here cares much about her, and to my thinking nobody ever will."

"There 's the second bell; we can go down together, for she 's asleep still."

The speakers, two servants of Mrs. Marshall's, the nurse and chambermaid, moved away softly from the room, leaving the only other occupant alone, but not, poor child, not asleep.

Two large tears were coursing each other down each pale cheek, as the cruel words sank down deep into her poor, sore little heart. Was it true? Could nobody ever love her? Back through the past of her short life, she looked to see if there was in that fourteen years of sickly childhood one contradiction of the nurse's statement, and in the retrospect she saw, a mother's fondness lavished unsparingly upon the three older sisters; a father's proud praise given freely to them, and one pale little face raised for a good night kiss, given indeed, but coldly, indifferently, with no touch of the fervor which was given to the embrace reserved for the others. Two weary months had she spent upon the bed where she now rested, and the morning visit of inquiry, with its few words of duty, pity, were all of a mother's love that the child could remember. Not once had her father's step come to the bedside.

There have been from time immemorial such instances of parental partiality, and here there seemed some grounds for the favor shown to the elder sisters. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall might be described in one word, worldly. With both, position, wealth, and fashion were the "gods of their idolatry." Their eldest children, the twin boys, only lived three short years, and, dying together, left one child to fill their place in the parents' love Blanche was fitted for the position, for their ambition was satisfied with her exquisite beauty and animated intelligence, and while they loved they could feel proud of their darling. Two other girls, rivalling this first one in beauty, came to fill their cup of proud love, and then a fourth child was born.

Eagerly the parents watched for the opening beauty which had before greeted them. High health, brilliant complexions, large eyes full of intelligence, were nature's gifts to the elder children, and now, in their place, the mother found a pallid, dull face, whose only sign of life was a fretful cry. Little by little she ceased to watch for the missing beauty, and the little one became more and more the nurse's charge. What wonder that the hired woman took her tone from that of the mother, that, as the child grew older, she became each day more neglected. It was a pride to the nurse to dress the others in the costly dresses provided for them, and take them out to be admired in their young loveliness, but when she found Effie's pale, sallow face defied all her art to make it beautiful, she ceased to

take her abroad, and so days of confinement in the hot nursery wilted and faded the little one more and more. Timid and reserved by nature, her early life had heightened both till a cold look or harsh tone became an actual terror to the child, and she drew into her heart all her sorrows, to shelter them and weep over them in secrecy and silence. Too delicate for the school where her sisters had passed and were passing from children into accomplished women, she had learned to read slowly, as one or the other of the other children was good-natured enough to teach her, and that once accomplished she had one source of happiness, to steal away to some lonely corner and pore over a book. One fixed idea had early taken possession of her mind; she heard daily of her ugliness, and hourly of her inferiority to her sisters, and was told of the impossibility of *love* being bestowed upon such a puny, ugly child. Craving, wearying, sickening for the love that was denied her; looking with a childish worship to her tall, handsome father and her beautiful mother, she one day found, in her little story book, a tale of a child like herself, who won love in abundance by her superior knowledge. Here was the key to the constant study. All her sisters' old school books were eagerly claimed as soon as discarded, and knotty points referred to them, the favored ones, who were coaxed and bribed to learn what Effie so craved to know. She soon found that "Oh, you stupid child, I can't be bothered," greeted a question they were unable to answer, but, with childish vanity, they were glad to parade their superior wisdom when they were competent to explain the puzzling point. So, until the age of fourteen, the little one's education was carried forward or hindered, as illness or ignorance presided over the latter, or her own application urged the former. Music lessons she shared with her sisters, as the physician had only forbidden *school*, and Mrs. Marshall said, "Sometimes these ugly girls play well. We will give her a chance to become endurable, at all events."

"If I had not positively forbidden mental application, madam, I should say the child's brain was overworked," the doctor said, when he was called in to prescribe for "another of Effie's ill turns." It was the longest and most obstinate she had had for a long time, and she lay, after the violence of the fever had abated, in a weak languor from which the nurse predicted that she would never rise.

"Nobody will love me, ever!" the words ran in her mind, "never! Mother can't, I 'm too ugly, and I never see father, hardly! God made me so ugly, I know; I read about that, and if he wills it, I must be good and patient, and try not to mind. I wonder why mothers don't love ugly children. I love mother dearly, and if something took away her beautiful dark eyes and soft, pretty complexion, I am sure I should love her just the same. Mary says it 's because I am so cross and quiet. If they knew how my head ached and how tired I feel, they wouldn't wonder I cried sometimes, and if I am quiet, it is because I can't play like the others, it gives me such a pain in my side. Oh dear! I am so sorry God made me ugly. No, I must not *be* sorry, that 's bad. Oh, if somebody would only tell me how to be good and make people love me."

So, over and over, the weary thoughts kept up the same burden. Longing for love, striving with the simple faith, learned (oh, mother!) from *books*, to be content with her lot, the little girl conned her heart lesson. The return to health, or rather the wearing off of actual sickness, was very gradual, but at last the doctor's daily visits ceased, and the child returned to the routine of her silent life again.

Another year passed away, and with the rest from study her illness had forced upon her, Effie's mind seemed to have gained a new vigor. The old school books were no longer enigmas to her, and she learned that many a hard question needed only application and repetition to become easy to her. Then another source of enjoyment was open. Her second sister "came out," as the saying is, and the nurse being discharged, Effie for the first time had a room for herself alone. Mrs. Marshall was fearful that the other children might become ill if they shared the younger child's bed, and the large nursery was given up to Effie's sole use. Laura was still at school, but Blanche and Beatrice were in the gay vortex of society, and the nursery saw their faces but seldom.

Reading was, as before, Effie's chief pleasure, but now she read for amusement as well as study. Beatrice, with her school books, had resigned to her sister a large volume of Shakspeare, Milton's works, and other vol-

umes of standard literature of which she had made use in studying elocution, and these were Effie's paradise. Emboldened by the privilege of a private bedroom, she found courage to ask her father for the library key, and in its bookcases found more food for her lonely hours. It was not very well stocked. Mr. Marshall was not a reading man, and his wife cared for no books beyond the current novels of the day, which Blanche and Beatrice read, and lent or tossed into the bookcases unread as the mood swayed them. But Effie found some volumes of poetry, a few histories, and many works of fiction. These were devoured in the intervals she allowed herself from that severe course of study which was to win the love now denied her. She had sorted out the school books, and portioned her time with a rigid exactness which would have been amusing, had not the spectacle of a child so thrown upon herself been pitiful. So much time she allowed herself for geography, so much for history, arithmetic, philosophy, chemistry, piano practice, and all the various studies she had portioned out for the day's work. These over, there was the delicious poetry to dream over, or sometimes, needle in hand, the girl sat by the window sewing and dreaming. Fiction and poetry had opened to her a new world, and the starved soul eagerly made for itself a resting-place, a home in imagination. Fancy began to tint each monotonous duty, and the weary heart soared forth to live a new life in the vivid dreams of ideal happiness. The daily walk, before a dreary duty, became now a source of pleasure, for every little incident made a stepping-stone for a new daydream, and, in weaving fictitious tales for each passer-by the child forgot for a time her own lonely, neglected life.

CHAPTER II.

It was Blanche's birthday, and Mrs. Marshall was determined to celebrate it by one of the most brilliant parties of the season. Happily for her purpose, the month was one of the winter ones, just after New Year, and all the world of fashion was prepared for pleasure seeking.

Effie was born in the same month, five years later, but no one had ever taken much notice of her birthday. On this year, however, she was told that she was to be permitted to join the guests in the parlors, and she gladly prepared for the occasion. A large party was a new event in her monotonous life, and she looked forward to it with a child's eagerness. No thought such as filled the minds of her sisters disturbed Effie; the expectation of admiration, the fear of rivalry, or the doubts as to which color or style of dress was most becoming, were all matters which were of vital importance to them, while they never occurred to her humble heart. To look on at the moving panorama of faces, to listen to the music, to see the enjoyments of others, were all sufficient subjects of anticipation for her.

As they were not yet "in society," Laura and Effie had dresses alike prepared for them, and while the spoiled beauty fretted over the simplicity of the costume, her sister accepted thankfully the white robes, stifling her sigh as she saw how much more sallow and cloudy than usual her complexion looked when in contrast to its pure, untinted surface.

The evening came, the large parlors were brilliantly lighted and decorated, and the ladies of the family assembled to criticize or arrange such trifling finish of dress as had escaped the notice of maid or hairdresser. While they are yet without guests, let me describe my heroine and her family.

Mrs. Marshall is a tall, stately woman, whose black velvet dress and diamonds set off to advantage a beauty which, even yet, is regal in its character. The rich, dark complexion, abundant black hair, large, yet not coarse features, and brilliant, black eyes draw their fire from her Southern blood, while a life of wealth and such happiness as rises from gratified ambition have stamped upon her carriage and graceful manners a tinge of haughtiness which well becomes them.

Blanche has inherited from her mother the full dark eye and jetty hair; and her figure, though slight, is graceful and exquisitely proportioned. Tall and straight, it has a willowy, wavy motion that makes her the best dancer of the season, and she dresses in the light floating materials which well become such beauty. Her finely-chiselled features are peculiar from the marble whiteness of her complexion, which, while there is no tint such as sickness brings to pallid faces, is pure and smooth as ivory. No color tints her cheek, and no excitement or exertion will

bring the blood to her face. Knowing well, and fully appreciating the peculiarities of her face and figure, the young girl adds to them a *unique* style of dress, as becoming as it is daring. Upon this occasion, her full robe of a delicate green gauze, made with a multitude of skirts, is worn over a lustrous silk of the same shade, and in the long black curls are twisted long floating clusters of a ribbon-like grass. Not a jewel breaks the pure outline of her snowy neck and arms, but on the bosom of her dress she wears one large pearl falling in a drop from a tiny gold pin.

Beatrice is more like her mother, as she inherits the dark complexion, rich color, and straight black hair. A rich garnet-colored silk, with black lace profusely trimming both skirt and corsage, suits her dark beauty well, and a full parure of carbuncles set in pearls glistens on her throat and arms. Her rich hair, woven into a natural tiara, is unadorned by either flower or jewel; its heavy braids falling, after crowning her handsome head, in loops which form a setting for the small ear and slender throat. Tall as her sister, her figure is more inclined to *embonpoint*, and her motions are full of proud dignity.

Laura and Effie, in their full white crape dresses, with only white flowers for trimming, are the others of the family group. No art could have selected a dress more becoming to the lovely blonde. Her tall figure, rounded with almost childish grace, her long golden curls, fair complexion, and large blue eyes, are each and all heightened by the snowy drapery, while the full arm and shoulders suffer nothing by the proximity of the soft shading lace ruffles. But, poor little Effie! Unlike the others, she is so small that many children of twelve years could have looked over her head; and not only short in stature, but so thin that Blanche's contemptuous epithet of "scraggy," though rude, was painfully true. The dress, cut to leave the neck and arms exposed, only added to the poor child's troubles by making her dark skin and thin figure unusually conspicuous. Her dark brown hair, cropped closely by the physician's orders, gave no chance for a pretty coiffure, and the heavy dark marks planted by sickness round her eyes, do not add to their beauty. Only two points of attraction could the poor child boast—a small, delicate mouth, graced by even, pearly teeth, and large, soft hazel eyes, shaded by long dark lashes. Blanche pronounced her features passable, so we will not now comment upon them.

The rooms soon began to fill, and with the early guests the master of the house entered. Like all his children, excepting the youngest, he was tall, and though he had Laura's blue eyes, he had black hair and a heavy black beard. Altogether he was what is generally considered a very handsome man, though his features were too large, and his face too broad for classic beauty.

Perhaps in all the large assembly who soon filled the rooms, there was not one who had the same keen pleasure as the child, who, from a corner near the window, half-hidden by the heavy folds of the velvet curtains, watched the groups who were scattered around her. Self was entirely forgotten, and the artist eye and generous soul were gladdened by the beauty of her three sisters. Not one of their numerous admirers looked with such proud hearts upon Blanche's grace, Beatrice's stateliness, or Laura's loveliness, as that little despised sister, who watched them from her obscure seat.

"Effie, Mr. Lovering has requested an introduction to you."

Effie started at the sound of her father's voice, and turned to him and his companion with such a bewildered air, that he said, half laughing:—

"I believe you were half-asleep," and then walked away.

"I don't agree with Mr. Marshall," said Mr. Lovering, in a clear, yet deep voice, which captivated Effie instantly; "I never saw eyes more thoroughly awake than yours have been for the last hour."

"Won't you sit down?" said Effie, slyly offering half of her own long ottoman. "That is," she said, gently, "if it is me you want to talk to. There are so many Miss Marshalls, that perhaps father made a mistake."

Mr. Lovering looked curiously upon the unsophisticated little face to see if there was any lurking desire to draw a compliment from him, but the large, innocent eyes met his with perfectly child-like frankness, so he accepted the seat, saying, quietly:—

"There was no mistake; I did not even know you were Miss Marshall till after I requested the introduction. I know all your sisters very well, yet I think, nay, I am certain, that I have never met you before."

"Oh, I am still in the nursery," said Effie, with a smile. "I am not very strong, and seldom come into the parlor in the evening."

A little pang would come, as she thus explained the seclusion which sneers and unkindness made a matter of choice; but even in her own heart there was no blame laid to her parents and sisters, only a sad acknowledgment of her own unworthiness. Perhaps her companion read this in the quiet face raised to his, but he said—

"Yet I hope, now, that we shall be better friends."

"I shall be very glad," was the honest reply.

"And now tell me of what you have been thinking in this quiet corner. I was watching your face, and could see that you had more enjoyment here than many of the more active partakers of the occasion."

"I do enjoy it. So many happy faces, and so much beauty. It is like a fine painting, only that here there are life and motion. Every face has some charm, and where, in a picture, the colors would contrast too strongly, or harmonize too monotonously, here the varying motion blends all together in ever new groups of picturesque beauty. If I had an artist's fingers I would cherish many groups I have seen to-night to make pictures and scenes for masterpieces. See, now, near the door that leads into the conservatory is a group to make a scene from Undine. Blanche leans so gracefully on that marble pedestal, playing with the flowers, while the fountain is seen enough through the open door to fill in the background. The gentleman talking to her is surely handsome enough for the lover-knight, though his costume must be altered, while Laura is just near enough to be painted in, the fair mortal who wins the woer from his true faith, I—I beg your pardon," she said, abruptly, blushing deeply.

"For what?"

"I must weary you. I forgot that I was thinking aloud."

"You do not weary me. You looked so happy over here, that I could not resist the temptation to come over and learn your secret. Now, will you let me tell you a secret!"

"A secret?"

"Yes, as yet. No one knows but Blanche, though you will all know soon."

"Blanche?"

"My Blanche. She has promised to-night to let me call my little friend here, sister. Will you take me for a brother, Effie?"

She looked up into the manly, handsome face that bent over her. Little recked she of the "great match" which her sister would make; she knew nothing of the gentle birth, the full coffers, and the high position which Blanche had that night won, but she saw clear, honest eyes, a sweet, loving mouth, and a soul-lit face, and she put her little hand in his and said, fervently—

"Oh, I am sure Blanche is happy, dear brother!"

It was a quaint greeting, but the man had a heart to appreciate it, and he warmly pressed the little hand, and then whispered—

"So I may be Undine's lover-knight?"

"If you are faithful, as I feel sure you will be," was the smiling answer. "Hark! what did that man say?"

He was not in evening dress; he was a rough-looking man in coarse clothes, yet he came into the gay group with his errand, hot and flushed, unceremonious in his haste.

"I *must* see Mr. Marshall; the store is on fire!"

The words flew from mouth to mouth, till they reached the master of the house.

Other merchants were in the room, whose own places of business were in close proximity to the high stone building from whose contents Mr. Marshall drew his wealth, and these, hurrying off wives and daughters, went to see if other stores were suffering too.

The master of the house obeyed the summons, and the guests dropped off till the crowded parlors were empty of strangers.

Then, when only the mother and daughters were there, Mr. Lovering claimed his right to stay until Mr. Marshall returned, or go to his assistance, and with anxious hearts the group waited for tidings from the scene of fire.

CHAPTER III.

It had been after two o'clock when the summons to the store had broken up Mrs. Marshall's party, and the gray dawn was struggling with night, yet no tidings had come to the family.

Mr. Lovering had remained at Blanche's request, and his kind, manly voice, his gentle tenderness made him a fit companion for their anxious watch. There had been a fixed ashy paleness on Mr. Marshall's face as he

left the crowded parlors, and to his wife he had whispered: "And I am not insured!" The store was a new one, into which his goods had been recently stored, and he had delayed the insurance until he was fully settled.

"Five o'clock!" said Mr. Lovering, counting the strokes of the mantel clock. "Let me go now and see what news there is. How weary you all look! Come, cheer up, it may not be so bad as we anticipate. I am sure your dress and these rooms depress you. I will order a cup of coffee to be made for Mr. Marshall, and you will be ready by that time to sleep after this long watch."

Slowly each withdrew to her room to change the gala dress for a more fitting morning costume, and with a charge to the servants to prepare an early breakfast and make the rooms wear less the air of "banquet halls deserted," the kind friend and lover started for the store.

Once away from those searching eyes the cheerfulness vanished from his face, and his steps were hurried, his brow clouded. The long absence of his future father-in-law troubled him, and he hastened forward, keenly anxious to get some news of the conflagration.

It was a terrible scene that met his eye as he turned the corner of the street in which the store stood. The fire had swept along the square of new stores, and blackened and defaced walls were all that remained of their palatial splendor. The fierce flames were subdued, but in the place of their superb brilliancy were smouldering cinders, thick rolling smoke, and floods of blackened water pouring from doorways and windows.

As he came down the street, a man, whom he recognized as Mr. Marshall's head clerk, was coming from the doorway of a house opposite the row of stores. Mr. Lovering instantly accosted him.

"Where is Mr. Marshall?"

"In there! You are"—

"I shall soon be his son-in-law," said Mr. Lovering, hastily, for something in the man's face told him that this was no time for ceremony.

"I am glad you are here," said the clerk, respectfully. "You are best fitted for the errand upon which I was starting."

"What has happened?"

"He came down, sir, and was very active in assisting to save the books; at last all were out but his private papers, which were in his desk in a small tin box. He was warned that it was too late to save these, but he went back. The flooring above him gave way; he staggered out and fell on the pavement. It took some time to get a physician, and they sent for me. He was dead before they raised him from the ground."

"Dead!"

"Yes, dead. A blow on the temple; the only wonder is how he got out. He is in the house now, and I was on my way to prepare his family for his coming home; but you are the proper person, if you will undertake the errand."

"In one moment! I will go in! You are sure all has been done that could be done?"

"There are two doctors there now, but they were too late. The store was not insured, sir, either."

In his evening-dress, with his fine linen bearing the marks of the toil which preceded his death, the corpse lay on a long table. No trace of a violent death was in the placid face; the eyes were closed as if in sleep, and the mouth was quietly shut, with no contortion left by the sudden blow. They had washed off the black marks from the crushed temple, and the damp hair clung closely to it, concealing it entirely.

Bareheaded, with an awe-struck face, the young man stood beside the man whom he had hoped would smile on his love tale that very day, and with a tender hand he closed the open shirt-front, and laid the cold hands over the breast. Then gravely and softly he gave his directions for carrying the corpse home, and turned away to go before it and prepare the family for the sudden news.

If there is courage in any heart, at any hour of danger, there is in the heart of a man who voluntarily undertakes such a mission as this was. It was nothing to him, now, that the wealth of this man lay in smouldering ashes at his feet, and that the clerk had implied that he escaped poverty by sudden death. He thought only of the widow and fatherless, to whom he was carrying the tidings of their desolation. A father was taken from his children, a husband from the wife whose companion he had been for long years. Deem it not unmanly that large tears fell from the young man's eyes as he drew near the stately house which he had entered but a few short hours before so full of hope, to meet joy and festivity.

It was broken tenderly, this bitter news, but the scene called for all his manliness. Mrs. Marshall was in hysterics, the elder girls screaming and weeping, and his betrothed half-fainting and sobbing as she clung to him, all her vanity and coquetry forgotten in that hour of sorrow. He had been an indulgent father, a kind husband, and the weary night was ill preparation for such a morning greeting.

Only one face was calm, though the grief there was terrible. He had not been a tender father to the sickly child who stood with ashy face and dilated eyes of horror listening to the tale of grief; but she had loved him with a sort of worship, as one too good and grand to stoop to her inferiority, yet with a longing hope, that at some future time she would share the caresses bestowed upon her sisters. Dead! Dead with the words of love silenced forever. Leaving no memory of sweet words or embraces, yet tearing away such dreams of future love, such tender hopes, and leaving only a black despair.

Only for a few moments did the horror-stricken, hopeless child thus stand motionless, then self was thrust away, and with a quiet step she came to her mother's side.

She knew no word of comfort for the heart that had always shut her out, but she softly stroked the dark hair, whispering, "Mother, dear, dear mother," till overcome by weariness and sorrow, mesmerized by the cool fingers and gentle touch, the mother let her head fall back on the sofa and slept.

I pass over that day, and others which followed of alternate paroxysms of grief and the stupor of sorrow, till the funeral of the father and husband left the widow and children alone.

The fact was soon known that an insurance of some ten thousand dollars on his life was all that the merchant prince had left for his family, and, with so many girls to support, Mrs. Marshall felt that some other provision must soon be made. Blanche was sure of her home and protector; but the wedding was named for a year later, when she would lay aside her mourning dress to take her place as a bride, and in the meantime something must be done.

CHAPTER IV.

"I WONDER if Horace left any directions about the letters!" said Blanche, as the family assembled for the first evening in the small house which was to be their future home. Horace, be it known, was Mr. Lovering, absent for a week on business.

The violence of sorrow had swept over the mother and the older daughters, leaving them paler and saddened; but, as is often the case with such demonstrative sorrow, still looking forward to much pleasure in life, when their black dresses should be doffed. Effie had crept back to her old place in the family, nursing her sorrowing disappointment, as she had nursed all her other emotions, in solitude. Always pale and grave, there was no outward traces to a careless observer of the grief she shut up so closely in her heart, yet a loving eye would have traced a deeper woe in her dark eye, an unwonted tremor in her sensitive lip whenever her father's name was mentioned, but there was no one to heed these mute signs. Horace was a gentle, tender brother to his little sister; but Blanche was an exacting mistress, and there had been beside many business cares of which he cheerfully undertook to relieve his mother-in-law.

The family were assembled, I have said, in the parlor of their new home. Mrs. Marshall was near the fire reading; Blanche was sewing on a ruffle, of which Beatrice held the other end, twisting it in her idle fingers, despite her sister's half-angry remonstrance; Laura was fretting over a lesson, and far away, in a corner, Effie was dreamily watching the fire-light and communing with her own sad thoughts. The heavy black dresses, the dim shaded light, the small room and quiet sadness suited her mood better than any of the former gay meetings of the family would have done; yet she longed unutterably to creep to her mother's feet, and there sob forth her heart's sorrow. Sometimes a wild thought would tempt her to claim her share of the confidence and sympathy which came unsolicited to her sisters, but the natural timidity and terror of being reprimanded kept her still far away in her new trouble.

Blanche's question was hardly asked, when a letter was brought into the parlor directed to Mrs. Marshall. She glanced at the signiture, and her face brightened. "Turn up the gas, Beatrice; it is from your Uncle Charles."

"Our Uncle Charles!" said all the girls, in an inquiring tone.

"Yes, you never knew him, but your dear

father was his nephew. He is immensely wealthy, but very eccentric; he quarrelled with your father years ago, because he would not join him in bachelordom, and they never became reconciled. I don't know that it was an actual quarrel, but at any rate, it was a coolness that never was healed. Your father was a proud man, and I naturally resented his interfering with my marriage."

"But why did he object to father's marriage?"

"Why, indeed; because he had been engaged himself to a beauty who jilted him. The story was this. Your uncle was born to riches, and educated in a fashionable way, early brought into society, and very much courted there. He studied medicine, and, I have heard, rather distinguished himself in college; but he had no need to practise, as his income was very large. He was very young when he engaged himself to the reigning belle of the season whose income was a match for his own, and whose beauty is reported to have been wonderful. They had been engaged some few weeks, when the bank in which all his property was placed failed, and he was suddenly left a poor man. One of his old friends offered him a situation in a Chinese port. I don't know exactly what it was, but the salary was very good, and there were opportunities for making money. He accepted the place, and his marriage was postponed until he should get fairly started. He had been gone only a few months when his fair *fiancée*, like a sensible woman, accepted the offer of a wealthy banker's son, and was married. Your father says that your uncle took a vow to make himself a richer man than his rival, and then return to triumph over her. He fulfilled his word. Money seemed to flow in at his call, and in ten years he came home a man of immense wealth. His intended triumph was lost, for his former lady-love was dead. From that time he shut himself up in a house he owns in the country, somewhere in the interior of the State, I believe, and has turned cynic, misanthropist, and woman-hater, report says. He was very good friends with your father, but when he heard that he was about to marry a fashionable woman, he discarded him.

"What can he write for now?" said Blanche.

"We will see," and she began to read—

"'MADAM: Hearing that my nephew had wasted all his property in a fashionable life, and left his family in want, I write to make you a proposition. I wish to have a young life near mine, and I know of no better place to look for a child to adopt than in your family. I should have preferred a boy, but as that is impossible I will take one of your girls. I do not want, I will not have, a beauty, nor a woman of fashionable accomplishments, yet I won't take a fool; a girl with her head full of romantic ideas about a husband will not suit, for she will meet no lover here. Do not understand that I am looking for an heiress, for I shall leave her nothing beyond a mere support. While I live she shall share my house; but on my death she need expect no wealth, or she will be disappointed.'"

"He had better have a woman made to order!" said Laura, pettishly.

"'If'—read Mrs. Marshall—'you send me one of your children, she must be mine entirely. You must prepare for an entire separation, as I shall never let her again venture into fashionable precincts. On the condition I have named, I will settle upon you for life two thousand dollars per annum. If you prefer your children to this income I have no more to write. Should you send me the child let her leave by the ——— line, on Thursday morning at five o'clock, stop in G——— all night, and I will send my carriage for her early on Friday morning to the "Stars and Stripes," the only hotel.

CHARLES MARSHALL.'

"This is a strange proposition," said Mrs. Marshall, half angrily, half musingly.

"You had better send Effie," said Laura, laughing. "Her beauty will not stand in the way."

"Nor her fashionable accomplishments," said Blanche.

"I don't think her lovers will trouble the old fellow, either," continued Laura.

"Effie," said Mrs. Marshall.

"O no, mother, don't send me away to that cold, hard man. O mother, let me stay with you. I will"—here her sobs choked the poor child, and she threw herself literally at her mother's feet, weeping bitterly.

"Don't be sentimental," said her mother, though not harshly; "nobody is going to banish you. There, sit up and listen to me. We are very poor, and your uncle offers me an income, on condition that I let him adopt one of my children, to whom he promises a support on his death. If I refuse his offer, you will all have to work. Your sisters will be obliged to teach, or stand in stores, or sew their lives away, while a little sense on your part will make us all comfortable. If you are

selfish enough to stand in their light, I shall not force you to go."

"Nonsense, mother; who else can go?" said Blanche. "My engagement will prevent me, and you cannot live without Beatrice until Laura grows up. Besides, they will not wish to live old maids, but anybody can see that Effie is cut out for a single life, little moping chit."

How would Horace Lovering have relished this *generous* speech from the woman who had such soft loving words of her poor, delicate sister for his ear?

"Give me till to-morrow. Only one night," pleaded poor Effie.

"Well, think it over to-night."

Think it over. All the long weary night the child thought; now sickening with dread at the thought of a new unloving heart, then reproaching herself that any sacrifice could be too great to place her mother and sisters in comfort. The thought of working herself brought no fear; but that her beautiful delicate sisters should toil was terrible to her loving bruised heart. It was no common sacrifice the child was called upon to make. True she was a neglected, coldly treated member of the family, yet this was her home. All the study of her life had been to win love there, and since her father's death, the longing had grown doubly intense to win her mother's heart. Here, they had become accustomed to her want of beauty, her moping habits, but this cold, morose man who wrote so chillingly must be struck with her want of attraction instantly, and shut her out from his affection forever. No hope of a new love there comforted her, no bright spot gilded the gloomy picture her mind drew of this offered home. Yet would not her refusal steel the hearts at home more sternly than ever. How could she hope for love where her selfishness brought poverty upon them all? how endure to see the daily toil her hand might avert?

Think it over! O mother, how bitterly, in her lonely, uncomforted night watch the child thought.

"I will go!"

This was her morning greeting; and when her mother, touched for once by the pale face and generous offer, drew her into her arms and kissed her tenderly, Effie choked back her tears to smile hopefully, as she returned the unwonted caress.

Thursday found her starting on her journey. One of her father's old friends was going to G———, and he took charge of the little girl and her baggage, and leaving a loving message for Horace, and smiling through her tears, lest they should reproach themselves with driving her away unwillingly, the young girl left her home.

It was night when the cars shot into the depot at G———. The gentleman companion of her ride had slept and read, and made one or two faint efforts to converse with Effie, but the poor little heart was too sore now to talk. Away from all eyes that could reproach her, the pent up sorrow must have vent, and drawing down her veil she wept the long day away.

The lonely night in a hotel, which she had so much dreaded, was spent in a long, exhausted sleep. Weary with grief, and the unaccustomed fatigue of travel, she threw herself upon the bed and fell into a sweet slumber, unbroken until, in the morning, the chambermaid knocked at her door.

"The gentleman you came with is going, miss, and he sent me to say that your uncle's carriage is at the door," said the girl.

She was soon down, and her companion saw that she looked better than she had on the previous night. It was a lovely winter's day, and having insisted upon seeing her make a good breakfast, he packed her carefully into the carriage and bade her a cheerful good-by.

"How far is it?" he asked of the coachman.

"It is about five miles beyond Mill's Ferry, sir, at Mr. Marshall's place; he calls it the 'Den,' but the neighbors call it Haresdale."

"And how far is Mill's Ferry?"

"Over twenty miles, sir."

"A long ride! Good-by, Miss Effie," and she drove off.

(To be continued.)

A TRUE woman will be a true friend, and those are the best and truest friendships that have been born in adversity and nurtured by trial.

Passion, and more particularly ill-regulated passion, too frequently perishes from its very vehemence, till there is nothing left for it but to die. True love creates its own refreshment in the simple act of loving, and by its very constancy is a beautiful example of that Scripture which saith, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

WIDOWS: PART VIII.

WIDOWS' SONS.

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep, or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior crept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee;
Like summer tempest came her tears,
"Sweet, my child, I live for thee."

TENNYSON.

Be patient! Oh be patient! go and watch the wheat-ears grow!
So imperceptibly, that you can mark nor change nor throe;
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown,
And then again, day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

R. C. TRENCH.

ALAS for the widows, if it were always true that "the boy is father of the man." They might well fold their hands in utter despair, if their sons in their manhood were to be such as they are in their youth.

It is in the growing family of the widow that natural character is fairly and fully developed. No wholesome restraint suppresses the peculiarities, and rounds off the harsh, jagged outlines of unformed boyhood. Conceit runs riot. With no wise, stern father, commanding respect as well by what he is, as by his position, the young sprig of manhood so pinks and plumes himself upon his sex that he often fairly convinces his mother of his superiority, and bends her will to his. If he be a bully by nature, he actually terrifies her by his awful threats of what he will do in his wrath; and as for the younger children, they live in a state of craven subjection. He studies, or does not study, as suits his whim, and is in all respects the exponent and exemplification of his favorite theories. Fortunately, his opinions on all subjects are not permanently fixed. Just as his mother is in despair at his energetic carrying out of some of his preposterous notions, the wind "chops," and he appears in a new character. Who but a mother could love on, through this time of tormenting absurdities? Who but a mother could have patience with the poor, shapeless, ignorant cub who thinks he understands all mysteries, and is ready to teach the whole French nation the polite art of dancing!

Is this boy the father of the man he is to be! No! no! no! we say. He is simply the boy without a father, with no prompt, compelling arm of the law to make him appear better than he is, and be decent outwardly for the comfort of society. Like the rough crag by the river, he seems to jut out his harsh sides, but to vex and fret the stream that flows at his base. Yet that silent stream will glide perseveringly on till his roughness is worn away, and she leaves for all time the record of her power on the stern, strong stuff of which he is made.

Be patient, widowed mother! Be loving, be firm, yet gentle; be cheerful, yet dignified; be true to yourself and your Christian vows, and you shall surely have your day of triumph. Your boy is really no worse than others of his age. He is but like the sapling released from the firm hold which forced it from its natural position; now it swings wildly upward and seems to quiver in defiance. That same wayward bough will yet fill its fair place in the perfect tree, and yield its share of golden fruit. Your ceaseless prayers, your self-denying labors, will not be in vain. Your present difficulties but prove the wise ordering of Him who is the founder of all the families of the earth. He blended judgment and mercy, the elements of successful government, in the persons of father and mother. What wonder that the tender minister of mercy, alone, should find it hard to cope with the young delinquents and win penitence without punishment.

Boys want the strength of a man's hand to let them know that they have a physical superior to subdue their lower nature, if needs be. They want the power of a man's eye to tell them of a will stronger than theirs, a will guided by reason and justice, and unflinching reverence for right. There is in the boy's heart a rebellion against the government of a woman. He knows that kind of dominion must have its end. He is the young lion, guarded and ruled for the time by the child, but he knows and feels that he is a lion still, and will some day prove his royal birth.

Your little boy may rebel against you, good mother; but let him once grow so as to look you eye to eye on a level, and some of the fierceness will have gone out of him. As his

broad shoulders rise higher and higher, he, in a manner, bears you upward upon them, till he raises you at last to the sacred position of some statued goddess of old. Your words become to him the sayings of an oracle; your pure counsel is reckoned just next to inspiration; your prayers are his talisman and your praise his most coveted reward. The very work of your hands has for him an increasing charm. His own wife cannot mend or bake for him, as you have done (if so be you have stooped to such old-fashioned offices); no meal has for him the relish of "mother's dinners."

Who have been the great men, the wise, the good of earth? Widows' sons! They who have had to struggle and force their way upward. They who have early lent an arm to sustain a bowed and weeping mother, and grown manly, through the only wish to be a man for her sake.

Show me the roll of fame, gilded with names written in glowing letters, and I will bid you read there the record of what widows' sons have been, and yet may be.

"Ah!" says the sorrowing mother, as she hides her unbidden tears. "Ah, my son has no such future in store for him. He is a lost and wandering prodigal, hopelessly sunk in sin." The son of the widow of Nain was fairly clasped in the icy hands of death, yet to her the Saviour said, "Weep not!" He touched the bier. He raised the dead, and gave him unto his mother, more precious than when the boy was first born in her arms. "He had compassion on her." So read the precious words. That Divine fount of tender pity wells unceasingly, you need but press forward to share the blessing. Your son may yet be "given to you." Pray as expecting the free granting of your petitions. Your son is not *lost*, he is but as a sheep gone astray, to be returned unto the Great Bishop and Shepherd of souls.

We have spoken only of widows' sons, yet her daughters must not be forgotten. Who has not loved the sister, daughter, ready to stand, in loving innocence, 'twixt her dear mother and the unkindly world? How she shares her mother's griefs, and grows womanly before her time by her knowledge of care and sorrow! How true, and unselfish, and beautiful is her affection.

Widows' daughters! Purest, loveliest of their sex, bearing the yoke in their youth, to find all burdens light as they go on in life's pathway! How we love to see such a dear girl taken proudly to an honest man's home! How we enjoy her pretty wonder at being so guarded, and defended, and made precious! How strange it seems to her to be cared-for, and shielded, and watched over! Ah! It is pure joy to a widowed mother to see her devoted daughter prized as she so richly deserves. She lives over her own wedded life in the joy of that daughter, and finds new cheerfulness in the new home of her child.

For the widow's old age there is a fount of gladness, a fresh spring of pleasure. Her sorrow fairly dies out as her grand-children sit on her knees. Their smiles find a full reflection in her fond face. She has done with care and responsibility, and discipline, and training. Father and mother may rebuke and command, and exile offenders; but grandmother's arms are ever open to receive the little ones. She may wipe away their tears, without too strictly inquiring their cause, she may whisper comfort without compromising anybody's dignity.

Beautiful indeed is that pure, free relation, which links life in its freshness with life in its decline. The evening and the morning meet together, the sunset shadows are tinted with the rosy hues of dawn. The aged widow, in the midst of her children's children, owns her hoary head crowned with blessings, and her robes of mourning changed to "garments of praise."

DEAD.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

O DREAM! O change! Mate of my summer time,
Where art thou now—where art thou now? Alas!
Naught but the insect answers from the grass;
Alas! the kind, bright stars in pity shine,
Like eyes that flash with sorrow at my grief.
Would I were with them in yon depths serene,
Where all my joy hath flown. Oh that the dream
Of Æris, in his cave, so bright, so brief,
Of deathless life and everlasting love,
Were a true law of God! But no, hast fled;
The child of Love, of Genius, Hope, and Truth;
So bright, so loved, so beautiful—she is dead!
Gone in the glorious promise of her youth;
Yet common things live on; earth's mighty heart
Still throbs: Creation lifts its solemn voice
In sea and air, and in the world's great mart
Dwell music, life, and motion—all rejoice:
But she hath flown, like vision of the dawn,
Robed in the sunshine's glorious beams, hast gone! hast gone!

HADYN VAUGHN'S DAUGHTER.

BY DAISY HOWARD.

"My dear uncle, I am delighted to be at home again. What splendid easy times we will have, and egad! what dinners! Uncle, I will tell you (under the rose) it don't pay to go 'abroad;' but mum 's the word, though, for it 's fashionable, you know. But on my honor as a Trevanion, I was almost poisoned on frogs and things. I met the Leightons, and Esterbrooks, and all the first families in Paris, though. Like myself, they were 'doing' Europe for the fame of the thing."

Tom Trevanion sat in his uncle's study, with his feet on the marble mantle, and a costly meerschaum in his mouth from whence issued a delicious perfume, for Tom was a connoisseur in the weed. "Hand me that dressing-gown, old boy, and I'll make a regular night of it, and forget Paris and Louise Villiers."

"Old boy, indeed! Tom, you have grown disrespectful since you left home. Get your dressing-gown yourself, sir."

"Forgive me, Uncle Hal, I am mad with joy at being at home again, and mistook you for Pomp."

"Humph! who is Louise Villiers, Tom?"

"Oh, a charming little French girl, uncle. I thought some of making her Mrs. Trevanion, only women-folks are so very troublesome, tagging round after a fellow all the time. But, uncle, she is divine; there is nothing in America to match her."

"Humph!" Uncle Hal's favorite word. "There has been an addition to our family, Tom, since you left. I did not mention it in my letters, because I thought it best you should finish your travels. Hadyn Vaughn, my old college chum, died in India, and left his daughter to my care. She has been here a year."

"The deuce she has! Is she handsome, uncle?"

"The girl is entirely without friends. I pitied her loneliness, and I—I—In fact we are to be married in the spring."

"Married in the spring?"

"Tom, you must not speak so loud. I thought I heard some one at the door a little while ago, when you were talking about women being so troublesome."

A rich, clear voice humming "*La ci darem,*" and the click of a solitary boot-heel along the hall, and Tom pricked up his ears. "What is that, uncle? It sounds like some lame opera singer."

"Humph! I 'll risk my life on the lameness. It 's Hadyn Vaughn's daughter."

The door was flung open with a bang, and a crimson-lipped, black-haired, saucy-looking girl entered, carrying her gaiter-boot in one hand and a tack-hammer in the other.

"Guardy, you are heathenish? Here I've been limping up that interminable flight of stairs with only a silk stocking between my foot and the cold oil-cloth. There 's a peg in my shoe, and my heel is bruised to a jelly with it. I tried to poke it out with this tack-hammer, but it won't move."

No more notice of Tom than if he had been a part of the furniture, though she saw him, for her black eyes rested contemptuously upon the patent leather boots resting on the marble mantle.

"If that is your game, my dear, I am with you," was Tom's thought as he noticed her utter indifference. He settled his boots more firmly, and puffed wickedly at his pipe.

A few desperate "pokes" and the refractory peg came out.

"Where are you going through this rain, Bell?"

"To Maillard's, for some candy; this is real candy weather, guardy."

"I wouldn't go out in such weather, Bell."

"I would!"

She seated herself on a little stool, and coolly putting on her boot, began lacing it up before Tom's very eyes. Then she looped up her dress through an elastic, exposing a red ribbed balmoral and a dainty ankle, and tying a crimson hood under her chin, turned to the door.

"Good-by, guardy; good-by, Mr. Boots."

Tom laughed uproariously, while Mr. Trevanion said:—

"Why, bless my soul, boy, I forgot to present you to Bell."

"Never mind, uncle, only don't forget it at dinner."

Tom Trevanion took unusual pains with his toilet that night, and Tom was a very handsome man. His thick, glossy, brown hair, and long heavy beard, were subjected to a merciless brushing; and a magnificent black neck-tie embroidered with white silk was arranged as killingly as possible. Bell, in a crimson merino, and her shining, Indian-black hair, coiled in a loose knot at the back of her head, was superb and indifferent. Around the fair throat was a tiny collar of the softest and finest lace, fastened by a small diamond star.

"Tom, this is Hadyn Vaughn's daughter. Isabel, my nephew, Tom Trevanion."

Isabel inclined her stately head, while the handsome Tom bowed low before her.

"I am happy to find such a valuable addition to my uncle's family, Miss Isabel. I had feared this old house would be lonely."

"I am very glad, sir; it quite relieves my mind. Some young gentlemen think women folks about a house are so troublesome." The black eyes looked saucily into his.

"Confound the girl! she is laughing at me. I believe she heard what I said about Louise Villiers. I wish she was not so confoundedly handsome."

As time passed on, Tom found himself very faint about the region of the heart. If Bell Vaughn was splendid at night in crimson merino she was divine in a rose-colored wrapper in the morning. Tom forgot all about Louise Villiers, and fell in love with his uncle's promised bride—that is how it was. He wisely kept his secret hid, though, for the wicked black eyes had a way of hurling lightning glances at him that was most exasperating.

"If she only cared a speck for a fellow, I'd—I'd—but no, that would be dishonor. Brave old Uncle Hal, I would not step between you and happiness if I could."

As the weeks wore on, Tom saw plainly that Isabel did not love his uncle, though she did not know it yet herself. She had never known any other love but that she had borne her father, and when Mr. Trevanion asked her to be his wife she, feeling lonely and desolate, gave him her promise, knowing nothing of that "other self" who, somewhere in the length and breadth of the land, was waiting for her.

It had been a dismal day. A kind of drizzling rain had fallen sullenly all day long, and a kind of dirge-like wind keeping it company. For once Bell Vaughn was sad, though if she had thought any one noticed it the red lips would have been smiling in a trice. She had been strangely silent all the afternoon, and Tom thought he saw her lips quiver once or twice. He crossed over to where she was sitting, hoping her sad mood would make her more comeatable.

"What a dismal day, Bell! It gives me the heartache."

"What is that?"—voice and eye both firm, though Tom could have sworn he saw her lip quiver.

"If you don't know I shall not enlighten you."

Tom was exasperated. He almost thought she had no heart. Bell went to looking dreamily out of the window, and by and by sighed a little quivering sigh. This time he *saw* the proud, red lip quiver. Tom Trevanion was a noble-hearted fellow, and he pitied the poor motherless, sisterless girl—pitied the proud young heart, that, ache as it might, would never let it be known. He had watched her closely, and knew that underneath her elfin ways a warm, passionate heart was throbbing.

One night he saw by her eyes she had been weeping, and as he stood by her side, he ventured to lay his hand on her shining hair. She looked up quickly into his handsome face, as if she would read what was written thereon. It was a manly face, strong and tender.

"Bell, you have been weeping; it grieves me to see it." Eyes and voice were burdened with tenderness, but she would not see it.

"I am going down town, Bell. Can I do anything for you?" The voice had still that indescribable tenderness which deep feeling always gives.

"Yes; if you are going by Taylor's, bring me some ginger-snaps."

He sprang to his feet, and a muttered imprecation burst from his lips. Pulling his hat down over his eyes, he strode fiercely down Broadway, causing the passers-by to look after him wonderingly. He met some boon companions, but his gloomy brow gave them no encouragement to tarry.

"What 's to pay, now?" said Ned Sterling to his friend Lennox. "Trevanion looks as fierce as a Bengal tiger."

"Got in debt, I reckon. Come, Ned, let us go down to Niblo's."

Poor Tom knew to his cost what was to pay. Louise Villiers, the insipid, tame little Parisian, was, to use Tom's vocabulary, "nowhere!" She had been cast into the shade by this brilliant, fascinating, tantalizing Bell Vaughn. Tom's thoughts were something after this fashion: "I love this brilliant Bell; her rich, tropical nature intones with my own. She may school lip and eye, but I can read both. She is unhappy; there was anguish in her eyes when she asked for those abominable ginger-snaps. I saw it brooding dumbly through all her acting. That girl is wretched; she does not love my uncle; she cannot, and yet there is but one short month between this and her wedding-day! O woman! woman! man's blessing and his curse! I will leave New York to-morrow; it is all that I can do."

He returned from his mad walk silent and moody. His uncle sat reading the *Herald*, and Bell, without a vestige of color in cheek or lip, sat with her dainty little feet on the fender, and the last number of "Godey" in her hand. She did not look round as Tom closed the door, though she knew his footsteps.

"Fluted trimming is still worn, guardy. I think I will have my new dress trimmed so. Ah, Tom! are you back? Where's the ginger-snaps?"

Tom left the room with never a word of answer.

"Tom is getting to be an insufferable puppy, with his moody brow and tragic airs."

"An insufferable puppy," echoed Bell; but her lip quivered.

Mr. Trevanion laid down his paper, and went over to where Bell was sitting with her eyes fixed on the fire. He laid his hand kindly on the bowed head; but she sprang suddenly to her feet and the small hand hanging by her side now clenched fiercely.

"What is the matter, I say?"

"My head aches, sir; and if you will excuse me, I will go to my room."

She almost flew up the broad staircase, and her white face was a perfect revelation. Tom Trevanion, pacing up and down the study floor, saw it as she passed, and shivered. Reaching her own room the despairing girl flung herself, face downwards, on the floor. She neither fainted or wept, she did not even moan; if she had unclosed the firm-set lips for a single instant she would have shrieked. Her dumb anguish was a thousand times worse than tears, more than a river of tears. She had promised to be Mr. Trevanion's wife through gratitude; because she was lonely and desolate, as he had said, and knew not till too late that life would bring any other love. That she had learned to love this handsome Tom Trevanion, was a fixed fact. How, or when the love crept into her heart she could not have told; but she knew, to her sorrow, that it was there. She had thought to put it away from her, to forget the manly, tender face; but she found her own heart a rebel, all she could do was to keep the sad secret from the eyes of Tom and his uncle. She never entered the study now, so they met only at meals.

She went down one night in the twilight, to the almost unused library. The street lamps were lighting, and she stood with her face pressed against the window pane, watching the little lame boy as he went his rounds. It was a wan, pitiful face, and Tom Trevanion coming up softly behind her, looked upon it and longed to gather it to his breast. "Oh if it was any one but brave old Uncle Hal that loved her, he would—he would—but this was dishonor." The closed eyes saw nothing but a heart-picture she was looking at, so Tom could gaze his fill at the sad face. The tired eyes unclosed suddenly, and she looked up to see that splendid face bending over her with an expression she could not misunderstand.

There was perfect silence for many minutes. Tom stood with folded arms and tight shut lips. What could he say that would not be dishonor? Bell made a movement as though she were going to leave the room.

"Bell, I am going away to-morrow. I leave on Monday for Europe."

She trembled so that he put his arm around her, and then, as though wholly unable to resist it, he drew the beautiful head to his breast. She just let it lie there for she knew it was for the last time; that dreary last time!

"My darling! mine in this sad hour, if never again. I love you, Isabel, with a holy, tender love, and I am leaving you because of that love. I ought not to have told you this, but you know it, Isabel, and it seems some consolation to put it into words. It would be dishonor in me to try to win you from kind Uncle Hal, and dishonor in you to be so won, for he has set his heart on you, little Isabel. We must part, though it rend our hearts in

twain, and now, for I hear uncle's voice, and I have no further strength left."

He led her to a chair, and pressing one kiss upon her pale lips, staggered almost blindly from the room. It was a fearful storm of feeling, requiring all his love for his brave old uncle, all his honorable feelings to prevent him rushing back and claiming Isabel. That he had no right to do so he knew, save by the passionate love he bore her. Two hours later, he entered his uncle's study. The old man sat smoking with closed eyes.

"Get your pipe, Tom, and let us have a good time."

"I cannot, uncle; I am not well to-night. Uncle Halbert, I sail for Europe on Monday, and have come to say good-by to-night. I must go to Norwich to-morrow."

"Is the boy mad? What in the name of common sense would take you off again? Why, Tom, you are ill! What is it, boy?"

"No matter, uncle."

"Tom, I am the only father you have ever known. I command you, by a father's right, to tell me what this means. Are you in debt, my boy? If so, speak it out; if it is one thousand dollars I will pay it, anything rather than have you leave me."

"Uncle, don't press me; just let me go quietly. I give you my word, the word of a Trevanion, which never was broken, that it is nothing of debt or difficulty of that kind. It is only a private matter of my own."

"I must know it, Tom."

"Uncle, it will grieve you."

"No matter, boy." The old man rose and put his arm affectionately on Tom's shoulder. "Come, boy, out with it."

"Uncle, I love Isabel Vaughn. It is because of her I am leaving America. It is all I can do. I fought against it long, uncle; but, God help me, my love was stronger than my will."

"Does Isabel love you?"

"I have never asked her, uncle."

"Sit down here a minute, Tom, while I go to my chamber. You must have funds to go to Europe on."

Tom folded his arms upon the table, and laid his head upon them. "The worst is over now. I have parted with Isabel, and told my uncle all."

Mr. Trevanion went straight to Isabel's room. He knocked softly.

"Isabel, I want to speak to you, just one moment."

She came to the door, surprised at this unusual proceeding, but too wretched to care much.

"Isabel, would you just as leave marry Tom as me?"

It was a startling question. Isabel would have fallen had not her guardian caught her in his arms.

"You see, Isabel, the foolish fellow has fallen in love with you, and as he is too honorable to try to steal you away from me, he is determined to be off to Europe again. Tom is my only sister's child, and if you could love him, Isabel, I—"

The old, saucy look came back to Isabel's eyes.

"I will try, guardy."

"Then come with me."

He led her, excitedly, along the hall, and entering the study said: "Here, Tom, I'll forego my claim if you can make it all right with Isabel. I could not see you go, my boy." He closed the door, and with a rare delicacy left the lovers alone.

Over that interview we will draw a veil.

By mutual consent, the knowledge of their *mutual* love was kept from Uncle Halbert, and he thinks to this day that Isabel married Tom to please him.

Isabel and Tom have been married five happy years. Isabel is little like the Isabel of this story, save in form and feature. She is gentle and quiet; and has given over all her mad moods, subdued by the power of love, and Tom likes her best so. Sometimes, when in the fulness of her young life, she would flash out some of these same old mad moods, Tom would put his arm tenderly around her, and say: "Don't, Isabel, darling. I love you best in your new mood. The saucy, defiant Isabel Vaughn has passed away, and in her stead I hold to my heart my loving, tender Isabel Trevanion."

Dear reader, good-night.

THE VENOM OF "THEY SAY."—"They" will say anything and everything. "They" have said everything mean and despicable. "They" say things that break up families, crush hearts, blight hopes, and smother worthy aspirations. Whenever a man circulates a slander, and gives "They" as his authority, turn your back upon him. He is no good.

ADVENTURES OF A BACHELOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS," "THE RASHER FAMILY," ETC.

(Concluded from page 179.)

STANLEY OLIVER GRIGGS, junior, did not want S. Oliver Griggs, senior, to leave Roseville just yet. He knew that he should have to follow soon, and, as yet, he was too much infatuated with his own new bliss to think of tearing himself from the blue eyes and golden ringlets of the earthly angel who had promised to be his. The proposition to leave in the midnight train did not meet with his approbation. He did not wish to oppose it too openly; so he suggested to his uncle to take a couple of hours' sleep, while he thought the matter over, promising to be sure and wake him up in time to reach the depot for the train, if he did not, in the meantime, think of some effectual plan for shaking off Miss Brier.

It was full midnight when Mr. Griggs awoke out of the sleep into which he had fallen; he was snoring in apparent opposition to the whistle of the locomotive, which bore the train he wished for out of reach, when Stanley came lightly into his room, after a rather lengthy consultation with Emily in the parlor below.

"I didn't wake you up, uncle, for I was certain that it would be more dangerous for you, in your present health, to encounter the night-air than to brave the terrors of Miss Brier's love. I don't suppose she 'll be after you before eleven or twelve to-morrow, and by that time I hav'n't the least doubt but we can do something. So good-night, and don't let your dreams be disturbed by witches, young or old."

This was rather indefinite comfort; but Mr. Griggs was too sleepy to weigh it in the balance; he muttered a vague good-night, and in another moment had relapsed into oblivion. Stanley, with his night-lamp in his hand, paused to admire the benign aspect of the kind and benevolent person who, even in his sleep, had a peculiarly open countenance, and the very gurgle and gush of whose snoring had a music of its own. Now it would boil and bubble in his short little nose like seething tallow in a deep cauldron—anon it would whistle, fine and thin, like a small wind blowing through a key-hole; again, it would break forth, fierce and spirited, like the snorting of a war-horse, mingled with the distant rumbling of cannon; then it would change to an indescribable gasping and splashing, conveying the idea of a drowning fellow-being, from which it would gradually subside into two or three notes of the golden trombone, six of the flute, one of the bass-viol, and so over again.

The affectionate nephew remained for some time listening to this remarkable performance of the dear uncle who was musical even in his sleep, and whose vanity on the subject of his singing had just got him into trouble. There may have been something inspiring in the snoring, for while he remained, holding the night-lamp, so that Mr. Griggs' nose made a strange shadow on the wall, a thought occurred to Stanley which seemed so good that he whispered, with an inward chuckle—

"That 's it! If she doesn't resign all right and title to Uncle Oliver, without making a fuss, I 'll do it, without fail," and tenderly adjusting that uncle's flannel cap, which had nearly slipped off, exposing him to additional danger from taking cold in the top of his head, he retired to his own room.

The next morning Mr. Griggs, who felt himself too weak to master his present overwhelming difficulties, at his request resigned the whole matter to Stanley, who advised him to "lie low and keep quiet"—whatever that means; we do not understand the slang so common among even well-bred young people of the present day, and so cannot translate it.

We only know that when Uncle Oliver said he was afraid "she would be too much for him," his nephew carelessly responded that "he didn't see it." Both gentlemen confined themselves to the house, and as nothing occurred before dinner, which was an excellent one—for Mrs. Perkins was a good housekeeper and meant her daughter should be the same—Mr. Griggs' spirits began to rise, and he was just indulging in a game of backgammon with Emily in the parlor, while Stanley was examining some new artificial flies for fishing, when the sound of the front gate closing caused the little party to look out the window.

"It 's Miss Brier," exclaimed Stanley; "run, Uncle Oliver!"

"Where?" gasped the persecuted man.

"Up-stairs to your room, and lock the door. Hurry, uncle, she 's pulling the bell already."

In the confusion of his ideas, consequent upon his flight, Mr. Griggs dodged his head, first into the library, then into the dining-room, and in his haste, caused by these delays, fell full-length over an ottoman. Here he struggled hopelessly for a few seconds, until Stanley came to his assistance, and got him started in the right direction. By this time the servant-girl had responded to the summons of the bell.

"What was that?" inquired the lady who entered, sharply, as something whisked round the baluster at the head of the stairs.

"What was what?" asked Bridget, saucily —she knew the visitor, and didn't like her.

The fact is, it was Griggs' coat-tail, and the lady suspected it, but she smothered her suspicions and walked smilingly into the parlor, where she was met by Mr. Griggs, junior, who shook hands with her, and inquired after her health with affecting earnestness. Emily had made her exit into the library, in obedience to a hint from her lover; and I am sorry to say that during the whole of the ensuing interview she remained conveniently near to the half-closed door.

"How 's your uncle, my dear Stanley?" began the caller; "I suppose I may call you Stanley, now that we are so soon to assume a near relation. I feel very uneasy about him. Is he ill? I am sure that he must be, or he would have kept his engagement to visit me this morning. Nothing but sickness, I 'm sure, could be sufficient to keep him from me at a time like this, a time so full of interest to both of us. Has he informed you? but, of course he must have done so. Of course our present relations make it highly proper for me to call upon him if anything is the matter with him. Do not conceal it from one who has more interest in him than any other; but let me go at once to his room, and again have the privilege of cooling the fever which I feel is burning that precious brow."

"Take a chair, Miss Brier, pray do. My uncle is very well, I thank you. Your fears are without foundation. But I believe he is very busy this afternoon—said he could not receive any visitors. He is thinking of leaving town in a day or two, and has some packing to do. Please excuse him."

"But he will see *me*," said Miss Brier, decidedly.

"He gave strict orders not to call him down upon any account. And in fact, Miss Brier," said the young gentleman, drawing his chair near to the lady's, and speaking in a confidential tone, "My uncle has requested me to inform you that you misunderstood him, entirely, in the construction you put upon his conversation yesterday. He is not a marrying man, and not even your great attractions, madam," with a bow and frank smile, "as the most highly accomplished woman in Roseville, and the daughter of its most honored physician, can induce him to forego the habits and resolutions of years. He regrets, sincerely, that you should have put a false construction upon anything which transpired yesterday, and begs leave, through me, to close the acquaintance at once, with his deepest respect and regard."

"That 's cool, to say the least," replied the lady, sitting up very straight, and beginning to get as red in the face as was consistent with her complexion, her anger burning hotly through, like fire through brimstone; "but there happens to be a law for the redress of unprotected females. I 'll take the law of him, sir!"

"How high will you set your damages?" asked the young gentleman, quietly.

"Five thousand dollars!" was the crisp, biting, and exasperated answer.

"I think my uncle would rather pay it than to marry!" reflectively.

"I don't want the money, I want *him!*" said Miss Brier, sinking into a sudden revulsion of feeling, as she remembered what she was losing. "He 's treated me shamefully,

Mr. Stanley, shamefully! I've sacrificed everything to him—going to the hotel in the way I did, taking him out riding in broad daylight—and everybody knowing of our engagement, for I've told at least twelve persons this morning. I shall never get over it; not only will my affections be trampled in the dust, but I'll be the laughing-stock of Roseville."

"You shouldn't have told of your good luck so quickly, Miss Brier. You very well know that you rigmaroled my uncle into the affair."

"I rigmaroled! must I have insult added to injury! Just ask your uncle to come down, Mr. Stanley, ask him to come down a moment, and see if he'll say that to my face."

"I'm afraid he wouldn't, Miss Brier, he's naturally a coward, especially when the fair sex is concerned. I wouldn't like to ask him to come down, for fear you'd get the advantage of him again."

"Did you ever!" burst forth the lady—her wrath kept in her utterance as a cork restrains a beer-bottle from foaming over. She rose, and was darting through the door, intent upon an instant suit for breach of promise, when Stanley laid his hand coaxingly upon her arm.

"Stay, Miss Brier, a little while," he said, in his most persuasive accents; it may be that I can make a proposition to you which will mitigate the severity of your judgment. Why can't we effect a compromise?"

"What do you mean?" inquired Miss Brier, allowing him to force her gently back into her chair, when he seated himself beside her.

"My uncle," said he, "is not a marrying man; but *I* am."

It is needless to state that his companion grew all attention; she leaned forward gracefully, gazing into his face with a smile.

"I have not yet chosen my profession; my uncle wishes me to make a choice immediately. Now I have thought seriously of becoming a physician."

"Exactly, delightful, the very idea," murmured his listener.

"If I decide upon it, I had as soon, or rather, carry on my studies in this village, under the tutelage of your distinguished father, if he could be induced to accept a pupil—"

"He could—he would!"

"And it is well known that the first thing a young doctor must secure in order to obtain practice, is a *wife!*"

"There would be no difficulty about that," said Miss Araminta, eagerly.

"Would you be willing to pledge yourself, in case I studied under your father, to do your best to secure me a female partner as soon as I am ready to begin practice for myself?"

"I would, unhesitatingly. But why wait until you have finished your studies? If you had a home secured to you, and occupied the position of *a son* to some good physician, into whose extensive practice you could step immediately, your fortune, as you might say, would be made."

"Capital! what an excellent adviser you are, dear Miss—may I say, Araminta? Such a woman would be invaluable to an inexperienced young man. And now, I ask you only to wait until I consult my uncle. If he consents to my plan, I will call upon Dr. Brier to-morrow, and arrange for a beginning."

Emily, peeping through a crack of the library door, nearly betrayed herself by laughing at the irresistible and devoted air with which Stanley bent over the hand of the smiling Miss Brier, as he escorted her to the door.

"But," said that lady, turning upon him shortly, with a suspicious look, as she was about passing into the hall, "I supposed you were engaged to Miss Perkins, Mr. Griggs!"

"Engaged to that child! Is it possible you have so poor an opinion of my judgment? To be sure, my uncle *has* endeavored to make a match ("Oh, has he!" breathed Emily to herself) between us, but I won't be forced to marry a person I don't like, not if I lose every cent he intends to bestow on me."

"What a heart you have, Mr. Griggs! Such impassioned feelings, such high principles are—what's that?"

"I didn't hear anything."

"I thought I heard Emily Perkins giggle. Quite likely; she's none too dignified to be eaves-dropping. Give her my compliments, Mr. Griggs—and *be sure* to come round to-morrow. And, Oh dear! to-morrow afternoon our Fair and Festival comes off. It would be a great disappointment to the managers if your uncle should leave before that. Pray, persuade him to stay. We don't usually have our fair until September, and we've put it forward two months in your honor."

"It is an honor which we are deeply sensible of, I assure you (and shall pay dearly for,"

sotto voce). "Good-by, Miss Brier, good-by." We do not deny that it was very wicked for Mr. Stanley to bow out the old maid with an air which said everything—love, adoration, marriage, respect, reverence, were in that bow; it was the language of silence, more expressive than any words. He shouldn't have done it—he really shouldn't! but he did! And considering the imminent peril from which his beloved uncle was to be rescued, we must almost forgive him. So sensitive, so modest, so chivalrously honorable was Uncle Oliver, that there is little doubt he would have married Miss Brier rather than submit to be called, in open court, to defend a suit for breach-of-promise. Otherwise, he would have settled the affair, at the expense of half his fortune, if necessary; and as Stanley did not think that he ought to suffer to that extent for unwittingly consenting to sing "How shall I woo?" he exerted himself to defend that respected uncle to the last.

"O Stanley, what a naughty boy you are!" cried Emily, coming out of her retreat. "How *could* you! Oh dear! Mr. Griggs, Mr. Oliver Griggs, senior, do come down here and congratulate your nephew."

Hearing himself summoned, Mr. Griggs, who had seen, from behind his window-curtain, the departure of Miss Brier, cautiously ventured down, after a second glance to see that she was really outside the gate, and after locking the front door, to guard against surprises, went into the parlor to learn whether he was to meet Miss Brier with pistols, at six the next morning, prepare for a suit at law, or "skedaddle" (that's the word his nephew used) by the next train.

When he learned the present state of affairs, he went up stairs again, in high spirits, to put on his favorite waistcoat, and get a fresh pair of gloves, to make that long-deferred call. Mr. Stanley went along. Emily wanted him to take up her attention, so that Uncle Oliver would be at full liberty to make himself as agreeable to Selina as he chose.

Miss Serles was at home. We will only say that she looked as well as a sparkling brunette, in gay spirits, with a red dress, is apt to look; that she played the piano and sang duets with Mr. Griggs for over an hour, that their voices seemed made for singing duets together, and that when the visitors returned home to tea, Mr. Griggs, in his absence of mind, put salt in his raspberries, and said, "Black, with red ribbons," when Mrs. Perkins asked him how he'd take his tea.

The next day Stanley, who really had some idea of studying medicine (for the purpose of remaining in the same place with Emily) called on Dr. Brier, but without coming to any definite agreement, which he was not quite ready to enter into. Miss Brier, in anticipation of the festival, was content to let him off with a brief call. "But do come early; come in the afternoon. We shall have supper at the fair," she said.

When Mr. Griggs was ready for the festival, he examined his pocket-book. Taking out ten fives he gave them to Stanley, with the precept that if he wished to do his duty as a benevolent man and a supporter of our most glorious institutions, to accept no change. As for himself, he doubled the allowance. He knew that the ladies had taken advantage of there being two liberal strangers of easy means visiting Roseville to hurry forward their fair, in order to reap the advantage of this increase to their floating population; and he was too tender-hearted to disappoint them. A hundred and fifty dollars, he believed, would no more than reward them for their trouble in hurrying it up.

Mr. Griggs, so generous and susceptible, with so excellent a heart, was just the man to be popular at a fair. He was the lion of the occasion. Not Stanley himself received so much attention. And the good man was happy. He liked to do good. Selina Serles was there, presiding over a little table, at which he bought many things. Miss Brier was kind and dignified; she appeared to have forgiven him. He paid ten dollars for a doll, which he gave to a little girl whom he had never before seen; he took forty shares in the ring-cake, and got the ring, which he gave to Miss Selina; he purchased a pincushion, which he gave to Miss Brier, along with a pair of ottoman covers. He likewise bought a cradle-quilt, and looked around for a baby to give it to; but there were no babies present, and not knowing what else to do with it, he asked Emily if she wouldn't take it and give it to some of her matron friends. By the time that tea was over, and supper, and the hall had reached its most brilliant and crowded state, his allowance began to run so low that he regretted having limited himself to so inadequate a sum.

Of course there was a post-office; and to

that fact must be ascribed another misfortune which befell Mr. Griggs. He received, in the course of the evening, some thirty-five letters, for which he paid a quarter a piece. There was a table, with paper, pens, and ink, for those who wished to contribute to the office; a happy thought seized him, as he saw others writing at the table. Why would not this be the occasion of all occasions for making Miss Selina acquainted with his feelings towards her? It would. Since the catastrophe which resulted from his offering himself in person to Miss Perkins, he had felt that he should never summon courage to pass through the ordeal with another. Yes, he would write. Then, if she refused him, he could go away and bear it in silence. If she accepted, she had but to give him the hint, and he would be by her side in a moment. Propitious thought! He looked over to where she stood, so beautiful, so artless, so full of animation—she met his eye and smiled—enough! He sat down, and in five minutes had composed and written the following brief but explicit epistle:—

DEAREST SELINA: If this seems sudden or audacious, excuse it. I can no longer survive the fire of those eyes. For three days I have wished to speak, but had not the courage. It is because I adore you so deeply that I am too timid to address you personally. In short, I love you; and herewith make you an offer of my heart and hand. They are consigned to you, and I herewith send you the invoice. Please allow them storage, and send me word of your acceptance or rejection this evening. To prove that I am in earnest, and yours entirely, I sign my full name.

S. OLIVER GRIGGS.

He folded the note, placed it in an envelope, and was holding the pen in his hand, when Mrs. Bell, the widow of whom we have spoken, approached him, and laughingly dared him to tell her who he was writing to. Whereupon, the guilty man blushed, and the vivacious widow, who had laid aside mourning, and was looking very well in side-curls and a blue silk dress, began to coquet with him to the utmost of her full-blown powers, and so flattered, teazed him, and turned his head, and kept him so long from directing the letter, that when she finally passed by, and he went on with his delicious task—a sad accident occurred. Always absent-minded, Mr. Griggs was now confused by the double image of Selina in his heart and Mrs. Bell before his eyes; so that, quite unconscious of the fatal mistake, he directed the epistle to "Mrs. Bell."

No mistake could have been more likely to occur and none more disastrous in its consequences. However, for the present, the doomed man was unsuspicious of the truth; within half an hour he received a little note, which he retired to the most deserted corner to peruse. He dared not open it where curious eyes were upon him, for he was conscious that he should betray his emotions in his face. Who shall paint that effulgent countenance as it bent above the brief but exquisite assurance of his happiness?

DEAR MR. GRIGGS: The goods are received, and I assure you that I gladly acknowledge the receipt. How strange that we should both have been thinking of each other at the same time! Yet I feared that you did not admire me as much as I have you, since we first met. I shall be, after ten o'clock, in the little room where the coffee is made. *Au revoir.*

SELINA.

Mr. Griggs drew out his watch, it was five minutes past ten; yet there sat the bewitching Selina, at her little table selling bouquets, and looking as perfectly unconscious of having received and accepted an offer as anybody in the room. He could not but admire the perfect self-possession with which she hid her excitement from others. Except that the heat of the room had flushed her cheeks, and the pleasant nature of her duties had given a bright sparkle to her black eyes, there was nothing in her look or manner to betray what had transpired. Mr. Griggs gazed at her with silent adoration, admiring every smile and movement, with the fond admiration we bestow upon anything which is our own; but he began to wonder why she did not direct her steps to the coffee-room; finally resolving to go there himself, thinking that she might be waiting for him to set the example. Upon entering the room he found no one there but two or three ladies on duty, among whom was the Widow Bell. Several cups of coffee were immediately pressed upon him, of which he could accept but one. As he stood, sipping it, making an occasional remark to the ladies, and uneasily watching the door, the blooming widow managed to get very close to him, and as she pretended to be waiting upon him to a sandwich, whispered:—

"Dear Mr. Griggs, you can't think how much you surprised me!"

"Did I?" said he. "Bless me! I had no idea of it! how?"

"Why, you know how, of course. Oh, you want to pretend before all these people. But we can have a cosy chat at any time to-morrow you choose to say. I suppose you want to attend to invoicing those goods; he! he! what an idea, Mr. Griggs. So funny!" and the widow shook her fan at him while she gave him a melting glance.

"Do they invoice the things at a fancy fair?" inquired her companion, quite in the dark as to her meaning; but wondering how *she* should have said something so very near like what he was thinking about.

A bevy of young gentlemen coming in for their sixth cup of coffee, released Mr. Griggs from the trap he was in; despairing of Selina's keeping her appointment, he resolved to make his way to her table. Doubtless it was her bashfulness kept her away, thought the joyous lover as he approached her, expecting to see the tell-tale blush break forth in the presence of all; but a gay laugh and a saucy speech was what he received, at which he was almost equally pained and delighted. He admired her wit, but he was afraid she was coquetting with him. However, he took up his stand by her side, and there he stayed until she was ready to go home, when he gave her his arm, while Stanley went with Emily. As the girls came out of the ante-room, the Widow Bell, with her shawl and "cloud" on, looked out after them, giving a strange and doubting look, as the two gentlemen passed out with them to the street.

Uncle Oliver asked the engaged couple to wait on the porch for him, until he saw Miss Selina safely to her mother's door, which they promised to do. Under other circumstances they might have found the time rather long, for it was a full hour before he had accomplished that important undertaking; but as it was, they could not have told whether or not it had been over ten minutes.

Mr. Griggs returned in a dream of bliss. Not even after he had got into Stanley's bed instead of his own, with his stockings on and his nightcap off, and had closed his eyes, steadied his whirling brain, and tried to think of it calmly, could he realize the full splendor of his happiness. He snapped his fingers in the darkness, in utter scorn of the mitten which he had received not a week ago; that was evidently a master-stroke of fortune to place him at the height of his present bliss. For he was actually engaged. Actually. He had sealed the engagement on a pair of cherry lips. Selina, though at first confused, and acting curiously when he referred to the note he had written, had finally acknowledged that she thought she could be happy as his wife, and that he might come to-morrow and ask mamma how soon it should be. That night the brain of the sleeper was a gorgeous kaleidoscope in which revolved glittering phantoms of rings, and wreaths, and sparkling eyes.

A week of unalloyed felicity ensued. Selina's mamma had given her consent to a marriage in September; and Uncle Oliver, in the fulness of his own overrunning cup of bliss, had declared that his nephew should be married at the same time, and study his profession afterwards. In the meantime the negotiation with Dr. Brier was kept open, for the purpose of allaying any irritation of Miss Brier's sensibilities.

The Griggses still remained the guests of Judge Perkins. Just a week after the festival they were all, one day, gathered in the parlor, to examine the magnificent presents which Mr. Griggs, senior, had ordered from New York for his affianced. Selina was also there. As the casket of jewels was opened, revealing a costly necklace, brooch, ear-rings, and bracelet, set with pearls and a few diamonds, Selina felt that she had not sacrificed too much, in giving up her ideal, with the melancholy eyes and the black moustache. She gazed, through smiles and tears, with real fondness upon the dear, good man, whose own face shone like the sun at sight of her satisfaction.

At the moment of this happy family re-union it was that a visitor was announced, followed by the entrance of the Widow Bell.

"Mr. Griggs," said she, as soon as she was seated, turning to our unconscious friend, "I have sought you here, in the midst of your friends, to see what explanation you have to offer for your ungentlemanly conduct."

"Explanations to offer for my conduct?"

"Yes, sir. Has it been your practise, in the course of your travels, after having got a footing in community by your understood respectability, to play upon the feelings of females?"

"Play upon the feelings of females?"

"I wish you wouldn't repeat me so, Mr. Griggs," cried the widow, bursting into tears.

"You've used me awfully, and you know it!"

The sight of those tears quite unmanned their innocent author. He sank into a chair, the sweat breaking out on his round forehead, his nose crimson, and he looking ready to cry for company.

"For heaven's sake, my dear lady," he gasped, "what have I done?"

"Didn't you write to me, the night of the festival, that you adored me, plainly asking me to marry you? and after I'd given my written promise that I would, here you've never come near me this whole blessed week; but kept me looking out the window after you while you were making yourself agreeable to other women!"

"No, bless me! I never did any such thing!"

"Oh, sir, then it was *you!*" asked the widow, wiping her eyes, and turning to Stanley in a mixed mood, ready to be governed by what he had to say, hope and fear alternating in her look.

"It was impossible that I should have done such a thing, madam; I have been engaged some time to the young lady you see by my side; and, not even in sport, would I have written to any one else."

"Well, there's one thing certain; said the widow, resolutely. "I'm engaged to one of these gentlemen, I don't know which. I supposed it was the elder. Here's the letter to prove it. Will you have the face to deny it, when it's written here in white and black? Look for yourself, judge; you're a lawyer, and know how much that letter is worth. Its signed S. Oliver Griggs plain enough, which ever one of the two it may be."

"Why, uncle, this is your handwriting, sure enough," cried Stanley, looking at the envelope. He and the judge opened the letter and read it together, both looking puzzled and grave.

"Why, bless me, I recollect now! bless me! let me look at the envelope! Yes, that's it. Oh, what a fool I was!" groaned the perplexed bachelor. "Mrs. Bell, can it be possible that your name, too, is Selina?"

"*It is*—as you seem to have very well known, sir."

"No, I didn't know it, no more than the man in the moon. How could I dream that there were *two* Selinas? For me, there is but one! Mrs. Bell, I beg your pardon—I do most humbly beg your pardon. That letter which you received was intended for another. You remember, that when I was writing it, you came along and spoke to me. I must have misdirected the letter. Oh dear! Yes, I assure you that was it. It was never meant for you. I never would have presumed to address you upon so brief an acquaintance. I've always been absent-minded—but this is the most mortifying evidence of it which has over occurred. I sincerely beg your pardon; I do, indeed!" and his eyes watered.

"I don't believe a word of your story. It don't sound reasonable. Mistake, indeed! and this is all the satisfaction I am to have! But, fortunately, if I am a lonely widow, I've a brother large enough to punish such trifling. You may expect to hear from him!"

She was fairly pale with anger when she left the room. Mr. Griggs walked up and down very much disconcerted by the awkward mistake he had committed—on the widow's account, not his own. Selina was ready to cry from fright; she assured her lover that Mrs. Bell's brother was the greatest fighter in the village, a savage, burly fellow, who always knocked a man down who gave him the least offence. Mr. Griggs was visibly affected by this information; he grew pale and thoughtful, walking the room reflectively, while Selina sat, secretly admiring her bridal jewels and thinking how horrible it would be if her lover should get a black eye, and perhaps have to have the wedding delayed on account of it—for she was sure she could never bring herself to have the ceremony performed should the bridegroom have a bunged eye or a swelled face.

"Never mind," said the judge, good-naturedly, seeing the silent tribulation in which his excellent guest was involved, "if we hear any more of the matter, I'll speak to the fellow myself, explain matters, and apologize. I'm certain that I'll make it all right."

"Thank you!" exclaimed his visitor, squeezing his hand gratefully, "and tell him that I've always been absent-minded, ever since I can recollect. Tell him that once I mortally offended a middle-aged maiden lady by asking her how her children were—that I'm always committing blunders—that I'm sorry, extremely sorry—that sometimes I retire in my dress coat and go to breakfast in my nightcap," continued the poor man, clinging to the judge's hand in the ardor of

his regret and the eagerness of his excuses, forgetting that he wished to conceal the unpoetical fact of his wearing a cap at night.

"And in the meantime, uncle, you shall have me for body-guard whenever you walk abroad. I 'm not afraid of this 'big brother.' If he attempts to injure you, my dear uncle, it 'll be the worse for him."

Here there was a great excitement again; Miss Emily didn't want her beau to be running any risks, assuring him that Mrs. Bell's relative was as ferocious as a tiger and powerful as two Heenans; but Stanley had learned boxing on the college grounds; he had plenty of nerve and sinew, if he was rather slender, and as for his courage, it was sufficient to awaken the admiration of the softer sex. He avowed his determination to watch over and protect his guardian, at any peril to himself. After this the little party regained its equanimity, all but Mr. Griggs, who, absent-minded as he was, could not wholly banish the idea of the "big brother." It was not that he was lacking in mental or moral courage; these rose to the sublimest pitch, as he contemplated the difficulty, but a man, short of stature and of breath, fat, and totally unacquainted with the arts of self-defence, might well be deficient in that physical courage necessary to meet calmly such an emergency.

Well, several days slipped along. Uncle Oliver did not dare to venture any distance, unless accompanied by his nephew; in fact, he was not even free to traverse the brief journey between Mrs. Perkins and the house of his betrothed, without some thrills of fear. He always paused at the gate and carefully reconnoitred the street, before venturing upon the walk—if he saw no one of suspicious appearance, he stepped out and walked briskly over, flourishing his gold-headed cane in an apparently careless manner; while, if any large man, with whose countenance he was not familiar, was visible in any direction, he lingered on the lawn, pretending to be engrossed in the shrubbery, until the stranger passed out of sight.

During these days there was a change going on in the public sentiment of Roseville. Mrs. Bell's brother had gone about, talking largely at the street-corners—report even said that he was known to constantly carry a horse-whip—the mention of which before the Griggses made the elder turn pale, and the younger one red. Mrs. Bell had displayed the letter to a host of sympathizing friends; hearing which, and not liking the turn the medical student was taking, Miss Brier came forth with the tale of her grievances. Yes! it was very apparent that the good people of Roseville had been harboring a viper in their hospitable bosom. Not even the handsome amount by which Mr. Griggs had swelled the annual sum produced by the festival, could save him from universal condemnation. There were no more parties made for the distinguished strangers; nobody asked them to tea; and prudent mothers wondered what Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Serles *could* be thinking of! Those ladies were almost snubbed, as they went shopping, or came out of church, by the mammas of the disappointed maidens who had gone to the expense of parties in vain.

"To be so ready to snap up strangers, whom they know nothing about! Just wait! they 'd get bitten in return—only wait!" thus totally ignoring the fact that Mr. Griggs' antecedents were well known to all, and his respectability perfectly unimpeachable.

"To engage himself to *three* different ladies in less 'n ten days!" Appearances were, indeed, very much against the man, who would have perished in single-blessedness, before he would have been guilty of such conduct.

Emily and Selina, making up their handsome wedding-clothes, didn't care much for this; Stanley laughed at it as a good joke; but Uncle Oliver, despite his overflowing happiness, was sometimes oppressed with a presentiment of evil.

This presentiment was fated to be verified. Going, one afternoon, with a new piece of music across the street, to practise with his betrothed, a man stepped suddenly out from behind the trunk of a large tree on the opposite side of the way, and laid hold of Mr. Griggs' coat-collar, before he had time to be astonished. With a superhuman effort the victim of this cowardly attack broke away, and flew as fast as his feet would carry him towards Mrs. Serles' door; but just as he reached the step—while the haven of safety seemed already to open to him—his savage pursuer overtook him, and with a dexterous movement of his foot threw him down, as he was ascending the step. Mr. Griggs could never have arisen in the world, with the foot of his adversary planted in the small of his back. The horse-

whip was already flourishing in air; his fate would have been humiliating and dreadful to the last degree, had not Selina, who had seen the whole affair from the window, hastened to his rescue. Catching up an umbrella which stood in the hall, she flung open the door, and zealously thrust the sharp end of the weapon into the face of the fellow, with so much force, and such danger to his eyes, that he incontinently let go his hold and drew back, which fortunate moment Mr. Griggs improved, by scrambling on all fours into the hall, when Selina closed and locked the door.

Having now conquered the enemy, she took an observation of her lover, screaming with alarm when she perceived him covered with blood; but he calmed her by assuring her it was nothing but the nose-blood which had resulted from that organ coming in contact with the door-sill, when he was tripped up. A basin of water and a napkin soon set his face to rights, except that his nose was enormously swollen; but the duet had to be resigned for that day; and as soon as he was positive, by keeping watch, that his assailant had retreated far down the village street, he returned home to change his soiled waistcoat and linen.

When Stanley, seeing him return in this plight, got an explanation of the matter, he immediately buttoned up his coat and went down town, in spite of the remonstrances of the uncle. He returned, in about an hour, looking pale and tired, but in excellent spirits. The family soon learned, through others, that he had given Mrs. Bell's big brother a drubbing that would keep him in bed a week.

The end of the whole matter was, that the affair raised a great hue and cry in the village; and that Mrs. Serles, being a weak-minded woman, unable to resist the storm of public sentiment, told Selina she must not marry Mr. Griggs, and that her dutiful daughter, sobbing tragically over the jewels and other fine presents which honor obliged her to return, did them all up in a package, and returned them by proxy, with a little note of dismissal, to her astonished lover.

The next day Mr. Griggs shook off the dust of Roseville from his feet. He was so utterly cast down by this last disappointment, that Stanley felt it to be his duty to abandon Emily for the present, and accompany him, until he was settled in some comfortable summer-retreat.

"I'll go back to Mrs. Boardman's," said Mr. Griggs, despondingly, "and never leave there again. I'll avoid women after this, as I would the yellow fever. There 's no making anything of them. You can't help getting engaged to those you don't want to, and you can't get engaged to those you do." And leaning back in his seat in the cars, with a deep sigh, the warm weather, and the steady rumble of the wheels, soon caused him to forget his grief and mortification in sleep.

"LONG AGO."

BY M. W. G.

I 've been dreaming of my childhood,
And my happy cottage home—
Of the streamlet and the wildwood
Where my footsteps loved to roam;
And the schoolhouse by the wayside,
Beneath the walnut tree,
Where every day at noontide
I played so full of glee.
And though vain regrets are banished,
Yet the tears unbidden flow,
For my childhood years have vanished
In the far off "long ago."

And now my dreams are laden
With a vision fair to see,
I am dreaming of the maiden
Whose love was given to me;
To her my troth was plighted
In youthful love and pride,
But soon my bliss was blighted—
My darling Mary died;
So now I'm old and lonely,
My step is sad and slow,
For I still love Mary only
As I loved her "long ago."

And thus an old man's dreaming
With grief is overcast,
For his thoughts are ever teeming
With memories of the past;
If this be found repining,
The sin may God forgive—
His mercy on me shining,
I still can wait and live;
For I know that "time is fleeting,"
And will, in its ceaseless flow,
Bear me onward to the meeting
With the friends of "long ago."

—We spend the present in lamenting the lost happiness of the past, and while we do so the present becomes the past, to be in its turn lamented.

—The smallest and most contemptible object that is near us obscures the most noble which lies beyond.

THE FAMILY DRAWING MASTER.*

IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS.

[The following article is the first of a series on the elements of drawing, which, simple and unpretending as they seem, are excellent on many accounts. The principles of drawing are correctly and scientifically taught, and by simplifying and repeating the instruction, they are indelibly impressed on the memory. We know persons who call themselves artists, and actually get money for their drawings, who, from ignorance of the principles taught in these lessons, are perpetually making the most disgraceful blunders in perspective. Parents may rest assured that what their children learn, from practising the lessons of our "Family Drawing-Master," will be sound and correct.—Editor.]

Ion. Papa, will you please to tell me some of the uses of Drawing?

P. Yes, Ion. Suppose I had just invented the steam-engine, and wanted to give you an idea of all the machinery inside. Well! If I could not draw, I must sit down and write a long account of every little part.

Ion. And then, perhaps, I should not understand it.

P. But if I had *drawn* each part by itself on a piece of paper, and then had drawn the whole of it?

Ion. Then I should have understood it much better, for I should have seen it with my eyes.

W. Yes, he would have seen it with the eye in *his body*, but from your "description," he would have to see with the eye of his mind—his *mind's eye*.

L. He would make an image in his mind—that is called "imagination," I suppose.

P. And if I had wanted to send my description of this wonderful thing to all the nations in the world, I should have to write it in French, German, Persian, Sanscrit, Chinese, and many other languages; but, the drawing—

Ion. It would be understood by all people, without being translated.

L. I could never remember the position or size of countries, without a map of the world. If I learn about countries "out of book," I forget them; but when I see the places on the map, I can remember them easily.

W. So drawing helps your memory.

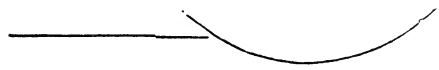
P. And then, again, if I wanted the people at Brussels to make me a carpet, exactly the pattern of this one, I should write and say, "Make me a very curly scroll, with two flowers sticking out on the right side, one growing from the middle, and half a dozen sprigs at the end."

Ion. Oh, of course! They could not understand: they must have a pattern.

P. No, they could not imagine it correctly. You will find, as you proceed, that drawing and painting have even higher uses. We will begin to-day with a lesson on lines.

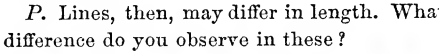
LINES.

P. What is the difference between these two lines?



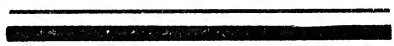
W. One is straight, and the other is bent.

P. You should say curved—not bent. We shall first talk about straight lines; they may differ in many ways. Look at these.



W. I see a difference: one is long, and the other is short.

P. Lines, then, may differ in length. What difference do you observe in these?



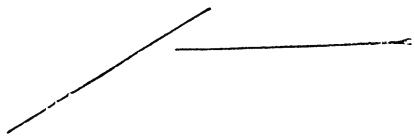
Ion. One is broader than the other—they differ in breadth.

P. Look at these two lines.

L. They are of the same length and breadth.

W. I see. One is darker than the other. They differ in "shade."

P. Here are two lines exactly alike, and yet they differ.



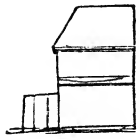
W. How can that be? They are of the some length, breadth, and shade.

L. There is no difference in the lines themselves, but they have different directions.

* Published in the Lady's Book, in 1857. Since that time we have been repeatedly requested to issue it in book form. We republish it in the Lady's Book, as the only way in which it can reach our many new readers.

Ion. Then we will say that they differ in directions.

P. Can you tell me a difference in the three dark lines in this drawing of a shed? They



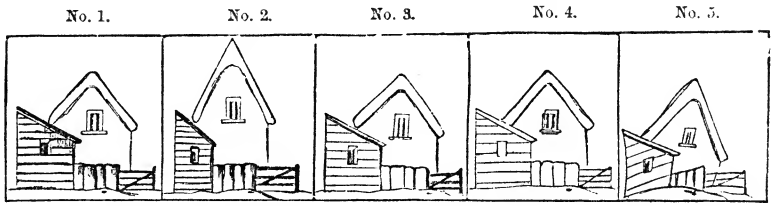
have the same length, breadth, shade, and direction.

L. I can. Their direction is the same, but they are in different parts of the picture. One is near the top, the other is in the middle (no, nearly so), and the other at the bottom. They differ in their position.

W. What a number of differences! I will say them. Lines may differ (1) in length, (2) in breadth, (3) in shade, (4) in direction, and (5) in position.

P. Let us see, now, how necessary it is to attend to these things. In order to make you understand their importance, I have made five little drawings.

In No. 1, all the lines are correct. The



house is drawn with light lines, because it is further off than the shed; or, as an artist would say, in the "background."

L. And I suppose that the shed and palings are drawn with dark lines, because they are nearer—in the front-ground.

P. Yes. But if you want to use an artist's word, say "foreground." What is the matter with No. 2?

W. The lines are of the wrong length. Oh, look at the house! How much taller it has grown, and the poor shed is too thin—too narrow, I mean.

P. And in No. 3?

Ion. The lines are not of the right shade. They are all alike, and the house appears to be quite as near as the shed.

P. Look at No. 4?

L. The lines are not right in breadth. The background lines are too broad, and the house appears to be nearer than the shed.

P. And in No. 5?

W. They are all wrong together; they are falling in the wrong direction.

P. Now let us say the lesson.

LESSON NO. 1.—Lines.

In making a line, we must be careful that it has the right length, breadth, shade, direction, and position.

W. And that is a great deal to remember. How very slowly I shall make my lines! I shall have to ask each one five questions.

P. That will be quite right, Willie. In drawing, if you want to improve quickly, you must work slowly; and it is so with everything else.

SERVANTS.

BY AUGUSTA H. WORTHEN.

When, in the process of making morning calls, several ladies, not intimately known to each other, chance to meet at the house of a mutual friend, it sometimes happens that there is not a ready and easy flow of conversation. There may be in each lady's mind some subject in which she is herself interested, but not feeling quite sure of the sympathy of the others, she hesitates about mentioning it, and so after the first ordinary greetings are over, an awkward, uncomfortable constraint rests upon all. In this emergency, what do you suppose the hostess sometimes does? Knowing well, that in doing it, she is sure to interest the majority, if not the whole of her guests, she proceeds to introduce her servant girl for their entertainment. You are surprised at this statement; you doubt the truth of it, or at least you would like to know what can possibly be the nature of the entertainment which an ignorant, low-bred girl, can offer to well-educated ladies. Your mind reverts, perhaps, to the Oriental custom of introducing dancing girls for the amusement

of guests; but surely, in this country, working girls are not expected thus uselessly and absurdly to display their agility; of course not, still, the entertainment I speak of is none the less agreeable. It is more than that, it is exciting, for no sooner is the servant introduced, than the conversation flows like a river. All the ladies become animated. Even the dullest have something to say. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that the last mentioned are the very persons who, on these occasions, seem the most deeply interested. Such as in ordinary conversation are not especially gifted; who having but a small stock of ideas on hand are not in haste to dispose of them, or even to exchange them for others of a newer pattern; such, I say, are the very persons who, under the stimulus of this excitement, will soonest lay aside all reserve, and become fluent talkers. Nor are they satisfied with being *partakers* merely, of the general amusement; they must be *promoters* also. For if the servant who is first introduced becomes exhausted, so that no more entertainment can be got out of her, and they are obliged to let her rest, another and then another lady will summon hither her own, and so the diversion goes on. Very seldom are the creatures dismissed till it is time for the mistresses to utter their parting compliments to each other.

But who, meantime, has been cooking the dinner? Well, I suppose that each lady's servant is ready to say that she has been doing it. She will also be likely to affirm that she has been doing no other thing; and she thinks she tells the truth. The fact is, she is entirely unaware of the double life she leads. She is a sort of unconscious clairvoyant, and when summoned to the parlor, for the entertainment of her mistress's guests, she enters upon her "superior condition," of which she, in her normal state among the flesh pots, knows nothing. She thinks she is hired merely to perform the kitchen drudgery, and never once suspects the higher and nobler use she is daily put to. Those richly dressed, gay looking ladies, whose ring at the door-bell she answered in such hot haste, how can she imagine that they should be so hard pressed for entertainment that they would be made happy by a rehearsal of her own insignificant misdoings and short-comings? The smooth-voiced inquiry, "Have you good help?" was of course delayed till she was out of hearing, and she did not see the solemn shake of the head, the dismal lengthening of feature, the martyr-like look, with which her mistress preluded her response. If she had been thus privileged, if she had heard the tale of grievances which followed, I am inclined to think that she, in her ignorant unconsciousness of any evil intent, would have failed to recognize herself in the picture thus maliciously drawn. Why should she suppose that the mistress whom she serves to the best of her awkward ability, can find any pleasure in holding her up to general reprobation? Living, moving, and, as far as her own consciousness can warrant her in affirming it, having her being among the steams and scents of that kitchen, how can she imagine that she is at the same time an object of such especially malignant interest to her betters in the parlor? That her blunders are laughed at, her failings magnified and multiplied, till her poor homely virtues are quite lost sight of!

What seems very remarkable is, that although the ladies so seldom find anything to commend, they never seem to grow weary of criticizing a servant. They turn her round and round, and look at her in all sorts of cross lights, so that if there be spot or blemish in her they never fail to discern it, and give each other the benefit of their discoveries. Thus the joy of one becomes the joy of all. But, ladies, if you feel that, without this stimulus, female gatherings would be flat, tame affairs, if you cannot possibly forego the privilege of slandering your servants, if you *will* thus make them serve a double purpose, ought you not, in common honesty, to give them double pay?

Perhaps some lady may seek to justify herself by saying that since the servant is kept in ignorance of the severe criticism her actions undergo, her sensibilities (if it be conceded that she have any) are not wounded, and so no harm is done. There is always harm in evil speaking. Even if it be not the result of "malice aforethought," it seldom fails to produce in the speaker a feeling of increased hostility toward the object of her uncharitable strictures; and this feeling will certainly show itself in her intercourse with her. Half blinded by selfishness though the mistress may be, she has yet a dim perception that there is a degree of meanness in thus exposing the errors of one who has no opportunity to defend herself; but in her attempts at self-justifica-

tion she is scarcely conscious how zealously and diligently she seeks for proof of the existence of faults which she, upon mere supposition, has laid to her charge.

I wonder much that ladies of taste and education can find no better occupation than this; I wonder more, that women who seem to be good, affectionate wives, and tender mothers, can speak so unkindly of those who eat of their bread, and drink of their cup, and dwell beneath their roof. Perhaps the ladies may urge in defence that they speak thus freely, not from any evil intent toward the servants, but that they may obtain from each other the consolation of sympathy under their manifold trials. But when their own children, whose errors must surely grieve them much more, when *they* go astray, do they take every opportunity to make it known to any who have patience to hear? On the contrary, do they not willingly deny themselves the consolations of sympathy for the sake of hiding the faults of those they love?

It has been asserted, and I do not know that the contrary has ever been proved, to the satisfaction of the other sex, that all women have a propensity to scandal. Is not this evil speaking of servants a safe and convenient way of gratifying this propensity? We can never wholly and heartily enjoy ourselves while traducing our equals and neighbors; the operation is always attended with more or less of fear, lest the powerful friend whose regard we do not really wish to forfeit, or whose resentment we would not willingly incur, may hear of our indiscretion, and cause us to suffer for it. But when engaged in speaking ill of our servants, we experience a freedom, a fulness of enjoyment, which is never felt when we select a victim from any other class. No lingering doubt of our own safety remains to put a check upon our imaginations, or clip the wings of our rhetoric. There is not the slightest danger of our being called to account for what we say. Among all the transgressions which these obnoxious persons are ever guilty of, I have observed that there is none which causes such general distress among mistresses, as a failure on the part of the servant to "know her place." A little negligence, or incapacity, or even a few wilful errors the lady can tolerate, but any forgetfulness of the vast difference between her own position and that of her handmaid, not at all. So strenuously does she insist on her right to respect on account of her position, so jealous is she of *prerogative*, that like the ill-advised Charles I. of England, she seems resolved to maintain it though she lose her head for it. Her sensitiveness on this point leaves her completely at the mercy of her servant, who, if she possess a common degree of shrewdness, will not be slow to understand that she has it in her power to drive her mistress half distracted any day of her life. Why is the lady thus irritated and mortified at a lack of respect from her subordinate? Does something whisper to her, that, if she is not respected in her superior position, she certainly could not be out of it, and therefore there is in herself a want of those qualities which under all circumstances command respect? Is not her very jealousy a humiliating acknowledgment that in her position lies her only claim to respect? Such a woman, in society, as well as in her own household, is neither more nor less than what is termed in geometry "a point," which "has neither length, breadth, nor thickness, but position only."

The mistress who is greatly pleased with the appearance of extreme submissiveness on the part of a servant, is not wise. Cringing, fawning servility, never accompanies real capability and trustworthiness, though sometimes craftily offered, and foolishly accepted instead of it. Since one servant in a family has power to cause so much disquietude, we might naturally conclude that two or three, or half a dozen, would produce such a state of things that the mistress might as well abdicate at once, or die. In actual life, however, the reverse of this occurs; for it is noticeable that ladies at the head of a large establishment seldom have any complaints to make. This, however, does not destroy, but rather strengthens my conviction that the weaker, as well as the stronger sex, love power, and love the manifestations of it. In the case of the last mentioned class, the certainty and reality of dominion being already made manifest by the established fact of possessing so large an empire, the ladies do not feel compelled to be constantly on the alert, to convince themselves and others that they have any authority. Perhaps, also, from having an opportunity to compare two or three together, and perceiving a difference, at least in degrees of depravity, they sensibly conclude that servants are not, merely from a necessity

of their condition as servants, wholly and absolutely bad.

Some ladies, either because they fear they shall not sleep well unless they have done a little mischief, or because they are determined their husbands shall know the full extent of their trials, are wont to rehearse at the tea table the story of the servant's misdoings through the day. On such occasions, I have sometimes watched the husband, and though he is cautiously non-committal in reply, I fancy I have interpreted him aright. He knows, to his sorrow, that his wife is sometimes a little hard to please, and his conscience tells him he owes a debt of gratitude and sympathy to the humble personage who, during so many hours of the day, stands between himself and her irritability. But he seldom ventures upon any attempt at palliation of the conduct of the offender. He has tried that experiment a few times, and found it unsafe. Yet he is, in truth, tired of these ever recurring complaints, and he longs, *Oh* how earnestly, for that famed "lodge" in the wilderness, which so many different lodgers have Oh'd for, that it seems the proprietor will never get a responsible tenant. Yes, even in his own handsome, comfortable apartment, there rises up before his mind's eye a pleasant picture of a snow hut, far up in the icy North. He sees Mr. Esquimaux coming home bringing his piece of slaughtered seal, and notes the cheerful alacrity with which Mrs. Esquimaux whisks it into the dinner pot, and then lights the lamp beneath it. She, having no servant to quarrel with, or to quarrel about, is always pleasant and companionable. I wonder if any lady expects to raise herself in the estimation of her husband by constantly impressing upon him the fact of her inability to govern her household; for certainly these complaints amount to a confession of incompetency. If a body of soldiers show a lack of discipline, who is censured but the commanding officer? Ladies, if you have failed to make your households what you wish, do not spoil your credit by going about to proclaim your defeats. Your task may be difficult; you may have a tough subject to work upon; your material may be intrinsically originally poor, or it may have been made poor by mismanagement; but see first that no part of the difficulty is owing to your want of self-control. Remember that servants, equally with yourself, are objects of God's protecting love and care; that in dealing with them, as well as your rich neighbor, you must obey the precept, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

LOVE AND BE HAPPY.

It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is only another name for love, for where love exists in a household there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for its close companion; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom quoted is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry, and do battle with the enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings, search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss, will often open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

THOU ART GOING.

BY NETTIE.

Thou art going, and leave no parting token;
Fast my burning tear-drops flow;
One farewell word, though coldly spoken,
Would break this torturing chain of woe.

No longer with chill silence grieve me,
Speak once again, kindly and low;
In thoughts of anger do not leave me,
Speak kindly to me ere you go.

If with thoughtless words I grieve thee,
Think not my love for thee is o'er;
Friend of my heart, Oh do not leave me
Till, whispering, you forgive once more.

Coldly from my gaze thou 'rt turning,
To eyes that brighter beam in thine;
But her soul's worship is not burning
With the fond idolatry of mine.

Going, forever, without knowing
This torturing pain I cannot tell,
Going, O grief—forever going,
Without one word, one kind farewell!

NOVELTIES FOR MARCH.

PALETOTS, WRAPS, HEADDRESSES, COLLARS, SLEEVES, APRONS, ETC. ETC.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.—Paletot for a little girl. It is made of light cloth, trimmed with a bright blue bias silk.

Fig. 2.—The Ione wrap. Fancy silk wrap, suitable for a miss. The yoke is trimmed with rows of fancy braid.

Fig. 2.

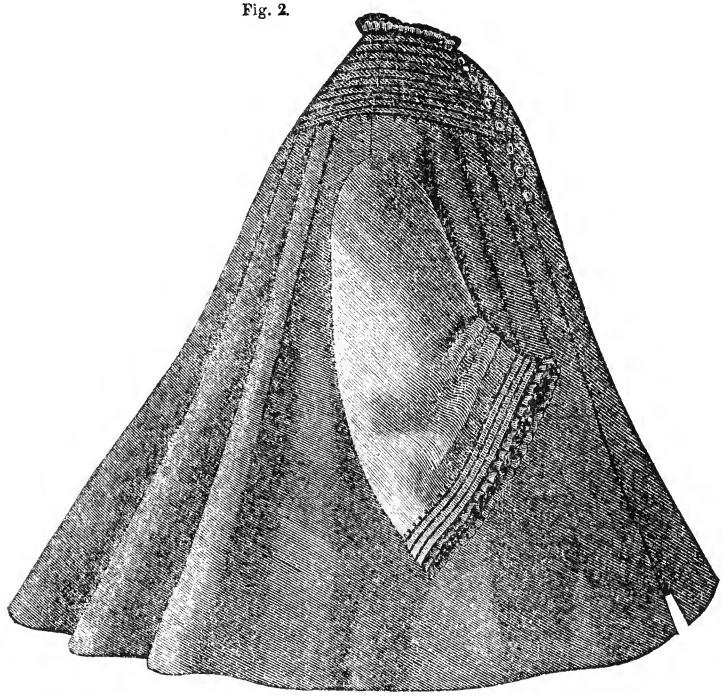


Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Figs. 3 and 4.—The Ione paletot. (*Front and back view.*) Suitable for a young lady. It is made of either cloth or silk, and braided with black braid.

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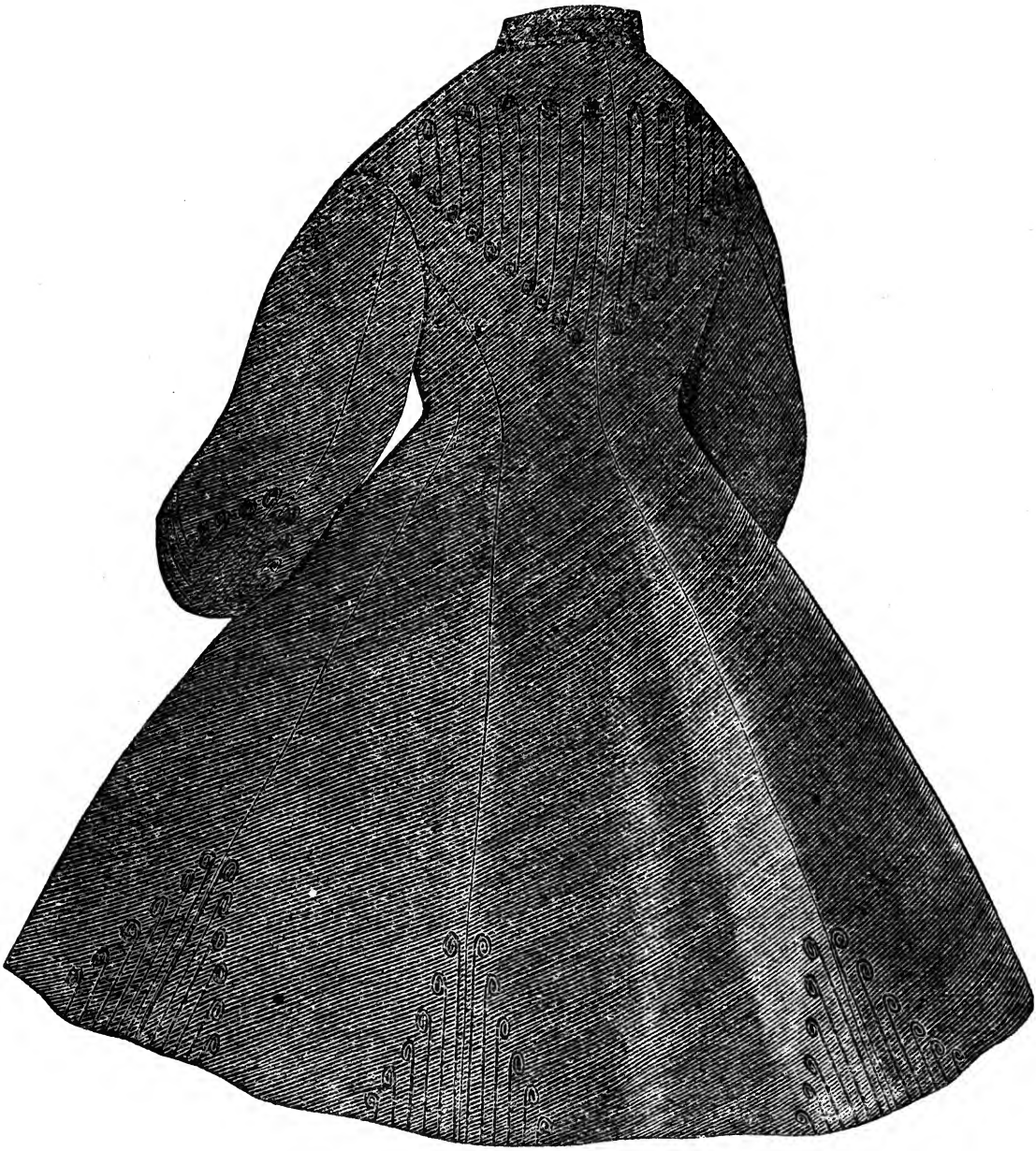


ung lady. It is made of either cloth or silk, and braided with black braid.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

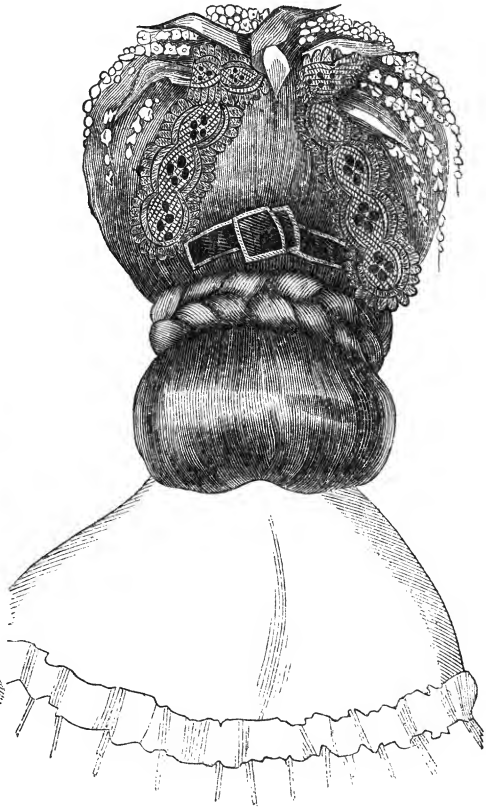


Fig. 5.—The Clarissa coiffure. The hair is rolled off the face in front, and the ends braided. The back hair is arranged in a large bow, very low on the neck, and covered with a net. The ornaments are peacock feathers.

Fig. 6.—The Morny headdress. The hair is rolled over a cushion in front, and arranged in a waterfall at the back, round which is twisted a heavy plait. The comb is of black velvet and gilt. The coiffure is composed of a black barbe and lilies of the valley.

Figs. 7, 8, and 9.—Morning collar, with two styles of sleeves suitable to wear with it. They are made of linen, ornamented with thick embroidery.

Fig. 7.

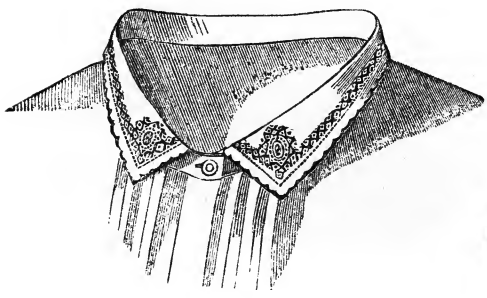


Fig. 8.

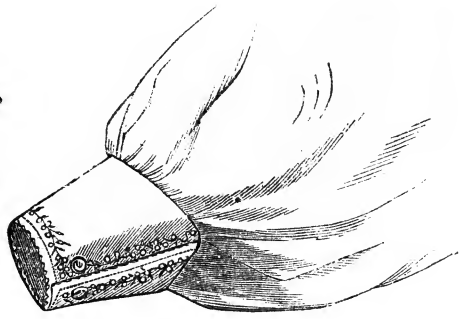


Fig. 10.—Latest style of morning sleeve. The cuff is of linen, embroidered and caught together with three fancy buttons.

Fig. 9.

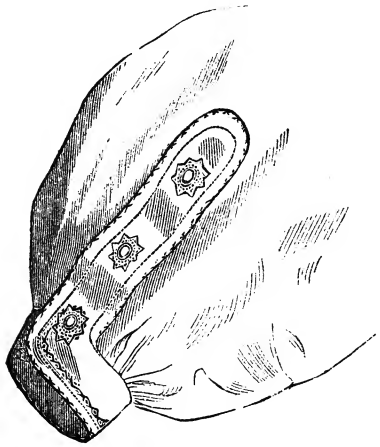


Fig. 10.

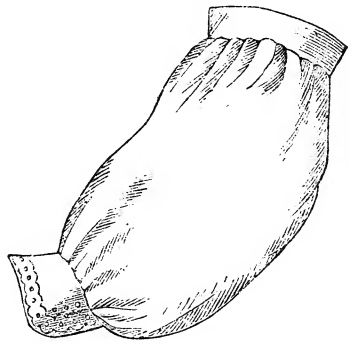


Fig. 11.—Fancy apron. This apron is composed of very rich black silk, trimmed with narrow ruffles of pinked black silk. It then has an insertion of black lace laid over white silk. This is edged with three more pinked ruffles, and the bottom of the apron is finished by a rich thread lace.

Fig. 11.

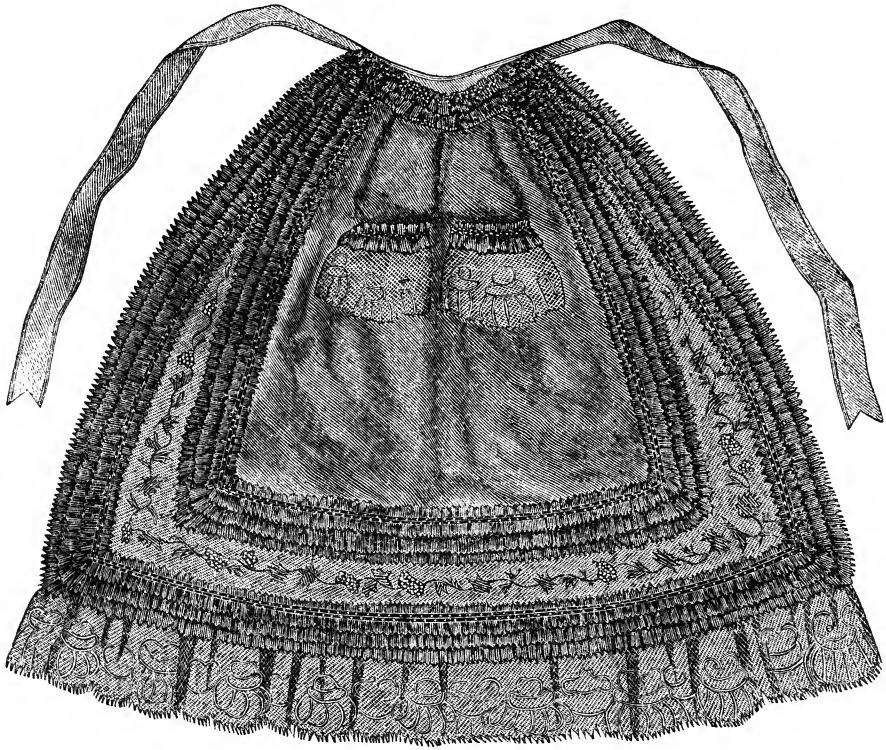


Fig. 12.—Fancy sack for an invalid. It is made of fine muslin, ornamented with rows of insertion.

Fig. 13.—Little Red Riding Hood.

Fig. 12.

Fig. 13.

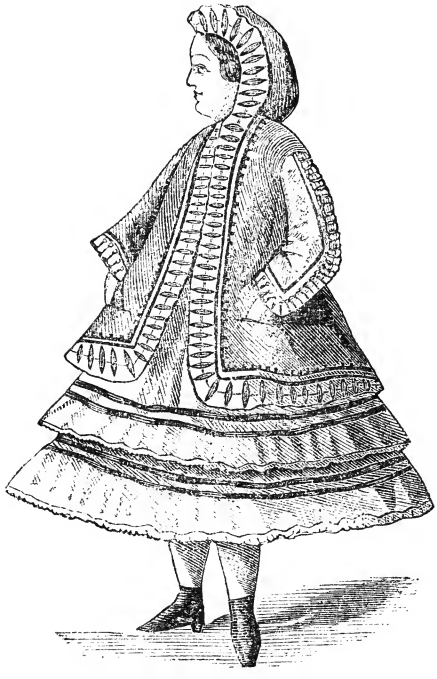


Fig. 14.

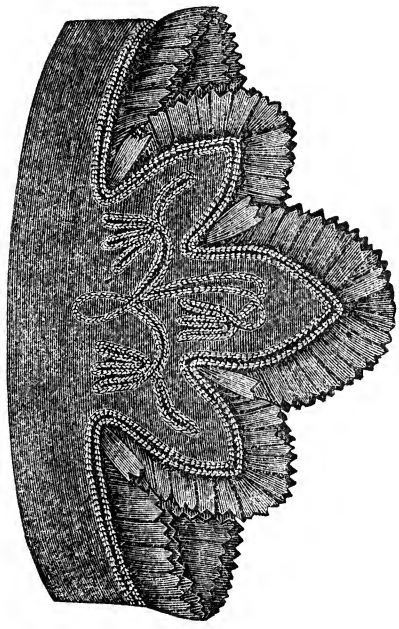


Fig. 14.—Fancy girdle.

Fig. 15.

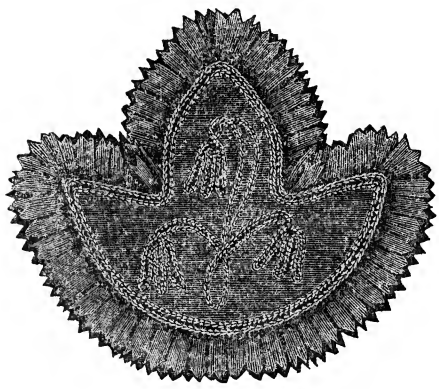


Fig. 15.—Epaulet to match the girdle.

THE ART OF MAKING FEATHER FLOWERS.

A VERY simple, cheap, yet beautiful art may be described a follows:—

Take of geese and duck feathers, the finest and smoothest, and those which have small stems, either long and slender or short, both sizes are required. With a very fine-pointed pair of sharp scissors cut out leaves of any desired shape, and notch the edges, notch one side first, then the leaf, and do the other side, commencing always at the lower part of the leaf. Cut the petals of any flower desired according to nature. Select the most delicate feathers to make curled flowers, which are *never* painted. They are curled by drawing the scissors quickly under the wrong side of the leaf from the lower part to the tip.

To paint the leaves, procure dry paint of any hue of green desired. Paris green is mostly used. Take a small quantity of balsam of fir, and mix your paint in it thoroughly, then thin with a little alcohol. Take one of the stiffest of the feathers, or a very small bristle brush, and holding the leaf by the stem, paint it and lay it on paper to dry where there is no wind nor dust, laying it down in such a manner that the paint will not adhere to the paper. When *perfectly* dry, take fine, soft wire for the stems, cutting off the most of the feather stem. Insert the wire at the lower part of the leaf, winding it finely. Then select green tissue paper to suit the color of the paint, and wrap the wire stem in the same manner as for wax flowers.

Prepare all the colors used for painting in the same manner as the green, with fir and alcohol. The colors must all be fine, dry paint, and are: Rose madder, for pink; for blue, ultramarine; for yellow, gamboge; for scarlet, carmine. Taste might govern the choice of colors.

The stamens can be made of feathers, but the process is troublesome and tedious. It is more profitable to purchase those used for wax flowers.

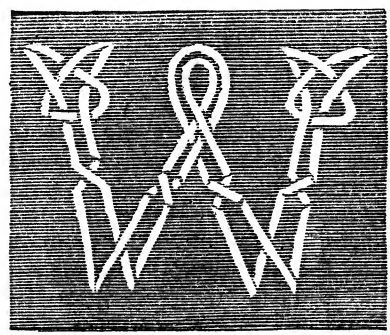
To form the flowers, take a piece of beeswax, and bending the end of a wire of suitable size, soften it and place it on the bent end. Take the stamens first and press them with the finger into the wax, next the smallest of the petals in the same manner, then the next larger size, and so on until all are pressed into shape. Then take the tissue paper and wrap firmly in the same manner as the leaves.

When all the flowers and leaves are wrapped, proceed to arrange them, and secure them as desired by twisting each wire around one supporting wire which has been previously wrapped for the purpose. Small wreaths and bouquets for children's hats and bonnets can be made by ladies in the country. The brown and gray duck feathers mingled with others and unpainted, are very pretty for this purpose, especially when curled.

Sprays can be mingled with the flowers, by cutting off the edges of long, slender feathers and tearing off a fibre, painting it and twisting it in the fingers previous to drying.

This style of work is better adapted to the imitation of French artificials, than to natural flowers, as any color can be used, natural or otherwise. They are also adapted to the decoration of baskets, bird-cages, etc.

INITIAL MONOGRAM.



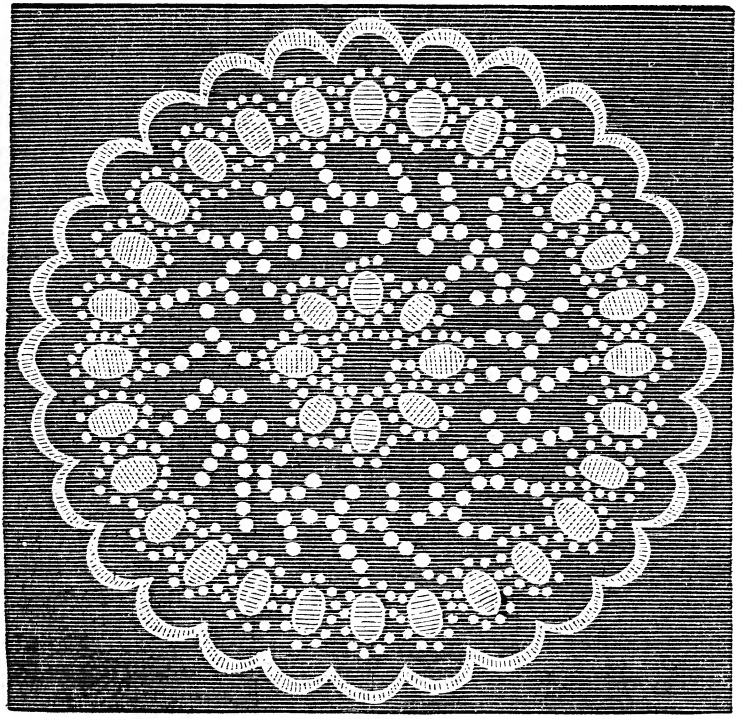
BROWN HOLLAND SHOE BAG.

Materials.—A small piece of fine brown Holland; three yards of scarlet worsted braid, one inch wide; a skein of scarlet crewel; two yards of narrow scarlet braid for the strings.

Bags of this description are extremely neat to use when travelling for holding boots and shoes, and in the materials we have given will wash very nicely. It is always necessary in packing to wrap up boots or shoes, as they are apt to soil anything they come in contact with. The bag is made in fine brown Holland, a trifle longer than the boots, and rounded at the end. The embroidery is worked with scarlet crewel in coral stitch, and the word "Shoes" in the same manner. When the embroidery is finished, the two sides should be run neatly together, and ornamented with the broad scarlet braid neatly plaited. Two pieces of braid are run in the hem to draw the bag at the top, which are afterwards tied in knots at each end. Besides being useful for travelling purposes, these little bags form very neat appendages to a lady's wardrobe, and may either be kept in the shoe drawer or hung on pegs.

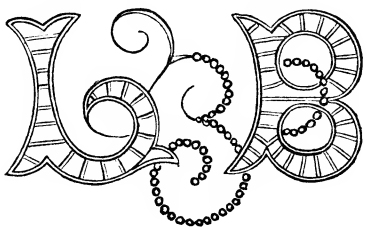
PENWIPER.

The penwiper is so useful an article, both for the service of the gentleman as well as the lady, forming a present so easily made and so generally acceptable, that pretty varieties are always in demand. That which we are now supplying is very simple, and a number of them, made in different colors of cloth or velvet, form a very suitable contribution for a charitable bazaar, in which portable articles are usually found very desirable; not as superseding those of greater beauty and importance, but as giving opportunities to those purchasers who, while they are happy to invest small sums, might not think it desirable to expend large ones. The little articles we are now giving may be made in cloth or velvet of any color. The large beads which form the centre and the border are the white satin beads, which are not so liable to break as the pearl; and each of these is surrounded with a ring of the smallest steel beads that can be procured. The wreath which appears round the rosette in the centre has the best effect in either the steel or gold beads; but very small, clear white also look extremely well. In working a number of these penwipers for a bazaar, different colors both of cloth and velvet may be employed, and the color of the beads may also be varied, only taking care to avoid using those of a make that renders them liable to be easily broken.



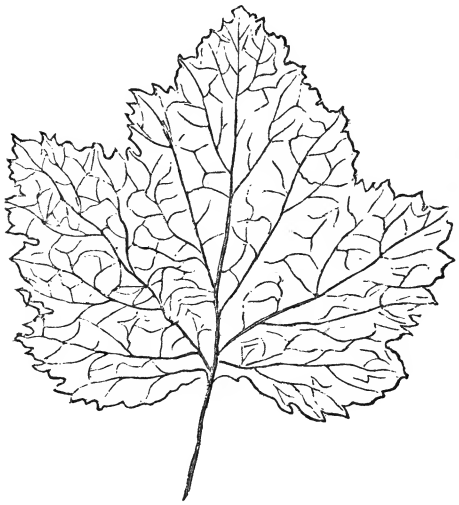
Thus, cut glass beads of any color may be taken for the centre and the border; and the small ones may be gold, steel, white, opaque, or clear green, amber, or turquoise. Three or four rounds of the same size as this ornamented top must be cut in black cloth, pinked at their edges, laid on another round of the same color as the top, and the whole fastened together with any slight ornament stitched on through the centre of the penwiper.

INITIAL LETTER FOR MARKING.



LEAF IMPRESSIONS.

Cover a sheet of white paper with a thin coating of grease, and then smoke it on the same side with lamp black. Lay the leaf on



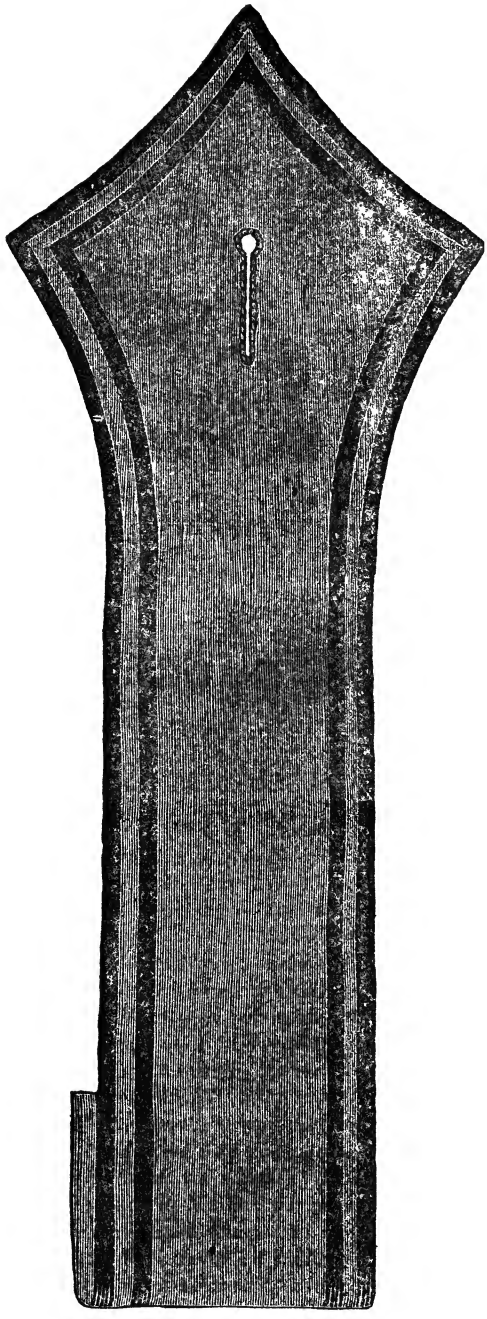
the sheet, and fold it so that the smoked paper will press it on both sides. Then remove the leaf, lay it on a clean sheet, fold the paper

over, and press it heavily between the leaves of a book. When the leaf is removed the

impression of both sides of the leaf will remain on the paper, and can scarcely be distinguished from a finished pencil drawing.

BAND TO LOOP UP A DRESS IN FESTOONS.

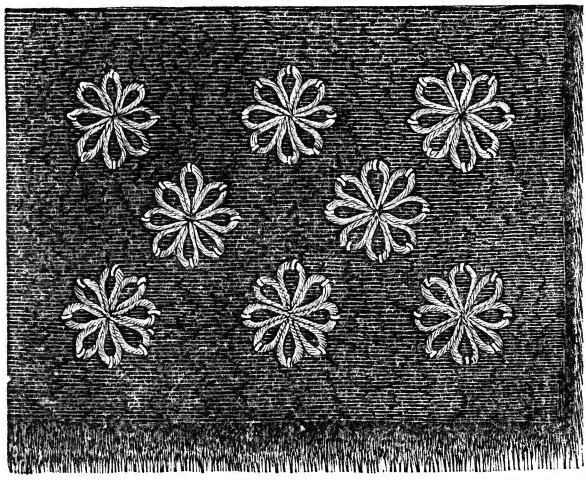
These bands are sewed round the edge of



the skirt, and buttoned on to buttons sewed half way up the skirt.

A NOVELTY IN BRODERIE A LA MINUTE,

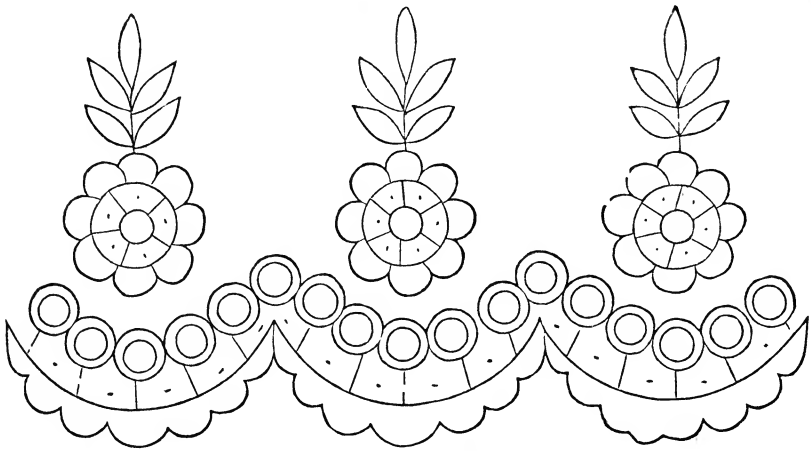
TO BE WORKED ON ANY DOUBLE MATERIAL.



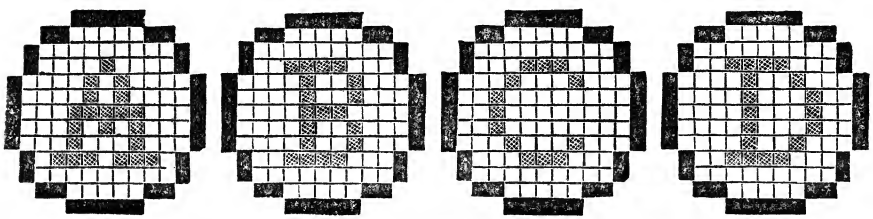
THE very simple style of embroidery known by the name of "Broderie a la Minute" is worked either in thick flat cotton, wool, or silk. A great variety of patterns may be produced by it, and the material on which it is worked should always be put double.

Our pattern is intended for a pair of slippers, to be worked on very fine cloth, or French merino, with colored floss silk or twist, and consists of a small design in the shape of stars. To make each division of the star, first insert the needle at the back, so as to bring it out in front in the centre of the star; then form an oval loop with the silk, keep it flat under the thumb, insert the needle in the same place as before, and make one long stitch at the back, so as to bring out the needle at the top of the loop, in which place work one small stitch to keep the loop firm. Repeat the same process for each of the 8 stars. The material chosen for the ground should be black, drab, or gray, and the flowers worked in any bright-colored floss silk or twist.

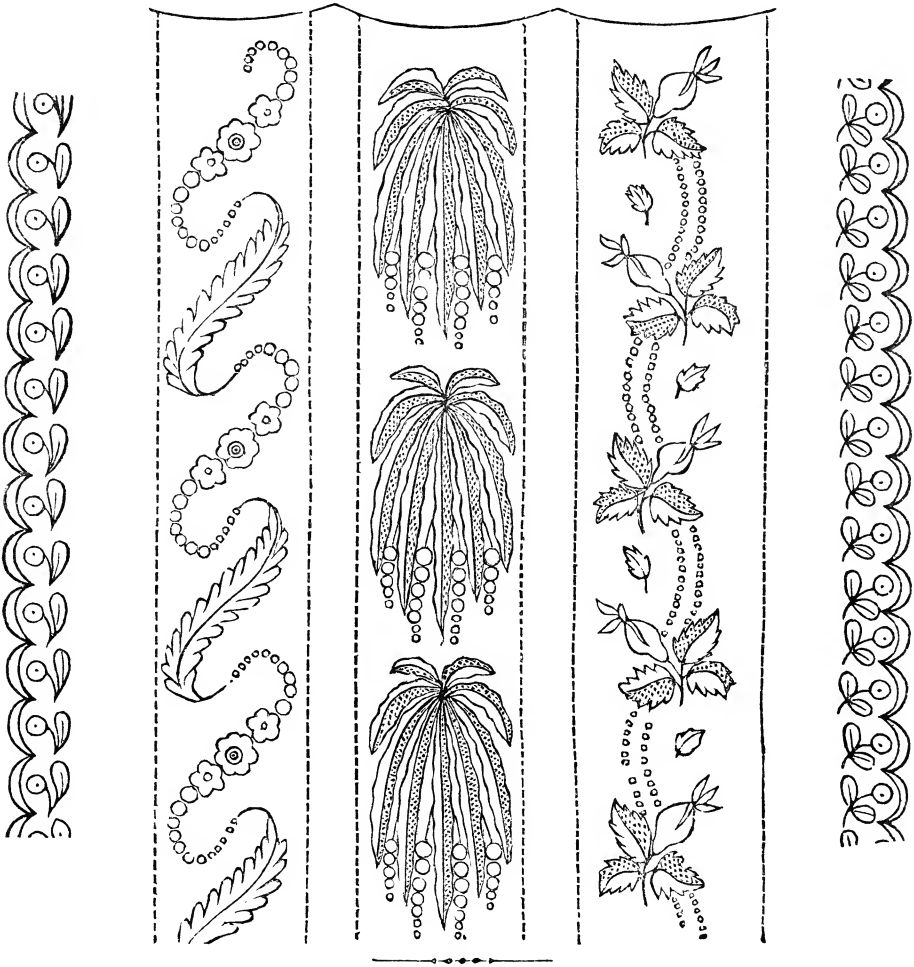
EMBROIDERY.



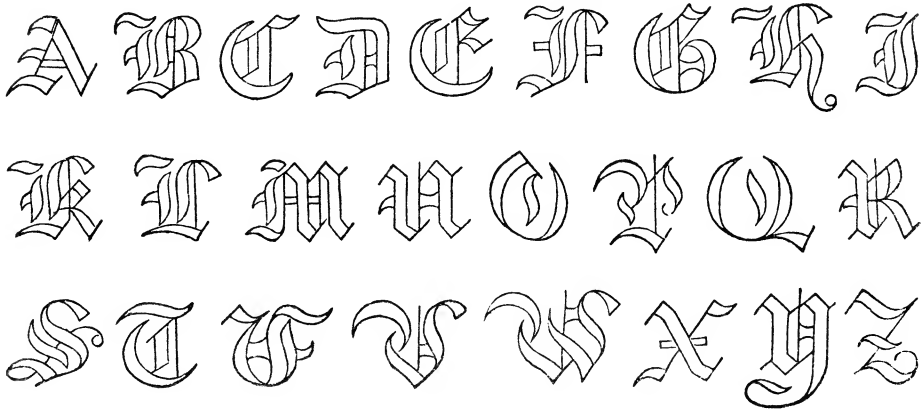
INITIAL LETTERS FOR NETTING.



GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT FRONT IN EMBROIDERY.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.



Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR FRYING.

Frying is often a convenient mode of cookery; it may be performed by a fire which will not do for roasting or boiling; and by the introduction of the pan between the meat and the fire, things get more equally dressed.

A frying-pan should be about four inches deep, with a perfectly flat and thin bottom, twelve inches long and nine broad, with perpendicular sides, and must be half filled with fat: good frying is, in fact, boiling in fat. To make sure that the pan is quite clean, rub a little fat over it, and then make it warm, and wipe it out with a clean cloth.

Be very particular in frying never to use any oil, butter, lard, or drippings, but what is quite clean, fresh, and free from salt. Anything dirty spoils the look; anything bad-tasted or stale spoils the flavor; and salt prevents its browning.

Fine olive oil is the most delicate for frying; but the best oil is expensive, and bad oil spoils everything that is dressed with it.

For general purposes, and especially for fish, clean fresh lard is not near so expensive as oil or clarified butter, and does almost as well. Butter often burns before you are aware of it; and what you fry will get a dark and dirty appearance.

Cooks in large kitchens, where there is a great deal of frying, commonly use mutton or beef suet clarified: if from the kidney, all the better.

Dripping, if nicely clean and fresh, is almost as good as anything; if not clean, it may be easily clarified. Whatever fat you use, after you have done frying, let it remain in the pan for a few minutes, and then pour it through a sieve into a clean basin; it will do three or four times as well as it did at first, that is, if it has not burned: but the fat you have fried fish in must not be used for any other purpose.

To know when the fat is of a proper heat, according to what you are to fry, is the great secret in frying.

To fry fish, parsley, potatoes, or anything that is watery, your fire must be very clear, and the fat quite hot; which you may be pretty sure of, when it has done hissing, and is still. We cannot insist too strongly on this point: if the fat is not very hot, you cannot fry fish either to a good color, or firm and crisp.

To be quite certain, throw a little bit of bread into the pan; if it fries crisp, the fat is ready; if it burns the bread, it is too hot.

The fire under the pan must be clear and sharp, otherwise the fat is so long before it becomes ready, and demands such attendance to prevent the accident of its catching fire, that the patience of cooks is exhausted, and they frequently, from ignorance or impatience, throw in what they are going to fry before the fat is half hot enough. Whatever is so fried will be pale and sodden, and offend the palate and stomach not less than the eye.

Have a good light to fry by, that you may see when you have got the right color.

After all, if you do not thoroughly drain the fat from what you have fried, especially from those things that are full dressed in bread crums, or biscuit powder, etc., your cooking will do you no credit.

The dryness of fish depends much upon its having been fried in fat of a due degree of heat; it is then crisp and dry in a few minutes after it is taken out of the pan: when it is not, lay it on a soft cloth before the fire, turning it occasionally till it is. This will sometimes take fifteen minutes; therefore, always fry fish as long as this before you want them, for fear you may find this necessary.

Frying, though one of the most common of culinary operations, is one that is least commonly performed perfectly well.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

To Stew a Breast of Veal.—Cut a breast, or a portion, in pieces; fry them with a little butter, an onion, and a cabbage-lettuce shred small; when browned, add a little flour, shake it well together; then add a small quantity of broth or water; let it stew gently. When the veal is three parts done, take a quart of peas, put them in water, and handle them with a little butter, so that they adhere together; take away nearly all the gravy from the veal, and put in the peas. When both are done add pepper, salt, and a little pounded sugar; thicken the peas with flour and butter, dish up the veal, and pour the peas over. There should be very little sauce with the peas.

To Broil Pigeons.—Cut the pigeon down the back, flatten and truss it as a fowl for broiling. Egg it on both sides; season with pepper and salt; dip it in chopped sweet herbs and bread-crums; warm a little butter, sprinkle it over, and then dip the pigeon again in the crums. Broil it a light brown. Serve with the following sauce: Chop fine a few shalots, boil them in a tablespoonful of vinegar, then add gravy, thicken with flour and butter, scald the liver, mince it, throw it into the sauce; add pepper, salt, and a little ketchup, and two or three mushrooms chopped.

An excellent way of Preparing Tongues to eat cold.—Season with common salt and saltpetre, brown sugar, a little bay-salt, pepper, cloves, mace, and allspice, in fine powder, for a fortnight; then take away the pickle, put the tongue into a small pan, and lay some butter on it; cover it with brown crust, and bake it slowly till so tender that a straw will go through it; put it into a tin mould, and press it well, laying in as much of the fat as possible.

The thin part of tongues, if hung up to dry, grates like hung beef, and also makes a fine addition to the flavor of omelets.

Beef Olives.—Cut some handsome steaks, flatten them with a roller, dredge them with a small quantity of white pepper and salt, have some forcemeat made with the fat and lean of veal mixed together, a small bit of lean ham or bacon, parsley, and sweet herbs, with a few bread-crums, all beaten in a mortar, and mixed with an egg; lay a little over each steak, and roll it up tightly, fastening with a skewer; dip them in the yolk of an egg, then in crums of bread, and fry them of a pale brown; dish them with brown sauce, in which put a glass of white wine, with some strong gravy, seasoned with cayenne.

Mutton-Chops.—Should be taken from the loin, from one-half to three-quarters of an inch thick. They should not be put on the gridiron until everything else is ready to be served; have a clear cinder fire to broil them; if the fat falling from them should cause a blaze, remove the gridiron for a moment, and strew a handful of salt over the fire. They should be kept continually turned; the greater part of the chine-bones should be chopped off; cut off a good deal of the fat, but do not pepper or flour the chops; and serve them one at a time, immediately they are done.

To Dress a Leg of Mutton with Oysters.—Part boil some well-fed oysters; take off the beards and horny parts; put to them some parsley, minced onion, and sweet herbs, boiled and chopped fine, and the yolks of two or three hard-boiled eggs. Mix all together, and cut five or six holes in the fleshy part of a leg of mutton, and put in the mixture; and dress it in either of the following ways: Tie it up in a cloth and *let it boil* gently two and a half or three hours, according to the size.

Or: Braise it, and serve with a pungent brown sauce.

Veal rolls are cut from any cold joint, or prepared in the same manner from the raw meat. Cut thin slices, and spread on them a fine seasoning of a very few crums, a little chopped or scraped bacon, parsley and shalot, some fresh mushrooms stewed and minced, pepper, salt, and a small piece of pounded mace. This stuffing may either fill up the roll like a sausage, or be rolled with the meat In either case tie it up very tight, and stew very slowly in a gravy and a glass of sherry. Serve it when tender, after skimming it nicely.

Potato-Loaves.—Are very nice when eaten with roast beef or mutton, and are made of any portion of the mashed roots, prepared without milk, by mixing with them a good quantity of very finely minced raw shalot, powdered with pepper and salt; then beating up the whole with a little butter to bind it, and dividing it into small loaves of a conical form, and placing them under the meat to brown, that is, when it is so nearly done as to impart some of the gravy along with the fat.

Potato Omelette.—May be made with a mashed potato, or two ounces of potato-flour and four eggs, and seasoned with pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg. It should be made thick; and, being rather substantial, a squeeze of lemon will improve it. Fry a light brown.

Carrots and Parsnips.—When young, wipe off the skin after they are boiled by drawing them through a cloth dipped in hot water; when old, scrape them first, and boil them with the salt meat. They require to be well done.

They are a constant accompaniment to corned beef, and are excellent when both are eaten together cold. They frequently also form part of stews and hashes, and make admirable soup when boiled down to a purée, in making which it should be observed that only the outer or scarlet rind of the carrot is to be used; the inner part should not, however, be lost, as it may be cut into small pieces and stewed.

Buttered Cabbage.—Boil the cabbage with a quantity of onions, then chop them together, season with pepper and salt, and fry them in butter. It is a rather homely, but savory dish, and frequently used either with fried sausages laid over it or as an accompaniment to roast beef, and forms part of bubble and squeak.

To Dress Spinach in the French Fashion.—This vegetable is at present in season; procure that which is young and fresh, wash it in several waters, and pick it carefully, leaf by leaf, from the stems, and let it drain upon a sieve. Fill a large saucepan with water, throw in some salt, boil up the water, and then add the spinach; let it boil until it is tender; it will take from ten to fifteen minutes; drain and press thoroughly all the water out of it. Chop it extremely fine upon a trencher and put it into a stew-pan with a quarter of a pound of butter, and stir it over the fire for about ten minutes. Add to it, by degrees, two tablespoonfuls of boiling cream. Let all stew together until the liquid cream is absorbed into the spinach, and it is tolerably dry, when serve hot.

FISH SAUCES.

Lobster Sauce.—Take a large fresh lobster, carefully pick out the berries and all the inside; cut it small; make a sauce with a lump of flour and butter, a little milk or cream, a very small quantity of essence of anchovy, a very little mace beat fine, and Cayenne, then pull the rest of the lobster to pieces with two forks; add the sauce by degrees to the berries, and put in the lobster. Give it a boil, stirring all the time, and it is ready to serve.

Brown Sauce for Fish.—Melt some butter in cream (instead of flour and water) with as much walnut ketchup boiled in it as will make it of a nice light brown.

White Sauce for Fish.—Boil some cream, thicken it with flour and butter, then let it simmer till smooth; add a teaspoonful of essence of anchovy to a tureenful, and, if it is liked, a little walnut or mushroom ketchup. For cod sauce, omit the anchovy and ketchup, and add a little ginger. If cream is scarce, use milk and the yolk of an egg.

Fish Sauce without Butter.—Simmer very gently a quarter of a pint of vinegar, and half a pint of water (which must not be hard), and then add an onion, some horseradish, and the following spices lightly bruised: four cloves, two blades of mace, and half a teaspoonful of black pepper. When the onion is quite tender, chop it small with two anchovies, and set the whole on the fire to boil for a few minutes, with a spoonful of ketchup. In the mean time, have ready and well beaten the yolks of three fresh eggs; strain them, mix the liquor by degrees with them, and when well mixed, set the saucepan over a gentle fire, keeping a basin in one hand, into which toss the sauce to and fro, and shake the saucepan over the fire that the eggs may not curdle. Do not boil them, only let the sauce be not enough to give it the thickness of melted butter.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Cream Cakes.—Four cups of flour, three of sugar, two of butter, one of cream, five eggs, one teaspoonful essence lemon, one of saleratus dissolved in a little milk; beat well, bake in a quick oven.

Tea Cake.—One cup of sugar, one egg, a lump of butter as large as half an egg, one cup of sweet milk, one pint flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda. By using sour milk the cream of tartar may be omitted.

Batter Pudding.—Four eggs, well beaten and strained; four tablespoonfuls of flour, beaten up with the eggs; a pint of milk added, and all well beaten together. Fill a basin, tie buttered paper over the top, then a cloth, put it in a saucepan of boiling water only large enough to hold it—care must be taken that the water does not stop boiling when the pudding is put in. Let it boil rapidly for an hour. Serve with butter melted in thickened and sweetened milk in the dish, and send cold butter and sugar to eat with it.

Fountain Puddings.—Grate the rind of a lemon into half a pint of cream, boil and strain it, or else put in the peel of a lemon and boil it in the cream and take it out when cold. Add to this four eggs well beaten, sweeten to taste with loaf sugar, pour it into cups and set it in cold water, taking care that the cold water does not get into the cream, and let it simmer for twenty minutes. Turn them out in a dish and ornament them with currant jelly, or melt currant jelly and cover the bottom of the dish and turn the puddings out upon it. They are excellent, either hot or cold.

ROXBURY CAKE.—Two pounds or four coffee cups of flour, one and three-quarters pound or three coffee cups of sugar, three-quarters pound or one coffee cup of butter, two pounds of currants, one pint of milk, six eggs, one teaspoonful saleratus.

GERMAN SQUARES.—Rasp the crust well of a loaf, cut the crum into pieces about an inch thick and three inches square; soak these well in custard for about two hours, turning them occasionally; then roll them in the rasped crust and fry in a pan with lard. Serve with the following sauce in a separate boat: Beat the yolks and whites of two eggs on the fire, pouring in all the time very gently half a pint of white wine and sugar to taste. It should be served the moment it is finished, as being all in a froth it will spoil if it stands.

TO MAKE CLOTTED CREAM.—When the milk comes from the cow, put it in a tin can, and place the can in a saucepan of boiling water, so that the latter comes nearly to the neck of the can, or at any rate above the milk it contains. Let the water boil till the milk would scald the finger on touching it, then pour the milk into a milk pan. Let it remain in a cold place for forty-eight hours (when, if the vessels have been well scalded, the milk will be sweet), then skim the cream off in a mass, which will be almost thick enough to cut with a knife.

MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, half cup butter, half cup of milk or water, two cups flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, nutmeg.

BREAKFAST CAKE, No. 1.—One pint of milk, three eggs, half cup melted butter; stir in flour sufficient to make a thin batter. Bake in cups. This will rise a great deal, and the cups should be less than half full when put into the oven.

BLANCMANGE.—Break one ounce of isinglass in very small pieces and wash well; pour on a pint of boiling water; next morning add a quart of milk, and boil until the isinglass is dissolved, and strain it. Put in two ounces of blanched almonds pounded, sweeten with loaf sugar, and turn it into the mould. Stick thin slips of almonds all over the blancmange, and dress around with syllabub or whip cream.

APPLE PUDDING.—Take one quart of stewed apples, a quarter of a pound of butter, four eggs, some grated bread, a nutmeg, a little rose-water. Sweeten to taste, and bake in puff-pans.

THE SURPRISE PUDDING.—To eight ounces of fine flour add six ounces of currants and six ounces of suet chopped fine. Make these into a crust with a little water, and line a mould or pudding-bowl with it. Then take four ounces of loaf-sugar pounded, the juice and rind of two lemons, and add to these five eggs well beaten. Beat all these ingredients well together, and pour the mixture into the lined mould and boil it for an hour and a half.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CELERY FLAVORING.—Soak for a fortnight half an ounce of the seeds of celery in one pint of brandy. A few drops of this will flavor a pint of soup very nearly as well as if a head of celery was stewed in it.

HARD brushes should be used as little as possible in cleaning clothes; if wet and dirty, the spots should be rubbed out with the hands and a slight application of the brush afterwards.

TAKE care of the liquor in which poultry or meat has been boiled, as an addition of peas, herbs, &c., will convert it into a nourishing soup.

THE GLASSES FOR A MAGIC LANTERN.—The glasses for a magic lantern are painted in oil with carmine, lake, Prussian blue, and other transparent colors; they are laid on as thickly and clearly as possible, and in their use require no other directions than such as are familiar to all persons acquainted with drawing. Should change of motion be required, two glasses must be employed; on the front glass should be painted the correct design that is first to be exhibited, with blank spaces left upon it for the arms, legs, or head, in which the alteration is to take place: on the back glass, which should slide in a groove, must be delineated these parts only, with outlines or dots, which may be necessary to prevent the appearance of both at the same time. For instance, if a figure be wished to appear on a column, pyramid, or tomb, either of these should be painted on the front glass, with sufficient room left for the display of the statue; this is to be depicted on the back glass, and the space on which it is to be shown must also be darkened as directed, before it is permitted to appear.

SCARLET Berlin wool, with white feathers, tied at intervals amongst the threads, and fastened from point to point of the twigs of gooseberry, currant and cherry-trees, prevents the birds from attacking the buds in their search after insects.

IF you are troubled to get soft water for washing, fill a tub or barrel half full of wood-ashes, and fill it up with water, so that you may have lye whenever you want it; a gallon of strong lye, put into a kettle of hard water, will make it as soft as rain-water; some people use pearl-ash, or potash, but this costs something, and is very apt to injure the texture of the cloth.

BALSAM FOR CHAPPED LIPS.—Take two spoonfuls of clarified honey, with a few drops of lavender water, or any other perfume. Mix, and anoint the lips frequently.

CHEAP SOAP.—Six pounds sal soda, four pounds lime, four gallons water; mix thoroughly; heat, but not to boiling, until the soda is dissolved; then, after the undissolved portion of the lime has settled, draw off the clear liquid; to seven and a half pounds of grease, previously heated to melting, add the liquid by degrees, bringing to a boil upon the first addition, continue the boiling for one and three-quarters of an hour, then add half a pint of common salt and boil fifteen minutes; set aside to harden. For complete success with the above, great care must be observed in drawing off the water from the undissolved lime, as the slightest quantity of lime in the soap will render it liable to crumble.

CHEESES should be kept in a room where there is a good circulation of air; and they should be turned frequently. The room should be kept very clean, by sweeping, to prevent the access of insects.

TO REMOVE OIL STAINS FROM BOARDS.—Pipeclay and water mixed to a thick paste, and laid on to the place, removes the grease in a very short time. If there is very much grease, more pipeclay may be applied when the first has become saturated with it.

Another Receipt.—Cover the spot with dry fuller's earth, and let it lay on it for some hours; if put on at night, it will probably have disappeared in the morning.

THE secret of bottling wine with success consists in the simple exercise of care and cleanliness. The bottles should all be *sound*, *clean*, and *dry*, and perfectly free from the least mustiness or other odor; the *corks* should be of the best quality, and before being placed in the bottles should be compressed by means of a "cork-squeezer."

Editors' Table.

OPPORTUNITIES AND DUTIES.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove;
Give unto me, made lonely wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice! WORDSWORTH.

Life has no resting-place on earth. Each stage of our progress is the time of preparation for a new task. No sentence of Holy Writ is more sure and significant than our Saviour's declaration that, "for them to whom much is given, of them shall much be required."

These truths should be deeply considered, because great changes are not only coming on the world, but are even now upon us. We allude, particularly, to the new and enlarged opportunities of education, and new advantages of using their powers of mind which are opening for our American women, and that must test not only their own abilities and character, but also influence, in a great degree, the destiny of the nation.

We have before us three pamphlets* relating to what may be styled "Home missionary work." Each one of these records, written by men of large experience, enlightened views, and earnest faith in God's Word, bears witness to the beneficial aid that Christian ladies can give in reaching the hearts of the working classes, men, as well as women and children, many of whom have never been brought up in the way they should go, nor instructed in the ways of peace and righteousness.

One Report says: "The mothers' meeting referred to by the Bishop gives promise of being the most valuable lay-agency that the church has availed of since the introduction of Sunday Schools. Indeed, it is the complement of the system—for the Sunday School reaches the homes of the scholars very imperfectly, while these meetings and the visits of Christian women to the mothers of scholars, change the characters of their homes."

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"The ladies who conduct the association first draw around them a few respectable women, who learn to prize Christian fellowship and to profit by practical suggestions themselves, and then to help to extend the benefit to others. Gradually the circle is enlarged, until the very poor, and even the depraved, are drawn in and encouraged to strive against sin with newborn hopefulness. Self-respect is promoted and self-help induced, until the weak become strong, and are taught to provide for their households by a thrift that they never before knew how to practise."

LETTERS ON HOME MISSIONARY WORK.

In the interesting letter on "Lay co-operation," etc., the writer says:—

"If our blessed Saviour needed, or even availed of the ministration of holy women, can we expect His full blessing upon our efforts to raise and sustain the fallen, unless we avail of the means that He has thus sanctified?"

* * * * * * * *

"Last Thursday night, on visiting the 'Mothers' Meeting,' I saw one hundred women industriously sewing; and at the close of the evening, they attentively listened to Gospel truth, simplified, until it evidently reached their apprehension; then they reverently joined in prayer and praise. We cannot over-estimate the value of living Christianity thus cultivated; for it is taken home to one hundred husbands, and more than three hundred children. Can our Sunday Schools be very effective, till parents are taught to fulfil their trust? Our church must adopt this or some other means to reach the masses, for with homes of profanity and debauchery, we cannot reasonably anticipate a large blessing on our Sunday teaching to little ones who spend all but two or three hours each week under these blighting influences. Our long-neglected women have a high appreciation of the Christian sympathy evinced by the members of the committee, and this feeling is the more intense from the unlooked-for evidence that ladies of cultivation have so much in common with them, and are equally dependent on the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. The poor women are thus helped to tell out their story of trials and troubles to those whom they now feel to be real friends, and not mere teachers. It can readily be understood why husbands sanction these meetings, and enable their wives to attend, by taking care of the children; for in some cases a gossiping, thriftless slattern has become a domestic, thrifty, and tidy wife; the faces of the children and every article of clothing testifying to the change."

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Here is a glimpse of the good influences women can use in their Bible teachings of the other sex. The writer acknowledges that "the *spiritual* condition of women is superior to that of men in the same class;" and afterwards observes:—

"Those of our sex who have repelled the approaches of clergymen, and resisted the appeals of men, yet bow instinctively to the influence of a refined and godly woman. With boys, especially, they are, if properly skilled and experienced, all-powerful; and here, we believe, is a vast fund of power which needs but to be drawn out and thoroughly organized. Men will, in good time, be induced to follow their example; and, instead of bungling and unsuccessful effort, we shall have that which is most efficient; and, instead of a few to help the clergy in their arduous work, we shall, with God's blessing, rejoice in multitudes."

We see, by these examples, that Christian men, learned scholars, and guiding minds in the churches and in society, are comprehending the need of woman's aid, not only in the moral renovation of social life, but in the religious character and training of the Christian community.

As these men open before our sex better opportunities for improvement, and higher encouragements in duty, we would implore our young countrywomen to turn their thoughts earnestly to these ways of doing good. Deeds of kindness, and lessons of Bible instruction to the ignorant and poor whom they can reach and benefit should be their pleasure, because it is not only making those whom they assist better, but increasing their own happiness. The true greatness of humanity is only true goodness, or love which prompts to good works, because these show our hearts are true to Christ and His precepts. What glory for women that there is no other way for her sex to rise in greatness but by, or through duty which, to use the words of Lord Bacon, "aspires to a similitude of God's goodness or love." Or, to give the beautiful passage:—

"In aspiring to the throne of power, the angels transgressed and fell; in presuming to come within the oracle of knowledge, man transgressed and fell; but in pursuit towards the similitude of God's goodness or love (which is one thing, for love is nothing else but goodness put in motion or applied) neither man nor spirit hath ever transgressed, or shall transgress."

* "Lay co-operation of St. Mark's Church, Frankford, Philadelphia." "The Churches' Mission to Working Men," etc. "Letters on the Home Missionary work of the Protestant Episcopal Church:" All published in Philadelphia, and deserving to be studied by philanthropists everywhere

WALTER SCOTT AND HIS LITTLE PET MARJORIE.*

THE kinship of genius, and the joy and mirth of gifted minds when under this instinctive sympathy together, are among the wonderful mysteries of human nature. Differences of sex, age, experience, education, seem no obstacle to this sympathy, or they were not in the loving and genial intercourse of Walter Scott, the strong man of forty, overflowing with worldly knowledge, and the little, delicate girl in her seventh year, Margaret Fleming; better known as Pet Marjorie, or "Maidie."

It was in the winter of 1810, when Walter Scott was just beginning to feel the matchless power of his wonderful imagination, which makes his novels even now seem living creations of genius, that we have the first picture of these two friends. He had been trying to resuscitate his manuscript of Waverley; but could make nothing of it; so, throwing work aside, he hurried to Mrs. Keith's, and brought home Marjorie in his own shepherd's plaid, for the day was stormy. Then, snugly settled in his own room, began the mirth and enjoyment of the scene. He had first to recite to her some child's "melody" of the Mother Goose order, which he had before studied with her. This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers—he saying it after her—

"Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;
Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky, dan;
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um,
Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,
You, are, out."

He pretended to great difficulty, and she rebuked him with most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi, Crackaby he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky Dan, Tweedle-um Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter. He said *Musky-Dan* especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands, and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behavior and stupidness.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over *Gil Morrice*, or, *the Baron of Smailholm*: and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in *King John*, till he swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill.

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs. Keith, "She 's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakspeare overpowers me as nothing else does."

This wonderful child, who died when about eight years old, left a diary, several novels in manuscript, and numerous letters to her mother, her sister, and other friends. One extract from her diary will show her Bible lore; she had been reading the *Book of Esther*.

"It was a dreadful thing that Haman was hanged on the very gallows he had prepared for Mordecai to hang him and his ten sons thereon, and it was very wrong and cruel to hang his sons, for they did not commit the crime; *but then Jesus was not then come to teach us to be merciful.*" This is wise and beautiful, has upon it the very dew of youth and holiness. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He perfects his praise.

One more scene with these loving friends.

"The year before Marjorie died, when in Edinburgh, she was to go to a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's in Castle Street. The company had all come; all but Marjorie. Scott's familiars, whom we all know, were there—all were come but Marjorie; and all were dull because Scott was dull. 'Where 's that bairn? What can have come over her? I 'll go myself and see.' And he was getting up and would have gone; when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman Tougald, with the sedan chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and its top raised. And there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy—'hung over her enamored.' 'Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you;' and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up, and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder, and set her down beside him: and then began the night, and such a night! Those who knew Scott best said, that night was never equalled; Maidie and he were the stars; and she gave them *Constance's* speeches and *Helvellyn*, the ballad then much in vogue—and all her *répertoire*—Scott showing her off, and being ofttimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.

"But this dainty, bright thing is about to flee, to come 'quick to confusion.' The measles seized her, and she died on the 19th of December, 1811. The day before her death, Sunday, she sat up in bed, worn and thin, her eye gleaming as with the light of a coming world, and with a tremulous, old voice repeated the following lines by Burns—heavy with the shadow of death and lit with the fantasy of the judgment-seat—the publican's prayer in paraphrase:—

'Why am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between,
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms.'"

* Pet Marjorie: A Story of Child Life fifty years ago. Edinburgh.

THE BROTHERS.*

That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth.—*Psalm* cxliv. 12.

As plants, that claim a parent root,
Are formed and strengthened by each other;
So human minds bear richer fruit
When brother leans on brother:
Life's purest joys must come unbought,
The pearls of love, the gems of thought,
The soul's best earthly treasure shines,
Uncounted, in our household mines.

And thine has been that happy part,
The prop and guide of one depending;
A precious plant by culture's art
In holy fruitage ending;
Like palms, whose clasping arms arise
And bear their offerings toward the skies,
Till scarce it seems the plants had birth
In the poor, arid sands of earth.

And was it strange the soul thus taught
In earth's divinest nurture,
Was early to perfection brought
And reached the heavenward stature;
When Christ in pitying love looks down,
And, by His grace, prepares the crown,
To give his own, their trials o'er,
Celestial glory evermore!

As latent heat, from earth's control,
Set free in air is flame ascending;
Thus love, God's image in the soul,
Is ever upward tending:
But, once sin's flinty barrier broke,
It springs, like lightning from the stroke,
And seeks, with fervent zeal, its bliss,
Found only where the Saviour is.

Faith feels all this—and yet their home
Seems to his sorrowing sisters saddened,
The form beloved can never come,
The voice, the smile that gladdened
Are gone; and oh, the hopes that fall,
When *one*, who was the hope of all,
Their dearest joy and tenderest care,
Hath passed beyond their love and prayer!

As when the moon's disk hides the sun,
Its lustrous noon-day beams concealing;
Look up! the black eclipse is gone,
A glorious light revealing!
Thus Faith—a moment dark—will rise,
Above the sun, above the skies;
Till in the wondrous vision given,
It sees the precious "plant grown up" in heaven!

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

* Inscribed to Francis De Haes Janvier, on the death of his only brother, Albert Wilson Janvier.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND ITS ALBUM.

Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it.

And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,
Thyself removed the power to soothe me left.
COWPER.

These well-known verses, illustrating a slow and expensive process, are, at present, doubly just applied to the photographic art. At a trifling expense we can have the pictures of all those we love, all we esteem, and all we admire and revere of our own family, of great men, of good men; the hero, the patriot, the sage, the divine. But then, if we would have these interesting portraits in orderly array, and at hand for inspection, we require a fitting receptacle. And thus *photograph albums* have become not only a luxury for the rich, but a necessity for the people. The American family would be poor indeed who could not afford a photograph album. This demand has introduced new manufactures, elegant inventions of form and finish, and artistic designs of great beauty. It is really wonderful to see the perfection this art of household egoism (is not the photograph a representation of the *ego?*) has attained in our land. As it is an art that all can enjoy, and the pleasure seems innocent and perhaps improving, we say to the friends who ask our counsel, follow this fashion. But the kind of album is a matter of taste and individual judgment we could not decide. Some of the most perfect and beautiful we have seen, from the largest size down to the pretty "Fairy Album," were from the establishment of J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston. The Messrs. MARTIENS, Philadelphia, are noted for their splendid albums.

CHEAP LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.—We are glad to learn that the tone of English literature is improving with its wonderfully increasing circulation. This result is, as we think, in a great degree the result of woman's participation in literary pursuits, and the influence of her moral taste in the character of books which must now be accessible to the household. It is a very beneficial change for the nation. A writer in the *American Literary Gazette* says:—

"Contrary to fears entertained on the subject, the cheapening of books, periodicals, and newspapers has in no perceptible degree deteriorated literature. On this subject, we offer the following statement, the result of careful inquiry into the cheap periodical trade in 1859—1860: Religious but not sectarian periodicals, at ½*d.*, 1*d.*, and 1½*d.* each, 20 in number, aggregate issue per month, 1,436,500. Two periodicals of the Religious Tract Society, of London, one sold at 1*d.*, and the other at 1½*d.*, aggregate issue per month, 804,000. Temperance, at ½*d.* and 1*d.* each, 9 in number, aggregate issue per month, 203,000. Useful, educational, and entertaining literature at 1*d.*, 1½*d.*, and 2*d.* each, 7 in number, aggregate issue per month, 2,400,000. Novels, stories, ballads, etc., at 1*d.* each, 6 in number, aggregate issue per month, 3,200,000. Romances and tales to excite the sentiments of wonder and horror, mostly at 1*d.* each, 60 in number; the issue of these could not be ascertained, but it is believed to reach the monthly aggregate of 1,500,000. Stories and memoirs of an immoral nature at 1*d.* each, 4 in number, aggregate issue per month, 52,500. Free-thinking and irreligious, 2 in number, with, it is believed, a comparatively limited circulation. According to this view, the cheap periodical literature may be classed and summed up in amount as follows: 1. Works of an improving tendency, circulation per month, 843,500. 2. Works of an exciting nature, but not positively immoral, circulation per month, 1,500,000. 3. Works immoral, and opposed to the religion of the country, circulation per month, probably under 80,000.

"The classes of books and periodicals, which a number of years ago consisted of coarsely offensive attacks on the government, church, laws, etc., have entirely disappeared, and at no time in its whole history has the book-trade of Great Britain been on a more healthy footing than it is at present."

THE IMPORTANCE OF MARRIAGE REGISTRY.—In New Jersey and other States, the statute on the subject requires all ministers and justices of the peace to register in the County Clerk's office each and every marriage solemnized by them, within three months after such marriage, under a penalty of $50, to be recovered in an action of debt, together with the costs. This is rendered all the more important at the present time, as in the case of the death of a soldier, the widow must have a certificate of marriage from the clerk before she can receive a pension. Upon searching the records within the past year for marriages, nearly half of the unfortunate widows have been turned away with the remark "The clergyman performing the ceremony has neglected to comply with the law."

A LEARNED FRENCH WOMAN.—The ladies of France have no need to complain of their being denied the honors of academic distinction. The Lyons journals state that among the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Letters during the present academical session in that city, is a young lady who, being compelled by a reverse of fortune to become a governess, has had the perseverance to carry her studies much further than usual for her sex. She passed through the first examination with great credit, and there is every probability that she will be the first *bacheliere* admitted by the University of France.

ENGLISH LADIES IN LITERATURE.—*Miss Agnes Strickland* is contributing to a London religious magazine "Lives of the Seven Bishops in the Tower."

Miss Yonge is writing for the "Churchman's Family Magazine" a new novel, entitled "The Clever Woman of the Family."

Miss Jane Ingelow. The poems of this young lady have passed into a fourth edition; she is the most popular poetical writer now in England.

AMERICAN LADIES IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—The late Mrs. Waterhouse of Cambridge, widow of Dr Benjamin Waterhouse, former Professor in the Harvard Medical College, gave to the New England Female Medical College, in 1857, the sum of $1000, as the commencement of the endowment of a Professor of Anatomy. By her will, made in the same year, and recently presented for probate, she has given the purposed addition of $9000 to complete the endowment. The College has now two Professorships provided for and there are four more to be founded.

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY: *or, The Young Mother's Guide.** The *American Literary Gazette* has a very just notice of this useful and well-written work the reviewer says of the authoress: "Her instructions are conveyed in the simplest and most direct form, and they relate to the every-day matters of physical and mental training in the nursery. The book is full of good sound sense, and cannot fail to benefit the reader."

HINTS ABOUT HEALTH.

MUSIC AS MEDICINE.—If "*mirth* does good as medicine," why should not music have a salutary influence? Laughing and singing are natural expression of joy, and this feeling of mind contributes to the healthy tone of the body. So we welcome this pleasant curative to our Book, and commend its use to all who read it.

"Music refines the taste, purifies the heart, and elevates our nature. It does more, it soothes in sorrow, tranquilizes in passion, and wears away the irritabilities of life.

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* By Mrs. C. A. Hopkinson, Boston. See Book Notices, page 307

It intensifies love, it fires patriotism, and makes the altar of our devotion burn with a purer, holier flame. Not only man, but the brutes themselves have been restrained and charmed by the bewitching power which it possesses. And in the still twilight hour, when sweet, sad memories go back upon the distant past, and hover lovingly about the places where we played and the persons whom we loved, but now gone, in their youth and beauty and purity, to return no more, who does not know that the soul drinks more deeply in of the saddening sweetness when it breaks out in the soft, low notes of song, or the fingers instinctively sweep through diapasons absolutely ravishing? And when tedious disease has dampened the fires of life, has removed its gilding and written 'vanity' on all things earthly; when wealth, and fame, and worldly honor are felt to be nothing; when the aims, and ambitions, and aspirations which were wont to rouse up all the energies of nature towards their accomplishment fail of their accustomed power, music renders the burden of sickness light, and makes us all oblivious of pain and suffering. For these reasons, that parent has largely neglected a religious duty, has been strangely forgetful of one of the highest of all obligations, who fails to afford his children, while yet young, all the facilities in his power for fostering and cultivating whatever taste for music they possess, whether vocal or instrumental; for in after-life, and through all its vicissitudes, those who practise it, in the love of it, when young, will find in its exercise a happy escapade in seasons of boisterous mirth, and thus increase the joy; in times of despondency, its expression will give encouragement; when difficulties oppose, it will inspire strength to overcome them, and when clouds of trouble gather around and above, hedging up the future, shutting out the blue sky of life, music can penetrate even Egyptian darkness, and let in upon the almost broken heart the sunshine of hope, of gladness, and of joy."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

To our Correspondents.—The following articles are accepted: "An English Governess"—"Smoke"—"To my Wife on the nineteenth Anniversary of our Wedding"—"Asphodel Flowers"—"Bachelor's Hall"—"Geodes"—"An Arctic Landscape"—and "Love vs. Fancy."

These articles are declined. For the present we have not room for many new writers, as our old friends furnish more than we can use. "Love's Selfishness"—"Aunt Jee-mimy Favors"—"Imagination"—"Christmas Gifts" (the season was over before the article came to hand)—"Our Dead"—"Song"—"Poetic Etchings"—"My Early Home"—"Wissahickon"—"The Little Bird in California"—"A Mental Picture"—"The Snow-Birds"—"Nina Lee"—"The Lost Rose"—"Sketch of the Life of a Flirt"—"Winter Scenes"—"It might have been"—"Love"—"One in Despair"—"To Ben in Heaven"—"May Morning"—"To the Pottawattamie Tribe of Indians"—"Garrison More's first and last Love" (we have not time to write letters of criticism—the writer will learn best by *practice*)—and "Silent Love."

Writers are requested to insert, in the letter accompanying each *article*, the *title* of the same.

Inclose *a stamped envelope*, if an answer is requested. Then wait patiently, and a reply will be sent as soon as we have *time* to reply.

Literary Notices.

From Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:—

POEMS. By Henry Peterson. We are grateful to the author for this copy of his poems—poems which, while they may create no sudden sensation and enthusiasm in the literary world, will yet be admired and appreciated for their beauty of sentiment and depth of feeling. Mr. Peterson is far from being unknown, his connection with the *Saturday Evening Post* having made his name almost a household word throughout the country; and his book will find welcome wherever it goes.

HELD IN BONDAGE; *or, Granville de Vigne. A Tale of the Day.* By "Ouida." In two volumes. We wish the author of this novel had written it entirely in French, instead of a considerable portion of it, as he has done; as our Gallic friends might consider it a valuable addition to their literature, while we cannot look upon it as such to our own. The argument of the book is against the sacredness of the marriage institution, and against early marriages in particular. Its characters are wealthy young men in the Life-Guards, gamblers, libertines, almost drunkards, skeptics, villifiers of women, and scoffers at all that is good and pure; yet, according to the author's idea, noble and model specimens of manhood and in every way suitable, when their youth is passed, and they are *blazé*, to become the husbands of young and innocent girls.

From Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia:—

THE LAWYER'S SECRET. By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," etc. This book is composed of two of Miss Braddon's shorter stories, from the longer of which it takes its name. They are well written, ingenious, and full of interest.

THE LIFE AND SERVICES AS A SOLDIER OF MAJOR GENERAL GRANT. This is a brief sketch of Major General Grant's early life, followed by an outline of his services in Mexico, and his heroic exploits in the West since the breaking out of the rebellion.

WEBSTER AND HAYNE'S SPEECHES. This is a thick pamphlet of 116 pages, containing the famous speeches of these intellectual giants in intellect, Webster and Hayne, on the resolution of Mr. Foote. The work is well printed, and will form a cheap and useful volume of reference to the great debate which, in its day, so agitated the country and its legislation.

From Schermerhorn, Bancroft, & Co., New York and Philadelphia:—

HAND-BOOK OF CALISTHENICS AND GYMNASTICS. *A Complete Drill-book for Schools, Families, and Gymnasiums; with Music to accompany the Exercises.* Illustrated from original designs. By J. Madison Watson. We have examined this book with great care, and are happy to give it our unqualified approval. It seems to us the completest work of its character we have seen, and is all that the student can desire to aid him in developing his or her muscular system to its fullest extent. The introductory elocutionary exercises, which embrace nearly one-third of the book, will be found of vast benefit to the careful reader; while the excellent poetical selections which form the conclusion of these, and the music from the best composers introduced at intervals through the Calisthenics, are no small attraction of the work.

From Frederick Leypoldt, Philadelphia:—

MOTHER GOOSE FROM GERMANY. Illustrated from designs by Ludwig Richter and others. A book very neatly printed on hot-pressed paper, with fine illustrations. The rhymes are instructive, amusing, and comical in turn.

From Fisher & Brother, Philadelphia:—

THE NEW HISTORICAL GAME *on Subjects Mythological, Classical, and Historical.* By a Lady.

MR. AND MRS. JOLLYBOY'S PICNIC. These are

two amusing games, the former instructive as well, for the benefit of the young folks.

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From the AUTHOR, Philadelphia:—

THE ART OF MAKING AND COLORING IVORY-TYPES, PHOTOGRAPHS, TALBOTYPES, AND MINIATURE PAINTING ON IVORY, ETC. *Together with Valuable Receipts never before published.* By P. F. Cooper, Miniature, Portrait, Pastil, and Equestrian Painter and Photographer. A useful book for professionals or amateurs. A model demonstrating the true principles of coloring accompanies every copy.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

VERY HARD CASH. *A Novel.* By Charles Reade, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long," "Never too Late to Mend," etc. The readers of "Love me Little, Love me Long" will be equally surprised and delighted to find this novel a sort of sequel to that, inasmuch as the hero and heroine of the former figure prominently in the latter, not as a youthful pair of lovers, but as staid *pater et mater familias*. Poor David Dodd has a world of trouble with his "very hard cash," and the perils he escapes, and the misfortunes he encounters, by land and sea, go far toward filling a large, closely-printed volume. Reade is delightfully original in style, and depicts character to the life; and among the three or four rivals, in our own mind, as writers of English romance, we are yet undecided whether or no to give him pre-eminence.

SCIENCE FOR THE SCHOOL AND FAMILY. Part II. *Chemistry.* By Worthington Hooker, M. D., author of "Natural History," etc. Illustrated by numerous engravings. Dr. Hooker's exceedingly plain and simple style is especially calculated to render his work a popular one. Though arranged principally for the needs of the school and lecture-room, its information is so abundant and complete that it is equally valuable as a reference book. Its plan, and the manner in which it is executed, render this publication superior to any of its class.

JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY. *A Novel.* By M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," "Eleanor's Victory," etc. We know of no writer who has taken such bold and rapid steps from mediocrity to excellence, as this lady. Every new novel from her pen surprises us at its superiority over that which preceded it; and the author who, but a year or two ago promised to produce only works sensational in kind and ephemeral in character, to-day bids fair to rival the best of English novelists, if she but continues for a short space in the path she is now treading. "John Marchmont's Legacy" is as much the superior of "Aurora Floyd" as the study of a master excels the first rough sketch of an untutored genius. We have here neither bigamy nor murder, but a well-designed plot, finely delineated characters, and a succession of incidents, artistically and dramatically managed, while the whole book bears evidence of genius of a high order, and a mind informed on all subjects pertaining to literature and art, far beyond what we usually find in woman.

FIVE YEARS OF PRAYER, WITH THE ANSWERS. By Samuel Irenæus Prime, author of "Power of Prayer," etc. This book takes for its basis the results attending the Fulton Street prayer meeting, in New York, the sixth anniversary of which has just been celebrated; and gives multitudes of facts which have come to his knowledge of direct and indirect answers to prayer. He does not confine himself to New York or to this country, however, but narrates accounts of wonderful revivals in England, Scotland, France, and Germany, and in missionary fields, occurring in answer to earnest prayer.

THE BOYHOOD OF MARTIN LUTHER; *or, the Sufferings of the Heroic Little Beggar Boy who afterwards became the great German Reformer.* By Henry Mayhew, author of "Benjamin Franklin," etc. This little volume, intended more especially for youth, will not be slighted by those of larger growth into whose hands it may fall. It is not, as is almost invariably the case with books of its character, a compilation from, and abridgment of larger works, but has been the result of travel to the several scenes of Martin Luther's early life, and a consultation of old chronicles and parish documents. The author has been sedulous in his attempts to produce a reliable as well as interesting narrative of the childhood and youth of the man who was destined to be the prime mover in the great church reformation.

MR. WIND AND MADAM RAIN. By Paul de Musset. Translated, with permission of the author, by Emily Makepeace. With illustrations by Charles Bennet. An amusing little story for children.

DICKENS' NEW CHRISTMAS STORY. *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings.* Every one looks for Dickens' Christmas story with impatience, and of course most of our readers have seen the one for the last holidays. Those who have not have missed a rich treat.

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From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THREE TIMES DEAD; *or, The Secret of the Heath.* By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Eleanor's Victory," etc. Since Vidocq and Wilkie Collins have set the example of detective stories, they have become very popular, until almost every author tries his or her hand at it. This is a sensational story of the most exciting kind, in which murders and suicides are almost as frequent as the chapters. The hero, who makes three false demises before his actual and final one, is a masterly character in his way—a perfect villain without a redeeming trait. A deaf and dumb detective is a prominent figure; perhaps the best drawn in the book. Varying greatly from her other romances, this is more absorbing than any of them, and will be extensively read.

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From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through ASHMEAD & EVANS, successors to W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD, *from the Earliest Records to the Present Time.* By Philip Smith, B. A., one of the Principal Contributors to the Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Biography, and Geography. In monthly parts and half-yearly volumes. We have received part first of this work, which promises at least to be an extensive one. It is hardly possible in a work of this character to judge from the initial number what the whole will be like. When complete it will form eight volumes in demy octavo. The first two volumes will be devoted to ancient history from the creation to A. D. 476. The next two will comprise medieval history, civil and ecclesiastical, bringing the reader down to the period, A. D. 1453. Modern history will be included in four volumes. The part before us leaves the reader engrossed in Egyptian antiquities.

ORLEAN LAMAR, *and Other Poems.* By Sarah E. Knowles. The reader of these poems will scarcely believe that they have been penned by one who is no more than a girl in years, so little do they display the usual crudeness of the young writer. In future she may write better, and possibly give to the world something that shall

cause it to remember her; but she will never write so well that she need feel ashamed of this her first literary venture. These poems breathe tender and womanly sentiments, patriotism, and religion, and their rhythm is soft and musical.

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From M. W. DODD, New York, through H. H. HENDERSON & Co., Philadelphia:—

CHRONICLES OF THE SCHONBERG-COTTA FAMILY. By Two of Themselves. This book is an endeavor to give a picture of the times before the breaking out of the great church reformation, in a form more attractive and less stilted than history. It is in the form of diaries or chronicles by different members of the Schönberg-Cotta family, detailing the religious events and sentiments of the day, and presenting Martin Luther familiarly to the reader from the time when he first appeared a young beggar in Eisenach, and kind Ursula Cotta took a fancy to him, up to the period when he is a learned doctor of divinity, and the successful leader in the Protestant movement. Fritz and Eva enter convents, and the glimpses of convent life given in their journals will engage the reader's attention. We are not prepared to say how strictly the author has confined himself to history. At all events, it is an interesting, a suggestive, and a thoughtful work.

AMY CARR; *or, The Fortune-Teller.* By Caroline Chesebro. A pretty story for girls, with an excellent moral, showing the difference between the fortune-telling of the gypsy and that of the Bible.

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From G. P. PUTNAM, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

LYRICS OF LOYALTY. Arranged and Edited by Frank Moore. "The purpose of this collection," says its editor, "is to preserve some of the best specimens of the lyrical writings which the present rebellion has called forth." That this collection has been most judiciously and admirably made, will be the decision of every one who turns over the leaves of the book. The poems are from the pens of a multitude of authors, many of them well known to fame, and are expressive of every shade of patriotic sentiment, from the call to arms to the grief of the widow at the news of her husband fallen in battle. This volume is the first of "The Red, White, and Blue series."

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From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

THE OLD HELMET. By the authoress of "Wide, Wide World." Two volumes. Miss Warner has already a world-wide reputation, which this new work will brighten if it cannot extend. "The Old Helmet" is better written than any of her previous works, and while the literary character is thus improved, the tone of sincere piety, which always pervades her writings, is sustained with more cheerful faith; and the excellent Christian lessons will be not only useful but deeply interesting to the young. The descriptions of natural scenes are very fresh and pleasing; some of the characters win at once on our affections: Aunt Caxton and little Julia—childhood and age—both actuated by pious feeling and sanctified by Christian grace; the noble-hearted missionary, Rowland Rhys, is an example of the good that may be effected by an earnest self-sacrificing man among the benighted heathen, which is very beautifully portrayed. We think these volumes will have a "wide, wide" circulation.

CLAUDE THE COLPORTEUR. By the author of "Mary Powell." We have here a very valuable contribution to Sabbath school literature. The story of this Bible-distributor, a Swiss, of fervent faith like the old Geneva Christians, is deeply interesting. The writer has succeeded in developing character and life in accordance with the popular feeling of what a true Christian should be and should teach.

THE SALE OF CRUMMIE; *and other Stories.* Also THE BURIED BIBLE, *and other Stories;* making seventeen tales in the book, each one with special interest. Children will love this book.

THE MAN OF GOD; *or, Spiritual Religion.* By Octavius Winslow, D. D. The author is too widely known and highly esteemed to require a commendation for his work; in every Christian family it will be a gem of price. The object is to portray *the man of God*—the true believer—in some of the essential and prominent features of his character. Each of the twenty-two chapters has a distinctive characteristic, while the consistency of spiritual unity in the portrait is shown as only the Bible scholar, feeling the truth of inspiration in his own soul, can portray the real Christian.

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From LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York:—

THE BRITISH REVIEWS: *London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster Quarterlies;* also *Blackwood's Magazine.* These five publications, unrivalled of their kind, deserve a wide circulation in our country. The varied, useful, interesting, and important information they contain makes these Reviews necessary for an intelligent people; then the popular taste is improved by the surpassing excellence of literary culture always found in their pages. Send to the publishers, 38 Walker Street, New York, for a circular.

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From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston:—

DREAMTHORP. *Essays written in the Country.* By Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," "City Poems," etc. The author of this beautiful volume has long been known to the reading public as a poet of celebrity. In this country as well as in his native England, his "City Poems," and "Life Dramas" have established his claims to rank high in the literary polity. The adage that "poets write the best prose" is in his case fully justified. We have rarely seen a book that more perfectly embodied our ideal of essay writing. The contents are twelve essays; the first, also called "Dreamthorp," describes the country village in which the writer has taken up his abode, and from which he has given to the great outer world this result of a year's musing and observation. His style is almost faultless; and many of his thoughts are so deep and true, and withal so original, as to insure him a place in the memory of all lovers of books, when the fine-spun platitudes of sentimental theorists on "country life" will have sunk into oblivion.

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From LITTLE, BROWN, & Co., Boston:—

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY; *or, The Young Mother's Guide.* Pp. 169. By Mrs. C. A. Hopkinson. Every mother, whether young or in mature life, will find many valuable suggestions in this *new* manual. It has originality of thought and clearness of expression, is interesting as well as instructive. The loving sympathy of the mother is felt in every page the authoress has given us, and her good sense, careful observation, and judicious counsel will make many a nursery happier where her thoughts are present in this dainty little volume.

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From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

LITTLE ANNA. *A Story for Pleasant Little Children.* By A. Stein. Translated from the German. A neat little

book in blue and gold, with numerous illustrations, telling how Anna played with her doll, and amused herself, and behaved very much like other little children.

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From LORING, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

SUNSET STORIES. *Helen Rothsay:* A Book for Boys and Girls. No. 1. This is the first of the stories which grandmamma tells to a little circle of hearers, to pass away the sunset hour. It is an excellent one in its way, and we have no doubt the larger circle of little readers will wait impatiently for those which are to follow.

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From the AUTHOR, San Francisco, California:—

SOMETHING ABOUT COINS. By E. J. Barra. This little pamphlet gives brief histories and descriptions of various American and foreign coins, and embraces a list of the coins in the author's own collection.

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THE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA. Containing a full and impartial account of the Origin and Progress of the Rebellion: of the various Naval and Military Engagements; of the Heroic Deeds performed by Armies and Individuals; and of Touching Scenes in the Field, the Camp, the Hospital, and the Cabin. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated with Maps, Diagrams, and numerous Steel engravings of Battle Scenes, and portraits of distinguished men. From original designs by Darley, and other eminent artists. Vol. I. Sold only by distributing agents, and published by HENRY BILL, New York. We have given the whole title of the above work, and any one who wants an excellent history, with various engravings, had better subscribe for this book.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

MARCH, 1864.

As the year progresses, we try to make our Book more and more interesting. The spring fashions will be found in this number—a portion of them; we still have more for April. We want particularly to call the attention of our subscribers to the beautiful steel engraving, "Want of Confidence." It needs no explanation from us. It is a beautiful and truthful picture.

Our colored Fashion-plate contains six beautiful figures, true exponents of spring dresses.

"Great Expectations"—not by Dickens, more in the *Dog*berry style—is a very good picture, designed and engraved expressly for us.

"The Housekeeper's Chatelaine" is an article that will be found very useful to many ladies who are not housekeepers. There is a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Our wood engravings of the very latest fashions will be found useful for those who make their own dresses, and for those who make dresses for others.

The literary matter in this number will compare with that of any other magazine in the States. We have authors to write for us that no others have; and whatever appears in the Lady's Book may be read aloud in the family circle.

AGRICULTURAL PREMIUMS.—We believe that the Lady's Book is the only magazine used for a premium at agricultural fairs.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS OR PREMIUMS ON DRAFTS.—We want our subscribers distinctly to understaud that, when they send their letters by express companies, they must pay the expense. We receive a letter containing $10, upon wnich there is $1 freight; of course we cannot suffer that discount. We undertake and promise to send six copies of the Lady's Book for $10; but $9 is not $10, and in all such cases we will not send the Lady's Book to the six subscribers unless we receive the balance we have to pay for freight, be that $1, 75 cents, or 50 cents. And now about drafts. We advise our subscribers to procure drafts—they are the only safe way of remitting. The premium on a draft must be defrayed by the subscribers. It must not fall on us. For instance, we have received several drafts, lately, for $9 75, purporting to represent $10, this will not do; twenty-five cents distributed amongst six subscribers is a small amount each, but when we have to suffer the loss of twenty-five cents upon about a thousand $10 drafts, the aggregate is a large amount. Instead of paying 20 cents for *registering* a letter, you had better pay 20 cents for a draft. It is infinitely more certain.

A GENTLEMAN informed us, a few days since, that he had just returned from a travel over the far West, and the only magazine he found, at the various places he visited, was Godey's Lady's Book.

OUR NEEDLES.—New subscribers are informed that we furnish 100 of the best needles of all sizes for 30 cents, and a three cent stamp to pay return postage. We have sold millions of these needles, and they have given great satisfaction. They are the diamond drilled-eyed needles, and of the best English manufacture.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY.—We see that the March number of this favorite periodical contains, among other music, Brinley Richards' magnificent arrangement of the Soldier's Chorus from Gounod's grand opera of Faust. This splendid composition should bring the March number of the *Musical Monthly* in demand. See the musical column of our Musical Editor.

A SENSIBLE LETTER:—

Inclosed find $10. Send Lady's Book to the following six names. E. B.

There is a letter that can be understood, and easily attended to, which is a great thing, when you are in receipt of over 500 letters a day; and such has been our receipt for the last six weeks.

A LADY who sent a club complains that her letter was not answered. We cannot answer 500 letters a day. We can now only reply to those letters that positively require it. The receipt of the first numbers is evidence that the money has been received.

UNPRECEDENTED.—We are sending off as fast as we can, but our increase this year is about twofold any previous year; we ask the patience of our subscribers. We do all that human ingenuity can do to send to them in time, but what can we do with such an increase of subscription?

MISSING NUMBERS.—Subscribers, take notice! When you miss a number, write at once for it. We are not bound to supply numbers when you renew your subscriptions—numbers that you have lost by lending or otherwise. You say to us that you did not receive them. Well, then, send for them at once, when you miss them, and we shall be better satisfied in supplying them.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—We have received the following from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, and O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.:—

Beauties of Terpsichore. A collection of dance music.
I can't Forget, A song. Music by Mrs. Parkhurst.
Bread and Cheese Kisses. A comic song.
Was my Brother in the Battle? By James Bellak.
The Union Medley. Ballads, songs, solos, etc.
Mary Fay. Sung by the Tremaine Brothers.

The first number of the "Musical Host" has been received. Published by Jas. W. Fortune, New York.

THE *Whig of* '76, says:—

"We have received Godey's Lady's Book. It is a desirable work as being the nearest perfection of anything in the art of printing. It is the most perfect and beautiful work of art in America. Every lady should have a copy."

We kindly thank the *Whig*, and also the *Alma Journal* for the following:—

"Godey's is the best Lady's Book published. If you don't believe it, take it a year—but we confidentially advise you not to lend a single number, as when bound together they make a splendid volume—and you will come to the same conclusion. Any one in comfortable circumstances can afford to subscribe for it."

Two Irishmen were travelling along the plank road that leads from the city of pale bricks to Watertown, and becoming weary, one of them proposed to his companion that they should rest on a large stone that lay at the base of a mile board. His companion threw as much severity in his countenance as possible, and answered: "What, will ye desecrate hallowed ground! The dead lies here. His age was 37, and his name was Miles T.' Watertown!"

Another "son of Erin," at work on the same plank road, was eating his dinner, which consisted partly of boiled eggs, from the invariable tin pail. A passer by, observing that he ate the *shells*, as well as the inside, asked him why he did so. "Now faith, mon," was his reply, "and isn't the *shell* as strong as the egg?"

WE venture our reputation in saying there is, next to a beautiful copy of the Holy Scriptures, no more appropriate New Year's gift from a father to a son, from a brother to a sister, if he has one, or somebody's else if he has not, than Godey's Lady's Book.—*Comet*, Owen Sound.

THE DOUBLE FASHION-PLATE.—Let it be remembered that Godey originated the double fashion-plate, as he has originated everything that is valuable in magazine embellishment.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Holloway's Musical Monthly.—The March number of our now well-established periodical is ready for delivery, containing one dollar's worth of *sheet music*, with four beautifully engraved title-pages, the whole put up in colored covers, and furnished to subscribers for the small sum of 25 cents. In this number is given another of the gems of Gounod's remarkable opera of *Faust*, which has created so marked a sensation in Paris, London, and Philadelphia. This is the Soldiers' Chorus, a beautiful composition made doubly brilliant and effective by the master at whose hands the transcription was made, Brinley Richards. It will be remembered that we have already given three of Brinley Richards' new pieces in our new volume. In the March number we also publish an exquisite new ballad by Blumenthal, and a new and attractive Polka Schottische; the whole of which are furnished in our beautiful periodical at a less price than a single piece would cost purchased separately.

The terms of the Monthly are $3 00 per annum, or four copies for $10 00. We have also determined, for the present, to sell *four months' numbers for* $1 00, free of postage, in order that all our friends may see how cheap and beautiful a periodical we are publishing. It will be remembered that Holloway's Musical Monthly contains features that no other musical periodical has ever attempted. All others are printed from type, while this is printed from engraved plates, as sheet music is printed. It is also published on extra heavy sheet music paper, and *not* on ordinary news-paper, while its beautiful and numerous costly engraved title-pages form a feature prominent and distinctive, and above all rivalry. Let all our friends inclose $3 00 for a year's subscription, or $1 00 for four month's numbers, and address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher Musical Monthly, Box Post Office, Philadelphia. In no other way can the monthly be procured, as we have no agents, neither can it be obtained at any music store.

New Sheet Music.—The following new and beautiful pieces are published by O. Ditson & Co., Boston. Shadow Song Polka Redowa, from Meyerbeer's brilliant opera of Dinorah, 25 cents. Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant's Grand March, by Gung'l, with handsome lithographic title, 35. Hurrah Galop, in honor of Gen'l Grant's victories, 50. Gems from Petrella's charming opera of Ione, varied by Baumbach, 50. Beautiful variations of the popular air, Who will Care for Mother now, 50; this is one of Baumbach's most effective arrangements.

Also the following songs and ballads, each 25 cents. The King of Thulé, from Gounod's grand opera of Faust. Canti chi vuole, Sing ye who will, the celebrated tenor aria in Petrella's charming opera of Ione. Good Morrow, Love, Good Morrow, by Blumenthal. Thy Mother will Rock Thee to Sleep, a sweet and simple melody. Tarry not Long, beautiful song by F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. O Wert thou in the Chilly Blast, with German and English words. Courtship, comic duet, by Glover. Cousin Jedediah, comic song and chorus by the popular author of Annie Lisle. I'm lonely since my Mother died, by same author.

S. T. Gordon, New York, publishes two beautiful translations from the German, Remembrance. and What Will'st Thou, Heart, each 30 cents. Tell Mother I Die Happy, touching song and chorus, 20. Come, Gracious Spirit, adapted from the favorite melody, The Maiden's Prayer, 30. Rally Round the Flag, Boys, a patriotic song and chorus, 25. Also Un Rêve (A dream), a brilliant and effective melody for advanced players, by Ravina, 50.

All orders filled if addressed as above to

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Duke de Mouchy's grand *fête* at his superb domain of Mouchy Noailles, came off on Saturday with all the *eclat* and magnificence which was to be expected from his exquisite taste and large fortune. Two special trains were organized, one of which brought forty guests to dinner at five o'clock, and the other arrived at seven with the rest of the company. At the Heilles-Mouchy Station, the visitors found the Duke's carriages and four, and postilions in powdered wigs waiting to take them to the chateau.

At half-past nine private theatricals commenced. The theatre was improvised in a temporary building adjoining the orange conservatory, at a little distance from the house. All the ladies were conveyed thither in bath chairs, called vinaigrettes. The gardens were brilliantly illuminated. The performances were *l'Histoire d'un Sou* and an occasional piece called *Les cascades de Mouchy*, written by the Marquis de Massa. All the performers were Princes, Dukes, Marquises or Counts.

The "Fairy of the Cascades" was represented with great success by the Countess de Pourtales; the Marquis de Galidet played a vivandiere, and sang several couplets with the Duke de Mouchy.

After the play, the ladies being taken back to the house in their rolling chairs, there waited first supper. This over, dancing began, and at two o'clock there was an animated cotillon. The first return train took away a great many ladies at three o'clock, but enough of the party remained to keep up dancing all night. There was a second supper at four o'clock, and it was not until half-past seven A. M. that the lights were put out, and the last train left for Paris.

The *fête* was worthy of the most brilliant days of Louis XV., and will never be forgotten. Bouquets were presented to all the ladies, and also fans of white silk, on which were written in red letters the names of the noble performers in the theatrical entertainment. The following is a list of some of the company, besides those above named: The Prince and Princess de Metternich, the Princess de Sagan, the Count de Saint Roman, M. and Madame de Ganay, M. and Madame de Courval, M. and Madame Alphonse de Rothschild, M. and Madame Gustave de Rothschild, Madame de Cazes and her sister, M. and Madame Contas Desfontaines, Madame de Belleyme, M. Fould, the Prefect or the Oise, Baron Finot, MM. de Saint Pries, de Merlemont, Reiset, Lupin, de L'Aigle, Auguste de Belleyme, de Balleroy, Talleyrand de Perigord, Poniatowski, de Miramon, Hottingeur, de Belbeuf, de Montreuil, etc.

The Empress gave a grand *fête* at St. Cloud, on the evening of the 14th, for which no less than one thousand invitations were, it is said, issued. The charming gardens and grounds of the chateau, as well as its magnificent orangery, were lighted up with myriads of lights and Chinese lanterns, and the newly-constructed yacht, commanded to be built for her Majesty, which had arrived at St. Cloud only a few days previously, played an important part in the programme of the evening's amusements, and was brilliantly lighted and hung with gay flags to the mast-head. It was remarked that on the occasion of her flying visit to Vichy, the Empress used on her walking expeditions a very handsome gold-headed cane, which a lady about her Majesty's person had previously told me was her constant habit at Biarritz. But there the Empress Eugénie is supposed to live completely without ceremonial of any kind, and confines her suite to a very small number of chosen and intimate friends. Now that this gold-headed cane has made its appearance in so public a place as Vichy, we shall, no doubt, have canes and walking sticks added to the number of feminine superfluities already introduced by this charming, but most extravagant of rulers. In excuse for this eccentric whim, it is recalled that in the days of Louis XV., the same fashion prevailed, and that walking canes grew to be of the richest and most expensive description.

A correspondent of a provincial journal gives the following account of Marie Antoinette's shoe, now preserved in the Museum of Sovereigns at the Louvre. On the 16th October, 1793, when Sanson descended from the scaffold after executing the unfortunate Queen, he saw one of the soldiers on duty endeavoring to arrest two boys who had concealed themselves under the guillotine during the execution. One of them had dipped a handkerchief in the royal blood, and the other held a shoe which had fallen from the platform. The boy with the handkerchief was taken, and was only saved from the guillotine by his tender age. The other boy got off with the shoe, which he and his son kept as a relic till 1860, when the latter carried it in a velvet bag to Count Horace de Viel-Castle, conservator of the Museum of Sovereigns, by whom, of course, it was gladly accepted. The shoe is small, considering that she was a tall woman.

That which strikes terror into the heart of every parent in Paris, is the daily increasing cost of life. All popular tastes are expensive; the bare necessities of existence are double the price they were ten years ago, and the universal race is after gold—aye, at almost any cost. A lady wears a mechanic's income on her back. Some of our good old-fashioned country housewives would start with horror could they see the milliners' bills of clerks' wives. The fifth story—anywhere so that the roof does not slant—will do for the home, so that the bonnet and the flounces are of the newest. The fever is catching the very poor, to add to their straits. The snow-white cap of other days is being put aside for the cheap bonnet. The trim, clean, economical blouse is cast away as the mark of labor (as though there were not honor in labor) for the square-cut suit of shoddy cloth. The reckless expenditure on dress is a pestilence that sinks deep. It is reaching the very poorest of the Paris poor, to the destruction of the comfort that was in their old, picturesque, and rational attire. The Parisians have always ridiculed the appearance of the working and very poor population of London in castors and bonnets, hideous caricatures of the goods of Lincoln and Bennet, and the late Miss Jane Clarke; but Paris is not now free from extravagant imitations among the working population of the art-manufactures of Madame Laure and M. Dusantoy. The Docks de la Toilette, the Pauvre Diable, and the Belle Jardinière, find their customers not only among the shabby-genteel, but also among classes who never sported broadcloth until the sweating system and shoddy made their appearance in Paris. French writers squib the worshippers of the golden calf, and laugh at the poor folks who don cheap imitations of the worshippers' splendid vestments; but the fever of extravagance never abates, and the genteel poor groan under the sacrifices they are compelled to make.

SEVERAL books have lately been received at our post-office addressed to Mrs. Hale; some with $1 09 and others $1 25 and $1 36 postage on them. They have not been taken from the post-office. Some were done up inclosed at both ends, and others with letters inclosed, which subjects them to letter postage.

NOTED CHARACTERS. FROM AN OLD LETTER:—

"I saw a good many celebrities—chiefly political, and a few literary, also some foreigners of more or less distinction. There was there, with her mother, a Madrid beauty, Mdlle. de M———o. [The present empress of France, then Mdlle. Montisso.] She is fair, with golden hair and dark eyes, and, though not (to my taste) beautiful, has an air of distinction, coupled with a degree of melancholy, in her expression, that irresistibly attracts your attention. There is something about her manner, too, that is very peculiar and very difficult to describe—a sort of little, quiet, half-indifferent, half-pensive air, as if she knew she were charming, but cared little about the matter, still less about making those around her think so. This struck me particularly, because it was so strongly opposed to the manners of the Frenchwomen around her. She has a charming bust and hands."

And here is Madame Dudevant:—

"We dined to-day at Madame E. de G———n's, and met more wonderful people. First, there was Madame G. Sand. Cover her eyes, and nowhere and nohow else shall you find in her, in one interview, at all events, any evidence of the genius—more especially the order of genius—that distinguishes her. She is short and stout, with a large face, the lower part of which is very coarse, and it is but the eyes that are handsome and expressive. I noted her hands, which are remarkably small, and, oddly enough, are only wanting in flesh to make them handsome. She speaks little, and what she says is much more characteristic of plain, strong common sense than of fancy or brilliancy; while her manners are perfectly quiet and free from affectation—indeed, from any peculiarity."

For another specimen, here is Dumas:—

"Alexander Dumas was there; very amusing, but I should say capable of being extremely overpowering. He talks incessantly, very loud, and with frantic gesticulations; he knows and loves (!) everybody, *and* (!) seems utterly deficient in the tact that should teach him whom he may or may not be familiar and demonstrative with, or what subjects are permitted or inadmissible in general conversation. He is exactly like a huge, boisterous, good-humored Newfoundland puppy let into a drawing-room to display his intelligence and accomplishments; these, no doubt, are remarkable and highly amusing; but the result is, you feel that the witnessing the expenditure of this amount of animal life and superfluous energy produces a sensation of fatigue nearly as great as if you had been going through the exhibition yourself."

DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING LETTERS.—If you write on business, and about anything for the book, write on separate sheets, so that they may be separated, and each portion handed to the persons to whose departments the subjects may belong. Frequently poetry is sent us in letters ordering Lady's Book, commenced on the back of the business page. We have not time to copy it, and therefore it is filed away with business letters, and no notice taken of it. So photographs and Lady's Books are often mixed up. Write on each subject on separate sheets. Two sheets of paper will only cost three cents postage.

CLUB RATES WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, $4 50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Magazine, one year, $3 50. Godey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, and Arthur's Magazine, one year, $6. No cheaper club than this can be offered. Godey's Lady's Book and Holloway's Musical Monthly, one year, $5. For Canada terms, see cover.

AT a village a short distance from Dover, the child of a poor woman was lying at the point of death, when a gentle tap was heard at the door. The visitor turned out to be the sexton's wife, who asked whether it was likely the child would be long dying, as her husband wanted to go out, but would delay his departure if it was thought death would shortly take place!

IDENTITY ASCERTAINED.—The identity of the dead soldier who was found on the bloody field of Gettysburg, with the picture of his three pretty little children tightly clasped in his hands, has been ascertained within a day or two. The wide publicity given to the touching circumstances through the medium of the press produced the desired result. The name of the deceased was Hummiston, and his widow and three children reside at Portville, Cattaraugus County, New York. Large numbers of photographic copies of the picture upon which the dying eyes of the warrior-father closed have been sold, and the profits realized from their sale will be appropriated to the benefit of the children. It is hoped that a sufficient sum may be realized in this way, and by future sales, to aid materially in the education of the little ones who were made orphans at Gettysburg.

NEW YORK.

DEAR MR. GODEY: For some time past I have thought I would write and tell you something about our exhibition. (Now if you are busy don't mind reading this just now, for I don't come either to beg, borrow, or ask you to publish for me, so my letter can wait.) You must know that a few weeks ago, I went to visit a friend of mine in a pleasant country place, and there she and I "got up" this "*exhibition*;" we called it so, because we did not know any other inoffensive name for it; to have called it a theatre, would have horrified the people in these parts. It was for the benefit of the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society; and was a great success. We cleared nearly $25 00, and should have had a great deal more, but our house was very small, and our admision fee only twenty cents, and children half price. Everybody that could get in was delighted, and the house was literally jammed. Now, what I want to say is, that for this success, I want to thank you and Miss Marian Douglas, her for *writing*, and you for *publishing*, "The Comedy of an Evening" in the July, and "The Village with one Gentleman" in the September number of your magazine; they are both excellent pieces, and with four tableaux, a charade I wrote for the occasion, and some singing, comprised the whole entertainment. It was funny that "The Village with one Gentleman" described pretty nearly the condition of this one. Oh! such a time as we had to get gentlemen enough for the two plays—excuse me, I mean pieces. As it was, one gentleman had to take both "Mr. Leroy," and "Dr. Henningway;" we had only two more, and one of them was married; we had plenty of girls, and they all acted exceedingly well. There is one part of that "Comedy of an Evening" which must be seen to be appreciated; the audience laughed at it till they almost shook the house. I refer to the scene where the ladies all go to sleep. If I knew Miss Douglas' address, I would write and thank her, as I now do you, for the way in which you have indirectly helped the soldiers. If you have an opportunity, won't you please to tell her that we all wish she would write something more. Yours truly, M. M. McB.

CRINOLINES ABROAD.—An African negress having been presented with a crinoline, caused no little amusement to the English, etc., at Acra, by wearing it the wrong way up, *i. e.*, with the waistband round the ankles and what should have been the bottom hoop suspended from the neck by cords. In this guise she strutted about as proud as a peacock.

MISSING NUMBERS.—If any subscriber fails to receive a copy of *Harper* or *Arthur*, they must write to the publisher of the magazine not received—Harper in New York, Arthur in Philadelphia. We pay the money over as soon as received, to the publisher of the magazine ordered, and the numbers are sent from their respective offices.

MRS. HALE is fully supplied with "Sketches of American Life" and "Traits of American Character."

AGENCIES.—We have no agents, and no persons soliciting subscribers for us. Let this be remembered.

WOMEN AND STREET CARS.—A Cincinnati paper published an item the other day to the effect that the editor heard a lady on a street car thank a gentleman who gave up his seat to her. A correspondent appears to doubt the statement. He says: "I have no desire to question your veracity, Mr. Editor, but did not your ears deceive you? The story you tell is incredible. I have rode on street cars daily—several times a day—ever since they were established in this city, yet never have I witnessed such an occurrence as you relate. I have been in crowded cars when men have left their seats to stand on the platform in the rain, that women might be comfortably seated, and never did I hear the faintest syllable of thanks fall from their lips. They drop into the proffered seat as though it was a reserved throne for which they had no one to thank, sometimes scowling at the man sitting beside them because he don't stand up and afford them still greater space in which to spread themselves. No, no, Mr. Editor, you were joking, or else your ears have played you an antic trick."

TO POETS.—Having so much poetry at present on hand, we must be allowed this year to use some of it; therefore, during 1864, we cannot send the Lady's Book in payment for poetical contributions.

POSTAGE on the Lady's Book, according to the late law passed last winter.

Section 36.—Postage on Godey's Lady's Book, 24 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly in advance, at the Post-office where the Book is received.

News dealers may receive their packages at the same rates, that is, 2 cents for each copy of the magazine, and may pay separately for each package as received.

UNBONNETING THE LADIES.—At the Urania Theatre, Berlin, all ladies are required to take off their bonnets, before entering the theatre to take their places. This provision has been found necessary, since, owing to the present fashion prevailing in that article of female attire, it is almost impossible for persons sitting behind a lady with her bonnet on, to see what is going forward on the stage. At a theatre in Paris, the same end has been attained by placing printed bills about the theatre, containing the following announcement: "All young and handsome ladies are politely requested to take off their bonnets. All others may keep them on." We wish our American theatres would adopt this plan.

WE would like our correspondents, ladies particularly, if they have any good jokes, to send them to us—about servants, or anything else. There are many, and each one of our subscribers can contribute one. So let us have them. We would like a joke department; no old Joe Miller's. We have an original copy of that venerable joker, but don't use him.

"PUTTING YOUR FOOT IN IT."—This term, it seems, is of legitimate origin. According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and there remain until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it."

PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. ALICE B. HAYEN.—We have added to our extensive collection a photograph of this much lamented lady.

BORROWERS.

DEAR SIR: I send you a club of subscribers. The Book is so popular that I shall now attempt to get up a club among my borrowing neighbors. If you can suggest some method of converting borrowers into subscribers, I should be greatly obliged to you. A. D., *Ohio.*

We cannot; they are hardened.

I again have the pleasure of sending you a club for your Book. We cannot do without it. If any one is afraid that the winter evenings will be dull, let them send for Godey's Lady Book. Miss R., *Indiana.*

For the last year your Lady's Book has been a welcome visitor. I have been taking various other magazines, but find yours far superior to all others, and I send you a club of ten subscribers. Mrs. C., *Iowa.*

We prefer Godey to all others, for its high moral tone and literary superiority. The fashions also are infinitely superior to all others. The receipts are invaluable. My wife took one receipt from your book for making a certain kind of cake, which she says will pay in real service for a whole year's subscription. Without multiplying words, we are determined to have the Lady's Book, and I therefore inclose $15 for my club. G. E. M., *Ohio.*

MR. A——— employed a number of hands, in a cabinet-shop, all of whom were fond of *bivalves*. Consequently, there was great exertion *to get the oysters* on to some one of the number. On one occasion, Mr. A——— entered the shop with a particularly long face, which, as intended, soon attracted the attention of the employees, when one after another inquired the cause of his troubled looks. After a sufficient time had elapsed for them to acquire a thoughtful mood, Mr. A——— began questioning his foreman, Mr. R——— (who, by the way, was a great joker), had he ever known, or heard, of a person's heart turning to stone? Mr. R———, of course, was very much surprised. Had never heard of such a thing. Could such a thing be? etc. etc. "Yes," said Mr. A———, "I suppose it must be so. We have just had this intelligence of Mrs. A———'s sister." This elicited many inquiries, and much sympathy from Mr. R———, who communicated the fact to the men in the room, and went again to Mr. A——— to learn other particulars. At length, when the curiosity of all hands was at the highest pitch, Mr. A——— quietly informed them that Mrs. A———'s sister had married a gentleman by the name of Stone. Mr. R——— furnished oysters.

GODEYS FASHIONS are the only correct ones given in the United States. Others give colored figures, not caring whether they are the fashions or not. We appeal to every lady acquainted with the fashions, milliners and others, whether we are not correct in our assertion?

THE following singular announcement appeared in the *New York Herald*:—

"Six bridesmaids and groomsmen wanted, by a couple about to be married, who have but a few friends in this city, and wish to be handsomely united. To respectable parties a fair compensation will be given. Address," etc.

HOW TO COLOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.—Messrs. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have just published a little manual on the art of painting the photograph, which is for sale at the bookstores, or will be sent by them, post-paid, for 10 cents.

IN 1861 there were in the workhouses in England, a half-pay officer, a clergyman, 10 solicitors, 15 surgeons, an author, 38 schoolmasters, and 79 schoolmistresses.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

We print something new for our young friends, always having a special eye to their amusement, as we have to the improvement of their elders.

FLOWERS FROM FRUIT.

Required—Oranges, Almonds, bunches of Raisins, pieces of Whale-bone (or cane).

Directions.—A Flower. Steep almonds in water for a short time. Cut the skin carefully all round, except at

the thinnest ends. Spread the skin out gently on each side of the Almonds, and suspend them from raisin stalks.

Another Flower. Take a few raisins on a long branchy stalk, and here and there fasten small pieces of orange-peel. The effect will be very pleasing.

Tulips.—From the stalk-ends of oranges loosen the peel in wide leaf-shaped slips, nearly to the bottom, but do not take them off. Open the orange at the top, as though you intended to quarter it; but open it only about half way down. Stick the lower part on a piece of whalebone (or cane), which you can almost cover with leaves made of slips of orange-peel.

Sunflower.—Proceed as for the tulip, making the leaves fewer, and, of course, much wider; open them widely. Do not separate the parts of the orange. Secure it (as you did the tulip), to a piece of whalebone or cane.

Victoria Regia.—*Required*—An Orange.

Directions.—Cut off the top part of the orange-peel, about as large a piece as would cover a penny. Pass the blade of the fruit-knife between the peel and the fruit, so that you can turn down the peel. Open the orange from the top, in the same way as for the tulip, but much wider apart. Between the parts you can put slips of orange-peel for leaves.

A Bouquet.—Having made as many different flowers as you can, place them together in a small jug or vase. You can fill it in with your cuttings, which will also serve to keep the flowers where you wish them to be.

A little girl who had not behaved properly at church, criticized, on her return, the dress of a lady who was there, saying that it had a tuck very near the hem, when her mother said reprovingly: "I should think you would have been so much ashamed of your bad conduct, that you could not have raised your eyes from the floor." "So I was, ma," was the ready answer, "and having my eyes cast down caused me to observe the bottom of Mrs. R.'s dress."

MOTHER GOOSE TABLEAUX.

(Continued from February number.)

TABLEAU XXI.

"If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend,
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

"If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old rags to sell,
Old rags to sell, old rags to sell,
I never would cry old rags to sell."

Let the curtain rise on a stage perfectly empty. From one side, behind the scenes, comes the cry, "Old chairs to mend! Old chairs to mend!" From the other side the cry is, "Old rags to sell! Old rags to sell!"

The merchants must wear old ragged dresses, overcoats, and gloves without fingers, "shocking bad hats," and gaping boots. One carries on his head a pile of chairs, the other shoulders an immense rag bag. After the cry off the stage (repeated alternately), the performers come on the stage from opposite sides, each crying their wares. Meeting in the centre of the foreground they stop, eye each other, and bow. Then the rag man sings sarcastically the first verse of the song, with a strong accent on the personal pronoun. After he finishes the chair man walks deliberately round him, and then in a contemptuous manner, also emphasizing the I, sings the second verse. At its conclusion, with every gesture of contempt, the merchants turn their backs upon each other, and go out at the side opposite to the one at which they entered, each, in a loud, defiant tone, crying their "Old chairs to mend!" and "Old rags to sell!"

TABLEAU XXII, XXIII.

"Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Said simple Simon to the pieman,
Let me taste your ware.
Said the pieman to simple Simon,
Show me first your penny.
Said simple Simon to the pieman,
Indeed I have not any."

In the centre of stage stands the pieman, with a white apron and baker's cap on. Upon his arm is a large square basket covered with a white cloth. In one hand he holds out a small pie, while the other is extended open for a penny. The boy, who takes the part of Simon, must be capable of putting on a perfectly vacant stare. He is standing left of pieman, facing audience, staring eagerly at the pie, his pockets turned inside out, and his hands feeling them for the missing penny.

"Simple Simon went a fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he could get
Was in his mother's pail."

In the centre of foreground stands the pail of water. In the centre of foreground, exactly facing the pail, simple Simon is seated upon a chair placed upon a table. He has a long fishing pole, the line from which falls into the pail, and his eyes are fixed with eagerness upon the hook. The best dress for simple Simon is a pair of summer pants, too short and too tight (a fat boy is best for the part), a long gingham apron with sleeves, a hat without a brim, low shoes and colored cotton stockings. All his clothes should appear to be outgrown.

TABLEAU XXIV.

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can,
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B,
And toss it in the oven for baby and me."

In the centre of the stage have a table, upon which is the kneading trough. Behind the table facing audience is the "baker's man," with his white apron and cap, patting a piece of dough. In the foreground stands the master, with the baby on his arm. Crying babies are best for tableaux, as, if broken, they are not quite so important as "mamma's darling."

Mother Goose is such an inexhaustible old woman, that these tableaux for little folks might be varied for several nights and still have some left for a new performance. Mother Hubbard's dog (by an amateur), might be made to perform all his famous feats, and the more absurd the dog, the greater the fun. Lord Bateman's adventures too would furnish tableaux for a whole evening. Little Bo-peep, Tommy Tucker, the pretty maid whose face was her fortune, and hosts of other famous characters in the nursery history, might be made to perform for the evening. And so, trusting that in her series of tableaux, the authoress will suggest pleasant evenings for her young readers, she takes farewell of them.

THE USE OF EYES.—An Italian bishop struggled against the greatest difficulties without manifesting the slightest impatience, without uttering the smallest complaint. "What is your secret for being so tranquil in the midst of so many contrarieties?" one of his most intimate friends asked him. "My secret is very simple," replied the old man; "I know how to make a good use of my eyes; that is all." "How so?" said the friend; "explain yourself." "Very willingly," answered the bishop. "First of all I raise my eyes: I look at heaven, and I remember that there is the dwelling to which I must aspire with all my strength. I direct my eyes afterwards to the earth, and I think of the small place which I shall there one day occupy. Then I look at the world, and I perceive there an infinite number of persons much more unhappy than I. It is then that I comprehend the true end of life—in what true felicity consists, and how wrong I should be to complain and murmur."

THE following is from an English paper, no one in this country has yet heard of it:—

"Have you heard, too, of the new American invention—musical telegraphy? By means of it dulcet strains are to be laid on, like water or gas, at so much per annum for each house! A pianoforte is to be connected by means of electric wires with any number of instruments, and on being played, the sympathetic vibration will cause a regular stream of harmony to permeate every room in communication with the central depot. A distinguished professor is to be kept playing, and subscribers are to turn on music at will by means of a small tap. If this sounds a little mad, I can only assure you that it is a scheme gravely propounded by Mr. Hackenberg, an American gentleman, who states his plans to be matured, and that he is ready to supply music at a given rate per annum to all the world. Fancy the 'sympathetic vibration' between two kindred souls separated by an adverse fate, but who agree to enjoy the same sentimental strain at the same hour! It sounds like a leaf out of the 'Arabian Nights;' but I am assured on scientific authority that the scheme is practicable, and that, with a proper number of subscribers guaranteed, it is perfectly feasible that the very best musical skill may be brought within the reach of all householders willing to pay a small additional rate. Does not Goldsmith's Citizen of the World ask at a ball why the ladies and gentleman go through all that hard work themselves, instead of paying servants to do it for them? The labor of 'practising' at the piano will, if this scheme succeed, be at an end; for what young lady would have the heart to pound away at her 'Battle of Prague' when a professional player is competing with her in the same room, and when the superior strains of such player are to be constantly heard by the simple process of turning on a tap? Let me suggest Shakspeare's line,

'Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?'

as an appropriate motto for Mr. Hackenberg's invention."

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.

Mrs. L. A. G.—Sent box by express December 21st.

E. S.—Sent hair and fancy combs by express 21st.

Mrs. J. L. M.—Sent articles by express 23d.

Mrs. S. G.—Sent articles 22d.

Mrs. M. B.—Sent cigar-case 22d.

M. S.—Sent cloak pattern 22d.

J. W. A.—Sent hair watch chain 22d.

Mrs. W. P. T.—Sent articles by express 22d.

Mrs. E. P. H.—Sent ring 23d.

Miss L. M.—Sent crimson wool by express 24th.

M. A. W.—Sent hair chain by mail 24th.

Mrs. G. H.—Sent pattern 24th.

Mrs. M. H. C.—Sent embroidery thread 24th.

W. N. D.—Sent box of embroidery 30th.

Mrs. W. W. W.—Sent dress elevator 31st.

Mrs. J. S. G.—Sent hair chain 31st.

S. E. K.—Sent box of articles by express 31st.

Mrs. T. P. T.—Sent box of articles by express 31st.

Mrs. S. O. A.—Sent hair rings January 2d.

Mrs. S. K. S.—Sent cloak pattern 2d.

Mrs. E. B. J.—Sent two hair rings 5th.

Mrs. L. R.—Sent hair ring 5th.

Mrs. M. M. McC.—Sent box 7th.

Mrs. L. R.—Sent slippers 7th.

Mrs. W. H. W.—Sent pattern by express 9th.

S. C. B.—Sent one pair sleeve buttons 12th.

Mrs. A. L.—Sent hair ring 12th.

Mrs. S. E. B.—Sent hood pattern 14th.

Mrs. J. McC.—Sent seal and hair-work 14th.

Mrs. R. A. McK.—Sent hair crimpers by express 14th.

Mrs. E. Y. K.—Sent patterns by express 14th.

Mrs. F. M.—Sent pattern 14th.

E. L. D.—It is not proper to call a gentleman by his Christian name on so short an acquaintance.

S. P. R.—The gentleman responds.

Miss D. S.—We are not a physician. Ask your medical adviser. Let this answer do for all who ask us medical questions.

Miss S. H.—If you have been introduced, and you want the acquaintance of the gentlemen after, bow to him first. He has no right to claim the acquaintance, it rests with you. A bow or smile, anything to indicate that you have not forgotten him.

Miss H. S. A.—"Echoes" will not answer.

W. J. P.—"Reveries of a Bachelor," $1 25. "My Farm at Edgewood," $1 50. T. B. Peterson & Bro. can furnish them. We don't send books by mail.

Miss E. H. P.—The engaged ring should be worn on the fourth finger of the right hand (counting the thumb as a finger); the wedding ring is worn on the fourth finger of the left hand. Whether people introduced to each other should shake hands, depends entirely on circumstances.

J. F.—In a dinner *à la Russe*, the dishes are not cut up on table, but on a sideboard, by the servants, and are handed round to the guests. Each guest should be provided with a bill of fare, and the table laid out with flowers.

P. V. W.—We cannot answer all club letters received; 500 a day is beyond our capacity. Send a stamp, if you want an answer.

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; dry goods of any kind from Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & 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 MARCH.

Fig. 1.—Gray figured silk poplin, trimmed with a box-plaited ruffle on the edge of the skirt, and black braid arranged in a pyramidal form on the front and sides of the skirt. The sleeves are trimmed with braid to match. The small camail is finished with a row of heavy chenille fringe. The bonnet is of apple-green silk, trimmed with green feathers, and the cape is of white *crape* covered with black lace.

Fig. 2.—Dress of rich Napoleon purple silk, richly trimmed with black velvet edged with guipure lace. The corsage is made with a very deep square jockey, trimmed with chenille, velvet, and lace. Fancy cap, trimmed with scarlet roses and long white streamers edged with black lace.

Fig. 3.—Dress of a golden oak silk, with long jockey at the back. The dress is fancifully trimmed with chenille tassels and black silk braid. White silk bonnet, trimmed with scarlet velvet. The inside trimming is of fancy straw and scarlet velvet.

Fig. 4.—Sea-green silk dress, trimmed with graduated bands of black velvet, finished with buttons on the edge of the skirt. Long circle of heavy black silk, richly embroidered with chenille and black beads. White *crape* bonnet, crossed with crystal beads, and trimmed with leaves and scarlet berries.

Fig. 5.—Blue alpaca dress, trimmed with black velvet arranged in linked diamonds on the skirt. *Paletot* of light smoke gray cloth, slashed at the sides, and laced with black cords and tassels. Fancy pockets, cuffs, and collar, trimmed with a narrow black velvet. White drawn silk bonnet, trimmed with blue ribbon.

Fig 6.—Child's dress of a cherry silk. Sack of a bright cuir-colored cloth, edged with rows of narrow velvet. White straw hat, trimmed with scarlet velvet and fancy grasses.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(*See engraving, page* 232.)

Fig. 1.—Dress of pearl-colored poplin, trimmed with bands of sea-green silk. Fancy jacket, faced and turned back with green silk. Vest of green silk. White straw hat, with a black velvet ribbon tied at the back.

Fig. 2.—Blue silk dress, and *paletot* of black silk edged with a narrow fluting of velvet.

Fig. 3.—White *piqué* dress, richly braided with Magenta. White Leghorn hat, trimmed with Magenta feathers.

Fig. 4.—White *piqué* dress, braided with a bright blue braid.

Fig. 5.—White alpaca dress, trimmed with bands of bias blue silk. Straw hat, trimmed with field flowers and black velvet.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Cold blustering March brings with it few novelties. The general character of the month forbids our casting aside winter habiliments.

> Yet in her reign of blast and storm
> Smiles many a long, bright sunny day.
> When the changed winds are soft and warm,
> And heaven puts on the blue of May.

And therefore some change must be made. It is rather early to say with certainty what will be accepted or rejected in the way of fashions. The first thing to be done, however, is to lay aside furs. As the neck requires some little protection, we would suggest to the fair Penelopes (who, at this present day, are as great adepts with the crochet as the sewing needle) the bright little Roman scarfs now so much in vogue for ladies and children. They are made of split zephyr, about one yard and a quarter long including the fringe. They should be worked with rather a fine needle, and can be made in shells on the single long crochet. Twenty-five stitches is a good width, and they can be made of any or all colors. But as some of our readers have never seen these little affairs, we will give the colors of a very pretty one we have lately seen. It was made of scarlet, green, purple, and corn-color, three rows of each, and separated by a row of black, two of white, and another of black. The fringe was formed of strands of all the colors in the scarf.

If something richer is required, scarfs and half handkerchiefs of silk, plush and velvet, in the gayest of plaids, now line the shop windows. Muslin half handkerchiefs now come for the neck, scalloped round with white or colors, having an embroidered bunch in the point at the back. As a protection for a camel's-hair shawl, nothing can be nicer. For as the hair is still worn very low on the neck, if the shawl is white, or of a light color, it is almost impossible not to soil it, unless something is worn quite high round the throat, and the shawl allowed to fall slightly.

At Brodie's, in Canal Street, the heavier cloaks are being laid aside, and all the clans from Loch Lomond to John O'Groat's house are represented in wraps of various styles, principally of the talma shape, trimmed with very deep and heavy chenille fringe, variegated to suit the colors of the plaid. As the Empress of the French and the Duchess de Morny have adopted the Tartan, our ladies must certainly follow suit.

The black and white plaids are not yet discarded. They are trimmed with a woollen chenille fringe, either to match, or of gay colors. Many are cut with a seam down the back, and in this case the plaids must match, or the effect will be shocking. Others are loose in front, but are

sloped somewhat to the figure at the sides and back, and have a small square cape just reaching to the shoulders. The pockets are cut lengthways.

In opera cloaks there is much variety. Some are made with three folds carried slanting across the front and back, and ornamented with heavy cords and tassels. A very elegant cloak was of white plush bordered with scarlet chenille fringe, over which was a network of white beads and bugles forming a lace. The hood was also edged with this bugle fringe, which had a most charming effect when it was drawn over the head. Another very original wrap was of white silk embroidered with white chenille. The hood was of white *crape*, covered with rows of blonde lace, which was exquisitely light and graceful.

We are constantly hearing of new follies, but the prettiest folly of the day, is the Folly waist, intended to supersede the Spanish waist. We will endeavor to describe it; though it is rather a difficult thing to give a correct idea of it by description.

Well, then, suppose it is to be made of silk. Take five pieces about ten inches long, somewhat of the hour-glass shape, measuring three and a half inches across the ends, which are pointed, and two inches at the narrowest part, which is rather below the centre. These pieces are sewed together for the space of about six inches. The rest hangs in little points round the waist. Five more pieces of about the same size are taken for the back, having the tops rounded instead of pointed. These are sewed together the same as the front. The side pieces of both back and front require to be rather shorter in order to fit nicely under the arm. Bones are put down every seam, and the waist is laced under the arm. The trimming can be of velvet, leather, or bead gimp, edged on each side with a lace. It is placed down each seam, round all the points, and down the centre of each division. If our readers cannot understand our description and wish for more exact information, we think they cannot do better than to send to our Fashion Editress for a pattern. It is certainly the prettiest waist we have seen, decidedly new, and will be fashionable all summer.

We cannot forbear mentioning two very pretty sashes which we saw at Mme. Demorest's, intended for dinner or evening wear. Both had a sort of bodice attached; one cut in turrets in front, the other pointed both back and front. One had very long and wide ends with bow behind, while the other had long rounded medallions, which extended half way down the skirts. These styles are very effective made of velvet and embroidered in gold, or trimmed with illusion ruches. The first mentioned is called the "La Favorita," and the other "the Ione."

In this demi-season, when there is a perfect stagnation of fashion, and when milliners and dressmakers lament that there is positively nothing new, we find at Mme. N. Tilman's, of Ninth Street, a choice lot of new importations.

Among the bonnets was a very peculiar one of black tulle, with scarlet velvet front, and the crown was formed of one large scarlet velvet carnation pink. The inside trimming was of scarlet carnations, and the strings of scarlet and black striped ribbon, quite Scotch-like, and a novelty; for until now plain ribbons alone have been tolerated for bonnet strings. The length of the strings should be one yard and three-quarters. Another very exquisite bonnet was of felt-colored velvet trimmed with an aigrette of blonde lace and a heron plume. Inside more Scotch flowers, consisting of tufts of scarlet, green, and blue berries with gold spikes, interwoven with golden veined ivy. The *tout ensemble* of this bonnet was charming.

In headdresses we saw many exquisite novelties. The coronet is still the prevailing style, but a pretty variation of it was a double wreath. The first rather more than a quarter of a yard in circumference, the other still smaller and linked in it. It was formed of an exquisite bunch of roses and buds, which was to be placed just over the forehead between the puffs, and the rest was of small buds and leaves. A large rose in the second wreath was intended to ornament the top of the waterfall coiffure.

Another headdress was of very large pansies of purple, scarlet, and blue velvet, with mother-of-pearl centres, painted to resemble the originals. It was very elegant. Mother-of-pearl is the great novelty in the late headdresses. Large aigrettes in the Scotch style formed of a very elegantly polished snail-shell, from which dart out three long feather-shaped shells, are introduced into many of the wreaths and headdresses.

A most exquisite wreath, a veritable Undine, was of water lilies, with tiny shells clinging to the leaves of flowers. Another headdress was of pink roses and forget-me-nots, profusely sprinkled with large crystal rain-drops.

The rage for birds and insects is not yet over. Indeed, it is on the increase, and reptiles are now being introduced. Every time we visit the rooms of Mme. Tilman we are shown something still more peculiar.

Among the very latest novelties are snails, large caterpillars, such as we see on grape-vines, and as long and thick as a lady's little finger, butterflies made of the most transparent materials, others of mother-of-pearl, beautifully colored, dragonflies and snakes. Yes, dear readers, actually snakes, fully a quarter of a yard long. All these reptiles so closely imitate nature that you really feel reluctant to take them up and examine them. We think this mania rather carried to excess. But what is to be done. The ladies are never satisfied, novelties must be had. Like Oliver Twist, they still ask for more.

Artificial flowers are in great demand, and are exquisitely perfect; and when arranged with the taste peculiar to Mme. Tilman, nothing can be more beautiful.

The Greek coiffure is one of the favorite styles, either a large bunch of curls thrown over a comb, or the more artistic style of a roll with the curls falling from the centre of it.

The most suitable style of headdress for this coiffure is a bandeau of velvet starred with brilliants. Another style is a small diadem advancing in a point upon the forehead, and studded with shells, crescents or other fancy ornaments. A comb should be made to match this headdress either of shells and velvet. or velvet and whatever ornaments are on the bandeau.

Fancy combs are still the rage, and very economical ones may be made by cutting a fancy design out of cardboard, such as knots, bows, linked rings, etc., and covering them with gilt, steel, or jet beads and fastening them on a small plain comb.

Plaid scarfs passed from the left shoulder to the right side and knotted below the waist are much worn by young ladies over their airy white ball dresses. It is also one of the prettiest styles for children.

We are questioned as to the plaiting of dresses. That is rather a difficult question to answer, as most every dressmaker seems to have a style of her own. We see large box plaits, one large plait and three small ones, also French gathers.

Dresses are still faced with leather, and in New York, which is considered the Paris of America, hoops are not discarded nor are they worn so small as in some of her sister cities.

FASHION.