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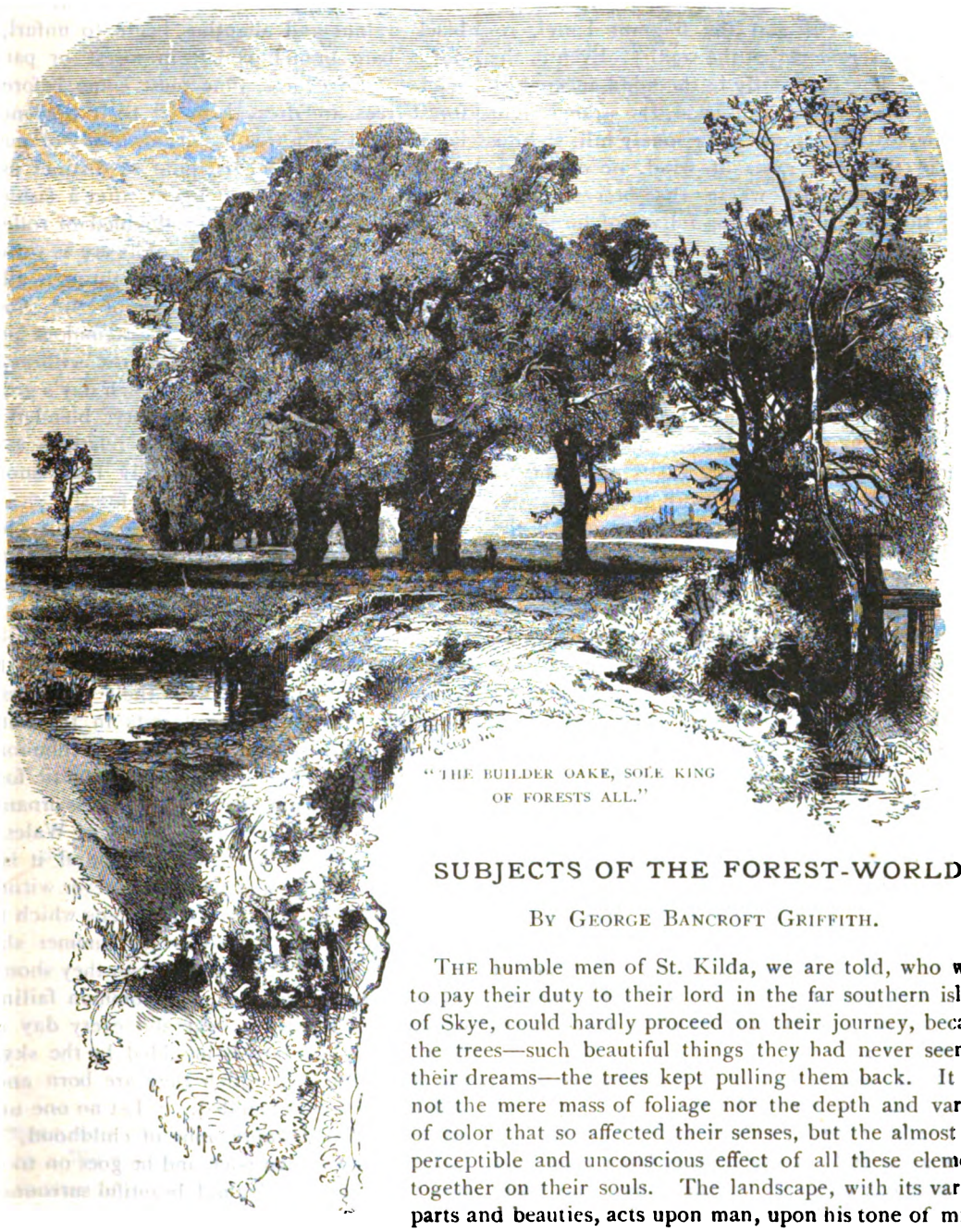


"THE BUILDER OAKE, SOLE KING OF FORESTS ALL."

SUBJECTS OF THE FOREST-WORLD.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

THE humble men of St. Kilda, we are told, who went to pay their duty to their lord in the far southern island of Skye, could hardly proceed on their journey, because the trees—such beautiful things they had never seen in their dreams—the trees kept pulling them back. It was not the mere mass of foliage nor the depth and variety of color that so affected their senses, but the almost imperceptible and unconscious effect of all these elements together on their souls. The landscape, with its various parts and beauties, acts upon man, upon his tone of mind,

and thus imperceptibly upon his entire inward development. How different must needs be the idea of the world to him who obtained his first impressions from the solemn evergreen pine woods of the north, overshadowing deep blue lakes and vast granite-strewn plains, and to the happier man whose early days passed under the bright leaf of the myrtle and the fragrant laurel, reflecting the serene sky of the south! Even in the same land how differently is the mind affected by the dark shade of a beech-wood, the strange sight of a few scattered pines on a lonely hill, sighing sadly in the fitful gusts of wind, or of broad, green pasture-lands, where the breeze rustles gently through the trembling foliage of birches!

The leafy month of June may well turn our thoughts with admiration, delight, and gratitude to the beauty and usefulness of trees. Who, then, can look up to a stately tree, reared in its colossal grandeur, its head in the clouds, its roots in the firm earth, so full of life and vigor, without feeling himself lifted up with its gigantic branches to higher thoughts and purer feelings? And in winter how rest the feathery flakes in smoothly-moulded tufts upon the twigs of the woodlands! Some one has said that next to a tree in leaf the most beautiful thing in the world is a tree without leaves. With trees for a subject, winter is a magnificent engraver in line. Then the gracefulness, variety, and system of their forms can be seen and studied. But how fascinating is it in spring-time to watch the process of foliation! In mid-May every one of them—our native forest-trees—is feathering out in leaf. First we see the pioneer leaflets on the willows, then the poplars, the maples, and trim tulip-trees begin to unfold their leaves, and next the horse-chestnut slowly lifts its drooping palms. Then follow our native chestnut, abreast of the lindens, elms, beeches, birches, and sycamores. The slowly opening oaks next join the procession, and along with the later varieties of these come the ashes, which are in England the last tree to show leaf, or the laureate, whose botany is invariably faultless, would never have written:

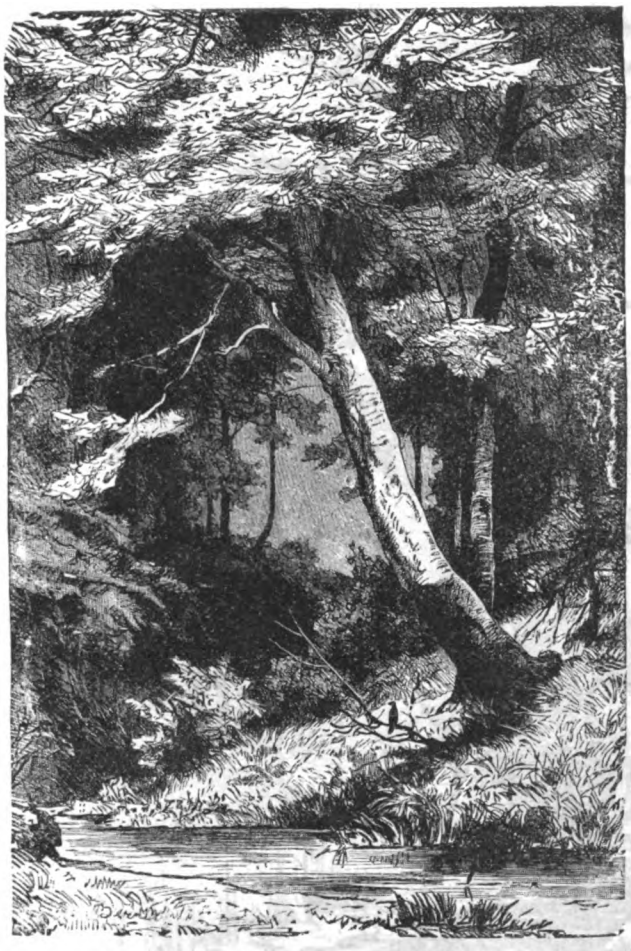
"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying, as the tender ash delays,
To clothe herself when all the woods are green."

The great buds of the hickory burst soon after the white oak uncovers its pale salmon and pink-tinted claws, and with them appear the glossy leaves of the pepperidge, while the sassafras breathes forth faint, aromatic odors as its leaves and golden bloom unfold together. Then the tardy little locust-buds, which have been carefully stored away during the winter under the very bark, warm into life, and the catalpas become conscious of the spring; the long, compound leaves of the black walnut and alianthus begin to unfurl, and not a bare branch is left in forest or park or thicket. Of course, June must come before our forest-trees are dressed in all their opulence of beauty, and each tree has its own way of putting on its foliage, which is quite as distinct as the foliage itself. Each leaf opens, after a fashion of its kind, as it is folded or doubled or rolled or plaited in the bud. Their colors are as varied as their forms and habits, ranging through all the shades, from the rich bronze of the Norway maples to the pale-green of the tremulous poplar and the light-yellow of some of the willows, and these tints fade or deepen with each day's growth. All of these elements of beauty, blended and contrasted, ever changing their relations as one tree clothes itself more rapidly than another, make an infinite variety in every forest.

Years ago a painter sent to England a picture of an American forest scene in autumn, and it was generally denounced as fantastic, an invention of the artist, and untrue to nature. Since the steamship lines have made Europe and the United States almost adjacent territory, and multitudes of Englishmen have witnessed with their own eyes the gorgeous beauties of our forests in the autumn months, it has become a thing not uncommon for English ladies to send across the Atlantic for the brilliant-colored autumn leaves for dress ornaments at evening parties. The Princess of Wales had them brought for her own toilet, and it is not wonderful that people who have never witnessed the magnificent transformation scene which takes place here at the end of every summer should appreciate it more thoroughly than they should to whom it is familiar. It is a common failing to underestimate what is near and every day seen. Now, a people is largely moulded by the sky and the landscape into which they are born and by which they are surrounded. "Let no one underestimate the first impressions of childhood," says Goethe, the German poet, and he goes on to show how the child reared amid beautiful surroundings imbibes their spirit and has an advantage over

"THE MAPLE SELDOM INWARD SOUND."

one born and reared amid sordid and unlovely objects. We all can feel with the exiled Syrian who went to the Jardin des Plantes and there "clasped his country's tree and wept." And as the scalding tears trickled down the rugged cheek, he was once more a wanderer in the desert, and once more he breathed, across the dreary sand, the perfume from the thicket bordering on his



"THE WARLIKE BEECH; THE ASH FOR NOTHING ILL."

promised land; again he saw, afar off, the palm-tree, cresting over the lonely, still waters, and heard the pleasant tinkle of the distant camel's bell, until his tears were dried, hope again revived, and fresh and glad emotions rose within his swelling breast. Taine, the French critic, attributes the melancholy and the grim humor of the English to the fogs and mists and clouded skies of the British Islands. We are of the same stock, the American being a descendant of the Englishman, with a mixture of German, Irish, and French, the prevailing type being English. Yet we are not Englishmen. The bright, clear skies, the larger horizon, the brilliant foliage, educate us from the first days when our eyes open to a different world from that into which our ancestors of ten generations ago were born, and the influences of sky, air, and landscape have as much influence in educating us to a different type of manhood as do our changed political and social conditions. The autumn leaves, glowing in the forest in gold and scarlet and purple, penetrate deeper than the retina into the brain and the soul, and the American is tinged with the glory of their hues and reformed into a new type of man.

When Miss Sedgwick was abroad, some lady in England said to her, "Have you any fine old trees in your country?" then, catching herself up, added, "Oh! I forgot that your country is too young for that!" A visit to some of the groves of colossal trees in California would have been a revelation to this lady, especially if she had seen the tree in King's River Valley, that is estimated to be one hundred and sixty feet in height, and, as high as a man can reach to measure its trunk with a tape-line, is about one hundred and fifty feet in circumference. At the present day, no English lady, even if she have not crossed the ocean, need be as ignorant as Miss Sedgwick's friend, for the bark of one of the trees growing on the slopes of Sierra Nevada has been taken to England. It was shaped into a room and then held forty persons, besides a piano, and, when exhibited in London, one hundred and fifty children were admitted into the tree-room. The age of this tree was estimated to be three thousand years.

Many foreigners come to this country filled with the inherited prejudices of the old countries, and our skies and fields and woods transform their children, and they are no longer Europeans, but Americans. Not alone, nor chiefly even the political and social surroundings effect this work. An isolated community which should come from a single district of the Old World would feel the transforming power the moment they trod the soil, looked upon the sky, or saw the maple wearing its "gorgeous crimson robe like an Oriental monarch." The autumn leaves have other than an æsthetic interest; they are leaves of that great book from which man learns all that he knows, from which he draws every inspiration, and they teach while the learner is unconscious of the lesson which he is drawing in at every glance and with every breath. We have been surprised that florists

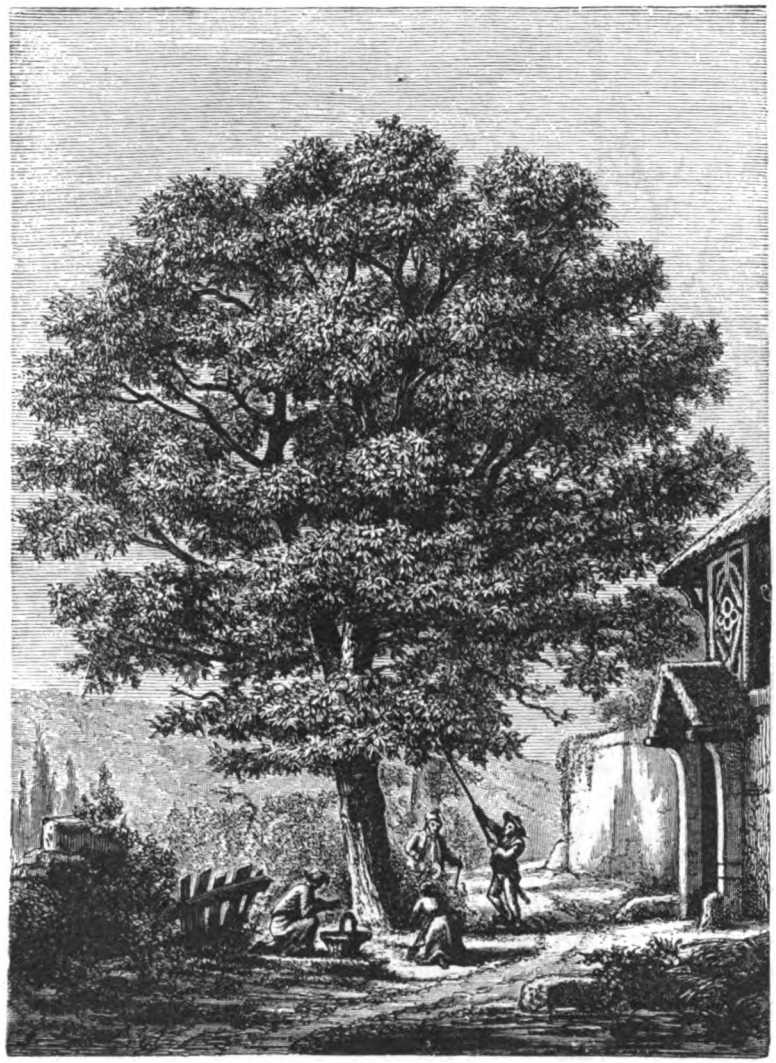
did not collect and sell the beautifully-colored leaves for funeral decorations for aged persons. There is nothing more inappropriate than rose-buds and green leaves when hoary heads fall, but autumn leaves would be fine and fitting. They, like man, also change—some only as the ermine whitening in the cold season, or as birds who change their plumage in winter; such are the evergreens; others change to live no more; as man does, before he also returns, dust to dust.

Not all leaves fall at the same time. The pine-tree keeps its leaves two or four years; the fir and spruce change only every ten years; some trees drop annually certain branches. The dead foliage of some oaks clings to them long after all others have been swept away, and the young elm waits all winter and drops not a leaf until its successor pushes it out of its resting-place. Some fall to form a soft litter beneath; others remain to afford shelter in bleak winter. But no art of man can arrest the falling leaf when its day has come.

Every tree has a history and a genealogy, which runs collateral with our own, and it is our duty to make them monuments of the past; they are better than marble, for they are living ones, fresh from the hand of God. Yes, every tree has its history; yet, like the picture-language of the artists, the history of many a noble one is lost. If memory and records cannot write it, imagination must. There are the trees of our younger days, beneath which we played in childhood. And then again we have sat beneath the noble branches of those trees in some of the best hours of older life, and

"THE BIRCH FOR SHAFTES; THE SALLOW FOR THE MILL."

thought some of our best thoughts beneath them, as the moon's silvery light has sketched their forms upon the green at our feet. There is nothing monotonous in any single tree. Even the coniferous evergreens lose their dull tone and take on a warmer green, while every deciduous tree changes from glory as it develops with the season to its full-foliaged perfection. The birch never loses its delicate feminine charm, nor the beech its stateliness; the maple its cheerful sunny look, the hickory its nobility of expression, the elm its combined majesty and grace, nor the unwedgeable and gnarled oak its massive steadfastness. But while these essential and invariable characteristics remain forever, the masses of foliage break into deeper shadows and more distinct outlines as May warms into June, so that every ridge and fluted column or smooth gray pole in forest and field seems to uphold a new tree every day.



THE STATELY WALNUT.

A modern writer thus eloquently expresses himself on the subject:

"Do not trees talk with their leafy lungs? Do they not at sunrise, when the wind is low and the birds are caroling their songs, play sweet music? Who has ever heard the soft whisper of young leaves in spring, on a sunny morning, that did not feel as if rainbow beams of gladness were running through his heart? And then, when the morning-glory, like a nun before God's holy altar, discloses her beauteous face, and the moss-roses open their crimson lips, sparkling with nectar that fell from heaven, who does not bless his Maker?"

And what eloquent mourners are not trees! The dense cone of the cypress overshadows mournfully the Moslem's tomb, with its sculptured turban, and the terebinth keeps watch by the Armenian's grave. Some nations love to weep with the weeping birch, the most beautiful of forest-trees, the lady of the woods, with "boughs so pendulous and fair," or with the willow of Babylon, on whose branches the captive Israelites hung up their harps. They love to look upon their long, thin leaves and branches, as they hang languidly down to the ground, or trail listlessly on the dark waters, waving full of sadness in the sighing breeze, and now floating in abandoned despair on the silent waves.

. The poplar-tree was of considerable note in the olden times. The white poplar was dedicated to Time, because its leaves were continually in motion, and because the dark side was supposed to represent night, and the light, day. Persons sacrificing to Hercules were crowned with wreaths of poplar leaves, as it was supposed to be a favorite of his. It was said that after a severe trial of his courage and strength in a cave of Mount Aventine, this god bound his brow with a chaplet of leaves from the many poplars growing there, as a token of his victory. Conquerors, in imitation of him, often wore branches of it upon their foreheads during their triumphal marches back to their native cities. Having been worn into the infernal regions by Hercules, the outer side of the leaves was said to have been scorched and colored by the smoke, while the inner, being protected, retained its natural silvery whiteness.

THE BAOBAB.

The ash-tree, according to ancient Scandinavian

mythology, was the most favored of trees, because beneath a huge ash was held the solemn council of the gods. The summit of this remarkable tree reached the heavens, its branches spread over the entire earth, and its roots penetrated to the infernal regions. An eagle rested upon its summit and kept careful watch of whatever happened below. Huge serpents were coiled about its trunk. Two fountains sprung from its roots, in one of which was concealed Wisdom, and in the other Prophecy. The leaves of the tree were continually sprinkled with water from these fountains, and the tree itself was most carefully nurtured and guarded by the gods. From its wood the first man was formed, and breath was imparted to him as a special gift from them.

From the same source we learn that one of the wicked ancients shut up a real and beautiful goddess in a tree, where she talked and moaned and sang for many centuries, until one day a hero came along and split her out—a very commendable thing for him to do. Poetry tells us that in the dim lighted past every tree had a spirit lurking in its recesses; in the winter, down below the iron grasp of the frost king, it manipulated the spongiole roots; in the summer it whispered in every leaf, blushed in every blossom, and in the autumn rounded its delicious blood into plump or perfect fruit. This belief at least gave an individuality and meaning to the beauty and grandeur of trees, and a reality to the mystery of growth, which commonplace folk, having cast it away as heathenish, and not having accepted a belief in the universal presence of God in nature in its place, cannot understand. The majestic forests represent to them but so many cords of wood, undeveloped boards or oven stuff, which man is to bring into shape and sell, and the broad-branched elm, in all its lovely beauty, shades their land, and is a nuisance.

The mountain ash was regarded by the Druids as a powerful preservative agent against witchcraft. This superstition still prevails in some parts of England, the people often carrying sprigs of it about their persons to keep away the evil spirits. Some keep a bundle of ash twigs over the door of their cottages as a safeguard against harm, and the herdsmen used always to drive their cattle to and fro with ash rods, preserving the same one for many successive seasons if it brought no misfortune to their animals, and so proved itself to be a "good-luck rod." In India, too, the same superstition exists to a great extent. There it is believed that the serpent has a great aversion for the ash, and that a decoction of ash leaves will kill the poison of a serpent's bite.

The Druids, of all religious people, yielded themselves most to the sacred influences of trees and forests. Their holy-tree was the branching oak (*Quercus robur*), and in the depths of the primeval forests they set up those giant altars, which still stand, as at Stonehenge, a wonder to men. Lucan gives a sad-colored account of their ritual; but much allowance must be made, as he did not belong to their church.

"Not far away, for ages past has stood
An old, unviolated, sacred wood,
Whose gloomy boughs, that, interwoven, made
A chilly, cheerless, everlasting shade;
There, not the rustic gods nor satyrs sport,
Nor fawns and sylvans with the nymphs resort,
But barb'rous priests some dreadful power adore."

These barbarous priests also taught that a mystic virtue lurked in green, bunchy mistletoe, which in the winter perfects its snow-white berries; and on the tenth day of March they kept "high festival and went in procession—priests, people, and two white bulls—to gather the tufted boughs; in white robes the priests cut them with the golden knife, and then they returned to sacrifices and feastings."

The laurel-tree, among the ancient nations, was the token of victory. Generals and conquerors were crowned with laurel wreaths; soldiers, during the triumphal marches, carried sprigs of it; and the design of a laurel leaf, or the leaf itself, was considered as an emblem of some great conquest. To be crowned with the laurel wreath was considered to be so great an honor that it finally became the custom to confer this badge of distinction upon any who had distinguished themselves by their bravery and skill. Poets were included among those who were thus favored, and hence was derived the term of "Poet Laureate."

The yew-tree, the emblem of sadness and grief, which is mentioned by some of the earliest writers, has, in spite of its antiquity, but few legends connected with it. It is found principally in churchyards, from which fact it is but natural that the thought of gloom and sorrow should be associated with it:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,—
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

"THE SAPLING PINE; THE CEDAR PROUD AND TALL."

Why it should have been chosen for such spots has never been fully explained. Some have supposed that the custom originated with the Druids, who cultivated these trees near their places of worship, and that our Christian forefathers, it being ever green, followed their example and set groves of it about their churches also. Others that it was emblematical of silence and death, and consequently best fitted for the church-yards; while still others say that it was planted there simply for convenience, as it furnished branches for Palm Sunday and other religious festivals. Be this as it may, but one idea attaches itself to the tree, and that is one of dreariness. It is seldom mentioned

save in connection with death and its sad associations. England boasts of many a yew or an oak-tree which has survived the massive church by the side of which it was planted, and which yet, spring after spring, shelters the ruins of its once so proud companion with its dark, refreshing verdure. The tender leaf even resists, in its fragile texture, the winds and rains, the burning sun, and the nipping cold of a whole season.

"Some in the loftiest places burst their buds,
And get the sun's gold kiss while they uncurl;
They front the stars and the proud moon that floods
Pale domes of limpid heaven with airy pearl;
They see the damask of cool dawns; they gaze
On smiles that light the lips of dying days!"

Greek and Roman sepulchres, stately palaces and lofty monuments over the graves of the great and the renowned, have disappeared; nothing is left to mark the place where they once stood but the dark cypresses that saw them rise and since have overshadowed them for ages.

In glancing hastily at but a few out of the many legends of by-gone days, it is easy to understand how firm a hold they must have had upon the imagination of a superstitious people whose love and veneration were readily controlled by an implicit confidence and sincere belief in each and every one. Trees to them were something more than objects of mere beauty or usefulness. Each had some weird myth connected with it which, in some way, gave it a peculiar significance. So, as the whistling blast swept through the tall tree-tops of some dark forest, or the cool south wind played among the bright green leaves of some wayside grove, it sang strange, low songs and whispered sweet, mysterious secrets to the dwellers beneath their branches. The reality of these superstitions is now a thing of the past; and although they are considered as harmless yet pretty fables, still there is a pleasure and fascination about them which even a more enlightened people cannot wholly forget or fail to appreciate. Mr. Bryant has said, "The groves were God's first temples." Those who hesitate to indorse the words of the venerated poet should certainly go out, from time to time, and spend a day in the solemn solitude of the great forests around the Moosehead Lake, or in the mountains of the Adirondack, or on the banks of the Monongahela or Altamaha; the stately trunks, crowned with perennial glory, with silent voices, will tell him that repose in harmony, with unceasing motion, is a character of God, as it should be of man.

On the rocky heights of Mount Lebanon still stand a few of those cedars, while the temple which Solomon built with them is gone to dust. These cedars have often been described by modern travelers aside from the honor accorded to them in the Scriptures. It is known to all that the cedars of Palestine were remarkable for their prodigious size. The branches shoot out from the trunk at a distance of about twelve feet from the ground, and are wide-spreading and nearly horizontal. The leaves are an inch long, slender and straight, and grow in tufts. Like the pine, the cedar bears a small cone. It is not peculiar to Mount Lebanon alone, but is found also on Mounts Amanus and Taurus, in Asia Minor, and in other portions of the Levant, though it does not elsewhere attain the great size of its brethren of Lebanon. The cedar has been transported to Europe to grace its gardens, and venerable specimens have long flourished at Chiswick, in England; a very beautiful one has also graced the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. The rare beauty of the cedar lies in the proportion and symmetry of its wide-spreading branches and cone-like top. The gum which exudes from the trunk, and also from the cones or fruit, is soft like balsam, and possesses a flavor similar to that of the balsam of Mecca. Every part of the tree has a strong balsamic odor, and to walk in a cedar grove is like inhaling new life and strength, so fragrant and agreeable is the perfume-laden air. The wood of the cedar-tree is especially well adapted for building purposes, since it is not subject to decay, and is never in danger of becoming worm-eaten. Its color was a fine red, and it was smooth, solid, and without any knots or imperfections. The palace of Persepolis, the temple of Jerusalem, and Solomon's palace were built of cedar, and the "house of the forest of Lebanon" doubtless won its name from the quantity of cedar wood used in its construction. The oldest and largest cedars, generally believed to be the only ones left of those that grew in the time of Christ, are found in a grove which may be seen a little way from the road which leads across Mount Lebanon from Baalbek to Tripoli, at a little distance below the summit of the mountain on the western side—at the foot, in fact, of the highest point or ridge of Lebanon. This venerable group includes a few very ancient

trees, which may date their existence back to the time of Jesus, and which are intermingled with four or five hundred smaller and younger cedars.

Almost coeval with the mountain is the great chestnut at Etna, whose stem, made up of five shoots, is two hundred and four feet in circumference.

Many paragraphs have been in the papers lately in regard to the size of chestnut-trees in our own country, and one's heart is gladdened to hear of some old chestnut giant which is the pride of the man who owns the land where it stands. A grand, large chestnut-tree is, to other trees, in my estimation, like a mountain among hills. All trees may be beautiful or useful, but the chestnut-tree is both ornamental and useful in every way. It is

"THE WILLOW, WORNE OF FORLORNE PARAMOURS."

a shapely tree, the trunk and branches are symmetrical, its parts are in due proportion; its leaves are long and slender and of the richest green, and the hue they assume, when about to fade and die in the autumn, is a delicate yellow or creamy light-brown, as distinct from the crimson of the maple as the dress of the bride from the groom! When the chestnut blooms, then it is seen in all its glory. The pink and white of the apple, pear, peach, and cherry have delighted our eyes and faded; but the silver-tasseled chestnut beauties hold their sway for weeks afterward. Those tassels, so delicate and white, hang and wave in wonderful profusion. Nature, in this, her highest achievement, has been very bountiful. I wonder more has not been said and written about the chestnut-tree. No other of our trees can surpass it for beauty and use combined. It requires neither dressing nor hoeing, but is the spontaneous gift of nature, and is the crowning glory of New Hampshire hills. They will, in very old age, lose some of their height by decay at the top, for it seems as if the sap could no longer ascend the whole lengthy road, from the deeply-buried roots to the lofty crown, but they continue still to increase in girth, and patiently wait for the stroke of the axe or the fierce rage of the tempest. The whole vitality of the inner wood may, in fact, be destroyed; if only some layers of the bark survive, the tree will vegetate with undiminished vigor, and continue its life for an almost unlimited period.

The roots of the colossal chestnut-tree on Mount Etna, under whose deep shade a hundred horsemen have easily found shelter, penetrate through rock and lava to the springs at the very foot of the mountain. Massive blocks are lifted up by the roots as if with irresistible force.

The beautiful trees that flourish amid the ruined temples of Central America upheave huge fragments of those enormous structures high into the air, and hold them there as if in derision. An old millstone, five and a half feet in diameter and seven inches thick, with a central hole eleven inches in diameter, was left in an English orchard many years ago. In 1812 a gilbert-tree sprouted from the earth at the bottom of the hole, and gradually increased in size from year to year, until, in 1868, it was found that the tree had completely filled the hole and actually lifted the stone from the ground, wearing it as a girdle about its trunk.

Who has not heard of the oaks of Mamre and the pilgrimages made to them from the time of Abraham to that of Constantine; or of the far-famed cedars to which we have referred, and which have always been distinguished as objects of regard and veneration, so that no threat of Sennacherib was more dreaded than that he would level them to the ground. Herodotus dwells with delighted sympathy on the marks of respect with which Xerxes loaded the famous plane-tree of Lydia, while he decked it with gold ornaments and intrusted it to the care of one of his ten thousand "Immortals." As forest-trees increase by coatings from without, the growth of each year forming a ring round the centre of the stem, the number of years is usually ascertained—since the well-known author, Michael Montaigne, first started this theory—by counting the concentric rings. Care must, however, be had not to forget that some trees begin to form these only after several years' growth, and that, while northern trees shed their leaves but once a year, and therefore add but one ring during that time, those of the tropics change their foliage twice or thrice a year, and form as many rings. This renders the age of such trees, as were heretofore considered the oldest, somewhat doubtful; still there are, as before stated, some remarkable cases of longevity well authenticated. Humboldt measured a gigantic dragon-tree near the peak of Teneriffe, and found it possessed of the same colossal size, forty-eight feet round, which had amazed the French adventurers who discovered that beautiful island more than three centuries ago—and yet it still flourished in perpetual youth, bearing blossoms and fruit with undiminished vigor. Some yew-trees of England, and one or two oaks, claim an age of from one thousand four hundred to three thousand years, and would, if their claims were substantiated, be the oldest trees in Europe; but a famous baobab, on the banks of the Senegal, is believed to be more than six thousand years old, in which case its seed might have vegetated before the foot of man trod the earth! Its only rival is a cypress-tree in the garden of Chapultepec, which Humboldt considers still older; it had already reached a great age in the days of Montezuma.

A curious old age is that of a rose-bush which grows in the crypt of the cathedral of Hildesheim, in Germany; it was there planted by the first founder of the church, and is expressly mentioned

in the MSS. in which his donation and the building itself are described; it also flourishes still, and bears as fragrant roses in these years of change and revolution as eight hundred years ago.

Mighty oaks, like those of England, are rare among us. There are some of stately growth; a magnificent group, situated in Watertown, Massachusetts, near the Waverly station of the Fitchburg Railroad. These hardy giants are supposed to be over six hundred years old, or, in other words, they were venerable trees long before Columbus discovered America. On the Genesee flats, and rich plains of the West, may be found our largest specimens. Yet these are no match for the sylvan giants of England, whose boughs spread an hundred feet, and which are known, by history or tradition, to have waved over the head of King Rufus, to be, perhaps, the same whence

> "The wood-wele sang, and would not cease,
> Sitting upon the spray;
> So loud, he wakened Robin Hood
> In the greenwood where he lay."

THE DRUIDS' HOLY-TREE.

But our trees are yet majestic and beautiful. In America the forests are more superb than the single trees; for they are made up of single trees, which, standing alone in an English park, would be prized before gold.

There is a magnificent maple near the highway

in the town of Unity, New Hampshire, which is said to be a perfect sugar-loaf in form. It attracts the eye of every traveler, and is the finest specimen of grace and beauty, probably, on this continent. The town authorities of Newport, that State, have made a liberal offer to any party who will successfully transplant it on their Common.

Bayard Taylor used to proudly exhibit a chestnut-tree as one of the antiquities of America, for it was growing when Charlemagne reigned in Aix-la-Chapelle and Haroun-al-Raschid in Bagdad.

THE CHESTNUT.

We prize the noble elms, which have been planted in many quarters, at New Haven, at Windsor, at Cambridge, at Boston. The Williams elm in Deerfield, Mass., measures in circumference, at one foot from the ground, twenty-six feet, and in spread one hundred and fifty feet. At Weathersfield, Conn., there is an elm which measures, at three feet and three inches from the ground, twenty feet five inches. The girth of this tree where the roots enter the ground is fifty-five feet six inches. Its main limbs are great trees in themselves. The circumference of the spread is four hundred and twenty-nine feet! We doubt if there is any single tree elsewhere in New England that can rival this. One of the finest avenues of elms in America may be found near Dummer Academy, Byfield, Mass., an institution founded by Governor Dummer.

The pines cut on our hills have a medium height of one hundred and thirty, an extreme height of upward of one hundred and ninety feet, rising above the maples and beeches so high that the forest seems a two-story one—the lower half of deciduous trees, the upper half of pines; and the same tree, when grown to full size in an open situation, has a breadth and richness of foliage unsurpassed.

The most noteworthy trees of America would make an interesting catalogue, and short, careful descriptions of them would do much toward their preservation. The drooping elms of our valleys are famous; the huge trunks of our old button-woods, conspicuous by their white bark, and picturesque in their hollow tops and dry summit boughs, have as marked a character as any tree of Europe. Our maples far surpass those of England in size, while their autumnal tints, as before shown, are world celebrated; our ashes, beeches, and birches are as stately and beautiful as any. Our basswood, our linden, equals the lime in the profusion and sweetness of its blossoms, and, as to size, there are some which stand more than an hundred feet high on our own ground. Our hickories (an exclusively American group) are of nearly equal stature; our whitewood is considerably larger, and our locust is a favorite on the older continent, both as an ornamental and timber tree. In our larches and silver firs we are less fortunate; the former are less in size—in beauty; the latter smaller and less enduring than similar trees of Europe. Our spruces, too, are not equal to the splendid Norway species; and we are entirely without the yew, elsewhere referred to,—that tree of such widely different associations,—linked with our memories of English church-yards and with the gay ballads of olden archery. Our hemlock is its nearest representative; a noble tree in stature and expression, and, like the yew, applicable to the purposes of archery—at least we remember very good cross-bows made of hemlock boughs, which we used before we attained the possession of fire-arms.

Among the most beautiful of our forests are those of Kentucky, where the underbrush was

browsed away by the buffaloes a hundred years ago, and where now the blue-grass grows into good pastures for the herds of spotted Durhams, which we eat, in turn. But we cannot yet make of forests classic ground; while in Europe a wealth of tradition, history, and poetry hangs around them.

The Caledonian forest was the retreat of the Picts and Scots; the Hyrcynian forest extended along Germany, Poland, and Hungary in Cæsar's day. The Black Forest, in Würtemberg, is full of beeches, mines, and story. In England there were four principal forests, where open glades and dark shadows alternated with cultivated fields and rangers' cottages—these were New, Sherwood, Dean, and Windsor. New Forest was made by William the Norman; thirty miles in extent being laid waste, and the inhabitants moved; their houses and some thirty churches destroyed, so that the deer might have a good place to be hunted in, and the king a good place to hunt them. The old Britons lived mostly by the chase, and these forests were intended to secure to the king and the courtiers the pleasures of the hunt.

In Nubia and the Soudan groves a species of acacia are described as existing, whose scientific appellation, as well as their popular name, is derived from a peculiar sound emitted by the branches when swayed by the wind. The Arabic name is the "soffar," or pipe, and the specific name of *fistula* has been given to it for the same reason which prompted the native to give it its local designation. The tree is infected with insects, whose eggs were deposited in the young shoots and extremities of the branches. A sort of gall-like excrescence about an inch in diameter is produced at the base of these shoots, and when the larva has emerged from this nidus it leaves a small circular hole, the action of the wind in which causes it to produce a whistling sound like that

THE YACCA.

produced by a flute or by blowing into any hollow pipe. When the wind is violent, the noise caused by thousands of these natural flutes in a grove of acacias is most remarkable. And these "whistles" of the whistling-tree would form a valuable article of commerce if they could be easily and regularly collected and exported.

In Japan is the venerable camphor-tree of Sorrogi, that will hold fifteen persons in its hollow trunk. The natives say that it grew from the walking-stick of one of their famous philosophers, Kobodarsi, who lived near the close of the eighth century; and it has been thought that its age might really be as great as that. The traveler's-tree, which is a native of Madagascar, is a

"THE YEW, OBEDIENT TO THE BENDER'S WILL."

remarkable one. The stalks of its leaves are six or eight feet long, and are used for partitions and also for the walls of houses. But the quality of the tree that gives it its attractive name is that, even in the driest time, pure, pleasant water is always found in the leaf-stalks, more than a quart being at once obtained by piercing the thick part of the base of a leaf. Another valuable and curious tree is the so-called raining-tree, the blessing of the island of Fierro, one of the largest of the Canaries. This island has no river nor stream, and its wells are few and not very good. But in the centre of the island grows a tree whose long, narrow leaves are always green; and a cloud always rests on the branches, which causes moisture, that falls off from the leaves as clear water, and keeps the cisterns that have been placed beneath always supplied with water.

The rosewood-trees of South America and the East Indies derive their name from the fact that when cut the fresh wood has a strong rose-like fragrance. A railroad into the interior of the Brazilian forests is now bringing these giants to the sea-coast. Says the Rev. Mr. Fletcher: "I have been surprised, again and again, in looking at these beautiful trees, which are of the 'sensitive plant' character. When the sun goes down, they fold their leaves and go to slumber, and are not aroused until by the morning sun and singing birds. I observed, in some portions of the interior, that rosewood was used for very common purposes; ox-cart spokes and other parts of vehicles were made of it, also the teeth of cog-wheels. A gentleman showed me in his sugar-house a beam nearly forty feet in length and three or four in diameter, which he told me was a violet-colored rosewood. He took me then to his pig-pen, and—would you believe it, ladies?—his pig-pen was made out of rosewood! I would not have you understand that it looked like the legs of a piano-forte. Nothing of the kind; for when left rough and exposed to the weather, it becomes as plebian in its appearance as our own aristocrat, the black walnut of the Mississippi." Mr. Fletcher, on his return to the United States, brought with him a box of mosaic, made up of a hundred pieces of Brazilian wood, from the purest white to ebony-black.

By accident the wood of a mahogany-tree, which was first introduced into England in 1597, was used in repairing one of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships at Trinidad. The wood has grown into such commercial importance since, that single logs have been sold for as much as five thousand dollars. One of the curiosities exhibited at the Paris Maritime exhibition, held a while since, was a canoe, twenty feet long, made out of a single mahogany-tree.

The following remarkable instance of vitality in an orange-tree is related in a foreign journal:

"Two persons, to whom an orange-tree had been bequeathed, not being able to agree as to their respective shares in it, resolved at last to divide it into two equal parts by sawing it through from the top to the bottom. This was accordingly done; when each removed his part, covered the wounds made by the saw with a mixture of clay and cow-manure, and planted it. The result was that, by degrees, the bark covered the exposed surface, and each of the halves became perfect and healthy trees."

Several trees have been rendered historical as the refuge of greatness in distress, or as silent witnesses of momentous events. Wallace's oak and King Charles's famous tree will long be remembered. Evelyn tells us of the huge trunk of an oak in Oxfordshire which served long as a prison for felons; and he who lived in the shades of old Selborne, "so lovely and sweet," mentions an elm on Blechington Green, which gave for months reception and shelter to a poor woman whom the inhospitable people would not receive into their houses. When she reappeared among them, he says, she held a lusty boy in her arms. Men are, however, more frequently buried than born in trees. The natives of the eastern coast of Africa hollow out soft, worm-eaten baobabs, and bury in them those who are suspected of holding communion with evil spirits. Their bodies, thus suspended in the dry chambers of the trunk, soon became perfect mummies. The Indians of Maine had a more touching custom of the kind. They used to turn up a young maple-tree, place the body of a dead chief underneath, and then let the roots spring back, thus erecting a sylvan monument to his memory.

No tree surpasses in interest the marvelous Banyan, which throws out roots from all its branches, and these roots become trees themselves, until the tree, as a whole, covers two or three acres. Calcutta is supposed to have the largest Banyan-tree in the world, though in Guzerat is one which claims the premier place. A whole regiment of soldiers could bivouac comfortably under its branches. When seen by a London correspondent, the space under the tree was filled with pillars of wood, the feelers from the branches, between which lovers were seated; other people were picnicing under the shade of this tree, which is green all the year round, and others were perched on the branches.

So much has been written about the cow-trees, the monkey bread-tree, and the cannon-ball-tree, that we need not allude to them here.

It is not generally known that Jamaica contains a very great and beautiful variety of wood for the manufacture of rare furniture, and for the construction and completion of buildings. Besides its choice mahogany, now scarce, there are cedar, yacca, mahoe, ebony, wild-orange, yellow sanders, holly-tree, lignum-vitæ, brazaletta, maiden plum, mountain guana, and many others. Its cotton-tree excels every other in size and grandeur, rising and spreading in its enormous trunk and majestic branches like the lord of the forest. It flourishes in both the lowlands and the hills. Its soft wood is scooped out for canoes. Its exquisitely fine cotton is not manufactured. At a certain elevation fern begins to abound, and in the higher mountains it becomes a tree. The varieties are very great, and many of the ferns are delicately fine. The ugly trumpet-tree is spared to shade the coffee. The sand-box-tree is large, very handsome, with fine foliage, and takes its name from the boxes in which the seeds are inclosed, and which make pretty sand-boxes. The beautiful cabbage-tree, or cabbage-palm, growing in the mountains to the height of one hundred and fifty feet and upward, forms at its summit and just beneath its elegant crown of foliage a leafy heart, which our own cauliflower cannot equal; but to obtain the precious morsel the tree must be felled. The avocado pear grows on a large tree, and is usually eaten with pepper and salt, in conjunction with animal food; but its richness and fineness, like the sweetness of honey, must be experienced to be understood.

THE ENGLISH YEW.

It is an awe-inspiring fact that ancient forests every now and then rise in majesty from their

grave. The whole city of Hamburg, its harbor, and broad tracts of land around it, rest upon a sunken forest, which is now buried at an immense depth below the surface. It contains mostly limes and oaks, but must also have abounded with hazel-woods, for thousands of hazel-nuts are brought to light by every excavation for building purposes. It was the boast of Venice that her marble palaces rested in the waters of the Adriatic on piles of costly wood, which now serve to pay the debts of her degenerate sons. The city of New Orleans is built upon the most magnificent foundation in which city ever rose, having no less than three tiers of gigantic trees beneath it. They all stand upright, one upon another, with their roots spread out as they grew, and the great Sir Charles Lyell expressed his belief that it must have taken at least eighteen hundred years to fill up the chasm, since one tier had to rot away to a level with the bottom of the swamp before the upper tier could grow upon it.

Let every person who reads this article plant at least one tree, remembering that trees are grateful children, and will grow if they are decently treated. Most people do not know with what safety large trees may be replanted. Elms, oaks, even hickories, from six to fourteen inches in diameter, have been removed and planted with perfect success, and without extravagant expenditure.

Spenser has embodied in the following lines the chief characteristics of the best known varieties:

"The sapling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-prop elms; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forests all;
The aspen good for staves, the cypress funerall;
The laurel, meed of mightie conquorers
And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still;
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
The yew, obedient to the bender's will;
The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;
The mirrhe sweet bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitful olive, and the platine round;
The carver holme; the maple seldom inward sound."

THE SPECTRE FIRE-SHIP.[1]

By William L. Stone.

The year 1785, just after the Revolution, was remarkable on several accounts, but more particularly by reason of the unusual number of atmospheric and meteoric phenomena of that season. It was during this eventful year that the circumstances detailed in the following narrative occurred, within the knowledge of the worthy seaman whom we introduce to the reader.

His name was Samuel Hoyt, of whom a few persons yet living at Guildford Neck, in Connecticut, retain a cherished remembrance.

He was, at the time referred to, a sailor on board the brig Dove, bound to St. Bartholomew's. The Dove began her voyage with prosperous gales, but the weather soon became tempestuous. The night of the eighth day from port was dark as Erebus, and at about one o'clock in the morning the vessel was suddenly capsized. The captain and crew succeeded in clinging to the vessel until morning, when the wreck was cleared of the masts and rigging, but, to use nautical parlance, she did not "right."

All the boats, save one, had meanwhile been carried away, and it was soon found impossible to remain upon the wreck. The only course left, therefore, was to launch the remaining boat, and trust themselves to the mercy of the deep.

The crew of the Dove was originally small, but it was now reduced to three persons, of whom Hoyt was one. For three days the storm continued with unabated violence. On the sixth, the clouds broke away, but as yet not a glimpse of a sail had been descried. Indeed, every hope of deliverance seemed to be extinguished. Suddenly, however, the helmsman, who was just sinking in exhaustion and despair, was aroused by the cry of "A boat! a boat!" He had just strength enough to rise and behold a ship near by, bearing down toward them.

[1] The facts of this sketch were communicated to the father of the writer by the late Dr. Noah Stone, of Oxford, Conn. (who was a native of East Guildford), to whom in turn they were narrated by an eye-witness of the whole affair.

W. L. S.

"Keep up courage, my hearties!" exclaimed a true sailor-like voice, as the ship ran past the boat, throwing out a rope, which the poor exhausted sailors had not strength to retain. "We will soon have you on board."

The day of their rescue was Monday. Young Hoyt was not in a situation to note particularly the circumstance on first coming on board the ship, but he thought there was something peculiar in the looks of the captain, whose name was Warner.

"What would have become of you," he inquired rather sternly, "if it had not been for me?"

Whereupon the captain turned away, and, descending into the cabin, was not seen again until the following Sabbath.

He was a stout, square-built man, of a compact frame; his hair was black, slightly silvered, his eyes like jet, though their natural brilliancy was somewhat abated by the deep melancholy which hung upon his heavy brow. His compressed lips indicated firmness and resolution sufficient for the prosecution of the most perilous enterprise. He was a man of whom, as was afterward reported, many wild stories had been told, and his whole appearance and manner would have led an observer to suppose that he might have been engaged with Morgan, Lollonois, and the other roving buccaneers of the Spanish Main. His form, his step, and his commanding presence would have done credit to Pierre le Grand, the great Norman pirate. His temperament was moody and melancholy, and became daily more so. Such, as Mr. Hoyt afterward learned, was the character of Captain Warner, as it had been disclosed up to the time the survivors of the crew of the Dove had been received on board of his ship.

On the Sunday morning already referred to, the captain came upon deck with a disturbed look. He frequently took observations, but his manner was strange and his actions precipitant. The crew soon became afraid of him, and at times his deportment was such that they almost shuddered as he passed them. No one could catch a full gaze of his quick, glancing, and tremulous eye, beaming wildly at times like a tiger's from his heavy frowning eyebrows. He was often discovered to be engaged in deep and earnest soliloquy, now giving strange orders, and now still stranger counter-orders.

In the course of the afternoon, while the mate was below, Captain Warner, after gazing intently through his spy-glass, and looking cautiously around as if to ascertain whether he was observed, stepped to the side of the ship, and suddenly taking a handkerchief from his pocket, proceeded to tie it on his face.

The man at the helm, however, had been watching all his movements, and now gave the alarm:

"The captain is going overboard!"

With a panther's agility the captain leaped to the taffrail of the ship; but in an instant the mate had seized him by the legs. He was drawn on board, and after a short struggle thrown upon deck. A consultation was held; the mate and crew knew not what to think of their captain, nor did they dare to put him in close confinement. It was finally determined to place him aft and keep a close eye upon his movements.

Matters went on thus for some time; the gloom and the mystery which hung over the captain increasing from day to day. He became more quiet for a short period, but was still at times exceedingly agitated, and was often engaged in earnest and audible prayer, at the close of his supplications exclaiming, "But, oh! if I am to be buffeted, I must be."

As his agony increased, he would pray with greater earnestness and frequency, ending with the same dubious words.

At length, during one dreary and forbidding night, when the crew supposed that they had almost arrived at their destination, while the thunder was rumbling heavily, and the crinkling lightning played vividly upon the pillowy cloud rising in the distance, the captain called the mate aside, and communicated to him the awful disclosure that he had once, in an undertaking of such a terrible description that supernatural aid was necessary to its accomplishment, entered into a solemn league with the devil, by whose assistance all his enterprises, for the time being, had been successful. But the time of the agreement was now about to expire, and the devil was coming for his bond. It was this certainty of his coming, and the consequent horror of his situation, which had preyed upon his feelings so much of late, increasing his anxiety with every hour's nearer approach to the dreadful moment, until he already felt the agonies of fire burning within him.

"The contract," said the unfortunate captain, "will expire precisely at twelve o'clock on Friday night next. I shall then be sent for, and I must go, though floated upon a river of flame."

The tale was uttered with the emphasis of fearful sincerity; and the captain was listened to by the crew, who had silently gathered near, with mute amazement and terror. Sailors are always superstitious, and under the circumstances of the present case, the wildness of the night, the angry billows rolling beneath them, and the agitation of the captain, upon whose face large drops of sweat stood trembling, induced them to yield a ready belief to the dreadful tale.

During the two succeeding days the same strange conduct marked the behavior of the unhappy captain. The weather, meanwhile, became lowering and gloomy. It was November; the clouds hung heavily above, and the wind blew in fitful gusts. As the evening of Thursday drew duskily on, the captain was observed, in deeper agitation than ever, to be looking toward the north with his glass. He looked again and again, and was sometimes heard in half-suppressed mutters between his clenched teeth: "'Tis she! She nears! O God! There! do you not see her, Seward?" exclaimed he to the mate, handing him the glass.

The mate looked, and, strangely enough, he did see, or thought he saw, a trim ship, with all her rigging set, yet without sails, just on the edge of the horizon. The captain said it was a fire-ship, and directed the man at the wheel to change his course, as though he would escape from it. The mate, however, had a stout heart, and endeavored to pacify the captain. But Captain Warner still insisted that he saw a fire-ship, and seizing the helm himself, bore away to avoid so unwelcome a companion.

The mate now endeavored to rally the captain by gratifying his whim, and, if possible, by diverting his mind.

"On deck, there!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Come, boys, and get up the guns. True enough, it is the devil that Captain Warner sees; but he's a lubberly seaman, and can't stand silver. We'll put a few of these doubloons into the guns, and give him a peppering which will throw him on his beam ends."

But this rally had not the desired effect. The unfortunate officer was not to be amused, and some of the sailors now almost thought they saw the fire-ship too. Anon their knees began to shake, and their stout hearts to sink within them, as, without a rag of canvas on her bare poles, the fire-ship came nearer and nearer.

The morning of the fatal day at last dawned. The sun rose clear and red. Again was the captain gazing through his glass, apparently at some distant object, paying, meanwhile, no attention to the affairs of his ship, the government of which, indeed, had for several days been left with the mate. His eyes began to glare more wildly than ever, gleaming at times as though a spark of hell lay burning in them. He took no refreshment, but paced the deck when not gazing through his glass, his bosom heaving with unutterable anguish. During the day the phantom-ship did not approach rapidly, but was still dimly seen in the horizon, tacking on and off as before. Toward its close the sky was overcast, and the weather grew tempestuous; and with the approaching twilight the dreaded ship seemed to shoot along and approach nearer and nearer with astonishing rapidity. As it became darker, moreover, the capper-light, called by the Italian sailors the *corpi-santi*, and in the estimation of seamen the rare precursor of disaster, played around the masts of the brig to the increased consternation of the hands, and even the stout heart of the mate began to fail him. The fear and the agony of the captain increased every instant. Before ten o'clock, the mysterious ship was seen to glide around the El Dorado (the name of Warner's ship), and the captain seized his trumpet and hailed her. "Ahoy, the fire-ship!" applying it to his ear and carefully listening to catch the reply. Then, placing the trumpet to his mouth, he entreated, "Oh, spare me a little longer!" Dropping the trumpet, he now attempted to spring on the side of the ship, but was prevented. By and by the El Dorado was hailed from the strange vessel which continued to hover around like a spectre, and the captain returned through the trumpet: "Ay, ay, directly," attempting at the same time to disengage himself and leap into the deep.

Meanwhile, the agony of the captain increased, and he wrung his hands convulsively. He then made a short prayer, and, taking an elegant gold watch from his pocket, called for the mate.

"Here, Mr. Seward," said he, "take this watch and remember the fate of its owner."

"I don't want your watch," exclaimed the honest seaman, "I have one of my own."

"I have but one moment to stay," continued Captain Warner, "and may as well leave it here," at the same time laying it upon the binnacle.

The mate and crew, meanwhile, kept a sharp watch upon the captain, whose movements caused them to fear another attempt to spring overboard. But at this moment, it being past eleven at night, their attention was startled by a loud thunder-crash, and, to their inexpressible horror, the shadowy vessel that had been chasing them suddenly blazed forth a ship of entire flame, and the cry of "Ahoy! Come on board!" was distinctly heard proceeding from the fire-ship. The poor captain, now writhing with the most horrible contortions, replied as before, and a fiendish laugh was heard in the distance. It was now impossible to hold Captain Warner longer upon deck, and he was accordingly confined in the cabin and the doors barred; one of the crew, a vigilant and trustworthy fellow, being stationed below to watch his movements.

The fire-ship now drew fearfully near. The sea, lighted up by the reflection, rolled and heaved like an ocean of liquid fire. Noises of a frightful description also proceeded from the ship, the flame now assuming a bluish hue. At length, as the chronometer was on the point of twelve, the same grating hideous voice called:

"The hour has come. Come on board!"

In an instant was heard from the cabin, "I come, I come!"

Then followed, in a twinkling, the crash of windows and a splash into the water.

Immediately the fire-ship disappeared, leaving the El Dorado in a gloom of undistinguishable darkness.

A shrill, piercing cry of distress followed the plunge into the water, which was succeeded by a burst of harsh, discordant, diabolical laughter, mingling in the wind as it swept over the surges, and all was still. The cabin doors were unbarred tremblingly, but the captain was not there.

The man who had been stationed below reported that the captain continued to walk the cabin in great agony for a few minutes, when he made the exclamation just repeated, and, turning suddenly around, sprang from a surprising distance through the cabin window, carrying away the casement and all. Lights were procured and the boats let down, and every effort made to discover the captain, but in vain. Though repeatedly called, no sound was returned. The spectre fire-ship was seen no more. The black clouds broke away soon after she disappeared. The sea was hushed, the moon arose, and its silver beams began playing upon the tossing billows, sparkling like a lake of liquid light.

The command of the brig now devolved upon the mate, and after a long passage, without further incident, he brought her safely into the port of destination at Antigua. The story, however, of the captain's fate and of the spectre fire-ship was soon bruited about, and never would seamen navigate the El Dorado more.

THE LITTLE DEMON.

By B. P. Shillaber.

The following story, told me by a friend who occupies rooms in town, he being a single man without family, has a little witchery in it that may please the young reader under whose eyes it may fall. Anything that bears a mystery about it has a particular charm, and a fairy story of a pleasant sort always commends itself. The incident which the story describes had so pleasant an effect on my friend that I thought the narration of it might be equally satisfactory to others, and so I have told it as nearly in his own words as possible; but of course it lacks the pleasant manner, the merry voice, the beaming eye, and the cheerful laugh of the story-teller, who was brimming over with his subject.

"One evening during the fall," said he, "when the 'days were growing short,' as we say, I had got home, quite weary, and seated myself by my chamber table, on which was a brightly burning lamp and several books. I had put on my soft shoes, and felt very warm and comfortable before a fire in my open grate. There are times when

one feels better alone, and this was one of them. I sat in a half-dreamy mood, leaning back in my arm-chair, thinking upon what had happened during the day. The rumble of carriages in the street came faintly to my ear, and murmured sounds of life within-doors were occasionally heard, when suddenly these sounds all ceased and perfect silence reigned, except the faint ticking of a clock upon my mantel shelf, which seemed to add to the impressive stillness. By and by the clock struck nine, when, as if in continuation of the alarm, the air seemed all alive with the sweetest melody, as from many little bells, which rose and fell in waves of sound, now near now remote, coming near me and then retreating into distance, until almost lost to hearing. It wove itself among my dreamy fancies as a complimentary surprise concert, and I listened with pleasure and wonder.

"'Puzzled, aren't you?' something said very near me, with the least bit of a very sweet voice.

"The bells ceased their ringing. The shade over my lamp cast a gloom about the room, and I removed it, turning my eyes to every corner to see, if possible, what or whom it was that had spoken. Nothing unusual was there, and the voice and the bells were silent.

"'Speak again,' said I.

"I waited for an answer to this, but none came, and thinking I had been deceived by some sound in the chimney, or had fallen asleep for a moment and dreamed it, I settled back in my chair again and dismissed the matter from my mind. I had recovered that day a cent, which bore the initials of my name, that I had set in circulation more than twenty years before. It was a new coin when it started, but had come back to me battered and worn, bearing marks of having seen very hard service. As I settled back in my chair, I thrust my hand into my pocket, and, feeling this coin, took it out to examine it. I thought of the many hands and scenes through which this penny had passed, and then recalled changes in my own career during our years of separation. My mind seemed unusually active, and many things came before me long since forgotten.

"'A penny for your thought!' said the little voice again, just by my side.

"It was very distinctly spoken, and came directly from my table. I looked in that direction, and there, sitting upon a book, was the queerest little figure that could be imagined. It was of human form, but only two or three inches high, dressed in a very strange costume, with a round, shining face, brimful of fun. There it sat upon the book, swinging its little legs and arms, its body swaying backward and forward, as if it were moved by a spring. As I looked at it, it nodded its head and gave me a broad grin.

"'Do you know me?' it asked.

"'I can't say that I do,' I replied; 'but your face is very much like this cent which I hold in my hand. Your features are very marked.'

"'That's so. Now look closer.'

"I did so, and, sure enough, the face of the little object was an exact copy of the coin which had come back to me after its long absence. The eyes and mouth were formed after the stamped letters, and the living look of the eyes, the queer twist of the mouth, and an almost invisible nose, made it very funny.

"'What are you?' I asked.

"'Can't you guess?'

"'No.'

"'Well, then, I am the genius of the cent you hold there.'

"'Are you?'

"'Of course I am, if I say so. Do you doubt my word?'

"'It would not be civil to say that,' said I; 'but really you are so very small that there is hardly enough of you to form an opinion about.'

"'And yet,' said the goblin, 'you just now found enough in me to think about when I brought back to you the memories of twenty years. 'Twas I that did it.'

"'You?'

"'Yes, the cent you held was but the form. I was its spirit, and gave it the power to awaken thought.'

"This was said very seriously, and the little face looked quite centennial.

"'But,' continued the genius, 'I did not come here to worry you. I thought you might like to know the story of the cent and some of its adventures, and so I slid myself into your hand to-day as the apple-woman at the corner gave you your change, deciding to make you a friendly call this evening. Am I welcome?'

"'Of course you are,' I replied, 'and I wish I had a better seat to offer you. Perhaps if you

should open the book, and lean against the cover, it would serve the purpose. Your legs, however, permit me to say, are too short for that; but if I put this paper-weight at your back, it may do quite well. There, how is that?'

"'Excellent, thank you. And now, how would you like to hear something of the twenty years' experience of a penny tramp?'

"'Very much,' said I, assuming a listening attitude; 'now, fire away.'

"'I don't like your expression,' said the little visitor; 'it is disrespectful to me, and is slang, besides unfit to be employed by one gentleman in addressing another. I shall not fire away. I am not a gun.'

"'Well, I ask pardon. Please proceed.'

"After a few moments' silence, the visitor began:

"'Of course, I cannot remember every circumstance that has happened during twenty years; even what I could tell would fill an immense volume. When you stamped those letters upon me, I felt that I was a slave, and resolved to escape the first chance that offered. As you dropped me into your pocket, I discovered a hole in it, and determined that, when once in the street, I would slip through. This I did, and rolled off gleefully, happy to be free. My freedom was short, however, for I was picked up by an old lady, who got into a car, and gave me, with four others, to the conductor. I soon found myself among a pile of very common cents, from which I was taken to serve as a pocket-piece, because I was new and bore your initials. Don't go to sleep! You were nodding.'

"'I was merely nodding,' said I, 'in response to what you said,' blushing as I spoke.

"'Don't tell me!' replied the little imp; 'I can see through a millstone, especially if it has a hole in it as large as your mouth was then. You were gaping, sir.'

"'Well, well, go on. I'll be all attention.'

"'I have been in the pockets of millionaires and beggars, and it was hard to tell which held on to me the tightest; I have formed part of the capital stock of a child's savings' bank, and been shaken out to buy hairpins of a peddler; I have been the last penny that finished a monument and picked up by an organ-man's monkey; I have helped pay the public debt, and served in a scant collection for the poor; I have been hoarded by misers, squandered by profligates, invested by children, traded by hucksters; I have—— What! off to sleep again? Is this the way to treat one cent to you, so to speak?'

"'But, really, my dear——'

"'Demon,' said the sprite, seeing my hesitation.

"'Well,' I said, 'dear demon, if that pleases you, I heard every word. If I gaped, it was from a greater wish to take in all you said.'

"'Did you hear,' said the demon, 'anything I might have said about the National debt and Mr. Vanderbilt and the Washington monument?'

"'Of course,' I replied.

"'Well, that is cool enough,' said he, looking at me a little scornfully; 'I didn't allude to them.'

"'Then I heard all you *did* say, didn't I, if you didn't say anything?'

"'That's a logical escape,' said the demon; 'but I thought you were napping.'

"'Not a bit of it.'

"'Well, I haven't much more to say. Did you ever hear of Peter Smith's sentiment?'

"'Never did.'

"'Well, he got a lot round him, and called upon them to respond to a sentiment he had, he said, to offer. Taking a cent from his pocket, he laid it down upon the table. "That's the cent I meant," said he. Capital, wasn't it?'

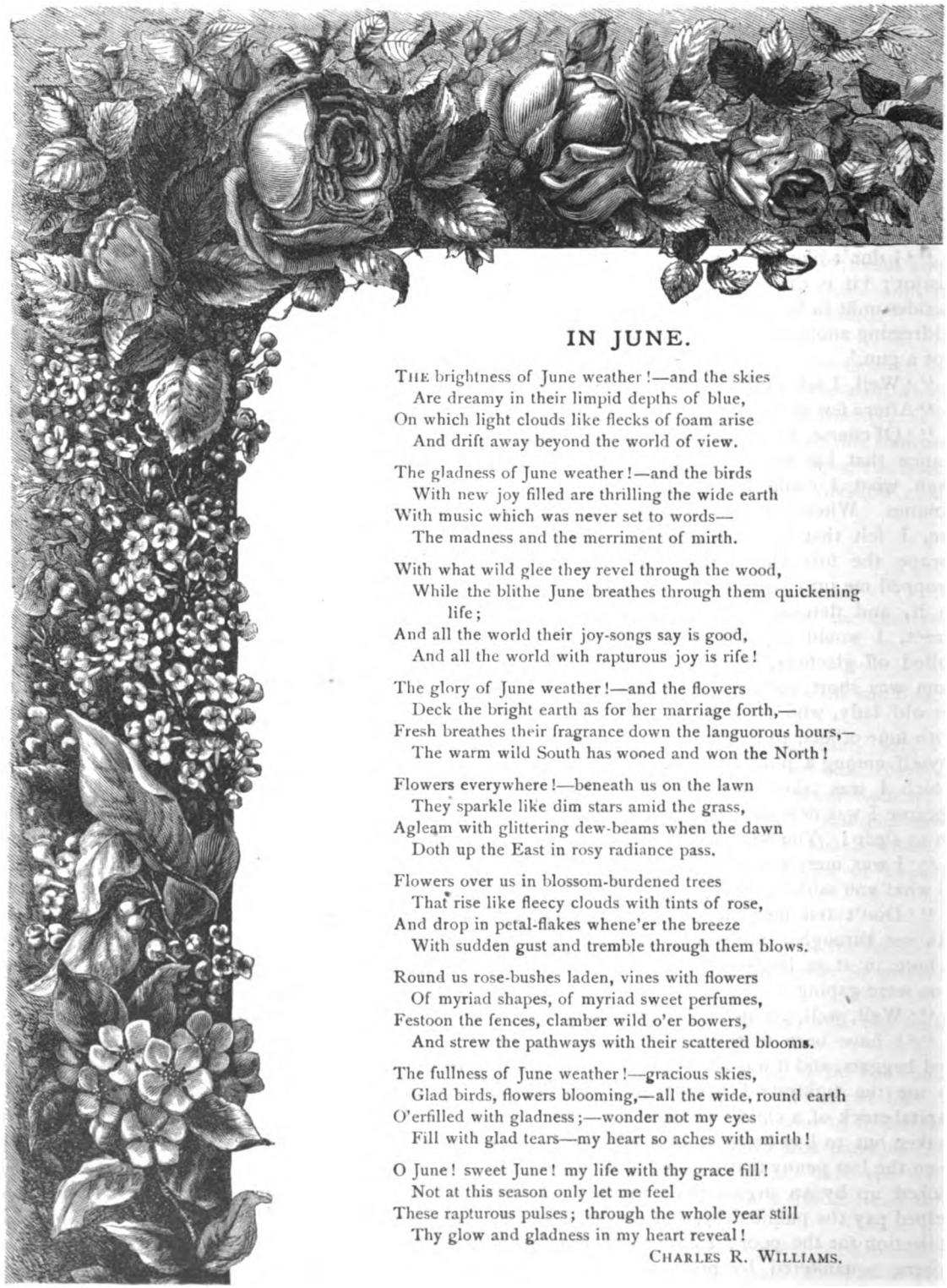
"'Yes.'

"'Well, I was that very cent. Ha, ha, ha!' And the little imp laughed till he was red in the face.

"'Pardon me,' said he, stopping suddenly and resuming his narrative, 'I have taken part in our important financial matters, went around the world in the pocket of General Grant, helped buy oil for torchlights, been the last cent of several ruined fortunes, but of all the things I've done about which I'm least disposed to boast, is where I was exchanged for a cent's worth of yeast by a man who weighed two hundred pounds. I am battered and defaced by age, but am still as good as new, and yesterday—'sterday—'sterday——'"

Then I heard the ringing again of the little bells, wave upon wave, all around, coming near and then retiring, and a little voice cried "Good-night!" in my ear, as a mosquito might have uttered it, when I brought up my hand holding the cent with a hard slap, which hurt me, and I became conscious that I was alone. The seat was vacant upon the table, the bells held their tongues, and I held the coin in my hand, bearing date 1859.

Was it a dream?



IN JUNE.

THE brightness of June weather!—and the skies
Are dreamy in their limpid depths of blue,
On which light clouds like flecks of foam arise
And drift away beyond the world of view.

The gladness of June weather!—and the birds
With new joy filled are thrilling the wide earth
With music which was never set to words—
The madness and the merriment of mirth.

With what wild glee they revel through the wood,
While the blithe June breathes through them quickening life;
And all the world their joy-songs say is good,
And all the world with rapturous joy is rife!

The glory of June weather!—and the flowers
Deck the bright earth as for her marriage forth,—
Fresh breathes their fragrance down the languorous hours,—
The warm wild South has wooed and won the North!

Flowers everywhere!—beneath us on the lawn
They sparkle like dim stars amid the grass,
Agleam with glittering dew-beams when the dawn
Doth up the East in rosy radiance pass.

Flowers over us in blossom-burdened trees
That rise like fleecy clouds with tints of rose,
And drop in petal-flakes whene'er the breeze
With sudden gust and tremble through them blows.

Round us rose-bushes laden, vines with flowers
Of myriad shapes, of myriad sweet perfumes,
Festoon the fences, clamber wild o'er bowers,
And strew the pathways with their scattered blooms.

The fullness of June weather!—gracious skies,
Glad birds, flowers blooming,—all the wide, round earth
O'erfilled with gladness;—wonder not my eyes
Fill with glad tears—my heart so aches with mirth!

O June! sweet June! my life with thy grace fill!
Not at this season only let me feel
These rapturous pulses; through the whole year still
Thy glow and gladness in my heart reveal!

CHARLES R. WILLIAMS.

KITH AND KIN.

By the Author of "The First Violin."

CHAPTER XI.—A THORNY PATH.

Judith closed the door after her, and passed through the large houseplace, full of a ruddy dancing light and a cheering warmth, out at the open door, into the drear October twilight. The lake was rougher now, and its livid surface was covered with flashing specks of foam. The weird whisper from Raydaleside had grown into a long shrill shriek—a prolonged storm-cry. All else was deathly still. Mechanically, as she passed the windows of the old house, she glanced toward them, and saw that ruddy light, that cheering warmth within. Her heart was nigh to bursting. She felt bewildered, battered down by what had taken place. It was all so incredible, so inexplicable—that she had been thrust out, desired never to darken those doors again, called by opprobrious names, there—within those beloved walls, beneath that happy roof! It was like a mortal blow. Still stunned by this stroke, she passed almost automatically out of the garden, under the old archway, through the farm-yard, without returning, or even hearing the greeting of the herd, who said:

"Good-naat, Miss Judath. There's a storm on the road."

She was tongue-tied, dumb, powerless to speak. Out in the shady road again, with the dusk fast falling, with that long, "dree," desolate way before her, and with such a result to report to Delphine! She walked mechanically onward, perhaps half a mile, while confusion reigned in her mind. Then the whole affair seemed suddenly to start before her eyes in an almost lurid light. She had descended so low as to ask for money, and she had been spurned and cast out—and that by one whom she had truly loved and honored all her life, despite his rugged nature, which ruggedness she had weakly fancied to be but the outward mask of a great tenderness common to rugged natures. She had always thought there was sympathy between his nature and hers, for her innate reserve was as great as his own; the effort to overcome it had always been like a physical pang, and in the bitterer and more desponding moments through which she had often passed, she, too, had felt repeatedly as if she could be rough, could use harsh words, and could gird savagely at those who worried her with their stupidity. She had made a great mistake. The ruggedness concealed no deep wells of tenderness, but a harsh, hard, yes, a brutal nature. It was nothing short of brutatity to which he had treated her this afternoon. What trembling hopes she and Delphine had built upon this poor little chance; the possible result of so tremendous an effort! How they had planned a course of work, of economy and saving, and patient waiting! They had come to the solemn conclusion that their present life was wrong and degrading, or at least, that it was wrong and degrading to make no effort to escape from it. They did not believe it was what they had been born for. Delphine had been much moved by Judith's account of how, while she was at Irkford, a girl had been pointed out to her, at a picture exhibition, as a young artist of promise, who painted portraits and got forty guineas apiece for them.

"That would be the height of happiness to me," Delphine had said, tears in her eyes. "I could paint portraits to earn money to do greater things. Ah, what a happy girl! I wonder if she knows how happy she is."

Their plan had been for Judith to secure their uncle's assistance, and go to Irkford, and, failing other things, adopt the nursing of which she had spoken to her mother; to look out all the time with a view to finding some employment for Delphine, which, they were both convinced, was to be had, however humble. This was their scheme, and had it succeeded, they would have rejoiced more than if they had suddenly inherited fortunes twice as large as their uncle could leave them, and which their mother was always craving for them.

If it had succeeded! How quickly would that road have been traversed, and how high would Judith's heart have beaten!

But it had not succeeded. Her thoughts suddenly flew off to what was left—to the prospect before them of a whole life-time of this pinching and scraping and starving, and saving sixpences, till they grew old, and friends had disappeared,

and joys were past, and death longed for. The effort to change these grinding circumstances had failed; that which remained was almost too fearful to think of. It takes a great deal to chill the blood and dismay the heart of two-and-twenty, healthy, resolute, and untroubled by morbid fancies; but Judith Conisbrough felt her blood cold, and her heart as wax at the prospect before her. Nothing gained, and *all* the few privileges they had ever had, irretrievably lost.

An indescribable weariness palsied her limbs, a despondency which amounted to despair laid its cold hand upon her heart. The storm-wind came whistling over the desolate fells, the lake beneath her looked like a sheet of lead. Where was it shining? Where the glory and the dream which had sustained her on her way to Scar Foot an hour ago?

Straight before her the bleak, cold mass of Addlebrough rose, and looked like a monstrous barrier which she could not pass—looked like the embodiment of her poverty, her circumstances, her doom. In the dusk her foot struck against a large, loose stone. She stumbled, but recovered herself, sat down on a rough log by the roadside, and covered her eyes with her hands, as if trying to shut out all which confronted her—all which had once been so dear and warm, and was now so cold and cruel.

No tears would come. Her eyes burnt; her brain was filled with the remembrance of that irate old man, towering over her, pouring upon her angry rebukes for some crime of whose nature she had not the least idea, uttering words of abuse and condemnation. Thrills, hot thrills of passionate indignation, and cold ones of chill dismay shook her one after the other. Now she felt as if she must go back and beard the old man in his anger, and tell him how wicked he was; that he maligned her, and that she defied him; and again, she felt as if she must remain there where she was for the rest of the night, too out of heart to rise, or move another step.

The last consideration had grown uppermost, and had at last forced from her a deep, tearless sob, which gave her no relief, and only seemed to set her heart in wilder agitation. No outside sound roused her, or would have roused her, less than that which she now heard—her own name.

"Miss—Miss C—Conisbrough!" came in accents of surprise.

Judith started violently, crimsoning with shame; the instincts of pride, reticence, reserve, impelling her instantly to subdue and conceal every sign of emotion. But they came too late. Randulf Danesdale had seen her. It was he who reined up his horse close beside her; his face, wondering and shocked, which looked from his elevation down upon her, as she gave a startled glance upward.

He was alone, apparently, save for his dog. Air and exercise had a little flushed his usually pale face; surprise gave it animation, and lent expression to his eyes. He looked, as she could not help seeing, very handsome, very manly, very well. Horse and rider were on the best of terms, and they formed a good-looking pair.

He had spoken her name half-inquiringly, as if he doubted the evidence of his own eyes. But when she suddenly uncovered her face, and looked up at him, and he saw that it was indeed she, he backed his horse a step and bowed. She had risen in an instant, but she could not entirely recover her presence of mind in the same space of time.

"I—Mr. Danesdale!"

"Good-evening; I fear I startled you," he replied, and his presence of mind had not for a moment deserted him. He had waited for her to speak, that he might know what line to take, and he followed it up at once.

"I must have been sitting there without calculating the time, for I don't possess a watch," she said, with a faltering attempt at a laugh. He smiled in answer, and dismounted.

"That is quite evident," he said, holding out his hand. "Are you thinking of walking back to Yoresett?"

"Certainly I am; having no other mode of conveyance, I must either do so or remain where I am."

Judith had recovered her outward self-possession, but her answers were curt, and there was bitterness in her tone, and the mental agony which she was obliged to suppress forced from her certain tones and expressions which were unlike her usual ones.

"Then," said he, "since I have been fortunate enough to overtake you" (with as much gravity as if he had overtaken her walking at the rate of three miles an hour), "allow me to have the honor of escorting you home. I of course have to pass through Yoresett on my way to Danesdale Castle."

"I cannot think of detaining you. "Pray ride on," said Judith, who, however, had begun to move onward, while he, slipping the bridle over his arm, paced beside her, and his horse, his friend, followed him.

"I shall enjoy the walk. I rode as far as Hawes, indeed beyond, this morning, to have lunch with the Sparthwaites. Do you know the Sparthwaites?"

"By name, of course. Not personally—at least, I only just know them to speak to."

"But your uncle, Mr. Aglionby——"

"Oh, Mr. Aglionby is on terms of friendship with many people whom we don't know at all. When my father was living, he was the vicar of Yoresett, and he and my mother of course visited with all these people. Since his death, my mother has been unable to visit anywhere. She cannot afford it."

"I beg your pardon——" began Randulf.

"Not at all," she answered, in the same quick, spasmodic way, as if she spoke in the intervals of some physical anguish. "I only think it foolish to pretend that there are reasons for not visiting people which are not the real reasons, and concealing the real one, which covers all the others, and is simply—poverty," said Judith distinctly. It was not her wont to speak in this way, to flaunt her poverty, as it were, in the face of one better off than herself. But she was not her usual self at this moment. What she had just gone through seemed to have branded the consciousness of her misfortunes so deeply into her heart, with so burning and indelible a stamp that it would be long before she would be able to give her undivided attention to anything else. A week ago she would have recoiled with horror from the idea of thus hardly and nakedly stating the truth of their position to young Danesdale; she would have felt it an act of disloyalty to the hardships of her mother, an unwomanly self-assertion on her part. Now she scarcely gave a thought to what she said on the subject, or if she did, it took the shape of a kind of contempt for her own condition, a sort of "what does it matter? He knows perfectly well that we are half-starved wretches—why should he not hear it, and learn that he had better go away and leave us to our natural obscurity?"

But for one slight circumstance Judith would almost have supposed that Randulf had really forgotten, or not noticed, the strange position in which he had found her, "crying in a hedge," as she scornfully said to herself. That circumstance was, that he neither drawled nor stammered in his speech, but spoke with a quick alertness unlike anything she had imagined him capable of assuming. This convinced her that he was turning the case over in his mind, and wondering very much what to think of it. She knew nothing of his character. Of course he was a gentleman by birth and breeding. Was he a gentleman, nay, more, a man, in mind and behavior? Would he be likely to receive a confidence from her as a sacred thing? or would he be capable of treating it lightly and perhaps laughing over it with his friends? She knew nothing about him which could enable her to give even a conjecture on the subject. But the confidence must be made, the favor asked.

"Mr. Danesdale," she said abruptly, after they had walked on for some little time, and saw the village of Bainbeck below them, and the lights of Yoresett gleaming in the distance, and when she felt that the time for speaking was not long.

"Yes, Miss Conisbrough."

"You must have felt surprised when you saw me this afternoon?"

"Must I?"

"Were you not? Pray do not deny it. I am am sure you were."

"Since you speak in that way of it, I was more than surprised. I was shocked and pained."

"Poor relations are very troublesome sometimes. I had been troublesome to my uncle this afternoon and had got well snubbed—more than snubbed—insulted, for my pains."

"The old r—rascal!" observed Randulf, and Judith almost smiled at the naïve way in which he revealed how readily he had associated the cause of her trouble with Mr. Aglionby.

"I left his house in indignation. I cannot of course tell you what had happened, nor can you have any concern to know it. I was thinking about it. I shall never be able to tell it to any one but my sister Delphine, for it concerns us alone, so, as you have accidentally seen that something was wrong, would you mind, please—not mentioning—you can understand that I do not wish any one to hear of it."

"It is natural on your part to ask it," said he, "but I assure you it was unnecessary, so far as I am concerned. But I give you my word, as a

gentleman, that whoever may hear of the circumstance, will not hear of it from me. Pray regard it, so far as I am concerned, as if it had not happened."

He spoke with a grave earnestness which pleased Judith extremely and sent a glow of comfort to her chill heart. The earnestness sat well on the handsome young face. Looking up, she thanked him for his promise, she thought how young he did look, and happy. She herself felt so old—so incalculably old this afternoon.

"I thank you sincerely," was all she said.

"The s—storm's close at hand," observed he the next moment, displaying once more the full beauty of his drawl and his hesitation; "I shall be in for a drenching, in more ways than one."

"As how?" she asked, in a tone almost like her usual one.

"From the rain before I get to Danesdale Castle, and from my sister's looks when I walk in late for dinner, and take my place beside the lady whom I ought to have been in time to hand in."

"Oh, and it will be my fault?"

"It will. That is a fact beyond dispute. But they never wait for me, and I shall have the pleasure of mystifying them and seeing their curiosity run riot. That is what I enjoy. D—don't distress yourself."

They were passing the market-cross in Yoresett. Judith was opposite her mother's door. She shook hands with Randulf, thanked him for his escort, and wished him well home before the storm broke.

"Thank you, and if I may presume to offer you a little advice, Miss Conisbrough, don't bother yourself about your wicked uncle."

She smiled faintly, bowed her head; he waved his hand, sprang upon his horse, and they parted.

* * * * * * * * *

With her heart low again, she knocked at the door. Insensibly to her perceptions—for she had been so absorbed, first in her own emotion, and afterward in her conversation with Mr. Danesdale, that she had noticed nothing else—the storm had increased. The wind was alternately wailing a dirge, and booming threats across the fells to the town. There would be floods of rain to-night, and to-morrow Swale and Yore would be thundering in flood through their valleys, fed by a hundred swollen becks from the hill-sides. As the door was opened to her, the first cold splash of rain fell upon her face. The storm was from the northwest. It was well that all who had homes to go to should seek them while the tempest lasted.

It was Rhoda who had opened the door.

"Judith!" she exclaimed. "Mamma and I both said you would be kept all night at Scar Foot. It was only that bird of ill omen—that croaker, Delphine, who said you would not. Are you wet?"

"A little, I believe," replied Judith, anxious for an excuse not to go into the parlor immediately. "Oh, there's my candle, I see; I'll go straight up-stairs. I wish you'd tell Del to come and help me a minute."

Mrs. Conisbrough always resented the tendency to "talk secrets." Rhoda had rather a respect for it—besides, when her elders were engaged in that pastime, their eyes were not so open to her defects. She alertly answered, "Yes, to be sure," and ran back into the parlor, while Judith toiled slowly up the stairs, and along the bare, hollow-sounding passage. She entered her own bedroom, placed the candle upon the dressing-table, and paused. She pulled off her gloves, threw them down, and then stood still, looking lonely and desolate, till a light, flying foot sounded along the passage; even at that gentle rush her face did not lighten. Then Delphine's lovely face and willowy form came floating in, graceful, even in her haste.

"Judith?" There was inquiry, suspense in her tone.

"Oh, Delphine!" Bursting into a fit of passionate weeping, she fell upon her sister's neck and cried as if her heart would break.

"Was it of no use?" asked the younger girl at last, softly caressing her as she spoke.

"Worse than no use! He not only refused, he insulted me; he spoke abusively, talked about 'plots' and 'schemes' and things I could not understand. And at last he got into a fury, and he—oh, Delphine, Delphine—he bade me begone. He turned me out—from Scar Foot—from my dear old place that I loved so! Oh, I think my heart will break!"

"He must be *mad*—the horrid old monster!" cried Delphine distinctly, her figure springing erect, even under the burden of her sister's form, and her tones ringing through the room. "He has not the right to treat you, or any of us, in that way. *Let* him do without us! Let him try how he likes living alone in his den, and getting more and more ill-tempered every day, till he frightens

the whole country-side away from him. I will never go near him again, of my own free will, but if ever I meet him, I will tell him what I think of him; oh, I will! Cheer up, Judith! Keep a a good heart. We will not be beaten by a tyrant like him. Depend upon it, it was the idea of our wanting to be free, and wanting him to set us free, of all people, that made him so wild. Don't cry more, now. We must go down to tea. Mother seems a little out of sorts just now too. We will talk it over to-night. Come, my poor dear! Let us take off your things. How tired she must be!" she added caressingly. "After walking alone, all along that dreadful road, and in such weather. It wasn't fit to turn out a dog. Why, it must have been dark before you got to Counterside, Ju! You would wish for old Abel and his fog horn. How did you grope your way along the road?"

"That reminds me," said Judith suddenly, while a deep blush spread over her face and neck. "I wasn't alone, except for about half a mile from Scar Foot."

"Not alone? Did Toby from the farm bring you with his lantern?"

"I never saw Toby. It was Mr. Danesdale——"

"*Mr. Danesdale!*"

"Yes. And the worst is, he found me sitting in a hedge, like a tramp who can walk no farther, groaning, with my face in my hands."

"Oh, Judith! How terrible!"

"He got off his horse and walked with me to Yoresett. He is probably now riding for dear life, to be as nearly in time for dinner as he can."

"Well, we must go down now," said Delphine, very quietly. "You must tell me about that afterward. There's Rhoda calling out that tea is ready."

Arm in arm they went down-stairs into the warm, lighted parlor, which, despite its shabby furniture, looked very comfortable and home-like, with the tea-table spread, and the urn singing, and the old-fashioned crystal glass full of gracefully arranged yellow-berried holly and glossy ivy leaves.

Mrs. Conisbrough did not inquire anything respecting the reception her eldest daughter had met with from her uncle. She cast a wavering suspicious glance toward Judith, as the girls came in, which glance presently grew more reassured, but neither cheerful nor inquiring. In her own mind she was thinking, "What has he said to her? How far has he gone?" Judith met her mother's look in her usual manner, and spoke to her with her usual cordiality. Mrs. Conisbrough heaved a sigh of relief, but dared not proceed to questions of any kind.

When the meal was over they all sat still in the same room, some of them working, some of them reading. Their store of books was small, but they were occasionally able to borrow a few from a certain Mrs. Malleson, their one and only intimate friend, whose husband was rector of the great parish of Stanniforth, which comprised Yoresett and many other places. The doctor of the district, who also lived some distance away, and who was a kindly-natured man, would occasionally remember "those poor Miss Conisbroughs," and would put a volume or two in his great-coat pocket for their benefit. Judith was making a pretense of reading one of these volumes now. Delphine sat at the old piano, and touched a chord now and then, and sang a phrase once and again. Rhoda was embroidering. Mrs. Conisbrough held a book in her hands, which she was not reading any more than Judith was reading hers.

Meantime, without, the storm had increased. Judith had heard the first threateings of the wind, which was now one continuous roar. The rain, in spasms, lashed the panes furiously. Yoresett House could stand a good deal of that kind of thing. No tempest even shook it, though it might, as it did to-night, make wild work with the nerves of some of those who dwelt there.

Suddenly Rhoda raised her dusky head; her glowing brunette face was all listening; she held up a warning finger to Delphine to pause in her playing.

"Don't you hear wheels?" she said in a low voice; such as befitted the solemnity of the occasion.

They all listened; yes, wheels were distinctly audible, quickly moving, and a horse's hoofs, as it came down the street. Quick as thought Rhoda had bounded to the window, lifted the white linen blind, and pulled it over her head, in a frenzy of aroused curiosity.

Just opposite the house stood the only public illumination possessed by Yoresett—a lantern, which threw out melancholy rays, and cast a flickering light upon the objects around. It burned

in a wavering, uncanny manner, in the furious gusts to-night, but Rhoda's eyes were keen; emerging presently from her retirement, she found three pairs of eyes gazing inquiringly at her.

"Would you ever believe it," she cried. "It's old Mr. Whaley's dog-cart, with the white mare, *and he is in it.*"

"Old Mr. Whaley" was the family lawyer of the Aglionby clan; and had been so for forty years.

"Nonsense, my dear child!" protested her sisters. "It is some belated traveler, and the flickering light has deceived you."

"I tell you, it was old Mr. Whaley. Don't I know his mare, Lucy, as well as I know my own name? He was sitting muffled up, and crouching together, and his man was driving. Will you tell me I don't know Peter Metcalfe and his red beard? and they were driving toward the road to Bainbeck."

"It is strange!" said Delphine.

Rhoda going back toward her place, looked at her mother.

"Mamma's ill!" she cried, springing to her side.

"No, no! It's nothing. I have not felt very well all day. Leave me alone, children, it will pass off. Old Mr. Whaley, on the road to Bainbeck, did you say, Rhoda? Then he must be going to see your uncle."

CHAPTER XII.—DANESDALE CASTLE

RANDULF DANESDALE, after taking leave of Miss Conisbrough, sprang upon his horse again, pulled his collar up about his ears, rammed his cap well on to his head, called to his dog, and rode on in the teeth of the wind toward his home. Soon the storm burst over him in full fury, and he was properly drenched before arriving at Danesdale Castle. During his ride thither, he constantly gave vent to the exclamation, "Inc—credible!" which might have reference to the weather, he being as yet somewhat inexperienced in the matter of storms as they rage in Yorkshire dales. More probably it was caused by some train of thought. Be that as it may, the exclamation was oft reiterated. At last, after a long, rough ride along country roads uncheered by lamps, he ascended the hill going to Danesdale Castle, and rode into the court-yard where the stables and kennels were, delivered his horse over to his groom, and sauntered toward the house.

"Are they dining, Thompson?" he inquired of a solemn-looking butler whom he met as he passed through the hall.

"They are dining, sir," was the respectful reply, and Randulf's visage wore an expression of woe and gravity impossible to describe; yet an impartial observer must have come to the conclusion that Thompson and his young master were enjoying an excellent joke together.

"If Sir Gabriel should ask, say I am in, and will join them in five minutes," said Randulf, going up-stairs. During his dressing he again gave vent to the exclamation, "Inc—credible," and this time it may reasonably be supposed to have referred to the extreme celerity with which he made his toilet.

When he had ridden into the court-yard ten minutes ago, he had looked animated, interested, and interesting, as he perfectly sat his perfect horse. There had been vigor and alertness in his movements, and a look of purpose and life in his eyes. That look had been upon his face from the moment in which he had reined up his horse by the roadside, and seen Judith Conisbrough's eyes looking up at him. When he came into the dining-room, and the assembled company turned their eyes upon him with a full stare of surprise, or inspection, or both, and his father pretended to look displeased, and his sister looked so in stern reality, he looked tired, languid, indifferent—more than indifferent, bored to death.

Sir Gabriel looked as if he would have spoken to him, but Randulf's place was at the other end of the table, nearer his sister, Miss Philippa Danesdale. He dropped into the vacant chair left for him by the side of a lady who looked out of temper; a lady with considerable claims to good looks, in the confident, unabashed style of beauty; a lady, finally, whose toilet bore evidence of having cost a great deal of money. She was Miss Anna Dunlop, Miss Danesdale's dearest friend, and Randulf had had to take her in to dinner every day since his return home.

Glancing around, he uttered a kind of general apology, including Miss Dunlop in it with a slight bow, and then he looked wistfully round the table.

"You appear to be looking for something, Mr. Danesdale," observed Miss Dunlop, her corrugated brow becoming more placid.

"Only for the s—soup. I am absolutely starving," was the reply, in a tone of weariness which hardly rose above a whisper.

"If you will be so late, Randulf," said his sister in the low voice she always used, "you must expect to have to wait, a minute or two at any rate, for your dinner. The servants are not omnipotent."

"I hope not, indeed!" he said. "If they were, where would you be? Where should I be? Where should we all be?"

"You snap up people's remarks in the most unkind manner," expostulated Miss Dunlop on Philippa's behalf. "Your sister only meant to calm your impatience, and your misconstrue her remark, and call up a number of the most dreadful images to one's mind."

"Dreadful images. Isn't there a song? Oh, no, engines; that's it—not images 'See the dreadful engines of eternal war.' Do you know it?"

"I never heard it. I believe you are making it up," said Miss Dunlop reproachfully.

"Ah; it's old. It used to be sung long before your time—when I was a boy, in fact," he returned, with a gravity so profound as to be almost oppressive.

Miss Dunlop paused a moment, and then decided to laugh, which she did in a somewhat falsetto tone, eliciting no responsive smile from him. A dismal idea that Randulf was a sarcastic young man began to distill its baneful poison through her mind. What did he mean by so pointedly saying, "It used to be sung when I was a boy?"

"Did the Sparthwaites keep you so late, Randulf?" asked his sister; but he did not hear her, or appeared not to do so. Miss Danesdale was a plump, red-haired woman, no longer young. It was said by some of those friends of her youth whom she, like others, found somewhat inconvenient when that youth had fled, that she was forty. This, however, was supposed by those who knew her to be a slight exaggeration. She sat very upright, always held her shoulders back, and her head elevated, nor did she stoop it, even in the act of eating and drinking. She always spoke in an exceedingly low voice, which only a great emergency or extreme irritation ever caused her to raise; indeed, it is useless to deny the fact, Miss Danesdale, from what cause soever, muttered, with what results, on the tempers of herself and of those who had to interpret her mutters or be asking for a repetition of them, may be more easily imagined than described. Her brother, who had seen little of her until this last final home-coming, considered the habit to be one of the most trying and exasperating weapons in the armory of a trying and exasperating woman. Miss Danesdale had every intention of behaving very well to her brother, and of making him welcome, and being very kind to him; but the manner in which she displayed her good-will took a didactic, even a dictatorial form, which failed to recommend itself to the young man. If it were not sure to be taken for feminine ill-will toward the nobler and larger-minded sex, the present writer would feel obliged to hint that Randulf Danesdale felt spiteful toward his esteemed sister, and that occasionally he acted as he felt. In any case, he appeared on the present occasion not to hear her, and in exactly the same voice and words, she repeated her question, looking at him as he gazed wearily at the pattern of his now empty soup-plate.

"Did the Sparthwaites keep you so late, Randulf?"

He looked up with a vague, dreaming expression.

"A—! Did some one speak to me?"

Extreme irritation now came into play. Miss Danesdale raised her voice, and in a far from pleasant tone, cried:

"*Did* the Sparthwaites keep you so late?"

"I have come straight here from the Sparthwaites," he replied, mournfully accepting the fish which was offered to him.

"Whom did you meet there?" she asked.

Any one who could have performed the feat of looking under Randulf's wearily-drooped eyelids into his eyes, would have been rewarded with the vision of a most uncanny-looking sprite, which suddenly came floating and whirling up from some dark well of wickedness deep down in a perverted masculine nature. When he raised his eyelids, the sprite had discreetly drawn a veil between itself and the audience. None the less did it prompt the reply:

"Oh, a l—lot of people. I sat next an awfully good-looking woman, whom I admired. One of those big, black women, like a rocking-horse. C—champed the bit just like a rocking-horse too, and pranced like one. She said——"

There were accents in Randulf's voice which called a smile to the faces of some of the company,

who had begun to listen to his tale. Miss Danesdale exclaimed almost vivaciously:

"Why, you must mean Mrs. Pr——"

"Don't tell me before I've finished. I don't know her name. Her husband had been ill it seemed, and she had been nursing him, and they pitied her because of it; and she said, 'Oh, I have nursed him before now. I held him in my arms when he was a b—baby.'"

"Randulf!"

"I was h—horror-struck; and I suppose I showed it, for she suddenly gave a wild prance, and champed the bit more than ever, and then she said: 'Of course I don't remember it, but they tell me I did. My dear husband is a year or two younger than I am, but *so* good.'"

Mr. Danesdale sank again into a reflective silence. Sir Gabriel and the elder portion of the company went off into a storm of laughter, which did not in the least mitigate the deep gloom of the heir. Miss Dunlop's high color had increased to an alarmingly feverish hue. Miss Danesdale looked unutterable things. Sir Gabriel, who loved a joke, presently wiped the tears from his eyes and said, trying to look rebuking:

"My dear boy, if you let that sarcastic tongue of yours run on in that way, you'll be getting into mischief."

"*I* sarcastic!" he ejaculated, with a look of the deepest injury. "My dear sir!"

"*Will* you have roast mutton, Randulf?" asked Miss Danesdale, behind her mittened hand, as if she were putting some very disgraceful question, and dreaded lest the servants should hear it. "Because if——"

"Roast mutton? oh, joy!" he exclaimed, with a look of sudden hungry animation, which greatly puzzled some of the company, who saw him that night for the first time, and who said afterward that really that young Danesdale was very odd. He came in so late to dinner, and sat looking as if he were going to faint, and told a very ill-natured story about Mrs. Prancington (though Mrs. Prancington is a ridiculous woman, you know), and then he suddenly fell upon the roast mutton with an ogreish fury, and could hardly be got to speak another word throughout the meal. They were sure he had astonished poor Anna Dunlop beyond bounds, for she did not speak to him again.

Perhaps Mr. Danesdale had desired this consummation, perhaps not. At least, he did not murmur at it, but attacked the viands before him in such a manner as soon to make up for lost time.

Presently the ladies went to the drawing-room, and the men were left to their wine. All the rooms at Danesdale Castle were agreeable, because they could not help being so. They were quaint and beautiful in themselves, and formed parts of a quaint and beautiful old house; and of course Miss Danesdale did not wish to have vulgar rooms, and had not, unless a certain frigid stiffness be vulgarity, which, in a "withdrawing-room," meant to be a centre of sociability and ease, I am inclined to think it is.

Miss Dunlop was staying in the house. The other ladies were neighbors from houses not too far away. All belonged to "the dale." They were not of a very lively type, being nearly all advanced in middle life, stout, and inclined to discuss the vexed topics of domestics, children, the state of their greenhouses, their schools, and their clergy, all of which subjects they seemed to sweep together into one category, or, as Randulf had been known irreverently to say, "These women lump together infant schools, bedding out plants, parsons, and housemaids in a way that makes it impossible for any ignorant fellow like me to follow the conversation."

These dowagers, with Miss Dunlop looking bored and cross (as indeed she felt), and Miss Danesdale looking prim, as she stepped from one to the other of her guests, to mutter a remark and receive an answer—these ladies disposed themselves variously about the well-warmed, comfortable drawing-room, while the one who was the youngest of them, the most simply dressed, the handsomest, and by far the most intelligent-looking, the wife of the vicar of Stanniforth, sat a little apart, and felt amused at the proceedings.

As soon as politeness would allow her, Philippa seated herself beside Miss Dunlop, and, with a frosty little smile of friendship, said, in a mutter intended to be good-natured:

"When the men come in, Anna, and if Randulf comes to you, just ask him something, will you?"

"Ask him what? If he enjoyed the wine and walnuts as much as the roast mutton? or if he thinks me like Mrs. Prancington?"

"Oh no, dear. And if he did, Mrs. Prancington is a very handsome woman. But ask him if

he has seen anything of the Miss Conisbroughs to-day."

"The Miss Conisbroughs? Are they friends of yours?"

"No, but they are of his—dear friends. Just ask him how long he stopped at their house on his way home. I must go, dear. There's old Mrs. Marton looking fit to eat me, for not having been civil to her."

She rose, and walked with neat, prim little steps across the room.

Miss Dunlop sat still for a few minutes; her big black eyes fixed upon her big, black-mittened hands, upon her yellow satin and black-lace lap, and upon the black and yellow fan which her fingers held. After frowning at her hands for some time, she arose and went to the piano, near which sat Mrs. Malleson, the vicar's wife. Miss Dunlop placed herself upon the music-stool, and began to play a drawing-room melody of questionable value as a composition, in a *prononcé, bravura* style.

By and by the men did come in—Sir Gabriel and the vicar first. A fine old gentleman was Sir Gabriel Danesdale. Abundant curly hair, which had long been snow-white; large, yet delicately chiseled features of great strength and power, and somewhat of the old Roman type, and a complexion of a clear, healthy brown, not turned crimson, either with his outdoor sports or his modest potations. He looked as if he could be stern upon occasion. His face and bearing showed that mingling of patrician pride and kindly bonhomie which made him what he was, and which had secured him the love and good-will of friends and dependents years ago.

Behind him followed Randulf, as tall as his father, and with shoulders as broad, looking at the moment as if he could hardly summon up energy to move one foot before the other. He was listening with the air of a martyr to a stout country squire with a red face, and other country squires—the husbands of those squiresses who sat in an amply spreading ring about the room—followed after him, talking—what do country gentlemen talk about, whose souls are in the county hunt and the agricultural interest?

Randulf, "promenading" his eyes around the room, beheld Miss Dunlop at the piano, and the vicar's wife sitting close beside her. To the left, he saw the ring of dowagers, "looking like a peacock's tail magnified," he said to himself, and fled toward the priestess for refuge.

"I suppose you got here before the storm came on, Mrs. Malleson?"

"Yes, we did. We shall have to drive home in it, though."

"I'm afraid you will. What roads they are here too! I know I thought so this afternoon, riding from Hawes. . . . Don't let us interrupt your music on any account, Miss Dunlop," he continued blandly, as she stopped.

"Oh, I've finished," answered she, somewhat unceremoniously cutting into the conversation. "Did you ride from Hawes this afternoon?"

"Yes," said he, instantly becoming exhausted again.

"And that is a rough road?"

"Very."

"It comes through Yoresett, doesn't it?"

"It does."

"Philippa has been telling me about your friends, the Miss Conisbroughs."

"Has she?"

"The Miss Conisbroughs," said Mrs. Malleson. "Do you know them, Miss Dunlop?"

"Not at all, but I hear Mr. Danesdale does."

"Do you, Mrs. Malleson?" he asked.

"Very well indeed. They are great friends of mine . . . and of yours too, it seems."

"Of mine? Well, I've known them just as long as I've known you. May I say that Mrs. Malleson and the Misses Conisbrough are great friends of mine!"

"Yes, if you like. If they allow you to become their friend, I congratulate you."

"They are nieces to that aged r—reprobate, Aglionby, of Scar Foot, ain't they?"

"They are."

"Won't you tell Miss Dunlop about them?—she wants to know, dreadfully."

"I do, immensely. Are they pretty, Mrs. Malleson?" she asked.

"A great deal more than pretty, I should say," said Mrs. Malleson, in her hearty, outspoken tones—tones which had not yet quite lost their girlish ring. "I call the eldest one splendid, so handsome, and so calmly dignified!"

"Yes," said Randulf, whose eyes were almost closed, and his face expressionless, as he recalled the pale woe-stricken countenance which that "calmly-dignified" Miss Conisbrough had raised

to him that afternoon. He felt a tightening at his heart-strings. Mrs. Malleson went on:

"As for Delphine, I think she is exquisite. I never saw any lovelier girl, I don't care where. You know, if that girl were rich, and came out in London—I used to visit a great deal in London before I was married—and I am sure, if she were introduced there, she would make a furore—dressed in a style that suited her, you know. Don't you think she would?"

"I should not be surprised," he returned, apparently on the verge of utter extinction; "one never can tell what there will be a furore about in London,—Chinamen, actresses, living skeletons, bilious greens—yes, I daresay she would."

Miss Dunlop laughed a little ill-naturedly, while Randulf, displaying suddenly more animation, added:

"But the youngest, Mrs. Malleson. That little black-browed one. She is just as handsome as she can be. What a life she would lead any man who was in love with her!"

"She will be a strikingly beautiful woman some day, without doubt; but she is a child, as yet."

"Now, Miss Dunlop, you have heard an indisputable verdict on the good looks of the Miss Conisbroughs. All I can say is, that to me Mrs. Malleson's remarks appear full of wisdom and penetration. As for anything else—— Father!"

Sir Gabriel was passing. Despite his overpowering languor, Randulf rose as he called him, and stood beside him, saying:

"Miss Dunlop is inspired with a devouring curiosity about the Miss Conisbroughs. What can you tell us about them and their antecedents?"

"Miss Conisbroughs," said Sir Gabriel, knitting his brows. "Oh, of course. Marion Arkendale's daughters. Parson Conisbrough's girls. Ah! she was a bonny woman, and a nice woman, was Marion Arkendale, when we were all young. I know them a little—yes."

"They are Squire Aglionby's grandnieces, aren't they?"

"Yes, what of that?"

"Will they be his heiresses? You see, I don't know the local gossip yet."

"His heiresses—I expect so. Old John never confided the secrets of his last will and testament to me, but it is the universal expectation that they will, when any one ever thinks anything about it. He disinherited his son, you know, in a fit of passion one day."

"Lucky for me that you can't," said Randulf mournfully.

"I'm more likely to disinherit you for inordinate yawning than anything else," said Sir Gabriel.

"His son married; did he leave any children?"

"One boy."

"Surely he won't ignore him utterly."

"But he will. I remember him telling me that the mother and her relations had the boy, and were going to look after it, and that he was sure they hoped by that means to get a pull over him and his money. He added with a great oath that the brat might make the best of them, and they of it, for never a stiver of his should it handle. He is the man to keep his word, especially in such a case as that."

"Will these girls be much of heiresses?" asked Randulf, apparently stifling a yawn.

"Very pretty heiresses, if he divides equally. Some fifteen hundred a year apiece, I should say. But why do you want to know?" added Sir Gabriel. "Has something happened?"

"Nothing, to my knowledge," replied his son; "it was only the extreme interest felt in the young ladies by Miss Dunlop that made me ask."

"Well, that's all I can tell you about it, except a few anecdotes of old John's prowess in the hunting-field, and of his queer temper and off-hand ways."

Sir Gabriel left them. Randulf implored Miss Dunlop to sing, which she did, thereby reducing him to the last stage of woe and dejection.

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That night the tempest howled out its roughest paroxysms. The following day was wet, and hopelessly so, with gusts of wind, melancholy, if not violent. The inmates of Danesdale Castle were weather-bound, or the ladies at any rate considered themselves so. Sir Gabriel was out all the morning. Randulf was invisible during the greater part of the day, and was reported by his man as having a headache and not wishing for any lunch.

"*Headache!*" cried Sir Gabriel to the ladies, with a mighty laugh, "at his age I had never even dreamed of a headache. I'd bet something he's on his back on a couch, with a pipe and a French novel."

The ladies said nothing. In the afternoon Sir Gabriel was out again, and Miss Danesdale and Miss Dunlop yawned in company until dinner-time, when they and their mankind all met together for the first time that day. They were scarcely seated when Sir Gabriel said:

"It's odd, Randulf, that you should have been asking so many questions last night about old John Aglionby and those girls. There does seem to be a fatality about these things sometimes."

"As how?" inquired his son.

"Old John is dead. He had an apoplectic fit last night, and died at noon to-day. I met the doctor while I was out this afternoon, and he told me. It gave me a great shock, I must confess. Aglionby, of Scar Foot, was a name so inseparably connected with this dale, and with every remembrance of my life that has anything to do with the dale, that it is difficult to realize that now he must be a remembrance himself, and nothing more."

"Yes, indeed, it is very strange. And he leaves no one to take his name."

"He is sure to have made a proviso that those girls shall take the name of Aglionby. I cannot grasp it somehow; that there will be Conisbroughs at Scar Foot—and women!"

"Do you visit them, Philippa?" asked Randulf, turning to his sister.

"We exchange calls occasionally, and we always ask them to our parties in winter, but they have never been to one of them. Of course I must go and call upon Mrs. Conisbrough at the proper time."

"I'm not sorry the poor girls will have better times at last," observed Sir Gabriel, on whom the occurrence seemed to have fallen almost as a blow. "And, after all, he was seventy-two and over. When I get to that age, boy, you will be thinking it about time for me to clear out."

Randulf smiled, and drawled out, "Perhaps I may, sir," but his eyes met those of his father. The old man and the young man understood each other well already. Sir Gabriel Danesdale slept that night with the secure consciousness that if he lived to be a hundred his son would never wish him away.

"Ah, there's a deal in family affection," he reflected. "If Aglionby had only been a little more lenient to that poor lad of his, the winter of his life might have had more sun in it and less frost. . . . How he used to ride! Like a devil sometimes. What runs we have had together; and what fish we have killed! Poor old John!"

CHAPTER XIII.—"THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON."

"THE first concert of the season, Bernard, and you mustn't miss it. Really, for the life of me, I can't tell what you hear in those awfully classical concerts. Isn't it 'classical' that they call them? I've been to some of them. I like watching the swells come in, and I daresay it's very amusing for them, who go regularly to the same places, to meet all their friends, and that sort of thing; but there I'm done. Those concerts send me to sleep, or else they make my head ache. It's nothing but a bang-banging and a squeak-squeaking, without any tune to go by in it. I *can't* tell what you hear in them."

It was Miss Vane who thus addressed her swain on the Wednesday evening after he had told her about his meeting with his grandfather. He held his hat in his hand and listened to her smilingly, but without any signs of relinquishing his purpose.

"Perhaps you don't, my love. I hear a great deal in them. To-night I shall hear Madame Trebelli sing 'Che farò senza Eurydice?' which is enough to last any fellow for a week, and make him thrill whenever he thinks of it. Likewise, I shall hear Beethoven's symphony, No. 5, which——"

"Oh, those horrid long symphonies. I know them. I can no more make head or tail of them than I can of your books about ethics or agnostics, or something sticks. But go, go; and I hope you may enjoy it. I like a play or a comic opera, for my part. Promise you'll take me to 'Madame Angot' the next time it comes, and I'll be good."

"To 'Madame Angot' you shall go if I am here and able to take you," he rejoined, his eyes smiling darkly beneath the brim of his hat.

"You won't be gone to bed when I get back," he said. "It won't be late; and we can have half an hour's chat; just half an hour."

"Well, if you're not too late," said Miss Vane graciously.

Bernard promised and vowed to return very early, and then went off to enjoy his one piece of genuine, unadulterated luxury and extravagance—

his shilling's-worth of uncomfortable standing-room in the "body of the hall," which shilling's-worth, while the great singers sang, and the great orchestral masterpieces were performed in a style almost peculiar to Irkford, of all English towns—represented to him a whole realm of riches and glory, royal in its splendor.

He secured a good place, just behind the last of the reserved seats, which were filled with a brilliant-looking audience. From the moment in which the well-known leader came on and received his rounds of welcome and applause, to the last strain of the last composition, he was all ear and all delight.

It was certainly a feast that night for those who care for such feasts. There was a delicious "Anacreon" overture, full of Cherubini's quaintest thoughts; and there was the great cantatrice singing in her most superb style. "Che farò," though, came in the second part of the performance. Before it was the Fifth Symphony. Bernard, drinking in the sounds, remembered the old tale of how some one asked the composer what he meant by those four portentous and thrilling chords which open the symphony, and how he replied, "Thus fate knocks at the door."

"Se non è vero è ben trovato," thought our hero, smiling to himself. "A fate that knocked in that way would be a fate worth opening to, whether good or bad. But one usually hears a more commonplace kind of tap at the door than that."

He listened with heart and soul to the grand scena from "Orpheus." The cadence rang in his ears.

"Eurydice! Eurydice!
Che farò senza Eurydice?"

When it was over, he slipped out, not caring to spoil the effect of it by listening to anything more. As he marched home, his pulses were beating fast. The strains of "Eurydice" rang in his ears. But the opening chords of the symphony struggled with them and overcame them. "Thus fate knocks at the door," he repeated to himself many times, and in a low voice hummed the notes. "Thus fate knocks at the door," he muttered, laughing a little to himself, as he inserted his latch-key, and opened the door of No. 13 Crane street.

He found Lizzie in the parlor, seated on a stool in the very middle of the hearth-rug, and gazing upward at a brown envelope which she had stuck on the mantelpiece, in front of the clock.

"Bernard," she said, "there's a telegram for you." She scarcely turned her delicate fair face toward him as she spoke. "It came almost the minute you'd gone, and I'm fairly dying to know what it can be about."

He was very much surprised to see it himself, but did not say so, taking it as if nothing could have been more natural than for it to come.

"Why, it's addressed to the warehouse," he remarked. "How did it get here?"

"That boy, Robert Stansfield, from the warehouse, brought it. He said it came just as he was leaving, and he thought you might like to have it. I believe that boy would die, or do anything for you, Bernard," she added, watching him as he opened and read the message without a muscle of his face changing.

"'James Whaley, solicitor, Yoresett, to Bernard Aglionby, 15 Fence street, Irkford.—Your grandfather died suddenly this morning, and your presence here is indispensable. Come to-morrow by the train leaving Irkford at 2.15, and I will meet you at Hawes, and explain.'"

"What a long one, Bernard! What is it all about?"

"A stupid thing which will oblige me to set off on a business journey to-morrow," he said, frowning a little, speaking quite calmly, but feeling his heart leaping wildly. Was it fate that knocked at the door? or was it "but a bootless bene"?

Why did he not tell her, or read her the telegram? It was chiefly because of their conversation on Monday night last. It was because he knew what she would say if she heard the news, and because, rough and abrupt though he was, he simply could not endure to hear her comments upon that news, nor to listen to the wild and extravagant hopes which she would build upon it, and which she would not hesitate to express. He would have laughed loud and long, if any one had told him that his sense of delicacy, and of the fitness of things, was finer and more discriminating than that of Miss Vane, but it was a fact that it was so.

Meantime, wild and rapid speculations and wonders crowded into his own mind. He tried hard to see things in what he called a "sensible" light. He told himself that it was utterly impossible that his grandfather could have done any-

thing to his will, which in any way affected him. There had not been time for it. He would have to go to Hawes, and hear what they wanted him for—possibly to attend the funeral—a ceremony with which he would rather have dispensed. Then, when he knew how much he, with his slender salary, was to be out of pocket by the whole affair, he would come back and reveal the news to Lizzie, thus forever putting out of her head all hopes or aspirations connected with old Mr. Aglionby and his money. She was quite satisfied with his explanation; though she girded at him and teased him and disagreed with him, he had the power of making her do exactly as he chose *when* he chose, and of making her see things as he desired to see them. But he could only do it by means of fear—intimidation, and he knew it, and rarely indeed chose to exert that power.

He thrust the telegram into his pocket, and, consulting a little railway guide, found that the train mentioned by Mr. Whaley was the only one during the day by which his journey could be accomplished in reasonable time. The earlier ones were slow, and necessitated so many waitings and changings that he would arrive no sooner. In the morning he took his leave of Lizzie, saying he could not give her his address now, as he did not know where he should be that night, but he would write as soon as possible. Lizzie was very sweet and amiable; she hung about him affectionately, and held up her face to be kissed, and he thought what an angel she was, what a guileless, trusting angel, to confide herself to the keeping of a rough-hewn, cross-grained carle like him. Again his heart fluttered as he gave a flying glance toward the possibility that Mr. Whaley of Yoresett might have some solid reason for summoning him thus suddenly to his grandfather's house. If there were any such reason—he kissed Lizzie's sweet face with a strange passion of regretful love and tenderness.

"Good-bye, my own sweetheart!" he said again.

"Good-bye, Bernard dear; and be sure you let me know when you're coming home."

On his way to town he stopped at a post-office, to send off a telegram to Mr. Whaley, promising to be at Hawes at the time mentioned. And then he went on to the warehouse and asked for leave of absence with a cool hardihood which sorely tried the temper and dignity of Mr. Jenkinson, and at 2.15 set off on his journey with an unknown object—his journey which might be the beginning of a new life—or merely the seal affixed to the relentless obduracy of one train of circumstances for which he was in no way responsible.

It was in the bitter, sarcastic nature of the man to contemplate the latter possibility as being the more probable one.

(*To be continued.*)

THACKERAY AS A POET.

It has come to be believed that there is one language for poetry and another for prose, and indeed it is seldom that one and the same man attains to excellence as a poet and a prose writer. The diction of a certain modern school of poetry has, to use their own favorite though singular metaphor, "a coloring" which is both unnatural and monotonous, and which would not for a single moment be tolerated in prose. Against this tendency, however, a healthy reaction has set in. The writers of *vers de société* choose no subjects which are out of the reach of ordinary men, and no language but what is readily understood, and for this very reason their intrinsic excellence is frequently overlooked.

As in society we endeavor to hide our feelings and emotions under a calm exterior, which cannot, however, entirely prevent our moods from being seen, so these unconsidered trifles have some real feeling just visible beneath the surface. Their great charm, in fact, is that, while they are written in ordinary language, they convey a *soupçon* of extraordinary thought and pathos. Such productions reveal themselves in their full force only to the sympathetic reader, whilst to many they remain merely superficial. But for their rhythm, such compositions appear at first sight to be little more than prose, and yet they possess a vein of the truest poetry. Praed's sparkling wit and finished satire are already highly valued, and he has been rightly termed the father of the school of poetry. Father Prout's humorous songs, Cal-

verly's inimitable odes, and Locker's elegant lyrics are good examples of the merits of *vers de société*.

It has been said that poetry is above and beyond all rules and reason. If this be true and sublimity be taken as the test of poetical excellence, Thackeray, we fear, cannot be considered a poet. There is in his poetry nothing but what is within the comprehension of all who are susceptible to the touch of humor and the tear of pathos. He deals only with familiar feelings and affections. But if poetry is "a criticism of life and the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life, to the question how to live," to Thackeray must be assigned a high place among the poets of the century. His theme is life as it is. His verses teach no new philosophy, they only depict in pure coloring and true outline the objects and feelings which are around and within us as we live our daily lives. They may seem to be the spontaneous overflow of unstudied fancy, but most of them are in reality the result of deep thought.

The exact position of these writers has to be determined. They combine in their poetry the essential features of the lyric and the ballad. Their verses are an expression in ordinary language of the ordinary feelings of humanity. They perhaps go farther than this, and present to us human nature *as it is*, and that side of human nature with which we are most familiar. There is a peculiar charm in light lyrical and ballad verse. "Ballad," says a critic, "is a word frequently used as synonymous with song, but it properly denotes an historical song, or a song containing a narrative of adventures or exploits, either serious or comic." The numerous old English and Scotch ballads extant vividly represent the habits and thought which existed in remote times. The modern ballad in like manner preserves a record of our own; but the artificial needs of our advanced refinement are not supplied "by a short chronicle in verse of a well-defined transaction," as the ballad has been aptly called. Among the writers of the present century are many whose lyrics and ballads will ever be remembered, and with the foremost of these we may place Thackeray himself. Vivid description and smooth rhythm are the characteristics of his poetry; depth and simplicity of thought are united with ease and elegance of style. Like his prose, it is both grave and gay, tender and humorous. Imagination is not its predominant feature; but satire, playfulness, and tenderness are abundant. "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse" might serve as a model of these qualities. Its writer shows here the wonderful attachment he felt for old things, old places, and old faces. It is also a good example of Thackeray's inimitable versatility, and we can read it now with the light of his life's story upon the page.

"But who could doubt the 'Bouillabaisse'?" says Mr. Trollope (whose recent life of Thackeray in 'English Men of Letters' is a valuable contribution to contemporary literature).

"Who else could have written that? Who at the same moment could have gone so deep into the regrets of life, with words so appropriate to its jollities? I do not know how far my readers will agree with me that to read it always must be a fresh pleasure. . . . If there be one whom it does not please, he will like nothing that Thackeray ever wrote in verse."

Take for example:

"There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the *Gazette*;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup."

Thackeray's humor is infectious because of his own thorough sympathy with human nature. It is not cynical, but smiles through tears. Of this quality, and of his rare dexterity of language, "The White Squall" is a good instance. This ballad was written in 1844, after his visit to Turkey and Egypt, and it appeared in his "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo":

"On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,

I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting,
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze!"

Again, there is a touch true to nature in the closing lines:

"And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me."

We may read Thackeray's poetry again and again, and wish there was more of it, and though it is not, of course, to be understood that it is all of equal merit, yet most of it is very good. No better example of his style can be given than "The Cane Bottom'd Chair." It is natural and flowing, and affords glimpses of greater power and breadth of thought than appear on the surface:

"In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.
* * * * * * * * *
This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.
* * * * * * * * *
But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back and silly old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless and I love thee, old cane bottom'd chair.
* * * * * * * * *
And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane bottom'd chair.
* * * * * * * * *
She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane bottom'd chair.

"At the Church Gate," a poem familiar to all who have read "Pendennis," is exquisite in many ways, and its tenderness, unsullied by mawkish sentimentality, must touch all hearts. Thackeray's poetry is not seldom distinguished by the true feeling which peeps out in simple pieces like this. "The Chronicle of the Drum," too, is a thoroughly natural and unstrained ballad. It is a

"——story of two hundred years
Writ on the parchment of a drum."

It was composed at Paris, at the time of the second funeral of Napoleon. The picture here given of the French nation is very true to life: the drummer tells the story of the wars of France through which he and his ancestors have drummed. Through the whole there runs a deep undercurrent of love of his country, whether it be under a monarchy, a republic, or an empire. Seldom, perhaps, has anything been depicted in a more realistic manner than the graphic portrait of "Mère Guillotine" contained in this ballad:

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.

Ventrebleu! but we pamper'd our ogress
With the best that our nation could bring,
And dainty she grew in her progress,
And called for the head of a king!

She called for the blood of our king,
And straight from his prison we drew him;
And to her with shouting we led him,
And took him, and bound him, and slew him,
'The monarchs of Europe against me
Have plotted a godless alliance;
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'
She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'"

Thackeray gives his pen a tongue in "The Pen and the Album," and it speaks to us eloquently of its master's life:

"Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through this queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.
* * * * * * * * *
I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

I've help'd him to pen many a line for bread;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make your laughter while his own heart bled."

Who does not remember the light music of "Peg of Limavaddy" in "The Irish Sketch Book"?

"Riding from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty)
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city;
Weary was his soul,
Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
Leads to Limavaddy."

In striking contrast with this may be placed the lines, "Abd-el-Kader at Toulon"; they seem to give us a glimpse of what Thackeray might have done in heroic poetry.

"No more, thou lithe and long winged hawk, of desert life for thee;
No more across the sultry sands shalt thou go swooping free;
Blunt idle talons, idle beak, with spurning of thy chain,
Shatter against thy cage the wing thou ne'er may'st spread again."

Again, "The May Day Ode" on the Great Exhibition of 1851, contains some fine passages. The following verses may have been premature at the time, but they have some title to be considered prophetic:

"Look yonder where the engines toil;
These Englands's arms of conquest are,
The trophies of her bloodless war:
Brave weapons these.
Victorious over wave and soil,
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,
Pierces the everlasting hills
And spans the seas."

The teaching of Thackeray's poetry is well summed up in that grand ode "Vanitas Vanitatum," which is said to have been written in a lady's album, containing the autographs of kings, princes, poets, diplomatists, musicians, statesmen, artists, and men of letters of all nations, between a page by Jules Janin and a poem by the Turkish Ambassador. It is not a dirge, withering up energy, and paralyzing effort; it is written in a healthy, if regretful tone, and there is nothing in it which leads one to despond, although it has been objected to upon that ground. It is doubtful if "truer words were ever spoke by ancient or by modern sage."

"O vanity of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!
* * * * * * * *
Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin."

"The Ballads of Policeman X." have long been famous. They appeared in the pages of *Punch*, with which journal Thackeray was associated during the earlier part of his literary career. They are truly humorous, and though somewhat unequal, yet show throughout that vigor of thought, and facility of expression, for which their author became afterward remarkable. "The Wofle New Ballad of Jane Roney and Mary Brown" is inimitable; but perhaps the most popular is "Jacob Omnium's Hoss." Thackeray's humor often enough disguises indignation as well as pathos, and, "though he rarely uttered a word, either with his pen or with his mouth, in which there was not an intention to reach our sense of humor, he never was only funny."

Thackeray's place among the writers of *vers de société*, nay, perhaps among the poets of his time, will be decided in years to come. His present reputation as the greatest novelist of his time is still an almost insuperable bar to any recognition being given to the poetical value of his scattered verses. Who could support both reputations? In all examples which occur to us we find that the one gives place to the other; but Thackeray may be the exception which proves the rule.

Mr. Frederick Locker, in his "London Lyrics," says: "Light lyrical verse should be short, elegant, refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful, and it should have one uniform and simple design. The tone should not be pitched high, and the language should be idiomatic, the rhythm crisp and sparkling, the rhyme frequent and never forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness, for however trivial the subject matter may be, indeed rather in proportion to its triviality, subordination to the rules of composition, and perfection of execution, should be strictly enforced. Each piece cannot be expected to exhibit all these characteristics, but the qualities of brevity and buoyancy are essential."

We may accept these conditions as the true test of excellence, and applying this text to the poetry of Thackeray, we can arrive at some definite conclusion as to its intrinsic worth.

FURNITURE AND FURNISHING.

By Eleanor Moore Hiestand.

We Americans, who, until within the past few years, have been cursed by conventionalism in our architecture, are at a greater disadvantage than any other people in the world, when we seek to unravel the Eleusinian mysteries of interior decoration. The unfortunate people of feudal times, whose barren households comprised only such furniture as was easily movable and could be taken on long journeys, were scarcely more restricted than we, when once we set our face resolutely against all *parvenu* principles in art, and accept the fundamental æsthetic proposition, which is *harmony*. It is not that we are devoid of all adequate appreciation of fine architectural effects—of all ear for "frozen music," as Madame de Stael quaintly calls it; but it is because this faculty has been so lately developed that only a fortunate few reap the practical advantage of it.

I do not think that any one who has thought seriously on the subject, and has watched with kindling eyes the descent of the divine afflatus of art into this country, will venture to date the birth of the late revolution in our architectural and decorative effects—which we may call the "American Renaissance"—anterior to the opening of our Centennial Exposition. It was then that the capable but crude American was first fired with the ambition to attain excellence in art, and to surround himself with those manifold artistic creations in which he found a new and subtle delight. It was the awaking of the Sleeping Beauty by the kiss of Prince Progress after a century of enchantment; and that will-o'-the-wisp we call taste, once aroused, speedily claimed its prerogatives.

I.—CLOCK IN ROCAILLE STYLE.

Hundreds of beautiful houses are planned and constructed from year to year,—houses which happily are not unfortunate exponents, like their predecessors, of a dozen false ideas of art, nor the amalgamation of a score of effete styles. Yet it is barely a decade since, among the most highly esteemed plans of our best domestic architects, there was to be found many a nondescript structure whose body perhaps illustrated the angular beauty of the Queen Anne style, but whose wings were capped with Gothic gables looming up under the shadow of a Tudor tower and overhanging a cinquecento window. Ten chances to one there was a Greek portico somewhere, whose Doric pillars were adorned with capitals after the Moresque! Lately a decorous order has stepped out of this chaos of ideas, and our architectural progeny give promise of attaining to that correct beauty which is only to be found where harmony and symmetry prevail.

Interiors have, of course, undergone a like metamorphosis. The happy mistress of a house built in this new era of American art is not distracted by the impossibility of reconciling the marring elements of color and form. She has a certain amount of effectively-disposed space, and so many

graceful outlines which please the eye without being modified or qualified by genius or ingenuity, and can be made to appear at the best advantage by the simple exercise of good taste. Unfortunately, however, we are not all mistresses of houses of this new régime. Many of us are occupants of just such incongruous structures as I have described above, and still more of us are condemned to residence in a brick and mortar monstrosity of eminent gentility, but with absolutely no style. This, then, is the palpable occasion for my remark that we Americans are at a disadvantage when we turn our attention to decorative effects.

2.—CARVED CHAIR, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY (FRONT).

It has often occurred to me that if there is one portion of an American house more than another in which it is difficult to preserve a pleasing *ensemble*, that part is the much neglected and abused hall. There appears to have been an unauthorized opinion prevalent among our architects that vestibules and corridors were necessary conveniences, but not entitled to any special consideration. In many of our houses the halls appear to have been pieced out of the odds and ends of space left over after the general plan had been completed. Accordingly, they twist and turn from right to left, like the blocks in an ingenious bit of patch-work, utterly destroying their potentialities. I wonder if many people remember the New Jersey State Building at the Centennial Exhibition? There was a hall, my countrywomen! —of homely finish and simple ornature, but in proportions most imposing. It was a hall with an open fire-place and a hard-wood wainscot, the like of which would be an honor to any American house.

The pigmy forms of our domestic furniture have annihilated all possibilities of deep-vaulted ceilings and lofty corridors. It is only by a lucky chance that an American gathers unto himself a suit of armor, a lance, and a battle-axe or so, to grace his hall-way, and such furniture as alone could support the fabulous frame of the barbarous Goth, or could withstand the usage of men like Prince Dagobert, is too rare to be found straying in transatlantic countries. The furniture at our command is no larger than need be. It is emphatically too small to submit with impunity to the belittling contrast of a room with lofty ceiling. So we put aside with a sigh the possibilities of splendor couched in groined arches and lacunars, while we content ourselves with the two advantages of space to be found in a broad latitude and a long perspective.

It is an artistic impossibility to render a narrow hall attractive; and what could be more coveted by a hospitable spirit than an entrance whose beauty should be a snare to the feet of the tóo infrequent visitor? My finest conception of a hall premises a great square room with paneled walls,

a polished floor, and a high wainscot. I would have a terminal window, too, tall and wide, with a roomy seat, and a sliding curtain of warm, rich coloring. But such halls are rarely met with in America, and that house is indeed fortunate which can boast of a corridor with fifteen feet of latitude. If you possess such a one, consecrate to it your highest energies; it is worthy of the noblest conceptions of art. Let every bit of furniture that seeks to gain entrance to it be made to pronounce the shibboleth of art—*harmony*.

The hall, like every other room in the house, should be sacred to some particular "style." The autocrats of household art insist that though the inviolable decrees of harmony may not require us to furnish our whole house in the Elizabethan, the Gothic, the Queen Anne, or the Renaissance, they are inflexible in their requirements that no two of these styles be placed in immediate juxtaposition. If you are a victim of Renaissance madness, as so many of us are, and determine to adopt its pseudo classic principles in furnishing your hall, place a rigid embargo on every decoration that smacks of another spirit. Let us have none of the Pre-Raphaelite, no Byzantine, no "Eastlake," an' you love me! For my part, if I were furnishing a hall to my fancy, I should choose some less elaborate style than that whose pristine splendor immortalized the Renaissance. But whatever may be the type you prefer, see to it the casings of the doors and windows, the wainscot and the wall form a harmonious background. The walls are naturally the least troublesome feature, for in these days of artistic paper-hangings and free-hand frescos there is hardly any effect that is not at our command.

I have often wondered what could be at the bottom of the idea which many people entertain that pictures, or any mural ornament, are out of place in a corridor. Should not a hall be something more than a domestic highway? Could it not be a comfortable, habitable place where one could sit down and wait for a friend without experiencing any of the depressing effects of solitary attendance in the drawing-room or parlor? And why should it not be beautified? Custom at the present day confines its furniture to a hat-rack, a mirror, and two chairs. Such a thing as a table or a *tête-à-tête* is tabooed. This regulation is alike arbitrary and unreasonable. We will not submit to it. We will bring in by the back way an old clock and a cabinet, a tripod and a half-moon table.

The Rocaille and its ally, the Rococo style of ornament, are alike popular for hall furniture. The former, which took its name from the French

3.—CARVED CHAIR, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY (BACK).

and signifies rock-work, followed close upon the heels of Raphael and the Renaissance. The glamour of this classic style had begun to fade. The first infringement of its popularity was brought about by the cabinet-makers, who sought to display their skill by executing the difficult *bombé* or rolled surfaces, in which, perhaps, they discovered some likeness to the smooth curvatures of a boulder, whence they applied the name

Rocaille. We furnish a striking example of this style of furniture in Figure 1 of the accompanying engravings. It is a kind of cabinet-work that is by no means rare. Good specimens of it are not infrequently found in the shops of professional collectors—oftener, perhaps, than the multiplied forms of the vaunted Renaissance; and there are consequently fewer difficulties in the way of the conscientious devotee who seeks to maintain unity by grouping together only kindred masterpieces of the wood-carver's art. A seventeenth-century clock, like that in the accompanying engraving, with its highly-polished bas-relief and allegorical figure-pieces, would be a joy forever. Its presence in a hall would confer a patent of nobility on the apartment, and a patent whose rights you are bound not to infringe.

Of course a hall must have chairs. There is a delicate hint to the thoughtless in the circumstance that these chairs are never cushioned. The hall is not intended for lengthy conference or indiscriminate lounging. It is a place of dignity and decorum. The conventional hall chairs are devoid of arms, and have almost, or quite, perpendicular backs. They are more elaborately carved, perhaps, than the chairs of most other apartments, as witness the representations in Figs. 2 and 3 of a highly ornamental chair of the seventeenth century. This chair is, however, somewhat pecular. The portrait in bas-relief on its back is a rare feature in the decoration of chairs, as is also the introduction of the colored stones with which the frames of our model and the supports of its escutcheon are studded. The latter produce the effect of great splendor, though perhaps a trifle too barbaric for the refinement of modern taste.

4.—ROCOCO STOVE IN MAJOLICA.

At the end of every unexceptionable hall there must be an ante-room—square, octagonal, or round, as fancy may dictate, but an ante-room beyond a doubt. I can conceive of a taste to which it would not be inacceptable to utilize in this ante-room, during a "cold spell," such a stove as we have represented in Fig. 4. But commend me to an open fire-place for beauty. Stoves, however, have been metamorphosed and ornamented until they occupy no mean place in decorative art, as our representation of a Rococo stove in brilliantly-colored Majolica gives evidence. One might almost venture to introduce into the ante-room a complete furniture of this time, without violating the principle of harmony before enunciated, even though one's hall were adorned

with the quaint forms of the Rocaille, for it is to the latter that the now famous Rococo owes its birth, and with which it has ever been upon the most intimate terms. The name Rococo is derived from a conjunction of the two words *rocaille-coquille*, suggesting the close alliance between the new and the old type, of which certain characteristics were retained and united with a

5.—HUNTING CABINET IN MODERN RENAISSANCE STYLE.

6.—EASEL IN RENAISSANCE STYLE.

fresh form of decoration embodying fluted, shell-like ornaments.

The Rococo has, however, fallen into disrepute. It was the natural outgrowth of the famous Louis Quatorze ornature, when the public taste was satiated with the Renaissance style, and sought to obliterate all vestige of it by an elaborate and bizarre decoration. The first examples of this style were not unpleasing, but toward the close of the eighteenth and early in the present century the wood-carvers ran wild, and its grotesque creations became so notorious that finally all ornament whose hideousness, by a strange paradox, constituted its beauty, was called "Rococo." The name has so come to be applied, at times, even to the oddities of Chinese and Japanese creation. To avoid the excesses of fancy to which this fantastic style is apt to lead one, it is therefore best for amateurs not to cultivate it. We had better place in our anteroom the furniture of the Renaissance, and in contemplating the charming perspective of our hall we shall likewise be looking backward into history.

There are great diversities in Renaissance decoration, but two general types: the early or genuine, and the modern; of the latter the beautiful hunting cabinet represented in Fig. 5 is an excellent example. The early Renaissance is exemplified by the easel in Fig. 7.

The cabinet, which I have selected to typify one of the most celebrated styles of ornamentation the world has known, is a masterpiece of artistic conception. Its bewildering beauty is a notable instance of how frequently our modern artists have succeeded in interpreting the spirit of this complicated style better than its originators themselves. The designer has introduced all the various subjects of the chase, and out of a perfect wilderness of details has built up a matchless symmetry. He has produced a cabinet that would honor the hunting implements it might enclose. It will compare quite favorably with the elaborate easel represented in Fig. 6, while it completely eclipses the austere ornament and severe outline of the easel in Fig. 7, which belongs to the early Renaissance, and serves to portray graphically the spirit that was rife at that period when certain chance excavations served to overthrow the established principles of decorative art, and cause the long-forgotten forms of antiquity to be born again. These circumspect lines, however, only pleased through their novelty. Gradually they began to twist and turn themselves into the most complicated forms, according to the caprices of individual taste. The Renaissance, before it ceded supremacy to the Rococo, made use of such unclassical ornament as is to be seen in the music-stand in Fig. 8. The skill and ingenuity of modern artists, who are fancy-free and bold in conception, have elaborated the principles of this art classicism until they are hardly to be recognized. They have really invented a new style, from which it is nevertheless impossible to separate the old name of the Renaissance.

A most delightful effect can be produced, if one's library should happen to be at the extremity of the hall, by drawing back the curtains of the doorway and giving any one entering the house the benefit of the perspective of the room. And here, perhaps, it may not be out of place to determine a few of the principles of library furniture. This is a department of household art, however, in which it would be absurd to be arbitrary. A library is a room whose possibilities are at once far-reaching and diverse. It is a room

7.—EASEL IN RENAISSANCE STYLE.

to which almost any style of furniture may be adapted, but into which the question of perfect adaptation brings a train of difficulties. This is the householder's *adytum*, which she gives over to artistic confusion; yet how to attain this delightful

négligé effect, without creating the unpleasant impression of disorder, involves a delicate taste and discrimination which cannot be represented by any fixed law.

There are some very fine engravings of a beautiful painting called "Dans la Bibliothèque" (In the Library) now on exhibition in the various art rooms. It is a painting of which I am sure almost every one has seen some kind of reproduction. It represents three lovely women in graceful attire, who have ensconced themselves in one corner of a spacious library. The women are certainly very charming and picturesque, but they do not appear to me to be the only centre of attraction. That tantalizing corner is a picture in itself. Yet in it everything would doubtless appear topsy-turvy to the small-souled housewife, whose highest idea of art is founded upon uncompromising order. The rich crimson drapery of the window is switched carelessly, but faultlessly, to one side, the great easy-chairs are disposed by a happy chance, the floor is strewn with books, portfolios, and the various appurtenances of a student, while, if I mistake not, two of the young women are seated on a table wheeled conveniently near. The effect is entrancing; but how many of us could produce one like it?

8.—MUSIC-STAND IN RENAISSANCE STYLE.

A library is of necessity a cosmopolitan place. It is inhabited by polyglot spirits; it is the scene of a world's symposium. You may furnish it in the style of Henri Deux or of the Renaissance, of the Crimean Tartar or Louis Quatorze. You can hardly go astray in the bestowal of your favor, provided you venture upon no foolhardy attempts to make it heterogeneous. The room is invested with a Protean character. It will assimilate itself to almost any form of decoration. It may serve as a souvenir of ancient Greece, or it may remind one of sunny-skied Italy. The style of its furniture can be readily agreed upon; but in the disposal of the same there lies a terrible stumbling-block to artistic excellence. For my part, I prefer the endless and beautiful variety of the Italian Renaissance, because it gives one the advantage of the matchless Florentine carvings, of the gold-broidered tapestry, of the masterpieces of the school of Benvenuto Cellini, and of the pure Italian marbles, not to speak of the rare treasures of Majolica ware, and such beautifully ornamented pottery as inspired Bernard Palissy with his inextinguishable purpose. The easels and music-stand of our illustrations might find a fitting place in the library as receptacles for choice engravings or rare old pamphlets.

A library must be a room that will accommodate itself to all moods. It must be a room whose adornment will allow one to career over "the flowery fields of literature," unchecked by the curb of discord in his surroundings. It should be full of mellow sunshine, yet capable of a cloister-like seclusion, and the tenderest half-lights and shadows. Its rich, warm coloring must melt into mezzotints with a drop of the curtain.

I believe that there are at present not a few

current complaints about the intractability of dining-rooms. The fertile imagination and refined taste which were elsewhere untrammeled in their exercise are embarrassed by the requirements of these important apartments. The chief difficulty arises from the fact that most dining-rooms are small, while the furniture to be adapted to them, from the very nature of its use, is large and massive. The query naturally arises: How shall we harmonize these two conditions? The answer is plain, if you should happen to have your walls capped with a lofty ceiling; and, if you do not, make it appear that you do. I am for wood-paneling always. Then let the panels of your walls be long and narrow, and your curtains be hung as high as possible. If you succeed in dispelling the impression that the ceiling is low, you have done as much as though you secured an addition of fifteen square feet of space.

The dining-room is undoubtedly the sacred precinct of the wood-carver's art, and no style of furniture which denies it free exercise may justly be admitted there. For myself, I have a predilection for oak furniture in the dining-room. It admits of the most splendid carving. It shows to the best advantage bas-reliefs of the subjects of the chase, fruit and flowers intertwined, with the finest decorative effects. That room whose oaken walls, sideboard, and mantel are all of a piece will command a rare beauty, and the contrast of their mellow ornature with a Turkey carpet and rich Oriental drapery is a pure æsthetic delight.

A dining-room admits of a great deal of color. The presence of vivid beauty enlivens one's fancy, and has an inspiriting effect upon one's wit. It gives zest to the dinner-party, and indirectly assists digestion, through the deliberate and hearty enjoyment of the diner. One does not want to be wearied by the monotony of his surroundings, while he waits for the roast to be carved, or for the arrival of dessert. There is an ineffable consolation for a tardy dinner in a splendid frieze, and it is soothing to a man's temper to sit opposite a sideboard whose wondrous carving distracts his mind from the unfortunate *contretemps* of the meal. There is diplomacy in the provision of a wide-chimneyed dining-room fire-place, with its polished brass appointments and interesting tiles. You will often find the master of the house standing before it waiting for his breakfast with singular complacency. A dining-room with such an adjunct is a fit apartment to adjoin your famous ante-room with its polished wood floor and beautiful stained-glass window.

VICTOR HUGO.

By Emily F. Wheeler.

While in Paris I lived for some months in a family whose members were life-long friends of Victor Hugo. Pen-and-ink drawings from his hand adorned my room, a beautiful photograph of the white-haired grandfather, with little Georges and Queen Jeanne on his knees, hung above my table, and opposite was another, showing the poet in the sea solitude of his home at Nauteville House. As for the table itself, it was usually heaped with author's copies of his various works, all adorned with his autograph,—a huge scrawl, not unlike, to one's fancy, the "mark" of a lion, if the king of beasts should ever leave that to admiring friends. I heard so much of the poet, and in so familiar a fashion, that I grew into a feeling of neighborly acquaintance, and read his books, not so much for their artistic worth, as for the glimpses they gave one of his large heart and mighty will. The picture of "the Master," as his followers call him, the leader and representative of the Romantic School in literature, gave place to another and more friendly one of the genial old man, the grandfather of two spoiled but very charming children. "Master" he is to his generation, however the realists, with Zola at their head, may take the field from him after his death. "One can say nothing before him." Zola himself has lately written: "He lives yet, and surrounded by such an aureole of glory, after so long and brilliant a life as literary king, that the truth"—as seen by Zola—"would seem almost an insult to him, the autocrat. Always one must make a special place for him."

To write the story of his life, it is almost neces-

sary to give the history, literary and political, of this century in France. Born almost with it, he has gone through the immense cycle of changes it has brought forth. He led a wandering life in childhood, following the military fortunes of his father. At five he crossed the Alps and spent a year at Naples, where Colonel Hugo was attached to the court of Joseph Bonaparte. At eight he set out with his mother and elder brother for Madrid, where his father, now general and count of the kingdom established by force of Napoleon's arms, was governor of three provinces. If the monarchy of Joseph Bonaparte had endured, he would have been a grandee of Spain. But just as his education was commenced in the College of Nobles, the kingdom fell and he was taken back to Paris. There he passed through the restoration of 1815, the revolutions of 1830 and '48. He saw the house of Orleans follow the Bourbons into exile; he voted, as senator, for Louis Napoleon's return to France; fled for his life after the *coup d' état;* passed twenty years in exile, and returned after Napoleon's fall, in time to go through the siege of Paris and the civil war which followed it. Meantime, private griefs have been his in full measure. He has followed the wife of his youth, his daughter, and his two sons to the grave. Now, nearly eighty, alone in the world save for his two grandchildren, he lives at peace in his beloved Paris, and, king of his world, receives visits but never makes them, even when royalty invites. To tell, even fragmentarily, his story is no light task. For facts, I am indebted to his own works, to his charming biography, written by his wife, and to a little book, "*Victor Hugo chez Lui*," which, though pronounced "stenographic" by my French friends, gives many suggestive anecdotes of the man and poet.

For all his liberal ideas, he is a born aristocrat, and has the pride of ancestry. Witness the chair always placed at the head of his table at "Hauteville House," representing the invisible, presiding head of his race. Yet the line only goes back two centuries, all anterior records being lost in the pillage of Nancy, in 1670. His father entered royal service in 1788, at the age of fourteen. The Revolution came, promotions were rapid, and in three years he was private secretary of Alexander Beauharnais. He went through the wild war of the *Vendée*,—whose story is told in "'93,"—and in a conflict where no prisoners were taken, and women and children shot, he more than once had the fortune to save life. Brave to the point of rashness, kind-hearted and generous, Colonel Hugo was the idol of his men. But despite the fury of the hand-to-hand fight, he found time to fall in love with a certain Sophie Trébuchet, of Nantes, and was married to her two years later at Paris. The wedding was a purely civil one, as was then the fashion. "The bride cared little for the benediction of the priest, and the husband did not care at all." She was a devoted royalist and a lover of Voltaire. He was of the Revolution and adored Bonaparte. Strange union! which, as the years went on and political events drifted them farther and farther apart, was not to be without influence on the children born of it.

Victor was the third child. He was so frail, so tiny at his birth, and resembled so little a human being, that his brother, eighteen months older than he, who could just talk, cried at sight of him, "Oh, the little beast!" It was at Besançon, in 1802, that he entered the world, and despite his delicacy he throve, and was soon his mother's delight. At six he was sent to school, but when they gave him his primer, they found he had learned to read by himself, and spelling and writing came as if by magic. They were at Paris, having returned from Italy, and Madame Hugo's apartment was a part of an old monastery, secularized under the Revolution. Its beautiful garden, and the happy hours spent there, have been immortalized in one of the poet's most charming pieces.

Meantime, Colonel Hugo had followed Joseph Bonaparte from Naples to Madrid, and by the end of 1810 the new king felt himself secure on the throne of Spain. All the foreign powers had ambassadors at his court, and the English, after the capitulation of Almiéda, had abandoned Cadiz. Joseph had only now to conquer his subjects, but that was quite enough. It was guerilla warfare, in which religion and patriotism joined hands against a foreign king. Colonel Hugo, now governor of three provinces, thought matters sufficiently promising to send for his family, and one morning the signal of change of country was given in the Paris home. A Spanish grammar was put on the children's desk by the mother, with the command, "In three months you must know Spanish." In six weeks they spoke it fluently.

In the spring of 1811 the second pilgrimage

began. They had to form part of a large company and to have an escort of 1500 soldiers, the roads were so infested by guerillas. The temper of the Spanish people may be judged by this little incident: It was their duty to furnish food and lodging to the governor's wife and her suite. At each stopping-place Madame Hugo found a house prepared for her; that is, certain rooms from which all luxury of furnishings had been removed. A silent servant, after a half-hour's knocking, opened these rooms to them and then left them to themselves. No glimpse of the family was vouchsafed them, and the silence and desolation were dreadful. "It was the suicide of a house" before a hated master. But one night Madame Hugo had a different reception. At the first knock the door flew open and the master of the house welcomed her in. Everything, after the proverbial fashion of Spanish hospitality, was hers while she remained; and for three days this perfection of courtesy never failed. So amiable was her host that, as they were leaving, Madame Hugo ventured to ask for a silver vase which had been in her room. It was brought at once; but when she would have paid for it, the Spaniard answered, with a bitter smile, that "though with his people, he was slave of a foreign power, he was not a peddler of vases; and that, moreover, he could not see why the French should have scruples at taking a vase when they had so little at pillaging towns and overrunning a kingdom." At Madrid a palace awaited the governor's wife; but even in the capital, almost in the king's presence, the watchword of hostility was the same. The suite of rooms prepared for her was charming, but all the rest of the house was bolted and barred. "The frontiers of impregnable Spain were formed again in every house; and after having defended herself from town to town, she kept out the enemy from room to room."

For the two children the long journey had been full of charm. The gypsy life, the glimpses of quaint old towns and quainter people, the touch of excitement and danger in it all, enchanted them. Strange picturesque bits caught by the child's imagination clung to his memory and were afterward reproduced by the artist hand of the man. But to the mother it was all a weariness of the flesh, and fleas and bugs divided her anxious soul from one day's end to another. Nor was she happier in Madrid, still separated from her husband, who could only make brief visits to his family in the pauses of his guerilla warfare. But after a brief year she went back to Paris with her children. The house of Napoleon was falling, and Joseph had been chased from his kingdom.

The restoration of the Bourbons was very welcome to Madame Hugo. Her hatred of Napoleon, up to this time suppressed through fear of compromising her husband, now broke out. By mutual consent the father and mother now separated, the boys remaining with Madame Hugo. They knew little of their father. It was the royalist mother who had brought them up, and the Bonapartist father had little influence over them. Sure that with time their opinions would change, and that it was quite impossible for him to force that change, he left them alone. "The child is of the mother's mind," he said one day of Victor; "the man will be of mine." How much farther he would go the father could not foresee.

One chapter of Madame Hugo's charming book is entitled "The follies committed by M. Victor Hugo before he was born," and contains extracts from his childish attempts at poetry. He taught himself rhyme and rhythm as he had taught himself to read, and before the age of fourteen he had fifteen books of verses. One piece of 500 lines, "The Deluge," was annotated by its author in this style: "Twenty bad lines, 32 good, 15 very good, 5 passable." The remaining 400 have apparently no character. But in 1817 he ventured to compete for the prize offered by the French Academy. His poem took no prize, but the judges did him the honor to doubt the age he gave himself in it; he sent his certificate of baptism to the secretary, and at fifteen M. Victor found himself a small celebrity.

Madame Hugo lived a very quiet life at Paris. The sons studied and worked in the garden under her orders. She went out little, and only to old friends. Of these the Fouchers were the first. It grew into a custom each evening for Madame Hugo and her two sons to visit them. M. Foucher was an invalid and distracted by noise, so there was no conversation. The women sewed or knit; M. Foucher read his journal; the two young men stared at the fire. Nevertheless, M. Victor enjoyed the melancholy diversion, and the parents soon found out why. He had fallen in love with the daughter of the house. Adèle Foucher had been

his childhood's playfellow, and in her infancy had been jestingly promised to one of Colonel Hugo's sons by his friend, her father. But the age of these two innocents put together hardly made thirty years, and neither had a cent. Marriage was therefore not to be thought of, and the two families quietly separated. But suddenly, in 1821, Madame Hugo died. The solitary house, the entire breaking-up of his home and plans of life, reacted sadly on Victor's sensitive nature. Madame Foucher had pity on him, and taking counsel of her heart rather than her worldly prudence, consented to an engagement. Henceforward he worked with a definite aim. He set himself at his chosen profession, literature, with new energy.

His father had offered him a small allowance, but only on condition of his taking a profession less uncertain. He refused—rich, just then, in the modest capital of a hundred and thirty dollars. For he had published already certain odes,—all very Bourbon in spirit,—and the papers had spoken of him. Chateaubriand had made his acquaintance and called him a "wonderful youth," and a provincial court of literature had given him prizes for poems he had sent. He had founded, with his two brothers and some friends, a review, "Le Conservateur Littéraire," and had written for it his first romance, "Rug Jargal." It was composed in fourteen days, and as the work of a boy of nineteen is worthy of attention. In brief, he might consider himself fairly entered on a literary life, with the hope now before him that if he could make his chosen profession a paying one, he might win his wife and his new home. For two years he toiled hard. Newspapers, odes, romances, theatre, he tried all in turn. What he was then, grave, conscientious, hardworking, is sketched in "Marius Pontmercy" of "Les Miserables." Lamennais was his confessor, and his life was singularly pure and sober. He kept house with a young cousin from Nantes, a law student, in a couple of garret rooms, Rue du Dragon. He had just seven hundred francs (a hundred and forty dollars), and on this sum lived a year, after the manner described for Marius Pontmercy. "Without borrowing a cent, even able sometimes to lend a dollar to a friend, he succeeded out of this sum in buying himself a splendid coat, blue, with brass buttons, and in revenging himself by a forty-franc dinner on Henri Delatouche, who had invited him to his elegant rooms and fed him on tea and boiled potatoes."

Marriage still remained a long way off, but his garret began to be visited by men of letters, and, after some difficulty in finding a publisher for them, he collected his early poems into a volume. Having printed it, he could find no bookseller willing to put it on sale. They complained that poetry took the place of other books on their shelves—and kept it. At last, however, one was found, and the edition of fifteen hundred copies was sold in four months. The poet gained a hundred and fifty dollars, and the king, pleased with an ode to himself, granted him a pension of two hundred dollars a year. On that sum it was decided that the young people could marry. Some little time after, the pension was doubled, and on four hundred dollars a year the young couple set up housekeeping. Thenceforward his life was a busy one.

Victor Hugo has always been an exceedingly rapid writer. His drama, "Ruy Blas," took, proportionately to its length, the longest time—five weeks. One act of "Marian Delorme" was written in a night. His romance "Notre Dame de Paris" was written, by agreement, in seven months. He shut himself up to his book as in a prison. He only left his writing-table to eat and sleep, and his only distraction was an hour's talk after dinner with friends who happened in. He went out but once in this long imprisonment—in December, to the trial of the ministers of Charles X. He had bought a great bottle of ink for the romance, and the last drop was used to write the last line. For a moment the author thought of changing the title to "What there is in a Bottle of Ink." Not unlike this is the incident told of his "Napoleon the Little." Having finished at once the bottle and the book, Victor Hugo wrote on the former:

> "De cette bouteille est sorti
> Napoleon le Petit."

"Out of this bottle came Napoleon the Little." The historic bottle, after many changes, is said finally to have come into the possession of Prince Jerome Bonaparte.

The most interesting chapter of Victor Hugo's literary life is that telling the story of his dramatic trials and triumphs. His supremacy in lyric poetry no one ever disputed. It was as dramatist that he

cast away precedents, broke the "unities," and shocked the public by making his historical characters talk as they might be supposed to in real life. What a shiver went through the cultured audience of the Théâtre Français, when, in "Hernani," Charles V. asked, like any common mortal, "What time is it?" and was answered simply, "Midnight"! In the old style it would have been:

"From the dim height of yonder lofty tower
Sounds now, my honored lord, the midnight hour."

Very absurd to the critics were Victor Hugo's ideas of substituting truth for conventionalities, and of making a drama by turns heroic, satiric, epic, and buffoon—in brief, to copy Shakspere. "It is the first time," writes one critic, indignant that Victor Hugo had dared to call Shakspere "the god of the theatre," "that any one has dreamed of putting the author of certain witty and immoral dramas on a level with our Molière and Corneille." Into the details of the long battle it is not needful to enter. It was renewed over every drama of Victor Hugo, and fought with a bitterness and persistence worthy of the cause. The press was nearly unanimous against him. The Bourbon government had refused to allow "Marian Delorme" to be played, on the pretense that Charles X. was satirized in its Louis XIII. In compensation they had offered Victor Hugo an increased pension. But he had outgrown the boyish glamour of royalism, and he declined. The Bourbon journals were furious at his desertion, and the Liberal ones made up for their freedom in politics by entire subserviency in literature. Victor Hugo's followers were the young—a tribe of Bohemians, as the conservatives called them. Perhaps the story of "Hernani" will best illustrate the temper of the fray, since they were all alike.

"Hernani" was written in 1829 for the Comédie Française. It was received with acclamation by the actors, and the chief rôle, that of Doña Sol, was undertaken by Mademoiselle Mars, so long queen of the stage. But thirty-five years of success had given her a certain authority over authors which was not always courteously exercised, and having made her reputation in the classic plays, she had no love for the new departure. One line in "Hernani" greatly troubled her æsthetic soul, the same one which now Sarah Bernhardt gives with such effect:

"Vous êtes mon lion, superb et généreux."

In the midst of the rehearsal, one day, she stopped, motioned the others to silence, and, advancing to the front, looked anxiously around for the author, though she knew perfectly where he always sat.

"M. Hugo," she asked. "Is M. Hugo here?"

"Here, madame," answered the author, rising in his place.

"Ah! thank you. Tell me, M. Hugo, I have to say this line:

"You are my lion proud and generous."

Do you like that, M. Hugo?"

"What, madame?"

"'You are my lion.'"

"I wrote it so, Madame, because I liked it. But find something better, and I will put it in its place."

"Oh! it's not my place to do that. I'm not the author."

"Very well, madame, if that be so, let us simply leave the matter as it is."

"But it seems to me so funny to call M. Firmin 'my lion.'"

"Because, in playing Doña Sol, you want to be still, Mademoiselle Mars. If you were really the ward of Don Ruy de Sylva, that is, a noble Castilian of the sixteenth century, you would not see in your Hernani M. Fermin, but one of those terrible bandit chiefs who made Charles V. tremble even in his capital. Then you would understand that such a woman would call such a man a lion, and it would not be so funny to you."

"Oh! well. Let us drop the matter. I am here to say what is written, and shall say it. It's all the same to me, of course."

But the next day, having reached the same place, she stopped again and went once more through the little farce of seeking out the author.

"M. Hugo—is he here?"

"Here I am, madame. I had the honor to present my respects to you before the rehearsal began."

"Ah! yes. Well, have you reflected on what I said yesterday?"

"You did me the honor to say a number of things, madame."

"But I mean that famous line,—you know very well which,—'the lion.'"

"Ah! Yes, I remember now. 'You are my lion.'"

"Well, have you found another line in its place?"

"I have not tried to, madame."

"But that line is dangerous. It may be hissed."

"I never had the pretension not to be hissed, madame."

"But one ought to be hissed as little as possible. That will surely be hissed."

"Then, madame, it will be because you do not say it with your usual talent."

"I shall say it as well as I can. But I would rather say something else."

"What?"

"Well, something else."

"What?"

"Say"—Mademoiselle put on the air of searching the word that had been trembling on her tongue for three days—"say, 'You are my lord.' That will make the rhythm as well as 'lion,' will it not?"

"Yes, madame, only 'lion' makes the verse better and 'lord' poorer. I would rather be hissed for a good verse than clapped for a poor one."

"Oh! well, we will say your *good verse* as it is, then."

Meantime, the government censor had cut the piece to suit his political tastes, and the author had had a battle to keep certain lines. Parodies of the new play had appeared; garbled extracts, dishonestly obtained, were published and ridiculed in the papers. All the old authors and critics were against this youth of twenty-seven who dared go contrary to the old classic rules. When at last the piece was ready, the question of a paid "claque" came up and the author refused it.

But no piece could hope for success without paid applause for the first nights. Failure was certain in the eyes of all his theatrical friends, and they were not a little impatient at his prudery. But if he refused that, he could not refuse the offer of a troop of young admirers to serve him, and seats were given them for the first representation, minus the difficulty that they must be in their places at 3 P.M —five hours before the play began. The young Bohemians, among whom were Théophile Gautier, Edouard Thierry, and others since celebrated, accepted this condition, but the lunches of bread, cheese, and sausages wherewith they regaled themselves in the long waiting diffused an odor far from classic about the shrine of Molière. Moreover, they prolonged this, their only amusement, so that early arrivals had the benefit of the strange sight. "Your drama is killed, and by your friends," the director said, when Victor Hugo arrived; and in fact actors, as well as spectators, were raging at the desecration.

Nevertheless, the power of the piece conquered the public that first night, and the applause drowned the hisses. At the end of the fourth act Victor Hugo was called out. A publisher wished to purchase the drama.

"We will give 6000 francs," said the stranger, having introduced himself and his business.

"Very well. After the representation we will talk it over."

But the publisher would not wait, and gave his reasons with entire frankness.

"At the second act I thought of offering you 2000 francs, at the third 4000. Now I offer 6000. If I wait till it is over, I may have to bid 10,000."

"Very well. Come to me to-morrow morning and we will arrange it."

"I would rather finish the business now. I have 6000 francs with me."

And in a tobacco shop near, the contract was signed, to the content of the publisher, since the last act was an even greater success than the others.

But next morning the journals tore the drama to pieces, and from the second night the war began. Except for the one hundred places of which the author had the disposal, the theatre was filled by the enemies of the new school. One hundred against fifteen hundred was not much, but the young men fought bravely. The battle fatigued the actors; but as, despite the hissings, the theatre was crowded every night and the receipts were enormous, the director had no mind to give up the drama. Madame Hugo's first question on her husband's return was always, "Did they go through it all?" always expecting to be answered "No." The hisses were distributed with entire impartiality. At the thirtieth representation Mademoiselle Mars and the author amused themselves by hunting out the very few lines which had not been hissed. One of the actresses, who had just a line and a quarter to say, declared that not a word of her part had ever been hissed.

"How!" cried the author. "Well, if it has not been, it will be."

And it was the same night.

It was dropped at the forty-fifth representation. Eight years later, at its reproduction, "Hernani" met only applause. And now when it is played, with Sarah Bernhardt as Doña Sol, the enthusiasm is something overwhelming.

"He has changed the drama," some one said, "and cut out the extravagances."

"It is the public, rather, that has changed. Not a line has been altered," he was answered.

The same struggle, with variations according to time and place, came over "Marian Delorme," "Le Roi s'amuse," "Mary Tudor," and "Lucretia Borgia." His later dramas, "Angelo" and "Ruy Blas," had better success, for in these ten years the public had changed, and the new school was fairly recognized. Meantime, his lyric poems had placed him at the head of his time as poet, and various novels, all with a more or less distinct moral purpose, had become immensely popular.

As to the effect produced by his dramas, let M. Émile Zola speak again. He is no friend of the Romantic School, yet even on him the fascination has worked. "We were a few boys, in the heart of Provence, in love with nature and poesy. Victor Hugo's dramas seemed to us like visions. After school, I remember, ice-cold from the classic tirades we were obliged to learn by heart, we warmed ourselves by committing whole scenes from 'Hernani' and 'Ruy Blas.' With what wonderful light shone the verses of Victor Hugo at this time, their first appearance. It was like a new blossoming of our national literature. . . .

It seems impossible that any new tree should grow on our literary soil within the shadow of the huge oak planted by Victor Hugo. It spreads its branches to all the ends of the earth, covers all the land, fills all the sky, and there is not a single poet who would not come to muse beneath it and carry away in his ears the song of its birds. But they are fated to repeat the music of this all-pervading voice. There is no room for other songs in the air. For the last forty years there is but one poetic language—that of Victor Hugo."

It would almost need a separate article to give Victor Hugo's political history. From royalist and Bourbon he has become republican and socialist, inasmuch as he places the settlement of social questions above merely political ones. He may be said to have quitted the theatre for the tribune, since his entrance on public life was simultaneous with the representation of his last drama, "Les Burgraves." He had conquered his public at the theatre when he took the political field. He was in the prime of life (just forty), when, in 1841, he was chosen a member of the French Academy. It was the putting of his foot on the first round of the ladder of public life. Eight years later, senator of the Republic of '48, he voted for the return of Louis Bonaparte into France. A little time more and the *coup d' état* had come, and he was forced to fly—a price set on his head by the man for whom he had voted. He went first to Belgium, but he was too near Paris there, and again he had to remove, this time to the Isle of Jersey and the protection of England. There, at Hauteville House, he remained nearly twenty years. There, in the bitterness of his solitude and exile, he dipped his pen in vitriol, and wrote "Les Châtiments," the "History of a Crime," and "Napoleon the Little." It is said that once in the palmy days of the Empire Eugenie threw down "Les Châtiments," exclaiming, "But what have we done to M. Hugo, that he writes so of us?" "Tell her," said the poet, when the words were repeated to him, "that it is not to me they have done anything. It is something I love better than myself that they have degraded—my country!" Once, having had great annoyance from the persistent opening of his letters by the French authorities, he wrote disdainfully on an envelope: "Purely personal matters. No need to open it. Victor Hugo."

At Hauteville House he wrote "Les Miserables," "Toilers of the Sea," and "The Man who Laughs." His home was a rallying place for all exiles, and to the young a kind of shrine of genius and misfortune. He was not unmindful of the poor around him, and one of his charities was a weekly dinner given a certain number of poor children on the island.

He only returned from exile when Napoleon III. was prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe. His people were waiting for him, and his arrival at Paris was an ovation. Repeatedly on the way from the station to his house the crowd forced the carriage to stop, and demanded to hear him speak. Words of cheer and faith were needed, for it was the darkest hour in the night of their defeat. Their armies taken, Paris threatened, their Republic

born in tumult and trouble, and having yet to prove if it could rule; worst of all, in the eyes of the poet, a strong Bonapartist party in the National Assembly threatening a bargain with the Prince Imperial and a return of the Empire. How France saved herself, how Paris defended herself, every one knows. With his countrymen Victor Hugo went through the varied diet of the siege, but his unfailing wit made that diet on his table a feast to the fortunate guests. One gorgeous festival my friend described to me, where the *pièce de résistance*, furnished by himself, was a very old and tough goose. He had paid thirty francs for it; "but it was Victor Hugo's birthday," he added in apology for such rioting. As the first he had spent in Paris for twenty years, its celebration by his admirers was a matter of necessity.

Now, safe settled in his beloved Paris, Victor Hugo leads a quiet but busy life. He is fond of solitary walks in the streets, of riding from one end of Paris to the other on the top of an omnibus. The working people know and greet him often as "our poet." An amusing story is told of an omnibus driver, who, one stormy day, when the poet proposed mounting outside as usual, pleaded: "But, please, to-day, M. Hugo; it is so cold; do go inside." And the poet obeyed. His correspondence is immense, yet he finds time always for literary works, and, despite his seventy-seven years, proposes always new books. Apropos of the enthusiastic reception given the recent reproduction of "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas," they talk of two new dramas promised for an early day. His last poems show no diminution of power. "La Pitié Suprême" is full of ideas such as Victor Hugo only would dare express. It is an appeal for pity for kings—not for the good, but the bad ones. And the climax of it all is the cry for education, for moral culture.

"Let us hate and hunt darkness without rest or pity;
But, brothers, not those blinded by it.
Stricken and crushed by them, let us weep over them."

Winter before last, at the great "Cirque Américaine" at Paris, a meeting for the benefit of workingmen—a library fund, I think—was given by Louis Blanc. It was presided over by Victor Hugo, and it was largely that which drew the throng. When, after the lecture, the two grandchildren, Jeanne and Georges, advanced to take the collection, the interest reached its height. They were a beautiful pair, and as the white-haired poet bent his lips to Jeanne's forehead as he gave his contribution, the action seemed more the impulse of the proud grandfather than a studied effect, though effective it certainly was. It was for this Georges that the following telegram was sent his mother at his birth by the poet: "Georges, born for duty, grow up for liberty, live in progress, and die in light. Have in thy veins the sweet spirit of thy mother and the generous mind of thy father. Be good, be strong, be gentle, be just, and receive in the kiss of thy grandmother the benediction of thy grandfather."

Victor Hugo's charity is boundless, and is especially graceful and delicate when it is exercised toward struggling writers. His days are given to work. At evening he descends to the floor beneath his own and receives his friends. Guests are always at dinner, the only care being that there shall never be thirteen at table, for that is his one superstition. He is a charming host, and not as absolute and dictatorial in conversation as might be expected. He cannot be with us much longer, and the throne may wait long for his successor. If, in the end, the Realists conquer, the distance will still be immense between their leader, Zola, and the large-brained, large-hearted Victor Hugo. And French literature will be the worse for the lack of his high, poetic imagination, his ruling conscience, and belief in God.

PARALLAX.

As hand in hand on the highway
We walked through the moving throng,
A high church tower in the distance
With us twain stalked along.

Past the houses of the village,
Out into the country wide,
That town kept pace with our footsteps,
While all else past us hied.

So in the march of existence
With him who hath errand high
The far-off and the great walk ever,
While the near and the small flit by.

C. H. FOSTER.

FOR HER SAKE.

By Hart Ayrault.

Hans Behrens' picturesque home was high up among the lowlands of the Hartz Mountains. Loving his profession of forester for its own sake, his contentment and happiness in the position fate had assigned him were complete; nor had he the shadow of an anxiety, save for his one motherless child, Kathleen. He had educated her in a city school, and during her absence her place had been filled by Fritz Linden, the orphan son of Hans's foster-sister, who, apprenticed to his uncle, was also studying the profession of forester.

Since Kathleen's return a strong attachment had grown up between the cousins, and Hans was glad to think that a young man he liked so much might become his son-in-law, and relieve him of all further care for his daughter. He therefore brought the young people together as much as he could, and now that a professional opening offered itself in a station some twenty miles distant, he hastened to secure it for Fritz, thus putting him in the way for further promotion.

As for the young man, though it separated him from his love, it made him glad, for would it not the sooner bring them together? It was not an advancement to marry on, but it was a step in that direction, and he was pleased and hopeful to have got so far.

So he had gathered together his slender possessions, and in a few days he was to depart for his new home, bidding farewell to the old, so dear in all its associations.

It was then that he resolved not to leave Kathleen without speaking his mind, and learning his happiness from her own lips. He had been working steadily all the summer's afternoon in the forest, when he saw her coming toward him with a bunch of white violets in her hand.

"See, Fritz," she said, "what a lot of these dear violets I have found. Of all the flowers, they are my favorites; they are so lowly, so unambitious. All unlike yourself in that," she added, with a radiant smile.

"Do you dislike my ambition, Kathleen?" he asked.

"No," she answered, a little sadly, "though it is taking you away from us."

"And for whose sake do you think I am going? for whom do you think I work so hard?" he asked eagerly.

"How can I tell!" she said saucily, but meeting the gaze of his deep blue eyes, she dropped her head and blushed.

"Do you care to know?" he resumed, advancing a step nearer to her, and seizing the hand hanging listlessly at her side, while she buried her flushing face in the other, that held the flowers, neither speaking nor stirring. She knew what was coming; she longed for it, yet she dreaded it; but she seemed rooted to the spot by some magic spell.

"Kathleen, I love you—I want to make you my wife. I seek some position where I could offer you as comfortable a home as the one you would leave, for I would not think it honorable to ask you to share a less comfortable one; but once I have attained such a position, and a home and a range of my own, can you not give me a hope, Kathleen, that you will so supremely bless my life? Ah! answer me, dearest."

But she did not answer him a word, only buried her face deeper in the fragrant flowers; but neither did she resist him when, putting both his arms around her, he drew her closer to him, holding her in his strong embrace and pressing passionate kisses on her bowed head.

"Speak to me, love," he whispered; "only one tiny word, Kathleen."

With a passionate impulse she threw both arms around his neck, scattering a fragrant shower of white violets over him.

"I love you, Fritz," she murmured, and breaking away from him she ran to the house.

The next day the young man left for his new station. It was a full month before he found an opportunity to revisit his old home. All was as he left it, except Kathleen, and she seemed changed—how he scarcely knew.

There was a shyness, a reserve about her manner; less of the girlish simplicity which had always charmed him, and much more of the lady; a certain constraint which he had never noticed before. When he spoke to Hans about it, the latter pooh-

poohed it, saying it was the way with girls, and that approaching matrimony always sobered them.

And although Fritz left his old home with a certain anxious foreboding, youth is so hopeful and love so trustful that his fears were soon soothed, if not entirely forgotten, by the friendly letters which he received every week from old Hans, full of accounts of their welfare and tender messages from Kathleen.

But one autumn day he received two letters. The one in the cramped handwriting of his old master he laid aside, to tear the second, bearing a huge governmental seal, eagerly open. Here at last was his dream realized, for his promotion had come. He was offered the *Försterei* of Langenfeld, with a good income, and certain privileges on account of its lonely position.

For it was lonely, high up on the flat moorlands, where the air is always impregnated with snow, the vegetation stunted and overgrown with lichen and hardy mosses, which are swept nine months in the year by wintry blasts. Far above the line of flowery meads or thriving corn-fields this dreary home of cold weather harbored only stunted trees, starved sedges, or hardy lichen. His nearest neighbors would be five hours distant, in a small mining town, and the weather is seldom propitious for much intercourse.

"Will Kathleen be happy there?" was his only thought; as for himself, he thrilled with life and delight at the prospect of so lonely a position with her.

He stretched himself up to his full sturdy height and kissed the letter which brought him prospect of so great happiness. With his bronzed cheeks, his deep, piercing blue eyes, shadowed by over-hanging brows which gave to his face a grave expression, Fritz Linden was a fine-looking man, and one not to be easily swerved from his steady purpose.

Full of eager joy for himself and hesitating consideration for Kathleen, he opened the other letter, and as his eyes flew over its pages his mouth set and his face grew hard and ashy pale. When he had come to the end, he crushed the letter savagely in his hand, and, lifting his sugar-loaf-shaped green huntsman's hat from off a brow whose fairness contrasted strangely with the bronzed cheek beneath, he muttered to himself some solemn vow, and throwing the letter far from him he groveled on the earth in a passionate outburst of tears.

The letter that changed the whole current of Fritz's being ran thus:

"My Beloved Son: Where shall I find words to break so grievous news to you, for the grief is yours, poor boy, as well as mine? Our Kathleen is ours no longer. Yesterday she disappeared with the young Herr von Dona. All I can learn is that he has been seen much with her lately in the woods, and they were recognized at the I—— station together. So it all ends. To have deceived not only her doting old father, but also her affianced husband, shows a lack of feeling and honor which I can never forgive, no more than you can, my poor Fritz, so we must neither attempt to follow nor to bring her back to us. She is dead to us, and henceforth I have only you, my dearly-loved son, to lean upon. Come to me when you can leave, for the blow is mortal, and I feel I have not long to totter under its crushing weight. We can but grieve together now, so come to your affectionate uncle,

"Hans Behrens."

So there was a quiet meeting of the two men struck by the same blow: the one brought so much nearer his grave by it, the other having formed through it a grave for his pride and hopes and youth. Fritz accepted the governmental position, for what place could be too isolated, too lonely for him now? He craved some savage spot wherein to hide his grief, where he could pass the rest of his days far from a world he had already found so treacherous.

"Fritz," old Hans had said, in parting with his nephew, "if she ever crosses your path in the future when I am dead and gone, deal kindly with her for my sake, if you cannot for your own. And now farewell, and may we know resignation if happiness is denied us, my son."

"Amen!" Fritz answered solemnly, as he gave his uncle the desired promise.

From that day forth Fritz Linden had lived in the lonely forester's lodge, and since that day there had passed nine long, uneventful years. Old Hans Behrens had died before the first one was out, and Fritz was left without a friend in the world. He did his duty scrupulously and conscientiously, and was respected and feared by his dependents; but no one came nearer the lonely man during all those long years. His charities were inexhaustible, and he was kind and even sympa-

thetic if any one was sick or in trouble; but he was none the less unapproachable and cold, never relaxing in his stern demeanor, nor had his grief grown less by his brooding over it as the weary years passed slowly away. One day sped with him like another. A frugal breakfast at daylight and an equally frugal repast at night, after which he read and studied until ten, then went to bed. There were almost never any visitors to the isolated *Forsthaus*, and his visits to the nearest town were too rare and too brief to encourage sociability with his neighbors there.

The beginning of the winter of 18— saw the snow set in earlier and more stormily than usual, and after a steady fall for ten days it lay so high upon the ground that the only way out of the house was by its roof. This was not unusual, and after it had hardened over, the inmates turned out to their several avocations as though they challenged so slight a thing to incommode them.

One night it began to snow again, and the wind howled and beat against the house as though it would wrench it from its firm-set clamps and chains and level it at one gust. Fritz had been belated at work with some of his men that night, and as they were fighting their way slowly and painfully through the storm and darkness, he had suddenly stumbled against a crouching object half buried in the snow, which, when extricated, proved to be a woman clutching a child in her arms, and to all appearances dead.

The men hastily improvised a litter out of one of their wraps, and shortly afterward they were standing in the dark passage of the Forsthaus, and Fritz was giving directions to his female servants, commanding that a warm room and bed be made ready and all restoratives applied to the unfortunate travelers, if haply they might still be brought back to life.

"The child," he said, "is already showing signs of reviving, and let me know whether its mother be alive or dead. As for you, my brave fellows, come in here and get something hot to drink with your supper."

And so he turned the woman over to his female servants. Had the unfortunate been a man, Fritz would have been the first at his bedside; but he avoided women, and such a case as this had not occurred before.

Presently a woman servant came in and reported that the woman was alive, but very ill and delirious, and Fritz ordered, if it were possible, that some one should make his way over to the nearest station next day and fetch a doctor.

For weeks this woman lay in his house hovering between life and death. Daily he inquired for her and allowed his two women servants to give up their whole time to nursing her and the child, but otherwise she did not interfere with his life. Once the child had run in his way, holding out its arms in astonishment and delight at the forester's gay trappings, but Fritz had passed her by gloomily, and sternly ordered "that every care and attention should be bestowed on her, but that she should be kept out of his way." And it never happened again.

After months of illness and convalescence, the sick woman was completely restored to health, and with her restoration spring also had set in, and she was anxious to proceed on her way.

Before going she craved to see the master and thank him in person, and though warned and dissuaded by all the inmates of the Forsthaus, she could not be induced to leave without doing so.

So one evening at twilight, just after his return, as he was disencumbering himself of his gun, a timid tap was heard at the door of his room, and the interloper being bid to enter, a woman softly opened the door and crossed the threshold.

"Who is it?" Fritz asked, standing with his back to the window, intent on examining his gun.

"The woman whom you have sheltered so long, sir. May I not be privileged to speak to you or to thank you, sir?"

"I have done no more than common humanity demanded, and I do not love thanks," answered the master, turning to look at her. But when he did so he gasped, and stood spell-bound.

The last rays of failing light fell full on her slender figure partially turned aside from him. His eyes caught the superb outline of shoulders, bust, and waist, revealed by the close-fitting black dress, and the glorious great knot of bright hair drawn back from the pale cheek and coiled behind. With a wild bound he was at her side and she turned her face toward him.

"Kathleen! My God! is it *you*?"

"Fritz!" she stammered, growing deadly pale; "not Fritz Linden?"

"It is," he said, turning from her, his face hardening. "Now you are here, it is well, and I can deliver the message your dead father left for you."

"My father dead!" she gasped. "O God, this also!" And she fell fainting at his feet.

Fritz turned and looked at her, and then, as if afraid of himself, strode to the bell-rope, and, summoning a servant, with apparent unconcern bade him remove the fainting woman to her apartment, ordering that should she ask for a message from him she should be given a note he would presently write and then sped on her way with every comfort and dispatch.

Poor Kathleen! her father dead, her one refuge gone, to whom, like the prodigal, she was returning to crave forgiveness, and to pray him to grant a home and his blessing, if not to her, at least her unoffending child. Where should she now turn? Led away by childish vanity, she had listened to the promises of the young Count Dona that he would make her a lady and elevate her to his own rank. Firmly believing the mock ceremony that had taken place to have been a true marriage, on his subsequent desertion and her consequent cruel disillusion, she had bravely struggled to gain her own and her child's living, and for years had sought by steady work and exemplary conduct to deaden the shame that preyed upon her heart, till her story becoming known in the little community where she had sought refuge, she was forced in her despair to go away, and led her to seek once more the love and protection of her father's roof.

Without taking into account the rigorous season of the year, the impassable state of the roads, or her own slender resources, she had hastily put together her few belongings and with her child in her arms had set forth in a condition of half dream, with only sense enough to cover her little one from the cold, and to ask her way till, wandering she knew not how long, the snow clogged her footsteps, the chill air benumbed her, and she knew nothing till she found herself in the forester's house. "Fritz's house," she moaned, as she lay prostrate on her bed in an agony of grief and despair.

As she lay thus, Barbara the servant came into the room, carrying the child in her arms.

"Madame," she said, "the little one is surely very sick; her face burns with fever, and she is moaning, as if in pain. See, she does not even ask to go to you."

Kathleen was at her side instantly. She seized the child, and, pressing it convulsively to her heart, "Oh, my darling," she cried, "do not you, too, leave me! Barbara," she said, addressing the woman, "I cannot have her sick. I must leave this house this very night. I must go."

"Then, madame, you will imperil the little one's life, for she is sickening of some child's illness, and will require careful nursing and rest. The Herr Förster would never allow you to go, madam. You do not know how good he is. If he knows the child is sick, he will insist on your remaining." And before Kathleen could prevent her the woman had gone.

Kathleen knelt down by the bed, encircling her child in her arms. Presently a firm step passed along the floor. She did not need to look. She knew who stood there.

"Kathleen," he said, and his voice sounded softer and huskier than it had the short hour before—"Kathleen, you must stay. You must not imperil your child's life by going. We shall not meet any more than we did before, for had you not sought me, we had neither of us known that the same roof sheltered us two."

There was silence in the room, save for the little one's moans; then: "If you have any—any one—whom your long absence will render anxious, I will send a messenger, if you will tell me to whom."

The great beads stood out on Fritz's forehead. It had cost him much to say this.

"I have no one but my child."

A thrill of joy transfixed him at this answer. He steadied his voice.

"You are, then, a widow?"

She raised her head slowly, with her eyes on his, which watched her with a nameless fascination.

"I was never a wife," she said, "though I believed I was," and dropped her head again.

He stood in silence over her. His firm-set mouth worked ominously; he clenched his hands; some storm was brewing within him, but he beat it down. Finally he said gravely:

"The doctor will be here to-morrow. Your child shall lack for nothing. May she be spared to you. Farewell!" He turned to leave the room.

"Fritz," she cried, holding out her clasped hands imploringly toward him—"Fritz, do not leave me!" for she felt this to be a farewell forever, and yet she knew that he loved her still, and she clung to him and could not bear that he should leave her thus.

He paused, with his hand on the lock of the door. Then coming toward her and resting it gently on her head, "Hush," he said, "you will disturb your child," and opening the door he quietly left the room.

After this Fritz went steadily and sternly about his daily work. He never saw Kathleen, but he understood that a fearful time was ensuing, and that she was battling with death for the possession of her child, whose disease had been pronounced scarlet fever of the most virulent type. He still loved her blindly, madly; the sight of her had brought him back from death to life; he knew her free, and yet he hesitated. How could he forget all that was past with the child always before him? A fierce jealousy consumed him. The child might die! This thought he brooded over till it became his one wild hope and desire.

One day he met Kathleen in the passage. He was startled by the change in her. Her face was wan and pinched with care; her eyes, unnaturally large, were dim and sunken with sleeplessness and weeping. Her whole aspect was piteous. She clung for support against the walls as she slowly stumbled along.

When Fritz saw her grief, he felt ashamed of his wicked hope. All his generous nature sprang up in love and protection toward her and her little one.

"Kathleen," he said, taking her hand: "Kathleen, let me nurse your child with you. I have had much experience with the sick; I may be able to help you."

She opened the door and drew him into the room. The nurse who watched the child motioned them to be quiet, and as the mother took her place beside the couch, whispered, "She sleeps—this is the crisis," and left the room.

Kathleen knelt down by the bedside, leaning her wan cheek on the child's little hand. A lovely, tender expression rested on her face. She was praying. Fritz stood behind her and looked on. The child's little face, which he had seen last so radiant and sunny, was wan and death-like. The silken flaxen hair hung over the pillow, matted and damp, while the breath came so softly that she hardly seemed to breathe at all.

His breast heaved, and the scalding tears chased one another down his cheeks, the first he had shed since he had learned Kathleen's untruth toward him.

And so the hours passed in silence, while a blessed hope and joy crept into Fritz's heart; for was he not there alone with his beloved, and the little one, whose life he now craved as much as he had hitherto wished for its death?

At the first gray streak of dawn the child opened her eyes.

"Mother," she said softly.

Kathleen arose.

"Saved!" she cried. "Oh, merciful God, I thank thee!"

"Amen!" answered a deep voice behind her.

"Fritz! you here?"

"I have been here all night, love. My prayers have gone up to heaven with yours for the recovery of your—our child. May it not be so, Kathleen?"

She disengaged one hand from the child's neck and passed it around his, while she laid the other clasping the tiny hand into his open palm.

"Yes, ours," she murmured, "our white violet."

A CHAPTER IN REAL LIFE.

A SUMMER seldom passes that the cry of "Mad dog!" is not heard in some direction or another; and many and stringent are the police regulations put in force to guard against the perils of hydrophobia. More than one unhappy dog, innocent of anything except fright or thirst, panic at being hunted, or having lost his way or his master, has fallen a victim to mistaken zeal. One day during last summer a peddler woman walking along the road observed a dog belonging to the neighborhood trotting calmly before her. She knew who was his owner and also that the animal was not far from home. A grassy bank was beside the footpath, and in this bank was a wasps' nest. The dog, in passing it, must have disturbed the insects, which flew out upon him, clustering round his head, and stinging him about the ears, eyes, and nostrils. The poor animal, frightened and in pain, sprang forward, rushing on with wild contortions of agony. A policeman coming up at the moment, saw him fly past, his tongue hanging out, his eyes protruded. "Mad dog!" he cried, and the poor

beast was shot dead before the screaming woman, running breathlessly to the rescue, could explain what she had seen.

"And a sore pity it was," she said. "As honest and faithful and as handsome a dog as ever stepped before its own tail. Not so mad, indeed, as the man that was in such a hurry to shoot him."

Of all the changes which modern and more enlightened times have brought about, there is none happier than that affecting the treatment of sufferers attacked with hydrophobia. The writer of this is old enough to remember by-gone tragedies connected with those victims, that make one shudder. There was no hope for the unfortunates. Death was the doom; and at the first symptoms the hapless human victims were ruthlessly destroyed; suffocation between feather-beds the usual mode! An occurrence in humble Irish life, remembered still in the parish where it took place, and for the truth of which many can vouch, will illustrate painfully the above. The narrative will be best given in the words of one of the family present at the time.

Myself was in the house when it all happened, being first-cousin to Mrs. Ryan, the mistress. A comfortable farm it was, and she well-to-do; with cows and other stock in plenty, and good land. Ryan had been dead some years, and she managed it all; a clever, brisk, stirring woman. She'd be up and out in her dairy at three o'clock in the summer mornings, to get the butter off the churn in the cool of the day; and then away with her across the fields to visit the cattle and oversee the laborers at their work. Many a smart young fellow would have been proud to help her, and right glad to step into Ryan's shoes if he was let. For she was pleasant to look at; as comely as she was industrious; tidy and trim, and wonderful at making and laying by money. But though she had a gay word for them all, and was blithe and cheery as the day, they soon found that coming courting to the winsome young widow was only wasting their time. She wouldn't listen to man or mortal. Her whole heart and life were bound up in her one child—a lovely boy. It was easy to see by the look that would come into her face, and the light and the love in her eyes as they followed him wherever he went, that she hadn't a thought to give to any besides. He was the entire world to her. Every penny she could make or save was for him; and late and early she worked to keep all things about the farm in the best order against he was old enough to take it up.

A fine, handsome child he was; merry as a bird, full of spirits and fun. He doted on his mother, and maybe she wasn't proud of him! Every one loved him, even the dumb animals, he was so good-natured and kindly—joyous and bright like sunshine in the house. There's something in the young and their ways that the heart warms to, natural.

As time wore on, young Ryan grew to be handy and helpful about the place, and knowledgable concerning farm business. He was rising sixteen years old, a good scholar, and a fine well-grown active lad, when there came a wonderful hot summer, and rumors were rife about mad dogs seen going through the country, and of the terrible mischief they did. Cows were bitten, and pigs; Christians were attacked, and a neighboring farmer lost two valuable horses, that went mad after being bitten and had to be destroyed. People were everywhere in dread and on the watch.

One morning just after the hay was gathered in and safe, herself and the boy were together in the yard, working away as busy as bees. They were seldom asunder now; for he had done with schooling, and they always kept one another company just like a pair of comrades. There was only nineteen years' difference between the ages of the two. Talking merrily they were over their work, and laughing—he was full of his jokes—when a man came tearing into the yard, crying out that a mad dog was in the place, and was making straight for the field the cows were in. Quick as lightning the boy caught up a pitchfork and away with him like a shot to the field. His mother flew after him, shrieking out to him to stop, and shouting to the men to follow. But he was as light of foot and nimble as the deer; and before ever a one could overtake him, he had come up with the dog. The great animal faced savagely round upon the lad when he made at him with the pitchfork, and bit and tore with fury. But the brave boy grappled with him, and had him pinned to the ground by the time the men came came up and gave the finishing stroke.

"Now, mother dear," he cried in glee, "the cows are safe! Another minute and the brute would have been into them!"

But the poor mother wasn't heeding the cows, when her darling son, for whom she'd have given all she was worth in the wide world, was there before her eyes all bloody and covered with foam from the beast's mouth. She washed and bathed the bites, the boy laughing at her the while, and saying they were nothing. And nothing there was for a time. But what all dreaded and were looking out for in trembling, came at last. He knew it himself, the poor fellow! It was pitiful to see how he strove and fought manful against it, and forced himself to drink, when even the sight of water or any liquid was unbearable. He'd try and try to swallow, though it strangled him. No use! he couldn't get down a drop; and the convulsions were dreadful. At length he grew violent, and went raving mad altogether; and hand and foot they had to tie him, to prevent his doing himself or others a mischief.

The doctor came; but what could *he* do? He was a good-natured man, and gave many a sixpence and shilling to those he knew needed nourishment more than drugs; but no one thought much of his physicking. People said he had but the one medicine, and that he gave it to all alike, no matter what ailed them. Not that there was any harm in that, for it stands to reason that what would do good to one Christian couldn't be bad for another. When any of the quality were sick, they sent right away off to the city for the grand doctor there; but our parish man was good enough for the poor.

Anyhow, not all the doctors in creation could be of any use to the dear young master. There was but the one thing for him—his doom was sealed. And now the question was, how it was to be done. Three ways were spoken of. To smother him between two feather-beds, or else carry him down to the river and drown him, or to open a vein and let him bleed away to death. The mother wouldn't hear of the smothering. When it was proposed to her, you'd think she'd go out of her senses. Indeed, for the matter of that, it was much the same whatever plan was talked of; they couldn't drag consent out of her to any of them. God help her! 'twas a cruel strait to be in. At long last and after much debate, it was settled that a vein should be opened, and when it was done, the poor fellow—laid upon a bed of straw in an outhouse in the yard—was left to die!

Oh, but that was the day of woe! The misery of it and the despair of the distracted mother, if I was talking till doomsday I couldn't describe. Her neighbors and cousins and the lad's uncles flocked in, and were all gathered round her in the best parlor, striving to comfort her. They made strong tea, in hopes to get her to swallow some. They tried to raise her heart, telling her of the grand funeral he'd have,—hundreds and hundreds coming to it from far and near,—the handsomest coffin money could buy, real oak, with brass ornaments, and such a wake as was never seen in the county before; no expense spared! But you might as well talk to the dead in the clay. She didn't hear a word, but sat there without tear or moan,—only her mouth working with the agony within,—just a froze-up, stony image of Despair! And you'd hardly know her, she was so changed. The bright smooth comely face all drawn and wrinkled like an old crone's, and ghastly pale. Sure it was no wonder, when all she loved upon earth was dripping out his young life within a stone's-throw of her.

When they saw it was of no use, they let the poor woman alone. A gloomy silence fell upon the sorrowful company as they sat there waiting—waiting for the end. The minutes seemed like hours. There was no stir, except when now and then some one would whisper under his breath about the dying boy; how pleasant he was, and gay, how generous and open-handed he'd been.

But no matter how sorrowful the house, or what woe and misery are within the walls, the business of life outside must go on. So when milking-time came, Kitty McCabe, the dairy-woman—though the heart in her body was breaking—slipped out to call the milk-girls and see to the cows. Coming back through the yard when the milking was done, she had to pass by the outhouse where they had laid the boy, and for the life of her she couldn't help stopping to try and listen how it was with him, and whether he was in heaven yet. There was no sound. Strict orders had been given that no one was to go in; but the door was not locked, and she thought she'd just give it a small shove and take one look. It was an old crazy door, contrary and ill-fitting, and at the first push it gave a great squeak and made so sharp a noise that she was frightened, and tried to pull it back again. The sight, too, of the blood trickling upon the floor made her giddy and sick.

"Is that you, Kitty McCabe?" came in a weak, faint whisper from the far end.

Her heart leaped up at the voice she never thought to hear again.

"Aye, is it, my life! my darlin'! jewel o' the world!" and she pushed in, never heeding the orders against it, or the trouble and disgrace she was bringing on herself.

"Oh, Kitty, I'm lost with the thirst! Have you any milk?"

"To be sure I have, darlint—lashins!" and she ran and filled a jugful. He drained it every drop, and then he called for more.

"I'm better now, but weak as water. Untie me, Kitty, and I'll try to sit up. Don't be afraid. Some more milk now; it is doing me good."

He struggled up, and leaned the poor white face against her shoulder while she put the jug to his lips. They were pale as a corpse's, as if every drop of his blood had run out. The milk seemed to revive him. She thought he'd never stop drinking. After a while he said: "Go now, Kitty, and tell my mother I'm well—quite well. Something has cured me. Or stop! I'll try and go myself, if I'm able. She won't be frightened, will she, and think it's my ghost?"

"Heart's darlin'!—'tis clean wild with the joy she'll be! But stay jewel, till I've bound me handkerchief tight over against the cruel cut. There now, masther dear."

"Reach me over that big stick in the corner, and I'll lean down upon you, Kitty, and make shift somehow to creep along;" and supported by the woman, he began with feeble footsteps to totter across the yard.

Roused by a cry from one of the company, his mother looked up, and caught sight of the boy helped past the window. Staggering blindly in, he fell into her outstretched arms; and as they closed convulsively round his half-fainting form, and she held him folded to her breast,—fast locked and strained to her,—all who were present and looked on knew that she would never part him more.

And she never did. From that day out, sign or symptom of the madness never appeared; though he was long in recovering his strength, and had to be nursed and tended like an infant. He had, you see, bled such a power, that it was the world's work to bring him to. When the doctor fixed up the cut, he was a'most gone. A minute more, and 'twould have been too late. The doctor said that all the poison of the dog's bite had flowed away out of him with the blood; but what did he know? Anyhow, there wasn't a healthier or a handsomer or a finer man than himself in the whole barony when he came to his his full age; over six feet in his stocking vamps, and broad-shouldered in proportion. But it was remarked by every one that his mother was never the same after that terrible day when he was laid in the outhouse to die.

TO BEAUTY.

By Helen Herbert.

I follow thee, O goddess fair!
O'er land and sea I follow thee!
The nooks that know thy kindly care
Are blessed homes to me.

I seek them out, I mark the grace,
The loveliness that speaks thy power;
I taste thy breath, I see thy face
In every opening flower.

Thy laugh sounds through the purling stream,
Thy sigh floats on the summer air;
From starry thrones thy glances gleam,
And draw my spirit there.

I hear thy voice when seas are stirred
To meet the crashing clouds above;
I hear it in the tender word
That murmurs low of love.

Thy kisses fall on lawn and lea
In blissful showers of blossoming,
And through the haunts of bird and bee
Speed'st thou on gentle wing.

Then, when the crested mountains gleam
Against the sky, I see thy form,
Reigning in majesty supreme,
Serene in calm or storm.

Spirit of Beauty! Goddess fair!
Through light and shade I strive to thee!
Thou art my hope, my dream, my prayer,
In life and life to be.

CYN.

By Keziah Shelton.

GLIMPSE XXVI.—DASHING BURTON MARRIES.

THREE years have glided away since the "administrator" placed the coveted fourteen thousand dollars in Cyn's outstretched "itching palm." To her, Willis's death had seemed a special providence. She had enjoyed her luxurious indolence for the past three years to its utmost, and her beautiful face had soon resumed its care-free charm that once she appeared about to lose.

The Newells shrewdly calculated that at the rate she lived she would become destitute in seven years, unless she married again, which was not improbable, considering her beauty and inclination. If their prophecies were correct, then she had four years more of grace and beauty, and she would make the most of them.

By her mother's encouragement Amy had used her income so lavishly that want or great retrenchment stared her out of countenance. But Amy caught her breath bravely, and announced that what others could do she could; she would earn her living! Imagine, if you can, the high-toned astonishment of her mother and Burton. Indeed, they would not permit such a thing. Whatever happened, the daughter, the sister of a Meredith, should not labor.

Yet Amy soon taught them she had a will of her own, and she bravely labored until she secured a class of scholars to whom she could teach music, and retained them despite all discouragements.

"Don't fret so at this, mother," she had cheerfully said one day; "I may have to go into a shop yet; if left wholly dependent upon my labor, my music scholars would not support me."

She dared not tell her mother that Fred Bell, who was now a well-to-do business man, had proffered her his heart and hand; if she had done so, Cyn would have insisted upon her acceptance of the offer as far preferable to earning her living.

Amy was resolved that she would marry for naught but love, and she was positive that she only liked Fred in a friendly way. So Fred's wealth of love was cast aside, not sneeringly, but unappreciated.

Amy had long known that Fred Bell had a regard for her, but she could not convince herself that the quiet esteem she felt for him was sufficient to insure their mutual happiness.

Burton was settled at last, and for a young lawyer was meeting with brilliant success; indeed, one of the foremost judges of the State asserted that Burton Meredith would stand at the head of his profession in less than ten years.

His brilliant talents blinded his friendly admirers to his drinking habits; wine for the present was an aid to him, and with his noble physique was doing for him double work. Yet when the break came, so much the more disastrous would it prove; how could they fail to see it?

He had fallen in love with Judge Pearson's young sister Anna, and had wooed and won her with an irresistible dash and impetuosity peculiar to himself.

Anna Pearson was a pure, loving, generous, Christian girl, and her unsuspecting affections were soon completely won by Burton's good-hearted, dashing brilliancy. It never occurred to her that the bright eye, the flushing, changeful countenance, the flashing witticisms from his ready tongue, were stimulated into burning activity by the liberal potations of wine, taken not only daily, but many times a day. Upon his system, inherited from generations of strong drinkers, alcoholic beverages produced fewer of the usual symptoms of intoxication than in the case of ordinary men.

Judge Pearson did know that Burton had been beastly intoxicated, but he allowed his admiration for his ability to blind him to a full sense of his faults, and he had faith in that terrible belief that a good wife will change the man.

Yes, so she may; but by the time that is accomplished, what agony has not the good wife suffered? It is a dangerous experiment, especially so for the wife.

Amy felt the truth of this deeply, as she listened to the daily talk of Burton's approaching marriage. She loved Burton, and would willingly have sacrificed much if it would have weaned her brother from his vices; if he only would reform, she should be so happy, so proud of him. She had learned to love Anna Pearson since Burton's engagement

to her with a true, sisterly love, and for that reason she would gladly have broken the engagement had it lain in her power, for her woman's intuition told her that it would be far easier to break Anna's heart with the full knowledge of Burton's habits than to reform Burton through his affection for his wife.

The wedding-day was now here, and Amy's heart was sad for Anna, who within a few hours must learn at what fount Burton drew his grandest inspirations—the fount of Death!

Cyn, too, was unhappy; Amy's obstinacy had almost broken her mother's heart. To think that her only daughter should so wilfully and without cause (so she insisted) refuse to obey either advice or commands from her mother! That Amy should dare persist that she could not afford a new dress (when her mother, equally positive, assured her that she could afford it), but would wear that "everlasting pink silk"!

GLIMPSE XXVII.—ANNIVERSARY OF BURTON'S WEDDING.

MANY are the changes that are swiftly brought about even in twelve short months. It was with a sense of fear, deepening into horror as the months passed on, that Anna learned that at the table, early in the morning and late at night, at all times, Burton must have his stimulants. She never dreamed that these habits had for years been Burton's master, though by some means she had learned during their courtship of the horrible deaths of his father and grandfather, and she had fervently prayed that Burton might ever be restrained from imbibing even society's friendly glass, lest the slumbering appetite should be aroused to the demon's strength.

Everybody had pitied Anna from the first, but knew the danger of meddling with other people's affairs. No one except her brother could have told her the truth without being credited with pure maliciousness. Thirty years of life will teach the most obtuse that to warn a man or woman in love of even the publicly-understood faults of the adored one will but precipitate affairs to a crisis.

Had Amy even told Anna the truth, it would have been like trying to extinguish a fire with a pair of bellows. Anna would have at once decided that Amy was opposed to the match, and did not desire her for a sister, while other equally reasonable accusations would have been brought against her. Amy, wiser than some, knew this, and was silent, tenderly resolving that when the hour of suffering came she would prove a true sister to both.

Within the past year that resolve had been oftimes fully tested, and she never failed them. Anna tried long and well to win her husband from the seductive influence of the bottle.

It was useless. Unsteadily he went to slumber each night; if the day's work had been unusually hard, so was the day's drinking; one measured the other. Those who saw him in the early morning knew best how surely this life was telling upon his naturally fine constitution. A sharp cough, a hectic flush, indicated that though fair still on the surface, yet the victory of the battle would soon be to the strong, and the conflict was to be comparatively short, sharp, and decisive.

So indeed it was; but there was another and a fairer victim must fall first. Anna could not long endure this one-handed struggle against relentless Fate. It lessened her faith in her husband's love for her when she found her entreaties that he should forsake his habits were of no avail. Had she been capable of looking at the matter in a scientific light, and could she have seen that his chains had been forged by his paternal ancestors, she would have pitied him more, even though she might still have bitterly censured him for willfully riveting them on with his own hands.

Tender and true she tried to remain to him, but her heart was breaking all the while. All comfort in his society was gone, when she knew that it was not Burton, but Wine that was so witty; she felt a mortal terror of this fiend; she never felt at ease for a moment in its presence, for her heart told her that the imprisoned demon was there, and might manifest itself at the happiest, wittiest moment. Safety was but the chance which might by some sudden freak be instantly changed to imminent danger.

This state of mind was not healthful, and her step grew languid. Daily her breaking heart grew weaker; the pallor around her sweet mouth grew steadily whiter, the glow upon her cheek was daily painted a brighter hue.

A peculiar cough explained the nature of her disease, and people began to say that Burton Meredith and his wife were both ill with consumption. Strange, wasn't it? His was caused

by alcoholic excesses. Hers was caused by a chilled and frightened heart!

Months passed on until a twelvemonth and a day had gone, and with it Anna Pearson Meredith went to that home where fear and disappointment are unknown.

And Burton? He drowned his benumbed sense of sorrow as well as he could in the best of wine, then dressed himself in the most immaculate of linen, with the blackest of jet bosom-studs and cuff-buttons; a new spring suit of lavender broadcloth, a light silk hat with a broad weed, completed his outward display of mourning, and when he had drawn on his faultlessly-fitting black kid gloves, he was ready at the proper time to mourn in his graceful manner as deeply as he was capable of doing.

Amy felt that God at last was merciful to her loved sister, Anna, and though she wept not for the dead, her tears fell fast and free for the living.

A faint hope thrilled her that Anna's death might accomplish that which her life had so signally failed to do.

GLIMPSE XXVIII.—DWINDLING FORTUNES.

Six years have passed away, and Cyn must face the ugly fact that her money has dwindled away, from her repeated drafts upon it, until at her usual rate of living it will soon be completely exhausted.

Cyn has dressed finely and traveled much, but somehow fortunes have not been laid at her feet, and now the question stares her in the face, What shall she do to be saved from work and poverty? Amy bravely tells her that she does not know what can now save her from work, but she does know that work will save her or any one else from poverty.

Despite her mother's protestations, Amy persisted in her plan to enter a shop in the village, and then, with the income from her class, she could allow her mother a fair sum for her board; then Burton might leave the hotel and board with them; Cyn could dismiss her servant, and do the work with her own hands. Cyn was aghast at this proposition. What! she, Cyn, work?

Amy firmly said: "Yes; I do not see any reason why you should not; the work for three grown persons will not be so very depressing. Surely there is no other way, unless you, too, take a place in the shop, and I suppose you would be too proud to do that."

"Amy Meredith! I should think you would be ashamed to insult your own mother in that way; you've the least feeling of all the persons that I ever knew. You never sympathize with me in any of my troubles, as Burton does. He would not talk to his mother about going into a shop. If I must stoop to work, I had best do my own housework, as you propose; nobody need know much about it. I shall not answer the door-bell until the work is done and I am dressed for company."

"I think, upon the whole, that will be as well as you can do," continued Amy; "then Burton can stay here until he marries again, which will doubtless be a long time, as Gertie has yet quite a while to attend school before she graduates. It does seem too bad for a pure young school-girl like Gertie to love and marry a man with Burton's habits, and a widower also."

"Amy Meredith! Never let me hear you speak of your brother again like that; you speak of Burton's habits as if they were low. Let me tell you that the best and cleverest men in the country indulge in some form of stimulant. Burton is never more charming in conversation than when he has been heavily drinking. I am ashamed of you, Amy."

"I don't doubt it, mother; I believe that has been your chronic condition for a long time. I forgot to say to you that I am going to the city to-night to hear Booth. Frank Mayo is to be my escort, and Jennie Mayo and her lover will accompany us." And Amy coolly started to walk out of the room, as if unconscious that she had added the last straw to her mother's grievances.

"Amy, you shall not; the foreman of that shop, indeed! I do wish that you had never set foot in it."

"Better work than starve, mother, even if it is not quite so genteel; my education is not thorough enough to be of any practical benefit to me, and I cannot live by my wits, for want of capital."

"But you might do as I want you to, and marry Dr. Deming; you know it is talked that he has great expectations, and he has taken a great deal of notice of you; he is young and handsome too. What more do you care for?"

"He is welcome to his expectations, and I'm sure that I wish they may be realized; whether

they are or not is a matter of indifference to me personally. I do not like him, and would not marry him if he were a millionaire. Perhaps he thinks we have great expectations; you know that our nice furniture and extensive wardrobes, secured by past extravagance, might easily lead persons to believe us better off than we are. One thing I forgot to say, mother, Jennie Mayo has made me a generous offer for my watch and chain. I need the money, and it is not in very good taste for a shop-girl to wear a watch. Future acquaintances might greatly misjudge me, not knowing that once I thought I had a right to such luxuries."

"Amy Meredith, are you crazy? You shall not; neither shall you receive any further attention from Frank Mayo. People will surely think that we are poor if you sell that watch. You must try to win Dr. Deming; we need him in the family. You are an ungrateful girl if you refuse to do this; I feel positive that he is rich."

Amy Meredith fairly glowed with indignation, and, with an emphatic stamp of her foot, she replied with much spirit:

"Mother, henceforth I shall act as I think best. I shall receive attention from Frank Mayo. I shall sell my watch; it is decidedly unbecoming to me in our present financial condition, and the money is very much needed. I will not accept Dr. Deming's attentions; I hate him; he is a fortune-hunter." Amy grew more and more excited as she spoke, and at last said bitterly: "Never mind the doctor's youth, mother mine; marry him yourself. It is more in your line than mine."

"Why not?" thought Cyn. "I am not so very old, nor much faded; a brighter thought than you know, Amy," she smilingly whispered to herself.

GLIMPSE XXIX.—GERTIE NORRIS.

GERTIE NORRIS was just in the blush of womanhood, with unfinished education, when Fate threw her in Burton Meredith's path. The romantic ideas of school-girls are well understood, and so it was small wonder that, meeting Burton as she did, henceforth his handsome form and face were to her the beau-ideal of manly grace.

Burton Meredith possessed a full, shapely figure, a fair, smooth skin of medium darkness, and, strange to say, the liquor that he had drunk failed to manifest itself in the changed color of neck and face. His complexion grew clearer and whiter, with the exception of the flushed cheeks: those grew yet more rosy. One unobservant of the sharp, quick cough and rapid irregular pulse would have been surprised to hear that he was a hard drinker.

It was a sultry, stifling day, and Gertie Norris was languidly sauntering home from school, tired at the very thought of the two-mile-walk before her. Of frail constitution, and strong consumptive tendency, the physician had earnestly desired that, unless the weather were stormy, she should, for the sake of her health, walk to and from school.

To-night she is paler than usual, and she has scarcely passed over half a mile of the homeward walk, when a sudden thunder-peal causes her to glance hastily northward, and she discovers a blackness that frightens her into quickening her steps. Hurriedly now she presses on, her breath coming short and quick, and just as the big drops begin to pelt her maliciously the rapid tread of a horse on the road behind her is heard approaching.

Amid a cloud of dust the steed and carriage whirl past her; instinctively she had turned a pleading face toward it, hoping that it might be some acquaintance, or at least some one kind-hearted enough to take her home in safety.

The driver of the spirited horse had caught a glimpse of that sweet face, now growing terror-stricken at the thought of the coming tempest.

He stopped his horse as soon as possible, and as she came up alongside the carriage, he lifted his hat as if the dusty girl were a queen instead of a school-girl, as her strap full of books told him.

"Are you going far, miss? Will you allow me to take you to your home, wherever that may be?" asked the bright-faced, frankly-spoken gentleman of Gertie.

She felt that Fate was propitious; here was she not only rescued from the storm, but by a hero. Would not her romance exceed those which the other girls had tauntingly tantalized her with heretofore? How they had laughed at her simplicity, until she had positively begun to feel that she must be lacking, or else she would not always have to report nothing yet.

All the girls had had one or two experiences, if not more, and it had made her feel quite insignifi-

cant that she never met with any adventure worth repeating to her friends.

"But now," she thought, as she glanced shyly at her handsome companion, "this was really worth waiting for."

Gertie reciprocated his compliment and introduced herself to Burton Meredith.

"What a pretty name," thought Gertie. "I declare! the whole affair is just perfect."

Naught cared she for rain or thunder now; what if the horse did plunge and rear, when her noble-looking companion seemed so perfectly calm and able to soothe the frightened steed?

"A lovely girl," thought Burton. "I think this will prove to be a fine road to exercise Rex upon, about five P.M."

Burton was assiduous in his effort to entertain his companion, and he rarely failed where he cared to please.

Mr. Norris was well-known to Burton as a wealthy gentleman, and altogether he thought it was not an unpleasant adventure. Gertie's father came out to the carriage and was introduced, and insisted upon Burton's remaining until the tempest was over. So Gertie was to have her romance at last, and it was far sweeter than she had dreamed.

GLIMPSE XXX.—BURTON AN INVALID.

BURTON MEREDITH was too ill to practice, and so he lounged around home through the day, alternately tormenting and petting his beautiful mother. The days now passed drearily enough to one of his active temperament, with the exception of his morning and afternoon drives, which were now the one solace and pleasure of his life.

The physician had recommended him to keep in the open air as much as possible, and to combine pleasure with medicine he drove out to Mr. Norris's each morning, and after taking a brisk drive with Gertie around the pleasant country highways and by-ways, he would leave her at the school-building, bidding her good-bye until five P.M., when he and Rex and the buggy were punctually in attendance waiting for Miss Gertie, and again they sought, amid the soothing summer breezes, for the restoration of failing health.

Burton was won from a melancholy contemplation of his own sufferings by the purity of Gertie's love for him and her perfect faith and confidence in his supposed integrity.

Well might she thus have trusted him, had it not been for his one fatal vice. Gertie never suspected those dark depths and never would have believed a hint of them; until the last she would worship him, and when he left her forever she would mourn for him as for a god.

Burton had been plainly told that his vice was like a vulture consuming his vitality, yet he had not strength to resist; not even as far as his physician dared suggest, to try the experiment of gradually reducing his stimulants, and finally, if possible, dropping them altogether.

The physician knew he would lose the case were he to insist upon his stopping at once and altogether. Burton felt that he could not live without liquor even if he died with it. So he wandered about the house daily like a ghost; yes, a ghost of his former self; of his friends' early hopes; of what he might have been, but for the curse that follows "even unto the third and fourth generation."

Cyn, of course, felt aggrieved when Burton's health failed him and he had no money to pay his board with; how did people think that she could get along if Burton was sick? Surely some one of the family ought to assist her; Cyn had now sunk so low (as she esteemed it) that she was forced to do the family washing herself.

Upon the first Monday morning Amy had asked out of the shop that she might assist a couple of hours, in pity for her mother's unprecedented position. Cyn was busily rubbing clothes in a tub which was placed upon a bench in front of the back window in the kitchen, and now and then a tear of disgust at the thought of her misfortunes dropped brinily into the suds; not many, however, for tears are not beautifiers, as Cyn well knew.

The door-bell rang; Amy was washing dishes, and so asked Burton to go to the door; he slowly gathered himself up from the lounge and in a moment Amy heard him saying, "Mother is out this morning."

Certain events had caused Amy to vow that she would thwart the next lie that should be told to screen their poverty; hastily drying her hands she lightly ran to the door, saying, "Did you inquire for mother? Burton was mistaken, mother is in, though very busy; just step into the kitchen, please; we are washing," and ushered the caller into her mother's presence before the wash-tub. Of all Cyn's life-troubles, this was the worst.

It was soon all over town that Cyn Newell had spent nearly all her money and had to do her own washing. Many were spitefully glad of it.

Dr. Deming did not call quite so frequently thereafter for a time; but as he saw no diminution in their outward appearance of style, he decided that it was all a mistake; they must have an income, and he would have the mother when sure that he could not marry the daughter. Probably the mother held the most property!

GLIMPSE XXXI —AFTER BURTON'S DEATH.

THE sun has risen and set for two months upon the premature grave of Burton Meredith. In what might have been the flower of his manhood, the emaciated form of the wine-bibber was laid in a consumptive's grave.

Cyn thought that it was very hard upon her to lose her son and his support that she had depended upon; Amy felt that it was well for them all, and Gertie in particular, for if Burton would not do better, then he must surely sink lower daily; Gertie felt that the "heavens had fallen," and for her there could be no more earthly sunshine; daily, in sunshine or storm, could have been seen her tall, willowy form and her pale face seeking the greenest, freshest spot in all that cemetery, underneath the sod of which rested her idol. The tears she there wept might well have kept the grass green when other graves were dry and brown.

Her health, too, failed daily; her parents thought that it was her mourning so constantly; but her school-mates, though younger than they, more shrewdly said that she was "dying more in consequence of wet feet and bedraggled skirts, obtained in the dewy grave-yard, than of a broken heart."

Her parents thought it would be wise to take her away from the school so closely associated with all her remembrances of Burton, and they removed her to a private school for young ladies, where her sad face and sweet, grave manners soon completely won the heart of the widowed professor, and ere the graduation day her promise was won to return to the school after the long vacation, as his wife.

Gertie told herself philosophically and sadly that she should never love any one again, and she might as well marry the elderly professor whom she thoroughly respected, and perhaps in a home of her own and with its attendant duties she would the sooner forget her useless regrets and mourning for the utterly lost.

The wedding was brilliant and long talked of. The bride was described as being as white as a marble statue, with large, luminous black eyes, that seemed forever startled, forever watching for something that they should never see, alas! nevermore.

Mrs. Gertie grew each month fairer and more frail, until the professor felt his heart faint within him at the thought of again mourning for a lost wife.

"Consumption," the doctors called it. "Hereditary, I believe," the professor sadly said to the friends who came to condole with him. "Broken-hearted," firmly believed Gertie and her family.

But her school friends clung to their earlier theory of careless exposure.

GLIMPSE XXXII.—AMY DEFIES HER MOTHER.

AMY defied her mother completely at last, and married Frank Mayo.

Her mother had finally ceased tormenting her about winning Dr. Deming, whom Amy persisted in considering an adventurer. Amy knew that their style of living was very deceptive, and she firmly believed that he thought them possessed of ample means.

She and Frank loved each other truly, and were willing to go West and grow up with the country. The little that was left of her inheritance would furnish a neat home for them, and Frank had enough to establish himself comfortably in business.

This was a terrible blow to Cyn's pride, for she had hoped until the last that Amy might be prevailed upon to marry well and then support her; she felt no pride about depending upon that unknown son-in-law, not the slightest. But Amy had disappointed her at the last. Cyn was more than half tempted to take Amy at her word, and marry Dr. Deming herself.

It would not be so very bad a match (so she argued) even as regarded age, for so well had Cyn cared for her beauty that she did not look much, if any, older than she represented herself to be, and she frankly "owned up" to thirty-eight, and it was so many years now since she had first told this as her age, that she had almost made herself (if no one else) believe that it was really so, and

those that heard her repeat the story did not doubt but that she was at least as old as that despite her youthful looks. Dr. Deming was possibly thirty-five, so the difference after all the talk was not so very great. And why shouldn't she marry him?

A few days later Dr. Deming called upon the widow to condole with her upon her daughter's marriage, and ere he left he and the widow had decided to forget all disparities, and to console each other for life. The doctor urged an early marriage upon account of the widow's extreme loneliness; and she accepted because her funds were so extremely lonely that she was afraid each time that she was forced to call upon that much-depleted bank account she should find it exhausted. When two persons are agreed upon anything, why delay? So thought the shrewd doctor and the equally astute widow; there was a well-matched pair this time—congenial spirits indeed.

Amy received the letter from her mother heralding her contemplated marriage and the paper announcing the consummation of her plans upon the same day.

The unpleasant and disgraceful news made her nearly ill; she was thankful that she should hardly be expected to meet them, that at least was some comfo t; she would not visit her mother now, and it was scarcely probable that her rejected lover would care to visit her and bring her mother as his wife with him.

Surely there is "no fool like an old fool."

GLIMPSE XXXIII.—IN THE WEST.

AMY lived very happily in her Western home; business prospered with her husband, and they gained not only the comforts of life, but many of the luxuries also. Two children were born, as charming and winsome as one would care to see. But the drop of bitter was even there; Frank's health was surely failing, and it was but a question of months at most as to the time when they must part. Her little ones—ah! there, too, was an ever-present sorrow; the children were never well, seemed ever dying of some hidden disease, and Amy questioned if it were not the fatal alcoholic taint that had run such riot in Burton's life. Were it so, she felt that perhaps it were better to see them fade thus in their childhood than to live until the horror developed its worst forms.

Yet Amy was sometimes sad and tearful as she thought of her possibly lonely future. She tried to look upon it all with cheerful resignation, and not darken her husband's few remaining months by making conspicuous her sorrow. There would be time enough to mourn when it was all over. When "it was all over" !—who does not know the bitterness of those terrible words?

Amy heard unpleasant reports of her mother's third marriage. It proved as was prophesied—an even match, and for once both were cheated.

A few months proved to Cyn's satisfaction that she was married to a poor man, and of course she always knew that he did not care for her; indeed, how could he? He found that his wife was as poor as himself. What a happy couple they must have been! Yet, for a few months, shame for what they had done caused them cautiously to conceal from the world their mutual disgust, and they kept up for a time the amusing farce of a pair of devoted lovers, incongruous as it appeared to observers.

This was too foreign from the reality to be lasting, and soon there were rumors of bickerings, of uncongeniality, of jealousy upon her part, and "wars and rumors of wars."

Amy was much distressed as these rumors from the distant East reached her, and when she heard there was a mutual understanding between them, that he should go away and remain awhile, and thus give her the chance to apply for a divorce upon the plea of "neglect and non-support," and then he should trade upon his handsome whiskers and fine figure and try to win a rich wife, and thereafter allow Cyn a handsome annuity in consideration of her consenting to make him a free man again, Amy thought that the family disgrace was complete.

The death of her husband and one child, the mortal illness of the second, the sacrificing of household treasures and the business to raise the necessary money for a trip to Europe, now the only hope for her one remaining treasure; the struggle there for her baby's life and her own subsistence by giving music lessons, filled her mind and life to the exclusion of Cyn and her disgraceful affairs.

Her struggle was all in vain; her babe sank away from her clinging arms, and with the pittance of money left her she embarked for America, bringing with her the precious casket containing

all that was left of her bonny boy, that she might place it beside her husband and other babe. Poor and ill she landed in this country, her husband dead, her mother worse than dead to her; she had no home to go to, no spot in this wide world to which she was welcome.

Her mother had imposed herself upon a cousin. Even had Cyn possessed a home, Amy felt that it would have been impossible for her to live with her mother again.

So, ill in health as she was, without seeing her mother, she sought for pupils, and once again resumed, as well as she could, her old habits of labor. The old story was repeated: the innocent must suffer for the sins of the guilty.

GLIMPSE XXXIV.—FRED BELL'S WEDDING.

FRED BELL and his now quite elderly sister (though still to him Baby Bell) were awaiting in the common waiting-room of a small country station for the next train, as a familiar figure in black garments quietly passed them; there was but one such in the world, thought Fred, so he quickly followed it, and his heart "stood still" as he heard the hollow hack, hack, with her every movement. As she turned to sit down, Fred clasped both hands in his with such warmth that the sad eyes filled with tears at the unexpected kindness.

Baby also recognized Amy, and gave her a warm greeting; the "Where are you going?" brought out the whole story.

She was forced at last to put her pride aside, and seek a home with an uncle; it was of no use, she told them, with a sob, for her to struggle any longer, she was now too weak to work. She betrayed the bitterness to her of asking this of her uncle, and Fred impulsively said:

"Amy, do not be angry with me for speaking thus before Baby; she has long known my secret. Will you marry me, if for no other reason than to give me the right to take you to my home; I do not ask you to love me, that question was asked and answered long ago; but will you let me love you and care for you? Baby will gladly give you a sister's love and a sister's care if you will come with us; tell her so, Baby, please."

Baby told her so in such a tender, motherly way that Amy accepted their offer with sobbing joy.

Was there ever such a wooing, such a betrothal as this—in a wayside railroad station?

To Amy it was the sweetest of all wooings, though she did not profess even to herself that she was suddenly in love; yet she felt that a life-time could not repay Fred's kindness, and if her life were spared he should not regret this day.

GLIMPSE XXXV.—DEATH OF MRS. BELL.

BUT life was not spared. Ere the sun had sunk behind the western hills on that memorable night Amy was the tenderly, truly loved wife of Fred Bell. "Mrs. Bell!"—she could scarcely believe it; but it was very welcome to her, this pleasant home feeling, instead of the cold charity she had anticipated from her uncle's family.

For a few days she appeared to improve, and from that time sank very rapidly. The fell destroyer, Consumption, had held an iron though partially concealed sway over her system for a long time, and now, as if delighted to show his power, the hectic fever pulsed rapidly, as it ran its madly riotous course through her delicate veins.

All that love could suggest, or money procure, was now at hand for her comfort; but the decree was passed, and it could not be averted.

Devotedly Fred Bell hovered about the bedside of his dying wife, and, whenever conscious, sweetly did she reward his solicitude by the tenderest of thanks.

How changed were her feelings. If she could live, how gladly would she now do so, for the sake of proving her gratitude to him; y t a few weeks ago and she had not cared for her health, even as she might have done, thinking that she would willingly anticipate the time of her going home.

Yet, when unconscious, her heart spake as if the events of the past few days had not been; she murmured only of Frank and her children. Baby tried to coax Fred away then, thinking that it was needlessly paining him to listen to her incoherent wanderings.

Fred refused to leave, saying that this created for him no additional pain, for he had known it all before. If she had lived, she might some day have learned to say Fred, instead of Frank; but if she had not, he should never have blamed her.

He took all the chances when he married her in that off-hand manner.

His chief thought then and now was to make her comfortable, so he stayed by her until the very last. Four weeks later she died, wholly

unconscious, her hand lying in his, her eyes looking up fondly at him, her precious lips calling him "dear Frank."

Cyn was invited to the funeral of the daughter she had not seen since her first wedding-day.

Amy was dead; regrets were useless now.

Fred and Baby live quietly as of old.

GLIMPSE XXXVI.—CYN SOLILOQUIZES.

WHETHER it was because the deserving are always rewarded, or that the brave deserve the fair, we know not, but after much praiseworthy attention and assiduity, and bravery of public opinion, Dr. Deming was married again, and this time to an heiress indeed. He trusted to no hearsay evidence this time, but satisfied himself that the cash was there before committing himself, and then hastened to throw himself at her feet.

Cyn now lives in aristocratic idleness and well-dressed comfort in a distant State; any one that cares to inquire whence comes the income that thus supports her may, but most people are fully satisfied whose gold she is using.

Stately, beautiful as ever, she walks the street, clothed in the most becoming of mourning suits; the bands of heavy English crape about her bonnet bring into beautiful relief her rich masses of wavy, silvery hair that surround her yet fair forehead with a beauty not less becoming than its earlier darkness was to her girlish face. A woman like Cyn grows old gracefully.

She still bears herself complacently, and fancies she wears with grace her gift from the Legislature —Mrs. Cyn H. Meredith. The country people stared wildly when upon reading their weekly paper they discovered among the "Acts" one granting "Cyn Hathaway, Meredith, Newell, Deming" permission to write her name henceforth Cyn Hathaway Meredith. With superb coolness she asserted that Burton Meredith was the only man she had ever loved, and consequently his name was the only name she was willing to wear.

Doubtless she is saying to herself this day: "I've managed pretty well in this world. I've made my beauty pay; to be sure, there was a time once when things looked very dark, and I had to work, but now that seems only like some bad dream; it is past, and I'll forget it as soon as possible."

And with this heartless speech we gain the last glimpse of the beautiful and selfish Cyn, whose character and life have been portrayed with loathing, not loving.

LORA.

By PAUL PASTNOR.

SIXTH MOVEMENT.—THE MARGIN OF THE SHADOW.

THRICE to the hill-top had Oliver Bascom ascended,
Thrice round the low-nestling tavern his circuit completed;
Now it was noon, and the step of the gelding was weary;
Therefore the young man drove under the shade of some maples,
Hitched his tired horse to the fence, where a spout from the hill-side
Coiled in a trough deep and mossy a thread of sweet water.
Then, full of fancies, he walked through the opposite woodland,
This way and that, till he came to a low, marshy clearing,
Where was a pond, and pond-lilies asleep in the sunshine.
There on a bank cool and mossy he lay down to listen
Unto his thoughts, and the thousand soft sounds of the forest.
Thus as the lover reclined in the slumberous noontide,
Gave his wild fancies the wing, and pursued them with wishes,
Stealthily stole on his senses the murmur incessant,
Wooing his thoughts till they faded away into dreamland.

Lora had gathered some daisies and red and white clover,
Also a handful of violets drooping and thirsty.
But in her heart she conceived of more excellent setting,—
Even a pond-lily garland to gird the brown woodcock.
Now, as she stood on a knoll in the heat-quivering meadow,
Faint from the south came the perfume of sun-beaten lilies,
Borne on the breeze; and deep into the woodland she traced it,
Parting the leaves, till she came to a pool black and stagnant,
Full of the fragrant white flowers, like spirits unsullied!
Lora sat down on the bank, and removed shoes and stockings;
Then between twigs she crept daintily down to the water,

Dipped one fair foot, and drew back with a start and a shiver,
Then with the other plunged in, and pushed out toward the lilies.

Oliver Bascom awoke from his dream in confusion.
Visions of Lora were melting away in the branches;
Even the sound of her voice seemed to thrill through the forest!
Quickly he rose, and his dream in an instant fell from him.
There stood the beautiful maiden, the queen of his fancies,
Girt with the pale, fragrant lilies, but sinking among them,
Trembling and faint with her terrible struggles for freedom.
One helpless hand unto him o'er the water was reaching,
But in the other she carried a few dripping lilies!

Then, like a storm-bringing wind in the aisles of the forest,
Oliver Bascom rushed down to the rim of the water.
Bowed were the bushes—their leaves made a shouting before him!
Madly he dashed through the ooze, through the pads of the lilies,
Stretching his arms toward the maiden, and longing to save her.
Meanwhile the water rose up to the shoulders of Lora.
"Help me!" she moaned, and her face became ashen with weakness.
But in the terrible slime her deliverer faltered.
Fast were his feet, and he struggled in vain to remove them.
Round him the water was white with his furious beatings.
See! with the fierce, final might of his matchless devotion,
Bending far forward, he's wrenched his right foot from the quagmire;
Now, too, his left, finding hold on a root of the flag-grass,
And he is free to return to the shore, unto sweet life!
Wildly he looked at the pale, lovely face of the maiden,
Saw the black index of death cross the curve of her mute lips,
Measuring life by the space of the tide from her nostrils.
Laughed the fierce water as oft as her quick breathings stirred it!
Straightway he knelt, and, extending his strong arms around her,
Sank in the slime, as he mightily raised her above him,
Sank till his shoulders beneath the black water were hidden,
Sank till his neck and his face by the foulness were circled.
But the fair maiden arose like a nymph from the ocean!
Murmured the lips of the drowning man, half under water;
But the faint words gave no sign, save an up-gurgling bubble!
So he sank down, the grand lover, too noble for woman;
Deep in the slime he found rest, and his soul burst the darkness.

(*To be continued*).

NOVELTIES IN FANCY-WORK.

By Marian Ford.

SHAWL-BAG WITH STRAPS.

During the month of June, when almost every one is forming plans for summer travel, readers will doubtless find the design for the handsome shawl-bag with straps, illustrated in this number of the Monthly, specially opportune, and many will provide themselves with so convenient an article.

FIG. 1.—SHAWL-BAG WITH STRAPS.

Fig. 1 shows the bag closed, and Fig. 2 open. When open, it is sixty-two inches long and twenty-six inches wide. Fig. 3 gives the design for the embroidery, and Fig. 4 shows a portion of this embroidery in the exact size. The work is executed with crewel wool, in different colors and shades. The material may be linen, flannel, woolen reps, etc. For those who do not care to execute the elaborate embroidery, a very neat and sufficiently pretty bag can be made of coarse gray or écru linen, or white duck, trimmed with two rows of black, red, or blue braid, stitched on the fabric, and one row of feather-stitching worked with single zephyr wool, the color of the braid, between. Add one or more initials in ordinary cross-stitch embroidery in the centre of the bag.

FELT CARPET WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

The rage for embroidery has long since included rugs of every size, and the design for ornamenting a felt carpet, illustrated in Fig. 5, will afford many

useful suggestions. This carpet is sixty-four inches long and forty-seven inches wide, the ground a light gray, and the border composed of black and red figures. The pattern of the border is given in Fig. 6. Crewel wool is used for the embroidery which follows the design of the woven pattern. The colors are blue, over-stitched with yellow for the straight lines, while the middle figures are worked alternately in blue, red, yellow, lilac, olive, and brown; chain, satin, and tent stitches being employed.

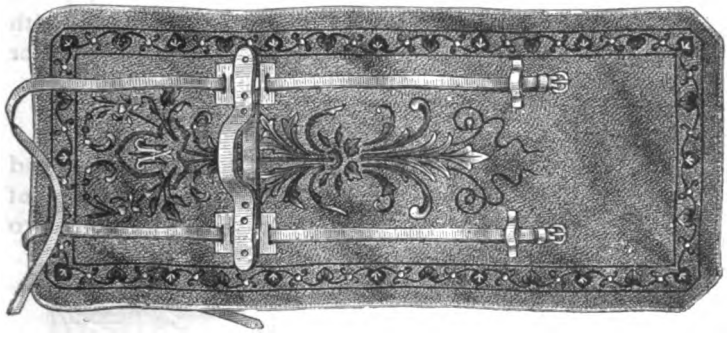

FIG. 3.—SHAWL-BAG WITH EMBROIDERY.

COFFEE-BAG RUGS.

Very pretty rugs can be made of common coffee-bags ornamented with various designs in cross-stitch embroidery, worked with double zephyr wool. Figures of animals, men, flowers, geometrical patterns, and mottoes are put on hap hazard, wherever room can be found, the whole being surrounded by a border in key pattern, or any other design that suits the maker's taste. The result is quaint, bright, and pretty. After the embroidery is finished, the rug should be lined with some stout material, and completed with woolen fringe.

Another style of manufacturing these rugs also furnishes an excellent method of utilizing the woolen scraps that accumulate in every household. Cut the pieces of wool into strips half an inch wide; then, with a coarse needle, darn them in and out lengthwise through the material of the coffee-bag, not drawing them flat to the foundation, but leaving loops nearly an inch in height between each stitch. Taste in the arrangement of the colors is of course required. After the darning is finished, the whole is clipped. A very pretty rug of this kind recently shown the writer had a border of black, while the centre was gray, dotted at intervals with circles of scarlet.

EMBROIDERED RUG.

An excellent design for an embroidered rug is given in Fig. 7, which illustrates a rug sixty-five inches long and forty-two inches wide. The material is coarse, olive-shaded frieze, and the embroidery is executed in satin and tent stitch. Subdued tints should be chosen for the colors used in the work.

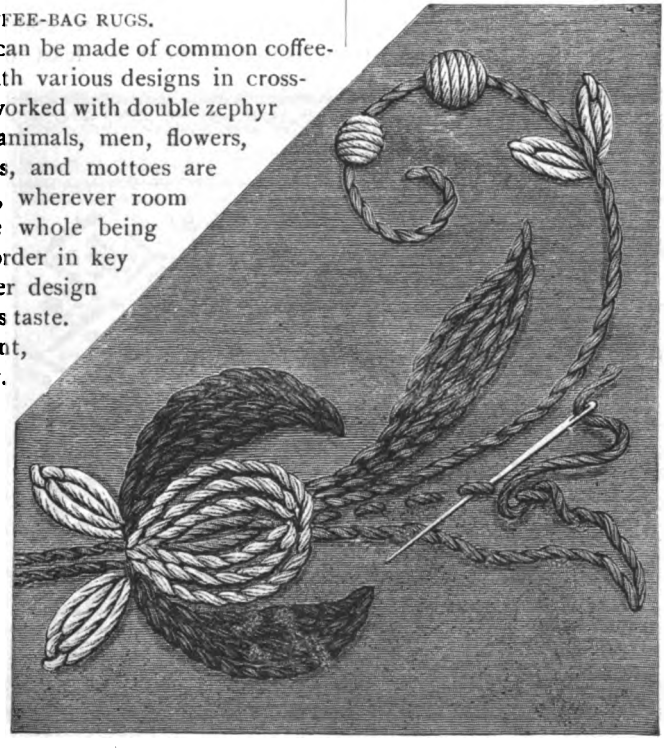

FIG. 4.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR FIG. 3 (EXACT SIZE).

KNITTED RUG.

Another variety of rug is made from bits of Brussels carpeting, which are cut in strips two and a half or three inches wide and then raveled. With coarse knitting-needles and twine knit two or three strands of the raveled wool into each stitch. Make these strips of any width and length that may be desired, then sew together as many of them as may be necessary to make a rug of the size wanted. Clip the surface till the ends of the wool are even, and finish with wool fringe. These rugs do not need lining, will not

curl at the edges, and are somewhat Oriental in effect.

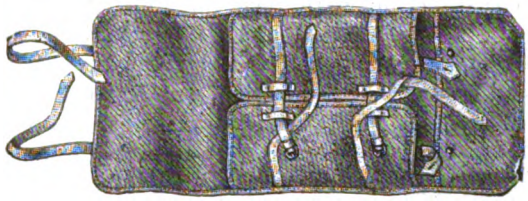

FIG. 2.—SHAWL-BAG OPEN.

SILK PATCHWORK COVERLET.

In the universal mania for old-fashioned articles, the patchwork of our grandmothers' days has again come into favor, and people are eagerly hoarding and begging all the bits of velvet, silk, and satin to be obtained. Those unable to procure a sufficient stock by either begging or hoarding, rush to the shops to buy remnants, which can often be procured at very low prices.

Having secured a sufficient quantity of material, a pretty coverlet can be made as follows: Cut a pasteboard square of any size desired, and fold it diagonally, forming triangles, to be used as patterns. By these triangles cut pieces of silk and satin—one light and one dark color—enough to form the centre. Sew the triangles together to make blocks, always keeping the widest part of the darkest shade on the *top* of the square. Having sewed together a sufficient number of blocks to form a centre of the size desired, finish with a border of two shades of ribbon, plain, striped, or brocaded, filling in the corners with squares of silk, satin, or velvet, embroidered or painted. Line with silk or Farmer's satin.

TRUNK WITH EMBROIDERED STRIPS.

Boxes more or less elaborate in style are found so convenient for holding various articles of underclothing, work, or dresses, which need to

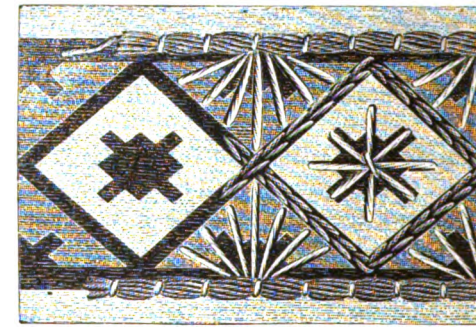

FIG. 6.—PATTERN OF BORDER FOR FIG 5.

be protected from the dust with special care, that few chambers are now considered comfortably furnished without at least one of these useful

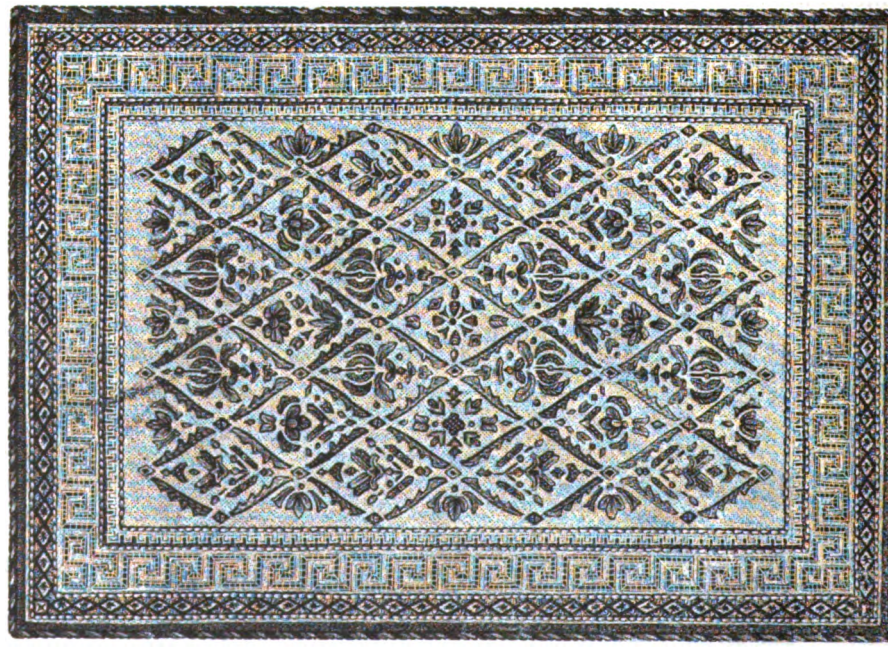

FIG 5.—FELT CARPET WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

FIG. 7.—EMBROIDERED RUG.

receptacles. The one illustrated in Fig. 8 is sufficiently elegant to suit the most fastidious taste and be admitted as an ornament into the handsomest apartment. The box which forms the foundation is eighteen inches high, seventy-seven inches long, and thirty-four inches broad. The lining is blue satin, and the outside is covered with stamped cardinal red velvet. Two strips of black cloth, embroidered with colored filoselle silk, and bordered with red silk cord, complete the trunk, which is also ornamented with steel handles, lock, etc. These, however, may be omitted, handles of red silk cord taking the place of the metal ones; and if a lock is not required, a loop of red silk cord, fastened *under* the lid and projecting on the outside, can be used to open the trunk.

Persons who prefer less elaborate ornamentation can make very pretty coverings of plainer material,—the ordinary figured cretonne is much used,—tacked smoothly over the sides and top of the wooden box, which serves as a foundation, and finished with a box-plaited or gathered ruffle, fastened around the top of the lid.

An excellent design, if the maker wishes to expend only a small amount of money and labor, is to pad the box slightly on top with hair or any other desirable stuffing, heaping it higher toward the centre, then tack on a covering of silesia, selecting a cover that will harmonize with the furniture of the room—scarlet or cardinal red is particularly pretty. Next cut from gray or écru linen, or Java canvas, a piece sufficiently large to cover the top of the box, making allowance for

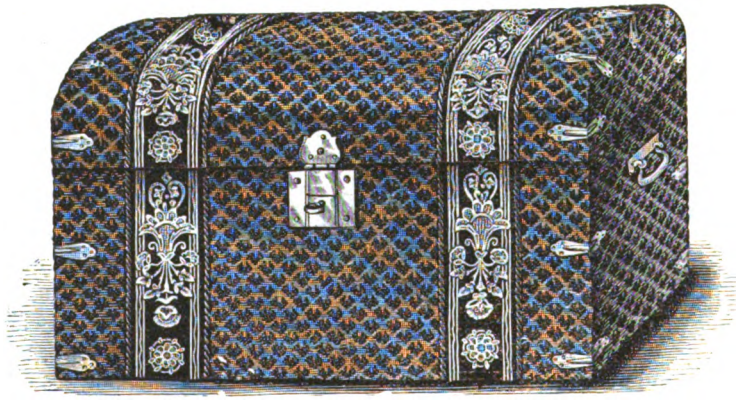

FIG. 8.—TRUNK WITH EMBROIDERED STRIPS.

the space occupied by stuffing. Embroider or braid an initial in the centre, using the color of

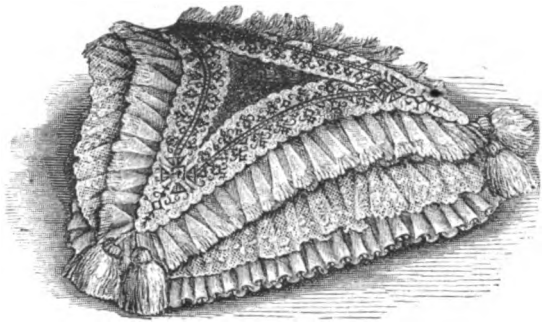

FIG. 9.—THREE-CORNERED PINCUSHION.

the silesia lining, and about three inches from the edge make a border of drawn-work, wide or narrow, as may suit the maker's taste. The effect of the colored lining through the open-work is very charming. The front and sides of the box can be finished in the same way, placing the drawn-work border about three inches above the bottom, the plain space below being filled by a box-plaited flounce three inches wide. Another box-plaited flounce borders the lid.

If the drawn-work requires more time than can conveniently be spared, two rows of inch-wide braid, with one row of feather-stitching between, form a pretty and effective substitute. The braid and feather-stitching should be the same color as the initial, and of course selected to match or contrast prettily with the other furniture in the room.

THREE-CORNERED PINCUSHION.

The novel and handsome pincushion, illustrated in Fig. 9, is easily made, and very handsome when completed.

FIG. 10.—COPPER BOTTLE-STAND.

The foundation is a triangular card-board box, two and a half inches high, measuring nine and a half inches on each side, and covered with perfumed wadding. The covering consists of a piece of cardinal red velvet, surrounded by a strip of white cloth, cut in points on both edges, and ornamented with cross-stitch embroidery in cardinal red and pale-blue. Any of the narrow patterns illustrated in previous numbers of the MONTHLY would be suitable for this purpose. Two ruches of satin ribbon, a row of white thread lace, gathered or plaited, and red and blue tassels, whose arrangement is clearly represented in the cut, complete the cushion.

TURK'S-HEAD PINCUSHION.

Another style of pincushion, called the "Turk's-head," will be found a very pretty ornament to the bureau.

Cut from satin a circular piece, three inches in diameter, then gather a bias piece of satin to fit

FIG. 11.—TIN CARD-RECEIVER.

it, and sew firmly on. Shirr the upper part of the bias piece till the circular opening is the same size as the round piece of satin below, thus forming a puff, which is stuffed with soft wool wadding.

Make a second pincushion, just the size of the circular opening, cover with silk or cotton cloth, and fasten it to the lower one. Then cut from black or white cloth or flannel a circle two or three inches larger than the small cushion, and shape the extra size into points. Embroider each point with a small design, and border with a row of feather-stitching. The round central portion should also be outlined with a row of feather-stitching, and the middle embroidery with bright-hued silks in any fancy stitches or designs, to give an Oriental effect.

Finish the end of each point with a tassel, and sew one also between every two points. These tassels are prettiest made of silk, or, if the cost

must be considered, split zephyr wool, combining the different colors of the embroidery. They are also frequently made of cloth or flannel, like that

FIG. 12.—WORK-BASKET WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

composing the cover of the small cushion, cut in narrow strips and wound with silk, in the method described in the article entitled "Embroidery for Home Decoration," in the March number of the MONTHLY. It is perhaps hardly necessary to mention that the tassels for the pincushion should be made considerably smaller than the dimensions given for those ornamenting the table-cover.

When the cloth cover is finished, the circular portion inside the points should exactly fit the small cushion, over which it must be securely fastened, the points and tassels resting on the satin puff below, which can be made larger or smaller by cutting the bias strip wider or narrower. As the fullness and size of the puff may be varied to suit individual taste, the writer would recommend cutting the circular bottom piece and bias strip from cotton cloth, stuffing the puff loosely, and laying on the upper cushion with its cover, when the effect can be instantly seen. The necessary changes can then be made when the satin is cut; or, if none are needed, the cotton serves for a pattern, to be kept till the next cushion is wanted, for few persons who use this design are satisfied with one.

The colors can be varied almost indefinitely. A cardinal satin puff with black embroidered cover, pale-blue satin with white cloth, and rose-colored satin with pale-blue are all handsome combinations. A cushion of this style intended for a wedding gift should have a white satin puff, white cloth cover embroidered with white silk and pearl beads, and white silk tassels.

COPPER BOTTLE-STAND AND TIN CARD-RECEIVER.

The art of ornamenting small articles with etching is beginning to make its way into the

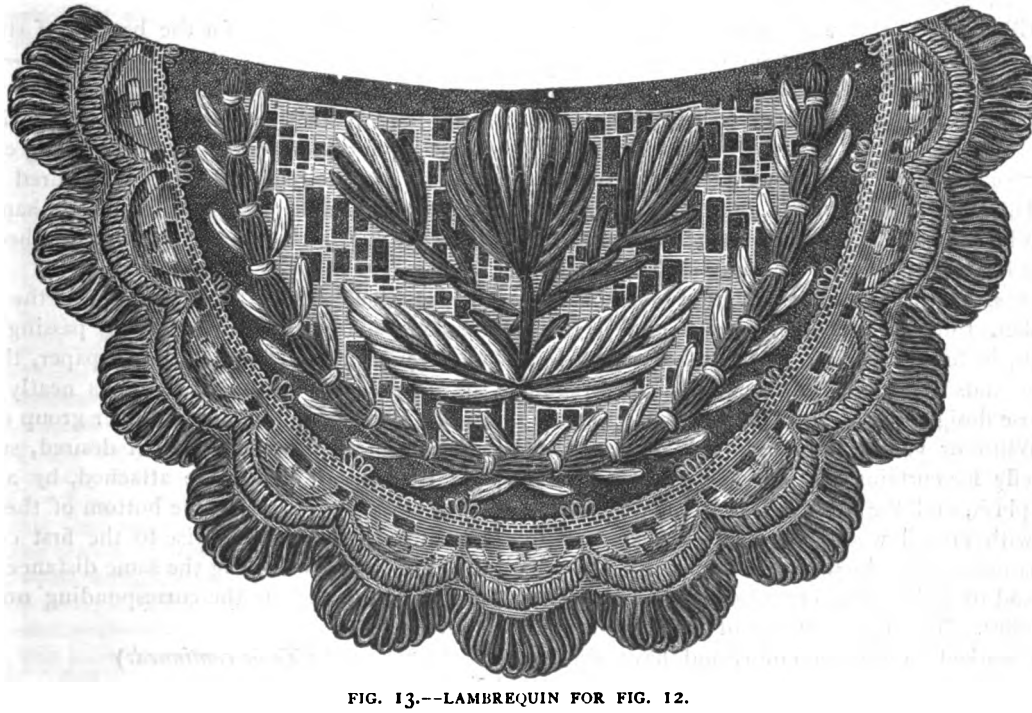

FIG. 13.—LAMBREQUIN FOR FIG. 12.

home-circle, and though not within the domain of embroidery, may, perhaps, under the general head of "fancy-work," fairly claim a place in papers devoted to the various means of beautifying our American dwellings.

Etching is a method of working on copper or other metals, wherein the lines or strokes are eaten with aquafortis, instead of being cut with a graver. Two very pretty designs, illustrating a bottle-stand and a card-receiver, decorated with this kind of work, are given in Figs. 10 and 11.

Prepare the following mixture for the etching: Put one ounce of virgin wax, two ounces of the best asphaltum, calcined, and half an ounce of turpentine, with one ounce of colophony, in powder, into a *new* earthen pot, and set it on a hot stove, stirring the contents continually until they are thoroughly melted.

Trace the pattern to be copied on tissue-paper and place it on the metal to be etched. Lay the ground—the prepared mixture—on thinly, but not too much so, and be careful that it covers every particle of the drawing. Trace each figure *slightly* with a blunt edging-needle. Then put the metal thus prepared into a mixture of three ounces of distilled water and one ounce of aquafortis, with some powdered chlorkaly (chlorcali). Let it remain for about two hours, then rinse with distilled water, and wipe it carefully with a soft silk handkerchief. Let it stand for an hour, then wash the mixture (ground) off with turpentine, and polish the metal with silver-soap.

WORK-BASKET WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

The dainty work-basket illustrated in Fig. 12 will be found very useful to hold the embroideries which serve to occupy so many hours at summer resorts. The foundation is a brown wicker-work-basket, thirteen inches long and eleven inches high, including the bag, which is five inches deep. The ends are ornamented with a lambrequin, whose design is shown in full size in Fig. 13.

White or yellow bobbinet—a kind of net used chiefly for curtains, etc.—is laid upon red velvet or plush, and the embroidery is then worked on it with crewel wool. The lace *appliqué*, in the illustration, is edged and fastened by a double thread of indigo-blue crewel overcast with yellow stitches. The lower leaves of the middle figure are worked in salmon color, and have a brown stitch in the middle. The stems and calixes of the yellow blossoms and that of the blue flower in the middle are also worked in brown. A woven woolen border in olive and brown, about an inch wide, edges the lambrequin and trims the upper part of the basket. The bag is of peacock-blue satin, through which a double silk cord of the same color is passed.

BASKET AIR-CASTLE.

This ornament is formed of tiny baskets, which are made in the following manner: Cut from pale-blue, pink, or light-green paper—which must be tolerably thick—oblong pieces four and a quarter inches long and three inches wide, and twice their number of strips of silver-paper, one quarter of an inch wide and four and a quarter inches long. Glue two of these strips flatly on opposite sides of each oblong bit of colored paper, having the edges exactly meet, then fold the trimmed edges together, with the silver-paper outside, making a crease along the folded line, and carefully cut slashes, leaving a very narrow space between, extending up to the silver band. Open the pieces, turn them over, gum the two short, untrimmed ends together, thus forming a round basket, with a silver border at the top and bottom, and the sides slashed and bending outward.

Next make handles for the baskets of strips of silver paper lined with the colored paper—which should be quarter of an inch wide and four inches long—and paste them to the top on the inside. With zephyr wool twist a small cord long enough to suspend the group of baskets the desired height from the chandelier, pass it through the handle of a basket and fasten it in a bow-knot finished with tassels.

Hang four baskets to the bottom of the first—one on each of the four sides—by passing strips of silver-paper, lined with colored paper, through the handles and gumming the ends neatly inside to the lower edge. Fasten another group of four to each of these baskets, and, if desired, suspend one basket with four more attached, by another cord passing up through the bottom of the upper basket and placed cross-wise to the first cord on its handle, so it will hang the same distance below the largest group, as the corresponding one does above it.

(*To be continued.*)

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Moral Element in Literature.—A writer in a recent number of the "Cornhill Magazine" gives a very sensible discussion of this theme. He ridicules the idea that an inartistic, slovenly, or commonplace piece of literary workmanship becomes praiseworthy by having a moral tacked to the end of it, as used to be done, and as is still the vogue with those, too often, marvelous specimens of stupidity, tracts and Sunday-school books, or from the fact that inwoven in its very texture is some high and worthy moral purpose or social reform. We all know that men may be very clever and yet be arrant knaves. And we know, too, that men may be altogether too good for the world as the world goes, and yet be dreadfully stupid. Now, your clever knave is a much more delightful intellectual companion than your stupid saint; only, of course, he must not too seriously disregard the proprieties. No right-thinking man would hesitate a moment, we imagine, in preferring the bright and spicy book of a clever worldly man to the dismal goodness of a writer whose morality was his chief stock in trade; and furthermore, to our mind, there seems no doubt but that from such a choice he would get the greater benefit.

So much is perfectly clear. But when it comes to a choice between two clever writers, one of high moral tone, the other of low, the right-thinking man above referred to would show, we think, even less hesitation than in the former case in making his choice. Of course, the book of highest moral tone would be at once preferred. And writers, however clever, who belittle virtue, who deride morality, who preach against the tendencies which make for righteousness persistently, constantly, purposely,—who exalt the baser parts of our nature, who sing the praises of vice and indecency, who make maudlin hymns to immorality, whose cry is

> "Come down and release us from virtue,
> O mother of pain,"

cannot be regarded with any favor or toleration. The worship of dirt, however splendid its ritual, however mellifluous the antiphonies of its litany may be, with whatever grace of word or rhythm its praises may be hymned, is not, and must not be considered, a pleasant thing for a man to contemplate. And no literary work which seeks among the slums of our natures for detestable objects to celebrate, and that comes up reeking with the filth of all that is lowest and basest in humanity, only faintly endeavoring to disguise its real nature by the fragrance of charming poetical forms, should for a moment be thought of as entitled to praise. We cannot disassociate form and content, applauding the one while reprobating the other. If a work be thoroughly vile in its moral purpose or effect, no one has a right to claim for it a high rank among literary works.

The writer mentioned, at the outset of this paper, thinks that all such performances as novels with a purpose, as they are called,—that is, with some purpose other than to be the simple pictures of life and development of characters under certain conditions,—are not entitled o the highest praise. The man with the thesis to prove will not take an impartial view of life; certain phases he will ignore, others he will exaggerate. It seems to us that much can be said upon either side of this question. We see no reason why the great genius may not give a perfectly true picture of life, and yet, at the same time, by the wonderful skill with which he shall choose his characters and pick his situations, present, at the same time, a powerful argument for some question of social reform or amelioration. Indeed, we think this has been done in notable instances and without caricature.

Morality, this writer urges, is in literature what health is in the individual. Sound morality is good health. Good literature must be morally sound as the good athlete must be physically healthy. Literature of low moral tone is sure evidence that the morals of the author or of the public, or of both, are in an unhealthy state. There may be excellence in some directions, but work that is thoroughly unsound, from a moral point of view, cannot be put in the first rank.

But in regarding any literary work, much depends upon our own standpoint and mental attitude as to whether we shall be well or ill affected. The concluding paragraph of the article which gave rise to these remarks states so clearly what influence a great writer exerts, that we cannot refrain from quoting it entire:

"The true service which any great writer renders to his age is not to be summed up by calculating the amount of information, as to facts, or the number of verifiable theories which he has propounded. He is great so far as he has been the mouthpiece through which some new and fruitful idea has been added to the general current of thought. If he be a philosopher, or a man of science, he is great so far as he has revealed new and efficient methods of inquiry, and applied a stimulus to our intellectual activity. If a poet, he is great so far as he has set before us some impressive ideal of life, or found utterance for the deepest emotions of his contemporaries. The stimulus received from a great mind acts in countless indirect ways, and produces an intellectual ferment which may lead to results entirely unforeseen by him, and possibly very different from those which he would have approved. Now, it is undoubtedly a matter of great importance to every one capable of intellectual interests that he should bring himself into frequent and close contact with the great men of all times, and especially with the great men of our own time; for if such men are uttering old truths they are yet bringing out those aspects, and clothing them in those forms, which are most important at the present day. Nobody, I need hardly say, can appreciate the great issues of the time, or sympathize with the great currents of thought, who has not been more or less at home with the writings of such men as Mr. Carlyle, or Cardinal Newman, or J. S. Mill, or Mr. Darwin, or Mr. Tennyson, or Mr. Browning—I will mention no one whose name could excite a controversy. And the service which such men render is

not that they impress upon us some specific moral axiom, or that they provide us with additional arguments against stealing, lying, or drunkenness; but that they rouse, excite, and elevate our whole natures—set us thinking, and therefore enable us to escape from the fetters of ancient prejudice and worn-out platitude, or make us perceive beauty in external nature, or set before us new ideals of life, to which we should otherwise have been indifferent. But we have to co-operate in the result, if it is to be of any real value. We are not to be passive buckets to be pumped into, as Mr. Carlyle puts it, mere receptacles for ready-made ideas, but fellow-creatures capable of being roused into independent activity. Now, in this sense, it is difficult to say where a man may not find some valuable matter. An active-minded man should be awake to all the interests of the day, and should find food for thought everywhere; he may learn something even from the flippant leading article in which a youth fresh from college puts all the philosophers and statesmen of the day in their proper places of due subordination to his own theories; he may even learn something as to the ways of thought and feeling of his neighbors from novels of the vapid and sentimental, or purely silly order, or from that kind of literature—if it deserves the name—which is devoted to mere tittle-tattle, or personal scandal; or again, even from some realistic representations of ugly things, which are sometimes called immoral, because they describe those dark places in society, which we have agreed not to mention, but which may incidentally be useful, in so far as they show how hideous such things really are. I am often half inclined to think that the next best thing to a good book is a bad book; for, after all, the one hopeless evil is stagnation of mind. The question, however, what will do a man harm or good depends very much upon his own constitution. And it would be mere pedantry to insist upon any one's confining himself to the higher and severer class of literature—to say that he is never to condescend to amuse himself with mere trifles, or to condescend to take an interest in contemporary gossip; or what would become of half the literary craftsmen of the day? All, then, that is to be said is this: that to get from literature the best that can be got from it, to use books as instruments for developing our whole natures, the true secret is to select our friends judiciously; to become as intimate as possible with some of the greatest thinkers of mankind, and to study the works of some great minds until we have been saturated with their influence, and have assimilated and made part of ourselves the sentiments which they express most vigorously. To study literature is not merely (as has been said) to know what has been best said by the greatest men, but to learn to know those men themselves. In so doing, the particular moral doctrines which they inculcate, or the effect upon our moral nature of their teaching, is only a part of the whole influence. But still it is a part of no small importance; and the condition upon which a man is able to exert such influence is a profound interest in those ideas with which purely ethical teaching is strictly bound up, and, moreover, a capacity for feeling rightly and vigorously upon ethical questions. In that sense, it is impossible ever really to exclude moral considerations from æsthetical judgments, though it is easy to misapply them, or to overlook the importance of other aspects of a man's total influence. To make a poet into a simple moralist, a teacher of a certain definite code of ethics, is to put him into a wrong place, and judge him implicitly by an inappropriate criterion; but it is equally true that he can only be deprived of moral quality if he takes no interest in the profoundest and most comprehensive topics of human thought and faith; and in so far as he has a moral quality, it is desirable it should be of the loftiest and purest kind obtainable."

Civil-Service Reform.—One of the most prominent and vital questions—one would hardly go amiss in saying the most prominent and vital question—at present engaging the consideration of thoughtful people of every political party and creed in our country, is, What is to be done about civil-service reform? Gradually the politicians have foisted upon the country an ideally false and degrading system of filling the civil offices of the government, and of conducting the public business. In accordance with this system, all the offices filled by appointment are considered as political plunder, to be distributed among the political "hacks" and "friends" of the successful candidates. Fitness for office does not come into consideration. Tenure of office is dependent upon the will of the chief. When the party in power changes, a clean sweep is made, and everybody, from the person who cleans the steps of the Capitol or delivers your morning letter, to the minister at the Court of St. James, must make way for somebody of the opposite party.

Now, civil-service reform, baldly stated, means simply that the universally recognized principles upon which private business and commercial enterprises are conducted shall be applied to the conduct of the public business. Actual fitness for the office sought, previously determined so far as practicable, and not successful caucus manipulation or dirty political work, shall be the prerequisite to office-holding. A man shall not collect the customs nor keep the Government's books because he is a stalwart partisan and a brilliant stump speaker, any more than an ordinary business corporation would employ a man for a position requiring skill and efficiency of a particular sort simply because he was a good Baptist. A good man once in an office shall be as sure of his place, whatever political changes may occur, as an efficient clerk or book-keeper in a private business would be. It is of no more consequence to any one whether the man who delivers his mail and collects his taxes is a Republican or Democrat than it is whether the man who cuts his hair or sells him a yard of calico is of one political faith or the other.

It would take us beyond the scope of the present article, and space would fail, to undertake to specify the enormous evils of the "spoils" system. In general terms, we have such inefficiency, reckless mismanagement, and corruption in the public service as might be naturally expected when offices are considered as rewards, and men are appointed because they are efficient "political workers"—with all that implies of low moral tone. Officers come to think of themselves not as amenable to the entire country, but simply to the party that put them in power; and feeling that their tenure of office—their means of subsistance—depends upon the success of their party, they have little if any hesitation in debauching the public service for the sake of party.

There has long been a great deal of unorganized agitation of the civil-service question. Recently it has led to the formation of civil-service reform associations. The most important is that whose centre is at New York, but which is really national. It is doing most excellent service in the cause of reform by the publication of pamphlets and tractates through G. P. Putnam's Sons (New York) upon the objects of the reform, the work to be accomplished, and the evils and dangers of the system at present in vogue. We have before us at this writing Publication No. 3, by the Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, being a clear and lucid exposition of "The 'Spoils' System and Civil-Service Reform in the Custom-House and Post-Office at New York." The simple statistics which he gives are a most powerful argument for the absurdity of the "spoils" system and for the urgency of the need and the utility of instant and thorough reform. We commend it to all our readers as food for serious reflection, especially after they have been filled with shame and disgust at the weeks' long wrangle in the most dignified legislative body in the country over a few unimportant offices, for a change of whose occupants there existed no reason in the world, except that the majority in the Senate had changed from one party to the other!

In this connection, as evidence of the wide-spread character of this reform agitation, mention should be made of an address given last fall at the Michigan conference of Unitarian churches by the Rev. C. G. Howland (published at the *Unity* office, Chicago). In this, the necessity and the meaning of the reform movement are explained in clear and cogent language. Clergymen of every denomination would be doing a service in the cause of righteousness and good government by assisting the independent press in informing their people upon this question and thus leading them to form sound judgments and sensible opinions regarding the civil service and the kind of men who should fill it.

Our Public Schools.—Within the last few years great changes have been made in the system of instruction in all the educational institutions in the country, from the highest to the lowest. Foreign systems have been more carefully studied, and hosts of intelligent men and women have devoted themselves with enthusiasm and untiring zeal to a better appreciation of the conditions of successful teaching, and to the development of improved methods. The public schools especially have been subject to reform and innovation. There can be little doubt but that they have in many cases suffered from crude and ill-considered experiments of callow theorists, but in the main their advancement toward perfection has been steady and constant. The grading of the schools, the systematizing of the work, the introduction of regular schemes of study, the unifying and so simplifying the management by placing all the schools of our cities under a single superintendent—all this in a large number of our cities is a work of comparatively recent date. It is perhaps not yet out of the experimental stage. The theory of governmental operations is the greatest good for the greatest number. This must be accepted as the theory and the ideal of the public schools. So while the grading system, with the division of labor principle applied to teachers, tends to ignore individualities and to reduce children to a single low level of mediocrity, it no doubt does more good to a greater number of children than the old systemless manner of the schools.

Now and then the public prints fall foul of the schools, and indulge in much hasty and superficial criticism of their methods and their achievements. Rational and intelligent criticism is always helpful, and is always gratefully received by the subject of it unless he have unmitigated conceit of his powers and perfections. But the empty vaporings, the unintelligent generalizations, the ill-tempered strictures of the daily paper are a source not of helpful suggestions to those who are in charge of the schools, but rather of acrimonious feelings. Those who look most carefully into the work that the public schools are doing are heartiest in their expressions of praise and admiration, and fullest of sympathetic appreciation of the teachers who with joy and almost religious consecration go faithfully about their monotonous and soul-wearying toil. No one realizes so fully as teachers and superintendents that the schools are not perfect; no one is so eager to improve them as they, so quick to take suggestions, to learn from experience; no one labors more faithfully than they in the performance of their arduous tasks and the upbuilding of the schools. What is most needed on the part of the public is a more intelligent appreciation of the almost sacred importance of the teacher's work, and a readier willingness to acquiesce in their efforts and demands. What the next generation is to be in intelligence and morality, the two qualities upon which more than all others depends the safety of our form of government and the happiness of our people, the public schools more than any other agency will determine.

We were recently much impressed with the sound common sense and hopeful temperateness which characterize the last report of Mr. Snow, who, with excellent judgment and eminent success, has for the last ten years been gradually elevating the schools of Auburn, New York, to the front rank of efficiency. While many of the opinions which he held at the beginning of his decade of work have been modified by experience, and his zeal and enthusiasm tempered by frequent disappointments, he has been steadily encouraged by the constantly increasing excellence of the schools. Of certain things he has become satisfied: "That good attendance can be secured by proper effort. That in the matter of teaching the danger lies in overestimating the ability of pupils and expecting too much of them. That in matters of discipline reasonable regulations should be established and inflexibly enforced—that exceptions thereto are uniformly mistakes. That is the best policy to employ the best teachers, and compensate them so liberally as to make them content to remain. That in the matter of school accommodations any outlay, short of extravagance, is commendable, if thereby the comfort and health of the pupils and the refining influences of pleasant surroundings are secured."

"I look to the future," he says further, "of the schools with no misgivings as to their success. Experience will suggest modifications in their organization and management, and existing defects will be remedied. The public school system is still in its immaturity. It is unjust to pronounce it a failure, or to predict failure for it, even if in the exuber-

ance of its youth, and under the admiring and indulgent eye of its guardians, it has at times shown tendencies to prodigality and waywardness, or has failed to meet the exactions of the pessimist. If the old system made better scholars of the few, it did not encourage and secure the education of the many, to the extent which may be justly claimed for the present system.

"The public schools, as now administered, are adapted to the average pupil. The exceptionally brilliant and the exceptionally dull are out of place there. The process of drilling pupils in platoons, of turning out scholars by wholesale, must ignore individualities. In our enthusiasm for free schools, the point has been overlooked, or at least has not been provided for. Time will remedy the defect. The question of secondary or advanced education at public expense has its warm advocates and its uncompromising opponents in every community. I believe in advanced education for all competent aspirants, but not in a nominal higher education for all who seek it, with no definite purpose as to its use. It is an essential element of a free school system, but prejudice will be allayed and the value of a higher education will be enhanced by judicious restrictions."

Such expressions as these—and they might no doubt be paralleled from the utterances of many superintendents—are clear evidence of the thoughtful zeal and earnest conscientiousness of those who are working out the problem of public schools in America. We may put large trust in them, but should remember that their hands and hearts will be strengthened by our sympathetic encouragement and appreciation of their efforts.

TABLE-TALK.

Our Own Language.—In the MONTHLY for March, dear "Dudley Digges, Esq.," diligently cut from some of our family names little lichens of foreign accent and spelling—trade-marks of borrowed aristocracy. It was neatly and sensibly done. But, alas! habit, like blood, "will tell." Having plucked his friends and mine of their waste letters, "D. D." let tip his rubbish basket and spilled into his own honest surname an extra *g* and a needless *e*. For it looks as clear as digging can make it, that "Dudley's" (a waste *e* there too) forefathers were plain "Digs." The original Mr. Digs took his name from his calling. Saxon has this habit of direct expression. Its simplicity in names of things it carries into names of people. Its native name for the Creator pushes his Latin name out of all common and effective use. Can you fancy a penitent's prayer beginning, "O, Deity!" One is here reminded, by the way, of an anecdote of the late Governor Tod, of Ohio. Being asked why he did not write his name with two *d*'s, he answered: "If God can get along with *one*, Tod can."

But is not the American eagerness for names of aristocratic flavoring a result rather than an original habit! Our early social fabric was woven of the theory that nothing is good that is not born abroad; our dress circles have continued the homage to imported manufactures; our social charlatans have paid large premiums on foreign fellows for their daughters; and our universities have made it a point of pride to wear the Greek-and-Latin collar, while our boarding-schools for girls and our operatic stage have instilled into our woman-world the falsehood that the languages of Southern Europe, more than English, indicate culture in their possessor. Even our people of literature have petted this passion with often substituting bad Latin and French for good English. What wonder that the aristocracy of wealth desires its family names to have a sound suggestive of ancestry and a coat-of-arms! Being rich, they would appear learned. Hence they follow the other shams.

No man is at his best till he ceases imitation; nor are nations. This country is not distinctively enough American. Not that it is not good to know our transatlantic neighbors or retain acquaintance with the literatures of Homer and Horace. But modesty does not call for daily boasting of these, nor does courtesy require that we exalt them above ourselves and the literature of our own language. We fear to be thought provincial in wisdom, if we abandon in anything the old university worship of the dead languages. And yet, light breaks from the new, darkness creeps upon the old. With the increasing disposition to encourage self-culture in students by the elective principle in studies, there comes a partial ebb to this flood of adoration for things foreign to us and our purposes. It begins to be seen that England Old and England New offer to youth *classics* as worthy of study as those of Rome and Athens, cleaner and more congenial than those of Paris and Berlin.

I believe in Latin enough to unravel our derivatives, but not in Latin and Greek to the exclusion of English and the sciences which specially widen mental vision, as has been the course in many of our American colleges. The old gold in Grecian and Roman utterances is already a valuable alloy in our Saxon. So with the modern tongues. Why keep sending after that which we already possess! No other language has had a literature comparable to our Anglo-American in strength and beauty, in levity and in weight, in wit and instruction, for praise or scorn, for flattery or denunciation, and peculiarly in purity of thought and diction.

This, my little thought on the cure for a borrowed nomenclature by abandonment of borrowed usages and languages, suffer me to tether to the thoughts of a few superiors. Macaulay's view is clear when he says: "The foundations of our constitution were laid by men who knew nothing of the Greeks, but that they denied the orthodox procession and cheated the Crusaders; and nothing of Rome but that the Pope lived there. . . . The spirit of the two most famous nations of antiquity was remarkably exclusive."

Emerson writes: "Two centuries ago Latin and Greek had a strict relation to all the science and culture there was in Europe. . . . This warfare against common sense still goes on. Four or six or ten years the pupil is parsing

Greek and Latin; and, so soon as he leaves the university, as it is ludicrously called, shuts those books for the last time. Is not this absurd, that the whole liberal talent of this country should be directed in its best years on studies which lead to nothing?"

At Harvard the student of the dead tongues writes twenty English compositions in four years; yet, among university snobs, his "A.B." outranks the "B.S." of his brother who has devoted four years to English and science.

"I do not myself believe that there is anything in the way of wisdom which is to be attained in any of the books of the old languages which at this moment may not be equally attained in books of our own literature." Under that judgment write John Bright.

James T. Fields: "I do not believe that the proper study of mankind or womankind is French or Sanskrit or Chinese; but, so far as *we* are concerned, it is English. The greatest and the purest have written in it."

"Devotion to ancient literature curbs development of the modern. Slavery to Latin is subjection of English."—Stuart Mill.

And says a Western master of language, Professor Swing: "To study many languages is like having many pocket-books to carry one dollar. The great men have known one language, and only one. The world wants one great language. The study of many languages would have spoiled Lincoln."

J. C. AMBROSE.

America in English Fiction.—The cheerful ignorance with which English writers of fiction describe American life and manners is one of the most amusing features (to an American) of English stories which in any way refer to our country. The grossness of Dickens's caricatures is at once recalled by everybody. Anthony Trollope, in his last novel, "Dr. Wortle's School," gives us a realistic picture—from his imagination—of the possibilities of life at a quiet boarding house in Chicago. We find one of the characters "seated in the bar," drinking, chewing a cigar, and "covering the circle around him with the results." There is an excited conversation between this rowdy and another. Both draw pistols. But a stranger interrupts and asks, "What are you men doing with them pistols?" suggests that if they are "a-going to do anything of that kind" they had best go elsewhere to do it, adding, in what must strike every one as unadulterated American, "It's a decent widow woman as keeps this house, and I won't see her set upon."

But the most amusing thing of this description that has recently come to our notice is a short sketch in "Chambers's Journal" for February. An account is given of a trip from "Buffalo, New York state," by steamer to Kingston. The stupid young Englishman who gets aboard a new steamer making its trial-trip is such an unconscionable blockhead that he does not discover this fact with its attendant privileges of a free passage, free lunch, and free berth. So he pays his fare, almost his last dollar; with what he has left gets some crackers and cheese, which are soon exhausted; lies to captain and steward when they invite him to the table and to take a berth,—he has no appetite and cannot sleep on ship-board,—starves day-times and shivers on deck nights, while everybody else is feasting and quaffing champagne and enjoying the music and many delays. But we have not yet begun to enjoy the richness of the sketch. We are gravely informed that in order to pass from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario the steamer passed through the Erie Canal. Such a discovery as this should place the writer among the royal geographers.

Not one of the many persons with whom he has conversation speaks English sensibly or grammatically. This is, of course, true to the life. It is such a notorious fact that the owners of our great lake steamers are ignorant and uncultured men, and the friends they invite to enjoy a trial-trip are of course drawn from the low and ignorant classes! But the English he puts into these people's mouths! It is here that the writer shows quite as much genius as in his geography. In absolute ignorance of peculiar American usages, he makes his Yankees speak such murdered English as no one ever yet heard in America, and, it is safe to say, never will hear. "Why—what is the meaning of this? Where are we now?" the narrator asks of a passenger the morning after he went aboard, as the boat stopped at a small port for repairs. And after this astonishing fashion the Yankee answers:

"Waal, mister, I reckon how it means that something hev gi'n way about the paddle-wheels, and these men is coming on board to put things to rights ag'in. As to whar we air, I know no more than you do. In some creek in the lake, I reckon."

"We are not yet near Kingston?" the English stupid continues.

"Nigh Kingston! No; I guess we bean't more than thirty miles at most from Buffler. These here new boats travels slow till they get into working order."

"Is this a new boat?"

"Waal, yes. Seein' as this is her first trial-trip, mister, I reckon she be," etc., etc.

In another conversation at something the Englishman says, an American replies: "Wa'll, now, do tell! That is moosical [amusing]." Americans always say "moosical" for amusing!

With the negro dialect this English genius succeeds just as well as with the Yankee. At the second stop the Englishman says to the steward: "Surely this cannot be Kingston?"

The negro replied with a grin: "Dis yere, Kingston, sar? No, sar; I guess dis not be Kingston. Dis Pictou, Prince Edward's, sar; Kingston long way off, yet. Nebber see Kingston dis night, sar."

"Then, in the name of goodness, why are we going in here?"

"Cos, sar, dem dur fellers wot make de repairs in de morning no do dere work proper, an' de wheel am broke down ag'in, sar."

Was there ever an exhibition of denser ignorance or greater presumption? No wonder your ordinary Englishman is so picturesquely and symmetrically ignorant of America, American topics and manners, when a periodical so respectable as "Chambers's Journal" calmly presents its readers with such grotesque misrepresentations.

DUDLEY DIGGES, ESQ.

Fate.—In the last grim analysis, as we think back beyond the furthest verge of thought into the silent counsels of eternity, one cannot help feeling, at times at least, that the small things as well as the great of this world are all ordered, and have been ordered from eternity; that the time is fixed for a man to be born and likewise for him to die, and that whatever precautions he takes, whatever course he pursues, death will find him out at the appointed time.

"For God hath seen
From when eternity began
Down to the latest era's span,
All things to come, and with serene
And holy purpose, purposed e'en
The lowliest circumstance of man."

This, of course, is fatalism. But that is just the point I am urging, that all of us sometimes cannot help feeling that, some way or other, how little soever we may understand, how bitterly soever we, in our ignorance, may cry out against it, there is, after all, a great truth in this foreordination and predestination of man's life and circumstances, his success or failure, and the day of his doom. To be sure, we, at other times, are quite as strongly impressed with the converse of this doctrine, or its antinomy, as the great German philosopher termed it; and in the proud consciousness of our power to do and to make we shrill forth the words Shakspere puts in the mouth of Cassius:

"Men at sometimes are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves that we are underlings."

And yet, for all that, "the man born to be king," however much the monarch of the land strove to thwart the will of the gods, and though he himself seemed to do nothing to further himself, at length won the princess, and was crowned king of all the land.

The Moslems have a belief that the Destinies are riding forth forever upon their fleet steeds, and when the supreme moment comes, it matters not whether you are in the thickest of the dreadful fray or lying peacefully dreaming upon your couch of silk, they will find you out.

"The Destinies ride on by night
Their horses fleet, and tho' we sleep
On downy beds while languors creep
Soft o'er our limbs, or battle's white
And lurid flames flash forth their light
Amid the war-clouds dark and deep

Which hover o'er, and death groans smite
Our ears, commingled with the shout
Of victors following up the rout;
It matters not. In gloom, in light,
Where'er we are, howe'er bedight,
Death's angel still will find us out!"

I know of no more felicitous expression of this helplessness of man in the presence of his fate, of the idleness of all precautions on his part at such a time, than the little poem, by Bret Harte, entitled "Fate," with which I will conclude these rambling reflections:

"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the woods are dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb,
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock."

RICHARD BENEDICT.

Long Life.—The subject of longevity is always one of great interest to everybody. "Live forever" is a favorite salutation in some countries. In the old times people found great delight in imagining their heroes gifted with continual life and unfading bloom of youth. With what breathless interest one follows Ponce de Leon as he plunges into the wild forests of Florida in the fruitless search for the fabled fountain. With the advance of civilization and the scientific study of disease and medicine and the better understanding of sanitary conditions and laws, there has been a steady increase in the average life of the individual. Governments are studying how best to promote length of life. Those who lead sober, peaceful lives, free from all great troubles and strong excitements, are surest of the coveted length of days.

Some time ago the French Government sent a circular letter to all the districts of that country to collect information as to those conditions of life which seemed to favor longevity. The replies were very interesting, but on the whole rather monotonous; the general result was that longevity is promoted by great sobriety, regular labor, especially in the open air, absence of excessive fatigue, easy hours, freedom from galling poverty, a philosophical mind in meeting troubles, not too much intellect, and a domestic life. The value of marriage was universally admitted, and long-lived parents were also found an important factor. A healthy climate and good water were mentioned. All this agrees with common sense, unless the idea that the intellect is a hindrance to longevity be considered unreasonable, and we know that some of the most intellectual men have lived to great age.

Interesting researches concerning the comparative longevity of men and women in Europe have recently been made by the Director of the Bureau of Statistics at Vienna. From these it appears that about a third more women than men reach advanced age. This seems corroborative of what was said above. Women oftener than men lead quiet, regular lives. They have fewer bad habits; are less exposed to strong passions and excitements.

A machine for making artificial snow has lately been perfected in England. The question may possibly be asked, Of what use can such a contrivance be, when the supply of the natural commodity is nowadays so far above what we care about? We are apt to forget that in many countries snow is a luxury. In the bazaars of Cabul, for instance, it is sold as such; and mixed with sherbet, it forms a favorite drink. The machine in question is intended for Palermo, where frost is rarely experienced.

A man should never undertake to control a horse till he has learned to control himself.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Mr. S. R. Winans, of Princeton, whose excellent edition of the "Memorabilia" (published last year by John Allyn, Boston) has been received with such favor by classical instructors, has again put the lovers of sound Greek learning under obligations to himself by editing Xenophon's Symposium (publisher as above). This is the first time this little classic has been edited in America—the first time, indeed, if we mistake not, with English notes. The same excellent qualities which characterized Mr. Winans's first venture into the fields of classic editing are everywhere prominent in this new and slighter work. He seems even to move with surer tread and greater freedom. As in the "Memorabilia," he has introduced into the text brief suggestive summaries at the beginning of every new paragraph, or when there is a change of subject, thus affording the student some clue to what he is about to read. The notes are brief, but directly to the point. Everything of real difficulty is fully explained. There is no padding with sentence after sentence of the original put into stilted English paraphrase; but on the other hand idiomatic expressions are constantly put into idiomatic English phrases, so that the student, by numerous examples, is incited to avoid the excessive literalness of translation which so effectually perverts the spirit and misrepresents the grace of the original. Without making his notes the receptacle for everything relevant and irrelevant which could be raked together from the four quarters of the world, he has introduced from other classic writers many passages which actually do illustrate the matter in hand; and grammatica and philological principles he often elucidates with great felicity by the use of apposite English examples. He remembers always that he is making a book primarily for students.

The Symposium gives a delightful picture of a Greek festal banquet, with the amusements and the conversation which caused the hours of the night to slip rapidly and pleasantly away. Socrates is the central figure of the company—the life of the party—the controlling spirit of the discussions. The social side of the great teacher is charmingly delineated. The Symposium would naturally follow the "Memorabilia" in a course of Greek reading or instruction. Its colloquial style, the view it gives of Greek manners, its intrinsic interest and brevity, make it an excellent work for class-room study. We wonder that it has not found greater favor with American teachers. Probably it has been because it has not heretofore been suitably edited and judiciously expurgated of the few passages which are offensive to modern taste, but which happily are not necessary to the unity and completeness of the piece. Doubtless Mr. Winans's work will be received with hearty welcome. As a single criticism—almost too trivial to mention—we are sorry to observe that Mr. Winans does not conform to the better usage in the formation of the possessive of proper names ending in *s*, but uses the apostrophe only.

We are greatly mistaken or we shall have much and excellent work in the interest of Greek from Mr. Winans. The sound scholarship, the keen critical insight, the judicious common sense, the sympathetic appreciation of the Greek spirit and life, and the intelligent understanding of the needs of the American class-room, which characterize his present work, lead us to expect many valuable contributions from his pen. It should be a cause of congratulation to Princeton that a scholar of such promise is numbered among its faculty.

"On the Threshold," by Theodore T. Munger, is the title of a volume recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston). It is a book written specifically and particularly for young men, but, as is the case with all good special treatises, it will be found full of valuable suggestions for many others than the particular class for which it was specially intended. The author has no brand new theory of the way to make life successful and worth living; he preaches no new doctrine, but he presents old views and common beliefs in a vital, vivid, quickening way. The zeal and earnestness with which he insists upon practical common sense and sturdy independence in all the actions and relations of life are especially refreshing in these days of growing effeminacy and listless aimlessness on the part of large numbers of young men. The subjects of the various papers of which the book is made up are "Purpose, Friends and Companions, Manners, Thrift, Self-reliance and Courage, Health, Reading, Amusements, and Faith," and the thoughts and discussions and practical suggestions presented upon each of these important topics are clear, straightforward, and manly. We were especially struck with the eminent common sense of the papers upon Health and Reading. One may not agree with all the statements and suggestions of the author upon this latter topic, but the general effect of the essay is good, and only good. We greatly doubt the advisability of giving a dogmatic list of the best writers of any class of literature, such as is presented upon page 169 of the "best novelists." And it does seem strange, too, that in a list of the "best novelists" in which Cooper and Lever, not to mention others, figure, such names as Fielding, Balzac, George Sand, Manzoni, and Turgenieff and many others are conspicuous by their absence. The style is for the most part simple, direct, and pleasing, but it at times gives evidence of carelessness and haste. We have noticed more than one instance of doubtful syntax, and sometimes figures are curiously jumbled, as when on page 160 he speaks about the way that the knowledge of evil gets into the mind by reading. He says: "It entrenches itself in the imagination, where it stays and multiplies itself, breeding through the fancy, turning these noblest faculties into ministers of perdition." Immediately one tries to analyze this remarkable sentence, its absurdities

appear. But instances of such loose writing are very few. The book as a whole is admirable in purpose, spirit, and execution.

The firm last mentioned has recently published also a little book upon "The Servant Girl Question," by Harriett Prescott Spofford. The trials and perplexities of housekeepers in dealing with their servants are very clearly presented. But just as clearly the author succeeds in looking at the entire question from the girl's standpoint. She makes it perfectly plain that the difficulties and the causes of complaint are not all upon one side, but shows conclusively that many extenuating circumstances may be urged for the shortcomings and stupidities of the much-suffering and much-maligned Bridget. It strikes us, by the way, that she narrows the treatment of this absorbing topic of interest to housewives by virtually ignoring all but Irish servants, while, if we mistake not, there is now a large and growing proportion of German servant girls who bring quite a new set of experiences to the much-worried mistress. The author has many clever things to say about the unreasonable interferences of the master with household arrangements and his annoying exactions. Whatever one may think of special arguments or positions championed by the author, she at least makes it absolutely clear that improvement in our domestic service can only be brought about by a fuller understanding on the part of all concerned of the peculiarities and difficulties of the problem and a willingness on the part of all to take a sensible view of the situation, and make reasonable concessions. Relief is also hoped for in the establishment of training-schools for servants, in the inducing of girls of American parentage to enter domestic service, and as a last resort in the unlimited importation of the deft and cleanly sons of the Flowery Kingdom. The book deserves the careful consideration of all who are wearied and worried with this vexing question.

Over fifty per cent. of the deaths are of children under five years of age, and the greater part of these of infants under twelve months. It is no unusual thing to hear of families who have lost three or four healthy-born babies. These facts are leading physicians and parents to a more thorough study of the conditions of infant health. It is absurd to suppose that nature brings so many little bits of humanity into existence only to doom them to death. Dr. C. E. Page has recently devoted special attention and study to this important problem, and as the result of his study and experiment upon his own baby, has written a little book, entitled "How we Fed the Baby" (Fowler & Wells, New York). The most serious cause for infant disorders he finds in excessive and too frequent feeding. If babies are properly fed, and at regular intervals, not more than three times a day, the author believes that the lives of most infants would be happy and free from disease and pain. Parents will find the little book full of useful information and sensible suggestions.

From D. Lothrop & Co. (Boston) we have received a story intended for young people, entitled "For Mack's Sake," issued in their usual handsome and attractive style of binding. The story itself, though somewhat deficient in interest, and in some respects untrue to life, is nevertheless well written and highly moral in tone.

From T. B. Peterson & Brothers we are in receipt of a reprint of "Linda; or, the Young Pilot of the Belle," one of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz's most popular novels. The tone of the story is eminently healthful, as are all those from the pen of this gifted author. There are few works of American fiction that have attained a higher degree of popularity than have those of Mrs. Hentz and Mrs. Southworth, published by this firm.

Henry Greville successfully maintains her reputation as a skillful writer, through the pure and faithful manner in which she portrays Russian life and customs. "Xenie's Inheritance," her latest work, a copy of which we have also received from the above publishers, is an exquisitely told story, containing many charming pictures of Russian society life. Its different characters are all drawn with that spirited and delicate touch for which the writer is especially noted.

The prolific French writer, Zola, has given us another evidence of his style of realism in "Therese Raquin," a translation of which, by John Stirling, has just been published by the above firm. We have no objections to his probing the putrid and ulcerous surface of French society life, but we *do* protest against having the horrible stench imported for the benefit of our olfactories.

Novel Designs.—The curious arabesques produced on window-panes by frost have suggested to a French inventor a system of obtaining designs for printed stuffs by crystallization. He has made experiments with solutions of the sulphates of zinc, copper, iron, alumina, and magnesia, with which plates of glass were covered, and then allowed to dry slowly, at different temperatures. The crystals thus deposited form a great variety of fanciful figures, flowers, feathers, stars, etc. These may be fixed by the addition of albumen or gelatine. If copper plates are used, the designs thus obtained may also be made permanent by electrotyping. The great difficulty is to obtain continuous patterns to be reproduced on the cylinders used for printing; but that may be overcome by using cylindrical plates of copper, and turning them on their axes while the evaporation is going on. The crystallization is, however, frequently irregular, and leaves blank spaces, which spoil the harmony of the design; but that defect will probably be overcome by experience. It is not certain that the method has yet been practically employed; but the idea is ingenious, and will no doubt be eventually turned to account.

"The Woman in Black," a story of a handsome and ambitious woman, and a novel of English society in high and low life, said to be a companion to "The Woman in White," has just been published by the Petersons. The author's name is not given, and we are at a loss to account for the fact, other than that he was fully conscious of a lack of merit in his work. It is anything but striking in interest or incidents.

Notes.—Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, in a recent number of the "Cornhill Magazine," makes a valuable contribution to the literary history of the period of the restoration. Sir George Etheredge has heretofore been one of the shadowiest figures of that time. By the recent discovery of valuable manuscript information regarding him and the collecting of all contemporary references, Mr. Gosse is enabled to give us a very vivid picture of the gay and indolent life of the poet and diplomat. He shows, furthermore, that he is a person of considerable importance in the history of English comedy. He was the first to employ rhymed heroics in the ordinary dialogue of comedy. This was in 1664. Dryden had previously recommended their use, but Etheredge, in "The Rival Ladies," set the fashion which lasted then with more or less vigor till the end of the century. To Etheredge is due also the breaking away from the old models in comedy. By his introduction of "gay, realistic scenes" and characters unmistakably true in their appearance and in their follies and vices to the times, he "virtually founded English comedy, as it was successively understood by Congreve, Goldsmith, and Sheridan."——E. P. Coby & Co. (New York) have published in pamphlet shape a somewhat fuller form of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.'s, article in the April "Harper," under the title "Life Insurance Does Assure." It will be found valuable for the statistics it contains, as also for embodying the results of a policy-holder's unprejudiced study of the system.——A Baltimorean sends the *Nation* the following edifying paragraph from a recent German history of civilization (Karl Faulmann's "Illustrirte Cultur-Geschichte"), which curiously illustrates the average European ignorance about America, and the European incapacity to distinguish between the normal and the exceptional in American life and language. The column headed *Amerikanisch* is soberly given as a specimen of the English spoken in America, while opposite is placed what the author supposes to be the correct English equivalent. The italics, it is needless to add, are ours:

Amerikanisch.	*Englisch.*
I haf von funny leedle poy	I have *one* funny little boy
Vot gomes schust to my knee,	*What games* just to my knee,
Der queerest schap, der greatest rogue,	The queerest *shape*, the greatest rogue,
As efer you dit see;	*As* ever you did see;
He runs and schumps and schmasches dings	He runs and jumps and smashes things
In all barts off der house—	In all parts of the house—
But vot off dot? he vas my son,	But what of that? he *was* my son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.	My little Jacob Strauss.

——At the recent sale of Mr. George Brinley's collection of books, the most notable book sold was a Gutenberg Bible, which was bought by a young New York lawyer for $8000. The copy is not dated, but is believed to have been printed between 1450 and 1455. We copy from the *Scientific American* the following description of the precious volume. For four centuries the book lay buried in the obscure library of the Predigerkirche, at Erfurt, where it was discovered some fifteen years ago. It was purchased by Mr. Brinley in 1873. This Bible belongs to the extraordinarily rare first edition, and may properly claim to be the first book ever printed with types. The text is the vulgate of St. Jerome. The type is Gothic, and not only the hundreds of illuminated capitals, brilliantly colored and decorated, but the paucity of typographical errors and the nice execution of detail, evince its title to precedence of many other copies in point of origin, and its production as an exemplar. The capitals are many of them emblazoned with ornamentation in gold, and the two volumes are in the original binding—thick oak boards sheathed in calf, beautifully stamped, protected at the corners with ornamented shields of brass, and decorated at the centre with designs in the same metal and bosses. The edges of many of the leaves are uncut and show traces of the cues of the rubricator. They are very broad, measuring 15⅛ by 11½ inches on the leaf. The book is without title-pages; there is no pagination. The 641 leaves are printed in double columns, of forty-two lines each, and the initials and rubrics are in manuscript. The large folio volumes are of nearly equal thickness, the first, of 324 leaves, ending with the Psalms, and the second, of 317, completing the text. One leaf of the first volume is in fac-simile, and sixteen of the second. The copy is in an excellent state of preservation, unstained by time or mildew, and has evidently never been washed. The decoration is arabesque, and Dr. Trumbull infers from its general sumptuousness that it was originally intended for the library of some prince or nobleman—possibly some kindly patron of the struggling inventor.——There were sold, besides, three copies of the famous Eliot Indian Bible. The competition was sharp, and they brought respectively $900 (first edition), $590, and $550 (second edition). More remarkable, if anything, was the price ($525) paid for twelve leaflets printed in Gothic letter, in the city of Mexico, in 1544, being directions for the conduct of religious processions. These are of interest and value only as a specimen of early American printing. Other notable sales were a volume of genealogical tracts and pamphlets, $332; Romans's "History of East and West Florida" (New York, 1775), $265; Laudonnière and Gourgues's "Histoire Notable de la Floride" (Paris, 1586), $250; Nodal's "Relacion del Viaje" (Madrid, 1621), $240. Four other rare tomes brought prices above a hundred dollars.——A little bit of genuine Byronic misanthropy and bravado has recently been brought to light in the National French Library, in the shape of a letter from the poet to the Count D'Orsay. The letter is in French, and concludes in this characteristic manner: "It makes me sad to think, on your account, who commenced life so brilliantly, what your feeling will be when the hour comes in which you will find the illusion broken. Never mind. On with the dance. Enjoy every hour while you can. The innumerable advantages of youth, talent, and presence you possess. Such is the wish of an Englishman, for such I suppose I am, though my mother was Scotch and my name and family are Norman. As for me, I belong to no country; and as for my works, of which you are good enough to speak, let them go to the devil, from whence they came, if I am to believe a great many people."——The smallest book in the world, so far as known, is a book recently discovered in Florence, Italy. It is an *Office de la Vierge*, printed at Venice, by Juntas, in 1549. It consists of 256 minute pages, printed on a single sheet of ordinary book size, red and black letters, and bound in red morocco, with gilt edges, raised bands or fillets, the chargings and clasps in silver. The size of this little typographical *chef-d'œuvre* is two inches in length by an inch and a quarter in breadth.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Thoughts on Marriage.—Marriage has grown to be so much an affair of houses and lots, of checks and silverware and satin gowns, that one is forced to stop and ask, occasionally, whether young people ever consult their hearts at such periods, and whether affection is of any importance, providing the dowers of the contracting parties are satisfactory. It is not probable that young people of a marriageable age consider very deeply upon the responsibilities of married life, and upon the infinite grace and patience required in the assimilation of two lives and natures. But their elders must have learned the lesson, and it would seem as if they ought to feel more deeply how much their experience might benefit their children. A conventional marriage is a thing for which the participants require little preparation; but a real marriage is a partnership of a different sort,—conventional people would call it sentimental,—for it demands that the wife shall be forever the helpmeet and lover of her husband, that the husband shall remain always the lover and protector of his wife.

Few women appreciate the responsibility of their positions. The fact that a great and noble task lies before them, and that within the dull and uninteresting routine of domestic duty there is hidden a kernel of truth which they may unfold, remains unsuspected by them. It does not occur to them that life is a problem, or that love is easily frost-bitten, or that children need to be surrounded by an invisible network of influences.

Morality is, after all, somewhat relative. Doubtless Cleopatra was an immoral woman, and Antony, according to all the conventionalities, was much to be condemned for deserting the blameless and highly connected Octavia, though he did not love her, to dwell with the woman who had borne him children and whom he loved. But there is a great deal of immorality, of a different kind, which forms the daily life of countless marriages, and it is almost, if not quite, as deadly and far-reaching in its results as the more flagrant and conspicuous kind. Marriage is the doorway through which humanity must pass to reach a free and perfect development of mental and physical powers, and in order that its full effects may be felt, the union which it necessitates should be a very close and tender one. It should be entered cautiously, should be sought not from any economic motives, but only from the promptings of congenial love.

> "For indeed I know
> Of no more subtle master under heaven
> Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
> Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thought and amiable words
> And courtliness and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

A hasty and youthful passion is frequently no more certain guide to marital felicity than the monetary or conventional consideration, for often young people may be superficially attracted to each other, who possess no real elements of congeniality.

But marriage should be founded upon substantial, congenial friendship, as well as the love which passion inspires,—a friendship which has faith and can endure rebuffs.

For marriage to the most congenial souls is not a bed of roses. We are distinct individuals, each of us; we are surrounded by a wall of impervious personality, and the instinct of self-preservation is such that we repel too close a contact. No matter how dearly a man and a woman may love each other, they are obliged to become accustomed to living side by side, and several years of mingled light and shadow frequently pass before the process of assimilation has advanced so far that they can enjoy each other. There will be seasons when hatred seems substituted for love. If Maria has a snub nose, John will become a veritable Greek in his critical appreciation of beauty, and it will seem to him that he cannot endure that offending member in his wife's countenance; while Maria, on the contrary, grows unduly apprehensive as to John's demeanor, appearance, and behavior, and even asks herself why she never noticed certain things about him before. They may even indulge in "squabbles"—there is no other name for them—about the most trivial matters. They will enter depths of domestic depravity, the existence of which they never dreamed of, and say and do things so ill-bred that they would blush if an outsider could behold them. They may break their hearts a thousand times, and wish they had never married, and yet, if they truly love each other, the time will come when the waves will cease rolling, the skies will smile, and Hymen's torch will shed a mellow lustre over all their after-life.

A happy marriage requires unceasing growth in both parties. Love is not a possession which stays necessarily by reason of the first seizure. A woman need not blame a man because he loses his passion for her, if she has taken no pains to keep it alive, and a man, if he is deprived of his wife, usually has himself to thank for the theft. Many women feel aggrieved because their husbands cease to be lovers after marriage, but they do not reflect how much reason there frequently is for such a change.

Before marriage a man seeks his love with a sense of inspiration. She is to him a glimpse of hidden possibilities, a miracle of undiscovered virtues. He never seeks her without the hope of seeing some new grace unfolded, and therefore everything she does or says, even though it be only the motion of her hand, he accepts as new proof of the delicious fruition of his joy. But after marriage his idol is no longer new and untried; he knows her, he has counted over all her virtues, he feels as though there were nothing more for him to gain, and if he is reinforced in this conviction by the behavior of his spouse, he naturally loses interest in her. This state of things is equally true of the wife, though in a less pronounced degree, for as the husband's passion was stronger before marriage, so its reaction is more speedy after its consummation.

Before marriage the husband did the wooing, but after that it must be done by the wife, if it is done at all. And

here begins the labor of the wife, the love which is not sentimental, but earnest, the building of that spiritual hearth-fire which is to keep the hearts of husband and children soft and warm. If the girls and the mothers who bring them up would only stop to consider the unpalatable truth that the woman's end of the marital yoke is much harder to support than the man's, and would act accordingly, there would be fewer disappointing and unhappy marriages.

A man through his business connections mingles constantly with the world; he meets fresh phases of life at every step, sees strange people, hears of odd occurrences and unsuspected developments of circumstances. His brain is ever on the alert, ever in use, though it may not be a very brilliant or active brain, and he is forced to advance and learn constantly. Now, when he goes home, what especial pleasure is it to him to be met by a listless, flaccid woman, who has been seated all day with her feet upon a hot-air register, with no fresher experiences to inspire her than those she may gain from a French novel?—a woman who has no hearty interest for anything, who does not even understand her own children and their needs, who cannot put warmth into the kiss with which she greets him.

There are men who would not be good husbands under any circumstances, and many men who are good husbands in the main, have faults which the best of wives cannot overcome, because they are bred in them by the unequal position of the sexes, and their consequent impressions regarding women. But the average man will fulfill his half of the marital bargain, provided the woman will accomplish hers, for the wife is a possession which selfishness prompts him to value.

The woman who wishes to keep the atmosphere of her home vigorous is not necessarily intellectual, but she is necessarily active and alive to many interests. There is no especial virtue in domestic labor, unless it is rendered pressing by narrow means, but it is much better for a woman to make fires and sweep than to sit and do nothing. Her effort should be always in some way to keep apace with her husband and children, so that they do not find her, as a rule, dull and unspontaneous; to form her opinions upon a groundwork of common sense, so that they will not deserve the anathema of "woman's reasons." In short, it is as much a woman's business as a man's to work and live in an active existence of some kind, and if she passes her days in a listless and idea-less indolence, she must not complain if her husband seems cold, and if her children grow up without feeling in any good direction the effect of the motherly influence and care. M. H. FORD.

What I Know About Medicine.—There is no mistake, my baby is a lovely baby, white and plump, and wholesome to look upon. I can afford to be foolish over him, but the way Nicodemus grins and screws up his face and chirps to him is unbearable. Now the first thing I intend to do is to study medicine, that I may know how to doctor him.

"Nicodemus—eh! Nicodemus, I say!"

Nicodemus rushed in with his foolish mouth wide open, and a great splash of ink on one side of his nose.

"What is it, little woman—what is it? Nothing the matter of little Nick?"

"Sit right down there, Nicodemus, I have something to say, and business to do."

Nicodemus put his finger side of his nose, but I pulled it down, for I would not stand nonsense.

"You see, Nicodemus, I am well provided for; there is the silver porringer, there is the coral rattle with silver bells, and there is the baby."

"To be sure," muttered Nicodemus.

"Now do hold that foolish tongue of yours. I'm going to study medicine."

"Wonderful little woman!"

"Go right out, Nicodemus Bunson, and get me a Materia Medica."

"To be sure. Wise little woman! Shall it be in English or Latin?"

"English, to be sure. Why should a woman's and a mother's brain be addled with Latin?"

"Sure enough! English it shall be."

"Don't stop to reason—go right out and buy me Dr. Buchan's 'Family Physician.'"

"Dr. Buchanan, over the way, puts two *ans* to the last of his name."

"Oh, Nicodemus! It is not the doctor, but a book, I want to buy, and set myself to study 'the ills that flesh is heir to.'"

"Wonderful woman!"

Nicodemus went out, and I sat contemplating the baby sleeping like an angel under his canopy of lace. There is no mistake, however. His nose is a pug. Mine is high Roman; but Nicodemus is unfortunate in his nose, and so the baby suffers. It was not long before Nicodemus was heard groaning at the door under pretense that the "Family Physician" was of great weight.

I seized it indignantly and turned to "Infantile Diseases." I read on and on, and then rushed to baby's crib, and with my thumb and finger opened his mouth. Mercy! how he doubled himself the wrong way! But I had made a discovery. He had the red gum, "red goom," nurse told about.

"Sally Minnikin, run straight to the druggist and buy me some honey in this china mug, and some borax." While she was gone I took a piece of fine lawn and tied it to a stick for a swab, while my poor Nicodemus stood by exclaiming:

"Wise little woman! Wonderful woman!"

The next thing was to swab out his mouth and thus kill the disease in its incipiency. I was quite frightened at the way he kicked and screamed and sputtered the stuff about.

"I am sure a mother needs wisdom and strength no less, I said to Nicodemus. But I went on to study other complaints, and grew quite sick of heart to see how many bad symptoms little Nick had. I was sure he had scarlet fever and nettle-rash, and a few other diseases of the kind.

Nicodemus scuffled in his slippers up and down the room, trying to still the screeching, while I turned to the article Colic. Yes, he most assuredly had an alarming attack.

"Run, Sally Minnikin, and get me some coriander. Poor child! he will have a fit, and what shall I do?"

Then I turned to Fits, and looking at little Nick's hands clenched, with the thumbs in the palm, and his face as red as a beet, I was sure he would go into a fit. I rang the bell and directed hot water and the bath-tub at once.

"Poor little baby! Such a sudden change! Oh! what if he should die?" I cried, bursting into tears.

The coriander was cooled and sweetened, and then came the tug of war to get it down little Nick's throat. He spluttered and kicked, and gurgled in the throat, but not one drop would he swallow. Then I held his nose—and he could do nothing else, and down it went. Oh, what a cruel trial it was! and there stood Nicodemus, with his face puckered in commiseration, or something else, and could not help me in the least. At last I got the baby's clothes off his back and put him into the tub—it might have been a trifle too hot—poor baby! for he shrieked fearfully, and grew cherry-red, but eventually he dropped away to sleep like a little lamb, and I renewed my study of the "Family Physician, and feeling myself entirely upset, I turned to complaints of the nervous system.

"Nicodemus dear," I said quite humbly, "I am on the verge of a nervous fever; please get me some valerian and a Dover's powder."

Nicodemus—good soul—stooped down and kissed my forehead, and went out to procure the medicine, and I looked at poor little Nick, sobbing in his sleep and starting now and then with a sharp cry. I am sure he is dangerously ill, and I am now too much exhausted to study Buchan and learn what to do for him. Oh! what a blessed boon to mothers is that "Family Physician"! How many children have escaped an untimely grave by the help of those heavenly decoctions, which relieve all their sufferings. I neglected the study of medicine too long, but if my life is spared, I will make up for lost time. How I envy these noble women who devote their lives to this humane study—who go about with little skulls in their satchel, and fibulas and tibulas and all that, to dissect as they get time, and are never without a pill or a powder in case of an emergency.

By this time Nicodemus came in with the valerian and Dover's powder. He mixed the latter himself. As he gave me the spoon, hardly able to speak from tears and anxiety, I said:

"Dear Nicodemus, if anything should—should—happen to me—while under this prescription—you know—if—I threw it up—the case is fatal—take good—care of little Nick—and don't—marry for a year—give him his coriander—when he wakes——"

I was now floating—floating away. I saw a ship come nigh and I went on board; then I saw heaps and heaps of diamonds and pearls and rubies, and a little man with a big head and legs of no account told me to kiss him, and I wouldn't; and then I was sailing down on an iceberg with two white bears, who hugged up little Nick, and made faces at me; then I was in a land of such lovely flowers and sweet music, and pretty children—all sucking their thumbs and eating coriander; women were sitting round a big caldron making a stew—I looked in, and there was poor little Nick bubbling up and down. I screamed, I suppose, for Nicodemus had me in his arms, crying bitterly, and saying, "Poor little woman!"

"Poor little woman, indeed!" It was my mother's voice. "Poor little fool!" And she opened the window and threw the "Family Physician" out on the head of a policeman who happened to be under the window.

"Nicodemus, be a man, and never mind the tantrums of that girl. With Dr. Buchan she would soon be down with every disease in the medical vocabulary, and kill poor little Nick outright." And she kissed me and laughed, and kissed till I laughed, and Nicodemus laughed, and the baby crowed and kicked, quite himself again.

This ended my study of medicine. I was ashamed to ask for another copy of Dr. Buchan, and contented myself after this, in true matrimonial style, to raise my babies without coriander, and to visit all my vagaries upon Nicodemus, who is such a model of patience and harmless goodness, that, in spite of his pug-nose, I am obliged to think him the best man in the world, though he refuses to let me ever take another Dover's powder.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Victorious Failures.—Paradoxical as the title of this paper may seem, it is in reality not so; for while there are many victories as disastrous as defeats, so there are many defeats which are equivalent to victories. A failure may be pronounced a success in the same ratio that it leads to ultimate triumph. There is a deep and world-wide significance in the legend of King Robert Bruce and the spider. Whether the story be true or not I do not care; it answers my purpose. Again and again was the spider beaten back in the endeavor to accomplish its engineering feat; and yet seeming failure was but the nurse of courage till at length final victory crowned its enterprise. Given proportionate energy and determination in the breast of every man, and he might move mountains. He would be proof against defeat, invincible against fate. For many weary years Bruce was to all seeming a hopeless adventurer, schooled in hardship and stricken by adversity. For long, we are told, he listened in Highland glens to the bay of the bloodhounds on his track, or held single-handed a pass against a crowd of savage clansmen. It seemed incredible that such an one should ever come to wear the crown of Scotland. But all his severe training was not actual failure; it was the preparation for victory. Every hardship encountered brought him one stage nearer the goal; and how, then, can such enterprises be termed failures?

Seneca says that a virtuous man struggling with misfortune is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with envy; and we may of course widen the scope of that word virtuous to include all brave spirits struggling after noble and definite ends. If failure and success are to be measured by the immediate effects which human actions produce upon mankind, then some of our best and greatest men were conspicuous failures. Take one or two examples as they occur to us. On a certain Sunday in February, 1526, Cardinal Wolsey sat in great state in old St. Paul's. Beneath the pulpit were gathered baskets of books, which were speedily to be burned in the fire lighted before the great cross. These were Tyndale's Testaments, produced with great labor and under severe hardship, and given to the people of England to be their moral and spiritual life-blood. They were all destroyed, and ten years later the body of Tyndale also had perished like his books in the flames. But was the truth stamped out? On the contrary, it rose again stronger than ever. And Tyndale, was he defeated and his work a

failure? Let the millions who have reaped the advantage of his brave Christian courage and labor testify.

Think, again, of Avisseau, the potter of Tours. Three hundred years had passed away since Palissy had died and carried with him his secret to the grave. Avisseau aspired to bring back to men the knowledge of the lost art. But he labored on, day and night, apparently in vain. His goods were sold and he lost all; and at length he was driven to exclaim, "Ah, could I but buy one piece of gold with a whole cupful of my blood!" Surely here was failure blank and utter! No; daylight was in view, though the world saw it not. Avisseau had a wife cast in the same noble and heroic mould as himself. She gazed lovingly and lingeringly upon her wedding-ring, but at last drew the little sacred thing from her finger and gave it to her husband. "'Tis our own," she said; "then take the gold and melt it down." It was a moment of terrible agony for the man of science, but his wife insisted upon the talisman going into the crucible. The anxious moments passed, and it was found that the sacrifice had not been made in vain: Avisseau rediscovered the secret of enameled gold. No failure here.

Another and more recent example where the human mind has risen beyond the depressing influence of failure is furnished by the career of Sir Walter Scott. At fifty-five he found himself burdened with a debt of over half a million. How he set about the Herculean task of paying this, with what zeal and success he labored on till death overtook him, every one knows. Instances like these might be easily multiplied.

Failure may be regarded as success in so far as it leads to renewed effort. Of course there may be instances when no amount of application in the same field can bring about the desired end; and in these cases perseverance must necessarily be foolish and futile. But these examples are exceedingly rare. In the realms of thought, imagination, and science, failures to-day are but the groundwork of success to-morrow. Original minds in past centuries dimly saw the possibilities which we have made actual, and their failures to translate their nebulous ideas into action cannot in any sense be regarded as defeats. They originated principles which have since been translated into grand concrete forms, and were therefore the pioneers of these later days.

Failure results in many instances from our not having a precise and definite object in view. Hence, Cervantes makes the inimitable Sancho Panza say, "Some people go out for wool and come home shorn." Numbers of individuals start out for the Land of Promise, but beat a precipitate retreat immediately they sniff the nauseous odor of the Slough of Despond; and perhaps it is as well this should be so, for if they cannot combat the initial trials of the campaign, how would they fare when the battle should wax hot with them in the Valley of Great Controversy? Now to a lofty soul, fully conscious of the nobility and grandeur indwelling with it, trials act but as incentives, and the brambles which prick and sting suffice to rouse him when he is in danger of sleeping the sleep of death. But there is forced upon us the melancholy reflection that too often the goal aspired after is as inadequate to satisfy the mind as are the difficulties great and numberless through which the man passes to attain to it. The great thing is to set before us an end worthy of our powers, always remembering that he who aims high is sure to achieve more than he who is contented with a lower and meaner horizon. Every man has within his grasp, at least, to achieve one great and noble success, and that is a good life. This no one can mar but himself, and if it be a failure at the last, on his head alone must rest the blame. Live nobly, and heaven itself will preserve thy fame. But to do this, a man must live conscientiously, manfully, virtuously. He must have that sheet-anchor of the soul, faith in Providence; and then, if all his earthly affairs should have stamped upon them the world "failure," he himself will remain calm and unmoved amidst the wreck of all things. His life is not a failure who through every reverse of fortune attains a higher manhood.

Infinite in number, and as various in character, are our human ambitions. These goals of success are, indeed, coextensive with the race itself, for what man indulges precisely the same desires and day-dreams as his brother? Many of these ambitions are of a mean and vulgar type, and we may without scruple or lack of generosity rejoice when they result in failure. The time will come—though it is still far distant—when even the ambition of the warrior will be stripped of its false glory and grandeur, and he himself stand exposed as one of the greatest enemies of humanity. He has too long already retarded the march of mankind; and not until the sword has been returned to its scabbard, nevermore to be unsheathed, will men feel that they are brothers, and join hand to hand in the great victory of right over might. Meanwhile, we gaze through the vista of past ages, and almost insensibly breathe a wish to follow after and emulate the spirit of a veritably great man. Who is this hero? It is not Cæsar, as, after the defeat of Scipio and the capture of Pompey, he enters Rome amid unparalleled honors and congratulations; it is not Mahomet, after he has overrun the various kingdoms of Asia and Africa, and forced his new religion upon the conquered; it is not Archimedes, as he rushes through the streets of Syracuse, shouting, "Eureka! Eureka!" it is not Nelson, as, in the flush of victory he breathes his last, exclaiming, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" it is not Columbus, when, after seasons of disappointment and deeds of cruelty, he sights the far-off land, and his eyes swim with exultant tears; it is not Wellington, as he cries, "Up, guards, and at them!" and forthwith wins the great battle of all modern campaigns. No, it is none of these. But the scene is yonder at Rome, where stands one heavily bound with chains. His only crime has been that of living too purely and unselfishly. He has been before his judges, and is now led forth to execution. Here is human nature risen to its highest glory. Paul, formerly called Saul of Tarsus, a persecutor of the saints, dies for his faith, after a warfare that has embraced within it all trials, difficulties, and dangers. To the spectators of his martyrdom, here was a great and ignominous failure. The world, however, has long since crowned him victor, and the friendless martyr now occupies almost the largest space in its history, while his influence, ever-widening, will extend to the very latest generations of the human race.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

POT-POURRI.

MY WATCH-CHARM.

ONLY a bit of ribbon
Tied in a knot of blue,
Fastened by some one's fingers;—
Don't you wish that you knew?

Obstinate little ribbon,
That wouldn't tie just so,
Fingers entangled somehow;—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Bright face flushed with color,
Daintiest little ear
Listening to my secret;—
Wouldn't you like to hear?

Soft eyes with quiv'ring lashes
That dared not look at me,
Hazel-hued eyes of beauty;—
Wouldn't you like to see?

Lips of coveted sweetness
That gently whispered, "Yes!"—
What was my little secret?
Don't you think you can guess?

F. E. HAMILTON.

A Bouncer.—Not long ago the Commissioners of Storey County, Nevada, received the following note:

"GENTLEMEN: Having been defeated for a position in the public schools of Storey County, I hereby apply for the position of Bouncer for the Commissioners; the said office to be created at your next meeting. With reference to my ability, I refer you to my former husband and many other residents of Storey County. Hoping to receive the consideration of your honorable body, I remain, most respectfully yours,

"A DEFEATED SCHOOLMARM."

Could anything be more delicate and womanly than this plea? It is difficult for us, who are so far from the scene, to form a clear notion of just how the case stands. It would seem, however, that schools in Nevada counties must be under the management of a Board of Commissioners. Here is a person who has a "former husband" and whose striking characteristics are well known to "many other residents of Storey County," who has made application for a position in the public schools and been rejected. The reason is not given. But it is not hard to imagine that this "former husband" incident and her general reputation with "many other residents" had some influence in preventing her appointment as a teacher of youth. The Commissioners, perhaps, did not care to have their daughters come under the influence of a person who had a "former husband." But the person in question is not daunted by defeat. If the Commissioners cannot open the public schools to her, she is sure she has transcendent abilities in other than scholastic directions which they should be able to employ. Here it is that the cool impudence of her genius is seen. She comes out boldly with a request so astounding that she no doubt calculated that the minds of the Commissioners would be temporarily stunned, so that they would at once accede to her request. She wants them to create a new office and install her in it without delay. And such an officer as she asks to be made! The fertile inventiveness of United States customs' collectors in its wildest throes of title-parturition, when some political hack, some friend of the Secretary, some "eminent worker" was to be rewarded with some sinecure, was never blest with such a felicitous suggestion as occurs like a happy inspiration to this Western dame after her defeat as an applicant to be made a teacher. No higher praise than this could be paid her genius. She wishes to be made Bouncer in ordinary to the honorable Board of Commissioners.

That she is more than abundantly able (she no doubt felt that she was treading upon firmer ground now than when she rashly sought to become a teacher) to perform the arduous duties of such a post, she refers them to common fame, to the many residents of the county who knew her, and in particular to her "former husband." What a vision comes before the mind's eye of that trembling apparition, her "former husband"! Ah! no doubt he "could a tale unfold," if referred to, which would justify her genius for the position she seeks. How one aches to know how many were the years of his probabtion with this new Xantippe! Did she *bounce* him often? One tries to think of his coming home a little late; but the subject becomes too painful for thought by the time one reaches the door. One turns back with instinctive horror. One is afraid, even in thought, of being himself *bounced*. Ah, yes! and the neighbors—the "many other residents of Storey County" who could testify of her ability—did she make it too warm for them, did she bounce them, or had they stood by and seen her, and admired her science, as she bounced her "former husband"? One thinks involuntarily of red hair and arms akimbo when one tries to fancy this "defeated schoolmarm"; a harsh, high-keyed, threatening voice could alone do justice to the tone of defiance that breathes through her words. And now this termagant, this escaped Tartar, this untamed shrew, wants to be *Bouncer* to the Board. She does not explain what she conceived the duties of such an office would be. Can it be that the Commissioners of Education in Nevada are so beset with malcontents, and complaining parties and bores, that such an officer is needed to preserve their peace? One can easily imagine that about an editor's sanctum such a person would be a great convenience. But any reasonable man, or set of men, who valued peace of mind would hesitate to put it in peril by placing in such an office a woman who had a "former husband" to whom she could refer for her deftness in bouncing. Would not one stand in constant fear of being bounced himself?

At the Matinee.

Pretty! She was a stunner, I should say;
The girl I sat beside, that matinee.
I didn't note her when I first went in;
But when to stare at me she did begin,
I looked at her—by Jove, her eyes were bright!
Fringed with long, silken lashes, black as night!
Red cheeks and cherry lips. And then her look
Was so piquant, my heart by storm she took.
She had an escort, but she didn't seem
Him worthy of a single look to deem.
Whene'er I looked at her, I caught the flash
Of her bright eyes. I felt I'd made a mash.
I glanced at her, whenever I could see
Her escort's watchful gaze was not on me;
And she as often did return my glance.
I wished to speak. At last I had a chance,
An *entr'acte* came. Her escort started out,
And I began by asking, as in doubt:
"Pardon me, did you speak?" She answered, "No,
But I've been feeling like so doing, though."
Joy filled me! She went on: "Please keep your feet
Off from my dress!" O Lord! I changed my seat.

Philosophy of Education.—The *Spirit of Kansas* has captured a wild judge, H. H. Howard by name, and compelled him to write articles to which, by some freak of editorial imagination, the above caption is given. We say compelled, but we do not know this to be the case; it is simply an inference of ours on general principles. It may be possible—though we frankly confess that we cannot conceive such possibility—that the judge does not write under compulsion. But this theory does as great violence to the judicial nature as the articles in question to common sense, and so we prefer the simpler and more sensible view of the case which we gave at the outset.

We have number twelve of the series before us at this writing. It is not long, only a trifle more than a column, and the columns of the *Spirit of Kansas* are short. But within this brief space there is crowded a dizzying amount of mythologic lore and suggestive erudition. Judges, as is well known, are the most imaginative class in the community, so it is not surprising to find this judge discoursing upon the means for improving that desirable faculty. The rule which he lays down is short and terse and has the extraordinary merit of being within the range of almost any one's possibilities to put it into effect. It is simply, "Read classic literature." Immediately after this rule follows what we suppose must be an amplification or explanation of it, though we are prepared to accept any other theory. It reads as follows:

"Pluck the golden bough as your talisman (the gods like gold). Descend with Æneas into Hades. Pay your ferriage, an obolus, and cross the dark Styx that runs nine times round Tartarus, in old Charon's boat. Throw now a bone to Cerberus, the three-headed watch-dog, and enter Pluto's realm. Turn to the right, stand before the stern Hadean judges, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus. Hear the reading of all your deeds in life—good and bad."

It may be the judge gives this as an example of how a person with "improved" imagination can write. If so, what a solemn warning! It certainly requires a very energetic use of that "improved" power to send a live person dead or a dead person alive to Hades, as is done in the words quoted. Æneas went down alive, and it looks as though the judge wanted you to do the same, as he sends you along with that "pious" old flirt, and besides, he tells you to provide yourself with the golden bough, which is only necessary in case of those who make the "easy descent to Avernus" before death. With infinite kindness the judge informs us parenthetically that "the gods like gold." Where did the judge learn this delicious bit of divine gossip? Next you are directed to "pay your ferriage, an obolus." This is clear evidence that you are dead. That white-haired, shaggy-bearded, and generally shabby old fellow, Charon, only collected the three cents for a ride in his leaky, creaky old punt of his dead passengers. Probably he couldn't have done it even then if he hadn't had a monopoly of the carrying trade on the Styx, which does indeed run nine times round Hades, but not "in old Charon's boat," as the judge seems to say. You are directed to throw a "bone" to Cerberus—for what purpose he forgets to add. Maybe the three-headed monster is ill-fed and you are expected to contribute. Perhaps he has in his mind the medicated sop that the Sibyl, who accompanied Æneas, used, that the beast might be quieted and allow the living to pass. If he means this, then you are alive again. Then you are to "stand before the stern Hadean judges, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus." This is a little ceremony that Æneas neglected the other time. "Hear the reading of all your deeds in life—good and bad." So you are dead once more!

The judge proceeds in the same style of jerky eloquence through the rest of his column, mixing up mythology and wisdom—aye, such wisdom!—in a delightfully refreshing manner, and to all appearance utterly oblivious of his subject—or object, either, for that matter. After chattering away about Tityus and Tantalus and Ixion and that ilk, who have been doing penance—poor fellows!—through the centuries as cheap illustrations for vapid rhetoricians, he at least falls foul of Homer and Virgil, and for a moment remembers what he supposes he is talking about. He says:

"Read these immortal bards, take in their matchless mental creations, follow them in their celestial flights and their unequaled descriptions, and your imagination will be roused, invigorated, and developed."

This really isn't so bad. But the judge, in advising you to "take in the matchless mental creations," would have done well, it seems to us, to have added a quiet warning that you should look out lest you be "taken in" by them. For evidently the *you*, to whom the judge is addressing himself, is in such a mental condition that no advice, however trivial and puerile it may seem to virile minds, will come amiss. The richest thing about the whole matter is that the editor supposes that the vagaries of the judicial mind unbent have some relation to the "philosophy of education"! We cannot resist the temptation to fling a bit of Latin at the judge. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, which, being interpreted to meet the present emergency, would be, "Stick to thy bailments, judge!"

Marriage Service for the Divorced.—An "Old Parish Minister," in the *Independent*, gives the following travesty of the marriage ceremony to be used in case the parties have been divorced. It abounds in the keenest satire upon some things in our American life and laws at which the decent and the judicious hang their head for shame. If we mistake not, there has already begun to be a quickening of the moral sense of the public with reference to the sanctity of the marriage contract. Meanwhile, wedlock is rashly entered, shamelessly annulled. But to the service:

The persons to be married anew to second partners, being present, with suitable witnesses, it is well that the minister should briefly exhort them to the effect that marriage is a serious business, and yet not so very serious, after all; and should encourage them to be of good cheer, because mistakes are easily corrected. After which he may read in Hosea i. 2, "Go take unto thee a wife," etc.; and iii. 1–3, "Go, yet love a woman beloved of her friend," etc. Then he will do well to omit the customary invitation to any present to show "just cause or impediment," and proceed at once to require of the bridegroom to show good reason why he has a right to be married, notwithstanding he has a wife living.

Then let the man answer thus, or to the like effect:

"Here are the papers, all fresh and regular, from the Court of —— County, Indiana. Cause, incompatibility of temper, and the assurance of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap that they have been procured promptly and without publicity."

And the woman shall answer thus, or the like effect:

"Oh! I'm all right. Divorce from the Superior Court of Connecticut, Chief-Justice Park presiding. Cause, conduct tending to defeat the object of the marriage relation."

Then let the minister say:

"Who giveth the indemnity bond to the minister to secure him, in case there should be any trouble growing out of this little affair?"

And this question having been answered by the execution, then and there, of a good and sufficient bond, let the persons to be married take each other by the hand, and let the minister say to the bridegroom, calling him by name:

"You, ——, take this woman to be your more or less lawful wife, and to promise to render to her the duties that society expects of you in this relation, until some incompatibility of temper arises or until the present arrangement is regularly dissolved by the divorce courts. Thus you promise; though, if you don't choose to keep your word, I do not see what in the world is going to be done about it."

"With this understanding, I do."

Then let the minister say to the bride:

"You, ——, take this man to be, in a certain sense of the word, your lawful husband; and you promise, having taken all necessary precautions to secure your property in your own right, to show a due respect to the conventionalities of society until incompatibility or divorce shall part you. Thus you promise."

"It strikes me as safe to do so."

"I pronounce you, therefore, in the sense in which the words are used in the statute, to be husband and wife. And, since your being joined together is in distinct contravention of the law of God, there seems to be no obvious reason why man should not put you asunder at his own discretion."

Prayer and benediction being manifestly inappropriate on such an occasion, the services may be concluded by the paying of a fee.

At a little inn, called the "Landwehr," not far from Göttingen, when Heine was a student there, was a fascinating little waiting-maid, whose blooming good looks, good humor, and graceful dexterity in serving made her a general favorite. The University students were often attracted to the Landwehr for the pleasure of being entertained and waited upon by Lottchen. That she was a highly proper person, and would admit of no nonsense, added to the charm of her manner and appearance. Heine often visited the Landwehr with the rest. He was in the habit of laughing and joking with the pretty waitress, and one day he went further: he took her round the waist and tried to kiss her cheek. Lottchen tore herself away with indignation, and reproached him so scornfully for his presumption, that Heine went away quite crestfallen, and resolved never to come back again. He did return again, but with the intention of pretending to take no notice whatever of Lottchen. What was his surprise, however, to find, when he came, that Lottchen, when she saw him, ran up to him, and said with a laugh, "I have forgiven you, Herr Heine, for you are not the same as the other students. Sure you are as famous already as our professors. I have read your songs. Oh, how beautiful they are! The 'Song of the Church-yard' I know by heart; and now, Herr Heine, you may kiss me in the presence of all the gentlemen, but you must be really industrious and write more of such beautiful poems."

In the memoirs of Heine, recently given to the world by his niece, the Princess Madame della Rocca, one will find some amusing anecdotes. Heine's answer to a Bavarian princess who was anxious to make his acquaintance and had invited him to take coffee with her after dinner shows what a thoroughly good opinion he had of his own importance and dignity. "Give my most humble respects to her Royal Highness," he said to the courtier who had brought him the verbal invitation, "but I always take my coffee where I take my dinner."

Quite as delicious is the reply he made to his uncle Solomon Heine, the great banker of Hamburg, who all through his life treated him with more than fatherly indulgence and liberality. When Heine returned from London, in 1827, and his uncle reproached him with his extravagance in money matters, and found fault with him for having exhausted his letter of credit within a few weeks, the nephew naïvely observed:

"Well, uncle, the greatest piece of luck you can boast of is that you bear the same name that I do."

It has been long believed by the best authorities that Jesus spoke Greek and Aramaic, both of which languages were in common use in the Holy Land in his day. But a good preacher—or rather a good man who preaches—in Western New York has evidently gained new light upon this question.

Preaching one Sunday upon the simplicity of the Saviour's character, he said, "He never used language which common people could not understand, but always spoke in good plain English." Here is a disagreement between doctors which needs to be settled.