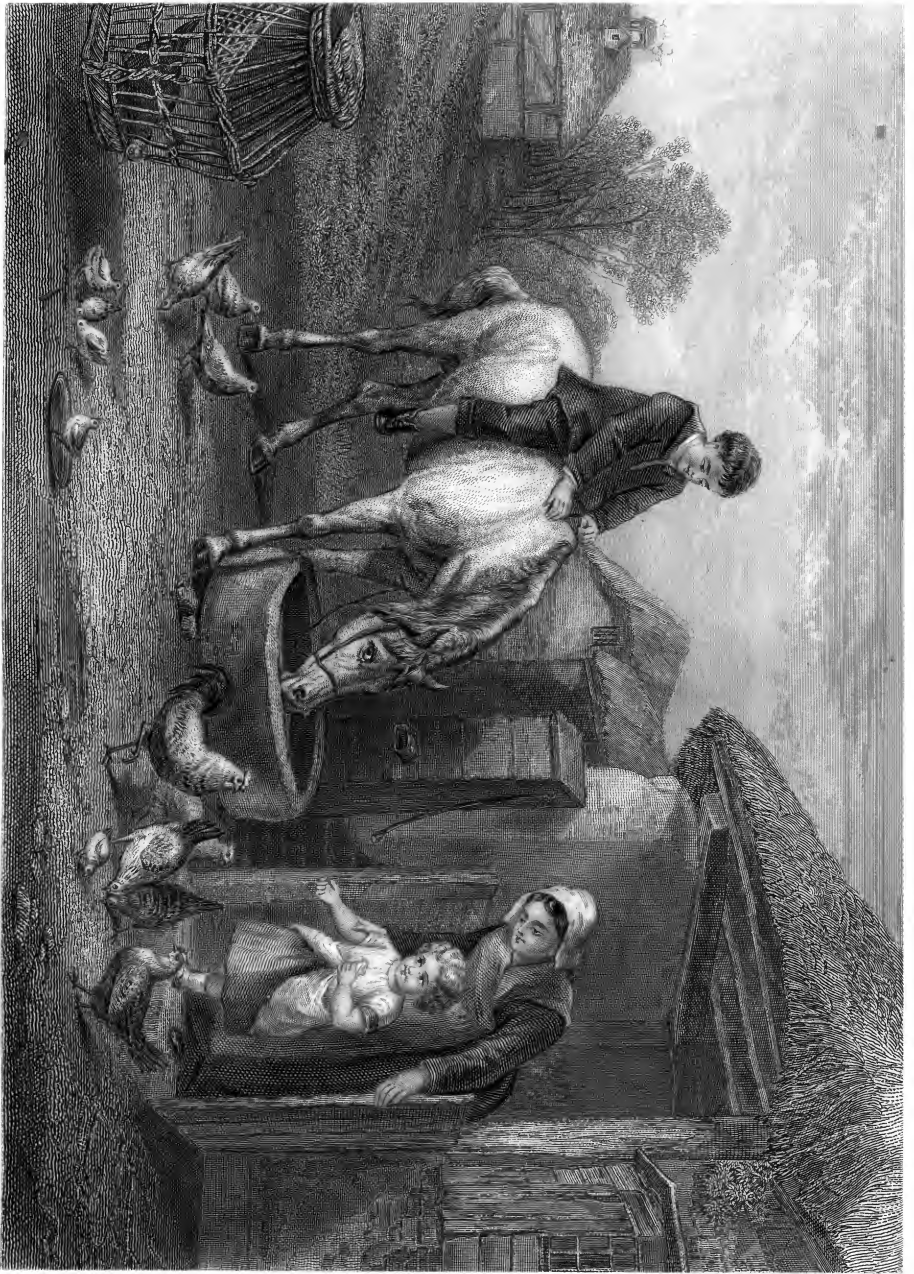


GODEY'S
Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1864.







THE FARM HOUSE PORCH.

GOLDIE'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER 1864.

Das Hornet





Chr. Kimme



L. & CO. N.

FOR NOVEMBER 1864.



HOUSEWIFE FOR A GENTLEMAN.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.







Now and Then.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY R. RHOLLO.

POETRY BY ELLEN LOUISE.

MUSIC BY F. SOUTHGATE.

With feeling.



Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.



Oh, there's a mag - ic round the days, The ros - y days of
But ah! the world has dim - mer grown, And hues of bright sun-



old; shine, And all the dreams of bright sun-shine My
shine, Are glitt' - ring on a dark - en'd world, This

NOW AND THEN.

child - hood's fan - cy held. For moon and stars were
heart is sad of mine. But bless - ings on the

bright - er then, And earth a ho - lier thing, And
days of then, Tho' a shade is on my brow, Their

ne'er a shade of care had brush'd My heart with dusk - y wing.,
mem' - ry seems a ben - i - son, 'Mid the drear - y scenes of now.

THE METTENRICH.



Velvet mantle, trimmed round with a wide guipure lace, which is also criss-crossed up the back, and carried down the front of the wrap. Jet and crochet ornaments are arranged in with the lace.

THE ELIANE.



Black cloth wrap, trimmed with a flat black braid, large jet buttons, and finished on the edge of the basque with a pointed-black gimp.

1



- Fig. 1.—Gray cloth paletôt, slit on each side and at the back. These openings are formed of crochet and bugles. The entire wrap is bound with black velvet. Violet p...
- Fig. 2.—Black velvet mantle, richly trimmed with chenille cords and tassels festooned in waves, and bound with black velvet. A rich crochet trimming is laid in waves on the ... and scarlet flowers.
- Fig. 3.—Cuir-colored paletôt, bound and trimmed with the same. Black silk dress ...
- Fig. 4.—Coat-tail mantle of black velvet, richly trimmed with guipure lace. Oph...

AND MANTLES,



are caught together with bands of bead trimming. Epaulets and very full trimming
poplin dress, and violet velvet bonnet, trimmed with black lace and pink roses.
lined from the front to the back. Gray poplin dress, with the edge of the skirt cut in
the skirt, just above the edge. White uncut velvet bonnet, trimmed with blonde lace
s, and sea green velvet bonnet trimmed with pink roses.
elia purple silk dress. White bonnet, trimmed with purple.

NEW CLOAKS AND MANTLES.

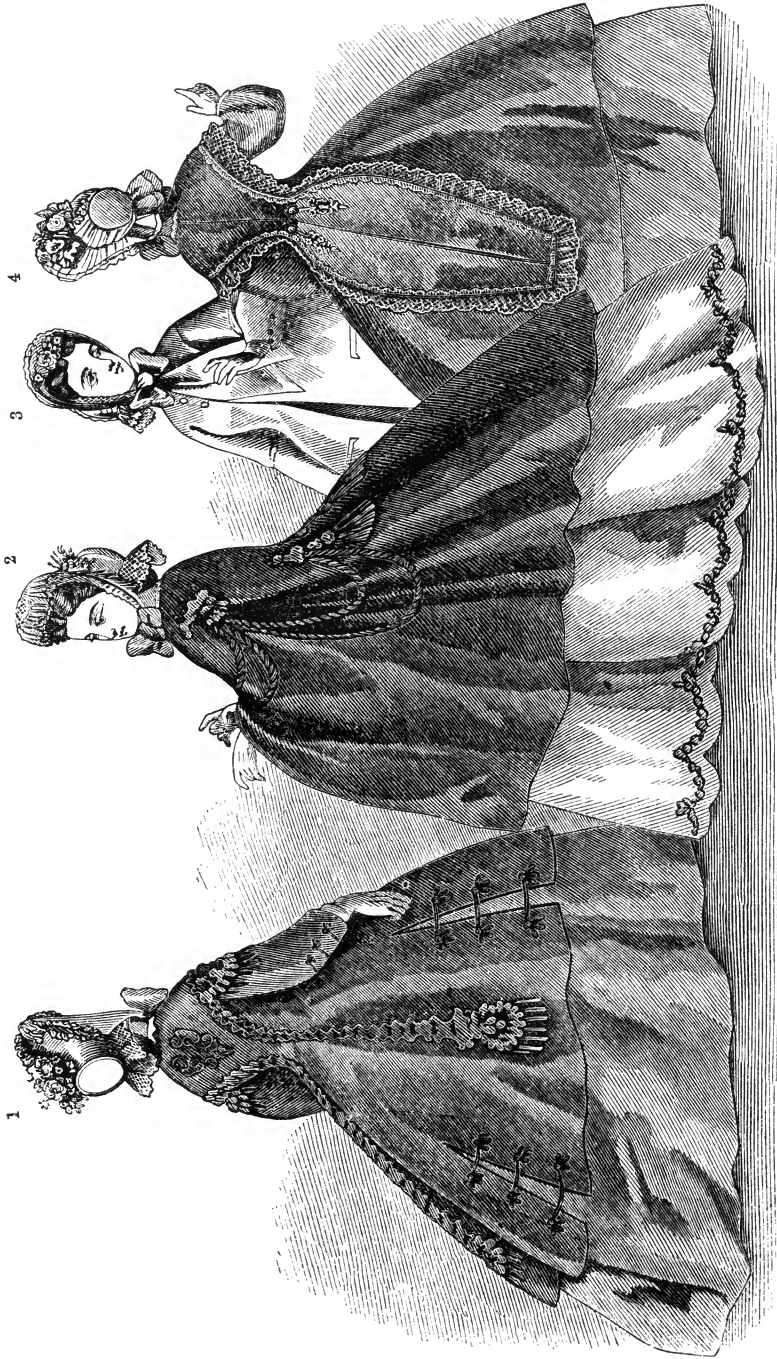


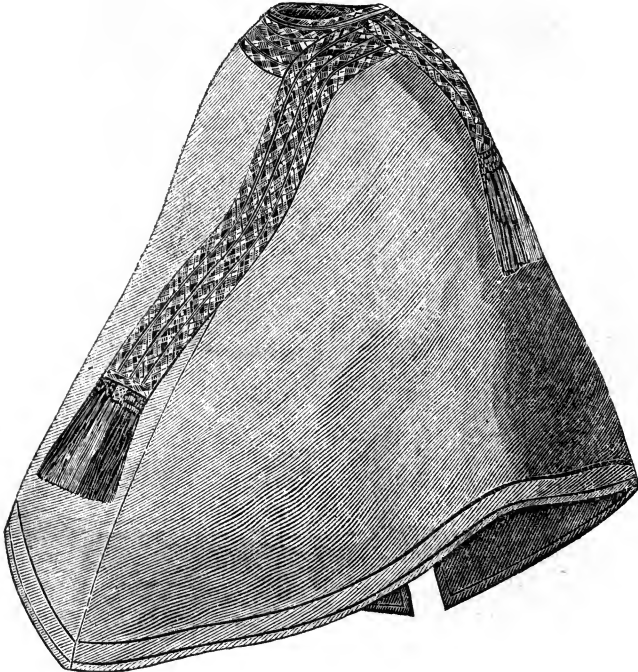
Fig. 1.—Gray cloth paleot, slit on each side and at the back. These openings are caught together with bands of head trimming, formed of crochet and bugles. The entire wrap is bound with black velvet. Violet poplin dress, and violet velvet bonnet, trimmed with black lace and pink roses.
 Fig. 2.—Black velvet mantle, richly trimmed with chenille cords and tassels rescued from the front to the back. Gray poplin dress, with the edge of the skirt cut in waves, and bound with black velvet. A rich crochet trimming is laid in waves on the skirt, just above the edge. White ancient velvet bonnet, trimmed with blonde lace and scarlet flowers.
 Fig. 3.—Cuir-colored paleot, bound and trimmed with the same. Black silk dress, and sea green velvet bonnet trimmed with pink roses.
 Fig. 4.—Coat-tail mantle of black velvet, richly trimmed with guipure lace. White bonnet, trimmed with purple.

CLOAK FOR A MISS.

(Front view.)



(Back view.)



It is made of pearl-colored cloth, finished all round with two rows of very narrow black velvet. A band of bias plaid velvet of bright colors is shaped round the neck, and is continued down the back, where it is finished with a rich chenille fringe. The right shoulder is also covered with a band of fringed velvet.

THE ESTRAMADURA.

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



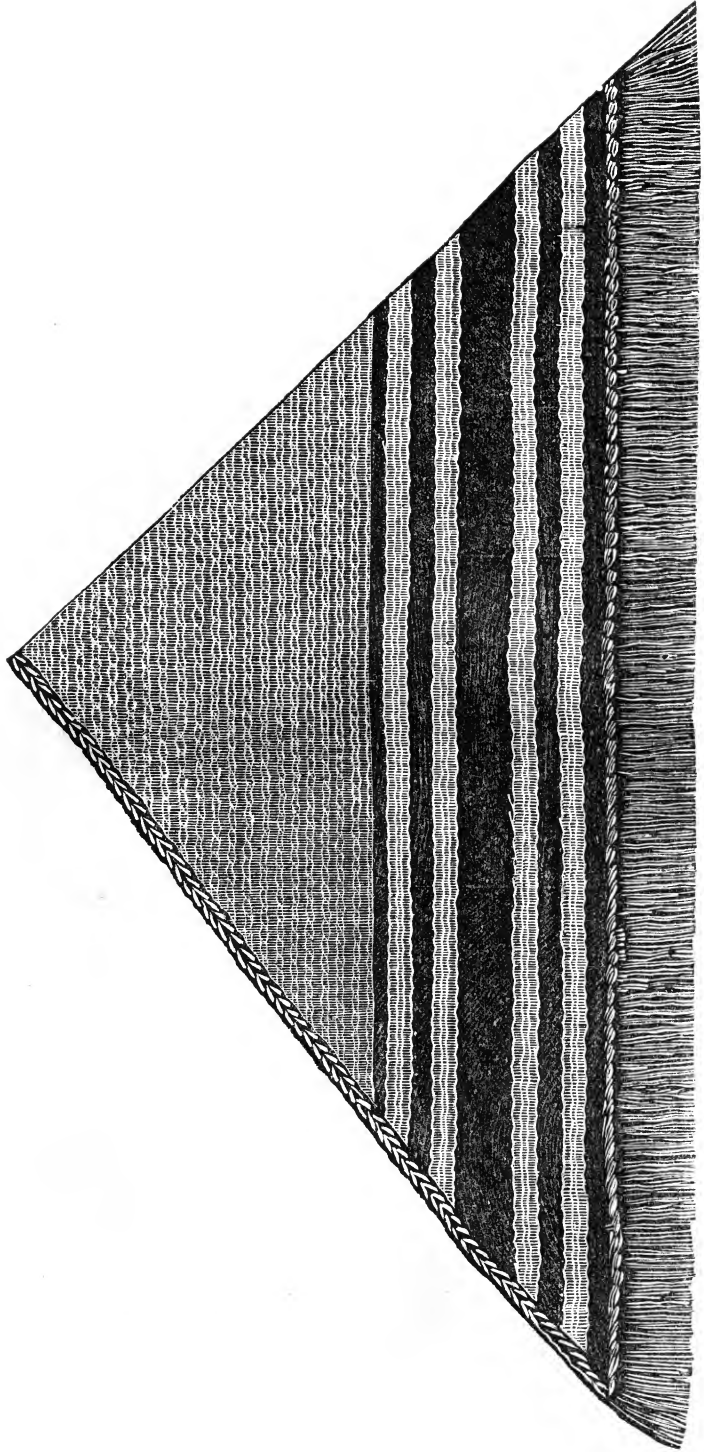
This is made of cloth. It fits neatly to the figure, with half tight sleeves. The ornament constitutes its most novel feature. This is a trimming composed of shells of silk and beads, and a braidwork, with beads also, of coral branches. This new design will be much esteemed.



WINTER JACKET, IN DOUBLE CROCHET.

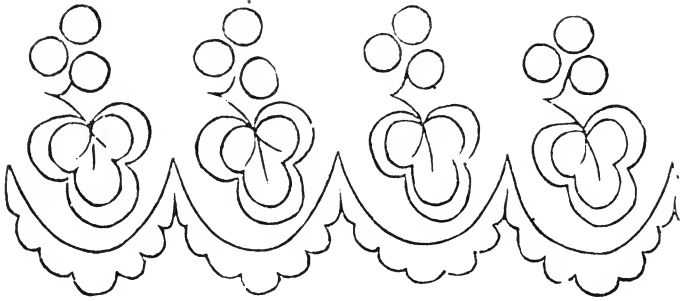
(See Description, Work Department.)

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.

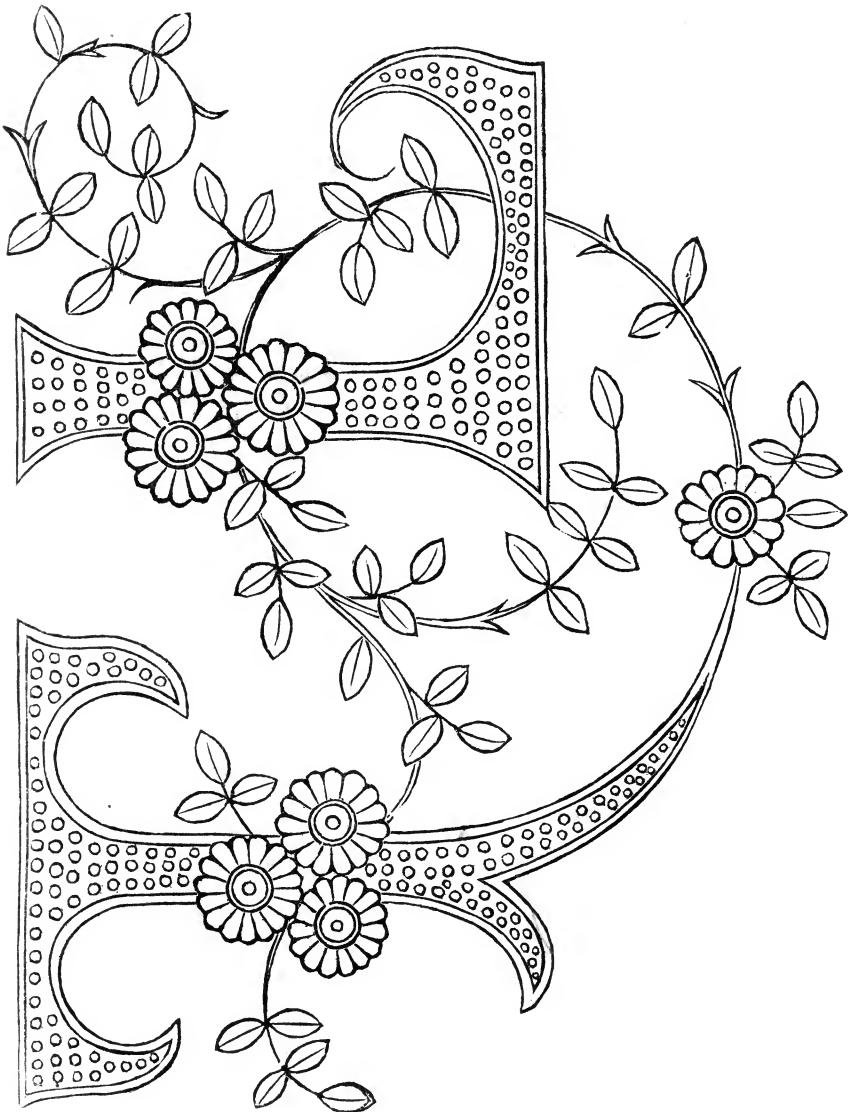


WINTER SHAWL, IN PLAIN KNITTING.—(See Description, Work Department.)

EMBROIDERY.



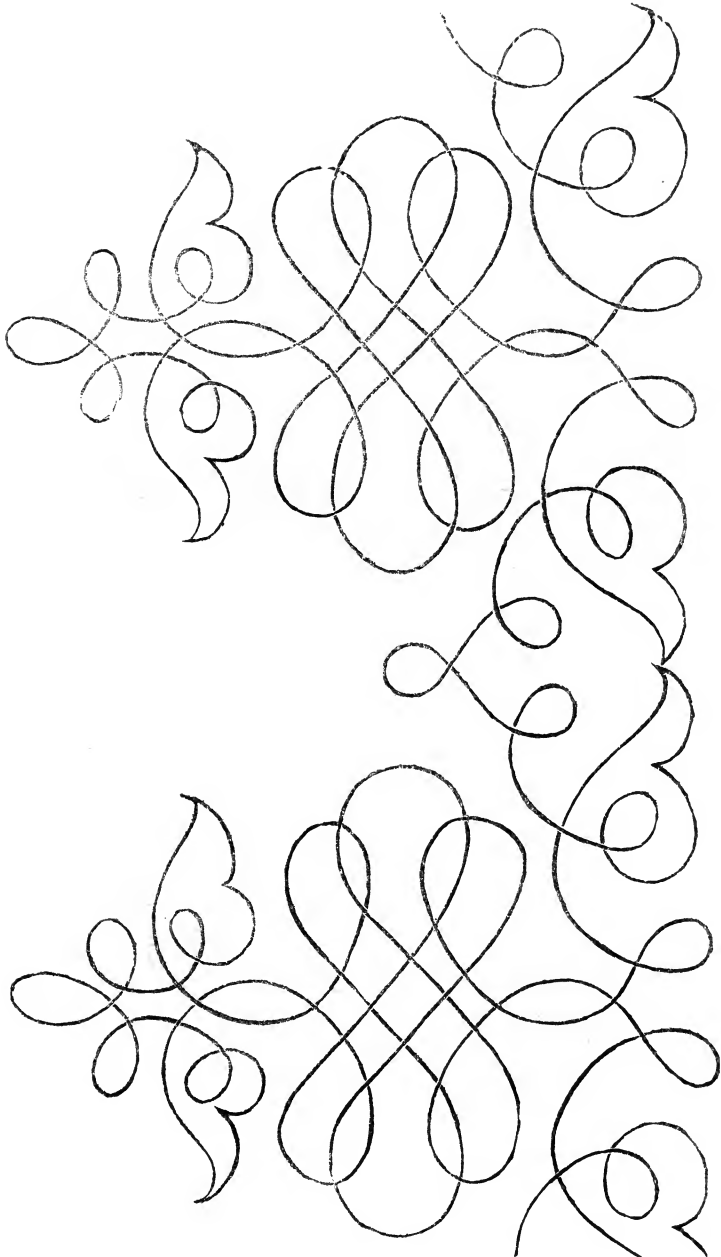
INITIAL LETTERS, FOR MARKING PILLOW-CASES.



EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING FOR A SKIRT.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1864.

"TAKING BOARDERS FOR COMPANY."

A STORY OF THE "HEATED TERM," AND CONTAINING MORE TRUTH THAN ROMANCE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by LOUIS A. GODEY, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Concluded from page 305.)

CHAPTER VI.

It was a warm afternoon about a week after Harry had performed the threefold part of accuser, witness, and lawyer, and which, by the by, acquired additional and alarming strength from the pregnant fact that the supposititious "Old Whitey" was the sole representative of the feathered race that graced the Ketchum board while our party remained as lodgers in the farm-house. Georgie Rose stood behind the curtains of the parlor window, watching the movements of a couple of equestrians just setting off for an excursion. They were Miss Hortensia, looking really quite pretty and graceful in her hat and riding-habit, mounted upon her pony, and Mr. Norris, who had brought his horse into the country with him.

Georgie regarded them with interest, that had in it no shade of envy. True, Hortensia was acknowledged by all of the boarders to be the least objectionable of the sisters, having less affectation than Saccharissa, more amiability than Jemima, and better manners than either. It was true, furthermore, that she invited Mr. Norris's attentions and sought his society, and that he was too thorough a gentleman to treat her otherwise than with courtesy; but the idea that their frequent rides and not so frequent strolls together meant anything serious would have provoked

the Bell clique to contemptuous merriment. Georgie was not a practised horsewoman; therefore, could not venture to mount Mr. Norris's spirited bay, and there was no other animal available for a lady's use on the place, with the exception of Miss Hortensia's pony, and this, it was understood, she suffered no one besides herself to ride. Moreover, Georgie had enjoyed a long sail, followed by a walk, with Mr. Norris, that forenoon, and could afford to be generous, particularly as she had heard Miss Hortensia dexterously banter her cavalier to accompany her in this expedition. The looker-on smiled, in quiet amusement, at the well-contrived start of the pony, whereby his mistress was, in the act of mounting, thrown fairly into the gentleman's arms, and at the beautiful confusion that covered her at this *accident*. Then, there was some trouble in adjusting the foot in the stirrup, and Norris was compelled to draw aside the long skirt, take firm hold of the tidy gaiter and settle it in its place.

Beneath the window, partly screened from the spectators within, by a climbing rose which grew over that end of the building, sat Mr. and Mrs. Bonner and Mr. Boulby, a cousin of the latter. They, too, were observing the riders, and when they had bidden them "Good afternoon" and wished them a pleasant jaunt, as they cantered away, the conversa-

tion, as was natural, turned upon the departing couple. Not knowing that they were ignorant of her proximity, Georgie retained her position, and thus became an innocent eavesdropper to the family group.

"Ah, well, they will do it!" sighed Mr. Boulby, tilting his chair back against the nearest cherry-tree. "But that Norris is a fine, sensible young man—together too good to be sacrificed to that girl!"

"What girl?" Mrs. Bonner looked up quickly from her sewing.

"Hortensia Ketchum, to be sure! Whom else could I mean?"

"Nonsense! he has no more idea of marrying her than I have of drowning myself in that muddy river yonder!" returned his cousin. "He had better drown himself than to do such a mad thing. What do you take him to be?"

"Just what I said awhile ago—a sensible man in the main, who has, like many others as wise, made a fool of himself in one respect. She has as much 'idea of marrying' *him*, as you had of becoming Mrs. Bonner, after your wedding-dress was ordered. You surely know that they have been engaged for this year and more. They are to be married in the fall, at the same time with the second sister and her molly-coddle." (Everybody dealt Burley a blow in passing.) "The brother from abroad is coming home to be present at the occasion."

"Are you certain?" asked Mr. Bonner, uneasily. "You speak very confidently, yet it seems incredible."

"I wish I were as certain of finding a suitable partner some day for your humble servant, as I am that Norris has selected a very unsuitable one," returned Mr. Boulby. "I did not suppose that the arrangement was any secret up here. I had the tale from the other brother. He is, by all odds, the best of the lot; a quiet, unassuming, gentlemanly fellow, with a creditable supply of common sense. In fact, he enjoys a monopoly of the article in his family. I often meet him in town, and know him to be perfectly truthful and trustworthy. He has never seen Burley, but is pleased at his sister Hortensia's engagement to Norris, of whom he has the highest opinion."

Mr. Bonner shook his head—but now in amazement, not doubt.

"I have heard hints dropped by the other sisters about 'Hortensia's beau' and such

stuff, but paid no attention to the foolish twaddle," Mrs. Bonner observed slowly, as if reluctant to admit the possibility of truth in what she had just learned. "And they are really engaged! What a pity!"

"You may well say so!" replied her husband. "How did it happen, Dick?"

"He sprained his ankle, here, last season. He came to this grief by leaping a fence to stop Miss Hortensia's runaway pony, and probably saved her life thereby. Of course, her gratitude was boundless; equally, of course, she made love to him, and being too lame to save his liberty by flight, he had to submit to the soft thralldom."

"That accounts for his visit to this place, this year," said Mr. Bonner. "I have not, until now, been able to comprehend how, having been here once, he could be so verdant as to come again."

"I intimated my surprise at this to him once," answered Mrs. Bonner, "and he replied that he had an interest in the iron works over the mountain, and visited this region every summer to look after his affairs in that direction. But since Richard's disclosure has opened my eyes, I recollect many little incidents that confirm his story. Don't you remember, William, how grave Mr. Norris looked the other day, when I was laughing at some of Jemima's fanfaronades? and his saying, 'It is a great pity that her youngest sister was not removed from her influence years ago. She has many excellent traits of character.' And the night I found them walking on the piazza, and talking so confidentially? She wears a diamond ring, too, that may be a pledge of the engagement. I am afraid it is too true—sadly afraid!"

"She is decidedly the best of the bunch," mused Mr. Bonner, desirous to put the best face possible upon the matter.

"That may be, and she yet be a most uncongenial mate for him," returned the lady, severely. "He has made a most disastrous choice. I can never respect him, as I have done, after hearing all this."

It was well that Georgie could not listen longer; that her throbbing heart and dizzy brain warned her to make good her retreat while she had strength to fly. Mrs. Bonner's next words would have nearly killed the sensitive child.

"He has been trifling in a base, unmanly way with our sweet little friend, Georgie Rose.

I feel as if I never wanted to speak to him again!”

By this time Georgie was lying upon her hard couch up-stairs; the door locked, and her face buried in the pillow, lest the tearless sobs she could not suppress should penetrate the thin partition to her sister's room. It was her first trial, and it had fallen with the suddenness and force of an avalanche. “Perhaps I may meet my fate, this summer,” she had said, in talking of their coming to this hateful place—said it in the lightness of girlish gayer, such joyous hearted speech as she could never use again—never!

Mrs. Bell knocked at the door, an hour afterwards, to remind her that the tea-bell had rung.

“Come in!” called a weak voice.

Georgie had not loosened her dress, but she was on the bed still, a wet handkerchief laid over her brow and eyes.

“I have a bad headache, Annie. I don't want any tea!” she said, huskily.

“My dear child! a headache on this hot day, and in this close room! Why did you shut the door? Wouldn't you feel better if you were to come down and get a little fresh air?”

“No, no! please don't ask me!”

“There! I don't mean to tease you!” soothed the sister, moved by the distressed tone, yet attributing it to physical pain. “But let me undress you, and send you up a cup of tea.”

Georgie submitted, as the easiest way of purchasing solitude and freedom from questioning. While Mrs. Bell was at supper, there arose to the chamber of the sufferer the sound of trampling hoofs and merry voices. The affianced pair had returned.

“Had you a pleasant ride?” called Miss Jemima, from the dining-room door.

Oh glorious! sweet! splendid!” cried Hortensia; then, Saccharissa came in with some silly remark, and the three gabbled loudly and unintelligibly, as was their wont.

“And that is the woman he prefers to”—Georgie checked herself in the half-uttered exclamation, and, although she was alone, a burning blush mounted to her temples. “I ought to despise him—and I mean to!” burst from her, in an indignant whisper, by and by. “He is not worthy of a single regret!”

Mrs. Bell brought up the tea, herself, a weak, smoky beverage, the effect of which

upon the racked nerves could not be potent for good or evil. In her other hand she bore a bouquet of wild flowers.

“With Mr. Norris's compliments and sympathy!” she said, laying it upon Georgie's pillow, where the cool blossoms touched the flushed cheek.

She pushed it away—pettishly, as it seemed to her sister.

“I can't bear them, Annie!”

“Why, the perfume is not powerful!” remarked the other, surprised. “At least, look at them and see how lovely they are, and how tastefully arranged!”

She held them before the swollen, languid eyes; butterfly-flowers, orange and pink; odorous white clematis; life-everlasting, with its white tufts and frosted foliage; blue-eyed forget-me-nots, smiling up in clusters between their spear-like leaves; wild roses from the river's brink—all surrounding the brilliant cardinal-flower; that held regal state in the centre of the bouquet; while delicate ferns and, here and there, a gorgeous sumach leaf—the trial piece of autumn—lent grace and piquancy to the collection.

“They are very pretty—very sweet; but isn't it a pity, sister, that they will fade so soon?” said Georgie, not offering, still, to take them. “And withered blossoms are not lovely, Annie!”

There was something desolate in the faint smile with which she said this, that aroused Mrs. Bell's fears, not for her young sister's happiness, but her health. She carried the flowers into the other room—then, returning, recommended and administered a simple medicine; sent Mary to the well for cool water, with which to bathe the sufferer's hands and head, and while awaiting the girl's return sat at the bedside, fanning Georgie, and talking cheerfully to divert her thoughts from the pain.

“What an absurd set these Ketchums are!” she said, laughing. “I passed Hortensia in the hall, on my way from supper. She was chattering to Mr. Norris, who was making up this bouquet on the hall-table. Her hat was off, and her hair had tumbled upon her shoulders, in what she doubtless considered charming disorder. He stopped me and asked if I would undertake the delivery of this to you, with his regards and condolences. Really, one might have supposed, from her look of disappointment and

pique, that he was her declared lover, and had no right to show any other lady even this slight proof of preference. That would be *too* preposterous!"

"I see nothing preposterous in the idea," returned Georgie, curtly. "One hears of stranger matches every day."

"Georgie Rose! I shall begin to think that you are delirious, if you indulge in such fancies!" said Mrs. Bell. "I will not have you slander an agreeable and estimable gentleman by suggesting the possibility of an alliance so monstrous! A little more talk of that sort, and I shall advise a mustard foot-bath and blisters."

"A foot-bath, did ye say, mem?" asked Mary, entering with the cold water. "Sorra a spark of fire is there in the kitchen range at this minnit, to hate a dhrop of wather. I ask meself ivery night, And what will we do if one of the children was to wake up wid the convulsions, or maybe the croup?"

"We hope none of them will do such an inconvenient thing, Mary," responded her mistress. "Now, bring up Annie, and put her to bed, that Miss Georgie may not be disturbed after she falls asleep. A good night's rest will quite cure you, I hope, dear."

Whether the deficiency were in the quantity or quality of the prescribed specific, or that Mrs. Bell had mistaken the case in hand for a less serious malady, could not then be known, but it was certain that the cure was not complete by morning. Georgie arose, indeed, and came down to the table with the rest, but breakfasting was an impossibility, try as she might to swallow a morsel of bread and drink a few spoonfuls of the ambiguous fluid poured from the teapot. Her eyes were sunken and glassy, her lips parched, and her pulse denoted fever. The Misses Ketchum were profuse in their observations upon her appearance, each declaring loudly that she had never seen any one look worse, and Miss Jemima gloomily confident in her prophecy of an impending spell of illness.

"But you couldn't be in a better place, if you are going to be sick. Three years ago we had, oh, such an ill young lady here! She was taken very suddenly with typhoid fever. Her symptoms were just the same as yours, Miss Rose; I was saying so to Saccharissa last night, when I heard of your headache. Your complexion has been bad for a week and more, just as hers was. Oh, oh, *oh!* how she suf-

fered, and how anxious her friends were! It all came back *so* vividly to me last evening, when Mrs. Bell came in to supper, looking worried about you. At the end of two weeks they got so fidgetty—they were that kind of people, you know—that nothing would do but they must have their own doctor, all the way from the city. Country doctors were not good enough for them. Some persons think that such and such a physician holds the keys of life and death. It's downright impious! So, up he came, a pompous old fellow, full of airs and whims, and he blew them all sky-high about not taking her home at the beginning of the attack. As if anybody, with half an eye, couldn't see that all he wanted was the chance to make a plenty of visits, and pocket a big fee! But—did you ever hear of anything so barbarous, Mrs. Earle?—they had their carriage sent up from town, packed it with cushions, and put the absolutely dying girl in it, and took her back to the horrid, unhealthy low country! I said to her brother, as they were starting, 'I shall expect to hear of her death in a week.' And I did—that is, in little more than a fortnight. It was out and out murder, and I shall always be glad that I told them so, when I found they had determined upon moving her. At any rate, I rejoiced that she didn't die here!"

Georgie was walking, with slow and heavy steps, upon the piazza, vainly seeking cooling air for her oppressed lungs, trying bravely to keep up, and conceal the signs of the sickness she yet felt was gaining upon her, when Norris joined her.

"I am afraid that you are still suffering," he said, in sympathy that was both respectful and affectionate. "Do you attribute your headache to our long walk yesterday? I was troubled much, last night, by fears that this might have been the case. I ought not to have let you go so far in such extremely hot weather."

"I am subject to severe headaches," Georgie commanded her voice to say steadily, but more distantly than she designed to speak. An unskilled actor, she overdid her part. "I never trouble myself with conjectures as to the cause of these attacks."

Norris looked down quickly at her countenance—the corrugated brow and pale, set lips. His own face was expressive of lively solicitude as he rejoined: "Can we—can your friends do nothing to alleviate your

pain? It is sad to witness suffering which one cannot relieve. Believe me," he added, yet more gently, "I find the thought of yours very hard to endure. We have had many joyous hours together. I wish—you cannot know how fervently—that I could bear every pang that would otherwise fall to your lot."

Georgie put her hand hurriedly to her head. In her distress and confusion, she really feared that he would hear the beating in her temples, so fast and loud was it to her ears. How dared he, the betrothed of another, address such language to her? Yet there was a convincing earnestness in his tone she could scarcely withstand.

"You are very kind," she said, stiffly. "I thank you for your good wishes, chimerical though they are. Excuse me, but I must go in. The light here is too strong for my eyes."

Norris gazed after her as she turned into the house and ascended the staircase. His look betokened surprise, doubt, and concern. "Can I have offended her? or is the change in her demeanor entirely the effect of physical pain?" The inquiry cost him much perturbed meditation for the next hour or two. At ten o'clock he ordered his horse, and was absent until dinner-time.

Georgie kept her room closely after that one unsuccessful attempt to appear well. It was not altogether the fear of encountering Norris's scrutiny and attentions, or dread of the impertinent comments of the sisters Ketchum that held her prisoner. She was forced to acknowledge secretly that mental anguish had produced or aggravated the malady of the body. She had a chill at noon—not a heavy one, so she concealed the circumstance from her sister, imputing the ague, in her ignorance of the disease, to nervous excitement, which she was ashamed to betray. She could not so easily hide the fact of the return of fever in the afternoon. Mrs. Earle was a homœopathist, and, like most other disciples of that school, never stirred from home without her pretty medicine chest. She prescribed aconite, alternating with belladonna, and to this regimen Mrs. Bell adhered faithfully all that night. Finding, at her early morning visit, that her patient continued very feverish, asking frequently for water, and complaining, when questioned, of headache, Mrs. Earle advised cantharis and bryonia, substituting for the latter, towards evening, chamomilla, and re-

turning to the grand specific, aconite, in place of the former. The febrile symptoms were not violent, but the sick girl was consumed by a slow fire that took from her sleep, strength, and appetite.

By the evening of the third day of her illness, a fresh cause of anxiety appeared. Little Annie was seized with a chill, succeeded, as Georgie's had been, by fever. Miss Jemima "hoped," at supper, "that the sweet angel had not caught her aunt's complaint. My own hypothesis is, Mrs. Bell, that all fevers are contagious, or, I would say, infectious, to persons who spend much time in the sick-room, especially to those who sleep in the same chamber. Every treatise upon hygiene will tell you how deleterious it is to a child to sleep with an elderly person. Oh, oh, *oh!* I have heard of some cases of that kind that I would *so* like to tell you. They would make your hair stand on end and your blood run cold, they are so frightful! It always seems to me like signing a child's death-warrant to allow it occupy the same sleeping apartment with a person at all advanced in years."

"Miss Rose is very young," interposed Mrs. Bonner, nerved by the insulting thrust at her favorite.

Miss Jemima's nose turned up with infinite expression. "You misunderstood me, Mrs. Bonner, if you imagined that my observations were impolitely personal. We were speaking, in a general manner, of an interesting scientific subject. I never hinted an inquiry as to Miss Rose's age. I know that most ladies dislike such investigations. I try to shun delicate or tender points whenever I can. Hortensia, you forget your position! Mr. Boulby is waiting for a glass of milk. Excuse her, Mr. Boulby; *she* is young and giddy!"

"That shot was thrown away," whispered Mrs. Bonner to her cousin, as they arose from the table. "Mr. Norris should have been present to appreciate the insinuated comparison. Whenever I think of that affair, I groan, with Miss Betsy Trotwood, 'Blind, blind, blind!'"

The Bell party hardly heard this conversation, so absorbed were they in reflection upon their real trouble. The ladies went back to Georgie's room, at the conclusion of the meal; the gentlemen lighted their cigars, and paced the long piazza in serious discussion of their trying situation. The night was hot and airless, yet damp, with a sort of depressing;

clinging moisture, like most other nights in that locality. The moon hung, a wan lantern, in the midst of yellow vapors; from the river and low grounds came the piping of a multitude of frogs. Miss Jemima facetiously called them "American nightingales," and "liked to hear them. They made the place quite hilarious." The Bonners had gone down the road to take the exercise they could not enjoy during the day, by reason of the fierce heat of the sun. The house was unusually still, none of the family being out of doors or in the parlor; but there was a queer, muffled noise in the cellar, like the grinding of a coffee-mill.

"If the idea were warranted by any precedent, I should say that that was the sound of an ice-cream freezer," said Mr. Bell.

"You may well doubt the evidence of your own ears, if it leads you to any such conclusion," growled his brother-in-law. "Ices of all kinds come under the head of the wicked institutions of that sink of depravity, the great city. I am so abandoned to sin as to be in favor of the like naughty indulgences. I don't perceive that my morals or manners have improved since I have been confined to 'simple, wholesome country fare, with the three sisters' refining society thrown in to boot.'" He puffed away savagely at his cigar. They walked for awhile in silence, when a horseman galloped sharply down the hill, rode into the barn-yard, and called the hostler.

"There is Norris!" said Mr. Bell. "He will get his supper, I suppose, rigid as are Miss Jemima's rules of punctuality."

"She won't bring him up to the mark!" returned the other. "She is straining every nerve and sinew in her ancient anatomy to catch him for her 'young, giddy' sister."

"Fiddlesticks!" began Mr. Bell, but Norris's nearer approach prevented further speech on this point.

He saluted his fellow-boarders courteously, but with a gravity that impressed them with a sense of coming evil.

"Another warm, close night!" said Mr. Bell.

"Very sultry!" Norris had got thus far, when a figure darted from around the end of the house.

"O Mr. Norris! just step here for one minute!"

It was Miss Hortensia, who, Norris having very deliberately obeyed the summons, whis-

pered loudly and rapidly to him for, not only one but several minutes.

"I can't promise!" replied he, carelessly, making a movement to rejoin his friends.

"Don't wait too long, or you will repent it!" she said, archly, and vanished.

"How is Miss Rose, to-night?" queried Norris of Mr. Bell.

"Quite sick, I fear," was the reply. "And our little Annie has sickened also, with similar symptoms. We are fearful that the fever—or whatever the disease may be—is contagious."

"Has it not occurred to you that it may rather be induced by local causes?" asked Norris, so pointedly that his auditors halted in their walk, struck with consternation.

"No! to what causes do you refer?" asked Mr. Earle.

"We were assured of the healthfulness of this region by a reputable medical man," returned Mr. Bell. "One who had spent a summer in this very house."

"Come with me, if you please!" requested Norris.

They followed him to a point in the yard from which the river was visible.

"Do you see the sheet of white fog rising from that sluggish stream, and slowly unfolding itself over the meadows? Do you smell the rank and decaying vegetable matter, covering its banks? Have you noticed that, within the past week, every frog-pond in those low grounds is clothed with green scum? I tell you, sir, that this August sun is breeding malaria and death in those confounded bogs, and I—like a blind fool—selfish in the enjoyment of my own excellent health, never gave these significant signs a thought until within three days? I do not know the name of the medical man who vouched for the salubrity of this pestilential atmosphere, but I happened to have heard of another—a competent and worthy physician, living about eight miles from this house—and, becoming ill at ease after my attention was called to this subject by your sister's sickness, I determined to see and consult him. I failed to find him at home yesterday, and the day before. This afternoon I was more fortunate, and had a long talk with him. He tells me that, in a hot, damp season like the present, this place is notorious for ague and fever—to say nothing of frequent cases of remittent and even typhoid. My dear sir!"—laying his hand

heavily upon Mr. Bell's shoulder—"I do not repeat this to alarm you, but to urge you, by every argument in my power, to lose no time in removing your family from these deadly influences. When I think of the mischief that may already have occurred from my culpable negligence, I am driven almost to desperation!"

Shocked and alarmed as they were by this unexpected revelation, his hearers pitied his evident distress; were impelled to soothe what appeared to them morbid and unwarrantable self-accusations.

"My dear fellow! the fault was ours, not yours, if fault there has been!" remonstrated Mr. Earle. "You have but yourself to care for. We ought to have kept a bright lookout for anything and everything likely to affect the wives and babies. The plain truth is that, from beginning to end, this whole business has been an outrageous sell—a pitiable farce throughout."

"Pray Heaven the farce be not changed into tragedy!" said Mr. Bell, earnestly. "I thank you, from my soul, Norris, for your warning. I meant to call in a physician to-morrow. Your care and consideration for my treasures have exceeded mine."

"Ronald!" called his wife's voice from the house. "Is that you?"

He approached her. The others, standing in the shadow of the trees, remained unobserved by her, but were within hearing of her agitated address, as her husband reached the porch where she stood.

"Ronald, dear! cannot we leave this wretched place to-morrow? I want to go home!"

"Why, Annie! dear child! what has happened?"

"What may seem a trifle to you, but which has aroused me beyond control. You know that I have tried to make the best of this miserable experiment in summer-boarding. I was most to blame for our coming"—

"There was no blame in the case!" interrupted her husband. "It was an error of judgment in us all. But what is the latest enormity?"

"Just this. Georgie craves nothing but ice, and yesterday I asked Miss Jemima if I might send Harry to the ice-house now and then for a little. She said 'Yes' not very graciously, but I was not inclined to be over-

proud where Georgie's comfort was concerned. So Harry went twice, yesterday, bringing up each time a lump about double the size of his fist. This morning he got another, and one again at noon, neither larger than the first supply. Georgie being very thirsty to-night, I dispatched Harry, about ten minutes since, with Mary to hold the light for him, to get more. Would you believe it? *that* Burley and Saccharissa came out of the cellar, as they were passing on their way to the ice-house, and called to them that they could not go down. The ice was locked up, they said; that Mrs. Bell had already wasted several pounds of it in two days, and if things went on in this style there would be none left before long to keep the meat fresh. Harry explained that it was wanted for his sick aunt, but it was useless to plead with them. But, now hear the rest! As I came down stairs just now, resolving to see to the matter myself, the dining-room door was opened, and Daffy came out. Miss Jemima ordered her to shut it after her, and this attracting my attention, I glanced in. The three sisters were there and Mr. Burley—he in the act of emptying an ice-cream freezer into a dish! Then, Hortensia rushed forward and slammed the door, and I comprehended that it was a family feast, to which we were not to be admitted. And this, while our poor girl is refused a bit of ice to cool her parched tongue! Dear Ronald! if Georgie can travel, I will not stay here a day longer!"

"Mr. Norris! where is Mr. Norris?" said the weak pipe of the bound girl, as she shuffled out upon the piazza.

"Here I am! what do you want?" in a harsh, dry tone.

"Miss Hortensia says—'Come right away, sir, or your share will all be melted!'" drawled Daffy, who was either a great dunce, or a knave, who affected stupidity.

"Say to Miss Hortensia—or, stay! I will speak to the ladies myself."

He entered the house.

"Ahem! an invitation to the private ice-cream saloon!" said Mr. Earle. "Ronald! you don't ask my opinion of this house, but you are welcome to it. It is a diabolical hole, and fitly tenanted. I migrate to-morrow, if there is a conveyance to be had within a circuit of thirty miles!"

"We are agreed upon that!" responded Mr. Bell, calmly. "Annie, Mr. Norris says"—

Then followed an abstract of their friend's sanitary report.

The story made the mother wild with remorse, anxiety, and impatience to depart. Tears flowed down her cheeks as she listened.

"If our darlings should fall victims to our criminal want of foresight, I should never forgive myself! Poor Georgie! I feel like a murderess when I think of her!"

"Mrs. Bell!"

Norris accosted her with habitual politeness, but there was a tremor in his voice that told he had heard her last remark.

"I hope that your sister knows nothing of the inhuman answer returned to your application for ice."

"I could not bear to tell her!"

"I am thankful that you could not. Please take this to her, without mentioning how you obtained it."

He gave her a small basket, loaded with the coveted luxury, and checking her ardent thanks turned to the gentlemen to offer his services in procuring vehicles for the transportation of the two families and their effects homewards.

Mrs. Bell was prudently silent to Georgie with respect to their anticipated flitting, but in the other rooms, the work of preparation went on vigorously as quietly. Before the two matrons and their handmaidens lay down to nominal repose upon their stony-hearted mattresses, every trunk was packed and strapped, and the children's travelling-gear laid out ready for them to don early in the morning.

"Willin' hands and glad hearts makes quick work!" said Mary to Norah, when they were shut in their hot closet under the roof. "It's meself that's in that good humor, tonight, that I hardly begrudge the mosquitoes their last male off me."

"And it's not pity they want, the bloody bastes!" replied her less benevolent comrade. "Shure, and they're the only crayturs that ever gits their full to ate in this house—bad luck to it!"

Georgie slept better that night than did her sister, who, the packing having been completed, relieved Mrs. Earle's watch in the chamber; throwing herself down beside her sick child. The short summer night was long to the mother's anxious heart, late as it was when she sought her couch. Lying there, filled with vain repentance for the mistake

that had entailed so much of annoyance, discomfort, and positive suffering upon herself and those she loved, she watched the gray dawn grow into the clear day; the pale morn's blush at the coming of the bold bridegroom, the sun; listened to the sounds of awakening life without and below—the twittering of birds, the crowing of chickens, the hungry squeal of the pigs, whose sty was unpleasantly near the house, and between it and the river, rendering the coolest breezes that visited the heated inmates the most unfragrant.

Miss Jemima was early abroad, and in great strength, even for her. Before the sun had showed his uppermost rim above the hills, she had, in Mrs. Bell's hearing, boxed Daffy once, threatened her three times with a repetition of the punishment, and enjoined each of her sisters separately and venomously not to forget her position. Then came upon the scene of matutinal industry the invaluable Burley, to assume his share of house-wifely (?) cares. It was whispered among the "guests" of the surprising elder sister that she did a little, or, to speak more truly, *not* a little ogling of her right-hand man on her own private account; that should he be finally discarded by the coquettish Saccharissa, he need not go far to seek solace for his bruised heart in another's favor. It was not to be disputed that her nose regarded his approach with signal amiability, and her wiry tones had a certain sweetness in addressing him, meant to be engaging, but reminding unprejudiced hearers strongly of fermenting syrup. How often had Georgie lain in the corner beneath the square ventilator, opening upon the staircase, and laughed at the dialogues between the precious pair, as they performed their joint task of setting the house in order!

"If you could only hear her quote 'I never loved a dear gazelle!'" Georgie had once said to her sister. "It was too amusing, delivered in her high key, and interpolated by directions how to handle the dust-pan and broom!"

Mrs. Bell smiled sadly as this was recalled by the spinster's greeting on this morning.

"Good morrow, Monsieur Burley! Another charming day, you see! as fair as the 'rose, newly washed by the shower which Mary to Anna conveyed!' You remember how 'the plentiful moisture encumbered the flower, and weighed down its beautiful head.' Oh, I used to think Mrs. Barbauld heavenly when I was more unsophisticated and more senti-

mental; before I knew the world to be so horribly prosaic, so wretchedly deceitful, so like the dear, unhappy poet's 'hollow tree, where the blast it hollow blew, and he thought of all the hollow world, and all its hollow crew—all hollow, hollow, hollow!' Daffy! what are you standing there gaping for? Get the brush and pan for Mr. Burley, right away! I have swept the upper hall, Mr. Burley; you can take the stairs, while I get this table and hat-stand into something like order. I do wish Mr. Norris would not leave his boat-shawl lying here, all of a heap! But he hasn't behaved like a sane man for these four weeks! I never saw any one deteriorate as he has done lately. It is absolutely disgusting!"

Mrs. Bell raised her head to look over to Georgie's bed. She lay perfectly quiet, her face turned to the wall, apparently in a peaceful slumber, and her sister, fearing to disturb her by any change in her own position, could do nothing but lie still and listen to what followed. The colloquists had either forgotten that every word must be audible in Miss Rose's room, or, supposing her to be its only occupant beside the sleeping child, were maliciously talking *at* her. Burley was on the top step, brushing away at the faded stair-carpet. Mrs. Bell could hear the heavy breathing caused by his stooping posture.

"He was off by three o'clock for a ride. Where has he gone?" he asked.

"Mercy knows! I don't care! I had my say out to him last night, and I promise you that he got a dose of tolerably plain English. If my dear, spirited brother, who is now serving his country abroad, had been here, he would have had a horse-whipping as well. I imagine he has gone to Jones's" (a hotel ten miles distant) "to hire a carriage for his new friends. You know that our house loses its choicest treasures to-day?"—in fierce irony.

"Saccharissa told me so, just now."

"And our gallant knight-errant has called for his bill, and is to act as outrider!" pursued Miss Jemima, more sardonically. "A good riddance, I say! I told Hortensia just how it would turn out, the very day I found them billing and cooing up there in the woods! I said that she was a sly, designing piece the first night I saw her. I don't pretend to be so awfully modest and fastidious; I am not a shy mimosa or a shrinking dove, or any of that sort of nonsense! but I do thank my stars that I have too nice a sense of propriety

to go boating, and rambling, and flower gathering, and flirting with a strange young man, of whose character I know nothing, upon three days' acquaintance! I mayn't be so beautiful, or elegant, or accomplished as some people think themselves, but I *am* too much of a lady, not to say a decent Christian woman, to angle for another woman's beau. For my part, I had rather bob for eels and catch mud-turtles all my days, much as the sight of the innocent things shocks fine ladies' nerves, than be guilty of so unhandsome an action, such a base violation of the respect and gratitude due an unsuspecting, kind, confiding, and generous hostess!"

This preposterous climax brought Mrs. Bell to her feet. She could remain passive no longer. Burley's voice arrested her unwise impulse to leave the room and face the slanderer of her pure, noble sister.

"How does Hortensia feel about the rupture?" he inquired. "There, the stairs are done. Will that do?"

"Beautifully! How expeditious you are! This hall, now. Look sharp to the corners, and brush down the cobwebs! I am proud to say that Hortensia shows more pluck than one would expect. She says it is no doubt a happy escape for her; but it is easy to see that the poor girl bleeds inwardly. Ah, Mr. Burley, 'Light are the woes that to the eyelids spring!' Dear child! our babe and pet, whom we have never let the winds of heaven visit too roughly! She is young to learn that sad, sad and universal lesson of womanhood—

'To make us idols, and to find them clay,
And then bewail their worship, therefore—'

Daffy! if I have to hurry your lazy bones again, I will shake the breath out of your body!"

CHAPTER VII.

"I HAVE a plan to propose, Norris!" exclaimed Tom Earle, entering Mrs. Bell's parlor, eight months after the hegira from Roaring River; "one which I doubt not will meet with your hearty approbation."

It was a lovely moonlight evening. Mr. and Mrs. Bell were enjoying it at one window, the gas being turned down to a spark, glimmering like a glow-worm through the porcelain shade of the drop-light. Within the recess of another, a bay window at the oppo-

site end of the room, were two more figures, seated as closely together as was the married pair. One of these arose at the abrupt address of the visitor.

"I will give it a respectful hearing, at least. What is it?"

"My wife and I have been talking it over, and we agree that nothing could be more felicitous and appropriate," continued Mr. Earle, helping himself to a chair.

"Speak for yourself, if you please," interposed that lady. "Georgie, dear, don't mind his nonsense!"

"My grand idea is this, good people! Annie, are you listening? I move that this twain, to be one on the day after to-morrow, shall perform a bridal pilgrimage to Roaring River."

"Tom Earle! if your wife doesn't feel it to be her solemn duty to box your ears, I do!" cried Mrs. Bell, flying towards him.

In the bustle that ensued, Georgie slipped from the room. Norris, seeking her presently, found her over the piazza, leaning over the railing in an attitude of thoughtfulness. Her reverie was not so deep that she did not hear his footsteps. Meeting her with a mute caress as she turned towards him, he drew her hand within his own, and they began to walk up and down the floor, checkered by the shadows of the embowering creepers. Norris broke the eloquent silence.

"You did not stay to vote upon Mr. Earle's motion."

"I delegated that duty to you. Women have not the right of suffrage."

"You had no fear, then, lest a lingering *tendresse* for Miss Hortensia should bias my decision?"

She laughed gayly. "I did not think of that. Perhaps my confidence was rash, after all."

"Do you know, little one," Norris resumed tenderly, while his words conveyed a rebuke, "that the sole cause of complaint I have ever had against you was your unjust judgment of me in that affair? It is all a dark, sad dream to me—looking back out of the sunshine of perfect love and trust in which we now live—your credence of that absurd and, to me, dishonoring report of my attachment to another, and that other—Miss Jemima's sister! Then came the train of painful misunderstandings brought on by that belief; doubt, and estrangement, and suffering. But for your sister, I

fear we would never have been reconciled. I could not understand your freezing disdain and enigmatical allusions to my fickleness, and you refused to believe in the reality of my devotion. She came to my relief with the story of a conversation purposely held in your hearing and hers, when it was positively known that the game was lost, and I began to suspect the iniquitous plot. You must pledge undoubting faith in me from this time, henceforward and forever, my beauty, to make amends for this tremendous mistake."

"I suffered, too, James," said Georgie, in a low tone.

"As you never shall again, Heaven helping me! One thing I do owe Roaring River—I there met you for the first time. As to the darker pages of our experience there, let this be the token that they are sealed fast, never more to be opened!" And, bending forward—But, as this is not a sentimental story, we will break off modestly just here, and return to the quartette left within doors.

"Yes, we acted for once in our lives like unmitigated donkeys!" Mr. Earle was saying, with his usual candor. "Still, except for Georgie's spell of sickness and little Annie's month of fever and ague, I would not regret the lesson. It was pretty severe, but it will stick by us for the rest of our lives. After this, seeing is believing with me, and I will know for myself, before I go rusticated, whether I am to be a *bona fide* boarder, who pays a fair, liberal price for good fare, good beds, and good air, to one who takes me with the hope of making money honestly, and isn't ashamed to own it, or whether I am to enter a private family where they 'receive a few friends, just for company,' and am to submit in silence to detestable food, poisonous malaria, musty towels and rancid napkins, and beds that would disgrace a squatter's hovel, besides being bored to death by a set of predestined old maids, as full of cranks, and notions, and affectations as an egg is of meat, who treat me as their social equal, if not their inferior, and pull caps with my sister for her beau, and who, after cheating us for six weeks, abuse us like pickpockets because we fly for our lives from their odious den and more odious society."

"Did Norris tell you that he had picked up some ugly facts touching Burley's antecedents?" asked Mr. Bell.

"No. What are they?"

"His real profession is, it appears, that of 'confidence man,' combining the characters of jockey, swindler, and black-leg generally. Happening to cast his eyes upon the snug Ketchum farm, he concluded to make such arrangements as would secure it as a permanent summer retreat, when business was slack, or the public faith in him below par. Norris heard the tale from Mr. Boulby. He had just seen his friend, the 'brother in the city.' This young man, who is, James says, really a fine, sensible fellow, paid his sisters a visit last fall, and was introduced to his prospective brother-in-law. He recognized him instantly as the notorious scamp I have described, exposed him on the spot, and ended his unflattering remarks to him by kicking the gallant scullion out of the house."

"Good!" Mr. Earle slapped his knee in applause. "I always said that he was an impostor; that his talk about his 'seaside home,' his hints of high respectability in his own neighborhood, and palaver about 'investments' and 'handsome property,' while he was dangling like a low-bred kitchen scrub at the heels of his dulcinea in curls and calico, would prove to be, like the other pretensions of the firm, nothing but bosh."

A DREAM OF LONG AGO.

BY J. L. M'CREERY.

THE summer twilight hovers near,
The balmy air is sweetly still,
And from the neighboring grove I hear
The prelude of the whippoorwill.

To garish day a glad adieu,
And welcome evening's tender light,
While star by star steals into view,
Till glory crowns the brow of Night.

And memory o'erleaps the years—
Long years, whose passing seemed so slow—
And through the mist, that might be tears,
Uprise the dreams of "long ago."

Rugged and thorny was the path
It was my early fate to tread,
While howling tempests poured their wrath
Upon my unprotected head.

Then, for an hour, the storm passed by;
The heavens the bow of promise spanned;
Beneath a blue and cloudless sky
I caught a glimpse of fairy-land.

And I might gaze, but might not tread,
Where storm and darkness were unknown,
Where thousand forms of beauty strayed—
And one, whose life-path crossed my own.

For one brief hour there flashed a gleam
Of day athwart the cheerless night;
I knew 'twas but a fleeting dream,
Yet who would wake from such delight?

Full soon my dream had fled; the form
Passed on, and all was dark again!
My heart sank down amid the storm,
Afaint with loneliness and pain.

And yet, ere long I seemed to know,
All things were not as they had been;
Less rough my path began to grow,
And less of darkness veiled the scene.

Through rifted clouds the starlight gleams,
And evermore encircles me,
A Presence purely bright, which seems
Not thine, but yet which speaks of thee.

More tranquil now are heart and brain,
And life shall be, oh, nevermore,
So dark with gloom, so sad with pain,
As it had ever been before.

And as, to-night, I wander where
The flow'rets kiss the rippling rill,
While floats upon the evening air
The music of the whippoorwill—

A spirit in the murmuring stream,
A glory in the moonlight's glow,
Brings back the memory of the dream
That blessed my being "long ago."

LINES

ADDRESSED TO ONE WHO BELIEVES NOT IN LOVE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ST. CHARLES.

You tell me, sweet Ella, that love is a myth,
A dream of a volatile brain:
A fiction too bright for this workaday life,
And its blendings of pleasure and pain.

You tell me that love is a stranger on earth,
Though its semblance is oftentimes found:
A quest so celestial, of birth so divine,
May not visit terrestrial ground.

Well, call it illusion, or say 'tis a dream,
For a time your own promises taking:
'Tis a vision of heaven, by angels brought down
(Alas for the desolate waking!)

'Tis the rose of the desert, the sunset's rich glow,
Flinging radiance athwart the dark sky:
'Tis the music of Eden, to the heart breathing low,
And exhaling from thence in a sigh.

Oh dark were the world if this heavenly dream,
Ne'er blest our wild journey of woe!
Oh sad is the heart in whose desolate depths
No gem of affection can glow!

But heed thee, fair lady, lest Cupid in wrath
Should aim his all conquering dart,
And marshal his forces in hostile array
To besiege that *invincible* heart.

How joyous his triumphs should victory wait,
To crown with new glory his arms:
When possession he takes of thy well guarded heart,
And all its rich treasure of charms.

MY SUMMER VISIT.

BY BELLE RUTLEDGE.

My visit to Aunt Esther Hartley's was a matter of much comment in our family circle. Mamma thought it was "time thrown away—up there in the granite hills, where I should meet no society!" papa smiled, but prudently said nothing, when appealed to, save the invariable "Go where you can enjoy yourself best, Esther!"—but my two sisters, Belle and Kate, settled it that "it is only one of Est's queer notions! The oddest girl alive, to prefer that out-of-the-way country place to a visit to the springs with them and papa and mamma!"

But, carry my point I did; and one lovely June morning found me *en route* for a visit to the farm-house up among the New Hampshire hills.

The facts were simply these: My Aunt Esther, the eldest sister of my father, had married a wealthy farmer settled amid the hill country of the granite State, and I was my worthy relative's namesake, no children ever brightening her home. When a delicate, fragile girl of ten, my father had taken me to Aunt Esther's, where I passed a year, recovering health and strength under the regimen of a generous country diet and bracing mountain air. Ever since that time, seven years before, I had longed for another glimpse of the old-fashioned farm-house; but never until now had I found the leisure to go thither again. A boarding-school had claimed my attention until the autumn of my seventeenth year; then followed a winter of gayety at home. But this had sufficed to give me a glimpse into the hollowness of that so-called "fashionable society" into which I had been enrolled by my ambitious mamma until what time I should be fortunate enough to be promoted to a post of honor in the ranks matrimonial; so I resolved to escape from the projected party to the springs, and pass the summer months instead at the well-remembered old retreat among the hills.

"Well, Esther is young yet; and there'll be time enough for her by and by, I suppose!" said my mother resignedly, at last; and, the matter thus settled, I packed my trunk and set out for Aunt Esther's, under the escort of

a friend of my father's, who, fortunately was going nearly all my route on business.

The sun was near his setting, flooding all the western sky with gold and fire, when I arrived at the last railway station of my journey. The good gentleman who had acted as my escort left me a short time previous; and now I stepped from the car to the depot platform, expecting to take the stage-coach to my Uncle Hartley's house, about six miles distant. I had not looked to be met at the station, for my letter, apprising Aunt Hartley of my visit, had only been dispatched two days previous, and I doubted its reception many hours before my appearance; what, then, was my agreeable surprise, on stepping from the car, to be met by a tall, handsome gentleman of apparently some thirty years, who accosted me with the inquiry—

"Is this Miss Esther Benton?"

"Yes," I replied. "Did you come for me?" for, at that moment, I noticed my uncle's well-remembered family "carryall," though now a span of handsome grays had taken the place of the steady old family horse of other days. "I did not think they could have received my letter so soon."

"Fortunately I had the pleasure of taking it from the post-office this morning, Miss Benton—and am deputed by your aunt the honor of taking you the remnant of your journey. You will find the carriage easier than the lumbering stage-coach," he said, assisting me into it; and in a few minutes, my trunk securely strapped behind the vehicle, we were riding along the smooth country turnpike, my companion answering my eager inquiries relative to the health of my good relatives.

"All are well at the Hartley farm; and very impatient you will find your worthy Aunt Esther to greet her niece. Such a flutter of delight as your letter threw her in, Miss Benton! You have reason to feel flattered that your advent can create such a *furor* of pleasure. It proves that you must have left most agreeable impressions after that girlhood visit of which your aunt has never wearied telling me," and the gentleman smiled as he cast a glance upon me.

"I hope Aunt Esther did not forget to recount the marvellous effects of her indulgence on the girl who grew strong and wild under her kind and wholesome treatment—also, the forays committed on hay-mows, peach-trees, pear-orchards, the horses I rode bare-backed, and the sitting-hens I frightened from their maternal resting-places? I grew a sad romp at that time, Mr."—but there I paused, suddenly, bethinking that I did not know the name of my companion.

The same thought evidently struck the gentleman, too, for, banishing his trifling embarrassment, he said, smilingly, and with a dash of *nonchalance*, "I presume that, like all young ladies, Mrs. Hartley's niece possesses a share of the curiosity of her sex, and would not object to knowing by what name to call her companion—hence, waiving the etiquette laid down in Chesterfield, I shall be forced to perform the ceremony of self-introduction. Know, then, Miss Esther Benton, that I have the honor to be a distant connection of yours, by name Hugh Rockwell, Esq."—and he lifted his hat gracefully—"nephew to your Uncle Hartley, at whose pleasant home I am now spending the summer."

"And I am exceedingly glad to make your acquaintance, sir," I replied. "And, since we are likely to be thrown into each other's society, I hope we shall get on smoothly together, most worthy cousin, Esquire Rockwell!" Evidently my cool rejoinder, delivered in the same *nonchalant*, laughing tone as his own, non-plussed him a little, but he covered this, and retorted—

"Well, I hope that, too, Miss Benton. But let me warn you, *en avance*, that I cherish some peculiar notions at which a lively young lady may run full tilt, the chief of which is, that, it being a delusion that happiness may be found at the crowded summer haunts of fashion, said happiness *may* be gleaned from the quiet of this country region, an idea which, I trust, your coming may not dispel, Miss Esther."

"Surely not! I beg of you do not trouble yourself in the least about imagining that I may wage war against any of your pet theories, Mr. Rockwell!" I replied, with a little sarcastic laugh. "A *la* some of the disturbers of our national peace, you only want to be 'let alone' in your notions, which privilege, I assure you, I do not mean to intrude upon."

"Thanks! You are frank in the outset, I

am glad to perceive, Miss Benton," rejoined Mr. Rockwell. "But perhaps I ought to have said that a mental review of the chief motives which influence the people one meets at fashionable resorts—gayety, show, and the opportunity to secure an eligible *parti* in the matrimonial lists—has helped to strengthen the decision that turned my feet thither this summer, instead of to Newport, where a party of my friends are staying. You perceive that I'm quite ascetic in my notions of enjoyment, and, no doubt, will condemn me with the zest of youth, Miss Benton."

"Of course! As if this country region were to be *compared* with a season at the springs or the seaside," I said, stoutly, though secretly a little pleased at his words. "Why, don't you know that mamma packed me off to Aunt Esther's to get me out of the way while sisters Belle and Kate secured their prizes at Saratoga?"

"I should surely be forced to believe your statement, Miss Benton, had I not happened to have heard a sentence from a certain letter which your good Aunt Esther read aloud to me this morning," retorted Mr. Rockwell, smiling. "Something to this effect—that, the elder Misses Benton both being engaged, 'mother wonders why I don't want to go to Saratoga, and have a gay time, instead of coming up to the dear old farm-house.' So I think I may venture to ask Miss Esther what *could* have inspired her decision to turn away from the attractions of the springs, and honor us in this quiet region."

Mr. Rockwell's meaning tone vexed me a little, and I felt strangely annoyed that Aunt Esther had read him my letter. "He takes me for a little girl, and amuses himself at my expense," I said, mentally. So I resolved to show him that I was his match in coolness.

"Oh, because, with yourself, I am wearied of life," I replied, demurely, and with a little wicked sarcasm in my tone. "One winter of dissipation, since I had the honor of being a graduate at Madame Stanton's, has been quite sufficient to cause a longing for quiet; so I turned my feet to the cool, green country to find rest and solace from the great world's hollowness."

"Ah!"—and I fancied that Mr. Rockwell winced a little under his smiling rejoinder. "How singular that we should have both come to the same conclusion and place of refuge! I dare say we shall find balm for our

wounded spirits. But what say you to the proposition that, if we find solitude *too* monotonous, we can, by way of variety, avail ourselves of each other's society?"

"Oh, certainly! 'Any port in a storm,' you know, Esquire Rockwell. If my poor *ennuied*, *blasé* conversation can contribute in any way toward inspiring you with fresh hope to continue your earthly pilgrimage, pray don't forget to mention it! But is not that Uncle Hartley's?" I asked, as, turning a bend in the highway, I caught sight of the well-remembered picture I had cherished for seven years.

"Yes, we are nearly there; a quarter of a mile by the road, and hardly an eighth across the meadow. I never knew a more lovely place than Hartley farm in summer time, and I have enjoyed every moment of my stay, thus far," said Mr. Rockwell, enthusiastically.

"And I only hope that the remainder may be passed as agreeably, for I intend to enjoy myself immensely, despite your presence!" was the saucy retort that leaped to my lips; and then I averted his answer by hastily exclaiming—"There! I can make out Uncle John and Aunt Esther standing in the door! How this summer twilight lingers, and what a lovely drive it is up here at the sunset hour! The span came faster than old Billy used to, when I often went to ride over to market with Uncle John; and you are an excellent charioteer, Cousin Hugh Rockwell, Esquire."

"Thanks, little Cousin Esther!" was my companion's sole comment. And we rapidly neared the terminus of our journey.

A pleasant picture was it, framed by the circling belt of dark blue mountains that closed in to form a background to the scene. A large, substantial old country mansion, situate on an eminence a short distance from the main road, from whence it was approached by a grassy lane, with a wide stretch of smooth lawn in front, dotted by large lilac trees, clustering snowballs, and fragrant blossoming seringas. Seen now, in the clear summer twilight, it looked a calm, quiet retreat, where one could indeed find shelter, if wearied and tempest-tossed by the vexing turmoils of the world without.

A nearer inspection of the premises revealed a long line of noble barns, granaries, and stables, attesting the "fore-handed," comfortable circumstances of the proprietor of the

Hartley place, while the sweep of meadow and field, and the dark outline of fruit orchards, bespoke the royal harvestings when lusty autumn should perfect the promise of the matronly summer.

A few moments more brought us to the door, where my aunt and uncle stood awaiting us; and a warm, cheery welcome bespoke the genuine pleasure my coming gave them. And, for me, I was like a bird who had been wandering, come to fold its wings in the home-nest again.

A half hour later, seated at the bountifully spread tea-table, laden with Aunt Esther's sweet home-made bread, delicious cake and custards, I had opportunity to note my companion of the drive more closely between the answers conversation elicited. Mr. Rockwell was not "handsome," as the phrase goes, but undeniably fine-looking and intelligent-faced, and with that indisputable air of high breeding which marks the true cultivated gentleman and the polished man of society. Altogether, I fancied that mamma and my fashionable sisters would have been slightly surprised at the "society" into which my lines had been cast this first night of my appearance in this "out-of-the-way country place." But I found very little time to devote to this idea, for my good Aunt Esther's conversational powers were fully tested upon me that first evening of my arrival.

"Why, child, how you have grown! I never should have known you, so changed from the little pudling girl who was here that year!"

"But, Aunty, you forget that seven years have had something to do with the matter," I replied, in order to dispel the illusion that I was no longer a mere girl. "Don't you see I'm now a full-fledged young lady?"

"Deary me! who'd ever *dream* it was so long ago? Why, it seems but yesterday! And you've always been writing that you wanted to come every summer. I shall keep you a long, long time, to repay for your naughty neglect of us."

"Oh, I intend to make you glad *twice*, Aunt Esther—once with my coming, and again with my going," I rejoined.

Uncle Hartley laughed, but Aunt Esther went on, in her quiet, practical way—"Well, I'm glad you *can* content yourself with old folks, though, to be sure, here's Nephew Hugh to keep you company."

I looked across the table to the gentleman seated opposite me, and looking so provokingly cool that I could not resist retorting, with an equal air of indifference: "Oh, Mr. Rockwell and I have already made a compact of friendship, with the proviso that we are only to bother each other with each other's society when we are at a loss for better employment. Am I not right in my statement, Mr. Rockwell?"

"Perfectly," was his rejoinder, with a flash from his keen hazel eyes that said, plain as language, "You are a very pert, saucy girl, Miss Esther Benton!" For it was one thing for a gentleman to assume airs of superiority and indifference toward a young lady, and quite another to be met by said young lady on his own territory.

"Come, children, no quarrelling," said my uncle, as we rose from the table. "All who live under my roof must smoke the pipe of peace together."

But Aunt Esther's honest blue eyes opened wide at this remark, for, to her placid, obtuse perceptive, no little barbed arrows of sarcasm had been hurled across her tea-table that June night.

Hugh Rockwell sauntered out the front door, while uncle and I sat at the windows of the west room, where the fragrant breath of the roses and seringas came floating in, and the tender young summer moon looked down with loving gaze.

"A noble fellow, Nephew Hugh is, though a little odd in some of his notions," said my uncle. "Not a bit like your city chaps in general, though he's spent most of his life amongst 'em. But he's going to settle down over at M——, as Judge Leonard's partner. I hope you and he'll be great friends, Esther. I see you're a match for him. You gave him a pretty keen thrust about bothering him with your society, for he's a regular bachelor, and has always shunned the ladies." And uncle laughed heartily. "But I'm glad you've agreed to be friends, for only this morning, after your letter came, he spoke of taking his leave, and going back to M——."

"I don't think *my* coming need drive away Mr. Rockwell. It probably will not, uncle," I answered carelessly, mentally vexed, and saying, "And so you were anxious to get away from the city miss, who was coming to upset all your plans of quiet at Hartley farm, Mr. Rockwell?"

I saw no more of Hugh Rockwell that night, and soon went to my room, wearied with the long day's journey. Next morning I awoke late, with the sun shining full into my face.

"Well, dear, how did you sleep?" inquired Aunt Esther, as I appeared below.

"Oh, very soundly, as the lateness of the hour testifies. But I do mean to be a very early riser in future, aunty. Don't judge of me by this morning's tardiness, pray!"

"Why, you were very tired, child, and sleep was the restorative. In a week's time, I'll venture, you'll be up early as the birds. Come, have breakfast now." And she led the way to the dining-room.

"And afterwards we'll take a look at the premises," cried Uncle Hartley from the piazza, where he sat smoking his pipe.

"La, John, there's another day coming! Let Esther get rested first," said aunt, bountifully filling my plate with cream toast.

"If Esther's like the girl she used to be, she won't rest till she's explored barn, stable, and corn-house, and ridden old Billy to the watering-trough," came in a laughing tone from the piazza.

"Nephew Hugh's gone over to the village for the mail, this morning. He takes his canter every day regularly," said Aunt Esther.

Later, with Uncle Hartley, after visiting the large, airy barns, I stood in the sweet-breathed apple-orchards. Drifts of pink and white blossoms lay beneath the trees, and the air was rife with an aroma more fragrant than frankincense and myrrh.

"Oh, how delicious this is, uncle! It is like heaven, after the hot, stifling city! I could be content to live in the country forever!" I cried, enthusiastically.

"Provided it were always summer, you mean, Esther," replied Uncle Hartley, smiling, though I could see that my delight pleased him. "You would agree with Nephew Hugh, for he maintains that a farmer's life is the happiest in the world."

"Except a *lawyer's*, you forgot to add, Uncle John," exclaimed a deep voice close by, and, turning, I met a courteous "Good-morning" from the gentleman referred to.

"You saddle every assertion with a proviso, it seems, Mr. Rockwell?" rushed to my lips; and presently we had fallen into the relation of yesterday—two sparrers in a wordy combat, which amused Uncle Hartley vastly, judging by the frequency of his puffs at his

pipe and the keen twinkling of his blue eyes.

By and by uncle sauntered away towards the fields, to direct his farm-help, and, our stroll over, Hugh and I neared the house.

"Do you ride horseback, Miss Esther?" asked Rockwell, abruptly, as we were entering the back porch, all overrun with morning-glories, open-eyed to the bright sun.

Now, if there was an exercise I revelled in, it was equestrianism, and I had enjoyed the advantages of the best riding-school my native city afforded; but, very reversely, I did not care to acquaint Hugh Rockwell, Esquire, with that fact, so I replied, demurely: "I used to ride old Billy a little, when I was here long ago, and I think I could keep my seat now, Mr. Rockwell. But old Billy jogged his last years since, and there are no Rozinantes in the stable now, except Fanny, the colt, and the span."

"Well, if you can keep your seat, I think you would not be frightened on one of the grays. They are perfectly kind and steady. I wanted to invite you over to Blue Hill some morning. But we will take the carriage, instead, if you say so, though there is no good road up the hill, and if you could ride, it would be better."

"Oh, I think I will venture to try one of the carriage horses," I replied, as we parted in the doorway. "And you will ride slowly to accommodate me."

That afternoon I passed quietly and happily with Aunt Esther. Next morning uncle and Mr. Rockwell went over to the village for the day, so we had another quiet time together; but sunset brought the two home with the war news and the papers, which were duly discussed at the supper-table.

Well, a month or two passed, and during that time my acquaintance with Hugh Rockwell had progressed, despite the constant war of words and repartee, which had grown into a fixed habit with us. Each night I retired to my room saying mentally, "How provokingly disagreeable he is!" and each day I became more and more fascinated with his society. "No wonder he is so successful a pleader at the bar," I thought. "He would talk conviction into any jury in the space of one hour. I hate him, and yet I like him!" (I suppose all young ladies reason and decide something after this fashion, reader!)

Well, drives all around the country, in the

carryall behind the span, and in the old "one hoss shay," had become a common experience with me; but as yet nothing had been said of the contemplated excursion to the mountain which reared its pine-crowned crest in the clear summer sky some three miles distant. At length, one evening, Mr. Rockwell said at the tea-table, "To-morrow, if the morning is cool, perhaps we had better attempt our horseback over to Blue Hill. You think there would be no danger of Kate's proving refractory under the side-saddle, Uncle John?"

"Not the least. She's docile as a kitten, either in the harness or saddle. Now, there's Fanny—a dreadful frisky critter *she* is, and I'm afraid she'll never get properly broken in. A real beauty, that colt is, but, after all, I've about made up my mind to sell her to somebody who wants to tame her."

"Uncle, don't you really think Fanny would let *me* ride her?" I asked, demurely. "She eats salt from my hand, and looks kind as possible; and a side-saddle would fit her back so nicely!"

"If you knew anything about horseback riding, perhaps you wouldn't want to risk your neck on a four year old colt, Esther!" replied my uncle. "Kate's as gentle as old Billy used to be; and Hugh's horse, though he is a purty smart traveller, must learn to slack up to keep pace with yours."

Vastly amused at the inference drawn by the dwellers at Hartley farm regarding my equestrian abilities, I said nothing more; but mapped out my plans, which were no other than to bribe Sam, the farm boy, to shift the saddle from Kate's back to Fanny's while in the stable, and then to sally forth to the surprise of my escort. Nor must it be supposed that I had come to this decision without the fullest confidence in my own powers, and also without cultivating the most friendly feelings from Fanny, by frequent visits to her stall, and offers of tempting wisps of hay, handfuls of fresh clover, and pattings of her fine head and sleek, glossy mane.

Well, the morning of our ride came round, and, while Mr. Rockwell was busy with directing the saddling of his own horse, a handsome, large, dark-red animal, I came out in my riding-habit, slipped into the stable, and superintended the plot I had formed concerning my own bonny steed.

"If this 'ere Fan kicks up, and lands you in a ditch, Miss Esther, you won't blame *me*?"

said Sam, imploringly, when, his labors completed, a sense of his own connivance at treachery rushed over him.

"Don't you fret, Sam. Fanny and I know what we're about, don't we, Fan?" I answered, patting the colt's head and looking into her bright, intelligent eyes, which, I must confess, did roll and flash a little wickedly. "There! now it's all right!"—and I examined saddle-girth and stirrup-strap myself, to be sure all was secure. "Now I'll mount from this block, and ride out into the yard, where Mr. Rockwell's horse must be ready."

With a quick bound, I was in my seat, my hand firmly on the rein; but no sooner had I touched saddle than away sprang Fanny, with a leap that would have done credit to a Pegasus. Rearing and plunging, she sprang about half way across the yard, shied, backed, tossed her head, and endeavored to throw me by every means known to a not thoroughly broken colt of four years. Then, all at once, she came to a dead halt, close by where Rockwell was standing, near his own saddled horse, pale with surprise and terror.

"Good heavens, Esther Benton, you don't intend riding *that* mad little beast!" he cried out, with anger, fright, and command in his tones. "How came you on Fanny? Sam, you little villain, you've saddled the wrong horse!"—turning, full of wrath, to that personage, who was shrinking away behind the pump in the yard, with eyes protuberant, and fairly quivering with terror; and at the same time Mr. Rockwell stepped forward to lay his hand on Fanny's bridle.

"I *told* her so! I knowed it! She's a darned headstrong critter, any way, Mr. Rockwell!" said the boy, in quick, gasping tones, faintly emerging from behind his pump tower of refuge.

"Which remark, Mr. Rockwell, I beg you to believe, applies to *me*, equally with Fanny. Pray, don't hold her bridle rein so hard. You frighten her a little. I think I can manage Fanny, if you will let me have my way about riding her!" I said, decidedly.

"And *I* am confident that you will be thrown!" exclaimed Hugh Rockwell. "Why *will* you foolishly persist—" But at this moment Miss Fanny managed, by much shaking of her glossy head, to get free from his restraining hand, and again commenced her capers about the yard.

For full five minutes this went on—a series of shying, plungings, and rearings that evinced a most refractory disposition; but, never losing my determination to conquer, I put in practice the art of coaxing, until, my patience exhausted, I struck Miss Fanny a smart blow with the whip, which sent her down the lane at full speed, with the echo of Hugh Rockwell's exclamations of alarm in my ear, and the consciousness that several pairs of anxious eyes were watching me.

"Is the girl crazy? She will be killed!" cried Rockwell, the sound of his horse's hoofs following on behind. Then I was out of hearing, my long riding-habit accelerating the speed of the colt, who flew like the wind.

A mile or more at this mad pace thoroughly tested the quality of Fanny and my own love of an exciting race; then gradually she relaxed her speed, and became so manageable that I felt I had secured a victory. With a little thrill of triumph and pride, I would not turn, though I heard the sound of Rockwell's horse behind, along the smooth, hard turn-pike. Shortly he was beside me; and, when I stole a cautious glance at his face, I must confess that I was not sorry to see him looking very pale and agitated. At that moment the consciousness that I must possess *some* power over that strong man, else he had never manifested this emotion, rushed through my soul, and flooded my veins with liquid fire.

"Esther, you are wild, reckless, to tamper thus with your life," said Rockwell, reining in his horse, all covered with foam.

"Not in the least," I answered. "I am sorry if I gave you alarm, but it was my only way. I was determined to ride Fanny, and found myself obliged to conquer her instead of being conquered myself, after I was fairly set out; but I think we shall be the best of friends in future. Sha'n't we, Fanny?" And I stroked her thick chestnut mane, a caress which I think the animal understood, for she tossed her head gently, and looked round with a bright but subdued look in her expressive eye. "I forgot to tell you, Cousin Hugh," I could not help adding, wickedly, and smiling a bit, "that I have taken riding lessons these four years at Du Cheval's, and I don't think my old master would have objected at all to Fanny. I hope I did not frighten uncle and Aunt Esther, though."

"And have you no compunctions for the alarm you have caused *me*, Esther?"

I thought it entirely unnecessary, the tone and emphasis with which Mr. Rockwell asked this, leaning over close to my saddle-bow; and I never could account for the manner in which my cheeks burned, as I felt a hand laid for a moment upon my own ungauntleted one resting on the pommel. Nor do I think it at all necessary to record what was said afterwards, for I thought then, and still maintain, though Hugh persists that it was the right speech at the right time, I thought it was the most un-*apropos* occasion in the world for a— Don't you wish I'd *written* it, reader?

However, I never was good at keeping a secret, and, somehow, *that* day my eyes and cheeks seemed to betray what they should have kept; and before bed-time that night Aunt Esther had found out what happened at the horseback ride. And then Uncle Hartley and Hugh held a sort of council next morning, smoking their pipes of peace together out on the piazza; and by and by a letter was sent off to papa at the springs, and within a week an answer came, in which Hugh was taken into our family *en prospective*, as they admit students to college; viz., *on conditions*.

For my own part, I didn't like to be hurried so; and I ventured to remind mamma one day, when Hugh had accompanied me home, after they had all returned from Saratoga, of her old speech, "Esther is young enough yet;" but somehow it failed of effect, perhaps because it would give *eclat* to the approaching season to have a treble wedding celebrated at our house.

And so it came to pass that sisters Belle and Kate and I all wore white satin, point lace, and orange blossoms together, on a clear, cold Christmas night; and everybody, including Hugh and myself, seemed perfectly satisfied with the result of my summer visit.

TO ———.

BY MALVA.

You say that you love me, and can I believe,
Those low murmured words are but meant to deceive?
They come to my heart like the sweet south wind's breath,
I cannot forget them until cold in death.

They rest on my spirit like dew on the flower;
They linger around me each day and each hour;
In sunlight I see them all beaming and bright,
I hear their low voice in the silence of night.

Dark woe's heavy mantle would shroud my cold heart,
Did I dream that your spirit *could* will us to part;
The future would be one black gulf of despair,
And how soon death should call me I little would care.

THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

(*Pearl the Eleventh.*)

"COME BACK TO ME, DARLING."

Come back to me, darling! be once more my boy!
Be once more my comfort, my pride, and my joy!
As I grow the older

You seem to grow colder,
Forsaking the home I have kept for your sake,
And severing links that true love would not break.

Come back to me, darling! forsaking the wine!
Breathe once more the incense that floats round Hope's
shrine.

The love that life lengthens,
The ties that time strengthens
Are all in your clasp! By your earlier years
I charge you to save them from doubts and from fears.

Come back to me, darling! too far have you strayed!
Too long in the lap of Delilah delayed!

There comes a to-morrow
From which you can borrow
No comfort or grace if you kneel at the shrine
And worship the goddess that lives in the wine.

Come back to me, darling! I need you just now!
My eyes grow more dim and white hairs line my brow!

Your mother is pleading!
Whose poor heart is bleeding
Because of the path that your footsteps are in!
Because of your error, your passion, your sin.

Come back to me, darling! be once more my boy!
The light of my life, and my comfort and joy!

Love me as I love thee,
And the blue sky above thee
Will bend with the weight of the angels, whose joy
Will mingle with mine, if my love saves my boy.

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.—A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character. Some announce goodness and sweetness—others betray sarcasm, bitterness, and pride. Some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness—others brighten by their spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and beautiful by all sweet thoughts.

TOM SNUGGERY'S MARRIAGE;

A SEQUEL TO "TOM SNUGGERY IN SEARCH OF A WIFE," IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

BY J. BUNTING.

If the diligent reader of the *Lady's Book* have a very excellent memory, he may possibly be reminded by the preceding caption of certain adventures that befell the above-mentioned gentleman while endeavoring to ascertain the causes and effects of the marriage state. It will be remembered, too, how resolute were his conclusions upon the subject, after having given it a thorough and impartial investigation. But, like many other deep-laid schemes of single men, this was doomed to disappointment, and our assiduous inquirer into matrimonial affairs, and repudiator of the connubial state, found himself, not long after—how, he could scarcely describe—actually "engaged."

The matter came about in this way: Chancing, one afternoon, to be rather unoccupied with mercantile affairs, he strolled around the corner, and into the counting-room of a brother merchant, where he found seated in a cozily indolent attitude, his senatorial friend, Charley Osborne.

"Why, Tom," he cried, "is that you? Heard you 'd gone to Boston?"

"Gone to Boston! What for?"

"Why, I heard you had gone there to get married."

"Married! Bless my soul, how ridiculous! Why, who ever told such a confounded story as that?"

"Well, that's the report. But tell me, Tom, how did you succeed in that wife-hunting expedition that I overhauled you in the other day?"

"What! You mean my investigations into the philosophy of marriage?" asked Tom, concealing his customary bashfulness on this subject behind a very unaccustomed grandiloquence. "Well, now, to tell the truth, I have hardly thought of it since. It all went into one ear and out at the other. Just an episode, you know, in a day's ride, as one may say."

Now, this was about as "confoundedly" false on the part of our friend Tom as the story which he had so recently censured in another, for he had thought unusually much

about this subject of the philosophy of marriage; not in a romantic way, of course, but strictly in a scientific estimation of its comparative advantages and defects. He had, in fact, reached that period of a man's life which mostly comes sooner, but seldom or never misses coming some time, when he finds his bachelor comforts becoming monotonous, his easy-chair uneasy, his loose slippers beginning to pinch, his buttons to drop off with most amazing frequency, and the whole outer and inner man to feel in a dreadful state of discomfort.

"Now, I tell you what, Tom," said Osborne, breaking a momentary pause in the dialogue, "you've got to be married, sooner or later; you're in for it; it's only a question of time, and the sooner it's off your mind the better. Come, now—I know the nicest girl, up at Albany, that ever you saw. Suit you to a T. Come over with me to dinner, and my wife shall tell you all about her. And, by the way"—looking at his watch—"it's high time now for us to start. Come along."

It was difficult for Tom, under any circumstances, to refuse a good dinner, and he found it still more so on this occasion, when the zest of the meal was to be enhanced by revelations concerning a "nice girl." So off they both went to Mr. Osborne's residence.

It was almost dark when Tom alighted with his friend at the gate of the fine mansion before which they had drawn up. And here our hero met with an additional argument in favor of Osborne's advice, for, standing at the gateway as they entered, was a nurse, bearing the tiny infant heir of the Osborne heritage, which Charley had no sooner seen than he stooped to kiss, in so loving and paternal a manner that Tom's eyes and mouth both watered at the sight.

And indeed harder hearts than Tom's have melted at sight of that purest of all domestic exhibitions. Nothing so takes the stone out of a man's heart. Here, in this working world, you see the man of office busy with his political schemes, or the man of merchandise with his wares. You may look in vain,

from sunrise till sunset, on his face, for that look of tenderness, of pure emotion, honest and unrestrained, which just now sparkled in the face of Charley Osborne. You may fancy that it is not there, that it never was there; but suddenly, at the threshold of his domestic privacy, an affectionate wife, or a tiny atom of humanity, with upturned face, beckons him back from the outer storm to the inner shelter. The stately form and the stern face, even if they grow no less stately nor stern in outward seeming, lose their character when we see them lean to embrace or stoop to kiss. And so our hero was softened in this preparatory manner for the divulgence of those matters which were to exercise so important a bearing on his future life.

Mrs. Osborne, who from her heart commiserated poor Tom, as happily married women are apt to do bachelors, espoused his cause in the most winning way when the errand to which Mr. Osborne had alluded was unfolded to her. But she was much too romantic a young woman to allow so fine an opportunity for intrigue to pass by without enhancing the interest of the affair by such devices of her own as her superior tact might instance.

Her arrangement, therefore, was as follows: Tom should not be introduced to the young lady in question; he should not even learn her name; but for a certain period should content himself with an incognito correspondence. Mrs. Osborne volunteered to open the way for this, placing Tom, as she promised, on the same footing as the lady; and both were to remain unknown to each other until such time, if ever, as they might mutually agree to an interview. This *modus operandi* was peculiarly agreeable to Tom, because he escaped thereby the terrors of an awkward introduction to a strange girl, and he embraced the plan with much alacrity.

It will not be needful to go into any historical details in regard to this correspondence. Suffice it to say that Tom, on his part, from first to last, had been so charmed with the modesty, candor, and good sense of the unknown correspondent that at the end of six months he wrote to solicit an interview, as the papers say, "with a view to matrimony;" and the reply being, according to his hopeful interpretation, highly favorable, he at once fixed an early day for visiting that respectable Teutonic city of legislators which lies so far out of reach of the fret and fume of the great metropolis.

First, however, he sought Mrs. Osborne, and by every effort strove to win from her the name of the fair one, or some more definite description of her personal charms than the "splendid eyes and graceful figure" with which the diplomatic lady had regaled his senses. But this errand was entirely unsuccessful, the reply being peremptory and to the point: "Go and see for yourself; you'll find the name on the door." So one fine May morning at seven o'clock found Mr. Snuggery at the Hudson Street depot, *en route* to Albany. He had not allowed himself a holiday from business for a long time; and as the train slid gracefully up the river he was soon charmed with the beauty of all he saw. The delicate haze, like a veil of translucent sunbeams, drooped and rose over the water, over the shipping, over the sombre faces of the pallasades, and at length gathered into deeper mistiness among the loftier passes of the Highlands.

Mr. Snuggery enjoyed the varying landscape with more of the artist's than the merchant's eye. In fact, the unaccustomed scenery brought back to him those younger days of aspiration and sentiment which for so many years had been strangers to his life, but which who of us does not love to recall in all their old magical and lovely vesture? Tom, in short, forgot himself; his six-and-thirty years were cleverly cloven in twain, and, for the time, only the earlier half had existence and interest for his thoughts.

Thus dreaming, and thus running back into the past, our hero forgot to note his progress; and happening in a pause of the train to notice an unusual bustle among the baggage and passengers around him, he at once conjectured that they had reached the Albany Ferry. To make himself entirely sure of the matter, however, instead of using his eyes, and looking for the goodly town, he started from his dreaming posture with great precipitation, and accosted the brakeman on the platform.

"Is this where you get off for Albany?"

"Yes, sir; this is where you get on for Albany," replied that official, too busy to pay much attention either to questions or answers.

So Mr. Snuggery, without noticing the misunderstanding, got off; but finding everything strange and unaccustomed to his view—no ferry visible, nor any huge depots, nor shops, nor foundries, such as he had been wont to see there—he at once conjectured that he had

made a mistake, and started for the train again. He was just too late, however, for before he could go half a dozen paces the already moving train had steamed on out of reach, leaving him, blank with disappointment, on the bank of the river.

"Where the dence am I?" said Mr. Snuggery to himself. He turned to the paltry way station, which his confused state of mind had magnified into the Albany depot, and read "RHINEBECK." On a mile-board near at hand he read, "to Albany, 56 miles!"

"Now, isn't this a pretty piece of business?" thought Mr. Snuggery, gazing after the train now vanishing in the dim perspective. His chagrin was still more heightened by remembering that the train in which he was to arrive, and the hour at which he was to pay his respects, had been duly mentioned to the expectant damsel, whom he now pictured waiting in blissful impatience for the approaching train.

"And, after all, to disappoint her! Well, it's really too bad!" said Mr. Snuggery, again and again. "Too bad for anything!"

He walked impatiently into the station, and referred to the time-table. Four hours before the next train. Slow and dreary hours they would be to him, that was certain, and hours of cruel misapprehension on the part of that star of all his hopes, whose orbit encircled the domains of Albany.

He looked up at the sign-board again. "Rhinebeck." There it was. It was no use to look at it; it wouldn't read "Albany." The telegraph was ticking in one corner of the room; but even that was of no use to him in this dilemma, because the unaccountable perversity of Mrs. Osborne had concealed the name of his correspondent. There was, in short, nothing to be done but to pass the next four hours in the most comfortable way possible; and as Mr. Snuggery was not a man to indulge long in a surly mood, his countenance presently resumed its wonted serenity, and he resolved to sally forth and see what there might be to see in the village, which certainly was not much.* Many a traveller has passed over the iron road far oftener than Mr. Snuggery, and yet been quite as unversed in the locality here mentioned as he was himself.

Emerging from the railroad station, he first came upon a hotel, where an English landlord

* Of course the "Landing," not the borough of Rhinebeck, is here described.

dispensed him some English ale out of a pewter pitcher. Refreshed in this sumptuous manner, he bent his steps inland, and in the course of a few hundred yards came suddenly to the end of the town, by finding himself, unannounced, in the middle of a barnyard. The line of hills along the river here rose almost perpendicularly, and was covered with loose stones. To the right hand there was a hay-press at work baling hay, which engrossed the interest of our cast-away traveller for some time. To the left was a row of mean houses, in front of which some very dirty women were hanging up clothes from the wash. But, tiring of both these interesting features of village scenery, Mr. Snuggery took off his coat, as the day commenced to grow warm, and proceeded to climb the steep hill which I have already mentioned.

The view from this elevation was very lovely. Looking over the hamlet and the river to the opposite shore, the prospect was bounded by a chain of beautiful rolling hills, with chalky summits. On the Rhinebeck side the early green of spring was here and there peeping up among the dead grass and leaves of winter. A few cattle were scattered on the soft, undulating slope receding from the river, and a ruined cattle-shed and stack added an additional charm to the view. The whole scene was so like Mr. Snuggery's old, faded memories of the Rhineland in early days of travel, that he saw at once the origin of the name. Pious old German emigrants, perhaps, with loving memories of the river of *Faderland*, had first settled in that quiet spot, and given to it, reverently, that name, of all others geographical, to the German mind most dear.

Mr. Snuggery walked some distance along this high slope, overlooking the road to the town farther on; but at length, growing weary, he spread his coat on the ground as a cushion, and, leaning against a dilapidated picket fence at the very brink of the abrupt descent, gave way once more to those reflections which his railway mishap had so rudely dispelled.

The hill below him was here steep but grassy and smooth, and at its foot looked into the pleasant back yard of a neat house—the neatest, indeed, that Mr. Snuggery had yet seen in the place. By gazing through the palings, a gentleman could be observed directing some gardening operations, a child or two were playing in the yard, and in the low

doorway sat a young girl, reading. This latter item, of course, first arrested Tom's attention; but the paling being close and the distance considerable, his researches were not blessed with much success, and he soon tired of twisting his neck to look at her.

It was one of those still, hazy days, in which the sun does not shine, nor yet the clouds gather. The murmur of the river and the occasional lowing of cows, mingling with the just audible sound of conversation in the yard below, were singularly sudorific upon Mr. Snuggery; and his efforts to pass away those much lamented four hours were very materially aided by his falling asleep. And passing from sleeping to dreaming was but a short step. Mr. Snuggery thought he was once more upon the escaped train, hastening to the scene of his prospective conquest. But, confused as was his mind when he had been, awhile ago, dreaming awake, it was evidently still more adrift now that he dreamed with his eyes shut. Whether ale has intoxicating qualities is still an open question; but at all events Tom thought there were two trains, instead of one, flying beside each other with the most reckless speed; first one gaining in the race, then the other, until the dizzy sleeper saw ahead of him an inclined plane down which the impetuous trains rushed side by side, and the bottom of which seemed to his affrighted gaze to converge into a single track! One moment of nightmare horror; the next a terrific crash, a chorus of screams and struggles, and Mr. Snuggery awoke.

Awoke. But where and how? Evidently his slumber had been greatly prolonged. The afternoon was far spent. The interesting family, previously mentioned, had spread their tea-table in the yard, to enjoy the fresh spring air; and here, prostrate amid broken dishes, overturned table, and a wreck of things generally, hatless and coatless, with a countenance expressive of the blankest bewilderment, lay Mr. Thos. Snuggery, the central figure in this narrative, and certainly also in the horrified family circle which he had entered with so little ceremony!

The cause of the mishap was easily explained. Looking to the summit of the steep bank above, one might perceive the dismembered fragments of a panel of picket, through whose feeble barrier the stout form of Mr. Snuggery had been treacherously permitted to slide. Philosophers may calculate with

accuracy the momentum of a body of the size, shape, and compactness of Mr. Snuggery, rolling heels over head down a steep slope upon a neatly spread tea-table; but it is enough for our purpose to state that the fall was quite sufficient to awaken him. It is true that for a moment he looked around, with the screams still in his ear, for some vestiges of the two unfortunate railway trains; but seeing a wreck of another character, and compassing in a reasonable time the ridiculous nature of his accident, he resolved, as his new companions were now doing, to put the pleasantest face possible on the matter, and closed up with a hearty laugh, which amply sufficed to his amused host for all other apologies which he might have endeavored to make.

After a few minutes, indeed, with the broken china gathered up and replaced by a new service, the cloth again spread, and the chairs drawn around, Mr. S. found himself cosily seated with the rest of the family, and in a most blissful *tête-à-tête* with the young lady who had already excited his admiration during his recent elevated position.

Mr. Snuggery found his new acquaintances the pleasantest possible people. He talked with them as freely as if they had been old friends, and was little disturbed to remember that the much expected train had long since hurried by, while he had been wrapped in tranquil slumbers.

There was now no other prospect but passing the night at the Landing; and Tom's apprehensive memory of the poor accommodations he had noticed while imbibing his ale, were speedily removed by a most hospitable and pressing invitation to remain the night where he was.

Nothing but the most interesting manners of the young lady, and the excessive open-heartedness of his host, could have induced Mr. Snuggery to presume so far on so brief an acquaintance. But setting aside, for once, those scruples of formality which had always been a distinguishing trait of his character, he soon decided to partake of the generous kindness of his new friends.

Mr. Briggs, the proprietor, was a widower, and lived for the most part a lonely life in his pleasant cottage, with no other family than his servants and two children. Miss Ella Briggs was his niece, and, as Mr. Snuggery by chance discovered, only visiting here from her home higher up the river.

In their society the brief twilight passed pleasantly, and when the lamps were lit and the children were put to sleep, Miss Ella, instead of hiding herself behind the piano with that polished dignity customary to young ladies after tea-time, at once came forward with a proposal to mend Mr. Snuggery's coat sleeve, which had been sadly rent in his fall, notwithstanding it had been a cushion rather than a covering at the time; for being cleverly tucked against the fence, and at the same time caught by Mr. Snuggery in his half-awakened state of rapid descent, a seam or two had been seriously injured.

This proposal warmed Tom's heart more than anything else. Girls that look nice and talk prettily, thought he, are plenty, but girls who volunteer to work before strange faces are rare, indeed.

[The erroneous philosophy of this remark we are obliged to insert for the sake of the fidelity of our narrative. But it is a sad commentary on the ignorance of bachelors in general in their estimate of the female character, and we doubt not that if now referred to, Mr. S. would willingly retract a heresy so monstrous.]

The coat was soon mended and on, and Mr. Briggs then proposed that Ella should sing a song, whereupon Miss Briggs sang "Rally Round the Flag." Now, Tom was no judge of music in general, but he was so thoroughly moved by this little performance that the ballad in question, up to this moment, remains in his catalogue as the first and finest of all musical compositions now extant.

As the hour grew late, Mr. Briggs grew silent, and finally sleepy. Mr. Snuggery walked out upon the porch overlooking the river, and sat down to contemplate the beautiful scenery spread out under the light of a full moon. The murmur of the river was like a chorus of doves, and the ripple of its waters under the moonbeams was like the flashing of their wings. A scene so perfectly beautiful Tom had perhaps not witnessed for many long years. Immersed in the cares of business, without any of the relaxation afforded by nightly reunion with a happy domestic circle, he had almost forgotten how full of beauty was the world around him. It was natural that under such circumstances his thoughts should ponder over the past and form wishes for the future. One thing, however, sorely troubled him, and gave him se-

vere twinges whenever it came into his mind, and that was the business of the morrow. How could he have ever made a promise so important on a foundation so slender? How could he have hoped to ever form a happy connection with a girl whom he had never seen? Was not this accidental detention a providential circumstance? Had he not better, after all, decline or put off the proposed interview with his epistolary charmer? And then how little it was probable that she could equal in worth and accomplishments this charming girl, in the light of whose eyes he had lived now for the long space of four hours! True, four hours were not so very much, but then her superior merit was self-evident. "Why, it would not require a half hour of that girl's society," thought Mr. Snuggery, looking at his neatly mended sleeve, "to convince one of her high qualities." In fact, Mr. Snuggery, like the famous Mrs. Bluebeard in the fairy-book, was "in a quandary." Nor was he likely to be much relieved from it by finding, a moment later, the shadow of Miss Ella falling across the moonlit piazza beside him.

"I hope you don't feel any ill effects from that dreadful fall, Mr. Snuggery," said the soft voice behind him.

"On the contrary," was Tom's gallant reply, "if I were not so total a stranger here, I should ask you to walk out and enjoy this lovely evening. But really I should not know where to go to nor when to stop."

"The walks here are too rugged to be very pleasant, but the boating is delightful. Do you row, Mr. Snuggery?"

Tom was reluctantly obliged to say no to this question, which, otherwise answered, might have opened upon him a vista of delightful circumstances yet unexperienced. But, contenting himself with offering Miss Briggs his arm for a promenade on the piazza, he rapidly forgot in her society the puzzling matters of the morrow, and the gloomy destiny which it seemed to portend for him.

There is a bottom to every wineglass—alas for it!—and an end to all occasions of extraordinary human happiness. It finally grew so late that Tom was forced, for appearance sake, to separate from this dangerous medium of inthralment, and seek the repose of his chamber. He went to sleep with the murmur of the Hudson coming in at his window, and

sounding to his drowsy senses like the music of Ella Briggs' voice.

In the morning, refreshed and grimly resolute, as one bent on a disagreeable but serious duty, Mr. Snuggery started for the upward train. His new friends were earnest in their solicitations that he should stop again on his return. He even learned (*by accident*) that the visit of Miss Ella would probably continue at least a week, and Mr. Briggs said if he would only stop as he went back, they would all go out boating while the moonlight nights lasted.

Tearing himself away from his friends at length, Mr. Snuggery went down to the train. Feeling in no mood for the sunny memories that he had indulged in when previously seated therein, he sought the smoking car, and endeavored, in his cigar, to hide for a time his gloomy doubts and troubles.

While searching in his pocket for his cigar-case, he drew forth a folded letter. It had no envelope, and he would have thrust it back again unnoticed, only that something about it happened to attract his attention at the moment, and he unfolded it and glanced over its contents.

What was his perplexity to discover that it was the very letter which he had lately written, appointing the time for meeting his fair correspondent at Albany! Could it be possible that he had forgotten, after all, to send it? And was the fair letter-writer actually still ignorant of his intended visit? If that was so, he had better get out at the very next station, and escape back to New York (or more probably to Rhinebeck) while he was yet free. But Tom was certain he had sent the letter; in fact, on reflection, he remembered to have mailed it, and he could only account for its appearance in his pocket on the ground that he had, in his trepidation at the time of writing so important a document, prepared a copy in order to make some alterations. If so, the fact had entirely escaped his memory; but there was certainly no other explanation possible, so Tom was forced to accept it.

The matter which was so puzzling to Mr. Snuggery can be more readily explained to the reader. Miss Ella Briggs was a young lady of Albany, and a former schoolmate of Mrs. Osborne. This lady, knowing well her superiority as a thorough and true woman, had, after the little arrangement made with Mr.

Snuggery at the beginning of this story, gone to great pains to induce her to take up with the plan alluded to, and answer Tom's letters. Her modesty and her love of fun had a considerable struggle, but the diplomatic genius of Mrs. Osborne overcame all scruples, and so she was the identical girl with whom Tom had been so long corresponding. But what was commenced as a joke on her part she found was appreciated in another light by Mr. Snuggery; and it must be confessed that she was not entirely unmoved by the manly strength of character and sincerity of heart which she read in Tom's letters. In the course of the several months' correspondence, she had even so far compromised herself as to accede to an interview with Tom, as we have already seen. But scarcely had this important step been decided upon than her native modesty and good sense took alarm at the imprudence of her course, and she imperatively decided that the meeting ought not to take place; that it would be unladylike and unbecoming in her to permit it.

But it was now too late to send word to Mr. Snuggery, and prevent his coming. Nothing but retreat would accomplish her purpose; so much to the surprise of her father and mother, she informed them of her sudden intention to pay a visit to her Uncle Joe at Rhinebeck, and forthwith took the train, the very day before Tom was to start on his little mission of love.

Now, when Mr. Snuggery, in his vexation at having missed the train, wandered up among the high hills of Rhinebeck, he was of course in as happy a state of oblivion concerning the close proximity of his unknown friend as it is possible to conceive; so he folded up his coat into a convenient cushion against the old fence, as we have already narrated, and retired into his meditations.

The manner in which Tom folded his coat happened to have a very important bearing upon his interests at this conjuncture of his fortunes. Careful man as he was, and anxious to preserve the fair fabric of his goodly garment from contact with the soil, he had folded it neatly inside out, exposing thereby the inner breast pocket, in which was the last letter he had received from Albany. In the course of his slumbers, Miss Ella Briggs, seated at her uncle's doorstep, reading as we have already described, was not a little surprised to see *one of her own letters* come skip-

ping down the steep elevation, and flutter to her feet. She might almost have imagined it came from the clouds, had not her sharp sight detected through the shrubbery the somnolent form of Mr. Snuggery far above her!

She was not a moment in determining the identity of the letter, but how it or its owner came there all the powers of her imagination could not explain. If this were her proposed lover, as the letter would certainly seem to warrant, it became indeed a puzzle to discover by what strange course of events he had been hung up over her head in that style. It must be confessed that the next hour or two of Miss Ella's existence were spent in the most bewildered state that it is possible to describe. Of course her uncle knew nothing about her "affair," nor would she inform him; indeed, there was something here now that she would have been glad herself to be informed of. This information was in time vouchsafed to her by the impetuous appearance of our hero upon the scene, and the explanations which followed. The accompanying crash and confusion contained so much of the ludicrous that as soon as the explanation of her lover's unlooked-for presence became clear to her mind, it was not long before she found herself thoroughly acquainted with him.

Anxious, however, to get the letter back into his pocket without making him acquainted with her personality, she had recourse to the little effort at tailoring which had so charmed Tom, he, poor fellow! being utterly ignorant of the diplomatic necessities which had produced a proposal that he considered so highly meritorious. When she put back the letter into the coat pocket, however, it must be confessed that her love of fun, or possibly a desire to make her real presence known to Tom in a peculiarly delicate and womanly way, prompted her to place his epistle as well as her own in the pocket.

These explanations, so satisfactory to the reader, were of course still a hidden veil to Mr. Snuggery; and, having arrived at that good old city, chiefly remarkable for the dishonesty of its cabmen, he strolled up State Street in a singular mood of irresolution, and at length, after wandering vacantly among the public buildings, and putting off the evil moment as long as possible, repaired to the given number on C— Street. Reaching the door, he read on a modest door-plate the name "JEREMIAH BRIGGS." "Briggs!" said

Mr. Snuggery to himself. "What a strange coincidence!"

The servant answering his summons informed him that Miss Briggs was not at home.

"And when will she return?"

The servant did not know.

"Did she leave no message, in case inquiry was made for her?"

The servant, first referring to Mrs. Briggs, within, answered in the negative.

"Well, can you tell where she has gone?"

The servant evidently became suspicious of such importunity from a strange gentleman; but replied that she thought "Miss Briggs had gone down the river."

A light was now dawning in Tom's mind, not only upon the matter of the letter, but in fact upon the whole condition of his affairs, which seemed to be simplifying in a most gratifying manner. One more question would settle the matter; but before asking it he slipped a gratuity into the woman's hand, and then inquired, in his most suave manner: "Can you tell me if Miss Briggs is not at Rhinebeck?"

"Yes; Miss Briggs had gone to Rhinebeck to her uncle."

The whole affair thus rendered beautifully clear and satisfactory, Mr. Snuggery, with an elasticity which astounded the servant, departed from the door-step, and disappeared behind the street corner. Reaching the Ferry in time for a returning New York train, he was speedily steaming down the Hudson.

It may be conjectured that he did not miss his intentions this time, by either sleeping or waking dreams, but descended from the platform of the cars at the Landing with all his faculties in the utmost state of activity, and his whole outer man beaming with those superior attractions and advantages for which few indeed of our younger bachelors could compare with him.

The remainder of this narrative can be much more safely left to the reader's imagination than to my descriptive powers. The boatings on the Hudson, the long nights of ramble by moonlight, the graceful manners of Miss Ella Briggs, and the rapture of Mr. Snuggery; these were indeed sweet to behold; but, as Byron has very wisely queried—

"Who can describe the indescribable?"

The matter was in due time happily arranged. Mrs. Charley Osborne reflects much credit upon herself for the success of the affair; but Tom

reverently ascribes the whole of it to a kind interposition of the Fates in his favor; while Mrs. Snuggery, the light of a happy home, often observes to her friends, in a quiet way, that some receive offers in one way and some in another, but she is the first woman who ever had a husband served up on the tea-table for her supper!

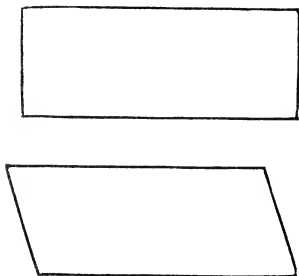
THE FAMILY DRAWING MASTER.

IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS.

QUADRILATERAL FIGURES—(Concluded).

W. Please, papa, the last drawing was rather difficult. We should like an easier one to-day.

P. Ah, very well! but we will first take notice of these two figures.



Ion. One is a long Square—and the other is a long Rhomb.

P. But there cannot be such a thing as a *long square*. A square is a square; and if you increase its length, it ceases to be a square. So if you make a rhomb longer, it becomes something else. Now, try and describe these figures, and then I will give you their names.

L. I notice, papa, in the first one that it has a pair of long sides, which are of equal length, and a pair of short sides, which are alike in size. So, instead of saying that it has four equal sides, we must say that it has two pairs of equal sides.

Ion. Yes, and it has four right angles—just as a square has.

P. It is called a *Rectangle*.

L. Then I will say: A figure with two pairs of equal

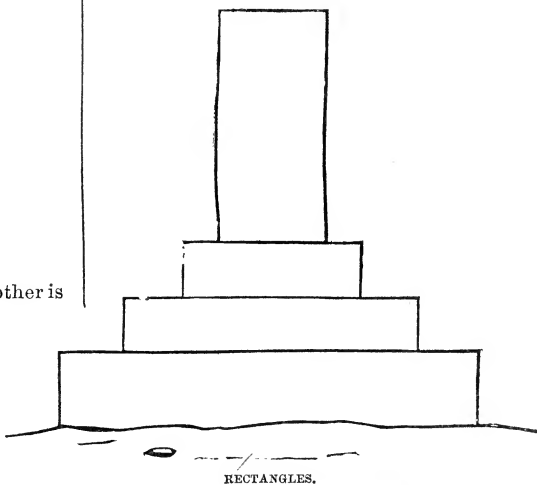
sides, and four right angles, is called a *Rectangle*.

W. Then the next figure has two pairs of equal sides, but it has no right angles in it. I'll tell you what you may say. It has two pairs of equal angles; because, there is a pair of acute angles, which are equal, and a pair of obtuse angles, which are equal also.

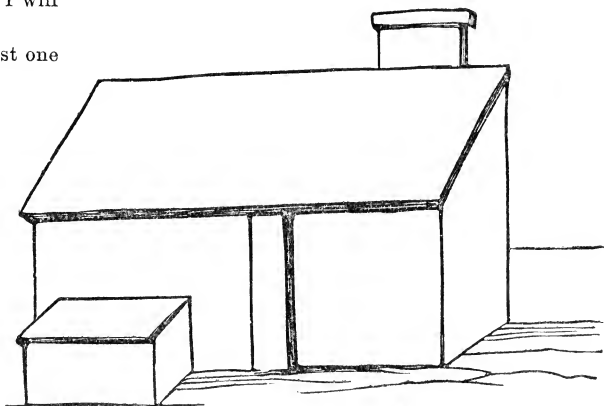
P. This figure has a rather long name—it is as long as its shape. It is called a *Parallelogram*. Now, try and remember that!

L. I'll write it down, with its description. A figure, with two pairs of equal sides, and two pairs of equal angles, is called a *Parallelogram*.

P. You may now draw the rectangle and parallelogram; and when you have done them correctly, here are two drawings, very easy ones, for you to copy. See how many four-



RECTANGLES.



RECTANGLES, PARALLELOGRAMS, SQUARES, AND RHOMB.

sided figures you can discover in the second one.

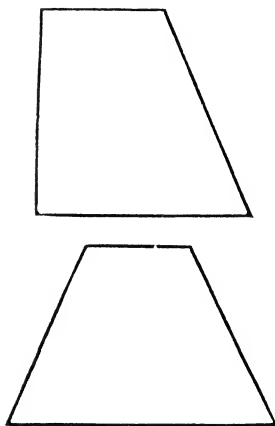
L. I will examine it, papa. It has one square, one rhomb, three rectangles, and two parallelograms.

W. And the side of the large shed makes another parallelogram.

L. I think not, Willie, because one pair of its sides are not equal; the top line is longer than the bottom one.

Ion. And in a different direction; so that it is a—something else.

P. Here are some more four-sided figures:—



W. Please, papa, I would rather not undertake to describe them. They have a very awkward look.

P. Well, you need not do so. I will simply tell you their names. They are called *Trapeziums*. Every quadrilateral figure, which is not a square, or a rhomb, or a rectangle, is called a Trapezium, no matter what may be its shape.

L. What is meant by Quadrilateral figures, papa?

P. You may almost perceive that it must mean four-sided. The word "quadrilateral" is made from two Latin words meaning four-sided.

You may now sit down, and make a lesson on all the quadrilateral figures you have been learning about.

LESSON 6.

QUADRILATERAL FIGURES.

A figure with four sides is called a *Quadrilateral figure*.

A quadrilateral figure with four equal sides, and four right angles, is called a *Square*.

A quadrilateral figure with four equal sides, and two acute and two obtuse angles, is called a *Rhomb*.

A quadrilateral figure with two pairs of equal sides, and four right angles, is called a *Rectangle*.

A quadrilateral figure with two pairs of equal sides, and two pairs of equal angles, is called a *Parallelogram*.

All other quadrilateral figures are called *Trapeziums*.

TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER, come back from the shadowy land,
 Leave, for a moment, thy sister band;
 I know that thy dwelling there is fair,
 Unshaded by sorrow, and dimmed not by care;
 But hast thou forgot that there still is one
 To sit by the darkened hearth alone?
 That the world is a dreary path to stray
 When the loving and loved ones have passed away?

Off they tell me of Lethe's stream,
 That is quaffed by those on the far-off shore,
 And they say that but as a passing dream
 Seem the things of earth for evermore:
 It may be that others, all others, forget;
 But I feel in my soul that thou lovest me yet.

And yet I know thou canst miss not me,
 Never, oh never, as I miss thee.
 I miss thee at morning when sunbeams wake
 The lights and shades on the dear old lake;
 All through the long hours of the summer day
 I miss the voice that has passed away;
 But most of all in the evening hour
 When I sit alone in our favorite bower,
 Round which the roses loving twine,
 True to my hand as once to thine.
 And the faint, sweet fragrance that floateth there,
 The stars that float through the heavenly air,
 The river that murmurs the same refrain,
 All, all seem to woo thee back again.

To others the world is the same as of yore;
 But to me it can be the same no more:
 A shadow is resting on vale and hill,
 The sad night-voices are sadder still,
 The wood-paths' green is a sadder hue,
 The summer sky not so bright a blue,
 The lay of the song-birds too soon is past,
 And the flowers I cherish fade too fast.

Mother, come back from the shadowy land,
 Leave, for a moment, thy sister band;
 Take me forever with thee to dwell
 Where they know not the parting word "Farewell!"
 Death's river is dark, but I fear it not,
 For love can lighten the darkest spot—
 Oh for the love of the far-off shore!
 With thine arm around me for evermore.

THE faults that are committed through excess of kindness, it requires small kindness to excuse.

BLANCHE DANA'S SEASON.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"THE hotel's full to runnin' over, Mr. Sage," said that somewhat dark, and considerably spare and angular housewife, as she dexterously whisked off from the old-fashioned griddle a final reinforcement of cakes for her husband's breakfast.

He sat at the table, in his shirt sleeves and gray trousers, sunburned, coarse, lymphatic, not without a certain practical foresight and steady, plodding energy, whose results had manifested themselves, during a couple of score of years, in sundry flourishing wheat fields, and orchards, and pasture lands; in short, Ichabod Sage had steadily advanced from a common "chore boy" to a prosperous farmer in an agricultural town which rambled, disjointed and picturesque, over its hills and valleys, that leaned dreamily towards Long Island Sound.

My story has not chiefly to do with these people; and they are a type of so large a class that you will easily recognize them. Narrow people these were, limited in mind and heart, in aspiration and purpose, concentrating all their forces, both mental and executive, in acquisition—acquisition that ended in itself, and in reality benefited themselves little, and nobody else at all—living for the sole purpose of counting, year by year, their slow, steady accretion of acres.

They were childless, and no fountains of tenderness or self-sacrifice had ever unsealed themselves in the hard, barren natures of this man and woman. The marked differences in their characters produced only a perpetual harmony. Mrs. Sage was of a rapid, nervous habit, curious and loquacious; her husband was stolid, slow, reticent.

"Likely enough," answered the farmer, heaping his plate with a fresh instalment of griddle cakes. "Folks that has no end to money, and nothin' to do, may as well throw it away there as anywheres."

Mr. Sage was somewhat in the habit of dealing out general principles, of which his wife frequently made some unexpected practical application.

"Wall, Ichabod, if folks will throw away their money, I can't see why we ain't got as

good right as others to try for our share of it"—wiping the perspiration from her face, and taking her seat at the table. "There's our south and west chambers, now, big, cool, pleasant rooms; we could let 'em for a good round price, the next two months, and the ride is a cool, shady one down to the hotel, where they'll have to go for meals. What do you say to my lettin' 'em?"

"It'll put us out a good deal, havin' that sort of folks round our house," answered Ichabod, who was of the naturally conservative temperament in all things.

"Wall, we can't make money in this world without bein' put out in more ways than one"—which statement Mrs. Sage's husband was in no wise inclined to dispute. "If you have good luck with your harvests, and I could let the rooms, you might ventur' on takin' them salt medders down to the neck. I'm bent on your havin' 'em afore the land's riz."

Ichabod Sage lifted his burley figure from the chair, and looked at his wife with a deepening sense of her administrative and financial abilities. "Wall, Jerushy, do jest as you like in this matter"—the low meadows spreading a tempting perspective before his mental vision.

And so in this way it came to pass that the Sages took their first lodgers. Sooner or later, all houses gather into them some of the romance and mystery of human life; sooner or later, some drama goes on under the old roof, which thereafter hallows and consecrates it, and the dark, silent timbers witness the birth or death, the joy or sorrow which repeat the great tragedies of every generation, and the still old house has its memories and its history. And the homestead of Farmer Sage had its turn at last. No one would have suspected that the large old yellow house, which for so many years had slept on in its atmosphere of dead domestic and social calm, would be awakened at last; that golden threads would flash and burn through the sombre gray of its life, and that its gloomy, impoverished silence should thrill at last with tremulous hopes and fears—with those

mightiest joys and griefs, which strike their root far down in our common humanity.

"Oh, Caroline, this is charming! What a happy exchange this wide, pleasant, old-fashioned chamber is for those little boxes of rooms at the hotel! The dear sunshine finds no hindrance here. And what a landscape from these windows, too! There are the hills afar off, in perpetual worship, and the river adds its silver chorus at their feet. Then that dark grove of pines on the left are a picture themselves; and beyond there is a bit of sea view, not so much in itself, you know, as in what it suggests. You must take a full draught of all this before you realize what we have gained in our exchange of rooms."

A clear, sweet voice, along which thrilled whatsoever feeling held for the moment its mastery in the soul of the speaker. And there she stood by the window, in the bloom of her early twenties, not beautiful, nor handsome, and less than either pretty, and yet with such a subtle, nameless attraction that, once you had grown to love it, her face must seem to you almost the sweetest, fairest face in the world; a fine, clear complexion, with bright, dark eyes, features prominent and hardly regular, with a mouth somewhat large, and gifted with the secret of all sweet and tender meanings, but that could suddenly start out from these into a fine scorn, or settle down into grave and earnest purpose. With a soul which controlled and harmonized a face like this, Blanche Dana could well afford to dispense with any further beauty. She stood there in her simple dress of some faintly flushed lawn, the white folds of the muslin curtain crushed in her hand, and her face thrilled with recognition and joy of the landscape before her.

In truth, it was one to stir an enthusiastic nature. The old town, that leaned to the Connecticut shore, was famous for its wild, picturesque scenery, and the house of Farmer Sage stood on a height which commanded one of the finest views for miles around. White houses gleamed in clusters over hill and valley, and the wide, homely farm-houses, in the midst of fields and orchards, gave that peculiar domestic feature which they always do to the landscapes of New England. There were the meadows, through whose dead green plush wound, like a delicate silver overshot, the small brooks, and the fall on the right tossing

out in snowy folds its transfigured garment of waters, and on the left was the "bit of sound view," with its mists that came and went like spectres, its sails that rose out of them like vast white blossoms; all these and much more were in that illuminated picture which spread itself before Farmer Sage's front chamber window.

Inside, the old-fashioned furniture had been supplemented by various modern and luxurious articles, imported from the hotel. It was curious to see the high-post cherry bedstead, with its curtains of snowy dimity, in close proximity with a rosewood dressing cabinet, each representing such different phases of social life.

Caroline Jeffreys was absorbed in carefully bestowing in her drawers the rich laces which she had just removed from her trunk. She was a pretty girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, and tolerably regular features. There were no very salient points in her character. She was usually amiable, although a little vein of petulance disclosed itself when she was crossed, which certainly was not remarkable, considering her whole life and culture had for its basis self-indulgence. Without any especial brilliancy, the girl was yet a favorite in society, with her pretty face, her bright ways and talk, which latter held usually a little effervescence of wit and mirth. Blanche and she had always been to each other what sisters usually are who have no deep sympathy of tastes, but whom relationship still holds with its strong, if not vital bonds. Blanche's father was president of a bank. She was his only daughter, and had been his idol ever since the death of his wife, which transpired half a dozen years before the time that my story commences. The cousins resided near each other, had attended the same schools, and occupied much the same social positions, but the likeness ends here.

They had resorted to the sound shore because of the fine facilities for bathing which it afforded; but the hotel had an unusual plethora of guests this season, and some of the townspeople opened their houses for lodgers, amongst whom, as we have seen, was Mrs. Sage; and, as the young ladies were late in engaging their rooms, and were bestowed in very small quarters, they promptly availed themselves of an opportunity of changing them.

"I know, Blanche, the scenery is very

pleasant," answered Caroline Jeffreys, with a singular lack of animation in her voice; "but I'm doubtful whether we shall find the change in all respects as delightful as you anticipated. It's comfortable, of course, to have room to turn round in, but how we shall crush our dresses, going over to the evening parties at the hotel! And there, too, are the long rides to the meals. Besides, I'm afraid we shall find it intolerably dull here!"

"Dull, Carrie, with the beauty and inspiration of such a landscape before us! And for the rides morning and evening, they will only sharpen our appetites, or we can have our meals sent over."

"And transform ourselves at once into two old maids!"—with a little shudder. "If there was only a large party in this dismal old farm-house!"

"We shouldn't be half so independent, Carrie. We're not quite deserted, however; Mrs. Sage told me that she had taken a lodger for the opposite chamber—a gentleman with a little girl; his daughter, probably."

"Oh, he is a married man, then!"—in a tone touched with disgust.

At this moment the door of the opposite chamber, which had stood ajar during the conversation, was closed, so softly that neither of the young ladies became aware of it. The occupant of the room had overheard the conversation betwixt the cousins, and awaked to the consciousness that he was occupying the attitude of a listener by the allusion to himself. There was a half articulated smile on the gentleman's lips as he returned to his book, saying, in an undertone: "You are slightly mistaken in your deductions, which are the result of two days' watching and prying, O my hostess!" A moment later, he continued his monologue. "I like one of those voices; sweet, flexible, fervent, as though it was the fitting chord for a fine soul to play on. I must see the face of its owner."

"What are you saying, uncle?" a childish voice called from the next room; and in a moment a small, bright little creature, her hair falling in a golden foam of curls over neck and shoulders, danced across the chamber, and leaned on the young man's knee, with all the pretty freedom of a child against its mother.

"Nothing that very small girls would be likely to understand!"—patting the bright head.

"Very small girls can understand a good many large things," lisped the child, with a sudden gravity, singularly at variance with her face and voice.

"That is a general fact, which I am quite ready to admit."

"And I shall not always be a very small girl"—coming now to that personal application of her uncle's remark in which she alone felt any interest.

"Probably not. Are you anxious for the time when you shall be something else, O little Trot?"

"Trot." She had a statelier name at the christening font, but this one had about it some pleasant savors and associations that the other had not. Trot's face settled into a sudden gravity which was amusing; then she lifted it suddenly, steadying her voice with a certain emphasis along the words, as though her decision needed to fortify itself in this way. "Yes, Uncle Robert, I shall be very glad when I get big, and can take your arm like a lady every time we go out together."

"Little Trot, you know not what you ask!" And here the gentleman bent down and lifted the small figure on his knee, and hugged it to him like a mother in some overstrain of feeling. "She was all that he had to love in the world," he thought, this man, Robert Humphreys, with a sense of unfulfilment or loss which did not quite articulate itself into pain.

He was not much given to sentimentalizing over what was inevitable; he was of too strong and healthful a nature for such unprofitable labor. There he sat, somewhere about his thirtieth year, with a good, thoughtful, manly face, and dark eyes which had many things in them—fire and earnestness, smiles and tenderness, as circumstances might develop them, but eyes which usually carried themselves with a grave steadfastness, having some outward reticence, like their owner. His complexion was sunburned, as of one who had travelled; and this man had, seeing much of the world, and learning somewhat of its good and evil side; and the best thing—and that is a great deal—to be said of him is that he had held himself loyal to the old faith and purities of his boyhood, through thick temptations.

He came of a broken-down family. He had had some stout wrestling with honesty, at least during the time when he was getting,

single-handed, through his education and profession. Afterwards he embraced a favorable opportunity for going abroad, and at the end of three years he returned home, and found that a relative of his, a childless uncle, had died, treating him better in death than in life, for he left him a fortune—not large, but comfortable.

Robert Humphreys had had one sister, the dearest thing to him on earth; but she came near breaking his heart once, and his wrath had been fierce as his love was deep. Poor Laura! Fatherless and motherless as she was, he had made every sacrifice to shelter her girlhood from want or care, and she had bloomed into her sweet womanhood with attractions of person and character of which her brother was justly proud, not dreaming, alas! what a snare these should yet be unto her.

Laura Humphreys was just out of her teens when she was thrown into the society of a young Englishman of ancient but decayed family, a kind of adventurer, who had come to America seeking for some kind of fortune to "turn up." Robert Humphreys distrusted him from the first. His instincts concerning men were keen, and he was not long in penetrating the superficial qualities of the handsome young Englishman, and finding the arrogance, indolence, and habits of dissipation which were a part of his essential character, while his marked attentions to Laura Humphreys awakened the solicitude of her brother. The young foreigner had, however, all those graces of speech and manner which are so apt to charm the fancy of an inexperienced woman. He won Laura's heart, and then it was easy to convince her that her brother's repugnance was simply the result of cruel and unfounded prejudice.

The marriage was suddenly and surreptitiously consummated, and in less than two hours afterward the young pair were on their way to Europe.

The girl-wife was not long in discovering her fatal mistake. She could have neither confidence in nor respect for the man for whose sake she had forsaken country and friends. Whatsoever were the trials of Laura Humphreys, she bore them silently, as the penalty of her own sorely repented rashness. Her brother had reason to suspect that she had suffered keenly from unkindness and neglect at the hands of her husband.

At last, more than five years after her mar-

riage, Robert Humphreys received a letter from his sister. Her husband had deserted her; she was ill, it might be dying, among strangers. She passionately entreated him to come to her, in the name of the little daughter she must leave worse than fatherless in the world.

The heart of Robert Humphreys was not one to resist an appeal like this. All resentment died out of it, and in less than a week he was on his way to his sister. But he reached the old English town to find the hawthorn blooms making a white sun over her grave, and her young child retained in the family of the humble but kindly-hearted people among whom she had died.

It was a comfort to him then that the little girl had her mother's face, and brought out from the past, over which the years had gathered their slow mists, in fresh, living pictures, their lost boy and girlhood.

The Doctor returned with his niece to America, solemnly covenanting to be to her in place of the dead mother and the father who had deserted her.

The fortune into which the young physician had recently come afforded him ample leisure, and so, for his own sake and his niece's, he was taking a quiet summer vacation at the shore, and had engaged lodgings at Mrs. Sage's. "I shall be saved all bores there," he said to himself; "whether they come in the shape of tedious ceremonies or silly people, and I can live my own life unobserved and independent." And this, in brief, is the history of the lodger who occupied Mrs. Sage's south chamber.

Favorable opportunities for developing an acquaintance betwixt the lodgers soon presented themselves. Indeed, it was impossible, without a persistent effort on their part to the contrary, to avoid being frequently thrown together. They encountered each other constantly in walks, or rides to the hotel, down among the rocks, or on the sandy beach that stretched its tawny length at their feet; or off among the old turnpikes, and shady lanes, which were always beguiling their feet away from the house, and then, in the wide hall and the cool old parlor, the Doctor and the young ladies were sure to come suddenly upon each other.

So the acquaintance grew, taking its texture and coloring, as all acquaintance must, from the characters of those who bring tribute to

it, whatsoever gifts their hearts and minds possess.

This one had some peculiar character and stimulation, which even Caroline Jeffreys vaguely felt and enjoyed, although she sometimes affirmed, as though half indignant with herself for yielding to its charm, that the Doctor "was not at all her style of man." She was accustomed to that sort of flattery which men are apt to find acceptable with women of her style. Doctor Humphreys was too thoroughly in earnest, too honest, too, to indulge in pretty speeches and gracefully turned compliments; and social as he was, a slight gravity tinctured speech and manner; but, after all, "there was something wonderfully agreeable about him." So, Caroline Jeffreys usually concluded her very superficial analysis of the Doctor's character.

Blanche Dana had much less to say about him, although she had a nature which reached much more nearly to the height of the Doctor's than that of her cousin's. There was no doubt but she enjoyed his society. She was too true and unaffected to disguise this, and she would oftener sit still, her face in a bright, half reverent silence, drinking in the overflow of the Doctor's thoughts and feeding her soul—her soul that, abundant as her life seemed, went a hungry sometimes.

For her life of luxury, of pleasure seeking, her life, which was full of all exterior color and grace, did not satisfy the nature of this girl. Each year that ripened in it brought some added sense of incompleteness, barrenness, unfulfilment. She carried with her a vague sense of want and repression, which hardly concentrated itself in pain, and yet left her unsatisfied. The deepest, truest part of her nature stirred itself sometimes, and half uttered a protest against an existence that had no work nor purpose beyond itself. Still, Blanche Dana could but half interpret the voice of her better self. It confused and bewildered her, and she was half afraid that it indicated something wrong or morbid in herself. Generous high-souled impulses, which fell short of true purposes, thrilled through the soul of this girl. She little suspected that these fleeting inspirations, which she hardly dared entertain hospitably, might ripen into heroisms, and self-sacrifice, and faithful service. Generous instinct and delicate intuition might crystallize into sound principles and earnest action, or they might

waste away and lose themselves in the barren soil of the years, as brooks do sometimes and never reach the rivers.

But Doctor Robert Humphreys brought a new power and force into this summer of the life of Blanche Dana. There was some strong magnetism about the man. She came into another mental atmosphere. Her heroism widened. The dumb pain and yearning in her soul articulated itself. Her resolutions and purposes took the place of longings and yearnings. Blanche Dana was not conscious that her life was shaping itself toward new ends; neither was the young Doctor aware what an influence he was exerting on this fresh young soul with all its sweet and lofty possibilities.

Blanche discerned him: the faith, the truth, the solid principle that was in this man, with his wiser, better instructed soul: instructed both by lessons of adversity and prosperity, and the life which he now lived, "as unto God."

And the Doctor was not aware how the great purpose, underlying all others in his soul, constantly manifests itself, how the one love and faith which possessed him shed unconsciously their fine savor about his thoughts and his acts. His interest in the sweet, enthusiastic face, which Blanche upturned to his talk, deepened daily. He penetrated to the more reverent womanhood that lay beneath; he comprehended its restless aspirations, its higher instincts, and he knew, too, the only rock of refuge for Blanche Dana.

Not that their talk was most frequently grave, or solemn, though its highest season had some basis of earnestness. But both this man and woman were in their youth still, and had a keen relish of humor, and Blanche's laugh was always slipping like a fine joy out of her red lips. So their talk went everywhere. Much of it was suggested by the scenery which made the background of their life; it touched on the people about them; on the weak and ludicrous side of human nature; but never bitterly; and sooner or later went deeper than this, into books, and art, and philosophies, and sometimes the Doctor led it into the one thing, greater than all these. He had a wonderful power of word painting, and along his speech would burn in living beauty pictures of the countries which he had visited.

Blanche Dana, holding her breath, would

wake suddenly from visions of the distant lands to which the Doctor's speech had carried her, from the life of bustling picturesque ports, from the awful shadows of the gray, silent pyramids, from old brown ruins of heathen temples or Druid groves, about which the English ivy hung in tender care its green garlands—from all these visions and pictures in which her soul took delight would Blanche Dana seem suddenly to open her eyes and find herself on the lounge in the low, wainscoted parlor with Doctor Humphreys sitting gravely by her side, and for the moment she would almost wonder whether she too had not been across the long path of the ocean, and come back, as the Doctor, from all those strange lands, and people, and tongues, to live the quiet, old-fashioned life under the roof of the yellow farm-house.

Farmer Sage had a nephew, a tall, awkward, overgrown youth, somewhere in his middle teens. This youth had no living relatives, saving the uncle with whom he did not reside, but was a sort of "chore boy" on an adjoining farm, and came over in the "heft of the harvest" to assist his uncle. He had large, homely features, a complexion browned and freckled, but the bright, keen eyes redeemed, in a great measure, whatsoever was coarse and heavy about the face. There was a growing look of discontent there, which occasionally seemed to harden into recklessness and desperation, and the keen dark eyes would flash out a kind of murky defiance, as though the soul underneath, hunted, baffled, turned fiercely, and set itself against all the world.

Blanche frequently came across this youth, for he was now assisting his uncle in the farmer's work. She might usually have passed by the awkward, silent, moody boy without a thought, but this time her sympathies were awake; there were new and goodly chambers open to kindness and pity in the heart of Blanche Dana, for whosoever should seek lodgings there. So she always had a pleasant word or smile when she encountered the chore boy in the garden, or about the house; and once or twice she had stopped to chat with him a moment, and was touched with the look of surprise and shy pleasure that stole up to her face from the bright but gloomy eyes of Richard Sexton.

One evening, about a month after the cou-

sins had taken their lodgings at the farm-house, Blanche Dana sat reading by the table. She had had a slight headache, which unfitted her for an unusually gay evening at the hotel, and had persuaded her cousin to go without her. The wind from the sea came through the window, seasoned by the pines over which its path lay, and soothed the dull pain in the girl's forehead. Up, in the still dark sky, the stars hung in their eternal glory, and amongst them was the new moon, like a golden, slow-blossoming lily.

And this evening seemed to take Blanche Dana into its great heart of rest and peace. She was glad that she was so much alone as to turn from her book when she pleased, to look out of the window and read the illuminated missal which earth and sky spread before her. Maude—the niece of Doctor Humphreys—lay sleeping on the bed, the fine gold of her hair scattered about the pillow, for her uncle had gone to the city for a few days, and the child had taken a strong liking to Blanche, and tonight the young lady had invited her to sleep in her room, as Caroline Jeffreys would remain with some friends at the hotel. But as Blanche sat there in a silence that was unbroken save by the occasional tumble of the distant waves on the sands, a sudden chill of terror crept over her; her heart seemed to stand still, her limbs stiffened, for she could not move them, although she saw creeping slowly along the opposite wall to the dressing cabinet behind her the large dark shadow of a man, and in an instant there flashed across her recollection the old-fashioned amethyst brooch, inlaid with diamonds, which had been her mother's, and which, to please her cousin, she had worn that day, and fastened on a cushion which lay on the cabinet. She saw the shadow pause, in a moment a long arm reached itself out, then the fingers closed greedily, and were drawn back; the shadow retreated swiftly along the wall, and the girl's sharpened senses caught the smothered creak of the old stairs, as stealthy footsteps hurried over them. Blanche was naturally courageous, and the sight of that moving shadow, although it might have thrilled a stouter heart, would not have so thoroughly vanquished her, if her nerves had not been in a peculiarly susceptible state, owing to her indisposition of the day. In a moment the fear passed off sufficiently to allow her to spring to the window and peer down into the

darkness. The moon was waning, and the light was very faint, but she saw a dark, swift figure hurrying over the grass. She could not discern the outlines, but something in the swift movements satisfied her that this figure was Richard's, the nephew of Farmer Sage.

Her first instinct was to turn to the dressing cabinet. The cushion lay there, but the brooch, whose bloom of diamonds flashed out the light, as though some cluster of lost sunbeams had been caught and prisoned there, and burned and tossed restlessly for their native soil of the skies—the brooch was gone! Blanche Dana sat down, her face white with excitement, grief, indignation. Then the impulse seized her to call Mr. Sage without delay, and acquaint him with the robbery which had just transpired under his roof. The girl hurried down stairs, and actually had her hand on the kitchen latch, when something drew her back. The boy's face, baffled, gloomy, desperate, rose up before her. This was the first crime he had ever committed; she felt assured of this, and if she disclosed it to his uncle, there was an end of the boy's future. She understood Mr. Sage thoroughly—narrow, prejudiced, avaricious, he was in a certain sense strictly honest, and he would be so shocked and exasperated at the knowledge that a relative of his had stolen into his lodger's room, and committed such a crime, that he would show the youth no mercy, and probably be loudest in demanding his committal to jail.

Blanche turned and went up stairs, slowly pondering these things. A year before, she would not probably have done this; but, as I said, her best, highest nature had been quickened of late.

When she reached her room, the excitement, together with the pain of the loss, quite overcame her. She sat down and wept passionately for the next half hour; afterward her thoughts cleared themselves. "It might be very foolish, very weak; it probably was, but," she resolved, "she would wait, until to-morrow, at least." She could not give up her dead mother's brooch—the very thought caused her a bitter pang; but she could not bring herself at that moment to discover Richard Sexton's guilt to the world, and so ruin him forever. She reasoned that if she kept that dreadful secret betwixt them, circumstances might soon afford her an oppor-

tunity to reach him and do him good, and the knowledge of her silence would surely give her a strong moral power over him. So Blanche reasoned, and so she waited. How many women would have done like her?

Three days passed away. Blanche did not meet the "chore boy" in all this time, neither did Dr. Humphreys return, and it seemed to the young lady that the days had suffered some loss, some strong life and color had gone out of them. So, one morning, because she was a little lonely and restless, Blanche took Maude and Mrs. Browning's last volume, and sauntered down through the meadows to the old turnpike. It was a morning full of the pomp and glory of the late summer. The still luscious air was spiced with odors from the woods. The sunshine drenched the earth in its gold. The day seemed to have met and kissed its sister in the tropics.

On the left of the turnpike Blanche and Maude turned into a grassy lane, where a small spring shot up, and poured a tiny vein of water through the grass, while about it ran a dark green frill of mint. An immense oak had fallen near, and the massive trunk offered a tempting seat under the cool shade of the birches and maples.

"What a nice seat, Miss Blanche! Do let us sit down here," pleaded the sweet, childish voice of Maude, who had been brimming over with delight during the whole walk.

"Yes, darling. And what a low, pleasant song of happy content the water is singing on its way through the grass to the river!" answered Blanche, taking her seat by the little girl, who had already climbed up on the fallen trunk.

The two sat here a few minutes in a glad silence, receiving into their souls the spirit of praise and beauty which inspired that morning, and then suddenly they heard the sound of feet hurrying along the hot sand of the turnpike, and caught sight simultaneously of Richard Sexton, in his coarse straw hat and shirt sleeves. His face was white and agitated; one hand was clasped tightly around the wrist of the other, while a dark crimson stream poured over the fingers.

Blanche sprang down in a quick terror, and rushed forward. "Oh, Richard, what is the matter?" she cried.

He stopped at the sound of her voice, and it seemed that a shudder thrilled through him as he confronted the fair, anxious face with

the straw hat falling away from it. "I've cut my hand with the scythe, ma'am. I'm goin' home to have it done up." And he made a hasty movement forward; that sweet, pitiful face was more than he could bear just then.

"Stop, stop, Richard!"—and, impetuous as her words, she was at his side. "Let me see if I can't stanch the wound, and bind it up with my handkerchief. It will at least help you until you get more skilful hands to dress it." Her eyes went from the wound to his, soft and pleading, and Richard Sexton stood still, with some uneasiness and pain at work in his heavy, sullen face, which had their source deeper than any physical anguish.

He muttered some half-coherent answer about "not wantin' to give the lady any trouble;" but before he was through Blanche was wiping away the blood from the wound. And he did not speak again, only he watched her with some thought struggling in his keen eyes while she bound up the gash with her soft fingers.

"There. That will do until you reach home, I think. Doesn't it feel easier, now?" And, having accomplished her work, she looked up in his face with a smile.

A dark flush spread up to his bristly hair. "It feels better, thank you, ma'am," he said, but the words seemed to struggle convulsively in his throat; and then he turned and hurried away, as though some terrible temptation or danger awaited him there.

Blanche returned slowly to Maude. "Poor Richard! No wonder he finds it hard, with that sin on his soul!" she sighed.

But she had scarcely established herself once more on the oak trunk when, looking up, she saw Richard had turned, and was hurrying back. This time, as he approached her, he was fairly breathless. Some inward emotion convulsed the awkward figure, as the half-coherent words struggled out on what seemed half a spasm and half a sob. "I can't keep it any longer; I did it, ma'am; I took it the other night. There it is!" And he held out to her the ancient brooch which had been her mother's.

Blanche took it with a little low cry of delight. Then she looked up in Richard's face through her tears, as she said in soft, steadfast tones: "I knew that you had it, all the time, Richard!"

Her words transfixed him; his face grew whiter under its deep tan. "You did—you

did? *How* did you know it?" he stammered, as though his mind was hardly able to grasp this new fact.

"Because I saw you go out of the gate that night, and I knew then *who* had stolen softly in, when I was reading by the table, and taken away my mother's brooch."

He was shaking now from head to foot, but amazement held for a moment the mastery of all other emotions in the soul of Richard Sexton.

"Didn't you tell anybody, Miss Dana?" he gasped.

"Not a living soul, Richard. I started down stairs to inform your uncle, but before I reached him a second thought stayed me; I believed that this was your first sin of the kind, and I knew if I disclosed it that all your future would be ruined. I was sorry for you in my heart, and believed that when you came to reflect on your deed, that the better side of you—the side that I knew would utterly condemn and scorn such an act, would give you no peace until you had repented of it. I prayed God that it might be so; and I waited, and I have not been disappointed."

Down, down on the grass at the girl's feet, because he could not stand for weakness, sank Richard Sexton. Great sobs shook him back and forth, as a little later the autumn winds would shake the leaves in the branches over him, and between the sobs came the words, "I shouldn't have done it, but I was so miserable! I thought I would run away and take *that* and sell it, and the money would keep me until I could find something to do. I saw it that morning you had it on for the first time, and it seemed to stand a shinin' and a glitterin' before my eyes all day, and I knew you was all alone that night. But I've been miserable every minute since, and I'm glad enough you've got it back now, Miss Dana."

Great tears were in Blanche's eyes, as she stood and listened to this confession. Out of her vast pity her hand stole softly on the head of Richard Sexton. "If you had come to me frankly, Richard, and told me all your trouble, I would have been your friend, and tried to help you."

He looked up at her, now, with a look that struggled betwixt wonder and admiration, and that transfigured the brown, homely face, and made it beautiful for a moment in the eyes of the fair and delicate girl. "I didn't s'pose you'd care for *me*," he said.

"I didn't know that you was an angel, Miss Dana!"

And never in her whole life had a compliment so absolutely sincere, so full of delicate and touching significance, been offered to Blanche Dana as this one which came straight out from the heart of poor Richard Sexton.

Each moment disclosed to her more of this stifled, cramped, baffled nature, which had beaten and bruised itself against the iron wall of circumstances. Her feelings kindled themselves into a fervent glow of pity for the miserable neglected youth, as she watched him sitting there with the blood oozing out from his wound and staining the delicate linen bandage.

"Richard, you must go home at once, and have that wound dressed," she said. "And remember, now, that you have a friend who will not rest until something is done in your behalf. I see what you want. You must go away from here as soon as possible. You must find some new work, and have an entire change of scene and circumstances. You are not afraid to trust me with the management of all this?"

He had proved her too well to have any doubts now, and his smile said this, fairly transfiguring the face that he lifted with reverent adoration to hers.

Blanche gave a little start as she stood, absorbed, where the boy had left her, for a soft hand stole up timidly to her arm, and Maude was at her side, and she saw with a glance that the child had witnessed and appreciated all which had just transpired.

"You must be very quiet, dear, and not mention one word of what has occurred," cautioned Blanche Dana, bending her face tenderly over the lily which blossomed in diamonds in the amethyst bed of her ancient brooch.

And Maude resolved that she would be faithfully reticent, and that, in all the world, there should be but a solitary person into whose ear she would confide all which she had witnessed, and that should be her uncle, Robert Humphreys.

That evening the young physician returned, and, sitting on his knee while the golden twilight made its slow voyage into darkness, the child related all which had transpired in the interview that morning betwixt Blanche Dana and Richard Sexton, and she did this with a vividness and faithfulness to the facts

which showed how deep an impression they had made on her, while her artless relation gave a peculiar pathos to the story.

The Doctor drank in every word, speaking few in return. When she had finished he kissed his small niece and placed her in the green lap of the easy chair, and, walking up and down the room, he took counsel with his own thoughts after this wise: "Here is a woman after my own heart. How many would have acted as she has done? I knew it was in her though, that fine, deep, tender, high-souled nature, with all its sweet possibilities of development and maturity. Just such a womanly nature, with its reverence, purity, truth, has my heart gone seeking, and lo! here it is." This was not all—only the key note of the Doctor's thoughts this evening, as he paced up and down the room until Maude's head dropped, heavy with slumber, on the easy chair.

Next morning, riding out, the young physician came suddenly on Richard Sexton, who was slowly walking up the lane, with a serious, absorbed face, his arm in a sling.

"Well, Richard," said the Doctor, pleasantly, reining up his horse. "Anything serious the matter?"

"I cut my arm, sir, with the scythe, and I can't use it for work to-day."

"I must examine the wound when I get home," answered Dr. Humphreys. "By the by, Richard, I was just thinking of you in connection with my office boy, who, I found, had taken the California fever during my absence. I shall want another on my return to the city. The duties are not arduous; I can instruct you in them myself, and you will have plenty of time for them and some hours for school beside. What do you say to taking the place within three or four weeks?"

"Oh, sir," began Richard. But he broke down here, and did not suspect how amply his face, in its radiant joy and gratitude, had answered for him.

Three weeks more went by like a pleasant song, and now the season at the Stoneham hotel was closing, and Caroline Jeffreys was impatient to take her flight back to the city, having exhausted the pleasures of the watering place, and Blanche had promised her father, with a little indrawn sigh, to be ready in a couple of days.

It happened that on the evening preceding their departure the Doctor and the young

lady met alone in Mrs. Sage's old wainscoted parlor. They had been thrown much together during the last weeks, and had come to understand each other in some finer, deeper sense than people usually do on so short an acquaintance. Somewhere, in the deep silence of their natures, the souls of this man and woman answered to each other. And here, in this low, old-fashioned parlor, whose life had been one dead calm for half a century, did Blanche Dana listen to the story which was told first amid the cool shadows of the Garden of Eden; and as that first woman listened, hanging on Adam's lips, so listened this one to the old, new story. What answer she made Dr. Robert Humphreys can tell you.

But a little while afterward Blanche Dana asked, with a blush and a little flutter of voice, after the manner of her sex: "How long have I been—what you say I am now to you?"

Dr. Humphreys' smile was luminous in its tenderness. "Somewhat of all that you are now, Blanche, from the time that I first heard your voice and looked in your face. But I was hardly conscious of the truth before I learned of the noble part which you had acted towards Richard Sexton. That boy will owe all his future, under God, to you, and there is the material of a strong, true man under that rough outside."

"How did you know—?" her face blank with wonder.

"Oh, a little bird brought me the tidings."

PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE circle of their usefulness seems to be continually enlarging in various ways. In offering houses to proposed occupants, it is now quite a customary plan to forward photographs of the building, garden, and surrounding grounds; but it is only lately that ladies seeking engagements, either as governesses or companions, have adopted the fashion of introducing themselves to those with whom they are negotiating by means of forwarding their *carte de visite*. In by-gone times it was the custom, when royal marriages were in course of arrangement, that the portrait of the lady should be sent to the intended bridegroom; but here the flattery of the painter, desirous of propitiating the favor of princely personages, stepped in, and the resemblances

were often more ideal than actual, much to the disappointment of the contracting parties. When the mother of a family finds it necessary to select a governess to whom she may intrust the sacred charge of her children, and distance prevents her from forming her own opinion by means of a personal interview, no matter how highly the lady in question may have been recommended, the first glimpse of the newly arrived is all important, either to dispel the fears of a discouraging, or to confirm the hope of a favorable impression. We all know the influence of physiognomy, even those who disdain it being perhaps equally subject to those electric currents, either of attraction or repulsion, which are not to be classed and subdued under the title of prejudices; and many of the connections of which we are speaking would never have been formed, and therefore disappointments would not have ensued, had the truth-painted likeness been made the means of introduction in the first instance. In meeting the respective parties seem to be already acquainted, for ladies of kind and amiable dispositions will often send their own *carte de visite* in return, and thus the two are enabled to meet, not with the uncomfortable awkwardness of strangers, but with feelings familiarized by the mutual knowledge and study of each other's personal appearance. This fashion needs no recommending, its many advantages being so thoroughly and plainly apparent.

HEAVEN.

BY EVA EVANS.

HEAVEN! how thrills my heart the sound!

Heaven! and shall it be
That I shall dwell in endless bliss,
There, where my blest Redeemer is,
In joyous ecstasy?

Those thrones of peace and pure delight—
Those beauteous harps of gold—
Those shining robes of spotless white—
Those themes of rapture and delight—
Will ne'er, like earth's grow old.

But ever hallow'd, ever blest,
With newer scenes of grace;
The joys of heaven grow brighter still,
And through eternal ages fill
Their mouths with songs of praise.

Thou humble, suffering child of God,
Though downcast now and grieved;
Those woes and trials which you fear,
Must work for good to bring you near
The God thou hast believed.

A FEW FRIENDS.

BY KORMA H LYNN.

SEVENTH EVENING.

"LIGHTNING POETRY"—"CENTURY COURT."

THE Scinwig mansion was not spacious, nor was it situated in a very fashionable part of the city. Still, it wore a certain air of comfort and elegance, and its inmates were of the kind that one learns to love more and more at every interview, though love and admiration are not awakened at first sight.

Old Mr. Scinwig had long since gone to a land where merit is not weighed in the scales of wealth or fashion; and his wife, grown deaf and feeble, sat in her shaded bedroom, patiently biding her time to follow him. Miss Scinwig, however, was all life and animation. With a wonderful brain, as all averred, and a heart brim full of kindly feeling, she found the world to be a very busy place indeed.

"As for marrying," she sometimes said, "why, I really have never had time to think of such a thing!" Consequently, at the ripe age of forty, though neither "fat nor fair," she enjoyed her independent life to the utmost, and never sighed for matrimonial joys, or envied her corpulent sister the possession of her meek-looking husband and six unmanageable children.

John Scinwig, the only brother still under the maternal roof, was called "a most excellent young man" by the old ladies, and a "horrid old bachelor" by the young girls. But one and all liked him, and wondered, in various degrees of interest, why he never bestowed his euphonious name upon some blushing damsel. Meanwhile, John kept his own counsel, and complacently wore out the slippers presented by his young lady friends.

Just now the Scinwig establishment was illuminated by a bright-eyed niece, who was on from the West, and this perhaps was the reason why the "Few Friends" were invited to hold their sixth evening in the old-fashioned parlors.

The evening proved very stormy; not more than half the members attended; but of course, as Mr. Hedges remarked, they were the flower of the society. All the strong and conscientious ones came; while the effort-fearing and the really feeble did not dare to venture forth

on such a night. Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, the Dresswells, the Timeeds, and the two engaged couples (*too* engaged, as Ben afterward called them) were absent. But was not Mary Glendon there? and Lieutenant Hunter, and Teresa, and Anna, and Messieurs Hedges and Stykes? What more could be needed to make a brilliant evening out of a stormy one?

Before half an hour had passed the party found themselves seated cosily around the great crimson-covered table that stood in the centre of the apartment. Ben had proposed that they should try to manufacture some "Lightning Poetry," and the movement had been unanimously carried. Miss Scinwig had accordingly collected from her "Faber" box nine pencils, ranging from H. H. H. to B. B. B., which cabalistic letters meant anything from "awfully hard" to "wretchedly soft," according to the verdict of the niece from Ohio. Paper *ad infinitum* had also been produced; and the guests, each arming him or herself with a pencil, had looked to Ben for further orders.

"Have none of you ever tried it?" asked Ben, turning beamingly upon the company.

"I have," answered the exuberant niece, who was "talented," and had contributed many a column to the *Western Star*. "It is quite a new pastime, though, and I have never seen it described in print."

"Oh, if it's writing poetry, I'm sure I can never do it," said one.

And "I shall be audience on this occasion," announced another.

No. 4, taking fright, declared that if it was going to be a "strain-on-the-brain affair," he would "back out" at once.

"Oh, nothing of the kind!" was Ben's laughing response. "The whole thing, I assure you, is psychological, and requires no individual effort worth mentioning."

"Well, what is it?" inquired the lieutenant, rather impatiently.

"You shall soon learn." And Ben proceeded to tear a sheet of paper into a few dozen tiny pieces, and divide them among the company. "Now you will please each write upon your papers anything that will answer for the subject of a poem."

"Such as—?" asked Mr. Scinwig, looking up.

"Oh, 'Waterloo,' 'Pride,' or any watch-word, such as 'Strike Deeply,' 'Live and Learn;' anything, in short, that you choose."

When all had written their subjects, they were directed to fold their papers and place them in Benjamin's hat.

"Now," said Ben, "give each member a sheet of paper; let one of the company hold a watch, and be 'time-keeper.' He is then to draw one of the papers from the hat, read its contents aloud, and call 'Time.' Each member must immediately commence writing in verse on the subject announced, and continue the performance until fifteen minutes have expired, when the time-keeper must call 'Time' again. He must then read the productions aloud, without giving the authors' names."

Instantly the dismayed guests made a rush for the office of time-keeper, that post seeming to be a comparative sinecure. It was at last decided by lot, and fell to the delighted Mr. Hedges. Thereupon all the rest threw down their pencils and leaned back in their chairs disconsolately.

"Now, I assure you," coaxed Ben, "there is no occasion for over-modesty. Every man and woman here can do it creditably when once the psychological circle is established."

"And how can we invoke this peculiar condition?" faltered Anna.

"Simply, by *all* concentrating on the same subject at the same time," answered Ben, sententiously, at the same time casting an expressive glance at Mr. Hedges.

Taking the hint, the time-keeper placed his watch on the table before him, plunged his hand into Ben's hat and drew out a paper. "Attention!" cried he, unfolding it—"OLD SHOES—*Time!*"

In very desperation each snatched a pencil and prepared to receive the benefit of the psychologic circle.

"O-l-d S-h-o-e-s," groaned Mr. Scinwig, looking imploringly at the time-keeper.

"Old Shoes," echoed that functionary, solemnly, without removing his gaze from the watch.

Soon the lieutenant buried his face in his arms and sat a mute image of despair. Then Anna raised her eyes humbly, and watched the busy company as she nibbled her pencil, but all the rest were writing violently.

"*Stretch,*" moaned Ben, after a moment; "do, somebody, give me a rhyme for stretch."

"*Wretch,*" was Mary Gliddon's ready suggestion. "There, you've put me out!"

After what seemed, to the lieutenant and Anna, to be an interminable time, Mr. Hedges called "TIME!"

"Oh," implored Mary, writing vehemently, "just one minute more, do!"

Mr. Scinwig folded his paper proudly. "'Pon my soul," said he, "never tried my hand at this kind of thing before; couldn't rhyme for the life of me, without this si—si—what do you call it?"

"Psychology." And Ben, collecting the papers, delivered them *en masse* to the time-keeper.

The reading, as may be imagined, created a deal of merriment.

The first poem was all about leather and upper, and "Farquhar Tupper," who, poor man, was cobbled in rudely enough, for rhyme's sake. The next was by the niece; and very deep and metaphysical it was, considering the subject. But where all were passable, and a few almost clever, Mary Gliddon's production carried off the palm.

"Really, now, for a lightning poem," said Mr. Hedges, "this one is not so bad. Allow me to read it again, now that (begging somebody's pardon) I can decipher it."

"Oh no!" cried Mary Gliddon, blushing.

"Oh yes!" cried everybody else, delighted at discovering the author.

And the time-keeper read—

OLD SHOES.*

Some old shoes are patent squeakers,
For testing lungs of public speakers;
Other old shoes tell a pitiful story
Of stumbings up the steeps of glory.
Some old shoes, with a song most sweet,
Tell us of pattering little feet,
Feet whose tread on the nursery floor
Shall echo to loving hearts no more.
Some old shoes, like the "one-horse shay,"
Have lasted forever to go in a day.
Others are patched from the very first,
And echo each step with a smothered burst.
Some, like their wearers, have springy *soles*,
Look well to the last, though full of holes;
Some are high-heeled, and make us tall;
Some are one-sided, and make us fall.
Some are for indolence, down at the heel;
Some for Activity, pegged up with steel;

* My apology for printing these verses is, that the reader will better understand the spirit and fun of this amusement, if I offer some *bona fide* specimens of "lightning poetry," just as they were written on the occasion.

Some for the lazy, and some for the brisk,
 Some for the shamble, and some for the frisk,
 Some of morocco, of kid, or of leather,
 Some for the ball-room, some for bad weather ;
 Some cast scornfully into the street,
 And picked up gladly for beggar-feet.
 In fact, so prolific a theme for my muse,
 Is this topic you 've chosen, this song of old shoes,
 That the present century scarce could begin it,
 Were I not checked by that "fifteen minute."
 Old Shoes, farewell! one thought is clear,
 To comfort thee in thy ploddings here ;
 Thy worn-out *soles* are not eternal,
 And cannot be sent to regions infernal.
 But the very worst of thy final fate,
 When, cast on the highway, thou liest in state,
 Is to be gathered, and spread o'er the field,
 Which straightway, to pay for thy bounty, will yield
 A *Shoe** for the French, who cabbage adore,
 Doubled and doubled a hundred times o'er.
 Perhaps *toe-martyrs* for thy dear sake ;
 Or *corn-s*, humanity's heart to break ;
 Or *onions*, each with a *bee* of its own,
 To make old gents and ladies groan.
 And if flowers are allowed, full well I know,
 Bright lady's slippers will bloom and grow,
 By pairs and by dozens for fairie's feet
 Who love 'neath the moonlit sky to meet.
 Hold! if this be true—and you 've said it, my muse—
 Then you *are* immortal, my darling old shoes!

At the next round, the lieutenant became time-keeper. This time Anna promised that she would "try, though she knew she couldn't."

"More paper," said Ben, distributing a fresh supply ; "now, lieutenant!"

In went the hand. "Time!" cried the lieutenant. "Too LATE."

"Oh! atrocious!" exclaimed the niece, "what a subject!" but she fell to writing immediately.

Anna behaved better, this time, and re-deemed herself—but, naughty girl, she will not let me print her "pome."

Here is the doleful ditty that I know proceeded from the unconscious-looking John Scinwig, though half the members attributed it to Ben.

TOO LATE.

"Too late," said a youth, as he went to school,
 And found that the hour was past ;
 And he sadly thought he would feel the rule,
 So he "sloped" as the lightning fast.

"Too late," said the bachelor, toasting his feet,
 As, in slippers, he sat by the fire ;
 "The years have been so wondrously fleet,
 The girls no longer admire."

"Too late," said the maiden of fifty years,
 "No longer the lovers come ;
 And I must wander alone in tears,
 With never a husband or home."

* Choux.

T'other night I called on a lovely young girl,
 Determined to make my proposal,
 I gave my moustache its loveliest curl,
 And never surmised a refusal.

"Old fellow," said she, "you 've come too late,
 I have just accepted an offer ;
 If ten minutes sooner you 'd entered my gate,
 Of your heart I 'd have taken the proffer."

Forever we find, when good fortune we seek,
 She has left us far in the course,
 And only with grief "Too late" can we speak,
 And fall into bitter remorse.

At the last round the crowning effort of the evening was brought to light, and Ben could not, for the life of him, help blushing when Mary cried : "Oh, that is by you, Mr. Stykes ; I'm sure it is." But the reader must judge:—

OLD WAGONS.

There are vehicles wanted for all sorts of lumber.
 Bring on your old wagons to carry the plunder ;
 I 've been all around to collect it this day,
 And I want lots of carts to take it away.
 Here is kingly misrule ; take it off, take it off!
 Here are lead-colored pictures from dull Dusseldorf.
 Here are old foggy notions of ladies' decorum,
 And fashions of dress, with the people who wore 'em.
 Here's a notion that ease is of life the true end,
 And that happiness wealth will surely attend ;
 Aristocracy's claim, feudal rights, and oppression,
 The abuses of churches, and priestly confession.
 And here is a pile of cast-away stuff
 Of which all mankind have had quite enough :
 Of manacles, whips, and slave-traders' ships—
 Pray, carry them off with the tyrants' old chips.
 Old wagons are wanted in plenty, I say,
 To take off the rubbish we gather to-day.
 Bid the jolly reformers bring all their fast steeds,
 Called hobbies by some, but they 'll answer our needs.
 Call draymen, like Carlyle, who drive learned asses ;
 Let Tennyson come from the heights of Parnassus ;
 Call brave Mrs. Browning to bring on her tandem ;
 And fellows like Saxe, still careering at random.
 Let all of 'em come, for there's much to be carried,
 And more, too, since talent and folly have married.
 Don't haggle for tackling, but make due concession ;
 We 'll need all there is for the endless procession.
 Hurrah! there are teams here in plenty, I see ;
 But, such is the difference between you and me,
Who's to load them, I pray? *who* to halloo out GEE!

After the "Lightning Poetry" was over, our Few Friends attempted to amuse themselves with a new game, called "Century Court;" but soon abandoned it, on account of an epidemic which broke out among the company. This was no less alarming a malady than exhaustion of the brain. The game was maliciously proposed by the lieutenant, in revenge for his sufferings during the "Lightning Poetry" experiment.

It is played by one of the company leaving the room, and having a century assigned to

him in his absence, such as 6th, 12th, 19th, etc. Upon entering, he is immediately charged with the crimes and abuses of his century, which he must explain or extenuate if he can, according to his wit; or he is praised for its redeeming events and fine characters, all of which he must gracefully acknowledge, at the same time endeavoring to discover *what* century he represents. When he succeeds, he announces: "Ladies and gentlemen, the 15th century (or whatever it may be) leaves the court, and begs to introduce Mr. — (or Miss —) to its consideration." The new victim must go successfully through a similar process or pay a forfeit.

Not long after Benjamin, as the 11th century, had borne all the guilt and glory of the Crusaders on his devoted shoulders, and gracefully acknowledged the greatness of his all-conquering Norman, he discovered with delight that the stars were out, and that the patter, patter at the window-pane had ceased. While he was wishing that the lieutenant—"bother take him!"—would go back to the army, and give him a chance to enjoy a solitary interview with Mary, that dashing young officer drew him aside to say: "Stykes, my boy, won't you do me the kindness to ride home in the carriage with my sister?" Ben was speechless with joy; and the lieutenant continued: "I must go home with Hedges, as we have some matters to talk over before I return to the Potomac. I've had enough of recruiting service, you see, and want to do a little more fighting. Say, will you go? It's not a very long ride."

Long ride, indeed! Had it been twice around the globe, Benjamin would have been only too delighted to take it with Mary, and in his joy he almost said as much.

"A good, obliging fellow, that Stykes," remarked the unsuspecting lieutenant to his friend, as they walked arm in arm down the street.

"Yes, very," answered poor Hedges, dryly. He, too, liked Mary, but felt that Ben was entitled to the first chance.

POWER OF EXAMPLE.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

EXAMPLE is power. It is alike so in the circles of wealth and refinement and in the

haunts of poverty and ignorance. It tells everywhere, and makes its mark for good or evil all over the world of men and thought. All history is but a reiteration of the power of example—power to bless and refine or to blight and ruin humanity. Unless its teachings impress us with this truth, we are indeed poor students of human history. One has well said that "history is philosophy teaching by example."

Example is power for good. Every man has influence, more or less, in his sphere of life, and that influence, in the very nature of the case, must tell on his fellows. If he be a good man, his example must and will do good. It cannot be otherwise. A pure and virtuous life, like the sun in the heavens, must shine and bless, brighten and warm in the moral world. So it has ever been, and so it ever will be. Truth and purity, like so many gems in the life and example of the good man, cannot but shame and condemn error and vice in others.

"A fault doth never with remorse
Our mind so deeply move
As when another's guileless life
Our error doth reprove."

Example is also power for evil. There is no estimating the extent of a bad man's influence in the world; its moral reach is indeed fearful. "One sinner destroyeth much good," is the testimony of the wise man, as well as the practical teaching of all experience. An instrument of incalculable harm in any community is the man who arrays his life and example against virtue and religion; and yet thousands of our fellow beings seem only to live that they may blight humanity with the influence of their wicked lives and evil example. Their work in the world is that of destruction, for they literally "destroy much good."

Cicero gave his followers the best of counsel when he said to them: "Be a pattern to others, and then all will go well; for as a whole city is infected by the licentious passions and vices of men, so it is likewise reformed by their moderation." And a greater than Cicero has said: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

"—Our lives,
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good name, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live."

NOVELTIES FOR NOVEMBER.

BONNETS, PELERINE, SLEEVES, COAT, JACKET, APRON, SASH, ETC.

Fig. 1.—Bonnet for light mourning. The front is of black velvet. The crown is soft, and formed of white tulle, which is covered with a fanchon of black and white plaid silk, edged with bugle fringe. On the left side of

the crown is a spray of white flowers. The cape is of black velvet, trimmed with a bias band of plaid silk. The inside trimming is of pearl color, and white flowers, and white tulle.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 2.—Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with white silk edged with black lace. On the front is a large white flower, surrounded with scarlet velvet leaves. The inside trimming is of scarlet velvet and black lace.

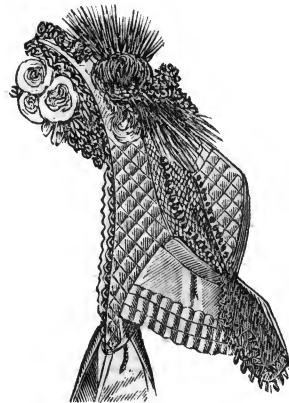
Fig. 3.—Violet purple silk bonnet, trimmed with white lace, black feathers, and pink roses.

Fig. 4.—Bonnet for light mourning. The front is of black silk. The crown and cape of

Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



white silk covered with black lace. The flowers, both outside and in, are of violet velvet.

Fig. 5.—Bonnet of white pressed silk, trimmed with a scarf of black lace and a tuft of scarlet feathers and black grasses. The inside trimming is of black lace and scarlet roses. The strings are of scarlet ribbon.

Fig. 6.

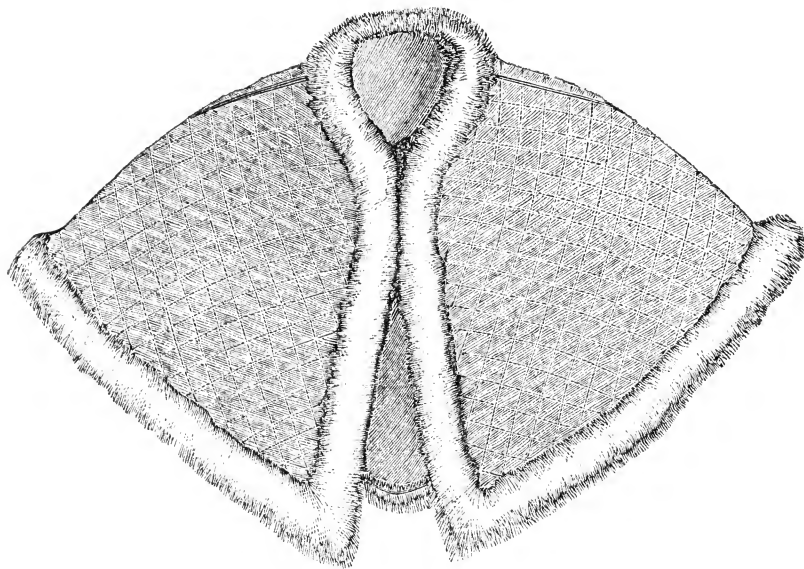
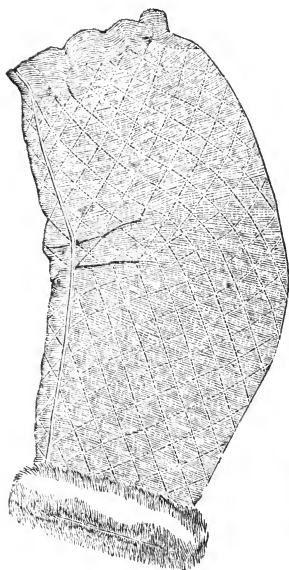


Fig. 6.—Pelerine, trimmed with swans'-down. No style of pelerine or cape is more suitable than this for wearing on leaving the ball-room or theatre; it is as warm and com-

fortable as it is elegant. Our pattern is in white quilted satin, but can also be made in pink, blue, maize-colored, crimson, or light-green satin. The satin of which the outside

Fig. 7.



is covered is quilted; the lining, in some thin silk, is plain. The pelerine is trimmed all round with a border of swans'-down.

Fig. 7.—Sleeve to wear with the Pelerine.

Fig. 8.



This sleeve is intended to keep the arms warm, and is made, like the pelerine, in quilted satin, and trimmed with swans'-down round the bottom, where the opening is large

enough for the hand to pass through. A piece of elastic is run in at the top, to keep the sleeve from slipping down.

Fig. 8.—Dark blue cloth or merino coat, braided with white silk braid. The cape and sleeves are trimmed with a white fluted ribbon. This coat is suitable for a little girl from two to six years old.

Fig. 9.

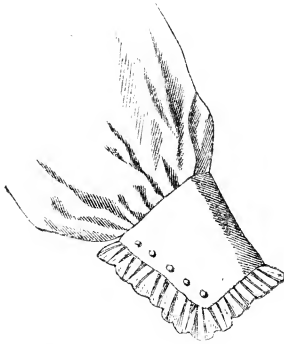


Fig. 9.—Muslin sleeve, with a deep linen cuff trimmed with a fluted ruffle. If some-

thing handsome is desired, Valenciennes lace can be substituted for the ruffle.

Fig. 10.

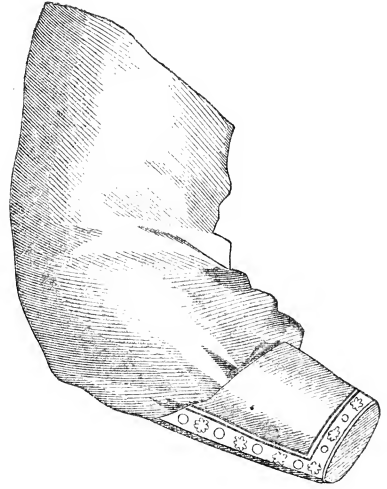
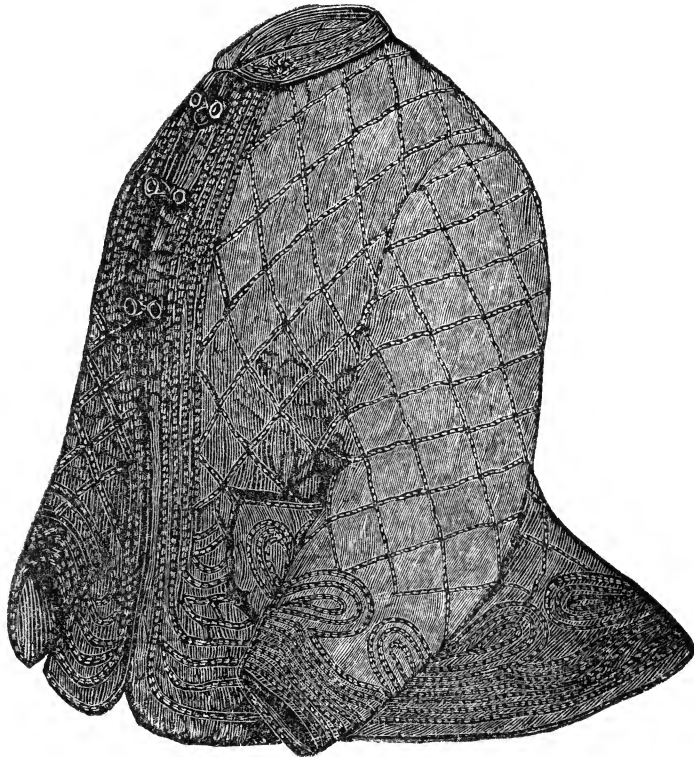


Fig. 10.—Muslin undersleeve, with deep cuff embroidered with red cotton.

Fig. 11.—Quilted house jacket. This ele-

Fig. 11.



gant in-door jacket is especially suitable for the cold weather. Our pattern is in black silk slightly wadded, and lined with violet silk, every part of which is quilted inside and out. The collar, the sleeves, and the edge round the bottom are ornamented with a pattern in stitching of white silk, which may be done very expeditiously and effectively by the sewing-machine. The seam down the

Fig. 12.

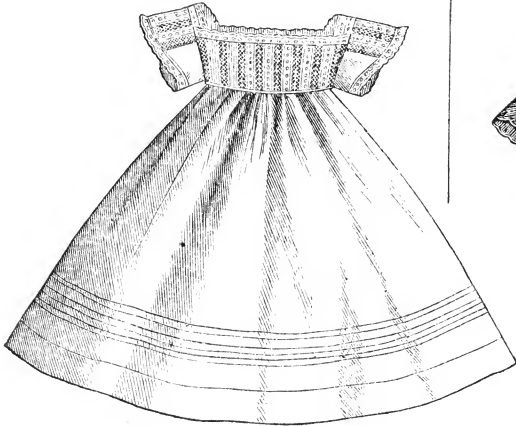


Fig. 13.

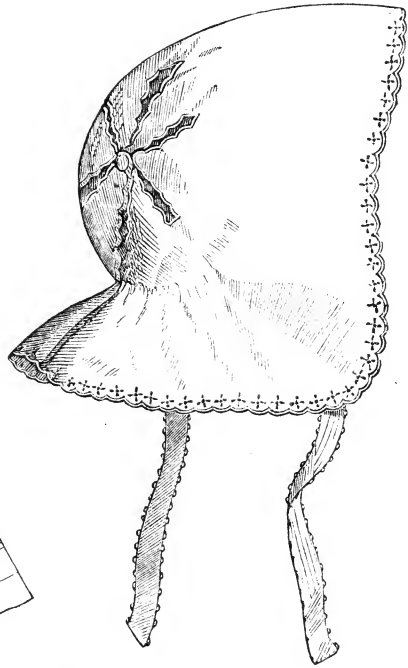


Fig. 14.



middle of the back is shaped slightly to the figure.

Fig. 12.—Infant's short dress. The skirt is tucked, and the waist is formed of alternate rows of Valenciennes and muslin insertion.

Fig. 13.—Ventilated night-cap, with star-shaped crown.

Fig. 14.—A black silk apron, trimmed with a fluted black ribbon set on in points. The space inside the points is filled with rows of white-edged black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 15.



Fig. 15.—Sash, with Postilion basque. This sash is made in thick black silk, when intended to be worn with any dress; but we

must add that it is more elegant when of the same material as the dress. The basque is cut out separately, like that of a body for a dress, and is lined with stiff net. A pattern is worked over it, either in silk braid or chenille. The small loops are filled either with small jet beads or dots in chenille. The edge is trimmed with a row of silk fringe, each composed of eight bits of silk, passed through the stuff with a stiletto, and tied twice. The top of the basque is folded into two double pleats. The long ends of the sash are hemmed on each side, trimmed with embroidery and fringe at the bottom, the same as the basque. The fringe is tied four times, so as to form at the top a sort of network. These long ends of the sash are pleated at the top, and sewn on to a narrow silk band, put double and lined; the basque is sewn over them; the band is embroidered with silk dots, and fastens, under the basque, with hooks and eyes.

HOUSEWIFE EMBROIDERED ON TICKING.

(See Plate printed in Colors, in front.)

THE material recommended for this useful little article will make it very strong and durable; and as any odd pieces of colored silks can be used for the embroidery, it will not be expensive to complete. Linen bed-ticking is the best for the purpose, and it will require a strip 24 inches in length and 5 inches wide—that is, 15 white stripes. This will allow 2 for the turnings, the housewife being 13 stripes wide when finished. For the lining, a yard and a quarter of cerise or blue sarcenet ribbon $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, or a piece of silk wide enough to allow for turnings may be used instead; 12 yards of narrow gold braid, and coarse netting-silk of various colors.

The embroidery is worked on the white stripes of the ticking, one end of which should be cut to a point in the centre to form the extreme outside of the case; the other end is left square, and when

made up this is turned over two inches to form the first pocket.

1st stripe. The little leaves are worked in blue silk, and formed by three long stitches taken from the centre of the white stripe to the edge of it, and then three stitches taken the reverse way: the straight line down the centre is of gold-colored silk.

2d. Make the cross lines which form a diamond with light green silk, and then work the straight lines with crimson silk.

3d. Work the long diamonds alternately with black and green, and form the cross in the centre of the black diamond by two straight stitches each way, worked in green: the cross in the centre of the green diamond should be of crimson.

4th. Make the short cross in black, of a single stitch each way; but the long crosses should have two stitches close together, and be worked in cerise silk.

5th. The three little leaves are composed of three stitches taken straight, and then three stitches worked in a slanting direction on each side. Three sets of these leaves should be worked in green, and the three next in pale gold-color, alternately.

6th. The stars are composed of eight stitches, each taken from the centre to the edge, and they should be alternately crimson and violet. the diamonds between the stars are of violet edged with crimson, or crimson edged with violet.

7th. The slanting lines are formed of five stitches worked across the white stripe with green silk, and the small stitches between, alternately cerise and pale gold-color.

8th. The long stitches are to be black and the short ones crimson.

9th. Is formed of two stitches each way from the centre to the edge, and the first three sets of them should be worked with gold-color; the next three sets with crimson; then three with violet, and three with green.

10th. Same as the third stripe, working the long crosses with green, and the smaller in black.

11th. The diamonds of violet, and the four straight stitches in crimson.

12th and 13th. The same as the *1st* and *2d* stripes.

The gold braid is run on the black lines of the ticking, working with fine gold-color sewing-silk. At the end of each line the braid should be carried across to the next, and not

cut off. The braid at each edge should not be sewn on until after it is lined, as it then conceals the stitches.

To make up the case, it must be first lined throughout, stitching the ticking neatly to the ribbon; then make the pocket at the straight end, and for the second pocket embroider two inches of the ticking as before, line it, and sew one edge to the case, two and a half inches from the other pocket. Between the pockets a band should be made for the scissors, etc.

The leaves for needles are of white cashmere, and the edges overcast with cerise silk with a row of chain-stitches under it.

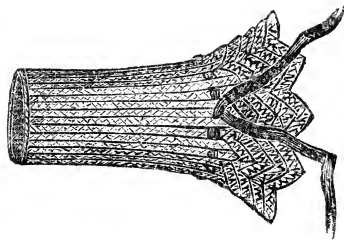
The pincushion is formed of two oval pieces of card, covered with silk, and stitched together.

The casings for skeins of cotton and silk are made by placing twelve inches of the ribbon over the first lining, and working the runnings along it a little less than an inch apart, being careful not to take the stitches through the ticking.

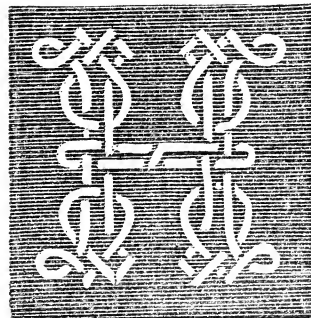
A loop of braid should be sewed to the pointed end, and a button on the outside six inches from that end.



KNITTED SLEEVE.



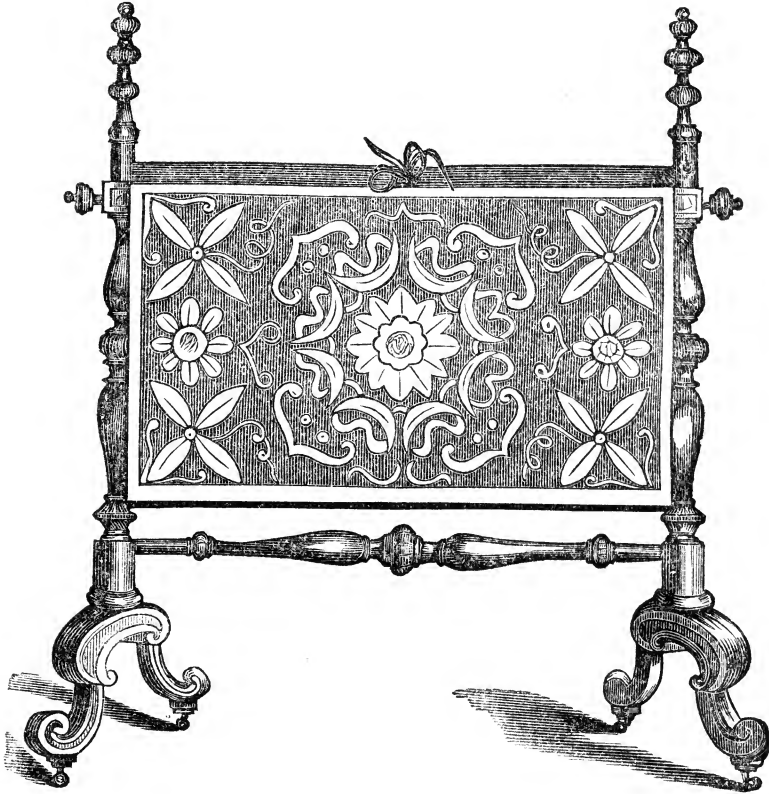
INITIAL MONOGRAM.



HANGING PORTFOLIO ON STAND.

It is now the fashion when an evening entertainment is given, to provide as many different amusements as possible, so that the tastes of all the guests may be in some degree gratified. The interest felt in works of art is becoming more extended, as the productions

designs in colors for Berlin wool work; many of these would form beautiful covers for this article worked on canvas. Another more simple style is to braid a rich pattern on cloth or merino. Any one of these ways is appropriate for covering these large cases, and making them sufficiently ornamental to take their place in any drawing-room, and worthy



of the finest artists are now brought within the reach of all classes. A collection of photographs is generally found in every drawing-room, embracing many sizes; these ought, of course, to be carefully preserved in cases, and the portfolio on a stand is one of the most convenient arrangements. Our illustration shows the shape of the stand. It is the ornamental covering of the case which brings it among our work-table descriptions. These cases may be made very elegant in many ways. When large, they look handsome by being worked in silk applique surrounded with an outline in gold thread, choosing a handsome pattern for the purpose. This journal has given to its subscribers many beautiful

the honor of being the receptacles of these marvels of modern art.

WINTER JACKET IN DOUBLE CROCHET.

(See engraving, page 381.)

Materials.—For the jacket, one and half pound four-ply fleecy; and for the border one-quarter of a pound of a color to contrast. The most durable colors are claret, dark green, or violet; with black, scarlet, or gray for the border. The needle should be No. 000, being the largest size made in steel. In the border given in our illustration each point is fastened with a small steel or jet button.

In arranging this useful article, care has been taken to suit the form to the present style of dress, especially in the shape of the sleeve, so few warm coverings being now made

to protect the upper part of the arm. The jacket is of one color, and, if preferred, a plain border may be substituted for the ornamental one given in our illustration.

THE JACKET.

Commence by working 72 chain, which is for the length of the front.

1st row. Miss the 1st stitch, and work a row of plain crochet along the foundation chain to the last stitch, in which work 2 stitches both in the last chain, which will increase a stitch; turn back.

The whole is now made in double crochet, that is, putting the needle in *both* edges of the stitches of the previous row, still working a plain stitch. The chain-stitch worked at the beginning of every row is for the selvage, but it is omitted when single stitches are worked for the shaping.

2d. Make 1 chain, then in the 1st stitch work 2 plain both in one to increase; work the rest of the row plain.

3d. 1 chain, the rest plain to the last stitch, then work 2 plain in one.

Repeat the 2d and 3d rows alternately 6 times more, the last row being 86 stitches. The straight side of the rows is for the edge of the jacket, and the slanting side for the neck. As a guide for the size of the stitch, the work should now measure 22 inches in length.

Now, to form the shoulder, decrease at the neck, thus:—

16th row. 1 chain, miss the 1st stitch of the row, and work the rest plain.

17th. 1 chain, then work the row plain to the last 2 stitches, then miss 1, 1 plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows 9 times more, when it will be decreased to 66 stitches, the wool being at the slanting side.

36th. Miss 1, 14 chain, 2 single stitches, turn back, leaving the rest of the row unfinished.

37th. 2 single, 14 plain, turn back.

38th. Miss 1, 15 plain, then work the plain stitches of the 35th row, which will bring the wool to the straight edge. The gore at the hip is now to be formed.

39th. 1 chain, 43 plain, 2 single, turn back.

40th. 2 single on the last, 2 single, 43 plain.

41st. 1 chain, 40 plain, 2 single, turn back, leaving 3 stitches of the last row.

42d. 2 single, 40 plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows 11 times more, working 3 stitches less each repeat.

65th. 1 chain, 9 plain; then work 3 plain stitches on each of the 3 stitches left at the previous rows, making in all 45 stitches.

66th. 1 chain, 45 plain.

67th. 1 chain, 7 plain, 2 single, turn back.

68th. 2 single, 7 plain.

69th. 1 chain, 9 plain; then on the 66th row work 1 plain and 2 single, turn back.

70th. 2 single, the rest plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows 9 times more, working 3 stitches more on the 66th row each repeat.

89th. 1 chain, 39 plain, and on the 66th row 4 plain, 2 plain in one, turn back.

90th. 1 chain, and work the row plain.

91st. 1 chain, the rest plain to the last stitch, then work 2 plain in one to increase.

92d. 1 chain, 2 plain in one, the rest plain.

Repeat the last two rows 3 times more; the increase stitches being for the armhole.

99th. 1 chain, the rest plain. At the end of this row make six chain.

100th. Miss 1, and work 5 plain on the 6 chain, then work the stitches of the last row all plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows twice more.

105th. 1 chain, the rest plain; at the end work 13 chain.

106th. Miss 1, and on the chain work 11 plain, then 2 single on the last row, turn back.

107th. 2 single, 11 plain.

108th. 1 chain, miss 1, 12 plain, then on the lower row work all the stitches plain.

109th. 1 chain, the rest plain.

110th. 1 chain, 2 plain both in the first stitch, the rest plain.

Repeat the last two rows 9 times more, the increased end being for the shoulder.

Then, for the back, work 10 rows plain, which finishes one-half the jacket.

Commence again with 72 chain for the other front, and repeat the whole of the direction exactly the same; when finished, place the last row of each piece together, and join them with a row of single crochet, putting the needle into a stitch of each side, and working them as one stitch.

Sew the slanting sides of the shoulders together.

THE SLEEVE.

Commence with a chain of 51 stitches.

1st row. Miss the 1st stitch, and work the rest plain.

2d. 1 chain, the rest plain; working in double crochet, the same as the jacket.

3*d.* 1 chain, 2 plain both in one stitch, then 9 plain; repeat to the end, increasing in every 10th stitch.

4*th.* 1 chain, the rest plain.

5*th.* 1 chain, 2 plain in one, then 4 plain; repeat, increasing in every 5th stitch.

Work 7 rows plain, without shaping.

13*th.* 1 chain, 2 plain in one, 10 plain; repeat, increasing in every 11th stitch.

Work 11 rows plain, without shaping.

25*th.* 1 chain, 2 plain in one, 9 plain; repeat, increasing in every 10th stitch.

26*th.* 1 chain, the rest plain.

27*th.* 1 chain, the rest plain to within 6 stitches of the end of the row, then turn back; these stitches left are at the straight edge of the sleeve.

28*th.* 6 single, the rest plain.

Repeat the last 2 rows 5 times more, leaving 6 stitches more each repeat. This finishes one side of the sleeve.

Commence again with 51 chain, and work another piece the same, then join the two edges together with a row of single crochet.

Sew this sleeve to the armhole of the jacket, placing the shortest seam to the plain stitches at the front.

The other sleeve is to be made the same.

THE BORDER.

1*st row.* With the wool selected for the border, commence at the back of the neck, and work a row of single crochet down to the left front, along the edge, and up the other front to the commencement of the row; the stitches should be rather loose, so as not to tighten the work.

2*d.* Work a plain row along the single stitches, putting the needle into the upper

edge of the single stitch, which will leave the lower edge in front; the corners should be increased to make them lie flat; at the end turn back.

3*d.* Work a plain row in double crochet, the same as the jacket. In working up the right front the button-holes should be formed by working 1 chain stitch, missing 1, and working 12 plain.

4*th.* Plain all round in double crochet. Fasten off.

THE POINTS.—Commence at the shoulder seam of the right side, and work on the edge of the single stitches left at the 1st row, then 2 single on 2 of the stitches; and to form a point work 15 chain, miss the last 5 chain, and on the remaining 10 chain work 2 single, 2 plain, 3 treble, 3 long; then on the single stitches of the border miss 3, 3 single (3 chain and 3 single 4 times); repeat from the commencement of the points all round, taking care to make a point at each corner, and that they correspond up the fronts. The points are to be attached to the jacket with a button.

BORDER FOR THE SLEEVES.

1*st row.* With the colored wool work a row of single crochet on the single row which joins the back of the sleeve, and continue the same stitch round the cuff, then turn back.

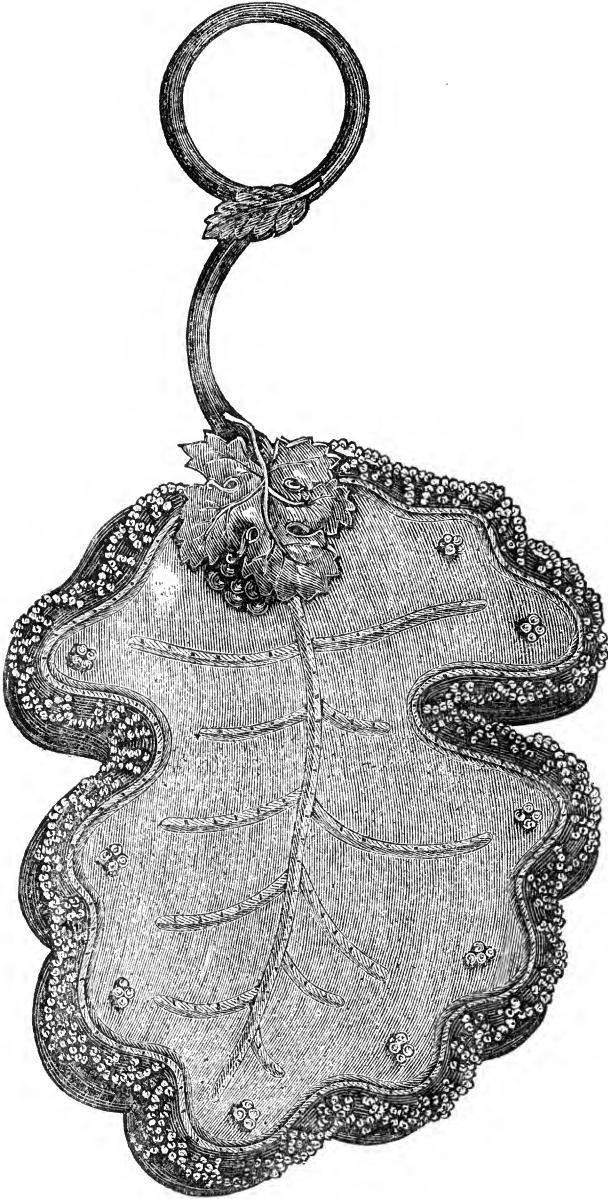
2*d.* Work the points to correspond with the jacket, but making them smaller; thus, 10 chain, turn, and down the chain, miss 5, 1 single, 1 plain, 2 treble, 1 long; then on the single row miss 3, 2 single (3 chain and 3 single 3 times). Repeat up the side of the sleeve to the top; then down the other side of the single row, work 3 chain and 3 single, repeating to the cuff. Fasten off.

INITIAL LETTERS FOR MARKING.



LEAF PENWIPER.

Materials.—Three pieces of black cloth; one piece of green; one piece of black silk—all but the size of our illustration; two yards of Alliance silk braid, scarlet and black; half a bunch of small gold beads; a handle.



This penwiper represents a large leaf, veined with braid, edged with a fringe of gold beads, and finished off with a handle. If this is difficult to obtain in gilt or bronze complete, a

handle may be made of wire, covered with gold beads twisted round, with a rosette of the beads for a button. The green cloth, of course, makes the top of the penwiper; this should be braided all round the shape of our illustration, and then cut out.

For the veinings the braid must be drawn through the cloth and back again, and fastened down on the wrong side. Nine little stars of gold beads are arranged round the leaf at regular intervals, and a fringe of beads is threaded round the edge in tiny loops. The green cloth is lined with a piece of card-board, shaped, and covered with a piece of black silk. The three pieces of black cloth, which should be cut a trifle smaller than the green piece, should now be secured to the top, and the whole fastened by means of the handle, which is arranged with a little spring, to hold the leaves firmly together. If this is not obtainable, a rosette of beads, or a bow of ribbon, may be substituted, with a wire handle covered also with beads. The colors of the cloth and braid may be much varied, and any lady can make an inexpensive penwiper of this description by using up any materials she may happen to have by her, taking care to contrast the colors nicely.

WINTER SHAWL,
IN PLAIN KNITTING.

(See engraving, page 382.)

SEVERAL of our subscribers having requested that this useful article may be arranged so as to form an

easy occupation during the long evenings, we have made the direction as simple as possible. It can be worked in nearly every kind of wool, and the size varied at pleasure, making it

either for a small shawl to wear across the shoulders, or carried out for a large wrapper. If made in strong yarn it is especially suited for charitable gifts at this present season.

Materials.—A pair of knitting pins No. 8 Bell gauge (measured in the circle); for a small shawl they should be about 12 inches, but a larger one will require them longer. The wool may be either double Berlin, 4-ply fleecy, or Scotch fingering yarn. Of the latter, there is a new kind made in two colors, viz., violet and black, scarlet and black, blue and white, etc.; it has a pretty effect for the centre of the shawl, the border being made with two plain colors to contrast with it. The fringe is usually of the same color as the centre. The cheapest yarns or knitting worsteds are only to be had in plain colors—gray, brown, and white, being the least expensive.

The shawl we have engraved is composed of mixed violet and black yarn for the centre and fringe, with plain black and gold-color for the border.

THE CENTRE.

Cast on 6 stitches with the violet and black wool.

1st row. Knit the 6 stitches.

2d. Slip the 1st stitch, that is, taking it off the pin without working it; then to *increase* a stitch, knit the next stitch plain, but before taking it off the left pin, insert the right pin in the back of the same loop on the left pin, and, bringing the wool between the pins, knit the stitch, taking it off the left pin; there will now be 3 loops on the right pin; knit the next 4 stitches quite plain.

3d. Slip the 1st stitch, then increase as in the last row, by knitting the 2d stitch, and before taking it off the pin knitting another stitch in the back of the same loop; knit 5 stitches plain.

3d. Slip the 1st stitch, increase in the 2d stitch as before; knit 1 plain; increase a second time in the next stitch; increase a third time in the next stitch, then knit 3 plain; there will now be 11 stitches on the pin.

4th. Slip the 1st stitch, increase in the 2d stitch; knit the rest of the row plain.

5th. Slip the 1st stitch, increase as before; knit 3 plain, increase a second time in the

next stitch; then increase a third time in the next stitch; knit 5 plain.

6th. Slip the 1st stitch, increase as before; knit the rest plain.

It will render counting unnecessary if a small mark is now put on the pin in the centre of each row—a loop of white cotton or a small bag-ring will answer the purpose, and it is used as follows:—

7th. Slip the 1st, increase as before, knit 5 plain, increase a second time, put the mark on the right pin, increase again, knit the rest of the row plain.

8th. Slip 1, increase as before, knit the rest of the row plain, putting the mark in the centre of the row on the other pin.

9th. Slip 1, increase as before, knit the rest of the stitches plain to within one of the mark, increase in that stitch, slip the mark on to the right pin, then increase again in the next stitch, and knit the rest of the row plain.

Repeat the two last rows until the required size is made for the centre.

THE BORDER.

With the black wool work 4 rows, repeating as the 8th and 9th rows of the centre.

Gold wool, 6 rows the same.

Black, 4 rows the same.

Gold, 6 rows the same.

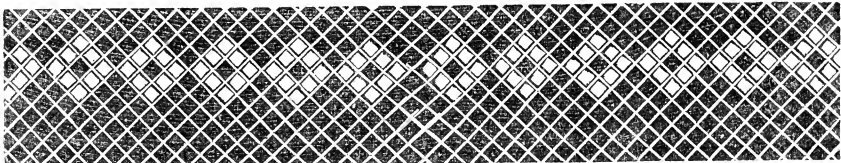
Black, 10 rows the same, which forms the centre of the border.

Then repeat the gold and black stripes alternately as before, and cast off all the stitches.

The fringe is made with the same color as the centre.

Cut the wool in lengths of 6 inches, and, with a crochet needle, loop two pieces of the cut wool into each stitch formed by the casting off row of the shawl, thus: insert the needle in the stitch, fold the two pieces of wool on the point of it, and bring them through the stitch in a loop; then draw the ends of wool through this loop, and continue the same to the end.

DARNING PATTERN FOR NETTING WORK, SUITABLE FOR TIDIES, BEDSPREADS, OR TABLE COVERS.



Receipts, &c.

OMELETTES.

BREAD OMELETTE.—Break six eggs, season them with pepper and salt, or sweeten with sugar, if preferred; add a good table-spoonful of finely grated bread crumbs made of stale bread. Beat the whole well together, and fry in the same manner as the plain omelette. This omelette requires a little more attention in the dressing than those which are made without bread, being more liable to burn and break. It is an excellent accompaniment to preserved apricot, or any other description of rich jam.

OMELETTE AUX PINES HERBES.—This is precisely the same as the plain omelette, with the addition of finely chopped thyme, parsley, marjoram, pepper, salt, etc.

VEAL OMELETTE.—The kidney of veal dressed in this manner is generally a favorite dish. It consists of kidney, previously cooked, being finely chopped, and beaten in with the eggs. Another method is to mince or cut the kidney into very thin slices, seasoned with pepper, salt, parsley, or eschalots. When well mixed together, these ingredients must be put into a small stewpan, with a little of the gravy from the joint. When the meat has simmered until warm through, set the stewpan aside. Make a plain omelette, and fold in the mixture before sending it to table.

The directions for making the latter omelette apply to every description of fish, meat, or fowl that it is desired to introduce in this form. Cooked asparagus or any other delicate vegetable may be employed in the same manner.

OMELETTE SOUFFLÉE.—Break six eggs, and separate the whites from the yolks. Add to the latter some sifted sugar, flavored with lemon-peel. Beat the yolks and sugar, then whisk the whites. Pour the yolks and whites together, continuing the whisking until the eggs froth. Melt a little butter in the omelette pan, and place it over a slow fire. When the butter is melted (but not *hot*), pour in the mixture, and gently shake the pan until the top of the mixture falls to the bottom. When the butter is dried up, fold the omelette on a buttered dish, sift a little sugar on the top, and brown with a salamander.

The above *soufflée* may be varied in endless ways by adding different flavorings, or preserved fruit, at the time of beating the yolks of the eggs.

These receipts show that no other form of food admits of so great a variety as the employment of eggs in omelettes. In the country especially, where new-laid eggs are plentiful, the knack of omelette making will be found an invaluable acquirement, and the fear of spoiling a few half dozen of eggs should not deter the novice from practicing her hand, a successful result being certain to defray the original trifling loss.

The following is another method of cooking eggs, which dispenses with the difficulty of frying. It is a most convenient, easy mode of making a *rechauffé*, and is particularly suitable to invalids and little children who are not of an age to masticate their food. By the adoption of this plan, all the nutritive qualities of the eggs are preserved, together with the lightness of the omelette, without the richness which is inseparable from ever so small a quantity of fried butter:—

The requisite number of eggs is beaten, seasoned, and passed through a sieve, to which a small quantity of good gravy is added. The mixture must be placed in an enamelled stewpan, and set over a slow fire till the eggs

thicken. The stewpan is then removed, and a small piece of fresh butter is added to the mixture, which, when melted, is ready to receive the addition of any finely minced fowl, meat, fish, asparagus, peas, or cauliflower, that may be desired. The latter ingredients must be stirred in until warm through, but not suffered to boil.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

LOBSTER SOUP (French).—This soup is certainly most excellent, and worth all the care which must be bestowed upon it. Take three young lobsters, boiled, or four small ones; take out the coral and cut it in small square pieces; take out the coral, not the berries, pound it so as to separate it, and sift it through a coarse strainer; take two quarts of good veal stock, quite a jelly, and cold; add to it the berries bruised, a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, two ounces of butter, melted before the fire, into which rub two tablespoonfuls of flour; put it into the stock with a blade of mace, let it boil for ten minutes, then strain it; add to it the meat of the lobsters and the whole of the coral, stir it up so as to make all thoroughly warm, but if it now boils the color will be lost; put half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce into it and send it very hot to table. Foremeat ball, of minced meat out of the head of the lobster, with the soft part, the tips of the tails, and other scraps, some bread crumbs, a teaspoonful of flour, a few minced shrimps, and a very little grated nutmeg, mixed together with the yolk only of an egg, made into balls the size of marbles, and fried, should be thrown on the top of the soup directly it goes to table.

TO COOK BEANS WITHOUT PORK.—Put them into boiling water, without soaking; change the water three times, letting them boil a few minutes each time; the third time, add salt sufficient to make them palatable, boil nearly dry, and warm up with a little fresh lard or butter.

This receipt is handed down as the invention of the celebrated Marechal St. Evremont, whose taste was educated in the Court of the Grande Monarque: Take what quantity of oysters you will and wash them in their water; lay them in a stewpan and strain their water upon them; add a good lump of butter, which (when melted) should be half as much as the water: season with salt; boil smartly with the lid on, and when it is half cooked put in some crusts of light French bread and finish the boiling.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Beat up a couple or three eggs in a cup, and rasp bread crumbs on a plate with sweet herbs powdered, and lemon-peel. Dry the oysters as much as possible, season them in the egg, and cover them with crumbs. Fry them in plenty of good butter.

LAMB CHOPS.—Take a loin of lamb, cut chops from it half an inch thick, retaining the kidney in its place; dip them into egg and bread crumbs, fry and serve with fried parsley. When chops are made from a breast of lamb, the red bone at the edge of the breast should be cut off, and the breast parboiled in water or broth, with a sliced carrot and two or three onions, before it is divided into cutlets, which is done by cutting between every second or third bone, and preparing them, in every respect, as the last. If *house-lamb steaks* are to be done *white*—stew them in milk and water till very tender, with a bit of lemon-peel, a little salt, some pepper and mace. Have ready some veal gravy, and put the steaks into it; mix some mushroom powder, a cup of cream, and the least bit of flour; shake the steaks in this liquor, stir it, and let it get quite hot, but not boil. Just before you take it up, put in a few white mushrooms. If *brown*—

season them with pepper, salt, nutmeg, grated lemon-peel, and chopped parsley; but dip them first into egg; fry them quickly. Thicken some gravy with a bit of flour and butter, and add to it a spoonful of port wine.

MUTTON PIE.—Cut the mutton into small slices, without bone; season it very well, and strew it with the fat also cut in pieces, putting in no water. When tender allow it to remain until cold; remove all the grease and fat very carefully; have some gravy made from the bones, add to it the strained gravy from the mutton, and a glass of port wine, but the wine may be omitted if the gravy be strong and highly seasoned. A minced shallot and button onions are good additions, and if the latter be pickled, their acidity will be an improvement. Put it into a dish, or into small pattypans, and bake it; if in pattypans, use puff paste. Mutton pies are better hot than cold. The underdone part of a leg of mutton may be thus dressed; but the loin and kidneys are better suited for the purpose.

HOMINY.—There are three sizes of hominy. Large hominy requires to be boiled from four to five hours over a gentle fire. It should be washed clean, and put in the stewpan with just enough water to cover it. It is eaten as a vegetable. To cook the smaller hominy, wash it in two waters; then to one teacupful of hominy add a quart of water and a teaspoonful of salt, and place the dish that contains it in a kettle of boiling water, to prevent it from getting burnt, or else over a very gentle fire. Let it boil for an hour, stirring it well with a spoon. It is generally eaten for breakfast. It is excellent, sliced and fried, after it has become cold.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

MUFFINS.—Take two pounds of flour, two eggs, two ounces of butter, melted in a pint of milk, and four or five spoonfuls of yeast; mix them together; beat thoroughly, and set to rise two or three hours; bake on a hot hearth, in flat cakes.

CRUMPS.—To a quart of warm milk and water add a tablespoonful of good yeast and two eggs well beaten; mix with these by degrees as much flour as will make a thick batter; then heat a very small frying-pan, rub it with a little butter, and pour in a large spoonful of the batter, which will spread over the pan. Watch the under side by raising it with a fork, and when brown turn it.

BISCUIT PUDDING.—This is a very delicate and nice pudding for an invalid, and is made so simply that it is generally found useful in cases of illness. Grate three large Naples biscuits, pour upon them one pint of boiling milk or cream, and cover them down closely. When cold, add the yolks of four eggs, the whites of two, some nutmeg, a little brandy, half a spoonful of flour, and some sugar to taste. Boil this for one hour in a basin or mould, and serve it up with melted butter, wine, and sugar.

ROLLED PUDDING.—Make soda biscuit crust; roll in currant jam, or any other tart fruit. Let it boil three-quarters of an hour, or steam two hours.

GINGER OR CINNAMON TABLET.—Melt one pound of loaf-sugar or sugar candy, with a little water over the fire, and put in one ounce of pounded ginger or cinnamon, and keep stirring it till it begins to rise into a froth; then pour it into a dish which has been first rubbed with a little butter; before it hardens cut it into the size and shape you approve of for table.

APPLE SNOWBALLS.—Obtain half a dozen apples, pare them, and cut them into quarters, taking care to remove the whole of the cores. When reconstructing the position

of the apples, introduce into the cavities caused by abstracting the cores one clove and a thin slice of lemon-peel. Have six small pudding cloths at hand, and one-half pound clean-picked Indian rice, and cover the apples severally, one after the other, in an upright position, with rice, tying them up tight. Then place them in a large saucepan of scalding water, and let them boil for one whole hour. On taking them up open the tops, and intermix with the fruit a little grated nutmeg, with butter and sugar to your taste. The above constitutes a wholesome and nutritious course of food for children, and proves, withal, an economical feature in the nursery bill of fare.

BREAD CAKE.—Two cups of dough, one-half cup of sour milk, one-half teacupful of soda, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, nutmeg, and a few raisins.

COFFEE CREAM.—This is a delicate and agreeable dish for an evening entertainment. Dissolve one ounce and a quarter of isinglass in half a pint of water. Boil for two hours a teacupful of whole coffee in about half a pint of water (ground coffee is not so good for the purpose); add a teacupful to the melted isinglass. Put them into a saucepan with half a pint of milk, and let the whole boil up; sweeten with loaf-sugar, and let it stand ten minutes to cool, then add a pint of good cream; stir it well up, and pour it into a mould, and put it into a cool place to fix; turn it out on a glass dish before serving up.

DOUGHNUTS.—Two coffee cups of milk, one coffee cup of butter, one coffee cup of sugar, one coffee cup of yeast, two eggs. Spice to your taste. Flour enough to roll out.

LIGHT ROLLS FOR BREAKFAST.—One pound of flour, one ounce of butter, one large eggspoonful of carbonate of soda, and the same quantity of salt, a large teacupful of sugar. Mix the butter with the flour so thoroughly that you will hardly know there is any in it. Then mix the three other ingredients together, and put them in amongst the flour in a basin. To this add as much buttermilk as will make the dough like that used for common white bread. It should not be much kneaded, but rolled out to the thickness required, and then cut to the size wished for the small rolls. The oven must be well heated before the rolls are put in. They take about three-quarters of an hour to bake.

Another: Crumble one ounce of butter into two pounds of the best flour, and mix with them a large saltspoonful of salt. Put into a basin one dessert-spoonful of solid, well purified yeast, and half a teaspoonful of pounded sugar. Mix these with half a pint of new milk, warm. Hollow the centre of the flour, and gradually pour in the yeast to the flour, stirring to it sufficient of the surrounding flour to form a thick batter. Strew a little flour over the top; place a cloth double over the pan, and let it stand in a warm kitchen to rise. In about an hour the leaven will break through the flour on the top. Then mix a lightly whisked egg, or the yolks of two with about half a pint more milk—warm milk, mind—and wet the mass into very smooth, nice dough. Cover it over as before, let it stand for three-quarters of an hour, turn it out on your pasteboard, and divide it into twenty-four portions. Knead them up as lightly as you possibly can into dice-shaped rolls, make a slight incision in them, place them on slightly floured baking-sheets a couple of inches apart, and let them stop for fifteen minutes to prove, as Miss Acton calls it. Wash them over the top with yolk of egg mixed with milk, and bake a quarter of an hour.

MAGIC PASTRY.—Two tablespoonfuls of pounded sugar, four ounces of fine flour, two eggs. Mix all together very smoothly, and fry in lard.

STRET PUDDING (BOILED).—One cup of suet chopped fine, one cup of raisins, one cup of molasses, two cups of flour, one cup of milk, a little soda. Cinnamon and cloves to your taste.

PRESERVATION OF THE TEETH.

HORACE WALPOLE says ("Letters," vol. iii. p. 276): "Use a little bit of alum twice or thrice in a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and then spit it out. This has fortified my teeth, that they are as strong as the pen of Junius. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth till her death." Do not let your brushes be too hard, as they are likely to irritate the gums and injure the enamel. Avoid too frequent use of tooth powder, and be very cautious what kind you buy, as many are prepared with destructive acids. Those who brush their teeth carefully and thoroughly with tepid water and a soft brush (cold water should never be used, for it chills and injures the nerves) have no occasion to use powder. Should any little incrustation (tartar) appear on the sides or at the back of the teeth, which illness and very often the constant eating of sweatmeats, fruit, and made dishes containing acids will cause, put a little magnesia on your brush, and after two or three applications it will remove it. While treating on the care of the teeth, which is a subject of the highest importance to those who have young families, and in fact every one who wishes to preserve them, I beg to remind my readers that as the period generally occupied by sleep is calculated to be about (at least) six hours out of the twenty-four, it would greatly promote the healthful maintenance of the priceless pearls whose loss or decay so greatly influences our appearance and our comfort, if we were to establish a habit of carefully cleaning them with a soft brush before going to bed. The small particles of food clogging the gums impede circulation, generate tartar and caries, and affect the breath. Think of an amalgamation of cheese, flesh, sweatmeats, fruit, &c., in a state of decomposition, remaining wedged between our teeth for six or seven hours; yet how few ever take the trouble to attend to this most certain cause of toothache, discoloration, and decay, entailing the miseries of scaling, plugging, extraction, and the crowning horror—false teeth!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The fumes of burning coffee are powerful disinfectants. Experiments have been made at Paris to prove this. A quantity of meat was hung up in a closed room until decomposed, and then a chafing dish was introduced and five hundred grammes of coffee thrown on the fire—in a few minutes the room was completely disinfected. In another room sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia were developed, and ninety grammes of coffee destroyed the smell in about half a minute. It is also stated that coffee destroys the smell of musk, castoreum, and assafetida. As a proof that the noxious smells are really decomposed by the fumes of coffee, and not merely overpowered by them, it is stated that the first vapors of the coffee were not smelt at all, and are therefore chemically absorbed, while the other smells gradually diminish as the fumigation continues. The best way to effect this fumigation is to pound the coffee in a mortar, and then strew it on a hot iron plate, which, however, must not be red hot.

TO TAKE MILDEW FROM CLOTHES.—Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt and the juice of a lemon; lay it on the part with a brush; let it lay on the grass, day and night, till the stain comes out. Iron-

moulds may be removed by the salt of lemons. Many stains may be removed by dipping the linen in sour buttermilk; and then drying it in a hot sun; wash it in cold water, repeat this three or four times. Stains caused by acids may be removed by trying some pearlash up in the stained part; scrape some soap in cold soft water, and boil the linen till the stain is gone.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Take an ounce and a half of spermaceti, half an ounce of white wax: scrape them into an earthen vessel or pipkin (an earthen jam pot will do), add six drachms of pounded camphor, and pour on the whole four tablespoonfuls of best olive oil—let it stand before the fire till it dissolves, stirring it well when liquid. Before you wash your hands, take a small piece of the cerate, and rub it into your hands, then wash them as usual. Putting the cerate on before going to bed is very good.

IVORY CEMENT.—The finest isinglass mixed in common gin; they should be melted together in a wide-mouthed bottle, standing in a saucepan of hot water or some kind of impromptu *bain-marie*; the cement should be very stiff when cold, and it is best to allow it to become so and then remelt it for use. This is also an admirable cement for any ornamental china, and it will stand gentle washing although not soaking in water.

TO PINK SILK STOCKINGS.—An inquirer will find that she can pink her silk stockings very easily with "pink saucer," which she may purchase at a fancy stationer's or color shop. Some clean soapsuds should be colored according to the taste of the manipulator by means of the pink saucer, and the stockings, after having been thoroughly dipped into the suds, should be placed on a clean cloth in the air to dry. It is a good plan to rub them with flannel before they are quite dry, taking care that the rubbing be in one direction only. During this operation, it is as well to let them lie upon flannel until dry.

PIANO KEYS (to Restore the Color of the Ivory).—By applying sand-paper to the yellow keys of the piano the color may be restored.

WASH BALLS.—Take white soap, seven pounds; pearlash six ounces; orris powder, eight ounces; bergamot, one ounce; oil of lavender, half an ounce; cassia oil, quarter of an ounce; oil of cloves, one drachm; caraway, half a drachm. Mix with water to a paste, and finish to taste.

WATER TO THICKEN HAIR AND PREVENT ITS FALLING OUT.—Distil as cool and slowly as possible two pounds of honey, a handful of rosemary, and twelve handfuls of the curlings or tendrils of grapevines, infused in a gallon of new milk; from which about two quarts of water will be obtained.

TO CLEAR VEGETABLES OF INSECTS.—Make a strong brine of one pound and half of salt to one gallon of water; into this place the vegetable (with the stalk ends uppermost) for two or three hours; this will destroy all the insects which cluster in the leaves, and they will fall out, and sink to the bottom of the water.

TO CLEAN HAIR BRUSHES.—As hot water and soap soon soften the hairs, and rubbing completes their destruction, use *soda* dissolved in cold water. Soda, having an affinity for grease, cleans the brush with very little friction. After well shaking them, stand them on the points of the handles in a shady place.

RAZOR PASTE.—Emery, reduced to an impalpable powder, two parts; spermaceti ointment, one part. Mix together, and rub it over the strip.

Editors' Table.

OUR NATIONAL THANKSGIVING—A DOMESTIC FESTIVAL.

(HELD YEARLY ON THE LAST THURSDAY IN NOVEMBER.)

On the twenty-fourth of this month recurs the Day—"the last Thursday in November"—which has now become firmly established as one of the three National Festivals of America.

"The Birth of Washington," which brings before all minds the example of the patriot hero and the Christian man; "Independence Day," which reminds us of the free principles on which our Government was founded; and "Thanksgiving Day," which lifts our hearts to Heaven in grateful devotion, and knits them together in bonds of social affection—are three anniversaries such as no other People have the good fortune to enjoy. We fervently trust that, so long as the nation endures, these three Festivals will continue to be observed with an ever deepening sense of their beauty and value.

In our endeavors, which have been continued for many years, to secure the recognition of *one day throughout the land as the Day of public Thanksgiving*, we are conscious of not having in any manner gone beyond the proper limits of the sphere which we have prescribed for the Lady's Book. It is the peculiar happiness of Thanksgiving Day that nothing political mingles in its observance. It is in its very nature a religious and domestic holiday. It belongs to the altar and the hearth, at which *woman* should ever be present; and the women of our country should take this day under their peculiar charge, and sanctify it to acts of piety, charity, and domestic love.

There is one duty connected with the *day* which on the present occasion should be especially called to mind. In the divine order which was given to the Israelites for the celebration of their great National Festival, the "Feast of Weeks," they were bidden to "eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared." Although Providence has blessed our land with an abounding harvest, we must remember that there are among us many who will have but a scanty and insufficient share in this abundance. The civil war has given to our care many maimed and helpless men, many widows and orphans, many destitute refugees. Notwithstanding all the provision made by Government, there will be ample room for all that private benevolence can bestow. Let us each see to it that on *this one day* there shall be no family or individual, within the compass of our means to help, who shall not have some portion prepared, and some reason to join in the general Thanksgiving.

Who can estimate the benefits and blessings which may flow from the faithful observance of this happy Festival? For one day the strife of parties will be hushed, the cares of business will be put aside, and all hearts will join in common emotions of gratitude and good-will. We may even hope that for one day war itself will cease by common consent, as was the custom in the Middle Ages during the solemn church Festival known as the "Truce of God;" and it is not impossible that sentiments may then be awakened which will aid in bringing on that return of true union and peace which is so earnestly desired.

At all events, we may be sure that, wherever it is possible, among our war-worn soldiers in every camp and hospital, among our gallant sailors on every sea, among our devoted missionaries, laboring throughout all heathendom, among patriotic Americans in every foreign country, as well as among millions of homes in our own wide land, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, this great National and Domestic Festival will be celebrated with happy recollections and cheerful hopes, and with grateful and softened hearts.

Let us all, with devout thankfulness to the beneficent Giver of all good gifts, do our best to make this coming Thanksgiving Day a foretaste of that happy period of "peace on earth and good-will among men," in which all wrongs and sufferings from evil are to dissolve like shadows before the noonday sun, in the righteousness and goodness which will crown the glorious reign of Christ on earth.

NOTE.—On the last Thursday in November, 1850, the following States united in holding their Thanksgiving by proclamations from their respective Governors, thus, by the will of the People, sanctioning the establishing of this National and Domestic Festival as an American institution: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas (then a Territory), California, Nebraska Territory, District of Columbia.

In November, 1860, the number was about the same, and also this American Festival was celebrated by the resident Americans abroad, by our embassies, and on board our fleets. Last year, 1863, the Day was appointed by the President, and was joyfully observed in our own land, wherever the American flag held sway, and in the Old World wherever the knowledge of this *fixed day, the last Thursday in November*, was known to American residents as the American Festival.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Our Father! To thy throne our thoughts ascend

In grateful symphony of thanks and praise,
For all the mercies that our steps attend,

The smiles that bless, the hopes that cheer our days;

For all the gladness of the budding spring,

The golden garniture of summer fields,

The sheafy crown that Autumn glories bring,

The sweet content the Winter fireside yields,

For all the bounties of the fruitful sod,

We give thee thanks, our Father and our God.

We thank thee for the ward thine angels kept

Above the precious heads to us so dear,

That no ill thing should harm them while they slept,

Nor noonday pestilence should come aear.

And ah! the strokes that pierced our quivering hearts,

The blows that tore our dearest from the day!

We know thy mercy aimed the fatal darts,

We know 'twas thine to give and take away.

Alike for fostering hand and chastening rod

We give thee thanks, our Father and our God.

We thank thee for the guiding radiance shed

Along the way wherein we journey here;

The faith that smooths the loftiest steep we tread.

The hope that lights us through the vale most drear;

The love unequalled, shown by Him who died

That we might live, who lives that we may rise

Through death to follow him, the Crucified,

Redeemer and Exemplar, to the skies.

We mark the shining path our Leader trod,

And give thee thanks, our Father and our God.

H. H.

A NEW AUTHORESS: AND HER GREAT SUCCESS.

A publishing house in London has lately brought out "Selections from the Letters of Caroline Francis Cornwallis," authoress of "Pericles: 'A Tale of Athens,'" "Small Books on Great Subjects," etc. Miss Cornwallis was the youngest of two daughters of the Rector of Wittersham in Kent. She was brought up by a very remarkable mother, a woman distinguished for unusual acquirements, who was a Hebrew scholar and authoress of a Commentary on the Bible. No doubt her little daughter was stimulated by the example and influence of her mother to studies which developed her intelligence and led her to engage in subjects weightier than young ladies usually care to undertake. She did not content herself with accomplishments and light reading. In the case of Miss Cornwallis the results of this intellectual training seems to have been very happy. She wrote her "Small Books on Great Subjects;" these treatises won applause from learned critics and celebrated men in Theology, in History, in Science, in Philosophy, in Education, and in Law. Like many other people of mark, her knowledge was obtained chiefly by her own exertions, and her mind cultured by few aids and in spite of many obstacles. She was brought up in a retired village, with "no masters, few books, and very suffering health." Notwithstanding these difficulties, she understood many languages, had a thorough acquaintance with the literature they contained, and wrote books on the severer intellectual subjects, books which were ascribed to the highest and most eminent masculine writers of the day.

Miss Cornwallis never permitted her name to be known as a writer. Her secret was faithfully kept till her death; and now her example will be a shining mark for her sex. Her life, as seen in her Letters, and her sentiments, as set forth in the "Small Books," etc., which will now, we trust, be soon republished, show such delicacy of mind, such true womanly renunciation of all selfish aims in her "Great Subjects," which were intended to do public good, that now she is dead and cannot stand in the way of her masculine critics, we trust her remarkable abilities, even though she was a woman, will be duly acknowledged and her memory honored.

From the Letters, which begin when Miss Cornwallis was twenty-four, and carry us through forty years of her good life, we gather that she had offers of marriage from M. Sismondi. She refused his hand, but preserved his friendship. The following letter to her mother, written at the time of Sismondi's death, 1842, shows the feelings with which she regarded him.

"He was a friend more than as long as I can remember, for I do not recollect the first seeing him. He had the greatness of mind to get over what few men do, and continued the same warm friend as ever; and never to his latest hour ceased to show me every kindness in his power. Such a friend is not easily replaced, and can never be forgotten. He is one more added to the list of those who make me feel more a denizen of the next world than of this. My only comfort is my trying to make myself worthy of them."

"The Correspondence" is very interesting, lively, and original. In 1827 Miss Cornwallis lived in Italy, in a Tuscan villa, lent her by M. Sismondi. The following extracts will give some idea of her life and style at that time. Her letters also show the character of the country people of Italy, and a pleasant picture she has given of the wit and kindness of the common people.

"Take as a sample of Tuscan *parterie* the reply of my old woman, when I asked her the other day what the lizzards ate? I said I had stood looking at them for an hour the day before to find out, if I could. She shouted

with laughter—'Oh, you stopped to see the lizzards eat! But it was not dinner time, perhaps; you must give them an invitation, and then you will know how they manage.' I asked her if the family of a poor woman who is ill were not very poor. She was quite astonished at the question—'Poor! No! they are very well off; they have children.' This very primitive idea of riches pleased me. The *contadini* (country people) have kicked off shoes and stockings, and I delight to watch their light free movements. Little J. (the English maid) is much scandalized at her mistress, and wonders how she can stand and look at these barefooted men at work, and thinks she maintains the honor of an Englishwoman by turning away her eyes from the indecency of the five toes. Unlike the *citadini* (the citizens), who saunter from morning till night with a large cloak hung about them, this hardy peasantry may be recognized by their free light step and yet lighter clothing, the smile that is always ready and the good humored greeting as they pass, which they would always like to have returned with a few friendly words. I am Italianized enough to do this now, and nothing can be more cordial than my reception by all the peasantry round, when I visit them, as I do sometimes. Every twelve or fourteen acres maintains a family, so that I have plenty of neighbors of this class. The mixture in their manners of democratic freedom and a homage to which they give a show of affection of gayety, of gallantry, and among the younger part of *bellas letteras*, is a compound so singular that I have not yet studied it half enough. 'You bring the sunshine with you,' said A. the other day, as a gleam of sun came across the moment when I happened to be passing where he was at work. The next moment he asked me gravely how long it was since Alfieri wrote his tragedies, because he had a wager depending with a very young friend, that he himself was older than it was forty years, his friend, that it was more. This led to talk further of his friends, and he repeated a very pretty sonnet written on the recovery from illness of a girl of Pescia, by another friend—a shoemaker had that makes ladies' slippers. Of this sonnet I am to have a copy. In short, the education, or rather information of Tuscany is to be found in the class of citizens and laborers."

The later letters of Miss Cornwallis show the gradual education of life, leading her vigorous mind to broader views which resulted in her many useful books. All this mental action went on through years of ill health and months of the severest pain. The memory of this gifted and noble-minded woman deserves more detail than can be given here. We hope her "Letters" will soon be republished in America.

BISHOP LEE SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

This new institution for the education of the daughters of the West has commenced under very favorable circumstances. Considered as a branch of the "Griswold College" (for young men), at Davenport, and placed under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Iowa, with the superintending care of Bishop Lee, this Seminary for Young Ladies can hardly fail of success, because it will receive such faithful attention from the friends of Christian education. We should remark that the School is open to all denominations, and parents and guardians may designate the place of worship for their daughters and wards.

There is, however, one advantage in being educated at this Seminary which we consider very important. It bears a *title* in harmony with Bible authority for woman's name, and also with the true use of language. It is a "Seminary for Young Ladies," not a "*Female Seminary*." This term *female*, if it does not include animals when applied to woman, certainly does comprehend all feminine humanity, aged women, married ladies; and infants are *fenales*; but these are not included in the class of young persons for whose benefit this Seminary was opened, therefore it would not be proper to use it. *Female* is an unpleasant term applied to women, because it bears on its forehead the animal idea, and has no reference to the spiritual and intellectual, which must predominate, or humanity would soon become brutalized. Therefore we rejoice that a true title, definite and dignified, Biblical and grammatical, has been given to this new Institution for the daughters of America. We earnestly hope those who enjoy the advantages of "*Bishop Lee Seminary for Young Ladies*" may show forth its good influence by their good works; that they may be like the "honorable women" who "ministered" to St. Paul, able to follow the highest

soarings of man's Christian hopes, and happy to sympathize with and help him in his earnest and heavenward labors. We trust that, like the "Eleet Lady," many will go forth from this Seminary who will be capable of the noble and spiritual vocation of training children—their own or those committed to their care—"to walk in the truth." The Bible does not represent the feminine beings who did these things as *Females*, they were *women* or the "*lady*."

WORK FOR CHRISTIAN WOMEN.—From the Episcopal Hospital, in Philadelphia, there was put forth a notice some months ago that the managers were "ready to receive one or two ladies as residents, to aid in the Christian mission to the patients, and to the working people near the hospital.

This notice was added:—

"A very interesting field is also opening to women who desire to become trained nurses, either for the purpose of increasing their Christian usefulness, or of attending the sick as a business. Apprentices will be taken for six, nine, or twelve months, without any charge for instruction or for board. The practice in the hospital and in the vicinity, will afford them greater facilities than have ever before been offered in this country to make accomplished surgical and medical nurses."

We are sorry to learn that these places are not yet all filled. When such noble opportunities of doing good are opened before single women, who have time and means and talents, is it possible that they do not appreciate the benefits to themselves as well as to the cause of humanity which are proffered them? We hope this notice will bring many applicants for these opportunities.

DEACONESSES.—We have exhausted our supply of this interesting report, and now have on hand several orders for copies. As soon as we can procure the pamphlets we shall forward them.

OUR SCRAP BOX.

The guardians of the Holborn Union (England) lately advertised for candidates to fill the situation of engineer at the workhouse, a single man, a wife not being allowed to reside on the premises. Twenty-one candidates presented themselves, but it was found that, as to testimonials, character, workmanship, and appearance, the best men were all married men. The guardians had therefore to elect a married man.

An eminent physician was sent for by a lady whose complaints were imaginary. He questioned her. She confessed that she ate, drank, and slept well, and had all the symptoms of perfect health. "Oh, well," said the witty doctor, "leave it to me; I will give you a remedy that will soon rid you of *all that*."

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night.
It was the plant and flower of light,
In small proportions we most beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson.

A SAVANT one day deep in abstruse studies, was interrupted by a little knock at the door; a young girl asked him for a few coals to kindle her fire. "But what will you put them in?" said he. "Oh! that's easy managed,"

replied the child, who filled her hand with cold ashes, and put the hot coals on the top. The doctor, surprised, threw aside his books, saying: "With all my science I should never have thought of *that*."

DEATH OF CATHERINE SINCLAIR, THE AUTHORESS.—Miss Catherine Sinclair, a well-known authoress, and a lady remarkable in more ways than one, died in her 63d year, in London, on August 5th, at the official residence of her brother, the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair, Vicar of Kensington. She was a "strong-minded woman," in one sense of the phrase, and that a good one: strong in suggesting, strong in acting, strong—let it be said—in praying for the benefit of her country, and the good of the poor of all classes.

Catherine Sinclair, born in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, April 17, 1800, was a younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair. In 1835 appeared "Modern Accomplishments" and "Modern Society;" the first work directed against the mistakes made in the education of women, as exemplified in their conduct in the second. It is said that 30,000 of these works were sold. "Holiday Homes" is a famous work—a history of Miss Sinclair's childhood, which has won the hearts of all children from its naturalness, its geniality, and its truthfulness. Among her other works are "Beatrice, or Unknown Relations" (1852), "Business of Life" (1848), "Cabman's Holiday" (1855), "Cross Purposes" (1857), "Sketches of Scotland" (1859), "Sketches of Wales" (1860), "Lord and Lady Harcourt" (1860), etc. etc. All are marked by much originality and a high moral tone.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S NOVEL.—Among other expedients to make novels fashionable, it is said that one, "Margaret Denzil," was written by her majesty, and lately published in "Cornhill Magazine." There is no need of contradicting such reports.

ENOCH ARDEN, Tennyson's last poem, is one of his best; if popularity is a test; its sale is wonderful.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS AS GIFT BOOKS.—See Book Table, page 443.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted, and will appear as soon as we have room: "To One whose Face I ne'er shall See"—"The Old Elm"—"Our Clarence" (in part)—and "My Letter."

The following articles are declined (those who have requested the return of such manuscripts and *sent stamps* will have their articles returned): "Mrs. Robert Huntin"—"Maidenhood and Womanhood"—"A Surprise"—"To Bereaved Mothers"—"Might *versus* Right"—"Carbon, though a Gem most Rare"—"Shall I Write"—"Reminiscences"—"Oh! do the Dying never Weep"—"The Rain"—"The Old Trysting Place"—"Mother's Room"—"Voices of the Past"—"Too Soon"—"Mother" (we have more poetry offered than we can accept)—"There is a Time"—"On Death of a Brother"—"To a Beautiful Lady"—"My New Sister"—"My Pearl"—"Confession"—"Dreaming in the Trenches" (we are much obliged to the author, but we have no room)—"The Graves by the Waterside" (other articles have never been received)—"Death" (too long)—"The Battle Prayer"—"Blind at Night"—"Pauline Avery"—"We have Parted" (and other poems. We are burdened with poetical articles)—"Has He Sinned"—"My Sister"—"Song"—"The Martinet"—"A Sharp Word"—"The Benefits of Industry"—"Aunt Overton's Ways"—"Richard"—"Grandfather's Masonic Medal"—"After Long Years"—"Dr. Woodbury" (send stamps if MS. is to be returned)—"Crumbs on the Water" (destroyed agreeably to request)—and "My Great Uncle."

We have many letters to answer; our correspondents shall hear from us soon.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE PRIDE OF LIFE. By Jane, Lady Scott, "daughter-in-law of Sir Walter Scott," and authoress of "The Hen-pecked Husband." This, the second novel of the gifted writer, is pronounced by English critics to be far superior to the first, which is saying very much in its praise. The intrinsic and living interest attached to all contests between the "fine clay" of the aristocracy and the "gross earth" of the middle and laboring classes of England is the spring of attraction in this story, and seldom is it presented in as acceptable characters, or in so beautiful and chaste a style. We predict for it a widespread popularity among refined and intelligent circles.

THE DEVOTED BRIDE. This is a story of the "Old Dominion" in its early days, and contains touches of a few historical events of interest. The narrative is intensely interesting, and written in a style of ease and elegance that will insure its favorable reception.

FLIRTATIONS IN FASHIONABLE LIFE. By Catherine Sinclair, author of "Beatrice," "Jane Bouverie," "Modern accomplishments," etc. The title of this book, although fully suggestive of the author's design, may nevertheless deceive many persons in regard to the true nature and character of its literary contents, especially such as are not acquainted with the high reputation of the author of "Flirtations in Fashionable Life." How suggestive are these words of trifles and triflers! But we would not have our readers disappointed, or deprived of the perusal of a healthy and fascinating moral treatise, merely because from the title they cannot tell that it is a book of noble aims and literary dignity. Therefore we take pleasure in assuring them that they will be delighted with its just and pungent satire, and elevated and strengthened by its energetic appeals to those who would assume the whole duties of Christian ladies and gentlemen.

THE RIVAL BELLES. By J. B. Jones, author of "Wild Western Scenes," "Love and Money," etc. The author's well-earned reputation renders it unnecessary to say that this is a book worthy a place in every library—nor will we spoil it for any by giving the plot, but simply give our opinion, that it is one of the most pleasing books of the month, and will be very popular.

From WM. S. & ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. As the "gift book" season approaches, we observe that photograph albums seem to have lost none of their attractiveness. These books may well be ranked among the most interesting gift books, inasmuch as every person who possesses one has a special edition, exactly suited to the owner's taste. With the beautiful cover and vacant leaves in our possession, we forthwith proceed to edit the volume for ourselves, by filling it with "counterfeit presentments" of the friends whom we love, or of the good and great, the heroes, statesmen, and authors whom we admire. Of such works it may well be said—

"Time cannot wither nor custom stale
Their infinite variety."

We are reminded of these at present by a very elegant volume from the Messrs. Martien. Their publishing house is renowned for its beautiful photograph albums, and our own readers who are in search of the best may find the perfection of the artist's work at 636 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. Nos. 75 and 76. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, on the Basis of the latest editions of the German Conversations Lexicon. With wood engravings and maps. The best Encyclopædia published, and only 20 cents a number.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

NOT DEAD YET. By J. C. Jeaffreson, author of "Live it Down," etc. As this volume has obtained a place, and of course makes a most respectable typographical appearance, in "Harper's Library of Select Novels," it would be safe to infer that it is a safe and interesting work of its class. The author, it is true, has not yet greatly delighted or astonished the discriminating public in his efforts for their approbation, but he has made progress up the rugged steep of fame, which gives evidence that his triumph will come soon. He introduces us to many spirited contrasts of English character—from the high to the low, from justice and generosity down to depths of baseness and sordid villainy—which gives evidence of much versatility of talent and close study of human nature.

WILLSON'S LARGER SPELLER. A Progressive Course of Lessons in Spelling, arranged according to the Principles of Orthœpy and Grammar, with exercises in Synonyms, for Reading, Writing, and Spelling. Also a new System of Definitions. By Marcus Willson. The arrangement of this work is something new, and is well adapted to increase the interest in the too often dry and neglected study of spelling. The classification under heads of different parts of speech will greatly aid the young pupil in grammar, and the exercises in "synonyms" are admirably adapted to assist in early composition. We heartily commend it to the notice of teachers and parents.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through WM. S. and ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

MR. RUTHERFORD'S CHILDREN. By the authors of "The Wide, Wide World" and "Dollars and Cents." Our readers are probably aware that these writers are the Misses Wetherell, who, or especially the oldest, has gained a world-wide popularity by her novels, as well as written many excellent books for children. We have two of this series now before us; the first devoted to the "Rutherford Children," the second entitled "Karl Krinken." We hardly know which book children will like the best. Little girls will be delighted with the first volume; "Sybil and Chryssa" are such darlings; and boys will think the title of "Karl Krinken" promises more fun. Both volumes are excellent in their way, and two more are promised soon. Then the Christmas gift of these four books will make a charming library for good children.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER. By Hannah More. To which are added Prayers, Meditations, and Hymns for every day in the Week, and on Various Occasions. This excellent book is a real favor, for which we thank the publishers. Hannah More, had she only written this book, would deserve the love and reverence of all Christians. It is one of those precious little books that, like diamonds, always reflect light, and never lose their worth.

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

IMOGENE; or, *The Marble Heart*. By Pierce Egan, Esq. This is one of those pleasing pictures of English life and society which will always receive the attention of a cer-

tain class of American readers, who peruse such works as a study of British manners, habits, and character, as much as from a love of fiction. The author of "Imogene," the work before us, has proved himself a masterly delineator of the peculiarities and eccentricities of no common order of characters, and evidently possesses such an interest in the oppressed as enables him to speak feelingly of their wrongs and sufferings.

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

JOHN GUILDERSTONE'S SIN. By C. French Richards. We cannot turn from the perusal of these pages without thanking the author for the courageous exposure of the heinous sin of John Guildstone. Its sentiments agree with the true, just, and the honest impulses of the human heart, and will command the approbation of hundreds of readers, who never before contemplated the cruel sin it treats of in its true, appalling deformity. If the narrative awakens the conscience of but one man on the way to his own and another's ruin, something will be done in the name and to the honor of virtue, of which an author may well be proud.

DOWN IN TENNESSEE, and *Pack by Way of Richmond*. By Edmond Kirk. The author, as will appear from the contents, was held in the highest confidence and esteem by many of the first officers of the government, both civil and military. This fact has given it a popularity with the political public very advantageous to the author, as well as given credence to many statements which otherwise might have been considered doubtful.

QUEST. It is long since we have read a novel of its class with as steadfast an admiration. A love story it certainly is, one in which an earnest woman received at last a full and perfect reward.

From M. W. DODD, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT, Philadelphia:—

THE EARLY DAWN; or, *Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time*. By the author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family." With an introduction by Professor Henry B. Smith, D. D. The author of this interesting volume, as will be seen from the title-page, is already favorably known to the reading public through a former work, founded upon incidents selected from the history of the Protestant Reformation in Germany. The events and scenes to which the writer transfers the reader are taken from early times in England, and are, of course, those which, from time to time, and upon each generation, have exercised an influence over the minds of historical and religious students and disputants. In general, stories thus founded are not worthy of much reliance, for there is always danger of appealing more to fancy than fact. We believe most of the errors committed in this path of literature are here avoided, and the author has presented the public with a collection of sketches which, if not entirely acceptable to every religious class of readers, may at least be read without offence by all.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

ENOCH ARDEN, ETC. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Poet-Laureate. The critics differ, very naturally, in their estimate of the literary merits of the leading poem of this volume, the appearance of which was so long and anxiously looked for by the public. Some of the more fastidious have condemned it because of the humble origin

of the story and the consequent simplicity of style in which its painful events have been narrated by the gifted pen of the poet-laureate. For our own part, we are disposed to prefer the poem for the very qualities for which they receive it coldly. There are many instances, it is true, similar to that which marked and marred the happiness of Enoch Arden; but no proud poet has before condescended to sympathize, and record their history in sweet poetic numbers like these of Tennyson. "Sea Dreams" we liked next to "Enoch Arden," and "Aylmer's Field" will be preferred to either by many. Having said this much in reference to the character of the volume before us, we will not further anticipate its beauties by quotations.

THE CLIFF CLIMBERS; or, *The Lone Home in the Himalayas*. Sequel to "The Plant Hunters." By Captain Mayne Reid, author of "The Desert Home," "Boy Hunters," etc. etc. With illustrations. This is No. 12 of a series of popular "books of adventures for boys." It is a beautiful volume, the contents of which accord with its appearance, and will be eagerly read by all who have acquaintance with the author's happily conceived stories.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT, Philadelphia:—

LITTLE PRUDY'S CAPTAIN HORACE. By Sophie May. Here is a little book to delight the children, a class of readers who appreciate good-natured and lively characters, and will therefore like the bright, active little Captain Horace.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

NOVEMBER, 1864.

NOTWITHSTANDING our publishing at a loss on present prices, we still continue to give our usual variety. We have never published a better engraving than "The Farm-House Porch." Design and artistic execution are both perfect. Our Fashion-plate contains six figures. We also give an article that every lady can make, and every gentleman wants—that is, single gentlemen; and what a suitable present for a soldier brother—"Housewife for a Gentleman," a most useful article. "The Young Artist" is a pleasant picture.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS according to the new rates, which will be found on the next page. Remember that the Lady's Book is the best work for ladies published in this country. Any person with a very little trouble can get up a club for the Book. We have frequently been so informed by ladies—the work is so popular. Clubs must be for the Lady's Book alone.

NOT A BRIBE.—We copy the following from the *Newport News*:—

"When it is considered that in no instance has a bribe in the shape of a premium been offered, it shows that the Lady's Book stands first in the hearts of American ladies, who subscribe for the sake of the work itself, and not for the premium. The illustrations this month are magnificent, especially the double fashion-plates, which are continued regardless of expense. No wonder Godey is the ladies' favorite."

MARION HARLAND.—We take pleasure in stating that this celebrated authoress will next year write for no other magazine than Godey's Lady's Book.

The Terms of the LADY'S BOOK for 1865 are as follows, for the present:—

1 copy, 1 year	\$3 00
2 copies, 1 year	5 50
3 copies, 1 year	7 50
4 copies, 1 year	10 00

CLUBS.

5 copies, 1 year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making 6 copies	14 00
8 copies, 1 year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making 9 copies	21 00
11 copies 1 year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making 12 copies	27 50

All additions to clubs of any denomination \$2 50 each.

Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine will both be sent 1 year on receipt of \$4 50. We club with no other magazine.

Canada subscribers must send 24 cents additional for each subscriber to pay American postage.

In order to secure the extra copy for the club, the money must all be sent at one time.

L. A. GODEY,

N. E. Corner Sixth and Chestnut Streets.

GODEY FOR 1865.—We ask attention to our advertisement for next year, published on cover of this number. We have been obliged to advance our price a little, but very little. What is our advance compared to everything else? We give a few instances. Ham from 13 to 30; beef from 12 to 30; boots from \$6 to \$16.50; coats from \$12 to \$32; cigars—and there we touch the gentlemen nearly—from about 3 and 4 cents to 15 and 20; butter from 30 to 75 and 80. Why need we enumerate? Everybody knows that everything has advanced, and yet, singular to say, no one objects to paying any of these advances. Nor do we, for we pay more for our daily papers by 50 per cent. than we formerly did. We only advance a very small percentage, and we are sure that our subscribers will willingly pay it. But we have done. The prices we ask we must have, or we cannot send the Book. It will be useless to appeal to us, and say, "We have been subscribers for so many years." "We have sent you so many clubs." We can only answer, "Will your milliner, your grocer, your dry-goods man, your shoemaker, charge you less because you have dealt with them so many years?" No. They have to advance their prices, and so do we. All periodicals and newspapers throughout the Union have raised their prices; they could not do otherwise. The *New York Tribune* expresses the opinion that not one-third of the journals of that city are paying current expenses, and adds: "It is notoriously true that the capital invested here in newspapers is paying no profit whatever."

FREIGHT ON LETTERS OR PREMIUMS ON DRAFTS.—We want our subscribers distinctly to understand that, when they send their letters by express companies, they must pay the freight. We advise our subscribers to procure drafts—they and the postal money order are the only safe mode of remitting. The premium on the draft must be paid by the subscribers.

By the time this number reaches our subscribers the postal order system will perhaps be in operation. We copy from our August number the following article:—

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.—Apply to your postmaster for a postal money order. No more losses by mail.

"The postal money order system just established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$30. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz.: For an order for \$1, or for any larger sum but not exceeding \$10, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of more than \$10, and not exceeding \$20, the charge shall be 15 cents; and for every order exceeding \$20 a fee of 20 cents shall be charged."

The ridiculous old registry system that charged you 20 cents for a piece of paper, for that was all the security you obtained, will, we hope, be done away with. Can any one say that he ever recovered the money lost in a registered letter?

SENDING SPECIMEN NUMBERS.—This business, to use a very expressive and common phrase, is about "played out." A party combines, and they get a whole year's numbers by sending for specimens. We have traced this matter up very clearly, and in future we send no specimens unless under peculiar circumstances.

OUR SUPERIOR NEEDLES.—We have made arrangements by which we can continue to furnish the ladies' favorite needles for 40 cents per 100 and a 3 cent stamp to pay return postage. This is much cheaper than they can be purchased elsewhere, and the needles are of a much finer quality. The demand is so great for them that it is the business of one person in our office to attend to the orders. We resume again at little profit to ourselves, but we are anxious that our subscribers should be supplied with a superior article.

HINTS FOR THE CULTIVATION OF WINTER FLOWERING BULBS.

BY HENRY A. DREER, PHILADELPHIA.

*Method to Bloom Hyacinths and other Bulbs, in the
Winter Season, in Pots and Glasses.*

For this purpose Single Hyacinths, and such as are designated earliest among the Double, are to be preferred. Single Hyacinths are generally held in less estimation than Double ones; their colors, however, are more vivid, and their bells, though smaller, are more numerous; some of the sorts are exquisitely beautiful; they are preferable for flowering in winter to most of the Double ones, as they bloom two or three weeks earlier, and are very sweet scented. Roman Narcissus, Double Jonquilles, Polyanthus Narcissus, Persian Cyclamens, Double Narcissus, Early Tulips, and Crocus, also make a fine appearance in the parlor during winter.

Hyacinths intended for glasses should be placed in them during October and November, the glasses being previously filled with pure water, so that the bottom of the bulb may just touch the water; then place them for the first three or four weeks in a dark closet, box, or cellar, to promote the shooting of the fibres, which should fill the glasses before exposing them to the sun, after which expose them to the light and sun gradually. If kept too light and warm at first, and before there is sufficient fibre, they will rarely flower well. They will blow without any sun, but the colors of the flowers will be inferior. The water should be changed as it becomes impure; draw the roots entirely out of the glasses, rinse off the fibres in clean water, and wash the inside of the glass well. Care should be taken that the water does not freeze, as it would not only burst the glass but cause the fibres to decay. Whether the water is hard or soft, is not a matter of much consequence—soft is preferable—but must be perfectly clear, to show the fibres to advantage.

Bulbs intended for blooming in pots during the winter season, should be planted during the months of October and November, and be left exposed to the open air until they begin to freeze, and then be placed in the greenhouse or a room where fire is usually made. They will need moderate occasional watering until they begin to grow, when they should have an abundance of air in mild weather, and plenty of water from the saucers, whilst in a growing state; and should be exposed as much as possible to the sun, air, and light, to prevent the leaves from growing too long, or becoming yellow.

We now offer a complete assortment of choice Flower-Bulbs comprising the finest Double and Single Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Jonquils, Snow Drops, Lilies, etc. etc. For a remittance of \$10 we will forward, by mail, a choice selection of the above, comprising a general assortment, suitable for winter flowering. Catalogues of the entire collection will be forwarded by inclosing a postage stamp. Address,

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist,*
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

We had an article from *Punch* in a recent number, stating how valuable a cat was to a cook in a house. A correspondent sends us the following:—

"Our *cat* ate in one week (by the cook's account) two large loaves of cake, half a box of pickled mackerel, one pound of green tea, a hind-quarter of mutton, a jar of preserved limes, and a dozen oranges, washing them down with a quart of cream and a pint of fourth-proof brandy, bought for minced meat. The cat still lives, and can be seen by any one calling on our cook, to whom we presented her in consideration of her valuable services as a servant."

CHILDREN'S JOKES.—Why is it that all so-called children's witticisms should be upon sacred subjects? We receive a large number, but can't publish them on that account. Do children never make jokes except upon sacred subjects? Taking the name of God in vain? We do ask most respectfully that such things may not be sent to us.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Holloway's Musical Monthly, for November. This is a gem number of the *Monthly*. It contains, first, a beautiful romance, *The Orphan's Prayer*, by Badarzewska, author of the celebrated *Maiden's Prayer* (*La Priere d'une Vierge*), and is in the same style of composition as that favorite work. This piece alone purchased in separate sheets costs more than the price of the *Monthly*. Next is a Grand Allegro Marziale, march movement, arranged from Verdi's new opera, *La Forza del Destino*, which is to be produced this season at our Academy of Music, and will create a sensation equal to that produced by the great author's *La Traviata*. Then there is a beautiful ballad, *O Love, Thou art Like a Reed bent Low*, by M. W. Balfé, from his grand romantic opera, *The Armorer of Nantes*, a taste of which beautiful opera our subscribers have already had in the May number of the *Monthly*. This new ballad is a gem.

All this music the subscribers to *Holloway's Musical Monthly* get for 25 cents as part of the yearly subscription of \$3. And it is published with beautifully engraved title pages, and from regularly engraved plates, exactly as other sheet music is published. Will our friends please note this? As often as we have repeated it, we still receive letters every day from persons who have perhaps just seen a number of the *Monthly* for the first time, and who write that they are astonished at the elegant appearance of it—had no idea before that it was sheet music—thought it was some little primer-shaped thing, or some newspaper, or something of the kind. We should like to know what plan to adopt to let every one know exactly what *Holloway's Musical Monthly* is. If our friends will send in their subscriptions, we will guarantee them a work which will please them, whether for its beauty, novelty, variety, cheapness or intrinsic worth. Terms \$3 per annum whether to single subscribers or clubs. The old club rates are necessarily discontinued; and it will require a very large addition to our subscription list to enable us to continue the publication at \$3. Our friends have sustained us hitherto, and we have faith that they will continue to do so, since in helping us they help themselves. The *Monthly*, it will be remembered, is not for sale at the music stores. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher *Musical Monthly*, Box Post Office, Philadelphia, with subscriptions or communications of any nature appertaining to the work.

We are making arrangements for an early publication in the *Monthly* of the gems from Gounod's new grand opera of *Mirelle*, and Nicolai's new opera of *The Templar*, based on Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

Premiums.—In the November number of the *Monthly* we publish a fine list of Premiums which we are offering for new subscribers. Lists, with terms, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of a three cent stamp.

Bound Volumes.—Now ready, a few copies of the first and second volumes of the *Monthly*, for 1863 and 1864, neatly bound. Price of each year's volume \$6, and sent free of postage. Copies in extra binding, morocco and gilt edge \$10. The volumes sold together or separately.

New Sheet Music.—Come Again, Ye Noble Freemen, is a stirring Republican Rallying Song and Chorus for the campaign of 1864, by Fawcette. This fine piece is in large demand among our soldiers, political societies, clubs, etc. Let every one send for a copy. Price 30 cents, or 5 copies for \$1, or 12 copies for \$2, or \$10 per hundred. For a splendid list of New Music see last month's Column in the "Book." Address all orders for music, or the *Monthly*, to
J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

A HEARTLESS JADE.—We copy the following elopement in high life from a late English paper. What a picture of aristocratic life:—

“Among the English aristocracy there is no house so remarkable for the manner in which it has interwoven itself with the great families of the land as the Pagets, and which may in some measure be accounted for by their connection with the court, which has been of many years' standing. Indeed, it has been said of them that the men were all heroes and the women angels. Around them romance has shed its halo, from the first Marquis of Anglesey down to his granddaughter, who, by her marriage on Saturday, became the Marchioness of Hastings. Such an alliance at one time would have created no more sensation than an ordinary marriage in high life. The announcement would have appeared in our columns; and we should have done justice to the beauty of the bride, and the exquisite texture of her dress, enumerated her bridesmaids, and given details of their costumes, and concluded by stating that the happy pair left town for Donnington Park, accompanied by the best wishes of their friends for their future happiness. All this trouble has been spared us. We should premise our story by stating that, among the belles of our English aristocracy, few of late years created such a sensation on her debut as Lady Florence Paget, the youngest daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey. Gifted with the hereditary beauty of her family to a rare extent, her petite figure and dove-like eyes caused her at once to become ‘the rage of the park, the ball-room, the opera, and the croquet lawn.’ These personal charms were not a little enhanced by the unaffectedness of her manner and extreme good nature, which caused her to become the idol of her father and the household. Deprived of a mother's care at an early age, her education was hardly so advanced as might have been anticipated from her sphere in life, and she seemed to have made Diana Vernon her model. In her intercourse with society, among the many suitors by whom she was surrounded was Mr. Chaplin, a gentleman possessed of estates in Lincolnshire which produce him a rental of nearly forty thousand pounds per annum, and endowed with every quality to render him a desirable *parti*. Their intimacy was such last year that rumors of their engagement appeared in the papers, only to be contradicted, and Mr. Chaplin proceeded on a shooting tour in India with his friend Sir Frederick Johnstone. Returning in May, he again met Lady Florence daily, and as a proof that his attachment was undiminished he proposed to her, and was accepted. The match was one which gave the greatest satisfaction to the Marquis of Anglesey and all his family, for Mr. Chaplin was a young man of great promise, and by his ample means could give Lady Florence a position in society which she had a right to look for, although she could bring him no dowry. The announcement of the engagement appeared in the *Morning Post*, and also in our own columns, and the happy pair were seen driving together in the parks, in the same box at the opera, and enjoying each other's society in the same manner as *fiancées* are in the habit of doing. At a fashionable jeweller's at the West-end Lady Florence's jewels, the gift of Mr. Chaplin, were displayed to all comers, and the trousseau engaged the attention of the first *modistes*. Presents came in to her in abundance, the servants even subscribing for a silver teapot, sugar basin, and cream jug for her. The wedding was fixed for the second week in August, and Mr. Chaplin had made the necessary preparations to receive his bride. But it was not to be, although no later than Friday night she occupied Mr. Chaplin's box at the opera, and sat between him and her really future husband, the Marquis of Hastings, of whom we may remark that his attachment to her had been notorious, and it was known that he meant to have proposed to her, if Mr. Chaplin had not taken time by the forelock. Admitted as his lordship is to the turf and its congenial accessories, it was imagined Lady Florence's image would soon be erased from his mind, but it seemed otherwise, and that, while on the best of terms with Mr. Chaplin, he was only concealing his play, for on the following morning (Saturday) that he had been at the opera with him and her ladyship he found himself with the latter at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, and they were united for better or worse. As much curiosity prevails to know how the marriage was arranged, we may state that Lady Florence, on Saturday morning, left the St. George's Hotel, in Albemarle Street, where she had been staying during the season, in her father's brougham, telling the porter, if Mr. Chaplin called, she should not return until two o'clock. She then was driven to Marshall and Snellgrove's, in Oxford Street, and leaving the carriage at one entrance was met at the other by the sister of the Marquis

of Hastings, who, engaging a hack cab, drove her at once to St. George's, where the Marquis of Hastings, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Granville (whose marriage we recorded only a fortnight back), Mr. Blake, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. F. Wombwell were in waiting. Immediately after the ceremony had been performed, the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings repaired to Mr. Granville's lodgings in St. James's place, from whence, after the bride had communicated by letter to Mr. Chaplin and her family her change of mind, they started per special train for Donnington Park to spend the honeymoon. At Peterborough station they were met by several of their friends, who were not a little surprised to find Lady Florence in company with the marquis instead of Mr. Chaplin. To show the marriage could not have been an impromptu affair, as some people imagine, the fact of the happy couple being received at the station by his tenantry, who had erected no less than nine triumphal arches trimmed with flowers, at once discloses. It is needless to add that Mr. Chaplin feels very much the slight that has been put upon him, but his feelings are in some measure consoled by the assurance of his friends that it is all for the best. The Marquis of Anglesey is also much distressed at the affair, for the alliance with Mr. Chaplin had his consent and approbation. Her ladyship's brother and brother-in-law, Lords Uxbridge and Winchelsea, heard of the marriage by accident at the pigeon shooting match at Hornsey. In conclusion, we may state that since Lady Adela Villiers eloped with Captain Ibbetson, of the 11th Hussars, at Brighton, no similar occurrence has created such a profound sensation among the West-end Mothers and Daughters.”

OUR CARD PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ALEUMS.—We are distributing these elegant pictures all over the country, from Maine to California and Oregon, and every where they are giving satisfaction. Why? Because they are of the finest quality: equal to anything produced. All orders are promptly mailed, and the cards selected with particular care. Liberal terms to those who buy in quantities to sell again.

BLITZ, BOBBY, AND THE BIRDS.—The Three B's, a glorious trio. Blitz the inimitable, the good, the kind, the witty, has again opened his temple of wonders at the Assembly Buildings. His *répertoire* is entirely new and his ventriloquism is better than ever. Blitz is a good citizen and a loyal man. We commend him to the public—but why need we? He is almost as well known as the Lady's Book.

CHESTNUT STREET FEMALE SEMINARY, PHILADELPHIA.—The twenty-ninth semi-annual session of this boarding and day school will open at 1615 Chestnut Street, Wednesday, September 14. Principals, Miss Bonney and Miss Dillaye. Particulars from circulars.

FRIEND Editor of the *Jackson Standard*, how well you read human nature, and ours in particular. Listen, ladies, to what he says, and second it:—

“Godey is a favorite, and much admired by the ladies of Jackson. If he were a candidate and the ladies could use the right of suffrage, he would be made,

The President of the United States,
To kiss all the ladies, and ride upon the Gates.”

Thank you, friend of the *Standard*, but we prefer presiding over the tastes of our fair subscribers, to undertaking the charge of the nation. We accept the first clause of the second line, but—excuse the gates.

A CORRESPONDENT SAYS:—

“We have a little girl who was absolutely given to punning long before she had reached her fourth year. Our house is warmed by a furnace, but in a new apartment added to it is an open grate. When the different parts for furnishing it were brought, she was very curious to know what they were. She was told that they were to make a grate. ‘Hum,’ said she, looking up with an arch laugh, ‘that's what I call a *grate* idea!’”

WE publish this month a number of complimentary letters that we have received from ladies forwarding us clubs. We have many thousands of the same kind:—

I send you nine subscribers; and truly no lady should be deprived of such a treasure.
Mrs. L., Iowa.

Should positively feel lost without my Godey every month. Have taken it for years, and may I be fortunate enough to enjoy the reading of it for many years to come!
Mrs. F., N. H.

DEAR SIR: Inclosed please find a club for the Book, which we could not do without. May Heaven shower down its choicest blessings upon you!
Mrs. J. H., Ohio.

Please send your excellent magazine to the subscribers whose names I send, and oblige an old subscriber, who deems the Lady's Book not only a luxury, but a real gem in a household. May success attend it! L. W., Iowa.

CLUBBING WITH MAGAZINES.—We have no club with any other magazine except *Arthur's*, and that as follows: One copy of Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of *Arthur's Home Magazine*, each one year, for \$4.

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS.—Mrs. Gertrude J. Cary, Principal, South-east corner Sixteenth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The twentieth session of this school will commence in September, 1864.

The course of study pursued embraces the fundamental and higher branches of a thorough English education. Particular attention is given to the acquisition of the French language, and a resident French Teacher furnishes every facility for making it the medium of daily intercourse. Mrs. Cary gives personal attention to the instruction of her pupils, aided by experienced lady teachers, and the best professional talent in the city. It is her constant endeavor to secure an equal development of body, mind, and heart, and the formation of habits of neatness and industry.

Mrs. S. J. Hale, Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Rev. J. Jenkins, D. D., Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Rev. J. N. Candee, D. D., Galesburg Ill.; Louis H. Jenkins, Jacksonville, Ill.; Rev. George Duffield, Jr., Adrian, Mich.

Circulars sent on application.

A GOOD TRICK.—Wrap a strip of paper slanting wise round a pencil-case, ruler, or any round object, making all the edges meet. Write upon it, and then unwrap it; it will be quite a chaos, but when brought back to its old position on a roller, it will be as legible as this print.

We have heretofore published something on this subject:—

CASE OF PARALYSIS CURED BY ICE.—The *Medical Times and Gazette* of May 26th contains an account by Mr. F. Broughton, Surgeon-Major Bombay Army, of the relief of a paralytic girl, aged twenty-one, by the application of Dr. Chapman's ice process. The girl had been confined to her bed for upwards of a year. She could not turn in bed or assist herself in any way, but had to be moved like an infant. In October, 1863, Mr. Broughton says: "My attention had been directed to the agency of ice in such cases by the perusal of Dr. Chapman's paper in your journal, and, I confess with no very sanguine hope of success, I directed two pounds of ice, in oiled silk bags, to be applied to the spine every morning for two hours, followed by hand friction down the spine to the extremities for two hours following, the whole body being subsequently eased in flannel." The result was that by the middle of November she could turn herself in bed. By December 1st she was able to stand and move about the room. She improved to such an extent that on Christmas-day Mr. Broughton had the satisfaction of meeting her walking in the streets of the Sussex village in which she resides.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

WE give, this month, some instructions to our young friends how to make a pen-wiper. They will be found very simple in their character.

THE WITCH PEN-WIPER.

Procure a brown wax doll, with an old woman's face, if possible; fix something on the back to give the appearance of stooping, and fold some cloth round the legs to serve for petticoats, and also for the purpose of wiping the pen. Put on an old-fashioned cotton skirt, and for the cloak cut out a piece of red cloth rather longer than the breadth, and a shoulder-piece of the same material, and gather the cloak on to this; then cut out a cape long enough to cover the shoulders; sew this round the neck

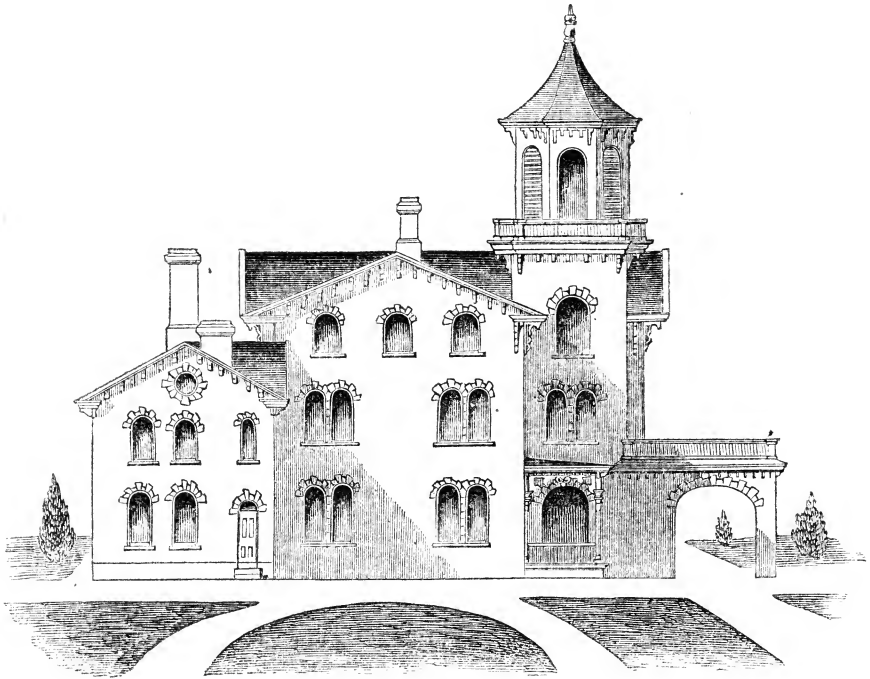


of the latter piece, bind it neatly, and also the cloak; tie round the neck a small red ribbon, first having cut out two holes for the arms. Quill up some narrow lace for a cap, and make a large bonnet of black satin, with a high, old-fashioned crown, then put in the cap, rather near the edge of the bonnet, sewing it on to the head of the doll. Get a small basket, line it with pink glazed calico, and fill it up with small pin cushions, etc., and hang it on the arm of the old woman. In the hand place a small twig for a stick. When completed, it will make a pretty and useful ornament for a writing-table; or, if very neatly executed, they form pretty embellishments for the chimney-piece or side-table.

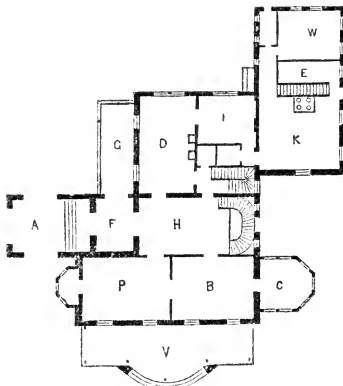
F. F. SAYS: "I was walking up the hill one day when I heard some one call out behind me, 'Hoy.' Thinking it was intended for me, I looked round, but seeing no one behind me, I continued my walk, when 'hoy' was repeated louder than before; again I stopped and looked round; not a soul was in sight, and again I continued. 'Hoy.' Thinking some one was poking fun at me from some secure hiding-place hard by, I did not look round this time, when 'hoy, hoy, hoy,' was repeated in the most urgent tones. Again I came to a full stop, and looked round completely puzzled, for I could not make out where the rascal was who was thus fooling me, when an uproarious shout of laughter, a downright peal of intense enjoyment, ensued, and my gaze following the sound, I detected Master Polly, hung up in and half hidden by a large, shady vine. Seeing he was detected, the rogue cocked his head on one side, and, looking at me with a most cunning expression, said, 'Sold again! only Polly! sold! sold! sold! Ha! ha! ha!' And, quite disgusted at being chaffed in this way, I walked on, followed by shouts of laughter and choice selections of nautical phrases. I have no doubt whatever that although the bird had been unquestionably taught this little amusement, and often practised it, that he had sufficient sense to connect cause and effect, and to enjoy the embarrassment he created."

DESIGN FOR AN ORNAMENTAL COTTAGE.

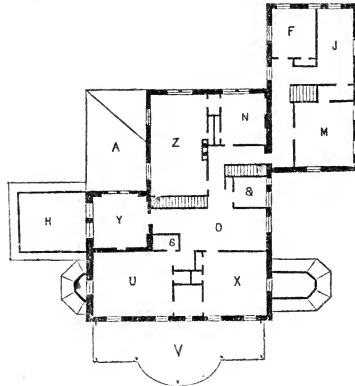
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS, Architect, Philadelphia.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

Principal Story.—P parlor, B library, F tower hall, H main hall, C conservatory, I breakfast-room, D dining-room, G porch, V veranda, K kitchen, E pantry, W wash room, A carriage porch.

Second Story.—V veranda, U principal chamber and bath-room, X chamber, S closet, O main hall, Y boudoir, H veranda, A roof or porch, Z chamber, N back chamber, M F J bedrooms.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—We have received the following from Blackman & Co., New Orleans:—
Come to Me, Love. A Serenade.

HUMOROUS address on a letter:—

“Mr. Postmaster Brady,
Oblige a young lady;
To Philadelphia city this letter convey,
In less time than no day,
Go seek L. A. Godey;
There's three dollars inside for subscription to pay.
And don't let this letter in thieves' fingers fall,
Or I sha'n't get my Lady's Book, maybe, at all.”

A SCHOOL TEACHER asked a little girl one day, “What is latitude?” The answer was, “Latitude is something either north or south from the *Creator*.”

SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you want your book sent to another post-office, state to what office it is sent to at the time you write.

When a number of the Lady's Book is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Edithess. Address "Fashion Edithess, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia."

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply back numbers.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

The postage on the Lady's Book is 24 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly in advance, at the office where it is received.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

JOCOSE.—The Providence *Journal* cuts down its exchange and its free list, and begs that those who have heretofore come on the latter won't think that now they must subscribe, because at the present price of white paper a subscription is not a favor.

The Ohio *Advertiser* gives forth the following to the public:—

"Godey sends us his incomparable Lady's Book regularly every month, and we as regularly forward it to our 'gal,' who holds it in great favor. Indeed, what Napoleon was to the people of France Godey is to the ladies of America. They little care whether Republicans or Democrats triumph, whether there is peace or war, so they have Godey's Book for a companion, and no squalling children to interrupt them in the midst of the, to us, unfathomable mysteries of the fashion-plates."

A lady contributor, reading the above, adds, rather indignantly:—

"'Squalling children!' I'd like to know who furnishes patterns for dresses, sacks, and aprons for these 'squalling children?' Godey! Who provides pretty pictures to quiet their squalls? Godey! Who gives us receipts for all the 'goodies' for these squalling children? Godey! Who, in short, so provides for and fascinates both mother and children that squalls are things unheard of where he reigns? Godey."

Thank you! We try to do all this, and if we succeed, we are delighted.

THE CHINESE are dexterous menders of broken iron vessels. Their method is described by Dr. Lockhart. The surface of the broken vessel is first scraped clean. A portion of cast iron is then melted in a crucible no larger than a thimble, in a furnace as large as the lower half of a common tumbler. The iron, when melted, is dropped on a piece of felt covered with charcoal ashes. It is pressed inside the vessel against the hole to be filled up, and as it exudes on the other side it is struck and pressed with a small roll of felt covered with ashes. The new and old iron adhere, and the superfluous metal being removed, the vessel is as good as new.

Two elegant little volumes for ladies are just published by Messrs. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston. Price \$2.00 each. Illustrated in the style of their "Art Recreations."

WAX FLOWERS: How to Make Them. With new methods of Sheeting Wax, Modelling Fruit, etc.

SKELTON LEAVES AND PHANTOM FLOWERS. A complete and Practical Treatise on the Production of these beautiful Transformations. Also, Directions for Preserving Natural Flowers in their fresh beauty.

FREAKISHLY enough, a hen of ours the other day laid such a little egg—scarcely larger than a pigeon's. It was on the table yesterday, specially assigned to *bobby*—four years old. He wouldn't eat it; said that he wanted to keep it; then, after a moment, "Mother, won't it *get ripe?*"

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. G. W. W.—Sent pattern August 17th.

J. A. H.—Sent pattern 17th.

M. L. L.—Sent pattern 17th.

Mrs. O. P.—Sent pattern 17th.

Mrs. R. S. K.—Sent pattern 17th.

Mrs. M. A. C.—Sent articles 20th.

Mrs. M. J. Mc.—Sent dress shields 20th.

Mrs. E. L.—Sent pattern 23d.

J. H. B.—Sent articles by express 25th.

J. A. W.—Sent hair chain 27th.

L. R.—Sent Grecian curls 29th.

S. V.—Sent braiding pattern 29th.

T. W.—Sent hair jewelry 30th.

M. R. S.—Sent hair braid by express 30th.

Mrs. S. M.—Sent infant's wardrobe by express 30th.

Mrs. M. G.—Sent hair curls by express 30th.

S. J. S.—Sent pattern September 3d.

Mrs. G. C. D.—Sent pattern 3d.

Mrs. F. A. M. S.—Sent pattern 3d.

L. J. S.—Sent pattern 3d.

Mrs. E. P. D.—Sent pattern 3d.

H. R. G.—Sent pattern 3d.

Mrs. D. J. R.—Sent collar 9th.

E. B.—Sent dress shields 9th.

Mrs. D. J. R.—Sent kid gloves 9th.

Mrs. M. J. J.—Sent embroidery cotton 9th.

M. L. W.—Sent lead comb 9th.

M. A. J.—Sent lead comb 9th.

Mrs. H. E. S.—Sent articles 9th.

Mrs. D. N.—Sent goods (sample) 9th.

M. F. P.—Sent leaves 9th.

Mrs. J. B. W.—Sent pattern 13th.

Mrs. M. J. P.—Sent pattern 13th.

Mrs. M. P. C.—Sent pattern 13th.

E. M.—Sent dress goods by express 15th.

Mrs. M. A. S.—Sent hair charms 15th.

E. M.—Sent hair chain 15th.

W. H. A.—Sent hair set by express 15th.

Miss R. L. M.—The gentleman is correct. It was his duty to precede you in such a crowd as you describe.

Miss P. B.—Simply being partners in a dance does not lead to an acquaintance. If the lady chooses to recognize you afterwards, it is all right.

Subscriber.—We do not know of any remedy for a bad breath. Perhaps it is your teeth. Consult your physician.

Miss P. V. D. is assured that "a wreath of orange blossom" is not essential to the marriage ceremony. If the favored gentleman objects to all "parade," it would be well for his sake to avoid it. Our opinion is that a wedding should be conducted with as much display as is consistent with the position of the gentleman.

L. II.—Perfectly correct; but we understand it; the right arm will be the left one if a lady is on the other.

Miss G. V.—It would be better to marry one of your own persuasion; but Love overrules all.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godsey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; dry goods of any kind from Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggins & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR NOVEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Skirt of heavy black silk, edged with crimson silk, braided with black. Jacket of white silk, trimmed with bands of crimson silk braided with black. The hair is rolled in front, arranged in a bow at the back, and dressed with crimson velvet and small tufts of flowers.

Fig. 2.—Skirt of *chocolat au lait* colored silk, with streamers of green silk richly trimmed with black lace. Jacket of black *gros grains* silk, trimmed with black velvet and steel buttons. The hair is waved in front, and arranged in a net at the back. Black felt hat, trimmed with green velvet ribbon, and a bouquet placed directly in front.

Fig. 3.—Visiting suit of pearl-colored poplin, with vest of Magenta silk. White uncut velvet bonnet, with white plume.

Fig. 4.—Walking suit of cuir-colored poplin, richly ornamented with guipure lace and crochet trimming. The skirt is looped over a petticoat formed of alternate stripes of blue and white merino, trimmed with black velvet.

Bonnet of white plush, with soft crown of purple velvet. The trimming is composed of purple velvet and scarlet and white flowers.

Fig. 5.—Rich purple silk dress, trimmed with black

velvet and chenille fringe, arranged to simulate a tunic. The corsage is also trimmed with chenille fringe and velvet. White corded silk bonnet, trimmed with jet-black feathers, a purple tip, and fancy grasses.

Fig. 6.—Pearl-colored poplin dress, trimmed with rows of Magenta velvet, arranged in a pattern on each breadth. Wide sash of poplin, trimmed to match the skirt. Puffed waist, made of white cashmere, and trimmed with Magenta velvet. Hair rolled from the face and caught in a net, which is trimmed with Magenta ribbon.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

THOUGH each day brings forth new goods suited to the cooler season, we have few real novelties to speak of. The change seems to be a great variation of what we already had. The goods are very beautiful; indeed, it would almost seem as if the looms of Lyons must be exhausted in furnishing the elegant, rich-colored taffetas now on exhibition. They are brocaded, plaided, and striped in the richest combinations of colors, the quality is heavy, and *gros grain* is one of the most favored styles, particularly for a plain silk.

For walking, travelling, and ordinary dress we have poplins of various kinds, Foulards, llama cloth, queen's cloth, merinoes, poil-de-chevere, and alpacas. Gray and cuir are colors always pretty, and suitable for the street, though purples, a dark shade of green, plum, and brown are all worn.

Paletots or sacks of the same material as the dress are much worn, and now that materials have advanced so much in price, one pair of sleeves now answers for both. When this arrangement is adopted, the sack should be trimmed at the armhole with an epaulette of the material prettily trimmed, or else a fancy gimp epaulette. The effect then is good; indeed, better than when two pair of sleeves are worn, as the latter often have a bulky, stuffed appearance.

Gray and black will be much patronized for full suits. Flat trimmings are the most prevalent, and much ingenuity is displayed in rendering them attractive. They are cut out in a hundred different styles, and stitched on by machine with a very coarse purse twist. Black is generally the color for the application, as it always trims effectively.

A pretty and dressy style of trimming consists of a number of ends of a color contrasting well with the dress, and left streaming from the waist. Fig. 2 of our fashion-plate is a good example of this trimming. Heavy silk cable cord, arranged in a pattern on a dress, also edging the scallops on the edge of the skirt, is a very rich trimming for a plain silk. Floss silk fringe, a light, pretty article, trims evening and dinner dresses very effectively.

For school-dresses, dressing-gowns, and wrappers, we have printed merinoes, cashmeres, and flannels, also French chintzes, which now, from their price, stand very high in public estimation. All these goods are either figured with small, brilliant bouquets or designs, or else have broad ribbon-like stripes, formed of palms and flowers, alternating with others of a sober though rich color.

Opening day at Mme. Demorest's revealed to us a host of pretty toilets and the greatest variety of new and pretty patterns of most every article of dress, some quite simple, others elaborately trimmed.

Among the pretty dresses, we select the following for description: A dinner dress of rich corded silk of the shade known as azurline. The skirt, very wide and full, had the edge cut in waves, and bound with velvet matching

the dress in shade. The trimming consisted of bows of black lace, with centres of blue velvet, which had the effect of butterflies. These butterflies were linked together with five rows of fine blue silk cord. The corsage was made with quite a coatee, and trimmed with butterflies to match the skirt. The sleeves were made in the coat style.

Another rich robe, intended for a carriage dress, was accompanied by one of the new velvet coats. It was composed of handsome plaid, silk poplin of the blue and green combination, which is always fashionable and stylish. The skirt and basque were trimmed with a novelty in the way of jet ornaments called the pine-tree pattern. The base consists of silk and jet fringe, and the upper part of silk and jet arranged very much in the shape of a common pine-tree, and hence the name. A set of these ornaments constitutes a particularly elegant and appropriate trimming for any kind of a poplin dress. The coat had long, square basques, pockets, and revers, and was trimmed to match the dress.

A promenade dress of a mixed black and gold-colored poplin or queen's cloth was trimmed with fancy broad lozenges of black velvet, ornamented by a narrow beading of jet, and jet drop buttons. The body was high, double-breasted (a favorite style), and fastened with enormous jet buttons. Three slender lappels completed it at the back. The sleeves were in the coat form.

A suit for a little boy from five to seven was of olive green ribbed cloth, trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet. The pants were open four inches on the side, and held together by flat bows of inch wide black velvet, with pointed ends. The fulness was massed into three plaits in front. The jacket was round, with pockets and small revers. Its open front disclosed a fine tucked skirt and small gold studs. A narrow crimson necktie completed the suit.

The trousers of another suit, instead of being open at the side, were trimmed all the way down. The jacket was slashed at the side, cut in hollow points at the back, and square across the front. The sleeves were a loose coat sleeve.

A pretty plaid dress for a little girl is plaited into a yoke. The skirt only full at the sides, but skirt and waist forming one piece, back and front. The skirt is cut in deep points at the edge, bound with velvet and a long silk drop button on each point. A small sack of the same is also trimmed with deep points and buttons.

These points are also fashionable for ladies' suits, but we think we prefer scallops, as points on the edge of a skirt are apt to turn up. It is, however, a pretty finish for a sack.

A coat for a boy of three years had a gored skirt, trimmed with diamonds of velvet. A deep talma or cape turned back in front, the revers ornamented with three diamonds in velvet; plain high body, and shaped coat sleeves.

Tartan is very much worn by children. A pretty suit for a boy is a skirt of very bright plaid poplin, a zouave of black cloth or velvet, made with tabs at the back. A scarf of plaid silk, edged with fringe, is carried from one side of the waist to the opposite shoulder, where it is caught with a Scotch pin. The hat is of felt, trimmed with eagles' feathers.

We mentioned in our last Chat that buckles were worn of colossal size. We understand that in Paris they are worn both in the front and back of the waist; also that belts with these large buckles are worn over casaques.

The newest combs are composed of tortoise shell, cut in

diamonds like a net, and these terminate with a gold fringe.

Some new styles of coiffure have appeared. One style has the hair rolled from the face, a coronet plait is arranged over the forehead, and a cluster of plaits is gracefully looped at the back.

Another style is to turn the hair straight from the face in a rolled bandeau, to plait the back hair in one wide plait, and to pin this straight up the centre of the head, the ends being fastened under the bandeau. Sprays of drooping flowers are arranged each side of this plait, the ends being fastened underneath it.

A new style of glove for evening wear is made quite high on the wrist, and laced with fine silk cords from the wrist to the top. The cord is finished with silk tassels, and is tied in bows at the wrist.

We are pleased to call the attention of our Northwestern friends to the admirable styles of corsets manufactured by F. Alonzo Burger, Detroit, Mich. A recent examination of his goods convinces us that, for perfect adaptation, and beauty of finish, they are not surpassed by any made. We bespeak for Mr. Burger great success in his enterprise of supplying the West, and especially his own State, with so desirable a class of goods.

Burger's improved skirt supporter is also worthy of mention here, as combining corset and shoulder brace with complete support for skirts. A most desirable article for all who do not wear the regular corset.

Thibet or goat's hair fringe is quite a novelty, and decidedly the most stylish trimming yet introduced this season.

The short veils, of which we have before spoken as mask veils, but more appropriately termed by the Parisians muzzles, are now universally worn on both hats and bonnets. They are of thread or guipure lace, or else of tulle or spotted net, trimmed with chenille or bugle fringe, or else are hemmed over a colored ribbon.

Mr. Brodie, of Canal Street, New York, displays this fall a choice assortment of wraps, both in cloth and silk.

For misses there are the ever pretty white and black cross-barred cloths made into circles with fancy hoods, lined with bright-tinted silks, and trimmed with chenille cords and tassels. Large checks of various colors, ornamented with chenille fringe, are among the general styles. Plain colored cloths of all shades, made up into circles or paletots, trimmed with velvet cut into arabesque designs, are both graceful and elegant. Sacks of heavy purple velvet cloth, trimmed with braid and steel buttons, are very attractive and stylish.

A style not likely to become common, owing to its expense, is a circle or sack of *gros grain* silk, trimmed with graduated rings of velvet or crochet trimming, sparkling with jet beads. On the heavy silk this trimming has a very rich effect. Other styles have a wide sash formed of gimp and silk, or else lace arranged on the back of the paletots. Gigantic rosettes and bows enter largely into the fall trimmings, and, if well arranged, produce quite a pleasing effect.

Many of the cloth and silk paletots are trimmed with square buttons made of silk, velvet, jet, or mother-of-pearl. As these are a novelty, they are well received. Other paletots have the trimming laid on in the exact shape of a coat, and as the paletot is not cut away in front, the effect is good and not too startling for the street.

Besides the above-mentioned styles, there is a profusion of others, made up in that admirable taste which has made Mr. Brodie quite an authority on the subject of wraps.

FASHION.

Arthur's Magazine deservedly enjoys the reputation of being one of the best moral literary magazines published in America.—Cobourg *Sentinel*, Canada West.

Arthur's Home Magazine for 1865.

Volumes **XXV.** and **XXVI.**

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The HOME MAGAZINE for 1865 will be enlarged and improved, and made still more worthy of the eminent favor with which it has been received. Its character as a

High-toned Periodical,

claiming public favor on the ground of real merit, will be carefully maintained; while for variety, interest, usefulness, and all the attractions of literature and art essential to a true HOME MAGAZINE, the publishers will aim to make it

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

Besides liberal contributions from the pens of the Editors,

A LARGE CORPS OF TALENTED WRITERS

will continue to enrich its pages with novelets, stories, poems, essays, and sketches of life and character, written with the aim of blending literary excellence with the higher teachings of morality and religion.

Social Literature, Art, Morals, Health, Domestic Happiness,

To these the Home Magazine has been and will continue to be devoted.

A FINE STEEL ENGRAVING, AND TWO PAGES OF MUSIC,


will appear in every number, besides choice pictures, groups and characters, prevailing fashions, and a large variety of patterns for garments, embroidery, etc. etc. In all respects we shall give


A FIRST CLASS MAGAZINE,


at a price within the reach of every intelligent family in the land.


YEARLY TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

1 copy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$2 50
3 copies	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	6 00
5 copies, and one to getter-up of club	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10 00
9 copies, " " " "	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	15 00

 A beautiful PREMIUM PLATE, entitled "THE INFANCY OF SHAKSPEARE," will be mailed to each person who sends us a club of subscribers. It will also be mailed to each single subscriber from whom we receive \$2 50.

 For \$4 50 we will send one copy each of HOME MAGAZINE and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for a year.

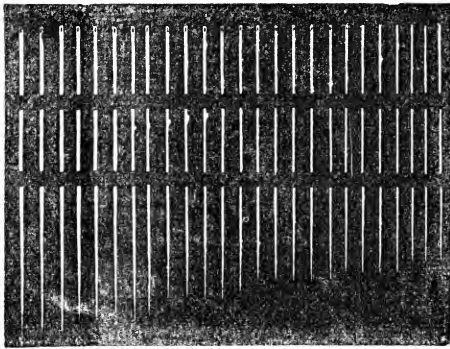
 We do not require all the subscribers in a club to be at the same post-office.

 Canada subscribers must add 20 cents on each subscription for pre-payment of United States postage.

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T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

A NEW ARTICLE.
NEEDLES
 STUCK LIKE PINS.



MANUFACTURED BY

J. ENGLISH & CO., Feckenham.

The advantages of this new plan are as follows—

- 1st. The elegance and neatness of style.
- 2d. The great saving of time in taking the needle from and returning to it.
- 3d. The impossibility of losing the needles or spoiling them by frequent handling; each one being so secured as to render it impossible to fall out until taken for use.

We have abandoned the use of the Bijou Needle-case, this plan being so far preferable.

Price of 100 Needles, 40 cents, and a 3 cent stamp to pay return postage.

Address **L. A. GODEY,**
*N. E. Corner Sixth and Chestnut Streets,
 Philadelphia.*

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Cartes de Visite,
OF NOTABLE PERSONS,
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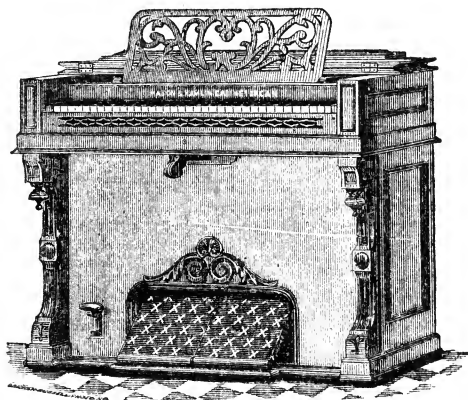
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