to skim like swallows or cut fantastic tricks upon its glassy surface. And so tall and well-grown were the older members of the family, built to take such prodigious strides, and so agile were the little people, heading in a dozen directions at once, that, practically, once the Duncans were in possession the other townspeople might just as well keep off the ice.

Mrs. Cotes has just returned to Calcutta, which, she says, is a good place to write in, as life is one long holiday to such as are not collectors. One of the chief attractions in a London publication is Mrs. Cotes's present serial, which bears the very suggestive title of "His Honor and a Lady." There is the fascinating bachelor, the short-sighted husband, the charming married woman and—a young lady to whom the bachelor is engaged and of whom he would like to be rid. The plot is precisely such as one comes to expect in all Anglo-Indian fiction, where the heroes are usually engaged in courting their neighbor's wives and the heroines are always misunderstood by neglectful husbands. Doubtless the climate is somewhat to blame for the widespread social malaria. To Mrs. Cotes is attributed the statement that an Anglo-Indian lady's housekeeping can all be done in half an hour. Where exertion is exhausting, servants numerous and gentlefolks acquire the habit of having everything done for them, the ensuing idleness and frivolity offer poor vantage-ground against flabbiness, moral and muscular.

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WILLIAM WETMORE STORY, born at Salem, Mass., February 12, 1819, died at Vallombrosa, Italy, October 7, 1895. Distinguished in law, letters and sculpture, Mr. Story was one of the most versatile and brilliantly accomplished men of the age. He studied law in the Law School at Cambridge under his father, Justice Story of the Supreme Court of the United States. He published several legal works, was for a number of years United States Commissioner for Massachusetts, Maine, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, and also United States Commissioner in Bankruptcy. He practiced law in Boston until 1850, and also edited and annotated various of his father's works. Since then he lived principally in Rome and devoted himself chiefly to sculpture and literature, his favorite pursuits. His literary works include two volumes of poems and many poems printed but not collected. Among his prose publications are Life and Letters of Joseph Story, Roba di Roma, The American Question, Proportions of the Human Figure, Castle St. Angelo, and The Evil Eye. His works in sculpture comprise numerous monuments, ideal figures and groups, colossal statues, portraits and busts. Mr. Story was an A. B., A. M., and LL. B. of Harvard; D. C. L. of Oxford, A. A. S. of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Commendatore del ordine della Corona d'Italia, Chevalier de l'ordre de Francois I., Officier de la Légion d' Honneur, and the recipient of many other deserved honors appreciatingly bestowed upon him.

In his Roba di Roma Mr. Story gives us charming glimpses of the life in the Seven-Hilled City. He had a beautiful home in the Villa Belvedere, of which Mr. Hawthorne writes most delightfully in the French and Italian Note-books:

"We were all kindly taken out yesterday to dine and spend the day at the Villa Belvedere with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Story. The vicinity of Sienna is much more attractive than that of Florence, being cooler, breezier, with more foliage and shrubbery both near and in the distance. And the prospect, Mr. Story tells us, embraces a diameter of about a hundred miles between hills north and south. The Villa Belvedere was built and owned by an Englishman, now deceased, who has left it to his brother, and its lawns and shrubbery have something English in their character, and there was almost a dampness in the grass which really pleased me in this parched Italy. Within the house the walls are hung with fine old-fashioned engravings from the pictures of Gainsborough, West and other English painters. The Englishman, though he had chosen to live and die in Italy, had evidently brought his native tastes along with him. We spent a very pleasant day turning over books or talking on