

and even go to an absurd expense, to get the exact shade of some unearthly colour which is the only one she will wear if it be a gown, or suffer before her eyes if it be a carpet, a table-cover, a portiere. But when all is done, she spoils the effect of the one by a crumpled frill, a bit of frayed ribbon, soiled gloves, shabby shoes—and the value of the other is lost in the want of arrangement, the heaped up mass of heterogeneous waifs and strays strewn all about, which gave one the impression of a Noah's Ark before the beasts had settled themselves in their respective stalls.

Wherever our slipshod cousin passes she leaves her mark as unmistakably as the print of a bird in the snow or a whirlwind over the sand. In fact, she is something like a whirlwind in little, and sets the small things flying and the light ones floating wherever she appears. She is not rude, nor coarse, nor naturally noisy, but she is always in a hurry; she never sees all round her, nor, for the matter of that, straight before her; and she has the habit, therefore, of brushing against all that she ought to avoid and of knocking down all that is not absolutely immovable.

Our slipshod cousin is always in that state which women mean when they say they are "caught." Whenever people call, they find her unprepared and in a state of disorder both in person and in circumstance. This is partly because she cannot be got to understand the need of fixed times and settled places. If she has an interview with her dressmaker she takes off her gown in the drawing-room and is fitted on before the fire—because it is so cold upstairs and she is afraid of taking a chill. She is sure no one will come; it is not one o'clock yet, and who can come at such an unusual time? But she forgets that she herself appointed that lady who wrote to her about the character of Mary Jane to come at half past twelve, and that said lady may be expected to turn up at any moment. So she does, while our slipshod cousin is standing before the fire, with her old dress about her feet and her new one pinned on to her shoulders, and is ushered into the drawing-room by the footman—our slipshod cousin having forgotten to lock the door or to say that she was invisible. Her untidiness and want of thought cost poor Mary Jane her place, for the lady, who was a martinet with a tight hand and rigid notions, was very naturally not inclined to take any one into her service who had been used to the unending muddle of our slipshod cousin's.

The saints of old, solicitous to find such penance as should ensure their salvation by the patience with which they endured their pain and the constancy carried to their afflictions, never tried travelling with our slipshod cousin. Had they done so they would not have needed hair shirts, nor unboiled peas in their shoes, nor the "business end of tin tacks" set up on their beds to lie on o' nights, nor any of the thousand and one ingenious devices for self-torture and discomfort by which they hoped to win eternal bliss. The ways and works of our slipshod cousin would have been enough. She is, in fact, a penance in herself that can scarcely be surpassed. Pretty, good-tempered, pleasant in manner, and by no means a fool, she is yet, as a travelling companion, an infliction to which a blister is an anodyne and a mustard plaster a compress of rose leaves. Never by any chance in time, she is for the most part so late as to lose the early morning train by which alone the journey could be done in one day, or the boat which sails only twice in the week. She has nothing packed when all the rest have their trunks strapped and labelled; and when the porter is carrying down the luggage of the rest to the hotel omnibus standing at the door, she is kneeling in the midst of confusion to which chaos alone affords a parallel. She has always twice as much to get into her trunks as they will hold, at least with her mode of packing. For she does not pack, she piles; and then she wonders why her luggage "swells" as no one's else seems to do, and how it is that what went in so easily at home, leaving free spaces and available margins everywhere under the packing of her mother, her sister, or her maid, is now absolutely impossible. It is as if her "gowns and things," as she calls her effects, were like those Pharaoh's serpents in fashion a few years ago, or like an expanded flower which no human ingenuity could ever fold back into the calyx.

When urged to seize that fast vanishing forelock and to get her things ready betimes our slipshod cousin answers with imperturbable equanimity: "Oh there is no hurry! We have plenty of time!" When still further prodded, and your watch for further emphasis, thrust before her eyes, she drags out hers from her bosom, where the chain or the bow gets entangled among the pins which do duty for buttons, the buttons which are weak about the neck, the hooks which waggle like Chinese mandarins' heads when they are touched, and triumphantly proves that you are at least twenty minutes too fast. For she is always about that amount of time too slow, and she will never be convinced that she is wrong and that you are right by railroad time. At last when she is got under way—with what difficulty! she finds that she has left something behind her. This is invariable. Either it is her purse or her keys—something of importance and quite indispensable; or it is a comparative trifle, such as a handkerchief, a pair of scissors, or the like. In any case it is something.

Another of her peculiarities is, she never pays twice alike. Sometimes she gives a franc where she ought to give five; sometimes she gives five where one would have been almost more than enough. It all depends on her mood of the moment, our slipshod cousin disdaining those fixed principles by which the mass of reasonable folk are governed, and acting as the humour takes her in all her dealings with her kind. Fortunately, that humour is generally good and amiable, else she would be indeed intolerable. A creature like our slipshod cousin, peevish, complaining, quarrelsome, fault-finding, would be something even beyond the patience of Job, the constancy of saints. To be incompetent for her own part and then to throw the blame of that incompetency on others, would be simply insupportable; and, just as camels when they are overloaded kneel down and die, so would the companion of a person of this kind be forced to give up and let the fates work their will. But one may love what one cannot respect; and our slipshod cousin, though a nuisance, an infliction, a torment—what you will—has certain qualities of heart which make one forgive her defects of head, and "put up with her," as the saying goes, with what patience one can command.

THE January number of *Lippincott's* maintains the usual standard of excellence of that magazine. Among the most valuable and interesting of its contents may be mentioned "Life at Oxford," by Norman Pearson, a paper which none will care to put by till they have read it all; "Notes of a Conversation with Emerson," by Pendleton King, a subject which cannot fail to allure the reader; "Matthew Arnold on Emerson," by L. J. Swinburne; "Healthy Homes," by Felix L. Oswald, and other well-written and study-repaying papers. The fiction department does not lag behind, and the verse by John Moran and Henry A. Beers is in keeping with the general contents. Belle Osbourne contributes "Hawaii Pono, a Sketch," in which she describes the coronation of King Kalukarra and Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii:

On each side of the pavilion stood a man burning a bundle of kukui-nuts wrapped in leaves, which is an emblem of royalty, while rows of natives in black evening dress, with small feather capes over their shoulders and holding things that look like enormous feather dusters and are called *kahilis*, were stationed beside the bridge. An old woman in the audience invoked blessings on the dead king in a shrill, monotonous voice.

When the royal party were finally settled in the pavilion, the band played "Hawaii Pono," the national anthem, and then the chief justice administered the oath. The crown, which reposed on a silken cushion, was presented to the king, who placed it on his own head, but was obliged to screw it round several times before it could be made to fit. Then a page bent the knee and handed him the queen's crown. A maid of honour removed a small coronet from her majesty's head, and in so doing displaced a

considerable portion of the royal frizzes. The king then placed the crown upon his consort's brow, but, in his agitation put it on a little sideways, and the poor queen had to sit with a crooked neck during the rest of the ceremonies to keep it from falling off.

One of the young men, squeezed in between two girls, brought out his guitar, and, throwing back his head and glancing upward with that particularly sentimental air which the player of this instrument always assumes, sang, in a fine baritone,—

Oh, the girl in the yellow *holaku*,
The girl in the yellow *holaku*,
She loves me, and
I'll be true
To the girl in the yellow *holaku*!

Then they all twanged away and played a song composed by the king, "Adios, adios—*ke aloha!*" which is a jumble of three languages, to a sweet and plaintive tune, and then the chief performer gave us a half-white song, so called because half the words were English and half native.

Finally, we turned into a long avenue lighted on each side by rows of torches, and drew up before a low gate, from which we walked over canvas to the house. We paid our respects to the hostess, a handsome lady, beautifully dressed, who had the tinge of olive and the magnificent hair which betoken native blood. From there we went over more canvas to the *lanai*.

The *lanai* is a feature of the islands. It means either a small arbor, or a large floor covered overhead with a roof, sometimes of shingles, but often of vines or dried grasses. The one we were conducted to was canvased for dancing, and had a roof overhead, and opposite the entrance, in letters of flowers, were inscribed the words "*Aloha nu'ne*" ("You are welcome").

The veranda projected out over the ocean, and Chinese lanterns twinkled everywhere. An enormous punch-bowl surrounded by an army of glasses stood in one corner, and on a raised platform sat four Portuguese, who contributed the music, all playing on guitars and keeping excellent time.

Between the dances we went out on the veranda, and, leaning on the railing, looked at the sea rolling in over the coral-reefs to our very feet. The air from the water was deliciously cool after dancing. Then back to the house, where supper was served under some low trees, and we could look out on a weird cocoanut-grove, strange and fantastic in the moonlight. Oh, *Wai-ki-ki!* tropical, sentimental *Wai-ki-ki!* I wonder if any where in the world the moon looks down on a lovelier spot!

THE January *St. Nicholas* is not so irresistible a number as was the December issue. It is entirely readable and interesting, but has less richness and piquancy than last number. There are also fewer quotable things. Miss Louisa Alcott begins her "Spinning Wheel Stories" with a tale of seventy years ago. The opening article is a Colorado story by H. H., entitled "Christmas in the Pink Boarding House." Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has a story with the happy title of "Fun-Beams." Professor Boyesen continues his "Tales of Two Continents," and Mr. W. O. Stoddard gives the second instalment of "Winter Fun." "The Land of Fire," Captain Mayne Reid's last story, increases in interest and instructiveness. There are verses by Mr. Joel Benton, Miss Helen Gray Cone, and others. A new and excellent feature is the "St. Nicholas Almanac," begun in this number. Therefrom we quote the following fable with many morals—

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

"How big a brood shall you have this year, madam?" said the Fox to the Hen, one cold winter evening in the barn-yard.

"What's that to you?" said the Hen to the Fox.

"Supper!" replied the Fox, promptly.

"Well, I don't know," said the Hen, in reply; "I may have ten; But I never count my chickens before they are hatched."

"Quite right," said the Fox, "neither do I; and, as a hen in the present is worth ten chickens in the future, I will eat you now." So saying, he carried her off.

The next morning the farmer, seeing the tracks of the fox in the snow, took his gun and went out and shot him. "Alas!" said the Fox, "I should have waited for the ten chickens; there is no snow in summer time."

BOOK NOTICES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. By T. Hall Caine. Boston: Roberts Bros.

This is a book, which from one point of view possesses much the same kind of interest as the lives of De Quincey and Coleridge. Each is the history of a man of genius, who became the slave of a drug. But the cases are not exactly parallel. The two elder writers took to opium to relieve pain and on account of its exhilarating qualities; Rossetti took to chloral to induce sleep. The effects of opium are well known; chloral, though it did not impair Rossetti's intellect, or especially lessen his power of doing work, rendered him excessively nervous, made him the prey of misconceptions as to the acts and intentions of his best friends, and shortened his life by many years. The use of some sedative was rendered necessary, and its injurious results increased, by his mode of life. His hour for going to rest, or rather for taking his first dose of chloral, was four in the morning. He took no exercise. He seems to have been almost insensible to the charms of an out-of-door existence. He felt no desire to travel. For a great artist, whose special excellence was his mastery of colour, he was wonderfully inappreciative of the charms of fine landscapes. Of that love of rural scenery which has been a marked characteristic of nearly every considerable English poet during the last one hundred years, he was almost wholly destitute. He was essentially a denizen of the town. Towards the end of his life he became extremely sedentary. For a period of two years he seldom left his house, and never on foot. His secluded way of