

WE read much of her beautiful home, of its appointments of almost Eastern magnificence, and of its best ornaments in the distinguished guests who come and go, but we wonder if the lovely chatelaine knows the happiness she knew before making a compact with Fortunatus, and while yet dwelling with "the beautiful goddess of Poverty." Certainly, we most love to picture her as she looked on a summer day of a summer long gone by, fashioning the picture as presented in an interview which she granted to a very young and very unsophisticated girl, who also knew the path leading to Olympus. At that time Mrs. Burnett was young, fair, blue-eyed, with a complexion of singular brilliancy, and a glory of reddish hair. She was on a visit to her husband's mother at the farm-house in the Tennessee Mountains, and her study was in the attic, where she received the young enthusiast who writes:

"She rocked Little Lord Fauntleroy in her arms while she told me the story of early despair, struggle and success. 'I wanted to go to a picnic with Doro (her soubriquet for Dr. Burnett), and I had nothing to wear and no money,' and a dimple came into her cheek. 'It was a Sunday school picnic, announced many weeks ahead, and, moved by the energy of despair, I surreptitiously sent off a story to Godey—an impossible romance of an English family and a set of diamonds. When I received thirty-five dollars in return, I went into violent hysterics; but, you see, I was only fifteen years old. But I also went to that picnic in a white, white dress and blue, blue ribbons, and I was blessed.

"After that it was all plain sailing. I wrote because it was as easy to write as to breathe, and Doro read every line before it was sent away, and we were so poor, yet so happy together. "Surly Miss Timble," published in *Scribner*, cost me such agonies of weeping that they sent for Doro. I pointed to the finished manuscript: "I am so, so sorry for him," I sobbed, and then he read the story aloud, and we all wept sore. After that, money flowed in so easily to the little English girl locked in the Tennessee mountains that Doro and I got married.

We went to Europe, and these little ones came to us—one under the blue skies of France and one in the Eternal City.

"I am absolutely happy, that is all." Was it not enough?

"Early tea was long since over, gold-tinted shadows crept in the attic windows, and we each undressed a sleepy, black-eyed boy, robed him in a little white nightgown and rocked him to rest in our arms.

'The Den,' as she called it, was roughly furnished, near the sky, littered with manuscript, but sacred under the guardianship of the trim gods of brain and health. Crowned with laurel and myrtle, she was rocking the babies under the admiring gaze of their father, and to my young imagination she seemed to wear the double crown of domestic love and earthly honor.

"I wish I could do something for you,' I sighed in my hero-worshipping way. 'You can,' she said, in her pronounced manner. 'That gown looks Parisian; is it?' I confessed that it was. 'Then help me cut the pattern of the overskirt.' And when the boys were safe in their little bed Dr. Burnett held the lamp and we knelt on the attic floor, in the cool deep shadow of the Tennessee Mountains, and cut in newspaper the pattern of that overskirt. And to-day I like to recall her, exquisitely young and womanly, in love with her husband, in love with her children, in love with life, cutting, with anxious face and puckered brow, the pattern of a Parisian overskirt."

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THE lady whom Carlyle first loved and whom he immortalized as Blumena in "*Sartor Resartus*" was a Miss Kirkpatrick. She was the daughter of a Begum at Hyderabad, a Persian princess by descent, who married Colonel Kirkpatrick, an English officer holding a high post at the court there. Her hair, which Carlyle described as bronzed, was peculiar to the Persian royal family. In person, she was far more foreign than English, and it was this rare combination of Eastern grace and beauty, with the highest English culture, which made her so very charming. She married a Captain Phillips and their