

Philip, who was to deliver her from injustice and tyranny. Alas! he never came, nor did she hear of him again until after in her faithfulness to him she had refused three excellent offers. Then reports of his marriage reached her. Even when this rumor was proved to be only too true, her trusting heart never censured but pitied him, believing that his life as well as her own was blighted, for she knew he could never love any but her. The blue silk heart is a piece of the dress she wore on the occasion of her first meeting Philip, and that, with a lock of dark brown hair and half a guinea, is all that remains of Miss Vernon's first and only love. The silk quilt is supported on the right by one of a commoner description known as the "log cabin," on the left by one with a pure white ground, on which is a basket of fruit in the centre, with a wreath of leaves and immense apples running round the border, in the brightest of turkey-red, which it will readily be believed produces a most startling effect. These are the principal decorations of the wall, but who shall describe the tables? What a combination of use and ornament meets the eye! There is every description of work: Hair-work and leather-work, and wax-work and crochet-work, and wool-work and raised-work, and bead-work and hair-pin-work, and braiding, knitting, netting, and tatting. Antimacassars of every size, shape, pattern, and style. Huge bouquets of feather flowers, which, for imitation of shape and color, might deceive the keenest eye. Straw picture frames, leather frames, and cone frames, beautifully varnished and surmounted with acorns. Wax-flowers and paper flowers are here in the greatest profusion, and immense fans, made of peacock's feathers, with good substantial pine handles, painted and varnished. There is also a drawing or sketch of our new bridge with a tree which is not in the original, drooping over into the water. This sketch might not be thought much in some places, but here, where we make no pretensions to the fine arts, it is considered a very great deal, and is gazed upon by all in undisguised admiration. Besides this, there is a Swiss cottage in pasteboard, covered with

shells, which is also regarded as a masterpiece in its way. From a tatted tidy in pink silk—a marvel of beauty and delicacy—down to rag door-mats, on which are faithful representations of cats, kittens, and other domestic animals, everything is here. Of course we are unable to inspect each article minutely, for the crowd still heaves and surges, now carrying us up to the tables and now back again to the wall. In one of these undulations we find ourselves securely lodged at a window, from which we can command a view of proceedings both outside and in. What a study of life this would be for Councillor Smythe! Notwithstanding the energy with which every person is pushing past and elbowing his neighbor, in order to make a way for himself, the greatest good humor seems to prevail. Laughter and jokes, mingled with the profusest apologies for treading on toes and thumping ribs, are heard on all sides. Some of our town ladies appear to us more pensive than the occasion requires. Fanning themselves in a languid manner, they gaze around with wistful eyes as if in a mute appeal to some imaginary power to come to their aid, whilst our sisters from without the corporation show a determination of will in making a way for themselves to see and inspect the fancywork which is only equalled by the honesty of their remarks on the same. This day is surely theirs, or as a gentleman near us, who has no sooner extricated one foot from underneath a stout oid lady than he finds himself pinned to the floor by another, bitterly exclaims:

"These people from the country seem to think they are running this little affair altogether."

But he is speedily restored to good humor when the offender, turning around to apologize, says:

"Her feet were always too big, but since she came into this place she has not been able to keep them off people for two minutes at a time."

We soon recognize the first prize faces, and a close observer may as readily detect a second which should have been a first, or a third which should have been a second. Where all expect the best, some one must