

him he does not seem to have been of a very genial or communicative nature; and whenever the present priest desired to see the registers, he was roughly told to mind his own business. Luckily it is not an arduous task to marry a couple by the Scotch law, or William might have found it difficult on succeeding, as priest of the third generation, to earn his livelihood.

In conclusion, we beg to offer to the curious in such matters an exact copy of a certificate of marriage at the Fleet. It was recently found in the parish chest of a Devonshire village, and is printed on parchment, with the royal arms engraved elaborately on the left:

"These are to satisfy whom it may concern that [Samuel] Husbandsman of Sedmow in Devon Batchelor and Dorothy Kipping Spinster were married [at ye Fleet] London on ye [16th] day of [July] 17[38] according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England, as appears by ye Register, in the custody of [E. Wheeler].

"WALTER WYATT,
"Minister."

This may be supplemented by a transcript of Mr. Lang's present marriage certificates at Gretna. It is headed by an engraving of a chalice and an open Bible:

"KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND, COUNTY OF DUMFRIES, PARISH OF GRETNIA.—These are to certify to all whom they may concern: that —, from the parish of —, in the county of —, and —, from the parish of —, in the county of —, being now both here present, and having declared to me that they are Single Persons, have now been Married after the manner of the Laws of Scotland: As witness our hand at Gretna, this — day of —, 187—.

Witnesses {

M. G. W.

The Ladies' Page.

FASHION HINTS.

Three Fall and Winter suits just completed by an acknowledged authority will afford some indication of the Fall styles.

One was of black cashmere, the skirt plain and demi-trained, the polonaise long, simply looped at the sides, and trimmed with black buttons; black elastic belt fastened with jet clasp at the back. Loops of silk cord and buttons were attached to the skirt under the polonaise, so that it could be drawn up to walking length. Black buttons and jet ornaments have taken the place, to some extent, of oxidized silver upon all black costumes, but the change is a matter of taste. Buttons and clasps of old silver are still fashionably worn. Where jet is used, a jet châtelaine is added, from which a large black fan is suspended, giving a thoroughly conventional effect.

A second costume consisted of skirt and long polonaise also, in soft, thick, satin-finished black silk. It was the same in design as the other, only the train was about a quarter of a yard longer. The polonaise was trimmed with a deep thread lace and was caught up with a wide side sash of the black watered ribbon, instead of being belted in.

It should have been remarked that both were finished with a fraise at the throat, lined with fine pleated crêpe lisse.

The third suit—worth mentioning for its usefulness and adaptability—consisted of plain skirt, double-breasted Gabrielle polonaise, extra cape and cloak, the cape of which formed the sleeves; all of English all-wool waterproof cloth, marine blue in color. The polonaise and cape were trimmed with two widths of wide black braid and buttons; the skirt and wrap were finished with a broad hem stitched with black. The polonaise was lined with flannel to the waist, and together with the cape forms a complete winter suit, the waterproof wrap being adapted for wear in storms over any dress.

Symphonic or shaded costumes are in preparation for dinner and evening wear.

High hats are to be worn turned up at the sides, and mounted either with a smooth wing, as an aligrette, or a large ostrich plume laid across the top and curled over at the back.

Shaded roses and roses of various colors, clustered together, will be used upon black velvet. Jet ornaments are used as pins and fastenings for feathers, and an upright fan of velvet or silk, or an Alsatian bow, for the front of hats.

The hair is very simply arranged. It is combed up from the neck, smoothly laid in a twist or coil at the back, rather than the top of the head, and fastened with a handsome shell comb. In front of this is placed a braid, which is fastened at the back and holds one or two long curls, which float upon the neck.

English prints improve in texture and designs yearly.

The prettiest patterns for the approaching Autumn have black or dark-brown grounds, with small figures of one color, representing part of a Greek square, a double leaf, mammoth snails, miniature comets, true-lovers' knots, in buff, violet, blue, green, or currant red.

Others slightly more expensive are strewn with small white hexagons, with a tiny bouquet in French chintz colors.

French calicoes are in gay stripes of many mingled colors, in Persian fashion, and may be called shah stripes.

Cashmere has become a staple winter fabric,

and is imported in various thicknesses under different names.

The old time small-twilled cashmere restored to favor during the reign of Eugene is still the popular choice, and seems to defy all novelties.

Polka-dotted cashmeres are imported for children's dresses, and for morning wrappers. The grounds are black, with scarlets, or else deep Napoleon blue or purple, with black or white dots, or lighter dots of the ground color.

Merinoes and the lower priced satines are also largely imported.

A novelty, called triple diagonal, is cashmere wool, not woven in its usual small irregular twill, but in three diagonal lines grouped together—a broad line with two narrower ones beside it. This slight change produces a new and very pretty effect.

Something of variety is given to the always popular black goods of mixed silk and wool by weaving them in tiny armure figures, pinhead checks, and almost invisible reps, instead of the long-worn twills and thick reps.

These armure and other designs are also brought out in colored goods of fine wool, but custom is not new in colors.

The soft Biarritz cloth in lengthwise reps is a standard favorite among winter materials.

Japanese silks and poplins are brought out in stripes of color—violet, blue, brown, and grisaille, with black.

These are not heavy enough for winter in this climate, but are worn very late in the season by ladies and children who live further south.

HOME.

The home does not appear under the same aspect to the man and woman. Much domestic discomfort would be avoided if practical recognition were more generally given to this fact. Man finds his proper arena of action outside the circle of his home. He may not at all times need to go actually forth into the world; nevertheless, it is there the objects lie which more immediately arouse his energies. But he is generally called upon to take up some position on the public battle field, and to bear his share, however humble, in the great conflict raging on every side. When he so appreciates his duty as to feel that his life must be real and earnest, he is under a compulsion to be ever achieving; and, even though he have a hearty relish for his work, and a due sense of its importance, yet, not to speak of the weariness of the flesh, it will bring to him fears, anxieties, and defects to tire and discourage, as well as hopes, joys, and triumphs to brace up and urge onward. Continually he is made to feel that he stands in absolute need of rest; and upon his home he naturally looks as that quiet spot to which he may retreat from his arduous struggles, where, putting his armour off, laying aside his weapons, and binding up his wounds, he may enjoy the fruits of his victories, or forget the pangs of his defeats, and by repose so recruit his vigor as to enter again into the warfare, and with renewed strength cope with the many difficulties he has to encounter.

But so far from the home being the woman's resting place, it is her battle field. Instead of flying to it to escape the turmoils of life, it is there for the most part she has to encounter them. It is the stage on which she is called upon to play her allotted part; and, considered well, right noble and arduous is the work she has to do. It devolves upon her to organize, regulate, and animate the manifold energies of her household, to develop the intelligences, control the passions, draw forth the finer, and curb the baser feelings, and direct the consciences of her family. To do all this wisely and conscientiously demands the highest qualities, and is to her as tedious and exhausting as man's labors in his wider arena of action. Her rest then is to get away from the scene of her toils, to leave her home and go into society where her mind shall be freed from her domestic cares. "Let me repose myself at my fireside amidst the comforts and quietude of my domestic circle," says the man. "Let me recruit my flagging energies and refresh my weary spirit by quitting the scene of my troubles. Let me go to some entertainment, or to visit my friends," says the woman.

Thus it is obvious that on this point a radical antagonism as to their needs and enjoyments exists between those husbands and wives who most thoroughly fulfil their several duties. If, then, mutual affection, directed by sound sense, do not lead to such a compromise as shall harmonize the requirements of each sex, there must necessarily be constant opposition with its attendant miseries, and married life will not occupy that high and honorable position, nor present those attractions which are to be found in a healthy state of society.

For the woman—and it is with her duties only we deal—if she would gain that domestic happiness which all so much desire, yet so many, they know not how, miss, it is very needful to remember that a man's home should be essentially his place of rest. Were she to keep this constantly in view she would strive so to order that peace, domestic comfort, and tranquil pleasures shall there as much as possible prevail. For this end it would be her great object to make the family circle as enjoyable to her husband as she could by banishing all gloom, bustle, cold disorder and confusion, and letting him find that here he has that paradise of indolence in which he may revel in the ecstasy of repose for which his wearied body and harassed mind so long.

Depend upon it neither turmoil and disorder, nor loud talking and laughter, nor scolding and

nagging, nor, above all, fuming and fretting at every trifling annoyance can find any room in a home where domestic bliss is so enthroned that a man's heart yearns towards it. Nor, on the other hand, will it be a place where the chilliness of ultra propriety holds its sway, where all is so trim and rigid in its tidiness, so elaborate in its garnishings, and so spotless in its glaring cleanliness as if display not use was the object sought after. No, it is there where affection is enshrined amidst all that can tend to soothe and cheer, to gratify the wearied senses, and to calm the harassed mind, to which a man returns with joy after his buffetings in the world, that he may find the repose he needs.

OUR GIRLS.

THEIR HABITS AND LANGUAGE.

When Lord Dufferin, in a speech lately delivered at some Canadian gathering, pointed out to his loyal listeners the danger of letting their offspring become anything like those little terrors to life, the American children, we were prompted to recall our youth and discover if we really were all that such fancies have painted us. But as we read further in the nobleman's careful address, we could not help wondering if he were, after all, much acquainted with American children himself, and especially if he knew anything at all about our school girl. For though it is tolerably true that she rules a large portion of America, the world of parents being her abject servants, and their opinion going for little or nothing on any topic until "the girls" have first pronounced upon it, yet experience leads us to believe that she is not altogether the *enfant terrible* that we are told; and one of Mrs. Woolson's charming essays makes the belief a certainty; for most of us were school-girls, we will not say how many years since, and were a part of all the experience of that little cosmos of theirs, and as we read of their exploits in Mrs. Woolson's pages we live a portion of the past over again. Some one says that boys between the ages of ten and twenty should be put in a barrel and fed and educated through the bung-hole; and surely if one is about to pass the same sentence on the girl of like age it would be well to pause first and remember those days of spontaneous delights and extravagant warmth—days when the hat was tilted a pitch beyond any fashion but its own, when twin cherries were worn for ear-rings and mountain-ash berries for necklaces, when beauties were openly admired and faults were openly challenged, and when the sky was dark or bright as the chemistry lesson was learned or lost. The school-girl lives, in fact, not only in a world of her own, but, like the planet Saturn, inside ring after ring of her own; for the outer world is a vague nebulous world far removed; within that comes the home world; the world of blackboard and teacher is something nearer still; and close to her very existence is the world of confidante and bosom-friend, of quarrelling and admiring, of enthusiasm and hates, of pickled limes and taffey. Here in this inner world of all, novel laws are supreme as the code of Rhadamanthus—laws of honor; here what a literature obtains, literature at which the rest of the world has even done laughing, but to her all the pathos is pathos yet. What heroes rule in it, grand, gloomy, and peculiar, and who, because she is so innocent herself, she has well spiced with sin as savoring most of the great unknown; heroes with an air of melancholy "that seems to hint at a terrible experience in the past and an unlimited account of remorse in the present," a hero who reigns without so much as a thought of being pushed from his supremacy by the nice young man who parts his hair in the middle, and is the adored of the school-girl's sisters, but whom she extinguishes with her ever-ready satire by the sobriquets of "Pretty Dear" and "Kids!" For certainly she has no reverence for the sterner sex, unless it is all comprised in an infatuated worship of the head master, who seems to her something beyond a mortal, all the more when he detects her misdemeanors with his back turned and by the magical reflection in his blue spectacles. The boys, indeed, who accompany her in her classes, and always keep her dragging behind the rate at which she would advance, are regarded by her as mere dead-weights; and she never suspects their intellects to be the superior thing she hears them declared when these same boys are safe in their colleges and professions beyond the chance of feminine competition. And if she has a literature and ideals of her own, she has secrets too; what secrets, administered under what pledges of silence, secrets about everything and practically about nothing, and teaching her the uselessness of secrets ever after! And certainly the school-girl has a language of her own, a language of slang that would do credit to a Paris gamine. "After reciting all day in the most correct and classic English at her command, she revels in a disregard of precedents, and dashes off her ideas in few and resounding epithets. Her exuberant feelings demand for their expression only the most intense superlatives. Simple adjectives are discharged from her service as too tame for burning thoughts. Nothing can be to her merely good or bad; it is either perfectly magnificent or as horrid as it can be." The word "splendid" never falls her; she has, though, when that is powerless to express all emotion, another is "gelotious," signifying unimaginable raptures, and countless more mysterious yet, for she does not understand why the "well of English undefiled" should not bubble for her as well as

for the ancient coiners of words. But another less pardonable liberty with her native tongue is taken by the school-girls, and that is in the adulteration of the name given her by her sponsors in baptism, and queenly appellatives full of associations with poetry and romance and history are metamorphosed into nauseating Lizzies and Katties and Maggies. It would be a waste of words, though, to reason with the school-girl on this or on almost any other subject on which her mind is made up, or on which she hesitates to express it. She does not condescend to argue, but she pronounces her conclusions true, because in some subtle way known to herself she feels them to be so. "It is only later in life," says Mrs. Woolson, from whom we quote again, "that she learns to resent the common masculine talk about woman's instincts as an attempt to deprive her of all credit for her actions by allying her with bees, beavers, and other curious creatures who work after a pattern set them in the garden of Eden."—*Bazar*.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

SWAMPSCOTT TEA CAKES:—1 cup sweet milk, 1 cup butter, 3 cups sugar, 3 eggs (whites beaten), 1 tablespoon soda and 1 nutmeg. Mix very soft.

VERMICELLI PUDDING.—4oz. vermicelli, stewed in water ten minutes, add half pint cream, 3oz. sifted sugar, 3oz. fresh butter, and four eggs (previously beaten); bake forty minutes. (Provid.)

BOSTON BUNS:—3 cups milk or water, 1 cup yeast, 1 cup sugar, flour enough to make a stiff batter. Let it rise over night, in the morning add 1 cup butter, 1 cup raisins or currants, then let it rise again before making into cakes.

NEWPORT SODA CAKE:—2½ cups sugar, 3 cups sifted flour, 3 eggs, 1 heaping teaspoon butter, 2 heaping teaspoons Merrill's yeast powder, or 1 of cream tartar and two-thirds of a heaping teaspoon of soda; salt and spice to taste.

YEAST AND BREAD:—Take 1 cup of warm water and flour enough to make it as thick as fritters, set it over a kettle of warm water one day. The next day add half a small teaspoon of soda or saleratus and let it set over steam till it rises and foams, then add flour, knead the dough and let it set an hour or two to rise, then bake.

MULBERRY PRESERVE.—Put the large ripe mulberries into a strong syrup, and boil them in a covered pan, shaking them from time to time; then take them off the fire, skim the syrup, and let it stand in a cool place for two hours. Boil again until the syrup has become exceedingly thick, and put into pots securely covered.

GATEAU DE POMMES.—Put 1½ lb. of white sugar into a pint of cold water, let it boil till it becomes sugar again, then add 2lb. of apples, pared, cored, and cut, and the thin rind of a large lemon. Boil all together till it is quite stiff, then put it into a mould. The next day, when cold, it will turn out well. You may give it a red color by putting in some juice of a shred beetroot. The mould must be wetted with cold water.

NAHANT ROLLS:—1 pint milk, 1 cup yeast, 2 tablespoons sugar, a little salt, 2 quarts flour, 2 tablespoons lard; let it rise over night. Place the flour in a pan at night, and in the centre of it pour the other ingredients, but do not stir till morning, then stir down and let it rise again. Stir it down a second time, roll it out and cut as for biscuit, spread on them a little butter, double them together and place them in a tin to rise before baking.

FRUIT CAKE:—"Mr. Editor, I send a recipe for a nice fruit cake that will keep a year or longer. 4 coffee cups sifted flour, 3 cups sugar, 2 cups butter, 2 pounds raisins stoned and chopped, 2 pounds currants washed and dried, 1 pound citron, 1 nutmeg, with cloves and cinnamon, 8 eggs with the whites and yolks beat separately, 1 teaspoon soda, pulverized and put in dry. This will make two cakes baked in 2-quart basins. Bake 2 hours. I have taken the first premium at our County Fair for four years on fruit cake made after this recipe."

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE.—Put a tablespoonful of vinegar in a saucepan, and reduce it on the fire to one-third; add a quarter of a pound of butter and the yolks of two eggs. Place the saucepan on a slow fire, stir the contents continuously with a spoon, and as fast as the butter melts add more, until 1lb. is used. If the sauce becomes too thick at any time during the process add a tablespoonful of cold water, and continue stirring. Then put in pepper and salt to taste, and take great care not to let the sauce boil. When it is made—that is when all the butter is used and the sauce is of the proper thickness—put the saucepan containing it into another filled with warm (not boiling) water until the time of serving.

BLACK AND WHITE DRESSES (TO WASH).—Take 1½ lb. of the best yellow soap, and slowly dissolve it in hot water (about a quart), so that it forms a jelly. Wash the dress quickly in warm water, using the jelly instead of soap; well rinse it in two or three clean waters, and wring it as dry as possible. If you have a wringing machine with indiarubber rollers, that is the best; but if not double wring the dress. Have ready a basin of raw starch, prepared in the following manner: To two handfuls of Gill and Tucker's laundry starch, add a quart of cold water, a pinch of powdered borax, and a teaspoonful of turpentine, and well mix; into this dip the dress, and wring it out as dry as possible, roll in a large cloth for a few minutes, and then iron with as much speed as compatible with good workmanship.