

their evenings together with music, readings and fancy work, and if not attending lectures or the theater, or occasionally a party or a ball, retired at 10 o'clock; even those dropping in to spend the evening were expected to depart at that time.

There were no club houses in those primitive days. Those are an importation from Europe and the curse of domestic and moral life.

Those palaces, libraries and colleges for the poor that the rich are making, such a display of, are all these going to help the poor win their bread or love their home? It would be far better if these bosses of the poor laborers, would spend half their money paying them living rates, and knowing that their homes were comfortable and pleasant; the other half finding work for the unemployed; of course, this method would not sound their praises with so much eclat as erecting a handsome building. But it would be more charitable and the people could find their own amusements without being paupers.

There are some with influence and wealth who take this view, like Mr. J. D. R., who treats his employees like fellow-men and pays them liberally. One of the humblest of these told me that they all swore by him, that he never had any strikes. He only expressed the general sentiment, for he had never seen Mr. R. Nor does this distributor of wealth give so largely to great charitable institutions, but is constantly doing good privately as is also his wife and family, who do not belong to the 400. They have not time for such a life. They are searching the haunts of the oppressed and poor, their purses in their hands providing for their needs. And there are many others in the city of New York who are doing the same; ladies who would grace any court in Europe like Mrs. M. S. D. and Mrs. W. C., who give their sympathy and money to the most unfortunate of the poor, those who have fallen from affluence; and other noble women who are using their best energies for the alleviation of their suffering

[TO BE CONTINUED].

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

It is a marvel to those who value beauty in women above all other gifts, that so many really plain girls marry, while an equal number of beauties are left to "wither on the stem." Nothing is more common than to hear expressions of wonder why Miss Laura is so long in marrying, "a pretty girl like that," who ought obviously, simply on account of her prettiness, to have had offers innumerable, and one, at least, which could not be refused. The astonishment is almost natural, and it is even shared by many men who ought by this time, if lessons in love and matrimony were not forever new, to have found out how little the god Hymen, and the goddess Juno, generally care for mere outward show. So true is this, indeed, that if a list be made out on a sort of competition principle, and it were possible to observe by the aid of it the relative age at which plain and pretty girls marry, it may be asserted almost with certainty that the palm in the race would be carried off by the former. The plain girl, if she marries at all, marries a man who really admires her, and is not merely ambitious of securing her as an ornament or a feather in his cap. Of course, beauty is a great advantage at the start; but, unfortunately, it is generally accompanied by vanity, and vanity brings egotism. A man soon tires of the inane talk of an acknowledged belle who loves to boast

sisterhood. The king's daughters are among them, and there is no end to the good they are doing in their truly Christian work. Such as these compare in virtue with the women of the feudal age. I have one young lady in my mind, who is unselfishly devoted to her family, kind to those in distress, very sweet of disposition, unless some tale of wrong called forth the indignant spirit of her Scottish race, when her beautiful gray eyes would flash, and her tall, graceful figure assume the dignity of a young duchess; but her greatest charm, (although the daughter of a millionaire) is her unassuming modesty; though travelled and cultured, she does not wish to be called a society girl. In her charities, she is like her mother, who never let her left hand know what her right hand did. I have been with her on little jaunts around the city of A— where she lived. I remember going, one winter's day to Troy in a stage which was uncovered. Opposite us was a poor woman with a babe. The woman and child were both thinly clad, and the child moaned and cried with the cold. It embarrassed the mother, who seemed to stand in awe of the well-dressed passengers. My friend, Mrs. — gave the shawl she had on her arm, and told the woman to wrap the child in it, and nurse it. Her kindly yet imperative voice reassured the woman; and she soon silenced the child, and apologized for bringing it out on so cold a day, by informing us that she had learned that she could get work in T—. And I noticed that my friend took a large bill slyly from her purse, and when we were all getting out, slipped it in her hand, getting away before the woman could recover from her surprise.

While with her in N. Y. and other places, I have known about the same thing to occur. And yet people have said, although the head of the house was so liberal in public donations, the women folks seldom subscribed largely. No, they were constantly doing good to those who had suffered reverses, to the very poor, and to the sick.

of her conquests, and quite plainly displays her wondrous admiration of self, and turns with relief to the plainer girl, who has little or at least less vanity. She is also more conscious that she should have some ability to talk and think. Being on her mettle, she takes an amount of trouble to make herself agreeable that can never be expected from a belle; and being less used to flattery and professions of love at first sight, she is much more likely to weigh fairly the real merits of any man who tries to please her. For the same reason she is more disposed to sympathize with the feelings and aspirations of others besides herself, and thus to enchain the affections of men who think a good deal of themselves. Men are as often vain as women, and much more often egotistical, and they not unfrequently consider it the chief duty of a wife to listen and agree. Her individuality should be merged in her husband's, but she must not rival him in any way. Add to this that the shaft of love, when it is inspired by the plain girl, comes with redoubled force, because the wounded man is often quite unsuspecting of his danger. In talking to an acknowledged beauty he feels—conceited wretch that he is—that he has his life in his hand, whereas, in his interviews with the less attractive damsel, he is generally off his guard. It is thus that in matrimony, as in other races, the tortoise often beats the hare.