

annoyed with him, and purposely avoided him whenever she could do so. When a meeting was inevitable there was a greater reserve and an uncertain manner, so different from the old gentle pleasantness that it made him unhappy.

"I don't know what ails her," complained the old father one day to M. de Belandi. "She pleased herself or might have done so. But she is no longer the same girl. I was saying to her mother I wish you might call; for if any one can rouse her to find out what is the matter it is yourself."

To please the poor old gentleman, M. de Belandi went at once to find Elise in a small boudoir, where she sometimes sat. He had often been privileged to enter this room; and now as his knock met with no notice, he pushed the door open without scruple.

Elise had been crying, but as she turned and saw him a blush covered her face, and she nervously tried to hide what looked like a photograph, which she had evidently been looking at.

"What, another photograph?" he exclaimed, trying to carry off the little awkwardness he felt by a joke. "Why, Elise, is it possible that there was a reason for your failing to see the charms of Villani? Have you, too, been caught by a *carte de visite*?"

To his surprise, instead of meeting his joke with a smile or saucy retort, she bent her head, striving to hide her tears, and the hand which held the picture actually trembled.

"My dear Elise, what is it? Your father is quite unhappy about you. You are not an undecided person; but it is possible you regret saying 'No.' A lady is allowed to change her mind."

Still her agitation seemed to increase, and she could not keep down her sobs. Presently she snatched her hand to her head, stammering some unconnected words about not being well. She forgot for the moment the photograph, which was by this movement exposed to view. M. de Belandi's astonishment was great indeed to see a by no means flattering full length photograph of himself!

He stood transfixed for a few moments, while a veil seemed to be suddenly raised from his mind, disclosing old things in a different shape, clear and defined—things which hitherto had been but dimly guessed at, and then suddenly hidden again, and while he was so gazing and so thinking, she looked up and discovered what she had done.

By way of correcting the mistake made she made another; catching up the photograph with a little exclamation of alarm, and then with a sudden perception of what she had done, choking her sobs, she tried to explain "that she had been turning out her desk, and so—and so—"

But his eyes were now bent so earnestly on her face that she was in a manner compelled to meet his look.

"Elise, is it possible?" he whispered. Then presently held out his arms. In a moment she was in them, clasped close, her tears falling softly. But a sudden change came over her face, and she struggled to release herself, saying—

"Leave me instantly! You have taken advantage of—I like you as a friend, of course, but—you misunderstand—"

"And I love you not as a friend, Elise. I have done so. But I would not allow it to myself even. I was too old for you; you only thought of me as a grave relation and mentor. I know now what it all means; my dread of losing you—"

"But you urged me on," she interrupted. "It was your words which nearly all but induced me to consent. You seemed to have almost set your heart on it."

"Not so. Let us sit down and quickly talk together a little," he said.

This they did, and he managed to convince her that if her heart had been given to him, it was not until she had full possession of his. But how could he, at his age, be so vain as to suppose that he had the shadow of a chance? He had to stifle every feeling bravely; too much so, indeed. But now, surely, she would not punish him for this?

The result of it all was, to the utter surprise of M. Borno, his friend, M. de Belandi, made a formal proposal for the hand of his daughter, Elise. The old gentleman had to seek for, and then put on his spectacles before he could believe that he heard rightly, looking first at one and then at the other in a way to bring up blushes as well as smiles on the face of Elise. When he really took it in, consent was fully given, and after a little more talk between papa and mamma, they began to wonder how it was they had never thought of this before. So this was why Mlle. Elise had shown herself so difficult to please.

In the course of time she confessed that she had only given up all hope when M. de Belandi had so urged her to accept Villani, and in the pain of that moment she had very nearly been driven, in a fit of pride and despair, to follow his advice.

There was a gay wedding, and when it was over, and the *Maison Pontneuf* was restored to its wonted quiet, old Mme. Borno, sitting in her easy chair, after the fatigue of the morning, exclaimed: "And it was all owing to a photograph after all!"

The London *Spectator* believes that a strong-minded woman can bear anything better than sharp criticism, more especially if the criticism is flavoured with a touch of humorous scorn.

NILSSON'S LONDON HOME.

Wherefore Mme. Christine Nilsson-Rouzaud and her husband—the son of a French merchant, who married her after nine years' courtship—a Parisian of the best type, live very quietly in the house in the Belgrave road which formerly belonged to their old friend Mrs. Richardson. Singing days, as already remarked, are passed absolutely, save for an hour's drive in an open carriage, in seclusion, and the invitations which descend in showers are firmly but gratefully declined. It must not be supposed, however, that either M. or Mme. Rouzaud is averse to social pleasures. On the contrary, few enjoy truly good intellectual converse and harmless gaiety more than this model pair, who endure the taunts of their friends with infinite good humour. "My husband is *tres bon enfant*. You must know him. You are made to understand him," Christine Nilsson will say, with a steady glance of her great candid eyes at titled Crutch-and-Toothpick, who has just drawn an elaborate compliment, and who "can't understand Nilsson, you know." Singing days being out of the question, and ante-singing days being prohibited for dining out purposes, it may be imagined that not much time is given to festivity, especially when it is recollected that every spare evening is devoted, not to the opera or to concerts as one of the audience, but to the theatre, English or French. It is not many days since Mme. Nilsson said she had enjoyed herself beyond everything the night before; she had been to the theatre and had seen Mrs. John Wood, who had recognized her instantly, in Nilsson or Nothing, an incident which reminds the old play-goer of the visit of Ristori to the Olympic Theatre to see poor Robson play in Robert Brough's travesty of *Medea*. The Rouzaud ménage is given to early hours, a habit acquired by the lady of the house in childhood, and continued during her friendship with Victoire Balle and her father, whose "Now, girls, it is time you were in bed," was not long to wait for after the return from theatre or concert.

A bust of the late Duchess De Frias occupies the place of honour in the Belgrave road drawing-room, and its mistress is never weary of extolling the beauty of her friend, and the admirable qualities of her excellent father. Beyond this bust and the picture of "Ophelia" by Cabanel, the drawing-room contains few works of art. It boasts, however, a wonderful collection of photographs with autograph signatures, of course, of the crowned heads and other members of the Royal families of Europe—the Emperor of Austria, the Empress of Austria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Queen of Naples, the King of Sweden and many others, including the Czar. There is concerning this last-named photograph a story indicative of the sharp line drawn by Mme. Nilsson between the artist world and *ces autres*, the great by birth or wealth alone.

On the last night of her Russian engagement, at the conclusion of the performance she remained on the stage, bidding farewell to the other artists, and especially to the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus, to whom she displayed great liberality in the distribution of photographs. In the midst of leave-taking she heard a quick step behind her, and then the voice of the Czar, "*El moi done*," pointing to her hand full of photographs, "*je n'aurai rien*," asked the master of all the Russias and of some Russians. Now, the Czar is very chary of giving his own portrait, and the cantatrice at once saw her advantage. "On condition that you give me your picture, you shall have mine," she answered, in her voice manner; and the head of the Romanoffs bowed to his fate with excellent grace.

Mme. Nilsson sets great store by her photographs; but beyond these—beyond even the bust of Victoire Balle; beyond the Cabanel "Ophelia," with its "fey" look beyond the golden laurel crowns of Russia, Austria, France and America; beyond all the treasures acquired during a life of unceasing devotion to art—she cherishes that little box containing the earliest musical instrument with which she was acquainted. Opening it daintily and delicately, she will produce a battered and patched specimen of the genus violin—no costly Stradivarius or Guarnerius, no milky-toned strainer; but a plain "fiddle," cracked and stringless, a sorry specimen of the most perfect of musical instruments. As she takes it from its retreat she falls naturally into the position of the violinist, and in a voice of that subtle, penetrating force which constitutes what is loosely called a "sympathetic quality" continues: "I love the violin, and would play it every day if I were permitted to do so; but I am not permitted. It is suspected that the constrained attitude and the powerful vibration would by no means improve either my physical or musical tone for the evening. But I regret the violin, nevertheless, and love this one very much indeed; for it is the instrument I played on at fairs round the country to help my people to money while I was yet a little child. I am, as you hear, a peasant born, and am glad of it!" and the fair head is flung back, the blue eyes throw out a brighter ray, the soft curls are shaken, as the well-known position of Mme. Normann Neruda is copied with life-like accuracy.

So many stories have been told of the early career of Mme. Nilsson that it may, perhaps, be well to give a few authentic particulars of a romantic life. The violin, of which mention has been made, suffered its most serious injuries in the course of a journey from fair to marketplace on the horse of a friendly farmer. Little Christine's melody became objectionable to the

steady-going animal, who at once got rid of the musician and the instrument, to the damage happily of only the latter. The child had been taught some music by her father, a peasant of the good school, who sung in the village choir on Sundays, and to whom the itinerant violin-playing of his daughter brought an important accession of income. A small sum of money went a long way at Waderslof, and Christine went on playing until at the age of thirteen. As she was playing at the fair of Ljungby, it occurred to Mr. E. G. Tornerhjelm, one of her audience, and a gentleman of some influence in the neighbourhood, that it was a pity so much talent should be thrown away. Mr. Tornerhjelm sought a friend of his, the Baroness Leubusen, and induced this lady, who had herself, while Mlle. Valerius, been a professional singer, to take charge of the young Swedish violinist. Christine's protectress soon discovered that she had a voice which promised in time to become remarkable, and at once took charge of her education. From the school at Halmstad she went to that at Stockholm, where she studied under M. Franz Berwald, and next went to Paris to complete her musical education under M. Wartel, and appeared for the first time at the Théâtre Lyrique, as *Violetta* in *La Traviata*, on the 27th of October, 1864. An engagement for three years followed her successful debut, and she appeared successively at the Zaubertote, Martha, Don Giovanni, etc. In 1867 she played a highly successful engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, and in the autumn of the same year returned to Paris to appear as *Ophelia* in Ambroise Thomas' opera of *Hamlet*, since when she has become identified with that role, and to an almost equal extent with that of *Marguerite*, in Gounod's *Faust*. Her trip to the United States resulted in a fortune of 1,000,000 francs, about one-half of which was lost in the fires at Chicago and Boston. Few of the artistic or great world will forget her wedding with M. Auguste Rouzaud, solemnized at Westminster Abbey in 1872 by Dean Stanley, whose wife was one of the bride's most sincere friends. Mme. Nilsson, whose singing in aid of the Westminster Training School for the Nurses brought to that institution something like £3,000, is never tired of praising the virtues of that perfect woman, whose obsequies were attended by every person then in London illustrious either by rank or intelligence. As she speaks of Lady Augusta Stanley, however, she raises her eyes and see opposite the picture of Tiny and Hamlet, her pet dogs, the face of *Faust* as he appeared before his interview with *Mephistopheles*. "That picture," Mme. Nilsson continues, "was painted by my best friend, to whom I owe my present position, Mme. La Baronne Leubusen, once a professional singer like myself—one of us."

HONEYMOONS.

A Honeymoon on the Continent is mostly somewhat of a failure. The many discomforts of hurried travelling and strange lodgings are unwelcome during the romantic month after marriage. Besides, what bride could look beautiful if the passage be at all rough? Malvern is a good centre for honeymoons. Three or four cathedrals can easily be visited from it, much beautiful scenery, several ruins, and battlefields. No one should spend a honeymoon in Wales until July, or in Scotland until August. Within an easy circuit from Exeter many interesting sights can be visited, while North and South Devon scenery and climate may be advantageously compared. The Land's End is an admirable place to visit during the honeymoon, because the chances are you will never see it again in after-life, and something of the mystic glories of Lyonesse yet hangs about its grand wave effects. Places like Skegness or a Northumbrian sea-side village should be diligently avoided. At those dull spots the newly married pair must quarrel, if only for a little excitement. It is a great nuisance to take servants with you on a honeymoon trip, whether the staid female who has been fifty years in the bride's family, the flighty ladies' maid or the provoking courier. Besides continually falling out with each other, and requiring much supervision, they are apt to behave towards their master and mistress much in the spirit of Swift's well-known "Advice to servants." Poor Albert Smith used to tell of the numberless brides to be seen on the Rhine packets, each sitting with her feet upon her dressing-case. The husbands are certain to be occupied in looking after courier or maids lest the former should drink too much and the latter lose themselves "in those ere furrin parts."

Spite of the popular view that the honeymoon is a special month of felicity, the old-fashioned idea of matrimony is certainly more true which does not regard its beginning as by any means the most happy time of wedded life. When passion gives way to deep-settled love, husband and wife can afford to look back upon the honeymoon with a smile, and join youthful mockers in laughing at any luckless couple about to enter the fool's paradise. Besides the novelties of temper and disposition which then becomes apparent to the young husband and wife for the first time, many untoward accidents may befall them which at this interesting epoch press upon them with unusual hardness. Thus the unlucky bride loses all her luggage, including the most valuable of her wedding presents; or she catches a crying cold in her head, or the measles—all which we have known to occur; or she has her most becoming bonnet irretrievably ruined by a shower; or the happy pair ramble too far afield, and find themselves footsore and out of tem-

per; or else they are intercepted by the tide, and rescued at some risk, too happy if they have not to be drawn up the cliff by ropes, to the intense delight of the watering-place's visitors. If the honeymoon can be safely tided over without a quarrel, the happy pair may cherish good hopes of the Dunmow fitch. They must be supernaturally amiable. Another incident of honeymoons at the sea-side is that landladies and lodging-house keepers think the youthful pair snitable victims to their greed. It is taken for granted that they are so absorbed in gazing into each other's eyes that they will never look into such common-place matters as bills; consequently we have known a couple straying through the fairy land of a honeymoon utterly forgetful of so sublimely a commodity as money, until rudely awoke by a very substantial series of bills. Indeed, a honeymoon often costs a happy pair in a good position of life as much in proportion as a funeral does to a poor person.

Amid all the sweets of the honeymoon, it is probably a relief to the parties concerned when it is over. The man secretly longs for his regular work, and chafes under perpetual *petits soins*. The wife, too, yearns for her new sphere of duties as a matron, and cannot help thinking how her wedding presents will look in the new house. Her little court has yet to be held, visitors received, and the usual round of entertainments gone through. It is scarcely in feminine nature to abide quietly amongst lakes and mountains, with these attractions in front, which permit, too, of wearing the more gorgeous articles of the *trousseau*. So the honeymoon gradually falls into its appointed place amongst the fragments of life. It is no longer, indeed, the trance of love and happiness which it seemed when touched with the rosy hues of anticipation, but it has been a period of calm, trustful delight, such as may well colour the future of wedlock, an adumbration of what every really happy marriage should resemble throughout its continuance. Of course it is out of the question that its settled bliss should pervade all the future years of the young couple, but it becomes, at all events, a test by which the happiness of their succeeding years may be gauged. Though we ridicule it in after-days, we may well regard a happy honeymoon as an integral portion of all nuptial joy.

Die Leidenschaft flieht,
Die Liebe muss bleiben.
Die Blume verblüht.
Die Frucht muss treiben.

FASHION NOTES.

THE newest combs are of jet and are in the shape of a horseshoe, with balls of jet attached.

THE veritable point de Paris, a cheap and handsome lace, has been revived and is on our market.

TUNICS that open in front are now caught together by large cut steel buckles placed slightly askance.

SOME of the new sashes are finished with hand-painted ends instead of embroidered ones as formerly.

THE Pompadour fancy is carried out in garnishing black grenadine dresses with gay brocade ribbons.

SILK over-dresses are made with basque and skirt or the princess style; some prefer the polonaise model.

IT is said that good coverlets may be made of strips of cotton woven together in the same way as rag carpet.

PLAIN linen mulls, with half-quarters, are an improvement of the linen house shoes of the last several seasons.

BONNETS of breton lace bordered with jet are worn for light mourning. Some jet beads are added on the inside of the brim.

THE rage for black and gold increases in England. Yellow is becoming to women who have as much color as most English dames.

FASHIONABLE shades are decidedly those beautiful faded tints of ancient tapestry: garnet, rose color, Russia blue and panther gray.

BRACELETS with lead pencils attached are novelties. These pencils are run through a ring attached to the bracelet when not in use.

THE prettiest new scarf wraps for summer are shade of cream tinted lawn or crepe lisse sprinkled with flowers and edged with Breton lace.

BRACELETS now serve for ornaments and also for holding in place the long mits worn at present. They are in all styles and shapes and quality.

PANIER effects are general, and their drapery expression is universally accepted; hence the word common is applied to this method of dress disposing.

THE most fashionable veil is of white net, with seed-pearl dots, worn on masque or in a long scarf pinned on the back hair with an ornamental brooch.

FASHIONABLE ladies who make a pretense at sewing have thimbles with a pebble inserted at a top. The agate, onyx, and crystal are the handsomest and hence the most popular.

WHITE silk cord tassels can be cleansed, if not stained, in dry corn meal. Rub the meal over them with your hands, and renew with clean corn meal till they are thoroughly clean.

LADIES abroad now carry to evening receptions or the opera floral baskets in place of bouquets. The most fashionable are filled with English violets and pale yellow tea roses and buds.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. ISMAN, Station D, New York City.