THE WOMEN'S PRIVILEGE.

A LICE! Alice!" was called in clear, the large halls and up the wide old-schioned staircase; but there came no response. Again the caller, a young girl, aned, "Alice! Alice! where are you? why don't you answer?" at the same time begining slowly to walk toward the stairs. When still there came no answer, she said, aloud, "Well, I suppose, as usual, Alice is looking over father's old papers, and crying over well, I suppose, as usual, Alice is looking over father's old papers, and crying over them, too, as I found her the other day, so I may as well go after her;" and she began lightly to run up the low steps. Soon her gay young voice might be heard in the upper hall breaking into the quaint, old-fashioned song, "Bonny Hodge." Through fashioned song, "Bonny Hodge." Through the hall and up another flight swiftly went Clara Maybury, and at the farther end of the second hall opened the door which led into what had been her father's library, feeling confident that there, poring over her father's papers and letters, she would and her sister.

These two, with the servants, dwelt died over a year ago; but not until this spring had Alice Bradford felt as though could look over her father's papers. Mice was a widow, the senior of her sister by many years, being now thirty-seven while Clara was still a young girl not quite menty. Their mother had died when she was a little thing, and Alice had been both sister and mother to her; and even Alice's marriage had made no change, for she still memained at home, and her husband's death, six months afterward, had made her wedded life seem but a dream, and Clara hardly remembered him. Their father's hardly remembered him. Their father's death leaving them independent, they had decided to let their house and go abroad, and that was why Alice had for the last few days spent the pleasant May afternoons in sorting, arranging, and destroying papers and letters. But we have left Clara long enough at the door-longer, indeed, than she remained, for, stopping her song as she turned the handle, she said, as she

"Allice, I am going to give you an ear-trumpet the first time I make you a present. I have called myself hoarse. But where are you?" as she saw no traces of her sister, only papers in confusion, and a tall cabinet, of which she knew her father had always carried the key fastened to his watch-chain, standing open, one drawer pulled out and empty, but no trace of Why, what can have become of her? and how strange of her to leave things in this way, and the door unlocked! Now if I had done so—well, it would have inen natural; but Alice! something must he the matter.

As quickly as she had entered Clara left the room, and descending the first flight of stairs, stopped at the door of the room directly under the one she had quitted, knocked softly at the door, then louder, and at last opened it; but the sight she saw checked the words on her lips. There on the sofa lay Alice, her quiet, self-conaired sister sobbing passionately, while all around her were strewn letters, some opened, others still sealed, and one she held tightly in her hand. She had buried her face in the cushion, while long, quivering sobs shook her slight figure. She was so absorbed in her sorrow that she did not hear Clara enter, nor her light tread arcoss the room, and for a moment the girl was actually terrified at the sight of such overwhelming emotion in the sister whom she had always thought, though loving her hand on Alice's, and said, tenderly :

"Ally dear, what is the matter? Tell me what makes you cry so." And here her voice faltered, and tears from sympathy filled her own eyes. At the sound of the soft, earnest voice Alice raised her head, with a great effort choked a sob, and answered, tremulously.

"There is nothing the matter that you an help, darling. I did not mean that you should see me in such a state. Heave me for a little while, and then I will come to you;" at the same time begianing to rise. She stooped to pick up the scattered letters, and Clara saw many were unopened, but the one in her hand size still tightly held; and Clara, feeling instinctively that this was some sorrow ahe should not try to fathom, left the room as noislessly as she had entered.

Again she went to the library, and tried to imagine what could have caused her sister's rare tears; but no solution same to her mind, and after a few minates pendering she began to close the was thus busy when Alice, with her quiet atep, entered.

"Thank you, dear," she said, gently; "I remembered I had left everything at bose ends here. And now, what did you want me for?

Clara looked somewhat anxiously as her sister. Though the voice was as quiet and composed as usual, it sounded faint and weary, and the pale face and heavy eyes made her heart ache, though she tried to speak in her usual bright

"Oh, nothing special; only I met Mrs Boyd on her way here, and she wanted to know if we would not come and spend the evening there, for there have been some very rare engravings sent to Mr.

to come and see them. I thought I should like to go but it is of no consequence, Ally; I

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To her amazement, Alice answered quickly, a slight flush coming into her face, "I should like to go very much, and as you have cleared away all these papers for me, I will go and rest awhile, and will be ready by eight."

Without waiting for any thing further, she left the room, and ere Clara had re-

covered from her astonishment, she heard her sister lock the door.

"Well," she exclaimed, "wonders will well," she excluded, "wonders will never cease: Alice one minute crying her eyes out, and the next being not only willing but eager to go to Mrs. Boyd's, when I know for years she has always made some excuse for declining all Mrs. Boyd's invitations; and I intended to say that I did not care much about going, and would not leave her alone. Hm! I hate mysteries, and I must find out this one." And for a moment the bright face was clouded, but only for a moment; then, wisely deciding there was no use in bothering herself about what was certainly no affair of hers, she caught up her garden hat, and was soon busy out-of-

Punctually at eight Alice knocked at Clara's door, saying, "I am ready, and will wait for you in the parlor."

When Clara joined her there she found the usual Alice with a trifle more color in her cheeks, but dressed with the same simplicity; only as she put on her hood, the glitter of something on her hand attracted Clara's notice, and looking closely, she saw on the third finger of Alice's right hand a ring she had never seen before—a single stone apal, which flashed and glittered. She checked herself in time, just as she was going to ex-claim, "Why, where did that come from?" and silently the two went the short distance to their friend's. There were several there, all of whom cordially greeted the sisters, but particularly Alice, who, though much liked, had for many years kept aloof from all society. Mrs. Boyd, though friendly, seemed to keep away from Alice, who made several in effectual attempts to enter into conversation with her. At last, seeing her hostess evidently did not want to have any special talk with her, Alice, who had come there merely to have the chance of asking for some information she particularly desired, pleaded that it wearied her eyes to look long at prints, and withdrew to the further end of the room. She began a desultory chat with one of the guests, when a ring was heard, and she caught Mr. Boyd's hearty greeting as he advanced to meet the new-comer.

"Ah, Garrison, glad to see you; you will find plenty of old friends here. I did not tell any one but my wife that you were here, and you will take every one by surprise.

Alice stopped suddenly in her sentence, drew farther back into the corner of the sofa, and every thing swam before her, and it seemed as though her heart stopped beating. How long a time passed she could not say, but as in a dream she heard Mrs. Boyd saying,

" Alice, here is an old friend wishes to see you. I need hardly introduce Mr. Garrison to Mrs. Bradford, whom he well knew as Alice Maybury." And then Alice found herself alone, with Edward Garrison standing in front of her. As she timidly raised her eyes she saw the change can alter my love for you. Now, as dearly, to be be passionless. Kneeling tall figure somewhat bent to look at her, down by the sofa, Clara gently laid her the hair she had known as black was tall figure somewhat bent to look at her, ever, yeurs. thickly strewn with gray : but the d eyes so earnestly fixed on hers were the same, and the voice had the same old ring in it, as he said, " I trust you are as glad to see me as I am to see you. Mrs. Boyd said she 'hoped,' but did not know whether you would come;" at the same time extending his hand.

Alice tried to speak, but no words would come, only a low quivering sigh; but she frankly placed her hand in his, sense of rest and comfort to which she had long been a stranger stole over her, and a warm flush rose on her cheeks, making her look more like the Alice of old than she had done for many a year. Ere he released her hand from that warm, clinging grasp, Edward Garrison's eye was attracted by the glitter of the ring, and he looked as keenly at itas did Clara. Apparently it was known to him, for he said, as he unclosed his grasp.

"Twenty years seem like a dream, as I see you, Alice, with that on your finger. Though I know much from Mrs. Boyd, when can I see you to talk with you?

Twice Alice tried to speak, but the words died away inarticulately. Bending toward her, Edward said, earnestly,

" Pray forgive my freedom, Mrs. Bradford. As you say nothing, perhaps my presence here is unwelcome; but this meeting has deprived me of my control,

Here, with a violent effort, Alice forced herself to speak, and interrupted him, saying, in a voice which, spite her efforts, trembled,

"Indeed I am most glad to see you; but I can not talk with you before all these people. Will you not come and

Boyd for sale, and he has asked several see me early to-morrow? But I must go now. I cannot stay here any longer.

Looking at him, she saw the same dear look in the eyes, and her own suddenly swam with tears, as, gently laying a de-taining hand on hers, and drawing from his vest pocket a small book, he said, in a

"Wait an instant, See what has been my only comfort these many years. I have never let a day pass without looking at it." At the same time opening the leaves and showing her, where she remembered placing it years ago, a lock of her own fair hair.

Spite her struggle to prevent, Alice could not restrain her tears. Her nerves had been sorely tried that day, and hurriedly leaving him, she crossed the room to Clara's side, and in a voice rendered hoarse by suppressed emotion beg-ged her to leave. Looking at her face, and startled by the agitation she saw there, Clara instantly complied, and a few minutes saw the sisters ready for their

As they came down the stairs Mr. Garrison was waiting in the hall. Without a word he drew Alice's hand to rest on his arm, and silently they went the short distance, they two feeling too much for speech, and Clara engaged in devouring her own curiosity as to who he was (she had not been introduced to him), where he came from, and what was the matter with Alice. At their door, she passed in first, but could not refrain from looking at others, and was certain that she saw the unknown touch his lips to Alice's right hand. Hastily passing to the stairs, Alice, with the face averted, bade Clara good-night, and without giving time for any questions or remarks, vent to her own room. For some time Clara sat alone in the parlor, wondering what would be the end of this agitation, but at last said, half aloud, "Well, as father used to tell me, 'If you live you'll know, if you die you won't want to;' and as Alice is old enough to manage her own affairs, I will go to bed;" and she suited the action to the word.

Long after she was asleep Alice continued to pace up and down her room, trying to reconcile feelings with so-called proprieties. Wearied with the apitations of the last few hours, she finally drew out the letter she had held in her hand when Clara surprised her in the afternoon. and unfolding it, read it for the-well, we will not say how many times. It ran as follows, and was dated some fourteen

"My DARLING.—I am impelled, by I know not what, to write you to-day. 'Tis the ani-versary of our engagement, and, though you have never taken any notice of my letters, and I have never taken any notice of my letters, and I have never heard from you since I left C—, and have only your father's cold letter. I cannot refrain from calling and thinking of you as mine. I toil for you, I make all my plans with reference to you, and sometime, somewhere my Alice and I will meet. You did love me, dear; and, spite your cruel silence, deep in my heart is the conviction that you love me still. Your insertions that you love me still. Your image is ever before me, and at will I can bring your bright, loving face to my mental eyes; and as in life you have ever been my first thought, so also my last thought, hope, and prayer will be for you. Dear, could you not have waited for me a little while? And yet, my darling, believe me your happiness is so much more to me than my own that I do not blame you. Only be happy, and as long as no sorrow touches you, I will bear whatever loneliness and trouble may fall to my lot, joyfully for your dear sake. Good-bye, my first, my last, my only love, and believe no time nor

"EDWARD GARRISON."

signature, she said, softly, " I will do it; I owe him that much, and then I could not let happiness come so near without trying to grasp it." Then, looking at her ring, she pressed it to her lips, and with that and her letter as a charm against evil

dreams and fears, sought sleep.

Clara's inquisitive glances in the morning amused her, but she took no notice of and as his warm clasp closed over it, a them, nor of her sister's artful attempt to weight seemed lifted from her heart, a gratify her curiosity without seeming to be curious. When, soon after breakfast, she heard the well-remembered voice in the hall asking for her, she rose and said, calm-ly, to the the expectant Clara.

"I shall be engaged for some time don't let anyone intrude in the parlor;" and with steady step, though a very flut-tering heart, passed down the wide stairs. How vividly the last meeting came to her mind! On such a day as this they had parted twenty years ago; he a young enthusiastic man, and she a loving, trusting girl; and now they were to meet-as what? Youth had gone, and perchance love too but her own beating heart told her, with her love remained, and might it not also have staid with him? She softly repeated the last lines of her precious letter No time nor change can alter my love for you; and, quieted by their charm, opened the door of the parlor, where Edward Garrison waited for her more impatiently, if possibly, than at their last meet-The sight of her, and the timid air with which she came forward to meet him made Edward forget the composed greet-ing he had intended, and hastily coming forward with outstretched hand, he said, eagerly, in his old impulsive manner,

"Oh, Alice my darling, tell me we have met as we parted, and these twenty years

of hope and despair will seem as a dream !" and clasping her unrepulsed in his arms, they passed into what unbelievers call "the fool's paradise," When after how long a time they could neither of them have told they came back to earth and realities, Ed-ward, holding Alice's hand fast for fear, it seemed, if he once loosed his clasp, she

would melt away, said:
"Now, dear, tell me why did you never write me or answer my letters? Think of the years of happiness we have wasted; for when your father told me you were going to be married, I lost all heart, and—"But here, at sight of the crimson flush that rose to Alice's face, he stopped.

"Ah, Edward," she answered, "'tis sad story. I never dear received a line from you, and wrote you by every chance. Then before he could exclaim-" Yester day, in looking over father's papers, I came to a drawer in his cabinet filled with letters, and dear they were ours."

Edward Garrison said nothing; he re spected the feeling which made the child refrain from blaming the parent: and Alice went o., after a moment's pause:

I took them, and O, my dearest, how much longer you kept your faith in me than I in you! And yet your last letter
—words cannot tell you how precious it is
to me. Do you remember it? Yesterday when I read it, I thought my heart would break, to find through all the years of silence you had trusted and believed in me, and remembered how faithless I had been to you. But, my dear love, believe me, though I did you a grevious wrong by marrying Mark Bradford, I did not deceive him-ah, had I but received your letter—I told him all. He knew, Edward, he had not many months to live, and he loved me so, that I was weak and vielded. and comfort the last remnant of his life, +it was selfish to refuse. But what letter did my father write you?"

Silently Edward placed in her hand a letter She glanced at the date, and saw it was the same as the year his letter, and one year before her marriage. Her father then, had written falsely. It was merely this-

"Sir,-As my daughter has never answered any of your letters, and will soon marry Mark Bradford, Esq., whom you may remember, I write in her name to beg that you will not annoy her by any further com-Yours etc., RALPH MAYBURY. munications.

Poor Alice! it was hard to find her father had been guilty of such baseness, but

as she gave back the letter she spoke :
"Edward, yesterday when I found out how each of us had been deceived, I determined to find where you were, and accepted Mrs. Boyd's invitation, the first for many years, to ask her about you. replaced your ring, which I determined should never again leave my finger; but the agitation of seeing you took away all my self control. I decided, however, last night to speak to you openly. I am no longer young or pretty, but I love you as tenderly, nay, more so than I did when I gave you my promise"—then, as he made an impulsive movement, she gently drew back—" and as the only reparation I could make for my lack of faith, I determined to put aside the woman's privilege of accepting or refusing, and offer you my love and heartfelt devotion, knowing well I have neither youth nor beauty to charm you; but such as I am, if you will-',

"Alice, hush! I will not hear you speak so of yourself. To me you will ever be young and lovely; and oh, my love! my love! I am too happy in hearing such bles-As she read, the resolved expression have any body or any thing to forgive; and little brats, are little darlings now. deepened in Alice's face, and kissing the it you love me, as your words avow, time nor change can ever come between us."

For reply Alice placed her two hands in his, and repeated his own words. How long they talked, nor how swiftly

the time past, they did not know; but at last Clara's voice was heard in tones of mock distress : "Alice, can't we never have any more

lunch? It is past three. And won't your friend let us have something to eat, and finsh the talk afterward?" Edward went to the door and led in the

laughing girl, who saucily asked,
"Well, what is the result of all this pow

wow, Alice? Is it to be, or not to be, Mr. Garrison? for of course I have set my wits to work to find out from Mrs. Boyd the meaning of all this, and know all about you now.

It is to be," said Edward, smiling, for Alice had slipped away. "And will be satisfied to take me for a brother?" " And will you

"Well, a real brother-in-law instead of a trip to Europe is the way the question stands in my mind; and as I can't help myself, I will gracefully say I prefer the brother-in-law.—And now Alice," as her sister entered, "did you or not claim the woman's privilege of the leap-year, because you looked so resolved this morning knew something was to be settled?

"I claimed a privilege," "But what it was I shall never tell you," added Edward. And as Clara went gayly down the entry, mischievously humming, "When young Love went a-Maying," he said tenderly,

"Dearest, your frankness has but enhanced the value of the gift, you gave me twenty years ago; and, if it were possible, your avowal will make me love more, my Alice, the woman of allwomen

family Circle.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPISSIWAY POTTS. No. I.

NE of the faculty in a medical college said to me lately: "You leave one important item out of your homely, honest talks to women, Miss Potts, and I am a little surprised at it."

I blushed at the bare hint of any dereliction of duty, and asked what it

"You should say to women," said he, "that the one fruitful source of disease and sickness arises from improper attention to the feet. Tell them they must keep their feet warm and dry if they would have good health.

"Change the stockings frequently, and when they wash their feet they must rub them until they are all aglow, and perfectly dry, before going to bed.

"Wear shoes large enough to allow a free circulation of the blood, let there be no compression whatever.

" If the feet are dry and hard, bathe them in warm suds, or in tepid 'water in which a little sifting of ashes has been thrown, take them out, rub them well with a coarse crash towel, and put them back in the water again; bathe them, take out, rub briskly—doing this several

"Sometimes, if warm water is incon-venient, and the feet are cold, rub them with a coarse towal or a piece of flaunel until the blood circulates freely."

I was so fired up at the doctor's words and their importance that I felt like pro-It seemed as though, having lost all that claiming it from the housetops to the made life dear to me, that if I could cheer poor, half-sick women I met every day.

It does seem weak to stand at the window and fight disease while we allow it to come in, full-handed, at the open door, without so much as saying, "Away," or raising a hand to prevent it.

I begin to think that mothers whose children have yout-mouths" are not aware that this uncomely feature can be rendered pretty in the hands of a skilful dentist

A mother is culpable who permits her child-more especially a daughter-to come up to womanhood with a homely, over-jutting mouth, caused by crooked teeth. The operation will give no pain, and in years to come the mother will have the gratitude of her child.

A neighbour of mine, who has been afflicted with dyspepsia for several years, and was pale and cross and sunken-eyed, has, within a few months, grown very hearty, with cheeks as ruddy as Spitzbergens.

I said to him the other day: "You don't seem like the same man, Dicky, that you were one year ago. Do you mind, you and I had a little spat about your cutting down a fine young maple at roadside, and you just as good as told me to mind my own business; and you said trees didn't look beautiful to you, and that you cared no more for flowers than you did for 'Jimson' or May-weed.

"I was a mean fellow, that's just so, Pipsey, and I've been going to beg your pardon ever since, but I did hope you'd forgotten that unmanly act of mine. Fact is, I was sick—had the dyspepsia, worst kind, and I felt like snarling and showing my teeth all the time; but now I'm cured, and I eat heartily, and work well, and whatever my wife does is right,

"A man out of the Reserve sent me his cure, and though it does seem really foolish, I'll tell you what it is.

"The first thing when I get up mornings, after I am dressed, I give myself a real good pounding all over my breast and stomach, including the whole chest. I rub with my open hands and inhale all the air my lungs will hold, and then I pound with my fists as if I were in dead earnest. One must begin gradually at first, throw back the shoulders, inflate the lungs, and work with a will

"At first I could hardly stand it, it hurt my breast and stomach, but now I couldn't do without my daily pounding any better than Colty could do without her oats, I tell you, it has made a healthy man of me."

I believe I never saw a woman yet who handled warm bread just taken from the oven like my mother used to. She always laid a clean towel or a newspaper back on the table or shelf, and tipped the warm loaves up on it on their sides, and laid a cloth over them. Now, all the women I know of flip their hot loaves out of the oven, and lay them down flat on a table or shelf to cool. Of course, that table or shelf is made of cherry, walnut, pine, popular, or ash, and it cannot be otherwise than that the lower crust will taste of the wood. All of us have found that unpleasant, liniment-y or turpentine-y taste in the bread, and it is not a bit good.

I can hardly stand it sometimes, when I go into a house and see the hot loaves lying flat on an old black table, that is used every day in the year to wash dishes on, and for the commonest kitchen pur-

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