

# LADY BOUNTIFUL.

A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR SOCIAL THEORISTS TO ACT UPON.

## CHAPTER XLIX.—Concluded.

He led the way into the vestry, where the book lay open, and sitting at the table he made the proper entries.

Then Harry took his place and signed. Now, behold! as he took the pen in his hand, Lord Jocelyn artfully held blotting-paper in readiness, and in such a manner as to hide the name of the bride; then Angela signed; then the witnesses, Lord Jocelyn and Captain Sorensen. And then there were shaking of hands and kissing. And before they came away the curate ventured timidly to whisper congratulations and that he had no idea of the honor. And then Angela stopped him, and bade him to her wedding-feast that evening at the new Palace of Delight.

Then Lord Jocelyn distributed largesse, the largest kind of largesse, among the people of the church.

But it surely was the strangest of weddings. For when they reached the church door the bride and bridegroom kissed each other, and then he placed her in the carriage, in which the Davenants and Lord Jocelyn also seated themselves, and so they drove off.

'We shall see her again to-night,' said Harry. 'Come, Dick, we have got a long day to get through—seven hours. Let us go for a walk. I can't sit down; I can't rest; I can't do anything. Let us go for a walk and wrangle.' They left the girls and strode away, and did not return till it was past six o'clock, and already growing dark.

The girls, in dreadful lowness of spirits, and feeling as flat as so many pancakes, returned to their house and sat down with their hands in their laps, to do nothing for several hours. Did one ever hear that the maidens at a marriage—do the customs of any country present an example of such a thing—returned to the bride's house without either bride or bridegroom? Did one ever hear of a marriage where the groom left the bride at the church door, and went away for a six-hours' walk?

As for Captain Sorensen, he went to the Palace and potted about, getting snubbed by the persons in authority. There was still much to be done before the evening, but there was time; all would be done. Presently he went away: but he, too, was restless and agitated; he could not rest at home; the possession of the secret, the thought of his daughter's future, the strange and unlooked-for happiness that had come to him in his old age—these things agitated him; nor could even his fiddle bring him any consolation; and the peacefulness of the Almshouse, which generally soothed him, this day irritated him. Therefore he wandered about, and presently appeared at the House, where he took dinner with the girls, and they talked about what would happen.

The first thing that happened was the arrival of the cart—a spring-cart—with the name of a Regent Street firm upon it. The men took out a great quantity of parcels and brought them into the show room. All the girls ran down to see what it meant, because on so great a day everything, said Nelly, must mean something.

'Name of Armitage?' asked the man. 'This is for you, miss. Name of Sorensen? This is for you.' And so on, a parcel for every one of the girls.

Then he went away, and they all looked at each other.

'Hada't you better,' asked Captain Sorensen, 'open the parcels, girls?'

They opened them.

'Oh—Ir?'

Behold! for every girl such a present as none of them had ever imagined! The masculine pen can not describe the sweet things which they found there; not silks and satins, but pretty things; with boots, because dress makers are apt to be shabby in the matter of boots; and with handkerchiefs and pretty scarfs and gloves and serviceable things of all sorts.

More than this: there was a separate parcel tied up in white paper for every girl, and on it, in pencil, 'For the wedding supper at the Palace of Delight.' And in it gauze, or lace, for bride-maids' head-dress; and white kid gloves, and a necklace with a locket, and inside the locket a portrait of Miss Kennedy, and outside her Christian name, Angela. Also, for each girl a little note, 'For ———, with Miss Messenger's love;' but for Nelly, whose parcel was like Benjamin's mess, the note was, 'For Nelly, with Miss Messenger's kindest love.'

'That,' said Rebekah, but without jealousy, 'is because you were Miss Kennedy's favorite. Well! Miss Messenger must be fond of her, and no wonder!'

'No wonder at all,' said Captain Sorensen.

And nobody guessed. Nobody had the least suspicion.

While they were all admiring and wondering, Mrs. Bormalack ran over breathless. 'My dears!' she cried, 'look what's come!'

Nothing less than a beautiful black silk dress.

'Now go away, Captain Sorensen,' she said; 'you men are only hindering. And we've got to try on things. Oh, good gracious! To think that Miss Messenger would remember me, of all people in the world! To be sure, Mr. Bormalack was one of her collectors, and she may have heard about me—'

'No,' said Rebekah, 'it is through Miss Kennedy; no one has been forgotten who knew her.'

At seven o'clock that evening the great hall of the Palace was pretty well filled with guests. Some of them, armed with white wands, acted as stewards, and it was understood that on the arrival of Miss Messenger a lane was to be formed, and the procession to the dais at the end of the hall was to pass through that hall.

Outside in the vestibule, stood the wedding party, waiting: the bridegroom, with his best man, and the bride-maids in their white dresses, flowing gauze and necklaces, and gloves, and flowers—a very sweet and beautiful bevy of girls; Harry, for the last time in his life, he thought with a sigh, in evening dress. Within the hall there were strange rumors flying about. It was said that Miss Messenger herself had been married that morning, and that the procession would be for her wedding; but others knew better; it was Miss Kennedy's wedding; she had married Harry Goslett, the man they called Gentleman Jack; and Miss Kennedy, everybody knew, was patronized by Miss Messenger.

At ten minutes past seven two carriages drew up. From the first of these descended Harry's bride, led by Lord Jocelyn; and from the second the Davenants.

Yes, Harry's bride. But whereas in the morning she had been dressed in a plain white frock and white bonnet like her bride-maids—she was now arrayed in white satin, mystic, wonderful, with white veil and white flowers, and round her white throat a necklace of sparkling diamonds, and diamonds in her hair.

Harry stepped forward with beating heart.

'Take her, boy,' said Lord Jocelyn, proudly. 'But you have married—not Miss Kennedy at all—but Angela Messenger.'

Harry took his bride's hand in a kind of stupor. What did Lord Jocelyn mean?

'Forgive me, Harry,' she said, 'say you forgive me.'

Then he raised her veil and kissed her forehead before them all. But he could not speak, because all in a moment the sense of what this would mean poured upon his brain in a great wave, and he would fain have been alone.

It was Miss Kennedy, indeed, but glorified into a great lady; oh!—oh!—Miss MESSENGER!

The girls, frightened, were shrinking together; even Rebekah was afraid at the great and mighty name of Messenger.

Angela went among them, and kissed them all with words of encouragement. 'Can you not love me, Nelly,' she said, 'as well when I am rich as when I was poor?'

Then the chief officers of the Brewery advanced, offering congratulations in timid accents because they knew now that Miss Kennedy, the dress-maker, of whom such hard things had been sometimes said in their own presence and by their own wives, was no other than the sole partner in the Brewery, and that her husband had worked among them for a daily wage. What did these things mean? They made respectable men afraid. One person there was, however, who at sight of Miss Messenger, for whom he was waiting with anxious heart, having a great desire to present his own case of unrewarded zeal, turned pale, and broke through the crowd with violence and fled. It was Uncle Bunker.

And then the stewards appeared at the open doors, and the procession was formed.

First the stewards themselves—being all clerks of the Brewery—walked proudly at the head, carrying their white wands like rifles. Next came Harry and the bride, at sight of whom the guests shouted and roared; next came Dick Coppin with Nelly, and Lord Jocelyn with Rebekah, and the chief brewer with Lady Davenant, of course in her black velvet and war-paint, and Lord Davenant with Mrs. Bormalack, and the chief accountant with another bride-maid, and Captain Sorensen with another, and then the rest.

Then the organ burst into a Wedding March, rolling and pealing about the walls of the mighty hall, and amid its melodious thunder, and the shouts of the wedding-guests, Harry led his bride slowly through

the lane of curious and rejoicing faces, till they reached the dais.

When all were arranged, with the bride in the middle, her husband standing at her right and the bride-maids grouped behind them, Lord Jocelyn stepped to the front and read in a loud voice part of the deed of gift, which he then gave with a profound bow to Angela, who placed it in her husband's hands.

Then she stepped forward and raised her veil, and stood before them all, beautiful as the day, and with tears in her eyes. Yet she spoke in firm and clear accents which all could hear. It was her first and last public speech; for Angela belongs to that rapidly diminishing body of women who prefer to let the men do all the public speaking.

'My dear friends,' she said, 'my kind friends: I wish first that you should clearly understand that this Palace has been invented and designed for you by my husband. All I have done is to build it. Now it is yours, with all it contains. I pray God that it may be used worthily, and for the joy and happiness of all. I declare this Palace of Delight open, the property of the people, to be administered and governed by them, and them alone, in trust for each other.'

This was all she said; and the people cheered again, and the organ played 'God Save the Queen.'

With this simple ceremony was the Palace of Delight thrown open to the world. What better beginning could it have than a wedding party? What better omen could there be than that the Palace, like the Garden of Eden, should begin with the happiness of a wedded pair?

At this point there presented itself, to those who drew up the programme, a grave practical difficulty. It was this: the Palace could only be declared open in the great hall itself. Also, it could be only in the great hall that the banquet could take place. Now, how were the fifteen hundred guests to be got out of the way and amused while the tables were laid and the cloth spread? There could not be, it is true, the splendor and costly plate and epergnes and flowers of my lord mayor's great dinner, but ornament of some kind there must be upon the tables; and even with an army of drilled waiters it takes time to lay covers for fifteen hundred people.

But there was no confusion. Once more the procession was formed and marched round the hall, headed by the band of the Guards, visiting first the gymnasium, then the library, then the concert room, and lastly the theatre. Here they paused, and the bridal party took their seats. The people poured in; when every seat was taken, the stewards invited the rest into the concert room. In the theatre a little sparkling comedy was played; in the concert room a troupe of singers discoursed sweet madrigals and glees. Outside the waiters ran backward and forward as busy as Diogenes with his tub, but more to the purpose.

When, in something over an hour, the performances were finished, the stewards found that the tables were laid, one running down the whole length of the hall, and shorter ones across the hall. Everybody had a card with his place upon it; there was no confusion, and, while trumpeters blared a welcome, they all took their places in due order.

Angela and her husband sat in the middle of the long table; at Angela's left hand was Lord Jocelyn, at Harry's right Lady Davenant. Opposite the bride and bridegroom sat the chief brewer and the chief accountant. The bride-maids spread out right and left. All Angela's friends and acquaintances of Stepany Green were there, except three. For old Mr. Maliphant was sitting as usual in the boarding house, conversing with unseen persons, and laughing and brandishing a pipe; and with him Daniel Fagg sat hugging his book. And in his own office sat Bunker, sick at heart. For he remembered his officious private letter to Miss Messenger, and he felt that he had indeed gone and done it.

The rest of the long table was filled up by the clerks and superior officers of the Brewery; at the shorter tables sat the rest of the guests, including even the draymen and errand boys. And so the feast began, while the band of the Guards played for them.

It was a royal feast, with the most magnificent sirloins of roast beef and rounds of salt beef, legs of mutton, saddles of mutton, joints of veal, ribs of pork, legs of pork, great hams, huge turkeys, capons, fowls, ducks, and geese, all done to a turn; so that the honest guests fell to with a mighty will, and wished that such a wedding might come once a month at least, with such a supper. And Messenger's beer, as much as you pleased, for everybody. At a moment like this, would one, even at the high table, venture to ask, to say nothing of wishing for, aught but Messenger's beer?

After the hacked and mangled remains of the first course were removed, there came puddings, pies, cakes, jellies, ices, blanc-mange, all kinds of delicious things.

And after this was done, and eating was stayed, and only the memory left of the enormous feed, the chief brewer rose and proposed in a few words the health of the bride and bridegroom. He said that it would be a last sorrow to all of them that they had not been present at the auspicious event of the morning; but that it was in some measure made up to them by the happiness they had enjoyed together that evening. If anything, he added, could make them pray more heartily for the happiness of the bride, it would be the thought that she refused to be married from her house in the West End, but came to Stepany among the workmen and managers of her own brewery, and preferred to celebrate her wedding feast in the magnificent hall which she had given to the people of the place. And he had one more good thing to tell them. Miss Messenger, when she gave that precious thing, her hand, retained her name. There would still be a Messenger at the head of the good old house.

Harry replied in a few words, and the wedding cake went round. Then Dick Coppin proposed success to the Palace of Delight.

'Harry,' whispered Angela, 'if you love me, speak now, from your very heart.'

He sprang to his feet, and spoke to the people as they had never heard any yet speak.

After telling them what the Palace was, what it was meant to be, a place for the happiness and recreation of all; how they were to make their own amusements for themselves; how there were class rooms where all kinds of arts and accomplishments would be taught; how, to insure order and good behavior, it was necessary that they should form their own volunteer police; how there were to be no politics and no controversies within those walls, and how the management of all was left to committees of their own choosing, he said:

'Friends all, this is indeed such a thing as the world has not yet seen. You have been frequently invited to join together and combine for the raising of wages; you are continually invited to follow leaders who promise to reform land laws, when you have had no land and never will have any; to abolish the House of Lords, in which you have no part, share or lot; to sweep away a Church which does not interfere with you; but who have nothing—no, nothing to offer you, out of which any help or advantage will come to you. And you are always being told to consider life as a long period of resignation under inevitable suffering; and you are told to submit your reason, your will, yourselves, to authority, and all will be well with you. No one yet has given you the chance of making yourselves happy. In this place you will find, or you will make for yourselves, all the things which make the lives of the rich happy. Here you will have music, dancing, singing, acting, painting, reading, games of skill, games of chance, companionship, cheerfulness, light, warmth, comfort—everything. When these things have been enjoyed for a time they will become a necessity for you, and a part of the education for your young people. They will go on to desire other things which can not be found by any others for you, but which must be found by yourselves and for yourselves. My wife has placed in your hands the materials for earthly joy; it lies with you to learn how to use them; it lies with you to find what other things are necessary; how the people who have all the power there is, must find out what they want, and help themselves to it, standing shoulder to shoulder by means of that power; how those enemies are not the rich, whom your brawlers in Whitechapel Road ignorantly accuse, but quite another kind—and you must find out for yourselves who these are. It is not by setting poor against rich, or by hardening the heart of rich against poor, that you will succeed; it is by independence and by knowledge. All sorts and conditions of men are alike. As are the vices of the rich, so are your own; as are your virtues, so are theirs. But, hitherto, the rich have had things which you could not get. Now all that is altered: in the Palace of Delight we are equal to the richest; there is nothing which we, too, can not have; what they desire we desire; what they have we shall have; we can all love; we can all laugh; we can all feel the power of music; we can dance and sing, or we can sit in peace and meditate. In this Palace, as in the outer world, remember that you have the Power. The time for envy, hatred, and accusations have gone by; because we workmen have, at last, all the power there is to be had. Let us use it well. But the Palace will be for joy and happiness, not for political wrangles. Brothers and sisters, we will no longer sit down in resignation; we will take the same joy in this world that the rich have taken. Life is short for us all; let us make the most of it for ourselves and for each other. There are so many joys within or reach; there are so many miseries we can abolish. In this house, which is a Temple of Praise, we shall all together continually be thinking how to bring more sunshine into our lives, more change, more variety, more happiness.'

A serious ending; because Harry spoke from his heart. As he took his seat in deep silence, the organ broke forth again and played, while the people stood, the grand Old Hundredth Psalm.

A serious ending to the feast; but Life is serious.

Ten minutes later the bride rose, and the band played a joyful march, while the wedding procession once more formed and marched down the hall, and the people poured out into the streets to cheer, and Angela and her husband drove away for their honeymoon.

The Palace of Delight is in working order now, and Stepany is already transformed. A new period began on the opening night for all who were present. For the first time they understood that life may be happy; for the first time they resolved that they would find out for themselves the secret of happiness. The angel with the flaming sword has at last stepped from the gates of the earthly Paradise, and we may now enter therein and taste, unreprieved, of all the fruits except the apples of the Tree of Life—which has been removed, long since, to another place.

THE END.

## Printers and Female Labor.

In the course of a very interesting historical sketch of the International Union, the Chicago Herald of a recent date contained the following: "The problem presented in the past in relation to the position women should occupy in the craft has for some time been settled, and the union's manly attitude has been well defined. In fact, in very few, if any, trades outside the typographic one, is the work of women held at exactly the same scale of remuneration as that of men, there being absolutely no discrimination against them where their work is the same. Although it is a sad admission to make, truth compels the statement that the bitterest and strongest opposition made against paying "the scale" (the price for work paid by all employers of union members) is made by women employers. When Augusta Lewis, national corresponding secretary, addressed a prominent woman's rights woman who was editing a journal contending for equal woman's rights upon the subject of employing none but women members of the union, and paying the union scale, she politely refused. In this very city we find a weekly paper conducted in the interest of one of the great reforms and where, as the female editor stated, "not a male would be found in the establishment except the engineer," yet the price paid by this female editor for female labor is five cents less per thousand ems than that paid by male employers in other establishments. From this it will be seen that the printers give more evidence of consideration and regard for women and their rights than do some of the most professed advocates of these same rights." This discloses on the part of certain agitators for woman's elevation the possession of a spirit altogether too narrow and out of harmony with the work in which they are engaged. A practical illustration or application of your teachings would now be in order, ladies.

## Zinc in Architecture.

Copperplating sheet zinc for building purposes has recently been tried abroad with considerable success, the process being especially recommended where mechanical wear takes place. The zinc combines very well with the copper. The galvanic method of copperplating is advantageously used, but the zinc may also be coated with copper by ordinary means.

In the first place, the sheet zinc is cleaned with soda from any adhering dirt or grease, and is also purified by a weak acid bath from the covering of zinc oxide. There are then dissolved in 24 parts of water one part of refined verdigris and 12 parts of tartar, the mixture being heated to boiling point, after which three or four pints of Spanish white are added. The Spanish white is here decomposed, and is precipitated as lime tartrate. The dark blue liquid is boiled off and filtered, and can be used either as a bath for the sheet zinc, or for the production of a copperplating paste. The first mode of action is the more recommendatory, as the fluid forces its way into the corners and angles of the zinc articles and is uniformly distributed all over.

If it be desired to coat an immovable zinc object with copper, the article, after being cleansed, is painted with the copper solution and chalk compound and, after drying, brushed. This very simple operation would likewise prove of value for architectural purposes where it is desired to remedy the generally displeasing effects of zinc adornments.

Tanners and Curriers' union has doubled its membership within a year. The convention endorsed and agreed to stand by the Milwaukee strike.

Cleveland, O., employers are advertising for molders, though there are plenty of idle men of that craft in the city. The idea is to break the union there. Keep away.