

HIS OWN AT LAST.

CHAPTER VIII. (CONTINUED.)

He turns and looks at me with a kind of appeal as he says this. If he were not forty-seven and a man, I should say that he was coloring a little. After all, blushing is confined to no age. I have seen a veteran of sixty-five redden violently.

"Do you mean to say," cry I, looking rather aghast, and speaking, as usual, without thinking, "that you mean me to call you Roger? indeed, I could not think of such a thing! It would sound so—so disrespectful! I should as soon think of calling my father James."

"Should you?" he answers turning away his face toward the garden-beds, where the blue forget-me-nots are unrolling their sky-colored sheet, and the double daisies are stiffly parading their tight pink buttons.

"Then call me what you like!" I am not learned in the variations of his voice, as I am in those of father and Algy, in either of which I can at once detect each fine inflection of anger, contest, or pain; but, comparatively unversed am I in it, there sounds to me a slight, carefully smothered, yet still perceptible, intonation of disappointment—mortification. I wish that the air would give me back my words; but that it never yet was known to do.

"I will try if you like," say I, cheerfully, but a little shyly, as, like the March Hare and the Hatter in the "Mad Sea Party," I move up past the empty chairs to the one next him. "I do not see after all, why I should not get quite used to it in time! Roger! Roger! it is a name I have always been very partial to until" (laughing a little) "the Claimant threw discredit on all Rogers!"

He is looking at me again. After all, I must have been mistaken. There is no shadow of disappointment or mortification near him. He is smiling with some friendliness.

"You must never mind what I say," I continue, dragging my wicker chair along the shortly-shorn sward a little nearer to him. "Never! nobody ever does; I am a proverb and a by-word for my malapropos speeches. Mother always trembles when she hears me talking to a stranger. The first day that I dined after you came, Algy made me a list of things that I was not to talk about to you."

"A list of sore subjects?" says my lover, laughing. "But how did the boy know what were my sore subjects? What were they, Nancy?"

"Oh, I do not know! I have forgotten," reply I, in some confusion. "I've made some very bad shots."

And so we slip away from the subject; but, all the same, I wish that I had not said it.

We have come to the day before the wedding. My spirits, which held up bravely during the first two weeks of my engagement, have now fallen—fallen like wind at sundown. I am as limp, lachrymose, and lamentable a young woman as you would find between the three seas. I have cried with loud publicity in full school-room clove: I have cried with silent privacy in bed; I have cried over the jackdaw; I have cried over the bear; I have cried over Vick, as I am to take her with me. To-day we have all cried—boys and all; and have moistened the bun-loaf and the goose-berry-jam at tea with our tears. Our spirits being now temporarily revived, I am undergoing the operation of trying my wedding-dress. I am having a private rehearsal, in fact, in mother's boudoir, with only mother, Barbara, and the maid for audience.

"Mine is the most hopeless kind of ugliness," say I, with an admirable dispassionate, as if I were talking of some one else, as, armed in full panoply, I stand staring at my white reflection in a long mirror set into the wall—staring at myself from top to toe—from the highest jasmine star of my wreath to the lowest edge of my Brussels flounce. "If I were very fat I might fine down; if I were very thin, I might plump up; if I were very red, I might grow pale; if I were—hush! here are the boys. I would not for worlds that they should see me!"

So saying, I run behind the folding screen—the screen which, through so many winter evenings, we have adorned with gay and ingenious pictures, and which, after having worked openly at it under her nose for a year and a half, we presented to mother, as a surprise, on her last birthday.

"Come out, ostrich!" cries Algy, laughing. "Do you suppose that you are hidden? Did it never occur to you that we could see your reflection in the glass?"

Thus adjured, I re-issue forth. "Did you ever see such a fool as I look?" say I, feeling very sneaky, and going through a few uncouth antics to disguise my confusion.

"Talk of me being a Brat," cried the Brat, triumphantly. "I am not half such a brat as you are! You look about ten years' old!"

"Mark my words!" cries Bobby. "Wherever you go, on the Continent, you will be taken for a good little girl making a tour with her grandparents!"

Bobby is speaking at the top of his voice; as, indeed, we have all of us rather a bad habit of doing. Bobby has the most excuse for it, as being a sailor. I suppose he has to bellow a good deal at the blue-jackets. In the present case he has one more listener than he thinks. Sir Roger is among us. The door has been left ajar, and he, hearing the merry clamor, and having always the *entree* to mother's room, has entered. By the pained smile on his face, I can see that he has heard.

"You are right, my boy," he says quite gently, looking kindly at the unfortunate Bobby; "she does look very—very young!"

"I shall mend of that!" cry I, briskly, putting my arm through his, in anxious amends for Bobby's hapless speech. "We are a family who age particularly early. I have a cousin whose hair was gray at five-and-twenty, and I am sure that any one who did not know father, would say that he was sixty, if he was a day—would not he, mother?"

CHAPTER IX.

The preparations are ended; the guests are come; no great number. A few unavoidable *tempests*, a few necessary *grays* (I have told you have not I that my

name is Grey?). The heels have been amputated from a large number of white satin slippers, preparatory to their being thrown after us. The school-children have had their last practice at the marriage-hymn.

I have resolved to rise at five o'clock on my wedding-morning, so as to make a last gloomy progress round every bird and beast, and gooseberry-bush on the premises. I have exacted—binding her by many stringent oaths—a solemn promise from Barbara to wake me, if I do not so of my own accord, at the appointed hour. I am sunk in heavy sleep, and wake only very gradually, to find her, in conformity with her engagements, giving my shoulder reluctant and gentle pushes, and softly calling me.

"Is it five o'clock?" say I, sitting up and yawning. Then, as the recollection of my position flashes across my mind, "I will not be married!" I cry, turning round, and burying all my face in my pillow again. "Nobody shall induce me! Let some one go and tell Sir Roger so."

"Sir Roger is not awake," replies Barbara, laughing rather sleepily, "you forget that."

And by the time he is awake, I have come to a saner mind. We dress, for the last time, *à la*. The thought that never again shall I have a holland frock like Barbara's is nearly too much for us both. We run quietly down-stairs, and out into as august a morning as God ever gave his poor pensioners.

We walk along soberly and quietly, hand-in-hand, as we used to do when very little children. My heart is very, very full. I may be going to be happy in my new life. I fully expect to be. At nineteen, happiness seems one's right, one's matter of course; but it will not be in the same way. This chapter of my life is ended, and it has been such a good chapter, so full of love, of health, of strong affection, of inter-changed, kind offices, and little glad self-denials, so abounding in good jokes and riotous laughter, in little pleasures that—looked back on—seems great in little wholesome pains that—in retrospect—seem joys. And, as we walk, the birds

"Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men To woo them from their beds, still murmuring That men can sleep while they their matin sing."

Most divine service, whose so early lay Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day. The old singers have said many a fine and lovely thing about lusty spring. From their pages there seems to come a whiff of clean and healthy perfume from many dead Mays. In sweet and matterful verse they have sung their praises; but, oh! no singer, old or new—none, at least, that was but human—none but a God-intoxicated man could tell the glories of that serenely shining and suave morn.

One so seldom sees the best part of a summer day! Buried in swinish slumber, with window-curtains heedfully drawn, and shutters closely fastened, between us and it, we know nothing of the stately pageant spread outside our doors.

It is wasted; nay, not wasted, for the birds have it. It is so early, that the gardening-men are not yet come to their work. Everything is as wet as though there had been a shower, but there has been none.

Talk of the earth moving round the sun—let them believe it who like; is not he now placidly sailing through the turquoise sea? Below, the earth is unfolding all her freshened meadows, bravely dyed with rainbow flowers. There is a very small soft wind, that comes in honeyed puffs and little sighs, that wags the lilac-heads, and the long droop of the laburnum-blossoms. The grass is so wet—so wet—as we swish through it, every blade is a separate green sparkle. The young daisies give our feet little friendly knocks as we pass.

All round the old flowering thorn there a small carpet; milk-white and rose-red, strewn petals. Every flower that has a cup is holding it brimful of cool dew. Vick is sitting on the top of the stone steps, her ears pricked, and her little black nose working mysteriously as she sniffs the morning air.

On the bright gravel walk stands the jack-daw, looking rather a funeral object in his black suit, on this gaudy-colored day; his gray head very much on one side, his round, slaty eyes turned upward in dishonest meditation. A worse bird than Jacky does not hop. His life is one long course of larceny, and I know that, if he had the gift of speech, he would also be a consummate liar. I kneel on the walk, and, holding out a bit of cake, call him softly and clearly, "Jacky! Jacky!" He snatches it rudely, with a short hoarse caw, puts one black foot on it, and begins to peck.

"Jacky! Jacky!" say I, sorrowfully. "I am going to be married! Oh, you know that? You may thank your stars that you are not."

As I speak, my tears fall on his sleek black wings and his dear gray head. I try to kiss him; but he makes such a spiteful peck at my nose, that I have to give up the idea. Thus one of my good-byes is over. By the time that they are all ended, and we have returned to the house, I am drowned in tears, and my appearance for the day is irretrievably damaged. My nose is certainly very red. It surprises even myself, who have known its capabilities of old. Bobby, always prosaic, suggests that I should hold it in the steam of boiling water, to reduce the inflammation. But I have not the heart to try this remedy. It may be sky-blue, for all I care. Nose or no nose, I am dressed now.

Instead of the costly artificial wreath that Madame Elsie sent me, Barbara has made me a little natural garland of my own flowers; my Nancys. I smell them all the time that I am being married. I have no female friends—Barbara has always been friend enough for me—so I have stipulated that I shall have no other bridesmaids but her and Tou Tou. They are not much to brag of in the way of a match. Algy indeed has suggested that, in order to bring them into greater harmony, Tou Tou shall clothe her thin legs with long petticoats, or Barbara abridge her garments to Tou Tou's length; but the proposition has met with as little favor in the family's eyes as did Squire Thornhill's proposal, that every gentleman should sit on a lady's lap, in "The Vicar of Wakefield."

The guests are all off to the church. I follow with my parents. Mother is inclined to cry, until snubbed and withered into dry-eyedness by her consort. He is, however, all benignity to me. I catch myself wondering whether I can be his own daughter;

whether I am not one of the train of neighboring misses who have sometimes made me the depository of their raptures about him.

We reach the church. I am walking up the aisle on red cloth: the wedding hymn is in my ears, gayly and briskly sung, though it is a hymn, and not an *Epithalamium*: a vague idea of many people is in my head. I am standing before the altar—the altar smothered in flowers. The old vicar who christened me is to marry me. I have declined the intervention of all strange bi-hops and curates whatsoever. He is a clergyman of the old school, and spares us not a word of the ritual.

Truly in no squeamish age was the marriage service composed. I know—that is, I could have told you if you had asked me—that I am standing beside a large and stately person, to whom, if neither God nor man interpose to prevent it, I shall, within five minutes, be lawfully wed; but I do not in the least degree realize it.

Now and again the strong sense of the ludicrous rushes over me. There seems to me something acutely ridiculous in the idea of myself standing here, so finely dressed—of the boys, demure and prim in their tall hats and Sunday coats, gathered to see me married—me of all people!

Like lightning flash there darts into my head the recollection of the last time that I was married—when, long ago, we were little children, one wet Sunday afternoon, for want of a job, I had espoused Bobby; and Algy, standing on a chair, with a nightgown on for a surprise, had married us. It is over now. I am aware that several persons of different genders have kissed me. I have signed my name. I am walking down the churchyard path, the bells jangling gaily above my head, drowning the sweet thrushes; and the schoolchildren, flinging bountiful garden flowers before my feet. It seems to me a sin to tread upon them. It goes to my heart. We reach the house. Vick comes out to meet us in a crawling, groveling manner, which owes its birth to the shame caused in her mind by the huge favor which my maid has tied round her little neck. We go into breakfast and feed—the women with easy minds; the men with such appetites as the fear of impending speeches, of horrible shattered common-places, leaves them.

I suppose that, despite my changes of name, I cannot yet be wholly a *Tempest*; for, while I remain perfectly serene and calm during Sir Roger's few plain words, I am one red misery while Algy is returning thanks for the bridesmaids, which he does in so appallingly lame, stammering, and altogether agonizing a manner, that I have serious thoughts of slipping from my bridegroom's side under the friendly shade of the table, among its sheltering legs.

Thank God, it is over, and I am gone to put on my travelling-dress! The odious parting moment has come. The carriage is at the door; the maid and valet are in the dickey. What a pity that they are not bride and bridegroom too! Vick has jumped in—alert and self-respecting again, now that she has bitten off her favor.

I have begun my voluminous farewells. I have kissed them all round once, and am beginning again. How can one make up one's mind where to stop? with whom to end?

"Never you marry Barbara!" say I, in a sopping whisper, as I clasp her in my last embrace, greatly distorting my new bonnet, "it is so disagreeable!"

We are off, followed by a tornado of shoes—one, aimed with dexterous violence by that unlucky Bobby, goes high to cut the bridegroom's left eye open, as he waves his good-byes.

As we trot smartly away, I turn round in the carriage and look at them through my tears. There they all are! After all, what a nice-looking family! Even Tou Tou! there something pretty about her, and, standing as she is now, her legs look quite nice and thick.

We reach Dover before dinner-time; Sir Roger has gone out to speak to the courier who meets us there. I am left alone in our great, stiff sitting-room at the Lord Wardens. Instantly I rush to the waiting materials.

"What, writing already?" says my husband, re-entering, and coming over with a smile to ward me. "Have you forgotten any of your finery?"

"No, no!" cry I, impulsively, spreading both hands over the sheet; "do not look! you must not look!"

"Do you think I should?" he says, reproachfully, turning quickly away.

"But you may," cry I, with one of my sudden, useless remorse, holding out the note to him. "Do I! I should like you to! I do not know why I said it! I was only sending them a line, just to tell them how *broadly* I missed them all."

CHAPTER X.

I have been married a week. A week indeed! a week in the sense in which the creation of the world occupied a week! Seven geological ages, perhaps, but not seven days. We have been to Brussels, to Antwerp, to Cologne. We have seen (with the penetrating incense odor in our nostrils, and the kneeling peasants at our feet) the Descent from the Cross, the Elevation of the Cross—dead Christs manifold. Can it be possible that the brush which worthily painted Christ's agony, can be the same that descended to eternize redundant red fishwives, and call them goddesses? We have given ourselves cricks in the necks staring up at the divine incompleteness of Cologne Cathedral. And all through crucifixions, cathedrals, *table-d'hotes*, I have been dead, deadly homesick—homesick as none but one that has been a member of a large family, and has been out into the world on his or her own account for the first time, can understand. When first I drove away through the park, my sensations were somewhat like those that we all used to experience on the rare occasions when father, took one or other of us out on an excursion with him—the honor great, but the pleasure small.

It seems to myself as if I had not laughed once since we set off—yes, once I did, at the recollection of an old joke of Bobby's that we all thought very silly at the time, but that strikes me as irresistibly funny, now, that it occurs to me in the midst of strange scenes, and of jokeless foreigners.

After forty, people do not laugh at absolutely nothing. They may be very easily moved to mirth as, indeed, to do him just

ice, Sir Roger is; but they do not laugh for the pure physical pleasure of grinning. The weight of the absolute *tete-a-tete* of a honey-moon, which has proved trying to a more violent love than mine, is oppressing me.

At home, if I grew tired of talking to one I could talk to another. If I waxed weary of Bobby's sea-tales, I might refresh myself with listening to the Brat's braggings about Oxford—with Tou Tou's murdered French lessons:

J'aime.	I love.
Tu aimes.	Thou lovest.
Il aime.	He loves.

How many thousand years ago, the laborer's conjugation of that verb seems to me.

Now, if I do converse with Sir Roger, I must remain silent. And, somehow, I cannot talk to him now as fluently as I used. Before—during our short previous acquaintance where I used to pester the poor man with filial aspirations that he could not reciprocate, there seemed no end of the things I had to say to him. I felt as if I could have told him anything. I bubbled over with silly jests.

It never occurred to me to think whether I pleased him or not; but now—now, the sense of my mental inferiority—of the gulf of years and inequalities that yawns between us—weighs like a lump of lead upon me.

I am in constant fear of falling below his estimate of me. Before I speak, I think whether what I am going to say will be worth saying, and, a very few of my remarks come up to this standard, I become extremely silent. Oh, if we could meet some one we knew—even if it were some one that we disliked than otherwise: some one that would laugh and have as few wits as I, and be young.

But it is too early in the year for many people to be yet abroad, and so far, we have fallen upon no acquaintances. Once, indeed, at Antwerp, I see in the distance a man whose figure bears a striking resemblance to that of "Toothless Jack" and my heart leaps—detestable as I have always thought Barbara's aspirant; but, on coming nearer, the likeness disappears, and I relapse into despondence.

Long ago I had told my husband—on the first day I had made his acquaintance, indeed—that I had no conversation, and now he is proving experimentally the truth of my confession. At home our talk has always been made up of allusions, half-words, petrified witticisms, that have become part of our language. Each sentence would require a dictionary of explanation to any stranger hearer. Now, if I wish to be understood, I must say my meaning in plain English, and very laborious I find it.

To-day we are on our way from Cologne to Dresden; sixteen hours, and a half at a stretch. This, of itself, is enough to throw the equable mind off its balance.

We have a *coupe* to ourselves. This is quite opposed to my wishes, nor is it Sir Roger's doing, but Schmidt, the courier, knowing what is seemingly on those occasions—that he has always done for all former freshly-wed couples whom he has escorted—secured it before we could prevent him. As for me, it would have amused me to see the people come in and out, to air my timid German in little remarks about the weather; albeit, I have thus early discovered that the German, which we have been exhorted to talk among ourselves in the school-room, to perfect us in that tongue, bears no very pronounced likeness to the language as talked by the indigenous inhabitants. They will talk so fast, and they never say anything in the least like Ollendorf.

Sixteen hours and a half of a *tete-a-tete* more complete and unbroken than any we have yet enjoyed. All day I watch the endless, treeless, hedgeless German flats fly past; the straight-loppe poplars, the spread of tall green wheat, the blaze of rape-fields, the villages and towns with two-towered German churches, over and over, and over again. Oh, for a hill, were it no bigger than a molehill! Oh, for a broad-armed English oak.

At Minden we stop to lunch. The whole train pushes and jostles into the refreshment-room, and in ten galloping minutes, we devour three filthy *plats*; a nauseous potage, a terrible dish of sickly veal, and a ragged Braten. Then a rush and a tumble off again.

The day rolls past, dustily, samely, wearily. There have been flying thunderstorms—lightning-flashes past the windows. I hide my face in my dusty gloves to avoid seeing the quick red forks, and leave a smear on each grimy cheek. Every moment, I am a rape-field—a corn-field, a bean-field, farther from Barbara, farther from the Brat, farther from the jackdaw.

"This is rather a long day for you, child!" says Sir Roger, kindly, perceiving, I suppose, the joviality of the expression with which I was eying the German landscape. "The most tedious railway journey you ever took, I suppose?"

"Yes," reply I, "far! It seems like three Sundays rolled into one, does not it? What time is it now?"

He takes out his watch and looks.

"Twenty past five."

"Seven hours more!" say I, with a burst of desperation.

"I am so sorry for you, Nancy! what can one do for you?" says my husband, looking thoroughly discomfited, concerned and helpless. "Would you care to have a book?"

"I cannot read in a train," reply I, dolorously, "it makes me sick!" Then feeling rather ashamed of my peevishness—"Never mind me!" I say, with a dusty smile; "I am quite happy! I—I—like looking out."

The day falls, the night comes. On, on, on! There is a bit of looking-glass opposite me. I can no longer see anything outside. I have to sit staring at my own plain, grimed, bored face. In a sudden fury, I draw the little red silk curtain across my own image. Thank God! I can no longer see myself. Sir Roger ceases to try his eyes with the print of the *Westminster*, and closes it.

"I wonder," say I, pouring out some eau-de-cologne on my pocket-handkerchief, and trying to cleanse my face therewith, but only succeeded in making it a muddy instead of a dusty smudge—"I wonder whether we shall meet any one we know at Dresden?"

"I should not wonder," replies Sir Roger, cheerfully.

"Is the Hotel de Saxe the place where most English go?" inquire I, anxiously. "Ah, you do not know! I must ask Schmidt."

"Yes, do."

"I hope we shall," say I, straining my eyes to make out the objects in the dark outside. "We have been very unlucky so far, have not we?"

"Are you so anxious to meet people? are you so dull already, Nancy?" he asks, in that voice of peculiar gentleness which I have already learned to know hides inward pain.

"Oh, no, no!" cry I, with quick remorse.

"Not at all! I have always longed to travel! At one time Barbara and I were always talking about it, making plans you know, of where we would go. I enjoy it, of all things, especially the pictures—but do not you think it would be amusing to have some one to talk at the *table d'hôte*, some one English, to laugh at the people with?"

"Yes," he answers, readily, "of course it would. It is quite natural that you should wish it. I heartily hope we shall. We will go wherever it is most likely."

After long, long hours of dark rushing, Dresden at last. We drive in an open carriage through an unknown town, innocent, silent, and asleep. German towns go to bed early. We cross the Elbe, in which a second moon, big and clear as the one in heaven, lies quivering, waving with the water's wave; then through dim, ghostly streets, and at last—at last—we pull up at the door of the Hotel de Saxe, and the sleepy porter comes out disheveled.

"There is no doubt," say I, aloud when I find myself alone in my bedroom, Sir Roger not having yet come up, and the maid having gone to bed—addressing the remark to the hot water in which I have been bathing my face, stiff with dirt, and haggard with fatigue. "There is no use denying it, I hate being married!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DRUIDS.

The Religion of this Ancient People.

Monuments like those of Stonehenge, (Eng.) which must have been the work of many years, are found either by the sea, or in districts but little removed from it. They seem to indicate an established worship of a people who arrived by sea, formed their settlement on the coast, and penetrated inland to a very moderate extent. Their work, however, would appear to have been that of an ambitious people, possibly ignorant of letters, yet skilled in mechanical art, and able to employ many laborers in concert. Their number still extant in Brittany attests their residence not to have been of short duration, but to have continued for a considerable period.

The early history of Britain—like that of most other nations—is involved in obscurity, and it is difficult to ascertain with precision anything with regard to its original inhabitants. It is admitted that they were of a Celtic race, and had migrated hither from the opposite coast of Gaul. Our information upon this subject is derived from Greek and Roman writers, none of whom, however, were at all acquainted with the island until subsequent to the invasion by Cæsar, B. C. 55. By these authorities the Druids are represented as having possessed all authority in matters of religion and justice.

The last spot of Druidical importance is esteemed to have been the Isle of Anglesey, and the traces of a sacred stone circle are still to be found. The priests were not only the ministers of religion, but also the expounders of the law, its administrators, and the depositories of whatever knowledge and civilization existed. Much superstition naturally prevailed at such a time, and under such circumstances. The vulgar were only to be controlled by the influence of faith and the inspiration of terror, and these have been successfully handed down to posterity in lieu of these higher and more rational doctrines which it may be presumed, were only imparted to those suited for their reception. Secrecy, inviolable scenery, secured by the administration of an oath to the priesthood, also operated to prevent the communication of that knowledge which now we should be so anxious to possess.

The worship of the most striking objects in nature, and the most remarkable phenomena, formed the basis of the devotions. The sun, the moon and the elements of fire were then very generally, perhaps universally, worshipped. To these then, may be attributed the purposes of the temple at Stonehenge and other similar structures.

The Poor Success of the Silent Barber.

"Silence is not golden in a barber shop," remarked Jim Bass, the barber and colored philosopher of Twenty-second street and Clark avenue. "Men like to be talked to when they're getting shaved or their hair cut. I used to have a barber named Jackson, the quietest fellow you ever saw. He wouldn't open his mouth to speak unless spoken to first. Why, my customers, after he'd got through with 'em would come over to me and ask if the barber was mad, or felt bad about anything. They didn't like it at all. You see most of 'em had been used to being shaved by me, and if they said one word to me I'd say seven. Yes, sir, there's nothing like knowing how to talk. Of course you've got to have a little discretion about you and know just when to buzz a man. I can always tell by the first thing a man says after he gets into my chair whether he'll stand talking to or not. If he answers me pleasantly I lay myself out and cover all the subjects of public interest; but if he simply grunts, I shut my mouth and let him alone."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Morning Duties.

Mr. O'Rafferty has frequently had occasion to rebuke his boy, Teddy, for failing to have the kindling wood ready to light the fire in the morning. A few nights ago O'Rafferty said to Teddy:

"What is it, me bye, that you have to do first thing in the morning?"

"I know well enough, fayther, what I have to do first thing in the morning," replied Teddy, laughing.

"What is it, ye spalpeen?"

"The first thing I have to do in the morning is to get the kindling ready the night before."—*Texas Siftings*.

A landlady advertises that she has "a fine airy, wellfurnished bed room for a gentleman twelve feet square," another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair;" still another has "a hall bed room for a single woman 8x12."

TOPICS FOR WOMEN.

The Education of Girls.

It is maintained alike by parents and doctors, by school teachers and school managers, says an able writer in the *Saturday Review* that the standard of girls' education, whether in secondary or elementary schools, has been placed unduly high, and the facts brought forward in support of this position seem to be beyond dispute. There are several reasons why the danger should be greater for girls than it is for boys. In the first place, the brain power in girls is developed earlier and is stimulated by a greater degree of nervous energy. A very eminent physician has said that women are now aiming at doing everything that men do, and to each thing that they aim at they bring twice the amount of eagerness that men bring. Unfortunately, in spite of all that the advocates of the equality of the sexes can say, women are not the equals of men as regards physical strength; and when they try to do the same amount of work, and throw a double mental strain into the effort the result will inevitably be seen in one form or another of physical or mental disease. What is true of women as compared with men, is still more true of girls as compared with boys. A more precocious growth of brain power naturally leads, unless very great care is taken, to an equally precocious accession of brain exhaustion. In the second place, the education of girls is governed by less rational principles than that of boys. Generations of schoolmasters have pretty well discovered what boys can advantageously do, and what they cannot. Good girls' schools are things of yesterday. Everything about them is still in the experimental stage. Enthusiastic head-mistresses are keenly alive to the amount of leeway there is to make up, and they have not yet learned that an increase of speed which runs the ship upon a rock is only a proof of bad seamanship.

Beauty and Familiarity.

Whence comes it that a painter, if perfectly faithful to nature, possesses for us, in many cases, extreme beauty, when the original is commonplace and uninteresting? A lover of art will go into an ecstasy of admiration over a well painted hand. He will note the perfection of the flesh tint, the accuracy with which each vein is traced, the grace of every curve, and will say, as the highest praise he can give, that it seems like a real human hand, standing out from the canvas. But, after all, it is difficult to explain wherein its special beauty lies. No doubt, the skill of the artist who can note so accurately and reproduce the exact features and details in the appearance of a hand excites marvel and admiration. But in what especially consists the beauty of the picture, when the highest praise we can give it is that it closely resembles a human hand? There is, doubtless, a certain beauty in the human hand, but it would seem to fall far short of and to differ from the unique artistic beauty which we perceive in the picture. If one who is gazing at the latter with delight were suddenly to find that it was no picture, but like Peg Woffington's portrait, a real hand inserted through a hole in the canvas, half its charm would be gone. And yet the curves, veins and flesh-tints would not be one whit less perfect. We are inclined to think that the true explanation of this is somewhat similar to a parallel phenomenon in music. A beautiful melody, if heard constantly, ceases to arouse any emotion. Our sense of the beautiful in this regard becomes dulled. But we sometimes find that if it is performed in an unaccustomed way—for instance, by an entirely new combination of instruments—our faculties become once more stimulated by this element of freshness, and our enjoyment of it is as keen as ever.

A New Canadian Industry.

Among the native industries developed in Canada during the era of prosperity the Toronto Silver Plate Co.'s establishment is destined to take a prominent rank. It is important not merely from the fact of its being a large new industry located in the capital of Ontario, but from its being the first establishment which has undertaken to manufacture electro silver-plated ware in all its details on the spot. For some years there have been electro plating establishments in Canada, but as they were simply branches of American factories, their goods were simply plated from "blank" (unplated metal) supplied from the head establishments on the other side. The Toronto Silver Plate Co. have confidently taken the great step of turning out their goods from the very beginning to the end within their own walls, and the impression they have already created among the Canadian trade has been most favorable—an impression due, primarily, to the style and quality of work which they have presented, but largely due also to the fact that the company were fortunate enough to secure for their superintendent the ablest and most experienced man in the Canadian trade—Mr. James A. Watt. With an experience of over 20 years and a thorough knowledge of all the details of the business, no man could have been found so well fitted to take charge of such an establishment.

Being anxious to see the place in working order the writer took a King street west car and, being set down at 420, found himself in front of a new three story brick building surmounted by a cupola and having more the bright and airy appearance of a college than the prison-like forbidding piles known to the past and present generations as factory buildings. The front windows were neatly curtained, the lower stories being fitted with plate glass and, inside, the brightness and elegance of the offices, show-rooms and workrooms struck the visitor at once. As with the main building, so with the auxiliary portions of the factory and caretaker's premises; comfort, convenience and taste seemed better studied than any new factory the writer has visited for many a day. Although it is not the writer's intention to attempt any description of the many processes employed in the work, the following notes given by the *Trader* of the factory will be interesting:

"From the mighty 'Corliss' engine of fifty horse power, that silently and apparently without effort, drives the heavy and rapidly revolving machinery, to the powerful presses, some of which are very expensive, and steam rollers, everything was of the most perfect description and gave promise of fully carrying out the wishes of the makers."

"In one department we found the moulders busy ladling the liquid metal from red hot cauldrons into moulds, and turning out with great rapidity, casters, pickle and tea pot handles, and many other articles of like kind, destined to form a prominent part of the elegantly finished goods with which the show room is fast being filled. In the spinning department might be seen the wood turners making chucks, on which to turn the metal, and the metal spinners, with the help of these wooden chucks, fashioning the metal into casters, cake baskets &c., on their rapidly revolving lathes. But time would fail us to tell of the plating department with its immense vats of silver solution and its rapidly revolving electric motor, from which modern science has so well utilized in this department of the fine arts; or, of the burnishing room with its long row of men with their steel burnishers, driven with their seemingly tireless arms to the cheery music of some Moody or Sandey melody or opera song; or of the department where the designers and mould makers reign supreme, and everybody seems so quiet and studious that a novice might imagine that the workers were amusing themselves instead of working; or of the immense stock room, where shelves are loaded down with glass of every description, from the cheap, plain pickle jar to the richly decorated vase or berry dish of Bohemian manufacture."

All the glassware used here is imported direct from Bohemia, and it may be interesting to note in conclusion that every dollar devoted to the founding of this enterprise has been invested by Canadians.

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When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot, 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator, Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The harbingers of spring have made their appearance, and can be seen most any day seated on a dry goods box in front of the stores whittling soft pine.

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It is truly a marvel. The Oil, besides exciting appetite, promoting digestion and checking fermentation on the stomach, antiseptics or counteracts the effect of uric acid, which produces rheumatism by destroying the oxalate and phosphate of lime in the bones, and the membranes inclosing the joints. Sold by all druggists. (Electric is not Electric.)

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.—Burke.

No. 5.

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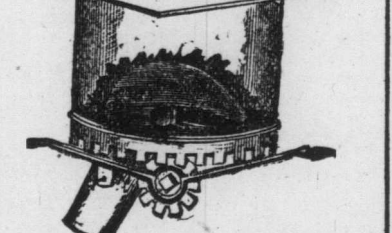
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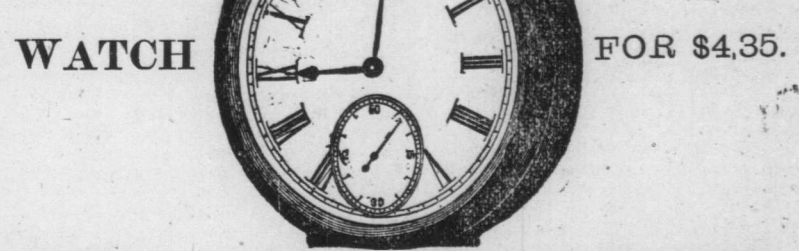
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