striped blue and white poplin, trimmed with blue cashmere folds and bows.

Fig. 3.—SUIT OF OLIVE BROWN CASHMERE. Skirt trimmed with six bias folds of cashmere of the same color, but a darker shade, bound on each side with white. Over-skirt trimmed with two similar folds and woolen fringe. Basque-waist and flowing sleeves, trimmed with narrower folds and fringe. The same trimming simulates a sailor collar.

THE LIFE BOUQUET.

THE young flowers woke in the arms of Spring,
And Life knit a bright band round them—
Its woof was woven where Love was king,
And softly his meshes bound them.

And sweetly and fairly did they glow,
In spirit and seeming kin;
Alike as safe from the chill of woe
As the canker blight of sin.

So dreamed the hope: but the Summer came,
With his daring, passionate breath;
Withered and scorched in the beautiful flame,
Some bright buds shrank to death.

And Autumn came, with his cold gray eves,
His mornings bleak and dreary;
And they faded and fell, some more soft leaves,
Of the changing seasons weary.

"Alas, for my lovely flowers!" sighed Life,
As he gazed on the few remaining:
They were all unmeet for the toil and strife,
And the long path's lonely paining.

But Winter listened his bitter sigh;
He whispered hope and cheering;
He sent the snow from the hollow sky,
To fall where the leaves lay searing.

And under its covering, cold and sad,
The broken bands united;
And the flowers of Life new birthday had
In the land no death-winds blighted.

MY BIG BLUNDER.

AT the age of twenty-five the life of a London bachelor is seductive to a heathen imagination, but afterward it grows less pleasant to contemplate. One gets selfish, and a selfish man deteriorates rapidly. So it was a shock to me to brush a gray hair one morning out of my celibate whiskers. Abnormal? No: a careful investigation showed that there were more where that came from. I sat down, a brush in either hand, and contemplated. When I rose to complete my toilette I had determined to marry Sarah Hervy as soon as possible.

Sarah was a superior girl, there can be no doubt about that; men called her strong-minded, eccentric, and were rather afraid of her, not but what there were plenty of them ready to brave any danger there might be. She preferred historical, biographical, and even philosophical books to novels. She had found out a simple style of dress which suited her, and kept to it, only allowing such modifications as were necessary to avoid an appearance of affected indifference to the prevailing fashions. The instinct was a true one, for her principal beauty lay in a certain classical grace, a soft dignity, which I can not attempt to describe, but which would certainly have been marred by florid dressing.

Though I knew that other men had tried and failed, I felt fairly confident. "She has more head than heart," said Maurice, for example, "and it will take a clever fellow to get round her." Exactly; but I *was* a clever fellow (reader gasps)—in my own estimation. ("Oh, that is different!")

Very different, indeed, I have found it out since. But, to confess the truth, a more conceited coxcomb than your humble servant, at the time I am speaking of, never leaned over the rails of Rotten Row. There were no fewer than five young ladies whom I thought I could have for the asking, and Sarah Hervy was one of them. I was on very intimate terms with her, it was true; but directly I tried positive flirtation I found that she would not drop into my mouth quite so readily as I had anticipated. She was intelligent, friendly, lively, confidential even to a certain extent, but most difficult to make love to. For example, we were engaged one day in art criticism, counting the leaves on a Pre-Raphaelite ivy-bush to see whether it had a realistic allowance, when I took occasion to draw her attention to a spooney couple, intended by the artist to be the most prominent objects in the picture, and tried to make use of them. "What would painters and poets do without love?" I began.

"I can not imagine," said she: "how strange it is that the most unpleasant things in nature, lovers and pigs, should be so pleasing in art!"

"You are hard on the poor things, surely," said I.

"Am I?" she continued. "Well, fond as I am of Ward's pigs, I never could look at the real animals without disgust."

"Oh, I grant you the pigs," said I, feeling clumsy; "I meant the lovers."

"Well, can there be any spectacle more idiotic than a couple in *that* condition?" she asked, pointing to the picture.

"The question sounds cruel, coming from one so calculated to reduce a man to it."

"There!" she said, with a frown, and a petulant tapping of the foot; "that is the worst of being a girl; one can not talk freely without being suspected of fishing for compliments."

Of course I knew that Miss Sarah's sentiments would become modified when the right man turned up; but I was evidently not the right man—at present, at all events. She was not to be carried by assault, as I had hoped. I must attack according to the rules. Love must be disguised as friendship; flattery must be implied rather than expressed. Above all, I must maintain the opinion which I knew she had of my abilities; for she quite worshiped talent.

I learned the *Athenæum* by heart every Sunday. I did. My memory was wonderful in those days. And Miss Hervy, who did not see that journal, credited me with having read all the books, heard all the music, formed an independent judgment on the plays and pictures, mastered the astronomical, geological, philosophical discoveries chronicled in its pages from week to week.

My plans were disconcerted by the Hervys going out of town. Mr. Hervy was a director of a hundred boards; Mrs. Hervey was not Sarah's mother, but the second wife, with a tendency to bronchitis, which sent the family to a house they had near Ventnor when spring returned with all its sweets, east wind included, and the period of migration had now arrived. But I was not utterly checkmated, for I knew that my friend Freshet had a castle somewhere at the back of the Isle of Wight, and would be too glad to go there if he could get any fellow to stay with him, for that was his constant object.

I went to the club we both belong to, and found him playing at billiards, and smoking a pipe with his coat of arms on it in alt-relief. I said the pipe was coloring; I praised his game; I spoke of yachting, which he lived for, and promised to take a cruise with him. We dined together, and spoke of the castle, which turned out to be within a couple of miles of the Hervys' place. He asked me to go down there with him. I agreed. He said he would make up a party, and wrote to the housekeeper to get rooms ready that very evening. You might do any thing with Freshet if you knew how to play him.

I had known him at school and at college, poor fellow—yet why "poor fellow?" He was rich and happy; and if he had a vague, uneasy semi-consciousness at times that people were laughing at him, it did not seriously damage his self-complacency or his digestion. But one always says "poor fellow" of a good-natured man who is below the average in wits, and Freshet was certainly that. Three men besides myself agreed to be Freshet's guests, and I was somewhat annoyed to find that they were all admirers of the girl I had calculated on monopolizing. The reason was simple: Freshet had gone about asking all the men he knew, and only those who were attracted by the knowledge that the fair Sarah was in the neighborhood accepted the invitation. It was a case of natural selection. It did not promise to be a very cordial group. However, I flattered myself that my presence was much more injurious to their chances than theirs was to mine; and as each of them had probably arrived at a similar conclusion in his own favor, and as, moreover, we were all men of the world, and not Arcadians, we rubbed along very well together. We never alluded to the secret attraction which had drawn us individually to the castle, but pretended intense interest in the place and neighborhood. Were those cottagers Freshet's tenants? Was there really once a ditch and a draw-bridge? Was that pig-sty part of the old keep?

Chorus. "By Jove!"

On the morning after our arrival some one proposed a stroll over to Ventnor; some one else said, "By-the-bye, were not the Hervys at home?" It was then averred that Hervy was a "rattling good fellow" (which I take to mean one who has jingling materials in his pockets), and that it was a moral duty to look him up. So we called, and a queer game of courtship was started. Four competitors and only one prize, and no younger or elder sisters or other spinsters to divide our attentions and make things less awkward. What a pretty tournament we might have got up, if such things had not gone out of fashion!

And as if four lovers were not enough for one girl, our host took the Sarah fever very badly, to our great amusement; for when we were at home, and not occupied with whist or pool, we amused ourselves by mystifying Freshet; and his present passion, which seemed to us outrageous, formed a new subject for the exercise of our wits.

The fact was that I found myself a great deal less alone with Miss Hervy than I had been in London even, and my weekly cram of *Athenæum* was for the most part lost labor. Indeed, two of my old rivals showed country accomplishments which threw me somewhat in the background. One rode, and the other croqueted in a very superior manner; and though I did not fear lest such frivolities should make any real impression on so lofty an intelligence as Sarah's, I did not quite like the opportunities thus afforded to men who were undeniably among the cleverest of the fops who dangled about her. Prudence suggested that it would be well to spoil their little games when possible, even if I could not at the moment profit directly by the manœuvre; for, of course, I could not often interrupt a rival's *tête-à-tête* personally without a row. So, whenever Martingale's riding-lesson or Mallet's instruction in croquet appeared to be growing dangerously confidential, I set Freshet at them. The honest fellow had no notion that his guests were his rivals, and took each of us in turn into the confidence of his passion. So he had no compunction whatever in falling in with my views whenever I suggested that he should constitute himself an odious third. "It was nothing to Martingale or Mallet, but he was spoons in that quarter," he reasoned.

The others did not perceive my manœuvre or make reprisals, and as Freshet never took the initiative, I was left in peace when I managed in my turn to secure the ear of the fair Sarah.

"Why do you all laugh at Mr. Freshet?" she inquired on one of these occasions.

"I don't know. People always have," I answered. "He was the only child I ever heard of who practically attempted to catch birds by sprinkling salt on their tails."

"Did you see him?"

"No; the first time I ever witnessed his *naïveté* was later, when we were school-boys together, and watching the sale of a horse. The purchaser, after having stroked his legs down, etc., *secundum artem*, went to his mouth. 'Rising seven,' said the would-be seller.

"'Ay, all that,' replied the other.

"'How did he know the horse's age?' Freshet asked me; and I, being a country-bred lad, was so amused by his greenness that I replied, 'Did you not see the gray hairs about his nose?'

"'Oh!' said Freshet, quite contented.

"Presently afterward we met a gray.

"'What an old horse *that* must be!' cried Freshet."

"It was a perfectly natural deduction from the information you had given him," said Sarah, smiling.

"Perfectly; his blunders always are. That is what gives them their piquancy."

"I see," said she; "his nature is so trusting that no amount of experience can break him of placing confidence in his fellow-creatures. Well, perhaps he deserves to be laughed at."

It was evident that Sarah's kind heart did not approve of the flippant manner in which we were in the habit of treating the man whose hospitality we enjoyed, and I resolved not to quiz him again in her presence. And indeed, when I thought about it, I was ashamed of making a butt of him at all, and determined to discontinue the practice. And yet, so powerful is custom, I put the most cruel hoax possible upon him the very next day; for, bored by his praises of an object I could appreciate so much better, and irritated by professions of a love which seemed to burlesque my own, I told him that it was wonderful he was so blind as not to see his passion was returned.

As usual, he put implicit faith in my words; the idea of irony or "chaff" never occurred to him. "I should never have dreamed it!" he cried, grasping my hand. "What a thing it is to have a friend!"

He hurried off to the stables, and in five minutes I heard him cantering along the road. My heart smote me; I had no idea he would be so prompt. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and presently Martingale and Mallet, who were always late, came down to breakfast. "Where's Freshet?" asked Mallet.

"Gone to propose to Miss Hervy," said I, and they roared. Freshet, of all blockheads, to rush in where—hum—ha!—really intellectual beings feared to offer! We waited his reappearance as a gourmand watches the twisting of the Champagne wire. At lunch-time he arrived—his horse in a foam, his neck-tie twisted. He grasped my hand: I felt very guilty.

"Don't be excited, old fellow," I stammered; "I had no idea that you would rush off like that. If I was mistaken—"

"I'm your debtor for life! Congratulate me, you others: I have offered to Miss Hervy, and been accepted."

Chorus. "Accepted!"

"Yes. I should never have dared ask if it had not been for Penyolin."

I thought there must be a mistake, but there was not; and they were married in the June following, I acting as Freshet's best man. That was ten years ago. They are the happiest couple I ever knew, and so grateful to me! If ever you want to get any thing out of Mrs. Freshet, talk to her husband, and pretend to show deference to what he says: she will subscribe, safe.

EXTREMITIES.

THE HEAD AND HANDS.

MOTHER NATURE is continually turning out into the world specimens of her admirable workmanship complete in every part—astonishing little machines, with a resistless motive power beating inside, and five senses to keep watch and ward over the delicate mechanism, in comparison with which the most perfect steam-engine ever elaborated by man is mere child's play. These minute creations no sooner appear than they are ignominiously swathed in flannel, jealously guarded from the light of day, and buried beneath layers of blankets, as though their appearance was a disgrace tolerated from necessity, but at the same time rigorously concealed from the public gaze. As the months pass, existence demands air, and slowly the layers are removed, until the solemn little face is exposed, and two small mottled fists are allowed to escape from the bandages. But here indulgence stops, and through the long years of its pilgrimage upon earth the human animal is doomed to wear its wrappings as the beast wears its skin, with this difference only, that the beast peacefully enjoys his one unchangeable suit, while civilized man is obliged to dress and undress himself seven hundred and thirty times in the year, to say nothing of extra laws imposed by fashion, which swell the number up into the thousands, and fully explain the suicide of the Frenchman who shot himself because he was so tired of taking off and putting on his stockings. Submitting to his fate, man learns to endure his straitjacket, and defines himself as a clothes-bearing animal for the rest of his days. Grateful for the freedom of two of his extremities—his head and hands—he even wears his boots with resignation, plodding along his weary way, and occasionally relieving the monotony of his existence by investigations into the hidden mysteries of that dominant extremity, his brain.

The head, then, has been an object of interest since the earliest ages. It has been described, dissected, and generally extolled until man almost forgets that he has other extremities in the

investigation of the laws of phrenology, physiognomy, facial æsthetics, or scalpel analysis, according to his varying taste. Four of the senses are lodged in the head, and undoubtedly it is an important portion of the human frame, as any one will find who tries to get along without it. But, by way of variety, can nothing be said of the humbler members, the hands and feet—those faithful servants who obey so implicitly the mandates of their ruler? Where would the civil engineer be if his hands mutinied under him? what would the general do if his foot-soldiers deserted the camp?

The hands, then, come first in order; and let us begin with a good, hearty hand-shake, the well-known sign of American nationality, and in itself an amusing test of character. Who ever saw a mean, niggardly man grasp his neighbor's hand, and shake it heartily with open good-will? No; with his dry fingers he doles out a miserly little clutch, clawing your skin with his nails, as though he hoped to hook some advantage out of you before letting go. A timid man hastily puts out his hand and just touches your fingers, nervously retreating as soon as possible, in evident relief. An irresolute man slowly slides his hand into yours, and just as you are expecting a firmer clasp the limp fingers drop away, and your hand closes on nothing. A nervous man, if he shakes hands at all, will squeeze your fingers like a vise; and a hypocrite, with his clammy palm, betrays his double purpose in his uncomfortably loose but at the same time tenacious hold, in which your hand can not find a firm abiding-place, but slips around in the dampness most unpleasantly.

In the matter of hand-shaking between the sexes, there is at times a subtile magnetism which accounts for many of the sudden fancies that take possession of our gentle sisters, to the bewilderment of their slow, prosaic relatives. A timid, irresolute, bashful way of shaking hands is secretly despised by these little hypocrites, whose sense of touch is delicately keen; and as they withdraw their slender palms they mentally consign the unfortunate stranger to the regions of pitying contempt, along with other worthy young men, who, for various equally trivial reasons, are riddled with ridicule through and through, and never know it. These fine distinctions in the science of palmistry are seldom applicable on the opposite side, because ladies are in the habit of shaking hands by rule in a conventional fashion, with no personality about it whatever; and so general is this practice that a young widow of our acquaintance once became a belle from no other quality than her way of shaking hands. Whether intentionally or not remains a secret, but, instead of standing off at arms-length and stiffly extending the tips of inanimate fingers, this dark-eyed little woman would walk up to a visitor, giving no sign of extending her arm until she was close upon him, and then, when only a few inches apart, the hand was graciously offered, and the frank, cordial grasp seemed to say, "I am sincerely glad to see you—*you* above all others!"

The hand is an index of the disposition; and although the pressure of outside circumstances may have modified the original characteristics, the hand shows what nature intended the person to be, and what he would be if left to take his own way. The artistic hand, for instance, with its extremely taper fingers and pink, almond-shaped nails, was never intended for work; and although you may find such hands toiling in the heaviest tasks, you may know that necessity or stern principle is forcing them along contrary to taste and inclination, and that if the outside pressure should cease they would instantly relax into happy indolence or a graceful trifling with æsthetics, such as painting flowers or cherub heads, playing fragments of dreamy music, turning the leaves of rare books, peeling a luscious peach, or holding up to the light a crystal glass with the red wine shining through the carved grape leaves on its border. Women with artistic fingers are apt to play with fancy-work, making little tableaux of their white hands and colored wool; but their normal condition is absolute indolence, sitting in an easy-chair arrayed in soft silken robes with their lovely helpless hands crossed upon their laps, perfect pictures of *dolce far niente*. Such women, if they have money, lead happy lives, generous in every thing but personal exertion, and generally considered models of amiability; if they are so unfortunate as to be poor, principle or affection may inspire them to work, but it will never come easily to them, and in spite of the best intentions they will remain inefficient to the last. The same may be said of men with extremely taper fingers: while rich they are charming members of society; but if poverty comes, woe to their wives! On them will fall all the burden and heat of the day.

Another variety is the plebeian hand, broad and short, with coarse large fingers, finished with stumpy ends, and round nails with no sign of the half-moon upon their thick white surface. These hands are made for work—not the skillful mechanism or deft manipulation of the higher crafts, but simply that active strength and indiscriminating energy that can wield a shovel or scrub a floor with unapproachable celerity, although they would pause helplessly before a cabinet-maker's tools or a sewing-machine. These are the hands that extend our railroads across the country, pile the bricks for our houses, and carry our mammoth trunks up into the fifth story of hotels; these are the hands that wash our clothes, scrub our floors, and build our fires; their hearty, good-natured, blundering owners are invaluable helpers in the land, and without their strength we should be but a puny nation. In democratic America the plebeian hand is often seen among the wealthy, but no amount of care is able to disguise its character. Pretty, rosy-cheeked girls, whose broad, plump hands have never been hardened by a moment's work, and whose short fingers sparkle with diamonds, may endeavor to appear elegantly languid like their taper-fingered companions, but in spite of themselves their true nature breaks out in a romp with their little brothers in the back-yard, or the zest with which, at a later day, they enter into a general house-cleaning. They are never so happy as when at work; and, to straighten out the tangles of the world, they ought to marry the taper-fingered men, for they have energy enough in their honest, good-natured souls to carry the graceful idlers along all the days of their life without a murmur or even a consciousness of the true state of the matrimonial team.

A third variety between the two already mentioned is what may be called the mechanical hand, large and well shaped, with firm, straight fingers and square, broad nails—the hand of the useful and successful worker in every department of life. When you see such a hand you know that it can do something; and although it may belong to the millionaire, you feel sure that if all his wealth should disappear in one night, by the next that hand would be successfully employed in some unaccustomed but naturally appropriate work; and if it should belong to a petted heiress, you know it could readily earn its living in some of the deft occupations of women, and enjoy it too right heartily. These are the hands of our best surgeons, who carry life and death in their fingers. These are the hands of our best artists; for although there are many fragmentary and spasmodic musicians and painters among the taper fingers, their genius is marred by their indolence, and the mechanical hand carries off their honors. These are the hands of the skillful craftsmen, the machinists and the engineers, who hold in their grasp the chained giant, and make him labor for the world. These are the hands of the practical man who, whatever may be his position or wealth, is not ashamed to mend a hinge, repair a clock, trim a church for Christmas, make a swing at a picnic, or even light a fire and cook the dinner if the servants have deserted and the wife is sick. Every nail such hands drive in holds, every parcel they tie up stays tied; in short, every thing they do they do it with their might, and therein lies the secret of their success.

Mixed in between these grand divisions are numerous composite hands partaking of the characteristics of all three, and denoting a mixture of the same qualities. Sometimes a family will preserve a particular mould for generation after generation, but usually a cross-breed alters the type, and the hands become conglomerate. The American hand, generally speaking, is small both in men and women, and, incased in a glove, presents quite a contrast by its delicacy to the English and Continental hand; but remove the glove, and the contrast is the other way—the imperfect shape and irregular fingers of the New World sinking into insignificance beside the statuesque outlines and shapely proportions of the Old World hand, large perhaps, but perfect enough for a sculptor's model. According to American ideas, the antique statues have hands too large for beauty, or, as a Manhattan belle once expressed it when looking at the Venus de Medici, "she must have worn sevens at least." The famous Venus of Milo is moulded on so majestic a scale that we can easily imagine the grand sweep of the noble arms and the rounded curve of the perfect hand in spite of the missing marble: a goddess, indeed! but where could she find a hand mighty enough to grasp hers? Certainly not among the men of the nineteenth century; her shapely fingers would crush their soft palms at the first grasp. The hand is a test of the artist, both sculptor and painter; he may succeed with the face, but in nine cases out of ten he puts in a conventional hand, as though it was a matter of no importance; whereas, in reality, every hand has an expression of its own as decided as that of the face, and should be as carefully copied. Why should the hand be idealized more than the face? and in portraits where truth is the object sought, why should all the hands be lies? To the eye of affection the hand is dear just as it is. A wife thinks the hand of her husband one of the dearest things on earth, hard-working though it be; and the lover cherishes for the fair little hand of his mistress a poetical tenderness worthy of the days of chivalry; he puts the ring on that slender third finger, and vows to love and protect his youthful bride; and although she grows old as time glides on, and the ring is worn to a mere thread, he still sees under the wrinkles that fair little hand that was laid so confidingly in his he is afraid to think how many years ago.

The ancient science of palmistry, although now out of fashion, has quite as much truth in its axioms as phrenology or physiognomy, and, to be just, quite as much nonsense. If the two lines which cross the palm horizontally run into each other on the thumb side, one is sure to be hanged, which it is a comfort to know; not that we have ever seen a hand where those two lines did run into each other, but we are still hopefully on the look-out. The line of life, too, is a versatile division, which changes its length with every change of gloves; and the line of poetry is entirely obliterated by harnessing a horse or sweeping a room. But, in spite of these discrepancies, there is something in the doctrine of the thumb. A large, long thumb denotes power, and all great men are said to have large thumbs, just as they are said to have large noses. If the thumb is long from the second joint to the end it denotes great obstinacy, or if you please, determination; and careful observation will show that this is generally true, as well as the converse proposition, that those who have this joint short are amiable and yielding. This buoy, showing the vicinity of the dreaded rock, may be useful to mariners about to launch their barks upon the unknown sea of matrimony. Stretch out your hands, ye gentle blondes; your thumbs betray you; for almost universally the second joint is long, and your innate obstinacy stands revealed. It is time the subject should be handled without gloves, and the truth proclaimed from the house-tops. Brunettes may blaze into fiery anger, and sparks may scintillate from their sharp speeches, but it is soon over; whereas, for steady, systematic, enduring obstinacy, give me a dove-eyed, low-voiced blonde. Grant is a blonde, and his famous saying, "I intend to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," is but a characteristic utterance of the temperament to which he belongs. His obstinacy won his battles. But, after all, it is only in the feminine hand that the length of the thumb becomes an important question. Men have so much obstinacy, any way, that the exact quantity more or less is of small interest. What do we care whether the water is thirty or thirty-one feet over our heads, provided we are to be drowned in it all the same? As people grow old their hands seem to acquire a general expression of the general character. Misers' fingers look like clutching claws; epicures have fat, pulpy fingers, luxurious in every motion; nervous, vacillating people play with the table ornaments, scribble on book margins, break paper-cutters, trifle with pieces of string, or beat tattoos upon their chair arms until steady-going old gentlemen, vexed in the profoundest depths of their orderly souls, rise in sudden wrath and leave the room. As a point of etiquette it is quite an art to manage the hands and keep them in graceful repose; in short, the science of good manners may be summed up in these words—to know how to keep still. The size of the hand is a matter of taste, although common-sense dictates that a man's hand should be large and a woman's small. When we see a man with little, puny fingers placing the wedding-ring upon a hand twice as large as his own, we feel the incongruity, although, no doubt, the sturdy wife will take good care of him; and there is no law to prevent little men from marrying large women, as they so often do. A small hand is out of place on a man, and one is afraid that in an emergency it will be found wanting; and if, in addition, it is soft and white, we immediately associate it with ribbons and tapes, pomatum and gorgeous neck-ties—the inevitable sweet William behind the counter. Red hands accompany youth; young persons scarcely ever have white hands—one of the few beauties belonging to the afternoon of life. Active young blood rushes to the surface, and growing youths gaze with despair at their beet-colored hands. Time alone can remedy the difficulty, unless it is caused by a tight armhole or tight lacing, in which case the scissors are prescribed.

The wrist belongs to the hand, because it can scarcely ever be concealed, in spite of the well-starched cuffs of the gentlemen, or the broad bracelets of the ladies. A beautiful wrist is a rare beauty, an ugly wrist a common defect. On a man the wrist should be strong, smooth, and not disfigured by visible tendons or knobs; on a woman the wrist should be small, round, and delicately veined inside, gradually increasing in size above; for no matter how small the wrist may be, it is not beautiful if there is nothing but wrist all the way up.

Gloves are a sign of the wearer's taste, and it is said you can always tell a lady by her gloves. However that may be, the study of gloves is amusing, from the four-buttoned lavender of the belle down to the white cotton glove of the negro waiter. Gentlemen, as a rule, scorn to fasten their gloves, and having souls above buttons, they consider the gaping corners a masculine prerogative. Ladies are apt to wear gloves that are too small, cramping their hands into an unnatural shape that would wound the sensitive eye of a sculptor, who knows that no hand was ever intended to look like a block of wood, the same size from top to bottom. When you see a lady under forty years of age whose gloves are so long that the empty tips flap loosely far beyond the ends of her fingers, and so large that the wrinkled kid envelopes her hand in shapeless folds, you may know she is without hope in the world. She may be busily employed, she may be an advocate for female suffrage, she may be rich, but, all the same, she is a desolate creature, caring little as regards her own personality for the present, and expecting nothing from the future. Give that forlorn palm a hearty shake, ye chivalrous-hearted brothers, say a kind word to the cheerless face, for those gloves are a sign that the last gleam of hope has departed, feminine vanity is dead, and all is over!

A CHINESE FUNERAL IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE deceased was the wife of a Chinese doctor, and the funereal feast was spread upon tables placed in the open street. These tables were covered with all sorts of edibles, including pyramids of fruit and *whole* cooked and uncooked hogs.

The rose-wood coffin was at one end of the principal table, and beside it stood a man muttering Chinese words, and making a hideous noise with clashing cymbals. Twelve women with white cloths wrapped about their heads and faces walked round about the coffin; one of these women carried an infant with its head also enveloped with a white cloth. This infant, we believe, was the child of the deceased. The balconies of the houses on both sides of the narrow street were crowded with women in their strange head-dresses, looking on with smiling and cheerful faces, without any appearance of sadness, for all were paid mourners. After the display had been well exhibited, amidst much shouting, noise, and confusion, the hack-drivers and express-men drove through the crowd, and took the corpse, mourners, and feast to the grave-yard. When they arrived there the tables were again spread, as an offering to the spirit of the deceased, the women kneeling round, howling and making a great noise, in which the baby also joined; but whether it did so from fright caused by the fearful noise, or in response to a severe pinching, we can not decide, although we are inclined to think that it did so from the latter cause.

At the last each person received a pair of chop-sticks, which he partially burned and then stuck in the ground, and to each was given from a bag a small piece of paper containing money. The body was placed in the receiving vault; the tables and edibles were reloaded on the wagons, and the funeral procession returned home.

The bodies of the deceased are placed in the receiving vault to await the annual shipment back to China; for once a year a mandarin sends a vessel to California for this purpose, all the resident Chinese uniting, Masonic fashion, in paying the expense.

It has been stated in some of the newspapers that the door of the receiving vault used by the Chinese is splashed with blood; but this is not so. The door is simply covered with unsightly splashes of red wax, coming from the tapers burned in front of it. These are placed on little sticks, like small rocket sticks, and left swealing in the wind until burned up or blown out, and splashing the door with the melted wax.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TO CLEANSE A BOTTLE OR CASTER CRUET THAT HAS CONTAINED SAUCE, ETC.—Any bottle, etc., can be cleaned by dropping in about a tea-spoonful of shot, and then putting in some warm suds, shaking up and down. Dry the shot for another time. If you have not shot on hand, a few small and smooth pebbles out of the garden alley will answer.

Bottles that have held rose-water should never be used for any flavoring extracts. The spirits are destroyed at once.

To remove the cork from a bottle when it has fallen in, take a strong piece of twine, passing it into the bottle double, holding the ends in your hand; slip it so that the string will be around the cork, which must be in a position to slip out. Draw the string gently, and the cork will come out with it.

In buying flour always look at the color. If it is white, with a slight straw-color tint in it, buy it; but refuse it if it is a bluish-white, or has small black specks in it. Then wet a little of it, and knead it between the fingers. If it works sticky, it is poor. Try it again by squeezing some of it in your hand. If it retains the shape given to it by the hand, it is a good sign.

TO RID A PLACE OF ANTS.—Have a large sponge; wash it well and squeeze dry, which will leave the cells wide open. Put it on a plate, and sprinkle some fine white sugar over it, not letting any go on the plate. The ants will soon collect upon the sponge. Dip it into scalding water, which will kill them at once. Squeeze out the water, and repeat until all are gone.

Peach kernels or rose leaves steeped in brandy make an agreeable flavor for puddings, cakes, etc.

APPLE FLOAT.—One pint of stewed apples; when cold, sweeten and flavor to taste. Just as you want to send to table, add the beaten whites of four eggs, lightly stirred into it. With cream this makes a nice dessert.

Apples stewed for sauce should be pared, cored, and put into cold water until they are ready to be cooked, to keep them from discoloring. Add a little water, putting them in a porcelain kettle or stew-pan. Cover them, and let them cook gently. Look at them often to see if they need more water, but do not stir them until they are done, or you will have them lumpy and rough; when soft, stir and mash, add a little butter, run through a colander, sweeten, and set away to get cold.

Make a nice crust, and line a bowl with it that has been well buttered; fill with sliced apples, and sugar enough to sweeten them, the peel and juice of one lemon. Cover with crust, pinch the edges together, flour a cloth and tie it around the top of the bowl very securely, so that it will not slip, and put into fast-boiling water; boil from one and a half to two hours, according to size, not letting it stop at all, and keeping it well covered with water. Eat with cream, or a sauce of butter and sugar.

APPLE SOUFFLET (very nice).—Stew the apples just as you do for sauce, adding a little lemon peel and juice, omitting the butter; lay them pretty high around the inside of a baking dish. Make a custard of the yolks of two eggs to one pint of milk; add a little cinnamon and sugar. Let it cool, and then pour it into the dish; beat the whites, and spread over the top, browning it a little in the oven. Sprinkle a small quantity of sugar over it: it will brown sooner. The apples should be about half an inch thick at the bottom and sides of the dish.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Pare, core, and stew ten apples in as little water as possible; season as sauce, putting in a very little butter. Put into a pudding-dish in a cool oven; add the beaten whites of four eggs as you would icing; sprinkle sugar on top, and brown. A little custard may be used, instead of apple, in cups, sweetening and flavoring it.

APPLE PUDDING (very good).—One quart of grated apples that have been pared but not cooked; add to it a quarter of a pound of melted butter, half a pound of white sugar, cinnamon or any spice that may be wished, yolks of eight eggs, beaten; then the beaten whites. Have the pie-dish lined with puff paste, fill up with the apple mixture, and bake as any other custard pie.

APPLE COBBLER WITHOUT CRUST.—Two pounds of pared, cored, and sliced apples. Put them into a pan that can be covered; add one pound white sugar, juice of three lemons, grated rind of half a lemon; cook two hours, put into a mould, and eat with cream. Delicious.

TAPIOCA PUDDING (delicious).—A quarter of a pound of tapioca; soak overnight; in the morning pour off, and put in one and a quarter quarts of boiling water; sweeten and flavor to taste. Take six or eight apples, tart ones, pare, core, and stand them in a baking dish; fill the middle with sugar and a little cinnamon, pour the tapioca over, and bake until the apples are done. Eat cold with cream. If preferred, the apples can be pared, cored, and cut smallish; put into the dish, and pour over the tapioca, baking until done. If you want to make it in a hurry, instead of soaking overnight, pour boiling water on in the morning, and stir until it looks like thin starch.

IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THERE are roses of passionate sweetness
In the gardens under the hill,
Red-lipped and rich with the honey
That the brown bee sips at will.

Lightly their breath is blowing
Wherever the west wind flies,
A part of the breathing rapture
Of laughter and kisses and sighs.

But here, where the silence is perfect
As in undiscovered lands,
The lilies are blooming, like sainted souls,
With their gold harps in their hands.

And I think if the Lord at cool of day
Should again with his servants tread,
It is here that his feet would linger—
In this Garden of the Dead!

NABBY'S HUSBAND.

A KNOCK at the squire's door.

An eager "come in" from the squire, to whom any outside diversion is an inestimable boon, he having just reached that uncomfortable stage of masculine convalescence when life becomes a burden not only to the so-called "patient" himself, but also to those unlucky feminine relatives whose duty it is to officiate as his "ministering angels."

Mary, the servant, came in.

"Please, Mr. Hosley, there's a woman down stairs who says she must see you. She's been here before since you were sick, and now she won't take 'no' for an answer."

"Show her right up, Mary," said the squire, alertly, brightening up visibly, like the war-horse who scents the battle afar off. Not all the cozy comfort of his surroundings, the "Sleepy Hollowness" of his easy-chair, the pleasant pictures on the wall, the wood fire which, now that the wintry twilight was settling down over the bit of gray sky left visible by the curtains' heavy folds, danced and flashed all over the room in rosy shadows, could reconcile the squire to his enforced seclusion. Secretly he pined for his dingy old den of an office, and chafed at the doctor's restrictions, which as yet forbade all thought of business. But now the moral police force, represented by his wife and daughter, being luckily off duty, there was nothing to prevent his seeing this probable client.

"Show her up, Mary," said the squire, cheerfully, straightening himself, and assuming as much of legal dignity as dressing-gown and slippers permitted.

Mary disappeared. Presently the door opened again. "Why, Nabby," said the squire, "is it you? How do you do?"

"Yes, squire, it's me," said Nabby, dropping down with a heavy sigh into a chair; "and I don't do very well."

Nabby was a short, squarely built woman of fifty, with considerable gray in the coarse, black hair drawn stiffly and uncompromisingly back under a bonnet about five years out of date. She had sharp black eyes, and a resolute, go-ahead manner. Evidently a hard-working woman; yet in looking at her you could not help the conviction that something more than hard work had plowed the deep wrinkles which ran across and across her forehead, and threatened to lift her eyebrows up to her hair.

Nabby had lived with the squire's mother fifteen years—from the time when Mrs. Hosley took her in, a ten-year-old orphan, who was, as the good old lady sometimes expressed it, "more plague than profit," until she grew into the steady and reliable handmaiden, who finally, with every one's good wishes, married young Josiah Gould, and set up in the world for herself. Old Mrs. Hosley had long since gone to her reward, but the family still kept up a friendly interest in Nabby and her fortunes, the squire in particular being her "guide, philosopher, and friend" in all the emergencies of life.

"Why, what's the matter now, Nabby?" said the squire, good-naturedly. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, I *am*," said Nabby, emphatically, with a snap of her black eyes. "I'm sick to death of Josiah. I can't stan' it any longer, and I've come to talk with you about gittin' a divorce. You see he's ben a-growin' worse and worse now for a good while. I've kep' it to myself pretty much, because I was ashamed on't, and then I kep' hopin' he'd do better. I've talked and talked to him, and said and done every thing a woman could, but it seemed as if the more I talked the worse he grew."

The squire looked at Nabby's rather sharp, hard face, and perhaps was hardly so surprised as Nabby expected that Josiah had not been reformed by the vigorous "talking to" he had undoubtedly received.

"He grew more and more shiftless and good-for-nothin'," continued Nabby, "till, finally, he didn't do much but set round the kitchen fire, half boozy. If there's any thing I *hate*," burst out Nabby, "it's a man forever settin' round the house underfoot. And there I was a-takin' in washin', and a-slavin' early and late, to be kinder decent and forehanded, and him no better'n a dead man on my hands, so far as helpin' any was concerned. And so I told him, time and again. He worked just about enough to keep himself in drink. He knew he couldn't git any of my money for that.

"But I stood it all till about a fortnight ago. I'd been workin' hard all day helpin' Miss Barber clean house, and it seemed as if every bone in my body ached, I was so tired. I came along home, thinkin' how good my cup of tea 'd taste. The first thing I see, when I opened the kitchen door, was old Hank Slater settin' there in my rockin'-chair. He and Josiah were both drunk as—as *hogs*," said Nabby, slandering an innocent animal in her haste for a simile.

"They'd tracked the mud all over my clean floors. The cookin'-stove was jammed full of wood, roarin' like all possessed. I wonder they hadn't burned the house up before I got there. And they'd got my best tea-pot out to heat some water, and the water 'd all biled away, and the bottom come out. But the worst was to see my husband a-consortin' with such scum of the earth as that miserable, low-lived Hank Slater. I tell you, squire, I was *mad*. I just flung that kitchen door wide open, and sez I,

"'Git out of this house, Josiah Gould, and don't never let me see your face inside on't again.'

"Sez he, meek as Moses, 'Where shall I go to, Nabby?'

"Sez I, 'I don't care where you go to, so long's you don't come near me. I've always ben a respectable woman, and I don't want none of Hank Slater's friends round my house.'"

"Well?" queried the squire, as Nabby's narration came to a pause.

"Well," said Nabby, in rather a subdued tone, "he went off. And he hain't come back. And I want a divorce."

"Now, Nabby," remonstrated the squire, "you don't want a divorce. I know you better than that. You are not the woman to give Josiah up, and let him go to the bad, without a struggle. You feel a little vexed with him now, and I don't blame you. It is hard, very hard. But you know you took him 'for better or worse.' Do you think, yourself, it is quite right to break your contract because it proves the worse for you—because you are the strong one and he the weak one of the two? That don't strike me as good Bible doctrine, Nabby. 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and *not* to please ourselves,' you know."

"Well, I dunno," said Nabby, twisting the corner of her shawl dubiously. "I hadn't thought on't in that light, I must say. It's so aggravatin' to have such a man for a husband. Besides, I dunno's he'd come back now if I wanted him to."

"Hasn't he been back at all?"

"Why, yes, he did come once, for a pair of pantaloons. But I didn't take no notice of him."

"Now, Nabby, you may depend upon it, it wasn't the pantaloons he was after. He wanted to see if you wouldn't relent. If he comes again, be a little pleasant to him, and I'll warrant he will stay. Give him another chance, Nabby. Josiah isn't the worst fellow in the world, by any means. He has his redeeming traits, after all. I believe he will do better, if you will try to help him. You know Josiah is one that bears a good deal of encouragement, Nabby."

"Well, squire, I'll think it over. Anyhow, I'm obleeged to you. You talk so sorter comfortin' to a body. You're your mother's own son; just the same good heart. Would you be able to eat some of my cheese, squire?"

"Try me, and see, Nabby," said the squire, smilingly, not impervious to Nabby's compliments. Nabby made her exit just as Mrs. Hosley rushed in, full of wifely indignation that the squire had been allowed to see a "client."

Nabby's home was over at "the Corners," three miles from the village. She walked rapidly along in the fast-thickening darkness, with the steady, strong gait becoming the self-reliant woman that she was. Yet even her unimaginative nature was not proof against the depressing influence of the chilly, raw November evening. The wind whistled through the bare tree branches, which creaked and groaned mournfully, and waved wildly up and down in the dim light overhead. The wind seemed to cherish a special spite against Nabby. It blew her bonnet off and her hair into her eyes, struggled madly with her for her shawl, took her breath away, and firmly resisted her every step. Finally, it began to send spiteful dashes of cold rain-drops in her face—rain that seemed almost to freeze as it fell.

"Josiah used to come after me with an umbrella when I was caught out in the rain," thought Nabby. "He was always real kind and good to me, after all. I dunno's he ever give me a cross word in his life, even when he'd ben drinkin'."

Here the driving, sleety rain and piercing wind pounced down upon Nabby with renewed fierceness, hustling her madly around in fiendish glee.

"An awful night to be homeless, Nabby," something seemed to say.

"I don't care," said Nabby to herself, beginning to feel cross again and generally ill used as she grew wetter and colder. "It serves him right. He's made his bed, and he can lie in it."

At "the Corners," the light streaming cheerfully out into the night from other homes made Nabby's little house look particularly gloomy and uninviting. Nabby fumbled under the mat for the door-key, fumbled with stiffened fingers for the key-hole, and, finally succeeding in unlocking the door, felt her way in through the little entry.

There is always something "uncanny" about going alone at night into a dark and shut-up house. Even people of the best-regulated minds experience a vague suspicion of something behind them, a sense of possible ghostly hands about to clutch them in the darkness. Nabby was a woman, like Mrs. Edmund Sparkler, with "no nonsense about her;" but, nevertheless, a cheerful tale she had read only yesterday in the *Chronicle*, about a burglar and a lone woman, kept coming into her head, and she carefully avoided the thick blackness of the corners and the pantry door as she groped around the kitchen for a candle. Of course the fire had gone out.

"Two heads are better than one, if one is a sheep's head," Nabby might have been heard muttering out in the wood-house as she stooped painfully down picking up chips; by which oracular utterance I suspect she was thinking what a good supply of kindlings Josiah always kept on hand for her, and how much more comfortable it was in the old times coming home to a house bright with light and warmth and Josiah's welcome.

For Josiah cherished the most profound admiration for Nabby—an admiration not unmingled with awe. He thought her a most wonderful woman. She was just as beautiful to him now as in the old courting days, before the brightness and quickness of the black eyes had degenerated into sharpness, before the smiling mouth had acquired its hard, firmly set expression, before there were any wrinkles in the smooth forehead. People thought Nabby had done well in marrying Josiah Gould—a pleasant, good-natured young fellow that every one liked; a young mechanic, not very rich yet, it was true; but, with a good trade and such a wife as Nabby, there seemed nothing to prevent his figuring as "one of our first citizens."

Any body can be somebody in this country if they are only determined. But that was exactly the difficulty with Josiah. He never was determined about any thing. He fell into the habit of drinking because he lacked sufficient strength of will to avoid it. Then Nabby's sharp words, and his own miserable sense of meanness and self-contempt, of utter discouragement and despair, drove him lower and lower, and he sank down supinely into the Slough of Despond without effort or hope.

By a beautiful dispensation of Providence, whenever a poor, shiftless, good-for-nothing man is sent into our world, some active, go-ahead little woman is invariably fastened to him to tow him along through, and keep his head above water. It's for the best, of course. What would become of the poor fellow without her? At the same time, she sometimes finds it a little hard.

Nabby was ambitious and proud-spirited, willing to work hard, to save, to do her part—anxious to get on in the world and stand well among the neighbors. The fact, gradually realized, that in her husband she had no help, no support, only a drag and burden, and finally a disgrace, had been a disappointment imbittering her whole nature. To have a husband that *no* one respected, that even the boys around town called "Si Gould," was dreadful to Nabby. Perhaps it was hardly strange that she grew hard and bitter.

Meantime Nabby had succeeded in starting the fire, and having changed her dress, sat down to dry her feet until the tea-kettle boiled. But even the ruddy light and warmth with which the kitchen now glowed could not fend off the dreariness of the night. The rain "tapped with ghostly finger-tip upon the window-pane," and the wind howled and wailed around the house like the spirits of the lost pleading to be once more taken back into human life and warmth. Such a wind stirs in even the happiest heart a vague sense of loss, of change, of all that goes to make up the unsatisfactoriness of life. Dead sorrows creep forth from their graves on such nights, and stalk up and down the echoing chambers of the heart.

Nabby could not help wondering where Josiah was to-night. It was so lonely sitting there with no one to speak to, listening to the moaning wind, the creaking of the blinds, the loud ticking of the clock.

"And Thanksgivin' a-comin'," thought Nabby. "A pretty Thanksgivin' I shall have!"

The wind wailed and wailed, and Nabby thought and thought. The very fact of having "freed her mind" to the squire had relieved her long pent-up indignation, and now she felt more sad than angry. Up before her seemed to rise a picture of her life: the youthful dreams and hopes, the changes and disappointments, the love turned into wrangling. She even thought of Josiah with pity. For the first time she "put herself in his place," and realized how almost impossible it was for one of his weak nature to resist, unaided, the temptation which would cost a stronger will no effort.

"I'm afraid I've ben a little too sharp with Josiah," thought she. "I've sorter took it for granted I was a saint and he a sinner, and scolded him right along down hill. A nice saint I am! As proud and high-strung as Lucifer himself! Oh dear!" sighed Nabby; "a pretty mess I've made of living! If we could only go back and begin over again, seems to me things would go better."

Just then there was a faint noise, like the clicking of the door-latch. Nabby started and looked round. All was still again—no one visible. Yet Nabby could not rid herself of the impression that some one was near her, that odd sense we have of another's individuality near us though not present.

"There's some one hangin' round here, I know," said she to herself.

Nabby was one who always met things halfway. Accordingly, she walked to the outside door, and, opening it quickly, peered out into the darkness. There stood Josiah—wet, sheepish, sorry. Once he had started to go in, but his courage failing, he lingered in dubious hesitation on the door-step.

"Why don't you come in, Josiah?" said Nabby.

"I didn't know's you'd want me, Nabby," replied Josiah, with all the meekness becoming a returning prodigal.

"Want you? Of course I do," said Nabby, heartily. "Come right along in. I'm goin' to have griddle-cakes for supper, and you must tend 'em while I set the table." Griddle-cakes were one of Josiah's favorite weaknesses, and Nabby knew it.

Josiah came in. If he ever gets into heaven, probably his sensations will not be one whit more delightful than they were now, as from the bleakness and gloom of the night, the forlornness of his wretched wanderings, he came into the cozy brightness of the kitchen, and felt that he was home once more. How good the tea smelled! The fire roared and snapped, the tea-kettle boiled and bubbled and bobbed its lid up and down, and from the griddle the savory odor of the cakes ascended like a homely incense. Josiah's face, shining with mingled heat and happiness as he turned the griddle-cakes, was something worth seeing.

Nabby stepped briskly around getting supper ready. It seemed so pleasant to set the table for two again, to have some one to praise and appreciate her cooking. The November wind might howl its worst now. Its hold on Nabby was gone. In place of all the bitter sadness that had hung heavily around her heart was a warm feeling of happiness, of comfort and hope.

All the explanation they had was this: Josiah drew forth from under his shabby coat an exceedingly awkward and knobby bundle.

"I've bought something for you, Nabby," said he.

The "something," undone, proved to be a very handsome britannia tea-pot. That tea-pot must have known it was a peace-offering, with such preternatural brightness did it shine and glisten. Something in Nabby's eyes shone and glistened too, although she winked hard, and scorned the weakness of a pocket-handkerchief.

"Thank you, Josiah," she said; "it's a regular beauty, and I shall set lots by it."

Which, so long as they understood each other, was, perhaps, as well as if Josiah had made a long-worded speech of repentance and reformation, and Nabby another of forgiveness.

I wish I could say that Nabby never scolded Josiah again. But I can't. However, she "drew it mild," and there was a general understanding between them that this was only a sort of exercise made necessary by habit—a barking by no means involving biting. And Josiah was so accustomed to it that he would have missed it, and not felt natural without being wound up and set going for the day by Nabby.

One day, later in the winter, Nabby was washing for Mrs. Hosley.

"So you've taken Josiah back again, after all?" said Mrs. Hosley.

"Well, yes, I have," said Nabby, giving a last twist to the sheet she was wringing out. "Josiah mayn't be very much to brag of; but then, you see, he's my own, and all I've got. We're gittin' to be old folks, Josiah and me, and we may as well put up with each other the little while we've got to stay here."

"How has he been doing since he came back?"

"First-rate. He's walked as straight's a string ever sence. He's a good provider, now's he quit drinkin', and a master-hand for fixin' up things around the house, and makin' it comfortable. I tell you what 'tis, Miss Hosley, we've got to make 'lowances for folks in this world. We can't have 'em always jest to our mind. We've got to take 'em jest as they are, and make the best on't."

"I'm glad to see you so much happier and better contented, Nabby."

"Well, I used to fret and complain a good deal because things hadn't turned out as I expected 'em to; but lately I've thought a good deal about it all, and I've made up my mind that there's considerable comfort for every one in this world, after all. We mayn't git jest what we want, but we git somethin'."

In which piece of philosophy I believe Nabby was about right.

EXTREMITIES.

THE FEET.

THE feet are the slaves of the body, neglected and abused, and no emancipation proclamation has ever been issued in their favor. They run about patiently all day long, they carry hundreds of pounds avoirdupois, they endure intolerable stockings and blistering boots, they shiver in the snow, and plunge through the mud, while the patrician hands, incased in soft kid, lie at ease in fur-lined muffs and enjoy themselves. When the head and the hands were exempted from the law of bandages, consistency required that the other extremities, the feet, should have been included also; the unfortunate members would be far better off if freed from the thralldom of leather, and allowed to repose on cushions and mats while within the house, protected from the weather, when in the open air, by soft coverings of silk or wool and loose casings of rubber. There is no reason why the feet should not be as beautiful as the hands; and if custom left them bare their owners would take better care of them, and see that they were smooth, white, and well-kept, whereas now they are too frequently distorted out of shape, inflamed by the pressure of the shoe, and variously afflicted with ailments which have called into existence that well patronized artist, the chiropodist. Strip off the boots and shoes, apply gentle cosmetics, and this man's occupation will soon be gone, and the feet will become what nature intended them to be, beautiful, shapely members, such as are now only seen on canvas or in marble.

Custom having decreed that the feet should be clothed, we can not study their peculiarities and meaning as we can those of the hands, and our observations are limited to the boots and shoes which cover them, with the exception of such general characteristics as length, breadth, and the height of the instep. The Greek sculptors laid down the length of the foot as one-sixth of the height of the body, and most antique statues are moulded after this rule. Look at the old bass-relief designs, and notice the length of the feet. So spirited are the attitudes of the draped figures, and so superb the contours of

the forms, that we never think of finding fault with the proportions, but fancy we see them walking lightly on their open sandals through the streets of Rome, or, farther still, through the classic cities of Greece. But step out of this legendary atmosphere, and bring our modern ideas to bear upon the forms before us, and the question immediately arises, which is correct, the ancient or the modern taste? Does any one suppose that if the Venus de Medici should come to the next ball, arrayed in the style of the period, she would be esteemed a beauty? Some one would be sure to remark upon the size of her waist, the breadth of her hands, but especially the length of her feet. No doubt Venus walked with the step of a goddess, light and elastic as air, on her shapely white feet; but if she had been obliged to wear a pair of nineteenth-century French-heeled boots of the fashionable length for a woman of her height, I fear she would have remained forever seated in her chariot, and her doves been in danger of overwork.

The natural breadth of the foot can be traced under the boot, although the stiff leather does its best to disguise it, and the height of the instep also can neither be hidden by a clumsy shoe nor imitated by the best shoe-maker in the land unless the natural arch is underneath. The old idea that a high instep betokens aristocratic descent arises from the fact that in the days of chivalry walking was considered plebeian, and the nobility were always mounted; being constantly on horseback, their arms and chests expanded and grew strong, but their feet remained inactive, and consequently small. On the other hand, the peasantry labored in the fields, and their feet, from hard labor and heavy burdens, grew broad and flat. Life on the Southern plantations before the war presented in many respects the same features as the times of feudalism; personal labor was considered a degradation, indolence was aristocratic, and, like the knights of old, the young men were constantly on horseback, with a similar physique. The Southern foot is small and high-arched, and Southern belles were wont to boast that water would run under their insteps. The experiment was often tried in boarding-school dormitories, to the discomfiture of Yankee maidens, who revenged themselves by pointing to their high white foreheads, with the sneering remark that they were not in the habit of carrying their brains in their heels! The difference in size between the Northern and Southern foot is, however, only noticeable when comparing extreme specimens, such as Boston and New Orleans, Omaha and Charleston; the Middle-State cities, such as Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and New York, show the two varieties blended into a common medium.

The boot or shoe of the present day has one radical fault: it is elegant, strong, and enduring, but, as a rule, it is too short. Let a person lay his foot down on a sheet of paper and mark its length; then let him allow a full inch for the forward pressure caused by the high heel, and order his boots made according to the measure. That is what Nature demands. But Fashion first puts on a stocking so short that the toes are curled up in the soft web; then comes a boot, broad enough, perhaps, but so deficient in length that it presses against the end of the foot; and what is the result? Enlarged, cramped, suffering joints, and a mincing gait, where each step is calculated, and elasticity impossible. A foot can endure a narrow boot far better than a short one, for the additional length at the end gives room for expansion in the proper direction; and, to a cultivated eye, a long, slender foot is far more beautiful than a short, broad one. The high heels now so much worn by ladies absolutely require an extra length in the boot. They are coquettish appendages, belonging to the era of powdered hair, black patches, and hooped skirts. But, besides being dangerous, they necessitate more or less of that painful attitude, the Grecian bend, which is nothing more than Nature's effort to preserve an equilibrium. Although the French heel is not seen among the sterner sex, their boots have a fault quite as important: the soles are too narrow. In a short walk no difficulty is experienced, but several hours' exercise is sure to bring discomfort. In the early hours of the rebellion, when the gallant Seventh Regiment, of New York city, volunteered for the defense of the capital, a day's march found them completely exhausted. Their courage was unflinching, their ardor glowing, their strength and health perfect; but—the soles of their boots were too narrow, and each step became a torment. They lay along the road-side; they captured a locomotive, and loaded themselves on to the platform cars; they marched barefoot; and they made raids into the neighboring villages and carried off the largest brogans they could find. The difficulty was soon remedied, but there were about a thousand pairs of city boots lying along the road that day, mementoes of the gallant journey which has since been so often described both in prose and verse, the March of the Seventh.

A few words on the principles of adaptation as applied to the coverings for our feet. Boots for both men and women are more generally becoming than slippers. They give a trim, firm outline to the foot, and convey an impression of elasticity and strength, whereas a slipper betrays all the defects, and is a hazardous experiment unless the foot is faultless. Even then fashion often disfigures it with huge bows and rosettes, which, although they may look piquant in front, are hideous monstrosities in profile view, and should be banished from civilized society. The most unbecoming chaussure is that species of embroidered slipper which young ladies are in the habit of presenting to their gentlemen friends—marvels of industry and clumsiness, hard to get on, uncomfortable when on, and almost impossible to get off. We say no more. Every man who reads these lines understands the subject, and if he is a favorite, his closet is full of the ungainly trophies which he never thinks of wearing, preferring the prosaic morocco to all the beaded canvas in the world; and if the heel piece is gone, so much the better.

A man's gait tells us something of his character: unless it is influenced by debility or local imperfection we can read much in his walk, and detect his disposition in his step. Notice, for instance, this person coming toward us; his feet wander along the sidewalk, now almost in the gutter, now rubbing against the fence, zigzag, back and forth, with no apparent purpose in the change; and you know he is an abstracted, impracticable individual even before you look at his face. Try to walk with him, and he is continually swaying against you; if there is one stone in the road he is sure to stumble over it, and if there is one mud-puddle he always walks into it. Here is another specimen coming quickly and firmly up the street, following a straight line with mathematical precision, turning in and out according to the exact necessities of the case, a direct purpose in every step. Such a man may have many faults, but exasperating procrastination is not among them. Look at these two deliberate feet advancing toward us, coming down heavily, heel first, slow and sure, they pound along, steadily advancing toward their destination, and you recognize the highly respectable plodder who sometimes wins the race by sheer force of slow obstinacy, like the tortoise in the old fable. Another variety is the bending gait, wily step, and studied motion, which betray the manœuvrer, and we can not help thinking that we see

"rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in his supple, sliding knee."

Put these four specimens in a drawing-room, and notice how they comport themselves. The plodder looks deliberately around the room, selects the locality he prefers, finds a comfortable chair, and plants himself there for the evening. The rapid walker enters quickly, goes straight up to the friends he best likes without circumlocution, says what he means without disguise, and then departs as quickly as he came. The supple gallant, who, as far as appearance goes, is the drawing-room favorite, glides in gracefully, meanders around among the company, drops a skillful hint here, a meaning look there, and accomplishes a vast amount of evolution with his snake-like feet. The absent-minded man blunders into the room, says the wrong things to the wrong persons, steps on all the ladies' dresses, scrapes the varnish off the furniture by his numerous collisions, and finally departs, stumbling over every intervening chair on his way to the door. Let no one say these differences are merely a matter of habit. They are valuable indications of the true character, for many a man, like Achilles, shows his real weakness only in his heels.

A woman's gait is apt to be the conventional step practiced by all, but yet the individual peculiarities will peep out occasionally. There is the trotting, the ambling, the mincing, the languid, the gliding, and the prancing gait—the latter being the general favorite. An observing Englishman remarked not long since, "The American ladies do not walk, they prance." And the expression was apt. In former days a great deal was written and said about the noiseless tread and gentle gliding step of the lovely Arabella; but *nous avons changé tout cela!* Arabella now comes sounding through the hall, her little boot-heels clicking on the stairs, and ringing over the pavement so that we hear her coming long before she turns the corner. Once in a while, in some old-fashioned village, we meet a fair vision of the past generation, who softly glides along the street with the willowy gait of her youth; but the gentle apparitions are rare, fading away before the onward march of the booted brigade, jaunty in jackets, natty in hats, and apparently quite forgetful of the old-time song, "Tread soft, for my heart lies under your feet, love."

On the stage the feet and the gait are important accessories to success. Many an actress, otherwise worthy of praise, is spoiled by a stilted stage stride, and many an actor renders himself ridiculous by a loping, awkward walk. One must not, however, criticise these members of the dramatic profession too severely, for often they are obliged by the limited capacity of the stage to perform miracles in the way of pedestrianism, such as a long walk for pleasure in a space of six by nine, or a sharply contested battle, with large armies on both sides, in a circumference of ten feet. There is in existence an opera called "Stradella," composed, no doubt, with good intentions, and containing some very sweet music. In one of the scenes four ruffians are sent to assassinate the hero, who is saying his prayers in a musical way at the foot-lights. But the prayer is long, the stage short, and the assassins are obliged to manœuvre in the background through twelve pages of variations, consuming twenty minutes to cross the intervening space of ten feet, and managing their approach so as only to reach their victim at the final amen. To do all this, and at the same time keep up the appearance of an advance, requires the sinuosity of a snake. The murderers cross and recross the stage in breathless, doubled-up positions, gaining the eighteenth part of an inch each time, glaring, gesticulating, panting, flourishing their weapons, and imposing silence upon each other in pantomime, until, in admiration of their strategy, one almost forgets to wonder why they are so long about it when two strides would end both the victim and the scene.

The ranks of American authors contain one man who stands alone on a plane by himself: powerfully intense, and at the same time exquisitely delicate, Nathaniel Hawthorne has no rival in his peculiar style. He left but few books behind him; but such books! Each one is a mine of wealth, containing characters drawn with the power of a charcoal outline, and finished with the perfection of a miniature in oils. Among his creations stands one so vividly brilliant that we all know her; Zenobia, in the "Blithedale Romance." A few phrases from Hawthorne's pen bearing upon our subject may fitly close this essay.

"Zenobia bade us welcome in a fine, frank, mellow voice, and gave each of us her hand, which was very soft and warm. Her hand was larger than most women would like to have, or than they could afford to have, though not a whit too large in proportion with the spacious plan of Zenobia's entire development. It did one good to see a fine intellect so fitly cased. She was, indeed, an admirable figure of a woman just on the hither verge of her richest maturity, so full of bloom, health, and vigor that a man might well have fallen in love with her for their sake only."

Again:

"After a brief pause at the window she turned away, exemplifying in the few steps that removed her out of sight that noble and beautiful motion which characterized her as much as any other personal charm. Not one woman in a thousand could move so admirably as Zenobia. Many women can sit gracefully; some can stand gracefully; but natural movement is the result and expression of the whole being, and can not be well and nobly performed unless responsive to something in the character. I used to think that music—light and airy, wild and passionate, or the full harmony of stately marches, in accordance with her varying mood—should have attended Zenobia's footsteps."

And at the end of the book, when the three men at midnight are on their way, with horror-stricken hearts, to the sluggish pool that covers the drowned woman, notice the careful touches of Hawthorne's description.

"I showed my companions where I had found the handkerchief, and pointed to two or three footsteps impressed into the clayey margin, and tending toward the water. Silas Foster thrust his face down close to these footsteps, and picked up a shoe that had escaped my observation, being half imbedded in the mud. 'There's a kid shoe that was never made on a Yankee last,' observed he. 'I know enough of shoe-maker's craft to tell that. French manufacture; and see, what a high instep! and how evenly she trod in it! There never was a woman that stepped handsomer in her shoes than Zenobia did.'"

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MANY ladies take more pleasure in the few choice plants which brighten the parlor window during the winter months, than in all the abundance and variety of the summer garden. The special care which these house plants demand only enhances their value to those who love them, and regard them as living pets. Yet, while some persons seem to have the faculty of coaxing every growing thing into blossoming luxuriance, others have no success; every plant in their charge droops and dies, or, at best, it only grows, but never blooms. Those who are not adepts in the culture of plants would do well to select simple varieties, which will more readily repay their care than rarer and more delicate kinds. It should be remembered, also, that plants can not blossom all the time—a fact which disappoints many who do not consider about the matter. If your fuchsia has been flowering luxuriantly during the summer, it must rest afterward; but if in summer its growth is checked by watering it sparingly, and the flower-buds are nipped off as soon as they appear, when cold weather comes, if it is set in a sunny window and abundantly watered, it will probably blossom freely through the winter. The little insects which so frequently infest house plants are a great annoyance, and sometimes it is almost impossible to remove them. It is said that if sufficient fresh air is admitted to the room this difficulty will not exist. The roses in the gardens of the Shakers at New Lebanon are remarkable for their luxuriant foliage and fine blossoms. The gardener in charge attributes his success in cultivating them to the free use of salt as a top-dressing for the soil of the beds. The salt kills rose insects of every kind, and also improves the health and vigor of the plants.

By the prompt exertions of the special agent of the Post-office Department, all the mails in the Chicago post-office were rescued, with the exception of a small one which came over the Fort Wayne road, and, having been four hours behind time, no one knew any thing about it. About $60,000 worth of postage stamps were on hand, and, though not totally destroyed, were so badly charred as to render their use impossible.

It is an interesting botanical and chemical fact that there is a plant growing in the Neilgherry Hills, in India, which yields carbolic acid. It is reported by the medical officer of the district to be far superior in purity to the ordinary product of coal-tar. It is, however, more expensive than the mineral product, so that the discovery has no commercial value.

Another expedition to the polar sea is about being organized by the Russian Geographical Society—the special object of it being not merely to reach the north pole, but to select such a route as will afford the best opportunities for studying the geography, climate, and industrial conditions of the Siberian coasts. A preliminary expedition is to be sent out to reconnoitre the seas in the vicinity of Nova Zembla.

There were eighty-nine newspaper establishments destroyed in the conflagration of Chicago.

While the rich were freely giving their thousands to the sufferers in the Western States, a poor woman one day entered the Prince-street station-house, and asked whether contributions for Chicago were received there. On being told that they were, she said: "I'm a poor woman, and can give no money; but here are a dozen and a half woolen hoods which I made with my own hands. They will help to keep some poor creatures warm. May God help them!" She would not tell her name or address.

Chambers's Journal thinks it is a mistake to suppose that beef tea is nourishing and strengthening for feeble persons. It says, "Some few practitioners and chemists have long been aware of the fact, and now their view is confirmed by Dr. Marcet. There is no nourishment in beef tea. Mixed with solid food, it imparts a relish which promotes digestion; and the best solid food that can be mixed therewith is the beef from which it was made, reduced to a powder. In two, at least, of the London hospitals the mixing of powdered beef with the best tea has long been practiced; and there the patients get strong on beef-tea diet."

A greenhouse has been erected recently in connection with the Rivington-street Industrial School and Boys' Lodging-House, by the benevolence of certain gentlemen who believe in the elevating and refining influence of flowers. On the day when the greenhouse was publicly opened the children who attend the day school and the lads who make the lodge their nightly home were present in large numbers, as well as many ladies and gentlemen. The greenhouse was filled with beautiful plants. On a long table was displayed a large variety of plants, which, during the past year, have been distributed to the poor children of the neighborhood. These were returned for this occasion, so that those interested might see what care and attention had been given by their owners to the little plants which had brought light, beauty, and fragrance to their otherwise dreary homes.

On Mount Ranier, in Washington Territory, there is a glacier ten miles long by five wide. Many other glaciers are known to exist in America, and they may afford a new field for the investigations of scientific men.

The University of Michigan opened this year with about 1200 students, fifty of whom are young women. The usual examinations previous to admittance are dispensed with in the case of such students as present diplomas of graduation from either of five union schools in Michigan. A new building is in course of erection on the college campus, which will be four stories high, 140 feet deep, 350 feet long, and contain a hall with seating capacity for 3000 persons. Dr. Angel, the new president, is likely so to conduct this noble institution that it will win yet greater renown and added usefulness.

After every revolution in Paris there is a new designation of public ways. The Municipal Council has just decided that at this time eight changes, and no more, shall be allowed. By these changes the names of Napoleon, Eugénie, and other obnoxious personages will be expurgated from the names of certain avenues hitherto known by their familiar appellations.

Many treasures of literature, science, and art were completely destroyed by the Chicago fire, and can never be restored. In the destruction of the Historical Society rooms an extensive library was lost—the original Emancipation Proclamation, complete sets of files of Chicago newspapers, complete sets of Chicago battle-flags, the Healy Gallery of three hundred valuable paintings, Deihl's Hamlet, cartoons of the Prodigal Son, and Volk's bust of Lincoln, the only one for which Mr. Lincoln ever had a life sitting. The oil-paintings in the Opera-House, and Academy of Design art galleries, as well as choice private art collections, were also lost, and the valuable scientific collections in the Academy of Science. Probably there is not a good law library remaining in the city; and all the books belonging to the Library Association and the Young Men's Christian Association were destroyed.

Maine is sending granite for the construction of two of the largest bridges in the world—the East-river Bridge, and the railroad bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis.

Thoughts of Iceland generally send a shiver through the body—unless it happens to be midsummer. But this bleak country seems to be growing less inhabitable than ever; the winters are colder than formerly, the fisheries failing, and scarcely a tree can be found there. Of course the people can not live upon nothing; so they meditate migrating to more hospitable climes. It is proposed to establish an Icelandic colony in Wisconsin and Nebraska; and, by way of experiment, fifteen Icelanders have already gone to Detroit and Washington Islands, where, for the present, they will support themselves by fishing.

A call is made not only by some thoughtful and humane persons, but by the sparrows themselves every night, for more sheltering houses for these useful little creatures. The nights are growing colder, and the leaves on the trees fast diminishing.

Some passing record of the faithful cat belonging to the Chicago post-office seems not amiss. She had been once before burned out—so say her biographers—and was, therefore, in some measure prepared for this calamity. On the night of the fire the cat was present, and assisted to the best of her ability in the removal of valuables, though she did not go away herself. This is not an obituary, however; for a couple of days afterward, when the work of removing the safes was in progress, the tearing away of a portion of the ruin revealed the faithful public servant in a pail partially filled with water. She had rented this as temporary quarters, and apparently enjoyed the cool shelter which it afforded. From her position it appeared impossible that she could have gone away and returned after the fire, and so she may be set down as the only living being who passed Sunday night and Monday in the burned district.

Goethe says that one ought every day to hear a little song, to read a good poem, to see a fine picture, and, if it be possible, to speak a few reasonable words.