

they idled amongst the lakes and mountains, and the rest and fresh invigorating breezes soon brought back the roses to Nell's cheeks, and the bright sparkle to her eyes.

When they returned they found Mr. Fraser had taken a house for them in Kensington Gardens, and furnished it in magnificent style; and during his wife's prolonged absence in Mentone he spends the greater part of his time with them. Mr. Brand often comes up to town from his superintendence of the Grange improvements, and stays for a day or two, discoursing eloquently of high art, and paying numerous visits to deceptive old shops in Wardour Street, and insinuating *bric-à-brac* depositories in the immediate vicinity of Oxford Street.

One day they organised an impromptu party, consisting of Lady Cheston, Davy, Captain Laffin and his nieces, and went down to see him; and Nell declares the result of the improvements is simply appalling, and if Frank don't soon come home there won't be a room in the house fit to live in, or a chair fit to sit on, while monstrosities in blue china and terra-cotta are spreading all over the place like the plague. But Mr. Brand enjoys it very much, and when he has done decorating the Grange he says he will take the house in Kensington Gardens in hand. Nell, who loves ease and comfort, means to cling to her low, soft, easy chairs, and laughingly declares she'll never make a fetish of a china tea-pot.

Nearly all the business carried on at Tollman's Wharf is transacted by Alec Fraser, and Mr. Fraser, senior, merely goes to the office to gossip with his head clerk. Nellie has plenty of time during her husband's absence for visiting, and does not forget the Training School of St. George's Nursing Society, or Clematis Villa. The dapper footman who sits on the box is none other than Slack, who has deserted Davy, but waits on him most attentively when, once a week, he and Captain Laffin dine at Kensington, and recount thrilling tales of their

old feud now entirely healed. Occasionally Dr. Gregson pays Mrs. Fraser, junior, a visit, and compliments her on her skill in nursing; and more than once he intimated to Alec that, had he not stepped in so inopportunistly, he had meant to transfer Miss Brand to Dover Street. Now both Nellie and Alec accuse him of serious intentions of transfer regarding Lady Cheston, and he does not deny the imputation, but she emphatically declares that she has no intention whatever of altering her condition.

When Mr. Brand had completed the decorations at the Grange, and found Nellie would not consent to his beautifying her house, he accepted a proposal made by Alec, and is now an active partner in the firm of Fraser, Son, and Co., and really showing a certain aptitude for business. Frank Cheston and Doris are comfortably settled at the Grange, and Lady Cheston flits from Nell to Doris, and back again to Nell, with true motherly interest, and bustles about in anticipation of certain important events that are impending. Old Davy calls every day at Kensington Gardens, and declares that the time is approaching when he may be induced to remain a night from under his own roof-tree.

Mrs. Fraser returned home physically the better of her visit to Mentone; but amongst her own immediate friends she is regarded as almost a martyr—certainly as a person who has heroically endured much suffering. She calls occasionally upon Nellie, but the intercourse between them is never likely to be very cordial, unless some little peace-maker softens the proud temper and hard heart of Alec's mother, and she becomes more gentle and forbearing for the sake of Alec's child. Meantime, the wheels of life turn round smoothly for Nell and Doris, and their husbands are striving, not unsuccessfully, to make them forget the sad time when they were alone and DOWN IN THE WORLD.

THE END.

* SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE NEW WORLD: UP THE HUDSON.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.



AMERICANS are said to be a boastful people, loth to let the light of their country be hidden under a bushel, and numberless stories are rife tending to show that as a nation they are apt to claim for their country its due. Yet my first thought, when I saw the magnificent river Hudson, was that they have been very modest about what is really great and grand, and boast only, if boast they do, about what needs bolstering up with loud praise.

We have all heard a great deal about American hotels, American freedom, and American improvements; but how many Englishmen know that, running

through New York city, and indeed through New York State, is a river so beautiful, that if it were situated anywhere in Europe half the world would be going to admire it: a river which Germans, fresh from their own loved Rhine, yet declare finer than that storied stream? It only lacks the ruins!

But if the beautiful Hudson had the associations of the Rhine, and had been made classic at every point with legend and poetry, then indeed would the lovely German river have to look to its laurels; for with all the natural beauties that the Rhine can boast, the Hudson has the added ones of stately breadth and pellucid waters.

Through the city its banks are, of course, devoted to commercial purposes; it is indeed a great com-

mercial highway, and during the season, until obstructed by ice, its commerce is very extensive; it is, besides, the natural outlet for the lumber from the great forests of the North.

The commercial aspect of its banks, however, is soon left behind, and at Fort Lee, ten miles from New York, the Palisades begin, and extend along the west bank fifteen miles to the north; and opposite, on the east bank, are the green wooded hills of Westchester county. These Palisades are a singularly beautiful feature of the scenery, and are so named from their precipitous character, rising, as they do, like a mighty wall from 200 to 500 feet out of the water, on which their frowning shadow is reflected; glittering brilliantly in the sun, or gloomy and threatening in shade.

For fifteen miles this great dyke of basaltic trap-rock extends its rugged front, attaining its greatest height at Indian Head, 550 feet above the river. No more delightful water-journey can be imagined than to take the day boat from New York city to Albany. These boats are, to people whose idea of a river steamboat may be drawn from our tiny Thames craft, well worthy a few words of description. They are very swift, very large—varying, I believe, from 250 to 295 feet in length, the width of the latter boat (the *Albany*) being forty feet, or seventy-five at the widest point, including the wheels. Like all American travelling accommodations, whether by rail or water, there is an almost needless luxury in the fitting up, and the simple payment of an equal fare entitles the passenger to all the privileges the boat affords; in other words, there are no first and second class. The only distinction, and one of comparatively modern growth, is that those who wish can engage a private parlour, of which there are several on recently-built boats for the use of invalids, bridal parties, or family excursions; and in taking night journeys, a simple passenger ticket does not entitle to a state-room. The large majority of day travellers, however, prefer the general deck and saloon accommodation, which is very gorgeous. The walls are generally a combination of mahogany or walnut, ash, and maple woods, with abundant carving, and a great deal of plate-glass. The smoke-funnels, or, as they are termed here, "smoke-stacks"—of which there are always two, and on the larger boats three—are disguised, where they go through the saloon, by carved wood, mirrors, and so forth. Handsome Axminster carpets cover the floors, velvet or satin brocade covers the easy chairs, settees, &c., on which antimacassars are thrown; in short, these steamers are fitted up as handsomely, and with the same disregard of cost, as the Brobdignagian hotels. But the thing which I think must strike all visitors to the country is the fact that, although the utmost liberty is accorded, and no distinction of persons whatever is made, there is no abuse of articles; the cushions are never cut, or if ever, in all the travels I have made in the States, covering many thousand of miles, over a period of twelve years, I have never met with a single instance of wanton misuse. This is a digression which, as it is an index

of the American character, I trust may be excused. To return to the boat. The dining-room is on a par with the saloon in point of luxury, and the table-d'hôte dinner served, abundant—redundance, rather than stint, being a distinguishing feature of American catering—and excellent in material; the failure, so far as it does fail in being satisfactory, being due to the use made of the materials, the cooking and bill of fare being too heterogeneous for fastidious tastes.

On some of the boats the dining-room is on the main deck, and thus no part of the fine scenery need be lost. These boats carry from 1,800 to 2,000 passengers; and as these "floating palaces," as they are somewhat magniloquently called, glide on the beautiful river, the eye is almost fatigued with the ever-changing beauty of its banks. This is less the case while passing the Palisades; once their rugged grandeur is fixed in the mind, one can look on the softer loveliness of the east bank and enjoy its varied charms, as we pass the lovely villages of Inwood, Fort Washington, Westchester Heights, Yonkers, and Tarrytown, and many others; some crowning a high bank or headland, others clinging to the side of a rock, and others again seeming to nestle between the rolling hills, half hidden in greenery. And then, after some twenty miles of such journeying, the Palisades—which have formed the west bank so far, shutting out the western sky—suddenly end, and the soft hills of Rockland county open before us; while far beyond in the blue distance is the hazy outline of the Ramapo Mountains. The river here widens into a lake or bay, four miles wide, called "Tappan Bay," or "Tappan Zee." I may here state in parenthesis that the end of the Palisades forms the boundary between the States of New York and New Jersey. The heights on either side this broad stretch of water are a succession of thriving towns or beautiful country seats, most of them worth describing, yet too numerous to mention in the limits of an article like the present.

The Tappan Zee extends for some ten miles; it contracts somewhat at Croton Point, and again widens, and is called for some miles Haverstraw Bay, which at its widest point is five miles wide; and we have on our left High Torn Mountain, a peak 850 feet in height; Treason Hill, where André met Arnold; Grassy Point, stormed by the Americans, under General Wayne, in 1779; and on the right or east bank, Teller's Point, Croton Village, Verplanck's Point, and many other "Points," I only naming those of historic interest; and then still on the east bank we come to Manito Mountain, and Peekskill, one of the most beautiful of the Hudson villages, which are all so lovely. And then, so suddenly that it would seem as if we had come to the end of our journey, and there was no outlet from the lake we appear to be in, the river contracts to a narrow channel, scarce half a mile wide, overhung on either side by the grand and rugged crags of Donderberg and Anthony's Nose: the former, on the west bank, 1,098 feet high, the latter 1,220 feet, above the river. These two mountains seem to form the portal to the famous Highlands of the Hudson, and once we pass them we enter



VIEW ON THE HUDSON.

upon some twenty miles of fairy-land. The river winds among a succession of beautiful scenes, wooded islands, bluffs, cliffs, coves, and so constantly widens and contracts, so winds hither and thither, that it seems repeatedly as if the steamer could not possibly pass through the narrow channel ahead. The bluffs will appear to meet as if they were the boundary of a lake, or an island stretches across the river, concealing the channel, which is only narrow by comparison. Many spots of interest are thus passed, the most interesting, to English people, of all on the river being perhaps Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving, which is near Tarrytown; and to juvenile readers, that of Miss Warner, author of the "Wide, Wide World;" while to Americans, West Point, the great

military Academy of the present day, a sort of Trans-Atlantic Sandhurst, and the principal strategic point during the Revolution, will always be one of the principal attractions of the Hudson. It is situated at one of its most beautiful points, the view from it looking south being very fine.

Having reached the two mountains which may be said to form the northern entrance to the Highlands—the one on the east bank, Old Cro' Nest, rising 1,418 feet out of the water, and Breakneck Mountain on the west, 1,187 feet—we come again on new scenes of beauty. The Storm King, 1,529 feet high, the northernmost point of the Highlands, is confronted on the opposite bank by the South Beacon Hill, 1,685 feet high, and a short distance from it North Beacon, 1,471

feet: these great hills, or downs as we should term them, rising, swelling, sinking with a softness of outline that is always beautiful and grand, but seldom wild. The heights are "verdure-clad," never barren or stark; and thus for thirty miles more we glide between these banks, which continue high and often precipitous, opening here and there, and giving us glimpses of the lovely country on either side; then they become less abrupt, and the grand range of the Catskills, looking at first like great cumuli clouds, come into view.

The Catskills, of which in this paper it is impossible to give any description, are at their highest peak 4,000 feet above the river, and are the only part of all this beautiful region made classic by the enchanter's wand of genius, being, as they are, the scene of Washington Irving's delightful legend, "Rip Van Winkle."

With the great ranges of the Catskill Mountains always looming in sight, and their forms ever changing as one point after another comes into view, we approach Albany, which is, strange to say, the capital of New York State, the seat of State Government, just as the small city of Washington is the capital of America.

Before reaching Albany, however, we pass the Beeren, or Bear Island, which is the meeting-point of the four counties of Albany, Rensselaer, Columbia,

and Greene, and the site of the "Castle of Rensselaersteën," from whose walls, in the days when New York was New Amsterdam, as we read in "Knickerbocker's History of New York," Nicholas Koorn, the agent of the patroon Van Rensselaer, used to compel passing vessels to dip their colours and pay tribute to the old Dutch freebooter, reminding one of ancient baronial doings on the banks of the "beautiful Rhine."

Beyond Albany, although the river flows for 180 miles north of that city, it is not navigable for steamers or large craft, being broken by numerous falls and rapids.

Although I have tried to give those who may never go "up the Hudson" an idea of its beauty, I am aware that to those who have seen it the description may seem feeble; so difficult is it to describe the charm of that winding river, now a lake and now a strait, or by saying the banks bear such a name at such a part, and are so many feet high, to convey an idea also of the exquisite beauty of their formation, the shadows they cast one on the other and on the waters at their feet; and if one could do all that, the brilliant atmosphere through which it is all seen would be wanting.

HOW MOLLY MADE BOTH ENDS MEET.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."



"NOW I MUST MAKE UP MY ACCOUNTS."

MOLLY'S next letter came rather earlier than we expected it would. I am very much afraid that at this stage of her career Mrs. Browne was in great danger of becoming a gossip. She was constantly running in to see her old friends, Mother and Aunt Susan, to inquire if there were news of young Mrs. Fra-

ser; and on these occasions she was sure to be drawn into discussions about the ways and means to be adopted by young housekeepers. Fortunately, however, for her peace of mind, Molly's relatives were very effusive in their acknowledgments of the amiability of old ladies who were interested in young ones, and so they made it easy for Mrs. Browne to excuse herself to herself with complacency.

Poor little Molly was rather downhearted when she wrote. "I have been in a difficulty," she said. "Yet, though I have been greatly troubled, my trouble was so ordinary and commonplace, that I scarcely like to tell you about it. However, I will begin where I left off, and tell you all I have gone through.

"You will remember that, under the heading 'House-keeping,' which was to include food, coal, gas, servant's wages, cost of travelling, holidays, renewals, and amusements, we decided that I was to have the control of one-half of our income. On talking the matter over later, however, Charlie and I thought it would be better to put aside the money for the last four items

as soon as we received it, and to hand over to me the amount required for the first four items only. The rest Charlie was to portion out every time he received his salary. He said he would get a number of little boxes, one for each detail of expense. After dividing the money, he intended to place each portion in its allotted box, and to write outside in legible characters the object for which the sum was intended. Thus, the rent was to be put into a box marked 'Rent;' the taxes into a box marked 'Taxes;' while the sum we hoped to save, together with the sum which was to serve for 'margin,' was to be put right away into the savings-bank. In this way we hoped to be able to abide by the system we had laid down. At any rate, we should know at once if we were tempted to depart from it."

"Dear me! I hope they won't get any thieves into the place," interrupted Aunt Susan. "It is very unsafe to keep money in the house in that way."

"You forget how small is the amount to be kept," said Mother, "and how immediately it will be required. They are only keeping the money which will be needed at once. They are quite right to do that. But let us hear what Molly says;" and she went on reading the letter.

"Of course I was resolved to work wonders with my share of the money, and for three or four days I went about thinking of little but how I could make money go a long way. Oh, what a number of plans I laid down! Do you remember, mother darling, the old lady whom you and I met a little while before I left you? She told us she had kept house for thirty years, and she could conscientiously say that during the whole of that time she had never spent even a penny except on actual necessities, but that she had never kept accounts, because accounts were of use to those only who were inclined to extravagance. Then we discovered that the husband of this paragon was accustomed to spend freely when out because he had no comforts at home, and was never able to take a friend there. I have thought of that woman many a time, and I have resolved that I will not follow her example.