

"Mr. Forde has been with us nearly two years."

After this the conversation languished a little, while Lord Paulyn meditated upon the possibilities with regard to Miss Luttrell and her father's curate. She had flashed out at him so indignantly just now, as if his disrespectful mention of this man were an offence to herself. He determined to push the question a little closer.

"I daresay he's a very decent fellow," he said; "but I could never make much way with that kind of man. They seem a distinct breed somehow, like the Zebra. However, I've no doubt he's a well-meaning fellow. I thought he seemed rather sweet upon your eldest sister."

Elizabeth gave a little scornful laugh.

"Mr. Forde is not sweet upon any one," she answered; "he is a priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec; or after a more severe order, for I believe that matrimony was not forbidden to that ancient priesthood. Mr. Forde sets his face against it."

"An artful dodge upon his part, perhaps," said the viscount doubtfully. "I daresay he is lying in wait for a wife worth having."

His keen eyes surveyed Elizabeth's face with a searching gaze, but could not read the mystery of that splendid countenance. He would have gone on talking about the curate, but she checked him with an authoritative air.

"I wouldn't trouble myself to discuss Mr. Forde's inclinations, if I were you," she said; "you have confessed your inability to sympathize with that kind of person. He is a very noble-minded man, who has marked out a particular line of life for himself. There is nothing in common between you and him."

"Candid," said the viscount with a careless laugh, "but not complimentary. No, I don't suppose *my* line of life is what you'd call noble-minded; but I mean to win a Derby before I die; and I mean to win something else too"—this with the bright red-brown eyes full upon her face—"if I make up my mind to go in for it."

The wagonette was announced at this juncture, and Mr. Luttrell awoke from refreshing slumbers to gather his womankind around him and depart from the halls of Ashcombe, rejoicing in his soul at this release.

"Thank goodness, that's over!" he exclaimed, as he settled himself in a corner of the wagonette, half smothered by his sister's

ample draperies and cashmere shawl; "and if ever Lady Paulyn catches me trusting myself to her hospitality again, she may give me as miserable a dinner as she gave me to-day."

"Upon my word, Wilnot, I believe you are the most short-sighted of created beings," exclaimed Mrs. Chevenix, with a profound sigh.

"It would have required an uncommonly long sight to see anything fit to eat at that table," answered Mr. Luttrell. "Supper is a meal to which I have a radical objection; but if there's anything edible in the house when we get home to-night, I shall be strongly tempted to submit my digestion to that ordeal."

"I'm sure I could eat half a barrel of oysters," exclaimed Diana with a weary air. "I never went through such a day in my life. It's all very fine for Aunt Chevenix and Lizzie to be puffed up with the idea of having made a conquest, but anybody can see that Lord Paulyn is a professed flirt, and that his attentions are as meaningless as they can be."

"These are questions," said Aunt Chevenix with dignity, "which time alone can solve. I think we have had an extremely pleasant day, and that Lady Paulyn is a woman of wonderful force of character. Eccentric I admit, and somewhat close in her domestic arrangements—I'm afraid my cap was on one side all the evening, from the inadequacy of light on the toilet-table when I dressed for dinner—but a very remarkable woman."

"That's a safe thing to say of anybody, aunt," replied Elizabeth. "Mrs. Brownrigg, who starved her apprentices to death, was a remarkable woman."

To be continued.

YELLOW HAIR.

WILL you be true my darling,
Will you be true to me?
I know the question's hardly fair,
But then dear one, you've yellow hair
So can you really faithful be?

THUS spoke my dark-eyed sweetheart,
And kneeling at my feet,
Declared he'd often wished and prayed
My hair was any other shade,
For then his *faith* would be complete.

YEARS have passed, but my lover
With hair of blackest hue,
While he waited, wished and prayed,
Gave his heart to another maid;
He was faithless; but I was true.

SUNSHINE.

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY JENNY JUNE.

HABITS.

AFTER the character which is stamped upon a child before birth by its ancestry, and more immediately by its parents, there is nothing so important to its development and future happiness as the habits formed in childhood.

Habit is indeed second nature. Few persons are possessed, in extreme youth, of tastes, appetites, or passions, so decided as not to yield to the steady, regular influence of opposing habit, which renders even the simplest circumstances of our daily life precious in the retrospect, and doubly dear when they are lost to us.

Do you remember what it was, according to your letters, that you missed the most in that memorable year which you spent away from home? Only the evening chats and songs in the recessed window of the sitting-room, and the not having any one to say "good-night dear, pleasant dreams, and pleasant sleep," before you retired for the night.

Looking back over the past, grown men and women recall with infinite longing and satisfaction the simplest habits of their childhood, and see them repeated in their own children with greater pleasure than they find in the indulgence of the most costly acquired tastes. And the reason is, because they know that habits form and indicate character, while the repression of tastes is sometimes more honorable to us than their gratification.

Habits of neatness, habits of thoroughness, habits of improving and regulating time, habits of eating, habits of walking, reading and working, are all of the highest importance to all girls, as upon these depend their health, comfort, and success in after life.

No position relieves them from the necessity for their acquisition, no exceptional gifts can compensate for their loss.

Whatever their fortune or duties as women may be, habits of this kind, formed and established, will dignify, and assist to discharge; while without them neither acquired rank, nor native ge-

nus can save them from constantly recurring disgrace, discomfort, and mortification.

But habits are a matter of time and growth. They are not picked up in a night, and laid down the next day; they are the slow and invisible work of days, and weeks, and months, and years. Days which seemed long enough in the passing, weeks which are counted as they go by, months which are thought interminable, and years bringing apparently only care and sorrow. Yet through the woof of the long years, runs golden threads, woven of the slightest recurrent incidents of everyday life.

The chair which careful hands set for us in the pleasant corner, the meal at which the family all assembled, the Sunday morning breakfast for which special dishes were prepared, the Sunday afternoon "tea" instead of the late dinner, when the "gift" cups were used, and the birthday silver brought out.

Moreover it is only through the vistas of years that we can realize and appreciate what the sometimes wearisome monotony of daily routine has done for us. The wisdom and forethought which made cleanliness and healthful diet the rule of life has established habits which render us sound and strong—able to work, eager to enjoy, yet finding the highest enjoyment from pure and natural sources.

We rebel for the moment at the deprivation of some coveted possession or pleasure, unconscious of the influence it would exercise over us for the future, and believing firmly in our own power to lay down or take up, whatever is detrimental or advantageous to ourselves, and those around us; but later, we see how greatly we were mistaken in our estimate of our own power, and the influence of circumstances in molding and forming character. We see even more in others than ourselves (for we are apt to consider ourselves our own creators, or at least the architects of our own good lives, as well as fortunes), how much depends upon good ancestry, good parentage, good homes, and good training; how much more these are to boys and girls than the mere possession of money, which unless accompanied by unusual wisdom and judgment, proves a curse rather than a blessing.

Not that I would deprive you of the exercise of your own will, the power of judging and acting for yourself, and to some extent of

forming your own habits. But I am sorry to say that few girls possess the strength of will requisite, or think of using it for this purpose. They will persist to the verge of obstinacy for the attainment of a temporary object, but the conscientious resistance to the daily and hourly temptations which assail us through our tastes, our love of ease, our desire for luxury, our willingness to avoid trouble, is a height of virtue to which they consider it unnecessary, while they are young, to attain, forgetting that when they are old they will find it unattainable.

There is one habit above all others which it is of incalculable value to acquire early in life, and that is the habit of putting one's self to use. Examine yourself well. You have a wonderful body, the most perfect piece of machinery ever known. Eyes, hands, feet obey the slightest exercise of your will, and were undoubtedly intended for use, for like other machinery they grow rusty for want of using.

Now what use do you habitually make of this body of yours? of your eyes, that can discern the minutest objects, as well as the greatest, which can trace the veins of a leaf as well as the outline of the mountain that rises gigantic against the sky; of your hands, endowed with such strength and delicacy, that they can lift a heavy weight, or detect a shade of difference in a silken texture with a touch; of your limbs, supple yet compact, knit together with such strong yet elastic cords, that they will last, and even bear abuse through scores of years; and finally of your voice, so exquisite in its tones of tenderness, so sublime in its notes of indignation, so capable of infinite variety in modulation and expression.

Are you satisfied that you have done, and are doing the most with this body of yours? that your daily habits are such as to improve, and strengthen, and develop it?

This is your golden time. Every effort you make at self-cultivation and self-improvement tells. Not only does it preserve the qualities and attractions you possess, but it strengthens them, and develops more. By-and-by when you have ripened, preservation only to a certain extent will be in your power; then it will be too late to recall latent possibilities, your limbs will be inactive, your feet cramped and almost useless, your hands nerveless, your voice weak and husky, and you will die without

ever knowing, and without any one else ever knowing, the possibilities of beauty and achievement in your nature.

But the body is not responsible for itself alone, upon its strength and soundness, to a great degree, the health of the mind depend. The mind may act for a time in a diseased body, but it will act morbidly, it will take unnatural views of things, and lead others to do the same; and it would be better therefore, for it not to act at all.

The time is past when attenuated bodies are considered desirable, and as indicative of spirituality of mind. Perfect development and health of body is now known to be necessary to the welfare of the soul, and that religion divinest which is the most human, that is to say, which enforces duty to ourselves, in order that we may perform our duty to others.

But argument is not necessary in this case, the smallest reflection will show how dependent the mind is upon the body for the manner and extent of every effort it puts forth.

You admire fine poetry—for example, Shakespeare and Milton—you wish to give effect to the tenderness of Cordelia and Desdemona, to the wit of Portia, to the bitter eloquence of Hamlet, to the grandeur of Julius Caesar.

But your voice refuses to do your bidding. You feel the different emotions intensely, you laugh and weep alternately, you would be glad to excite in others the strength of sympathy you experience yourself. But you cannot, your weak voice falls flat and monotonously, or pipingly and cracked upon the ear—your lungs will not respond to the demand made upon them, they are weak or diseased, and therefore incapable of the necessary inflation, or of the sustained effort required to produce full, clear sounds.

Cultivation of the voice in youth, the expansion of the chest in the open air, would not only have developed and strengthened your voice, but perhaps saved you from disease and death.

There is no class of men or women whose modes of thought are not largely colored by their habits and conditions of body. Take a sound healthy person, who bathes daily in cold water, who thoroughly brushes the cobwebs out of his brain through his hair, who lives moderately, who sleeps soundly, who works regularly, and is paid for his work, and it is hard to persuade him that there is anything

wrong with this world. He enjoys it; even the dark days are not unpleasant to him, he always sees daylight somewhere, or somehow.

But what of the dyspeptic—the miserable and sallow-complexioned wretch? He cannot eat or sleep, he shivers at a breath, and scents cholera and malaria in every passing breeze. Man delights him not nor woman either. If he is a business man, he sees nothing but disaster and ruin ahead, and is likely to make the most unwise moves to escape impending difficulties which never occur.

If he is a writer he takes morbid and unhealthy views of life; he sees only the worst side of human nature, and bases his theories upon the misery of his own experience.

This is the side from which a diseased condition of the body affects the community at large, but how does it affect men and women socially? It prevents them from performing their duty as fathers and mothers, as husbands and wives, as brothers and sisters, as sons and daughters, as neighbors and friends. Not only does it prevent them from doing their own duty, but it compels them to make constant drafts upon the strength, and time, and labor of others, who often can ill afford to honor them.

Good and regular habits are more important to women even than men, because of their more delicate and complicated physical organization; and among them that of early rising, early retiring, and abundant sleep are foremost.

Terms, of course, have a relative meaning; what is early in the city would not be considered early in some parts of the country, but the general principle laid down is this—that the hours of darkness should be occupied as far as necessary for sleep, and the hours of daylight for work and activity.

For young girls to turn night into day is wicked, for them to be allowed to exhaust their youth and strength in gas-lighted rooms, night after night, is suicidal, destructive to their own health and happiness, and also to that of the next generation.

Not that girls should be excluded from social life, but that society should be organized to admit of their enjoying it in such a way as to harmonize with their imperative requirements, long sound sleep, and plenty of out-door exercise.

In England, no temptations of society are allowed to interfere with these two all important requisites, and to this fact in a large

degree is due the excellent health, and admirable conditions of the superior classes of English women. The higher the rank, the more tenaciously are the traditions adhered to in this respect.

No accidents of weather stand in the way of the wonted daily walk, through the park, and down the lane, over the stile, and into the fields and woods. Clad in merino, serge, or waterproof in winter; in cambric, gingham, linen lawn, or piqué in summer, with stout boots, and straw or felt hat, they bid defiance to the cold or moisture of an uncertain, and somewhat rigorous climate, and find their reward in an activity of mind ever on the alert for something to do or to enjoy, and a strength of body which enables them to perpetuate the power of labor and enjoyment.

Regular and healthful eating is a habit essential to a good and pure life, and one which like all others can be cultivated. If there is one thing more than another which is the curse of American boys and girls, it is the hot bread, the biscuit, the rolls, the buns, the cakes, which they are allowed to eat at all hours of the day, at or between meals.

These soggy, doughy, unhealthy substances clog the stomach, destroy the natural appetite for suitable food, and lay the foundation for future liver complaint and dyspepsia.

Young girls and growing boys, particularly if they are students, require the best kind of food—good beef, good mutton, fresh fish, good bread, milk, vegetables and fruits, but no pastry or cake, unless indeed pies can be supplied of which fruit is the principal ingredient.

The appetite for sweets is acquired, and may be cultivated until the victim can hardly relish an article of food that is not submerged in sugar. At this stage it becomes disease, and should be treated accordingly.

Many of these habits of children are the fault of older persons, who commence by small indulgences, which are gradually strengthened into habits.

Good habits, healthful habits, it is hardly necessary to say, are as well acquired as bad ones, and if you have any ambition to realize that noble object—perfect womanhood, you will resist the temptations which may beset you through your own weakness or other's indulgence, and bend your will to the acquisition of such habits as will make your future useful, honorable, and happy.