

looked into his cloudy face with eyes of tenderness.

"Leave me, Maoimi!" he said angrily. "I hate such scenes; there is no need of tragedy. If Lota has gone to be a squaw, a squaw she shall remain. I told her I would cast her off, I do so now. If she has gone, as you suppose, to live with your tribe, she may remain there, and live and die in the lot she has chosen for herself. Go and find her, and when she is found, tell her what I say; and as for you—do as you choose. You are my wife—I will maintain you, if you return to me; but return without Lota, or my doors are closed to both. Now go. You understand me. You have money, if you need more, take it; telegraph, write, communicate by the usual means, and let us have an end of romance."

As Paul spoke, he rose from his chair, and opened the door with stiff formality for his wife to pass out. Maoimi rose to her feet, and silently obeyed the motion of his pointing finger, but hesitated as she drew near him, and with a sudden impulse threw her arms around his neck.

"Good-bye," she whispered; "Husband, good-bye. Oh, kiss me only once, and say, Maoimi, I love you."

"Maoimi, I hate you!" muttered Paul between his teeth as he pushed her from him and closed the door.

(To be continued.)

#### A MEMORY OF MAY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

**W**E walked down the orchard;  
The apple blooms were sweet;  
We saw the yellow buttercups  
Like stars about our feet.  
We heard the glad-voiced robins  
Sing on some bending spray;  
Their songs as full of beauty  
As the blossoms of the May.  
*Chorus*—Oh, I never shall forget it,  
While runs the world away,  
Of how I wooed my darling  
All in the month of May.

**W**HISPERED to the maiden  
Who walked that day with me,  
Adown the orchard pathway  
Made glad by bird and bee.  
But *what* I whispered to her  
I shall not tell to you.  
But pink as any roses  
Her cheeks, her fair cheeks grew.

**T**HE clover blossoms heard us  
And whispered to the breeze  
And the wind-elves all responded  
In tender ecstasies;  
And the brook went singing onward  
Across the smiling lea,  
And bore our happy secret  
Away toward the sea.

## TALKS WITH WOMEN.

### LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY JENNY JUNE.

#### MANNERS.



"Manners make the man," how much more do they make the woman; and especially the girl, who has not yet stamped her individuality upon the community, or neighborhood in which she lives, by her gifts, or achievements; who has not the title to respect which common consent gives to those who have worthily borne the responsibilities of a good wife, and mother, and who is judged solely by the impression which her manners create upon those around her.

It is true that this judgment is not always correct: how many distinguished literary women have been counted "dull," and how many brilliant women of society set down as "shy" and "awkward" in their girlhood. But this is not likely to be the case with the girls of the present period—particularly in our country—the faults of American girls are not dullness, or shyness, or awkwardness; they are rather to be attributed to an over-weening self-confidence, to assurance which becomes conceit, when it is not the result of experience, and the consciousness of power.

Shakespeare says 'tis better to assume a virtue if you have it not: and I have often thought if girls only knew how much the charm of youth was brightened by modesty, and deference to the wishes and opinions of those older and more capable of judging than themselves, they would cultivate the semblance of it at least, whatever their own internal conviction of superiority.

There are persons who deery, and affect to despise "manner" as affectation, and hypocrisy, who cultivate rudeness, and pride themselves upon it, after the fashion of Diogenes, who, wallowing in the dirt of his tub, looked up, and saw Alexander: "Thus," he remarked insolently, "do I trample upon all pride." "But with greater pride, O! Diogenes," answered the great and more truly sensible king.

Moreover, the cultivation of polite manners has this advantage over their neglect; it leads to a habit of consideration for others,

while the indulgence in rudeness tends to a selfish disregard of the feelings and wishes of others, and soon renders isolation a necessity, social life being impossible without a reciprocity of kindness and courtesy.

It is as well, therefore, to remember at the outset, that good manners have a real value, that they mark the steps in advance by which we ascend in the social and intellectual scale, beyond savagism and isolation, that they are not necessarily false or empty, but simply the formulated and accepted expression of social feeling, in a kind heart, and that our cultivation of them is as honorable as the endeavor to perfect in ourselves any other power or faculty of our nature—always provided we do not over-estimate them, and place them above the higher qualities and principles, such as genius and truth.

In various ways the American girl possesses immense advantages over her compeers in other countries. She travels, and visits, and figures in society with a freedom unknown to them. She goes abroad, orders her dresses of renowned Parisian *modistes*, throws married women into the shade, and young English and French girls into ecstasies of envy and jealousy.

Life for a few years is a realization of fairy dreams—her friends aid in every way to increase her list of accomplishments and attractions. Parents spend one-fifth of their income upon her dress—bachelors and uncles provide her with masters—married aunts invite her to spend "seasons" in town, and grandpapas bestow upon her elegant sets of jewelry. The price she is to pay for all this is to get married. She knows it. "Papa" cannot afford to keep her always—he has other daughters coming along—it would be a blow to the family pride to have her do anything to earn her own living, and the calamity must therefore be avoided by a speedy matrimonial settlement.

This forcing process, delightful in its circumstances as it frequently appears to be, is vicious and unnatural, and for its effects upon mind and manners girls should not be held responsible. The "Girl of the Period" is the product of the period, and her follies and foibles are at least as much her misfortune as her fault.

When she tells her mother to "shut up," and her father that he is an "old fogy," she is only echo-

ing the everyday expressions of different classes of people, towards other classes of people, and she really believes that she represents a more advanced and enlightened page of the world's history than her predecessors.

This may be true, but it is not the way to show it. Reverence for age, for accumulated experiences, for a largely spent life, which must have been to some extent sacrificial, is one of the best evidences of a noble nature, and this spirit of pretension and self-assertion, which is often but the reflex of the assertive, individualistic spirit of the age, does injustice to the real and true characteristics of young American womanhood.

The representatives of the quiet, gentle spirit of courtesy and good breeding are now only occasionally seen, and belong almost wholly to the past. We find them waiting with serene face and silvered hair to take their departure from a world which is beginning to bewilder and confuse them. It may be all very fine, but they cannot reconcile the loss of reverence and respect, the manifestation of indifference and selfishness, with true growth or their long established ideas of right and wrong.

When we see them we call them gentlemen and ladies of the "old" school, and though they seem to have no place in the hurry and bustle of our modern life, yet we think of them forever afterwards with a yearning regret as of something good that has passed out of our lives, and that we shall look upon no more.

Time was when repose was so much the attribute of the true lady that the absence of it was considered the best evidence of a want of birth and breeding. Even now we are involuntarily struck with the nobility of expression which it imparts to the person who is so happy as to possess it.

Of course, repose in this sense does not mean apathy, or indifference, or the stolidity which is the result of ignorance. It means that absolute possession of one's self which grows out of trained powers and faculties, tempered by habits of refinement, and of that consideration for others, which is partly the result of natural kindness, partly of intercourse with cultivated society.

It requires some effort, as all young men and young women know who are but little accustomed to social life, to keep their feet and hands quiet, when they are obliged to appear in company at

long intervals, or for the first time. They never knew before how much of an art it was to "sit still." They feel an irresistible desire to twitch, to move, to bite their nails, to pick at something with their fingers. They do not know what to do with their arms, or their hands; they are overpowered with self-consciousness, and imagine that every look and act is a subject of remark or criticism.

This is a mistake so absurd as to be laughable, if it were not so painful to its victims. The very best thing they can do, until they can command themselves so as to act with grace and propriety, is nothing; and when they have succeeded in learning how to "keep still," as the primaries say, and interesting themselves in what is going on about them, so as to forget their own personality, they have accomplished a great deal.

After all, good manners are so closely allied to a kind heart, that the cultivation of one is almost impossible without the possession of the other. Persons of loving and helpful natures quickly forget themselves in their sympathies with others, and thus obtain the best element of good manners, the unconscious beauty and repose that comes from forgetfulness of self.

There is one point too important to be overlooked in discussing a question of this kind, and that is manners upon the street.

The universal criticism passed upon American girls is, that they are too "loud" in public, not necessarily in speech, but in action, behavior, in their style of dress, and in the dangerous freedom with which they make chance acquaintances. Every one who has seen knots of young girls together in the street, in the cars, or upon public occasions, has been sometimes shocked, or chagrined, by their flighty chatter, by their willingness to attract attention to themselves, by their airs, their assumptions, and their pretension, which becomes impertinence when it is directed to their superiors in age and experience. One excuses such an exhibition, on second thought, by referring it to vanity, silliness, and want of training, which they will outgrow, or improve upon, in due time. But would it not be better for girls themselves to reflect upon what the evidences really are of genuine refinement and good breeding, and determine no longer to give occasion for the charges which are made against them?

As for the still lower rudeness in which some girls indulge of using special efforts to attract the attention of young men in the street, or elsewhere, and encouraging familiarities which must soon lead to a loss of self-respect, this is not the place in which I should wish to introduce such a subject. It is, I hope, as distinctly opposed to the intuitions of the well-regulated girl, as to the feelings, based upon experience, of the more matured woman.

The exuberance of youth may betray good girls into little indiscretions, but not into vulgarity, which is only one remove from vice.

But whatever the verdict abroad, the test of good manners must be applied at home.

The motive is strong to appear well before strangers, to be amiable and polite to those whom you see only for a short time; but genuine good manners, those which are prompted by the heart as well as the head, find their severest tests, as well as the best field for their exercise, at home.

The gentle-mannered, helpful girl exerts an influence in the family like that of an early, beautiful morning—sweetening, refreshing, soothing, yet strengthening. Her presence, her attentions, the charm of her youth, and the promise of her future womanhood, comfort, and console her parents for what they have lost of hope, and gained of care, as nothing else could.

She revives in the worn and weary mother something of the grace and attraction of her youth. She wins her father to gallantry and lover-like devotion. She helps younger brothers and sisters over their roughest places. She is the good angel of the guests of the house, who find their wants anticipated by her ministering hands, and she fills, in fine, a most useful and beneficent place in social and domestic life.

Every period of life brings opportunities which, if they are improved, form an important part of our education and preparation for the future. Girlhood is a golden time, life is fresh within us; we have not been harassed by anxieties, or disillusioned by the falsities of friends; the world looks inviting to us, we inhale the fragrance of the flowers, we admire the beauty of the fruit, we have not yet learned how brief the charm of the one, or tasted the bitterness of the other.

Girlhood, therefore, is the time to cultivate agreeable manners, to make a habit of what is a duty and well employed exercises an advantageous influence upon the whole life. Some of the most distinguished women in history have owed their success mainly to the charm of an infinite sweetness of temper, and never-failing politeness of manner. Madame Recamier was one of these, while others have lost what was due to real merit by carelessness and want of tact.

The genius of women is eminently social, they have to do with persons more than with things; the fine tact and delicacy which men can dispense with, is necessary to women, to enable them to steer clear of social and personal prejudices, and harmonize conflicting social elements, a power absolutely essential to social success.

All women cannot be doctors, or lawyers, or successful literateurs, or prosperous financiers, but all can cultivate grace and goodness of manner, which will render them charming as women.

The strength of womanhood is not in the power which it can wield, but in the influence which it exerts. The qualities demanded for public use, must always be exceptional; but the thoughtfulness, the kindness, the gentleness, the modesty, the consideration for others, which are the essential elements of good manners, are available to all; and carried into our daily life and intercourse with one another, would sweeten the common lot, take much of bitterness from our sorrows, and render every joy more complete, by giving us the sympathies of those around us.

Scandalous gossip, and the malicious innuendo of the evil-tongued, are silent before the simple dignity of a gracious kindness, which is still, when it has nothing that is good to say.

To quote an English author, "We cannot all be great, but we can all be gentle men and women, and the greatest cannot be more."

"To carry ourselves with a gentle bearing, to be humble-minded, meek in spirit, and in tongue, but quick in thought, and ready in action; to be truthful, sincere, just, and generous; to be pitiful to the poor and erring, respectful to all; to guide the young, to defer to the old; to enjoy and be thankful for our own lot, envying none, this is indeed to be gentle-mannered, after the best model the world has ever seen."

## TOM CARTER'S WEDDING.

BY FRANCES LEE.



T was last summer while I was staying at Delaware Spring that Tom Carter sent me the invitation.

I've known Tom Carter, boy and man, ever since I knew any body, and I must say I shouldn't have been more surprised to hear I was going to be married myself.

"Don't fail of coming," he wrote.

No, I wouldn't fail. I never fail of going to weddings. I like to stand there so free and think how in a minute they can't get out of it if they wish to.

So I bought a pair of gloves and started. On the way I happened to remember that I had left Tom's letter in my other coat pocket, and, if I was to suffer, I couldn't tell the name of the bride. But I felt easy enough, for in a small town like Saffron anybody would know who was going to be married that day.

So I scattered a few tracts through the car, and talked a little with a very pleasant young lady to whom I gave part of my seat, and looked out of the window a little; and by that time our pony-engine had trundled us to the end of the road, and this was Saffron.

The young lady was a stranger, but she had come to pay a visit to her uncle's family, and sure enough there was her uncle waiting to meet her. So after seeing her safely under his care I had just time to catch the street-car that ran up to the village from each train.

The first thing we came to after the meeting-house, was a wooden hotel, called "The Wayfarer's Rest," with a wooden piazza across the front and a wooden-looking man sitting on a wooden arm-chair tipped back between the windows, smoking a pipe. A very live dog was lying at his feet, flapping his tail and snapping at the flies.

I got off the car and walked up to the Wayfarer's Rest with my gloves in my pocket, as confident as the dictionary. I supposed of course I had only to ask the question to be set on the way at once. But it seemed the landlord didn't know of anybody who was going to get married that day. "Not as he could recollect on," though he put a hand first in one pocket and