

"I know he does notice it," said one who always sat next to him at the table. "I have often seen him bite his lip when you addressed him; but pray tell us to whom he is engaged."

"To Miss Juliet Palmer, a young lady in Twentieth street; he and his mother are to dine there to-morrow, and the next morning Mrs. Rogers will remove to her daughter's, in Twenty-fourth Street, and the doctor will take his mother's apartment."

"Help! help! Miss Maggie is nearly killed. She has fallen down the cellar stairs," screamed the cook, one day, about a month after the conversation just related.

"She says she has broken her leg."

"Run quick, Patty, and see if Dr. Rogers is in his office, and if so, ask him to come to my sister," was Miss Mary's command to the house-maid.

The doctor flew with the speed of lightning to the sufferer.

"You had better place her in my room," he said to Miss Mary, "it will be terrible for her to go up to the fourth story, and I shall insist on making the exchange."

"How kind!" murmured Miss Mary, "that will be a great convenience to us. Is her leg really broken, and badly?" she asked.

"Broken, but not badly," was his reply. "But do you not wish to send for Dr. Prime, your family physician?" he inquired.

"Dr. Prime is out of town, but I have perfect confidence in your skill," said Miss Mary; for three months' acquaintance had given her the assurance that far from being a quack, Dr. Rogers was one of the best physicians in the city.

And devotedly did he attend to his patient. Tears of gratitude and regret often filled Miss Maggie's eyes when she recalled her former treatment of him. Finally it weighed so heavily upon her mind, that she consulted her sister as to how it could be atoned for.

"Suppose, you, sister, call upon Miss Palmer, if it would be agreeable to the doctor," Miss Maggie said, "tell him we should be glad to know any one so dear to him. And a jewel the girl will get when she takes him."

This course proposed was decided on, and the next day Miss Mary mentioned the subject to the doctor. Thereupon, blushing to the roots of his hair, he explained their mistake, viz., that it

was his cousin, Dr. Rogers, of Pomfret, who was engaged to Miss Palmer, and not himself.

Here was an embarrassment of circumstances for all parties. Miss Maggie shrank from receiving his former attentions, and the conversation now rendered him conscious while giving them.

Love, however, conquers all obstacles, so finding themselves mutually interested in each other, they concluded it was best to confess it.

And thus the dreaded doctor became not only Miss Maggie's benefactor, but, as soon as she was quite well again, her lord and husband.

His practice gave him an income large enough to support the three, and the once preferred boarders were forced to yield to the doctor's claims, and look for another "dear Miss Maggie."

So the last became first, and Maggie Pell became Maggie Rogers.

ON DRESS AT THE THEATRE.



It strikes me with a disagreeable degree of force that a singular amount of bad taste is, at the present time, evinced by the fair New Yorkers when displaying themselves at our various theatres. And I do not confine my criticism, though free, to Shoddydom—graphic and useful word!—I say ke the attorney in *The Rivals*, "without hesitation, and I say it boldly," that our belles present at the theatre, as "lookers on in Vienna," have forgotten to draw the ever desirable "line," and approach too nearly the lovely and admired *tragediennes* or *comédiennes* on the boards who *must*, in conformity to the exigencies of their profession, dress according to certain, to them, often unpleasant rules.

Théophile Benviton, the naughty boy in the *Fast Family* says, that the young girls of society look like the *demi-monde* but *moins le chic*; in other words, without that indescribable touch of witchery or fascination, that something, that, to the Théophile Benvitons of this wicked world, makes up the attraction of that portion of it.

Yet our young girls do not really *wish* to resemble *cocottes*. Their

innate modesty expresses itself in their sweet faces, and let them try as they may to imitate Tostée in her arch looks, and Lotta in her laugh, they fall far wide of the mark, because they are altogether too pure and good, though sometimes, *tant soit peu* silly to reach it.

Let no Sophonisba Adelaide of the Avenue, suppose that the gold fringe and embroidery on her sacque is *the thing*. Lay not that flattering unction to thy soul, Sophonisba *mia!* the black embroidery mingled with jet; the softly shaded and wondrous work in brown floss of many tints; the delicate garnet or mazarine blue, or the ever-stylish white work, those *were* the thing. But silver embroidery, gold embroidery, and gold flowers in the hat at the theatre! Avaunt! my soul abhors it! and it is not *your style*. Nature made you an American, and an aristocrat of her own school. Your delicate aquiline ought to turn up, if aquilines could do that at the *cliquant*, a crushing French word, fairest and sweetest, invented to wither by the scorn of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, the ladies of the Imperial Court and their attire. "Ché!" as Drogran sang, they have had their day!

Did I see Mrs. Millionbonds at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with a bird of Paradise in her hair, or bonnet, or was it the work of an illusion? To use a novel expression; Did my eyes deceive me? No. Weep! Muse of the Beautiful, it *was* the exquisite Millionbonds, and she *had* a bird of Paradise in her hat! And if she turned to look over her shoulder at the mirror behind her,—that very convenient mirror,—and then glanced on the stage by way of looking "on this picture and on that," she *must* have been struck with her immense resemblance to the actress at that moment speaking; I mean the one who spoke so often that evening, that she *must* necessarily have lighted upon her.

Now why invade that dominion? Why take to the gold fringes and birds of Paradise of the theatrical domain, where Fashion,—gentle goddess!—furnishes a profusion of delicate feathers, and any quantity of really beautiful embroidery? It is not the thing, Mrs. Millionbonds, and it won't "go down," or if it does, it ought not; it *should* stick in our throats.

Angelica Malvina Four-in-hand was there, I know that as well as

you do. Angelica is not visited by the right sort of people. The brothers, cousins, nephews, etc., may look in upon her, but the sisters and mothers and aunts do not. Look at Angelica. Contemplate her hair, her dress, her "altogether," and tell me whether *you*, sweetest of Millionbonds, do not owe it to your position *not* to put those diamonds over your forehead, and those double bracelets over the sleeve at the elbow *above* it,—and at the wrist? I know you will not go so far as that; I know that you will not gallop after the beautiful Angelica Malvina Four-in-hand so *fast* as that, but when I contemplate the bird of Paradise already installed upon the glory of your blonde locks, and when I recall Sophonisba Adelaide of the Avenue with her gold fringe, and see your opera-glass turned so often in the direction of the Four-in-hand when you think no one is looking,—which some one always is—three!—I admit, I tremble!

Oh! for the serene propriety of the delicate ermine tippet on the dusty velvet basque, without an ornament beside, and the stylish but unobtrusive black velvet hat that was, certainly, with a light glove and a small opera-glass, the real thing to appear in! Where have these fled? Why that scarlet cloak? Let it go to the opera; that is the place for it and those staring white plumes, and "stunning" flowers? Take them, I implore thee, take them out of my sight!

Don't let it be said of you, Mrs. Millionbonds, having such a lot of money, that you don't know how to spend it. Let not those gentlemen of a certain foreign legation, not the Russian, but another, smile in contemplating your attire. A French wit said of Marie Antoinette, that she belonged rather to "her sex than her rank." Don't let any one say that of you.

THE QUEEN AND NATIVES OF TAHITI.

QUEEN POMARE IV. is a pleasant-looking woman, fifty-seven years of age, but so young in appearance that she might be taken for forty. She is a most estimable person, and very anxious, by every means in her power, to insure the welfare of her people. She is very well informed, though she seldom reads any other book but her Bible. She is fond of discussing intricate questions of theology with her maids of honor, who frequently fall asleep during

the *prelections* delivered late in the evening, but her Majesty will go on talking all the same, and gently remind them in the morning of their want of attention. She is extremely good-natured, and greatly beloved by all her subjects. The Prince Consort has been, and is still, a remarkably handsome man, tall and somewhat stout. The young princes, too, are fine-looking men, and very presentable, but one of them indulges to excess in strong drink, and is said at times to treat unkindly his wife, who is Queen of Raiatea, a gentle, kind-hearted creature of a most prepossessing appearance. The natives, who are evidently of the same race as the New Zealanders and the Sandwich Islanders, are superior to the latter in size and bearing; but the Maori, from a residence of five centuries in a colder climate, has a rougher and hardier appearance. The Tahitians were not distinguished for cruelty, even in their savage state; they are cheerful and good-natured, mild and gentle, with none of those harsh characteristics which mark other islanders; they are easily led either to good or evil, do not possess much firmness or decision of character, but are generous, kind-hearted, and thoroughly amiable; and if it were not for the bad influences by which they are surrounded, would be a much more moral people than they are. They always had the character of being honest; even in the old heathen times, the *tapu* or *rahui* was very effectual in preventing all kinds of robbery, for if they broke the *rahui* they supposed the gods would be offended with them. The men are mostly tall, with well-developed chests and muscles. The women, who are also tall, have a generally soft contour, and incline towards *embonpoint*, which increases with age. The features of both sexes are very pleasing, and their smile and address very engaging. Their gait also, especially when seen from behind, is bold, stately, and dignified, and they have something majestic in their general bearing. They are remarkably cleanly in their habits, and always neat and tidy in their dress, and pride themselves on appearing well. Their usual salutation is *Io rana*, "May you be happy," which is pronounced almost like a Patlander's "Yir anner." The men generally wear their hair short, sometimes grow a moustache, but seldom a beard. Their ordinary costume consists of a piece of printed calico of most

telling design (generally indigo and white, or red and white), which is called a *pareu*: it is wound round the body, and reaches from the waist to the ankle. Over this they wear a shirt, either snow-white or orange, or pale green, or striped, outside the *pareu*. Shoes and stockings are seldom used, except by the chiefs and principal people on high occasions. Panama and other broad-brimmed hats are extensively worn. It is difficult to describe the dress of the ladies. Their hair is very neatly parted from front to back, and plaited behind into two tresses of moderate length; they always trim the ends, ensuring thereby a rich growth, which is enhanced by a profusion of cocoa-nut oil scented with essence of sandal-wood. Both sexes are very fond of wearing flowers, and also coronets (or wreaths) of leaves and plaited straw or bark trimmed with red seeds, the variety of which ornament is indescribable. Some of these coronets are designed and executed with a taste that would be admired in any salon in Paris or London. The usual dress consists of a loose morning gown, exactly of the shape and cut of a French lady's *peignoir*, made of all sorts of material, generally muslin of some showy color, white, however, being the favorite. It is so thin and gauzy that it shows beneath it the white under-garments. Like the men, they seldom wear shoes or stockings, but notwithstanding this they have the smallest and prettiest feet imaginable.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine*.

STRAWBERRIES.

A POPULAR French writer relates the following anecdote about a dish of strawberries:

"There is much to be said in favor of hot-house fruits and vegetables; they are very advantageous for those who make money by cultivating them, and I know one poor fellow, in particular, who was indebted to them for a possession far more precious. The poor fellow in question was worth some two or three millions of francs; nevertheless the epithet *poor* could not be more appropriately applied to any man living, for he was not master of his own person, being a Russian serf.

"This man had obtained from his lord and master, one Count Somailoff, permission to reside at Moscow, on payment of the *obrosk*, a seigniorial fine representing the value of a serf's yearly labor on his

lord's estate. He had rapidly amassed an immense fortune in the leather trade; but when he wanted to crown the edifice by obtaining his own affranchisement, the count had refused his application with an obstinacy which the most lavish offers of money on the part of the leather dealer could not overcome. One day, when returning from Odessa, our merchant was passing through the neighborhood of his master's country mansion, and he resolved to make one more attempt to purchase his liberty. He did so, and offered three hundred thousand roubles (about a million of francs) in exchange for the one traditional word that would have made him free.

"The count heard him with a smile and shook his head negatively; but, just as the unhappy man was retiring, with tears in his eyes, he called him back.

"'Hark ye,' said he, 'I have a dinner party this evening; my hot-houses were frozen two days since through the negligence of my gardeners. Bring me a dish of strawberries and I will do as you wish.'

"Strawberries in February, and in Russia, in the government of Kalouga! The merchant however jumped for joy on hearing these words. He hastened to his traveling carriage, and five minutes afterwards he knelt before his master, to present a basketful of fine specimens of that delicious fruit. The merchant's wife was very fond of strawberries, and he had bought these at Odessa as a present for her, little thinking of the good fortune they would bring him. The count nobly kept his promise; not only did he embrace his former serf, but also invited him to come and partake of the strawberries accepted in exchange for a boon that millions of money would not have purchased."

Diamonds of Thought.

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is more firmly secured by lenity toward failings than by attachment to excellences.

FLOWERS.—Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure, and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace. To the child and the girl, to the peasant and manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always.—RUSKIN.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVE PEOPLE.—You want air, not physic. You want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone. Physic has no nutriment; gasping for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you, and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well, go in for beef and out-door air, and do not be deluded into the grave by advertisements and unreliable certifiers.

MEASURE OF HAPPINESS.—It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know that we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

TAKE IT EASY.—Endeavor to take your work quietly. Anxiety and over-action are always the cause of sickness and restlessness. We must use our judgment to control our excitement, or our bodily strength will break down.

VIRTUE consists in making desire subordinate to duty, passion to principle. The pillars of character are moderation, temperance, chastity, simplicity, self-control; its method is self-denial.

Our Spice Box.

A SWISS CUSTOM.—There is an old family custom in Switzerland, hallowed by centuries, which allays irritation in the heart forthwith, maintaining peace there—a custom blessed by God, and more likely than any other to keep a family together. The last to go to bed, whether husband or wife, recites aloud the Lord's Prayer.

TOUCHING BALLAD.—A music publisher announces that he will soon issue a touching ballad, with the suggestive name of "Bury your dog in the garden—it will make the grape-vine grow."

LOVE NOT ELOQUENT.—Oh, young ladies, you are unwise in expecting eloquence from a lover! A man who really loves you, will never be eloquent before he is assured of your state of feeling towards him; not always—I should say, on the contrary, rarely—then. When your beauty, your grace, accomplishments, good qualities, etc., have wrought on a man to such a degree that he feels the world can give him nothing comparable to your love; when the very sight of you at a distance makes his heart flutter; when he feels jealous of every man under the age of sixty who approaches you, and is tempted to strangle every good-looking coxcomb who pays you a compliment; when, half distracted by the alternations of hope and despair, he ventures at last to learn his fate from your lips—do you expect eloquence at such a time? If you do, you expect him to behave as a man in love never would or could behave. Nothing is easier than flirtation: with a woman you do not love. Of course you like her a little, or you would not take the trouble to flirt with her. But when you begin to love a woman you are no longer capable of flirtation. When your admirer is awkward, and timid, and silent, and hardly dares to look at you; when his hand trembles at the chance contact with yours, and he hardly dares to hold it lest he should offend you; when, at last, after a sore struggle, there comes the faltering avowal from the overcharged heart, in these few but expressive words, "I love you!" then, if I were a woman, I should feel well pleased to dispense with the eloquence of words.