

"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 *tragédiennes* 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 *clinquant*, 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 Drogan 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