

But the train due an hour before had not made its appearance, and Agnes paced hurriedly up and down the piazza, where for the last half-hour she had been listening for the sound of its whistle. What could have kept it? she asked herself as a vague fear took possession of her. In her recollection it had never been so detained before. What if there had been an accident, and accidents were not so rare nowadays—and here her pulse quickened painfully at the thought—What, O what if Robert should never come! All through that afternoon she had given herself up to pleasant anticipation of the coming evening's reunion, and to resolves concerning the new leaf she intended turning over in the volume, scarcely opened, of her married life—a leaf that should show in fairer characters a more harmonious record than that which had blotted its latest page. She was ready to acknowledge to herself in wifely contrition that she had tried Robert too far. No wonder he began to lose confidence in a love that exacted so much and gave so little. She thought with a pang of the weary look his face had worn for some days past—of the gray hairs that had begun to show in the dusk of his locks when last she smoothed them. She knew too that he had a harassing law-case on his hands. Why had she in her perversity added to his mental disquietude instead of seeking to lessen it? She was not like Ada Grey, strong and helpful, but henceforth her love for him—and oh how dearly she loved him still—should find more wifely expression—and now—what if he should never know—never know either her contrition or her love! Next to the "It might have been," the saddest of words is the "He will never know" wrung from a heart that relents too late.

Twilight deepened, the stars brightened, and still no train. Agnes continued her watch and walk, her heart crying out passionately against the fear that grew upon her—the terrible fear that she must face alone as best she might. All trifles that had tended towards estrangement vanished into nothingness before it, leaving love sole survivor, yet trembling lest his victory should prove unavailing.

Entering the house at length, and shading the lamplight that revealed tear-stained cheeks and disordered tresses, Agnes summoned the servant and despatched him to the station for news of the train, then throwing herself on a couch

and clasping her hands over her throbbing temples she waited to know the worst, if worst indeed it was.

In half an hour's time, which to Agnes had seemed endless, the man returned, entering hurriedly, and with disturbed countenance. Starting up she questioned him with her eyes. "A sad accident I hear, ma'am"—he spoke hesitatingly—"The train was thrown from an embankment—the loss of life"—Agnes heard no more; with reeling brain she sank back on the couch insensible.

When consciousness returned her eyes opened on Robert's face. Yes, Robert himself, pale but unhurt, supported her. "Thank God," she cried, clinging to him, "I have not lost you!" "I have indeed had a narrow escape," answered Robert gravely. "Detained beyond the time, I was fortunate enough to miss the fated train. But, my darling, there are other losses than those of life. Thank God we have not lost the love that can lighten its burdens when they come." No farther words were spoken then, but the close embrace between the two said more than words could say of mutual forgiveness and returning trust. The honeymoon was indeed over, waning as all moons must wane, but something more tangible and enduring than the sweetness and light contained within its golden sound had survived the waning.

PENITENT.

BY EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

AND so you are repentant, and you crave
 Forgiveness for your weakness and deceit.
 Ah well; I pardon you beside the grave
 Of those twin sisters, delicate and sweet,
 Dear Faith and Love, who made our home complete
 The while their presence graced it.
 Now—ah woe—
 Their hearts are pulseless, motionless their feet;
 Dead—dead and buried 'neath the winter's snow.

WHO now shall fill their vacant seats? who cheer
 The heart so comfortless, so scarred with pain?
 Two gentle voices murmur: 'We are here.
 Raise thy sad eyes to Heaven, and smile again,
 Even as the rose, bowed 'neath the shock of rain,
 Smiles afterward still lovelier through her tears.'
 So Charity and Patience seek to train
 The soul's affections in life's later years.

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY JENNY JUNE.

WORK.



THIS is the question of the day in regard to women; it is the one subject of universal interest, and never-ending discussion. Men talk about it, and newspapers discuss it as if it was a new idea, as if work had not been done by women, since the first baby drew breath, and the first man felt the pangs of hunger—as if the great living, breathing body of humanity, did not constitute so many myriads of witnesses to the self-sacrificing character of their work, and impose upon the masses of women services which are only deemed slight, because women themselves prefer to give them for love, rather than sell them for money.

Work therefore, according to the modern rendering, must be something which has a market value, and for which an equivalent can be obtained in cash, and women who do not work according to this acceptance of the term, do not work at all—they are "supported," though they fulfill the duties of cook, nurse, seamstress, and house-keeper, all in one. These however are merely occupations, not work. They can be taken up, or laid down at pleasure, they are interrupted by calls, or visiting; a "cold," or a "head-ache" may interrupt them; men do not respect them as work, and to a certain extent they are right.

Real work, honest, faithful work, cannot be accomplished in this way.

Work which looks to results must be prepared for, must be undertaken with a purpose, whether it be cooking, or doctoring, and it is this training, this purpose, of which women are so lamentably destitute.

It is of little use for the sentimentalists upon the question of women's work to say women are not able to compete with men for a livelihood, and it is a shame, and degradation to allow them to do so—we all know it, but they have to do it all the same; and if they are not prepared to compete in the higher walks of life, for pro-

fessional or business prizes, they must compete with the black man, and the Chinaman, and the negro, for the privilege of roasting over a kitchen range, or going from house to house with the pail and the white-wash brush.

That there is a general distaste to honest work, and to the long preparatory process necessary to ensure it, is true, but it is almost as true of men, as of women.

This is why we have so many speculators—why so few are engaged in producing, so many in distributing what is produced—why the wages of mechanics are going up, and the salaries of clerks coming down—why we have a hundred patents to one invention, and a hundred inventions to one piece of perfected work.

Men will not take the time to do anything well, they are in too much haste to get rich. In this country, which of all others proudly asserts the dignity of labor, the curious spectacle is seen of men and women ignoring labor, treating it as disreputable, and basing all their claims upon having been able, honestly, or dishonestly, to get away from it.

The result of this is seen in the shams and pretenses of our business, social, industrial, and political life. We make words stand as the representatives of things, and when honest men like Professor Tyndall, come to us expecting to find something real and permanent in this apparently vigorous and loud-talking young nation—they are disappointed to find how much of it is puff, and pretense, how little truth and reality.

There is indeed no encouragement, and no hope of present reward to the patient worker; he must work for the future, and for the love of it: a country which offers no prizes to success in Art, Science, or Industry, whose only honors and emoluments are offered to political competitors, must soon deteriorate or permit its highest interests to be represented by aliens.

Few of the men, and still fewer of the women, of to-day understand what work means. Certainly tilting a chair back, reading newspapers, chatting with friends, and smoking cigars in a room called by courtesy an "office," cannot be called work. But this is the occupation of half our city men.

Nor is it work to attend useless society meetings, or drivel away time upon mutual admiration committees—even philanthropic work,

if well done, must be done conscientiously.

Why are most of our charitable institutions burdens upon the community? productive of greater evils than those they were intended to cure? Simply because they are in the hands of those who have no idea of giving real self-service in their charitable work. They like to meet in committee, see their names in the lists of officers and directors, have needy women appeal to them in order to be referred back to high-sounding departments, or have them brought up in state like prisoners before a tribunal; but as to taking off their gloves and silk dresses, putting on bib apron and common print, and *doing the work for the poor* which they have not the time, or the means, or the education to do for themselves, how many will do this? Yet this is the kind of philanthropy required, the only kind from which any permanent results can be expected.

We talk about founding industrial institutions and training-schools; but how can we do this successfully, who do not know how to manage our own households economically, who do not practise the first elements of the arts or the industries in our daily lives? We admire the German thrift and usefulness, we want great kitchens in New York upon the plan of the *Folks' Kitchens* in Berlin, where the poor are supplied with well-cooked food at the cheapest rates—but what does it involve? Why, that the officers of such an institution shall be its servants, that they shall provide and dispense the food they offer, see that it is properly served, and not only see, but *do it*. Work with their own hands, instead of delegating their duties to another, who in turn delegates it to some one else, until at the last it is half done, or not done at all.

It is the most common thing in the world for girls to think that, neglectful and careless as they may be of the manner in which they perform ordinary routine work, yet if they had something really great to do, something which they considered "worth while," they could and would do it admirably. Girls who cannot keep their own rooms tidy, who are impatient at being asked to perform a small service for a younger brother or sister, think they could write a book, or be women doctors, with credit to themselves and a benefit to the community.

Fortunately, by the time they are in a position to try the experiment,

they generally know better, so we have fewer literary and professional aspirants than we should otherwise.

It must be remembered, however, that the character of work is based, not upon the greatness or littleness of the work itself, but upon *how* it is done.

Whatever the work is, make it representative of yourself. You are not responsible for the circumstances which surround you, or the duties you have to perform, but you are responsible for your manner of performing them. Whatever your work may be, put your head in it, and as much of your heart as you can, and it will grow interesting in spite of you, and in some way, you may not be able to tell how, its results will outlive you.

When a very young girl, I visited an elderly lady, and sat by her side one evening while she was employed in the task of darning some stockings. I was rather proud of my darning, and begged to be allowed to assist her. She consented, giving me a pair of socks which had a hole in each heel.

I covered the first one with a fine, close lattice-work of yarn, and exhibited it as a specimen. My old friend pronounced it very neatly done, but said that her method was more thorough, and if I would oblige her by taking my work out, she would show me how to mend a stocking so that it would never require it but once.

I did so. Her principal points were to take in a sufficiently large margin beyond the hole upon all sides, and leave loops in the yarn at either end of the threads, so that they would not draw, or tighten upon the body part of the stocking in washing.

That was the only lesson I ever remembered to have received in darning, but I never forgot it, and cannot to this day darn a stocking in any other way. The old lady has been dead for years, but I never take up the family hosiery—which alas! is often abused in hired hands—without thinking of her, and realizing strongly the beauty and excellence of doing even the least thing thoroughly and well.

But darning stockings is not the modern idea of work, and I admit there is but little reward, either in money or glory, to be obtained from it. I only assert that, if darning stockings comes into our category of duties, it is better to do it well than to do it ill—in fact that it is essential to future success in a larger field, that we

should execute faithfully the duties of the smaller one.

It is not worth while to discuss now the vexed question of whether girls ought to earn a living outside their own homes or not—the fact that they have to do so is sufficient.

The important question to them is, in what way can I best prepare myself for the future, and its possibilities, near or remote?

What does a sensible boy do under the same circumstances? He first acquires a trade or profession, by which he can earn his living, and if he is clever and ambitious he loses no opportunity of learning or acquiring practice in anything which may be of service to him in his after career.

Girls can do this just as well as boys. Half the villages in which girls spend their time idly and uselessly, need milliners, dress-makers, or teachers, and would repay munificently girls who had pluck enough or ambition enough to start a fancy store, or a small manufactory for canned fruits, or a shop for the sale of plain and fancy needle-work, or an upholstery, or a laundry, or ladies' shoe store, or any other repository of things which people want, and which grow with the increase in size and importance of the place itself.

Girls, it is now understood, must do something; then why not put them into the business of distributing, for which they are fitted, and leave the task of producing for the broader shoulders and stronger arms of men, who are more capable of hard labor?

These, or any other of the active walks of life, will be found to afford employment for all the faculties. All that may have been acquired by industry, neatness, attention, observation, expression, will find a place, and assist in working out the successful result.

The main point, however, is to put one's self into one's work, and exalt it by our doing of it.

It matters very little what it is—it all comes to the same thing in the end, except that we are constantly ennobled or degraded by the way in which we have done it.

I know that a great deal is said of motives which exalt and give dignity to labor; the needs of others, the charities sustained by the work of hands which otherwise need not be soiled by usage.

But though it is good to labor for others, yet I assert that work is good in itself, good enough to be done for its own sake, and full as

good, if it saves the person who does it from being a burden upon the rest of mankind, as if their labor saves some one else.

But always do the one thing well, rather than the two things ill. No woman can be an active worker for a livelihood, and an active mother and housewife too. She must do injustice to one or the other, or both.

There may be exceptional instances of genius that obtains such recognition that its work may be done at home, at intervals, by snatches, or in the pauses of busy household life. But this will not do as a rule for work, for the mass of girls, or women.

Earning a livelihood or assisting to support a family means, with women as with men (only much more so), the absorption of all the time and all the strength, and should not in any case be attempted (except perhaps as a temporary measure, or where the absence of children leaves a great waste and void in the life) by a wife and mistress of a household.

Women with the housewifely and maternal instinct strongly developed suffer unspeakably from being compelled to come in contact with the roughnesses and hardships of active business life. Calamities may drive them to it, but not necessarily, and there is hardly ever sufficient reason why they should choose what is so distasteful to themselves. Such women are needed as matrons, as housekeepers of institutions, as principals of schools, and failing their more specific duty of wife and mother, their positions are always waiting for the proper persons—known to be such.

There is a work waiting to-day for the intelligence of the young women all over the country—a work so important that if they could rise to a sense of it it would go far to mitigate the public evils from which we suffer.

This is the true education of the young. It is a crying sin and shame that though so many years have elapsed since Miss Elizabeth Peabody first introduced the German idea of the Kindergarten to this country, we have as yet no schools or school-system based upon it—that the old methods are still followed—and the old sing-song routine and text-book formulas still used, as patent extinguishers upon the child's brains, if it should happen to have any.

Where are all our bright young girls, that they do not study out a Kindergarten system for them-

selves, with the aid of books and objects already provided, and start Kindergarten schools all over the land, in cities and country? Schools where the system of teaching shall be principally oral, and illustrated by pictures, or specimens of the subject taught—where the recitations shall be varied by physical exercises—where music and singing shall form a necessary part of the programme, and where self-development, growth in ideas, and beauty and power of expression, shall denote excellence in scholarship, not the mere parrot-like repetition of words, or the faculty of holding the shoulders at an acute and painful angle.

For these schools—enlivened by beauty, by the cultivation of flowers, inspired by genius, and a real love for the work—children are everywhere waiting. They might not bring great emoluments, but they would bring a worthy purpose, honorable livelihood, and distinction to those who are capable of achieving their highest possibilities.

Those who talk of work as if there was nothing for them to do, only show their own incapacity—there is plenty of work, noble work, good work, waiting for those who will do it truly and well.

ALL THAT SAVED HER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.



UNCLE JED—

Uncle Jed, what is it to be?" The voice was so clear

and fresh—there was such a sparkle of young life and hope all through it that it must have entered your heart

like sudden sunbeams.

There she stood—the speaker—midway between her twelfth and thirteenth birthdays, with a face that suited the voice—that is better than saying it was a handsome one. A fair complexion and a soft glow in it, which reminded you of peach blooms; and eyes of a wonderful shade of golden-brown, whose light made you forget all the rest of the face, and the thick, lustrous hair which belonged to the girl's dozen years; not a face to strike you on the street or in a crowded parlor, it may be, but one whose charm and attractiveness, if you came to know it well, would grow into your heart.

"But what if, this time, it is to be—nowhere, Janet?"

A man's voice now, with a little pleasant, tender ring through the deep bass, and something sound and hearty in the tones, which would make you trust them even if you did not see the speaker.

He laid down his paper as he spoke and settled himself back comfortably in his easy-chair; you would probably have called him, on the first glance, a young man still; though he was inside his forties he was, on the whole, rather good-looking, nothing more, with sandy complexion and hair, and a thick beard with a reddish tinge; the keen, spirited gray eyes could be stern at times, and they could smile very pleasantly at others: a well-knit, broad-shouldered, stalwart figure, sitting in that easy-chair in the warm June sunshine near the open bay-window, where the roses and geraniums make a green, fragrant thicket, lightened up with blossoms, while the whole room is tender with their fragrance.

This girl, whom he has called by that pleasant old-fashioned name of Janet, which has, to me, always a fresh, tender sweetness clinging to it, like the blossoms of some wild-brier, or the clear, cool scent of mint whose roots are laved by some mountain spring—this girl laughed a fresh, pleasant, rippling laugh that was like a delightful little air, flowing all around her words.

"As though I did not know better than that, Uncle Jed! As though it could be summer in New York and 'nowhere' with us! Do I look as though I could by any possibility be humbugged into swallowing that?" and she stood before him, her whole face in a bright glow of defiant fun.

"No," stroking his beard and looking at her with his gray eyes at their pleasantest, "I see my attempt is quite hopeless. Ah, Janet, what a fearful thing it is to have such wits, keen and bright as a Spanish rapier. This time it is to be —," he stopped there a moment; he enjoyed whetting her eager curiosity; as you have seen a doting parent hold a ripe plum or a glittering toy an instant just above a child's strained, fluttering hands.

"Oh, Uncle Jed, don't be cruel—do speak."

"It is to be — Long Branch!"

She burst out into a little cry of delighted astonishment, "It is to be a beautiful, splendid miracle!" she said.

"Oh no, not quite so much as that, Janet." And this time he laughed a little pleased laugh to himself, thinking she was true to

her sex—she came honestly enough by her highly colored adjectives, but he would not say this, even to her. Jeremiah Woolcott was by no means a perfect man, but he had this fineness and courtesy at the heart of him, that he could never breathe a coarse or disparaging remark of a woman even in jest.

"But it has been the mountains, 'Saratoga,' in small doses, as you said, the Gap, but never Long Branch. You had forsworn that I thought."

"So I had, so I should now, if it were the hotels with their rush and fashion, and the crowds of fast, vulgar overdressed men and women. But it is to be nothing of that sort. It is to be a home, quiet and comfortable and independent as this very roof of ours."

"It is! Have you made terms for it with Aladdin?"

"That's a hit. What a fine thrust of satire that was, you midge! I build no castles out of silver timbers of moonshine."

"No, you don't, only out of stone and oak, solid and well seasoned. Now, Uncle Jed, tell me how this house at Long Branch came about. I am so glad—it fairly takes my breath away."

"It came about in the most matter-of-fact way conceivable. You've heard me speak of Maxwell. He was up here last year to dinner, with that bright boy 'Ben' of his, with whom you played croquet!" Janet had drawn a low chair close to her uncle, and she bowed her head—she would not break the continuity of his talk by a word.

"Well, he came into the office in a hurry, said he was off to Europe next week with his wife and daughter; talked the matter over at breakfast, and made up their minds to sail. That's the way they do things nowadays. When I was a boy people didn't take their lives in this high-pressure fashion."

"No matter, Uncle Jed, what they did in those antediluvian ages, I want to hear about Long Branch and the house there."

"There goes another thrust of that swift little rapier! What a hen-pecked uncle I am, Janet!"

"Are you? If another bright thing comes into my small wits, I will not say it, so you will be good and tell me"

"Well, this is the upshot of the business. Maxwell owns a pretty gray cottage with trellised piazzas and a big sweep of lawn in front, just off Ocean Avenue, at Long Branch. He doesn't like to have it shut up all summer, and when he inquired where I was to pass the

dog-days, and found my plans were all nebulous, he just proposed that I would go down with my traps and establish myself in the cottage, sovereign of the whole domain. I was doubtful at first, but Maxwell urged the matter strongly, said it would be just the place for his boy Ben, who is to be left behind, a fine, generous fellow, turning fourteen, who needs a slight rein, of course, like all kinds of fourteen.

"The house, too, is furnished from attic to ice-house, and there is nothing for us to do but to bundle in, with trunks and books. 'Tisn't every man will have an offer sprung on him like that, the summer's sole proprietorship of a house at Long Branch, is it!"

"I should think not. And there is the sea, Uncle Jed."

"Yes, the old, splendid monster in all its breadth and grandeur. That thought does make the blood tingle a little in one's veins, doesn't it?"

Janet sprang up as though she moved on elastic springs. She executed a little impromptu half whirl, half waltz before her uncle, her whole movement expressing intense delight in a more fervid fashion than her words could, and the gray eyes, at their pleasantest, watched her.

"When are we to go, uncle?" she asked, coming to a full stop at last.

"The city is crowded and getting hot and dusty every day. The house stands there, wide and still and cool and waiting. What do you say to our getting off the last of next week?" There was, of course, but one thing that she could say.

Who this Jeremiah Woolcott and Janet Keith were, and how they came to be together under the pleasant house-roof, whose front windows looked out on an enchanting bit of Central Park, I want to tell you now, briefly as possible.

They were not in the least related; indeed, neither the man nor girl had any near living kindred, but that only made each dearer to the other.

"Uncle Jed" had had a long, rough scramble with the world. He had come out master in the end, as the pleasant home with the handsome appointments and the bit of Central Park view amply witnessed. But he knew the hard grip and grind of poverty. His childhood had been passed in one of those small villages that cluster along the Sound shore. His father had been a small farmer, but shiftless habits and heavy mortgages had consumed the estate before