

"Oh, Elizabeth, my own, my own, how I have loved you! and, careless and light-hearted as people think me, how I have suffered for you! But this moment pays for all!"

She spoke no word in answer, though his own had called up memories of a mighty sorrow, whose pain had been no whit less keen and hard, because, woman as she was, she named it not.

She could find no words of hers to tell what she was feeling so well as the ones that he had used, so she only echoed fervently,

"This moment pays for all!"

And so we leave them!

(THE END.)

How Geniuses Eat and Work.

BY MRS. LIZZIE LEWIS.



HAT Rossini should be fond of macaroni is not strange, if we remember that he was a native of Pesaro, and that his mother was a baker's daughter; nor that Kant had an especial liking for turnips and pork, pigs' feet and dried fruit, for he was a Königsberger.

Lessing, the Saxon, would have sold his birthright for a bowl of pease porridge, in spite of Esau's example; Klopstock was morose and miserable if he could not have truffles, salmon, and trout; while Weiland, that Frenchman among the Germans, could not exist without his cakes and pastry.

Father Haydn, when the spirit of inspiration stirred within him, dressed in his best clothes, and put on the ring given him by Frederick the Great, and, thus attired, he passed hours at his desk, scribbling one undying page after another.

What a contrast to this was Beethoven's habit of walking his room in the greatest negligée, stopping at his table occasionally to write a few notes, and turning to the washstand to pour one cupful of water after another over his hands, without observing that the floor was sharing the fate of his hands.

Buffon could not write except in lace cuffs and embroidered court dress; Virginia d'Ancelet wore perfumed gloves when she wielded the pen.

Some writers require a certain odor to excite their imagination, and a story is told of Goethe, who one day called upon Schiller, and, not finding him in, sat down by his friend's writing desk to wait his return. He was soon driven away, however, by an intolerable perfume, which, upon investigation, he found proceeded from a certain drawer, which contained several decayed apples. To open a window and throw them out was but a moment's work! but what was Goethe's astonishment to be informed by Schiller's wife, that, without the odor from apples in a certain stage of decay, her husband could neither study nor write!

Socrates used to become so engrossed in

thought as to remain standing in the same spot for hours.

Ampère found motion necessary for the action of his mind. Rousseau's best ideas came to him when he was out botanizing in full sunshine; while Jacob Grimm declares that if lonely paths lead him over rivers or meadows, good influences always seem to overshadow him.

Dr. Channing's habit was, when writing, to stop once every hour, and, if in the country, to saunter around the garden a few times, or, if in the city, to walk about the drawing-room or library. Southey and Miss Edgeworth wrote in the common sitting-room; and Wordsworth composed his verses during his solitary walks, carried them in his memory, and got his wife or daughter to write them down on his return home.

Mrs. Somerville wrote her abstruse essays in her drawing-room, surrounded by her family, but so totally oblivious of her surroundings, that her husband once laid a wager with a friend that he could abuse Mrs. Somerville to her face, in a loud voice, and that she would take no notice. Accordingly, Dr. Somerville confided to his friend that she wore a wig, that she rouged, and such nonsense, all in a very loud tone, while the slandered wife sat placidly writing on amidst her daughters' laughter. Finally, Dr. Somerville made a dead pause just after uttering her name, whereupon she looked up innocently and said, "Did you speak to me?"

In some cases the motion of thought seems to hang on some mechanical movement, as with La Place, who always played with a ball of twine which his servant placed in his hand at the right moment; and with Madame de Stäel, who required a rose or a pencil in her fingers to excite her conversational powers.

Joaquin Desprez used to stick a wafer between his eye-brows, both as an aid to composition and as a warning to his servants not to speak to him. Just his opposite was a celebrated mathematician of Göttingen, who could solve intricate problems with twelve kettle-drums being beaten before his door.

Unlike this thinker was Rogers, the English poet, of whom Sydney Smith once said: "When Rogers produces a couplet he goes to bed;

"And the candle is made;
And the knocker is tied;
And the straw is laid down."

And when friends sent to inquire: "Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected."

Dickens, when at work on his *Christmas Chimes*, shut himself from the outer world, becoming, as he himself expressed it, as thin as a murderer, before he wrote the word "finis." Milton went to bed regularly at nine o'clock, and then sent for his daughters to transcribe his verses. Byron dictated his *Don Juan* at night with the aid of brandy and water; and Francis de Megeray, a French historian, created for himself artificial night when engaged in literary work, so that he would sometimes light a visitor to the door with a candle in broad daylight.

Such are a few of the vagaries of men of genius, proving what creatures of habit and education the very best of us are!

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

REAL WORK.



IF there is anything that could possibly destroy the future of our girls, and make women less good and less useful as women than they are now, it would be the enormous amount of pretense and rubbish that is made and talked in regard to their vocations, their employments, their capacities, their work, and themselves.

A weakly child, with half a dozen people to fuss over its every ailment, extol its every virtue, point out its every defect, and exaggerate every tendency, will not only continue weakly and ailing, but become in every other way, intolerable, and this is the danger of women, and the girls who are to become women, to-day.

What women have done so far, speaks for itself. What they are trying to do, is nothing original, or exceptional. It is what has been done, and is being done all the time, by very ordinary men, who do not set up for anything remarkable, or expect that the world will stand still, or go on the faster, for the little incidents of their individual careers.

Doubtless, there is more of a motive, and something of an excuse, in the fact that women are now doing some things for the first time that men have been doing always, and there is the advantage of stimulus to other women in what some have accomplished.

But, why not keep within the bounds of truth? Why make the woman, individually, and women collectively, ridiculous by fabulous stories and wretched exaggeration.

Women who do real work are not fond of having it talked about, any more than men. They know that there is no royal road to it, or in it, that it is rather dull, somewhat monotonous, and apt to be a little stony, but it is the road that all workers must tread, whatever their vocation, for real work is constant, unceasing toil and drudgery. It is not executed by letting off occasional showers of brilliant meteoric lights, such as attract the attention and win the admiration of the multitude.

Pretense, therefore, is much more apt to perform incidental prodigies, than the true and steady workers, and these rocket flights are duly chronicled, but no mention is made of the coming down of the sticks.

It is very, very doubtful, how far the entrance of women into the business of the outside world is conducive to the general public welfare; but it is certain, that it is only good for women themselves, so far as the work, and the obligations it involves, are fully and honestly met and performed. The great advantage to women in the increase of their opportunities, and even in the compulsory assumption of unaccustomed responsibilities, is the development of character. But it must