

kindly wear it for her during the evening? I thought nothing of it until as I was playing I looked up and saw some one—Doctor Stanley, in fact—looking at the ring with a peculiar expression. When I finished my piece he stepped up to ask me to dance. I looked at my card and saw that I had promised some one else. "I am engaged, I answered," and at that moment the gentleman, a Mr. Dupont, came to claim the dance. Emma was standing by. "My cousin is engaged," she said, laughingly, to Doctor Stanley, and lifting my hand with the ring, she showed it, let it drop, and turned away. Now, I imagined an intention in all of this, for her manner was pointed; but I hate to say so, since I am not sure, and it seems unkind to blame aunt and Emma for what they may never have meant. One thing, however, is certain, Doctor Stanley did not come near me again, and I fancied he avoided me."

"Where is the ring?" asked mamma. "Did you return it?"

"Oh yes, I did so before I came away. Aunt Portia thanked me for wearing it; but as she put it on I could not help seeing that it was not in the least loose."

"I don't know any expressions strong enough to mean what I think of her," began Rick.

"No, no, hush!" said mamma. "Let us separate for the night with kind feelings toward every one. We are not all alike, and we must not judge each other."

"Mamma, you and Isa are saints," I cried; "But Rick and I are ordinary sinners. I'll never sleep peacefully until I can have it out with my relations."

"Nathless, let us try," said Rick rising, and we all went to bed.

Isadora was not well in the morning. Mamma looked anxious, and hoped the doctor would come as usual; but he did not. Days passed, and still he did not call. Isadora drooped. She had taken cold at the party and her cough grew worse and worse, until mamma would not allow her to rise. I was on my way home, one afternoon, after getting some little thing I fancied would please her, when turning a corner I suddenly met Doctor Stanley. He stopped and spoke in his usual cordial way.

"I have been out of town for some little time," he said. "I am now on my way to your house. All well?"

"Isa has a cough," I replied. "She is not well enough to sit up."

He started. "Is it serious? Who is attending her? Had you sent for me?"

"I really think, Doctor," I answered, as I walked on with him, "that Isadora isn't as strong as she used to be, and I think she is pretty sick now. We did not send for any doctor; but I know mamma will be very glad to have you see her. She was wishing you would come."

We hurried on, and soon reached home. Isadora was indeed seriously ailing, and the doctor expressed deep regret that he had been away. I noticed that when he entered my sister's room, he glanced at her left hand the very first thing. He wrote a prescription, sat talking for a while, and then left, saying that

he would call the next day. He did so, and for many days before Isa was able to be up.

We were very miserable during this time. Rick and I did our best to appear lively and to keep the house looking cheerful; but our hearts were heavy enough. Aunt Portia and Emma came oftener than usual, always very plainly dressed, and frequently with a package of farina or some such eminently useful article, which Rick and I invariably, after they left, put on a plate or in a large basket and took up to Isa with complimentary speeches that made her laugh until she coughed, and then mamma sent us out in disgrace.

At last our sister was well enough to come down-stairs, and a joyful evening we made of it. Thin and white she looked as she sat before the piano and ran her feeble fingers over the keys; but she was so glad to be down again, and we were all so happy that night.

Days and weeks passed, and things gradually fell into their old train, only Isadora rested more, and the anxious look settled on mamma's face. The doctor came every day. Sometimes he took Isa out driving, sometimes he brought her flowers, and he always left her brighter and better.

One evening we were all together. Mamma and I were sewing, Rick was looking over a magazine the doctor had brought, Isadora was lying on the sofa, and the doctor sat beside her. I saw him stoop over her, and I heard him say:

"What has become of the beautiful ring?"

"That belonged to Aunt Portia," I heard her reply.

Then he stooped lower and said something else which I did not hear, and I discreetly bent over the glove I was mending, and pretended to match my silk with exactness.

Presently the doctor came over to the table and, drawing his chair near mamma, said:

"Mrs. Heath, I think your daughter needs a change of climate. She does not gain strength as we could wish, and a softer air—say the south of France—would be like new life to her. I really advise it."

"But, Doctor," sighed mamma, "it is simply impossible. I would gladly, gladly do anything to make her well; but a journey like that is beyond our means now."

"Suppose," he returned quietly, "suppose you let her go with me."

We looked up in surprise; but he waited for an answer, looking steadily at mamma.

She tried to speak, but faltered.

"I am in very serious earnest," he said. "If you will give me your daughter, I will guard her as my life; I know what I am asking; I well understand what she is to you all, and I promise you that I will never separate her from you a moment more than is best for her. Let me take her away now, and bring her back in a few years. Do not feel that I am breaking your home circle; rather, I beg, receive me as one of yourselves."

Mamma took Isadora in her arms, and what followed I never knew, for, surprised, glad, and sorry, all at once, I broke down and went crying out of the room.

Aunt Portia and her daughters expressed much kind and polite interest in the prepara-

tion for Isa's marriage, and afforded us some last merriment; but they left town before the wedding, returning to their old home.

The doctor insisted on an early day, so they were married quietly one bright morning in a tiny church, where the sun shone through purple glass and crimson, and fell over them in vivid tints as they plighted their vows.

Oh, how lonely it was after they left. Mamma wandered about aimlessly; and I felt as if I could hardly get through the dragging days. But a new misfortune roused us. Rick lost his situation, through no fault of his own, and, although he tried daily for another, he only, for a long while, met with one disappointment after another. I began to give music lessons to a few little scholars, and mamma took in some sewing, and so we kept going; but the maid was dismissed and the daily round of fatiguing household cares was added to our other work.

At last Rick found a place which he liked very much, and where he was well paid. From that time affairs brightened until they came to be what they are now; for his position improved, and a few months ago we moved into this pretty house.

Isa has never known anything about the very hard time. We have always written cheerful letters, pretending to have all sorts of happiness. Many a time as I folded those letters in the miserable days, I have said, with Andrew Fairservice, "The Lord forgie me the lie!"

It is five years now since Isa married, and she is coming home. Even as I write Rick is calling: "Sis, good news! The steamer is in; they will be here to-morrow! Put away your papers and come down."

"I am coming, Rick, directly," I reply.

And now I will close my desk while my heart is crying: "Isadora! my sister, my love! Oh, that it were to-morrow!"

The Lenox Library.

BY BOOKWORM.



CENTRAL PARK, near Seventieth Street, is flanked east and west by two buildings of striking exterior.

The one on the Eighth Avenue is a city museum of natural history, and, although large, is but a small portion of the one proposed. The edifice on Fifth Avenue, the Lenox Library, is completed, and is the gift of one citizen for the promotion of the people in art and literature.

Thus we have a triple alliance of nature, science, and art, through which let us hope there will be a continual advance on the part of the American public in those things which exalt a nation; nature occupying, as is right, the central position.

This magnificent undertaking for the cultivation of the public taste is enshrined in a noble building whose exterior speaks in classic

simplicity, if not with Doric sternness, of the ends its founder would promote.

Constructed of a light gray stone of massive proportions, there is slight attempt at ornamentation. The helmeted heads of Minerva and Juno look forth from either peaked façade of the two projecting wings, and here and there is a short column of polished granite. The iron-ribbed blinds of all the windows are usually drawn down, and the well-fitted flagging around the building is altogether unrelieved by tree or shrub or blade of grass, while the silence of the tomb rests upon the pile the greater portion of the week, save when, now and then, a solitary attendant plies his broom or brush in the front court.

This is a very great contrast to the lovely park opposite, where nature wears a constant smile, and the merry voices of children mingle with the chirping of birds and the soft rustling of foliage. Therefore the first impression the Lenox Library conveys is rather cold than otherwise.

But it is a good rule not to judge altogether by first impressions, and we should also remember that the Goddess of Wisdom must be diligently wooed if we would know her charms. She is of different character from open-bosomed Pleasure—so let us enter her courts, whose exterior is severely chaste rather than lavishly attractive, before we sum up our conclusions.

The name the library bears tells to all to whom we are indebted for the institution—one widely known and honored for his benevolence and philanthropy.

Calling to his side early in the year 1870 other men of mark in the community, he invited them to join with him in forming a body of trustees to receive his collection of manuscripts, books, engravings, and maps, together with some paintings, pieces of statuary, and other works of art. Then to enable them to erect a building to contain his gifts, he requested them to accept from him, in trust, the sum of \$300,000 as a building fund and a permanent fund out of which to pay for the current expenses of the trust. Since then he has made two additional gifts of \$100,000 each, and also defrayed sundry extra charges, raising the grand total of his magnificent money donations to \$550,000.

He then set apart from his landed estate eight full lots of ground on the east side of Fifth Avenue, between Seventieth and Seventy-first Streets, with two full lots in the rear, one on either street, thus giving a magnificent plot of ground in the best location in the city, making altogether a princely donation for the public good of over \$1,000,000, with an art collection of considerable value.

In process of time, ground was broken, and the noble enterprise begun. Great care was exercised in the construction of the building in every part, so as to render the treasures therein to be enshrined as secure against accident or injury as the skill and workmanship of man could make them.

When we enter the one door in the recess front we are received in a vestibule of about 96 feet in length, and 24 in width. It is paved with marble tiles, and skirted with dove-colored marble, and is probably to be used for

sculpture. It now contains a bust of Calla in white and colored marble, and another of his mother, Julia Pia, of the same materials. The library, a fine apartment of 108 by 30 feet, is entered from the southern end of this vestibule. The room has six recesses, each 24 by 6 feet, the windows being placed 10 feet from the floor, in order to secure the utmost amount of wall surface. The library, however, is not yet opened to the general public.

At the northern end of the vestibule is another noble room of the same dimensions. These apartments are floored in colored woods, but they need age to make them beautiful. Stairways ascend from the vestibule to the extreme right and left, the one on the south end leading to the second story reading-room, the gallery over the vestibule, and the picture gallery, 56 feet in length by 40 in breadth, and lighted from above. The stairs at the north end conduct to the mezzanine, or half story, which contains rooms for the superintendent and a way of ascent to the roof.

In addition to the collection of Mr. Lenox, there was received a contribution from Felix Astoin of New York, before the completion of the building, consisting of five thousand French books, probably the most complete collection of authorities on French bibliography to be found in this country.

The art collection was thrown open to the public on June 15, 1877, and free entrance may now be had on Monday and Friday of every week, summer vacation being excepted, the sole requisite being a notification by mail to George H. Moore, 1001 Fifth Avenue, when a card of admission will be sent in return.

In the north wing, in very handsome cases, are some old and rare books, among which is a copy of the "Expedition to Virginia," printed in 1588. There are also books printed in Rome in 1493, and in Pavia in 1494. There is a Latin Bible, richly illuminated, printed in Venice in 1476, by Nicholas Jenson; and an almost priceless treasure—a Bible annotated by Philip Melancthon; another, the sixth printed book bearing a date, a Bible printed by Faust and Scheffer at Metz, in 1462; a copy of the celebrated Mazarine Bible, supposed to have been printed by Gutenberg, in 1450 to 1455; a copy of the "Wicked Bible," as it styled, on account of a typographical error in Exodus xx. 14, the fault being the omission of the word "not."

There is also a copy of the first edition of King James's Royal Version, and of an Indian Bible, printed by Elliott, at Cambridge, Mass., in 1685.

Among other books is a magnificent edition of Shakespeare, issued from 1623 to 1685; a "Book of Hours," printed on vellum, at Paris, in 1528; books printed in 1474, at Bruges, by Caxton; a Latin Heptaglotton, printed in 1699; a Mohawk Indian Prayer-book, and two books of great interest to the student of history, "Feuerdank," and "Der Weise König." These latter set forth by letter-press and engraving the wooing of Mary of Burgundy by Maximilian I. of Germany, the grandparents of Charles the Fifth, and ancestors of Isabella of Castile; and also a copy of Petrarch, on vellum, richly illuminated.

Some of the autograph letters are interesting, one being from Cromwell, immediately after the battle of Worcester, and another having been written by Diego Columbus to Cardinal Ximenes, and dated St. Domingo, June 18, 1512. There is also a letter from Bonaparte, when First Consul, and one from Samuel T. Coleridge, as well as others from Burns, Southey, and Scott.

In this room there is also a small collection of porcelain, very small after the enormous collections of the old world, yet as a beginning, it is good. Fifty-nine pieces of ceramic art are suspended from the walls, comprising specimens of majolica and other ware from Sèvres, Dresden, and Munich, with mosaics and enamels from Rome and Florence. The subjects are old favorites, one being a copy of Rubens's celebrated Garland of Fruit borne by Cherubs, in the Pinakoleck of Munich. Another is the renowned five cherub heads by Sir Joshua Reynolds, another Murillo's Beggar Boys, and Charles IX. on St. Bartholomew's Eve.

The picture-gallery contains one hundred and forty-three paintings of various degrees of merit. Famous names are represented—Landseer, Inman, Church, Bierstadt, Wilkie, Ver-net, Delaroche, Peale, Leslie, Rembrandt, Le Brun, and Turner.

The collection is good, and has been chosen with care and discrimination. Among the most pleasing is one representing the interior of a Spanish café, the quaint costumes, the natural attitudes, and the high colors forming a striking *tout-ensemble*. Another, "The Age of Innocence," is worthy of notice as the work of the famous Madame Le Brun, famous alike for her rare talents, her womanly graces and her more womanly wrongs.

Sir David Wilkie's "Blind-Man's Buff," we all know from woodcut or engraving, and yet we can look at it again and again with pleasure, and find ourselves smiling unconsciously at the predicaments in which the players find themselves.

The "First Grandchild" is a scene among French fishermen, and celebrates the advent of the first baby. The father is in his sabots, his soiled fishing clothes and south-wester. He sits smoking his pipe, a pleased, half-dazed expression on his ruddy, sea-bronzed face, as he gazes at his young wife who is knitting opposite him. A young woman, evidently the young mother's sister, stands behind the cradle, wherein, sound asleep, is the chubby central figure of the group, while just within the doorway are the old grandparents, renewing their youth in the pleasures of their children.

Nos. 32 and 34 are by Turner, and are the gems of the collection. The first is in light tints, and represents an English vessel stranded on the French coast. No. 34 is Staffa, Fingal's Cave, and is as dark as its companion piece is light. The commotion of the stormy waves, and the conflict of wind and sky, are wonderful. Turner's pictures are always mysteries at first sight. But patient and earnest looking, after a time, causes the painting to cease to be a picture, and makes it become a veritable bit of nature.

As, however, every earthly pleasure seems to have some alloy, so we found the Lenox Library had its hindrances to real enjoyment. In all the picture gallery there is not a seat of any description. The Louvre, the National Gallery in London, South Kensington, and Bethnal Green Museum, all offer comfortable seats, where the visitors can rest and study pictures or other works of art at their leisure; but there is no such opportunity here.

So too, in passing, let us offer a word of comment upon the admission by ticket. There is, we think, by far too much red tape in this arrangement. In all public buildings unnecessary restrictions are being more and more done away with. The entrance by card to the Lenox Library is but an empty form, and yet it is often a serious obstruction and annoyance. We have known delicate ladies to come a long distance to visit the Library, only to meet an unexpected and painful rebuff, because not provided with the necessary bit of paste-board.

The great galleries and museums of Europe, with their priceless treasures, have long since discarded this absurd regulation. An entrance to the reading-room of the British Museum, the Royal Library of Bavaria, and the Sorbonne, at Paris, is most easily and simply obtained, and if the trustees of the Lenox Library desire to aid the growth of public intelligence and culture, they too will leave red tape to be measured by other and less splendid institutions.

A Sailor's Story.



IT WAS in the last voyage I ever made before coming to lay up my old bones ashore for good, that what I am going to tell your honors happened. *Nancy* our ship was called, hailing from Cork, bound for Van Diemen's Land; and we were lying in the Mersey, waiting for our passengers. The captain was short of hands, and we got two or three aboard before we sailed. Among them was a young fellow who gave his name as Bruce; nigh upon twenty-four years of age, or thereabouts, seemingly. He shipped as an ordinary seaman; but it was easy to see there was a difference betune himself and the others, from the talk and the ways of him. A fine-looking young fellow, too, as eyes could wish to see; tall and broad-shouldered. Well, your honors, we weren't very long after leaving port, and the *Nancy* getting well out to sea, when there was the world's commotion on board. And what was it but a poor little stowaway they had discovered crouched up hiding under the fore-hatch, and were hauling out to bring him to the captain. A bit of a chap he was, with rings of golden hair curling all round his head, a purty oval face,

an' the great large blue eyes lifted up pitiful an' swimming in tears; for he was frightened out of his seven senses, the cr'ature, when he was caught, and the rough fellows pulling at him. Before you could turn about, Bruce was alongside; and 'boys,' sez he, 'lave go of the child; there's no harm in him. Don't drag him. I know who he is, and will make it straight with the captain.'

"A bright handy little fellow he was; active as a bee, and willing an' ready to do any odd job that turned up on board. The men would have liked nothing better than to make a pet and a play-toy of him; but he was as shy as a bird, and made no freedom with any one, keeping hisself to hisself. The captain took to the young 'un wonderful. He was a family man, you see, with a wife and childer in the Cove of Cork; and he'd have little George in his cabin painting, and coloring picters, and such like. The boy could do 'em beautiful! Helping the steward was what they kep him to chiefly; but for rough work on deck, or anything o' that kind, he was too tenderth entirely. 'Twas'nt fit for the donny little white hands of him, bless you! Bruce, it seems, had known the lad afore, and used to have an eye on him constant, to see he got good treatment; not that many on board the *Nancy* would have harmed little George. One day a big surly brute of a boy we had in the ship told him to do something that was beyond his strength, and was going to kick him because he wasn't able. Bruce, who was never very far off, somehow, rushed at the fellow, his face afire with rage. 'You cowardly rascal,' he cried, grabbing him by the collar and shaking him till you'd think the teeth would be shook out of his head, 'you offer to do that again—you dare to lay a finger on that child—and I'll break every bone in your body.' There were a good many jeers among the men at the way Bruce watched and spied after his 'little brother,' as they nicknamed him; but they said nought to his face. There was something about the young man that made folks keep their distance. 'Twasn't for any likeness betune 'em they were called 'brothers.' The young one was as fair as a lily, and bright and smiling; with hair that, when the sun was upon it, looked for all the world like shining gold; and Bruce was dark-complexioned, with black locks and a grave countenance.

"The voyage was a fair one. Nothing to make a remark upon till it was well nigh over; and then a sudden squall came on. Ugly customers they are, them squalls; and you're never safe from them in those latitudes. They'll spring up upon you so sudden and with such violence, that if you're not as quick as thought, 'Davy's locker' would be the word for the ship and every soul aboard. In a minute all hands were turned up, and orders sung out to shorten sail. It was no end of a hurry. In less than no time the royals and top-gallant sails were furled, and a reef taken in the topsails; every man at his best along the yards. Little George—always ready to help—jumped into the fore-rigging to get aloft and stow the fore-royal. Bruce was after him like a shot. Too late! Whether the child missed his footing or got

giddy, none could know; down he fell, on to the deck. There 'wasn't stir or sound—his neck was broken!"

Here the old man paused and took off his hat. Extracting from it a cotton handkerchief rolled in a wisp inside, he passed it across his brows before he resumed his story.

"I am an aged man, your honors, and I've seen, I daresay, as much trouble an' grief an' heart-scald as any one else in this sorrowful world; but never, before or since, did I meet the equal of Bruce's despair when he seen the 'little brother' lying dead forenent him. He flung hisself down on the deck, convulsed-like with agony; and when he come to, he wound his arms about the corpse, and keeping every one off, and not letting man or mortal touch it but hisself, lifted it up and staggered off like one that was drunk.

"And then it all came out. Little George was Bruce's wife. They had known each other from childhood, and had been promised to one another and hand-fasted from since they were boy and girl. Both belonged to the best of families; and the parents and friends on all sides were agreeable to the marriage; but the young man's father got into money troubles by reason of a bank that broke; and her people seeing he had no means of supporting her, wouldn't hear of their marrying. All was forbid betune them, and they were parted from one another. But they couldn't live asunder; so, like a pair of young fools, as they were—God help 'em!—they ran away and got spliced unknown. Bruce, as I call him still—though that wasn't his right name—thought if they could only get to Van Diemen's Land, he'd easy make out a living there for the both of them; and she too with such good hands for pieter-drawing and the like. So they came in the manner I've told you aboard of the *Nancy*; for there was no other way they could sail together, not having a penny in the world. The young man had their marriage lines, which he showed the captain; and her weddin' ring, that she wore round her neck, the cr'ature! tied with a blue ribbon. And he had papers and letters and docyments proving the birth and station of him and herself, and the grand folks they come of. He was twenty-three years of age, he said; and she coming up for eighteen; though you'd never think but what she was much younger than that, by reason of being so fair and innocent-looking, and seeming small and slender in boy's clothes.

"It was a sorrowful sight when, the day after the accident, the remains of the poor young thing were brought on deck, sewed up in a hammock; and we were all gathered round to hear the funeral service read over them. There wasn't one of the crew that wasn't grieved to the heart for our little comrade, that had made the voyage with us, and brightened up the old ship with purty ways—blithesome as a robin and sperrity. Even the big lubberly boy, that no one thought had a soft spot about him, was crying like rain, skulked behind the rest; and there was moisture in the eyes of many a rough old salt, and brown hands brushed across them.

"But never a tear, good or bad, did Bruce shed. He stood beside the corpse, the living