

"Velveteen is what I expect to use," said Mrs. Pendleton, "and a very mean quality too."

"I wonder if it really was very pretty," said Miss Fanny, reflectively.

"Oh, I am sure it was pretty," said Mrs. Corwin. "Why, grandmother was English, and I have been brought up to reverence the work of queens, although I am a thorough American, and I don't believe an eminent German traveler who had probably seen all the best works of art in the world, would be enthusiastic about such a thing unless it was really worthy."

"I don't think a room in a palace would be any more cosy or homelike than yours," said Mrs. Corwin. "And you are constantly adding to its charms; every time I come I see something new and pretty; this time it is your new tablecloth."

"I made that after some directions a friend sent me," said Mrs. Pendleton; "I only wanted this to throw over that bed table we were talking of when it is not in use, but I think a larger one would be very pretty. They are easy enough to make; you take a piece of Russia linen the size you want and ravel it out all round to form a fringe, and then draw out the threads about an inch above the fringe till you have a space an inch wide, where there is nothing left but the threads of the warp. Then you leave a space an inch wide, and ravel out another inch, and when you've done three spaces you run strips of flannel, of any color you like, in and out between the threads. I took these three shades of brown because I thought they'd go well with the other colors in the room, but I think three shades of red would be prettier, for the linen is a sort of light tan color, you see."

"I think the brown shades are prettier than anything else would be, with that color of linen."

"The directions my friend sent were for ribbon, but I used flannel because it was cheaper, and it does very nicely," said Mrs. Pendleton.

"But it gives me an idea for a tidy," said Mrs. Wright. "Why wouldn't it be pretty to draw out the threads all across a piece of linen in stripes and run in ribbons?"

"I think I have seen tidies of that sort," said Mrs. Gray. "I think Swiss muslin tidies with leaves upon them in spatter work, are very pretty, too; I have seen one lately with decalcomanie pictures upon it, and I saw one in Boston with a group of ferns upon it, which seemed as shadowy as spatter work, but they were beautifully shaded in brown and green. The tidy was a present to the lady who owned it, and she knew nothing about the way it was made."

"I think it was probably spatter work done with prepared colors," remarked Mrs. Corwin, "for I have heard that colors are sold for the purpose. But, speaking of tidies, have you seen any made of coarse lace or mosquito netting run diagonally with white worsted, and lined with white Florence silk?"

"No, but I have seen them made of the same kind of lace and thick figures cut from old Hamburg work transferred upon them," said Miss Fanny.

"I have never seen those," Mrs. Corwin said, "but I have heard of some made by making a square bow, with ends of footing an inch and a half wide, and sewing it down firmly upon a square piece of Swiss muslin, and then cutting the muslin all away at the back of the lace. I do not know how the edge of the tidy would be finished, but it might be hemmed, and a very narrow footing laid on just inside of the hem, and the muslin cut out under that."

"The subject of tidies is a prolific one: but, as I have not the veneration for them that I ought to have, might I be excused if I effected a diversion by lifting the cover of Mrs. Pendleton's millefleur jar?" said Katy, suiting the action to the word, and succeeding in her desire to introduce the odor-

ous jar to the attention of the others, who were at once attracted by its appeal to at least one of their senses, as several of the guests drew near to examine it.

It was an ordinary stone-ware jar, such as pickles are kept in, of good shape, and painted a chocolate brown, and decorated near the bottom with small ferns and a few leaves of woodbine. There were but a small quantity, and there was nothing pretentious about the outside of the jar, but when the cover was lifted the perfume was charming. It had been filled during the summer with rose leaves and other sweet scented flowers, and a small quantity of glycerine added, and the result was the delightful perfume which was undoubtedly the genuine odor of the flowers and not the wonderful compounds which chemists are said to pass as genuine, but which contain materials strangely foreign to one's idea of pleasant scents.

"It brings a reminiscence of summer into your room," said Mrs. Wright.

But delightful as was the scent, and charming though the room was, the ladies thought best to leave it early, for the invalid's flushed cheeks showed that even such a quiet kettledrum was rather more of an excitement than was altogether good for her.

### The Selection of Furniture.

In selecting furniture, the keynote to the choice should be comfort. It is exceedingly uncomfortable to have more furniture than there are servants to care for it, or people to use it. It is exceedingly uncomfortable to have chairs that it is a penitential exercise to sit upon, either because they are so badly shaped, or so high, or so straight as to make ease impossible. It is exceedingly uncomfortable to have furniture so frail that it is continually being broken or defaced, or so handsome that ordinary mortals are afraid to use it, or so delicate in color and material that every touch soils it.

And beyond these commonplace discomforts is the annoyance of having continually about one things that offend the eye, and outrage that sense of fitness which is the true basis of good taste; and this annoyance is as real and as great to cultivated minds as any of the others. The only way to avoid all this is to choose with deliberation, and understandingly, such furniture as we really want and are able to use and take proper care of. First, such as suits our means, and our station in life; and second, such as meets our personal requirements and personal tastes. A difference in the mode of life ought to make great difference in the manner of furnishing a house, and it is a folly of ignorance and vulgarity to suppose that a thing is stylish because it is costly: nothing being more opposed to good taste than to place one costly article of furniture in a room where nothing is in accord with it.

There are so many different styles now in use that every variety of taste may be suited by ordinary care in the selection. The Egyptian style is suitable for ample libraries and quiet parlors where its massive richness, relieved by elegant arabesque tracery, should be harmonized with those peculiar reds and browns which are recognized immediately as harmonizing with this style for coverings and draperies, walls and carpets; depending for their life and brightness on the delicate gilding, and strong touches of black and white, which mark that style of decoration. This style, though generally heavy and massive, admits also, in the smaller articles, of great delicacy of form, usually having a quaintness of design peculiar to Eastern styles, and which our Western civilization would seem incapable of producing. For ornament an ibis in bronze, or the rich stately vases in terra cotta colors, relieved with black and gold, or vermilion are in keeping.

A great contrast to this is the Louis XIV. style, stamped as it is with the strong characteristics of "Le Grand Monarque," showing brilliancy and elegance, but showy and pretentious, adapted rather to the grand *salon* and the *gay boudoir* than to the soberer uses of every day American life, which even in its most aristocratic development, shows a spice of homely good sense and appreciation of the practical, which, with rare exceptions, renders the extreme and meretricious ornament of this style unacceptable. It admits of great gorgeousness and profusion of ornament, and will be rather likely to suit those who look upon furniture as a means of displaying wealth, than of administering to personal comfort.

Perhaps the English styles are, after all, best adapted to the wants and genius of our people. It is solid and durable, of fine outlines, and admits of little or much decoration. It is adapted to use, and serves well in rooms adapted to all practical purposes. But there are many whose means do not admit of any such expenditure as the selection of each or any of these may necessitate. Even the choice of the simplest cottage set, or of the cheap cambric draperies requires taste and judgment. A plain ingrain carpet may appear very attractive if it be of a pattern suited to the size of the room, and its color be in keeping with the walls and the furniture.

One of the prettiest parlors we have ever seen was one of the simplest. The pattern of the carpet was in richly shaded mosses, sprinkled with violets, and the windows were draped with French cambric of the "duck's egg" shade of green, with a trailing pattern of wild roses. The walls were a pale buff with a light tracery of gold as a bordering at the top, and hung with a few good paintings. Here and there a bracket supported a vase of ivy which was trailed over the walls, its dark leaves appearing in full relief. The furniture was of oak and the few ornaments choice and tasteful. Such a room is within the reach of very limited means, and yet we rarely see such an effect produced even by the expenditure of far larger means. An upholsterer might not have approved, but an artist could not have failed to be delighted.

The rule of furnishing, as of house-building, should be growth. As one and another want is felt it should be supplied, and each article will acquire a new value from its associations which will become connected with it, as it marks the growth of the home and the enlargement of the needs of its occupants. The lounge that is bought for the invalid, the piano or the harp that is added for the daughter of the house, or the "old arm-chair" of the mother have each a value of their own that money could not give. They have been chosen for a reason and with a purpose, and so they furnish the house, helping to make it a home.

### The Women of Yesterday and To-day.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR was the eldest daughter of Barry Cornwall (B. W. Proctor), a name long and favorably known in literature. She was born in Bedford Square, London, October 20, 1825. As a child, she displayed remarkable memory and great quickness in learning. When a mere child she mastered several problems of Euclid, and, as she grew older, she became very fluent in French, German, and Italian. She was also a proficient in drawing and water-color painting, and an excellent musician. In her manners, she was modest and unaffected, in temperament cheerful, humorous, and keenly sympathetic.

In 1851, she became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and, being naturally enthusiastic and strongly impressed with a sense of religious obligation toward her neighbors (using this term in its broadest signification), she spared neither time nor strength in works of faith and charity.

A "Chaplet of Verses," numbering thirty-three poems of exquisite beauty, was written for the benefit of a night shelter for homeless women and children. The finest of these are, "A Beggar," "A Legend," "The Shrines of Mary" and "Links with Heaven." This last must thrill every mother's heart, especially if she has given an angel to their God and heaven:

"She knows that when the mighty angels raise  
Chorus in heaven, one little silver tone  
Is hers forever, that one little praise,  
One happy little voice, is all her own.  
We may not see her wear her crown of honor,  
But all the angels flitting to and fro  
Pause smiling as they pass; they look upon her  
As mother of an angel whom they know,  
One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet,  
The children's place in heaven,—who softly sings  
A little chant to please them, soft and sweet,  
Or smiling strokes their little folded wings;  
Or gives them her white lilies or her beads  
To play with;—yet in spite of flower or song,  
They often lift a wistful look that pleads,  
And asks them why their mother stays so long."

Among her miscellaneous poems we prefer "The Wayside Inn," "A Legend of Bregenz," "A Sailor Boy," "Life in Death and Death in Life," and "A New Mother." They are all, however, characterized by a pathos, tenderness, and deep religious feeling, which have never been surpassed.

Her constitution, never the most robust, at last gave way under the incessant demands made upon it; but, all undaunted by symptoms which alarmed her friends, she kept bravely on in her works of love and mercy. As long as she could walk, she worked, feeling that "praise with loving deeds is dear and holy."

Alas! how many of us feel we have done all that is requisite, if we offer "music, hymn, and incense."

For eighteen months she was confined to her bed, a patient, happy sufferer. About midnight, February 2, 1864, she felt the Kingly presence of the death-angel, and saying, "It has come at last!" expired with a bright and eager smile.

*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domine!*

#### MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, THE WOMAN LAWYER.

MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, *née* BENNETT, was born at Royalton, N. Y., Oct. 24th, 1830. She received a common school education, and when but fourteen began her public career as teacher of a district school. When eighteen, she was married to Mr. U. H. McNall, who died of consumption in a few years, leaving his widow with one child, a daughter.

After her husband's death, she attended for a short time the academy at Gosport, N. Y., entering, however, the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary as a student in the latter part of 1854. The following summer she matriculated as a student of Genesee College, located at Lima, Livingston Co., N. Y., and in June, 1857, she graduated with honor and received her diploma. Four days previous to her graduation, she was elected principal of the Lockport Union School, which position she filled most satisfactorily until she resigned four years later to take charge of the Gainesville Female Seminary. She continued her occupation as teacher until 1866, only changing her base from Gainesville to Oswego, receiving during the time a State Certificate from the Regent of Public Instruction in the State of New York.

In February, 1866, she removed to Washington, D. C., where, too active in temperament to continue idle long, she soon resumed her old, familiar occupation, that being at that time seemingly the only respectable and feminine employment open to her. In March, 1868, she was married to Dr. Lockwood, and shortly after gave up her school and commenced the study of the law.

About the same time she became greatly interested in the subject of compensation for women's work, and by her influence a bill was drafted and presented to Congress, entitled, "To do Justice to the Female Employees of the Government and for other purposes." By Mrs. Lockwood's individual efforts she obtained the signatures of about 800 persons to a petition urging the passage of this bill, which was passed in a modified form. Owing to the passage of this bill, the female employees of the Government became entitled to promotion and were enabled to receive salaries ranging from \$900 to \$1,600 per annum.

In the winter of 1870, she applied for admission to the Law School of Columbia College, located in Washington. After a week's delay she was informed by a letter from George W. Samson, D. D., the president, that the trustees had considered the subject and concluded that her presence in the classes "would distract the attention of the young men." A somewhat hard verdict on the capacity of the students who formed the class, since it hinted that their brains were particularly soft if they could be disturbed by the presence of a woman of forty!

In the spring of the same year Mrs. Lockwood was admitted to the National University Law School, from which she graduated in May, 1873, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws. She had already, in 1870, received the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Syracuse.

In 1870, Mrs. Lockwood petitioned Congress for a prohibitory Liquor Law for the District of Columbia, accompanying her petition with 700 names, and in 1871, she memorialized Congress in an article of some length on "The Rights of Women to Vote."

While Mrs. Lockwood was thus occupied, she was not exempt from the cares and trials common to human life, as she lost her infant daughter, in July, 1876, and her husband in less than a year after.

In the summer of 1873, Mrs. Lockwood traveled extensively in the south, in the interests of "The Golden Age," then under the editorial management of Theodore Tilton, working zealously at the same time for the election of Horace Greeley. In September of that year, she was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and immediately commenced a very active law practice.

In 1874 she visited Texas, in her professional capacity, being admitted to the United States Court for the Western District. Mrs. Lockwood has worked assiduously in her efforts to open the bar of the Court of Claims and of the United States Supreme Court to women, undeterred by difficulties which would have vanquished a spirit less brave. Her bill in Congress, with reference to the admission of women to the Supreme Court of the United States, which passed the House by nearly two-thirds majority, will be reached early in the coming session. Let us wish her success.

In October last, Mrs. Lockwood applied for admission to the bar of the Circuit Court of Prince George's County, Maryland, and was refused—the Judge (his name was Magruder, let it not be forgotten) saying that God had "set a bound for women; man was created first and woman after and a part of him." He also was chivalrous enough to pray God the time would never come when women would be admitted to the bar in Maryland, a prayer displaying some ignorance on

the part of the learned Judge when we consider that Mrs. Lockwood had previously been allowed to file an important civil suit in the Federal Court of Baltimore County involving some \$50,000. After the decision was rendered, Mrs. Lockwood desired to explain her position to the members of the bar and others present, but though she had obtained permission from the Commissioner of the County to use the room, she was notified by one of the bailiffs that she would not be allowed to speak in the court-room. She then adjourned to a portico near by, from which she addressed a large gathering, saying that though she at first only cared to be admitted to plead the particular case on which she was employed, she now intended to follow the matter to the end and have the whole question settled by the Supreme Court of the State.

Judge Magruder's prejudices must have made him forgetful of certain facts he could not but have known; how that Ann, Countess of Pembroke, held the office of sheriff of Westmoreland and exercised its duties in person, sitting at the assizes at Appleby with the Judges on the bench. That Eleanor, Queen of Henry III. of England, was appointed Lady-keeper of the Great Seal, or Supreme Chancellor of England in 1253, and actually sat in the Aula Regia or King's Court. She appointed Kilkenny Arch-deacon of Coventry, as sealer of writs and common-law instruments, but the more important duties she executed herself.

Queen Elizabeth held the Great Seal three several times during her remarkable reign, presiding for two months in the Aula Regia.

And to descend to days not so distant, Novella d'Andrea, a daughter of a professor of law in the famous University of Bologna, a man of such erudition as to merit an epitaph which reads, *Rabbi doctorum, lux, censor, normaque morum*, the chief of learned men, the light, censor, and pattern of manners, was considered able to fill her father's place in the lecture room when he was unable to attend through illness. And so eloquent and able was she as to delight both students and her brother professors.

Laura Bassi, LL.D., was another professor in the University, whose monument, conspicuous in the University, records that, having emulated the Bolognese ladies of old, who were illustrious by their learning, she had there renewed the ancient glory of her sex and greatly increased it, and that the matrons of Bologna had raised that monument in her honor.

Still another monument perpetuates the fame of Clotilda Tambroni, chosen a professor among the doctors of the University, for her distinguished ability as a master of the Greek language and as a pattern of every virtue. Her colleagues and pupils honored her with that monument in 1818.

With such instances before us, why should the position Mrs. Lockwood has won be grudged her by any man? He need have no anxiety of being pushed with his fellows from the chief places of honor and emolument, at least during this generation. The world of men is still too much awry to allow women equal chances, and there will always, I fear, be a plentiful supply of women who will prefer the bliss of ignorance to the bitter-sweets of knowledge. To the few who are willing to endure the rough winds of adverse criticism, the carpings and ill-nature of the stronger sex, and the stings and taunts of their own, let us bid them God speed, though we may not wish to join their company.

Mrs. Lockwood is a member of the Methodist Church, a woman of pleasing address, and of active habits, being able to walk six miles a day, to row a boat, ride a horse, shoot a gun, cook a dinner, make a dress (the two latter of which Judge Magruder probably could not do), plead a case, and make a political address.