

"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.



I F 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

be remembered that in one sense what one sex gains, the other loses. If the woman takes the responsibility, the man is very apt to let her, and gradually loses the sense of it himself. He does not realize that with it, he loses the qualities, which made the very soul and essence of his manhood, and that the woman is acquiring a strength at the inevitable loss of much of her love, her tenderness, and that spirit of repose and tranquillity which is Paradise itself to that part of the human race which nature and circumstance combine to render more or less dependent.

At present, it is not a question of whether it is best, from the larger point of view, for women to prepare for fighting the battle of life in any field where they can put their natural forces to the best use; they have no choice, the necessity has been forced upon them, and they must meet it.

Naturally, nine out of ten would prefer the direction of their own homes, the management of an income, the care of children, the building up of a family circle, and the rearing of a shrine to the household Lares and Penates, which are so dear to every woman's heart.

But very few women have this opportunity, and the number is constantly growing less. If they marry, they take the burdens of another, but they do not share their own. Or, they are made mere figure-heads to sit at table, without the power or the means to work out any expression of their own thought and tastes, their ideas, and principles of action in family and social life.

The majority of men do not recognize the social function of marriage. They have forgotten that it is not good for man to live alone. On the contrary, they think because it gives them more money for the time being to expend upon themselves, that it is not good for them to marry, and so they throw away their birth-right, their opportunity for becoming good citizens, the best experiences of life, for a few oyster suppers, more or less, and continued freedom to do what, after all, they do not care for, and either know as hurtful, or dislike as a stupid way of getting rid of time.

While this is all true, the fact remains, that women are in this and other ways, being driven into occupations, for which a few years ago they would have been considered wholly unfitted, and that girls are preparing to enter them in order to be equipped for those possible emergencies, which are daily assuming proportions that render them commonplace.

The preparation is good. There is no reason why a girl should not be prepared to earn her living in half a dozen different ways. There are a multitude of minor industries within her reach, which are not open to young men. But the better way would be to make herself proficient in them quietly, rather than keep talking about it, and never become mistress of any one of them. One year after leaving school, would suffice to give any bright clever girl the elements of book-keeping, millinery, dress-making, and cooking. If she had learned to draw at school, if she had studied the principles of chemistry, botany, and was somewhat versed in mathematics, she would find each and all of infinite advantage, in their application to these pursuits; and the

intelligence which she could thus bring to bear upon them would not only enable her to master their details more rapidly, but achieve superiority in practice and in position, if she chose to make either one a means of livelihood.

There need be nothing extraordinary in this; in fact, it is what every girl ought to know. It furnishes the common implements by which she can take care of herself under any circumstances, and which would be of daily and invaluable use to her, as wife and mistress of a household.

But so far our work is mostly talk. The one woman dentist, the one woman lawyer, the one woman doctor, is heralded far and near. Women editors are manufactured out of stray paragraphs. Glowing stories are told of the amounts of money realized by this, that, or the other woman, who has come to the front; stories which have generally only the smallest basis in fact, and which tell nothing of the long years of ill-paid toil, which preceded the measure of success.

Young girls reading this inflated stuff, and acquiring with their advanced education exaggerated ideas of their own place in the world, cannot accept circumstances as they find them, when the halcyon days are over and the hard facts of common life confront them. They have had exalted ideas of the work they have to do; they have absurdly overrated the work they have done. But to come down to hard-pan, and simply take up the life which has been led by hundreds of thousands before them, the life which means steady work in obscurity, unknown and unrecognized, from sunrise to sunset for daily bread, this they are not prepared for. It is not what the newspapers are talking about, it is not what the stories are written about, it is not what has been held up to them as an incentive during their school days, through their study hours, as a recompense for the effort of worrying over dull problems or extracting the roots from dead languages.

Our cultivation of work has been begun at the wrong end. Instead of the top, we should begin at the bottom. Instead of promises, we should teach performance. Instead of laudation, we should work in silence and obscurity until we have taken root and sprung up strong and healthy.

The first thing that girls inquire about in making an effort in any direction, is the amount of money they are to receive for their first crude efforts, which only good nature and willingness to help all who need help, tolerate; they want to be paid as much as the experienced worker, who has spent years and years in drudging obscurity before acquiring the position which hard work and devotion have given her. And so far from appreciating the kindness which is extended to them in assisting their first and halting endeavors, credit themselves with enhancing the value of whatever they touch, and consider themselves ill used by not obtaining at once that honor and recognition which is only given to great and exceptional genius, or to long and faithful effort.

It is in no spirit of fault-finding, or captious criticism, that this article is penned, but in

real sadness at what is discreditable to the truth and honor of women, and in real desire to save some young girls from the disappointments which await them, and inspire them with the true love of work for the work's sake. There is no disappointment in honest work, fairly mastered, and faithfully performed. On the contrary, satisfaction in it grows with every day and hour of life. Beginning without expectation, desirous only of performing a duty, developing our own faculties, and making them useful to others, we find a perpetual accretion of what is good, and sweet, and wholesome, in the human life around us, toward the roots that we have planted, and gradually, sometimes insensibly, they widen and deepen, and finally spring up, and bear fruit after their kind. It may be only a modest herb, it may be a vine, it may be a tree whose branches will bring healing to the nation.

But the work must be done for the work's sake, and not from the individual standpoint. The recognition must come at the crowning, not while the cross is being borne. Let the work be begun humbly, honestly, and truthfully, without expectation of doing more than merely fulfilling one's own part as an atom in the great universe, but determined to perform that little part, wherever and whatever it may be, well. Our work then, as our pathway, must be upward. If we reach no very high altitudes, we shall suffer no great disappointments, and our steps, as they are taken, will be planted on firm ground, ground that cannot be cut from under us, leaving an abyss yawning before us, or behind us, into which so many disappointed aspirants fall.

An Imperial Ball at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg.

BY MAJOR L. RAMEL.

Ex-Sub-Director of the Imperial Iron Mines, Czarnochef,
Russia.



THE first Imperial Ball of the season is an event which creates considerable excitement in the aristocratic circles of the Capital of the North, for it is the signal of the opening of a long series of private ones and *soirées dansantes*. It generally takes place in one of the last two weeks of November, and is attended by the *haute noblesse* in force. Tickets are sent by the Chamberlain of the Emperor to the number of 4,500.

It was my good fortune to receive one a few years ago, while on an official visit to the capital, and I gladly availed myself of the privilege of witnessing one of those famous