drawings. The second found a home with a maiden aunt, a prim, perpendicular lady of the old homely school, who could see no virtue in anything inapplicable to every-day uses. A terrible eyesore to the young girl was her aunt's room, with its flaming calico bed-cover; its blue shade at one window to match the torn green one at the other, and its table-bouquet of immense red and pink muslin roses, reposing upon a cracked blue saucer. She suffered in silence, however, until her chance came—and then, lo! the dainty embroidery and the bright mats and the beautiful flowers! The old aunt only sniffed, and said, "Why, my room's better than you've been accustomed to!"

The third daughter remained in the old chamber at home. Then what a change came over the spirit of her dream. Such a planning and a hurrying and a pushing! And at last the old room appeared in a new dress, a perfect bower of beauty, with its ivy and ferns and sumach leaves and pine-cones and shells. They all cared. But the trouble was, they were too near together, and not one of them was sure of the others, nor could feel that her effort was her own.

Mother, tell a little girl that you are going to give her a room of her own, that you will mark her linen, and fringe her mats, and frame her drawings for her. How quickly will disappear her listless attitudes, how swiftly will vanish her idle hours! She is all awake, all in earnest, and with good reason, too. She has some present permanent interest in the household, a department from which she can never be ordered out as "in the way," nor in which she can have too much responsibility thrust upon her young shoulders. And one, also, from which the transition to other departments is easy, so that it will form for her a good school of domestic economy.

As to furnishing, I can say little, except on general principles—choose the simple rather than the ostentatious, the reality than the imitation. Because an article costs little it by no means follows that it is worthless; it may be all it professes to be, and the best of its kind. Any girl starting out to adorn her own little domain, I would instruct somewhat as follows: In choosing your carpet let it harmonize with the walls, and let the colors and patterns of both be subdued and indefinite rather than strong and regular.

A geometrical figure in a carpet is always ugly, and a bright, staring brussels is vulgar. Do not, as it were, put too much in foundation and not enough in house,—that is, don't spend so much for your carpet and furniture that you have little left for books, statuettes, and pictures. I have seen a rich walnut set in a room whose walls were absolutely bare; the set alone couldn't delight the eye or improve the mind. How much better would have been a simple cottage suit, in connection with a profusion of beautiful, instructive objects. Furthermore, if you can provide anything better in the way of engravings, heliotypes, and drawings, rigidly banish everything like chromos, and except for the commonest, basest uses, don't condescend to use scrap pictures. In these days of abundant artistic opportunities, surely you can do something in the way of painting bottles and pin-cushions and little placques. Eschew Berlin wool work entirely, unless it is remarkably tasteful, and let your cushions, lambrequins, pillow-shams, etc., be adorned with graceful crewel or outline embroidery, or dainty etching. Have flowing curtains of swiss, unbleached muslin, cream-colored bunting, or heavy, dark serge, inside your shades, as they alone are too severe. Finally, in bright touches, use only one leading color, with which all the others, in lower tones, will harmonize. I have seen a room having red carpet and pink china and blue zephyr ornaments and green wall-paper.

And the room is to be used. It must be kept absolutely clean and neat, but one ought rightfully to expect to find in it your books and your papers and your needlework. And your own sweet presence also. How I wish I could call on you, and see you sitting, busy and content, in the midst of your own pretty queendom.

Lawn Tennis.

LAWN TENNIS may be called a historical game. It was a favorite one with French monarchs as well as with some of the English kings. The celebrated picture by David, "*Le Serment du Jeu de Paume*," or "Oath of the Tennis Game," conceived in the classic manner, and representing that portion of French historical incident, when, Louis Seize having forbidden certain measures, the malcontents met in the Tennis Court, and while appearing to play a game, swore to effect their will, denotes its popularity at that period. While Galen speaks of it in Greece, the Lydians played it in the reign of King Atyx, many years before Christ, and in the middle ages it was much resorted to in Italy. Of royal players the noted ones were Henry the Second of France, Henry of Navarre, and Henry the Eighth of England.

In bygone times tennis-courts were built at great expense, but the game of lawn tennis requires but a moderate outlay. For from fifteen to twenty dollars a "set" for tennis may be bought that will prove serviceable for several years. For four persons all that is requisite is as follows: four racquets, an India-rubber ball, and a cord between two posts. These can be purchased for about seven dollars. A smooth, level lawn-surface of hard-rolled earth is indispensable. For what is called an entire set, four racquets, four balls, and a net must be had. Each ball is two and a quarter inches in diameter, and weighs an ounce and a half. The net must be fastened to the two posts, which are placed twenty-four feet one from the other, and raised five feet from the ground. It hangs in the center to a distance of four feet only from the ground. A line in the center divides the ground, and on the two sides are what are called the right and left "courts." These are divided by what is termed a "service-line," drawn parallel to the base lines at a distance of twenty-six feet from the net.

Each party of two takes its side. The choice of courts is determined by spinning a racquet, while "rough" or "smooth" is called out before it falls to the ground. Which side shall begin "hand-in" and which "hand-out" is thus determined. "Hand-in" is that which "serves" the ball or begins the game by serving or striking the ball so that it shall pass over the net and fall in the court diagonally opposed to that between the opponent's service line and the net. In "serving," this player must stand with one foot on each side of his base line. If the player serve the ball into the wrong court, into the net, or into the court diagonally opposite, but out of the limit of the service line, he is guilty of a "fault." "Hand-in" is thus changed to "hand-out." The opponent now becomes the "server," and he serves the ball outside of court, or when he makes two faults in succession, or when he does not so return the ball as to make it fall into his opponents' courts, one or the other. When a good "service" is made by "hand-in," the "hand-out" who is "guarding" the opposite court attempts to strike with his racquet the ball bounding from the ground, so as to send it over the net into one of "hand-in's" courts. Then either "hand-in" or his partner may now strike the ball or "volley" it—a term from the French verb *voler*, to fly—or, after it has made one bound, returning it into "hand-out's" courts, when "hand-out" has similar privileges. Thus, the ball can be struck any number of times back and forth over the net, until one party or the other fails to return it, returns it outside of his adversary's courts, or allows it to touch his clothes or body. If "hand-out" or his partner should not succeed in making a good "return," or if the service is "volleyed," hand-in scores one point. He then again serves the ball from his right and left courts in turn, and if he serves accurately and makes good returns until "hand-out" finally fails to make a good return, another point is scored for "hand-in," and he continues till he makes an "error."

When "hand-in" fails or makes two faults one after the other, no point is scored, and one of his antagonists becomes the server. That side which is the first to score fifteen "points" or "aces," wins. When both are at fourteen this is called "deuce." "Vantage," a fresh point, is then introduced, and either side must then win twice in succession.

Women of Yesterday and To-day.

ELENORE DE ROYE.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

AMONG the number of distinguished women attached to the reformed religion in France, we find the name of Elenore de Roye, first wife of Condé, a frail and tender plant in the garden of the sixteenth century.

Her grandmother, Louise de Montmorency, sister of the Constable Anne, died when Elenore was but a child, confessing upon her deathbed her attachment to the new faith. The Countess de Roye, who had already a strong inclination toward the reformation, openly adopted it, and educated her two daughters in its tenets.

When Elenore was fifteen she was married to Louis de Bourbon, then an obscure younger son figuring in the court of Henry II., under the title of Monsieur de Vendôme, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, with a salary of twelve hundred francs a year. In person Louis was pleasing, with bright, piercing eyes, and face framed in a full, flowing beard. His character was resolute, his heart proud and generous, his mind cultivated, his conversation sparkling, with a touch of irony which his good nature rendered harmless.

Coligny, by whose advice the marriage had been brought about, hoped by such an alliance to bind together the houses of Roye, Montmorency, Chatillon and Bourbon, against the ambitious house of Guise.

In the gallery of the Louvre there is a portrait of Elenore. Her face is too large for beauty, but her brown eyes smile upon you from the canvas, with an expression which is almost mysterious in its penetration, and makes one remember her longer than one does some of the beautiful court ladies whose portraits hang near her. Her nose is large and rather thick, her chin short, her mouth small, with the thin lips pressed close together, as in nearly all the pictured faces of those times.

The youthful pair were poor—Elenore having an income of twelve thousand francs, and Louis with his fortune yet to make. A prince of his name could only do that by force of arms, so directly after his marriage we find him leaving for the Netherlands, and for five years he was most of the time in camp.

His young wife sought comfort in her solitariness in the friendship of her sister-in-law, Mar-

guerite, Duchess of Nemours, and Jeanne d'Albret, wife of her brother-in-law, Antoine de Bourbon. In 1552 she became a mother for the first time, and almost immediately after made open confession of her allegiance to the new doctrines.

Up to that time there had not been so much of a desire to establish a new creed as to reform the old, and the adherents to the new doctrines waited and hesitated, before snapping all the links which bound them to the past.

In 1558 Condé secured a chaplain for his family from Geneva, who wrote to Calvin the following year, "Madame the princess is a real heroine. When she spoke to the queen-mother in our behalf, and recalled the sudden death of Henry II., at the very time he was persecuting us most cruelly, and the queen exclaimed, 'Indeed, I have heard no more hateful race exists,' Madame replied, 'It is easy to impute any or everything to them since they have no one to defend them.'"

No one in France had keenness of vision to see the great troubles which were about to tear the country to pieces. They were fast slipping into civil war, the best of the nation only living for heavenly things. The delicacy of the women especially was wounded by the disorders of monastic life, and by the toleration which bishops and clergy showed to a corrupt and licentious court. They longed for a creed which would put nothing between God and man, a personal, living faith, nor did they despair of leading a whole nation to the One Source of light, or of hearing the glad news of the Gospel preached from the pulpits of the venerable cathedrals.

France was really ruled by the house of Guise, and Condé, who had not the ardent and simple faith of his wife, had renounced the mass, less because of his attachment to the reform than that he might become, in his quality of prince of the blood, chief of the party opposed to the House of Lorraine. After the riot at Amboise and its fatal ending, Condé, who was suspected of being the originator of the affair, went before the king and proudly denied all complicity in it, immediately after retiring to his brother at Nerac. Thereupon the Duke of Guise set about persuading the young king that the two princes at Nerac were plotting against his life, and Francis wrote a letter ordering the King of Navarre and his brother Condé to come to court.

Despite the protestations of Jeanne d'Albret and Elenore, Condé and his brother began their journey. At Limoges they were met by many gentlemen from all parts of France, who, apprehending evil, desired to escort them, but the prince sent them away, relying on the king's honor for safety. The brothers reached Orleans, and there they found it had not been wise to have trusted too much to the word of a king.

Not an officer of the crown came to receive them; the streets were silent, deserted, and under strict military guard. The King of Navarre presented himself before the great door of the royal residence, but it remained closed, and he was forced to submit to the insult and enter on foot, by a side door, between a double row of noblemen in insolent attitude.

Nothing more dramatic can be imagined than the sequence—Condé's arrest, his imprisonment, his trial, and his condemnation to death. Elenore's presentiments had not deceived her. She went to Orleans, where she was at first refused entrance, but where after repeated denials she finally gained admittance, though not allowed either to see her husband or to write to him. Nothing daunted, she hurried from one place to another. She petitioned the Queen of France, the Duchess of Ferrara, mother-in-law of the Duke of Guise, the Elector Palatine, and the Queen of England, for their intercession.

The sentence of death had been pronounced and still she was not allowed an interview with her husband. One day she entered the king's salon unannounced, and throwing herself on her knees, implored him to allow her to see her husband but once more. The cardinal of Lorraine, who was present, fearing that his majesty would be moved to compassion and perhaps liking to show his own animosity, drove her away, rudely saying she too would be in a dungeon if she had her deserts.

The execution had been appointed for the 10th of December, as if to celebrate the opening of Parliament which was to take place that day. The scaffold was in process of erection, when one evening, while Condé was playing a game of cards with one of his guards, his valet approached as if to hand him something, and whispered in his ear, "Our man is gone!" Hiding his emotions, the prince finished his game and then making an excuse for being alone with his servant learned that death had taken Francis instead of the victim intended.

By a decree of king and Parliament, Condé was declared innocent of any crime, and left prison a firmer Huguenot than when he entered. The queen to serve her own ends took Condé for her friend and counselor, and allowed the free performance of the religious service of the Huguenots. But no great length of time elapsed before the edicts of tolerance were again violated, and finally the massacre at Vassy gave the signal for civil war.

The Duke of Guise entered Paris and Condé was forced to retire. He started for his chateau of La Ferté, accompanied by De Bèze and Coligny, but being joined by a numerous company, he changed his plan and went to Orleans. Before two months had passed war had begun and Orleans was preparing for a siege. A pestilence broke out in the city which lasted four months and carried off ten thousand persons, and then the devotion of the Protestant women was put to the test. Headed by Elenore, they nursed the sick, and soothed the dying, passing from the hospitals to the ramparts, where noble ladies bore the hod as well as the men.

All this time the Catholic party had been everywhere successful. Bourges and Rouen had yielded, and it only remained for them to capture Orleans, which was the Protestant capital. The Protestants now assumed the offensive and marched toward Paris, but the royalist army met them at Dreaux, where Condé was made prisoner by the royalists and Montmorency by the Protestants.

The captivity of the prince was very strict; for a long time he was allowed neither to write nor receive letters. The royalist party feeling all powerful after the battle of Dreaux marched upon Orleans, and the Duke of Guise wrote to the queen that he hoped she would not take it amiss if he killed every living creature in Orleans, even the rats and dogs, and sprinkled salt over the city. But the very day the duke announced the impending destruction of Orleans he was mortally wounded, and affairs assumed quite a different aspect. The star of Guise was dimmed, and by a sort of irony destiny chose as arbiters of the fate of France the two prisoners of Dreaux, the Constable and Condé.

Their conference, which was held on an isle in the Loire, was promptly followed by the edict and peace of Amboise. But this treaty, the work of Condé, was far from satisfactory to his wife, for she felt it to be but a patched-up peace which a mere trifle would disturb. The exercise of their religion was accorded, but under many restrictions. Coligny had been sent for as aid, but the treaty was signed before his arrival, and he joined with Elenore in her discontent. "More wrong has been done," said the admiral, "by this stroke of the pen than our enemies could have accomplished in ten years of warfare."

On the 1st of April, the Queen-mother made a solemn entry into Orleans with Condé, Montmorency, Coligny, and the Duke de Montpensier. She had skillfully flattered Condé during the negotiations, arousing his ambition and his patriotism, and when Coligny left Orleans and returned to Chatillon with his family, Condé remained at court. He had a place in council, and hoped to be able to direct the affairs of the kingdom under the queen's name.

There were only a few who suspected Condé of not having fully protected the interests of his coreligionists, even Calvin writing to him that he knew how difficult it would have been for him to have acted otherwise, but that he must hold faithfully to all the rights permitted by the edict, which indeed Condé did under all circumstances.

He had religious services celebrated in his residences at St. Germain and Amboise, and even in his apartments at the royal palace. Elenore, who had shown herself so strong in the midst of reverses, who had met with heroic calmness and sweetness the most dreadful dangers and tragic events, was very weak before sufferings of a purely domestic nature. Condé, a prisoner, under sentence of death, was her hero as well as her husband; he was not only a prince of noble blood, but the defender of a sacred faith; but what could she do when he fell into the snares laid for him by the wily Catherine, and the rumors of his infidelities filled court and church?

The pest of Orleans, and the poniard of Paris had spared her as if by a miracle, but she could not escape the blow given by the hand of him who had promised to "love and cherish" her. D'Aumale says, he not only violated those eternal laws which no one has a right to forget, but he showed himself to be an ingrate as well. He should have manifested respect at least for the woman whose devotion had never failed him under the most trying circumstances.

Elenore followed her husband to Fontainebleau, hoping that her presence would oblige him to remember his dignity. But she did not stay long, retiring to Condé-en-Brie, which she scarcely left again. In 1564 she fell grievously ill, so that Condé was summoned from court to see her. The princess, her heart filled with heavenly thoughts, was able to pardon the erring man whom duty, not love, had led to her side, but could she love him still?

Alas! there are some acts which are irreparable—some pages of our lives which no efforts of ours can ever turn again. We learn of the final scene in Elenore's sad and saintly life from a letter written by one of her ladies: "The princess made her will and took leave of her four children, giving most touching advice to her eldest son, then twelve years old (July 23, 1564); the princess called one of the ladies whom she dearly loved, and told her the chill of death had struck her limbs. Suddenly she pronounced these words, 'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit,' and immediately expired," only twenty-eight years of age.

Condé, though faithless to her who had so fondly loved him, remained faithful till death to the cause he served and the device on his standard—"Doux le péril pour Christ et la patrie!" At Jarnac, though his leg had been broken by a kick from a horse, still he mounted into his saddle and rode into battle, crying "See, French nobility, how Louis of Bourbon enters into battle for Christ and his country!"

Had Elenore de Roye a thought from him when, a little after, he lay alone, at the foot of a tree, waiting the approach of death? Who can tell? If it be true that in supreme hours thought embraces the whole of the life which is about ending, it was perhaps a consolation to remember how faithful had been the young and tender woman who had first called him husband!