

noise made by drawing the air through the teeth."

"What on earth," interrupts Miss Little, can a shoving noise have to do with polishing furniture?"

"I'm sure I don't know," says Jennie soberly; "but grandma's stableman did it faithfully through two afternoons' steady attention to her chairs and sofas on the lawn. My next item was one I put my finger on expressly for mamma, because I have heard her protest that everything that was kept all night in a refrigerator had an unpleasant taste. To prevent this, keep a large piece of charcoal on each shelf, and renew it occasionally. Another thing that mamma was pleased to learn was grandma's plan for removing claret stains, for we have had some nice tablecloths disfigured in that way. After the stain has been washed I believe there is no way of doing much with it, but if the spots are wet with lemon juice before going into the wash they will come out readily."

"Now then," continues Jennie meditatively, "I have given you nine items such as they are, but I know that isn't all because I have eight fingers and two thumbs like everybody else but Anne Boleyn, and there ought to be ten things to report. One of my thumbs has certainly played me false, and failed to remind me of what I was to say."

"An argument in favor of a note book," I say. "Perhaps you will remember later what your tenth item was, and give it to us when we meet again. We owe you a vote of thanks for our entertainment, and shall not be willing to entirely lose the missing item."

Chromos and Hand-Organs.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

No, I don't like them. Nothing can ever make me love a travesty of anything noble. A cheap copy of Raphael's Madonna del Sedia, or tin-pan version of Der Wachtel Rhine are utterly powerless to excite within me a particle of enthusiasm or elevate me in the least.

So say I in the pride of intellect and culture forsooth. But would I have said it ten years ago, before I had studied art, before I had frequented picture-galleries and pored over collections of engravings, before I began to dabble in oils and water-colors? Or before I had sought to unravel the mysteries of operas and oratorios; before I had listened to ravishing sounds evoked by masters; before I had found the ivory keys answer, in thrilling voices, to my touch. True, ten years ago I was a child, but many, very many, never grow beyond the mental development of a child.

So, I have come to the conclusion that because you, my brother and sister, and I, who have had opportunities and made the best of them, know a little more of art and music than some of our fellow-creatures, that is no reason why we should despise altogether what they can love and appreciate. The mass of mankind, let us try and remember, are still children in intellect and taste. The college dare not sneer at the primary school, for the reason that, though the great majority never get beyond the latter, the former could not exist without it.

These thoughts were especially impressed upon my mind one day last week while out walking with a younger sister. Suddenly upon our ears fell the wondrous strains of the Miserere from Il Trovatore, almost unearthly in its passionate intensity. Heads bobbed at the windows, children, until quite a number of auditors were visible—when,

what a shock I experienced to discover whence these enchanting measures came.

"Oh!" I gasped, "Il Trovatore on a hand-organ!"

"Ah!" answered my sister, wiser than I, "Look at those women and children! Plenty of people would never hear any music at all were it not for hand-organs."

"You're right," I said, and listened. Every note in the sublime wail was familiar to me, and I was forced to confess that, even though on a machine moved by a crank, it was exquisitely rendered. Tears came to my eyes, just as they had done often times before at the bidding of the piano, the orchestra, and the voice. Ah, even those dirty little ragamuffins must have been made better for hearing this agonized prayer, even though they understood it not.

Would they not be better, too, I mused, for seeing Murillo's Madonna, even through the medium of a fifty-cent chromo? Yes, for otherwise, perhaps, not one of them all would ever know that such a celestial face has beamed upon our dark world and dispelled some of its gloom.

Yes, there is a true place for these humble accessories—no longer will I dare call them parodies—of art divine. Blocks and primers possess no attractions for the matured scholar; but for the eager little one—ah! So do not despair because you are poor. Brighten the walls of your nursery, then, with dashes of color. Tell your boy that the sweet lady and the dear little baby represent Mary and the infant Jesus, whom we all love; and that they were painted many years ago by a great man named Raphael. What a flood of fresh, new ideas come pouring into his tender mind! Do you suppose he will not pause in front of the picture-store to see if the familiar forms adorn the window? Will he not eagerly scan all the prints and engravings that come in his way? And will he not long to know who Raphael was, and when he lived, and what else he painted, and whether there were any other artists like him?

Or call him to the window when a dark Italian and his usual crowd of followers appear in the street. Don't call his attention especially to the antics of the monkey, but urge him to listen, and tell him that the man is grinding out Mendelssohn's Spring Song. Perhaps before evening you will hear him whistling it along the entry. A week later he goes home with one of his school friends, whose mama kindly offers to play for him. How earnestly, how intelligently he asks for the Spring Song. As he listens, he cannot help noticing how much sweeter it sounds on the piano than on the street-organ. The lady smiles at his ardor, and asks him what he knows of Mendelssohn. Nothing but the Spring Song. Well, here is his tender confidence—his grand consolation—his triumphant wedding march. Mendelssohn himself was one of the most cultured of gentlemen, the truest of friends, and the sweetest of Christians of whom we have any record.

Ah, what treasures of heart and mind may not be your boy's, in future years, from such simple beginnings? His intelligent culture may act as a mighty barrier against vice, may supply a strong incentive toward his getting on in the world, and may be a potent cause for his dispensing substantial good to those less fortunate than himself, as well as adding materially to his personal happiness.

He won't care then for chromos and hand-organs any more than the young mother, rejoicing over her developing angels, cares for the rag doll of her departed childhood. But she knows that, had it not been for that same now-despised dolly, she very probably would not have learned the dainty stitching so needful to her now. Similarly does the refined gentleman of artistic tastes know what he owes to chromos and hand-organs.

Women of Yesterday and To-day.

MADAME DE REMUSAT.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

THE portrait of Madame de Rémusat, as sketched by herself, in her inimitable memoirs, is scarcely a flattering one. Saint Beuve declares her to have been singularly charming, possessing much beauty of face and form, and retaining, amid the glare and glitter of court, the dignified simplicity of a lady who belonged by birth and breeding to the old nobility. Her countenance was mobile, and the expressions of her mood chased each other over it as she talked. She possessed the talent of conversation to a degree rare even among French women, who are the natural queens of the salon. In all the brilliant array, who composed the gay and splendid throng which Bonaparte gathered around him, she was conspicuous for this, that she was the woman with whom both Talleyrand and Napoleon liked best to talk. The farthest possible removed from coquetry, her mind, grave and acute, and trained by a wise and thoughtful education, could not occupy itself alone with trifles. She had her own opinions and convictions, and although she could impose on herself the seal of a discreet silence, she refused assent to those measures and actions which outraged her judgment, and shocked her conscience. Her revelation of the inside life of the emperor and his family has a certain quality of minute and severe fidelity which is terrible. They pass before us in review, these mean, spiteful, scuffling Bonapartes, all their petty malice, their insane strife for vulgar honors, and their mean and hateful jealousies thrown upon the camera in strong relief. Each appears worse than the other, and the conqueror of Italy, magnificent as was his genius, seems oddly composed of the mingled ingredients of Lucifer, Belial, and Mammon. Surely never husband so systematically and cruelly trampled on the most sacred rights of his wife, adding insult to injury, in requiring her to approve of his evil deeds, as well as to condone them. Surely never man so lightly esteemed woman, or person, in the position of gentleman, so constantly and disdainfully thrust ladies aside in the exercise of their prerogatives, so rudely asserted his right to be a savage, and so transparently paraded his egotism and selfishness in the eyes of his followers. If there were those of us who were dazzled by the grandeur of the man's tremendous success, and his comet-like progress over his enemies, and up to the heights of his ambition, our eyes are opened. Claire de Rémusat, with her bright eyes, her keen insight, and her merciless pen, has told what she saw, and in what she lived, and the fine gold turns out to be tinsel, the beautiful scenery, mere stage property, and the actors, the pitiable puppets of vanity and greed.

Born of a good family, taught by a wise mother, and married early to a man who, though twice her age, satisfied her heart, she enjoyed exceptional advantages from her cradle for becoming, what the most delightful of French critics calls, "an unsuspected author." He says, of this class, that "for her own behoof, solely and at first without definite aim, the lady composes a romance, or arranges her reminiscences, or even merely writes to her absent friends, letters which are a trifle long, and none too formal. But fifty years hence, when the rest of us are all dead, when the professional littérateur, who was the rage in his day, no longer finds readers, and his thirty heavy old-fashioned volumes lie buried in funereal catalogues, the modest, intelligent woman will be studied and enjoyed almost as much as by us, her contemporaries." This has been proved a true prophecy in the case of Madame de Rémusat.