crimson. Her eyes are bent upon the boards that floor the summer-house.

"You needn't answer me," the old gentleman goes on, "I know well enough. Your face has told the tale.

"'How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!'

And would you like very much to see him? Would you be glad if I could, like the Genii in the Arabian Nights, call him suddenly into existence here; bring him before you at this moment?"

The girl looks up at him wonderingly. What does he mean? Is he only saying these things to torment her? How her heart longs for her lover's presence!

"It is hardly worth while to talk of impossibilities," she says, in a tone of slight annoyance. "I am quite sure Harry is nowhere about."

"Won't you let me try my magical powers?" he pleads. "Let me blindfold you a minute, and when I remove the bandage if Tavistock isn't by your side, I will make you a present of whatever you choose to name."

"Blindfold me, if you wish," she says, laughing at what she considers some practical joke of the old gentleman's; probably he will lay Harry's photograph beside her, and when the handkerchief is removed she will see it.

"Can you see?" Mr. Henry asks, when he has carefully bound her eyes, and she sits quietly on the wood seat, her rounded arm resting on the back of it—a beautiful model for a picture of Justice, only the scales are wanting. "How many fingers have I up?" (Holding three fingers in front of her in imitation of the childish test.)

One—two—three—four—five seconds slip by. There is only a sound as of hands busily at work, then something is thrown across the summer-house and falls on the seat on the other side. One footstep, and some one has taken the seat by Lou's side. Her pulses are beating madly. The blood rushes tinglingly through her veins.

"Can it really be that Harry *is* here?" she asks herself, and the answer to her thought comes in a full, manly voice:

"Lou, dear, shall I take off the bandage?"

A voice so different from the cracked wheeze of old Mr. Henry; a clear, rich bass that she knows so well. Already his arm has slipped about her waist. How infinitely happy she is in that one brief moment! Spenser has said:

> "One loving hour
> For many years of sorrow can dispense,"

and in this moment of bliss, as Tavistock hastily tears the handkerchief away and presses hot, passionate kisses upon her greedy lips, holding her all the while close to his breast, she feels fully repaid for all the months of longing, and ofttimes hopeless discouragement.

When at last he loosens his fond embrace, and she turns her loving eyes upon him, she is much puzzled.

Here are Mr. Henry's clothes. Mr. Henry's person all but the face, and that is, without doubt, Harry Tavistock's. There is Henry's scarlet scarf, his frock coat, his light trousers, his duck gaiters, his patent-leather boots; but the face wears no beard, the hair is black, not white, the heavy white moustache has given place to a delicate silky brown one.

"You are looking for Henry, aren't you, dear?" he says, laughing, "He is not far off. Here is part of him" (pointing to himself). "There" (pointing to where on the seat across the summer-house lies a white beard, mustache, and wig) "is the rest of him. You never saw me *act* before, so I thought it no harm to give you a specimen. It was part of the costume in which I played Col. Shendryn, and was done at the suggestion of your uncle."

"You old fraud, you!" the girl exclaims. Reaching up she takes his handsome face between two hands, and drawing it down to her gives him a rousing kiss. "There," she says, "that's your reward."

"But it is not all I shall get," he says. "Sweet as it is, it won't pay me. Come, dear, we will go back to the house, and I think I can persuade your ma to make the present I crave. She must reward me by giving me her daughter."

◆

Out of the Night.

BY GRETA.

ALL day the bitter winter wind
Had lurked behind the flying rain,
Tossing the shivering, leafless trees
Until they moaned in helpless pain.
Poor timid day went hurrying
Into the outstretched arms of night,
And sobbing lay upon her breast,
Dying at last in sheer affright.

IN anger night drove back the moon
Behind the clouds, and bade them pour
Their fiercest torrents on the earth,
To drown the wind's exultant roar.
And so the fateful hours sped on;
Without contended wind and rain,
Within we watched, in hopeless dread,
A futile strife with death and pain.

SO silent were we that we heard
Beneath the storm the slightest sound,
And sighed when to our ears was borne
The wailing of a homeless hound.
The clock ticked loud, a cricket chirped,
The death-watch sounded from the wall,
s with our tear-dimmed eyes we saw
Across her face death's shadow fall.

STILL loud without the fierce wind raged,
No longer fell the weary rain,
But gusts of blinding snow and sleet,
Were dashed against the window pane.
On such a night, ah, cruel death,
To take her from our warm embrace!
Then kneeling low beside her couch,
Awe-struck, we gazed upon her face.

GONE were the wrinkles time had made,
And with them every trace of care;
Maiden in bridal robes arrayed
Was never more serenely fair.
Softly we closed the tender eyes,
And said, she does not heed the night—
Untouched by darkness or by storm
Her soul has found eternal light.

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

WHAT TO DO WITH A THOUSAND DOLLARS.

TO what use can I put a thousand dollars, so as to help me toward earning a living?" This was the inquiry propounded recently by a very intelligent woman, and it is one which is in the minds of many more at this moment, probably some who will read these lines, for it is one of the most common conditions in which women find themselves—deprived of accustomed support, and with a sum of money in hand not sufficient to insure against want for more than a very short space of time, yet enough to be a serious loss in case of disastrous investment, and a help in making an addition to a limited income. That women who have lived all their lives as the inmates of quiet homes, who have no knowledge of the ways or means of making or doing business, should be perplexed and troubled under such circumstances, is not surprising. Men, as well as women, are afraid of the unknown, and the risk to them is more than of life—it is of the means to preserve life and respectability.

What to do with a thousand dollars under these circumstances is a problem of not easy solution; but it must, of course, depend largely upon the habits and capacity as well as the environment of the individual owner of the capital.

Let us see what some women have done with a thousand dollars? One poor woman, left not long since with this sum, and three small children to support, determined to open a little store in the suburbs of New York, and for this purpose, having secured the store, went down town to purchase a stock of goods. Her anxiety in regard to her money was so great that she would not trust it out of her own pocket, and she kept her hand upon this pocket constantly in the stage. This undoubtedly attracted the attention of an individual who sat on the opposite side. He began playing off all sorts of absurd tricks upon a friend beside him, and who pretended to be so indignant that, as the omnibus thinned out, he left his side and went over to that of the woman, who still kept her hand upon her pocket. The monkey-tricks became more ludicrous than ever—"It was as good," as the woman afterward said, "as a circus." She forgot her precautions, relaxed her hold, thought of nothing but the drollery of the mountebank whom she became absorbed in watching, for the three, by this time, had the stage all to themselves. Finally the "circus" man began moving toward the door, still keeping up his jugglery; seeing this, the man at her side jumped and got out first; the other, in descending, made a tragio-comic gesture of farewell.

The poor woman wiped her eyes, for she had laughed till she cried; suddenly remembered her thousand dollars, put her hand in her pocket—it was gone, of course. She screamed and acted like a demented woman, tore up and down the streets, invoked the aid of the police; but all in vain; she never looked upon her thousand dollars again.

Another woman, left with a thousand dollars and three little girls, one almost a baby, to provide for, secured a moderate-sized house in a quiet, respectable part of the city, put nearly the whole of her one thousand dollars in furniture, and opened it for boarders. Of course the sum was not sufficient to properly furnish even a moderate-sized house, but she offered her second floor and back parlor at reduced rates to persons who were willing to furnish, and succeeded in finding desirable parties. Kitchen, dining-room, third floor, and attics she made out to supply with what was necessary, and gave the "parlor," or boarders' sitting-room, a home-like air, that many preferred to greater elegance and cost. For ten years she struggled hard, worked early and late, accomplished more than half, and by far the most valuable half of the work of the entire house, besides taking care of her children, yet never looked other than the self-respecting mistress and lady in her black dress and pretty white apron. At the end of that time she had succeeded in inducing the owner of the house to put a mansard roof on it, on the payment of three hundred dollars additional per annum. She had her house completely and handsomely furnished from top to bottom; she had graduated her oldest girl at the Normal College, and was training the second thoroughly in music, for which she showed decided aptitude, and was sending her youngest to a good "pay" school. But she had not relaxed her own efforts—she still attended largely to the domestic concerns, made all her own dainty dishes, did all her own buying for cash, and maintained the order and liberality for which her house was famous. Though not a costly house, one of its rules was to have fresh or stewed fruit on the table at every meal, and this is a boon rarely found, even in what are called "fashionable" boarding-houses, much less a second-class one; but it was doubtless one of the reasons why her one-thousand-dollar investment was so successful, and has now become a source of permanent and ample income.

As an offset to this woman's success, the story may be told of another woman, a widow also, with two children—a girl and a boy—who came to New York from a small town with five thousand dollars, partly the savings of her husband's lifetime, partly the results of the sale of their pretty home. Her ideas were larger than those of the first woman—she considered herself a lady, took a furnished house in a fashionable street, kept four servants, and went in for style, "entrées," and the like.

She had the help of an influential relative, who assisted in filling up her house, and she secured a very nice class of boarders; but in four years her five thousand dollars were all gone, and she had gone to the country home of a sister with her little girl, her son having been provided with a place in a store. The reasons were patent, and the final ending could easily have been predicted from the start. They were: unwise expenditure, want of personal energy and aptitude, and an excess of personal vanity and pride, which prevented her from making personal efforts to render her large family happy and at home, while her "touchiness" rendered her absurd in the eyes of indifferent persons.

The story has been told in these pages of a woman-farmer who with a thousand dollars bought twenty acres of land in the vicinity of a large city (Philadelphia), and in the space of twelve years made of it a model farm—dairy and stock principally—brought up and educated her children, took the most devoted and unremitting care of an invalid husband, graduated twelve orphan girls and several boys from the Homes for the Friendless into good positions and homes of their own, and is to-day care-taker and benefactress to many, though bound to incessant guardianship of a once good and noble, but for many, many years imbecile and entirely helpless husband.

Think of the millions of an Astor, a Stewart, and a Vanderbilt, and then imagine the influences for good gained out of one thousand dollars by the energy, the wisdom, the persevering goodness and lifelong service of this one woman!

One thousand dollars seems a large sum when a part of it would rescue us from impending peril; but it is a very small and an utterly discouraging sum when it stands alone between us and the pitiless waves of the great, unknown, and cruel world, with which we are too old, or too weak, or too ignorant to battle, and which we have good reason to fear will swallow us up, thousand dollars and all, if we trust to its mercy.

The wisest men know not where to invest money so that they shall find it when they want it, much less make it make money for them as it goes along, so that it is not at all surprising inexperienced women should be puzzled. It is useless to simply bury it; the only way to make it serviceable is to put it into something which we can enlarge and enrich by personal labor. Fifteen or twenty years ago, when the women first mentioned were thrown upon their resources, "keeping boarders" seemed to be the only alternative to making shirts at six cents each. Here and there a progressive woman like our model farmer taught a different method, but such an exception was and is very rare. Still, women, both young and middle-aged, who find themselves obliged without much warning or preparation to work their own way, have made great advances in the strength, purpose, and varied aptitude which they bring to bear upon it. Some simply put the money in the best savings-bank they can hear of, and go to work—at painting, writing, lecturing, dress-making, book-keeping—anything at which they can earn enough to live upon, leaving their capital as a resource for a "rainy day" and extras. There are others who plunge boldly into business—a small "notion" or millinery store, a trimming shop, or a confectionery; and, insignificant as these ventures seem to be, what courage and resolution they require in a poor woman who has but one thousand dollars, and young children to support and prepare for an honorable future.

One of the most novel and interesting ventures made by a woman with a thousand dollars or thereabouts, was by putting it in a laundry. She was a large, healthy, handsome, and especially what would be called a wholesome-looking woman, with one daughter, She had been well reared and educated, and her friends expressed at first both surprise and disgust at her choice of a profession. But she had thought the matter out for herself, and was determined to work it out. Her daughter was sensible like herself, and happy at the prospect of having a home with her mother, rather than taking a place in a store.

The lady—she was a lady—set herself up with a washing-machine and a small mangle. She offered her services for families' or gentlemen's washing. Her beginnings were very small, but she used improved methods, and soon became in great demand by gentlemen, who found their clothing washed in a superior manner, and so well cared for by buttons put on and occasional stitches taken, that better prices were volunteered than they had been accustomed to pay. Help she had for the roughest work, but she always sorted and superintended the soaking and other processes herself, her daughter keeping the books and helping a little maid up-stairs to do the work of their own apartments.

It is rather a sorry, but it is a true termination to the story, to state that the daughter finally married one of their wealthy and admiring customers—a widower—who could not have been actuated by the desire to always have his shirts washed under the same auspices, for he insisted on the establishment being broken up, and took his wife and mother-in-law both to Europe. I saw their names in the passenger lists the other day.

This seemed to me a real pity, a loss to women and humanity at large—the only compensation is that they have not, and probably do not propose to write a book about their success. Nearly all the women who make a venture, work away for a while, and then stop, and write a book about their extraordinary achievements. The book is the last one ever hears of these in that particular direction, probably because the book brings them fame and fortune enough without farther effort.

It is surprising that more women do not invest small sums of money in such nice articles of household furnishing as pottery, china, and special bits of furniture—stands, shelves, small, cabinets, and pretty sitting-room chairs, of comparatively inexpensive style. In most small and particularly new towns and enterprising villages, there is room for such an undertaking, and money, if not "millions" in it. A visit to the Trenton and other American pottery works—a search through the great depots for the supply of household furnishing—would reveal a vast number of new and useful appliances, not expensive, suggestive, capable of varied application, and easily reproduced, which would be purchased with alacrity by intelligent housewives, were they once brought to their notice.

A woman-dealer ought to be able to specialize her wares so as to make them attractive. Ladies are usually obliged to go to the most expensive establishments for "willow ware," a dainty tea or tête-à-tête set, a luncheon set, odd little pieces, or anything of the kind, not necessarily costly, but modern, and for which they have a fancy, because the male buyers and proprietors of minor stores do not know anything about decorative art, or decorative wares, or what women are thinking or talking about; and goes on in the same old way, ordering his "white" ware, and "yellow" ware, and "stone" ware by dozens, and laying it all to the score of modern extravagance, and the buyers pass his door, and take the next train to the city, when they want so much as a milk-bowl or cream-pitcher.

Another excellent business for women is upholstery, window-furnishing, and the like. No very great capital would be required; but taste, judgment, intelligence, a power of accurate calculation, and business promptitude would be indispensable. A woman possessed of tact, originality, industry, suggestiveness, in addition, would find a field for the display of all her qualities, and soon increase her capital beyond its original dimensions.

But the work must be well done, and the charges moderate—not the work ill done, and the charges exorbitant—which is sometimes the case with the work of women, particularly in new fields.

The great desideratum in putting a limited sum to its best and most profitable use is, that the method should have some elements of novel enterprise in it, and that strict personal service and effort should be given to carrying out the idea. You cannot intrust small interests, in which are involved great personal risks, to other hands; because they require incessant nursing to bring them up and rear them.

It makes very little difference what a person engages in or produces, if it is only something she can do well, or that many people want; persevering industry is sure then to crown her with success.

A woman (shall I say lady?)—she had had her own pleasant home, had kept a servant, and lived a pleasant, cared-for life—lost her husband; not by death, but by the wickedness of another woman; and in her distress begged a gentleman friend who had often visited her husband and herself in their home to tell her what she could do for the support of herself and child.

"I know nothing," she remarked; "I cannot even embroider; all I know is how to keep my own little home and take care of baby."

The gentleman thought a moment. "Mrs. Blank," said he at last, "you make a most delicious kind of dumpling; I have eaten it at your house; it would make your fortune in a restaurant; why do you not open a lunch-room in a business neighborhood? I will be your security to a certain extent, for I am certain you will succeed. Make one or two specialties, among them my dumpling."

The idea struck her favorably—she acted upon it. She made delicious fritters, waffles, and some dishes that are rarely found good at a restaurant. Her one room, with a little kitchen at the back, had to be enlarged. Large parties of gentlemen would come in, attracted by the fame of her puddings, her waffles, her oyster fritters, and her old-fashioned fried chicken, with which she always served currant-jelly of her own making. The lunch-room grew into a restaurant for dinner and lunch parties in a fashionable quarter, where she comes in a coupé and takes the money, but no longer makes the fritters or the waffles, and fried chicken has been banished from the bill of fare. But a shabby-looking man shuffles in every day, takes his seat in an obscure corner, and eats his dinner free; no bill is ever handed to him, and if, on a rare occasion, the mistress of the house meets, she does not speak to him. The employés suppose him to be a poor and disgraced relation, for they have been ordered to attend to his wants, and if he is ill, care for him; but they do not know he was once the husband of the reserved, self-contained woman they know as a wealthy proprietor, or that she began her self-supporting life on the strength of knowing how to make a dumpling, and with barely a thousand cents, much less dollars, as capital.

◆

Homeless.

(See Steel Engraving.)

IT is a pitiful tale that our picture tells, and one worthy the powerful strokes with which Doré, the great painter, transferred it to his canvas. Can the mind conceive a sadder lot than a woman with her child—houseless, homeless, penniless, and therefore friendless. For who is to care for her? There is no home that dares to take the risk of her, and her circumstances and possibilities. There is no possible refuge except the shelter afforded to the wretched castaways from humanity, when they have arrived at the last stages of their misery.

Protected women, those who have never known what it is to want shelter, can hardly realize the horror, repeated every twenty-four hours, of the darkness, and night, to those who have no refuge from the street, the alley, or the highway. Oh! that the sky would close in upon them and cover them, is the cry of many a poor hunted or forsaken wretch, as the vail descends, shutting out light and hope.

It must not be forgotten, however, that for such dreadful straits as the one to which this poor, homeless mother is reduced, the sufferer herself is largely responsible, and though it should not lessen our pity, or reduce our efforts on her behalf, yet it should serve as a continual warning to us not to be led for one instant from the strict path of duty, and not form relations of friendship or affection but from the highest motives. A constant life of integrity, a good record, does not save us from sorrow, or from sharing the consequences of the faults of others, but it preserves from the results of our own errors; and these are always the most serious to us, and create friends and circumstances which often favor and help us in time of need.

Ober-Ammergau and the Passion Play.

BY H. F. R.

THE modern drama arose in the rude attempts of minstrels and traveling buffoons to illustrate portions of Scripture at fairs in France, Italy, and England. Later, stories from the Bible were represented by the priests, and were the origin of sacred comedy. So early as the year 364 A.D., Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the early church, is believed to have constructed a drama on the Passion, in order to counteract the evil tendencies and profanity of the heathen stage, which is perhaps the earliest example we have of the "miracle plays" which arose and attained such wide popularity during the next twelve hundred years. Fitzstephen, who died about the year 1190, states, in his life of Thomas à Becket, "that London had for its theatrical exhibitions holy plays, and the representations of miracles performed by holy confessors, and at Clerkenwell, where was situated the hospice of the Knights Templars, and where now stands the old Shakespearean Sadler's Wells Theater, plays and "miracles" were performed by the parish clergy in the open fields in 1397. In fact, up to the end of the fifteenth century, the only dramatic representations were those in which sacred subjects formed the chief theme.

In the earliest times to which we can trace these shows the actors were generally monks, friars, and other ecclesiastics; the representations were generally given in the churches, seldomer in the open air; and the aim was the religious training and instruction of the people by means of amusement. In these last respects the modern drama, whose rise we have just sketched, differed not at all from the first inception of the ancient Greek drama, for from the very earliest ages down to the time of Solon, religious feasts were accompanied by songs and dances. As is well known, there was in the early Christian church, composed as it was of large numbers of heathen converts, a constant tendency to perpetuate heathen practices and observances, as witness the many customs surviving to-day, whose origin can be traced back to a pagan parentage; and to prevent the introduction of the heathen theater, with all its abuses, the church may have felt itself forced to provide a dramatic entertainment in which sacred subjects took the place of those of mythology—a course that probably achieved the end aimed at.

No doubt we can thus account for the custom which prevailed, even in apostolic times, of reading at Easter the narrative of the Passion, the various parts distributed among different personages; which later came to be accompanied by an interpolated dialogue and gestures, and also, probably, the readers officiated in what they considered appropriate dresses. So that even here we have a very close approach to the genuine passion play.