

quite fascinated with his *debonnaire* manners.

As the time grew near for the breaking up of the party for their return home, Tom became quite desperate; he had put off the momentous question until it was now too late to postpone it any further; then, when the time had come, his courage failed him, and he felt himself unequal to the situation. He resolved to trust his fate to writing, feeling that his chance that way was at least a little better than by word of mouth. Although this course was the less difficult of the two, he felt it by no means easy, and occupied a whole morning writing the letter, feeling sure all the time that Lew Vaughan was saying pleasant things to Beatrix—con found that fellow's jaw. And when he did manage to finish it, a most wonderful epistle it was, although he felt quite elated over the result of his labor. He would have scarcely felt encouraged had he seen her queer little smile of amused triumph, as the fair recipient folded it away in her writing-desk.

That evening Mr. Lewis Vaughan requested an interview with Miss Dulaney, which was accordingly granted him in her mother's private parlor. Beatrix was looking divinely sweet in a flowing robe of some soft, light tint under the subdued glimmer of the half-lit chandelier; he even fancied her face wore a tender expression as she bestowed on him a quiet, graceful greeting. A few preliminaries regarding the weather, the ball that night, Miss Dulaney's approaching return to town, etc., and Mr. Vaughan came to the point at once. Assurance of "deepest admiration," "highest regard," "daring aspirations," etc., fell from the lips of the ardent suitor as naturally as though they had been framed only for the utterance of such delicate imagery and fervent protestations as now poured through them. And when he finally did come to Hecuba, he surprised even his own calm possessed self, for although he had rehearsed it over and over, there are few artists who, with the finest conceptions, have the self-possession to render those conceptions to their own satisfaction. Miss Dulaney thoroughly appreciated the perfection of his language and style, and was amused to think of the contrast it afforded with the clumsy, blunderingly-written declaration reposing safely within the pocket of her charming dress.

Of course the lady was deeply surprised, and hadn't the slightest idea of Vaughan's entertaining any such feeling toward herself. She was the more surprised on account of a letter which had been placed in her hands not long ago. Would he be kind enough to look over it? here it was.

The gentleman would be most delighted, although he felt a cold sweat breaking out on him as he thought could she by any means have gotten hold of the ridiculous epistle he had sent to Tom Sutton. He felt greatly reassured when she handed him a letter, addressed in the spread-eagle hand of his old chum Tom. He opened it; it was an offer of marriage, and framed in Tom's best style; although, under the ill-constructed sentences and hasty climax, he could easily perceive the strong, deep current of honest love for the object addressed. He folded the letter silently and handed it back to the lady, a little surprised that she should have give him such a communication to read. She must have seen the surprised look in his face (the wicked, wicked girl), for she glanced down at the letter herself, and uttered a little exclamation of astonishment, saying, "How very foolish in me! I have made a most ridiculous mistake; this is the one I wanted you to read;" and with a little glitter of victory in the blue eyes, which made them look green for the moment, she placed another document in his hand. The sword hanging over his head had fallen—her time of triumph had come. It was almost cruel; he had at first been alarmed, then reassured at the sight of Tom's letter, and now, when this specimen of his own handwriting was placed in his hands, the shock was doubly severe. He glanced over it in silence, his face getting as white as the paper before it, folded it quietly back into its envelope, then, looking her steadily in the face, he asked in a low, constrained voice of disappointed hopes and mortified vanity, "Did Mr. Sutton show you this letter?"

The answer was prompt and decisive, and the tone as bright as the moonlight sea breaking over the sand: "Mr. Sutton had never seen the letter. If you will look at the direction, you will see that you committed an error in addressing the envelope. As the letter concerned me somewhat, I considered myself justified in retaining it until I could feel assured that even you would not be un-

willing to admit that we two, at any rate, had been playing an even game;" and she looked him squarely in the face, somewhat excited, but thoroughly self-possessed.

He arose, and offering her the unlucky letter, said, "I must really ask you to pardon me for having consumed so much of your time; and in returning to you this letter, allow me to apologize for having permitted myself to use your name so lightly: had I known you as I know you now, believe me, I could never have written what was so thoughtlessly transcribed herein. I wish you a very good evening," and he turned to go, when she stopped him:

"Retain the letter, if you please, Mr. Vaughan; it certainly possesses no interest for me now, and I only regret that it ever did; at least, let us part good friends," and the sparkling white hand she held out was eagerly seized, and Lewis Vaughan knew that although he could never claim her as his wife, at least she thought not less of him for having striven so earnestly to win her.

He having departed, the lady sat waiting for another visitor who she knew would shortly present himself; and sure enough, in a very few minutes, promptly on time, the anxious visage of Mr. Tom Sutton disclosed itself at the door, he having in his hand a crumpled note, and—

But really, one interview of this harrowing sort is enough for so short a history; wherefore let us be merciful. Suffice it to say that the next time Lewis Vaughan saw the white hand he had pressed in his own the evening before, his keen eyes quickly noted the twinkling solitaire newly placed there, and he immediately went over and took old Tom's hand, although nothing but the remembrance of Olive Preston's brown eyes dancing before his own could ever have evoked such a lavish display of magnanimity as he patronizingly bestowed on the fortunate Thomas.

"I congratulate you heartily, my boy. It's all fixed, eh? You ought to feel supremely satisfied for not only will you be happy, but you have squared old scores also, and the whole thing is quite an even game, isn't it?"

But he didn't say who was to be thanked for such a happy disposition of affairs.

ONE KIND OF HIGH LIVING WHICH DOES NOT PRODUCE THE GOUT.—Living in a garret.

## HEAVENWARD.

BY MRS. MARY DENISON.

DOU ask how I can bear to leave  
These treasures, old and new?  
As well the southern bird might grieve

That sips our northern dew,  
When, ere the Autumn gales, it flies  
To sweeter fields and sunnier skies.

AND yet I love these pleasant things,  
My home, planned fair and wide,  
And musical with murmurings  
Of love at eventide;  
My pictures, rich with storied art,  
This affluence of brain and heart.

BUT fairer scene awaiteth me,  
A richer, happier home,  
Where, wrought in deathless light,  
I see  
My father's palace-dome;  
My garden-walls are passing fair,  
But faddeless flowers and fruits grow there.

BES, I can leave—nor gold, nor lands,  
Nor nearest, dearest, best,  
Can win me from those tender hands  
That hold my heavenly rest;  
My soul, upspringing sings and soars,  
And waits at heaven's shining doors.

## THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF WOMEN.

THE INFLUENCE OF DRESS.

BY JENNIE JUNE.



O fashion-mongers and their devotees, the human body is simply a lay-figure upon which to exhibit articles of dress it has neither faculty nor feeling of its own, any more than the figures of wood in a costumer's show-room.

The changes which constantly take place are resolved upon and made in ignorance of the commonest physiological facts, and without any reference to their influence upon the growth, health, and general well-being of the material organism, which clothing was intended to comfort and protect. Practically, indeed, the object is reversed; instead of clothing being made for the body, the body is simply made to display clothing, its other uses being wholly subordinate.

This has been so long and habitually the case, that it is now done without thought. Mothers dress their children from the time they are born, not in accordance with natural requirements, but according to the dictates of fashion. One

can see how the question of dress could gradually become mixed up with what is and is not becoming in the mind of grown women; but what, in the name of all that is rational, ought fashion and caprice to have to do with infants, whose wants are uniformly the same, who have no tastes to gratify, and whose well-being depends on three essentials — warmth, cleanliness, and sustenance?

It is true that fashion has within the past fifteen years done good service in prescribing for infants sensible covering for the arms and neck, which were formerly left bare; but who or what is to blame for the folly which entailed consumption and diseases of various kinds upon a part of the race during previous years?

It is not that fashion is always in fault, but that the question is outside the domain of fashion—it is a question of life, health, strength, and growth, and in its essentials should therefore be always the same, as infants are always the same, as their embryotic state, their weakness, their incapacity, their needs are always the same.

The apparent difference, indeed, between the infants' fashions of one period and the infants' fashions of another period, is not much to a superficial observer; but it is sufficient to make the question with the majority of mothers—not, what does a newly born child need, but, what does fashion say it must have? It is sufficient to lengthen the skirts until the weight of clothing diminishes the strength of nurse and child to sustain it. It is sufficient to create fears and anxieties, not lest its outer clothing should not be sufficiently warm and protective, but lest the cloak of to-day should be unlike the cloak of yesterday, and the baby, *her* baby, wear a sleeved cloak, when a round cloak is the proper thing, and *vice versa*.

I know there are persons sensible enough to dress children according to their requirements—there are even leaders of fashion who strive earnestly to subordinate display to the higher objects of comfort and utility; but this is only a partial benefit, so long as the principle remains the same, and fashion, subject to a thousand senseless as well as sensible caprices, is allowed to be the arbitrator in a matter literally of life and death.

Fortunately for manhood, the boy is released from the control of feminine fashion by the time he is six years old, and thenceforward

is free to run and jump, dance and caper, kick up his heels or stretch out his limbs to their full length; and from this time, in nine cases out of ten, dates a new life, a fresh accession of strength, a chance for development. The puny, fretful, white-livered child becomes an active, hearty boy, destructive because of his pleasure in the conscious possession of power, and his ignorance of the use to which to put it; but with the possibilities in him of useful, healthy manhood, and with no obstacle in the way of dress to the fulfillment of this promise.

But how is it with the girl? Certainly, the proper growth and development of her body is quite as important as that of the boy. Upon this depends not only her own future health and happiness, but her fitness for the special function of her womanhood, Maternity. Is this possibility considered, and its obligations respected? Is the girl trained with the special object of arriving at physical and functional perfection? Is her dress studied as it ought to be—so as not to waste her strength during the period of growth, or interfere with the process of visceral formation and development? From the East, and the West, from the North, and the South—No, an emphatic No, must be the answer to these questions.

On the contrary, while physicians are prescribing drugs, and modern reformers are prescribing exercise with bells and balls at \$2 per hour (running and jumping in the free air not being allowed for girls), mothers are anxiously contriving ways and means for the purchase of bustles to put on their daughters' backs, of high, narrow heels to add to their daughters' shoes, and dresses high to take the place of those that were low, or low to take the place of those that were high—and all of it without thinking that it has any reference to the spine that is forming, to the young chest that is developing, to the tender lungs that are or should be strengthening.

Poor child! blind, ignorant, foolish mother!

The father long ago said to himself, "The boy *shall* have a chance." So, as soon as he was emancipated from petticoats, he taught him to ride, he taught him to row, he taught him to swim, he taught, in fine, the use of his limbs, of his own body. But again I repeat—what of the girl?

At thought of her, he shrugs his shoulders—he cannot do anything

with her: it is always a question of her dress—either she is too clean, or too dirty, too nice, or not nice enough—her dress will be spoiled, or the neighbors will think she has not got anything to wear; besides which, it is constitutionally troublesome, and impracticable.

So with a second shrug, and a sigh, the father leaves his girl to the mercy of fashion and tradition, confessing to himself that there is nothing to do but to let her go on in the old way, and shift the burden of her being from his own shoulders to those of any other man, as soon as possible. Perhaps this man has spent fifty thousand dollars upon a stable to rear horses in, and another fifty thousand upon the means and appliances to improve his stock; yet his daughter, the future mother of the law-makers or the law-breakers of his country—the only instrument in the world through which the race can be perpetuated, the great means by which it can be improved, the bridge by which he is carried over into immortality—is left to her fate, without an effort to change the circumstances which dwarf her womanhood and defraud her of the highest happiness and richest compensations of her existence.

Is there anything more fresh, more charming, than a young, true-hearted girl? Life to her is entrancing, its possibilities so boundless, its joys so innumerable. Yet how often its very springs are poisoned by the knowledge that she is barely tolerated—that no one knows what to do with her—that she is a mere block upon which to hang ruffles and ribbons, to attract the attention of passers-by.

At an age when body and mind require the greatest care, they are left without guidance or protection, exposed to the greatest danger. The girl, already a woman, is ignorant of the uses of her own body; she has been told that she ought to do this, and she ought not to do that—but she does not begin to comprehend the reason why. One night she will go to the theatre in a warm cloak and furs—the next night she will go to a party in a low dress of white tulle with bare arms and slippers on. Visit her at home, and you will find her huddling over the register, with a warm sack or shawl over a high-necked dress, at ten o'clock in the morning.

Books and story papers used to utter solemn warnings in regard to these sudden and violent

changes, predicting consumption, and an early death as the consequence. If this were the whole and sole consequence, and if it ended here, the matter would be of less importance. The loss of an element capable of imparting so much of beauty and grace to the somewhat dull and wearisome monotony of every-day life, as girls should be, would be natural subjects for regret; but if it ended there, it would be a matter of private and individual rather than public interest.

But it does not end here. Girls brought up to regard the cut of a sleeve as of more importance than the arm that it covers—shoulders and bust principally valuable as merchantable commodities,—limbs ready to be exposed, or covered by two yards of unnecessary trail, as fashion shall dictate—may die of disease caused by their ignorance and folly; but as a rule they do not—they usually live after a fashion, marry, and give birth to children, upon whom they entail the woes and the weakness which are the results of their offences against physical law.

Do men rear horses in this way? Would they consider it wise to cover them with mosquito netting one moment, and blankets the next? Would they allow the health of a rare breed to be interfered with by changing the fashion of a horse's bonnet?—by sending it out half-shod? Would they lame it, and render it unable to step, by raising its heels three inches higher than its toes? Are not girls as valuable as horses? and if not, then at least put a stop to the criminal reproduction of the species from such stock—train some for mothers, and prevent those who are so unfitted by nature and education, from fulfilling the office of maternity.

Within the past ten years, fashion has ordained skirts distended by hoops four yards round, and skirts hung close to the limbs without any hoops at all; short skirts, every movement of which revealed the ankle; and long skirts, the mere carrying of which was in itself labor; coat sleeves, close to the arm, and closed at the wrist, and open sleeves which practically exposed it to the shoulders; high bodies and double-breasted jackets made warm by *revers*, and open and low bodies, through which every sharp breath struck to the vitals.

What animal could bear these rapid mutations of temperature and covering, and live?

There is another view, however, to take of this question of dress, apart from that of physical growth and development; and this is, the vast means, strength, and labor bestowed in changing from one form to another, and necessarily taken from something else. Undoubtedly one-third of the strength and best resources of women are expended in this way.

Still another terrible source of waste lies in the strength expended upon the weakness they reproduce. The average baby in the house, instead of being "a well-spring of pleasure," is constant and wearing occupation for two persons at least, and very little pleasure to anybody. So universally is this the case, that when a good, healthy baby is born, and lives, without troubling itself, or others, except for necessary food and warmth, it is looked upon as a wonder, and as an exception to the general rule.

Yet babies might as well be strong, healthy, and happy, as weak, sick, and miserable. It only needs that girls should be first taught how to obtain a body; second, how to clothe it; third, how to keep it.

It may be said, and said with truth, that there are women, as there are mothers, who study fashion only to adapt it to their physical and personal requirements. This is admitted, but it is not the general principle upon which women act, and it is not enough. We cannot make fashion simply utilitarian and sanitary in its object, or it would cease to be fashion; it is therefore our duty as women, and especially as mothers, to subordinate fashion to the higher interests—life, growth, strength, labor, and effort toward perfection.

It is not necessary to sacrifice taste, or a single element of grace or beauty, but it is time to cultivate truer ideas of what beauty and grace really are—it is time to base fashion upon general ideas and principles in accord with natural physical law, which its changes and caprices would not have power to disturb, and which would admit of women being as well dressed as men, without all their thought being given to their clothing. It is time, in one word, for women to ask, instead of "What must I wear?"—"What ought I to wear?"

KNITTING.—A fond husband boasts that his wife is so industrious that when she has nothing else to do she knits her brow.

## A CHAPTER ABOUT SOAP.

BY CINDERELLA.



WHEN was soap invented? And how did people keep themselves clean before that time? are two questions often asked; and we propose in the present article to furnish answers to them, and supply information on a subject which is the more interesting as it is closely connected with comfort, health, and decency.

The earliest mention we have of soap occurs in the works of well-known Greek and Roman writers. When Rome spread her power over distant lands, she learned the arts of the people she conquered, and thus it became known that the Germans and Gauls made use of a substance in washing, which in their old language was called *seip*. The Romans named it *sapo*, and our word is *soap*. The writers who mention it describe it as made of goat's fat and ashes mixed together by heat; and there were two kinds, as at present, hard and soft, and also varieties of these kinds, some of which became fashionable at Rome, and were used by the upper classes for dressing their hair as well as washing. Among these sorts, which probably resembled pomatum, there was one known as Batavian froth. We may therefore conclude that soap was invented by the people called barbarians about two thousand years ago.

Before that time, certain natural productions were used in washing; but with them the cleansing of linen or woollen cloth must have been a work of considerable labor, and less perfect than with manufactured soap. In the earliest times the custom was, as it still is among savage tribes, to stamp on the things to be washed, and tread them under foot in water. Homer alludes to this way of washing. Sometimes a lye was made by pouring water on wood ashes; and this was used to cleanse other things—wine-vessels, and images of the gods in the temple, as well as clothes. Egyptian nitre was also used dissolved in water; it is believed that this is the same substance as that mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures, under the name

of *corith*. From Jeremiah's expression, "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap," we are led to believe that even in those early days two sorts of materials for washing were known to the Jews. In some countries, too, there were alkaline springs flowing from the ground; and in the water of these, clothes could be cleansed without soap. The people still make use of them in different parts of Europe. Oxgall was largely employed, and, perhaps more than all, urine. So much value was set upon the latter in Rome, that vessels were placed at the corners of streets to collect it, and carried away when filled, by the scourers, who, in consequence of the unpleasant smell attending their trade, were made to live in a remote quarter of the city. A somewhat similar practice prevails in China at the present day. It was one that prevented defilement of the walls and public thoroughfares, at the same time that it turned to profit what would otherwise have been a nuisance. The Emperor Vespasian laid a tax upon the article, levied probably, on those who benefited by the traffic in it. It is still used in some towns of the north of England, where a few years ago servants in private houses were accustomed to sell it to collectors.

Besides these materials, there are several kinds of meal which have cleansing properties, such as oats, barley, and beans. Bran, too, and rice-water, can be used with delicate articles liable to lose their color, and too weak to bear much rubbing. Meal is still employed in dressing certain sorts of woollens, and, as is believed, was similarly employed in past ages, and fuller's earth was much more largely used then than now.

There is also reason to believe that the ancients made use of the juice of the *saponaria officinalis*, or soapwort (bruisewort), a plant found in England, and in most European countries. It grows about eighteen inches high, near hedges and thickets, on a round stem, which, as well as the leaves, is very smooth. The flowers are a pale blush-color, with an oppressive scent, and bloom in August and September. Some double sorts are cultivated in gardens. The sap of this plant forms a lather in water; the leaves serve as soap when rubbed, and will remove spots of grease from cloth. At one time it was applied as a remedy against some kinds of skin disease. A plant similar in nature

to this is much used by the peasantry in Spain and Portugal.

Another vegetable production is the fruit of the *sapindus*, as it is called, a sort of name for *sapo indicus*, a tree that grows in the East and West Indies. The fruit is pulpy, about the size of a cherry, but it requires to be mingled with a good quantity of water, as it is of a very caustic or burning nature. People who use it occasionally in the backwoods of America, if not careful, sometimes find their clothes spoiled by it. This pulp, when thrown into ponds or rivers, will intoxicate the fish. The seeds or nuts were at one time brought to England, and used as waistcoat and gaiter buttons; when tipped with metal they were very durable.

It was at the beginning of the sixteenth century, about 1525, that soap was first made in England; before that time it had been imported from foreign countries. The price was for one sort two cents per pound; for the commoner, one cent. There is reason to know that the Romans had become manufacturers at an early period; for among other remains of that people discovered at Pompeii was a soap manufactory, with a quantity of soap still perfect, although it had been buried seventeen hundred years. The process of making was not very different from that which now prevails; and which, after this short sketch of the history of soap, we next proceed to describe.

The manufacture of soap is one of considerable importance as regards trade as well as health and cleanliness; and the use of it is one of the evidences of civilization. There are five or six kinds made in this country which may be considered as staple articles, besides numerous varieties. It is well known that grease or fat will not mix with water unless something else is combined with it. This something else is called an alkali, and by the mixture of fat and alkali soap is produced. There are different kinds of alkalis, two of which are used in soap-making: potash and soda. Certain plants contain soda; in some parts of the world, Hungary and Egypt, it exists in the earth; in Spain great quantities were once made by burning seaweed, and exported as *barilla*, and in Scotland also, where it was called *kelp*. But these were all more or less impure, and are now seldom used, because a better and cheaper sort is made from common salt. Since the duty on