

her from a window the brougham that was henceforth to be her own, and told her that in it she could amuse herself by house-hunting till she suited her taste for a home, that generally gentle young matron severely accused me of gross deception, false pretenses, and sundry other heinous crimes.

I stood like a culprit, but this first scolding did not prevent Grace from tying on a bewitching bonnet for our first drive in our own establishment.

Before we took it, however, I led her up stairs to my now forever deserted room, and there, both of us leaning on the broad window-sill, with my arm serving as a girdle for her dainty basque, I made a "clean breast" of it, and told her my little story of the "ones-and-a-half."

IN A MUFF.

BY AUGUST NOON.

BRETTY Bessie, smiling Bessie,
Tripping down the stair,
Was there ever seen a maiden
More bewitching fair?
Now she nods a bright "Good morning,"
At the garden gate,
Where a sleigh, with prancing
horses,
And gallant driver wait.

HE is going with a party
Of young people gay,
To take a pleasant sleigh-ride,
This bright winter day.
Bessie's escort is young Harry,
But Frank is going too,
So it falls to Bessie's portion
To sit between the two.

Here, there's joy in swiftly gliding,
In youth's happy time,
O'er the snow, while loud the bells
Ring forth their merry chime!
Bessie smiles and jokes and ban-
ters,
Seeming gay enough,
And her mittened hands are nestled
In her hollow muff.

DOWN into its warm seclusion,
Frank's bold fingers glide,
Then Harry's stealthy hand ad-
vances
From the other side,
Bessie quietly abandons
The muff to the two,
And what then took place within it
Bessie never knew.

AFTERWARD when each had boasted
What she thought enough,
Of the ardent pressures given
Then in Bessie's muff,
She, before a smiling circle
Of choice spirits, told
How both had been so easily
And so completely sold!

HOME PAPERS.

LETTERS ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG WIFE.

BY JENIE JUNE.

"OUR HOUSE."



YOU want a little advice from me, dear M—, on the ordering of your house, on your method of living, and your conduct in the new relations which you have just taken upon yourself.

I can truly say that few things have given me more pleasure than the two words in your letter which form the heading to this paragraph. I was so happy to find that you were unspoiled by your season of flattery and fashionable dissipation, that you had given thought, and were now ready to put resolution and effort into your future life, meeting its duties and necessities as a girl who suddenly finds herself a woman, and who has become a wife, should.

"Our house" told me the whole story. You intend, then, to go to housekeeping upon three thousand dollars per year, and the prospect of a steady increase of five hundred dollars per year for the next four years.

This may not seem brave or particularly praiseworthy to persons without experience, who are obliged to live on a much smaller sum, but I know that in you, accustomed to society, to every-day surroundings and expenditures, beside which all that can be obtained for such an amount in a city like New York will seem like poverty, shows not only courage, but nobility, of which a true friend may well be proud.

You know that I consider the entire system of boarding, and boarding-houses, if not immoral, as tending to immorality, and the acquisition and cultivation of a home as a positive duty on the part of the married. Yet I acknowledge the temptations of a seeming economy, and avoidance of many difficulties, in passing from the exaltation of a wedding-tour to the ease of a fashionable boarding-house, and the conquering charm of freedom to watch and wait for a newly-made husband; to walk with him and talk with him without interruption; to be able to enjoy evenings at the opera or the theatre, which housekeeping cares

and expenses might prohibit; to be relieved from all responsibility in regard to the color of the coffee or the quality of the steak, and to have time to be "pretty," just when you have the strongest possible motive for desiring to please and make yourself attractive.

These are the motives, whether admitted or not, which influence many young husbands and wives to "board," added to one, perhaps paramount, that in this way they can live in a better street, in a finer house, and share society, without the expense of contributing to make it.

But in how many ways is the apparent gain an actual loss! First of all, they lose the opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other, and of specialising their daily efforts for each other's benefit and happiness. They lose the experiences necessary as the fore-runners of more severe conflicts in after life, and which are required, also, to enable them to perform their duty rightly toward others, as well as to themselves.

The truth is, we cannot act from an individual point of view through life, even if we remain unmarried, much less if we unite our lot with that of another, and form a new combination, from which springs the entirely distinct product called a "family." For the family is the basis of society, and in adding to its bulk we are bound to add something to the measure of its enjoyments; to repay what the aggregate does for us, by contributing our mite to its guarantees for stability and security.

But the family home has another duty to perform. It educates the children, and supplies all those associations which help to form the character, and are among the most treasured remembrances of later years. It is the help-meet and handmaid of religion, the foundation of all that is best in morals, and strongest and noblest in action.

The most powerful argument against the specialization of the labors of women, and the marking out for them of an individual career, is the disastrous influence such a course, carried to its legitimate conclusions, would have upon our homes, and upon the lives of young men and young women, in the present and for the future. Women are the natural makers, helpers, and educators of men, who still, in the objective world, stand as their representatives. This is the broad fact, immovable, in its general features

and principles, as the everlasting hills. Conventions cannot alter it, resolutions cannot move it, exceptions cannot change it; and the sooner women generally accept the position, and prepare to do their duty in it, the better.

And what a noble position it is! What confidence God must have had in the grandeur, the unselfishness of the woman nature, to assign it to her. To men women give their life and brain-power, to add to superior force, that great work may be done. How small a thing it is in the ultimate, whether or not we have the credit for personal achievement.

This, I must confess, was not always my feeling or conviction upon the subject. There was a time when I desired, above all things, that women should achieve fame, and honor, and glory, and power, and reputation, and money for themselves — when I experienced a sense of indignation against self-forgetting and self-sacrificing women — the Caroline Herschels and Caroline Bowleses of the past — who had devoted their lives and genius to work with which men were credited. This self-abnegation, instead of being praiseworthy, seemed a weakness, the result of which was not only injustice to themselves, but to their entire sex.

But how differently do they appear to me now! How noble does such pure womanhood seem beside the petty craving for personal distinction which is the curse of women to-day; not the desire for the real superiority which comes from broader aims, a truer culture, a higher ideal of life, but the striving for individual place and power, the false assumptions, the efforts to clothe poverty of brain in high-sounding language, to make words stand for ideas, and use the meanest arts, slander, and trickery, to acquire personal influence. All these are the natural result of individual aims, and therefore are women cursed who pursue them. They may start with a nobler intent, but the selfishness of the aim must in time get the better of them.

Not that I would condemn all special work on the part of women as individualistic, or their desire for an independent career as necessarily base and ignoble. There are exceptional women, and women exceptionally circumstanced, as there are exceptions among men; for example, the husband of the late Mrs. Somerville, who, according to the records recently published, gave

the invaluable aid of his scientific efforts and researches to the elaboration and development of principles of which his wife stands as the exponent and representative. But these exceptions do not constitute the mass of man or woman-kind, and though worthy of all honor for doing what was in them to do, yet they cannot represent the predominating idea or spirit which must govern the estimates and expectations formed of the sex. Thus, the artist, the author, the doctor, the clergyman, or the lecturer, though justifiable, and even honorable and praiseworthy, according to the ability and faithfulness they put in their work, are subordinated to the glory of a pure womanhood, to the dignity of a noble manhood, and, say what we will, the genius of womanhood is subject to the power of manhood, and rules it by influence, not by a scramble or free fight for equal terms. . . . The time will come when this influence will be acknowledged as the superior power it is practically now, wherever it is wisely exercised and truly felt. The greatest men of modern times, those who have most controlled thought and directed public opinion, have acknowledged their indebtedness to women in terms which sounded like romance and extravagance to those who have never experienced, or are as yet incapable of estimating, the strength and happiness conferred by a perfect duality of thought, feeling, and conviction, finding in one the power of noble expression.

But what has all this to do with "Our house" and its belongings? Only this, that the tendency of many of the modern theories, speculations, and ideas in regard to women, is to undermine its very foundations, and that to build your house properly, brick upon brick, stone upon stone, color upon color, and irradiate it with human life and sunshine, so that it shall live in the memories of those who inhabited it, or had the good fortune to be received within its walls, is a work worthy of any woman, and much more real, true, and ennobling than the poor rattle of public notoriety, which some wish for in place of it.

Shall we, then, each of us build a house; you, step by step, through your happy life—for happy it must be, come weal or come woe, crowned with duties fulfilled—and I upon paper, commencing with the Kitchen or the Cellar, and going up into the Storeroom, and through the Parlor, the Chambers,

and out upon the roof above, until it is complete, not according to an ideal of a house, but the exigencies and necessities of a real one? This is a daring task to those who are neither artists nor architects, and "Our house" may not suit everybody; nevertheless, we will try it, and do our best, trusting that we may be among those who "buildd better than they knew."

One of our cardinal principles must be permanency; a house is worth nothing if it is not stable, and ours must be grounded upon the enduring principles of truth and love. It is in some sort a school in which we are both teachers and pupils, and while we are doing our own work we must be content to be patient, and wait results. Oh! if we, and all women, could only understand the magic of those two words, patience and waiting; what do they not accomplish? Yet it is so difficult, and seems so unnatural to youth; we insist upon the leaf, the bud, the blossom, and the ripened fruit all at once, and if it does not come, in our haste and anger sometimes cut the tree down, that might, in time, have fulfilled all our hopes.

Do not expect the perfection of your home-life at first; the full moon is better than the honeymoon; and the materials of which our life is made are very plastic in our hands for better or for worse, if we have patience, and the will to work and wait.

TESTIMONY.

BY E. A. M.

I AM old that once was young,
Yet have never found
Careless sorrow's wound:
Otherwise have poets sung.

TIME the lover's woe will cure—
Mother's anguish too:
Sad it is, but true—
Nothing earthly doth endure.

GRIEF is but a transient flower
Rooted in the grave—
Time, that being gave,
Saturn-like, shall it devour.

BUT Job's comforter is truth
To the wounded mind;
Deeming all unkind
Him that sets a bound to ruth.

WOMAN AND MAN.—The natural position of woman with respect to man, as the softener, the cheerer, the refiner of his existence—and her own natural constitution, as weak in frame, ut powerful in moral influence—make it appear proper that man should approach her with sentiments of deference and respect.

TWO BRAVE GIRLS.

BY MARY L. CLOUGH.



A GORGEOUS sunset trailed its fiery banners along the western sky, as I sat on the piazza of the "Fall River House," in one of the loveliest nooks of the eastern tier of the Rocky Mountains. It is quite a place of resort, being only forty miles from Denver, accessible by good roads, and commanding some of the finest scenery in the territory. Before me, across the stream that dashed rapidly along the bottom of the narrow defile, rose a precipitous, craggy mountain about fifteen hundred feet high. The artist, Beard, has pronounced it the finest combination of tree and rock he had ever seen. Great jutting rocks lean over as if to crush the beholder, while gnarled pines and cedar spring from crevices in the granite walls, and variegated moss decks the sides. Below, the cañon opened and widened into a plateau, then wound off among the hills, carpeted with the brightest of green turf, walled in by almost perpendicular mountains of great height, traversed ever by "Clear Creek," bright as a ribbon of silver on a ground-work of emerald velvet. Farther up, the cañon suddenly curved, and the road seemed to be cut off against a steep granite barricade, tufted and crowned with hardy firs. Far in the west, above the nearer evergreen hills, the spurs and peaks of the "Snowy Range" struck sharply against the deep blue sky, and streaming over their hoary summits, the long lights of the sunset gilded the wide stretches of dark green forest. I dropped my note-book and pencil in my lap, and gazed off along the glowing west. The scene was too grand and picturesque for my descriptive powers. By-and-by the sun-set burned out, and dark shadows crept softly into the gorges. A gay party of ladies and gentlemen who had been out walking, came sauntering down the mountain-path to the hotel. One lady was laughing merrily at some remark of her companion; I noticed her because I liked her countenance. She was very fair and graceful, with a tall slender figure, large dark eyes, and soft manners. As her clear profile was cut against the dark back-ground of the moun-

tain, I remarked an especially sweet expression about the perfect face. Her party had only arrived from Denver a few days before, and I had seen but little of them. They were familiar with all the intricacies of the mountain cañons, and rode or drove or walked incessantly.

A friend of mine, an old campaigner in these regions, lounged out of the parlor, and looking over the landscape, espied the party just entering the great hall.

"Don't you call Mrs. B—a very fine-looking woman?" said he.

"I do, most certainly," said I, "and from the very slight acquaintance I have with her, I should judge her to be as good and true as she is handsome."

"She was married," pursued my friend, "a few years ago to one of the most promising men in the West. He will be up to-morrow from Denver to spend the Saturday and sabbath with his wife. They are a very devoted couple. You see her gay, and happy, and beautiful; there is hardly a line of care upon her face. How old should you judge her to be?"

"Oh, as to that," said I, "it is difficult to tell from such a countenance. She is rich and happy, queen of a luxurious home, time for leisure, and pleasant occupation. When life touches us lightly, the years give no sign. It is the sudden storm and tempest that scar and blight. However, I should say she was not more than twenty-three or four, twenty-five at most."

"She is over thirty years of age," said my friend, throwing himself on the wide settee and elevating his feet upon the railing, "and speaking of life being smooth, you who come here now to coax up your impaired vitality, call this sort of living 'ruralizing' and 'roughing it,' but you little realize how different things were here a very few years ago. Why *we* consider these homes and hotels in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains as the very pink and perfection of reckless luxuriance, we are so used to rolling up in our blankets by the campfires. Ah, you cannot understand the hardships and dangers of pioneer life. Still I have a good mind to tell you something of the history of that sweet-faced woman!"

"Do," said I, "and since you twit me with 'impaired vitality,' be so good as to fetch my shawl from the parlor; your mountain twilights are glorious, but I feel the air stealing down from yonder snow-fields."