

acknowledgment is made, that we do dearly love the excellent *country Butter-milk*, which no unconscionable "milk-man" has diluted.

And, how I left the rest of the party in the more dignified employment of reading and talking, while the ladies pretended to do a little fancy work but *didn't*, and tucked up my dress, tied on a sun-hat, and went off with the juveniles to hunt *hens' nests*, tumble in the hay, and run through the orchards for the first ripe apples. I almost wished at these times I might be a child once more, so happy was I in this perfect freedom. I shall not soon forget what a shout was raised at my expense, when I grew tired on one occasion, and started for the house. They had missed me before, when I had deserted their little circle, but I would never acknowledge where I had been; this time, however, I was caught. They were out on the porch looking for me when I made my appearance. I was flushed and warm from the unusual exercise, and here and there decorating my curls were wisps of hay and seeds. My dress was still tucked up, and on one arm was the basket of eggs we had found, while on the other hung my hat, which I had taken off for more freedom.

All the older ladies would have thought me very undignified, but I am such a little dump they scarcely expect much in that line, and my husband only laughs at me.

We did not stay very long in the country, but visited several large cities here in the West, but they were too much like other cities, to describe in my short space. Noisy, busy, and dusty, and the least attractive halts in our summer tour. But oh! lovely, sparkling, Put in Bay, the sad scene of Perry's memorable Battle of Lake Erie. Nothing now remains to tell of the bloody scenes here enacted so many years ago; nothing save the small group of graves on the large island, with no monument to mark the lonely spot, save a common chain of iron.

Beautiful bay, shall I ever forget you or the happy hours spent on your lovely isles?

It almost seemed that the sun shone brighter on the crystal waters than elsewhere, and hour after hour we lay in our tiny boats, watching the waves one by one rolling to the shore; or else we were fishing—of course we hardly ever caught anything but sun-burned faces, but what cared we for little annoyances which would soon disappear with a judicious use of "Cold Cream;" or we went on shore at Jay Cooke's Island, a huge rock which stands up high and dry like a sentinel in the surrounding water, and which the waves in vain attempt to wash away with a never-ending sweep-sweep on all sides of the rocky foundation.

But if the scene was lovely while the sunshine danced on the water and the leaves of the grove were dancing in the breeze, how enchanting was it at night, when, in the radiance cast from the thousand lights of the great hotels far out on the bay, we glided here and there, passing on our way other boats gayly laden, and almost forgetting, amid the flashing lights on shore, the bursts of music, sounds of repartee and gay laughter around us, that we were not in the beautiful Bay of Venice which the scenes so plainly brought to mind.

The delusion was quickly effaced, however, as our footsteps turned back to the hotel, for who could be mistaken in the throng passing and repassing on the long piazzas?

If it does one good to have change of

air and scene, how much more it adds to one's stock of ideas, to observe and study the people and the strange phases of character we meet.

I never before so clearly realized how much more *wealth* is valued in this country than *worth*, except in highly intellectual communities.

Men fortunately are possessed of a store of adaptability, and in the social chat after dinner, or the quiet game of billiards, they meet on the same level, become unconsciously friendly, and enjoy themselves without once giving a thought as to what Mr. De B— would say if he saw them speaking to a man who did not own a house on the Hudson, or a dozen or two shares in an out-west silver mine.

On the contrary, you, a modest little woman, are introduced one day to a tall, rather stylish-looking lady, but a little over-dressed, who, with a faded-out-looking young person, whom she continually addresses as "my darling daughter," has just sailed into the room. Both mother and daughter give you a cool stare and a slight bow, so slight as scarce to disarrange a fold in either dress. And why, pray, are you treated thus? because unfortunately you are recognized by the elder lady as living in the close neighborhood of her elegant house in A—, and she fears you will presume on that fact, and as your husband is only a young merchant in comfortable circumstances, and more inclined to quiet, legitimate business than earning thousands by such questionable ways as you are aware *this* woman's husband has.

And then you have been proud to acknowledge that you earned your new parlor carpet, and the pretty book-case which you are so pleased with, by writing an occasional article for your favorite "Monthly."

To tell the truth, her intended snub hurt you sorely. Your pride was wounded; for you, better than the fawning, toadying multitude, bowing low before the overwhelming magnificence of silken attire and sparkling jewels, knew her as she was and always would be, coarse and common, no matter how fine as far as externals went. You knew she had never attended a good school in her life, and could scarcely write her own name, still as Mrs. Shoddy had become suddenly rich, she would fain snub you, because—though your intellect may be as bright as hers is dull, and you her superior a hundred-fold in every way, still you must wait for worth to be acknowledged as well as wealth. But you must still be patient, I fear, as long as money is the pivot on which the world moves.

We saw many Mrs. Shoddys on our summer trip, and also many kind friends whom we were sorry to bid adieu, but we were glad to turn our tired feet homeward, and, sitting here in my quiet room, it seems to me I never so fully loved home before. My flowers, though all late ones, now are brighter than ever, and morn and eve I revel in their bloom; my birds never sang so sweetly, and home pleasures never seemed so deeply cherished. Life is given new impetus, and I hardly know what I cannot and will not do in the blessed future which waits before me, a beautiful unexplored region only waiting for willing feet and hands, which I am eager to send on their pilgrimage.

TAKE HEED.—Educate your children, parents; not merely in scholastic acquirements, but to a knowledge of the respective positions they are to occupy when they become men and women.

THE FIFTH STEP IN INTEMPERANCE.

BY REV. DR. C. F. DEEMS.

"Going, going, gone,"
The little cradle nest!
"Going, going, gone,"
The darling's place of rest!
Oh! the sad remorse
Of the father's heart!
Oh! the bitter tears,
On the mother's part!
"Going, going, gone,"
Carpets, tables, chairs!
"Going, going, gone,"
All the household wares!
Rum has done its worst,
In the pleasant home!
Where, oh! tell me where
Will the poor waifs roam?
"Going, going, gone,"
Honor, pride, and love!
"Going, going, gone,"
Joy's bright-pinioned dove!
Everything in life
Lost and nothing won!
All that makes home dear,
"Going, going, gone!"

M. A. K.

THE years pass on. Virtue cannot stop them. Vice cannot stop them. The years do not strengthen virtue or vice. They are only the space of time in which a man cultivates one or indulges in the other—the space of time in which habit adds cord after cord, to bind a man to a higher or a lower life. A man cannot blame time as if it hurried him on to his ruin, nor praise time as assisting his elevation. It is his own resolute virtue or vicious weakness which decides this question for him.

Time does not give size to children; but, as the years pass they grow. In the fourth cartoon of this series, we saw two babes in a bed together. They are larger now, but still not old enough to take anxious thought of the morrow, or to have bitter memories of the past. If they have enough to eat and the room is warm and they have toys, they have no care from other circumstances.

For a few years that has been the case with the children of Rodman Russell. Children, however, have keen little eyes, and somehow wonderfully detect changes in the expressions of the countenances of those whom they love. They may not speak. They are unable to have any understanding of their own thoughts and feelings, and therefore cannot describe them. But if the father and mother be cheerful and gay and full of life, the very air of happiness seems to be breathed by the children; and they are happier. The mother may endeavor to cover the thorn which is piercing her heart, but her little child will feel that there is something wrong, and the cloud on the brow of the beloved parent will throw a shadow on the heart of the child.

It was so in Russell's little household. Amelia was a true wife, and did all she could to conceal from others what she could not conceal from herself, that her husband was traveling the downward road. To her little children she always spoke of their father just as she would have done if he had been a paragon of perfection.

And that was right. No wife ever gains anything by any disparaging remark she makes of her husband. Even when a woman is evidently blind to every fault in the conduct, and every defect in the

character of her husband, her devotion is so beautiful that it atones for her lack of discrimination. When it is discovered that her penetration is so great that it sees all, and yet her love is so great that it covers all, she rises in the admiration of all thoughtful people. Those who get most genuine sympathy in the world, are those who beg least for it, and strive to hide their griefs from the eyes of others.

Amelia Russell was a good woman and a good wife, and was thus sustained in her course by her high moral principles. In addition to that, whenever she thought of her husband's intemperate habits, she recollected the part she had taken on that fatal New Year's Day, in endeavoring to persuade him to drink. This remembrance never left her. She was too good-hearted to harm any man willingly, especially the young man for whom at that time she had begun to cherish a very tender feeling. But she had been thoughtless. She had yielded to a foolish and injurious social custom. In so doing, she had helped Rodman Russell to take his first step downward. But for that New Year's Day he might have been thriving in his circumstances, and rising in his profession.

Reflections like these frequently tormented her in private. She never breathed them to the ear of another. She kept them from her husband. They led her to treat him tenderly, and to adhere to a course of persistent kindness towards him, in the hope that he would reform.

How she watched and hoped and prayed for the first signs of that reformation. After a season of thought and prayer, she ventured once to speak of her troubles to her husband. It happened to be a soft, good time for speaking. Circumstances in his business, the state of his health, meditations of his own, a few letters coming at the same time from several friends in different and distant parts of the country, all inquiring about his welfare; all alluding to the great promise of his early life; all written evidently without knowledge upon the part of one writer of the intent of another, had the effect to make him "take observations," as navigators say, to ascertain where he was, and whither he was drifting. He found that he had fewer friends than before. He found that he not only had not for a year or two made any headway in his business, but that he had actually fallen back. He had evidently lost the confidence of his business associates.

Amelia had the sense and tact to approach her husband in a wise way, and the conversation seemed to have a wholesome effect. His eyes were opened in some measure. He saw somewhat, as in a haze, the wrong of his position. There dawned upon him a perception that his wife had been suffering keenly and long and silently. A quickening of his old manliness seemed for a season to have taken place. Privately he reproached himself, although he made some sort of defense to Amelia, and she was quite willing to accept anything, other than urge her point so far as to drive him away into still greater dissipation.

In this way, two or three times there were temporary reforms—very temporary were they. Bad associations had been formed; bad habits are strong; these asserted themselves. He could not break away.

In the meantime, his good little wife struggled, and contrived and worked and saved. In the meantime the children grew older and needed more and more, not only such things as demanded money for their purchase, but also such care,



THE FIFTH STEP IN INTEMPERANCE.—THE AUCTION SALE.

"He finds that business will not take care of itself."

which demanded time. They needed the sweet and healthy air of a pure home where love prevailed. All children need this. A drunkard's child cannot have it. His presence, his manner, his tones, the style in which he does everything, the effect of his conduct on the temper and spirits of his wife, and not only his presence, but his absence; the lack of the strong, loving father's presence, all shed malaria through the air of a drunkard's home.

Depressed by these, Amelia struggled on, and yet she could not support the family on the small earnings she could make with her sewing-machine, added to the occasional contributions which her husband made to the common stock. At first he would not allow her to seek work. But she quietly and resolutely went among her former friends, and speaking as lightly as she could of her husband's faults, and as kindly of his virtues, sought sewing from those who had been her playmates and schoolmates and equals in society. This was a keen humiliation to her, but she endured it for the love she bore her husband and children.

Nevertheless, they were compelled to move from apartments to apartments, always on the descending scale. Amelia strived to save the most needed portions of furniture, together with some articles she prized as reminding her of better days; but the demands of living were inexorable. Their credit had been used, and exhausted in the several neighborhoods in which they had lived. The end was coming. At length, the landlord refused to wait longer for the rent of the room they had been occupying. Amelia had exhausted her resources of work and of drafts on her friends. But the rent must be paid.

Have you ever attended an auction of furniture in a house? Do you know many things more saddening? The disorder, the carelessness of those who are engaged

in selling, and of those who are engaged in buying, the press of vulgar people, the breakage and tear and wear and defacement of furniture are not pleasant, but far more disagreeable is the thought of the breaking up of a family place, a domestic nest from which the birds must now fly where they can. You picture yourself as the party most interested, and fancy that you see a chair, a table, a picture, a cradle, which holds some of the best and happiest associations of your life, going into the hands of unappreciated strangers.

Rodman Russell had come to this. Amelia sees all that she had saved through so many years going, going, gone! as the auctioneer cried with no emotion and no sentiment in his voice.

She bore all until the rough negro assistant lifted up the cradle to show to the bidders. There were no people of consequence in that crowd. It was not the auction of the furniture of a deceased artist or millionaire. The most vulgar kinds of people are they who climb up two or three flights of stairs to purchase what may be in such a room. If the baby's cradle had been going to some nice home, she might have borne it a little better; but when it lay between two coarse women, and a Jew who kept a low second-hand furniture shop, it was too much for her, and she flung herself on the shoulders of her besotted husband and sobbed aloud. The little children had grown tired of inspecting the mob of strange people who had invaded the house, and were now occupied with the only plaything left them, the little girl's doll.

Rodman Russell had flung himself on the chair, sullen, heavy, and as wretched as his stupidity would allow him to be. When Amelia's head fell on his shoulders, and he surveyed the scene around, he felt how far down from that New Year's Day five steps in Intemperance had brought him.

THE SIXTH STEP.

Poor Rodman looks around him

To seek a friendly face,

To find a ready helping hand

In this his sad disgrace.

His bar-room friends avoid him—

Alone he drains the cup—

For those who helped to drag him down,

Refuse to lift him up!

The summer friends have vanished,

That shared with him his all;

The laughing, jeering, drunken crowd,

They come not at his call!

And yet his babes are starving,

His hearthstone cold and gray,

His once fine garments, seedy now,

Alas, and what care they?

So Rodman, seeking friendship

In want, and finding none,

Drinks deeper of the fatal draught

That has his life undone!

Drinks till poor reason totters,

Till conscience seemeth dead!

While sorrowing wife and children fear

To hear the well-known tread!

M. A. K.

PERHAPS there is nothing in which we are more easily deceived than in our friendships. If we examined our hearts with more care we should learn from our feelings towards others what are their true feelings towards us. All are not friends who are simply not unfriendly. There is much indifference in the world. Men are so occupied with themselves and their families and cares, that they cannot be very deeply interested in many others. It is simply impracticable.

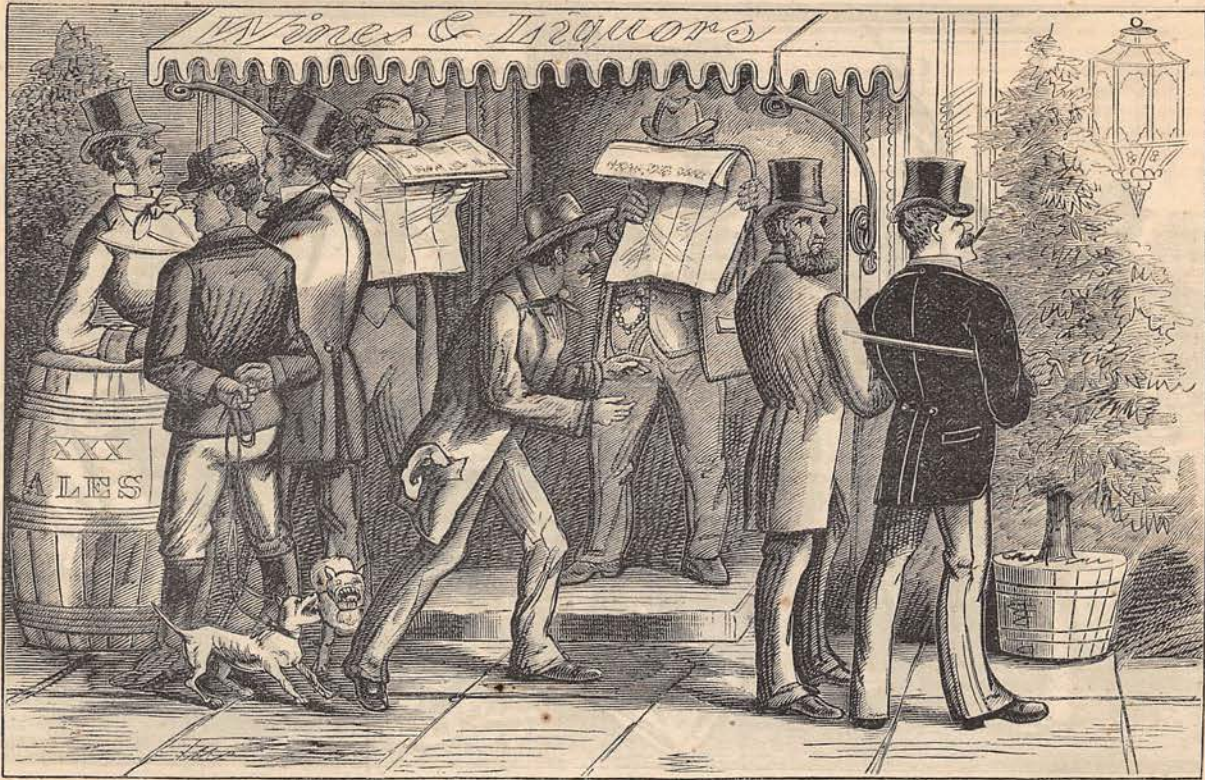
If every man we met, whose disposition was not disagreeable and whose manners were not repulsive, should be accounted our friend, so that his joys were our joys, and his sorrows our sorrows, life would soon become intolerable. We could not bear the load of care and anxiety this would involve. It would so drain our vital energies that we could do

nothing for ourselves; we could neither work for our livelihood, nor discharge our duties towards those who are bound to us very closely, and for whom we are specially responsible.

There is, first, and most general of all, a feeling of mere human interest in all men on the ground that they are men. Any man has more claim on us than any brute. In mere virtue of his manhood, we instinctively feel that it must be more injurious to ourselves to hurt or neglect him than if we should hurt or neglect any brute, however sagacious, or whatever might be its money value, as a domestic animal. This is what we call humanity.

Then there is a feeling which comes to every man in virtue of his being of the same family with another. Two men are brothers: or, a man and a woman are brother and sister. Towards them the man who is their father and the woman who is their mother feel as they do not towards others. This is what we call "kin." It is a feeling which has given rise to the saying, "blood is thicker than water."

The third and highest form of human attachment is friendship or love. One whom we love may be our kinsman, or he may not; one of our acquaintance may or may not be our friend. Acquaintance is the beginning and friendship is the end. Ordinarily, we instinctively love our kinspeople. Sometimes it happens that we do not. It is a painful state of affairs when relatives cannot love one another. Kin does not necessarily breed love. It furnishes a very, very strong reason for cultivating affectionate feelings. We are closely connected with the reputation and fortunes of our kinspeople; whatever touches them touches us. Their connection may be more or less close. In the case of the Siamese twins it was the closest possible. "Near and dear?" Not always. Sometimes the nearest are the farthest from being the dearest. Sometimes a compelled near-



THE SIXTH STEP IN INTEMPERANCE.

"In his need, he seeks the assistance of his former bar-room friends, but is disappointed."

ness has the tendency to create alienation of feeling. It is very sad to know that Chang and Eng did not love one another so much as some brothers who have never had such a tie. My late parishioner, Phoebe Cary, used to say, "The song says that 'absence conquers love;' I am rather inclined to think that very often it is *presence* that does it."

The Holy Scripture says, "There is a friend which sticketh closer than a brother." The plain meaning of this is that often outside the circle of our kinsfolks we find dearer friends than we do inside. Friendship is not dependent on external circumstances. It is a bond which comes from the characters of those who love one another; where there is nothing in either to which that bond can be attached there can be no friendship. If the character be not sound and strong in some part, there is no place for attachment. It is as if one should drive into a quicksand the staple to which the strong cable is to be fastened.

That is one reason why, when times of adversity come, a man's friends seem to desert him. Adversity is a great trial of friendship. It shows who are and who are not true to us. Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, has said:

"The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown,
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone."

The mistake here is in the word "friends." Our true friends are always closest to us when we are in trouble. They shrink from obtruding themselves when we are very prosperous. That is the reason why very rich men can rarely know whether they have any real true friends. Men of position and influence have the same difficulty. Crowds follow them as multitudes followed Jesus Christ, "for the loaves and the fishes."

Rodman Russell had reached just that

point in his career to be able to ascertain whether he had any true friends, any who would stand by him "through thick and thin," any who loved him for his own sake, who loved him in spite of all his faults and all his falls.

His business had totally failed. He had at length discovered that business will not take care of itself. It must be watched and pushed. Clients fall off from a man who is irregular, unpunctual, or inexact. No man of good, practical sense would employ a lawyer or a physician whom he saw frequenting a drinking house or a billiard saloon. The less work Russell had, the more time was on his hands for these dissipations, and on them Russell wasted his time, instead of employing it in study and in working up business. The more he played and drank the deeper he fell. The more his spirits sunk, the darker grew his prospects, and the more he strove to "drown his trouble in the bowl," as the foolish phrase has it. Alas, for such drowning! It is the man, and not the trouble, that is drowned.

All that he had having been sold under the auctioneer's hammer to pay his rent, he must do something for present subsistence. Tables, chairs, beds, the cradle, the sewing machine, all had gone, and Russell was beggared, with a wife and two little children on his hands, the children demanding much of the mother's time and attention, neither being able to help in the support of the family.

Now he goes among his former boon companions. How gay and glad they used to seem whenever he came, so long as he had money to purchase spirits, and so long as he was able to keep up against the dark future which for some time had been pressing close upon him. His wit and genius had made him an acceptable companion. He was the superior of the last set of his associates. He had seen the best society, and could entertain them with anecdotes and *bon-mots*, and

gossip of the best-known people. But now he was at the bottom. He had no money. He had no home. He must seek other quarters for his family, or they would be upon the street at night-fall. They had nothing to pawn. Some money must be advanced to secure a shelter for even a night.

Let all who have wine on their table on New Year's Day, contrast the loneliness of Amelia Russell, amid the wreck of her home after that day's auction, and her happiness on the New Year's Day when she solicited Rodman Russell to drink wine in her uncle's mansion on Murray Hill. From that elegant young gentleman just about to enter on his professional career, under the most auspicious circumstances, Russell had taken six downward steps in intemperance, the first being only the taking of a glass of New Year's wine, but those six steps had reduced him to absolute pauperism.

The cartoon before us represents him as among his drinking associates, soliciting a little help.

He had first tried the group of three standing by the ale barrel. They were sporting characters, flashy in their dress and address. They had descended from the higher sports of Jerome Park and horse racing, to John Allen's dog-pit in Water street. One of them was the owner of a brace of rat-catchers, which he held by cords, on his way to the conflict, on the result of which the other two men were going to make bets. They were all known to Russell. His appearance showed that he had reached the bottom. These "sports" had no compassion. What did they care for a beggar who could not pay for their liquors, nor even administer hilarity to their drinking bouts? They spurned him with a coarse rebuff, that ran through all the stupidity which his bad habits had produced down to the very core of his heart.

He would have fainted on the spot, but

that he recollected Amelia and the children and their forlorn condition. This sustained him in addressing two other men who stood in the door, men with whom he had saloon acquaintance. They had heard what had passed between Russell and the "sports," and when he addressed them they simply turned their heads swiftly behind their newspapers, and took no notice of him. Just then two men passed.

They were his earlier friends, Mr. Allen and Mr. Thompson.

Allen, it will be recollected, had married Miss DeWood, but affairs had not gone smoothly with them. The house had failed. The fine establishment on Murray Hill had been broken up. He and his wife were living in Brooklyn, in a plain way. He had some kind of business which hardly maintained his family. Through force of character on his own part, and that of his wife, they had kept up appearances better than Russell and Amelia. But the distance between the houses of the two families, and the constant struggle of each to live, had broken in on the intimacy. Allen was not surprised to see Russell thus reduced. He had predicted it; yes, and he had helped to make it.

Thompson had degenerated in appearance. He was fuller of habit and grosser every way. He had a kind of superficial, natty appearance. Both he and Allen were evidently going down, but going more slowly than Russell had done. He appealed to them for help. Both turned and talked with him a little, but gave him no pecuniary assistance. They regarded him as so totally and thoroughly fallen, and so far gone that no aid now would put him on his feet again. More than that, their own exchequers were not very full. Still more than that, they did not care.

How many friends a man seems to have when he sits well dressed and jovial in the midst of a lively crowd of boon com-

panions. How, as the spirits go down and the spirits go up, they slap one another on the shoulder, and even hug one another with most rapturous expression of devotion. But let trouble come, and help be needed, and how like the morning cloud and the early dew is all this sympathy. The friendship of drunkards is like the froth on the top of the beer-mug.

So Russell found it as these men walked away and left him lonely and despairing on the sidewalk. How fallen! Homeless, penniless, friendless! Six steps down.

(To be continued.)

HOMES ABROAD.

A SERIES OF PAPERS ON DOMESTIC LIFE IN FRANCE, GERMANY, AND BELGIUM.

FRENCH women are most charming when they have reached that problematic age known as middle. They know the art of growing old gracefully, and whilst their girlhood is generally uninteresting, their womanhood brings with it a store of experience, and a desire to please, which is delightful to their surroundings.

Such a Frenchwoman is Madame de Beauvais, a woman whose society is gain, whose conversation is instructive and witty, who has seen much and judged much. She has been from her girlhood the mistress of one of the best-kept Parisian homes it has been our happiness to enter.

Seated with her by one of those small tables, which, she wittily says, "do half the talking," we listened to her experience of housekeeping, house-furnishing, and the *ménage* generally. She spoke in pure and idiomatic French, with that liveliness of gesture and absence of prosiness which we seldom meet with in an English housewife in English homes.

"What do you call the fundamental basis of true domestic economy, madame?" we asked.

"Let me answer you with an anecdote. An old friend of mine, Madame de Vilette, told me that on her wedding day, before setting out for the church, a friend, who had given her a wedding portion, presented her besides with a magnificent diamond parure. He placed the beautiful jewels in her ears, on her arms, round her neck. The effect produced general admiration and a natural satisfaction in the young bride.

"My dear child," said he, "I have just given you trifles—puerilities; the true treasure, the veritable wealth, is here."

"And he held out a book bound in red leather with gilt edges. On one of its sides was written, 'Receipt of the revenues of M. le Marquis de Vilette'; on the other, 'Expenditure of the house of M. le Marquis de Vilette.'

"There," repeated he, "is the true parure of a wife and mother. Never neglect the daily use of this book. Let the balance be exactly and scrupulously maintained; you will then be rich and happy."

"There is more confidence engendered," added Madame de Beauvais, "between husband and wife by order and economy in domestic details than by aught else I know. A wife should look upon herself as her husband's *ministère de l'intérieur*. Her accounts should be always ready to show at a moment's notice. Half an hour given each morning to writing the receipts and expenditure of the preceding day will suffice for this important occupation; it becomes habitual, and the balance of each month takes no more time.

"Every woman ought to know just what she has to spend every year. She

should be guided by the sum in the rent of the house, the number and the wages of her servants, the food for her table, the quantity of firing, her house linen, furniture, her own and her husband's clothes. This once seen to, she must divide her expenditure by twelfths, and see not only that one-twelfth is sufficient for a month, but that she has something left as economy at the end of it.

"I was for a long time intimate," continued Madame de Beauvais, "with Caillau, the celebrated actor at the Théâtre Italien. During the Revolution he lost so much money that he was obliged to be exceedingly economical in his habits. One day that I was at his house, a man we both knew well came to borrow a hundred francs for a few weeks. Caillau drew them from a small leather bag which he took from his desk, and gave them to his friend.

"When the man was gone I expressed my surprise to Caillau at his being able, without trouble, to lend the sum.

"As soon as I was in a position to get my own living," he said, "I have always rigorously made some monthly economy proportionate to my earnings. This economy goes into this bag, which I always look upon as a friend. I borrow from it sometimes, but I always pay back faithfully. My conscience would reproach me if I failed. Well, I have just been to it to oblige our poor friend, who is honesty itself. Although the means of my friend the bag are very different to what they used to be, it still lends me, as you saw, a hundred francs for several weeks."

"I should be glad, madame, if you would tell me what you mean by *le bien-être*, which I have so often heard you speak of when praising house-life."

"This *bien-être* is composed of an infinitude of imperceptible details, of such great importance, though, that each one should be studied. If you are going to fix upon a house, do not think that because you are young and well it does not matter whether the room you sleep in, or the room where you will pass most of your time, has a northern or southern aspect. The latter ought to be preferred before all. The former must be carefully avoided. The east or west is tolerable, but the south *avant tout*. Not only ought health to be the motive for the preference, but the clear sunshine often cures bad spirits, which its absence as often augments. A Paris apartment ought to be so chosen that the rooms little used, such as the antechamber, the pantries, the dressing-rooms, the box-rooms, and the room where the ironing is done, may have a northern aspect, whilst the inhabited rooms should have a southern one."

"Will you tell me all you can about the arrangements of your first home? I know it was at Paris for many years."

"We determined, my husband and I, that we would begin by having two bedrooms. Ours were separated by the drawing-room. We considered that there are many cases in which it is useful and necessary to have two rooms. In the case of illness, for instance, it is neither comfortable for the one nor the other, even with double beds, to occupy the same. Your husband's room, even if he does not inhabit it, may be looked upon as a spare room, and may serve him as study and library. The bed may have the canopy shape. His dressing-room should open into it; it is convenient for a man to have the whole place for dressing, etc., to himself. Believe my experience; there is no sentiment which obviates the inconvenience of a too great intimacy in certain details of life.

"Beware of the illusions one has in youth. If you have the same bedroom, have two beds. Never let this room look untidy; it should be not only clean, but even tasteful in its arrangements. I have always made my servants put up and arrange every article of clothing, etc. I have always had my husband's room prepared for his rising in order that he might begin the day with *bien-être*.

"When I was first married I had next my room, with the same aspect, a small retiring-room, clean, simple, and convenient. One of those *boudoirs*, whose very name is ridiculous, and which are only objects of luxury and frivolity, I would not have.

"I had this little room cleaned and prepared for my rising, and there I took refuge whilst the rest of the house was arranged. Besides this I had a dressing-room where I kept my large wardrobes, boxes, etc. The night-tables, lamps, pillows, etc., of the bedroom were kept here during the day. I had this room fitted up with bath and washing apparatus. Our rooms had doors opening into the dining-room; it was a very convenient arrangement for the service, etc.

"This dining-room opened upon an antechamber; some Paris apartments are made without them, but I do not like them; an antechamber makes the dining-room warmer, and keeps it cleaner. In a pantry out of the dining-room I kept my plate, porcelain, glass, dessert, jams—in short, all that is required for the table.

"I had a room on purpose for ironing fitted up with a stove, but a housemaid's bedroom (which ought to be near yours) does for the same purpose. Here I had an ironing and work table, so that my *femme-de-chambre* could work without interruption.

"The kitchen, like all Paris kitchens, was far away from the sitting-rooms. One is away from smells and noises, but the *surveillance* of the mistress is thereby made more difficult, and, however, it is very necessary! The meat pantry was near the kitchen—a dark and cool closet.

"Furnishing is quite an art, my dear. I have met with well-furnished houses amongst people of mediocre fortune, and I have met with ill-furnished and rich houses. Good taste consists in choosing useful, convenient, durable, and well-accommodating furniture. Wherever I have seen this last quality, I have felt the need of staying and returning. That is precisely the sentiment that every woman ought to feel for her own home. It is wise, then, to ornament your home, but utility ought to be the principal object in furnishing."

"How were your rooms furnished?"

ANTECHAMBER.

"Let us begin by the antechamber. Round the walls were boxes padded and covered with common Utrecht. These made seats, and held the wood for each day's consumption. A walnut table stood against the wall on which I had paper, pens, and a simple fukstand kept. Many people do not care to leave messages with servants.

"When I went out," continued Madame, "I left word that one of the servants should receive callers, and ask those who wished to write their errand. In the evening a lamp may be placed on this table. Here your man-servant or servants may read in the evening. Mine read books of my choosing. I also set them to copy books to improve their writing and spelling. Besides doing your servants a service, you are spared the noise of gossiping or snoring, which generally fill up their time whilst waiting to serve you.

"Round the walls of this antechamber were hooks for great-coats, etc. Some cane-chairs near the table, a little stove, some simple calico curtains, and you have the furniture of my antechamber.

DINING-ROOM.

"Sideboards, and cupboards in gray painted wood, with two small marble-topped tables. These tables may be of wood covered with oilcloth; they are simpler, not so dear, and no less useful. The chairs were covered with leather; in many houses they are simply cane. I do not like horsehair for a chair-cover; it wears out muslin dresses, and when new is very slippery. There are very good chairs made at 6 or 7 francs apiece; armchairs cost from 10 to 12 francs. I had no armchairs in my dining-room; they take up too much room at table, and make unequal distances. In some houses the master and mistress have armchairs and the guests chairs; but this distinction offends good taste.

"In the center of the dining-room stood an oval dining-table with leaves. These tables are on casters, and are the most convenient I know of; they cost from 44 to 45 in walnut. Mahogany, of course, is much dearer. An oilcloth cover is very convenient; it covers the table at its natural size; it is quite clean enough for breakfast, as it may be sponged and polished.

"Besides a carpet under the table, I had little straw footstools. Of course these may be much more luxurious. For a woman to be comfortably seated it is essential that her feet should be a little raised. I accustomed my servants to place under every chair that was to be occupied by a lady one of these footstools when they set the table. It is inconvenient to ask for them when once you are seated; it is troublesome to glide them under the table; it causes a movement that makes the repast begin disagreeably.

"Immediately after dinner these footstools ought to be put away in the dining-room pantry. Before the servants have their dinner, everything must be put away. The dining-room should be quite tidy, with nothing on the table but the oilcloth cover and a lamp.

"A stove is preferable to an open fireplace for the dining-room. It should be round or square, with a marble top to warm the plates upon.

"When these stoves are well lighted at eight o'clock in the morning, they give a warm temperature to the rooms till three o'clock in the afternoon. They should then be lighted again, to keep the same temperature during dinner; that lasts the rest of the evening.

"I have lately seen, in dining-rooms, little square tables with two or three shelves, which are called *waiters*. I never saw that they were of much use. They give all the trouble to those near whom they are placed. They are too small to contain all that is necessary for the service. They are only good for one person eating alone at a very small table."

For next month Madame de Beauvais has promised us all the details of an invitation dinner, and the proper furniture of a drawing-room.

CEMENT FOR AN AQUARIUM.

A CORRESPONDENT of a scientific monthly writes:

"A rectangular tank of about ten gallons capacity, and constructed of plate glass with a zinc bottom and massive wooden pillars, troubled me much for a