that it would take more than one fire to ruin the millionaire.

"You and Bruce are to come back to the Avenue with me," said Janet imperatively. "Monsieur and Madame expect you, and Maximilien is dying to make your acquaintance. *Il se meurt* easily, and is resuscitated by galvanism, I tell him, at which he places his hand on his heart and talks of the galvanism of my eyes."

This sally aroused Mrs. Aspenel, who, after a little hesitation, consented to accompany Janet to M. de Belleville's. Bruce was in uproarious spirits at the prospect, and the trio soon found themselves in the tram, which went nearly from door to door. The sky and air were clear, the boulevards delightful, and beautiful Paris *toujours gai;* so they forgot for the moment that distant spectre that had been haunting them for the past week. *Déjeuner* was awaiting them, and their kind friends received them with effusion. Mrs. Aspenel revived under the influence of a large cheerful apartment and French cordiality, and the little party began to discuss ordinary topics almost naturally. They were just about to sit down to *déjeuner*, when a servant announced that a gentleman wished to see Miss Aspenel.

"Without doubt it is M. Hazlewood, who is in Paris, *en route* for the Antipodes," said madame. "Show him in, Marie."

All eyes were turned from the repast to the door. Janet rose involuntarily, expecting to see her old friend's brother, but she was disappointed. So was Mrs. Aspenel, though a handsomer and more polished knight-errant could scarcely have appeared. The visitor was, in fact, Mr. Tom Harton.

It would be difficult to imagine a more inauspicious encounter, but Tom Harton was equal to any occasion. He shook hands with Mrs. Aspenel as if he had seen her yesterday, told Bruce that he must return to his studies, and informed Janet that he had merely run over to Paris to acquaint her with the particulars of the fire, and to be of use if possible.

The conventionalities of society cover a multitude of sins, and Mrs. Aspenel, after the first surprise, recovered her self-possession and introduced "Our friends, M. and Mme. de Belleville, and their son, M. Maximilien." Harton spoke French like a native, and readily accepted an invitation to an interrupted meal. A lively conversation ensued, in which all joined save Mrs. Aspenel. He gave a graphic account of the fire, and said Mr. Aspenel was recovering from his injuries, of which he made light. In short, he cast a different colouring over the late events from that put in by other hands, and raised the depressed spirits of Janet, to the infinite delight of her friends and admirers. He had not quite so happy an effect on Bruce, who glanced at him suspiciously from time to time, between the delicacies heaped upon his plate by madame, and who did not enjoy them as much as he otherwise would. And who can describe all the *friandises* of a French *déjeuner!*

What Harton thought was known only to himself and his biographer. He did not let it be seen that he was really pained at the alteration in Mrs. Aspenel's appearance and manner, or that he had come to Paris under the vague impression that she was somewhere in France with her maid, Pauline. He kept to himself a certain determination not to lose sight of her again, and to have her husband informed of her whereabouts; and he also reserved his admiration of Janet, and his aspirations after her or Edith, it mattered not which. He spoke modestly of his own achievements at the fire, and left the rest to the imagination of his hearers. But when the *déjeuner* was over, he asked for an interview with Mrs. Aspenel, which she reluctantly granted.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

By A RESIDENT.

BEVY of merry, witty, bright-eyed, gay, laughing, fun-loving girls of all hues and complexions, from the pallid daughter of the many millionaire to the dark child of the recent slave. They are indeed varying as the nationalities they represent. But the genuine American girl, that is the native born and raised, is our particular theme. She seems to claim and receive the larger portion of the much-boasted liberty of these United States (accent on the U). From infancy up she queens it despotically over parents, brothers, and masculine relatives generally. Nor does this queenhood and attendant freedom fall from her afterwards. It is very rarely the case. She then becomes, in her married life, more of a queen than before, not only of hearts and home, but of society as well. A queen, too, of no insecure kingdom or nominal power. Far from it. With tact and wealth her power is unbounded, and her influence great. She must be, of course, of unsullied parentage and of high reputation. None other would be tolerated. And many such noble women have been the head-lights of American society, as witness the wife of President Cleveland. This is, of course, the position only of the few.

The daughters of the ever-increasing middle class differ only as in a lesser grade. They also are petted and spoiled from childhood up, naturally enough leaving to their mothers the cares of housekeeping. School-days over—and though we have "graded schools" and many new-fangled ideas of teaching and learning, yet the much-needed law of compulsion is absent—the "fair girl graduate" goes to a home life very different from that of her English sister. She has almost unlimited freedom; she will have beaux changing with the moon if she so wills.

And about these beaux. While we are upon it we will explain the wide latitude which has been, and is, so harshly condemned with respect to them. Unlike her English sister, again, the American girl is raised to hold her own with dignity and address with the opposite sex. She is fully capable of taking care of herself, and generally manages to combine a womanly reserve with a republican aggressiveness. If she does not she soon becomes a shunned acquaintance. With her beaux a young girl follows the same road. She invariably entertains them in private, and there are few restrictions laid upon her out-door amusements with them. This naturally leads to a freedom of wifehood untrammelled by custom or the harsh rule of despotic man. A somewhat singular outcome of this is the not infrequent establishment where a husband and wife differ in habits and pursuits, yet each harmoniously "going their own way," as it is phrased. But back to the girls, and to a very important epoch in their lives. Alas! that it should be so, but an "engagement" is by many looked upon as a very little thing, and a "jilt" may pass uncensured, unless her offence be so flagrant as to call forth the mighty voice of public opinion. An engagement agreeable to all concerned is usually followed by speedy marriage, or, if otherwise, by an exciting elopement, when the runaways are united by a magistrate, or a not often convenient parson. In the former case, where the marriage is acceptable, the ceremony is usually performed in the bride's home, and not at church, as in England, though often the daughters of the wealthy are married at church in great style and display. Such weddings are generally at night, between the hours of seven and ten; and, beneath the universal electric light, are always, as may be imagined, scenes of beauty and loveliness.

But the working girls. These can be simply divided into two classes—those who make their homes their headquarters, returning at night; and those who, to use another republican phrase, "hire out," or engage in domestic service. The former are chiefly "factory girls," who as a rule average $3 per diem, though a very capable girl has been known to earn as much as $4 or even $5*. They are paid, generally, according to the amount of work they perform. Shop girls—who, by the way, are "store ladies"—also obtain good payment, varying only with the status of the "stores" they serve. And here, in our large cities, are gathered always the prettiest girls, for a trim form and a bonny face are a well-known attraction by no means

* The American dollar equals 4s. 2d., but it must be borne in mind that its value is materially more than this.

to be overlooked. Domestic service is represented by the coloured element as well, more of which anon.

Emigrant girls and women, especially English, are in great demand at present. In the highest families they will obtain, as housekeepers and nursery governesses, $10, $15, and $20 per month. In the homes of the middle class their wages are very much less, often not more than $5, $7, or $10 dollars per month; and very little freedom is allowed, or if allowed, is scarcely obtainable; for the American women are not stay-at-homes. They leave, if possible, the care of their children and the management of the household to competent servants. This is doubtless the reason of the demand for good English girls, or such as can be trusted of other nations. This custom, for such it is rapidly becoming, necessarily entails a great responsibility upon the domestics. And to a shy, backward girl it is, at first, very trying. The word "servant" is seldom used. Perhaps because so many of the girls and women themselves are often upon an education level with their mistresses. The American girl never engages in such service unless by necessity compelled. A foolish pride often prevents her doing so even then. But in the cities, generally speaking, a domestic is never allowed to feel her subservient position, not even among her superiors in this world's goods. And here comes in the ever-vexing question of coloured "help." For whatever hopeful philanthropists may say, the hard fact still remains—the races will not associate. No respectable white girl will care to be seen upon the street with her darker sister. She loses all that she most values at once if she does. This deeply-rooted dislike is the housekeeper's woe and ever-increasing worry. For in large establishments, where several of both are employed, it is necessary to provide a separate table, and, to prevent collision, to keep them apart as much as possible. There is a growing desire on the part of the negroes for social and other equality. And to non-residents the repugnance, or, to use a milder term, the dislike of the higher race to such a possible state is very difficult to be understood. One must live amongst them to comprehend it. It is a telling fact, that as a rule emigrants will have none of the coloured people; though they make good servants, if closely superintended, as waiters, nurses, and cooks.

It is the fashion now to hold up the advanced type of American womanhood as an admired and eligible focus, but whether this system of perfect freedom and unrestrained development will benefit the coming race must remain as yet undetermined. It is a certain fact that to-day the womanly women and girls of this great republic are the prime movers of many social and other reforms. Though of course there is little of that old world seclusion and sweetness best described as

"A violet, by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye."

But such a wide field of future development merits further notice, and space forbids it now.

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART V.

THE subject of badges has already been briefly considered in this series of articles. Their specific object was publicity; that of the device was exactly the reverse, being designed to mystify the beholder. Before giving a few descriptive examples of the latter, I may be allowed to add two more badges to those previously given, viz., that of Edward the Confessor, and that of the Mandevilles and their descendants.

The badge of Edward the Confessor was very simple, and one of the most artistic. The story connected with it was, doubtless, very well known, and thus a motto was rendered superfluous. It will be seen in our illustration that it represents a hand dexter erect, showing the palm, and rising out of a ducal coronet, holding a gem ring of the first jewelled sapphire. This represented or commemorated a very curious and pretty legend, which is recorded in St. Edward's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, sculptured in *basso relievo*, where, it is said, the original ring was deposited. The story is that the holy king presented a ring to a pilgrim at the consecration of the church of Havering-atte-Bower, in Essex, the name being interpreted "Have ring." The pilgrim was reputed to have been St. John the Divine, appearing as "a fair old man," to whom the church was dedicated. The only thing that the monarch had to bestow just then was this same ring, and he gave it to him.

Some years afterwards two pilgrims arrived, who returned the king his gift, having received it from the same "fair old man" when travelling in the Holy Land; and with it brought him the following injunctions: "Say ye to Edward, your king, that I greet him well by that token; that he gave me this ring with his own hands, and at the hallowing of my church; which ring ye shall deliver to him again. And say ye to him that he dispose of his goods; for within six months he shall be in the joy of heaven with me, when he shall have his reward for his chastity and good living." The device illustrated (Fig. 1) is given as a crest of St. Edward, in the Harleian MSS., No. 2165.

I said that portions of the charges borne on the escutcheon were sometimes adopted as badges. For example, the Bohuns, descendants of the Mandevilles, used the white swan, ducally crowned and chained as a badge. The Earls of Essex, Hungerford, Northampton, and High Constables of England derived it by the marriage of Maude Mandeville (heiress of her brothers) to Henry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford. In Exeter Cathedral you may see the monument of Margaret Bohun, and her husband Hugh Courtenay, third Earl of Devon; and her feet rest on a swan, at once the charge on her family escutcheon and their badge. Their son was the "blind, good Earl" of Devon, on whose monument at Tiverton the celebrated inscription is related to have been sculptured, now no longer to be seen, as the ancient church was destroyed in the Parliamentary Wars.

"Hoe, hoe! who lies here?
I, the goode Erle of Devonshire,
With Maud, my wyfe, to mee full dere;
We lyved together fyfty-fyve year.

"What we gave, wee have;
What we spent, we had,
What we lefte, we loste."

I now enter on the subject of devices. Although they were in the zenith of their popularity during the wars of France and Italy, yet they had been very extensively employed as early as in the fourteenth century. The Continent of Europe was the chief field for their display; but though less popular in England, we have some very interesting historical examples of this offshoot, so to speak, of Heraldry, to which scientific art the oftentimes curious and pretty device owed its origin. It consisted of a picture painted, embroidered or sculptured, and of a motto, without both which parts it was not perfect. The Italians called these the *corpo* (or pictured emblem) and the *animo* (or motto), otherwise the body and spirit, or soul. The motto was required to be very brief, consisting of from two to five words.

A device was adopted, not alone by distinguished personages, but by academies and

FIG. 1.

other societies, as well as for orders of merit and distinction. It will prove more interesting to my readers generally to speak of some of our own historic devices, than to enter very