

THE GIRL OF FRIENDSHIP.

She gathered at her slender waist... The beautiful robe she wore... One rose-hued gem it bore...

MOST ROMANTIC.

She was certainly a lovely girl, such as any man might well be proud of knowing...

"Cecil," she murmured, "Cecil, it seems strange, nay, almost impossible, that you should love me, poor Grace Gardner, a lonely orphan, without friends or fortune, and more than all, your sister's governess."

"The manly face beside her flushed with a loving look as he replied: 'Strange, my darling, it may be, but not one whit the less true, that I love you with an intensity that shall outlive every evil or ill that a cold and unsympathetic world can possibly pour upon me...'

"Oh, Cecil," she exclaimed, "it seems so terribly selfish to allow you to give up so much for me! And who knows, you may some day regret so great a sacrifice? N.Y., rather, let me go away, and try to find peace away from you; happiness were impossible."

"Darling Grace," he exclaimed, "it is all for my sake never mention such an idea again! What pleasure do you suppose all the riches of earth could afford me, unless I had you to share them?"

"Then, dear Cecil, I will say no more to beseech you to press me no more to—"

"To marry me?" he asked, laughing.

"Yes," she replied, blushing, "until you have avowed to Colonel and Mrs. Gray your preference for my humble self. Who can tell what might follow? Mrs. Gray has been kind and considerate to me during the short time I have been here. Perhaps they may not despise my dependent position, and, condescending to our union, all may be bright and joyous."

"I will do as you wish, love," he replied, fondly, though I have little hope of success, for you do not know her as well as I do. But if I fail, darling, will you promise to face poverty at once with me and become my bride? I have a hundred a year—left me by an aunt—which my parents cannot touch or interfere with. This will keep us from want until I can meet with employment. Say, Grace, darling, shall it be so? You do not fear poverty with me?"

"Fear!" she exclaimed. "I fear nothing with you."

He would have been less than a lover had he not fervently pressed those rosy lips to his own in true lover fashion.

It was the afternoon of the next day, while Grace Gardner was giving a music lesson to her affectionate and pretty little pupil (Cecil Gray's only sister), that the school room door was thrown open in an ominous manner, and Mrs. Gray, tall and stately, with robes fashionable and flowing—walked into the room.

One glance at her haughty and angry countenance told Grace her errand.

She sent little Mabel away to her nurse, and then, turning to the governess, said:

"And now, Miss Gardner, I have to request that you will find it convenient to leave this house this afternoon."

"Scarcely this afternoon," replied Grace, quickly. "It is now too late to reach my friends to-day. Tomorrow morning I shall have no objection to comply with your request."

"Intolerable—your insolence is intolerable!" exclaimed the lady, walking angrily up and down the room. "I tell you you shall go at once! You do not sleep another night under this roof!"

"May I be allowed to inquire the cause of so sudden and urgent a dismissal?" asked Grace, in the same quiet tone.

"Ask!" said Mrs. Gray, scornfully. "Your conscience must tell you well enough! Here, you have not been in the house two months, and you have used your wiles so cleverly that you have succeeded in entrapping my only son. And so skilfully and sily have you played your part that I had not a suspicion of what was going on until that bewitched youth, fascinated with your doll's face, has dared to ask our consent to his marriage with you—you, who may be the daughter of a countess, for all we know! This comes of taking girls on a lady's recommendation, instead of applying to those who have previously engaged them! I shall take care to let Lady Powis know what kind of a protégée she has recommended!"

"Grace's face flushed, as she replied, with dignity: 'Truly, madame, you might have stated your cause of complaint in gentler terms. Since you confess yourself ignorant of my parentage, does it not occur to you that I am as likely to

prove the daughter of a duke as of a cotermonger, in which case, I presume, you would consider your son honored by an alliance with me?'

"The daughter of a duke indeed! You are nothing but a hardy adventuress; and let me tell you, miss, never presume to see my son again! Should he dare to continue to address you, in defiance of his lawful guardians, he will be disinherited; and, as it is the money and not the man you want, I have no fear as to what course you will pursue with regard to him!"

So saying, she swept from the room. Grace then wrote a short note as follows:

"DEAR CECIL: 'Your suspicions were correct. I am turned from your mother's house because I have dared to love and be loved by you. It were better for us to part now, though I can scarcely bring myself to write such dreadful words. Let me at least see you once more to say farewell. I shall stay until to-morrow at Mrs. Jones' cottage in the village. Yours, 'GRACE.'"

She then left the same address with Mrs. Gray's maid, in order that her boxes might be sent to her; and then, wrapping a dark cloak around her, and donning a face hat, she set out for Mrs. Jones', who was an old woman, and kind whom she had given money and kind words during her short residence in London; not, however, before she had stolen silently and unobserved to a sequestered part of the grounds and carefully laid her note to Cecil Gray in a hole beneath a large stone, which hole—

to judge by the careful manner in which it was made and arranged—had already been the receptacle of similar messages.

It was a glorious evening toward the close of July when, in a handsome room in a fashionable hotel in the Lake district, Cecil Gray sat alone with his beautiful bride.

The evening sunset was lighting up lakes, mountains, and woods with silent beauty.

Grace had been busy writing, but her letter was finished, and as she raised her lovely head she exclaimed:

"Oh, Cecil, how perfectly enchanting this sunset is! My darling, your love is to me what the setting sun is to nature; it fills me with a bright, rosy happiness, which changes my whole being, and makes it as bright as the setting sun makes you lovely landscape!"

"Heaven bless you for saying so, darling wife! Nothing on earth could add to the beauty of my beloved's face, that is already perfect!"

She blushed in silent happiness, and for awhile they watched the glowing scene with a joy too deep for words.

Presently he said, playfully: "And whom has my dear wife been writing to?"

"To Lady Powis," she replied, promptly, "though I must ask you in this one instance to excuse me from showing you the letter. Lady Powis is an old friend of my dear dead mother, and to her I owe more than words can express. She is immensely rich and very influential, and it was entirely my own fault that I took an engagement as governess instead of remaining with her. I have now written to her of my marriage, and it is just possible that she may be able and willing to find you some suitable appointment."

"You dear, kind, thoughtful wife! I cannot say, but I hope she may for your sake; for I fear, love, that unless something turns up, I shall have to forego the pleasure of seeing you, at least in such costly raiment as this, and this," he replied, touching almost reverently her rich black silk dress and the beautiful lace she wore around wrists and neck.

"That would never grieve me," said she, lightly. "I shall be as happy in serge as in satin, if dear Cecil only loves me."

"However, before we make up our minds to poverty, let us wait and see what Lady Powis has to say."

The return post brought a letter from Lady Powis, congratulating her dear Grace upon the happy marriage she had formed; and then went on to invite the young couple to come to her on a visit as soon as their honeymoon was ended; wishing, however, that they would come on the morning of the first of August, as on the evening of that day she was to give a grand ball—the last of the season—in honor of the return of her niece, Lady Gertrude Gordon, from a three months' visit to a cousin in Germany."

"There, now!" said Grace, clapping her pretty hands.

"But you must order a ball-dress, my love," said Cecil; "my pearl must be set in as fine gold as any other at this ball."

"Oh, leave that to me, dear," said she. "Only you must promise me not to fall in love with Lady Gertrude."

"Is she very pretty, then?"

"You shall tell me if you think her so when you see her," said Grace, laughing.

The morning of the first arrived, and found Cecil and his bride with Lady Powis by noon.

Grace was received with a loving welcome by her friend, who said that Lady Gertrude was resting for the evening, until when she would not appear.

There was to be a plain dinner before the ball, at which two old friends were to dine en famille.

The ladies were to dine in their ball-dresses to escape the fatigue and hurry of a second dressing.

When Grace appeared attired for the evening Cecil could not but marvel both at her wondrous beauty and the graceful splendor of her apparel.

She wore a dress of white satin, trimmed with real Honiton lace and bunches of clematis and lilies-of-the-valley; but more than that she glittered on her neck and arms diamonds and pearls of great value.

"Now," said she, gleefully, "this denouncement is simply charming; have I not played my part well? and has not dear auntie carried out my plans excellently? This is, I am sure, a most romantic marriage, and I believe will be as happy as romantic," said she, turning fondly to her husband.

"But, my darling," said he, with painful embarrassment, "I cannot understand this at all. Have pity and explain."

"I think I had better do that," said Lady Powis, gracefully. "My niece, like myself, is of a romantic disposition. She was the belle of the season, and her beauty and wealth brought her many admirers; but she refused them all. She told me often that she longed to be loved for herself alone, and not for her wealth and title. You," said she, turning to Cecil and Mrs. Gray, "had just returned with your son here from a long residence abroad when we saw you at the first time," continued she, addressing Cecil, "and on returning home she remarked, 'Auntie, if ever I marry it must be such a man as that.' The next day came Mrs. Gray's letter, asking me, as an old acquaintance, if I could recommend her a governess. Suddenly Gertrude declared her intention of playing the part and accepting the engagement. 'Now, auntie,' said she, 'I will see if there is a man in the world who can love Gertrude Gordon for herself alone.' It was stipulated that she should never be invited into the drawing-room, to prevent her recognition by any who had seen her in her own character. How far her plan has succeeded is seen by the fact that she is now Mrs. Cecil Gray."

"Yes," said Gertrude, turning to her mother-in-law. "It happened that Cecil and I met the first day of my residence with you, while I was walking out with Mabel, after that we met every evening under the elm tree. The pleasure of those happy hours made joyous the duties and restraints of my new position, which would otherwise have proved irksome." Then approaching Mrs. Gray—who was weeping tears of shame and mortification—said, sweetly, "Pardon, dear madame, the deception I practised upon you; and in a mother's anxiety for the welfare of her son I can cheerfully excuse your apparent harshness to me. I have no mother; let me find one now."

The languid lady bowed her head, murmuring:

"You overpower me with your goodness; I am not worthy of it."

Gertrude kissed her affectionately, and then passing to the Colonel, said: "I see I need not plead here for a father's kiss."

"Good heavens! no. I'd no idea there was such a beauty in my house, or I should have taken the young gentleman's part, and let him marry you, governess or no governess," and he took her in his arms and saluted her heartily.

She then approached her husband with a timid new to her, saying: "And Cecil—can he not forgive my deception?"

He beat forward, and raised her jeweled hand to his lips, saying: "Forgive! My darling, what have I to forgive? Rather, what have I done to deserve such love, such goodness? With the devotion of my life will I repay your generous love, my darling, my wife!"

The ball was a splendid affair, and the lovely bride far outshone all the beautiful girls present.

Great was the surprise that the belle of the season should have suddenly gone abroad, to return with a young and handsome husband.

But though gossip was busy for awhile, the affair remained a mystery and was soon forgotten.

To a very few indeed was it ever known that the lovely wife of Cecil Gray was ever his sister's governess.

FEATHERLY was sitting in the front parlor with the family, waiting for the old folks to go to bed, when Miss Smith remarked to her little brother: "I am afraid you are too heavy to sit on Mr. Featherly's knee."

"No, I'm not, am I, Mr. Featherly? I've seen you hold sister on your knee, and she's a good deal heavier than I am ain't she?"

As the old folks were snugly ensconced by the fireplace when the clock tolled eleven, Featherly took a departure with the lie on his lips that he "had passed a very pleasant evening."

A young actor, who is not remarkable for his modesty, has a very bad cough and cold. "Ah," says the manager, "you have a cold." "Which proves once more," replies the actor, smiling, "that actors are simply mortals."

M. Girard, Director of the Paris Municipal Laboratory, says that the chemical knowledge applied to the concoction of various foods and drinks is of a very high order, and would suffice to make the fortunes of the adulterators a dozen times over if applied in an honest capacity.

Mistaken Identity.

Tom Paschal is, or rather was, a San Antonio boy, about twenty-five or thirty years ago. He is now district judge of one of the judicial districts of Western Texas. He is the son of the late Judge J. A. Paschal, and nephew of Hon. G. W. Paschal, the only man who was able to digest the laws of Texas—so it will be seen that Judge Tom Paschal comes by his judicial mind honestly.

In personal appearance, he bears considerable resemblance to Captain Ben Thompson, of Austin, whose name may be familiar to some of our readers in connection with the violent death of a prominent San Antonian named Jack Harris.

Not long since, Judge Paschal was traveling, per stage, with his family over his district. He had paid for a sufficient number of seats to accommodate his family, but the energetic stage agent had crowded in a few more, and the result was that Judge Paschal had to make a kindergarten of himself for about forty miles. A father may cling to his children through thick and thin, but when his children cling to him for forty miles, he wishes he had never been born.

When the stage reached its destination, Judge Paschal hunted up the agent at that end of the line, and made a few judicious remarks about the management of that particular stage line.

As a general thing, stage agents are not remarkable for having their tempers under control, but this one was an exception. He received the rebuke of Judge Paschal with a degree of humility that was positively phenomenal. He said:

"Captain, I hope you will overlook it this time, and next time you come over the line you shall have a stage all to yourself, and it shan't cost you a cent."

After the interview was over, the stage agent said to a friend:

"If any other fellow but Captain Ben Thompson had talked to me that way, I would have made it hot for him."

"Why, you confounded fool; that was not Ben Thompson," that was Judge Paschal.

"What!" gasped the stage agent.

"I say that was Judge Paschal. He can't hit a barn door with a pistol if he were to shoot at it for a week."

"You say that galoot was only a miserable judge?"

"That's all."

"And here I have taken sass from a judge! I am a disgraced man if I don't find him."

The stage agent put on his pistol, and went over to the hotel to demand an apology, but Judge Paschal had just left on the train. If the agent had found him there would no doubt have been a tragedy.

Do not doubt the stage agent would have at least rolled Judge Paschal in the mud, when the interview took place, if it had not been that he was fully persuaded he was talking to Ben Thompson, whose skill as a marksman is celebrated all over the country.

One Woman's Fate.

A correspondent said: I shall never forget one woman who attracted the attention of at least 50,000 people a day for several months in a carpet factory near the elevated road, Cincinnati. Business men who came down in the morning and were obliged to get off at Chatham square, so as to connect with the branch road to the city hall, watched the women curiously as they waited for their trains. At night when they waited in the same place they watched them again until their train came along. More than 50,000 men did this every day in the year.

One morning in the early part of May last year the eyes of every man were attracted toward the southern window of the building—the one nearest the station. A new-comer had taken charge of the machine which faced the window. She was a remarkably handsome woman, and she charmed the eyes of the multitude from the moment she made her appearance. She had a superb figure, shapely arms, magnificent black eyes, lots of color and regular features. Occasionally she glanced down at the multitude who watched her eagerly, but she never smiled at the duds nor gave the slightest glance of recognition at the bankers, brokers and respectable merchants who gazed at her.

When she first appeared her back hair was drawn neatly down over her forehead and gathered in a tight roll at the back of her head. She wore a bit of something white about her neck, and looked refreshing and pretty. This was just before the hot weather began. Gradually the woman began to fade; the heavy carpet which she was compelled to stich became dusty, and the glare from the street and the heat of the air made the work more and more trying every day. She began to show traces of fatigue; she grew heavy-eyed; her hair, which had formerly been neatly arranged, was allowed to straggle over her brow, and the neatness which had characterized her whole appearance disappeared before the oppression of the heat and the awful amount of work which she was obliged to do every day. Her face grew thinner and thinner, the color departed from her cheeks and black circles came under her eyes. The 50,000 men stared at her every day, observed the change and commented upon it.

By the time the scorching heat of July had come she had wasted away to a mere skeleton. The pale and weak check was heightened by a hectic flush, and her eyes were unnaturally bright. The 50,000 men looked at her and bet ten to five among themselves that she wouldn't last until August 1. Those who had put up money on the endurance of the poor creature were more interested in her than ever. One passenger, a prominent broker whom I knew, said to me one morning:

"I look for that face at the window and for the roof of the produce exchange every morning with the utmost anxiety. If that face goes away before August 1, I shall lose \$25."

The broker lost his money. Shortly before August 1 the 50,000 men were shocked or gladdened, as the case might be, by seeing in the place of the beautiful girl, who had so long sat framed in by the window, a raw-boned, scrawny and

freckled woman, with a face so positively ugly that it would stop a Chinese funeral. Speculation was rife as to what had become of the girl. One day three of us were going up town about 3 o'clock in the afternoon in August, talking as usual about the carpet girl, when somebody proposed that we should go up into the carpet house and ask about her. For a moment it seemed a rash and dreadful thing to do. But after a little thought we descended the steps and climbed to the second story of the building. When we got there we were stared at by several hundred employees, and gazed unmercifully until we found the superintendent. He was a little man, with a quick, nervous manner, and a bald head. We stated our errand to him as quickly as possible. He said:

"It is astonishing how much interest the girl created. You are only three of 3,000 men who have come up to ask about her. Her history was not remarkable in any respect, and she is now doing quite well."

"What has become of her?"

"You seem very anxious to know," said the little man with a very hard twinkle of his right eye as he stared at us.

"Well, what the deuce did become of her?"

"She married," said the little man ironically. "There was another dreary pause. Finally, I mustered up courage enough to say:

"What?" said the little man. Then we left.

Etiquette For Chinese Women.

A young girl walking in the street must not turn her head round; nor at home is she to glance slyly at visitors. She is to remember, moreover, that girls who are always laughing and talking are not esteemed; and that virtuous women have been honored from the earliest times. The philosopher, Mendez, grieved when he saw his mother break her shuttle; the woman Tsou threw herself on to a sword in order to save her husband's life, the mother of Ao, being so poor that she could not buy writing materials, taught her son to read by tracing characters in the sand. Women should be able to read, write and use the counting machine, so as to be in a position to direct a household. They should read books of piety and stories of morality in action, while avoiding love-poetry, songs and anecdotes. Women should be reserved; and they are cruelly enjoined never to occupy themselves with other people's affairs. Men ought never to talk of domestic matters, while women should never talk of anything else. While a visitor is in the drawing-room the lady of the house should not be heard raising her voice in the kitchen. Women are not to paint their faces and wear striking colors for the insufficient reason that if they do men will look at them. Young women, as well as young men, are to be dutiful to their parents and always in a good humor, even when their father and mother are not. They are to ask them whether they are hot or whether they are cold, to take them food and drink and to furnish them with new boots and shoes. When a young girl is grown up and married to an honest man she must not forget her parents, and once or twice a year must seek permission of her husband to go and see them. "From the highest antiquity until the present day the rule in marriage has been that the husband commands and the wife obeys." Virtue for a wife consists in having an equal temper, and to arrive at this point a man's conduct, described Washington as the best city in the world for a future residence. "We want nothing here," he said, "but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women and other little trifles of this kind, to make our city perfect."

In Jefferson's Time.

The habits of the last century in respect to decorum were just receding, men were—for better or worse—ceasing to occupy themselves about personal externals, and the customary suit of solemn black was only just coming into vogue. The old regime was dying, and its disappearance was as conspicuous in England as in France, in America as in England. This is easily illustrated.

If we were to read in some old collection of faded letters a woman's animated description of a country visit paid to one who seemed the counterpart of Addison's Sir Roger de Coverly, we should naturally assume that the date and address of the letter must be very far away in space and time. Suppose that the narrator should tell us of a fine country house surrounded by lofty elms forming two avenues, the one leading to the high road, the other to the village church. There are familiar portraits in the hall, a bookcase containing the first edition of the Spectator, and a buffet of old plate and rare china. The guest remains over Sunday, and her host, wearing wig and cocked hat and red cloak, escorts her down the avenue of elms through the rural churchyard to the village church. At every step they pass villagers who make profound obeisance, and at the conclusion of the service the whole congregation remains standing until this ancient gentleman and his friends have passed down the broad aisle. Who would not fancy this a scene from some English hamlet in the days of Queen Anne? Yet it all took place in the present century, and in the quiet village of Harvard, Vt., and a little more than thirty miles from Boston, and now only noted as the abode of a little Shaker community and the scene of Howell's Un discovered Country. The narrator was the late Mrs. Josiah Quincy, and her host was Henry Bromfield, elder brother of the well-known benefactor of the Boston Athenaeum. He was simply a "survival" of the old way of living. He spoke of State street as King street, and Summer street as Seven-Star lane, and his dress and manners were like his phrases. Such survivals were still to be found here and there all over the country at the precise time when Jefferson became President and shocked Mr. Merry with his morning slippers and Mr. Sullivan by opening his doors to all the world.

Jefferson's way of living in Washington exhibited a profuse and rather slovenly hospitality, which at last left him deeply in debt. He kept open house, and had eleven servants (slaves) in his plantation, besides a French cook and steward and an Irish coachman. His long dining-room was crowded every day, according to one witness, who tested his hospitality for sixteen days in succession; it was essentially a bachelor establishment, he being then a widower, and we hear of ladies among his visitors. There was no etiquette at these grand dinners; they sat down at four and talked till midnight. The city of Washington was still a frontier settlement, in that phase of those outposts when they consist of many small cabins and one hotel, at which everybody meets. The White House was the hotel; there was no "society" anywhere else, because nobody else had a drawing-room large enough to receive it. Pennsylvania avenue was still an abyss of yellow mud, on which nobody could walk and where carriages were benighted. Governor Morris, of New York, described Washington as the best city in the world for a future residence. "We want nothing here," he said, "but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women and other little trifles of this kind, to make our city perfect."

He Didn't Engage Her.

A young lady went to an intelligence office the other day, and, as there was no girl in the line, sat down to wait for one. She is a Jefferson avenue belle, and leads the gay procession in society circles. She is also a good daughter and model housekeeper, taking all the care of a large establishment off her mother's ageing shoulders.

As she sat and waited in the intelligence office a gentleman whom she knew came in to get a girl; she had met him at a social reception a few nights previous, he in full evening dress, she in a costume of pink and Spanish lace, with roses in her hair. He had whispered sweet words of admiration to her, and she had blushed beneath his too ardent gaze. It was only a rehearsal of that foolish old play, "Love's Young Dream," but it had left pleasant memories with both.

She could not help showing she was glad to meet him again, and she half rose. But he passed her to speak to the woman at the desk, who supplied "help" to domestic Macondos.

"My brother's family are in need of a girl, Mrs.—. Can you send one up there to-day?"

"No, sir," said the woman stolidly, "she ain't in now."

"Why won't this one do?" asked the gentleman curiously, turning upon the young lady, who in her plain walking dress and veiled turban sat trembling with apprehension.

"Oh, Brother Taylor, how glad I am to see you! How well you are looking!" The white-haired old gentleman thanked her for the compliment, and said yes, he was feeling very well, indeed. The good sister continued: "It's been nearly three years, Brother Taylor, since I was this close to you, and it makes me feel so happy to think that you are still here to lead us."

The reverential looking individual passed a moment, and looking wistfully into the submissive eyes, said: "And do you think I'm a good Mormon, sister?" "Think, Brother Taylor," responded the woman, looking fully into the gentleman's face, "why, I know you are the best Mormon that ever lived, and I love you more—" Here the venerable looking gentleman saw the predicament in which he was being placed, and not desiring to carry the joke too far, stammered out: "Why, why, I'm not John Taylor! I'm not a Mormon; I'm a Gentle, and I'm chairman of the Utah commission, and my name is Alexander Ramsay." The woman nearly fainted, and as the commissioner assisted her into the house she was heard to remark: "Well, you're a fine-looking man anyhow."

A conceited and vain person is generally a very selfish one, and such are therefore incapable of impartial judgment.

Music is introduced at the Cereal Club dinners so that every member can have an oat.

CHICKEN PATTER.—Chop very fine the dry poorest bits left from baked chicken; season carefully with pepper, salt and a little chopped celery. Make a light puff-paste, roll a quarter of an inch thick, cut with a neatly shaped paste-cutter; lay a narrow strip of the paste all around; then put some of the mince on the paste; cut another piece the same size and lay over. Roll fifteen minutes. This makes a very desirable dish.