Cousin Julia forced a smile. "Don't make the discussion personal, Mr. Plunkett," she said, feebly.

"Oh?" He laughed again, insolently. "I had cards of invitation for two years to your Club-minuet, sent by Mrs. Hayes, Patroness! I wonder if it was my descent that moved her? Why, you must have known my grandfather, old Zack Plunkett? A beastly old devil! It was my father that made the money. Zack peddled salt fish and canned oysters all through Pennsylvania. Yes, he did. Now don't pretend you never heard that, ma'am. I'm not ashamed of it! I don't care a rap what my grandfather did, so's *I* don't have to peddle fish and oysters!"

Soudé stared dully at him, amazed. Mrs. Dane nervously adjusted her papers on the desk. Milly stitched on, with downcast eyes. The silence lasted uncomfortably long. David broke it with a loud laugh.

"No. It wasn't my descent from the old peddler that opened the door of your club to me. I know what it was well enough! So do you. I tore up the cards and threw them in the fire. Mrs. Hayes may look elsewhere for a gilded calf to set up in your club." The huge lad gathered himself to his feet, standing erect with a certain clumsy dignity. "If she couldn't see that, I should have been asked for other reasons than my money—other reasons—" He touched himself upon the breast, and stood silent a minute.

"God! It's a mean world!" he broke out, turning his back on them and going to the window. Mrs. Dane started up, with a motherly impulse of pity, but catching the look of cold disgust in Milly's calm eyes which followed him, she sat down, abashed.

John Soudé lazily reflected a moment upon the discomfort of having anything to do with underbred people. Who cared to hear that the fellow's grandfather sold fish? It never had occurred to John in his life to talk of his grandfather. The world knew the Soudés as it knew the signs of the zodiac. He sank back into meditations on Mildred's darting needle. The silence was unbroken.

Presently Miss Warrick, searching for her silks, took a small ivory box from her basket and opened it.

John started forward, alive, tingling through all of his lazy body. Great heavens! His letters! The poor newspaper slips, folded away among her little treasures! He leaned forward and touched them with his finger, breathing hard.

"Do you—is it possible, Miss Warrick, that you really care for these things?" he whispered.

Milly flushed, looking ready to cry. "Of course I care for them," she said, forcing a laugh. "You have been so kind to me, and I—I never had a brother."

A brother? Soudé did not answer. Mrs. Dane began to flutter her papers at the other end of the room, and that vulgar mass, Plunkett, came close, and as usual seemed to choke and foul the atmosphere for all about him.

John started up, took his hat, and went out. He reached the quiet street and walked down it in a dull heat of anger, he knew not why.

But one thing was certain, he was no brother for her!

In a few minutes he rushed away breathless to a little shop in St. Francis Street, where he knew that some sketches of the suburbs, made by a poor artist, were sold. He turned them over, breathless.

Ah, it is—the very spot! The old pier from which she fell, the rippling bay, the live-oaks! The shopman, eying him keenly, doubled the price of the picture. John carried it to his room, chuckling triumphantly.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Soudé had been asked to go with the Northern party that evening down the bay. While he smoked his pipe delirious visions thrilled him of the boat drifting through star-lit mists, of a soft figure scattering the perfume of roses. When he boarded the boat there were the starlight and the mist, but instead of the soft white figure, Cousin Julia, lorgnette to her eyes, stepping about like a drill sergeant, and Plunkett everywhere, a mass of offence.

Soudé pushed through the crowd of laughing girls and men. He hated them all. Was he never to have her for a moment to himself?

The boat was in motion. From the farther end of the deck came, he fancied, a faint scent of roses. The women were all in dark travelling gowns, but yonder, in the shadow, was a little drift of softness and silvery gray, and a childish face peering out of some airy whiteness.

A lamp overhead threw a single beam of light upon her. John leaned over her, and laid the little picture on her knee. "I thought," he said, "that sometime you might like to remember how happy you had once made a poor fellow for a day."

Milly held it for a moment, and then, without a word, looked up at him. Were ever eyes so meek and so innocent?

David was watching them. "Does Milly accept presents from strangers?" he demanded of Mrs. Dane. "D'ye see that scoundrel?"

"Hush-h! Dear Mr. Plunkett! It is nothing—some worthless trifle," she said.

David thumped across the deck and bent over Mildred. "Specimen of Southern art, eh?" he grunted, contemptuously.

But Milly held it tightly. He should not pollute it with his touch or his look!

David understood her plainly. He drew back, and when Soudé hurried her away to the bow of the boat, stood staring after them with no more self-control than an animal, not caring who saw the hurt and rage in his face.

"Come away!" panted John. "Can I never see you alone? What right has that brute to speak to you? To assume authority over you?"

He was on fire with a sudden mad jealousy, but Milly looked quietly up at him, saying nothing.

They were far apart from the others, in the shadow; the vast plane of shining water parting before them, as they came, the blue heavens listening overhead.

In this great silent world they two were alone together at last. His fingers touched her warm hand as it lay on his arm. Poor little girl! Was that old Jezebel selling her to that beast for his thirty millions? John clutched the soft hand in his. He did not think. He was frenzied with hate of yonder fat boor. He would tear the girl out of his clutches—he would kill her before Plunkett should lay a finger on her. She was so helpless, so dear!

So dear? Was it *that?*

The whole world seemed to swerve and change about him. It had come! It was she for whom he had been waiting all of his life. Theresa would say so. Theresa had always laughed at his loves and fancies, but she would be in earnest now about this girl.

He talked fast and incoherently; he did not know of what, and neither did Milly know. She was out of herself to-night. Her self was in Luxborough, a middle-aged woman screwing a penny from the butcher or slaving for old Eliza Joyce. Here, she was a child—a child! The warm air kissed her cheeks, the heavens stopped to listen, the vast enchanted water was parting before them as they came, and this man was close to her, so strange, so much better known to her than any living creature.

But if he knew her as she was at home!

Soudé was pouring out words with furious haste.

"I have no right to tell you this. The time is so short. Two weeks ago you did not know that I was in the world. You don't know anything about me now, only that I am a well-born pauper; but I love you. I love you so much that it seems as if you must give me something"—his whole big frame panted; the fingers that touched hers were cold.

"If you will be my wife. I—what? What did you say?"

"The short time doesn't matter," Milly said, with a sobbing laugh.

He stooped to see her face.

It might have been minutes, it might have been hours, that she floated on through space, with his arms about her and his whispers in her ear.

Suddenly she tore herself out of his arms passionately.

"I'm not good enough! Oh, I'm not good enough!" she cried. "You don't know me. I'm such a miserable little fraud."

John laughed, and began to soothe her with yet tenderer words and caresses. He felt very old and masterful. He knew how to control any nervous little girl!

The honest fellow talked on while Milly sobbed and trembled, watching his face wistfully.

Up to that moment she had marched complacently on her measured little path. Even when she had knelt to pray, or when she had taken the sacred bread and wine into her lips, she had never had a doubt of her own complete excellence.

But now, when this coarse, commonplace man put his faith in her, she thrust it back—she could have shrieked aloud in shame and humiliation.

The Holy Spirit makes its way to some souls through queer byways.

But Milly, after all, did not speak again of her shame. After a few minutes, she was sorry that she had spoken of it at all.

She began to find her footing again in the cyclone. While John's heart was choking him with its throbs of passion and pride, hers fell back into its calm, steady beat, and left her alert brain to its usual work.

"Come, we must find your father!" he said.

He would have swept down upon them all with his triumph. He wanted to take the whole world into his joy.

But Milly tugged at his arm, and held him quiet by main force. "Oh no! You must tell nobody! Promise me that you will tell nobody for a week," she said, breathlessly.

"But your father? I must speak to Doctor Warrick."

"Oh, not for a week! He will do as I wish—he always does. But I have a reason—a week. Give me my own way in this, Mr. Soudé."

"Call me John, then. Now, look at me—in the eyes. Now!—'John.'"

She had her own way, of course. He loved her all the more for the sweet shyness which would keep their engagement a secret to themselves.

When they left the boat that evening with the others, however, he suspected that everybody guessed it, and led her ashore with a proud sense of ownership, the more exultant because of the attentive crowd and of Plunkett, standing near, dumb and watchful.

When Milly reached the hotel she hurried to her room and locked the door. Anne tapped at it gently, but she gave no answer.

What was Anne, or her father? Strangers—aliens! There was but one human being in the world, and he loved her! She wanted now to be alone with him. She paced up and down the room, pressing her hands to her face. Here he had kissed her, here and here! The blood yet leaped to the spot.

Presently she sat down to think out her plan. It was all to give him happiness. What else did she care for now on earth?

He had called himself a "well-born pauper." Even in that first moment when she knew that he loved her she had heard the words and keenly noted them. She was glad that he was poor! She would make him rich!

Mines in Montana, railway shares, government bonds, rivers running gold—he should be richer than Aladdin! She would give all to him!

Mildred threw herself down upon the floor; her hands were clasped about her knees, her eyes uplifted as she counted over these things as a starving saint might reckon the joys of Heaven. Her eyes glittered, her lips grew white in an ecstasy. She reckoned them over again and again.

She had received yesterday a letter from Doctor Weems saying that Mrs. Joyce was sinking fast. She had kept silent about it. She could not go to her in time, and there was no use in breaking up the boating party. Mrs. Dane and her father, if they heard it, might think some show of mourning proper. What good could that do?

In a week—to-morrow?

All these things would be hers and she could pour them into his hands.

She had a fancy that no one should know of their betrothal until she could openly come to him with this royal dower.

"What do I care for money?" she muttered, as she crept, shivering, into bed. "It is nothing—nothing, but to make him happy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COUNTING THE COST.—SUFFRAGE.

REGARDING the much-agitated question of granting the suffrage to women, it would seem at first glance but just that as the work of the world is shared by the hitherto exempt half of humanity, the privilege of suffrage should also be shared by them. To pause a moment at the word privilege is perhaps necessary, as the word *right* is by many felt to be the only proper term here applied—on this ground, in chief, that to suffer taxation without representation is the foundation-stone of an unjust governing of man or woman. It seems, however, difficult to adjust this argument to the question, when it is remembered that under our present laws minors holding property are also not represented by any vote whatever, being therefore taxed without representation and with little protest. The appointed guardian of a minor may vote for the interests of his ward's property if it so pleases him, but that lies in his pleasure, for he has no dual vote. It is his own vote alone which he casts, representing his individual interests, which may be quite inimical to those of his ward. Also, the man who owns property in several States may only vote for the interests of that property which lies in the one State where he lives, while the remaining acres lie subject to State taxes and wholly unrepresented.

Waiving these points, and granting that the suffrage is, after all, a right and not a privilege, even a right must be earned by something more than the taxes paid; and it behooves the women of America to count up their moral coin, and see if that sum is purchase-money sufficient.

The oldest and perhaps the best-known plea of those who most strenuously deny the right of suffrage to women is the old "ballot-and-bullet" cry, founded on the theory that the ballot is, after all, but averted war, a means of discovering bloodlessly which party has the stronger army in the field, and which, if the bullet were resorted to, might outfight the other.

To-day, surely, this is a dead definition of the dignity of the ballot. In a time of peace policies, of commissioners of arbitration, and in a country avowedly a peace-loving land, we cannot look upon each ballot as a counted bullet. Indeed if we did so, it would not be quite the case. There are numbers of ballots cast by numbers of men whose names would stand on the list "exempt in case of war." The physically unfit and the aged men of our country are all exempt from military duty, and yet retain the right to vote.

In times of peace the services required of a voter take the calmer shape of jury-serving and possibly office-holding; but from even this peace duty the aged and weak and the educators of the youth of the country are generally and properly exempt. Almost every woman might also plead at least one of these accepted excuses to escape active war or peace service.

But apart from all this and beyond it, the motherhood services of a woman are surely as great a boon to her country as any war or peace tribute rendered by the sons she bears.

The duties of maternity should represent a woman's quota rendered, and her honorable excuse from such further service. If the ballot is merely a right to be bought by some service rendered (and is not a privilege that should be even more judicially guarded), then every mother in the country buys her right to vote.

A mother of seven sons once wrote to the Secretary of War a letter which created a sensation at the time. In this letter she urged the fact that her country was in her debt. "To it," she said, "I have given seven sons, and educated them all as carefully as I could. Now I write to ask what will you, who represent my country, do for me in return?"

The answer was a clear acknowledgment of the debt, and an appointment to the navy for one of the seven boys, whose boast ever after was that his mother's wit and force alone had earned this advantage for him. It is entirely true that many a woman has no such excuse or tribute to offer, being unmarried, or married and childless, but both of these states are what may be termed unstable. Though a woman may by chance be better fitted for public life than for marriage or motherhood, this does not seem to prevent the course of natural selection nor maternity. Such an event as was chronicled of a Western town, where a married woman, elected to fill the mayor's chair, became by an unfortunate sequence of events a mayor and a mother on the same memorable day, appears as a grim commentary of fate, recalling us to the underlying facts of life that will not be ignored. Even spinsterhood cannot protect a woman from maternal duties. Indeed, it often seems that the "desolate hath more children than she that hath an husband."

"No, my dear," said such an old spinster to a hesitating young friend, "you needn't think to escape responsibilities by not marrying. I warn you now it's far easier to take care of your own babies than somebody else's. I never had any of the compensations of marriage, yet I have brought up fifteen children for my sisters. Everybody's married responsibilities will perch on the shoulders of the unattached woman like birds on a bare bough, and unless you're a worthless twig you cannot drive them away."

The old spinster spoke truly, but not for her own sex alone. The unexpected responsibilities of whole families of helpless relatives drop constantly on the shoulders of unattached mankind, but while these latter must labor the more strenuously to meet the burden, they do not have to become "home-keeping youth" to accomplish that end.

Shift the question as we will, those important services which women render the state, and which should in turn render them exempt from active state service in war or peace, are at the same time *home-keeping services*, which are not calculated to fit women's wits for governmental powers.

Those who walk observingly among the poorer classes may at any time overhear political discussions, often of the most subtle character, carried on among working-men over the tin dinner-pails, or even continued into the heat of labor.

There are no such topics of discussion passing over the wash-tubs at home, nor does it follow that this is because there is no vote at stake among the washers. An honor unearned has never been known to educate. The ballot to the negro, necessary as it was, has been rather a hindrance to his ambition than a spur to his wits.

A little higher in the scale we find that the average

woman (not that minority to whom higher education is granted) does not have in those surroundings where her life work more or less confines her the politically educative influences which surround the man at work. She is not in constant contact with her intellectual peers, not even with her equals. She is with her mental inferiors. Her children and her servants may teach her much in tenderness, patience, observation, and even sterner virtues, but they do not stimulate her intellect or widen her outside point of view.

It is she who teaches and dictates, queen of her small island.

"To make a fine man," said an old observer of his kind, "it is necessary that the subject should be knocked flat, metaphorically speaking, at least once a day."

It is just this kind of education that a man gets out in the world where his work leads him. And it is just this order of education that is most lacking and most needed for the womankind who also desire to become a part of the great political world outside their four walls. To be knocked down and accept the fact as wholesome is not yet a womanly characteristic.

The queen of an island, however tiny, never forgets her crown and state; yet these she must forget if she means to work in the world with equal intellectual rights of every kind. Equal rights, as she must learn, means equal both ways—fair fighting first of all, and with no unearned concessions to domestic crowns and feminine weakness. And yet how gracefully that charming crown has been carried, for how many generations!

The island realm has, it is true, been too often as a prison; the diadem has been too heavy, at times even cruelly oppressive of the fair brows beneath; but now that it seems resting so uncertainly upon their heads, not unlike a vanishing halo, is there one of us who does not watch its danger with a sigh?

The simple paying of tax money seems not enough to purchase governmental powers, nor yet faithful home-keeping services rendered. Something yet more seems demanded of womanhood before she earns the suffrage, and, while we may, let us hesitate, counting the cost of the new demand and all that it means to purchase a new world.

MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

THROUGH THE PYRENEES.

BIARRITZ—A DAY IN SPAIN.

IT is possible to leave Paris in the morning and reach Biarritz—the best point of entrance to the Pyrenees—the same night; but it is wiser to break the journey by stopping over at Bordeaux, where the Paris express must be exchanged for a local train. A glimpse of an exceptionally fine city and a comfortable night's rest in a good hotel enable one to bear philosophically the tedious delays along the road between Bordeaux and Bayonne, covering a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, through wastes of stunted pines and tangled undergrowth very strongly resembling the country in the environs of Lakewood, New Jersey. From the station at Bayonne a "train" and a queerly constructed suburban railroad are prepared to convey passengers on to Biarritz; but after the dusty ride in the cars, the most attractive way of overcoming the intervening five miles is to take one of the open carriages (called, in deference to the English, milords) sent from the hotels, and drive over the perfect roads, breathing in the delicious air, heavily scented with balsam, and touched by the freshness of the sea. We thought it amusing and strange to roll along to the music of the bells with which the horses' collars were profusely decorated, and we were not a little impressed by the coachman's astonishing livery—silver-laced coat, red waistcoat with silver buttons, and a tall glazed hat trimmed with silver braid. As we drove into the court-yard of the enormous Hôtel d'Angleterre, this magnificent personage cracked his whip in the jauntiest possible manner, bringing out a Russian concierge and other employés, who were chattering together in their native tongue, calling occasionally some phrase in the patois of the place to our driver, and by the confusion of sounds somewhat preparing our ears for that mixture of French, Spanish, and all foreign language which proved at once so puzzling and interesting while we lingered in Biarritz.

A wondering look at the vast dimensions of the Salon de Lecture, with its beautiful view of the water, and we were ready to wander into the streets, look at the collection of curios and Parisian creations common to all European watering-places, study the peculiar characteristics of the Russian Church, and gaze at the villa once occupied by the Empress Eugénie. Biarritz certainly deserves its reputation as a famous and beautiful resort. English people frequent it in the winter and spring, French and Spanish visitors are to be found in abundance during the summer months, while Russians (there were twelve hundred and seventy-five last season) select September for their coming, remaining till late in the fall in order to follow up their annual cures at Carlsbad, Cauterets, or Aix by a course of invigorating sea-baths in the Bay of Biscay.

The beach at Biarritz is broad and extensive; the neighboring rocks are grouped together effectively, their rich colors striking a strong note against the cool green of the bay—a green which turns in the varying lights to a blue which rivals the vivid intensity of the Mediterranean. Far in the distance chains of the Pyrenees stretch their graceful lines, and purple lights shadow their lofty peaks. Near the *plage* is a Moorish bathing-house, and this is a scene of indescribable animation and brightness. Flower-girls, tradesmen of all nations bearing gay and striking wares, pastry-cooks doing a thriving business among the hungry children, who devour startling numbers of brioches in an incredibly short space of time, Nounous with gorgeous caps and bright streamers floating in the wind, and here and there the Spanish nurses with their black hair braided down their backs, tied with broad black ribbons, and surmounted by a tiny frilled cap fastened by large golden pins. On the beach red and white tents are dotted about everywhere, arranged umbrella fashion, to be folded up on a moment's notice. Whole families spend their morning on the sands under the shelter of these little awnings, around which toddling children with disproportionately large white muslin hats seem like moving mushrooms of an unusually ample variety, while their boon companions, the little fox-terriers or big black poodles, tear frantically about in circles. The bathers, draped Arab fashion in long loose cloaks, to be discarded with their slippers on plunging into the sea, pass down from all points of the établissement singly or in groups—mysterious shadows, which may prove beautiful Spanish girls, pale priests, or robust French matrons; one will never know, they are so completely disguised by the drapery thrown over heads and forms. The thought that San Sebastian was within a few hours' journey from Biarritz proved irresistible, and one lovely morning we started off for a day in Spain.

Along the road to La Negresse station we passed hay-wagons drawn by huge oxen, their heads covered by white sheepskin, and decorated with cool ferns to protect them from the heat of the sun. Once on the train Spanish types presented themselves—a woman with a mantilla chattering that delightfully illusive mixture of gutturals and soft open vowels, and pretty children with fascinating depths of color in their brown-black eyes. At Irun we descended and threw ourselves into a bedlam of exclamatory cries from custom-house officials and employés, disentangling ourselves eventually and selecting from the rickety vehicles drawn up for our approval one which seemed likely to hold together under our weight. We arranged with our tall Basque guide to take us first to Fuenterrabia, an ancient town of Basque origin. Crossing the Bidassoa—a mere thread of a stream—we passed women walking lightly and with erect forms in spite of the heavy burdens borne on their heads and the quaint terra-cotta water-jugs carried upon their arms.

The Basque type is utterly unlike that presented by other natives of Spain—blue eyes, fair hair, oval faces, with long regular features, and an expression of great vigor and independence form personal characteristics of this race. Fuenterrabia, where many of them abide, lies two miles beyond Irun, and the entrance to this ancient city is marked by an arch with Fuenterrabia's name and a legend carved upon the stone. Passing beneath the arch, one discovers a long narrow street, thoroughly antique and Spanish in its architecture, the houses being large buildings bearing coats of arms upon their façades, with balconies of fine iron-work jutting out from the stone foundations, over the street. The upper part of this principal thoroughfare contains a large church of antique exterior, the interior proving a splendid example of the lavish luxuriance of Spanish cathedrals. There is a separate gallery for women, in keeping with old-time customs, and adjoining the church an old castle may be noticed, the ruin dating back to the tenth century. Children play happily in the sombre streets, and the occupants of the houses seem in no wise affected by the mysterious uncertainty as to the origin of their race.

The Basque music differs in every respect from the rhythmic melodies heard throughout Spain. It is almost all written in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, and has a martial and virile character which indicates its connection with wars and hardships innumerable. Two more hours and we had driven through the old town of Passajes, with its picturesque harbor—between the Jaizquivil and the Mount Ulia—its queer old houses, Plaza de los Toros, and its large buildings identified with the wine and liqueurs industries; and then we came suddenly upon beautiful modern San Sebastian. The waters of the Concha were sparkling in dazzling sunlight beneath a sapphire sky, and a man-of-war, gay with flags and streamers, lay in the harbor. High up beyond the royal bathing-house—a Moorish edifice painted in rich colors, with gilded coat of arms and royal insignia as decorations—could be seen the Villa Miramar, the summer-house of the little Spanish King and his mother, the Queen Regent. The road leading from the esplanade to the villa was rendered still more bright by the presence of royal guards in uniforms of black cocked hats ornamented with white trimmings, black dress coats with scarlet plastrons, white knee-breeches, and black leggings with gold buttons—a particularly effective and well-gotten-up attire, carried off with great style by the tall slender Spaniards thus arrayed. An arch and various gateways were heavily wreathed with floral garlands and inscriptions. "Viva Alfonso," "La Reina Regente," could be seen at every turn.

As the procession, with little Alfonso, Queen Christina, and their attendants, drove under these emblems of goodwill and devotion, pedestrians and carriages drawn up in line on either side, one could not fancy a more beautiful and picturesque sight. The streets of San Sebastian—the Avenida de la Libertad, the Calle Mayor, and other streets—are all wide avenues, lined with large hotels, handsome shops, a magnificent casino, and quantities of cafés. There are wide plazas, a casa consistorial, or town-hall, and in this portion of the town the arcaded houses have balconies on all stories, that they may command full view of festivals in the squares.

The promenade, government buildings, and a fine Renaissance church—St. Mary's—are well worth inspection. As the luncheon hours approached, we were obliged to trust to the tender mercies of the Spanish waiters in a café, and sipped Spanish chocolate—prepared without milk—sweetened by a long cake of sugar and white of egg stirred into the mixture, adding other local specialties of equally enticing singularity to our *al fresco* repast. Must it be owned that hours of our precious time—the first day spent on Spanish soil—were occupied in searching for the large decorative advertisements of bull-fights? We had bought fans and Spanish lace, and were seized with the desire to obtain one of the flame-colored *affiches* posted up to tell of an impending bull-fight.

Could we see the amphitheatre? we asked, breathlessly. It was outside the town—with a shrug—quite beyond the railway, and there was nothing to see except on gala occasions. Could we buy a Notizie de los Toros? Ah!—accompanied by a sympathetic smile—Señor Arrano arranged all things pertaining to los Toros; he was on the square below, and—he was very amiable. We were profuse in our thanks, and hurried off to exert our persuasive powers in our best Spanish, only to find Señor Arrano out, but to discover willing employés in his establishment, and to issue triumphantly from its inner regions the proud possessors of a bundle of notizie some five feet long. Even our coachman had been enlisted in the cause, and with Señor Arrauo's clerks was all vivacity, unrolling *affiche* after *affiche* for our approval, the good little Spaniards going down on their knees to write in legible characters the name of each hero under his portrait, carrying us, with much gesticulation, to admire paintings on the walls, showing *los toros* in their savage state, and smiling complacently as they called our attention to the especial bull—"he that killed Espantero, the best of all." If our formidable roll of notizie proved something of a white elephant, we cherished it for the memory of those simple children of the South, and their waving hands and cordial *à riveritas* were our last memory of San Sebastian as we drove to the station to return to our paths through the mountains of the Pyrenees.

G. W. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

CALVA.—Read article entitled "How to Keep Straight Hair in Curl," etc., in BAZAR, Vol. XXVIII., No. 32.

ANNIE L.—For the centre of a library table such as you describe an embroidered scarf would not be as fashionable as to have a small mat to rest the lamp on, and to leave the rest of the table bare, with the books, writing materials, etc., resting on the polished wood; a large writing-pad is appropriate on such a table and saves the wood. Make the mat of any material that will harmonize with the other colors in the room; it can be embroidered in a small pattern on art satin, brocade, or fancy canvas, and lined. Plush is handsome, but the other materials are newer. When an "at home" means a large reception, it is proper to make an after-call; when it is simply a small tea, such a call is not necessary; but in the case you mention it would be correct to make an after-call, even if the reception was a very small affair.

SUBSCRIBER No. 5.—It is not customary for the bride to enter the church alone with her maid of honor, but at a quiet wedding where the bride is married in her travelling dress it can be done; she should not take the arm of her maid of honor, but walk up the aisle to the altar at her side in step with her; the groom should enter and stand with his best man. It would hardly be proper to send formal engraved cards of invitation to a wedding to people living at a distance and give verbal invitations to those living in the same place. Such a distinction is never made. The bride or her parents write notes of invitation to the relatives and friends whom they wish to attend the wedding ceremony, and after the wedding announcement cards are sent to all the friends and relatives of the bride and groom, or else invitations to the church ceremony are sent to a few, and invitations to the house to every one invited, or *vice versa*; but in any case invitations should be sent in the same form to all. The bride's at-home cards may be enclosed in the envelopes with the wedding invitations, but it is in better taste for her to have simply "at home," address, date, etc., engraved on them, not her future married name, unless they are sent out after the wedding. If verbal invitations are given to a church wedding, the bride or her mother should extend them, not a servant; such invitations should be given about two weeks before the wedding. Written invitations should be sent by mail about the same time.

L. MAY C.—An invitation to a golden wedding can be engraved in gold letters on a sheet of note-paper, or written in gold ink in the following form:

1845. 1895.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brown
at home
Wednesday evening, September eleventh, eighteen
hundred and ninety-five
from eight until ten o'clock
On the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding
Address
Maiden name of hostess Name of host

This is the form for a reception in the evening. If they wish to go to the church in the morning, a regular form of invitation is not necessary. For the occasion you write of I should advise your mother to wear a light gray silk or satin made very plainly, with some soft fine white lace about the throat, and, if possible, some articles of attire that she wore when she was married, as it is customary to do so at such a celebration; if she is in the habit of wearing a cap, she can wear it on this occasion, or have her hair arranged in some simple way with no ornaments. It would be pretty for the children and grandchildren to walk up the aisle before them, two by two, the youngest entering first. Golden-rod would be a very pretty and most appropriate flower to use for decoration, and can be combined with the pretty soft wild carrot; the daughters and granddaughters can carry bouquets of these, and the youngest grandchild, as you suggest, can be dressed in white and yellow. The daughters should receive with the old people at the evening reception, and can be dressed in any light evening gown. The supper table can be placed at one end of the dining-room, and the supper served by waiters who understand what is necessary for such an occasion; the table should be decorated with flowers, and have a large wedding-cake with the dates done in gilded figures on the frosting. A good supper for such an entertainment would be: Bouillon, chicken croquettes, salads, sandwiches, ices, cake, coffee, bonbons, etc. Lemonade and punch can be served during the evening from small tables placed in the hall or any room except the reception or dining-rooms. It is not necessary to have boxes of wedding-cake for the guests, although such a souvenir of the occasion is very pretty. The ice-cream can be in plain or fancy forms, as preferred. It is always pleasant to have a few pieces of music at such an entertainment; the musicians should be out of sight if possible; a corner of a room or hall can be screened off with tall plants for them. Six to nine o'clock are rather early hours for an evening reception, but perfectly proper if the host and hostess prefer them. The gifts should be of gold or gilded silver; a good gift from the grandchildren would be a gold bonbon-spoon or pen-handle, or a gold frame for a picture of the group of children or grandchildren; a gold-headed cane is always a good gift for an old man. The presents can be on exhibition, but not in the rooms downstairs where the guests are received, etc. It is better to have them in a room on another floor.

C. M. B.—Black chiffon or else net will be very pretty to use over your pale green silk as a separate waist. It is predicted that repped fabrics will come in fashion again. Your sample is a nice shade for a house dress, either a tea gown or a simple dress for home at any time of day. It is too light for a street and church dress in autumn and in winter.

"A VERY OLD SUBSCRIBER."—The godet skirt will be worn again, and there will also be new shapes that you will find described in the New York Fashions of the BAZAR. In addressing a letter to a firm, either Dear Sirs or Gentlemen is correct.

LOUISE MC.—Make your white dotted Swiss muslin with a high waist, gathered very full around the neck and allowed to droop in front on the belt. Hook it in the back on a fitted lining of white lawn or cambric. As you are to use Valenciennes, get the half-inch edging of a yellow tint, and put it in seven or eight scant ruffles down the front from the neck to the belt. Make a draped collar of the muslin with three little frills of lace going around it. Have large double puffs for elbow sleeves attached to a band trimmed with lace. Put two or three of the tiny lace ruffles around the skirt. Have a belt and bow of satin ribbon or of the changeable taffeta.

ETHEL.—If a young lady is very well acquainted with a young gentleman, it is proper for her to write him a short note of condolence when he is in trouble, expressive of her sympathy in his bereavement. If he is merely a formal acquaintance, it is not necessary for her to do so; she should wait until she meets him, and then mention her regret for his loss.

MARY SMITH.—It is not customary for a bride to be married in a travelling dress and have a wedding reception of two hundred or more guests; but, as you are to go abroad immediately for several years, it might be done with propriety in your case, as your guests would understand the reason for such an entertainment; in any case wear the same dress for the wedding reception that you are married in. For refreshments serve bouillon, lobster Newburg, chicken croquettes, sandwiches, salads, ices, cake, coffee, lemonade, and punch.

READER.—A pretty dressy material for a boy's waist is white China silk; this need not be starched, and will launder beautifully if the silk is of good quality. For a less expensive waist use light cheviot or duck; these need not be starched. When two or three persons give a reception together, it is proper for a lady guest to leave a card, or, it unable to attend, to send one for each hostess; a gentleman should leave one in addition for each host; the cards can be sent in separate envelopes or enclosed in one envelope addressed to all the persons in whose names the invitation was sent, and mailed to the house in which the entertainment is given. It is not customary to go into mourning for a friend, but if a lady does so, she should not return formal calls for at least three months. When a lady is in mourning she can have an "at-home" day on her cards and receive informally after the first period of mourning is over. The length of the time for keeping in seclusion and deep mourning depends on the nearness of the relationship of the deceased.