The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1869.

"N" for Nannie and "B" for Ben.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"N" for Nannie and "B" for Ben;
I see them now as I saw them then,
On the bark of the oak-tree wed.
She sat waist-deep in the clover white,
And the liquid gold of the June sunlight
Swept over her sweet young head.

And I stood carving the letters twain,
That time and tempest have all in vain
Striven to blur and blot;
They live in the oak-tree's dusky grain,
Stamped as their memory on my brain,
Changing and fading not.

Oh! the vows that I vowed that day,
Their broken shards in my bosom stay,
Wounding it hour by hour.
Could I be false to one so true?
Dared I be cruel, my love, to you,
Nannie, my lily flower?

Ere the snow had whitened those letters twain,
In the old church porch you hid your pain,
As my bride and I passed by;
Your eyes were brave, but your cheek grew white,
The cheek I should have pillowed that night
Where it never now may lie.

Little Nannie, you are at rest,
The butter-cups growing over your breast,
Close by the grave-yard gate;
But, ah! I live to rue the day
Gold tempted my steps from love away,
And mine is the sadder fate.

For I'd give the rest of my life to-night,
To see you sit in the clover white,
The sun on your locks of gold,
And carve once more, as I carved them then,
"N" for Nannie and "B" for Ben,
On the bark of the oak-tree old.

[N. Y. Ledger.

THE BALLET.

THE MORAL AND IMMORAL TENDENCIES OF BALLET COSTUMES—THE BALLET GIRL MORALLY AND ÆSTHETICALLY CONSIDERED.

[From Once A Week.]

The ballet is almost always associated with comic, or at least mirthful, incidents; that is to say, it is properly an appendage of comedy and not of tragedy; and it evidently pertains to that species of comedy which Mr. Thackeray has described so happily in his lecture upon Congreve. This is not the comedy of humor, nor the comedy of satire, but the comedy of pleasure; of reckless jovial employment; of epicurean dissipation, perpetual gayety, and wanton frolic. Now we all know what have been the stage traditions upon this subject from the time of Pantina to the time of M. Planche. We cannot describe them better than in Mr. Thackeray's own language:

"I fear the theater carries down that ancient tradition and worship as Masons have carried their secret signs and rites from temple to temple. When the libertine has carried off the beauty in the play, and the dotard is laughed to scorn for having the young wife; in the ballad when the poet bids his mistress gather roses while she may, and warns her that old time is still a-flying; when harlequin, splendid in youth, strength and agility dances danger down; when Mr. Punch, that godless old rebel, breaks every law, and laughs at it with odious triumph, etc., don't you see in that comedy, in the song, in the dance, in the ragged little Punch puppet show, the Pagan protest? Doesn't it seem as if life puts in its plea, and sings its comment?

The spirit of this comedy is lawlessness; the constant protest of the animal nature of man overflowing with hilarity and health, against all precepts.

Now the ballet is the very culminating embodiment of this idea. When the troop of nymphs come floating gracefully on to the stage, do they not once suggest it? Youth, and love, and beauty; dancing, singing and feasting; a life of voluptuous softness and Paphian slumbers, unbroken by a single toil, untroubled by a single care and unencumbered by any of those vexatious scruples and groveling prejudices with which the commonplace work-a-day world so needlessly torments itself? Why else those languishing glances and lascivious gestures, those alluring tones and those engaging attitudes? Do they not seem to sing to us the universal song of the sirens: Come to the arms of beauty; come to the bowers of love; come with the thyrsus and the chaplet; come with the lute and the flask; turn your backs upon care and labor, upon the thumbling billow, and the groaning oar; come to the fairy groves; come to the golden islands; come to the garden of the houris; or any other place which the taste of the author may have suggested.

This, we say, is the true significance of the ballet, as the special exponent of the comedy of pleasure. It is these immemorial associations connected with it that invest its costume with an aspect so repugnant to decency. If we saw a woman dressed in style for the performance of an athletic feat, we should think nothing of it. But when we see it on the stage, we see it as the representative of that "ancient tradition and worship" which Mr. Thackeray spoke of. It is not the dress, but the bacchic theory which it represents, that is the true source of the impropriety complained of in such spectacles.

In fact, we believe that the dress rather diminishes than enhances the immoral tendencies of the ballet, as it helps to remove it out of the sphere of real life into the region of fable, and away from all similar associations. The effect of twenty young girls going through a regular ballet, and throwing themselves into all the postures which that performance is supposed to demand, attired, at the same time, in the ordinary ball-dress of the period, would, in our opinion, be ten times worse. It might be less indecent, but it would certainly be more voluptuous. The conclusion seems to be that the complaint of short skirts, tight fleshings, and so forth, rests upon a very weak foundation. But at the same time, we would not ignore it altogether. There is no reason why the dress of girls engaged in these performances should be reduced below a certain point, and if any shock to the feelings of respectable persons is spared by keeping them at that point, by all means let it be done. To us it does not seem a matter of much moment whether a few inches more or less of the lady's person be exposed to view, if we tolerate a performance, the whole spirit of which is such as we have described it to be. The ballet has of late years become much too prominent on the stage, and the true remedy is to curtail its dimensions and change its character rather than to lengthen its skirts and augment petticoats. This remedy the public have in their own hands, and we should not be sorry if they used it.

The London Review alluding to the late circular of the lord chamberlain, relating to indecencies of the stage, says:

The most curious result of the publication of this circular is the revelation of the intense fog which envelops the public mind on such matters. The philosophers of the Daily Telegraph were at once down on such an enticing subject. According to one of these ingenious subjects, an actress may dress or undress as she pleases, so long as she considers such lack of costume necessary to her part, without offering any indecent exhibition; but so soon as she uses a scanty dress or even voluminous clothing suggestive of concealment, for the purpose of making that suggestion attractive, then she is guilty of indecency. The indecency lies in the intention of the poor little woman's mind; consequently the public, when it observes the heroine of a pantomime come suddenly upon the stage—apparently having been so preoccupied with her part as to have forgotten her petticoats—must demand a physical explanation of her conduct before telling her to lengthen her trunk hose or heighten her bodice. Then we find uncomfortable references to the nude pictures in the galleries; here and there a hint as to the conditions of artistic representations; a protest on behalf of the theaters, as compared with music halls; an indignant disclaimer on the part of the music-halls; a charge against girls in non-professional life of appearing in dresses as short as those on the stage; and a piteous complaint from a young actress, who says she is forced to lose half her salary because she wishes to escape the necessity of playing "boys' parts." This latter young lady is very practical, and forswears metaphysics. Actresses, she remarks, have their dresses made for them at the direction of the manager, who, in turn, is at the mercy of the popular taste. If the young men in the stalls wish to see Nœrea dressed merely in the tangles of her own hair, Nœrea has to submit, or else relinquish her post. "Repugnance to assume the costumes referred to is general in profession;" and it is only because the public is attracted that managers and actresses alike have been recently engaged in stripping the figleaf apron of its leaves.

Through these various statements, counter-statements, efforts at metaphysical ratiocination, and the exhibition of personal experiences, there seems to glimmer at least this one notion—that indecency is very much a relative thing, regulated by the tone of contemporary opinion. Yet it is contemporary opinion which has so far pronounced against the extreme want of clothing which has been introduced into some burlesques and nearly all the pantomimes. Of two things, one, either theatrical audiences must be taken as a class by themselves, holding opinions and tastes different from that of the ordinary public; or, on the other hand, we must believe that the majority of spectators in a theater are the representatives of the public, and that they half-heartily deprecate exhibitions which they in reality enjoy. The latter alternative we consider to be the true one. What is the tone which society adopts with regard to this scantiness of dress? Men, by themselves, laugh at it, think it rather odd and humorous, and go to see it. Women, by themselves, wonder at it, curious about it, and go to see it. Men and women, talking together, say it is very improper, and are astonished that the public taste should allow of, much less relish, such an exhibition.

The same journal, in an article on the "semi-nude," makes the following observations:

"Managers make a profound blunder who suppose that the more the person of a ballet girl is revealed, the more attractive she becomes. As a rule, ballet girls are not beautiful; and but for their artistic dress and groupings, would be a remarkably poor show. As *poses plastiques* they would be failures. That the mere denudation of a lot of coarse women should be attractive may be a disastrous deduction from the obvious pleasure which, at present, theatrical audiences exhibit over the exhibition of picturesquely curtailed burlesque costumes."

The lord chamberlain's warning is really appropriate and timely; for it may cause some managers to avoid this false conclusion. The majority of the people who constitute theatrical audiences like to see girls in "boys' parts," especially in burlesque; they are fond of looking at good legs and green satin boots; they think more of the figures and faces of the actresses than of the author's puns—an excusable preference; and they rather deprecate, but decidedly enjoy, the appearance of a smart, and pretty, and lively girl, who, with the concurrence of the manager, chooses to play Ganymede in the costume of Ganymede. It may be all very wrong certainly; but it is not wholly the fault of the managers and the actresses. The former, however, would do well to remember that the public does occasionally wake up to a sense of propriety; and, when it does, it is apt to seize upon the nearest scapegoats for the expiation of its own crimes. The public loves pretty and semi-nude burlesque actresses—it does not love ugly and semi-nude ballet girls; and the excessive appearance of the latter may pave the way for the abolition of the former. It is a low level upon which to put the question—and, indeed, we have said nothing whatever as to the origin and tendency of this popular taste—but it is upon this level that the question as to the clothing of of stage performers will ultimately be settled between managers and the public.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

BREAD AND YEAST.

How to Make Good Bread.—We have been requested by a friend to republish the recipe for making bread. The evening before you wish to bake bread, have ready a tray of sifted flour, (say about seven or eight pounds;) mix in the flour a tablespoonful of salt, make a hole in the center of the flour sufficiently large for three pints of warm water, add one pint of home-made yeast, or a teacupful of brewers' yeast, stir with a spoon until it forms a thick batter; cover it closely with a tin pan, (my reason for covering closely is that, if the air is kept out, the sponge will be much lighter, and the bread will be better for being closely covered while rising,) and in the morning it will be ready to mix into a soft dough: then set it to rise again; when sufficiently light, shape it into loaves, and when raised sufficiently, bake in a well-heated oven. One hour is quite sufficient for a large loaf.

YEAST—HOME-MADE.

Take a handful of hops, tie lightly in a bag, pare six potatoes, and put hops and potatoes in a kettle containing three pints of water, boil until the potatoes are done, mash them through a sieve and pour the boiling hop water over them, then mix in enough flour to make it thick, let it stand until almost cold, then dissolve a cake of dry yeast, and add to the mixture half a cup of molasses, stir thoroughly and set in a warm place to rise; if these directions are followed for making bread and yeast, there will be no cause for not having good bread.

POP-OVERS.

Four eggs, four cups of flour, four cups of milk, tablespoonful of melted butter and half teaspoonful of salt.

ROLLS.

One cup of sweet milk, half cup of yeast, one tablespoon of sugar, mix in flour to make a thick batter, let it raise over night, in the morning add half cup of melted butter, and the whites of two eggs well beaten. Can be baked in muffin rings.

CAKES.

Butter Drops.—Four eggs, one pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, two spoonsful of rose water, a little mace, baked in tin pans.

Danbury Cake.—Set a sponge, with two spoonsful of good yeast, a gill of warm milk and one pound of flour. When it has worked a little mix with it half pound of currants, half pound of citron, cloves, cinnamon and other spices to taste. Prepare paste by rolling it out in small rounds, lay on some of the mixture, cover it with paste, pinch it together and bake.

Route Drop Cake.—Mix two pounds of flour, one of butter, one of sugar, one of currants, then wet into a stiff paste with two eggs, rose water and brandy, drop them on tins floured, and bake a short time.

PUDDINGS.

Sago Pudding.—Two ounces of sago, stick of cinnamon, boil until soft and thick, grate a small loaf of bread, dampen with red wine, four ounces of buttter, one cup of sugar, yolks of four eggs, mix and bake in paste.

Quince Pudding.—Boil four quinces soft, put them through a sieve, add half pound of butter, six eggs, half pound of sugar, one pint of milk or cream, any kind of spice; bake in paste.

FRUIT.

A curious and simple manner of keeping apricots, peaches, plums, fresh all the year, is to beat well together, equal quantities of honey and spring water; pour it into an earthen vessel; put in the fruit freshly gathered, and cover them up quite close; when any of the fruit is taken out, wash it in cold water, and it is fit for immediate use.

Strawberries.—Take three pounds of large, fair strawberries, free from stems, or hulls, four pounds of sugar, one pound of raisins; place these in an earthen jar; first a sprinkle of sugar, then a layer of strawberries, another of raisins; and so alternately till the whole are placed in the jar; set it away in a cool place; if the weather is very warm sprinkle more sugar upon them.

How to preserve Grapes.—Bunches of grapes may be preserved for some time in jars, by taking each bunch and wrapping them in soft paper, and every layer covered with well-dried bran. The mouth of the jar should be covered with a bladder, or the lid be cemented on. Other and more delicate fruits may be preserved by wiping them dry, and then placing them in a jar, and covering them with dry sand about an inch thick; each jar should be well filled and sealed, then set in a cool place, but where frost cannot affect them.

PAINTED WOOD WORK.

To clean and renew the appearance of painted wood-work, dissolve pearl ash in water until it becomes slippery; with a sponge or cloth, try it on the paint to see if it readily removes flyspecks, and if too weak add more pearl-ash till right, then wash your paint, but in three or four minutes follow with water, then wipe dry as you can.

ADELINA PATTI.—Adelina Patti has been ill in Russia, but not in danger. A telegram dated St. Petersburg the seventeenth of March, half past 8 at night, runs thus: "I am better. I start to-morrow, the 18th, for Brussels and Paris." The Marquis de Caux has taken a house near that of Arsene Houssaye, avenue Friedland. The Paris Gaulois gives a letter from St. Petersburg, which says that the clubs of that capital had presented *la Diva* with a necklace of gold, the central ornament being a diamond valued at £1500, set round with rubies; earrings accompanied this gift which cost 6000 guineas. It was handed to her in the name of these clubs by the *chef d'orchestre* at the conclusion of the third act of "Don Pasquale." On the following morning Patti received a letter from Count d'Adelberg, minister of the emperor's household, in which, in his majesty's name, he begged her acceptance of the souvenir offered to her by Alexander II. This consisted of a superb brooch and earrings of diamonds of such magnitude and purity that it would be almost impossible to calculate their value. On the preceding evening Patti had considerable difficulty in reaching the footlights in order to acknowledge the enthusiasm she had excited, the heaps of bouquets which lay piled on the stage literally impeding her movements.

John tells a story of Thompson and Rogers, two married men, wandering home late one night, stopping at what Thompson supposed to be his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Thompson rang the bell lustily, when a window was opened and a lady inquired what was wanted? "Madame," inquired Mr. T., "isn't this Mr. T—Thompson's house?"

"No," replied the lady; "this is the house of Mr. Rogers."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Thompson. "Mrs. T—T—Thompson—beg your pardon—Mrs. Rogers, won't you just step down to the door, and pick out Rogers, for Thompson wants to go home."

DOLLY'S HAIR.

"Then I may call to see you at your own house on Thursday evening, Dolly?"

Gerald Wayne stood on the door-steps, his handsome face looking handsomer than ever in the level glow of the wintry sunset as he eagerly awaited his companion's answer. It came at last, slowly given, and with an aggravating hesitancy of articulation.

"Yes—I suppose so. That is, if you want to, very much," she added, with a shy sparkle of her long-lashed eyes. "I'm going to be desperately busy about the fair, you know. We've fourteen rag dolls to dress, besides a dozen china ones, and three of wax—Parisian—such beauties, with eyes that open and shut, and real hair on their heads. We're dressing them after the Bazar patterns, and you can't think how cunning they are!"

"But you can spare me a few minutes, Dolly," pleaded Mr. Wayne.

"Yes, perhaps so, if you'll come early."

And with this niggard crumb of consolation and encouragement Gerald Wayne was forced to be contented as he strode away down the street, while Dolly Estcourt went back to her seat in Mrs. Charles Duer's bay-window, where half a score of other girls, as deft-fingered and light-hearted as herself, were busy among rainbow bits of silk and scraps of satin and lace and tarlatan, making a huge heap of dolls, of varied sizes and materials, look as ridiculously like fashionable ladies in the present stage of the nineteenth century as possible. While, between a canary singing madly overhead, and a plump baby cooing on Mrs. Duer's lap, and all the half-dozen ladies talking at once, it was only to be wondered at that the panes of glass did not fly straightway out of their mullions.

"Oh, Dolly, I am so glad you've come back," said Edith Briarwood, a dimpled damsel in the corner. "Here's the Empress Eugenie's got to have a *panier* yet, and Kate Jones has cut up every bit of the silver-spotted tarlatan for Cinderella's ball-dress train. What shall I do?"

"Oh, I can get some more, I suppose; it will spoil the dress-pattern; *n'importe*, dolls must be dressed, if the skies fall! Now, Sara, please hand me the piece of blue velvet, and I'll engage to cut more bonnets off it than any other girl present, be the other whom she may!"

And Dolly Estcourt sat down to plan and calculate, with her cherry lips pursed daintily up, and her pretty, golden head poised on one side in a way that would have made a photographist's fortune if he could have reproduced her just as she was *per camera*.

For Dolly Estcourt was quite pretty enough to excuse the infatuation concerning her which possessed the souls of two young men—Harry Duer and Gerald Wayne. Fair as the pearly cup of a white morning glory, with blue, liquid eyes, where pupil and iris seemed to melt together into the deepest of sapphire, and shy dimples nestling in her peachy cheeks, she would have formed the poet's prettiest ideal of a genuine blonde. While from the coils of shining hair that were confined at the back of her head in a piquant net one long loose curl had been allowed to escape, and hung like a spiral of glittering spun-gold upon her left shoulder.

That was Dolly Estcourt. Do you marvel that men worshiped her, and women loved the consciousness of her magnetic presence? Some people have a natural birth-right to be loved and possess friends—and to this heritage Dolly had been born.

And while she cut and clipped and stitched away, transforming the staring dolls into sultanas and *filles du regiments* and Neapolitan peasant girls, she was thinking furtively of her interview with Gerald Wayne, and blushing as she recalled his eager glances and not-to-be-misinterpreted words.

"But I am glad for all that," thought Dolly, "that I pretended to misunderstand him when he hinted so strongly for me to give him a little bit of my curl," and she glanced lovingly over her shoulder at the aforesaid tress. "Though there really would have been no harm in it." (Dolly didn't mean the curl, but the appropriation thereof.) "and he *did* want it so much, poor fellow! But I don't think it would have been quite womanly."

And Dolly remembered, not without a pleased little thrill of feminine vanity, how Harry Duer had boldly asked her, scarcely a week ago, for a lock from the shining luxuriance netted away, and thought how much easier it had been for her to say "No" to him!

"It's quite a different thing though to refuse Gerald," she thought, growing rosier than ever, as she asked herself the why and the wherefore of it. But perhaps it was the reflection of the pink silk which was making Queen Victoria's dress upon her lap. "I *do* wonder," she mentally added, "what he wants to see me on Thursday evening for?"

As if she didn't know. Girls *will* be girls—that's the only excuse we have to plead in favor of our dimpled heroine; and so they will probably remain until the world's end!

"Oh dear, dear," sighed Mrs. Duer, a sister-in-law of the identical "Harry" at whose residence the little sewing circle had congregated, "these rag dolls look like frights, in spite of their beautiful white linen faces, and all the pains I took to paint their eyes and complexions with the very choicest of water colors!"

"That's because they haven't any hair," said Miss Briarwood, viewing the bald imitations of humanity with a troubled countenance. "Kate Jessup's dolls all have real black hair sewed on; she had hers cut off, in the fever, you know—and they do look lovely, curled on a hot pipe stem! I wish we had had the fever, some of us," she added with a laugh.

"But I should think we might spare a little hair to make the dolls look decent, without having the fever as a preliminary circumstance," observed Miss Estcourt. "Come, girls, each of you contribute just a little tiny lock, and our doll is will be a great deal nicer than Kate Jessup's."

But the damsels thus appealed to set up a unanimous cry of dissent. Cut off their tresses, indeed! rob the splendors of crimps, chignons and curls, a la the court of Napoleon, to beautify a parcel of staring dolls! It was an unheard of, inadmissible thing, they all agreed, in twittering chorus.

"You're a lot of selfish things," cried Dolly Estcourt, standing up in their midst, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks. "As if it wouldn't grow again. Give me the scissors."

And Dolly calmly sheared off, close at the roots, her own pet curl, containing flossy gold enough to deck, at the least computation, the pates of a dozen dolls.

"Oh Dolly, how could you?" cried the amazed and breathless spectators.

"How could I? Why shouldn't I?" she demanded. "There, Mrs. Duer, keep that until I come to-morrow, and I'll divide it up into little wigs, and curl it nicely."

And Miss Estcourt tied on a bewildering little fabrication of blue and white zephyr wool, with ribbon rosettes the color of her own eyes, and tripped off through the twilight.

"Hullo!" ejaculated Mr. Harry Duer, as he stood that same evening in the bay-window with hands in his masculine pockets, surveying the temporarily deserted fields of labor; "this is a regular case of chaos and old night, isn't it? If this is the sort of foundation fairs sprout out of I, for one, beg to be delivered from 'em. Somebody's lost her curl!" and as his quick eye caught the shine of the golden tress he bent to examine it.

"Oh," cried his sister-in-law, "that was Dolly Estcourt's. We wanted some real hair for the rag babies, and nobody else would give us any, so Dolly cut off hers. Wasn't it nice of her."

"Awful nice!" responded the young gentleman. "Come, let's go up stairs. I'm tired of this sort of thing."

And how was innocent, unsuspecting Mrs. Duer to know that Harry had broken the eighth commandment, and was off with Dolly's curl in his pocket? Nor would the larceny probably have been discovered as promptly as it was had it not been for an *enfant terrible*.

"Mamma," said Master Ferdinand Duer ætat five years, and clad in vicious-looking knicker-bockers, "which of the dolls is Uncle Harry going to dress?"

"Uncle Harry! What on earth do you mean?" questioned his mother.

"Cause he had that curl hanging out of his pocket when he went away!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mrs. Duer, as she ran to the work-table to verify her son's words. "He's an unprincipled pirate! But I'll have it back again to-morrow morning before ever Dolly knows it."

But before the morrow dawned the curl was destined to effect all the mischief of which it was capable!

Miss Estcourt appeared at Mrs. Briarwood's "silver wedding" that evening minus the curl. To be sure its duplicate, shining and burnished and loosely coiled like the other, drooped over her right shoulder; but the curl was gone, and only a little clipped end hung maliciously below her net, refusing to be tucked up, or pushed back, or disposed of in any practicable manner, and Gerald Wayne marveled much thereat!

"I want to ask you a very impertinent question, Miss Estcourt," he said, unable to repress the the thirst for knowledge that undid Mother Eve.

"You'd better not," answered Dolly, saucily, burying her nose in her bouquet of violets and cream-colored rose-buds.

"But I do want so desperately to know what you have done with your curl!"

"Ah," smiled Dolly, audaciously, shaking the curl's successor, "that's precisely what it isn't your business to know."

And she would not vouchsafe another word.

When Gerald Wayne was half way home Harry Duer overtook him, and slipped his arm through his own, in a hail-fellow-well-met sort of way.

"Come to my room and have a smoke," said Harry; and Gerald, not knowing exactly what else to say, said "Yes," and accompanied his rival to a pretty sitting-room in a quiet part of the city en route to the opera house, and "handy to the stages," those *sine qua nons* of young New Yorkers.

"Not a bad looking den for a bachelor's, eh?" demanded Mr. Harry Duer, as he passed to Gerald Wayne his box of Havana cigars, and poked the anthracite fire to make it blaze up into a hospitable glow.

"Very nice," said Gerald, absently, as he looked round on the tinted walls, hung with spicy French engravings, and the leather-covered table, piled with bronze scarabæus inkstands, uncut magazines, meerschaum pipe-cases and scented notes of invitation, and nestled his feet into the deep purple pile of the velvet rug. "Very nice for—why—hallo!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Harry Duer, stooping to pick up the scattered contents of the box of cigars, which Wayne had let fall in his amazement and consternation. "You haven't seen a ghost, have you?"

"Dolly Estcourt's curl!" gasped our hero, staring hard at something feathery and golden that lay on a pile of newspapers, tied (oh, unblushing desecration!) with a piece of the yellow ribbon that comes round bundles of cigars!

"Exactly so!" answered Mr. Duer, with his hands in his pocket and his head on one side, as he, too, gazed complacently at the sunny lock. Gerald crimsoned to the very roots of his hair—his eyes flashed at the idea of Dolly's false coquetry.

"Did *she* give it to you?" he asked, sternly.

"Now come, old fellow," responded Duer, with the demon of mischief entering into his heart, "don't be crusty! You shouldn't ask questions—do you think I'm going to kiss and tell? How else do you suppose I came by it?"

But Harry Duer was almost sorry he had indulged in his ruling proclivity for "larks" when he saw Gerald Wayne rise up and stalk out of the room without another word, apologetic or otherwise.

"Upon my word and honor," he said to himself, "I believe that young man's a gone case! I've a great mind to call him back and tell him the truth! No! I won't; either he need for him to make such a fool of himself!"

And Mr. Duer smoked his cigar by himself, chuckling internally to think of the misconstruction under which poor Gerald Wayne was laboring the while.

So Thursday evening came, and with it no Gerald Wayne, to the mansion in West Twenty-eighth street of Œdipus Estcourt, Esq., the father of the blooming Dolly. And that young lady sat turning the pages of her book and watching the little mantel clock, until she was in a hopeless maze of perplexity. Eight—nine—a quarter past nine, and still no familiar ring at the door-bell! What could it mean? And Gerald was generally as punctual as the City Hall clock.

"He needn't come unless he likes," thought Dolly, with a rush of scarlet blood to her cheeks and an ominous quiver of her lower lip, as she glanced down at the blue silk dress she had put on because Gerald liked blue, and took out from her hair the knot of fresh blue violets that were fading so fast in the warm, furnace-heated atmosphere of the room. "I'm sure I don't want to see him."

But that was a fib, and Dolly knew it very well indeed, as she cried softly by herself with the fading violets in her lap!

Meanwhile Mr. Gerald Wayne resolved no longer to be "the plaything of an idle coquette," as he loftily termed it in his own mind, had strolled listlessly around to Mrs. Charles Duer's mansion, where, of course, as everybody was busy putting the last touches to the contributions to the fair, nobody wanted to be bothered with *him!* So appropriately do young men often time their visits, never finding out from the Alpha to the Omega thereof that they are in the way!

"Mamma'll be down in a few minutes," said Master Ferdinand, standing in the doorway. "Mamma says will you please to excuse her a little while? She's very busy, but says I am to entertain you until she comes!"

"Very well," said our hero, who, forgetting his own extraction, detested little boys in knicker-bockers and button boots.

"They're jolly busy up stairs," said Ferdinand, standing first on one leg and then on the other. "They're sewing the hair on the dolls' heads!"

"Are they?" said Mr. Wayne, still without any symptoms of lively interest.

"It's Miss Dolly Estcourt's hair," went on Master Ferdinand.

"Is it?" Mr. Wayne looked up now and left off poking the fire.

"Yes, it is," said Ferdinand, with all a child's relish in imparting a piece of news it has picked up *sub rosa*. "They couldn't sew it on before, because Uncle Harry had stoled it away. *I* saw it hanging out of his coat-tail pocket, and *I* told mamma, and she said he was a principled pirate, and she made him bring it back next day before Miss Dolly found out it was gone. Mamma said Miss Dolly would be awful mad. Where is you going Mr. Wayne? Mamma'll be down in a minute!"

But Mr. Wayne made one plunge past Ferdinand into the hall, seized his hat from the rack, and was gone before that youth could comprehend the situation. And when Mrs. Duer came down stairs, a few minutes later, the parlor was unoccupied save by the *enfant terrible*, who was industriously endeavoring to adapt his mother's opera-glass to the focus of the cat's eye.

"He's goned, mamma," observed the boy, indifferently; "and pussy won't stay still!"

"You naughty, naughty boy," cried Mrs. Duer, springing to the rescue of the imperilled glass. "You've been playing some of your wicked tricks on him!"

"No, mamma, I haven't!" cried Master Ferdinand, screwing both fists into his eyes, and bursting into a howl that was fearful to hear.

While the domestic credit of Ferdinand was thus being endangered on his account, Mr. Gerald Wayne was making the very best of his way toward the house in Twenty-eighth street, whose threshhold he had so firmly resolved never again to cross. As he consulted his watch by the light of a friendly gas-lamp, he saw that it was half-past nine.

"Not too late yet," he thought. "Oh, what a thick-skulled blockhead I have been, not to see through all this! I wonder if she can ever forgive me for doubting her womanly truth and dignity!"

And with the inevitable rush from one extreme to the other, which is natural to all mankind, Mr. Wayne elevated Dolly Estcourt in the scale of his estimation from the lowest round to the giddy heights of perfection.

"She's an angel!" rashly asserted Mr. Wayne to himself—and he believed it!

Dolly was still sitting alone with the knot of faded violets in her lap, and something bright and sparkling on her cheek like a tear, when the door-bell unexpectedly pealed, and the next instant Gerald Wayne came rapidly into the room.

"Miss Estcourt! Dolly!" he exclaimed.

Dolly was on her dignity in an instant. "What did you wish to say to me, Mr. Wynne?" she asked, icily.

"I—I wanted to ask you to marry me! Dolly, I love you to distraction, and if you'll only promise to become my wife, I'll be the happiest man in New York to-night!"

Thus, clumsily, he laid his heart at her feet; and Dolly, sensible little Dolly, who saw the rare pearl shining through its verbal incrustation, relented, and if she didn't exactly promise, at least did not say "No."

And then Gerald Wayne told her how nearly he had lost his chances for happiness, until Master Ferdinand Duer's hap-hazard revelations had opened his eyes to the real state of things. And Dolly frowned a little at Harry Duer's impudence, and laughed a good deal at her lover's insane jealousy, and altogether thought the whole thing was "as good as a newspaper story!"

"And I say, Dolly," said Gerald, as he stood at the door taking an unwilling leave, with the knot of withered flowers fastened into his button-hole, and both Miss Estcourt's hands in his, "I'll go to the fair to-morrow and buy up every one of those dolls, but I'll have that lock of hair in my possession once again!"

"Nonsense!" said Dolly.

"But I will, though," asserted Mr. Wayne.

And he was as good as his word!

MR. JEFFERSON ON APPOINTING HIS RELATIVES TO OFFICE.—*A Letter to His Kinsman, George Jefferson.*—Dear Sir: I have to acknowledge the receipt of yours of March 4, and to express to you the delight with which I found the just, disinterested and honorable point of view in which you saw the proposition it covered. The resolution you so properly approved had long been formed in my mind. The public will never be made to believe that the appointment of a relative is made on the ground of merit alone, uninfluenced by family views, nor can they ever see with approbation offices, the disposal of which they intrust to their presidents for public purposes, divided out as family property. Mr. Adams degraded himself infinitely by his conduct on this subject, as Washington had done himself the greatest honor. With two such examples to proceed by I should be doubly inexcusable to err. It is true this places the relations of the president in a worse situation than if he were a stranger; but the public good, which cannot be effected if its confidence be lost, requires this sacrifice. Perhaps, too, it is compensated by sharing in the public esteem. I could not be satisfied till I assured you of the increased esteem with which this transaction fills me for you. Accept my affectionate expression of it. TH. JEFFERSON.

—From Randall's Life of Jefferson, Vol. 2, page 662.

OFFICIAL.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, April 5, 1869.
[No. 1382—N. S.]

WHEREAS, At a public auction held on the 11th day of March, instant, by C. E. Girardey & Co., auctioneers, to effect a partition between the heirs of the late Maunsell White, there was adjudicated to the city of New Orleans the following described property, to-wit:

Eleven lots or parts of lots of ground numbered from 14 to 24, inclusive, forming the whole front on Franklin street of the square bounded by Franklin, White, Clio and Erato streets, and measuring, each, sixty-three feet, eleven inches and four lines (63, 11, 4,) in depth between parallel lines; and

Two lots of ground, numbered 7 and 8, in the square bounded by Franklin, White, Clio and Calliope streets, measuring, each, thirty-two feet front on Franklin street, by a depth of one hundred and twelve feet, eleven inches and eight lines (112, 11, 8,) each, between parallel lines; and

WHEREAS, By said adjudication the city of New Orleans will be enabled to open Franklin street along said squares, at a comparatively small expense, and will thereby eventually save a large sum of money;

Be it resolved, That the said adjudication be and the same is hereby accepted, ratified and confirmed, and that the mayor be and he is hereby authorized to sign any and all acts necessary to complete the transfer of said property to the city of New Orleans; and

Be it further resolved, That the controller be and he is hereby authorized and instructed to warrant upon the treasurer, in favor of the proper parties, in the sum of six thousand eight hundred and forty dollars and fifty-five cents ($6840 55,) in full payment of the purchase price of said property.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved April 5, 1869.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, April 8, 1869.
[No. 1390—N. S.]

Resolved, That for the purpose of properly compensating Henry J. Leovy, city attorney, for the increased services herein named, and for extra services already performed, and to enable him to employ professional aid in special cases, he shall be allowed additionally a commission of three per centum on amounts involved in suits now pending or that may be instituted during his term of office: *Provided*, The commissions received by him shall not exceed ten thousand dollars per annum: *Provided further*, That the commissions herein named of three per cent. shall cover all expenses and charges for additional counsel he may hereafter employ in special cases: *Provided further*, That he shall attend to all suits and all legal matters for the Board of Commissioners of the Consolidated Debt, and also to all legal matters for the Board of Commissioners of the McDonogh Fund, without additional compensation: *Provided further*, That on the day Mr. Leovy ceases to be city attorney legally, this contract shall be null and void.

(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
Approved April 8, 1869.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, April 7, 1869.
[No. 1389—N. S.]

WHEREAS, The early payment of the city taxes for the year 1868, is of great importance; and

WHEREAS, Some inducement should be held out to the taxpayers to pay their taxes without the delay allowed by law:

SECTION 1. *Be it ordained by the Common Council of the city of New Orleans*, That the treasurer be and he is hereby authorized to deduct from the gross amount of all tax bills for the year 1868, three per cent. on all bills paid in the month of April, two per cent. for all bills paid in the month of May.

SEC. 2. *Be it further ordained, etc.*, That the amounts deducted from tax bills as provided for in section 1 of this ordinance, shall be charged to contingent account, and the controller shall give his warrant on the treasurer daily for the gross amounts of deductions made each day.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOS. R. BRADY,
President pro tem. Board Aldermen.
Approved April 7, 1869.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, April 3, 1869.
[No. 1380—N. S.]

Resolved, That the controller be and he is hereby authorized, after five days' notice in the official journal, to adjudicate a contract for digging, cleaning and widening Lafayette Avenue Canal from Claiborne street to Florida Walk, the work to be done in strict accordance with plans and specifications on file in the office of the city surveyor.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved April 3, 1869.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, March 31, 1869.
[No. 1369—N. S.]

Resolved, That the controller be and he is hereby authorized, after ten days' notice in the official journal to adjudicate to the lowest bidder the contract for furnishing beef to the different institutions of the city for the term of one year from the date of the completion of the contract; *to be sold with the same specifications as the contracts of the previous year.*

(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
Approved March 31, 1869.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, March 15, 1869.
[No. 1354—N. S.]

Resolved, That the street commissioner be and he is hereby authorized to erect, or cause to be erected, four gas lamps and posts on Third or Mystery street, from Esplanade street to the entrance of the Fair Grounds.

(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
Approved March 15, 1869.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, April 3, 1869.
[No. 1380—N. S.]

Resolved, That the controller be and he is hereby authorized, after five days' notice in the official journal, to adjudicate a contract for digging, cleaning and widening Lafayette Avenue Canal from Claiborne street to Florida Walk, the work to be done in strict accordance with plans and specifications on file in the office of the city surveyor.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved April 3, 1869.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy: