OFF TO THE WOODS.

Mrs. John Sherwood Tells How to Conduct a Picnic.

CONSTRUCTION OF A SANDWICH.

What to Take and What Not to Take—Mixing the Claret Cup—How to Pack the Lunch.

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"Come hither, come hither, the broom was in blossom all over you rise;
There went a wild murmur of brown bees about it with songs from the wood.
We shall never be younger, O love! let us forth, for the world 'neath our eyes—
Aye! the world is made young, e'en as we, and right fair is her youth, and right good."

Appetites flourish in the free air of hills and meadows, and after drinking in the ozone of the sea one feels like drinking something else. There is a very good story of a reverend bishop who with a friend went a-fishing, like Peter, and being very thirsty he essayed to draw the cork of a claret bottle, but in his zeal he struck his bottle against a stone, and the claret oozed out to refresh the thirsty earth, instead of that precious porcelain of human clay of which the bishop was made.

His remark was, to his friend: "James, you are a layman; why don't you say something?"

Now to avoid having our layman or our reverend wish to "say something," let us try to suggest what they should eat and what they should drink.

There are many kinds of picnics. Fashionable ones at Newport and other watering places, where the French waiters of the period are told to get up a repast as if at the Casino, and there are clam bakes which are ideal; there are picnics at Lenox and at Sharon where the hotel-keeper will help to fill the baskets.

But the real picnic which calls for talent and executive ability should emanate from some country house where two or three other country houses shall co-operate and help.

Then what jolly drives in the brake, what queer old family horses and antediluvian wagons, what noble dog carts and what prim pony phaetons can join in the procession.

It should be a fine day, and the place selected a hillside with trees, commanding a fine view, that at least is recommended.

The necessity of a short walk, a short scramble after leaving the horses, should not be disregarded.

The night before the picnic, which presumably starts early, the lady of the house should see to it that a boiled ham of perfect flavor is in readiness, and she may flank it with a boiled tongue, four roasted chickens, a game pie, and any amount of stale bread to cut into sandwiches.

Now a sandwich can be at once the best and the worst thing in the world, but to make it the best the bread should be cut very thin, the butter, which must be as fresh as a cow's lip, should be spread with deft fingers, then a slice of ham as thin as a wafer, with not too much fat, must be laid between, with a soupcon of mustard, or the prepared ham which comes in cans is excellent for making sandwiches.

Cheese sandwiches, substituting a thin slice of American fresh cheese for the ham, are delicious, and some rollicking good livers toast the cheese.

Chicken can be eaten for itself alone, but it should be cut into very convenient fragments, judiciously salted and wrapped in a very white napkin.

The game or veal pie must be in a strong earthern dish, and having been baked the day before, its pieces will have amalgamated with the crust, and it will cut into easily-handled slices. Do not forget a dozen lemons and some sugar.

Tongue, cold beef and even cold sausages make excellent varieties of sandwich.

But to prevent their becoming the "sand which is under your feet," cover them over night with a damp napkin.

All must be packed in luncheon baskets with little twisted cornucopias holding pepper and salt, with hard-boiled eggs, with the patty by itself, with croquettes, if they happen to be made, with cold fried oysters (excellent if in batter and well drained after cooking), no one refreshment allowed to touch the other.

If cake and pastry be taken they should each have a separate basket. Fruit also should be carefully packed by itself. For if food gets mixed and mussy even a mountain appetite will shun it.

A bottle of olives is a welcome addition, and pickles and other relishes may be included. Sardines are also in order.

Now what to drink? Cold tea and iced coffee prepared the night before, the cream and sugar put in just before starting, should be always provided. They are capital things to climb on, to "knit up the raveled sleeve of care," and, if somewhat exciting to the nerves, will be found the best thirst quenchers.

These beverages should be carefully bottled, firmly corked—don't forget the corkscrew—and plenty of tin cups, or those strong glass beer mugs which you can throw across the room without breaking.

Claret is the favorite wine for picnickers, as being light and refreshing. Ginger ale is excellent and cheap and compact. "Champagne," says Walter Besant in his novel "By Celia's Arbor," is a wine as catholic as the Athanasian creed, because it goes well with chicken and with the more elaborate pate de foie gras.

Some men prefer sherry with their lunch, some take beer. If you have room and a plentiful cellar take all these things.

But tea and coffee and ginger ale will do for anybody, anywhere.

It has been suggested by those who have suffered losses from mischievous friends that a composite basket containing everything should be put in each carriage, but this is refining the matter.

Arrived at the picnic ground the whole force should be employed by the hostess as an amiable body of waiters. The ladies should set the tables, the men bring water from the spring, and the less ceremony the better.

It will go hard with the oldest picnicker at this juncture he does not relapse into poetry and say:

"What good things these are, and how few know how to cultivate their senses. Wine such as this (here he drinks to the hostess, who looks very rosy and dishevelled after her climb, but smiling), the beauty of women to take us out of ourselves, such sandwiches, and allow me to pause over the game pie, an unqualified success [much enthusiasm, hear, hear], the view of yonder valley, this inspiriting air, these hard-boiled eggs (would there had been more salt!) these lovely Hebes and graceful Ganymedes—coffee? Yes, more coffee, thanks. Captain, have you ever been in love?"

The captain responds gruffly as if from the bridge:

"Never have been anything else."

"Then let us drink—what—claret cup? my dears this is too much.
Old as we are, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty we remember yet."

Things have not been served in order; they never are at a picnic, and the cunning hostess now produces some claret cup. She has made it herself since they reached the top of the mountain. Two bottles of claret to one of soda water, two lemons, a glass of sherry, a cucumber sliced in (to give it the most perfect flavor), plenty of sugar and ice, and where had she hidden that immense pitcher, a regular brown Toby, which she has brewed it in.

"I know," said an "enfant terrible;" "I saw her hiding it under the back seat."

Well, there it is, filled with the most refreshing drink of a warm afternoon, claret cup. Various young persons of opposite sexes who have been looking at each other more than at the game pie, now prepare to disappear in the neighboring alps, under a pretense but feebly made of plucking blackberries. Artless dissemblers!

Mamma shouts: "Mary, Caroline, Jane, Tom, Harry, be back before 5, for we must start for home." May she get them even at 6:30. From a group of peasants over a bunch of sticks in the Black Forest up to a queen who delighted to picnic in Fontainebleau these alfresco entertainments are ever delicious. We cannot put our ears too close to the confessional of nature.

In packing a lunch for a fisherman or a hunter the hostess often has to exclaim that brevity is the soul of wit. She must often compress a few eatables into the side pocket and the bottle of claret into the fishing basket. If not, she can palm off on the man one of those tin cases which poor little boys carry to school and which look like books and have suggestive titles, like "Essays of Bacon," "Crabbe's Tales" or "News From Turkey" on the back. If the fisherman will take one of these his sandwiches will arrive in better order.

The Western hunter takes a few beans and some slices of pork, some say, in his hat when he goes off on the warpath.

But the modern hunter or fisher, if he drives to the meet or the burn, can be trusted with an orthdox lunch basket, which should hold cold tea, cold game pie, a few olives and a bit of cheese, and a large reserve of sandwiches. When we grow more celestial, when we achieve the physical theory of another life, we may know how to concentrate good eating in a more portable form than that of the sandwich, but we do not know it yet.

Now, take an egg sandwich—hard-boiled eggs chopped and laid between bread and butter. Can anything be more like the sonnet? Complete in fourteen lines, and yet perfection! Only indefinite chicken, wheaten flour, the milk of the cow—all that goes to make up our daily food in one little compact rectangle! Egg sandwich. It is immense in its concentration.

Some people like to take salads and apple pies to picnics. There are great moral objections to thus exposing these two delicacies to the rough experiences of a picnic.

A salad, however well dressed, is an oily and slippery enjoyment. Like all great joys, it is apt to escape us, especially in a lunch basket. Apple pie, most delicate of pasties, will exude, and you are apt to find the crust on the top of the basket and the apple in the bottom of the carriage.

But if you will take salad and will not be taught by experience, make a perfect "Jardiniere" of all the cold vegetables, green peas, beans and cauliflower, green peppers, cucumbers and cold potatoes, and take this mixture dry to the picnic. Have your Mayonaise in a bottle and dress the salad with it after sitting down (on a very slippery ferny rock) *at the table.*

Truth compels the historian to observe that this is delicious with the ham, and you will not mind in the least, until the next day, the large grease spot on the side breadth of your gown.

As for the apple pie, that is taken at the risk of the owner. It had better be left at home for tea.

Of course pate de foie gras, sandwiches, boned turkey, jellied tongue, the various cold birds—as partridges, quails, pheasant, chicken—raw oysters, can be taken to a very elaborate picnic near a large town. Salmon dressed with green sauce, lobster salad, every kind of salad, is in order if you can only get it there, and "caviare to the general." Cold terrapin is not to be despised eaten on a bit of bread. It is an excellent dainty and so is the cold fried oyster.

The public picnics, like Sunday-school picnics, fed with ice cream and strawberries, the clam-bake, a unique and enjoyable affair by the sea, these are in the hands of experts and need no description here. The French people picnic everyday in the Bois de Boulogne, the woods of Versailles, even on their asphalt, eating out of doors when they can. It is a very strange thing that we do not improve our fine climate by eating our dinners and breakfasts with the full draught of an unrivalled ozone.

M. E. W. Sherwood.

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

The Patent Office Shows Wonderful Ingenuity of the Female Mind.

Washington City, May 25.—[Special Correspondence.]—The recent patent centennial has given a great impetus to the business of invention. Women particularly have been inspired by the encouragement lately afforded them in this field to more important efforts, and it is evident that from this time on they propose to contend with men for the palm of mechanical achievement, notwithstanding the hitherto recognized theory that their sex never originated anything that was useful. A special publication is shortly to be issued by the patent office, now only in manuscript, describing 550 inventions newly recorded in that bureau by females. They exhibit a remarkable variety of ideas.

Among the women who contribute their thoughts to the list is Mary Sherwood, of Buffalo, who proposes to supply scenery for theaters by doing away with painting and providing managers, instead, with every conceivable kind of back-grounds and fore-grounds in the shape of lithographed landscapes and other pictures in colors, divided up into numbered squares of paper, which are to be pasted upon the canvas flies and curtains. The numbers on the squares indicate precisely how they are to be combined for each scene desired, so that the most stupid "supe" can, with the aid of a pastepot, arrange the entire surroundings of a drama or comic opera. When a set is desired other views divided up into squares can be pasted over the old. In this manner each company will be enabled to carry all its scenery with it in a few small boxes.

Agnes Harding, of Ohio, is the inventor of a combined cabinet, commode, wardrobe and invalid chair, and Ella N. Gaillard, of New York, has originated a combined paper-weight, calendar and musical watch. Cornelia M. Jacobs, of New York, has elaborated a spray attachment for brooms, which is expected to be most useful for laying the dust in sweeping. Amalie Schaefler, of Chicago, has succeeded in producing a window-cleaner that will also serve for a fire-escape, and a Miss Ritchie has taken out exclusive rights upon a musical skipping-rope. Lizzie Sthreshly, a Texas girl, has made a type-writer for the blind, and insect traps of various descriptions have been patented by three other geniuses in petticoats.

Other devices recently patented by women in this country are a combined button hook and bracelet, a snow plow, a pig trough, a barrel trunk—calculated to discourage the baggage smasher, a bunion protector, a new kind of dice box, a lawn weeder, a corn cutter, a permutation lock, an improved railway track, a check punch, a windmill, a card game for promoting the study of language, a shaving and dressing stand, an opening and closing arrangement for beer glasses, a bed capable of extension for long people, a "conflagration arrester;" a contrivance for turning omelettes, a foghorn, a puzzle, an egg tester, an apparatus for treating animals by electricity, a car starter, a dishwashing machine, and three kinds of pavements.

True to the Original.

Detroit Free Press.

"Whose picture is that?" inquired an Eastern artist in a far Western cabin, discovering a well-executed portrait hanging on the wall in a dark corner.

"That's my husband's," said the woman of the house carelessly.

"But it is hung with fatal effect," urged the artist, who remembered the fate of his first pictures in the academy.

"So was my husband," snapped the woman, and the artist discontinued his observations.

Romance and Realism.

Puck.

Mrs. Chromolit—My dear professor, pray tell us what in your opinion constitutes the difference between romance and realism.

Professor Freex—Romance, my dear madam, makes us wish we were what we are not, and realism makes us fell disgusted with what we are.

Radiant Beauty.

New York Sun.

Sumway—Is this Miss Scadds you speak of beautiful?

Hunker—Is she beautiful? Why, sir, I never saw a car so crowded that she couldn't get a seat in it.

WOMAN OF FASHION.

She Has Appeared in the Beauty of Full Springtide.

LIGHT GRAY FOR STREET WEAR.

The Popularity of China Silk—How Fat Women Manage to Appear Thin—Styles for Summer.

New York, May 25.—[Special Correspondence.]—The modish girl has dawned upon this city in all the beauty of full spring regalia. She has asked not almanac or seer if her glory might appear, nor has she consulted the weather bureau or the weather prophets. She has simply come to earth like a spring poem. Where is she? She is here, there and everywhere. What is she wearing? This, that and every other color, so long as it is white and soft and fleecy and gay and sparkling and bejewelled.

No end of white dresses are seen, or, at least, if they are not quite white they are very near it—such a very light gray that there is almost no color in it. These white or light gray dresses are tailor-made, and tied back and surmounted by a pancake hat or a hat with ever so many blush roses upon it.

New Yorkers have complained that it was not fashionable to wear white dresses in the street in town, and that they were obliged to save all their white gowns for use at the country, seashore or mountains. But this year the modistes tell us that white will be the most fashionable thing to be seen on our streets.

The most exquisite white India silks are made for morning or afternoon wear. They are plain and gathered all around with a very little fullness in front and a small fan plaiting in the back. Three or four tucks run around the skirt with hemstitching at the top of each tuck and a great broad hem with hemstitching at the top is at the bottom of the skirt. These skirts are beautiful in their delicate creamy softness and they are moreover extremely graceful and becoming to nearly all wearers.

Under the Indian silk skirt, if it is plainly made, must go a poplin, alpaca,

THE NEWEST THING IN TENNIS SUITS.

or white muslin skirt, to keep the India silk from falling in about the legs. The India dress skirt, as sold in the stores, is not lined, has no stiffness in it and falls perfectly flimsy and soft, so of course something is demanded in the way of a petticoat to give it firmness and foundation. The petticoat thus becomes an important part of the costume, for the India silk dress is so light that it easily blows up, revealing the skirt underneath, and when the wearer is seated it is generally sufficiently drawn to one side to reveal the petticoat.

More becoming than these perfectly plain skirts are the skirts which have a ruching around the feet, and which are thus given a sort of firmness of their own, removing all possibilities of that bedraggled appearance which is apt to be the trouble with very thin materials after one or two wearings.

To wear with these India silk skirts, beautiful blouse waists or plaited waists and even embroidered ones may be found ready-made in the shops and of the same material. The skirts cost $10 apiece, and the waist about $6, making as beautiful costume as one could select for a summer day, for the sum of $16 or $17.

Underneath the gown, as has been said, must be worn very nice undergarments, because the India silk is so diaphanous that it is apt to show through, but since every lady has a few sets of nice underwear in her possession this does not add to the expense of the costume, which is thus obtainable at a small figure.

The China or India silk skirts can be bought ready-made in almost all colors, and waists of all tints are in stock to go with them. In place of the leather, canvas or ribbon belt is worn either a metal belt of a silk sash, such as the men are wearing with their silk shirts. The sash is exactly like a man's sash in front, and, like his, is either hooked in the back or is given a tie at one side, hanging down loosely for six or eight inches.

With these China silk waists may be worn a skirt made of Scotch plaid or any kind of striped or checked goods. The muslin shirt waist is also popular, but with it is worn a stiff turn-over linen collar and a gentlemanly cravat. Over all may be

FRENCH OUTDOOR DRESS.

buttoned a smart little blazer of flannel or silk, or, better still, a blazer made of the same material which forms the dress skirt.

An extremely tasty garment for a lady in half mourning was one of corduroy, black silk and white duck. From these three widely different materials was brought about a very tasty costume. The skirt of the dress was of black silk and around the bottom of it went a band four inches wide of black and white corduroy.

The waist was in three parts, a chemisette of white muslin, with turn-over collar and "four-in-hand," a duck vest dotted with black and a corduroy blazer. The latter was perfectly tight fitting in the back and somewhat loose in front. A silver serpent formed the clasp which united the blazer across the front of the white duck vest. A very womanly little toque, composed largely of black pansies and jet daisies, with a bunch of ostrich tips at the back, was fastened on with fancy silver hat pins to match the white in the vest and corduroy blazer. White bourette gloves stitched with black were worn with this.

Women who have been wearing the heavy silk and wool union undergarments and have found these combination garments comfortable, are wondering what they are going to do for summer underwear. The union undergarments do not come in very light weights unless they are of pure silk, and these are too expensive for the average woman, and the muslin garments seem insufficient. To such who can afford silk tights and who do not want to wear the clumsy muslin chemisette and leglets all in one, can be recommended a garment cut on the same plan, but made of the always accommodating and suitable and delightful China silk. Though of necessity rather full about the neck when cut after a chemisette pattern, the China silk

A MODISH CAPE.

is soft and adapts itself easily to the figure, taking up very little room inside of the dress.

Clad in one of these Chinese silk union garments the woman who wishes to look slender and to have her clothes fit well may rest secure. She hooks her corset over her undergarment and then puts on her dress. No corset cover and no petticoat are worn unless the dress is such as to demand something underneath more than the undergarment. When possible, only a divided skirt is worn, but if the gown is very thin a petticoat is required, and this, instead of being gathered upon a band in the old bulky style, is sewn upon a yoke which fits neatly and closely over the hips without giving additional bulk to the figure. Thus it is that fat women are enabled to make themselves appear so slender that one is led to inquire what has become of all the fat women that used to be seen upon our streets.

From all indications in prevailing fashions, capes, wraps and coats will be worn all summer. The warmest days see them upon the streets in abundance, and at the slightest hint of a cold breath every woman has donned her outside garment.

To preserve the appearance of always wearing a jacket, the gowns which have been planned for August weather have waists which are made exactly like coats. Of course no dress waists are worn under these coats, and the wearer appears very natty and "finished," without suffering from the burden of too many garments.

The style is decidedly an English one, and is popular for the season.

It is also very English and very fashionable to cling to the fur capes, wearing one on little ocean or fresh water voyages and carrying one over the arm for use on draughty train or overcrowded cars, when necessity compels one to improvise a seat or pillow. The traveling rug, which is so popular with our English cousins, is in some sense replaced by the fur cape with us.

Lace makers are jubilant over the prospect of a brisk summer and fall trade. Everything which can be trimmed with lace is thus adorned. It matters not whether the lace be black or white or colored so long as there is plenty of it and it is deep enough to fall over the hand in a broad ruffle.

A lovely yellow brown French challie was trimmed with black lace. A ruffle of the lace fell over the knuckles to the depth of five or six inches, and a side pleating of the same was put on the waist outlining a Spanish jacket. Around the basque was a fall of lace nearly half a yard deep extending nearly to the knees. The waist was given a coatlike effect by Louis Quatorze cuffs and long coat tails.

The English Newmarket jacket it coming into favor. It is long, reaching half way to the knees, with lapels turning back from a vest of a different material. Two straps or a couple of fancy buttons secure it at the waist. The cuffs are deep and flaring.

A beautiful Newmarket jacket recently seen was of a corn flower shade of smooth cloth. It was edged around the cuffs, collar, lapels and bottom with gold cord. The vest was of white duck lined with primrose surrah. The vest was adjustable and could be fitted to the jacket or taken out and supplied with a new one at will.

Gray corduroy is to be a fashionable material, both for the house and for street wear. A very dressy gown of it was cut upon the Princess style. It was laced up the back of the bodice. The front of the bodice had a waistcoat of ecru brocade with gray ground. Epaulettes of the corduroy were edged with silver and bronze-tinted galloon. Strips of the galloon extended down the sides of the skirt. The entire suit was a model in taste and skill, the fit being perfect and the style adapted to the tall blonde who was to wear it.

ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth! Elizabeth!
The first May morning whispereth
Thy gentle name in every breeze
That lispeth through the young-leaved trees,
New raimented in white and green
Of bloom and leaf to crown thee queen—
And, as in odorous chorus, all
The orchard blossoms sweetly call,
Even as a singing voice that saith
Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

Elizabeth! Lo, lily fair,
In deep cool shadows of thy hair,
Thy face maintaineth its repose—
Is it, O sister of the rose,
So better, sweeter, blooming thus,
Than in this briery world with us?—
Where frost o'ertaketh, and the breath
Of biting Winter harrieth
With sleeted rains and blighting snows
All fairest blooms—Elizabeth!

Nay, then!—So reign, Elizabeth,
Crowned, in thy May-day realm of death!
Put forth the sceptre of thy love
In every star-tipped blossom of
The grassy dais of thy throne!
Sadder are we thus left alone,
But gladder they that thrill to see
Thy mother's rapture, greeting thee.
Bereaved are we by life—not death—
Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

An Austrian Millionaire Socialist.

Boston Beacon.

Prince Aloys, the millionaire candidate of the Anti-Semitic Socialistic Labor party for mayor of Vienna, is a wonderful specimen of the political adventurer. He began his parliamentary career fifteen years ago, when he got himself turned out of Rome on account of his aggressive championship of the temporal claims of the pope. The notoriety thus gained helped him to his election to the leadership of the clerical and feudal parties in the imperial legislature. Not long ago he retired from politics, but has now reappeared as the friend of socialism, anti-Semitism, and all the rest of it. By birth and training an aristocrat—he is a nephew of the reigning prince of Lichtenstein—he devoted over $200,000 to the expenses of the election, and carried his vindictiveness so far as to call upon the people to expel the Jews from Vienna and pillage their great banks and financial establishments.

No Chance for Courtesy.

Paris Figaro.

The Manager's Friend (in a tone of feeling)—Yes, you give me tickets whenever I ask for them, but you never offer them to me.

The Manager (timidly)—My dear good fellow, you never give me a chance.

GIRLS IN FICTION.

Views of Mrs. Alexander, the Well-Known Novelist.

IMMENSE VARIETY OF TYPES.

Young Women of Fifty Years Ago Compared With Those of Today—Modern Heroines.

"Here's a metamorphose!" is the first idea of an elderly novel reader, looking back to the romances which charmed her early and maturer youth. How are the mighty fallen? In the favorite novels of the "forties" the young girl was a delicate, not to say diaphanous creature—far removed from the vulgar realities of life, tenderly reared and carefully guarded from contact with the outer world. Constantly under the watchful eye of "papa" and "mamma," and perfectly unconscious of her own charms.

The appearance of the hero either agitated her with almost hysterical shyness, or, if she were of the ferociously virtuous order and any enigmatical rumors against his strict propriety of conduct had reached her ears (and by miraculous revelation her understanding), she immediately set up a cold and haughty reserve which quickly refrigerated the unhappy sinner, and penetrated through his several waistcoats to his inner consciousness.

These girls of an early period had certain peculiarities of habit and custom, which are interesting to recall as making the great difference between "then" and "now." The young girl in fiction forty years ago was given to silk stockings and "sandalled" slippers. I do not think that in the whole range of "the Minerva press" a pair of strong, lace-up boots or woolen stockings could be found, unless, indeed, the dainty, delicate heroine changed clothes with the buxom daughter of one of her father's faithful retainers, tenants or domestics, as the period might be, in order to escape the fearful machinations of the villain—generally a Sir Somebody Something, for ever since they were created (heraldically) baronets have been most cruelly doomed by writers (of fiction) to work wickedness and do deviltry. There must be some evil influence in their sinister cognizance. "The bloody hand."

It must be confessed that the angelic girls in fiction of this date, who never wavered in their devotion to the most tyrannical father nor ceased to adore the most unbending mother, are somewhat limp inventions. They are so addicted to fainting when it was most essential to descend that ladder of ropes, or step into the boat, or run away from Sir Somebody Something, who finds it all the easier to carry his helpless victim across his saddlebow because she is insensible, that at length the desire to throw a jug of cold water over them becomes maddening. Another bad habit of the girls in these works of fiction is the untidy way they did their hair. They never had but one pin in it, and that was sure to fall out or be playfully pulled out by the young girl's cherub of nephews, or imp of a pupil (if she were a governess), and then down comes a shower of golden tresses or a cloud of raven locks "softly dark" as a summer's night. Raven locks were the fashion in fiction forty years ago. The governess heroine afforded intense cumulative interest in those simple days. Heavens! what indignities were heaped upon her devoted head. Squire Bovine Blunderbone, the stern head of the ancient manoral family, bullied her; Dame Vinaigrette, his acidulated wife, prodded her with bodkins (metaphorically). The scornful elder daughter made her a butt, the younger one, crossed in love and dying of decline adored her, so did the younger children, who were given to crowning her with flowers in odd corners of the garden, when her hair generally came down again. The neighboring wicked earl persecuted her with his base designs and the son and heir stood by her loyally, and did more harm than good thereby. When she did not die on somebody's doorstep on a snowy night she came off victorious all along the line, converts the squire into a meek saint, receives the last repentant breath of his wife, unmasks the double dealing of the eldest daughter and marries the adoring son and heir.

"Nous avons changes tout cela." The governess heroine of modern fiction arrives in her new home with a fascinating rig-out of most becoming garments, including an exquisitely fitting habit, and forthwith takes command of the household. At first she is gently suggestive to the mistress, piquantly argumentative to the master, fascinating to the children and mysteriously stand-off with the son and heir, till she gradually draws all into her net and leads up to some extraordinary denouement. This, however, is only one branch of the subject. In "The Girl" of fiction a gradual change may be traced from the days of Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, Dickens and Thackeray to the present. They have developed more and more of decision and character, together with some less admirable qualities, the virtue of self-abnegation has disappeared altogether, being swallowed up by what the young ladies themselves would call individuality. The "ingenue" owes it to herself not to permit "father" to tyrannize or "mother" to worry about rights of personal freedom. It is bad for the old people and annoying to the young. The young girl of modern fiction piques herself on her common sense and disdains to undervalue her own stock in trade—I mean her good points. She even acknowledges that all her points are not good, but believes that on the whole she can strike a tolerable balance. She usually troubles herself a good deal about the problems of life, and believes more or less enthusiastically in sundry nostrums for the cure of various evils which abound in society. These she is given to enlarge upon to any listener she can catch.

Of these girls in modern fiction there are an immense variety of types. The High church æsthetic girl, who goes to early service, fasts hard in Lent, spends her substance in church decorations and school treats and worships the long-coated energetic ascetic curate—who by the way is often a very fine fellow. They have heartrending differences of opinion on points of faith and doctrine and sometimes come to a tragic end, for even in religious life the all-pervading tendency to independence inclines the female mind to resist even the dictum of that embodiment of power, the Pastor Lover!

The opposite to this type, the free-thinking girl, is less numerous, perhaps, than others, still she exists in a sufficient degree to deserve notice. She is generally troubled with exceeding commonplace relations, whose orthodox faith is asserted in an aggravating manner enough to make St. Cecilia herself a rationalist. She is generally rather plain, but has wonderful eyes and small, expressive hands. Her father is a usually very narrow-minded old gentleman, of conservative principles, which is rather indistinct, and his accomplished daughter makes mincemeat of him in argument, though the old gentleman is too British to know when he is beaten. The free-thinking girl sometimes marries a communistic lecturer, and her end is rather uncertain. This type is often "one and indivisible" with the "strong-minded girl" whose pride it is to thrust aside the small elegancies and attractions of her age and sex, and adopt masculine simplicity. Political and socialistic gatherings where she occasionally speaks are her favorite amusements, and Mrs. Mona Caird her ideal woman.

It is wonderful to look back to the dark ages before strong-minded women had developed themselves. I feel quite patriarchal (might I say matriarchal?) to think that I had reached a degree of intelligence at that period which enabled me to enjoy a little "brochure" of, I think, Albert Smith's, in which the "strong-minded woman" was first foreshadowed.

It was a slim volume, entitled, as well as I can remember, "A Book of Young Ladies"—one chapter was headed, "The Manly Young Lady." Her wildest feat was getting up at 6 in the morning and walking a couple of miles to drink a glass of new milk at a distant farmhouse, and this she boasted for a month at least. Could the performances of her successors have been prophetically displayed to her, how dwarfed and insignificant she would have felt.

Then there is the self-dissecting girl who is always striving to fathom her own nature, but somehow cannot satisfactorily, chiefly because it is not deep enough for her plumb-line, and that very curious product of modern fiction, the self-passionate girl. There were, of course, specimens of this description in the novels of forty or fifty years ago, but then they were warnings, not examples, and were properly punished in the last chapter. Similar works in the eighties present such young ladies as objects of sympathy and interest. Although once she has met that broad-shouldered, tawny-moustached, slightly brutal hero, she loses all natural regard (not that she ever had a great deal) for her parents, who become bores and impediments; for her brothers and sisters (unless, indeed, one of the former happens to be the chum of her lover), who cease to be endurable as companions; of her friends, as "too tiresome for anything." Her sole occupation, when not in the presence of the "conquering hero," is meditating on the splendor of his magnificent height and breadth, and, I was going to add, depth—only grand creatures of this description have not generally much "depth" to boast of—of his "witching horsemanship," his wonderful feats at polo, of his fascinating deviltry, and his last rude speech. Men of this description usually begin with rudeness and require a good deal of love making before they yield to the heroine's persevering "attentions." But she is so desperately in earnest that he gives in at last and warmly reciprocates. Frequently, as a mark of affection, he confides the story of his life to her, with many curious little particulars, including a couple of wives hidden away in different corners. Not his fault, you know, the women would marry him. No matter, the selfish, passionate girl "is far too profoundly possessed by her all-conquering, absorbing love" (as she calls it), to stick at such trifles; she is quite willing to become number three, and is only saved by the spasmodic action of the hero's rarely roused conscience, and rarely exercised self-control. So after an agonized parting and a large amount of kissing, hugging, clinging and weeping, he disappears into the night (this sort of thing generally happens at night) and she is found lying apparently dead in the grounds or on the balcony by her tiresome mother or her prying sister, and is with difficulty brought back to life, nor can I help thinking she is not worth the trouble. It must be added that this type of girl is not very often delineated, and when she is, may generally be found in the novelists' pages. Men do not think much of her, either in fact or fiction; passionate, wicked women they do describe, but not as heroines.

The childish, irrational girl is more common, with fluffy golden hair, sweet, innocent, blue eyes, and not altogether without heart. She inflicts much uninvited suffering on worthy, respectable men, who are her devoted slaves, but women see through her at once, and the more earnest among them long to shake her!

From all these, with what delight one turns to the natural, healthy, breezy, "true blue" girl, not distractingly beautiful, not self-conceited. Loving life and keen to enjoy, not too angelic in temper, able to take her own part with spirit, and to forgive heartily, tender to the old and weak, generous and sympathetic to young and strong, devout with the religion of self-respect, yielding true love when it is nobly sought, but too full of healthy life to be sellishly absorbed in it. Such thorough English girls as Anthony Trollop portrays. What man would not feel himself a lucky fellow if he could secure the life comradeship of one of these!

In fact or fiction there are plenty of these delightful girls, for which we may thank God and take courage.

One of the many difficulties with which the novel writer has to contend is the demand of novel readers for extremely youthful heroines. At 17 or 18 character can be but slightly developed with the generality. These heroines, scarce escaped from the schoolroom, are given too much individuality, decision and consistency for their age and experience, and as a rule they are not so much influenced by circumstances as in real life.

Be that as it may, the young girl is delightfully interesting when sketched delicately, clearly, firmly. Her little foibles and tempers neither suppressed nor exaggerated, and when the wisdom of a sound heart corrects the follies of a weaker head, to reverse the qualifications of "Good Queen Bess." May such portraits continue to attract and unconsciously mould those young people, who follow their fortunes with eager attention, for we must confess that the pale perfection of heroines in the romances of forty years ago, does not exercise the same charm as do the more life-like girls of modern fiction.

Mrs. Alexander.

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