

statuary without blushing, looking conscious, or affecting a mock modesty, is not to be trusted. So, if all minds and all eyes were pure, women might safely wear low-cut and sleeveless gowns; but we all know that they are not, and I can not understand how husbands and fathers, who are well aware that moral lepers glide, unfrowned upon, through all grades of society, from the highest to the lowest, can allow their wives and daughters to uncover innocent bosoms to the gaze of eyes that have forgotten—if they ever really knew—what innocence and reverent admiration are like. It has recently been said that it is all right for women of the highest society to wear décolleté gowns, because they are born to it, as to the purple; but, until the eyes and minds of all mankind are born, or educated up, to the same high, pure, moral plane, the husbands of the great middle class must feel a quiet, proud satisfaction in their wives' modest dresses that husbands of the "highest" society never know.

"When I think of Oregon," laughingly said a lady the other evening, who has traveled all over America and Europe, "I think not of Portland, nor of the nice people I have met who were proud to be Oregonians, but of an old farmer and his wife whom I once met at an hotel in Corvallis. The old lady told me that they had 'crossed the plains' thirty years before, in a long train of emigrant wagons drawn by patient oxen. They had settled down on 'donation claims' up in the 'W'lamette' valley, and now, for the first time in all those years, were on their way to Portland to 'see the sights.'"

"They were," continued the lady, still laughing softly and merrily, "the queerest old couple I ever saw, utterly ignorant and unsophisticated, with 'back woods' written all over them; they were like a pair of lovers, and the old gentleman was so gallant—"

"My dear," interrupted her husband gently, "was that a fault in the wrong direction?"

She paused, with her warm lips still parted; her eyes met her husband's gently, as though he had awakened a new thought, and, for a few moments at least, a little silence fell upon the whole gay party. Perhaps some of us were thinking of that long, dusty, winding wagon train; of the danger, the weariness, the sickness, the Indian troubles, the deaths, which must have been accompaniments of that long journey; of the toil and hardship, the despair and sufferings, of making a new home in a new country. And, perhaps, some of us were thinking that civilization is a teacher of so many great and new things that it often forgets to inculcate the lesson of little tendernesses to each other; and that an affection that could live through all those years of light and shadow and be still green and fresh enough to give birth to little, sweet attentions was deathless and strong as a flower that is rooted in heaven and blossoms on earth.

"What is society?" It is a place where people who were poor twenty-five years ago tell of the plebeian origin of their neighbors and conceal their own humble beginnings.—*Boston Gazette*.

While one reading this witty definition of society must smile, at the same time he can not but feel that there is a vein of truth running through it. Especially in the west, where working girls often make rich marriages, is this true. They seem to fear they can not hold their places in society unless they affect an icy haughtiness and speak often of their "servants." Once in a while, however, you find a bright and shining exception to this rule. A very wealthy lady went to a rough, new town to spend a few weeks. One of the newly-rich residents, who had been a domestic before her marriage, called upon her, and in course of conversation said, in an affected

tone: "I almost died of horrors when I came here. There is no society, and not a bit of style. I suppose you find it heartfully dull."

"Oh, no," replied the other lady quietly; "I always find something to do. But, then, I am used to working; I was a printer before my marriage."

And I was so glad to hear her say "printer," too, for it somehow sounds more like common sense and work than the nicer word "composer." I am sorry one rarely hears now of a printer, especially a feminine one; they are always composers.

There was once upon a time an old lady who had known many sorrows and heartaches, who had lost children, husband, friends, and who was alone and poor in her old age. One day a lady who had gone to see her, pitying her sad fate, said: "Why, grandma, what a dreary outlook there is from your window—only barns and back doors." "Yes," said the old lady cheerily, "but there are people who are blind, and who, although they live always by the ocean, can not see it. There is always a bit of sky for me to look at, and when it is very blue and sweet I always think of the blind people and pity them, even though they be rich and I poor."

Now that spring is with us, I wish that more young girls—up to the age of twenty, at least—would gown themselves in pure, soft white, with collars rolled back a trifle, revealing warm, round throats tinted like rose leaves. Young girls are like flowers; and instead of rustling with silks, and jingling and flashing with jewelry, they should wear only simple gowns—gowns soft as their eyes, pure as their consciences, and white as their souls. The man does not live who could look at such a maiden and not be the better because of the reverent thought her pure presence awakens.

It is refreshing to learn that the Countess Walderssee, the "first lady at the German court," although living in great state in the palace adjoining Von Moltke's, yet has sufficient taste and originality to dress with severe simplicity. If some of her wealthy countrywomen—before her marriage she was a Miss Lee, of New York—would follow her example, it would be commendable. As a rule, we are inclined to over-dress, and not to understand that to dress simply does not mean to dress plainly or unbecomingly.

Do not use the expression, "circumstances over which I have no control." Generally speaking, each circumstance are brought about by a will, or a number of wills, stronger than your own. Of course, the strong always control; that goes without saying. Therefore, be strong.

— "Why, even Death itself stands still
And waits an hour, sometimes, for such a will."

The Princess of Wales was recently offered \$5,000 by an American magazine for 100 words. The Princess of Wales must have the "brain of Shakespeare," or she would never have received such an offer; and she must have the wisdom of a sage, or she would never have refused it—for, of course, her royalty had nothing to do with the offer.

Poor Amalie Rives! She has stopped writing and is trying to drop out of the sight of merciless critics altogether. Yet a young artist in Europe has shot himself because of his hopeless infatuation for her, and all the newspapers are taking her up again. It is certainly a misfortune to be a genius—at least such a genius.