MORMONISM.

Authentic Account of the Origin of This Sect from One of the Patriarchs.

DISCOVERY OF THE PLATES,

And the Translation of the Book of Mormon--Polygamy an Excrescence.

In view of the large Mormon immigration that is now pouring into this county, and also in view of the difficulties that have heretofore existed between that sect and the people of Jackson county, the JOURNAL has taken the trouble to ascertain the facts relative to the origin of the sect, as well as the history of their expulsion from Jackson county in 1833.

For the benefit of a great many persons who probably do not know of what the Book of Mormon consists, an exact copy of the title pages of the first edition published is given here:

The Book of Mormon. An account written by the hand of Mormon upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi.

Wherefore it is an abridgement of the record of the people of Nephi and also of the Lamanites, which are a remnant of the house of Israel and also to Jew and Gentile; written by way of commandment and also by the Spirit of Prophecy and of Revelation; written and sealed up and hid up unto the Lord that they might not be destroyed, to come forth by the gift and power of God unto the interpretation thereof; sealed by the hands of Moroni and hid up unto the Lord to come forth in due time by the way of Gentile, the interpretation thereof by the gift of God, an abridgement taken from the Book of Ether.

Also which is a record of the people of Jared, which were scattered at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people when they were building a tower to get to heaven, which is to show unto the remnant of the house of Israel how great things the Lord hath done for their fathers and that they may know the covenants of the Lord that they are not cast off forever, and also to the convincing of the Jew and the Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the eternal God, manifesting Himself unto all nations. And now if there be fault it be the mistake of men; wherefore condemn not the things of God that ye may be found spotless at the judgment seat of Christ.

Translated from the golden plates by Joseph Smith, jr., Palmyra, N. Y., 1830. Printed by E. B. Grandin for the author.

The translation of the book is said to have been witnessed by eleven persons, as follows: Martin Harris, David Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery, Christian Whitmer, Hiram Page, Jacob Whitmer, Joseph Smith, sr., Peter Whitmer, jr., John Whitmer, Hyrum Smith, and Samuel H. Smith, all of whom except David Whitmer are long since dead. David Whitmer,

THE ONLY LIVING WITNESS,

was resided since 1833 in Richmond, Ray county, Mo., and the JOURNAL dispatched a reporter to Richmond, to interview the "last of the eleven."

The reporter called at the residence of Mr. Whitmer and found the patriarch resting in an invalid's chair looking very pale and feeble, he having but just recovered from a long and severe illness. In person, he is about medium height, of massive frame, though not at all corpulent, his shoulders slightly bent as with the weight of years. His manly, benevolent face was closely shaven, his hair snow white, and his whole appearance denoted one of nature's noblemen. The education acquired during his boyhood days and his long life devoted to study and thought, have stored his mind with a vast fund of information.

After introducing himself, the reporter opened the conversation as follows:

"Mr. Whitmer, knowing that you are the only living witness to the translation of the Book of Mormon and also that you were a resident of Jackson county during the Mormon troubles in 1833, I have been sent to you by the JOURNAL to get from your lips

THE TRUE STATEMENT OF FACTS

in regard to these matters. For nearly half a century the world has had but one side only, and it is now our desire to present to our readers for the first time the other side."

"Young man, you are right. I am the only living witness to the Book of Mormon, but I have been imposed upon and misrepresented so many times by persons claiming to be honorable newspaper men, that I feel a delicacy in allowing my name to come before the public in newspaper print again."

"I am sorry to hear that, but I promise you that we shall only give your statement as you make it, and will not misrepresent you in any manner."

After a few other remarks of the same tenor the reporter at last induced the patriarch to furnish the desired facts, which he did in the following language:

BIOGRAPHICAL.

"I was born near Harrisburg, Pa., January 7, 1805, but when only four years of age my parents removed to the state of New York, settling at a point midway between the northern extremities of Lakes Cayuga and Seneca, two miles from Waterloo, seven miles from Geneva, and twenty-seven miles from Palmyra, where I lived until the year 1831. In the year 1830 I was married to Miss Julia A. Jolly who is still living. The fruit of our union was a son David J. Whitmer, now aged 48, and a daughter, now Mrs. Julia Schwarb, now aged 46 years, both of whom are now living with me. I first heard of what is now termed Mormonism in the year 1828. I made a business trip to Palmyra, N. Y., and while there stopped with one Oliver Cowdery. A great many people in the neighborhood were talking about the finding of certain golden plates by one Joseph Smith, jr., a young man of that neighborhood. Cowdery and I, as well as others, talked about the matter, but at that time I paid but little attention to it, supposing it to be only

THE IDLE GOSSIP

of the neighborhood. Cowdery said he was acquainted with the Smith family, and he believed there must be some truth in the story of the plates, and that he intended to investigate the matter. I had conversations with several young men who said that Joseph Smith had certainly golden plates, and that before he attained them he had promised to share with them, but had not done so, and they were very much incensed with him. Said I, 'how do you know that Joe Smith has the plates?' They replied: 'we saw the plates in the hill that he took them out of just as he described it to us before he obtained them.' These parties were so positive in their statements that I began to believe there must be some foundation for the stories then in circulation all over that part of the country. I had never seen any of the Smith family up to that time, and I began to inquire of the people in regard to them, and learned that one night during the year 1827 Joseph Smith, jr., had a vision, and an angel of God appeared to him and told him where certain plates were to be found, and pointed out the spot to him, and that shortly afterward he went to that place and found the plates which were still in his possession. After thinking over the matter for a long time, and talking with Cowdery, who also gave me a history of the finding of the plates, I went home, and after several months Cowdery told me he was going to Harmony, Pa.—whither Joseph Smith had gone with the plates on account of persecutions of his neighbors—and see him about the matter. He did go and on his way stopped at my father's house and told me that as soon as he found out anything either

"GRIFFIN OR UNTRUTH

he would let me know. After he got there he became acquainted with Joseph Smith, and shortly after, wrote to me telling me that he was convinced that Smith had the records and that he (Smith) had told him that it was the will of heaven that he (Cowdery) should be his scribe to assist in the translation of the plates. He went on and Joseph translated from the plates and he wrote it down. Shortly after this Cowdery wrote me another letter in which he gave me a few lines of what they had translated, and he assured me that he knew of a certainty that he had a record of a people that inhabited this continent, and that the plates they were translating gave a complete history of these people. When Cowdery wrote me these things and told me that he had revealed knowledge concerning the truth of them, I showed these letters to my parents, and brothers and sisters. Soon after I received another letter from Cowdery, telling me to come down into Pennsylvania and bring him and Joseph to my father's house, giving as a reason therefor that they had received a commandment from God to that effect. I went down to Harmony, and found everything just as they had written me. The next day after I got there they packed up the plates and we proceeded on our journey to my father's house where we arrived in due time, and the day after we commenced upon the translation of the remainder of the plates. I, as well as all of my father's family, Smith's wife, Oliver Cowdery, and Martin Harris were present during the translation. The translation was by Smith and

THE MANNER AS FOLLOWS:

"He had two small stones of a chocolate color, nearly egg shaped and perfectly smooth, but not transparent, called interpreters, which were given him with the plates. He did not use the plates in the translation, but would hold the interpreters in his hat and cover his face with a hat, excluding all light, and before his eyes would appear what seemed to be parchment, on which would appear the characters of the plates in a line at the top, and immediately below would appear the translation in English, which Smith would read to his scribe, who wrote it down exactly as it fell from his lips. The scribe would then read the sentence written, and if any mistake had been made the characters would remain visible to Smith until corrected, when they faded from sight to be replaced by another line. The translation at my father's occupied about one month, that is from June 1 to July 1, 1829."

"Were the plates under the immediate control of Smith all the time?"

"No, they were not. I will explain how that was. When Joseph first received the plates he translated 116 pages of the book of 'Lehi,' with Martin Harris as scribe. When this had been completed they rested for a time, and Harris wanted to take the manuscript home with him to show to his family and friends. To this Joseph demurred, but finally

ASKED THE LORD

if Harris might be allowed to take it. The answer was 'no.' Harris teased Joseph for a long time and finally persuaded him to ask the Lord a second time, pledging himself to be responsible for its safe keeping. To this second inquiry the Lord told Joseph Harris he might take the manuscript, which he did, showing it to a great many people, but through some carelessness allowed it to be stolen from him. This incurred the Lord's displeasure, and he sent an angel to Joseph demanding the plates, and until Joseph had thoroughly repented of his transgressions would not allow him to have the use of them again. When Joseph was again allowed to resume the translation the plates were taken care of by a messenger of God, and when Joseph wanted to see the plates this messenger was always at hand. The 116 pages of the book of 'Lehi' which were stolen were never recovered nor would the Lord permit Joseph to make a second translation of it.

"A few months after the translation was completed, that is in the spring of 1830, Joseph had the book published and this (showing a well worn volume) is a copy of the first edition which I have had in my possession ever since it was printed."

"When did you see the plates?"

"It was in the latter part of June, 1829. Joseph, Oliver Cowdery and myself were together, and the angel showed them to us. We not only saw the plates of the book of Mormon, but he also showed us the brass plates of the book of Ether and many others. They were shown to us in this way. Joseph and Oliver and I were

SITTING ON A LOG

when we were overshadowed by a light more glorious than that of the sun. In the midst of this light but a few feet from us appeared a table upon which were many golden plates, also the sword of Laban and the directors. I saw them as plainly as I see you now, and distinctly heard the voice of the Lord declaiming that the records of the plates of the Book of Mormon were translated by the gift and the power of God."

"Who else saw the plates at this time?"

"No one. Martin Harris, the other witness, saw them the same day and the eight witnesses, Christian Whitmer, Hiram Page, Jacob Whitmer, Joseph Smith, sr., Peter Whitmer, jr., Hyram Smith, Jno. Whitmer and Samuel H. Smith saw them next day."

"Did you see the angel?"

"Yes; he stood before us. Our testimony as recorded in the Book of Mormon is absolutely true, just as it is written there."

"Can you describe the plates?"

"They appeared to be of gold, about six by nine inches in size, about as thick as parchment, a great many in number and bound together like the leaves of a book by massive rings passing through the back edges. The engraving upon them was very plain and of very curious appearance. Smith made fac-similies of some of the plates, and sent them by Martin Harris to Profs. Anson and Mitchell, of New York city, for examination. They pronounced the characters reformed Egyptian, but were unable to read them."

"Did Joseph Smith ever relate to you the circumstances of his

FINDING THE PLATES?"

"Yes; he told me that he first found the plates in the early spring of 1828; that during the fall of 1827 he had a vision, an angel appearing to him three times in one night and telling him that there was a record of an ancient people deposited in a hill near his fathers house, called by the ancients 'Cumorah,' situated in the township of Manchester, Ontario county N. Y. The angel pointed out the exact spot and some time after he went and found the records or plates deposited in a stone box in the hill just as had been described to him by the angel. It was some little time, however, before the angel would allow Smith to remove the plates from their place of deposit."

"When was the church first established?"

"We had preaching during the time the book was being translated but our church was not regularly organized until after the book was printed in the winter of 1829-'30. The first organization was in Seneca county, New York, under the name of "The Church of Christ." The first elders were Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, Hyram Smith, Jno. Whitmer, Peter Whitmer and myself. On the 6th of April, 1830 the church was called together and the elders acknowledged according to the laws of New York. Our instructions from the Lord were to teach nothing except the old and new testaments and the Book of Mormon. From that time the church spread abroad and multiplied very rapidly. In the summer of 1830 Parley Pratt, Peter Whitmer and S. Peterson went to Kirtland, O., and established a branch of the church which also grew very fast and soon after a fine temple was erected, which is still standing. During the winter of 1830 the same parties went to Independence, Mo., and established a church and purchased very large tracts of land in all parts of Jackson county, as well as a large amount of property in the town of Independence, including the site for the temple. The reason of the emigration to Jackson county was that Smith had received a revelation from God designating Independence as the place of the gathering of the saints together in the latter days. Joseph Smith and Elder Sidney Rigdon, of the Kirtland church, established the church in Jackson county, but soon after returned to Ohio. The temple has never been built at Independence, but the site still remains vacant and the title deeds are held by the church, and I have no doubt but that at some future day

IT WILL BE BUILT.

About 500 people emigrated from Ohio to Jackson county and the church there increased in numbers with extraordinary rapidity during the ensuing two years. They lived in peace in Jackson county until early in the summer of 1833, when difficulties arose between the church and the citizens of the county. What first occasioned these difficulties I am unable to say, except that the church was composed principally of Eastern and Northern people who were opposed to slavery, and that there were among us a few ignorant and simple-minded persons who were continually making boasts to the Jackson county people that they intended to possess the entire county, erect a temple, etc. This of course occasioned hard feelings and excited the bitter jealousy of the other religious denominations.

"The church at Independence established a newspaper called the *Morning and Evening Star*, which published the revelations and prophecies of Joseph Smith and the doctrines of the church, which also caused a great deal of hard feeling among the citizens. I was at that time living three miles east of Westport, and the first intimation I ever had that the people intended driving us out of the country was an affray between an organized mob of about eighty citizens and about eighteen Mormons, which occurred at Wilson's store, near the Blue about the middle of the summer of 1833. The mob destroyed a number of our dwellings and fired upon the little party of Mormons, killing one young man and wounding several others. The Mormons returned the fire, killing the leader of the mob, a Campbellite preacher named Lovett. The next difficulty was in Independence, about the middle of July, of the same year, when

A MOB

of armed men gathered in front of the court house under the leadership, I think, of three men, named Wilson, Cockrell, and Overton. A committee of ten was appointed to wait upon the leaders of the church and state their demands, which were that the *Morning and Evening Star* newspaper office and all other places of business be closed, and that we immediately leave the county. This was so sudden and unexpected that we asked time to consider the matter, which was refused, and a battle immediately ensued, during which the newspaper office, which stood on the southwest corner of the square just south of the present site of Chrisman & Sawyer's bank, was torn down and the type scattered to the four winds. Bishop Partridge and another of the saints were dragged from their houses and tarred and feathered upon the public square, and numerous other indignities heaped upon us, but no one was killed. After this, difficulties of a like nature occurred almost daily until some time in October, when the final uprising took place, and we were driven out at the muzzles of guns from the county, without being given an opportunity of disposing of our lands. Our houses were burned and our property destroyed, and several of our number killed. The indignities that were heaped upon us were

SIMPLY TERRIBLE.

"We were beaten, our families grossly insulted and fled for our lives out of the county. We scattered in every direction, the larger portion going to Van Buren and Grand river. A short time after the citizens of Clay county invited us to come there, which we did, and were treated with the utmost kindness."

"Did your people ever have an opportunity of selling their lands in Jackson county?"

"No, they did not, and it now, by right, belongs to their descendants."

"What became of the church after their expulsion from Jackson county?"

"In 1835 W. W. Phelps and John Whitmer, accompanied by a large number of our people, went to Far West, Caldwell county, and established a church. They lived there and multiplied very rapidly until 1838, when Elders Jos. Smith and Sidney Rigdon came out from Ohio and were dissatisfied with the church, and gave new laws, revelations, etc. The Saints of the Far West church refused to conform to the new laws of Smith and Rigdon, and they issued a decree organizing what was termed the 'Danites, or Destroying Angels,' who were bound by the most fearful oaths to obey the commandments of the leaders of the church. The Danites consisted only of those selected by Smith and Rigdon. They threatened myself, John Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery and Lyman Johnson with

THE VENGEANCE OF THE DANITES

unless we took the same oath, but we refused, and fled for our lives to Clay county, and since that time I have had nothing to do with the so-called 'Latter-Day Saints' church, but I still hold to the truth of the original Church of Christ, as organized in New York. During the fall of 1838 the church of Far West became very violent towards the citizens of Caldwell county, which terminated in an uprising similar to that in Jackson county, and they were driven from the state. Smith and Rigdon were arrested and kept prisoners for some time, but finally escaped and went to Nauvoo, Ill., followed by the saints from Far West, and established a church and built a fine temple. They remained in Nauvoo until 1844, when they became very corrupt, upheld polygamy, established an endowment house, etc., which occasioned an uprising of the people and Joseph Smith and his brother Hiram and John Taylor, the present head of the church in Salt Lake, were arrested and cast into prison, and the two Smiths afterwards shot and killed through the windows of the jail. The temple was destroyed and the church scattered, a portion going to Salt Lake under the leadership of Brigham Young and John Taylor, where they have remained ever since practicing the vile system of

POLYGAMY AND SPIRITUAL WIFEISM.

"I belong to the original church, organized in 1829, and have never associated myself with any other and never upheld the reorganization or change of name to "Latter Day Saints," at Kirtland, O."

"Where did you go after leaving Far West."

"I went first to Clay county and in the latter part of 1839 came here and have lived here ever since. Oliver Cowdery lived in Clay county until 1848, when he came here and died in my father's house in the winter of 1850."

"What kind of people were the Mormons of Jackson county?"

"They were a peaceable, law-abiding and industrious people, and with the exception of a few simple-minded ones, paid strict attention to their own business. There never was a charge of any kind preferred against any of them during their stay in Jackson county. Their only crime was that they were opposed to slavery, and were industrious, progressive and enterprising in their habits and teachings."

"How did the name of Mormons originate?"

"It was given to us by our enemies and was never recognized by us."

"I understand, Mr. Whitmer, that you have the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon."

"I have; here it is," (He produced about 500 pages of manuscript, yellow with age, of large, old fashioned, unruled foolscap paper, closely written upon both sides with ink and fastened together in sections with yarn strings. It very plainly showed that it had been through the hands of the printer, the 'take' marks being still upon it.) "This," continued he, "was kept by Oliver Cowdery, and when he came to die he placed them in my care, charging me to preserve them so long as I lived. When I die I will leave them to my nephew, David Whitmer, my namesake." J. F. Smith and Orson Pratt, of Salt Lake City, were here three years ago and offered me a fabulous price for them, but I would not part with them for all the money in the universe."

"Are you not afraid they will be destroyed or stolen?"

"No, the Lord will take care of his own. When this house was destroyed by the cyclone three years ago to-day (June 1st, 1878), nothing in the room where this manuscript was kept was harmed. Everything else was completely destroyed.

"Both Mr. Whitmer and his family are thoroughly imbued with the idea that the manuscript is under the immediate protection of the Almighty."

"Are there any relations of Oliver Cowdery now living in this vicinity?"

"Yes: his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Chas. Johnson, now resides in town."

The reporter espied the following certificate of the standing of Mr. Whitmer in the community, among his papers, and obtained his permission to use it. It shows the character of the man, and adds to the value of his statement given above.

We, the undersigned citizens of Richmond, Ray county, Mo., where David Whitmer, sr., has resided since the year A. D. 1838, certify that we have been long and intimately acquainted with him, and know him to be a man of the highest integrity, and of undoubted truth and veracity.

Given at Richmond, Mo., this March 19, A. D. 1881.

A. W. Doniphan.
Geo. W. Dunn, judge of the Fifth Judicial circuit.
T. D. Woodson, president of Ray County Savings bank.
J. T. Child, editor of *Conservator*.
H. C. Garner, cashier of Ray County Savings bank.
W. A. Holman, county treasurer.
J. S. Hughes, banker, Richmond.
James Hughes, banker, Richmond.
D. P. Whitmer, attorney at law.
Jas. W. Black, attorney at law.
L. C. Cantwell, postmaster, Richmond.
Geo. I. Wasson, mayor.
Jas. A. Davis, county collector.
C. J. Hughes, probate judge and presiding justice of Ray county court.
Geo. W. Trigg, county clerk.
W. W. Mosby, M. D.
Thos. McGinnis, ex-sheriff Ray county.
J. P. Quesenberry, merchant.
W. R. Holman, furniture merchant.
Lewis Slaughter, recorder of deeds.
Geo. W. Buchanan, M. D.
A. R. Reynura.

This ended the interview and after bidding the old man adieu and thanking him for his kindness the writer took his leave.

The reporter also interviewed several other old settlers of Richmond, who were present when the Mormon difficulties of 1833 broke out, the subject, and whose statements will be given hereafter.

until it reaches the belt. The cloth sleeves have a cuff or embroidery turned back upon them—if one is used, it must be laid on so as to turn back. Long wrinkled overskirts are recommended for white muslins, unless the lower skirt is very heavily ruffled or flounced with embroidery, in which case the overskirt may be the handsomer in pattern or omitted entirely.

Stamping Materials.

An Australian lady who found counting the intervening of threads tedious, in working geometrical "repeat patterns" on canvass or tightly woven materials, invented for herself a single contrivance to overcome this difficulty. It was a wood block, in the upper surface of which she firmly inserted rows of short spikes. These spikes were then pressed against a color cushion or stamp cushion, and after drawing the material to be marked over a smooth surface, the points were pressed upon and the small dots were transferred to the canvass.

In improvising one of these boards it must be remembered that large or small squares can be made by having the points close or far apart as may be desired. If the stamping is not all done at the same moment care must be taken that no break in the lines mars the sequence of the squares. To overcome this the inventor places guiding spikes at the four corners, and the several oblongs formed by removal and putting were joined without difficulty. We see no reason why these may not be made by anyone, using small nails, not tacks, as their would penetrate and mar the substance to be embroidered.

Morocco Pincushion.

This pretty pincushion is, we believe, entirely new. If possible get lemon colored morocco. Cut a red will answer. Make with compasses a circle of the desired size; in this circle draw a star of six points which will be like six oval leaves. Work each of these with

[illegible]ch? Fortunately, and the only error was riding [illegible]n leagues away, his superb chestnut horse, almost at the meeting with an elderly lady of bewitching aspect, started suddenly, and left the surprised majesty grasping for breath on the broad of his back in the dusty road.

Household Hints.

Chicken a la creme—Cook the chicken up, stew in a pan of water until done, then make a thickening of cream or rich milk and flour, seasoning with butter, pepper and salt. Have ready baked a pair of shortcakes, made as for pie-crust, but roll thin and cut in small squares. Lay the crusts on a dish and pour over them the chicken and gravy while all are hot. This is a delicious substitute for chicken pie.

Baked halibut, creole style—Put a halibut steak weighing about a pound in the middle of a pan; sprinkle it with salt and a little onion chopped fine, then spread with tomato (canned tomatoes will do) enough to cover the fish; then cover with bread crumbs; add a little butter and salt, and garnish the dish with more tomatoes, and bake twenty minutes. Serve hot. Better to bake on dish to serve on.

The Right Way.—All vegetable except potatoes, asparagus, peas and cauliflower should be boil as fast as possible; these four only moderately. Cabbage can be made as delicate as cauliflower if boiled in plenty of water, in which a salt-spoonful of soda has been added; boil as fast as possible for twenty minutes or half an hour. In winter cabbage should be cut in six or eight pieces and cooked the same way, no longer than half an hour. Give it plenty of room, have the water boiling fast when you put it in the pot, keep it on the hottest part of the fire, and you will have no more strong, rank, yellow stuff on your table, but fair color in the house.

Breast of mutton—Welsh Fluff.—Set the breast of mutton on the fire whole, just covered with water, in which there is a little salt. When it comes to the boil, draw it back and let it simmer three hours. Then take it up and draw out the bones. Make a force meat of bread crumbs, parsley, thyme, chopped suet, salt and pepper; lay this over the meat. Double or roll it up, skewer it, and coat it thickly with egg. One egg beaten up with a tablespoonful of boiling water is sufficient, sprinkle bread crumbs over the surface, and bake in a moderate oven, basting it often with the liquor in which the mutton was cooked or with dripping. When nicely browned, it is done, and eats like the tenderest lamb. Serve it on a bed of mashed turnips or stewed onions.

Veal Loaf, an Excellent Relish for Tea.—Three and a half pounds of leg of veal, a quarter of a pound of the fat of cold boiled ham (if you prefer it take a slice of salt pork chopped fine), a teacup full of grated bread crumbs, a grated nutmeg, half a dozen blades of mace powdered, a little grated lemon peel and two beaten egs, a salt-spoon of salt, and half a salt-spoon of cayenne; have the veal and ham chopped as fine as possible; mix all well together, make into a round loaf, so that it shall come out when cooked like a large bologna sausage; glaze all over with beaten yolk of egg, and strew the surface with pounded bread crumbs or crackers; dot a few bits of butter over the top; put in your dripping pan with two teacups of water, or else some gravy made of the trimmings of the veal; baste frequently. To be eaten either hot or cold, though it is best cold.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

There are shaded buttons now.

Finger bowls for the *haut ton* must be of Venetian glass.

The Boston *Transcript* recommends our native little red squirrels for ornaments on jewelry instead of mice.

The tailor made cloth suits worn during winter mornings are seen on the street in lighter cloths and in cheviots.

The Philadelphia *Times* sheds tears over the sorrows of a young person with bangs in hot weather, when bandoline is in vain.

The intricate designs and softly blended colors of oriental rugs are now copied in carpets of all grades from Axminster down to ingrains.

There are some dainty designs for ornamental initials, in which some cunning children have a part, in the latest number of the London *Queen*.

Suits in checked linen, in black and white, are almost as pretty as those of checked silk and decidedly more comfortable for traveling, even on short journeys.

Two warm days have brought out some spring bonnets which are so rich in color with their gorgeous plumage that one has not the heart to call them "loud."

Egg spoons, with large, deep bowls and short handles, are a novelty, and have figured much among the gifts bestowed during the era of weddings last month.

Since Easter Monday there have been many balls given at Paris, at which young people only were present, and on these have been bestowed the name of *bals blancs*.

The Silesia or Berlin rugs in Turkish designs are made by Germans who learned the art in Turkey. No wonder they cannot be distinguished from the originals.

Cabbage roses in clusters of nine and ten are the trimming for bonnets in Paris just at present. Only there they give them a more lofty title, and call them Roses du Roi.

French artists are pleased with the long, loose and wrinkled lady's glove of the period. It does good service in a portrait, and properly treated adds to the artistic effect of the painting.

There is an odd whim of the moment for young girls to wear black Spanish lace about the neck, or a shoulder cape of three or four rows of that material, making them look like gudows in embryo.

A novelty of the season is the marine fichus of embroidered mull muslin, cut square in the back like a sailor collar, either in Vandyke points or round scallops, and crossed or cleared in front.

For dinner sets, at present, English china, decorated in rich colors and bold designs, is the thing in New York. For luncheons, light decorations in delicate colors on finest French vases are preferred.

If a sumptuary law ever were judicious, it ought to be enacted against the woman who finds it necessary to enter an omnibus at 8 o'clock in the morning and appears in a pod ombusere gown, with an apron covered with garnet-bow embroidery.

Silver casters for the table can be stored in some safe deposit company until the whirligig of fashion brings them into favor again. They are replaced by a mirror, round like a platter, upon which stand three or four pieces, all of cut glass, for vinegar, oil, salt and pepper.

From a book by the artist, Miss Oakey, on "Beauty of Dress," about to be published by the Harpers, the *Bazar* gives some extracts that furnish judicious hints in regard to choosing articles of dress which are most likely to suit a lady's figure, complexion, hair and eyes.

Economical ladies will be sure to provide themselves with a neat little trifle of a 5 o'clock tea gown, made of white cashmere, with an apron painted to imitate a tangled mass of clover, daisy-bells, buttercups, thistle blossoms, daisies, grasses and heather. It costs $250 only.

For handsome drawing rooms carpet designers now make a sketch of the room, showing all its recesses, bay-windows and alcoves, and the design is sent to the manufacturers, who return a carpet in a single piece, of which the design fits into every nook and angle of the room.

The pope has lost a valuable customer and discovered that women have wills of their own. For many years a rich English lady residing in Rome has been accustomed to present herself on Easter Monday at the audience given by his holiness, and present him, in exchange for his blessing, with a packet of bank notes to the amount of 25,000 lire, equal to some $2,000 of our money. Last Easter Monday the lady presented herself as usual, when she was told the pope could not receive her and her reception must be deferred until the following day. On the next day, however, she did not return to the vatican, and she vows she will never go there again.

the cruel wound in his breast, caused by a Prussian bullet, could not be healed, and under it he was sinking day by day, even while the Prussian shouts of victory still rent the air.

A few more hours or days at farthest and she would be an orphan, left alone to battle with the world—alone in Paris, but Paris so changed, so altered, that it no longer seemed Paris. Ah! could her pretty grisette mother have foreseen this day she would have named her child Infelice, not Felice, which signified "happiness."

"Felice!" It was scarcely more than a whisper, but in an instant the child bent over her father's prostrate form. "I am sinking, little one," he said, "sinking fast. I would be content with the ordering of the *bon Dieu*, but that your future troubles me. I had a little sum laid up for your dower. It has all gone. I shall leave my child almost penniless, yet rich in her youth, her beauty, and her innocence. Alas! too often fatal gifts. Promise me one thing, Felice, swear it here by your dying father's bedside"—half raising himself from his pillow, the exertion bringing a scarlet flush on the wasted cheek—"swear that you will never marry a man unless French blood mingles in his veins, Felice, promise me."

"My father, I promise you," she answered reverently, and sealed the words with a kiss on the pale brow already growing cold.

He smiled a sad, wasted smile, as he felt assured, yet vaguely, by her words and heard her words; and when, a moment after, the grim skeleton hovering near laid his bony fingers upon him, and with a sudden force that left carmin in his veins, that smile still lingered about his lips—dye, till they shut it forever from his child's sight within the coffin lid. Poor little Felice! For a time she fancied they had with it shut out all the sunshine from her life, and when, spite of the fact that day by day her scanty hoard diminished, as the weeks wore on, sometimes a snatch of song would come rippling upward to her young lips, or a burst of laughter sound through the strangely silent rooms, she would check it as though it were a sin. Ah, she need not have feared! The sleeper slept on, heedless. It was the real cares of life which made Felice at last turn from the brooding of her grief—the stern to-morrow which must be met ere it bursts upon us the to-day.

There were many kind to her, but the people whom she lived among were poor—made more so by the cruel devastation of the war—and none of them could afford to do more than pity, and from time to time perhaps, invite her to their scanty board. In the great city all was turmoil and confusion. Search for employment seemed useless, and so it was that one evening at dusk the child, absolutely faint through hunger, and weary physically and mentally from her long day's search for work, suddenly saw the lights grow dark before her, and stumbling, fell. Two strong arms lifted her up, a kind, pitying face looked into hers, and when she at last opened her tired eyes, with a long, fluttering sigh, a tender voice said very low, speaking in her mother tongue:

"Do not try to talk, my child. Only tell me where you live and I will take you home."

Without hesitation she gave street and number, and in a few moments she found herself seated in a cab with her protector, and too exhausted to question or dispute. No word was spoken during the drive until they stopped at the door of the house where she lodged; up the long stairs to her little suite of rooms her companion led her, and then left her only to return with wine and food.

"It is so difficult to get provisions now in Paris," he said, with quick delicacy, "and you, a girl, alone—for you I should think it would be almost impossible. I am more fortunate you see. Come, we may dine together?"

"Ah, monsieur," she answered, "you are very good. It is true I am hungry, but not because there is no food, but that, day by day, my little stock of money is becoming exhausted, and I dare not drain it lest darker days are in store for me." And then, with unconscious grace, she told all her sad story.

"There are the rooms in which he died," she added. "I had paid the rent for them for a whole year, or else I would be homeless," too.

Tears filled Mark Liston's eyes as he listened. The *naive* frankness of the girl, added to her beauty, charmed him; but here, alone, desolate and unprotected, her innocence encwrapped her as with a shield, and brought to life all the chivalry and innate reverence of his nature.

"You have a piano, I see," he said. "You play?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur; and sing. It is my only comfort."

And crossing the room she sat down, and touching the chords, sang in a voice showing both taste and cultivation.

"You sing charmingly," he exclaimed. Would you be willing to give lessons if I found you some scholars?"

"Ah! monsieur, how gladly!" she cried clapping her hands. "And for very little—just that I might live an honest life."

"It must not be too little," he smilingly replied. "My friends can pay well. I will arrange that. For the present, to secure your services, you must accept this," pressing in her hand a roll of notes. "Nay," as she would have refused, "it is customary. It is simply a guarantee of our mutual good faith. But I forgot—I have not even told you my name. Here is my card. To-morrow I bring you your pupils. Until then, my little friend, good night."

What wonder that Felice sat, as he had left her, stunned and motionless, listening to his footsteps echoing down the stairs, gazing down at the money and the card her fingers held, or that at last the notes fell fluttering to her feet; but the card bearing Mark Liston's name was pressed in an ecstasy of gratitude to her lips, as she sank on her knees to the floor with a prayer of thanksgiving.

Mark Liston has been true to his promise. For Felice the days of want are over. She had many pupils now, and her heart grew light again, now that she no longer saw the specter of want standing athwart her threshold.

It was a very different specter which came so often standing across that threshold—a specter young and strong and handsome who had learned to know well the way up those many stairs, and to think no sunshine brighter than the smile which always greeted him. The unprotected, pitiful condition of the child first had impelled him toward her, but little by little, all unconsciously to himself, and least of all to her, she grew into his heart and warmed it, until without her it would have been cold and desolate. A chance speech of some gossip taught him the truth—"that it were better that Felice spent her evenings and her days at her work, instead of idling them with a young and handsome man who belonged to another sphere in life from hers, and meant her no good." Meant her no good! As though he would not have struck down at his feet the man who dared breathe even an impure thought in the pure region where she dwelt. The fire smouldering at his heart burst into flame. If—if Felice loved him, or he might hope to teach her the lesson, he would give her his name and his protection, and so prove to the world his honor and his truth. If Felice loved him! With baited breath, with flushed cheek, with kindling eye, she listened to the few sweet manly words in which he asked her to become his wife. Ah! she had not thought of this, what had she done to deserve of heaven such exquisite happiness? He was her hero, and he loved her. She would have been his slave, and he asked her to become his queen. Then, ere she had time to answer, she saw the gates of heaven close in her very face. What was he saying?

"We will leave France, where you have suffered so much, my own, and I will take you home to my own country and to my own family."

"Your own country," she faltered, the color fading from her cheek and lips, "is not France your country?"

"No, dear; I am an American. Had I never told you before? But what matters it? We can return to France when you will."

"Oh, father! father!" thought the girl, with the memory of his dying command and her solemn vow, "you could not have foreseen this day, or you would not have wrecked your child's life."

"I can never marry you, Mr. Liston," she then said aloud, very sadly, very slowly, striving to check the rising sobs; but they would not be repressed. They overwhelmed her, the storm of her passion shaking her like a reed.

But she was immovable.

"I cannot. I dare not," she said. "Oh, Mark, leave me, and forever."

"Never," he said. "Felice," (a sudden light dawning on him)—"your oath was this, that you should never marry a man unless French blood mingled in his veins."

With the words he drew a penknife from his pocket. Was he going to murder her? Death would be sweet as his stole. Passively she let him take her hand. The next moment she felt the sharp steel penetrate her flesh.

"Look!" he commanded. On her white flesh trickled a little stream of blood. Then she saw that on his own arm was the same. The next moment he had pressed her hand against his wound that the blood might enter it which flowed from hers. "Felice!" he cried, "who dares say now there is not French blood in my veins? Come, darling, stanch the wounds, and with them let us heal all else."

And Felice, half doubting, wholly happy, obeys him who henceforth is to be the ruler and arbiter of her life.

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