

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXLII.

DECEMBER, 1891.

Vol. XXVIII., No. 2.



SILENT night, holy night !
Across the midnight sky
The sign is given,
Heaven is riven,
Glory flames on high
In starry fires,
While angel choirs
Sing : " Glory to God on high !
And peace on earth, to-night."

Silent night, holy night !
In Bethlehem's manger laid,
Earth's Saviour holy
Is cradled lowly.
Sweet Mary, mother-maid,
Bends gently o'er him,
Wise men adore him.
Let earth be undismayed,
God's Son is born to-night.

Silent night, holy night !
Christ's glorious natal star
No more beams o'er us,
Nor angel chorus
Re-echoes from afar,
Though still it thrills us,
Deep joy fills us.
His worshipers we are
Whose birth we sing to-night.

Holly, Mistletoe and the Yule-Log.

WHEN the first Christian preachers came to northern Europe to tell barbarous kings and chieftains about the Christ-child, they found that our British and German forefathers, heathen though they were, used to hold a great festival at Christmas-tide. It was the rejoicing of the people because sunshine and summer were coming back.

They knew nothing of equinoxes nor of solstices, but they had noticed that every day all through latter summer and autumn the sun rises later and sets earlier than on the day preceding, and that every noon his blazing disk hangs farther away towards the south. They knew that every night is longer and darker than the last till the twenty-first (sometimes, astronomers say, the twenty-second) of December. Then sunshine begins to come back to the northern world. Every noon after the twenty-first of December the sun

rides higher in the heavens than he did on the noon preceding, every day is a little longer than the day before, and though according to the old adage the cold has begun to strengthen, June and warmth and gladness are on their way to us once more.

The coming of spring is a joy to us who pass the winter in weather-tight houses, curtained, carpeted, warm, and brilliant in the long, bleak evenings with lights and fire. What must it have been, then, to people scantily clothed and primitively housed, to whom cold and stormy weather meant the utmost physical suffering and discomfort?

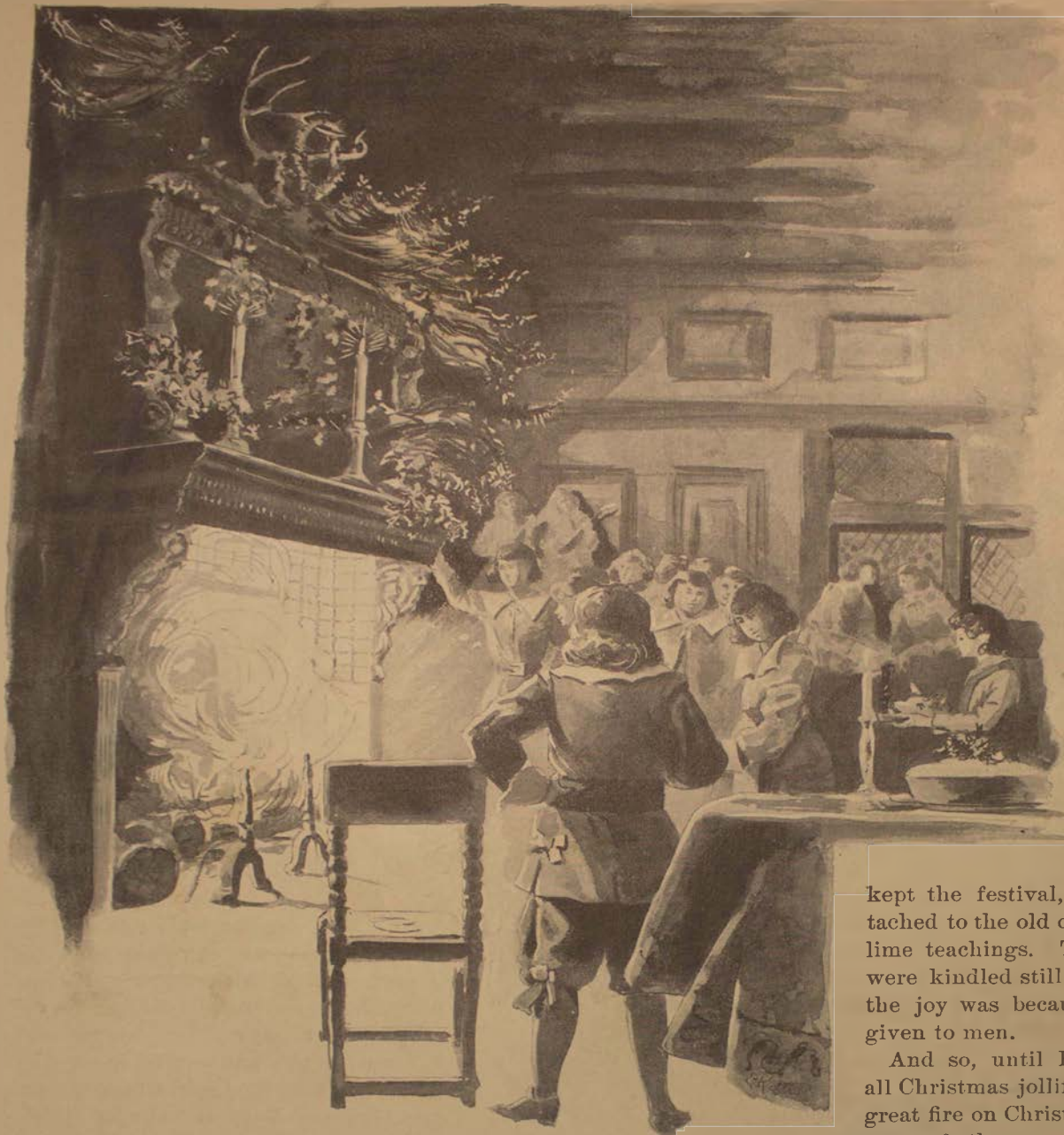
So they rejoiced over the coming of spring "when it was yet a great way off," and toward the end of December the people of northern



A BOAR'S HEAD DECKED FOR CHRISTMAS.



A CHRISTMAS PROCESSION IN OLDEN TIMES.



CHRISTMAS IN OLD ENGLAND.

Europe kindled great fires in honor of the sun-god, and held the great Yule-feast because he had yuled—or wheeled, or turned—in his journey, and begun to travel northward.

Some of our Christmas sports may be traced back to this feast of the Yule, which was kept with so much enthusiasm by Celts, Germans, and Norsemen; some may be traced further back, to the ancient Roman feast of the Saturnalia; some belong to St. Nicholas' Day, and some to St. Stephen's Day, which falls on the twenty-sixth of December: but all are bound together and glorified in the great feast of the birthday of Jesus.

In England, Christmas has always been a merry-making as well as a religious festival. The revels used to begin on Christmas Eve, every day being a holiday till Twelfth-night (Jan. 6). At the houses of the nobles the tenants and retainers were entertained, and everything encouraged that was conducive to mirth. A glowing fire, made of great logs, the largest of which was called the "Yule-log" or "Christmas block," was a typical feature; and the favorite and first dish on Christmas Day was a soused boar's head, which was borne to the principal table with great state and solemnity, decked with greens, and on a silver platter.

The first Christians were quite unable to agree as to the date of Christ's birth: some kept Christmas in April or May, others kept it in January. It is almost certain that

the twenty-fifth of December cannot be the date of the Nativity, for that is the height of the rainy season in Judea, and shepherds could not then watch their flocks in the open fields. But what matters the exact date so long as the spirit of Christmas is among us? "Peace and good-will" are equally sweet and equally attainable at any season.

So thought the first preachers who carried the gospel into Europe. They found it impossible to induce their wild parishioners to give up the dear old Yule-tide feast: the Britons and Norsemen would sooner have given up their new Christianity. So the missionaries

kept the festival, but purified it, and attached to the old observances holy and sublime teachings. The great Yule-tide fires were kindled still in token of rejoicing, but the joy was because a Saviour had been given to men.

And so, until Puritanism put an end to all Christmas jollifications, the lighting of a great fire on Christmas Eve was an essential part of the season's observances. When Puritanism lost its power in this country we had entered upon the era of the stoves and furnaces, which save the present generation from so many chilblains,



A BRANCH OF HOLLY.

and drive so much picturesqueness and poetry out of our homes. How can Santa Claus get down the contracted modern chimney? How can we persuade the wide-awake modern child to believe in such an evident impossibility?

Stoves and furnaces find little favor "over the water," and the Yule-fire burns still on many an English hearth. As the flames spring crackling up the wide chimney, Christmas greens are brought in and the walls are hung with ivy and laurel, holly and mistletoe. This pleasant custom is older than Christmas itself. Our heathen forefathers used to hang up green boughs at Yule-tide to testify their faith that the sun was coming back to clothe the earth again with green. Afterwards another reason was assigned for the use of Christmas greenery. The legend was thus told by an English gypsy:

"The ivy, and holly, and pine tree never told a word where our Saviour was hiding himself, and so they keep alive all winter, and look green all the year. But the ash, like the oak, told of him when he was hiding, so they have to remain dead through the winter. And so we gypsies burn an ash fire every Great Day."

This tradition may be alluded to in Sidney Lanier's lovely verses beginning,

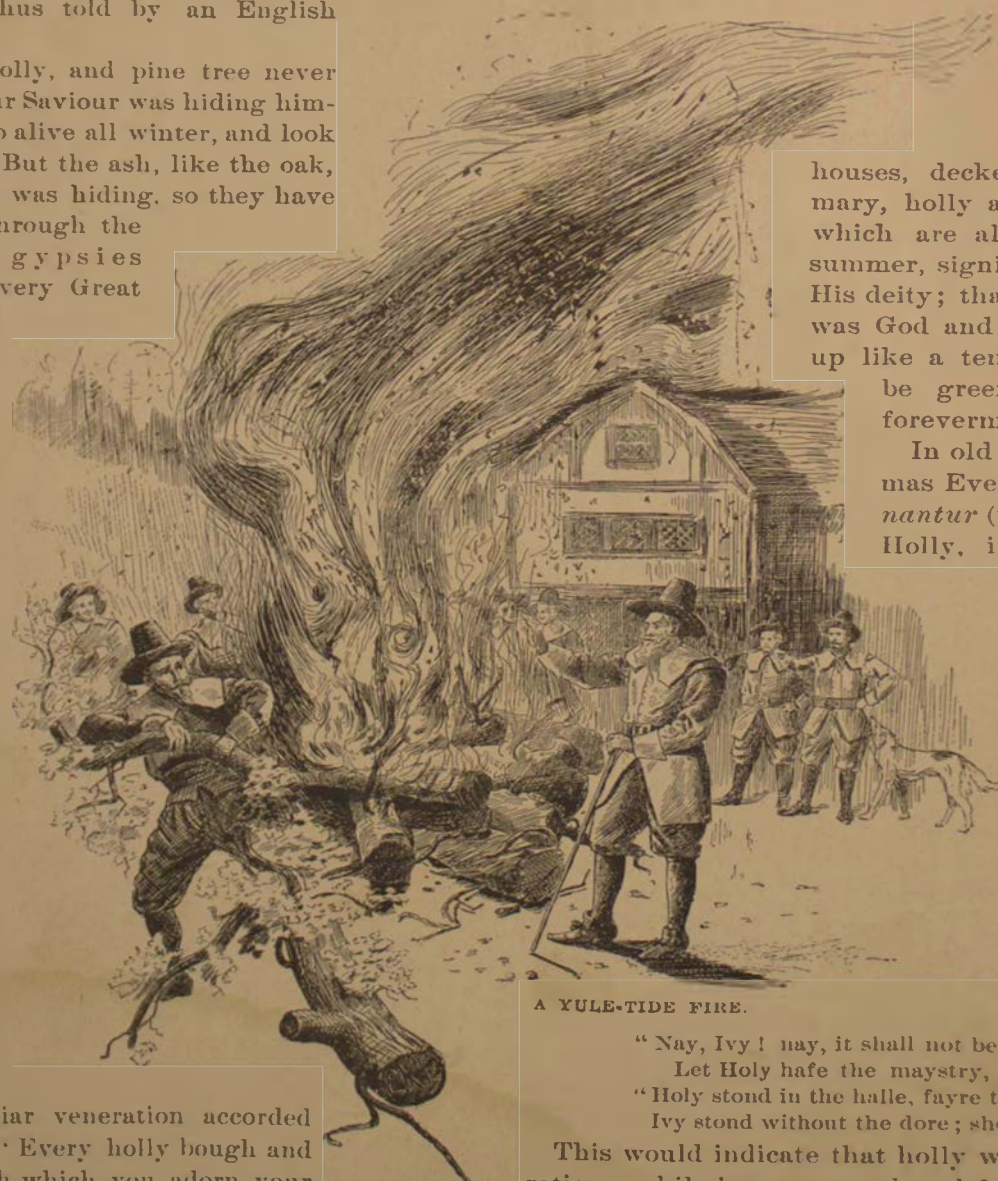
"When into the woods
the Master came."

The holly's spiky leaves suggested to devout fancy Christ's crown of thorns, and the red berries, his blood. From these comparisons, and from its frequent use in church decoration, the plant has gained its name holly, or holly tree.

It has also been familiarly called "Christmas," because of the peculiar veneration accorded it at that season. "Every holly bough and lump of berries with which you adorn your



OUR HEATHEN ANCESTORS HANGING UP GREEN BOUGHS AT YULE-TIDE.



A YULE-TIDE FIRE.

"Nay, Ivy! nay, it shall not be, I wys;

Let Holy hafe the maystry, as the manner ys.

"Holy stond in the halle, fayre to behold.

Ivy stond without the dore; she ys full sore a-cold."

This would indicate that holly was used for interior decorations, while ivy was employed for the exterior.

houses is a piece of natural piety as well as beauty, and will enable you to relish the green world of which you show yourselves not forgetful."

Thus taught an ancient divine in one of his Christmas sermons; and another: "So our churches and our

houses, decked with bayes and rosemary, holly and ivy, and other plants which are always green, winter and summer, signify and put us in mind of His deity; that the Child who was born was God and Man, who should spring up like a tender plant, should always be green, and flourish and live forevermore."

In old church calendars Christmas Eve is marked *Templa exornantur* (the temples are adorned). Holly, ivy, rosemary, bay, and laurel furnished the favorite trimmings from the earliest times.

A carol of so remote a date as the reign of Henry VI., preserved in the Harleian MSS., quaintly relates the respective claims of holly and ivy to popular regard. The first two stanzas run thus:



The picturesque forms of its dark, glossy leaves, and the brilliant clusters of rich red berries make

THE GYPSIES' ASH FIRE.



DRUIDS GATHERING MISTLETOE.

holly the popular favorite for Christmas decorations, irrespective of its religious significance.

There is no religious symbolism connected with mistletoe, which is an altogether unworthy vegetable, as we shall see. Yet it has been revered by heathen nations, time out of mind. It was used by the Romans in temple ceremonies, and the Druids, the priests of heathen Britain, held the mistletoe of the oak in the utmost veneration. They gathered it at Yule-tide with great solemnity. The chief Druid, clothed in a white robe (which must have been a serious embarrassment to him), climbed the oak, and with a golden sickle gathered the mistletoe. It was reverently received on a white cloth by another white-robed Druid standing on the ground, and afterward distributed among the people, who carefully preserved it.

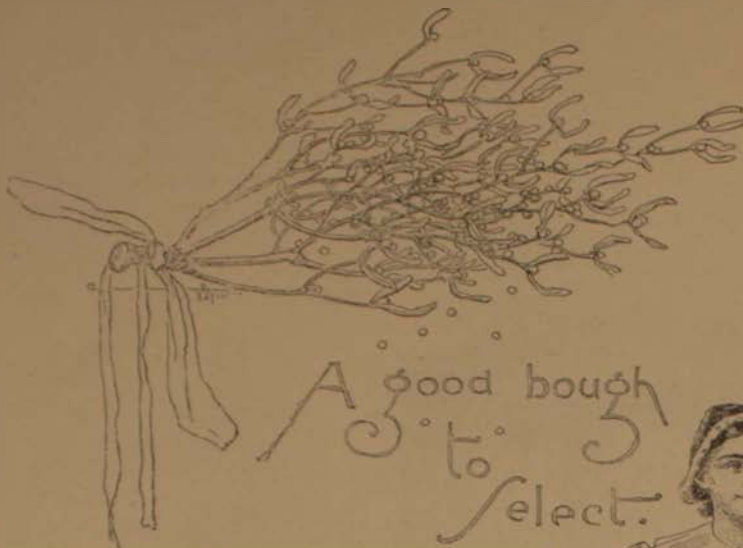
Modern science has proved the worthlessness of the plant, but the Druids gave it credit for great curative and magical virtues. It was held in high repute as a remedy for epilepsy and convulsions, was used as a charm against evil spirits, and was supposed to possess the power to preserve from poison, and the mystic property of giving fertility.

The old custom of kissing under the mistletoe has descended from feudal times, and is variously accounted for. "According to popular tradition," says Charles Dudley Warner, "the maid who was not kissed under a bough of

the mistletoe begins to draw its nourishment from the living tissues of the tree.

The Druids revered the mistletoe of the oak, which is rare. That sturdy tree is seldom victimized, though mistletoe is common in England, and not particular in choosing its unpaid landlord. It grows luxuriantly on the apple-tree, and also on the pear, hawthorn, sycamore, lime, locust, poplar, and fir.

There are four hundred species of mistletoe, most of them natives of the tropics. Some deck themselves with a profusion of showy flowers. One sort grows in the United States and is abundant south of the Ohio River. Florists' windows at the holiday season display both the native and the imported mistletoe. The native species bears a profusion of thin, yellowish-green leaves, and white berries. The English plant has only a few pairs of grayish-green leaves, and is thickly studded with pearly fruit. Hence the latter will be preferred by sentimentals.



A good bough
to
select.

mistletoe at Christmas would not be married during the following year. There was once a notion that its heathen origin should exclude it from Christmas decorations, but this found no favor with the young people of any period.

On the contrary, they took good care that it should be hung, and that it should have plenty of berries; for the ceremony under it was not duly performed unless a berry was plucked off with each kiss, and consequently the supply of berries determined the number of kisses." The berries were preserved for good luck by the maiden kissed; and when the berries were all plucked the privilege ceased.

The name mistletoe is derived from two Greek words, and means "the thief of the trees." Nor is it a slanderous misnomer. Though it is portrayed on Christmas cards, in company with texts and hymns, the mistletoe is a thief, a parasite which sponges upon more industrious plants, instead of grubbing an honest living with its own roots.

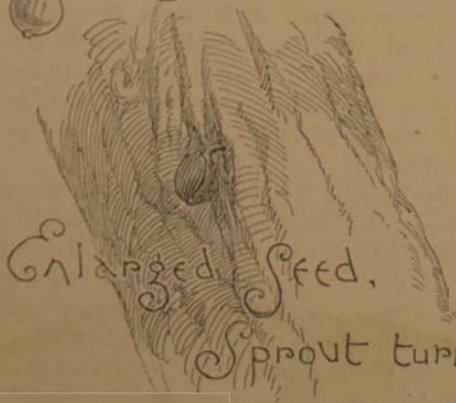
The translucent white berries which bead its branches are filled with an exceedingly sticky jelly, and this vegetable glue enables the seed to cling to the tree which chance has selected as host and victim. When the berry begins to sprout, the tiny

root always turns towards the branch, with a kind of instinct, reaching up if the seed sprouts on the lower side of the limb, or down if it germinates on the upper side. This root pierces the bark, and then



UNDER THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

White Berry



Enlarged Seed.

Sprout turning

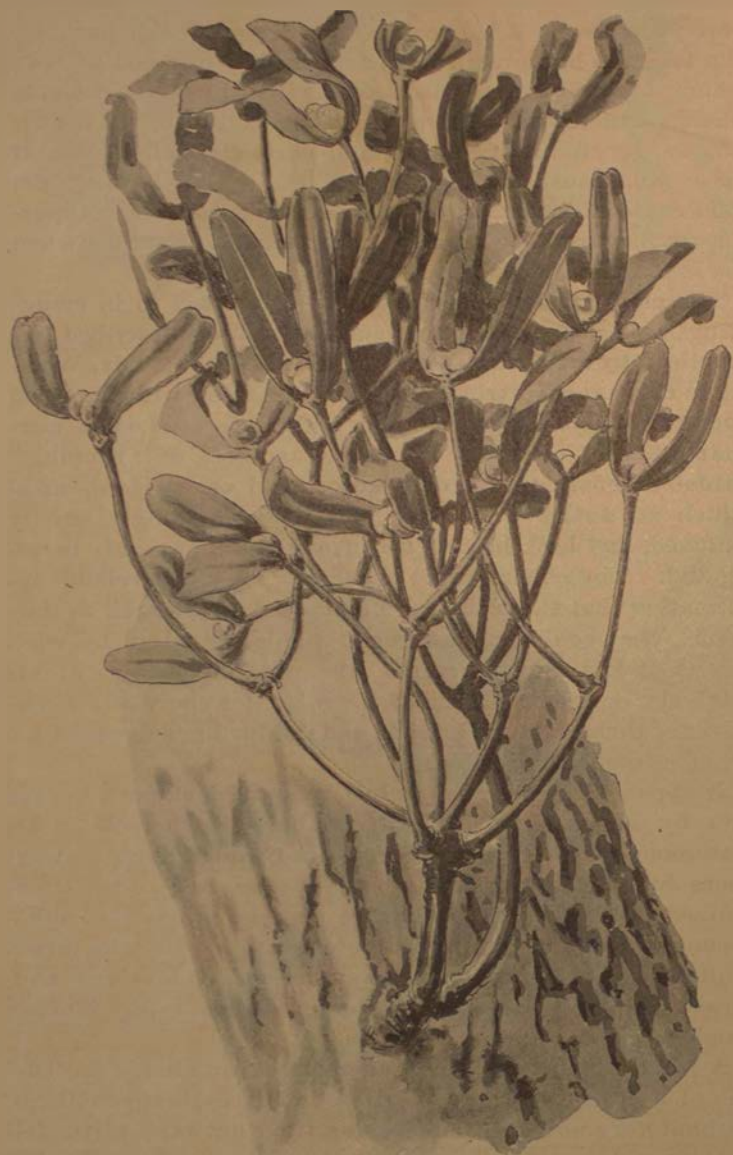
towards the tree



AMERICAN MISTLETOE.

youth, however republican on general principles. The flowers of both sorts are small and inconspicuous, and interesting only to the infatuated botanist. Probably our respect for the undeserving mistletoe is a heritage from our Druid-taught British ancestors.

According to ancient custom, Christmas greens must all come down on Candlemas Day, or the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin, which falls on the second of February.



ENGLISH MISTLETOE.

Woe to the housemaid who overlooks leaf or twig in the ensuing sweeping, for she will be haunted by goblins till Christmas comes again. A little poem of Herrick's sets forth this superstition in dainty language :

"Down with the Rosemary, and so
Down with the Baies and mistletoe :
Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall :
That so the superstitious finde
No one least branch there left behinde :
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there (maids trust to me)
So many Goblins you shall see."

E. M. HARDINGE.

Women as Smugglers.



THE fact that "excessive duties foster smuggling" is not only indisputable, but it can be easily demonstrated; the amount and prevalence of this and kindred arts and devices by which customs revenue is defrauded may be exactly measured, at any given time, by the rate of imposts. The lower the duties, the less, of course, will be the temptation to risk forfeiture of goods and imprisonment for anticipated profits of successful smuggling; but the higher the tariff the more must the revenue suffer through the cupidity of importers and the corruption of officials

whose integrity, under the severe strain of proffered bribes, has reached its breaking point. The fact, too, that the ethics of smuggling are so little understood that men, otherwise honest enough, see no harm in defrauding the government in the matter of customs, makes it far more difficult to guard the interests of the revenue; and, as the Spanish proverb has it, "When blind Integrity is led to accept Dishonesty as a guide, no one can excel him in thieving."

Indeed, the custom-house officials find more trouble with respectable people than with declared customs crooks. Women, they say, are, with few exceptions, inveterate smugglers. It seems difficult to make them understand the principle by which that which is otherwise blameless becomes immoral by act of legislature. Not only, say the officials, are women likelier to prove unscrupulous, from a legal standpoint, but they are more venturesome than men.

A case in point is related at the New York custom-house, of a certain Mr. Dupont, who, about to return from a bridal trip to Europe, while at Brussels was informed by his wife that she intended to take back with her to New York, concealed about her person, a valuable supply of laces. The gentleman, dreading the chances of discovery, urged his wife to abandon her design, explaining at length its illegality, risk, and probable consequences. As the lady had little to say, and, as he supposed, seemed convicted of the error of her ways, he thought no more about it and nothing was said on the subject during the voyage home.

When the vessel entered the port of New York it occurred to the newly made husband that should his wife, as was likely, pass the officials unsearched, she might, if she did not suspect him of undue timidity, at least, question the infallibility of his judgment, a thing hard to tolerate at the very threshold of his married life. Thinking it over carefully he determined that her confidence in his masculine su-

FAR out of sight while sorrows still enfold us,
Lives the fair country where our hearts abide ;
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

periority of intelligence should not be so severely tried ; and, as nothing more serious than a short detention could result, he concluded to see to it that his forecast of custom-house procedure should not be falsified by the event. Accordingly, as they passed from the steamer he found occasion to call the attention of one of the attendants to his wife, intimating that something in the way of lace might be found about her, if it were looked for.

A word was sufficient : the lady, tapped on the shoulder by a uniformed official, was invited into the apartments of the female searchers, from which hysterical sounds shortly after proceeded, and the horrified husband was soon informed that he was the recipient of the sincere thanks of the department for his information. It had led to a valuable capture, and he should receive his percentage. As for the lady, she must suffer the consequences of her illegal act. The laces she carried about her were worth a small fortune.

Another instance is given by a gentleman who afterwards became connected with the custom-house in an official capacity. As the vessel upon which he was then a passenger, traveling from Havana to Boston, drew near the latter port, he was approached by an acquaintance, who, with some agitation, informed him that he had several boxes of Cuban cigars among his baggage, and asked advice with regard to the disposal of them. The prospective custom-house official proved his fitness for his present position by counseling the owner of the cigars either to throw overboard all he could neither smoke nor give away during the voyage, or to "declare" and pay duty on them on reaching the custom-house.

He did neither. Wrapping them up in some soiled linen he thrust them into an old valise, which contained, besides, several articles of considerable value. As the crisis approached, however, his nerve failed, as often happens on such occasions, and when called, on arrival at port, to claim his baggage, he failed to identify that containing the smuggled goods. Indeed, his condition was such that had he not been able to evade the notice of those whose business it is to diagnose by the symptoms he exhibited the complaint and its cause, he might have been taken in hand for treatment ; but this he escaped. His wife, however, worthy woman ! di-

vined at once his trouble, and seeing not only the cigars, but far more valuable chattels, passing into a limbo from which they could never be reclaimed, came boldly forward.

"Why, John," she exclaimed, "don't you know my maid's valise?" and proceeded forthwith to reclaim the baggage, which was handed over to her without question.

Many a lady has been detected by information quietly conveyed, for a consideration, to headquarters, by someone in the establishment where the goods intended to be smuggled were purchased. A lady consults an experienced "packer" in a Parisian house with regard to the best method of concealing a piece of dress goods so that it will pass the customs officials undetected. The advice is freely given, the contrivance suggested is ingenious, and perfectly well known at the custom house, which receives, if the game is worth the candle, an intimation of how to recognize the *ci devant* purchaser and would-be smuggler, and what to look for when she is searched.

The most extraordinary devices are resorted to in smuggling laces. One of the most successful lately described was practiced by a Hebrew merchant and his wife. Mr. Wortmann made regular trips to Europe, returning with imported goods on which he paid regular duties as an honest merchant should. He was, however, suspected of "running" valuable consignments of Alençon and other laces, upon which no duties were paid, and was accordingly strictly watched, and both he and his belongings thoroughly investigated. The officials were puzzled. They had reliable information that the man was a smuggler, but, search as they might, they could find nothing dutiable. At last, by what means it has not transpired, the true inwardness of his methods, or, rather, those of his wife, for she was the contriver of them, became known, and the further success of his schemes made impossible.

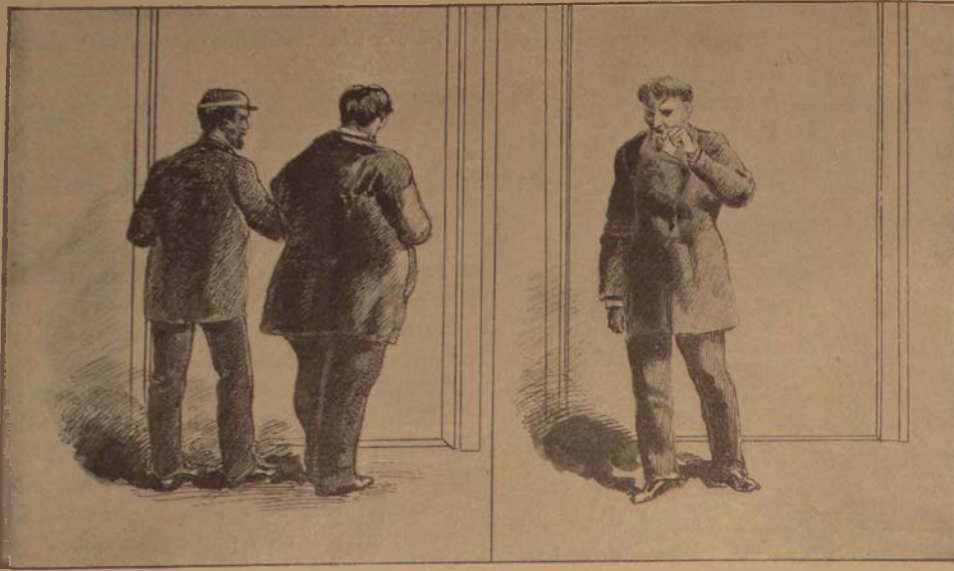
It appeared that always, when he arrived at port, he was met by his wife, who forthwith installed herself in his stateroom. The lace was secreted in the stateroom and left there by Mr. Wortmann when he came ashore to be examined. After a rigid investigation had proved his guilelessness and impeccability he rejoined his wife who meanwhile had calmly proceeded to gather up his leavings, and, unsearched and unsuspected, conveyed them safely into his hands.

A faithful couple of free traders, who had shared the burden of a costly purchase of silks and laces between them, without very noticeably increasing their outward girth, fell sick on shipboard. The husband quickly recovered ; but his poor wife grew worse, and on arrival at port was in no condition to carry out her part of the scheme of "slipping the searchers." The husband, therefore, had to literally assume their whole investment, which increased his apparent obesity to such an extent, and so weighed upon his mind and body, the weather being hot, that, to quote my informant, "he was a sight to behold." The experts in the custom-house, however, understood his case the moment they saw him, and applied so effectual an "anti-fat remedy" that his loss was more noticeable than his gain had been, and made him ever after "a sadder and a wiser man."

An instance of the folly of confiding in strangers through the impulse of vanity is given in the case of a Mr. Trix. On the journey from Hamburg to the United States he fell in with a couple of very pleasant gentlemen whom he found quite companionable. One evening the conversation, quite accidentally, of course, fell upon the devices used by smugglers, and a number of interesting and amusing anecdotes were told by the strangers, who seemed *au fait* on the subject. Now Mrs. Trix, clever little woman that she was, who accompanied her husband on his trip, had often cautioned him to be careful in speaking of this matter, and not



CONSULTING A PACKER.



Going in. A CURE FOR CORPULENCY. Coming out.

by any means to express the interest he had reason to feel in it; but, led away by conviviality, and betrayed by his desire to impress his companions with a due sense of his cleverness, he told them of a certain ingeniously arranged portmanteau he had in his possession. The device was novel: the strangers were much interested, and, rather ironically, perhaps, wished him all the success he deserved.

At the custom-house he was somewhat surprised by a summons to the searchers' rooms, and chagrined and horrified to be there confronted by one of his former genial companions, who introduced himself as an officer, and proceeded coolly to examine and comment upon the unfortunate portmanteau which he held in his hands. "Anything dutiable?" he asked, looking up as he opened and disclosed the false bottom. Mr. Trix felt the irony of the question almost as much as the material loss it presaged: to use a well-worn



"ANYTHING DUTIABLE?"

board the vessel that conveyed its mistress from her last stopping-place, Holland, to the United States. It knew some diverting tricks that it would perform on the command of its mistress, but it knew one trick its owner did not care to exhibit. This was the ability it possessed to carry, for almost any given length of time within reason, various articles in the capacious pouch attached to its lower beak, or mandible. In its wild, native state, the pelican uses this pouch as a receptacle for the fish upon which it lives, and which it will convey for long distances to its young.

When about to land at one of our Southern ports the pelican was taken aside by a maid (who afterwards betrayed her mistress to the authorities), and loaded up with watches, brooches, gold chains, and jewelry of every description, which it faithfully concealed and securely carried ashore.



A VALUABLE TOY.



FEEDING THE PELICAN.



AN EXCITING CHASE ACROSS THE BORDER.

A baby's tin rattle, picked up in the streets of Mobile by a colored man, and given by him to his children to play with, was, when accidentally broken, found to contain several large "pigeon-blood" rubies and a sapphire. The gems were somewhat marred and scratched, but exceedingly valuable, the rubies being worth more than diamonds of the first water. The fortunate finder is now a prosperous merchant in Valparaiso. The jewels were unquestionably smuggled, and the secret of their concealment, through the death of their owner or from some other unknown cause, lost, as well as their valueless receptacle.

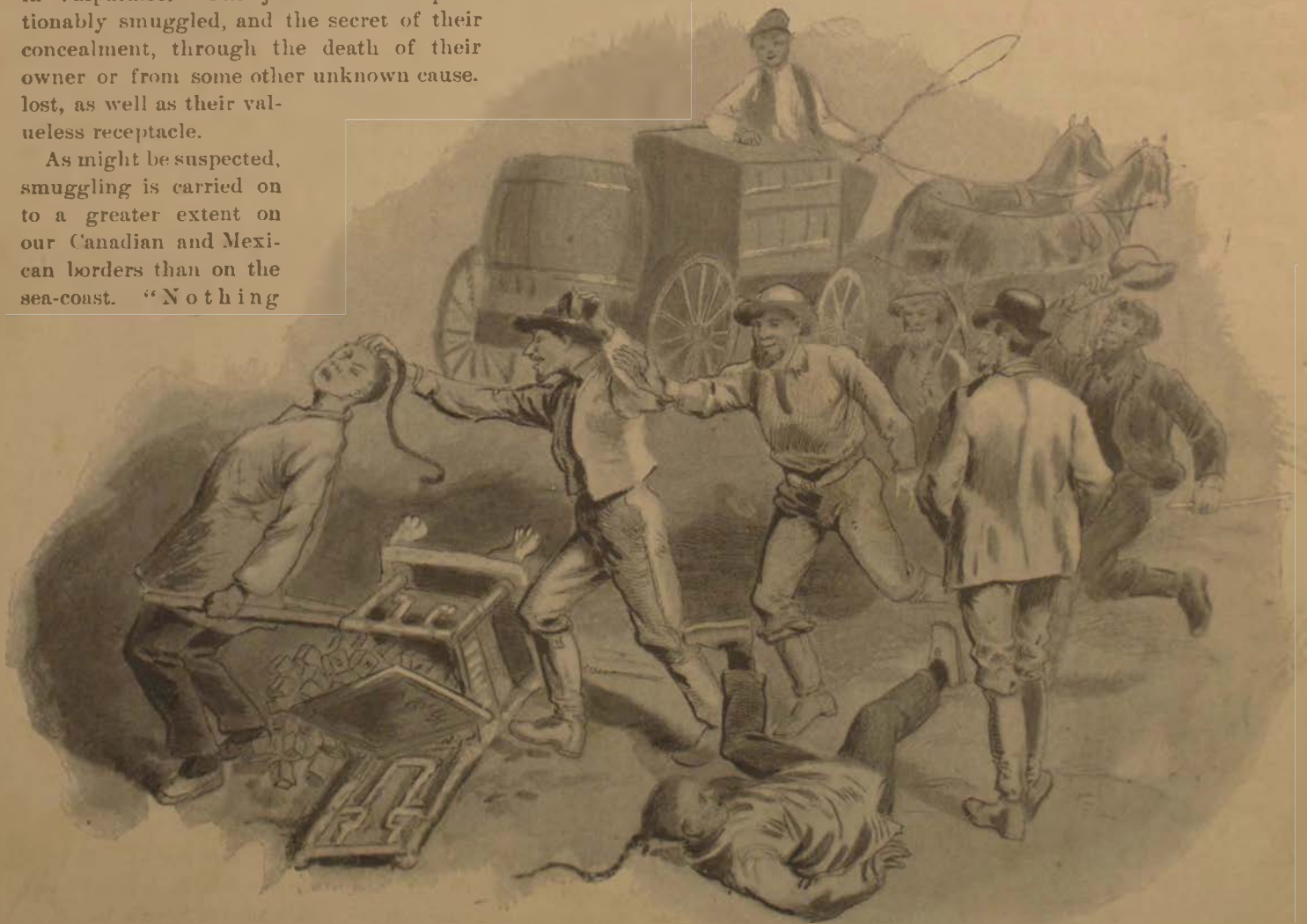
As might be suspected, smuggling is carried on to a greater extent on our Canadian and Mexican borders than on the sea-coast. "Nothing

short of a military cordon of United States regulars along the entire Mexican border," says a recent political writer on the subject, "will prevent the running over the line of horses, cattle, laces, diamonds, silks, and everything else that is dutiable"; and much the same thing can be said of the Canadian border. Exciting races sometimes occur between the custom-house authorities and the smugglers, who strive to cross the line into Mexico, where they consider themselves safe.

A typical mule-smuggler, or "bull-whacker," will buy valuable mules or horses in Mexico or the British dominions, for a very small amount, according to the bill of sale made out, and squares matters by paying an absurdly large sum of money for the halts, so that the payment of any adequate duty is cleverly avoided. "Frauds upon the revenue, in the importation of live animals," says J. G. Howard, in his report on the subject, "are very numerous. It is claimed by almost all

importers of valuable stock that their animals are imported for breeding purposes, and so entitled to free entry. The famous elephant Jumbo escaped the payment of twenty thousand dollars duties, upon oath being made by his owner that he was imported for breeding purposes."

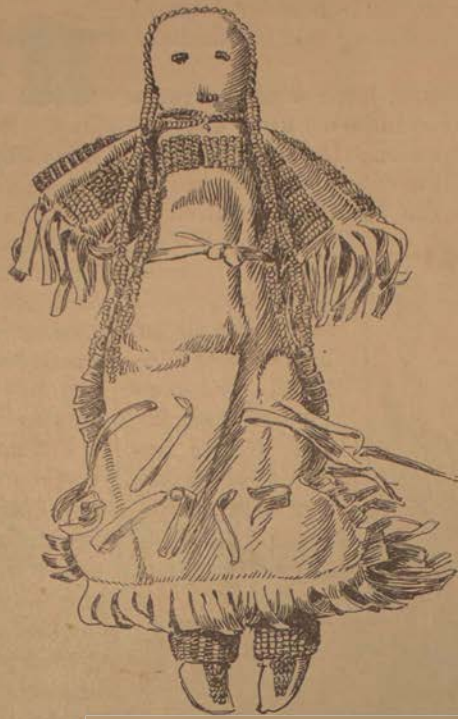
Our bull-whackers, among whom can be found specimens of that contradictorily named class, "female cow-boys,"



THE ACCIDENT TO THEIR "HEIRLOOM CHAIR."

will drive across the Texas border droves of sheep with the wool on their backs, and after shearing them drive them back again over the line into Mexico. The "sheep are taxed twenty per cent. as live animals, no more can be collected under the law: the duty on wool, four or five times greater, is avoided altogether."

Probably the most persistent and skillful smugglers known are the Chinese. "When," says an authority on the subject, "the duty of four dollars a pound was first imposed on



THE DECEPTIVE DOLL.

made to correspond exactly with cans which contain nothing else than salmon, and as about one can in seven or eight, or, in some cases, twelve or fifteen, contains the drug, it is almost impossible for the authorities to detect the smuggled article or to prevent it from being sent here in this manner.

Not only have the ladies, who must rank next the Chinese as successful smugglers, used themselves and their baggage as conveyances for dutiable articles, but little children, and more especially babies, are made accomplices. Little does the custom-house officer suspect, sometimes, as he sees a nurse or mother pressing an infant closely in her arms and calling it her "dearest treasure" and her

"precious pet," how literally true he would find the words were he to examine the undergarments, the lining of the cloak, and even the cap of the little one.

Dolls, too, are the worst of smugglers. Perhaps the wickedest of these are made by squaws on the strip of Pacific



A FRAUDULENT JOSS.

crude opium, the Chinese had rather an ingenious way of getting that favorite article into San Francisco. Each Chinaman of substance was observed to enter the harbor seated in an elaborately carved chair of prodigious proportions, which precious proof and relic of his Oriental greatness was represented to be an heirloom of priceless value, but being a part of his household effects long in use, was of course exempt from duty. It was observed that these Chinese chairs were inseparable attachments to all well-to-do Chinamen, and that they were carried ashore right side up, with the tenderest care; but one fine day, as luck would have it, the truck of a stevedore struck two Celestials and their heirloom chair with the force of a battering-ram, and all at once eighty pounds of opium, in small packages, showered from the broken piece of furniture. Not only the seat, back, and arms of these Chinese chairs, but even the legs and rounds were stuffed with the precious narcotic. After this opium-fraud was discovered the drug was sent in hollow Joss images, filled and packed, as were the chairs, by Chinese girls and women in the river towns of southern China.

Opium is now smuggled from the British dominions into the United States, put up with canned salmon. As a layer of the salmon is placed above the opium, and the weight



A MULE-SMUGGLER.

coast in the British dominions. Their poor little bodies are receptacles for the vilest liquor. They are sent in great numbers to Alaska, whence they do their best to debauch and destroy the natives, already decreasing fast in numbers, a prey to civilized vices.

No body of public servants, perhaps, have greater or more difficult duties to perform than those imposed upon custom-house officials. The important questions that arise in every department are alone sufficiently intricate and perplexing ; but the constant strain upon all the faculties required to

meet every species of fraud and chicanery, is wearing to the last degree. Indeed, the consciousness on the part of our impost collectors that their utmost efforts can only lessen, but can-



BARGE OFFICE, N. Y., AND A REVENUE CUTTER.

not hope to prevent, the vast smuggling operations that are always being carried on somewhere

along our boundary lines, cannot but be discouraging ; and their patience under unjust accusation, and the courtesy with which they endeavor to explain necessary detentions and investigations are really praiseworthy. It is to the imperfections and faults of a system opening up infinite opportunities for dishonest practices, that the apparently unjust delays and difficulties of travelers and importing merchants are to be ascribed, rather than to persons whose business and interest it is to make existing regulations work as smoothly as possible.

F. PARKES WATERSON.

The Mother of Our Lord.

(See Page Engraving.)

CAZING at this lovely presentment of Mary of Nazareth the following beautiful lines by Wordsworth may best express our appreciation :

“ Mother ! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
Woman ! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast,
Purer than foam on central ocean tost.”

The artist shows us the youthful Mary coming to the temple, after the days of her purification, according to the manner of the Jews, were accomplished, bearing the two turtle-doves as the accustomed offering, as St. Luke in the second chapter of his gospel so beautifully relates.

The Conquest of Neptune.

THE poet's phrase, “ the deep's unknown, untrodden floor,” whatever may have been the case when it was written, has certainly little application at the present day. Everywhere the most profound abysses of old ocean are yielding up their secrets, the topography of submarine regions is being mapped out with the certainty and almost as minutely as that of the dry land, and few of the shallower and more accessible parts of the sea are “ untrodden ” by human feet. Indeed, every large steamer and war vessel, and every marine station is provided with suits of submarine armor. Sponge, coral, and pearl fisheries are now carried on by the aid of this armor, and by its aid naturalists pursue their investigations upon the sea floor, undismayed by the fifteen or twenty feet of water above their heads.

Let me ask you to accompany me in imagination to this world whose atmosphere of salt water, whatever tempests may rage above, preserves an eternal peace and silence throughout its untroubled depths. True, the expedition is not without serious discomfort, and perhaps, if you are in the habit of using alcoholic stimulants, or are subject to headaches or dizziness, not altogether without danger. Accidents, however, can certainly be avoided by descending and ascending slowly enough to allow nature to accommodate the system to the different degrees of pressure it has to encounter, which, even at the depth of thirty-two feet, is equal to an atmosphere of about fourteen tons to an ordinary-sized man. Still there would perhaps be little cause for fear, though much for care, if our adventure were real, instead of imaginary. Indeed, the capacity of the human system to sustain such pressure is very wonderful. It is by no means uncommon for divers to spend hours at depths varying from seventy-five to one hundred feet, and Mr. Henry Siebe even gives an instance of a depth of two hundred and one feet, reached by a diver named Hooper, who remained under water at this depth for forty-two minutes. In this case Hooper had to sustain the enormous pressure of eighty-seven pounds to the square inch, or over eighty-four tons upon the whole surface of his body.

Having been carefully instructed in signaling with the life-line and air-pipe, we undergo the somewhat arduous process of arraying ourselves in Neptune's costume, which includes, among its various parts, a pair of shoes weighing forty pounds, and a great metal helmet with three plate-glass windows in it. Two assistants are now told off to man the air-pump, and we are directed to step to the ladder leading from the side of the lighter to the bottom of the sea, some fifteen or twenty feet below the surface. We can scarcely stand upright. It seems to us as if our bodies were in heavy leathern bags, our heads in resounding copper kettles, and our feet nailed to the deck. We shudder at the prospect of carrying so much dead weight with us into the water. If anything happens, hampered and constrained as we are, what can we do to help ourselves ?

However, obedient to instructions, we shuffle laboriously to the ladders, but before we finally descend have to submit to a forty-pound weight put upon the back and a similar one upon the breast, so that now we each carry about one hundred and twenty-odd pounds. One would certainly think this enough to keep anyone to the bottom ; but, to our unbounded astonishment, it is not : we have the greatest trouble possible in regulating our valves so that we can get under water and stay there. The air, too, freely admitted into our dress, puffs up the sleeves, and we find ourselves ludicrously swimming on the surface of the water like the swell-fish we used to catch off our Atlantic coast, which, on being caught, fill themselves with air, and on being



A “ FEMALE COW-BOY.”

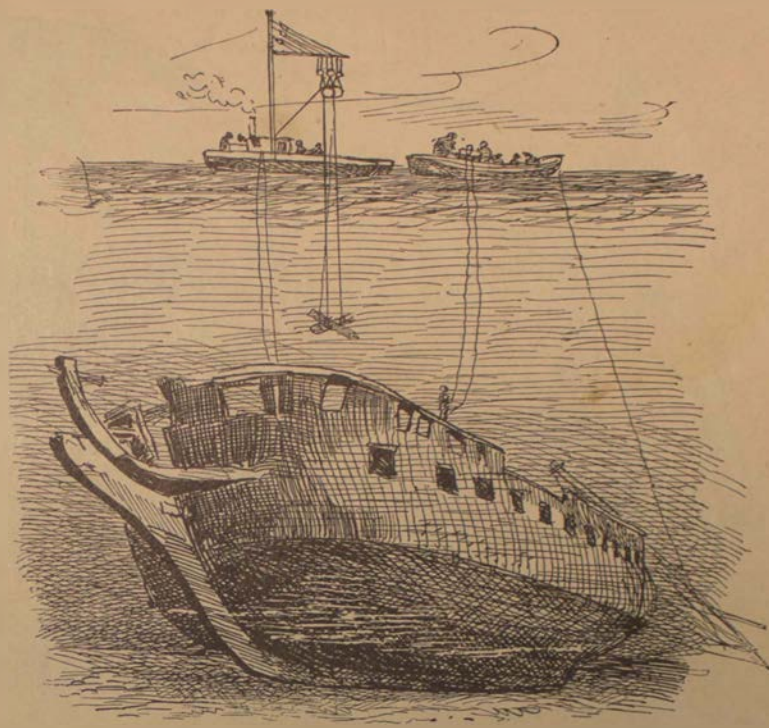
thrown back into the water do not sink, but go floating off as light as bubbles.

At last we learn, after a fashion,—it takes practice and long experience to do it perfectly.—to so manage the valves as to make ourselves light or heavy, at pleasure. A novel, and not altogether pleasant, sensation seizes us as the water closes above our heads. We are suffering from nervousness, having attempted something so unfamiliar. We are, in a manner, dazed and flurried, our breath comes in gasps: we must pause for awhile to compose ourselves. Meanwhile a strange thing happens: we are dizzy, we lose all sense of locality, and it actually seems to us as if we were standing upon our heads. This strange sensation is caused, as explained by physicists, by the pressure of air upon the internal organs of the ear where is located the sense of direction. The difficulty in breathing soon passes away; but, as we descend further, pains begin to be felt in the ears and above the eyes. These are light or severe, according to the rate at which we descend: when we reach the bottom they disappear altogether.

As we leave the ladder and attempt to walk about, as we have seen divers represented as doing in illustrations, we find it impossible to do so: the water unexpectedly offers a resistance to our progress. A pretty shell we wish to obtain lies a few feet away from us, but we cannot, maintaining an upright position, advance a step toward it. In fact, we soon find that the only way to get about is to assume an attitude at an angle of about forty-five degrees in the direction toward which we intend going, and to push ourselves along on our toes; and often, if the surface is uneven, we have to creep about on our hands and knees.

And yet a strange sense of buoyancy and freedom comes

The horizon has strangely contracted: as we look upward we see a great, circular, illuminated space, outside of which the under surface of the water looks dark, precisely as it does in looking down upon it from above. The light, though clear, is very soft, and envelopes everything in a dreamy blue, through which constantly appear opalescent hues that



RECOVERING GUNS AND CARGO FROM A SUNKEN SHIP.



DIVER ENTERING A SUNKEN SHIP'S CABIN. SCENE IN THE CABIN OF THE "DALHOUSIE," WRECKED OFF DUNDAS.

upon the unaccustomed diver: the heavy leaden soles of his armor are needed to keep him from rising and soaring away; freed from the trammels of gravitation, he can, as in a dream, drop fearlessly from high rocks or leap across chasms, and do other things altogether impossible on dry land.

But now pause and look about us. We have entered a new world, where everything seems to

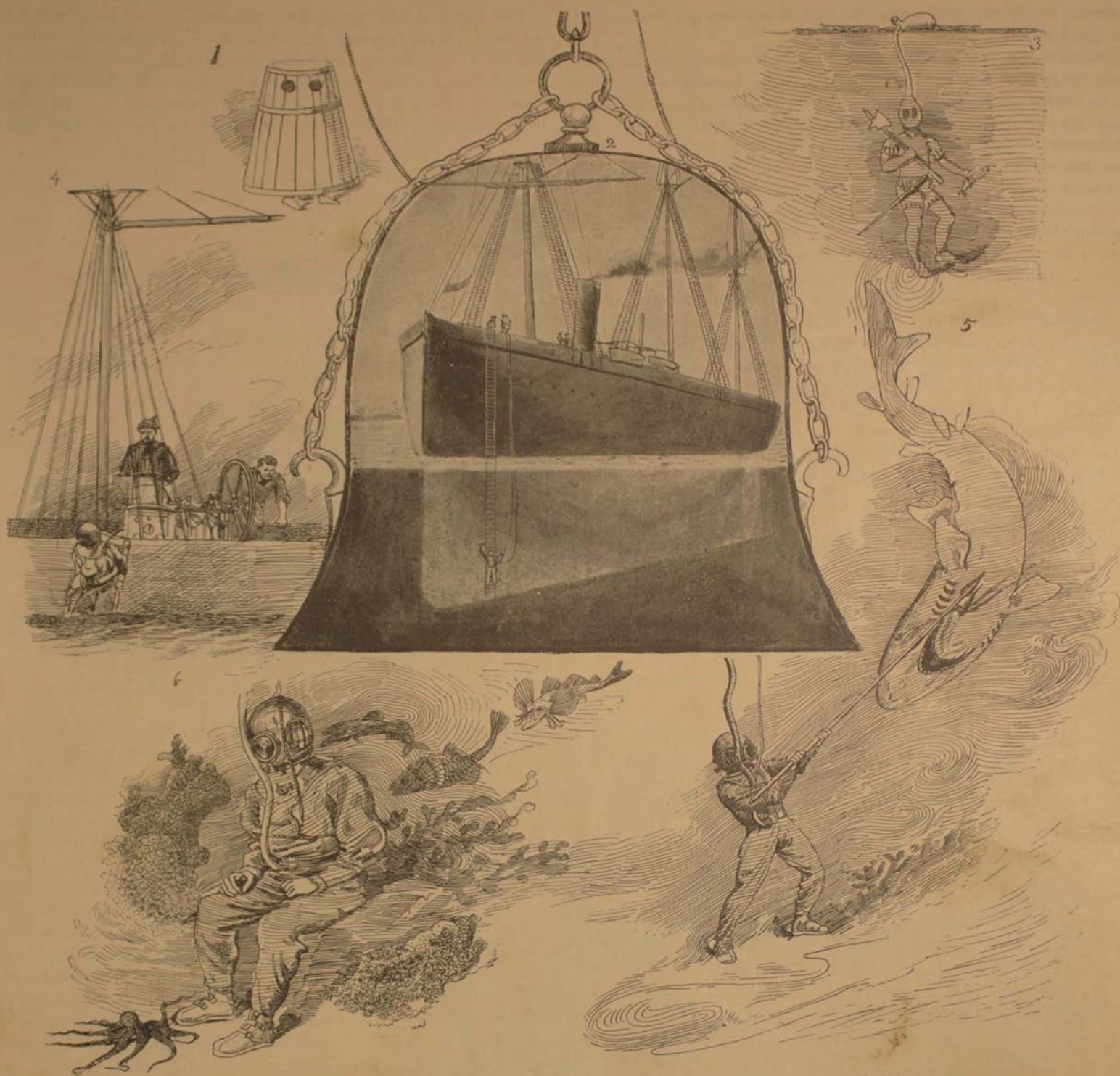
"... suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

are charming beyond description. Strange living masses of variegated colors adorn the submarine rocks, and brilliant flowers palpitate with animal life and open or close their petals at will. About our feet creep shining crustaceans, and as we sit motionless, above us, solemnly and slowly, in splendor of color and glitter of their mailed sides, great fish, staring at us with unwinking wonder, seem lost in speculations about the strange intruders that have come among them; or else schools of the smaller fry dart past like flashes of light.

Many things there are here well worth the seeing, which we shall not see, and the telling, which cannot here be told; for after a short half-hour spent below, darkness comes suddenly upon us, and we hastily ascend to the surface, to find the sun not yet near setting, but to learn that as the luminary descends the western half of the heavens there is an angle at which so many more rays are reflected than enter the

water that the light at the bottom falls off very abruptly.

"In an edition of Vegetius on the art of war," writes Siebe, "published in 1511, there is an engraving representing a man with a cap on his head from which rises a long leather tube [as seen in our illustration No. 3], the upper end of which is an open flask that floats upon the surface of the water. This arrangement at once reminds us of the instinctive action of the elephant: when in wading beyond his depth in lakes or rivers, he elevates his trunk so that the



ANCIENT AND MODERN DIVING APPARATUS.

1. A primitive diving-bell. 2. Outline of Halley's diving-bell, inclosing picture of a steam vessel undergoing repairs by a workman in Siebe's diving-armor. 3. Diver of 1511. 4. Diver descending. Working air-pump. 5. Terrible adventure of Mr. J. B. Greene, the celebrated American diver, with a large man-eating shark. 6. Dr. Antoine Dorhu studying marine zoölogy in eighteen feet of water at the station at Naples.

end of it, through which he breathes, is always above the surface of water."

Another illustration (No. 1), of about the same period, shadows forth the invention of the diving-bell. An improved form of this, invented by Halley, is shown, framing the picture of the diver repairing the bottom of a steamer. The diving-bell has undoubtedly proved a machine of the greatest utility, but it is, for many reasons, fast giving way to the less expensive and far more available submarine armor. The illustration last referred to shows one of the most useful applications of the diver's suit that has yet been made. By its vessels that would otherwise have to be, at great expense, dry-docked and overhauled, can be perfectly repaired without loss of time.

Many strange stories have been told of the perils divers in deep waters have to meet in the fouling of their lines, the

intentional neglect of those above to respond to their signals, their battles with cuttle-fish or octopods; but nothing can be more terrible than their combats with the great man-eating shark of tropical waters. Speaking of encountering these monsters, Mr. J. B. Greene, the most celebrated of American divers, says:

"Off the Silver Banks, north of the island of Hayti, divers are often surrounded by sharks, and to protect myself from them I found it necessary to wear iron hoops. These hoops are only necessary while ascending or descending, as no danger is to be apprehended from the fish unless the diver is in motion. We were often obliged to defend ourselves from these ravenous creatures with our pikes, an instrument with a lance-head and a curved blade at right angles to the lance. As they drew near I would strike them beneath with this instrument. Once I was attacked by a white

shark twenty feet long and five feet across the head, as afterwards ascertained by actual measurement. Had he darted at me, as they often do, it would have been impossible to successfully resist his onset ; but he appeared a little doubtful as to whether I was eatable or not, and his hesitation was fatal to him. As I struck him with my pike he wheeled about to swim away ; but the steel blade, penetrating his flesh, ripped him open half his length, and the voracious creature turned again, to devour his own blood."

If the diver is always likely to happen upon buried wealth that in a single descent will well repay the labors of a lifetime, he is also liable to encounter horrors the memory of which never leaves him ; for these shipwrecked treasures are often guarded by drowned men. The bodies, sinking readily enough when the breath is first exhausted, gradually assume, with the expansion of gases within, an erect position. "It is," says Mr. Greene, "a sight such as timid souls would quake to look upon, to see a corpse standing upright, deep beneath the water's surface, its slimy visage and glassy eyes meeting you face to face as it sways to and fro with every impulse given it by the currents below."

In the case of the steamship "Dalhousie," sunk near Dundas, Canada, the divers went into the cabins to remove the bodies of the passengers and crew. "Some were in the attitude of prayer, others appeared as they were last engaged in their impotent struggle with death, while the most affecting sights of all were those in which children were found clinging appealingly to their parents. Such occurrences, as a matter of course, are frequent, and constitute the least pleasant part of a diver's business."

It is really remarkable how few are the accidents that happen to divers in their seemingly perilous profession. One of the most singular of those recorded occurred off Valparaiso. A diver at work upon a wreck had adjusted the lifting apparatus about a box containing ingots of virgin gold. In hauling up the box the slings broke, and the weight of treasure descending upon his head killed the diver upon the spot.

The sea is not only forced to give up the dead and the material riches it engulfs, but its most carefully guarded secrets are now extorted from its hitherto inaccessible recesses. At the splendid zoölogical station at Naples, Dr. Antoine Dorhn, with his corps of able assistants and the numerous students at the institution, not only dredge for sea-life and preserve and study it in their large and well-appointed aquarium, but descend beneath the waters and visit the queer creatures at home, taking notes of how they behave there, and learning all about their habits and life in their native element.

The science of diving, notwithstanding the great results already arrived at, is in its infancy. Improvements are constantly being made in the diver's dress and appointments. Electric lamps, for instance, now enable the toilers beneath the sea to carry on their work at night, and in situations at distances where no light from above can reach them ; they can now communicate with the surface by telephone ; and Prof. B. W. Richardson has recently made public the details of a series of successful experiments in which, by means of the so-called Fleuss process, which consists in carrying down under the water a supply of condensed oxygen, the diver is made entirely independent of the air-pipe, and can wander where he will, for hours, without the assistance of anyone at the surface.

Much might be said, did space allow, of the useful work of our divers in laying the foundations of our great suspension bridges, constructing walls for piers and breakwaters, beneath the surface, and drilling and blasting away rocks impeding navigation, as in the case of the removal of Diamond Reef, the clearing away of rocks at Hell Gate, New

York, and many such operations. Indeed, their services are constantly brought into requisition for more extended uses, and promise is actually given of a time when the depths of lakes, rivers, and seas, no longer the abodes of death, may be traversed with the same ease and security as their surfaces, or even the dry land itself.

CAPT. ROSS WILLIAMSON.

The Christ-Child's Gift.

I.

IT was on the twenty-fourth of the Christmas month, and towards evening ; the snow lay high, and yet the white flakes were piling up : the earth was wearing her winter garment. Not a star was to be seen, for the thick clouds had spread their veil and spanned the high towers of the good city of Nuremberg so that the slender spires pierced the heavy fabric.

As the bells were chiming for Christmas Eve, a delicate child, a little maid of scarce six years, was groping her way through the gathering fog. Little Gela was an orphan : her father and mother had died of winter fever, and, after



"AN UNCONSCIOUS LITTLE MAID."

they were buried, the child had been thrust out into the cruel world alone.

At the entrance of a large garden, close to the hospitably open gateway, stood a spreading linden whose luxuriant branches sheltered an exquisitely carved figure of the Christ-child. Veit Stotz, the famous sculptor of Nuremberg, had represented him as he might appear on Christmas Eve to

bless the world. A white garment fell to the little feet, the sweet face was illumined with an expression of divine love, the blue eyes were full of kindness. On its left arm this figure of the Christ-child held a green fir-tree, and in the right hand a dish of golden fruit. This lovely image was sheltered by a richly carved canopy, and lit by a handsome lantern that hung from a branch of the linden-tree.

Breathlessly the little wanderer gazed at the wonderful image. It was the Christ-child, and who was with him was safe: neither ice, nor snow, nor even wicked people, could harm.

When Mistress Agnes, the beautiful wife of Master Henry Ellinger, the rich goldsmith, came with her nine-year-old son, little Hans, out into the garden to say "Our Father" before the lights of the Christmas were lit, she found at the foot of the blessed Christ-child an unconscious little maid. Mistress Agnes took the little one up in her arms, and home to her good, loving, motherly heart; and the glittering candles of the Christmas-tree shone like brilliant stars to the orphan child for whom the Christ-child had provided a new home.

II.

THE "good Emperor Max," as his grateful subjects called him, was slightly embarrassed. Angrily he strode back and forth in his splendid apartment in the castle at Vienna. The splendor which surrounded him seemed to mock him, for, to tell the truth, what the mighty emperor needed was—money. Of course the government treasury was full, only Maximilian in his wisdom would certainly never have thought of putting his hand into it, or even of borrowing of a friend to gratify his private wishes.

The emperor had heard that a Tyrolean writer, one Henry Ried, who was unusually skilled as a copyist, possessed a copy of the Gudrun ballads. Max himself had not one, and so he hoped to add the superb work to his costly collection at the castle Ambras, if—ah, if!—he could induce the Tyrolean scribe to part with it. It was this man who had drawn those furrows on the imperial brow, it was this man who made him pace restlessly back and forth in his magnificent apartments, and prevented him from welcoming with his usual cordiality the distinguished guests he had invited to visit him, men famed far and near, scholars of the Vienna University for the most part, and among them the art-lover and scholar Sir Conrad Peutinger of Augsburg, and his accomplished little daughter Juliana.

Max was very fond of this seventeen-year-old girl, and had been ever since she, then a child of four years, had welcomed him to Augsburg with a Latin speech. At the sight of her the noble Max's brow cleared a little. He kissed her on the forehead and led her to the seat of honor.

Carefully Juliana followed the conversation of the men; finally she raised her pretty head, and fixing her dark eyes on the emperor she asked,

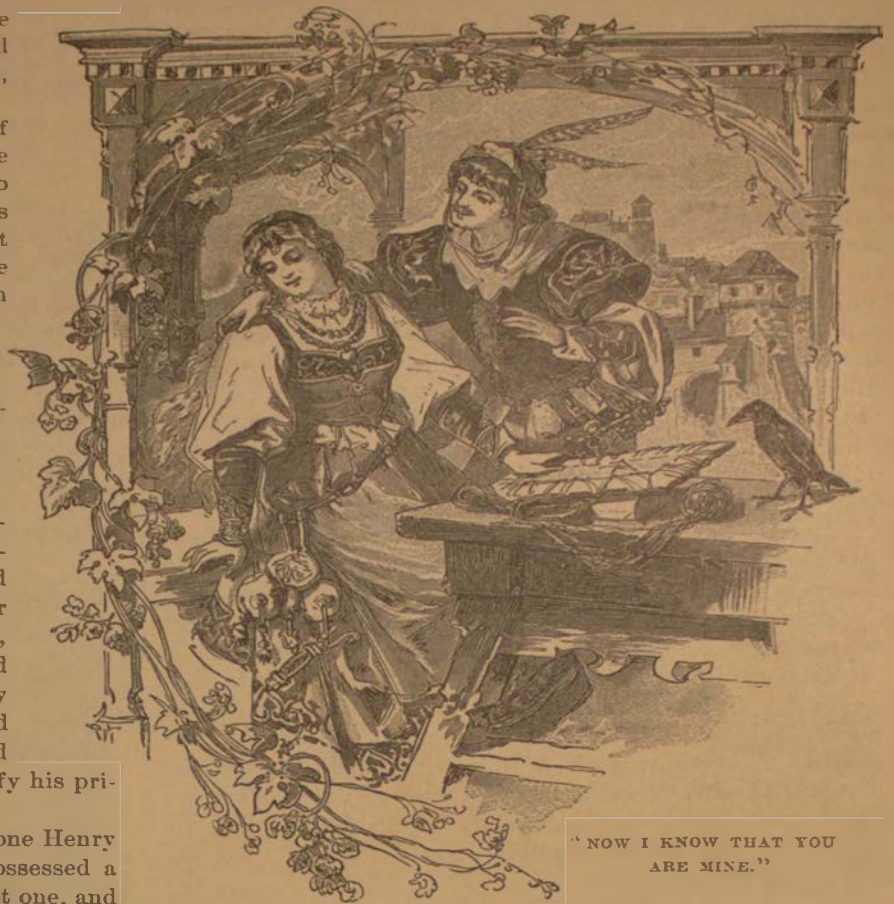
"Is it permitted, my imperial lord, that I should utter advice?"

"In Latin or German?" teased Maximilian. "Yes, you may advise us in Greek also, my little dove, only give us some good advice. See! I want to buy something, and cannot because I am poor."

Juliana laughed.

"How can you call yourself poor, my lord the Emperor, when you wear, every day, such a treasure hanging from your neck?" And she pointed to the emperor's neck-chain,

from which depended an unusually large amethyst in a golden setting. "Part for a while with that glittering stone, and the desire of your heart will be fulfilled. There are surely rich goldsmiths enough in Nuremberg and Augsburg to give you a goodly sum for it." Maximilian stared at the speaker.



"NOW I KNOW THAT YOU ARE MINE."

"Part with my amulet?" he murmured.

"Well, it would not be forever, imperial sire," laughed Juliana. "Who knows how soon you will be able to redeem it again?"

"By Heaven! the child is right!" exclaimed the emperor. "Ah! what is sharper than woman's wit?"

"See, sire," continued the clever maiden, "I am going to-morrow to Nuremberg, to see my godmother, Anne Marie Imhoff—"

"And also her nephew, the Sir Knight Wilfrid," Max interrupted, teasing the blushing girl.

"Only give me the jewel, and I will wager that Master Henry Ellinger, the rich goldsmith, will give you enough for it to gratify your heart's desire."

"So be it," decided Emperor Max. "Take the stone, wise sibyl, but tell Master Ellinger that he must answer for its safe return to me, with his life. God willing, I will redeem it before the advent of Our Lord."

Juliana nodded.

"You will be able to redeem it twice before then. The roses are still blooming in the castle court."

"Not lovelier than in thy cheeks, little wise one."

So the embarrassment was settled according to Juliana's advice.

Emperor Max went in triumph to the Tyrolean, Henry Ried of Innsbruck, and in the year of our Lord 1517 the costly book of historic ballads was added to the library of Ambras, much to the gratification and delight of the whole German nation.

III.

AT Master Henry Ellinger's house many things had changed since 1505, when the Christ-child had given him a lovely little maid. Mistress Agnes, the beautiful, vivacious wife of his love, rested in eternal slumbers: too soon had the Angel of Death met her,—too soon for her husband, too soon for her handsome, growing boy, Henry, much too soon for Gela, the homeless orphan, whom the gentle Agnes had so lovingly taken to her motherly heart.

Master Henry had never taken any great fancy to her, and while she had a place in his house, where he allowed her to remain, after the death of his Agnes, out of deference to his dear wife's last wishes, he had never given her a place in his heart. This was to be wondered at, for Gela was a noble and lovely girl, and was blooming into a beautiful young woman.

There she sat, in the shade of the hop-vine reddening in autumnal foliage, golden curls falling over her white, girlish brow, blue eyes glancing over the silver threads of her embroidery. A rustling in the branches over her head, and a tame raven, that young Henry had given her when they were children, hopped down on the stone table, walked gravely over to her, cocked his knowing eye at his blonde friend, and assured her that it was "A fine day, fine day." As Gela nodded at him in a cordial way, he plumed his black feathers, opened his eyes, and piped in his sweetest tones, "Juliana, fairest Juliana."

These three words had a very singular effect. Gela sat there as if thunderstruck: all the color left her charming face, she stared wildly at the raven, and as he began again, "Juliana, fairest Juliana," she burst into bitter tears.

At a corner of the arbor stood Henry, now a slender, handsome youth, with his fine mouth adorned by a budding dark mustache, watching his pretty foster-sister. The wretch laughed and clasped his hands together in delight as he saw Gela's tears. He made a little rustling among the leaves, to warn her of his approach, then he entered the arbor.

"You are weeping, Gela?" asked the rogue, with simulated surprise.

"Oh, no," she answered, also dissimulating. "I only ran a needle into the corner of my eye."

"Fine day, fine day!" interrupted the raven, and continued, as if he knew very well what the result would be, "Juliana, fairest Juliana."

Henry tried to seem a little shocked, but Gela was on her guard and asked, quite unconcernedly, "You find that reminds you of our lovely guest who brought your father the emperor's jewel?"

Henry nodded: he would have given a good deal if he could have blushed, but such a height of dissimulation was beyond him; so he only sighed deeply and said, "Ah! yes. The beautiful Juliana! how charming she was, and so clever, so clever!"

Gela had a bitter struggle with herself. Oh, only not to weep now! Her delicate frame shook with the effort to suppress her tears. Finally Henry gently put his arm around her.

"Gela," he whispered, my sweet little girl, I see you have been weeping. Ah! there they come again, those naughty tears, and they betray what that little saucy mouth would never, never tell me,—that Gela is jealous of Juliana Peutinger! To discover this I have taught the raven to speak her name. Gela, dearest Gela, now I know that you are mine, for whoever is jealous—loves!"

IV.

THERE were troublous times in Master Ellinger's house. Father and son went about with gloomy looks, and Gela's

eyes were red with weeping. But it was not jealousy that caused her tears: it was the inflexible will of Master Henry Ellinger the elder, who would not consent to the marriage of his son and namesake with a nameless foundling, and young Henry was about to set forth on a journey. Thereupon Gela had formed a fixed resolution not to separate father and son.

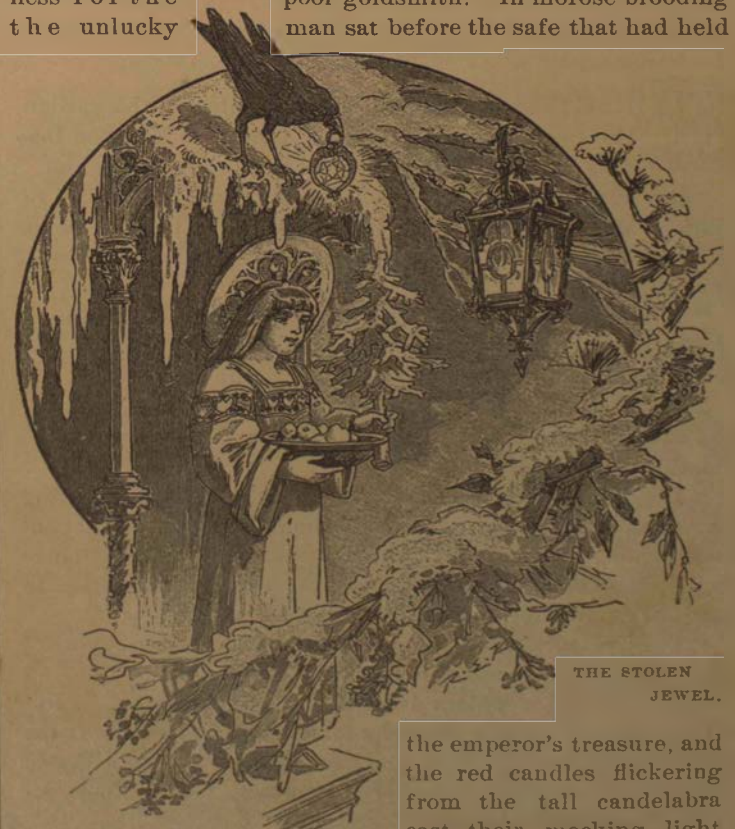
It was again the twenty-fourth of December. As twelve years before, the ground was white with snow; but the bright winter sunlight showed old Nuremberg in its dazzling Christmas robes and festal array. Splendid tapestries hung from every window, garlands of evergreens were hung everywhere, and arches of greens spanned the streets. The Emperor Max was to visit Nuremberg, and it was decorated in his honor.

Master Ellinger had also received an imperial message telling him that the emperor would come to redeem his jewel on Christmas morning.

His jewel! Ah! terror filled the heart of Ellinger, for the amethyst had disappeared! He had himself taken it from his safe to show it to a friend, and when he was about to escort the latter out to the door he laid the jewel in an alabaster dish. When he returned the costly amethyst had disappeared! No stranger had entered the house, and all the servants were away busy dressing the church. The day passed in eager, feverish search. With every hour Ellinger's distress increased, although he knew that the emperor would not come until the next day.

It became evening: the emperor had made his entry. The stars shone out, and the lovely song of Christ's birth was heard from the church, "Christ, of the holy angels' light and gladness."

Ah! the fairest of feasts had lost all its light and gladness for the poor goldsmith. In morose brooding the unlucky man sat before the safe that had held



THE STOLEN JEWEL.

the emperor's treasure, and the red candles flickering from the tall candelabra cast their mocking light

into the empty dish as he murmured,

"Whoever brings me back the stone may ask of me what he will, and, as God lives! I will give it to him."

He did not notice that the two he had wished to part forever had left the house together. Gela led her beloved out into the snowy garden, under the linden, to the little Christ-child, and here the two knelt in fervent prayer, while the

lantern's light shone full on the exquisite figure of the Christ-child.

But see! What was that shining so brightly in the dish which the child Jesus held in his hand? With a loud cry Gela sprang forward. Among the golden fruits lay the lost amethyst! At this moment the raven croaked from the linden-tree: "Fine day, fine day!" And immediately the lucky finders knew who had stolen the jewel.

After a fervently thankful prayer the two lovers returned to the house and received their father's blessing on their union; and when the Emperor Maximilian came for his jewel, the next day, and honored the workshop of the re-

nowned goldsmith with a visit, the event was related to him.

"Do not forget that when you wear the myrtle-wreath I am to give you away, my noble Gela," said the happy emperor, "for the crown must protect and care for the orphan. May you bring your husband always as much happiness as now!"

That was a joyous Christmas! A splendid Christmas-tree with glittering candles was set before the lovely image of the Christ-child, and the young couple, standing hand in hand before it, felt in their heart as if they had actually heard the song of Bethlehem's angels, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy!"

FRIDA SCHUMANN.

HER SOUL'S SECRET.

BY MME. JEANNE MAIRET.

(Continued from page 21.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Marthe Levasseur, a wealthy orphan, has for neighbors and friends a widow and her only son, Madame d'Ance! and Robert d'Ance!, the latter her childhood's playmate, whose mother wishes him to marry Marthe. The father of Marthe had deserted his wife, and after her death married a second time; but both he and his second wife have died, leaving a daughter, Edmée Levasseur, who, as Marthe's sister, claims her love and protection. Madame Aurélie Despois, Marthe's aunt, and sister of her mother, does not take kindly to the newcomer, but receives her for Marthe's sake. The young sister Edmée, just eighteen, while Marthe is twenty-six, is of a joyous, gay temperament, and the old French chateau near Honfleur, Marthe's home, seems another place with Edmée's beauty and vivacity to lend it life. Robert d'Ance! introduces a Captain Bertrand, a dashing young army officer of very domineering spirit, to the sisters, and that young man immediately falls in love with the beautiful Edmée. She, however, though coquettish, prefers the studious Robert, who is desirous of marrying Marthe. Marthe, though secretly loving Robert, fears that he does not love her as she would be loved, and will not consent to an open engagement with him until he is sure of his own heart. He protests, but she is firm and suggests a summer of social life before they decide to become engaged. Meanwhile the charming Edmée captures all hearts, and even Robert is troubled to decide which of the two sisters seems fairest and dearest to him. His mother gives a dinner-party in Edmée's honor, and the young people walk in the garden a little while, awaiting the dinner-hour.

CHAPTER VI.

WHILE the young people were strolling in the garden, the two matrons, Madame d'Ance! and Madame Despois, entertained each other in the drawing-room.

"It seems to me your son is becoming quite civilized," remarked Madame Despois. "He laughs as if he had never looked into anything so musty and dusty as the archives of government."

"Thank Heaven! But I always predicted that Robert would grow younger with advancing years. He was too serious at twenty: it was not natural; but now——"

Madame d'Ance! burned to tell all her hopes to Aunt Rélie, but she could not relieve her mind, since she had promised Marthe to keep silence.

"Yes," interrupted Madame Despois, "there is nothing like a pair of bright eyes to dispel the fogs of study. Do not look so alarmed, my dear. You know very well that since Edmée has been here Robert has been very different. He may not know that he is in love, but I know it."

"You are mistaken, you are mistaken, I assure you!" cried Madame d'Ance!, choking with her secret.

"Ta! ta! I am seldom deceived in such matters. After all, my dear, you have wanted a Mademoiselle Levasseur for a daughter-in-law. What are you sighing about? She is very pretty. I don't like her very much, but I must acknowledge that she is pretty."

"Then," said the baroness, her maternal selfishness aroused, and seeing the possibility of her son preferring the younger to the elder sister,—after all, there was no engagement,—"then you think the little one is fascinating?"

"Well, she cannot fascinate me! But since I have made a study of her, I can almost excuse my brother-in-law. The old legend of the sirens continues through all ages, and will

continue until the end of time. Edmée is the image of her mother, except that she has her father's eyes. I went secretly to see her mother play. We have few such actresses: she was so natural, so charming,—in fact, she had everything except a heart. I find in the daughter the same intonations of voice, the same smile which suddenly illumines the face like a sunbeam crossing a cloud. Look at her when she sits down: we only take a chair to make ourselves comfortable and our skirts accommodate themselves as they can; Edmée's dress falls in exquisite folds. When she talks, all her gestures are rounded, there are no angles; and all this is natural to her. Listen to her speak: she never hesitates and stammers, every syllable has its value, the sound of her voice is modulated with an art quite unconscious to herself. Elocution was inculcated in her without her knowledge: she had only to listen to her mother."

"But," objected her friend, "you said that her mother had everything but a heart. Does Edmée resemble her in that respect?"

"That is what I ask myself every day. She is very affectionate with Marthe,—but I do not know, yet. Edmée makes me think of my embroidery silks: they are soft and easy to handle, they caress the hand, you can do what you like with them; but all at once, you cannot tell how, a little imperceptible kink is found in your pretty soft silk, and the needle snaps. The kink has not appeared yet; but that is not saying that it will not."

The kink showed itself before the evening was over. The dinner was very gay. Edmée had partly forgotten her good resolution. Of all the young people assembled at the table, she was incontestably the queen: she knew that she was much the prettiest woman there, the most admired, the most courted, and the joy of her triumph was evident in the tone of her laugh and the light in her eyes. Robert, as

master of the house, was placed between two women of respectable age, and cast envious glances at the corner where *Edmée* was enjoying herself. She was fully conscious of these glances, and redoubled her coquetries. *Marthe*, from the other end of the table, could do nothing to modify the somewhat too attractive vivacity of her sister; and, besides, as everyone was gay that evening, and they were in the country, among strangers, there was no need to be very strict over a few rippling laughs. Then she was so pretty, her little *Edmée*, so pretty, and so much admired! The idea that she might for a moment be jealous of this newcomer, who eclipsed her so completely, never entered her mind. She was, on the contrary, extremely proud of the beauty and the success of her little sister.

After dinner they went out to take coffee in the garden, and *Marthe* put her arm around *Edmée's* waist. The young men and maidens formed a lively group. The moonlight, that evening, was superb, and it seemed almost as light as day, so that the elder sister noticed the crimson cheeks and too brilliant eyes of the younger.

"You are very warm, *Edmée*: put this lace around your neck. Do you know, mademoiselle, that you made a great deal of noise in your corner? And what has become of that exemplary wisdom of yours?"

"I have passed it over to you, *Marthe*: it will never trouble you. As for me, in an hour I do not know what to do with it. Ah! let me be a little silly: it is so good to be silly, and one is only eighteen for twelve months, alas! If you only knew! We have made a thousand plans, haven't we, captain? Ah! we are going to have such fun!"

"And what are these plans?" asked *Marthe*, smiling and indulgent.

"Am I in it?" asked Robert, attracted by the sisters, but not daring to ask himself if by one more than by the other.

"I believe so, and the captain, and these other gentlemen. We are eight girls, and we must have escorts. In the first place, on Monday we are going to have a luncheon-party at the fountain of *Virginie*. Are we not, *Marthe*?"

"If you wish, darling."

"Then we are going to play comedy: a little amateur acting is so amusing, especially in the country, and the large drawing-room with the little boudoir off is made expressly for it. The captain plays very well, and I——"

Edmée stopped short. Her sister had withdrawn her arm and looked very white in the moonlight.

"Not that, *Edmée*, not that," said she in a changed voice.

"Why?" demanded the young girl, excitedly. It was the first time that one of her caprices had been opposed, and her pretty face was all convulsed.

"Drawing-room acting is a very amusing thing for the actors, no doubt, and especially so for the actresses; but very tiresome for others, I can assure you."

"But we are all actors,—all the young people, at least. The others do not count."

"With me, *Edmée*, the others do count. We will have no acting."

This was said in a tone which admitted of no reply. Everyone guessed that *Marthe* did not tell the real reason for her antipathy to theatrical matters. *Edmée* proudly raised her pretty head, her expression suddenly became hard, and she said, carelessly:

"Oh! just as you say, of course! Monsieur d'Ance!, will you give me your arm? I wish to admire the view from the terrace. Come, ladies, I am sure the sea must look lovely in the moonlight!"

Marthe did not follow the other guests. Something in the way *Edmée* took Robert's arm suddenly struck her. She went and sat down by Madame d'Ance!. The latter took *Marthe's* hand affectionately. In her heart she was

asking *Marthe's* pardon, as if for an infidelity, for her conversation with Aunt *Rélie*.

"You are not well, *Marthe*? Shall we go inside?"

"Oh no: it is pleasant here."

"Then?"

"I am a little sad, that is all. Do not pay any attention to me. It is a peculiarity of my nature to think of things which are not very gay, when there is a little too much gayety going on about me. I am no longer eighteen: as *Edmée* says, 'one is only eighteen for twelve months.'—I fear I never really had them."

"You will have them a little later, that is all. Like Robert, you will grow younger as the years pass."

"Perhaps," murmured the young girl. "Indeed, Robert seems quite young this evening." And she fell into a slightly sad reverie.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "fountain of *Virginie*" was in a charmingly secluded spot in a little clearing environed by the forest and at some distance from the highway. In this beautiful place, almost at the foot of a venerable tree, welled up a spring of sparkling water, which, before it flowed away in a rivulet, spread out into a clear and crystalline pool, a lovely little sheet of water.

Marthe, to please her young sister, had arranged a regular picnic to this lovely place. Nothing more had been said about the private theatricals, and, to make that little unpleasantness forgotten, *Marthe* had redoubled her tenderness and kindness. Certainly, *Edmée* never sulked,—no one could say that; but from time to time a slight cloud which crossed her pretty face, a little silence, a hardly noticeable sigh, showed that this young person thought of things of which she could not speak. For the first time one of her caprices was not made a law: she was astonished, almost shocked, at it; but she pardoned it nevertheless.

Most of Madame d'Ance!'s guests were at the picnic. Several young girls with their mothers, among others, two lively Americans, a certain number of young men, most of them too young, formed a very agreeable party to look at. The lion of the company was Captain Bertrand, who arrived post-haste from *Trouville*. His horse, white with foam, was frightened, and shied as it was about to cross the little bridge. The captain, seeing that all were watching him, compelled the animal, whom he had conquered, to return, cross and re-cross the wooden planks, the sound of which terrified the horse, and accomplished his object by blows of the riding-crop, so pitilessly administered that the horse trembled visibly.

"I beg of you, captain, spare the poor creature!" at last cried *Marthe*, indignant. "This is not a pleasant sight, and you have sufficiently proved your horsemanship."

"At your orders, mademoiselle; but if you were obliged to head a regiment, or to mount a horse, you would find it necessary to harden your heart, I assure you."

"I know how to make myself obeyed upon occasion, you may be sure."

"I am the proof of it," said the handsome captain, bowing with smiling irony; and immediately he offered his services, making himself useful, gay, very lively, even a little officious.

Edmée regarded him with evident satisfaction. To-day the equilibrium she wisely maintained among her numerous admirers—and all the young men she met she naturally classed in this category—seemed a little disturbed in favor of the young officer. He did not attempt to disguise his admiration, but devoured her with his eyes. She wore a light dress of soft blue batiste, very simple, but marvelously becoming to her blonde beauty. She put on the most

charming little housewifely airs, turning up her sleeves to the elbows, and fastening back her skirt in a way to show the prettiest little feet in the world.

While the other young girls opened enormous baskets sent on ahead,—there were no servants to prepare the luncheon.—Edmée undertook to fill the carafes at the spring. The captain carried the filled bottles, but she insisted on filling them herself with the pure water, so cold that the crystal was immediately covered with a light dew. Some stones facilitated approach to the spring; but it was necessary to get down and at the same time not wet the edge of her pretty dress: of course she had to accept the firm hand offered her. And how pretty she was thus,

“Mocker! However, I shall repeat this ‘I adore you’ to you so often that you will finish by believing it.”

“But I do believe it.”

“Ah! and it makes you angry?”

“Not at all. It amuses me.”

The captain made a sudden movement which almost compromised the equilibrium of Edmée's attitude, and this was of much importance to her.

“Ah! Take care! My carafe was almost full. Now I must begin again.”

“So much the better.”

“Edmée!” called her sister, “take care! You will get a bath, which will not be pleasant. And you know we are waiting for you.”

“I come! My last carafe is filled.”

“After luncheon,” murmured the lover, “you will permit me to talk to you a little apart?”

Edmée did not reply, but a vague smile, and a glance rolled from under her long lashes, fully satisfied the gallant captain.

This little scene, which only lasted five minutes, was noted by watchful eyes besides those of the elder sister. While assisting Miss Jessie Robinson to unpack a huge pie and the ham, Robert d'Ance! had noticed the attitude of the captain and Edmée's coquetries.

“Do you know, Monsieur d'Ance!, that you are answering me at random? I asked you where we shall set the pie, and you say ‘In the water.’”

“You have turned my head.”

“I? Oh, no, not I.” And a glance from the malicious American designated Edmée, who at this moment returned from the spring, her carafe in her hand.

Robert felt himself flush, and, furious at his weakness, he flushed more until he lost countenance. Then they believed him in love with Edmée? Him? But he was engaged, or almost engaged, to Marthe. Anew he regretted that it had been kept secret. He was upon the point



“EDMÉE UNDERTOOK TO FILL THE CARAFES AT THE SPRING.”

intent on her task, half-kneeling, with a serious air, holding her carafe in her right hand, while she gave the other in all confidence to the captain. He leaned forward also, and their two reflections met in the limpid water. The young man's voice was unsteady as he said, almost in an undertone:

“See, Mademoiselle Edmée, the spring weds us: it is the divinity of the place, and the will of the gods is sacred.”

“It is only in water,” laughed Edmée, in no way embarrassed, “and the poets say that the wave is treacherous.”

“Let me tell you that I adore you,—you drive me distracted: yes, from the very day when I saw you for the first time—”

“On the railway,” interrupted Edmée. “Yes, the whistling, the ‘five minutes for refreshments,’ the smoke which chokes one and smells so horrid,—yes, it is enough to drive anyone distracted.”

of confessing all, sure that the news would be immediately carried from ear to ear; but he was not alone in the affair, and he dared not break faith. Marthe desired liberty for herself as well as for him; and, indeed, this calm young person seemed very far from being either in love or jealous. No doubt she would soon tell him, in her sweet, cold voice, that he was free, that she would never be his wife. At this thought he was seized with a violent emotion which terribly resembled joy.

Nevertheless, he had desired this marriage, and, without feeling a real passion for the friend of his childhood, he had felt himself attracted toward her, he had rendered justice to her qualities of heart and head. Then?—But he did not want to question himself: he wanted to be happy for a few hours, if that might be.

A large cloth was spread at the foot of a monster beech

which shadowed all the clearing, and whose enormous roots formed a natural seat, disappearing now under the odd combination of divers dishes, from cold chicken to dessert, carafes and plates, set on haphazard by the amateur waiters, and flowers gathered in the woods and flung on pell-mell. The less order there was, the more charming it appeared to these fashionable folk, who would not have tolerated a servant who waited upon them as badly as they waited on themselves.

The captain had found a place for Edmée opposite her sister, but Robert was watching.

"Mademoiselle Edmée," said he, "Marthe has reserved a part of her throne for you. You will form a lovely pair, and we will be the devoted subjects of both."

Edmée did not need to be implored. A throne, be it made of a tree trunk, or gilded wood and velvet, was the place for her. Laughing she slipped among the groups, sprang over a provision-basket, and seated herself by her sister. She put her arm about Marthe and leaned against her. An instinct told her that she never was prettier than when her charming face, smiling and malicious, was pressed against the regular features of the somewhat pale and serious young châtelaine. Edmée was always caressing and coaxing: never more so than when her caresses had witnesses. Beside her Marthe seemed almost cold: she reserved her caresses for intimacy.

Captain Bertrand profited by a moment when Robert went to fetch the glasses, to whisper furiously to him:

"It was to separate me from her, that you offered her half of her sister's seat?"

"Possibly," responded Robert, calmly. "Here! carry these glasses. I will take charge of the others."

"You take charge of a good many things, and some which do not concern you. Do you want me to tell you the truth? You are jealous, furiously jealous."

"Come, my dear fellow, this is no time to make a scene: they are looking at us already. It was I who presented you to these young girls, and I am somewhat responsible for your conduct. You forget that you are not in garrison here, and that in our society one cannot go a-courting 'with drums beating.'"

"If this method of courting pleases, and your airs of sighing lover do not please, what then?—You are neither the father nor the brother of Edmée, that I know."

"Come, Bertrand, stop this. Mademoiselle Levasseur is almost a child: she does not know how you are compromising her."

"And you will tell her?"

"I will tell her or her sister, yes."

"We shall see."

He could not say more, for indeed this rapid discussion, though in low tones, had been remarked.

"Are we going to have a duel?" asked Miss Robinson, laughing, never dreaming how near she was to the truth.

"Yes, mademoiselle," replied George Bertrand, "a duel with water-bottles. D'Ancel says he has a harder head than I."

After luncheon, several of the young girls, among them Edmée, wandered off to look for ferns and flowers. Robert, stricken with remorse, did not leave his betrothed, but talked gently and affectionately to her; and poor Marthe for the moment believed that he was coming back to her, that he had been dazzled, but that the enchantment was past. Suddenly she saw him tremble.

"What is the matter?"

"Is your sister among those young ladies? Your eyes are better than mine."

"No: she is not there."

"And Bertrand has disappeared, also. I might have known it."

"Why? What has happened?"

"Marthe, it is my fault. I presented Bertrand to you. I could not do otherwise: he is a comrade. Nevertheless, I ought to have warned you: he is a violent boy, unscrupulous, not at all the husband for your sister."

"Do not be afraid: Edmée does not intend to be his wife. She has weighed the pros and cons; for, with all her frivolous airs, she has a singularly developed perception of the practicalities of life. She will never marry anyone but a good match. The captain is military, he is not rich; and his name—a common name—does not suit her."

"But she allows him to compromise her! At this moment I would wager that her young friends there are on the scent and know very well that she has accorded an interview to Bertrand."

Marthe rose.

"Let us walk around together: it will be more natural than for you to go alone to interrupt them. They cannot be far off." Marthe saw that Robert took the affair very much to heart, that he was very nervous and irritated. She followed him in silence.

George Bertrand, having offered his services to the young ladies, gathered them large ferns, branches of clematis, and vines of ivy, and finally drew Edmée away under a pretext of showing her some late violets which he pretended to have found. The shrubbery was very thick in this place, and the rivulet flowed gently by.

"And your violets, where are they?"

"A little farther on, where only they can hear us."

"Then," said Edmée, smiling, and quite mistress of herself, "this is a trap."

"No, it is a tryst which you have accorded me."

"I have accorded you nothing at all, Monsieur Bertrand."

"Indeed? Then your eyes do not tell the truth, that is all."

"What have my eyes told you?"

"That you were willing to listen to me, that you knew I was making a fool of myself about you, and that you were ready to share my folly."

"Then they certainly did not tell the truth. You know, captain, that I am not given to folly, that I am a very sensible little person."

"Then if you are a sensible little person, you know that the best thing you can do is to get married at once."

"Why? I am only eighteen."

"'Why?' I will tell you. Because you will not be happy with your sister very long. Just now she is playing little mamma, and you are a new doll for her to pet. This will not last. You come from two different classes of society, not only different, but hostile. You saw what occurred when you proposed to play private theatricals: Mademoiselle Levasseur was afraid you would play too well, being the daughter of your mother."

Edmée snapped off the branch of a tree, and angry, furious, stripped it of its leaves; but she said nothing.

"It was a little thing," said the captain, "but it was sufficient. Your sister is in the habit of spending eight or nine months in the country. Do you think she will alter her habits to please you, to accompany you into a society where you will be queen, and she will be neglected?"

"You are pleading your own cause," said Edmée, mockingly.

"True; for I love you, I want you for my wife, for my own always. There is nothing I would not do to get you, to take you by force, if necessary, from this place which is so unsuited to you."

"And from Monsieur d'Ancel?" questioned Edmée, laughing.

"Ah! you know he loves you?—and it amuses you, as

my love for you also amuses you. Take care! I swear to you that I would rather kill you than see you belong to another."

"Oh! come! Melodrama is old-fashioned."

"At the theater, perhaps, but not in real life. Never have there been so many crimes of passion as in our days; and I—I am capable of crime."

Edmée had, up to this time, retained her mocking composure; but she was not at all sentimental, and she began to find this lover a little annoying.

"Captain Bertrand," said she, not without dignity, "you will be so kind as to take me back to my friends. You were wrong to bring me so far, I have done wrong to follow you; but I did not doubt for an instant that I was with an honorable man."

"Give me a little hope, Edmée,—take pity on me. I swear I must have you for my wife."

Beside himself, he seized her hands and covered them with kisses. The young girl was terrified. She cried in a high, clear voice, "Marthe! Marthe!"

"Here, darling,—I have been looking for you."

In an instant Edmée recovered her presence of mind.

"We have lost our way looking for violets. I will go with my sister, Monsieur Bertrand: she knows the way better than you."

The two girls went away quietly. When they were out of sight George Bertrand said angrily to Robert,

"I have had enough of this spying."

"You can avoid it,—leave Trouville."

"Oh! of course: you wish to be rid of a dangerous rival."

"You are mistaken, Bertrand," replied Robert quietly. "I make no pretensions to the hand of Mademoiselle Edmée Levasseur."

The captain shouted with laughter.

"And I tell you that you are madly in love with her. Do you think I do not know

the symptoms of the malady? No: I am not going to be so obliging as to give you a clear field. I am going to the chateau to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow, and every day, if I like."

"I can hinder you," said Robert, whose *sang-froid* began to forsake him.

"And how?"

"I will have Mademoiselle Levasseur forbid you the house."

"You will not do that."

"I will do it."

The two men glared at each other. Bertrand, enraged, sprang at Robert. The scene threatened to become a fight. Robert, who was very vigorous, in spite of his sedentary life, grasped his adversary's wrists.

"Listen, if you have any reason left. The ladies are only a little way off. We do not wish them to know of our quarrel, nor do I wish a young girl's name mentioned in connection with this affair. But it is certain we cannot stop where we are. You wish a duel? Well, we must have a plausible pretext. You play cards. I will go very soon to Trouville, about the last of the week. We will quarrel over

a game of piquet, and challenge each other. Then we will fight. If you kill me, that will be one solution; but I shall not spare you if I have the advantage, I will take it. I will kill you without mercy, for I hate you!"

"And I hate you! But I am quite easy as to the issue. I am skilled in arms, and you cannot handle a sword. With the pistol I can hit the white five times out of six, and you."

Robert shrugged his shoulders. At that moment he would have sold his life cheaply: he had at last seen himself in the right light. The flame of his hatred had shown him that he loved the sister of her to whom he had given his pledge, that he loved her madly, that he was, therefore, a traitor to his word. Marthe had wished to be free; he had refused to consider himself so: he then was really perjured.

The captain mounted his horse and rode off at a gallop, without bidding adieu to the ladies at the fountain. They were somewhat astonished at this abrupt departure, but Robert made his friend's excuses, saying that he was suddenly indisposed. No one, however, believed in this indisposition, coming so soon after an altercation all had been aware of, and the end of the day which commenced so gayly was somewhat depressed and sad.

Marthe, as they stood in a group waiting for the carriages, asked Robert:

"What has happened?"

"Nothing at all, Marthe dear. I think Bertrand must have been drinking a little, that is all. He understood that it was best for him to leave, and he did so."

Marthe, deeply absorbed, did not wish to appear to doubt this explanation, in which, however, she did not believe. She had seen and understood many things, for the first time, that long day, and she was very sad and tired.

"Robert," said she, "I would like to talk a little confidentially to you. To-morrow there will be a reunion at the Robinsons. I have arranged to send Edmée

there with my aunt. Shall I find you at the foot of the cross on the hill, at half-past three?"

"I will be there, Marthe."

He, too, felt dreadfully sad. Life, which had seemed to him so sweet and fair, was changing lamentably.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You know, Marthe, I would gladly stay with you. You will see how carefully I will tend you!"

"Thanks, dearest, but my headache exacts solitude and silence. Amuse yourself, and excuse me to Mrs. Robinson."

Edmée looked at her sister's white face with astonished compassion. She was never ill, and Marthe's sunken eyes made her appreciate all the more her rosy cheeks and red lips. She lowered the curtains, and cast a satisfied glance into the large mirror as she passed, for she never had looked prettier.

"If I could only do something for you," she said, coming back to the invalid, "you who are always so good to me."

Marthe smiled and told her to go and not begin again her coquetries with the captain.



"MARTHE! MARTHE!"

"Nor with Monsieur d'Ance! either?" said the girl, laughing.

"Nor with Monsieur d'Ance!, either," repeated Marthe, gravely.

As soon as her sister and aunt had gone, Marthe left her sofa, bathed her face with fresh water, and began a feverish walk up and down her room. Then she went into her boudoir and opened her journal. She was really ill, having slept little the night before, but she needed to be occupied, to do something, while she waited for the hour to go down into the park to meet Robert.

"Tuesday, July 29.

"It is only half-past two. I still have time to think, to question myself. Why am I so ill and so sad—sad unto death? It is simple enough. When Madame d'Ance! asked me to be her daughter, I imposed a first condition, an express condition, that Robert and I should be free. Now I am going to tell him that we will not be married. If I love him, he does not love me. I cannot suffer that which my poor mother suffered before me. I am suffering now, and cruelly.

"I look at our case as if it concerned others, not us. This marriage, so much desired, so satisfactory in every respect, finally seemed to him acceptable; then, in an instant, all the carefully constructed scaffolding fell down, like a castle of cards when a child blows on it. The passion which I, alas! have never known how to inspire, seized him: he will not believe in it, he combats it like an honorable man who, in spite of everything, considers himself bound; but he combats it in vain. It is I who must give him his liberty: from my hands he shall receive his happiness. Yet, ah! how cruel it is! Robert will never love me. The one

whom he adores, unwillingly, is Edmée—my sister. She captured his heart for sport, just as for sport she has made Captain Bertrand madly in love with her. Does she know what this heart is worth? Is it for his happiness, for her happiness, that I immolate myself thus? Ah! how difficult everything is in life, and how painfully one must grope about in seeking duty.

"After all, have not I, also, a right to happiness? Why sacrifice myself? If this should be only a fire of straw with Robert! Perhaps a day will come when he will wish that I had not effaced myself, I who am capable of understanding him, of appreciating him, of loving him so tenderly, so tenderly,—that he had not united himself to a lovely, silly child, he, the scholar, the man of high thought.

"My little Edmée, my darling child, if you knew, if you could suspect, all my thoughts, the secrets of my soul!—What are you at heart? All your pretty ways, all your caresses, do they come from the heart? Are you, like your

mother, a clever comedy actress, and do you make yourself loved, the better to acquire all the enjoyments of life? Well, what matters it? since you have the all-conquering charm, have only to show yourself to be adored,—since I, while doubting and questioning, still cherish you, and to spare you a tear would weep night and day to give you happiness, would accept perpetual sorrow, grief, and despair.

"It is time. I am going down. No one will see me, for



"IF I COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING FOR YOU."

the door of my tower is only two steps from the woods. My heart beats strangely. In fact, it is a tryst I am keeping,—a tryst with my betrothed, who will be my husband.

"How wretched I am! God help me!"

"4.15 P.M.

"It is done. All is over. Robert is free, and so am I. And it passed off very quietly, as if with those few words I was not destroying my happiness forever. Great outbursts and grand phrases have nothing to do with the real crises of life. My poor head aches, but I cannot lie down. It is almost a relief to repeat our conversation to myself.

"I found Robert at the cross. He came to meet me, and he, too, was nervous and agitated. He held out his hands to me as he said, 'You have come to tell me that we must set a day for our marriage, have you not, Marthe?'

"And, indeed, if I had told him 'yes,' he would have been relieved, I am sure. For a moment I was tempted—ah! how I was tempted!—to say 'yes!'

"Then, looking at me, he added, 'You are not well, dear : you are pale and worn.'

"'I have not slept well, that is all,' I replied. 'Let us sit down, Robert : we have to talk, and we can do so here without being disturbed.'

"It was very warm, the air was oppressive, the west was clouded, the sea was gray. Instead of speaking, I looked at the little white-caps on the waves. I said to myself, that when the white crests I was watching approached the shore, when those waves came in hurried, breathless bands to dash themselves upon the sand of the beach, I would say to him, 'It is over.' But I was cowardly : I could not say it. He took my hand gently, affectionately, and I felt that he was looking at me, that he sought to make me look at him. I still watched the white-crested line of waves rapidly approaching.

"'You are feverish, Marthe,' he said at last. These words were so full of tenderness that they brought tears to my eyes ; but I did not wish that he should see me weep. I drew my hand away and said quietly,

"'It is nothing : fever always accompanies a headache. Besides, it is not of my health that I wish to speak.'

"'Of what, then, do you wish to speak to me, Marthe, unless it be of our marriage?'

"It seemed to me that I never would have the courage to say what I had to say if I did not say it then. It was in a voice which sounded strange to my own ears that I said quickly,

"'This marriage, Robert, will never be. I cannot be your wife.'

"Then there was silence, and I heard only Robert's hurried breathing.

"'Why?' said he at length, almost rudely.

"'Because I have no vocation for marriage, I am afraid : I do not wish to marry. I am a wild creature, and only love my liberty ; and, in spite of all the affection I have for you, I cannot give up my liberty to you.'

"'It is not that. Look me in the face, Marthe, you who do not know how to lie. It is something else. What?'

"Then without knowing what I said, I cried :

"'Have pity on me, Robert, I suffer,—I suffer for you, for myself, for the grief I shall cause your mother. You do not see that if I could conscientiously be your wife I would say to you, "Take me, I am yours ;" but I cannot, I assure you that I cannot.'

"'You should have thought of all that before our engagement ; for I insist that we are engaged. If you have changed your mind now, there must be some reason. I want the reason.'

"It seemed to me—I may be wrong—that if he insisted thus it was to acquit his own conscience, and because he was persuaded that I would weaken. What would become of him if I did weaken? This thought calmed me.

"'You must recollect our compact. This marriage was only to take place if, in course of time, the union between us became closer. This has not been the case. We are farther apart than we were six weeks ago. That should suffice, it seems to me. We love each other, of course ; but as friends, like brother and sister. To you that may seem enough, but it is not enough for me ; for I should be unhappy, and I could not make you happy. It is better to suffer a little now,—and I confess to you, Robert, that what I am doing has cost me a struggle,—than to live years together without being really united. We have not been able to be together without our affection diminishing instead of augmenting. What would it be if we were linked irrevocably? Believe me Robert, and let us separate good friends, without bitter feeling, loyally. Later you will say, "She was right."'

"Thus I pleaded against myself, and little by little he allowed himself to be persuaded. After all, that was what he wanted. After a little his emotion was calmed : I had relieved his heart, his conscience, of an enormous weight, and he was infinitely grateful to me. He only protested as a matter of form. I felt it, and he comprehended that I felt it. He never asked me what had occasioned the coolness between us. I had expressly employed vague phrases : they answered. But Robert is a perfectly honorable man, and he has a tender nature. He understood that, in spite of my impassibility, I suffered. He tried to help me to bear my suffering.

"'You speak of friendship, Marthe, but I cannot find words to tell you all there is, on my part, of tenderness, affection, and admiration, in this friendship. I have known you since your childhood, and I have always found you true as well as noble, of almost perfect goodness, always forgetting yourself to think of others. In spite of your serenity, I know you to be capable of profound enthusiasms and heroism, and in spite of all you are charmingly natural, simple, and romantic. Alas ! it is that which turns you from me. You wish the ideal, the impossible. In this life one must be content with mixed sentiments, with incomplete happiness. I beg you to believe that there are very many men and women in the world who are content with a marriage such as ours might be.'

"His voice, harsh as it had been, became soft and caressing : the crisis was past.

"And I!—Well, I looked at the approaching white-crested breakers and vaguely pitied the golden sand, so soon to feel their fury. The clouds flew, black and wild, across the lowering sky. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning rent the somber heavens, and the thunder followed like a cannon-shot. It was not yet raining. We both sprang up.

"'Hurry home, Marthe, you have just time.'

"'Adieu, Robert.'

"He was very much moved. I believe that I was on the point of fainting. I only thought of one thing : to keep mistress of myself so that I would not cry out, 'But it is not true, blind that you are ! I love you, I love you as no other woman ever can !' However, I kept silence, and then he bent over me and said, in a voice that trembled,

"'Since it is a real adieu, let me kiss you good-bye, Marthe, my dear, dear sister.'

"I turned my pale cheek to him, and I shuddered from head to foot as I felt his kiss. He thought it was the cold, and he said,

"'Now hasten : the storm is breaking.'

"While I write the thunder still rages, the rain falls in torrents.

"My God ! how I suffer, how unhappy I am, how I wish I could die ! He calls me 'sister.' Is this simply a common word of affection? Am I not destined to become his sister? Alas !"

Edmée entered on tiptoe, fearing to awaken her sister, who lay on the sofa as she had left her. As the young girl was about to leave the room Marthe turned.

"Is it you, darling?" she called.

"Ah ! I awakened you?"

"You did not wake me, I was only dozing. Did you have a pleasant time?"

"Oh, so-so. It stormed so dreadfully, and several did not come. The captain was afraid of a few drops of rain ; but at the rate he rides he would hardly have been wet coming over from Trouville. Besides, he had promised me to be there. You will see how coldly I will receive him : it will please you. As for Monsieur d'Ansel, he had no ex-

cuse, for he is a neighbor. Jessie Robinson assured me that he would come, and he did not."

"So your pretty toilet was really wasted, poor child."

"You are making fun of your little sister. Well, that proves that your headache is better. 'Wasted' is too much to say. Everyone there was subjugated! But the crop was poor."

"Edmée, Edmée! When will you learn to look at life as something different from a pleasure party?"

"Oh! one of these days, not right away,—when I am married."

"Then when you are married you will cease to be a coquette?"

Edmée had one virtue: she was very frank. She waited a little before replying; then she knelt by the sofa, as she said thoughtfully:

"You know there is coquetry and coquetry. I think I should always want to be thought pretty: that is not forbidden in the commandments, is it? But I am of Jessie Robinson's opinion: have a good time when you are a girl, and of course that means to be courted; but once married, be married for good."

"That is to say," said Marthe, "think only of your husband, and have only one object in life, his happiness, and be everything to him."

"Yes, something like that. You know, Marthe, you are romantic, exalted: I, with all my airs, am more calm, more practical, and—now I am very serious—when I marry I shall do so conscientiously, and I am sure I shall be a devoted wife. Will that do for my profession of faith?"

"My dear little Edmée,—my dear little Edmée,—if you knew how I love you!"

"And you are crying? Why? It is the headache, the storm. Sleep now: I will not bother you any more."

CHAPTER IX.

THE rain fell in torrents during the night and for a great part of the next day. The paths were streams, the roads were flooded, and one only heard the noise of the falling rain and the showers dashing against the windows. The lovely summer had suddenly grown cold and dismal.

Edmée had as yet only seen the country in holiday dress, for, excepting a few storms, it had been splendid weather since her arrival, and she hardly knew what to make of this change. She moved restlessly about the large rooms of the chateau, dimly lighted with their narrow windows, irritated at not being able to go out, and telling herself that, in bad weather, when riding or bathing parties, tennis or croquet, were impossible, the country was not to her taste. She helped Aunt Rélie sort her delicate silks, chatting away without seeming to expect any answer; then she took a book, which quickly bored her, and she finally heard with enthusiasm the announcement that luncheon was ready.

Marthe, still feeling badly, had nevertheless decided to get up for the meal, and allowed herself to be spoiled by her sister, who played nurse, as she played everything else she did. But after luncheon, when Aunt Rélie was again at work on her interminable embroideries, and Marthe ensconced in a great arm-chair, silent and sad, Edmée's *ennui* became almost insupportable. She tried to read, she looked at the clock, she gazed from the window: the hours never seemed so long. She yawned at the risk of dislocating her pretty jaws. Finally the aunt said, sarcastically:

"And you know, Edmée, that this is nothing as yet. Wait until autumn, until winter begins, when we are half-frozen in this fine chateau of ours."

"Now, aunt, do not slander the chateau," said Marthe, shaking off the mournful reverie into which she had fallen. "Are you cold, Edmée?" The little shiverer, wrapped in

a white wool shawl, nodded affirmation. Her sister immediately ordered a great fire to be made on the hearth, and the old drawing-room was soon brightened by its leaping flames.

"Ah! how good you are to me!" cried Edmée, "and how grateful I am! You have a little sister who adores you, Marthe."

A domestic entered at that moment to say that Monsieur the *curé* desired to see "Mademoiselle" a moment.

"Show him in, immediately." The *curé* and Marthe were excellent friends: he had baptized her, given her her first communion, and hoped to marry her. He thought his young parishioner a little independent-spirited, but so good, so charitable!

"I hardly dare come in, Marthe, I am wet from head to foot. What! fire in July? What a splendid idea, all the same."

"We will warm you and comfort you, dear sir. Why are you out, though, in such weather?"

"Why should I not own my little weaknesses? I came out in spite of myself. Duval's wife is very low and sent for me. However, she is a little better. Then I said to myself, 'My good little Marthe will send her some good broth which will strengthen her.'"

"She shall have it in an hour."

"So that is why I stopped here. But, to tell the truth, I am soaked through with this pouring rain. I am ashamed to see my *soutane* smoking like that in the heat of the fire."

Edmée rose and took up the white shawl she had thrown off.

"And your shoulders are soaked. Charity is very fine, but you must not catch cold. Allow me." And she flung her shawl across his shoulders.

"Mademoiselle Edmée, I beg of you!—your pretty shawl; and then it is a woman's garment, it is not sacerdotal,—but it feels good, all the same."

"Let it be, let it be," cried Aunt Rélie, "it looks quite well on you; and it is as light and easy as venial sin."

"Hum! 'Venial sin, venial sin.' Take care, Madame Despois: who does not fear venial sin, falls easily into mortal sin. It is often only a step from one parish to another."

"Let me send word to your housekeeper," interrupted Marthe, "that you will dine with us. It has stopped raining, but the roads are in a sad state."

"All the more reason, my dear child, why I should be scolded. Years have not lessened the vivacity of that excellent woman, and she has a facility of words that I often envy for my sermons. She would reproach me bitterly for preferring your *soup maigre* to her cabbage soup and sole which she promised me. Then she is curious, is Françoise, and I promised to find out all the details regarding the murder of that unfortunate young man."

"What murder?" cried the three women at once.

"What! you do not know?"

"No, we know nothing of it."

"Well! well! Why, this morning, at about one o'clock, they found in the woods, at the turn of the road leading to the fountain of Virginie, the body of a young officer,—a Captain Bertan, or Bertrand,—killed by a pistol-shot. He must have been killed in the afternoon, for his horse was found by some men, who recognized it and took it to Trouville, from where the young man left about two o'clock.—Did you know him?" cried the *curé*, seeing the consternation of his friends.

"Yes," murmured Marthe, "yes: he came to see us quite often. He was introduced to us by Robert d'Ance!"

"Is that so? As soon as the dead man was discovered they went to Monsieur d'Ance!, who had gone out in spite

of the weather; but he returned before the gentlemen who came to tell him left, and he was much affected. It seems he was to meet his friend at Trouville to-day or to-morrow, but the storm decided him not to go. He gave the address of the captain's mother, the only relative he had."

Edmée had fallen on a chair, white and trembling, murmuring, "And I expected him, and was glad he did not keep his word."

"Whom do they suspect?" asked Marthe.

"There are only conjectures. The inquest will probably throw some light on the affair. But the place was very lonely, and the body lay near the road where it was found, all the evening and all the night. The murderer had time to get



"BUT IT FEELS GOOD, ALL THE SAME!"

away after having robbed his victim: his pockets were rifled, the money had disappeared, but the murderer had left his watch and ring, and everything which could throw suspicion on anyone."

Marthe was speechless at this sad news.

"Poor boy!" said Aunt Rélie, "he was a violent nature, and he met a violent death. Unhappy boy!"

"Alas!" sighed the good priest, "a sudden death: without pious preparation, how sad it is! They say it must have been instantaneous: the wretch, whoever he was, aimed well."

(To be continued.)

We find that a number of our friends imagine we are connected with the Demorest Fashion and Sewing-Machine Company, which lately failed.

We retired from the pattern business several years ago, having sold the "Mme. Demorest" pattern business to a syndicate which formed the above stock company, and neither Madame Demorest nor myself have any interest whatever therein.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,

Publisher of Demorest's Family Magazine.

A Sage-Brush Belle.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

LANSTON'S GLEN—an unusually euphonious name for a far Western mining-camp—is in the Wahsatch Mountains, about thirty miles, as the crow flies, or is supposed to fly, from Salt Lake City, the famous capital of the Mormons.

Six years ago the residents of Lanston's Glen were, without exception, "Gentiles," as the non-members of the "Church of Latter-Day Saints" are called, and they retain their scepticism as to things Mormon up to the present day. "The Glen," as the residents call it among themselves, is a small mining-town on the edge of a cañon, far beneath the depths of which a rich silver lode was discovered in 1881 by a young mining-engineer named Frank Hobart, who had been educated at the University of Pennsylvania, in his native city of Philadelphia, and who came West to seek his fortune.

Lanston's Glen was by no means an inviting place. Huts of stone and adobe, in comparison with which the irregularly set and ragged army-tents were palatial, constituted the principal abodes of the inhabitants. "The Grand Occidental Hotel," owned and "run" by Captain Lanston, was the most pretentious building in the place. That it had grown, rather than been built from any original design, was evident in the many little additions and wings of stone and adobe, and even of canvas, that had been added to it from time to time.

A plain covered with dazzling expanses of snow-white alkali, interspersed here and there with patches of acrid creosote, and brittle, olive-colored sage-brush, stretched away for six miles on either hand to the mighty mountain wall that appeared to shut the strange place in from the outer world.

Although Frank Hobart, who was a tall, handsome, modest fellow, had discovered the mine that gave the place an excuse for being, yet he declined to have it named after him, preferring the name which was finally adopted because Captain Lanston's wife was the first white woman who had ever set foot there; though, encouraged by her boldness, many of the miners subsequently brought their wives from the States.

Ella Lanston was fifteen when she accompanied her father and mother to the Glen, and from the very first her fresh beauty and graceful ways, not to mention a voice of phenomenal sweetness, won to her side even the roughest of the miners, and all the Chinamen, who had been brought in as servants.

Captain Lanston had been a soldier, and though, no doubt, a good one, he was a rough, hearty man, more suited to shine in the camp than in the parlor, and his otherwise excellent wife was much the same sort of a character.

Frank Hobart was ten years older than Ella: not a great disparity, to be sure, but sufficient, in his modest opinion, to preclude his thinking of the "sage-brush belle," or "sage-brush nightingale," as some of her more romantic admirers called her, in any other way than as a charming child, in the formation of whose character he might have an influence for good. He boarded at the Grand Occidental Hotel, his position being that of mine superintendent for the company working the property he had discovered, and this gave him an excellent opportunity to see much of the child, and to direct her studies in his spare hours.

These relations between Frank Hobart and Ella continued for two years, she proving herself to be a bright and grateful pupil, and he manfully hiding from her and the world the new and powerful feeling that such association had

developed in his big, generous heart. By the time she was seventeen, Ella Lanston had become the toast of every mining-camp for fifty miles about, and more than one rich gallant had laid his heart and his fortune at her feet.

Mrs. Lanston, who had been a wife since her sixteenth year, would have insisted on her daughter's marriage at this time, had not Frank Hobart induced the parents to send her for two years to the best young ladies' seminary at Denver.

"Frank Hobart mout a-married that gal, if he'd jest had the cheek to tell her that he loved her, as he most sartinly does; but, like a blamed eejet, he gets the Cap'n and Mrs. Lanston ter send Ella off ter school at the other side of the world. When she comes back in two year, she won't know Frank or no one else in the Glen, and the chances is a thousand ter one that she'll be engaged to some dandy dude or Eastern tenderfoot."

This is what Sam Britton, the mining boss, said to his friends after Ella had gone with her father and Frank to Denver, and that is what all the miners believed.

Time flies fast with the aged and the busy. It was Christmas Eve, 1886, and Lanston's Glen was in a state of great excitement. The "sage-brush belle" was coming over on the stage that evening from Salt Lake City, and one and all agreed to have a ball at the Grand Occidental Hotel in honor of her arrival.

During Ella's absence Frank Hobart had visited Denver once, but the camp gossips were quite sure that he and the young lady corresponded. "But I'll bet," Sam Britton would say, "that Frank ain't never had the spunk to set down in black and white the four words, 'Ella, I love you.'" And Sam was quite right.

Captain Lanston went to Denver to bring his daughter home, and it was understood, before he left, that Howard Ford, the son of the president of the mine, who lived in Colorado City, and at whose home Ella had been a visitor, would come back with them. Frank Hobart brought, at his own expense, a band from Salt Lake, to play at the ball; and the day before Christmas Eve he drove into the mountains, with his Chinese servant, and cut evergreens to decorate the dining and ball rooms.

When the stage drove up with Ella, her father, and young Howard Ford, it was greeted with a grand salute from every gun and pistol in the Glen. All the miners were dressed in their very best, though this did not prevent a preponderance of red shirts; and, following Sam Britton's lead, they gave "three cheers and a tiger for the 'sage-brush belle'!"

Ella had grown taller and more comely, if that were possible. Two years of careful culture and intellectual association had destroyed the somewhat hoydenish expression of her face, and so rather repelled her old admirers, with whom heartiness and a boisterous recognition went hand in hand.

"I wouldn't give shucks for Frank Hobart, as a lover," growled Sam Britton, after Frank had lifted Ella from the stage. "Why! he didn't even kiss her, after these years and all he's done; and now she comes back this blessed Christmas Eve with a dude, jest as I said she would, two year ago."

As compared with the rough miners in and about the hotel at the Glen, Mr. Howard Ford was a fashionable exquisite. Although under medium height, and five years Frank Hobart's junior, he was not bad looking, and, being the mine president's son, he was at this moment the most important man at Lanston's Glen.

There were tall, wholesome, bright-eyed girls by the score, from the Glen and the surrounding mountain settlements, at the Grand Occidental Hotel this Christmas Eve, and although the ball and the banquet in Ella's honor might be lacking in some of the refinements essential in the fashion-

able world, they were distinguished for a heartiness and a freshness of enjoyment that put everyone at ease.

"Why don't you go up and dance with Ella?" said Sam Britton to the young superintendent, after the dance had been going on for some time. "That little dude has kept her all to hisself ever since the frolic began."

"I haven't danced since I was a boy," said Frank, who, from his position at the farther end of the room, had been following with his brave brown eyes every movement of Ella.

"Waal, I think yer as good a dancer as most of the boys har, and ef you don't ax Ella, blamed ef I don't git her to ax you." And before Frank could think of protesting, Sam Britton had darted off.

The mining boss had plenty of assurance, and he firmly believed that if the young superintendent had more of this quality, his character would be simply perfect. Already Sam Britton had welcomed Ella and bade her "a Merry Christmas," eight hours in advance of the day; but this did not deter him from going over to where she sat beside Howard Ford, and shaking hands again, while he said:

"Miss Ella, me and the rest of yer friends has been a-noticin' that you and Frank Hobart's kinder geein' off from aich other, and that you ain't danced together to-night. Now the supper 'll be ready in half an hour, and before that time, if you'd go up and ax Frank to be yer pard for one round, it 'd please us very much."

Howard Ford looked shocked at this proposition, and an expression of doubt, then of pleasure, came into the fine gray eyes of the "sage-brush belle." Bowing, by way of apology, to the young man who had monopolized her that evening, she took Sam Britton's strong arm, and he led her to where Frank stood.

"Mr. Hobart," she said, and her lovely face flushed and her eyes were downcast, "if you will not ask me to dance with you, our friends think I should ask you to dance with me."

"So we do," said Sam Britton before Frank could recover his confusion. "Now haul him out to the head of the kortillion, and everyone 'll allow you two 's the handsomest kipple at the ball."

Like one in a dream, Frank Hobart felt the thrilling touch of Ella's hand on his arm, and, quite sure that he was about to disgrace himself in her eyes, he took his place beside her at the head of the set, while other couples came laughing to the floor.

The band leader tapped his bow on his violin as a signal to the musicians and the dancers. The salute was given, and the quick first bars of "Haste to the Wedding" swelled out; but suddenly the music ceased, and the dancers stood spell-bound, with ashy faces.

"The mine's on fire!" came the hoarse shout of men.

"There are eleven men still down!" shrieked a woman.

There was no indecision about Frank Hobart now. Without a word he sprang from Ella's side, shouting as he flew to the door. "Follow me to the mine, boys!"

Like a mountain lion he leaped ahead and dashed down the winding steps cut in the precipitous side of the cañon, at the bottom of which was the opening of the mine shaft, from which a fountain of smoke was shooting up.

Men followed with lanterns and torches. The festivities for that Christmas Eve were over till it was known that the men in the mine were safe. The women, Ella at their head, ran down to the cañon, their faces looking aged and white in the light of the torches.

"Make ready to lower me down!" shouted Frank Hobart as he leaped into the bucket, "and stand by to haul up and answer signals!"

"I'll go with you!" cried Sam Britton.

"No: let some man come who has no wife or mother or loved one dependent on him."

A tall young man in a very red shirt sprang to Frank's side. The engine was started, and the bucket sank into the shaft, now vomiting forth hot smoke like a volcano.

"Let me take you home, Miss Ella: this is no place for you," said Howard Ford.

Shaking his hand from her arm with an impatient gesture, she answered, "Near him is my place, in life or in death!"

Minutes of awful anxiety, then the signal, "Haul away!" The chain flew about the drum, the bucket flew up through the shaft, and six men, all the bucket could hold,—six burned and blackened men, but still living, thank God!—were lifted out.

"Lower away—quick!" gasped one of the rescued.

Down through the shaft the bucket rattled again. A few minutes, that seemed like hours of awful anxiety, and once more the signal came up, "Haul away!"

Up, up; and six men, blacker and more burned, were lifted out.

"Where is Frank Hobart?" shouted Ella.

"The car would only hold six. He—he made us get in," said the man who had gone down with the young superintendent.

A groan of horror rang through the crowd, and Ella tottered towards the bucket, as if to get in.

"God helping me, I'll bring him up! Lower away, boys!" Sam Britton, with his wife's shawl about his head and face, and her cry ringing in his ears, leaped into the bucket, and it vanished into the furnace as if by force of gravity.

More minutes, that seemed like hours, and the signal, a faint one this time, for the fire was gaining, was given, "Haul away!"

When the bucket came up Sam Britton tottered out, and with parched lips whispered,

"Keer for Frank."

They lifted the blackened form out, amid the shrieks of the women and the groans of the men. The eyes appeared to be gone, and the smoking rags dropped from his limbs as they laid him on a stretcher and hurried him up to his room in the hotel.

Fortunately, there were two doctors present from neighboring mining-towns, and they at once set about examining the injuries and easing the awful pain of the young man, who was now quite conscious, though he could only speak in whispers.

From the instant of his rescue Ella had not left his side; and now, when the doctors had bathed him in lotions and covered his poor blistered face with a moistened cloth, she asked,

"Is there hope?"

"I think he will pull through," said one of the doctors, "but I fear he can never use these again;" and he pointed to his eyes.

"O Frank!" she cried, as she kissed the bandaged hands. "You brought me light when I was in darkness, and gave me love when my heart hungered; and now, if it be God's will, my eyes shall be your eyes, and my hands your hands, and my life your life!"

And the striking of a bell on the mantel told that Christmas Eve had gone and Christmas Day had come.

* * * * *
Exactly one year afterward there were again grand preparations for a fête at Lanston's Glen. Frank Hobart and the girl who had married him when his future seemed so black were returning from the East. They had been for ten months where the foremost oculists had charge of the case.

News came that Frank's sight was restored, and that,

except for the cruel scars, that enhanced his beauty to his wife, he was, as Sam Britton put it, "better than new."

There never had been such a ball and banquet in those mountains, and never will be again. Frank and his beautiful wife led the dance, and when midnight came the miners and their wives and daughters placed them in the center of a joyous, whirling circle, and shouted from the hearts' depths:

"A 'Merry Christmas' and a 'Happy New Year' to the 'sage-brush belle' and Frank, and to all who love brave, honest folk!"

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

The Romances of Pre-Columbian Discoveries.

II.

THE DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA BY THE PORTUGUESE.



FEW castaways on the shores of the island of Madeira, after the death of Machin, their commander, as related in the preceding number, set about escaping from their sea-girt prison. They had no tools that would serve their purpose, neither axes to fell trees nor other implements to shape them afterwards into boats or canoes, and months passed by before they could devise any means of carrying out their intention.

At last, however, by dragging trees, uprooted by storms, to places from which they could be launched into the sea, a task the precipitous nature of the shore must have greatly facilitated, they obtained material for a raft. The trees having been floated together from such points of the coast as the castaways had been able to obtain them, were collected in the form of a great raft, and firmly and securely lashed together with osiers and flexible wild vines. A tall mast was erected, and secured with vines for cordage, and a sail of proportionate size had been woven of rushes. As large a supply as possible, under the circumstances, of food, consisting mainly of dried fruits and fish, and water in bladders, was taken aboard, and the castaways ventured their unwieldy craft seaward.

Several days after, their hope of meeting some Christian vessel was fulfilled. The lookout on a Spanish *carac*, under the command of Don Juan Morales, sighting the raft from the *gavea*, or round-top, the Spaniards went to their rescue. In the wonderful story the rescued mariners had to tell, the commander of the *carac* saw no little chance of honor to his sovereign and emolument to himself. It was longer, however, than he anticipated, before he could take advantage of the information thus acquired.

Almost immediately after the raft had been seen and its occupants rescued, the lookout announced the approach of a Moorish galley. These galleys were the birds of prey that harried commerce and almost destroyed it. In revenge for having been driven from Spain, the Moors had become a nation of pirates, and preyed upon Christendom. Their galleys were long, narrow row-boats, carrying a sail or two, but depending mainly upon their oars for progression.

The breeze, which had been light, died away entirely, the useless sails drooped idly from the yards, and the *carac*, becalmed, became the easy prey of a galley of twenty four oars. Don Juan Morales and all his crew, including the English castaways, were sold into slavery. Part were taken to man the oars of Moorish galleys, the captain and chief officers reserved for ransom, and the Englishmen with a few Spaniards sent to the *bagnios*, as the prisons where Christian slaves were then kept were called.

For several years the friends of Machin languished in captivity. During this time, however, Don Juan Morales attracted the attention and excited the interest of a Moorish maiden, Zeluka, who from curiosity had visited the captives in the company of her father, the *aga*, or keeper of the prisons. The interest thus awakened prompted the girl to send her favorite prisoner delicacies and comforts to which he had long been a stranger. If we do kind acts we soon begin to feel a strong affection towards those we advantage. The recipient of our freely given favors and bounty becomes, as it were, our property, and the sense of ownership increases with the helplessness and dependence of the beneficiary.

The friendship of the Moorish girl deepened at last into love. The father, indeed, won by the entreaties of his daughter, offered freedom and her hand in marriage to Morales, if he would consent to abjure his faith and country and become a corsair. Feigning to yield, though fully determined not to do so in reality, Morales managed to obtain several stolen interviews with the daughter of the Moor.

"Love," say the Spanish, "is the best of missionaries;" and Zeluka confirmed the truth of the saying by becoming a Christian.

In the year fourteen hundred and sixteen, Prince Sancho, the youngest son of the King of Aragon, died, and left a large sum of money for the ransom of Christian captives in Morocco. As the news reached the English and Spanish captives (for, although the money was left to free Spaniards, the Moors knew no difference in the nationality of the slaves) that a ship had entered the port of Tetuan, prepared to ransom them, their joy can scarcely be imagined.

Providing disguises for herself and her lover, Zeluka with Don Juan sought to take refuge among the ransomed slaves on board the Spanish vessel. The *aga*, Ali Beylik, the keeper of the prisons, however, having his suspicions aroused, came aboard the ransom ship with an armed force, made search for his daughter, apprehended and carried her ashore, and it was long before the lovers again met.

Scarcely had the Spaniard left port, when, to the consternation of all aboard, three Portuguese vessels hove in sight, and the ransomed men were soon captives again. There was no war between Portugal and Spain at the time, but in those "good old days" war was not at all necessary as an excuse for taking a vessel on the high seas: it was sufficient that two or three ships of one nation met one of another.

Although perfectly justified, according to the "custom of the craft," in capturing the Spanish vessel and her crew, Don Juan Gonsalvo Zarco was bent on an errand that scarcely admitted of encumbering himself with prizes, and he wisely concluded, since the crew aboard the Spanish vessel was so large that it would weaken too much the force aboard his own vessels to send a sufficient detail from his men to take his prize safely to port, to allow the Spaniards to proceed on their voyage.

One of the Spanish ship's company remained with him, Don Juan Morales, who, when he understood the nature of the voyage the Portuguese ships were engaged in, was quite ready to join hands with Zarco. It appeared, from what Morales then learned, that a most important discovery had been made by Zarco during the summer of fourteen hundred and eighteen. He had been sent out by Prince Henry the Navigator, of Portugal, to explore the African coast, and had met a terrible tempest that carried him out to sea, into unknown waters. The storm abating, he saw himself abreast an island, which, on landing, he found to be unin-

habited. This is the island of Porto Santo, twenty-five miles to the northeast of Madeira, and eighty miles from Africa.

Greatly rejoiced at this piece of good fortune, the first success attending the exploring expeditions he had sent out from year to year, discovered, too, as it seemed, by the direct interposition of Providence in sending a tempest to pilot his ships to its shores, Prince Henry had fitted out these three vessels, under the command of Don Zarco, with implements, seeds, and colonists to cultivate, plant, and people the new land. It can then be readily conjectured with what interest Zarco listened to the strange story Morales had to tell him of the great, fruitful, well-watered, and unpopulated island awaiting an owner, and the romantic history of its discoverer.

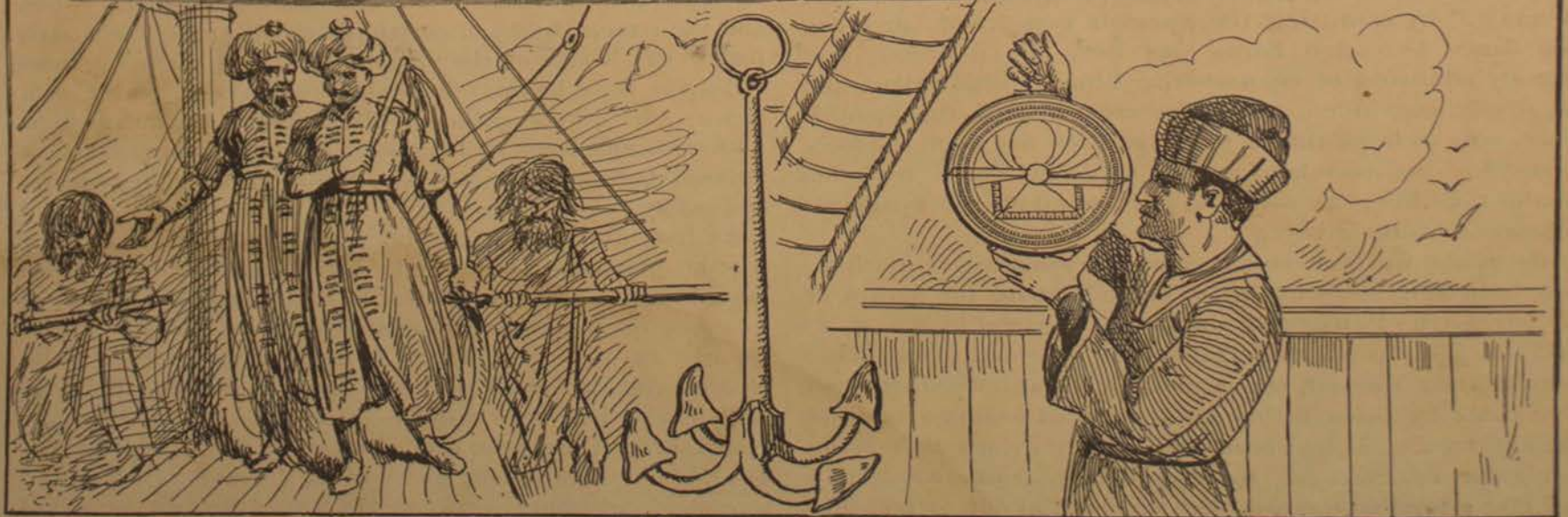
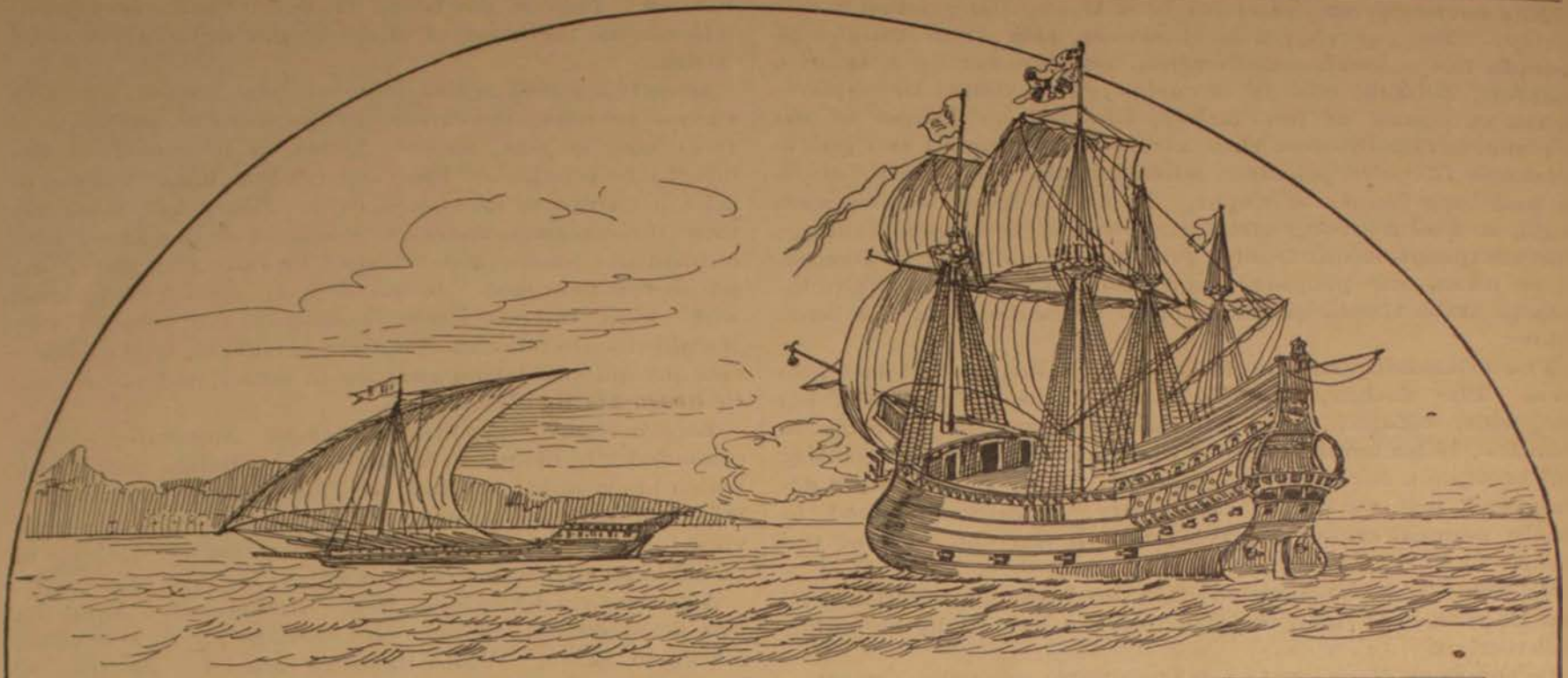
Zarco's resolve was instantly taken. Appointing a vice-commander in his place, he sailed in an Italian galley with which his vessels met, back to Prince Henry, and at once informed his royal master of what he had learned, with a view to anticipating the Spanish government in making so valuable an acquisition of territory.

After many difficulties were encountered a squadron was fitted out, and Zarco, with Morales for a pilot, sailed for Porto Santo. While there he called the attention of his Spanish pilot to a strange phenomenon that appeared on the horizon in the southwest, and which he had noticed on his first visit to the island. A strange something, vague and dark, that could not be a cloud, since its position and presence were constant, its size never changed, and its appearance was more distinct on a clear day than at any other time. Many of those who had seen it thought it the limit of the navigable ocean, and the beginning of chaos; the priests boldly proclaimed it an entrance to hell; and some who were learned in the geography of that day pronounced it the distant smoke and steam from the shallow boiling sea and the flaming land spoken of by Hanno, the Carthaginian navigator.

"It is the land for which we search," said Morales, "for those who told me of this land said also that, by reason of the dense forests that breed emanations of vapor, the country seemed, from afar off, to wear a veil of darkness."

Superstitious fear does not yield easily to reason; but stratagem effected what argument failed to accomplish. Finding he could make no headway by argument, Zarco called his crew together to embark for Portugal, and, having secured them aboard his vessel, sailed directly, in spite of prayers and remonstrances, toward the dreaded gloom. As they approached, the terrific height of the cliffs, the fearful noise made by the sea dashing upon the shore, and the strange forms of certain detached rocks, struck such fear to the hearts of the visitors, that, it is related, "some fell upon their knees, others shrieked in agony, mad with terror, and others gathered about Zarco, imploring him, with tears and lamentable cries, to desist from his audacious attempt before it was too late, and to turn again to home and safety."

At last, discovering, beyond peradventure, that the land was no phantasm, but "right solid, rock-founded, fertile land," and that the worst devils that inhabited it were a company of Moors, Zarco's companions rejoiced as extravagantly as they had before bemoaned themselves. The Moors explained their presence there by relating that the sailors who had been wrecked a second time in Machin's vessel, after it had been carried away in the gale from Madeira, upon their coasts, had, having learned a little of the language, and in hopes they might better their lot, informed their captors of the discovery. On this information an expedition had been fitted out, and the Moors had fore-



1. Spanish galleon of 1436 chasing a Moorish galley. 2. A view of the Island of Madeira at ten miles distance, showing the discoverer's ship. 3. Moorish boatswains on a slave-galley. 4. Anchor of the fifteenth century. 5. Captain of a Portuguese ship taking an observation with an astrolabe invented by Don John, King of Portugal.

stalled both Spanish and Portuguese by taking immediate possession.

Almost the first person Morales met on the island was Zeluka, who had been banished by her father to this remote place, in punishment for her apostacy and disobedience. Reunited, the lovers had a happier fortune than that which fell to Machin and his bride, whose graves they visited, for

they were never again parted, but, returning with Zarco to Portugal, were received by Prince Henry with honor, and were the originators of one of its proudest names and families.

Shortly after, Portugal, sending a sufficient force, reduced the Moors to vassalage, and took possession of the island, which she still retains. J. CARTER BEARD.

The Stranger Within Their Gates.



“If you had said ‘help set off fire-crackers’ it would have seemed more sensible,” said Mollie, fractiously. “The idea of a Christmas-tree in Fourth-of-July weather!”

Lesley laughed at Mollie’s distress and cheerily accepted the unpleasant reality, knowing well that there was no possibility

of replacing the now vanished maid-of-all-work for many days to come. Undaunted by the heat, she put her house in order, and busied herself with the Christmas preparations, finding time in the afternoon to go with Mollie and little Dorothy to one of their favorite dells to gather ferns to decorate the little drawing-room, as a substitute for holly and mistletoe, and getting back in time to have supper ready when George arrived on the boat from Sydney; and as he came down the road, with the bay on one hand and the little one-storied cottages on the other, he thought truly that not many young men who had come across the seas to seek their fortune were blessed with as sweet a wife and child, as pretty and thoughtless a sister, and as happy a home, as he.

All day little Dorothy had been on tiptoe with excitement, and after supper when the Christmas-tree was lighted she danced around it in a rapture of childish glee. Then, at last, when the lights were burning low, and she had surprised papa by stumbling in a marvelous way through the whole of “The Night before Christmas,” with promptings from Aunt Mollie, and after she had hung up her tiny stockings and had called up the chimney to Santa Claus “Not to forget ‘ittle Dottie, for s’e has twyed so hard to be a dood dirl,” she knelt to say her childish prayers at her mother’s knee, and then Aunt Mollie picked her up and carried her off to bed.

Lesley and George had been alone but a moment when they heard a sound like a deep-drawn sigh, followed by a sudden fall, and hastening out onto the veranda, the moonlight revealed a woman lying there, as still and white as death. They raised her tenderly, and when her consciousness returned she was lying in a pleasant room with kind faces bending over her. At a sign from Lesley, George

If it were not Christmas Eve!”

“If it were not so hot!”

“If it were only possible to get anyone in to help!”

And then the three speakers, standing together on the veranda and watching the departure of their late domestic, laughed at their dilemma.

“I wonder if you couldn’t capture some sort of a female if you went to the city with me this morning?” suggested George.

“There’s not a shadow of a chance,” Lesley answered with decision. “It’s a way Australian servants have, I’ve heard, of taking a vacation over the holidays,—they know there are plenty of places yawning for them when they are ready to work again. Fortunately I can cook you a Christmas dinner.”

“Oh, but the heat!” groaned Mollie. “Let’s appoint a fast until it grows cooler.”

“Nonsense! You can sit still and amuse Dorothy, but a little more heat won’t hurt a salamander like me.”

“Perhaps I had better see Jack and tell him not to come down to-morrow,” said George, looking questioningly at his wife.

“No, don’t do that,” replied Lesley, smiling at the look of dismay that suddenly appeared on Mollie’s pretty face. “Jack Menden has been out here under every sort of circumstance but this. Just tell him it’s a picnic, and to be sure and come. Mollie, it’s time for Dorothy’s nap: coax her to come in, and when she is asleep you can help me dress the Christmas-tree.”



DOROTHY.

light in your window attracted me, and curiosity led me to enter the gate and look in to see what people were doing who had a home and friends. I remember nothing more.”

“No, no, lie down again,” said Lesley, as the woman tried to rise. “You must not go from here to-night.”

“But—I told you I had neither home nor friends; and after that do you mean you would keep me here?”

“Yes,” said Lesley, with an expression of tender pity on her lovely face. “On Christmas Eve we would not shut our doors to anyone, and certainly not to you. Rest here in peace to-night.”

George looked perplexed when he heard of this; but when Lesley looked up at him in her earnest way, and said, “It would be like shutting out the Christ to close our doors to her on Christmas Eve,” he bent and kissed her without a word, though an uncomfortable doubt lingered in his mind as to the wisdom of entertaining friendless and homeless women who were as handsome and in as

went out and left the two women alone together.

The stranger gazed at Lesley as if not comprehending what had happened, and then she asked abruptly, “Where am I,—what is the matter?”

“You are better now, but you must not make any exertion yet. You were on your way to friends, I suppose, when you fainted. If you will tell me who they are, my husband will let them know.”

A hard look came over the stranger's handsome face, and she said, coldly, “I have no friends.”

“You were going home then. Do you live near?”

“I have no home: the

Lesley was looking thoughtfully at the handsome stranger, who murmured hastily, “I did not know it was so late. I shall get up directly. Yes, I feel better. I want to thank you for your kindness before I go.”

“Where are you going,—on Christmas Day?” asked Lesley; and then, as the woman moved uneasily and did not answer, she added, “I would be glad to keep you here with us: a day of rest is what you need, and by to-morrow you will be quite refreshed.”

An expression of amazement overspread the woman's face, and she looked at Lesley curiously. “You ask me to spend Christmas in your home,—knowing what I said last night,—that I had neither home nor friends? Why, your husband would not allow it! You do not even know my name.”

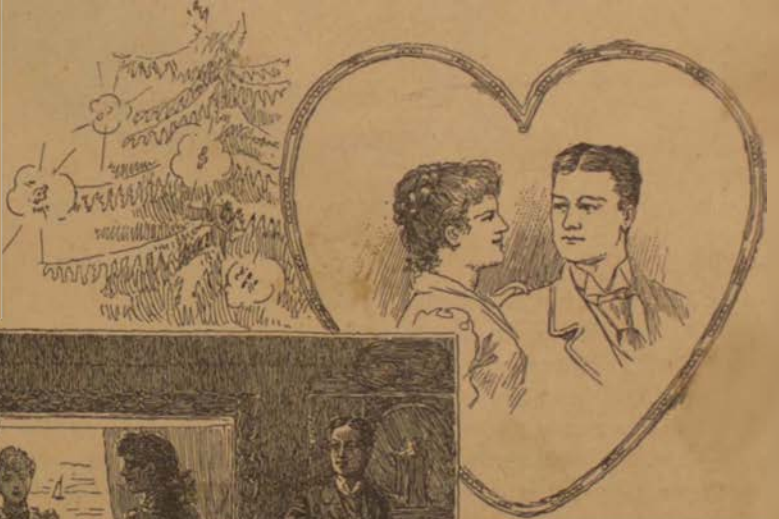
“But this is the day of ‘Peace on earth, good-will toward men,’ and my husband is willing I should ask you. You will tell me your name now, I am sure?”

“Alice Warrington,” the woman murmured; “and, indeed, I would like to stay. Will you let your little girl come back and talk to me?” She asked it almost wistfully.

“Why not?” and Lesley smiled. “But you will find Dorothy a little chatterbox, I am afraid.”

Then she went to tell her husband, and to busy herself with the necessary duties and preparations for the early Christmas dinner, while Mollie and George both made themselves useful; and Dorothy was delighted to show her new toys to the “pitty lady” who sat so still as she listened to the little chattering tongue.

Jack Menden came down by the early boat, and while he



LESLEY AND GEORGE.

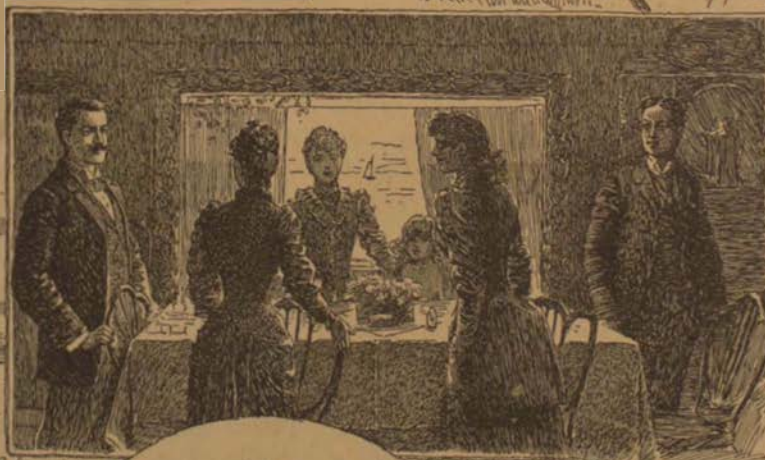
sat with George on the shady veranda, fanning himself, he heard, with some surprise, of their unexpected guest.

“By Jove!” he said, “not one woman in a hundred would have taken a stranger in like that, and not one man in a thousand would

THE INTRODUCTION.

have permitted it! It's a risky business, though, to take a handsome unknown female into the bosom of one's family.”

“I know it; but Lesley would open her



JACK MENDEN.



brave attire as this their unknown guest.

When Lesley took the stranger's breakfast to her in the morning, little Dorothy went with her, clinging to her mother's skirts, and hugging her new doll.

“Merry Kismus!” said the child, half shyly. “Didn't Santa Claus b'ing anysing for oo? Oh, he didn't know oo'd tum. Dottie 'll div oo her wissle;” and she trotted off for something to make up for Santa Claus' neglect.

heart and home to the most wretched beggar, on Christmas Eve. Our stranger has not yet left her room, but she will appear at dinner, I believe. Lesley goes in to see her now and then, and little Dot has made great friends with her. Lesley says truly, that, whoever she is, she cannot hurt the child."

"But—there is Miss Mollie," Jack said, with peculiar emphasis.

"True." George answered, quietly; "but Mollie has not even seen her yet."

The Christmas dinner was a triumph of Lesley's skill, and the table was arranged with Mollie's daintiest care. When all was ready, Lesley's guest for the first time appeared upon the scene.

"Miss Warrington, my sister and my husband," said Lesley, "and Mr. Menden, Miss Warrington."

Jack Menden started and stared at the handsome face that had paled a little and seemed measuring its strength against his own.

"You have already met, perhaps?" said Lesley; but Jack Menden murmured, "No, a chance resemblance: I never met Miss Warrington before," dwelling unconsciously upon the name.

George asked a blessing, and then the simple festivities began. The stranger's presence would have been a restraint if Lesley had not had a way of putting them all at ease, and soon they were talking merrily, and Miss Warrington's silence passed apparently unobserved. But when the dinner was ended and Lesley and Mollie were clearing the table, and George and Jack Menden

were out on the veranda again, Jack became silent and was evidently debating what to do.

"Well," said George, eying him keenly, "you know her, it seems. Who and what is she? I want to know the truth."

"She goes by the name of Alice Martin, and adventuress is stamped upon her face. Did you not read of the arrest of her companion in Melbourne, last week? They were playing a sharp game there, and he was caught, while she evaded the police and disappeared. To think of finding that woman beneath your roof!"

"And where did you ever see her before?"

"When I was reporter for the 'Argus:' she was in trouble, and I interviewed her before the trial. Now you know who she is: what are you going to do?"

"Nothing," said George, after a short silence. "Lesley and Mollie need never know, and she shall rest here undisturbed to-night."

Meanwhile the handsome woman, pale with emotion, stood alone in her little room. Who could have foreseen recognition on that day, and in the seclusion of that quiet suburban home? By this time Jack Menden had told them all her history, and they would turn her from the house, of course, and perhaps put the police upon her track. But while she waited, almost impatiently, for them to make

some sign, George passed through the hall, while going down the road together she saw Jack Menden and Mollie, with her pretty face all smiles and blushes, and little Dot running on before. Ah! once she, too, had been as young and innocent and happy; but that was long, long years ago!

Still wondering at their silence and delay, she went out into the hall, and through the open door she saw that George was helping Lesley as she washed the dinner-dishes and put the things away, and the simple, affectionate homeliness of the scene made her catch her breath with a sudden sigh. Before she could go back they had seen her; and though George looked at her gravely, questioningly, Lesley smiled.

"I am going for a little walk," she said, in explanation. "I thought I would let you know."

"You will come back soon?" asked Lesley.

"Oh yes, I will come back."

Slowly she walked along the level beach, with all her natural defiance strangely mingled with softer emotions. She knew it was weakness to so give way, but their unquestioning kindness had touched her heart. They would not turn her out; but on the morrow she must leave this quiet haven and go back to bear the buffets of the world.

"Peace on earth, good-will toward men" were words she had forgotten, as for long years she had forgotten that she had once knelt at her mother's knee to lispen her childish prayers as little Dorothy had done last night.

She raised her eyes at last, clouded with unusual mist, and gazed out over the bay at the gleaming sails of the distant pleasure-boats. The tide had turned and was



"SHE STRUCK INTO THE WATER."

coming in, and the waves were creeping swiftly up along the beach. The little point of sand near by, left bare by the out-going tide, had already become an island, and soon would be submerged. With a shudder she saw that a child was playing there, unconscious of its danger, and she started forward with a strange, low cry of horror as the child turned its face and she saw it was little Dorothy!

Running now in desperate haste she struck into the water that rose waist-high between them; but in her efforts to reach the child—grown frightened now, and sobbing pitifully—it seemed as if clinging hands caught hold of her and dragged her back. A great wave, higher than all the rest, came rolling in and swept across the island; then, ebbing out, it carried little Dorothy away.

Half-frantic with terror, poor, careless Mollie came back to the cottage at last, without her tiny charge, who had slipped away unseen while she had been listening to her lover's words. Their search for her had been fruitless; and Jack Menden, too, was white to the lips with horror.

George met them in the doorway with a look of stern reproach, but there was a strange soft light in his fine dark eyes as he said, "Dorothy is safe, thank God! though but for Alice Warrington we now should have no child."

In the morning the stranger's room was empty: she had

left before the dawn, and on the dressing-table they found this fragment of a letter :

"I am grateful for your kindness, which I shall remember to my dying day ; and you will never regret that you gave me shelter, even though you know now what I am."

When their efforts to find her proved unavailing, this notice appeared in all the Australian papers. "If this ever meets the eyes of Alice Warrington, will she communicate with her friends at M—, whose life-long gratitude she so nobly earned?" But though the words *did* meet the eyes of the woman whom they had sheltered that Christmas Day, she made no sign, and they heard of her no more. She went her lonely way with that remembrance and those words deep hidden and treasured in her heart.

George and Jack have always kept her secret ; and who shall say that in their hearts they do not share their wives' belief, as every Christmas Eve they listen while Lesley and Mollie tell Dorothy the story of how that Christmas Day, now long ago, they entertained an angel—unawares.

JUDITH SPENCER.



BEAR-HUNTING IN RUSSIA.

THE Russian bear (*ursus arctos* of Linnæus) is the common brown bear. Having become more and more rare in the other European countries, it is yet common enough in Russia, especially in Siberia.

It is an omnivorous animal, living chiefly in its youth upon beech-nuts, chestnuts, fruits, roots, mushrooms, grain, and also eggs, honey, and ant-larvæ. As it grows older it becomes carnivorous, and really dangerous to domestic animals and men.

In Russia bear-hunting is a sport for the sovereign. The imperial court has often maintained an equipage especially for the hunt, and czars have many times suffered in their own persons from bears who were not disposed to become courtiers. The exploits of the Emperor Nicholas have become legendary in the country, and it is well-known that more than once he owed his life only to his address and *sang-froid*.

In Siberia the bear-hunt is more democratic : it is practiced by peasants, who seek to rid themselves of an enemy dangerous to their flocks and destructive to crops. Besides, the bear's flesh is good to eat, and its fur is very much appreciated in a cold country ; and the capture of a bear is the occasion of festivities in villages through which the conquerors parade in triumph with their spoils, and receive an ovation which is most flattering. Bear-hunting is practiced in divers ways, but we

will only describe those most original, which are practiced in Siberia, and are based upon a knowledge of the character and habits of the animal.

The dominant characteristic of the bear is an excessive distrust, supplemented by senses of marvelous acuteness, and all his actions are marked by extreme circumspection ; but, unluckily for him, he has one little peccadillo, gluttony, by which he is often lost when his favorite delicacies are properly presented to him.

Among these there are two, honey and raspberries, which have for him an irresistible fascination. Beehives are often devastated by bears, especially in the neighborhood of residences, and

raspberry bushes in Siberia are a sort of wild shrub which composes great clumps of undergrowth in the forests, and when the fruit is ripe the bears come to eat it, and leave unmistakable tracks after them.

As one may well believe, they do not take time to eat their favorite fruit berry by berry : they crouch in the midst of a cluster of well-filled branches, and eat fruit, leaves, thorns, and all, and find such pleasure in this operation that they give utterance to a low, modulated growl, something like the purring of a cat, which expresses their *summum* of satisfaction.

In one of these clumps of raspberry-bushes the Siberians set a kind of trap to catch Bruin unawares. The simplest of



"BEAR TEASERS."

these traps is a narrow ditch about ten feet deep, the bottom of which is fitted with hard wooden piles, in which are "bear-teasers" of sharpened ends or spikes. The ditch is then covered with brush, and all the work hidden in such a way that the animal will not suspect its presence. Of course, the making of these ditches or holes, like that of other traps, demands much care and skill. When the trap is well made and the bear walks on it, the covering of loose branches gives way, and the beast is precipitated into the pit, where it is not unusual for him to be killed on the spot by the spikes planted there; but when he is only wounded he utters plaintive howls, which bring the hunters, and he is then dispatched by lances, hatchets, or the gun. When caught thus he is completely at the mercy of the hunters, who find him rolling on the ground in a state of indescribable fury.

Another method, which seems al-



BROWN'S SUICIDE.

noose around his neck, he also finds that he has to drag the block of wood around with him, and this catches in the underbrush and finally checks him; then the bear, following up the rope which holds him, finds the billet, takes it up, bites it angrily, flings it down, and goes on. Stopped a second and a third time, he goes through the same manœuvre, until, after reflection, he determines to carry this implacable log in his fore-paws and find a precipice, over which he throws it, but is himself carried over by the force of its fall.

Another procedure consists in suspending a large stone or a heavy log of wood before the hollow of a tree in which bees have deposited honey. When the bear comes to devour the honey he strikes with his paw against the annoying obstacle; but one of these motions is not sufficient to dislodge the object, which flies back and hits him in the head, and the bear, enraged, sends it aside with another blow, and naturally the object comes back with more violence. Then there ensues between the bear and this inert obstacle a furious fight, in which it is rare that the bear does not receive a blow which tumbles him out of the tree, to fall lifeless on the ground.

Sometimes another kind of trap is used, the board with nails, consisting of a piece of plank, about a yard by half a yard in size, set thickly with nails, which have barbed points, like fish-hooks, instead of heads. This board is placed in one of the haunts most frequented by bears, and is covered with earth and grass so as to com-



THE FIGHT BEGINS.

most incredible, but which is, nevertheless, very much in use, is accomplished with a rope, six or eight feet long, having a large wooden block tied to one end and the other finished with a running noose. This noose is disposed like a simple rabbit-snare, in a place frequented by the bears, and the block left haphazard. When the bear finds the



THE NAIL TRAP.

pletely hide it. When a bear steps upon it he cannot escape, being caught by one or more of the hooks on it, and having one paw fast he uses the other fore-paw to push away the obstacle; but all his efforts to extricate himself are fruitless, for he only succeeds in getting the other paw fast, and then when in transports of impotent rage he attacks the enemy with his hind feet he gets them impaled on the barbed hooks also, and thus, with all his ursine slyness and cleverness, he becomes wholly at the mercy of his more clever tormentors and would-be captors.

Our Girls.

The Giving of Gifts.

THE spirit of Christmas, the "hallowed and gracious" time, finds natural expression in the interchange of gifts, which from the earliest times has been a custom prevalent at all times of rejoicing. But while there are gifts and gifts, there are also ways and ways of giving them; and it is often the manner of giving, a subtle expression of love or good will conveyed in the way of presenting the merest trifle, it may be, which invests the gift with a value that cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

Anyone can make a present, that is, give an article of more or less value to some other person: with many, it is a mere matter of bookkeeping, an attempted balancing of the social credit and debit account; but a present given at any time, and especially at the holiday season, should be the honest expression of affection, good will, or grateful appreciation of kindness conferred, else it is not a true gift. The gift that is presented merely as a matter of duty, that is not considered worthy of forethought in the selection and care in its preparation for presentation, would better be omitted.

Emerson says, "The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him." We all can recall, trivial though they were, perhaps, the "true" gifts that have come to us, breathing their message of love, of congratulation, of sympathy, contributing added joy and pleasure in times of happiness, or engendering hope and courage in seasons of sorrow. The little golden-haired child who gave to a recently bereaved friend the one rose that bloomed on her rose-bush at New Year, with the low-voiced, sympathetic words, "You haven't — to wish you a happy New Year, so I know you can't be happy now; but I wish you a happy next New Year," gave with her one white rose, though she knew it not, that which could not be estimated by any standard of value applied to temporal things, and made it a "true" gift that awakened hope and courage in the sorrowing one's heart.

The gift of giving gifts, the ability to select appropriate gifts for different persons, is a rare and tactful quality possessed by only a favored few. Not that its possession necessarily implies a superior or more refined taste, but it is an indication of an exceptional intuition that betokens innate refinement. And this quality can be cultivated. The remembrance, when selecting the gift, of some special fancy, some preference casually expressed, is a delicate compliment that cannot fail to enhance the gratification of the recipient, and consequently the personal appreciation of the donor. This is the secret of much of the pleasure afforded by simple gifts: they bear convincing testimony of a thoughtfulness that can only be the result of genuine regard.

Gifts that embody some of the individuality of the giver, whether of personal handiwork or indicative of some characteristic taste, are perhaps the most charming of all. There are some persons who involuntarily invest the simplest and most practical thing with a refined and delicate personality, whose gifts are always distinctive, and recall the giver as a perfume suggests a flower. There is a daintiness in the "get-up" of the package, even, that is an added attraction: the soft cotton nest for the fragile trifle or simple bit of jewelry; the inner wrapping of white or delicate-tinted tissue-paper about the offering, tied around with "baby" ribbon or a silken thread; the tiny perfumed sachet enfolded with handkerchiefs or gloves; the book-mark or the pressed flower or the marked passages in the copy of some favorite author; the immaculate, outer covering with its liga-

ture of ribbon or fine cord holding a sprig of holly or evergreen, a bunch of forget-me-nots, or a single rose,—these be trifles; but trifles make the sum of human happiness, and even the dainty environment of a simple gift may perchance count as a unit in the sum of the recipient's happiness.

A score of dainty Christmas-cards that last year carried their greeting from an humble country home to as many dear friends scattered far and wide, evidenced what taste, ingenuity, and love can devise when means are limited. Each square of thin white Bristol-board, of the size of a correspondence card, had a narrow border of gold or silver, painted on unevenly, forming a frame for a spray of pressed flowers or leaves—wild-flowers, pansies, ferns, forget-me-nots, morning-glories, daisies, and other homely flowers—that the sender had collected and pressed in her few leisure moments during the previous summer, and across one corner, written in gold or silver, to match the border, were her initials, and "Xmas, 1890." Each card was enclosed in a half-sheet of unruled note-paper, folded once and tied with gold or silver cord, which bore the words, "A loving Christmas greeting." They were mailed in ordinary square envelopes, and the entire cost, stamps included, was considerably less than a dollar; but their value to those who received them—who knew the sender as the faithful daughter patiently ministering at the bedside of an invalid mother, who appreciated the loving thoughtfulness that had planned the gift so far in advance, who felt the absolute sincerity of the unpretentious offerings—was beyond price.

The highest value of any gift lies in the testimony it affords of the affection that prompts it. If that testimony be true, the intrinsic value or form of the gift matters not. If that testimony be false, the richness of the gift cannot compensate for the lack of sincerity. If one's means be ample, and affection or regard prompts the bestowal of a costly gift, then it is all right; but if the means be limited, the expression of one's affection or good will, if not so costly, may be quite as sincere. A cheery word, a sympathetic glance, even, or a hearty "Merry Christmas!" or "Happy New Year!" with the ring of truthfulness in it, possesses more intrinsic worth than the most expensive present given merely as a duty.

And about "duty" presents: these are tolerated with the other social obligations that are easier to assume than to combat; but to make a gift simply because it is imagined that one is obligatory, or for fear of what Mrs. Grundy will say, or with the view to some possible advantage that may be gained, is, "not to put too fine a point on it," dishonest and deceitful,—dishonest to yourself, because you are not acting from an honest motive, and deceitful to the recipient because you are trying to deceive. But such a gift rarely deceives, and generally results in the loss of one's self-respect as well as the respect of others.

In the same category may be classed the gifts made for show, usually, alas! so much more costly than can be afforded. There may be some excuse when one is a little extravagant in providing a present that is a sincere offering of regard: the consequent economy necessary to make up for the imprudent expenditure can be endured with some equanimity; but when given for show only, such presents are an evidence of vanity, and the donor has no valid defence against the charge of being a dishonest pretender.

A person of refinement will never place another under an obligation for a costly gift who cannot reciprocate in kind; yet a real benefit may be conferred in a delicate way by one endowed with the gift of giving gifts, which if offered in a ruder way would be rejected and resented as an insult. *Noblesse oblige.* Give gracefully, graciously, intelligently, honestly. Whether simple or costly, let the Christmas gift be a "true" one, honestly given in the spirit of Christmas.

M. I. FINDLEY.

Sanitarian.

Woman's Dress Hygienically Considered.

II.*

CORSETS AND TIGHT LACING.



HAVE shown in a previous article that in the average dress worn by women there is an unequal distribution of clothing over the body, so that some parts are under-clad and others over-clad; that the effect of this unequal distribution, in which there is often three and four times as much clothing worn over the hips as there is upon the extremities or other portions of the body, must be to produce serious congestions and inflammations in the overheated parts; that these congestions and inflammations cause other morbid actions and conditions of the system; and that among these are dropsical effusions, hemorrhages, displacements, and morbid growths or tumors, malignant or otherwise, and finally, as a natural sequence, the woman finds herself seriously ill, and in the doctor's hands.

We have seen, therefore, that in the one great object of clothing the body, viz., that of equalizing its temperature and maintaining a proper balance of the circulation, the dress worn by civilized woman is a failure: instead of preserving the life forces in equilibrium, it destroys that equipoise in functional action which is necessary to good health. The future dress for women, must be so planned and constructed that this physiological error will be eliminated. A perfect dress for women (or men either) must clothe the body evenly, and in accordance with climatic needs.

Just here is another of our follies, and it belongs to men as well as to women,—at least to a degree. You will see a man sweltering in hot broadcloth the warmest day in summer, particularly if he happens to be a clergyman; though I do not think all clergymen would be so foolish. As for women, as fashions often run (and especially when "bustles" are in style), it is next to impossible to dress cool without being unpleasantly conspicuous. You see the reason: if other women wear humps on their backs, even husbands would not like to see their wives looking as "straight as a bean-pole." So here, too, we come back to the original question: Shall common sense give in, or shall custom?

All clothing, to be physiological, must be worn so loosely as to allow the air to circulate freely between it and the skin. If it does not do this, capillary circulation on the surface of the body will be interfered with; and this, in time, will congest some of the bloodvessels, causing neuralgia and other troubles. A sleeve worn too tightly at the shoulder will often congest the brain; and a bodice worn too snugly can hardly fail to congest nearly all the internal organs, and it will also push some of them out of place. I have known cases in which the liver had been forced several inches downward, into the abdomen; and it is very common for the stomach and intestines to be so pressed upon and displaced that you might almost lay a loaf of bread in the cavity where these organs ought to be, and, of course, those that are below them get pretty badly squeezed.

* Article III. will include the following: The same subject continued, and the "whys and wherefores" given; why women are the "chief support of the doctors"; duty of the physician in instructing women; experiments made on monkeys, and the fatal result; effect of wearing belts, bands, etc.; the "zone" they produce around the body; another "friend" to the doctors; pressure upon the soft structures of the body; elastics and other ligatures; wearing garments "skin-tight"; the saying a libel on the Creator (the skin is never tight); woman's place in the world's work; the "work-dress" a necessity; a dress for parlors and drawing-rooms, a different matter; the necessity for diversity in dress; physical culture for women; obstacles now in the way of it.

But before proceeding farther, I want to take up that much-defended garment, the corset; and first of all I am going to show that the fault in this garment lies in its manner of construction. It is an immense bandage, or splint; and with a little alteration a heavily boned corset might do very well to wrap around a broken arm or leg: it would keep the shattered bones in place, and also prevent motion in the mangled or bruised muscles adjacent. But of what earthly use, may I ask, can such an arrangement as this be, placed over the central portions of the trunk with its soft abdominal walls which encase the most important organs of the body? It would not be so bad if all the whalebones in the corset were pulled out, though even then the garment would be miserably hot and debilitating. A good waist would answer the same purpose, and it could be made thinner or thicker.

I think we should find, however, that with the heavy, close-set whalebones out, the corset would not be in such demand: frequently it is for these only that it is worn, and because these will change the human form from nature's standard that it is recommended. But why have the bones in them running up and down, where nature never put any, and where she never designed any to be? It is these heavy, closely-set bones, aside from constriction, that do the deadly work; though if the garment is worn snugly, it is all the worse. Constriction in itself is a bad thing, but this is not the whole of the evil: no matter how loosely one of these stiff garments be worn, it will still be injurious.

I know, ladies, that you do not understand this; but let me try to explain. If you were to encase your arm in heavy splints from shoulder to wrist, and carry it there three months, what do you suppose would take place? The muscles of the arm would waste away; they would become weak and flabby, and you would find it in a measure disabled. Now this is precisely what happens about your waist: the muscles are thrown out of use, and they gradually diminish in size; this is one reason why a confirmed corset-wearer tends to get slim around the waist. The muscles beneath the corset become thin and emaciated, so that when you lay your hand upon the waist with the clothing removed, there seems to be but little beneath it except skin and bones. I know these waists the moment I touch them: the powerful intercostal muscles have shriveled, and become partially paralyzed. This is why the habitual corset-wearer cannot breathe deeply: she cannot expand the lower part of the chest, and the floating ribs, that ought to widen at every breath, are in a state of semi-collapse. If we pass a tape-line around the waist of this individual, and take her largest and smallest measurement without wrinkling the skin (which is done by permitting her to inhale as much as possible, and then exhale to the fullest extent), we shall find that the difference between these two measurements will not exceed an inch and a half, or two inches at the farthest; sometimes it will be but one inch.

A woman who has dressed properly ought to be able to expand her lungs from three to four inches; if she cannot do so, then there is something wrong. But suppose we test the woman's breathing capacity with the spirometer; see whether she can push the register up to 200, or whether it will stop at 90, or somewhere below it. The confirmed corset-wearer will make her own record: nature speaks the truth, whether we desire it or not.

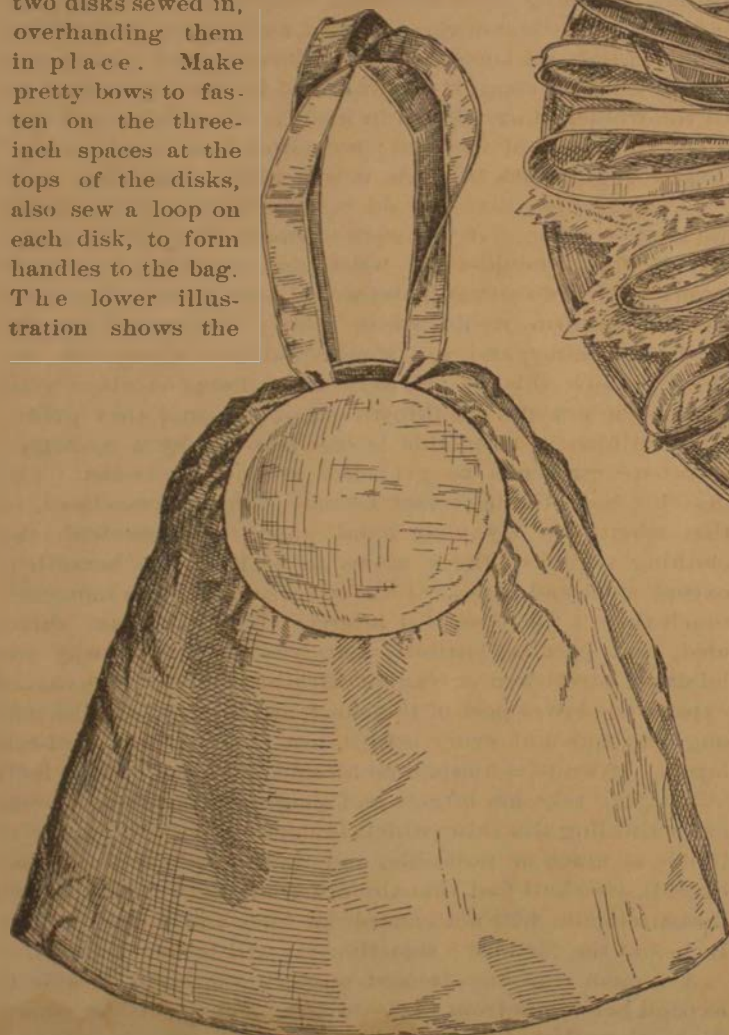
But what is the effect of this diminished breathing? Bad blood, as a matter of course. Bad blood means impaired functional action, whether of the brain, the heart, the liver, the stomach, or any other organ. So that now we have not only an impure quality of the circulating media, but enfeebled functional action as well.

SUSANNA W. DODDS, M.D.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

"New Idea" Work-Bag.

COVER one side of four disks of cardboard with pretty tinted silk: the disks must all be exactly the same size, measuring six inches in diameter. Next take a breadth of the silk a yard and a quarter long, gather the two ends, and sew each end almost all the way around the inside edge of one of the covered disks, leaving a space of three inches on the upper edge of the disk, as in the first illustration. Now turn the bag wrong side out, and with the remaining two disks cover the wrong side of the two disks sewed in, overhanding them in place. Make pretty bows to fasten on the three-inch spaces at the tops of the disks, also sew a loop on each disk, to form handles to the bag. The lower illustration shows the



"NEW IDEA" WORK-BAG.

bag as it appears when stretched out open, and the upper one represents the closed bag.

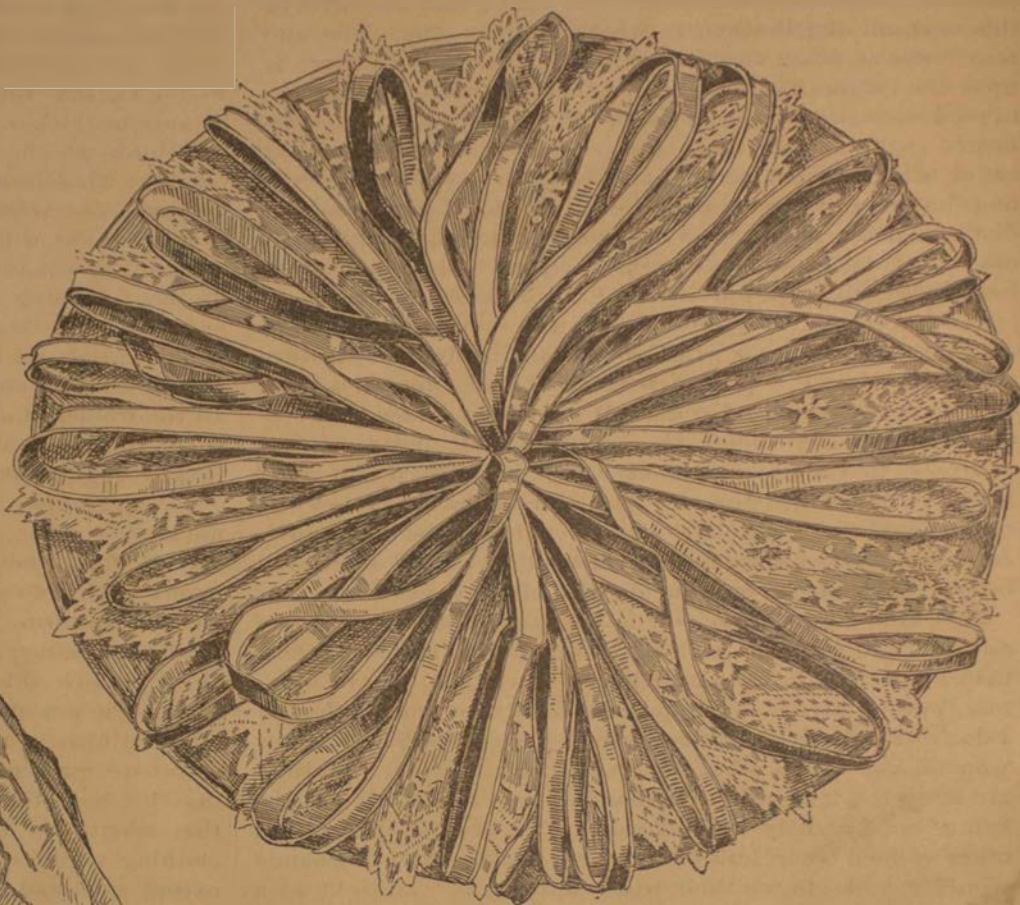


"NEW IDEA" WORK-BAG (OPEN).

The charm of this bag is that there is no necessity to remove the work from the bag when sewing, as the bag when opened out forms a large, flat, roomy silken receptacle, taking the place of both work apron and work basket.

Jewel Cushion.

CUT two round disks from yellow India-silk, each measuring nine and a quarter inches in diameter, and place between them a few layers of cotton bat-



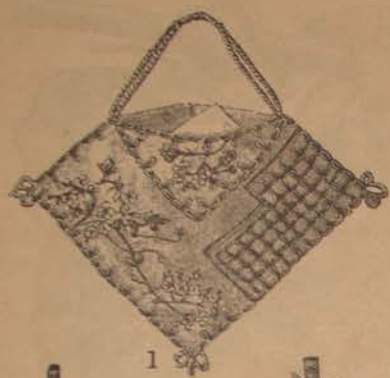
JEWEL CUSHION.

ting sprinkled with sachet powder. After turning in and basting together the edges of the two pieces of silk, neatly blind-stitch or overhand them together; then take a piece of lace twenty-nine inches long and four and a half inches wide, and, after sewing the two ends together, gather the lace up tightly along the straight edge, to form a circular frill, and catch the center of this firmly down to the center of the cushion. Next form into loops a bolt of very narrow ribbon, making the loops long enough to extend from the center of the cushion to its edge; now sew the open end of each loop to the center of the cushion, and allow the loop end to lie loosely. The ribbon will fall gracefully over the lace, as seen in illustration.

This pretty gift is ornamental for dressing-case or bureau, and exceedingly useful as a soft pad on which to place watches, rings, and other articles of jewelry.

Holiday Novelties.

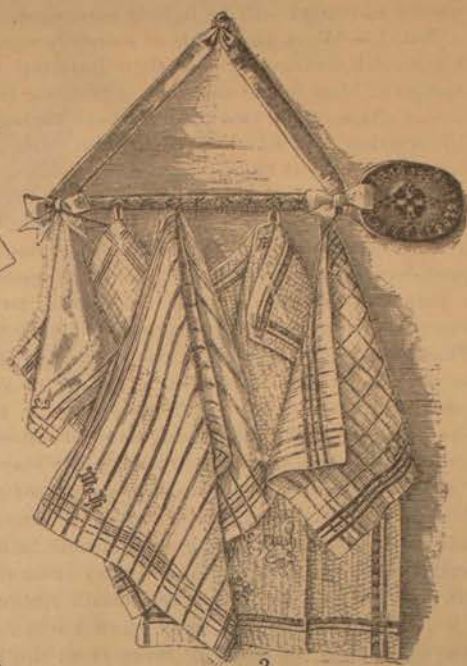
THESE are no impossible marvels of fancy work, but simply made and attractive trifles, requiring no very expensive materials or skilled workmanship to manufacture. Where one desires to put a little of one's own individuality into a Christmas or New Year gift for the loved



1



2



3



4



5



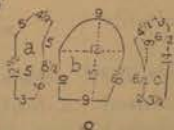
7



9



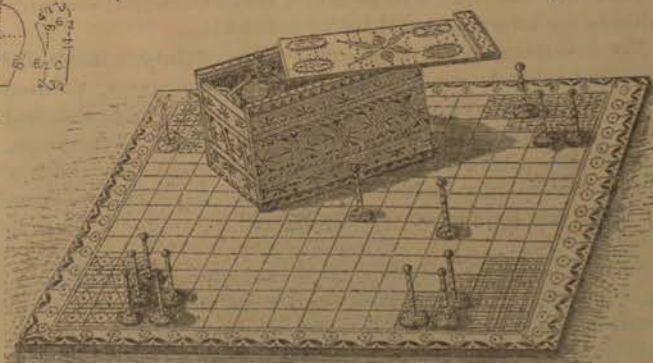
6



8



10



12



11



13



14



15



16

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES.

one, the little care and labor necessary to make one of these pretty novelties will be lightly esteemed.

No. 1.—Work-bag made of a double square of pale yellow China-silk, embroidered with a latticing in gold cord, and sprigs of blue forget-me-nots. The bag is made up in diamond shape, with two open corners turned down as in the illustration, and finished all around with gold cord forming looped trefoils at the corners, and has two handles.

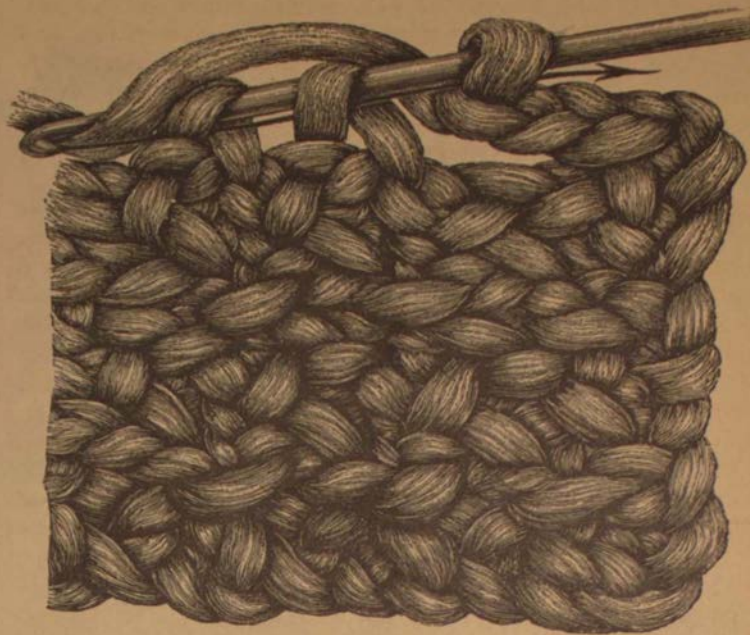
No. 2.—Photograph-holder, for wall ornament. This pretty star-shaped ornament is not difficult to make. Have a wooden six-pointed star made, or cut one out of very heavy pasteboard, and cover it with dark orange-colored silk. Cut a second star out of thick card-board, two inches smaller every way than the first, and cover it with yellow silk plush. Then nail this to the under star with gilt-headed fancy nails, as shown in the illustration, a nail at each star-tip and corner, and an ornamental grouping in the center. The photographs are stuck in all around as seen, and a large screw-eye at one tip serves to hang the star up.

No. 3.—This is a simple but very useful little gift, consisting of a towel-holder made of a large wooden spoon, painted in red, black, and gold enamels, in a fancy geometric design, and fitted with small brass hooks, to hang towels and wash-rags upon. A scarlet satin ribbon serves to hang it by. The towels, etc., may have loops of tape sewed on to avoid tearing in hanging them from the hooks.

No. 4.—Work-stand of round trays and bamboo supports. This is a very showy and useful bit of prettiness for a home fairy's use. To make it, procure three wooden box-covers, such as grocers use. Barrel-covers can be purchased at shops where house-furnishing articles are kept. Fasten these with strong wire at regular intervals to three bamboo canes. Paint the whole stand with pale pink or blue enamel paint, and ornament with floral designs painted on by hand or cut out of colored pictures and pasted on. Cover the joinings of the canes and box-lids with straps of colored ribbon, and fasten large bows of ribbon at four places, as shown in the illustration. The trays which form the table can also be made of pasteboard covered with silk or cretonne; but in that case the table will be much less substantial and only suitable for an ornamental bit of furnishing.

No. 5.—Hanging pincushion. This dainty conceit for the toilet-table is made of a plain wooden spoon, painted white with enamel paint, and ornamented with fanciful lines of gilding. The cushion of blue satin, in egg-shape, is glued into the bowl of the spoon, and ornamented with a double row of blue satin-ribbon loops. Blue ribbon bows ornament the handle of the spoon and serve for a loop to hang it up by.

Nos. 6, 7, AND 8.—Lady's crocheted shoulder-cape. No. 8 gives a very much reduced outline of the three separate pieces of the cape, by which a paper pattern can be cut, the numbers on each line meaning so many measurements in inches. Then after the crochet-stitch is learned it is easy to crochet the cape into the shape required according to the pattern. The stitch (*punto Nerly*) is illustrated separately (see No. 17), and is in imitation of astrakhan fur, so that a pelerine crocheted in black or gray wool will be very stylish. The detail shows the stitch, which is worked in rows back and forth, very clearly. To begin it, first crochet a chain, and then, for the first row after working two chain, take up the next and the third stitch therefrom on the needle, and draw the wool through them and the stitch on the needle. Repeat this in continuous rows, only in every row after the first, take up first the top stitch in the two chain, and then the stitch between the chains. An irregularity will often occur at the ends of the rows in shaping, when it will be necessary to crochet either one chain, only, before taking up the last two stitches, or to take up only one stitch in com-



NO. 17.—STITCH FOR LADY'S SHOULDER-CAPE.

pleting the row. When the separate parts of the pelerine are completed they can be sewed or crocheted together. The standing collar is composed of four rows crocheted around the neck.

To finish the edges of the cape, crochet first a row all around, of two chain and one single crochet, and work back in single-crochet stitch all around, and on the right edge of the front of the cape a second row, leaving five open spaces of three chain each, for button-holes: the buttons are to be sewed on the left side.



NO. 18.—BORDER FOR CAPE.

The lower edges of the cape, and the side edges of the shoulder, or sleeve piece, are to be finished with a fancy border, crocheted as shown in No. 18. This is a double row of loops, each loop consisting of twelve chain fastened in every sixth stitch on the edge. The second row of loops, which can be crocheted at the same time as the first, using a second thread, is composed simply of a stitch fastened in the sixth stitch, then one chain, three long loops worked off on one stitch, one chain, and fasten again into the sixth stitch of the next loop of the preceding row. Finally, finish the front edges and the collar with picots composed of one crochet, three chain, and one stitch back in the first stitch of the chain.

No. 9.—Sunflower table. This pretty table, intended for a flower-stand, is made in the shape of a sunflower, of half-inch board. The diameter of the top is not important: it may be anywhere from ten to twenty inches. The edges are cut in points to simulate sunflower petals, and these are veined with a burning-point, or painted. The center is painted brown, and the outer part bright yellow, and then varnished. An outlining of gold paint on the edges increases the effect of the painting. The standard of the table is a heavy bamboo cane supported by three shorter pieces nailed on to form a tripod. A bow of cardinal or green satin-ribbon completes the effect.

No. 10.—Satin case for letters, letter-paper, or photographs. This is very simply made, as the illustration shows, of prettily embroidered or figured satin folded to the size required, lined, and finished with ribbons to tie it together. The case illustrated is made of pale yellow satin

embroidered with a spray of pale purple lilacs on the outside, and with single scattered pansies, butterflies, and violets, on the inside folds. Any color or decoration is equally suitable for such cases, which, made in any pretty goods, are acceptable at all times as gifts.

Nos. 11 AND 12.—The game of "Hopety-Wopety." The set for this amusing game is easily made by anyone having a little mechanical ingenuity. A board sixteen inches square is ruled off into fifteen squares each way, leaving half an inch all around for an ornamental border. This may be painted directly on the board or on stiff paper mounted on the board. In each corner thirteen squares should be filled in with fancy patterns, each of the four corners having a different pattern, and for men, thirteen figures, corresponding to each thirteen squares, making fifty-two in all. Each set of thirteen men should be decorated to correspond with the squares on which they belong, either in fanciful marking and lining on the base of the figures, or with a different color. These men are the same shape as chess-pawns (see No. 11), and can be whittled out of wood, or made of button-molds and slender wooden cylinders sharpened at the end to hold a black bead. To hold these men, get a box with sliding cover, and decorate it to match the men and board.

As for the rules of "Hopety-Wopety," they are extremely simple: Four players each have thirteen men, which they place on the thirteen squares of their respective four corners. The object of the game is to get your own men on the thirteen squares of the adversary diagonally opposite to you. Whoever first accomplishes this wins the game. You can move a man right or left or diagonally forward one square, but never backward. You can hop over a man, if there is a vacant square immediately behind the man you hop, your man being directly in front of the one you hop. If the position is favorable, several men may thus be hopped over in one move, but the hopped men are not to be "taken," *i. e.*, removed from the board, as in similar games.

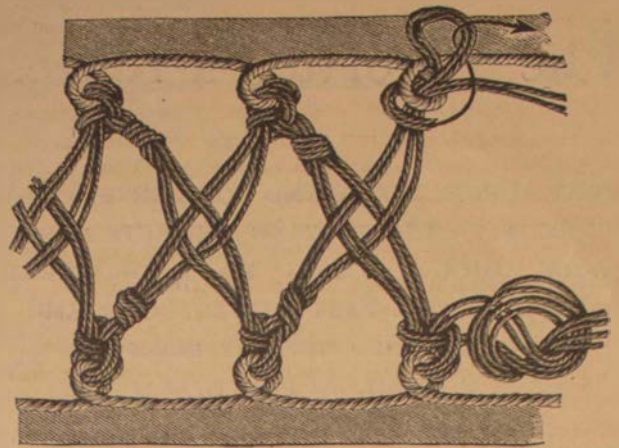
It is, of course, an object for each to obstruct the course of others as much as possible without hindering his own game. The next move is always by the player next to the left of the one playing. To take a move back is forbidden, and the old chess rule, "a piece touched is a piece played," is also observed. If one only wishes to play this amusing game for a winter evening amusement, it may be played with checkers painted in fancy colors, on a sheet of paper ruled in fifteen squares each way.

No. 13.—Photograph holder in screen shape, for table ornament. The separate panels are cut out of cardboard, about six by twenty inches in size, and the tops shaped in Gothic points. Cover the panels with blue silk, cutting round places for the photographs as shown in the illustration, and bind all edges and openings with blue velvet ribbon. A spray of yellow chrysanthemums can be painted on the center panel.

No. 14.—Paper-cutter of white



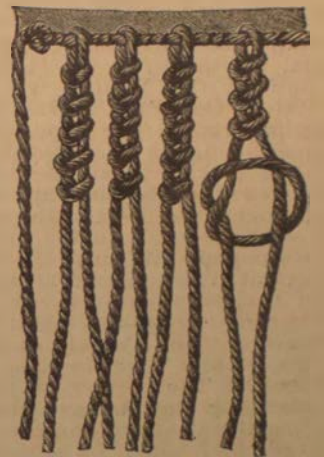
NO. 19.—VINE FOR NO. 14.



NO. 20.—LACING FOR NO. 15.

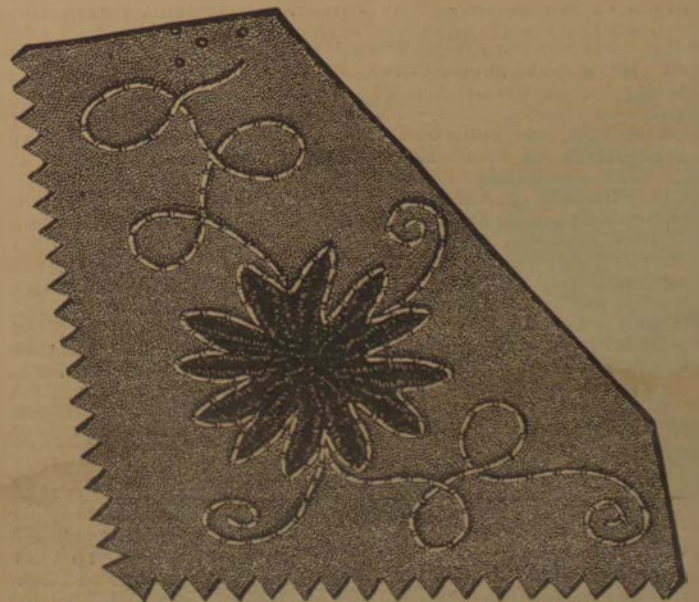
wood, painted with an ivy vine in shades of green or dark red. Illustration No. 19 shows the vine in actual size, so that it can easily be traced and copied.

No. 15.—Twin cushions for chair-backs, bridal cushions, or foot pillows. They are of dark gray cloth or satin, embroidered with pansies and purple hyacinths with green leaves, and stalks in a conventional design. Any other design can be substituted, or they can be made up quite plain. The pillows are each twelve by sixteen inches, and when finished are corded with a dark green silk cord all around, the cord on the two edges where the cushions are to be joined being put on in loops, so that they can be laced together with a narrower cord of the same color, as shown in illustration of detail of cushion No. 20, which shows the exact manipulation of the narrow cords. The fringed edges, as shown in the illustration, are finished with the same narrow cord as shown in detail No. 21, the fringe being about three inches deep when finished.



NO. 21.—FRINGE FOR NO. 15.

The fringed edges, as shown in the illustration, are finished with the same narrow cord as shown in detail No. 21, the fringe being about three inches deep when finished.



NO. 22.—DETAIL OF NO. 16.

No. 16.—Slippers of gray felt, trimmed with scarlet cloth pinked out and embroidered with gold thread and black worsted in the design shown in actual size in No. 22.

("Home Art and Home Comfort" continued on page 127.)

The World's Progress.

CURRENT TOPICS, NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS OF THE DAY.—INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

Foreign Affairs.

Probably nothing could better illustrate the utter insignificance of the famous Boulanger of two years since, than the manner in which the news of his suicide was received throughout Europe. Even the newspapers simply commented upon it as the natural termination of a used-up life. The fact that Italy has revoked the decree issued more than twelve years since prohibiting the importation of American pork has occasioned much more political discussion in the French capital, for it is by no means unlikely that France will follow suit. The exhibition of the "Holy Coat" of Treves, to see which nearly two million pilgrims visited the repository where the venerated relic was enshrined, has also caused much discussion in the religious and social world. About a dozen miracles were reported as having been caused by the faithful touching the carefully preserved garment. In Ireland the era of harmony which was to open as the result of Parnell's death has apparently been indefinitely postponed. When the body of Charles Stewart Parnell, who died at Walsingham Terrace, Brighton, on October 6, was buried in Dublin, scenes of wild confusion evidenced the disturbed state of the public mind. There is not likely to be peace for Ireland. The Parnellites refuse to coalesce with the McCarthys, though both factions will make an appeal to America for money. The temper of the Parnellites is against any compromise, for they believe that the reaction in Ireland towards Parnellism is so strong that they may succeed even where their dead chief failed. The want of funds alone is likely to dampen their combative ardor.

The Peace Congress in Rome.

While Europe is parading its armies in mock battle-array, and Continental daily papers bristle with rumors of war, the advocates of general disarmament, international arbitration, and universal peace, have bestirred themselves to create public opinion favorable to the Peace Congress in Rome, which opened on the ninth of November. The Italian Parliament, which issued the call for the congress, contains three hundred members of the Comitato Permanente della Pace, the French Chamber is represented by about seventy-five deputies, and the Norwegian Storting has appropriated \$1,000 for the expenses of its three delegates to the congress. Every nation in the civilized world, except Russia, has somebody there to speak for it, and official representatives of most European parliaments are at the congress. The committee in charge is divided into three sub-committees with these chairmen: Marquis Alfieri, Vice-President of the Senate; Senator Cadorni, President of the State Council, and Prince Ruspoli, member of the Chamber. After laying out an offensive campaign against the warlike spirit of the age, and taking steps to organize peace unions in all the great cities of the world, the thousand or more attendants upon the congress will make excursions by special train to Pompeii and Naples, and will witness special illuminations of the Forum and Colosseum. It is planned for a succeeding Peace Congress to be held in Chicago in 1893, and that the invitation or call to attend shall be sent out by President Harrison directly to the heads of European Governments.

The Telegraph in China.

According to a recent number of a French review direct telegraphic communication exists between European cities and the capital of China in two ways. First, by the great Siberian line as far as Vladivostock, by the cable from that port to that of Shanghai (via Nagasaki), and from there by the Imperial Chinese lines. The connection between the Russian and the Chinese land-wires, though recently agreed upon at St. Petersburg, has not yet been carried out. Communication with Peking from Europe may also be had by using the Chinese lines to Shanghai, then the English and Danish cables extending from that city to Hong-Kong, Saigon (in Cochin China), Singapore, Penang, Madras, Bombay, Aden, Suez, Alexandria, Malta, and Marseilles. From Hong-Kong the cables belong to the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company and the Indo-European Telegraph Company. A telegram has been sent from Shanghai to Paris in two hours, allowing for the difference in time. It was in 1872 that the first

telegraph line was put up in China, and it was done through the agency of the Danish Northern Telegraph Company of Copenhagen. The line extended from Shanghai to the port of Woosung, at the mouth of the river of that name. In 1874 the city of Foochow was connected with the so-called "Pagoda anchorage," at the mouth of the Min River. In 1883 the Canton-Hong-Kong line was finished. That from Shanghai to Hong-Kong was completed in 1884, and in the same year the wires were carried over the walls of Peking, which was thus connected with the European telegraph system and came into direct communication with Paris and London. The Chinese lines are built with galvanized iron wire No. 7, carried over Jobson insulators on iron posts stuck into pine or Chinese fir. The instruments used are of the Morse inkwriting type. The employes, with the exception of the Danish engineers, are all Chinamen. The Chinese characters are catalogued in a comparatively short list and are put into telegraphic signs. The first Chinese code was the work of a Frenchman, E. Viguier. The number of telegraphic stations in China is 168.

The Columbus Bells.

There are two "Columbus" bells to be exhibited at the Columbian Centennial, the first loaned to the Exposition by Señor Bellini of Santo Domingo City. This bell is of bronze, very small, but of elegant workmanship (eight inches high by six and a half across), and bears on the surface the image of San Miguel, to whom it is dedicated, and the letter F in old Gothic. From this Gothic F it is inferred that it was a gift to Columbus from Ferdinand of Spain, the husband of Queen Isabella. This bell has an interesting history. When Columbus founded the city of Isabella he erected a church. But in 1494 a new city was begun, called La Vega, and everything portable in Isabella, which was abandoned, was carried to La Vega, so that it is thought the same bell was brought to La Vega also. In 1542 La Vega was destroyed by an earthquake and the city abandoned. Three hundred years afterward the bell was found in a tree and preserved as a relic.

The other bell is one belonging to the African Methodist Episcopal Church at Halesville, New Jersey, which was presented to it by Captain Elias A. Newall. Captain Newall procured the bell from the island of San Andreas, one of the Bahamas, on one of his voyages, and its history is as follows: On the fourth and last voyage of Columbus to America, in 1502, Queen Isabella presented this bell to him, it having come from one of the towers of the Alhambra. Columbus gave it to monks, who placed it in the chapel which was the beginning of the great cathedral of Carthage, on the Spanish Main, in New-Granada, South America. There it hung until the siege of Carthage, when the city was sacked and partly destroyed, and the bell fell to the share of the French ship La Rochelle. But this ship was wrecked on the island of San Andreas, and a few of the crew were saved, with the bell. Its weight is sixty-four pounds, and at the coming Columbian Exposition this rare relic will claim an equal share of consideration with the smaller bell.

Our Public-School Pupils.

There were during the last fiscal year 12,686,973 pupils in our public schools of elementary and secondary grade, as against 9,867,505 in 1880. The enrollment formed 20.27 per cent. of the population of 1890. The average daily attendance of pupils on each school day in 1890 was 8,144,938. The total amount expended during the last fiscal year for public school purposes was \$140,277,484, as against \$78,094,687 in 1888. The expenditure *per capita* of population in 1880 was \$1.56, and in 1890 it was \$2.24. The total value of grounds, buildings, and apparatus of educational institutions in 1891 was \$72,894,729.

Rain-making by Contract.

A new, a very new, industry is rain-making by contract. Mr. Frank Melbourne, of Ohio, is the cloud-ruler who has contracted with an association of farmers to supply them with all the rain they want next summer, at ten cents an acre, the period of time covered being June, July, and August, and the area included in this contract being Northwestern Kansas. The method by which the rain-maker is to accomplish the fulfillment of his novel contract is by aerial bombardment. In other words, he will supply the thunder, and the rain will follow as a matter of course. As long ago as Plutarch's time it was observable that heavy discharges of artillery were followed by copious showers. Plutarch says: "Extraordinary rains generally fall after great battles"; but Plutarch seemed to be of the opinion that the rain was sent by the gods to clear up the atmosphere. It seems a pity that such an industry as supplying rain by contract, since it can be done, has gone neglected so long, for it will doubtless fill a long-felt want. Elopements can be delayed, the hated rival prevented from going out driving with one's best girl, the Sunday-school picnic postponed, and various appointments inconvenient to meet delayed simply by the expenditure of an insignificant sum, say fifty cents, to secure a shower of rain. But we are perhaps oversanguine. The facts in the case do not prove rain-making to be more than a partial success. That is to say, the moisture, if any, in the atmosphere, can be precipitated by an aerial concussion, but no amount of bombarding the heavens can create rain in a dry atmosphere.

Alaskan Industries.

The Governor of Alaska, Lyman E. Knapp, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior gives a good deal of space to the sealing industry. The market value of the skins

has greatly increased, owing largely to the smallness of the catch last year and the increase in rates paid to the Government by the company, under the terms of the new lease. The Governor reports the most serious difficulty in the matter to be the illegitimate slaughter of the females and the young in the open sea. The number of skins illegitimately taken during a part of last season is estimated at from 50,000 to 60,000. The products of Alaska exported during the past year and the value are stated as follows: 688,332 cases of salmon, valued at \$2,753,328; 4,150 pounds of ivory, worth \$9,507; 231,282 pounds of whalebone, \$503,333; 14,890 gallons of whale oil, \$4,467; 1,138,000 codfish, \$369,000; 7,300 barrels of salted salmon, \$73,000; gold and silver bullion, \$1,000,000; 21,596 fur seals taken under lease, \$647,880; 60,000 skins taken by poachers, \$1,800,000; other furs and skins, \$450,000; curios, \$25,000; other products, \$106,000: total, \$8,941,515.

Canada's Canals.

The Dominion Government is spending millions upon its waterways, and the amount devoted to the enlargement of the St. Lawrence system of canals in order to insure the safe passage of vessels of large tonnage from Lake Superior to Montreal has already reached the sum of \$26,000,000, and it is estimated that \$14,500,000 will be required before the contemplated work is completed, \$12,000,000 of which will be needed to deepen the St. Lawrence Canal proper, the remainder being absorbed by the Sault. The Sault Ste. Marie Canal is the highest of the series and will have a lock designed to permit vessels drawing nineteen feet to pass at low water. All other canals between Lake Erie and Montreal are arranged for a navigable depth of fourteen feet. For about four miles above the La Chine Canal, Lake St. Louis is obstructed by numerous shoals, the removal of which is necessary to form a channel suitable to the fourteen-foot navigation. This will require the expenditure of \$1,250,000. Between Lake St. Louis and Lake St. Francis a rise of eighty-three feet in the river is at present surmounted by the Beauharnois Canal, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. The Canadian Government has decided to build an enlarged canal on the north shore, at an estimated cost of \$4,750,000. In Lake St. Francis the obstructions to a fourteen-foot navigation are very slight, and it will cost only ninety thousand dollars to remove them. The works on the Cornwall Canal are all under contract, and the locks are nearly completed, leaving, however, much of the canal to be enlarged, at a cost of about \$2,100,000. Between the head of the Cornwall Canal and Prescott the main obstruction at the Galop Rapids has been removed; but the Williamsburg Canal, together with the necessary river works between Cornwall and Prescott, has still to be completed, and they will cost \$2,770,000.

Famine-Stricken Russia.

Not for centuries has such widespread distress from famine been recorded in Russia. It is said that the trouble is the fault of the Government, which at the beginning of the year was well aware that a famine was imminent. Unusually disastrous fires, destroying whole villages in many instances, and the cattle plague, which caused incredible havoc, have added a fearful quota to the general misery. In many cases the only food of the peasantry is the sweepings and refuse from flour mills. In Savatoff the land-owners thought this refuse so injurious to their cattle that they would not feed it to them. But though unfit for cattle to eat, the land-owners made bread of it and sold the bread to the starving peasants. In some districts the population are keeping themselves alive by making what they call "hunger bread," a compound hardly to be believed fit for human food. It is stated as a fact that the ingredients entering into the composition of this bread are dried dung, the powdered bark of trees, and ground peas and goose-foot, a plant more commonly known as pigweed. This mess is greedily eaten by the famishing people. A circular has been issued by the Minister of the Interior which enumerates thirteen governments in which the people are completely famine-stricken, and eight in which a partial famine prevails. The great fair annually held at Nijni-Novgorod was a failure, this year. Notwithstanding the terrible condition of the people, the taxes continue to be extorted; and in case the peasants display any unwillingness to pay the taxes, the knout is applied to extort the money. This is the last decade of our vaunted nineteenth century, and by its most wonderful invention, the telegraph, we are apprised of such horrors as we have been relating.

The Leprosy Microbe.

A report from Simla, India, announces that an English doctor there had succeeded in discovering, separating, and neutralizing the special microbe of leprosy. The great bacteriologist Pasteur, however, insists that the leprosy microbe has been understood for some time by medical men, and that a Swedish doctor, Hankel, first discovered its existence. This microbe is remarkable for its infinitesimal size and its extreme activity, and can be found in vast numbers. As a rule, leprosy develops itself in hot climates, where the high temperature, the absence of hygienic appliances, and personal uncleanness aid immensely in its development. Leprosy has never been considered curable, so even if the English doctor has only re-discovered the microbe, the announcement that he has been able to neutralize it, is remarkable. However, we must await results; and as past experience shows that these are often disappointing, we must not immediately expect a cure for leprosy.

Red Jacket's Monument.

A monument to Red Jacket, the famous chief of the Six Nations of the Iroquois, was unveiled lately at Conoga, on the shore of Seneca Lake, on the spot where he was born. The monument was erected by the Waterloo Library and Historical Society. It is of granite, and the design is said to have been suggested by General Eli Parker, the famous Indian member of General Grant's staff. Red Jacket in his speeches frequently compared himself to a blasted hemlock tree, and the monument represents the trunk of such a tree, from which the limbs have been lopped off. It stands on a pedestal containing inscribed tablets, and is surrounded by six huge boulders, typifying the Six Nations. On this spot Red Jacket was born in January, 1730, his real name being Sa-Go-Ye-Wa-Tha, meaning "He keeps them awake." His title of Red Jacket came from his dress. His remains lie in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, and within a few weeks a monument will be erected over his grave there. Many Indians were present at the ceremonies, among them a delegation from the 3,700 Canadian survivors of the Six Nations, and John Buck, a chief of the Onondagas. W. C. Bryant, of Buffalo, delivered the oration.

Bucaramanquina.

This strange word is the name that Signor Eloy Valenzuela, a distinguished geologist, has given a mineral substance which he recently discovered near Bucaramanga in the United States of Colombia. It is the color of amber, is perfectly transparent, and has the valuable quality of asbestos, being incombustible. Experiments now being made in Bogota with this valuable substance indicate that it will be especially suitable for the manufacture of bank-note paper. It can also be reduced to pulp and molded into light fire and water proof tiles for house covering, can be woven into pliable fireproof cloth, or shaped into helmets for firemen's use. A white varnish can also be made of this substance, and the Bureau of American Republics is informed that there are apparently inexhaustible deposits of it, which, as experiments proceed, may possibly prove to be much more valuable than asbestos.

Air as Fuel.

One of the most remarkable results of modern experiment with one of the essential elements of the universe is the advocacy of the use of atmospheric air as fuel. As is well understood, air is mixed with coal-gas and with hydrocarbon vapors, and the compound when burned generates a much greater heat than if the air was absent; so, too, a powerful air-blast is a great economizer in smelting and reducing ores. The new fuel, however, is the air itself, which in a powerful blast is directed upon an incandescent substance,—coal made white heat, pure carbon, or any other materials that can be made to glow. Coal, hydrocarbons, or other material that can be made to glow, may be employed to give the initial incandescence, but once the blast strikes the luminous body the utmost intensity of heat is secured, apparently in the combustion of air, and may be maintained for an indefinite time. This is accomplished by merely preserving the incandescence of the surface,—a result brought about by a slight manipulation of the surface thus in an incandescent state, and with a slight renewal of carbonaceous material.

Our Public Domain.

The General Land Office report for the year shows the vacant public lands to be as follows in each of the public-land States and Territories: Alabama, 947,310 acres; Arizona, 55,061,005; Arkansas, 4,998,398; California, 52,299,499; Colorado, 42,167,030; Florida, 3,468,381; Idaho, 33,781,851; Iowa, 6,000; Kansas, 799,078; Louisiana, 1,243,118; Michigan, 781,816; Minnesota, 6,849,975; Mississippi, 1,201,280; Missouri, 1,023,898; Montana, 74,372,769; Nebraska, 11,460,436; Nevada, 53,689,524; New-Mexico, 54,893,679; North Dakota, 16,135,440; Oklahoma, 3,502,406; Oregon, 39,220,151; South Dakota, 14,085,394; Utah, 35,428,987; Washington, 20,401,691; Wisconsin, 1,003,133; Wyoming, 50,842,434; total, 579,664,683 acres. Very little desirable public land now remains unappropriated outside of the boundaries of what may be termed the arid region. There are, however, millions of acres in the arid region with the soil equal, if not superior, to that of Oklahoma, and in sections where the climate is desirable, but which is useless to settlers for the reason that a water supply for irrigating purposes would be too expensive.

The Ecumenical Methodist Conference.

Although this body, which lately met in Washington, does not represent the Methodist churches in any formal or official way, nevertheless representing upward of twenty-five millions of intelligent Christian people, it deserves more than a passing notice. The first Conference was held in London some years ago, and was highly successful; and this present Conference will be productive of even greater results. Methodism, although the youngest of the great developments of Christianity, has had a remarkable history, and is to-day one of the most potent factors of Protestant Christianity. Vital piety is the supreme test of true religion in Methodism, and thus far it has not been disturbed by the spirits of doubt and unrest which have so profoundly affected some other religious bodies. Nevertheless, in the face of new conditions, Methodism must take up and consider its own status towards new theology. The deliberations of the Conference have no authority on any branch of the Methodist Church; but the delegates to this Conference represent every branch of Methodism throughout the world, and the utterances of eminent Methodists from every part of the world are likely to be reiterated and form the theme of discussion in many of the world's centers of civilization.

What Women are Doing.

Three hundred women in the United States own establishments for the raising of flowers and plants.

The widow of Richard Proctor, the great astronomer, is to be curator of the Proctor Memorial Observatory, at San Diego, Cal.

Mrs. N. H. Hotchkiss, founder of Yale Preparatory School, has presented it with an additional \$375,000 and seventy-five acres of land.

Miss Frances E. Willard proposes to found, by a subscription, a John B. Gough professorship of total abstinence, in the new American University to be established in Washington.

Mrs. M. G. C. Edholm, of Oakland, press superintendent for the California W. C. T. U., during the past year has secured the insertion of temperance items in 120 California papers, besides herself writing 250 columns of original matter for about two dozen different periodicals.

The Women's Canning and Preserving Co., of Chicago, maintains the high reputation the excellence of their goods from the first had warranted. All their stock has been advanced to par, \$25 per share.

Nikita, the youthful American soprano, is again charming English audiences with her phenomenal voice. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when her friends in America may have the pleasure of hearing her.

The Woman's University Club, of the City of New York, has been incorporated. Its objects are the promotion of literature and art, and the social welfare of college-bred women, by the establishment and maintenance of a club-house in the City of New York, and by such means as shall be suitable and expedient for such purpose.

The Vassar Students' Aid Society offers as a loan a scholarship of \$200 to the student who passes, without conditions, all the requirements for admission to the freshman class at Vassar College, the examinations to be held in June, 1892. This scholarship covers one-half of all charges made by Vassar College for one year's board and tuition.

The Lucy Webb Hayes Deaconesses' Home and Bible College for Home and Foreign Missionaries was recently dedicated in Washington. The work of the home is national in character, and it was erected under the patronage of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The course of study will be systematic and complete, and will cover a period of two years.

Tolstoi's eldest daughter, Tatjana, is no adherent to her father's teaching. She is artistic, and paints well. The second, Mascha, has chosen her father's mode of life. Dressed as a peasant girl she labors in the fields, and gives her leisure to working and caring for the poor. Countess Tolstoi, notwithstanding the claims of her large family, finds time to attend to her husband's English correspondence. The Count receives letters in four or five languages, and always replies in that in which he is addressed. His daughters help to write the answers.

Miss Frances E. Willard's fifty-second birthday was celebrated in unique fashion at her home in Evanston, Ill. Miss Willard had once expressed the wish for a rock cairn on her lawn. Miss Anna Gordon, her secretary, sent out hundreds of cards to friends, inviting each to send a small stone for the cairn. Stones were received from Edinburgh Castle, Melrose Abbey, Holyrood Palace, the Tower of London, the Giant's Causeway, lava stone from Mount Vesuvius, India porphyry, stones from the Lakes of Killarney, the homes of Longfellow and Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Eiffel Tower, the Alps, Hawthorne's "Old Manse," Plymouth Rock, the Washington monument, and many other places.

Mrs. Carrie L. Steele, a colored woman, has founded a home for orphan children of her race at Atlanta, Ga., and has just succeeded in raising \$3,000 of \$5,000 needed to complete and furnish the building. Mrs. Steele is about fifty years of age, and since beginning her work for orphans has learned to read and write. She now has twenty-four children in charge. All the labor of the Home is done by friendless old people who find a refuge there; she has a garden which supplies the table and aids in making the home self-sustaining; and a day school and Sunday school have been started.

Chat.

A "WHITE RIBBON" LUNCHEON, given in honor of Lady Henry Somerset during her recent sojourn in New York City, by Mrs. W. Jennings Demorest, was a unique and elegant affair. The table with its pure white appointments was in itself emblematic of the principles advocated by all who participated in the entertainment. In the center of the snowy damask stood a large cut-glass bowl overflowing with white roses,—the emblem of the W. C. T. U.,—sprays of delicate maidenhair fern enhancing their immaculate loveliness, and crossing the table diagonally were broad white-satin ribbons terminating at each side of the corners in graceful drooping bows. Beside each cover was a bouquet of white roses tied with white satin ribbon, with the guest's name painted on one end in raised gold letters; and when all were seated, the ladies instead of attaching the bouquets to their corsages laid them in front of their plates, thus forming a bank of roses around the table. The china was white-and-gold, the candles white with white rose shades, the brilliancy of the central drop-light was tempered by a drapery of white China-silk with deep white fringe, the *bombons* and ices were white,—the latter served in the shape of roses. The guests were all White Ribboners, earnest women prominent in some good work in the interest of social purity.

A NEW SOCIAL GAME, nameless as yet, is affording much amusement this season. Any number of persons can participate in it, and it offers almost unlimited possibilities for the exercise of brightness and ingenuity. The hostess selects a certain number of titles of well-known books, which she represents by a drawing or by some arrangement of objects by which the titles can be guessed, somewhat after the manner of a rebus. Each participant is provided with a pencil and a card on which are numbered lines corresponding to the number of titles to be guessed, and the objects are displayed on a table in another room, with a number before each group or article, and on the cards the players write, in their proper places, their guesses of the titles. The time allowed is usually from fifteen to thirty minutes, and no communication or suggestions are allowed between the players. There usually are two prizes for those who guess the greatest number correctly, and a "booby" prize for the poorest guesser.

A bright young hostess selected thirty titles, and arranged her ingenious puzzles on the library table. Among them were a small stuffed kitten, representing "An Old Maid's Love"; a group of twenty sugarplums, "Sweet and Twenty"; a bunch of hothouse grapes and some nectarines, Tolstoi's "Fruits of Culture"; a piece of bread, a cube of cheese, and some sugar kisses, "Bread and Cheese and Kisses"; two silver dollars and three pennies stood for "Dollars and Cents," but several interpreted it as "Hard Cash"; a candle on a map of Asia was interpreted by all as "The Light of Asia"; a drawing of five noughts followed by five crosses was unanimously declared to be "Noughts and Crosses"; the word "Sin" in bright red ink on a white cardboard was easily guessed to be "A Cardinal Sin." and "A" in scarlet on another white card, "The Scarlet Letter"; a copy of essays by John Stuart Mill laid on some floss silk, immediately suggested "The Mill on the Floss"; a night-lamp without any oil stood for "The Light that Failed"; "The Three Musketeers" was represented by three monster mosquitoes impaled on a card, "Birds of Prey," by a drawing of vultures, and "Not Dead Yet," by half a dozen fleas hopping about under a crystal tumbler; flowers stood for "A Broken Blossom" and "Old-Fashioned Roses"; photographs represented "My Wife and I," "Our Mutual Friend," "My College Friends," "My Good-for-Nothing Brother"; and a toy donkey by the side of a photograph of the young heir was quickly guessed as "Balaam and his Master."

THE "LOVE SPOON" is the latest development in the souvenir spoon fad, and is chosen for an engagement token. A silver arrow with enameled forget-me-nots twined round the shaft, and its barbed point piercing the golden bowl of the spoon, which is in heart shape, is the appropriate design of this trifle, and the intertwined initials of the donor and recipient are engraved on the inner surface of the bowl.

Artistic Notes.

Rosa Bonheur began her studies from stuffed animals, placed in various positions, at the Zoological Gardens in Paris, under a good artist who taught there and whose salary was paid by the French government. Later, she drew there from the living, moving animals, under another master provided by government. The instruction was free. This explains why Rosa Bonheur, with inherited ability (her father was an artist) has been able to deserve the reputation she has won of being one of the great animal-painters of this century.

"**The Horse Fair**," her celebrated painting now at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, was first exhibited in this city over twenty years ago. Crowds went to see this painting, which appealed to lovers of horses, and also to those who were looking forward to what women might achieve in art. The portrait of the artist Rosa Bonheur, by Dubufe (who painted the portrait of Empress Eugenie), in consequence, attracted general attention.

Mme. E. Potin enjoyed her birthright, as a French girl, of drawing flowers at the Zoological Gardens, under the artist who had the highest reputation as a flower painter. The government secured this free instruction by engaging and paying the painter. One flower and one hour was allowed to each student, who was advised to draw quickly. Next the pupil was expected to draw in the hour her one flower in several positions, and the shadows. The next promotion was two flowers, to be drawn from various views. Finally several flowers were given, and the pupil was expected to draw a bouquet. The reward for this well-spent hour was being allowed to carry away the flower and the drawing.

The explanation of French art-industries standing at the head of everything into which form and color enters is to be found in the free art-instruction given to every man, no matter of what country, and to the talented children of France. Americans are not behind in natural ability, as the prizes received by them from France show. That republic still educates, without money and without price, men who go from the United States to study, for which we owe glorious France a debt of gratitude which should never be forgotten.

"**What is the technical meaning of a sketch?**" is often asked and seldom answered. It may be in black-and-white or water-colors, in oil paints or vitrifiable colors. It is not the material used that makes the sketch. It is the giving of the idea of the whole, and beginning the form and color rightly, that constitutes the achievement of a master's sketch. It takes artistic knowledge to understand "sketches." They are not of much use to copy, for this reason: the fundamental difference between science and art is that the sum of classified knowledge that we recognize as science may be communicated from one individual to another, whereas in art the best and highest cannot be communicated. Like poets, artists are born, not made; but what editor will read a poem if the writer displays in the first line utter ignorance of the construction of the language, which we call grammar? Seven-tenths of the specimens of decorative art, so-called, show an ignorance of the grammar of ornament.

In the preparations for the **World's Fair of 1893** it ought not to be forgotten that the first World's Fair was owing to a very refined German gentleman who tried to give his children ideal pleasures, and who gave his royal wife, Victoria of Great Britain, many a lesson in engraving.

Eugenio Latilla, the architect of Horace Greeley's beautiful barn of stone in Chappaqua, was an Italian illuminator who was one of the teachers secured by Miss Hamilton to give instruction to the School of Design for Women, founded in 1852, in New York. There Latilla lectured on the different national styles of decoration, and pointed out the fact that the Alhambresque style of ornament was the most suitable for this country. Unfortunately for this land, these lectures to women learning to design wall-paper, silk, and other textile fabrics, had to be discontinued from want of money.

The special features of Alhambresque ornament are: the human figure is not introduced, there is no landscape inserted;

there is no pictorial representation of any living animal or plant; there is no theatrical attempt of light and shade; there is nothing eccentric; there are no large spaces; the "unmakable" colors, red, blue, and yellow, are used in small quantities; gilding is used as a harmonizer of all tints employed; every outline is graceful; each line suggests beauty. There are no unrelated forms lying around loose as if dropped from a child's kaleidoscope. The ornament is derived from the study of nature, but there is no attempt at representation or imitation: it is a suggestion of the chief characteristics of plant growth. Subordinated to the showing, not the hiding, of the construction, the surface is made beautiful and restful, satisfying the senses and soothing the nerves.

Soft mats for "best china" are of white Canton flannel, round or oval, made double, the plush sides of the two pieces outside, and the edges fastened together by large button-hole stitches in red embroidery-cotton. These mats are a quarter of an inch larger than the unglazed base of the saucer, cup, or dish, and are laid between the pieces to prevent the rough edge of one scratching the delicate decorated surface of the other. The hostess who prides herself on having fine "china" (the commercial term for the more artistic forms of pottery) should not allow beautiful dessert-plates to be brought into the dining-room with knives and spoons jingling and jarring their beautiful surface-decoration. It is unæsthetic, because destructive of beauty. The glaze of porcelain is thin, so thin that it is simply a glassy film, which under great heat has united with the mineral colors used in painting, that are mixed with a substance chemically equal to powdered glass.

The **tambourine** offers a fine parchment surface for the family monogram or the entwined initials. Hung up with an appropriate decoration it may hold the same place in a modern home that a shield used to in an ancient palace. It is past the fashion to paint a picture of a landscape or a human figure on a tambourine.

A **pretty idea** is to have a verse of a national song illuminated on a tambourine, the initials with golden grounds, and the body of the lettering in vermilion and black. The curves supplied by the circumference contrast well with the straight lines of a door.

"**Welcome**" in inch-high letters of vermilion, dragon's blood and vermilion mixed with white, and gold, painted on a tambourine, makes a very appropriate decoration for an entrance hall.

A **rest may be made** for a valuable book by covering a piece of wood, just the length and breadth of the book and half its thickness, with a sheet of cotton batting and then with gold-colored satine. The closing stitches may be red silk herringbone. This is to prevent the binding of the book from becoming injured by opening, and falling so that the cover touches the table. This "rest" is desirable for large illustrated folios. Fortunately it is now "fashionable" to know and care about the artistic decoration of the binding of a book, and to take pains for its preservation. It is quite important that the satine should be changed often enough to be spotlessly clean. Gold color harmonizes all other colors.

The **Chinese and Japanese** recognize the fact that there are times when a vase needs a pedestal, and they make quaint ones of dark-colored wood, which protect the vase as a brass ring protects the pointed end of an umbrella-stick. When it is impossible to buy a wooden pedestal, ask a carpenter to cut a square piece of a wooden board, of a thickness in proportion to the vase, paint it black, with lamp-black mixed with brown Japan dryer, and fasten gold-colored ribbon around the four edges. This will obviate the temptation some people have to place a vase on a book. Wrought-iron pedestals left in their natural blackness are a new idea for the protection of a vase or lamp.

A **pretty chandelier-screen** is a shield shape of Japanese umbrella construction, decorated with Japanese figures. There is a joint in the stick allowing it, by forming an easel-like support, to stand on the table. It folds up like an umbrella, weighs little, costs about half a dollar, and is an ornament to the room.

ALICE DONLEVY,
Of the "Ladies' Art Association."

Household.

A Course Dinner.

TABLE APPOINTMENTS AND SERVICE.



T the idea of giving a regular course dinner to invited guests, how many an inexperienced house-keeper's hospitable heart has sunk within her! Yet, after all, to serve a dinner in courses *à la Russe* is not

attention to the entertainment of their guests. Nothing of the dinner to be eaten is on the table excepting the fruit and confectionery for the dessert, and the salted almonds, olives, celery, and condiments. At exceptionally elegant dinners, nothing but the table service and decorations are on the table, the dessert, in elegant fruit-dishes of glass, silver, or china, being arranged upon the sideboard, and these dishes appearing on the table for the first time after the fruit, etc., has been passed around.

Our modern, luxurious, course dinner is imported, like many other of our modern luxuries and comforts, direct from the modern queen of cities, Paris, and its light and elegant tastefulness is certainly a welcome change from the



TABLE SET FOR A COURSE DINNER "À LA RUSSE."

really so formidable an undertaking. With the matter properly understood, the service is simplified, if anything.

Our average home-dinner consists in itself of three courses: soup, the dinner proper,—consisting of a roast or other *pièce de résistance*, one or two vegetables and a sauce,—and the dessert—pudding, pie, sweets, ices, etc. Now while if this repast be well served no one need be diffident about asking friend or stranger to share it, yet when we would invite special guests we require something rather more elegant, or possibly we may wish to have our every-day dinner a little more elaborately served than when papa carves and mamma serves the soup and salad, therefore we have as an alternative the "course" dinner.

The course dinner is one in which all the viands are carved and served by the servants. The host and hostess in this case, having few duties of service, may devote all their

solemn and stately style of the English dinner, classic though the last-named mode of serving may be.

When host and hostess are deeply absorbed in the weighty matters of table service, carving, etc., it lends a gravity to the occasion, felt by all present. Of course, at the dinner of invited guests, if the host, like Lord Marmion's knights, can equally well "dance in hall and carve at board," and knows how to serve his guests without oppressing them by too laborious attention to their wants, the dinner *en famille* is often very lively and enjoyable. In such case, soup is served by the lady of the house, the fish and meats carved by the host, the salad prepared by the lady, and the servants hand the *entrées* and vegetables and serve the dessert at the proper time. Our friends who are sufficiently familiar with this form of service need no instruction therein, the burden of responsibility resting

chiefly upon the host, who must be an accomplished carver.

Though of French importation, the course dinner is called in Paris *dîner à la Russe*, that is to say, dinner in Russian style, so that it must have been from the White Czar's dominions that our present fashionable mode of dining originally came.

To give a successful dinner-party is undoubtedly a great feather in one's social cap, so that no one will despise the "little things" which must be considered as a means to so desirable an end, and it must be acknowledged that dinner-giving is full of "unconsidered trifles."

Eight, ten, or twelve at table is the usual convenient number. Superstitious people object to thirteen, and, whether in deference to such distaste, or because an even number of diners is preferable, nearly all entertainers draw the line

at twelve, so that in inviting it is needful to consider how many of one's own family are to be seated, before one decides upon the number of guests who are to receive that greatest of social compliments, an invitation to dinner. Usually, though not necessarily, the host and hostess sit at the opposite ends of the table, and the guests are seated at the sides. We are considering a party of eight, and it is a necessity, in this case, that two ladies should be seated together, and two gentlemen, which with a greater or less number of guests can be avoided.

Having decided upon the number to be at table, the next consideration is the *menu*. An ordinary course dinner, such as we would serve in elegant, but not too ostentatious,

entertainer is actuated by the same spirit of hospitality as the hero of that old English anecdote, who called to the servants, with bluff heartiness, "Hang expense, bring us a ha'-porth o' cheese!" An *entrée*, after the fish, served on hot plates (excepting *pâté de foie gras*, for which a cold plate is necessary), brings the number of courses up to eight; in a nine-course dinner, an ice or plate of ice-cream, served after the salad, is the extra course; and in a ten-course dinner, a

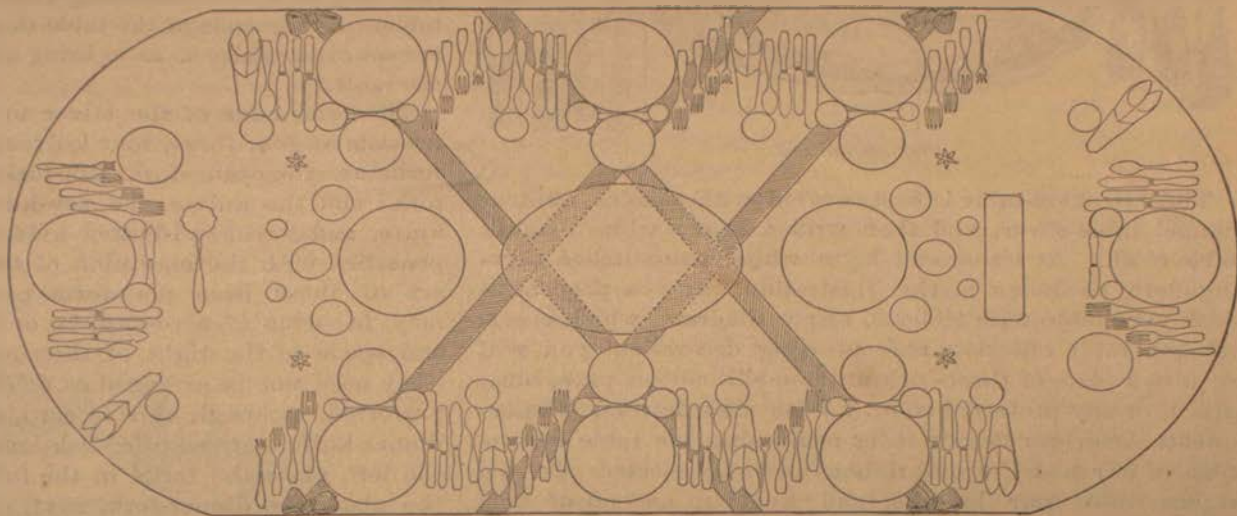


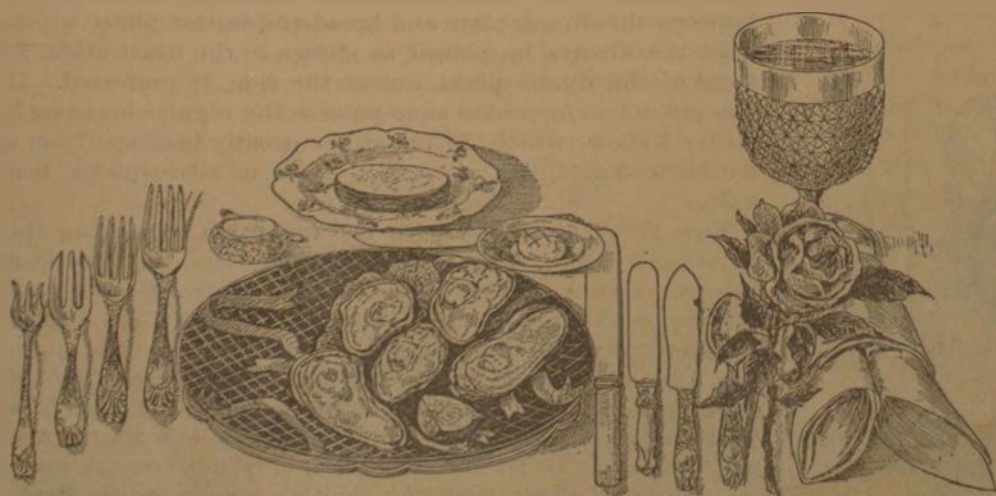
DIAGRAM OF A TABLE SET FOR A COURSE DINNER.

sherbet, served in glass cups or forms of ice, immediately after the *entrée*, prepares and freshens the palate for heavier food. In fact, there are so many provocatives of appetite that it would seem as if we, after the manner of Heliogabalus, were determined to eat and die.

The number of courses we shall proceed to consider is ten. Of course the number may be lessened at pleasure, and the dinner will be perfectly correct, if carefully served on dainty table-appointments, remembering to follow the order of courses as they are named.

Good cooking is a *sine quâ non* to good dining; but good service is also an essential. Families who can afford and are so fortunate as to obtain first-class servants, know something of the luxury of living; but in the majority of cases the employer has to train and coach the "raw material" into an approach to the desired perfection, and for these the information herein included will be valuable.

One must possess some fine china and silver to make the table look nice, and the first thing to be done in serving is to "set" the table. Of course, if one has not complete changes of plates for every course, some must be washed in the pantry during the progress of the dinner, to be used a second, or even a third, time. Taking the size of the dinner-plate as a criterion, with which everyone is familiar, all the plates and dishes shown in our illustrations, as proper to serve with the different courses, should be of the same relatively-proportionate size.

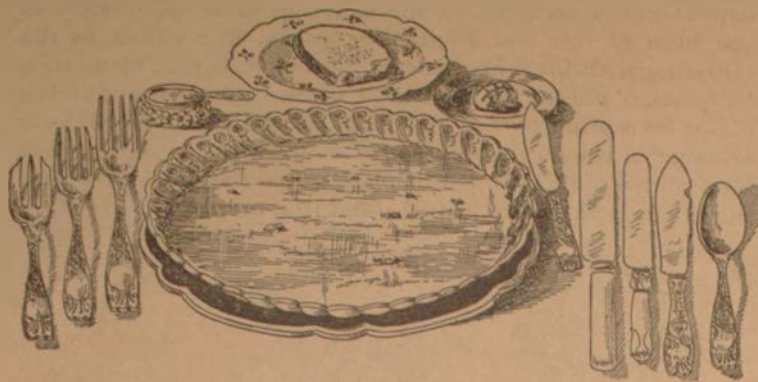


FIRST COURSE.

fashion, will have from five to ten courses. In a five-course dinner there are: first, soup; second, fish; third, the joint and vegetables; fourth, the dessert; fifth, the coffee.

A dinner of six courses will have, in addition to the above, raw oysters, served first of all. A salad, served after the roast, either with or without bread-and-butter and cheese, makes a seventh course. The cheese is most often omitted, unless it is known to be specially fancied by someone, or the

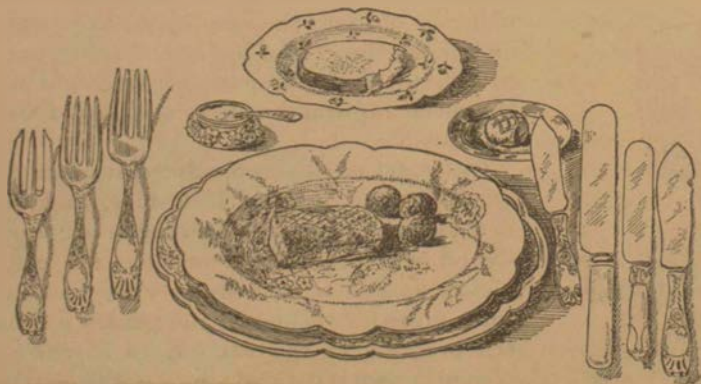
The table decorated with flowers, ribbons, and candelabra, as it appears before the guests are seated, is shown in one of our illustrations, and another is a diagram of the same table, showing the exact position of all the appointments. This arrangement is not arbitrary in every particular, but is to be recommended as a guide, being an exact counterpart of a table set for a "swell" dinner in one of the princely mansions of our democratic-aristocratic city of New York.



SECOND COURSE.

The extension-table is first covered with a thick Canton-flannel table-cover, and then with a heavy white damask table-cloth. At either end lay a white hem-stitched carving-cloth, as shown in the illustration. If you propose to deck your table with ribbons, as per diagram, which is certainly a most effective and pleasing decoration, you will require a piece of three-inch watered-silk ribbon, pink, blue, green, or any preferred color. With pink flowers,—the exquisite American Beauty roses composing the table decorations of our model,—pink ribbons are to be selected. Cut the ribbon into four lengths, and knot up an end of each into a full, handsome bow. Pin a bow to each corner of the table and draw the ends flatly across the table in opposite diagonal directions, so that the four ends will cross and form a diamond in the center, as shown in the diagram.

The center-piece of massed roses is placed in the middle of the table, and the four candelabra, with pretty pink paper shades, at the points designated by stars in the diagram. A dish of fruit is placed at one end, and one of confectionery at the other. These compose the dessert, not to be served until the last course but one. On the diagram, circles at each end of the table designate, respectively, oil and vinegar cruets, set at opposite ends, with smaller circles indicating salt and pepper bottles; and at the sides of these, a glass dish with silver tongs, for olives, a silver dish with a silver spoon, for *bonbons*, a glass dish with a glass spoon, for



THIRD COURSE.

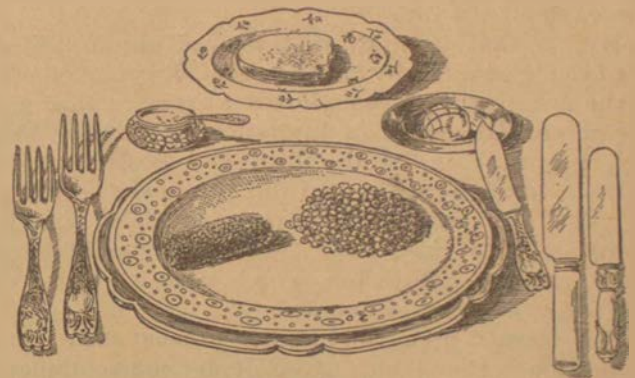
salted almonds, and a second silver *bonbon* dish. A glass tray of celery at one end, and a silver soup-ladle at the other, complete the service.

Now we come to the "covers" laid for eight persons. Eight dinner-plates, set half-an-inch from the edge of the table, are placed around at regular and opposite intervals. When these are placed, a goblet, or tumbler, the former being the preferred fashion, should be placed half-way between the plates, and well on the table. To determine an exact position for each, span twice with the hand from the edge of the table, and place the glass at the end of the distance measured.

Fold the napkins plainly, and lay them lengthwise in

front of the glasses, as shown in the diagram. Place a bread-and-butter plate in front of each plate, an individual butter-dish to the right, and a salt-cellar and salt-spoon, or salt-shaker, to the left of the plate, in front. It is not absolutely necessary to have bread-and-butter plates, but they are very much in use, and with them the individual butter-dishes are superfluous; but, as in the present instance, if handsome silver butter-plates are part of the family silver, they may as well be used to give a showy appearance to the table. At the ends of the table the bread-and-butter plates are set at the sides so as to bring all in one even row down the table.

The remainder of the silver to be placed at each plate consists of four forks, four knives, and a soup-spoon. The forks are the oyster-fork, fish-fork, *entrée*-fork, and dinner-fork; and the knives, the fish-knife, *entrée*-knife, dinner-knife, and bread-and-butter knife. All these are indispensable, with the exception of the fish-knife, which, if a set of these does not form part of your possessions, may, in virtue of necessity, be omitted. Place the knives and spoon to the right of the plate, in the following order (they need not be arranged *en échelon*, as illustrated, unless preferred, although this is certainly a very pretty way): dinner-knife, *entrée*-knife, fish-knife, and soup-spoon. To the left, place the forks in the following order: nearest to the plate, the dinner-fork, next, *entrée*-fork, fish-fork, and



FOURTH COURSE.

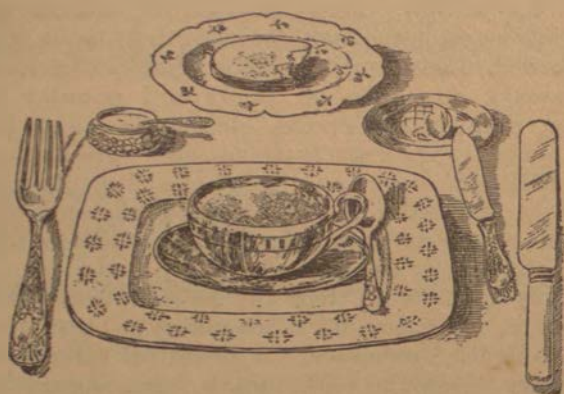
oyster-fork. The bread-and-butter knives are to be placed between the dinner-plate and bread-and-butter plate, which need not always be placed as shown in the illustration, in front of the dinner-plate, but at the side, if preferred. If you are not so fortunate as to possess the regular bread-and-butter knives, which do not differ greatly in shape from a flat butter-knife, you can use a silver or silver-plated tea-knife.

Now the table is set with the exception of placing the souvenirs, in this case consisting of flowers, an American Beauty rose at each lady's place, and a *boutonnière* of pink carnations at each gentleman's place. They are placed between the napkin and the rest of the service. The question of souvenirs, menu-cards, etc., is too susceptible of amplification to be fully considered here, being largely a matter of taste. Some souvenirs are veritable works of art, and others, as in the present case, only flowers. A large pin should be placed with the flower at each lady's place. The name of each guest, showing where he or she is to sit, is usually painted upon a ribbon attached to the souvenir, or painted or written upon a card placed in a convenient place at the "cover." When this is not done, the host will indicate the seat for each guest.

The dinner we are about to serve consists of raw oysters; mock-turtle soup; boiled salmon and *Parisienne* potatoes; croquettes of sweet-bread with green peas; frozen sherbet; roast lamb, potatoes, and asparagus tips; lettuce salad; ices; fruit, nuts, and coffee.

The water-glasses are to be filled with cracked ice and the water poured before the guests are seated. The bread and the butter are also placed on the bread and butter plates, or the bread can be laid in a fold of the napkin. The raw oysters are also to be on the table when the dinner is announced. It being a prime principle in careful serving to keep a plate always before the guest, the dinner, or bottom, plate, usually of handsome decorated china, should be on the table under the majolica oyster-plate, as shown in the illustration of the first course. The oysters can also be served on a plain plate, in their own deep shells. Sometimes they are arranged on dishes of cracked ice with a few water-cresses; but it is much more in accordance with ultra-fashionable taste to have them thoroughly chilled on ice before opening, and then serve four or five on the half-shell, with a bit of lemon to each person.

The illustration of the first course shows the place for a lady, with the oyster-plate. Horse-radish and pepper-sauce are passed with the oyster course.



FIFTH COURSE.

In placing plates, which the guests are not supposed to assist in doing, the waiter or butler will serve them from the right; in passing anything for the guests to help themselves, the servant should approach the guest at the left.

When the oyster-plates are all removed, the butler places the soup-tureen and soup-plates before the hostess, who puts a ladleful of soup into each soup-plate; and the butler or waiter will serve each guest in turn, putting the soup-plate directly on the bottom plate. The soup is not invariably served by the hostess. In fact, most often it is served from the pantry, where all the carving, etc., is done. In such case the soup-ladle will not be on the table as illustrated.

Having served the soup, the "cover" at each place will be as shown in the illustration of the second



SIXTH COURSE.

course, the single flower or *boutonniere*, napkin, and oyster-plate with the oyster-fork, having been removed. (The glass of water is not illustrated in this and succeeding courses, but remains throughout the dinner, being refilled at intervals by the waiter.) You now have three forks, four knives, a spoon, and the bottom, soup, and bread and butter plates.

The third course is the fish (see illustration), the butler having substituted the plate of fish for the soup, which he has taken away, together with the soup-spoon.



SEVENTH COURSE.

The fourth course is the *entrée*, and you now have but two forks and three knives, the fish knife and fork having been carried away with the fish-plate.

The fifth course (not infrequently omitted, but, nevertheless, a most satisfactory addition) is the sherbet, served in glass cups and saucers. If you have not the sherbet set, you can use any glass cup set in an ordinary china saucer. With the sherbet is served a small sherbet-spoon, which does not differ much from a teaspoon in shape and size. A teaspoon can, of course, be used. With the removal of this cooling refreshment the veritable business of dining begins, and the sixth course is served. This course is the roast and vegetables, served on single hot plates. The *entrée* knife and fork having been removed when the *entrée*-plates were carried away, there only remain the dinner knife and fork, and the bread and butter plates and knife.

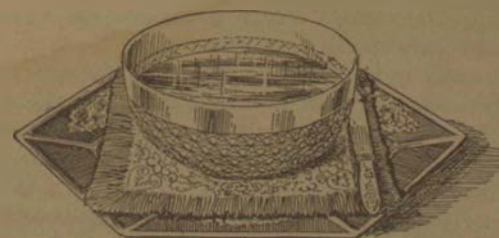
Before the seventh course is served, the table is for the first time cleared of all plates and knives and forks. The butler or waiter after taking away all the plates, will bring a tray and remove all the bread and butter plates, etc., leaving only the water-glasses before the guests. Then the table must be "crumbed," *i. e.*, all crumbs removed with the silver crumb-scraper and tray, the waiter being careful not to annoy the guests in any way, passing to the right or left, as occasion serves, and performing the necessary movements as gracefully as possible.

Just here a few remarks may be offered as to the duties of the butler. It is expected of the chief attendant that he will carefully observe the diners and anticipate every want of every guest, for no well-bred guest will ask for any service from his host's attendants. If there be but one servant, of course all the duty of waiting, serving, etc., devolves on him or her; but where there are two, the butler brings in and serves the various courses, while the assistant removes plates, etc., pours the water, and expedites matters generally. Of course everything should be done with care and gentle deliberation, notwithstanding the assiduous attention which should be given to every detail. Anything like haste or flurry is fatal to the success of a dinner.



EIGHTH COURSE.

The board being cleared, serve a salad-plate and fork, and pass the salad to each guest. This is the seventh course, and is sometimes omitted. After the salad the table is again cleared and crumbed, and the eighth course, ices or ice-cream, served on small plates with ice-cream forks, is brought on.



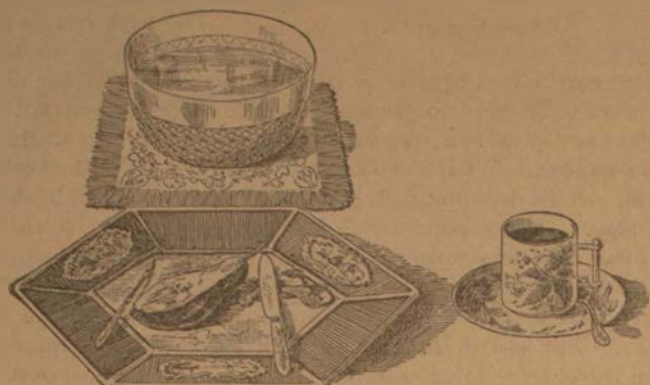
NINTH COURSE.

If you have not ice-cream forks proper, the fish-forks, having been washed in the meantime, may be used.

If pie or pudding, or any other sweet dish of a similar nature is required to be a part of the dinner, it should be served as a separate course also, just after the table is cleared and crumbed the second time, preceding the ices, or it may be served in lieu of the ices.

The ninth course is the dessert: a dessert-plate, upon which is placed a doyley, a finger-bowl half-filled with scented water, a silver fruit-knife, and a nut-pick (the last-named, of course, only when nuts form part of the dessert,) is placed before each guest.

The guest will lift the bowl and doyley off the dessert-plate



TENTH COURSE.

and set it back, keeping the doyley under the bowl. These finger-bowls will not be used until after the dessert. The waiter now passes the fruit and confections.

The tenth course, with the service of coffee in small after-dinner coffee-cups, concludes the ceremony of dining. When all have coffee, sugar and cream are passed on a tray. If two are serving, one places the coffee-cups, and another immediately follows with the sugar and cream.

Very frequently the party adjourns to the drawing-room, where the coffee is served on a tray, half an hour or so later. The butler may serve the coffee himself, on a small tray, or he may bring in all the filled coffee-cups on a large tray and set the tray on a side-table so that the gentlemen may carry the cups to the ladies, in which case a servant should follow with a small tray holding the sugar and cream, and pass it to each guest.

After coffee anyone may take leave, and it is unusual for the latest stayer to remain more than two hours after dinner.

LEILA SOUTHARD FROST.

“Where is My Pattern?”

WE are continually receiving letters asking the above question, and almost invariably, upon looking into the matter, we find the non-arrival due to carelessness on the part of the writer.

We receive innumerable “Pattern Orders” with no name or address written upon them. These can often be traced, when a complaint arrives, by the postmark on the envelope; but it is amusing to read in the letter of complaint, “Where is my pattern? I know I have made no mistake,” etc.; and many will not believe they have been so careless as to forget to sign their name or to mark the pattern desired, or to inclose the two-cent stamp for each “Pattern Order,” or have omitted some other essential detail.

Our friends will be doing us a great favor if they will *always* write when anything ordered from us fails to arrive. We assure them it will *never* be any fault of ours if they are not eventually satisfied, as our business is so systematized that the fault is not likely to happen in our office. Oftentimes it is some fault with the Post-Office; but, whatever it may be, if they will write to us we will see that it is set right, for it is to our interest to satisfy everybody.

For 1892.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE has entered another year in the second quarter of a century of its existence. From the first number issued the high standard of excellence then inaugurated has been steadily advanced, and it has honestly earned the reputation which it so universally bears, of being the IDEAL FAMILY MAGAZINE. No other Magazine covers so wide a field, no other interests so large a class: every number contains something to interest and entertain every member of the family, and as an educational factor in the household DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE stands unrivalled.

With our hearty holiday greetings we send to all our subscribers—many of them of over a score of years standing—our sincere thanks for the frequent expressions of appreciation that have always incited us to renewed efforts for their pleasure, and the assurance that for 1892 DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE shall retain its prestige as the most complete and popular FAMILY MAGAZINE published.

Space will not permit us to enumerate all the new and attractive features we have arranged for the coming year. The literary attractions, as heretofore, will be varied and of a high order, including superior short stories, brilliant serials, essays on topics of timely and popular interest, papers on games and sports, descriptive and historical articles, narratives of travel, poems, etc. One of the special features will be the continuation of the superbly illustrated papers giving portraits and biographical sketches of American women of beauty or position, which will form a valuable collection that every American will be proud to own, and be worth many times more than the subscription price. Another feature, and a novelty in magazine publication, will be the “birthmonth” calendar. A beautiful calendar will be laid in every Magazine each month, each a gem in water-colors, with a prophecy in rhyme telling the disposition or characteristics of those born in the special month. Indeed, we have provided unique surprises for every number and without number, a feast of good things which will be served in most attractive style.

ARTISTIC ILLUSTRATIONS, for which this Magazine is so noted, will be even more numerous during the coming year, and will include full-page water-colors, etchings, engravings, phototints, photogravures, and oil pictures, besides thousands of black-and-white illustrations (last year we published nearly 3000) in connection with the letter-press; and all will be executed in the superior style that characterizes all the illustrations given in this publication.

The numerous DEPARTMENTS which are a specialty of this Magazine will be continued,—“THE WORLD'S PROGRESS,” “HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT,” “SANITARIAN,” “WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING,” “CHAT,” “OUR GIRLS,” “ARTISTIC NOTES,” “HOUSEHOLD,” “CORRESPONDENCE CLUB,” “MIRROR OF FASHIONS,” and the “PROHIBITION DEPARTMENT,” which will as staunchly as ever advocate the great principle which is so vitally connected with the well-being of humanity.

OUR PATTERNS, which have a world-wide reputation for style and accuracy, we give FREE each month, a PATTERN ORDER in each number entitling the holder to a pattern selected from the number containing it or from any number issued during the previous twelve months. These patterns could not be purchased anywhere for less than \$3; and as the subscription price is only \$2, one virtually gets the BEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD for nothing.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE has no rival in its special sphere, and furnishes more for the money than any other periodical published. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE is ONLY \$2 A YEAR, and subscriptions can begin at any time, with any number. All communications should be addressed to

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,
15 East 14th Street, New York.



MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—DECEMBER.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 147.

LONG before the holiday season the main points of the toilet are decided, and it is in variations of prevailing styles, and in the numberless accessories that ingenuity devises to give variety to gowns in use, that novelty is to be looked for.

For gowns of all grades the *fin de siècle* skirt with *fourreau* effect more or less pronounced is chosen, and it is in this portion of the costume that some of the newest effects are noticeable. It is as clinging as heretofore, but there is no denying the facts that so close-fitting a skirt perfectly plain at the foot does not enhance the beauty of the feet, and that a full trimming does make them appear smaller: hence full garnitures are being used on the skirts of new gowns, and added to those which earlier in the season were worn plain.

On costumes of cloth and other heavy goods the foot-ruche is from four to six inches deep, of doubled, bias velvet, gathered through the middle, a narrow gimp covering the gathers. Another pretty trimming is a velvet flounce about five inches deep, laid in box-plaits alternating with a drooping loop and fish-tail end of ribbon, and the whole surmounted by a passementerie with the lower edge straight and the upper edge irregular in outline. Another design is a puff of velvet with a narrow standing frill above it; and a sort of compromise is a box-plaiting of doubled material, not over two and a half inches deep, above which are rows of flat, straight-edged trimming, or a single band of very broad passementerie.

For light and medium weight materials the baldachin or festooned drapery is especially liked. The entire skirt or the front and sides only are cut eight or ten inches longer than usual, and at regular intervals perpendicular shirrings four or six inches deep shorten it to the required length, forming graceful festoons. For dressy use these shirrings sometimes have a bow or rosette at the head of each; and the foundation skirt is faced with velvet or some other contrasting material, or a plaiting or ruffle finishes the edge and shows between the festoons.

For evening wear, a full ruche of pinked silk, gathered or plaited lace or net, or fine flowers or flower-petals serve

the same purpose. The fuller garnitures are used on the front and sides only, and the back is left without garniture.

Waists of exaggerated length are losing popularity. Aside from the inartistic effect, they are uncomfortable, and injurious to health as well; and even the giddiest butterflies of fashion have learned to appreciate that the preservation of their good looks depends to a great extent upon attention to hygiene. Modifications of the Empire waist are much liked for home wear, and probably some portion of their popularity may be traced to the fact that this style affords relief after wearing the long, close-fitting corset necessary with the ultra long-waisted, perfectly fitting tailor-made costumes.

The "mitten" sleeve is the latest arm-covering. The lower part of the sleeve is long, in Tudor style, close-fitting, and extends some distance above the elbow, and is finished at the top with scallops or points or passementerie, and is apparently drawn up over a full leg-o'-mutton sleeve or a full puff that sets up well above the shoulder. This is most effective made in two materials, velvet and silk, or velvet and wool, the velvet used for the full upper part. A peasant corselet of velvet, reaching almost to the armpits and almost straight across the top, with a full guimpe effect above, is a style of waist very appropriately chosen to accompany sleeves of this design.

Among the pretty details of the toilet are fanciful muffs and collars made to match the bonnet. Velvet, cloth, lace, feathers, flowers, and brilliant millinery garnitures enter into the construction of these dainty trifles. The same idea is carried out in cloth and fur for more practical use. The muffs are tiny, and the collars are in various shapes, high and flaring, in short yoke shape with a boa-like collar of fur or feathers, or made of doubled bias velvet shirred a short distance below the top and fastened with a drooping bow with long ends falling below the waist.

There is an amicable rivalry between Suede and dressed kid for gloves. Dressed kid is preferred for ordinary wear, but Suede still has the preference for dressy uses. For all purposes gloves are much shorter than heretofore, and four-button lengths are preferred with street costumes. Gray and tan in numerous shades are very fashionable, black is very popular, and there are some high colors that are too bizarre to be worn excepting for special occasions.

Black hosiery is standard, and is chosen for all but the dressiest occasions: for full evening dress, bronze, tan, and cream are chosen to match the shoes, and shoes and stockings of delicate tints, matching the toilet, are worn by young ladies with their dancing-dresses.

Costume Cloths.

A MORE grateful fabric for winter wear than the new costume-cloths which are so popular it would be impossible to imagine. They are soft, lustrous, and fit to the figure with clinging, inimitable grace.

There are several qualities of these cloths in all the season's colors, it being a significant fact that there are ten shades of blue among them. One need not possess the purse of Fortunatus to purchase the least expensive, which come under two dollars per yard for fifty-two-inch goods, nor



Comfort for a Cold Day.

LORENZA REDINGOTE.

rich plain cloths which deserve separate mention. These are a deep burnt-cream; a superb royal blue, which when trimmed with golden wolf's fur will make a costume fit for a duchess; a golden Suède color; an aristocratic-looking blue-gray, and four dark crimson-purple cloths which are not obtainable in the cheaper qualities, and thus are not likely to become common or too popular to suit the conservative tastes of the queens of fashion.

Some exquisite white cloths are shown for evening wear, and these, braided with silver cord and finished with deep sable borders, will make magnificent opera and reception toilets.

Comfort for a Cold Day.

PROBABLY there is no garment more convenient and comfortable for cold weather than a redingote: it is thoroughly protective, the arms are free, and it constitutes a complete walking-costume in itself. The "Lorenza" is a perfectly plain, double-breasted garment with a lap in the middle seam in the back, and is adapted to all seasonable materials suitable for outer garments. The illustration represents tan-colored, rough-surfaced cloth, trimmed with seal fur. The hat is of brown velvet with brown ostrich-tips and a bow of orange-colored velvet. Full particulars of the pattern are given on page 121.

An Evening Corsage.

WHITE-AND-GOLD striped silk and cream-tinted lace compose the corsage illustrated, the design of which is the same back and front. If preferred, the neck can be cut high, back and front, and the sleeves may easily be lengthened to suit individual taste. It is most appropriately worn with a skirt of the same material trimmed at the foot with a lace flounce. The pattern, the "Contessa," is described on page 121.



For a Little Company.
LOLITA BASQUE. FULL SKIRT.



An Evening Corsage.
THE "CONTESSA."

can one desire a more elegant material than the more costly cloths at three dollars and a half, which are velvety-soft in finish, and perfectly uniform in dye.

Four rich dark shades of brown, two of drab, and five leather-colors show how marked is the preference for these colors in the elegant promenade costume, to be combined with silk and trimmed with sables. There are six shades of green, ten of blue, six of heliotrope, and five of gray, showing the relative popularity of these colors.

Then there are a few special colors in these

For a Little Company.

ROSE-COLORED cashmere combined with black velvet composes this simple toilet, which may be worn at home or to any simple evening entertainment. The upper part of the waist and the puffs on the sleeves are embroidered with silver braid and small silver beads, a narrow passementerie of silver beads trims the corselet, and black lace frills finish the neck and sleeves. The skirt is made of straight breadths with considerable fullness in the back and but little in front and on the hips, and the basque, the "Lolita," is the same back and front. The basque pattern is fully described on page 120.

Out Calling.

FOR a costume to be worn with or without a wrap, according to the weather, this stylish and practical one, composed of the "Aurania" coat and the "Murietta" skirt (illustrated in miniature on page 120) is to be recommended. The skirt escapes the ground, so it can be worn for walking as well as carriage wear, and the coat has the skirt attached in tabs, excepting in the back, the middle back-pieces being continued to the length of the added tabs. The model is suitable for all light and medium weight goods. The costume illustrated is made of beige broadcloth trimmed with jet stars set at regular intervals, and narrow passementerie made of jet squares set closely together. The bonnet is black velvet with a coronet of beige cloth studded with jet stars, a fan of black lace at the back, and a jet aigrette in front. The strings are of black velvet-ribbon passed smoothly under the chin and pinned at each side. The coat and skirt patterns are fully described on page 121.



Out Calling.

AURANIA COAT. MURIETTA SKIRT.

Winter Millinery.

(See Page 118.)

No. 1.—Hat of dark red velvet, in low-crowned English walking-hat shape, with garniture of red wings, black lace, and black aigrettes.

No. 2.—Black felt hat with trimming of white ostrich-tips and white wings, the brim faced with black velvet and edged with gilt cord.

No. 3.—Bonnet of heliotrope velvet shirred to a peak at the back, with bordering of sulphur-colored feathers, and trimmed with crested loops and ends of dark purple velvet-ribbon.

No. 4.—Dark blue felt hat, trimmed with blue silk ribbon and fancy steel and gilt passementerie. Small blue ostrich-tips and loops of ribbon ornament the front and back.

No. 5.—Bonnet ornament of black tulle wired into the shape of wings and ornamented with iridescent spangles. This can be used on a hat or bonnet, supported by stiff ribbon loops.

No. 6.—Wide-brimmed hat of black velvet, trimmed with a wreath of black ostrich-feathers, and a *panache* of feathers on top of the low crown. Gold-corded edge, and gold-spotted black veil.

No. 7.—White felt hat with gold passementerie border.

No. 8.—Bonnet of dark green chenille openwork, to be trimmed with flowers for evening wear.

No. 9.—Coronet of cut jet for small toque or bonnet.

No. 10.—Gray felt hat with silver-and-gray chenille border.

No. 11.—*Plateau* hat of gray felt with gray fur edge, inside as well as outside, which is folded into a bonnet shape.

No. 12.—Blue velvet hat, the brim trimmed with a jabot

of cream lace, a Prince-of-Wales bunch of black ostrich-feathers at the back, and a steel buckle in front.

No. 13.—Coronet of cut jet with aigrettes of polished cut steel.

No. 14.—Gray felt hat with olive chenille border.

A Comfortable Cloak.

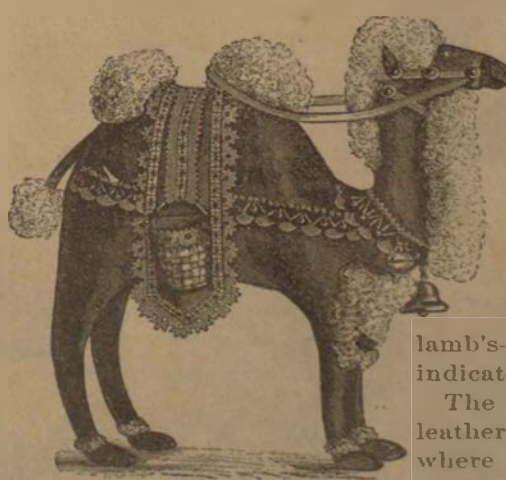
A FITTED redingote back, loose, double-breasted fronts, and a high-shouldered cape are combined to form this graceful model, the "Edleen" cloak. The illustration represents dark red cloth with appliquéd black velvet on the collar and belt, and a narrow border of black fur around the collar. The cape is removable, so the garment is adaptable for different temperatures. Full particulars of the pattern are given on page 121.



A Comfortable Cloak.
THE "EDLEEN."

Toy Camel.

THE toy camel is an addition to our menagerie, the other members of which are illustrated in miniature on page 120.



Toy Camel.

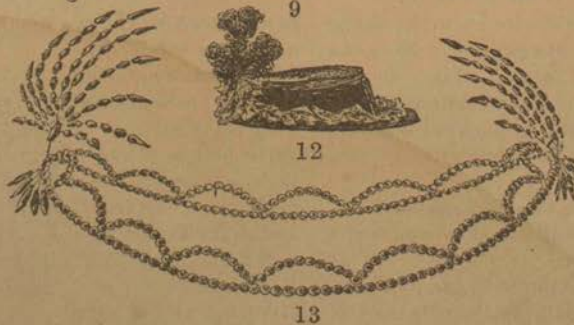
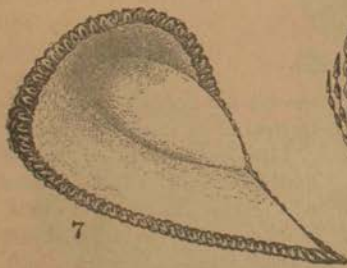
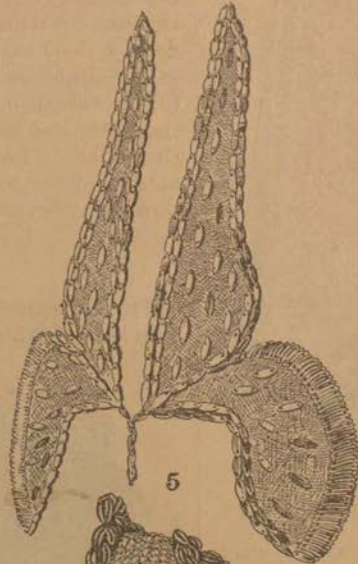
The camel may be made of brown felt or cloth, using the wrong side for the outside. Black shoe-buttons will do for the eyes, a few stitches with red worsted will indicate the mouth and nostrils, and tufts of white lamb's-wool are to be where indicated in the illustration.

The harness is of russet leather, and the little bosses where the straps cross are of black beads sewed on disks of scarlet cloth. Scarlet cloth

is also used for the saddle-cloth. The fancy trimming on the camel is of yellow and black enameled cloths, ornamented with embroidery. A little bell and chain is hung from the neck-band in front, and a small fancy basket from each side. Both the camel and elephant are made more attractive by the addition of small dolls, as shown in the illustration. For descriptions of the patterns, see page 121.



Toy Animals with Dolls.



WINTER MILLINERY.

(For Descriptions, see Page 117.)

Ready for the Party.

A SIMPLE evening-dress made of pale pink cashmere, the skirt, waist, and belt embroidered with white beads and silver cord, and the vest, neck-frill, and rosette on the belt,

of white China-silk. Black silk hose and black slippers are represented; but hose matching the color of the dress and russet Suede shoes could be substituted.

The model is suitable for less dressy materials, and more practical uses. If preferred, the shirring in



Ready for the Party.

VITA DRESS.

the sleeve which separates it into two puffs can be omitted. The pattern, the "Vita" dress, is fully described on page 121.



Gratia Cape.

Gratia Cape.

ANOTHER variety of that popular garment the circle cape. This has a yoke to which the lower part is attached with a little fullness; and the two full collars can be omitted, if desired. It can be made in any medium or light quality cloth,

and variety imparted by having one or all of the collars made of velvet. The pattern is described on page 121.

A Dainty Gown.

INDIA silk is an ideal fabric for a dressy gown for a young girl, and is most appropriately made after a simple model. The gown illustrated, suitable for a simple evening-dress, is made of India silk with a cream ground sprinkled with pale blue figures, and is completed by a corselet of blue velvet laced with silver cord. The flounce on the skirt and the frills on the waist are feather-stitched with silver thread. The waist, the "Telita," is the same back and front. The skirt is made of straight breadths, with more fullness in the back than in front and on the sides. The waist pattern is described on page 121.



A Dainty Gown.

TELITA WAIST. FULL SKIRT.



For Mamma's Darling.

ZAY DRESS.

For Mamma's Darling.

THIS unique little dress, the "Zay," is made of red and cream-colored cashmeres, the only trimming being feather-stitching of cream-colored silk. The only difference in the design back and front is that the neck of the blouse is cut higher in the back than in front. The model is suitable for the simplest materials. For full particulars about the pattern, see page 121.

Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement.

WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

The designs on our Supplement are selected from the most reliable foreign sources, and also represent popular fashions here. They furnish suggestions for draperies, trimmings, combinations, etc.—in fact, for every detail of the fashionable toilet,—and the models are so practical, and in many instances differ so little from the patterns we give, that they can easily be modified, even by the least experienced amateur, to suit individual needs, and adapted to all seasonable fabrics, simple as well as expensive; while for professional dressmakers they are invaluable.

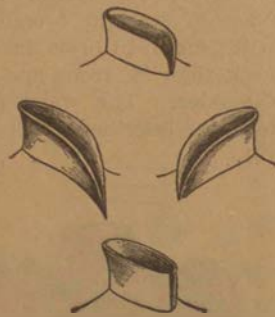
- 1.—Blouse-waist of dark blue surah, with pointed girdle of white leather set with steel nail-heads.
- 2.—House-gown of white crepon with gold embroidery.
- 3.—Morning-toilet of rose-colored cashmere trimmed with black-and-white lace.

- 4.—Gemel ring of double circlets set with diamonds.
- 5.—Thistle and crescent hair-ornament set with diamonds.
- 6.—Diamond heart-shaped pendant.
- 7.—Child's dress of black velvet with white guimpe.
- 8.—Gold spray brooch set with diamonds.
- 9.—Costume of gray-and-white striped chevrot.
- 10.—Walking-coat of dark brown cloth with silk skirt.
- 11.—Poppy lace-pin in colored enamels set with diamonds.
- 12.—Fur-lined black cloth mantle edged with Persian lamb fur.
- 13.—Toilet of pancy velvet and gold-colored China-silk, with white panels embroidered with pauses.
- 14.—Heart-and-bow brooch set with diamonds.
- 15.—Triple band finger-ring set with pearl and diamonds.
- 16.—House-robe of cream silk embroidered with violets and trimmed with gold chenille netting.
- 17.—Visiting-toilet of brown cloth edged with Alaska sable. Brown velvet Directoire bonnet.
- 18.—Bridal coiffure and necklet of orange blossoms. Tulle veil.
- 19.—Gold bracelet set with a single diamond.
- 30.—Morning-dress of white-and-blue striped silk.
- 21.—Classic gown for home wear, of white India-silk with garnitures of white Fedora lace and gold-embroidered bands.
- 22.—Diamond cluster ring.
- 23.—True-lovers' knot set with pearls.
- 24.—Costume of black-spotted white silk with green velvet coat trimmed with gilt tinsel lace.
- 25.—Evening coiffure with gold crescent and aigrette.
- 26.—Diamond finger-ring set in triple circlets.
- 27.—Greenian coiffure.
- 28.—Bridesmaid's brooch of two heart-shaped moonstones set in diamonds.
- 29.—Evening coiffure with curled bang and puffs on the crown.
- 30.—Bar lace-pin set with Rhine-stones.
- 31.—Traveling-pejisse of dark green cloth trimmed with white silver-embroidered felt bands.
- 32.—Young girl's dress of old-rose China-silk figured in the same color, trimmed with embroidered silk flouncing.
- 33.—Bridal toilet of white velourine with point lace cascades across the front. Orange-blossoms and tulle veil.
- 34.—Bridesmaid's dress of striped cardinal silk *crêpon* with over cassock of white lace and belt of *crêpon*.
- 35.—Evening-dress of pearl-spangled white net draped over silk and ornamented with blue velvet-ribbon bows.

Standard Patterns.



Fanchette Morning-Dress.



Medici Collars.



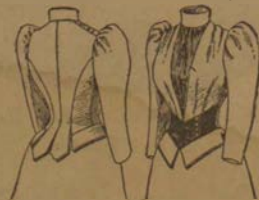
Armenia Redingote.



Francillon Redingote.



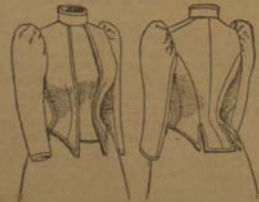
Lady's "Reefer."



Honorine Basque.



Hamilton Jacket.



Sephora Basque.



Murietta Skirt.



Selina Basque.



Francis Overcoat.



Trixie Coat.



Iza Coat.



Montrose Cloak.



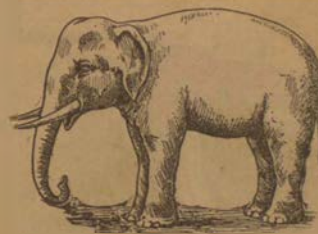
Oscar Overcoat.



Mabel Jacket.



Toy Pug.



Toy Elephant.



Toy Monkey.



Toy Rabbit.

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on Page 121.

PATTERNS of these desirable models being so frequently called for, we reproduce them in miniature this month in order to bring them within the limit of time allowed for selection. For it should be remembered that one inestimable advantage of our "Pattern Order" is that the holder is not confined to a selection from the patterns given in the same number with the "Pattern Order," but the choice may be made from any number of the Magazine issued during the twelve months previous to the date of the one containing the "Pattern Order." Always remember that a "Pattern Order" cannot be used after the date printed on its back.

SEE NOTICE ON PAGE 90.

Descriptions of Our Cut Paper Patterns.

REMEMBER THAT EACH "PATTERN ORDER" ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO BUT ONE PATTERN.

Always refer to these descriptions before sending your "Order" for a Pattern, that you may know just the number of Pieces that will be in the Pattern received.

FOR GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR CUTTING AND JOINING THE PIECES, SEE THE BACK OF THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH THE PATTERN IS INCLOSED.

LOLITA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, two sides of the sleeve, and puff. The row of holes across the pieces for the waist indicate the outline for the corsage. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, and the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. A medium size will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide to make entirely of one material, or one yard and a half of one kind and two yards of another, to make as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

CONTESSA CORSAGE.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Lining for



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 119.)

WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THIS SUPPLEMENT.

Fur Garments.

THAT the elegance of a winter costume is mainly ascribable to the richness of the furs worn with it, no one versed in the requirements of modern fashion will gainsay. We republican Americans are rapidly becoming a most luxurious people, and the furs worn by a New York merchant's wife might easily be envied by a Russian princess.

Russian-sable cloaks worth from five to seven thousand dollars are to be purchased in New York, and worn there

also; and this year the inimitable velvety sealskin, dear—in more senses than one this season—to the feminine heart, is more prized than ever, in virtue of its threatened scarceness.

The sealskin is the very queen of furs, as the diamond is the king of gems. It must be London dyed and dressed, as the diamond must be Amsterdam cut and polished: it is a product of skilled industry as well as a gift of generous Nature. No

wonder it is so prized and such a treasure.

But it is by no means the only fashionable or expensive fur. Russian sable because of its scarcity is still more costly, and consequently preferred by millionairesses. Then there are Hudson Bay sable, Alaska sable—a comparatively inexpensive fur, sea-otter, Persian lamb, and astrakhan—which is a perfect *fureur* this season; and in the cheaper furs there are beaver, stone marten, monkey, mink, mink-tail, Canada seal, and lynx.

Light-colored furs are a feature of the season, and gray Krimmer, Thibet, and *mouflon* are used for whole gar-



Sealskin Coat.



Coat of Seal and Persian Lamb.



Astrakhan Military Cape.

elegant designs in fur garments illustrated herewith, vouches for the good taste and style of this handsome coat, and his dictum in all that concerns fur-buying and fur-wearing is unquestioned, as his sealskins and other fur garments are recognized as standards and leaders in style and quality. Popular prices and pleasing designs have much to do with this, and a fine quality of goods furnished has even more; for our American belles are keen and quick judges of a fine article in furs, jewels, silks, laces, and what not, and no salesman or merchant, "charm he never so wisely," succeeds in duping or driving a too-close bargain with any fair New York shopper more than once.

Seal and Persian lamb are combined in one coat to excellent advantage and with telling effect as illustrated in the seal coat with Persian lamb sleeves and collar, and the reverse combination is also obtainable, with Persian lamb coat, and sleeves, collar, and facings of sealskin.

There are several dressy variations of the seal coat; the reefer, such as was worn last season, with Alaska sable facings and cuffs, is a jaunty garment; and Hussar knots across a sealskin coat front give it a very military air.

But the acme of the new styles is the military cape in seal, astrakhan (as illustrated), and all furs, including the gray Krimmer, *mouflon*, and Thibet lamb, a wholly new

ments, and for collars, cuffs, facings, and combinations. Frequently sealskin is used in combination with astrakhan with excellent effect, as the contrast between the crisp, curling astrakhan and the soft, velvety seal is so striking.

Two styles prevail in the shapes of fur garments: the coat, and the mantle, or cape. Probably nothing more thoroughly stylish for the promenade could be devised than the sealskin coat with high, square, flaring collar, and deep cuffs to match. The high-shouldered sleeves give this elegant coat that much-to-be-desired elegant appearance which will impart grace to the most insignificant figure. C. C. Shayne, who introduced this and the other



Sealskin Skirt-Coat.

favorite and aspirant for the season's honors. Its easy adaptability to all costumes will go far towards making this style a general favorite; and as a theatre and matinee wrap nothing could be more convenient and comfortable, as it is so easy to slip on and off. There are slits at the sides for the hands to come through, but the really stylish way of wearing it is to thrust the hands into two cunning little corner pockets in the end of each front, and hold the cape closely down to the figure.

The extreme popularity of the military cape militates against it in some instances, and ladies who desire a close-fitting garment to display all the points of a perfect form will select the stylish seal skirt-coat with double-breasted fronts and notched collar. This is to be had also in seal combined with Persian lamb.

The English top-coat in seal is another of the elegant fitted garments so stylish on a tall, well-made form. The advantage of seal in a fitted garment like this, one which it has in common with black velvet, is that it always makes a person look more slender, because it "eats up the light," so to speak, and does not add, as one might think such a heavy material as fur would, to the apparent size.

But while thus acknowledging the advantages of the fitted fur garment, it must be confessed that a fur mantle in seal or mink, after the design illustrated, which shows a back view of the same style as the military cape, only longer, has a certain stately air not to be equaled by any other style. The long, high-shouldered sleeve-pieces give it indescribable grace, and it is equally appropriate for promenade or carriage wear.

Cloth cloaks trimmed and lined with mink, squirrel, Thibet, or *mouflon*, are finished with Alaska sable storm-collars, as shown in our last illustration. Such wraps are necessary for winter journeys and occasional wear in the country, and are sufficiently elegant to be worn at any time.

All-seal garments covering the entire dress from neck to skirt-hem are in the same style as the English topcoat, the difference being only in the length.



Sealskin English Top-Coat.



Sealskin Mantle.

Special styles in sealskin are made to order, some having vests of the same or a contrasting fur. The Persian lamb and astrakhan furs are specially liked by dark-eyed brunettes, to whom they are exceedingly becoming; while to delicate rose-tints and light, golden, or brown hair, the soft harmonious effect of sealskin is well known.

In small furs, the fur boa, sinuous and insinuating, is extremely—very extremely—popular, and fur trimmings to match finish a cloth costume perfectly. Elegant little shoulder-cape of seal with sable seal-lined collar dispute a popularity with the boa, but cannot rival it in all particulars.

Muffs are only simple balls of fur, not any larger than necessary, and every kind of fancy furs and trimming furs, as well as sealskin and sables, are to be had in collars, muffs, boas, and cuffs. The popular fancy-furs are black-bear, cinnamon bear, Persian lamb, astrakhan, mink, natural beaver, blue, gray, red, and silver fox furs, and Krimmer, Thibet, and *mouflon*.

The last named is a lovely, shadowy gray, and as a finish to a black or dark cloth jacket has a charming effect. It is very soft and fleecy in appearance, and very becoming in wear. Alaska sable is a favorite trimming-fur, and is used even on silk and velvet evening and reception dresses; while on cloth dresses for the promenade the use of furs as garniture and combination promises to be unprecedented. Sleeves and collars of any fashionable fur are provided separately, to be used on any cloth outer garment, such as jackets, pelisses, and coats. Brown cloth jackets are made up with sleeves and storm-collar of mink, which is preferred in the medium shades of brown. Astrakhan and Persian lamb also are used in such combinations. Seal is more often combined with other furs than with cloth, although some elegant overcoats for gentlemen's wear have seal collars and cuffs.



Fur-lined Cloth Cloak.

Driving-coats of seal and sea-otter are elegant winter garments for men of means, and are usually made to order. Many ladies also prefer to have their furs made to order from special measurements; but even so are guided in their choice of a style by the designs gotten up in accordance with the discriminating taste of a skilled manufacturer.

The styles and designs illustrated are those introduced and furnished by C. C. Shayne, the fashionable and widely known fur manufacturer of 124 West 42d Street and 103 Prince Street, New York City. Mr. Shayne's styles take precedence in point of popularity, and he will be pleased to give our readers all desired information regarding prices and styles. His illustrated catalogue is now ready, and on application to him will be mailed to any address, free of charge.

Nothing Like Success.

PROHIBITION TO BE ACHIEVED ONLY BY POLITICAL ACTION.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

"NOTHING succeeds like success." But all our successes are dependent on our standards. High moral standards are indispensable requisites for a successful civilization. Character cannot be a real or permanent success unless it is based and built on virtue and moral heroism.

A moral war, to be successful, must have heroic, determined, unremitting perseverance in the line of duty; therefore in any war on the evils of society moral courage is indispensable.

The most formidable, as well as the most insidious, opposition we have to encounter in our effort for success is the treacherous apathy of respectable citizens; and a striking illustration of this treason at the present time is found in the perfidious silence regarding the horrors produced by alcoholic poisons, and especially where our influence is most potent,—at the ballot-box.

There is no denying the fact that the most prolific source of vice and crime, the great defiler of our religion, the destroyer of industry, the peril to our homes, and the great hindrance in the way of material progress, is the liquor traffic.

The Supreme Court of the United States and the judges all over the land combine in denouncing this poison of alcohol as the most dangerous curse and worst enemy of the people. And all intelligent people know this.

The great difficulty we have to meet and overcome in our war on this deadly traffic is the guilty complicity of respectable voters, including the many cowardly, apathetic ministers and church members, who, under the garb of religion, are responsible for the sanction that the crime of liquor-selling gets through their political action; and this attitude of the Church and the people must be fully understood, and the question met with combined patriotic effort for entire Prohibition, in order to achieve any real or permanent success in suppressing any legalized temptation.

But there are some noble exceptions. The magnanimity and heroic attitude of many ministers and church members are truly grand; yet many church members are sadly delinquent, and are to be justly condemned for complicity with this wicked traffic. With bland professions of reform, these accessories to the crime of liquor-selling present the most formidable barriers to success, by screening with their silence the heinous character of this business, especially in their political party relations, and this is mostly done with a pretense of restriction while giving it justification with the bribe of a license. Summed up in Christ's words, they "pay tithes of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law" (politics).

In this way, through silence in the churches, the apathy among respectable citizens, and the outrageous perversion of law secured through votes they put in the ballot-box, the liquor traffic receives indorsement, and the liquor-dealers most effective encouragement for their diabolical business. This encouragement amounts to a vile, treasonable complicity—treason to our homes, treason to our religion, treason to all the best interests of society, a treason that has no equal for its enormity, in its moral turpitude as well as its terrible results.

While this colossal curse, the traffic in alcoholic poisons, is undoubtedly the greatest evil and destructive public

nuisance ever allowed to exist in a civilized community, while many wives, mothers, children, and indeed the whole country are suffering and groaning under the burden of its horrible atrocities, that the people should be so oblivious of their duty, so apathetic, and so willing to screen this monstrous wrong with their votes, is a terrible reflection on their moral insensibility and criminal inhumanity.

But what can be done about this crime of liquor-selling? Who are responsible for these horrors produced by alcoholic poisons? More especially, how is the people's moral sense to be awakened to their responsibility in this matter? These are the great and all-important questions now before the world, which can only be settled by the just and effective condemnation by laws enacted for Prohibition, and this can only come through the political action of the people, crystallized into a patriotic religious duty; and never in the history of our country was this moral heroism and patriotic duty more absolutely essential than now.

What liquor-dealers want more than anything else is the sanction of a license as a justification for their infamous business; and as this license is entirely dependent on the will and sanction of voters, political action on this question is what they most dread. For what do the liquor fraternity care about the moral aspect of this question? All they want is to be let alone with their control of the politics of the people.

The combined, determined opposition that we have to encounter from the liquor-dealers fortified by the appetites, the prejudice, and selfish interests of the people, therefore makes it indispensable that we should have conscientious political party Prohibition; and this party action must not be spasmodic or intermittent, but continuous, determined, political effort for its entire suppression.

As the liquor-dealers, to protect their vile business, are now so thoroughly combined and entrenched in politics, and both of the old parties are committed to their interests, a new combination in a party with brave, patriotic, determined political party action is the only practical method for securing prohibition of their vicious appeal to the appetites and passions of the people.

Our zeal and enthusiasm, our desires for the good of our country, the anxiety we have for the sanctity of our homes, our religion, and every effort of our mental and moral activities must be brought into requisition to throttle this monster vice of licensed liquor-selling; and this must be done by the strong arm of law faithfully enforced,—which means party politics,—nothing more, nothing less.

Moral suasion, preaching, prayers, or even our most earnest entreaties will be like oil thrown on a conflagration, unless they are followed up with intelligent and determined use of our political opportunities in connection with the Prohibition ballot; for it is only votes that will count in making law that will reach this national curse. Therefore the vote that we put in the ballot-box must be the embodiment of our principles, the condensed thought and conclusions of an enlightened conscience zealous for the utter annihilation of this colossal enemy of our country.

Liquor-dealers know that the apology for their murderous business must consist of subtle strategies or some delusive panacea. They want the people to believe that all the evil results of this traffic must be regarded as incidental, and that no one is responsible, so they say: "You must not interfere with people's rights. We are opposed to sumptuary laws that needlessly interfere with personal liberty; we must have liberty to eat and drink what we please. All you need is some reasonable restrictions, but, especially, you must not make political capital out of it."

"Politics must not be brought into the Church or pulpit," they say. "Party politics must be left to party politicians:

this is a non-partisan question, and, besides, radical prohibition does not prohibit."

These are some of the many misleading arguments and delusive pretexts that the liquor-dealers, their dupes, and allies, always use to justify and cover up their nefarious designs: the whole plan and purpose being a vile conspiracy to cheat and deceive the people with cowardly sophistry about individual rights, and especially to keep silence on the political aspect of this question, entirely ignoring or evading the necessity for protection by law faithfully enforced in the interest of society. Therefore what liquor-dealers want, more than anything else, is that the people will tolerate and sanction this horrible traffic with a license.

But license is the essence of compromise, and also includes sanction and complicity; and if we have not the moral courage to resist the insidious tendency to acquiesce in non-partisan action, or, worse still, the vicious popular fallacy of a license (high or low), there is little hope for conscientious conviction on the awful consequences and heinous character of the liquor business, or the necessity for its suppression.

This monster curse and fraud on the community, therefore, can only be overcome by a combination of freemen in a zealous determination for its annihilation. We must have for our aim and object a destruction that knows no complicity, no concession, no toleration, no compromise, especially no delinquency at the ballot-box.

On this question of National Prohibition there must be a determination crystallized into a new political party expressing boldly, conscientiously, unremittingly, the people's will and purpose to outlaw and entirely destroy this traffic in alcoholic poisons. The ballot-box is the urn of destiny to receive and record the will of the people on this the greatest of all questions ever presented to the world for adjustment by the votes of the people. Anything short of this definite and determined political party action is a delusion, and will prove a snare to screen and perpetuate the terrible curse of liquor selling.

Complicity is a mild term by which to characterize the responsibility of the voter for the horrors this vile traffic is producing both in our homes and in our politics, and also in every department of society. And all these horrors exist for the want of political influence in the right direction, and this lesson of duty and patriotism must become the rule of action to save our country from destruction.

We should remember that the ballot-box is the palladium of our liberties, and liberty is only secured by law through politics.

Voter, what is your political attitude on this question?

Will you longer consent to see your homes and property menaced with crime, and your country devastated by this unscrupulous foe?

Will you have the lives of the whole community, including your own family, tortured with anxiety on account of this awful nuisance?

Will you permit your religion and politics to be debauched with a dangerous, destructive poison, without using the only means that are available to crush it out?

Will you not help to stop the terrible ravages that the liquor-traffic has been, and is now, making, with your consent and your complicity, through your vote?

WHAT ANSWER?

Most of the above sentiments have already appeared in these columns; but we think that a more concentrated and logical presentation of the subject will be interesting, and more especially carry conviction as to the present duty we owe to this great problem of the prohibition of this great curse of our country. We also propose to have this issued in a leaflet and furnished at the rate of \$1.00 per 1,000; and when two or more thousands are ordered at one time, an extra thousand will be sent without charge. Sent post-free.

Address "PROHIBITION COMMITTEE, 10 EAST 14th St., NEW YORK."

Every Consistent Christian Must Vote.

TO IGNORE THIS DUTY IS A CRIME.

In the prelude to a sermon delivered at Association Hall, New York City, the Rev. Thomas Dixon, jr., stated the following pertinent truths:

"To the minds of many, politics has come to be synonymous with filth. It seems to be a virtue to look with positive contempt upon the primary. If a man desires to be left to himself and go through this world with as little friction as possible, it may be well to treat politics in that way. No Christian thought can ignore American politics. The heathens who dwell in the midst of us may be excused; but such a plea on the part of a Christian is impossible and preposterous. No man can be a consistent Christian in America who does not take an active part in the politics of this nation; for of such vital import are the political issues in this country that no man who loves his fellow-men and is endowed with the first principles of patriotism can afford to ignore them. Imagine what a vast and complicated number of weighty questions, questions, too, which concern every relation of human life, depend upon the issue of the ballot-box. To ignore this is nothing short of a crime, a breach of a solemn trust.

"Is it nothing to you that the criminal classes should have more influence in making the laws than those who obey the laws? That politics at present to a large extent destroys the moral sense of every young man who comes in contact with its corrupting influence? Political questions to-day are in their last analysis real moral questions that touch the eternal problems of right and wrong. It does not do to say that Jesus Christ did not enter into politics. He lived in a different era. He could not save the world in the nineteenth century by leading a political revolution in the first century, with only three years in which to do it. But the germination of the seeds which He planted has destroyed the tyrannies of the past, and is destroying those of to-day.

"The suffrage is not a privilege or voluntary right: it is a duty. The man who prays like an angel and votes like the devil will in the long run be with the devil. The religion that fails to make a man a better citizen is worse than no religion at all. Wherever vice is dominant, voters have been criminally negligent. You might as well curse the pot for being black. We don't expect to find a pot white. For the filthy condition of the streets of New-York Tammany is not responsible. Tammany is an institution of filth. The voters of New-York are responsible. The preacher who is afraid of politics is a coward. May God hasten the day of freedom for the Christian, and for the preacher, when he can without fear tell the whole truth."

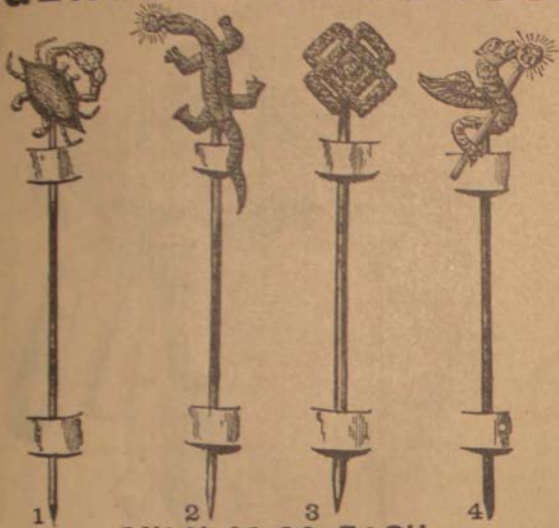
AWAY from Constantinople comes a significant item of news. The Sultan's government has ordered the discontinuance of the liquor-traffic in that great city. He says officially that Europeans are demoralizing his people by giving them drink. There might be worse things than Sultanic rule in some of the larger cities of our country.

THE question of the unconstitutionality of the power or privilege to abate saloon nuisances is now seriously passing through the highest courts of this country. Would it not be a burning shame if it should so appear, and a decision be rendered that it is constitutional to carry on this dreadful curse of wasting money and manhood, murdering wives and orphaning children, to the common disgrace of our country's welfare? Boasting of our wealth, health, and grand institutions, and at the same time not able to protect ourselves from evils that endanger our lives, health, and liberty, must we tolerate riots, or cannot we suppress saloons because it is not constitutional?

Somebody will soon pity the old "hulk," for she must founder and sink under her own weighty carcass. The good people of our land must and will certainly rise to an appreciation of the nation's welfare, and "the saloon must go," otherwise this country will be irretrievably lost. The necessity of a new party to put down the saloon is imperative, and the hopeful star has already arisen that betokens a speedily coming morning. "Come, and come quickly" is the common sentiment of every good, patriotic citizen.—*Wisconsin Statesman.*

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

SPECIAL FOR THE HOLIDAYS!
SOLID 10-KARAT GOLD
 with
GENUINE DIAMONDS.



ONLY \$2.00 EACH.

They are the best bargain we have ever offered. Every one of them guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. You should order at once. We will send them by **registered mail** upon receipt of above amount. Our advertisement in this magazine is sufficient indorsement that we will do all we say, but if you are in doubt, you can write to them.

We would call your attention to our Watch advertisement in the September and October numbers of this magazine. Orders are yet rapidly coming in from it.

WM. H. SMOCK,
 237 Broadway, New York City.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PHILLIPS' :-
DIGESTIBLE COCOA

Unequaled for Delicacy of Flavor and Nutritious Properties. Easily Digested. Different from all other Cocos.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

"STEEL-PLATE" Cards equal to engraved at third the cost. Best quality. Free Samples. J. S. C. Thompson, Manhattan, Ks.
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Home Art and
Home Comfort.

(Continued from page 105.)

Christmas-Stocking Sachet.

CUT two pieces of cardboard in stocking shape like the illustration, and cover these cardboard stockings on both sides with layers of cotton batting sprinkled with sachet powder. After the same pattern cut two pieces from old-rose China-silk, allowing an edge for turning in, and with silk of the same shade work a clocking on each piece; then baste one of the silk pieces on one side of each cardboard piece, and overhand the two covered cardboards together, leaving the top and a portion of one side open, in which to insert lace, toys, or some other trifle, as shown in illustration. Fasten the contents of the stocking in place, and cover the little spaces left with a bit of lace, bringing the lace down the opening at the side; then sew this opening together, and finish with a full bow of

(Continued on page 128.)



It's a
 cold day

for the housekeeper when *Pearline* gets left. Take *Pearline* from washing and cleaning and nothing remains but hard work. It shows in the things that are washed; it tells on the woman who washes. *Pearline* saves work, and works safely. It leaves nothing undone that you want done well; what it leaves undone, it ought not to do.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as *Pearline*." IT'S FALSE—*Pearline* is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of *Pearline*, do the honest thing—send it back. 263 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA.

Something has turned up! The golden opportunity has arrived. The tide of fortune is at the flood. The in short, Wilkins Micawber is the sole agent for Van Houten's Cocoa in the southern hemisphere!



"BEST & GOES FARTHEST."

The Standard Cocoa of the World.

A Substitute for Tea & Coffee.

Better for the Nerves and Stomach.

At all Grocers. Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S.

PERFECTLY PURE.—"Once tried, used always."

Mr. Micawber.

A comparison will quickly prove the great superiority of VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA. Take no substitute. Sold in 1-8, 1-4, 1-2 and 1-lb. Cans. If not obtainable, enclose 25c. in stamps or postal note to either VAN HOUTEN & ZOOON, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can, containing sufficient for 35 to 40 cups, will be mailed if you mention this publication. Prepared only by the inventors, VAN HOUTEN & ZOOON, Weesp, Holland. b 4.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Armour's
Extract of BEEF.

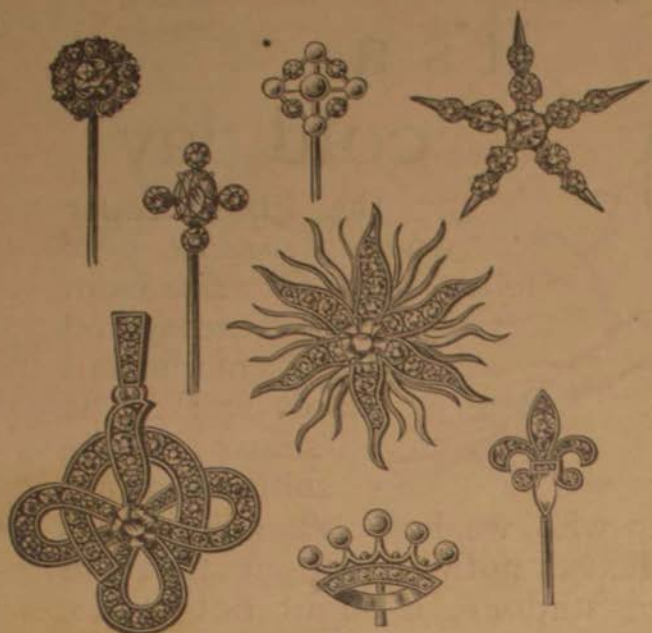
USED BY All Good Cooks THE YEAR ROUND.

Send to **ARMOUR & CO., Chicago,** for Cook Book showing use of **ARMOUR'S EXTRACT** in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

DIAMOND BROOCHES, PINS, ETC.



The ingenuity and skill exercised to-day in the mounting of jewels excels any period in the history of gems: the brooch, equally adapted to be worn as a pendant, has opened the field for hundreds of pleasing and artistic designs. We have illustrated three which are especially attractive. The star shown in the cut is \$75, and is made in seven sizes, ranging at \$125, \$175, \$250, \$350, \$500 and \$750. All the stones are perfectly white and carefully selected, the difference in price varying with the size of the diamonds. The sunburst is \$135—others range at \$100, \$150, \$225, \$300 and upwards. The design in the left lower corner is very new and very handsome, and is called the "Niobe;" price, \$185. Other sizes range at \$200, \$250, \$350, and upwards.

SCARF OR LACE PINS.

The Fleur-de-lis scarf-pin is \$40, is very chaste in design, and varies at \$50, \$60, \$75, \$100 and \$150. The nine-stone pin, consisting of five pearls and four diamonds, is \$25. The cluster pin, consisting of either a ruby or sapphire or emerald centre surrounded with diamonds, is always in good taste,

and is \$50; others with larger stones are \$75, \$90, \$100, \$125 and \$150.

The five-stone pin has an emerald or sapphire centre, with four diamonds, is equally pretty, and varies from \$50 upwards. The crown pearl pin is \$4.50, and for an inexpensive gift is the most attractive made.

All of these can be used as scarf-pins for gentlemen, or as lace or stick pins for ladies' wear.

SEND FOR PRICE-LIST. We will be pleased to send any of these, or anything else in our stock, for examination.

J. H. JOHNSTON & CO., Manufacturers and Importers,
Silverware, Watches, Jewelry, and Porcelains.

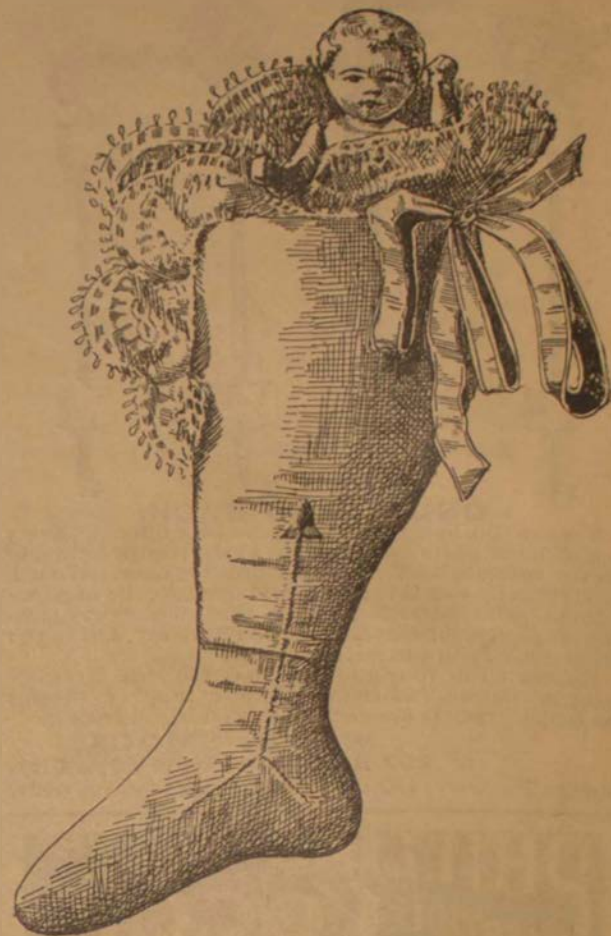
17 Union Square, corner Broadway and 15th Street, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 127.)

narrow ribbon fastened on the top at one corner.

For a person especially fond of music, a toy musical-instrument with a roll of paper



Christmas-Stocking Sachet.

marked "Music" might take the place of the doll; or if the friend be literary, a wee book and roll marked "Manuscript" would do. Adapt the style of article to the taste of the recipient, and the Christmas-stocking sachet will form a most attractive gift.

Christmas Stocking.

THIS pretty trifle for the Christmas-tree is easily made, and even the children can help to make up a number of such Christmas-stockings to hold candies, nuts, and raisins. The material required is white, stiffened net, such as milliners use in making hats, and colored worsted of any fancy shade.

Use one of the children's stockings for a pattern, or cut one in paper on an enlargement of the outlines of the illustration. Cut two pieces of net, for the two sides of the stocking: fold the net and cut the two pieces for each stocking on a double thickness, so that they will be exactly alike. Then overhand the two together with colored worsted, taking the stitches evenly around the edges. Overhand the open top edges separately, and run a worsted cord, formed of three strands of the wool twisted together, through the upper part of the stocking, about an inch from the top.

When filled with sweets or nuts these white stockings with their colored edges make a very effective dressing for the dark green Christmas-tree, and as gifts delight all children; and their cheapness is a temptation to make a great many of them. Any child can

(Continued on page 129.)

IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING

LOOK! WHEN YOU SEE THIS ADVERTISEMENT Write to us at once for our new 1891 CATALOGUE, Organ or Piano, say which. **JUST PUBLISHED.** The Handsomest Catalogue of Musical Instruments in the World. Specially Designed for **CORNISH & CO.** by a renowned artist. A CHARMING SOUVENIR. Illustrated in fancy colors by a new process.

CORNISH ORGANS AND PIANOS have determined to introduce their matchless instruments in every part of the civilized world where not already sold, and with that end in view, beg leave to submit the following offer — which is the most liberal ever made — for the consideration of the American Public, who always appreciate a genuine bargain and a good thing whenever they see it.

A WONDERFUL OFFER!

We offer you this first-class, brand new, High Grade, Newly Designed, **\$75.00 PARLOR ORGAN** (altered for Church or Chapel use when desired), the very latest in style, and containing our Newly Invented and Patented **Stop Action**, for the astonishingly low price of **Style No. 16, SWEET HOME ORGAN**, (exactly same as this cut, taken from a photograph), Solid Black Walnut Case, 5 Octaves, 10 Effective Solo Stops, 3 Sets Orchestral Toned Reeds, Double Octave Couplers, New Tone Swell, Grand Organ Swell, all known modern improvements, making a Complete Parlor Organ, specially warranted 10 yrs

\$35

ORGANS and PIANOS upon the **INSTALMENT PLAN**

TO SUIT ALL PURCHASERS. When not convenient to pay all cash, we are willing to sell on easy monthly instalments. An experience of a "Quarter of a Century," coupled with ample capital, enables us to make better terms than any other house in America. There are many tempting offers made that are never carried out, by irresponsible advertisers, but this old Established and Reliable **CORNISH ORGAN AND PIANO COMPANY** carry out their contracts to the letter. We refer to the **First National Bank** in our city, where we deposit thousands of dollars every day, to any of the Mercantile Agencies, and, what is better, to the thousands of happy purchasers all over the world who are using our Organs and Pianos to their complete satisfaction.

OUR NEW PIANO CATALOGUE is now ready, and is free upon application. Don't buy elsewhere till you have seen it. We can save you **\$100.00**, and sell you a first-class piano, at factory price, upon the easiest instalment plan in the world. Prices from **\$150.00**.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR CATALOGUE OF ORGANS OR PIANOS. We have one million dollars' worth of instruments ready and in course of construction for our fall and holiday trade. Orders shipped same day as received. No waiting. A Catalogue will cost you nothing, and will save you money. Write at once.

ADDRESS TO-DAY,

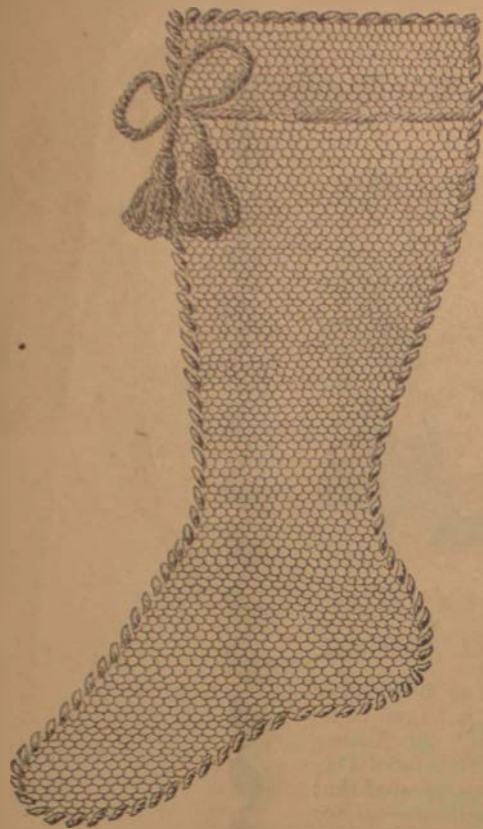
GORNISH & CO. [Old Established and Reliable.] **WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 128.)

overhand the edges together, with mamma or teacher to cut the stockings out and run in the drawing-strings.



Christmas Stocking.

Home-Made Royal Worcester Vases.

NOT everyone can possess a veritable triumph of art in the shape of a handsome porcelain vase of valuable ware; nevertheless, the housewife who loves decorative effects need not deprive herself of those such specimens of china produce.

The hexagonal vase illustrated was modeled



Home-Made Royal Worcester Vase.

by a clever imitator of the fine arts from the celebrated Old Worcester hexagonal vase said
(Continued on page 132.)



THOUGHTFUL SANTA CLAUS.

"I've traveled through the sleet and snow,
Across the country high and low,
To fill the stockings small and great
That here in line my coming wait.
In creeping baby's tiny hose
The india rubber rattle goes;
A handsome doll, with staring eyes,
Will much the little miss surprise;

And what will more delight the boys
Than musket, drum or bugle toys?
And now, before I climb the flue,
I'll bear-in mind the mother true,
Who works so hard by day and night
To keep the clothing clean and white,
And in her stocking, long and wide,
Some cakes of IVORY SOAP I'll hide."

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

COPYRIGHT 1890, BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

METAL
TIPPED.

EVER READY DRESS STAY

Will Not
Cut
through.

SEE NAME "EVER READY" ON BACK OF EACH STAY. TAKE NONE BUT THEM. Ask for them.

Manufactured by the YPSILANTI DRESS STAY MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

A
HOME
LIBRARY
FREE

\$10 WORTH

of Subscriptions to the Lothrop Magazines
means a present to you—
a reward for your work in our behalf—
of \$7 worth of books.

Your own selection from the catalogues of DODD, MEAD & CO.; HARPER & BROS.; D. LOTHROP COMPANY; G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS; HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.; J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.; CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS; ROBERTS BROS.

For every \$10 worth of subscriptions, the sender of the club will receive \$7 worth of books. This "Home Library" Offer will appeal to every Teacher, Clergyman, Student—to Everybody who desires to have a little library of his own of the Best Books. Special information to all interested.

D. LOTHROP CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE
CHOICEST
BOOKS ARE
YOURS



ST. NICHOLAS

THE CENTURY CO'S
MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

THIS famous magazine has been at the head of all children's periodicals since it began issue in 1873, and consolidated with itself "Our Young Folks," "The Little Corporal," "The School Day Magazine," and other juvenile magazines of that day. It has won great fame in England—where the London *Times* declares "there is nothing like it." From the first issue

Mary Mapes Dodge

Has been the editor, and the pens of the greatest writers of the English world, and the pencils of the most famous illustrators, have been at its service. Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, Thomas Hughes, Whittier, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Alcott, Donald G. Mitchell, George Macdonald, Mrs. Oliphant, and Professor Proctor are a few of the many great names which have been upon its list of contributors. Everything in it is illustrated.

In 1892

There are to be serial stories by Brander Matthews, Lieut. Robert H. Fletcher (the author of that charming book, "Marjorie and Her Papa"), Laura E. Richards (who will write of "When I was your Age"), William O. Stoddard, Charles E. Carryl (the author of "Davy and the Goblin"), and Frances Courtenay Baylor. There will be short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Mary Hallock Foote, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Octave Thanet, General O. O. Howard, and many others, with papers of travel and adventure by J. T. Trowbridge, Lieut. Schwatka, etc., and useful articles on "How Columbus Reckoned," "William the Conqueror," "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," "Straight Lines and Circles," etc. In "Strange Corners of Our Country," the Great American Desert, the Cliff-Dwellings of Arizona, etc., will be described, and in "Honors to the Flag," and "Boys and the National Guard," the patriotism of the young readers will be aroused and stimulated. Julian Ralph is to describe "The Making of a Great Newspaper," and the arc and incandescent electric lights are to be clearly explained.

"Applied Christianity"

Is what *St. Nicholas* teaches;—unselfishness, faithfulness, courage, truthfulness—these things are taught in a hundred ways by stories, poems, and pictures. Do you need such an assistant in your work with your boys and girls?

Subscription price, \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number. All booksellers, newsdealers, and postmasters take subscriptions, or remittance may be made (by check, draft, money or express order, or registered letter) to the publishers. Begin subscriptions with the November number.

THE CENTURY CO., 33 East 17th St., New York, N. Y.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

1492

"THE CENTURY stands at the head of the magazine literature of the day according to the test of popularity as measured both by circulation and the character of its buyers."—PRESS, TROY, N. Y.

1892



THE 400th Anniversary of the Discovery of America will be celebrated by

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

With a great American program.

Four Serial Novels. "The Naulahka," a story of America and India, written by Rudyard Kipling in collaboration with a young American author, Wolcott Balestier; "The Chosen Valley," a novel of the Great West, by Mary Hallock Foote; a novel of New York life by the author of "The Anglomaniacs"; and "Characteristics," a remarkable story by Dr. Weir Mitchell.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich Will furnish a group of stories complete in single numbers; Frank R. Stockton and many other well-known writers will contribute short stories.

The Life of Columbus Written especially for THE CENTURY by the famous Spanish statesman and author, Emilio Castelar, from new historical material, and richly illustrated.

The World's Fair at Chicago Will be described in a series of views of the architectural features, printed by special arrangement with the managers of the Fair.

The American Indian. Much has been printed on the Indian question from the white man's standpoint. In a series of illustrated articles the Indian's side will be presented—how he lives and thinks, his home life, his music, etc.

American Art. Examples of the best work of American contemporary painters will be shown, and Cole's famous series of wood-engravings, made directly from the Old Italian Masters, will be continued.

The American Farmer and the Government. In view of the great interest touching the subject of what the Government should do for the farmer, THE CENTURY will print a number of important articles by leading writers on this subject.

American Sketches by Edgar W. Nye. The well-known humorist Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye") will contribute a series of entertaining "Autobiographies," describing his experiences in different parts of America and in various capacities.

Other Important Articles Include a series by the distinguished American poet, Edmund Clarence Stedman, on Poetry; Edward Eggleston on American Speech; interesting illustrated papers on "The Jews in New York," their family life, customs, etc., with other papers on New York life; articles on the Government of Cities; articles by famous French musicians (Gounod and others) on their life and work; papers by the well-known war correspondent Archibald Forbes, etc., etc.

THE CENTURY is issued on the 1st of each month. A year's subscription costs \$4.00. The new volume begins with the number for November, 1891. December will be **The Beautiful Christmas Number**. Subscriptions are taken by newsdealers and booksellers generally, by postmasters, and by the publishers. Remittances should be made by post-office or express order, bank check, draft, or in registered letter.

THE CENTURY CO., 33 East 17th St., New York.

Begin Subscriptions with November.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

PASTE THIS
IN HIS HAT.



IT CAN'T TALK

and never gets tired, but is an indispensable home companion that serves you faithfully without fatigue or grumbling. It's an imposition to continue forcing the long suffering members of your family to pose for you while draping your dress, when it can be avoided and much better results obtained by using *Hall's Bazar Form*.

SHE.—“If you would be relieved of this, buy me **HALL'S BAZAR FORM** for Christmas.”

Hall's Bazar Form is adjustable and can be made any size. When arranged to your own proportions and covered with a model of yourself. When not in use, it can be folded and put away like an umbrella.

Ask for our little book on Home Dressmaking. FREE.

Mention December DEMAREST's when you answer this advertisement.

HALL'S BAZAR FORM CO.,

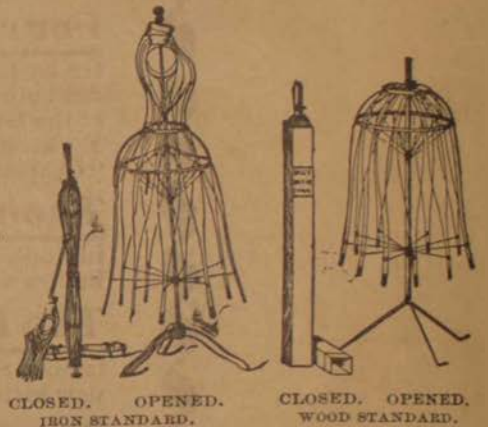
173 REGENT STREET, LONDON.

833 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

“We consider Hall's Bazar Form superior to all others.”—THE BUTTERICK PUB. CO. (Limited).

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PRICE of Form Complete, Iron Standard, **\$6.50.** Skirts sold separately, if desired, for **\$3.50.** Skirt only with Wood Standard, **\$3.00.** Sent to any address on receipt of price.



(Continued from page 129.)

to have once belonged to Lady Hester Stanhope; but the imitation is not in chinaware at all, but in cardboard covered with cretonne. The smaller vase with gracefully flaring neck was evolved by the same ambitious art-amateur from similar materials.

To make such vases is not only possible, but easy, and with an artistic selection of figured cretonne or dull-finished China-silk for covering, the result will be most satisfactory; and when such a vase, filled with pampas plumes, golden-rod, cat-tails, or similar treasures of field and forest, is set in some not-too-well-lighted corner or background, the uninitiated admirer will not be apt to discern its intrinsic value.

In the first place, make a careful selection of the material with which such a vase is to be covered. Anyone who can paint flowers can use plain goods and decorate with yellow chrysanthemums,



Shapes for Hexagonal Vase.

(Continued on page 133.)

COMBINATION B STANDS BOOK
One style made especially for the **CENTURY DICTIONARY** as shown in cut.
Revolving Book Cases, Book Rests, Dictionary Holders, Utility Tables.
Send for Catalogue. **R. M. LAMBIE, 89 E. 19th St., N. Y.**
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LADIES OF FASHION

can not do without

L. SHAW'S

Skeleton Bang and Ideal Wave,

Natural curled, feather light, lifelike, beautiful, from \$3.00 up.

WAVY HAIR SWITCHES,

All long convent Hair, from \$5.00 up. \$10.00 elsewhere.

COCOANUT BALM.

The only Complexion Beautifier endorsed by eminent physicians. Makes the skin as fair and soft as a child's. Price, \$1.00 per box. All Toilet Preparations of the Celebrated **PARFUMERIE MONTE CRISTO. HAIR DYES ALL SHADES, A SPECIALTY.** Send for free pamphlet "How to be Beautiful."

54 West 14th St., New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Barnes' Foot Power Machinery.

WORKERS OF WOOD OR METAL, without steam power, using outfits of these Machines, can bid lower, and save more money from their jobs, than by any other means for doing their work. Also for **Industrial Schools or Home Training.** With them boys can acquire journeymen's trades before they "go for themselves." Price-List Free. **W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO., No. 829 Ruby St., Rockford, Ill.**



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BARNEY & BERRY SKATES CATALOGUE FREE.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Unquestionably the most valuable property of existence is health, and everything conducing to a perfect state of health is of interest to the public. In this connection one of the most interesting of the exhibits at the American Institute Fair in New York this year is that of Walter Baker & Co's Breakfast Cocoa and Chocolate preparations. Their method of manufacture, unlike the Dutch process, does not admit of the use of any chemicals, dyes or alkalies, and therefore produces not only an absolutely pure, but an absolutely healthful drink. The exhibit in itself is a work of art; the booth in white and gold, with old gold silken hangings, the young lady attendants attired in pale blue satin gowns, old gold basques, pink lace caps and white aprons (the exact costume of Liotard's celebrated painting "La Belle Chocolatière," adopted by W. Baker & Co. as their trade-mark), and the tasteful array of the goods form the most striking and attractive exhibit in the whole fair, and one that will well repay every visitor's attention. As an American institution fighting the fight of health against adulterated products, Walter Baker & Co. deserve the support of every consumer of cocoa and chocolate in this country.

"It sets people talking" is the only expression to use in illustrating the effect produced by any one who may have something of merit to offer the public, and by letting them know the offer by judicious use of printers' ink. The advertisements of "The Great Divide" have appeared in these columns from time to time, and the result is "The Great Divide" is the only illustrated National successful Journal published in the Wild and Woolly West. Send to "The Great Divide," Denver, Col., for full particulars, even if you only wish to be surprised with their unique offerings.

We are pleased to have the opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to what are reported to be the best Dress Linings manufactured in this country, namely, the Gilbert Manfg. Co.'s goods. You will find in another column their advertisement, which explains itself. We do not hesitate to recommend these goods to our readers.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 132.)

purple lilacs, pink roses, or any flower preferred; but in choosing a pattern of satin-finished cretonne (do not use the cheap cretonne sold for slip-covers and cottage curtains), or printed silk or cambric, be careful to select a well-defined flower, and if you wish to simulate Royal Worcester let the ground-work be pale buff or creamy yellow.

We give an outline pattern in miniature, from which the shape may be drawn: it can be easily enlarged with the pantograph, or by measuring the relative proportions. A vase whose hexagonal sides measure twenty inches in length when flat will have each section to measure eight inches at the widest part and four inches top and bottom, to be in the same proportion as the design illustrated. The hexagon for the bottom will measure four inches on every side. The board at the top will be two inches wide, and cut or bent in sections of four inches each.

Cut six pieces of cardboard like the shape shown in outline, one hexagonal piece, and a strip two inches wide and twenty-four inches long, for the top. Cover all these with the cretonne, separately, as in making silk quilts. It will not be necessary to line the vase except at the top, so the goods which is folded over on the inside of each piece can be caught together with stitches, or the edges glued down on the pasteboard. Paste or mucilage will not do for this; it must be glue.

Leave the lower edges loose until the sides are joined together, which must be done with neat, close-set, overhand stitches, on the wrong side, holding the two edges carefully together. The last seam will have to be on the outside, slip-stitched as closely and carefully as possible. Then glue or sew the loose ends at the bottom to the hexagonal piece. The rim at the top can be covered in sections or in a strip. The best way will be to cut the strip in sections, sew them together, and then carry the band around in one piece so that there will be but one seam. Some care will be needed in sewing this to the top of the vase.

The other vase is made in the same way, but is simpler, having but four sides. The shape of these vases can be varied by cutting the sections wider or narrower at the bulging part. A vase with the original height of twenty inches, when the sections are flat, can be made a very odd squat shape by widening the sections where they curve. Anyone by a little experimenting with stiff paper cut into variations of the shape can produce a number of shapes, all equally artistic, for the purpose required.

One word of caution: Do not be tempted to add a bow of ribbon anywhere, lest the cretonne masquerading as porcelain be detected in its enormity. A few outlines of gold paint around the edges and on the floral designs will increase the resemblance to decorated porcelain.

WATCHES AT HALF PRICE. Delivered Free, subject to Approval. NO PAYMENT REQUIRED TILL ACCEPTED. Great this opportunity. Send for circular. Name Magazine. NATIONAL WATCH CO., Syracuse, N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Harper's Bazar for 1892.

HARPER'S BAZAR is the leading journal in America for women. With Volume Twenty-five it reaches its Quarter-Centennial, an established favorite in every intelligent household. Retaining all features which have hitherto assured its popularity, the BAZAR, during 1892, will omit nothing which can interest or assist woman, at home or in society. To every family circle the BAZAR will bring an atmosphere of refinement and charm.

Fashion. HARPER'S BAZAR, in its weekly issues, informs its readers of current fashions in New York, Paris and Berlin. Anticipating the changing seasons, it gives full directions and detailed information as to cut and fabric. Its artists in Paris and New York furnish lavish illustrations, and its Pattern-Sheet Supplement is indispensable alike to the professional modiste and to the woman who is her own dressmaker. The noteworthy designs made for HARPER'S BAZAR, from WORTH models, by SANDOZ, are a feature which is unrivalled in style and artistic representation. In its department of New York Fashions the most particular attention is given to the description of the reigning modes, and persons remote from the great shopping centers are enabled to order goods and arrange appropriate toilets for every occasion by following the lucid directions of its Fashion Editor.

Fiction. The Serials for 1892 will be written by WALTER BESANT and WILLIAM BLACK. MARY E. WILKINS, ANNA FULLER, KATE UPSON CLARK, MARION HARLAND, ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP, LOUISE STOCKTON, OCTAVE THANET, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, BESSIE CHANDLER PARKER, and many others will furnish a feast of short stories. Mrs. OLIPHANT will contribute characteristic sketches; and "The Magic Ink," by WILLIAM BLACK, will run through several numbers.

Amateur Theatricals. GRACE L. FURNISS (author of *A Box of Monkeys*), KATHARINE LORING VAN COTT, and W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN will write plays and comedies for parlor performances.

Essays and Social Chats. The literary charm of HARPER'S BAZAR is acknowledged everywhere, and thoughtful women turn with zest to its bright essays and piquant chats on social topics. T. W. HIGGINSON will continue to discuss, in "Women and Men," themes of unflinching interest; MARION HARLAND will write a series of Timely Talks, entitled "Day In and Day Out;" HELEN MARSHALL NORTH will furnish a number of papers for girls, in city or country, under the caption, "How to be Happy, Though Single;" and HELEN WATTERSON will treat of affairs connected with home life; OLIVE THORNE MILLER will write inimitably of nature for those who love the birds and flowers; Mrs. JOHN SHERWOOD and FRANK CHAFFEE will furnish useful suggestions for occasions of state and for various entertainments; ELIZA R. SCIDMORE, HELEN JAY, EVA LOVETT CARSON, M. C. WILLIAMS, and AGNES BAILEY ORMSBEE will contribute bright papers.

Special Features. Dr. MARY T. BISSELL will write on "The Physical Nurture of Children." CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK will give a series of great value to mothers entitled "The Sick Child." Mrs. C. A. CREEVEY will write of Ferns and Orchids in "Botany as a Recreation."

Cooking and Serving. Useful receipts in great variety, with all needed details as to service, will assist the housekeeper in preparing her breakfasts and dinners.

Embroidery and Needlework. Mrs. CANDACE WHEELER will contribute her unique and tasteful designs in a series entitled "The Philosophy of Indoor Decoration." The Royal School of South Kensington, as hitherto, will send the BAZAR their newest and finest creations. Mrs. MARY C. HUNGERFORD's monthly articles on Fancy Work will be continued during 1892.

Artistic Beauty. HARPER'S BAZAR is a portfolio of beautiful engravings. Its reproductions of the finest foreign and American pictures form a gallery of contemporary art, and are worth many times the subscription price of the paper.

Etiquette and Ceremony. Questions of etiquette and ceremony will be decided by competent authorities in the department of "Answers to Correspondents."

Facetiæ. The last page has a national reputation as a compendium of wit and humor, enlisting among its illustrators McVICKAR, HYDE, STERNER, FROST, SMEDLEY, and other eminent artists.

TERMS FOR HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Postage Free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada or Mexico.
 HARPER'S MAGAZINE, per Year, \$4 00 | HARPER'S BAZAR, per Year, \$4 00
 HARPER'S WEEKLY, " 4 00 | HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, " 2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the current Number.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

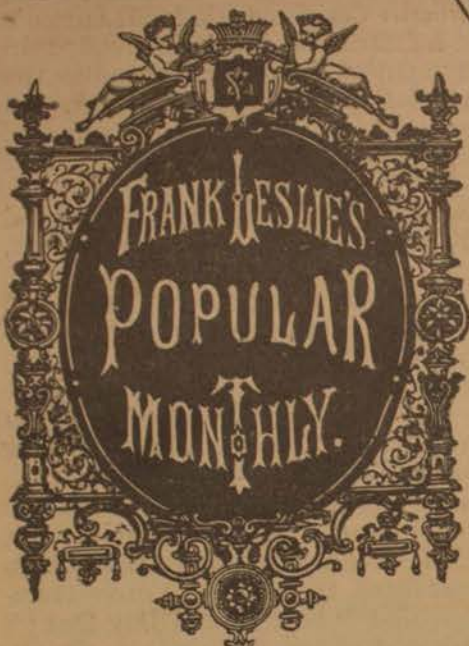
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

Frank Leslie

POPULAR MONTHLY

For
1892



POPULAR from its first number, this great Illustrated Magazine, now entering upon its thirty-third volume, is to-day better than ever. It has kept pace with, if not in advance of, the phenomenal progress in the art of pictorial illustration during the past few years.

It has absolutely no rival in the profusion of its pictures, the variety and scope of its literary contents. Every subscriber to

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly

For 1892 will receive:

- Over 1,000 Fine Pictures** by the best illustrators of the day;
- Twelve Beautiful Full-page Colored Plates;**
- Two Serial Stories** of surpassing interest, by favorite novelists;
- One Hundred Short Stories** by the most original writers in this popular department of literature;
- A Splendid Series of Illustrated Papers** by specialists and writers of recognized ability, covering from month to month the various subjects foremost in popular interest.

These in addition to the regular departments, including current Scientific, Geographical and Literary News, Wit, Anecdote and Poetry.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

NOW READY.

It contains:

A vivid and dramatic historical romance, "**THE RED SHIELD**," specially written for this number by **JOAQUIN MILLER**. It is the latest prose production of the brilliant poet and *littérateur* of the Sierras, and in addition to being illustrated, is accompanied by a striking portrait.

A paper of thrilling interest and high historical value by Caroline Washburn Rockwood, giving a full account of the most recent exploration of the mysterious Florida Everglades, the home of the Seminoles, richly illustrated with views and portraits never before obtained.

In addition to these and other features there is an abundance of distinctively Christmas matter. This number is bound in a new illuminated cover of appropriate and beautiful design.

SPECIAL. SEND FOR 1892 PROSPECTUS AND CLUBBING RATES. SPECIMEN COPY ON RECEIPT OF 20 CENTS.

Single Number, 25 cts.; Yearly Subscription, \$3.00.

FOR SALE by ALL NEWSDEALERS, or SENT POSTPAID on RECEIPT of PRICE.

Address, **Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,**
110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PRINTING PRESS with Type, Ink, Registers, Cards, Roller, and Case, complete, for \$1.25. **GIANT** Self-inking PRINTING PRESS \$5. With Script type outfit, Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, Ge. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Phila., Pa.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Prohibition! Prohibition!! Prohibition!!!

Ready for Work, and Work for the Workers.

FROM CONTEST TO CONQUEST—NO. 3.

Prohibition in all its phases. Convincing, terse, logical, instructive, reaching all classes. Equally valuable in Schools, Temperance Meetings and Homes.

A book of 100 pages. Write for a copy, 10 cents each, post paid. **DEMOREST MEDAL CONTEST BUREAU,** 10 East 14th Street, New York City.

CHRISTMAS GIFT for boys, the harmless gun, fires hollow rubber balls, no danger, no sticks or caps, can't harm, each in a nice box, three balls free, mailed \$1.00. **S. E. CLARK, 632 Market St., Phila., Pa.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE LOTHROP MAGAZINES.

- WIDE AWAKE**, \$2.40 a year. "At the head of literature for the young."
- BABYLAND**, 50c a year. Jingles, Stories, Pictures.
- OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN**, \$1.00 a year. For Beginners in reading.
- THE PANSY**, \$1.00 a year. Illustrated monthly. Boys and girls.
- STORY-TELLER**, \$1.00 a year. Twelve fine complete stories.

Sample copies of all four, 15 cents; of one, 5 cents. **D. LOTHROP CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Household.

(Continued from page 114.)

A Children's Party.



MISTAKE is often made by those who get up parties for children, when they model such gatherings upon grown people's entertainments. Small boys and girls are not miniature or immature men and women: they are children, purely and simply, and it is a blunder to force them too early into the trammels of conventionality by which they will probably be more or less fettered during their later life. So, in preparing for a children's party, let everything be, as far as possible, in harmony with the age and tastes of the prospective guests.

To begin with, let there be no formality in issuing the invitations. Mrs. Whitney has given us a charming picture, in "Real Folks" of Hazel Ripwinkley asking the guests to her party. One can almost see the sweet-faced child calling at the houses of her girl-friends, inquiring for their mothers, and announcing her message. If the invitations cannot be verbal, let them go in pleasant informal notes. Never delegate to the small host or hostess the business of delivering the invitation to her equally youthful guest without confirming it by a note or message to one of the parents of each little one.

For the sake of the children themselves, it is best that all those asked to the party should be quite near the same age. A child of eight or ten feels wofully out of place in an assemblage of girls and boys in their teens, while one of fourteen or fifteen is usually supremely bored if she finds herself in a party of children her juniors by several years. Parties for really little children need hardly be considered in this connection, for tiny tots of from three to five generally care only for such amusement as may be secured by a romp over playthings, and the simplest of afternoon repasts. The children for whom there is really most difficulty in planning pleasant entertainment are those whose ages range from nine to fifteen. If both extremes are to be touched in the company, take pains to have enough guests of each age to prevent the comparative isolation of anyone, either upon the score of extreme youth or the reverse.

In pursuance of the plans for making a party for real children, choose sensible hours for the gathering. Invite the children for from four to eight o'clock, or, if they are most of them over twelve years old, from five to nine. In the former case, supper may be served at half after six; in the other, at half after seven, thus allowing plenty of time for play before the meal.

Naturally, a different plan should be pursued if the party is chiefly or altogether for dancing. Then boys and girls will have to be in fuller dress, which will probably include pumps, silk stockings, and dancing-school costume for the boys, and gauzy frocks, dainty slippers, and even light gloves for the girls. But when it is simply to be a happy-go-lucky children's merry-making, the ordinary "best" or "Sunday" suit will do, and the

(Continued on page 135.)

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

LIDA CLARKSON'S PANSY FRIEZE.



THIS ILLUSTRATION shows only a part of the Frieze. We have had this PANSY FRIEZE reproduced full size 9 1/2 by 40 inches, in all its BEAUTIFUL COLORS. It is not a cheap Chromo, but an EXACT, ARTISTIC REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING. We send this PANSY FRIEZE by mail, postage paid, for \$1.00, and if you are not perfectly satisfied, return it, and we will return your money.

INGALLS' HOME AND ART MAGAZINE

Is a TEXT BOOK ON FANCY WORK AND PAINTING. Each number is FINELY ILLUSTRATED. Its leading feature is BRUSH STUDIES by Lida Clarkson, illustrated with COLORED PLATES. Other popular departments are: EASY LESSONS IN ART—FANCY WORK AND ARTISTIC NOVELTIES—HOUSEHOLD DECORATION—CHINA PAINTING—DOMESTIC HELPS FOR THE HOME—THE KING'S DAUGHTERS—CORRESPONDENCE—ANSWERS TO QUERIES, etc. Price 15 cents per copy; \$1.00 per year. **SPECIAL OFFER!** We will send you Lida Clarkson's PANSY FRIEZE, and a YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to INGALLS' HOME AND ART MAGAZINE all for \$1.50. When you order, mention this publication, and we will send you free a Colored Study of Golden Rod by Lida Clarkson. Address J. F. INGALLS, Publisher, LYNN, MASS.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 135.)

in pinning on the tail, may receive a small prize, like a toy donkey, or a small box of candy with a picture of a donkey on it.

When each child has had his turn at the donkey, a new feature may be introduced in the shape of a "surprise" pie. Its component parts are bran, and a number of small gifts. There is a large variety from which to choose these: little books, pen-wipers, fat Japanese pincushions, wee vases, small boxes of pencils, tiny paper-cutters, German mottoes, and any other trifles or toys are suitable. No article need cost more than five or ten cents. Each one should be wrapped in soft paper and tied with a bit of gay ribbon. They are then buried in a dish-pan full of bran, a big wooden spoon is stuck upright in the pie, and with this each child may dig out a parcel for himself or herself.

An amusing entertainment may be given by any bright girl or boy who will take the part of "the Spanish Count." A table is placed in a doorway, and a curtain hung behind the table so that it will extend from a space about eighteen inches above it to the floor. The performer dresses for the part by encasing his arms in a pair of small boy's trousers, and his hands in stockings and pumps. Over the actor's shoulders is arranged a jacket, the sleeves stuffed with cotton, and with stuffed gloves fastened to the ends. These sleeves are pinned across the breast. The face is then disguised with powder and rouge, a false mustache of hair or of burnt cork added, the hair becomingly disheveled, and the performer is ready.

The children are told that a Spanish count has arrived, and he is apparently helped to his place on the table. In reality some assistant lifts his arms, in their leg-clothing, over on the table. The count tells the audience that through an accident his arms were paralyzed so they have to be crossed on his chest as they see them, and that in consequence his legs have become more active. With his improvised feet he goes through dancing motions,

(Continued on page 137.)

A Woman's Company



OWNED AND OPERATED BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN.

Our plan is to establish 100 factories in the United States, with money derived from sale of capital stock. Then we can easily employ 5,000 women, who will earn for us a net profit of \$1,180,000 annually, assuming 75 cts. per day to be the net profit for each employé, which is a very low estimate. Our stock, now offered at \$25 per share, on a basis of 8% per annum, will then be worth about \$365; \$25 invested now will, we confidently believe, eventually be worth \$365.

WHY WILL IT INCREASE SO MUCH?

- BECAUSE** we have the only scientific process for canning and preserving food; no poisons; no chemicals; never spoils; cooking unnecessary; flavors retained, and it solves the communion wine question by furnishing the pure juice of the grape unchanged at all seasons.
- BECAUSE** women only are employed in our factories; they are surrounded by Christian influences and paid wages which make them independent; stock is sold only to women, who will, by their interest in the company, influence grocers to sell our goods, thus benefiting us.
- BECAUSE** the women running this company are excellent business women (demonstrated by their individual successes), and, with the aid of every Christian woman in the country, are certain to make this the greatest financial success ever accomplished by woman.

Checks for the annual dividends mailed in March to all Stockholders.

Stock sold if desired on monthly payments of \$2.50 per share. All money received after 4,000 shares are sold will be returned to parties sending it, as price is then advanced 20% above par.

HOW MANY SHARES WILL YOU TAKE? THEY ARE \$25 EACH, PAR VALUE.

OFFICERS AND COMMISSIONERS.

Mary Allen West, Editor of THE UNION SIGNAL. Isabella Beecher Hooker, sister late Henry Ward Beecher, Lady Mgr. World's Fair.
 Mme. Demorest, Pub. Demorest's Magazine. Mrs. A. M. Dolph, wife of Senator Dolph, Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, Pres. Sorosis Club, N. Y.

Sample sent on receipt of 25 cts. for express charges. No charge for the sample. This advertisement appears in forty papers this month, and less than 4,000 shares are now for sale. We will reserve any number of shares for you until you have time to investigate. Say how many you want held. Full information sent free. ADDRESS ORDERS AND MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO **WOMAN'S CANNING AND PRESERVING CO.,** 161 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO, ILL. Grocers Supplied by THURBER, WHYLAND & CO., New York, and SPRAGUE, WARNER & CO., Chicago.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

\$5 to \$15 per day, at home, selling LIGHTNING PLATER and plating jewelry, watches, tableware, &c. Makes the finest of jewelry good as new, on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. No experience. No capital. Every house has goods needing plating. Wholesale to agents \$5. Write for circulars. **H. E. DELNO & Co.,** Columbus, O.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

DICK'S FOOT WARMER SHOES Worn everywhere; woven by hand; wool-lined; seamless. Where dealers have none we mail postpaid. Ladies size. \$1.25. Gents' \$1.50. Canvasers wanted. **W. M. H. DICK,** Manfr. Danville, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Mrs. Reed's \$3 Switch. ALL LONG CONVENT HAIR. Shortest Possible Stem.

Best value ever offered. Sent carriage prepaid upon receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Mrs. J. H. REED, Maker of Fine Hair Goods and Artist of the Coiffure, 459 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of Boston. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, **G. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,** 212 State St., Chicago.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 136.)

talking constantly and telling droll stories, winding up with a grand jig on the table, after which he makes his bow and is helped down.

Such old plays as "Puss in the Corner," "Hunt the Slipper," "Dumb Crambo," and "Blindman's Buff" are deservedly popular. None of the so-called "kissing games" should be tolerated.

A good bill-of-fare for a children's supper may include *bouillon* or creamed oysters, minced cold chicken, bread-and-butter sandwiches or small buttered rolls, and crisp celery. Serve the *bouillon* first, in cups; then serve a supply of oysters, a spoonful of the minced chicken, a piece of celery, and a sandwich upon each plate. The little guests should all be seated, and their plates provided with forks, napkins, and spoons. For a drink, warm cocoa is excellent, and more wholesome than lemonade. The sandwiches should be passed frequently, and cups and plates replenished in moderation. The last course may consist of ice-cream, simple cakes, and wholesome candies in pretty motto-papers.

The table should be adorned with flowers and lighted candles. If the party is to celebrate a birthday, the birthday cake, with its candles corresponding in number to the years of the child's life, should be cut at the supper-table; and it is a pretty, and to the children an exciting, custom, to have a ring concealed in the cake, the one getting the fortunate piece to have the ring.

For a Christmas or New Year party the surprise pie could be brought in after supper; or there might be a Christmas-tree laden with such inexpensive gifts as were suggested for the pie, or with fanciful bags or cornucopias of candy. German crackers, containing paper hats, caps, etc., always amuse the children.

The after-supper time is usually of the briefest. If there is space for it, a merry Virginia reel may be formed before the farewells are said, the wraps put on, and the party brought to a close.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

An Indoor Fishing-Party.

THE club was to meet with me. There were twenty-eight members composing it, and, unfortunately, my turn at entertainment was along toward the last. Dancing and cards, conversation and set suppers, even charades, had all been worn thread-bare, and I was at my wit's end for something a little different.

As I sat in my room pondering over the weighty subject, my eyes happened to rest on Cecil, who was intently engaged with a toy "fish-pond" that Santa Claus had bestowed on him. A brilliant idea dawned on my troubled brain. Why not give a midwinter fishing-party?

"The very thing!" I exclaimed, feeling profoundly grateful to Cecil, at the moment, for the suggestion.

I borrowed Cecil's fish-pond, also four others from his friends, and bought two more. I wanted seven tables with four players at a table. All the small mirrors in the house were confiscated, for the time being, and one

(Continued on page 138.)

BEST & CO



From \$5.00 to \$6.00.

WE SELL ALL-WOOL SUITS

for Boys, that have a style fit and finish not usually found in medium priced goods.

The double-breasted Jackets are most popular this season, but for small boys we also make them pleated.

A very large proportion of the cheaper grades of clothing and many of the finer, sold for all-wool, ARE NOT ALL-WOOL, but made from cloth mixed with cotton in such a manner that chemical tests alone will show it.

WE MANUFACTURE STRICTLY ALL-WOOL CLOTHING FOR BOYS AND YOUTHS AND GUARANTEE IT—a few months' service will show the advantage of using these goods.

Another inducement to use our Boys' clothing is our patent elastic waist-band, which insures better fitting garments than can be worn with comfort without them, and saves button holes and prevents tearing off buttons.

It is our exclusive business to fit out Boys and Girls of all ages with everything from Hats to Shoes, and absent buyers served by mail as well as if they were in the store.

Samples and full descriptions of the latest styles furnished upon application.

60 and 62 West 23d Street, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



The New Velvet Dress Fabric.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR LYONS VELVET, AT HALF THE PRICE.

"A new velvet, magnificent in tone and texture."—SARAH BERNHARDT.

Sold, by all leading dry goods dealers, in black and all the fashionable colorings.

Don't buy Velveteens when you can get "NONPAREIL VELROI."

Every yard stamped on the back. Be careful of imitations. Write for samples to

LORD & TAYLOR.....New York	SIEGEL, COOPER & CO.....Chicago
SHARPLESS BROS.....Philadelphia	WM. TAYLOR, SON & CO.....Cleveland
B. NUGENT & BRO.....St. Louis	FIELD, MAHLER & CO.....St. Paul

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



GREAT OFFER!

PIANOS + \$35. + ORGANS!

Direct from the Factory at Manufacturer's Prices. No such offer ever made before. Every man his own agent. Examine in your home before paying. Write for particulars. Address

THE T. Swoger & Son Pianos & Organs
BEAVER FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA.

From Rev. James H. Potts, D.D., editor of Michigan CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Detroit, Mich.: "To say we are delighted with the Piano does not express the fact. We are jubilant. If all your instruments are as fine in appearance and as pleasing in tone as this one, your patrons will rise by the hundred."

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE STORY-TELLER.

Only \$1.50 a year. 15 cents a number.

A dozen fine stories (each a complete serial, varying from 50 to 100 pages); a year's numbers contain the equivalent of about \$15.00 worth of the very best stories for young people.

No. 1. Vol. II. (Nov. '91.) "Rocky Fork." By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.
No. 2. (Dec.) "The Story of Honor Bright." By CHAS. E. TALBOT, author of "Royal Lowrie," etc.

A specimen (back number, publishers' selection), 10 cents. Free Subscription will be given to any person who will send two new subscriptions to THE STORY-TELLER (with \$3.00 for the same) direct to the publishers.—D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 138.)

"H. L. P."—The silver wedding, celebrated after a quarter of a century of married life, is quite a formal entertainment. If the presence of the clergyman who performed the ceremony can be secured, he returns thanks for the prolonged life of the wedded pair, and such other interesting formalities are added as will make the occasion impressive. The reading of a congratulatory ode, resolutions, addresses, etc., are some of these. After the clergyman has completed his part of the ceremony (provided his presence has been secured), the near kinspeople offer congratulations first, when other guests follow after the manner of a wedding reception. A formal or a stand-up supper is provided.

The cards for the silver wedding are issued, printed in silver, somewhat in this style: 1891.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawler
request the pleasure of your company
on Wednesday evening, October twenty-eighth,
at eight o'clock.
Silver Wedding.

James Lawler.

Mary Smith.

"MAY FLOWER."—If you could get a place in the linen room of a city hotel it would no doubt be an advantageous position for one with your delicate health and limited education, both of which you should make every effort to improve. A position as child's nurse would be better, for you would get considerable out-door exercise, which would doubtless improve your health.

"A. N. C."—The bride, so-called, is the proper person to receive the guests at a silver wedding, the same as at any other wedding reception. There may be ushers to introduce the guests to the married pair, as at any wedding reception, if some little ceremony is desirable. See answer to H. L. P.

"Mrs. M. Y. L."—*Fermillets* are cloak-clasps of solid silver ornamented with precious stones. The name, like the articles, is medieval.

"R. H. T."—It is not very easy to "make over" old-style dresses into those of the prevailing fashion, because the present style of plain, gored skirts calls for so much uncut material. The most satisfactory way for you to alter your black Henrietta cloth would be to make it with a coat basque and gored skirt, and if there is any deficiency of material make it up with black faille silk. See Fashion Department for design.

"Mrs. Pitts."—In deepest mourning the only trimming that would be suitable for a cape of crape cloth ("Circle" cape, illustrated in February Magazine) would be bands of English crape.

"A RECLUSE."—A black striped velvet would make a suitable cloak for a child. The Gretchen style with full silk sleeves would be handsome.—The most becoming colors to a lady of thirty-five with slightly sallow complexion will be found in warm browns relieved with pink, blue, or red. Avoid blues and purple shades. Any lady with a rather muddy complexion would do best to wear light colors such as tan-color, Suède, etc., or black-and-white set off with scarlet.—The simplest and the most elegant way of dressing a bed do not coincide. The simplest way is to use a white Marseilles spread without pillow shams; the most elegant, to dress the bed with a lace spread and round bolster covered with lace, silk, or satin.—The article "A Course Dinner: Table Appointments and Service," in the Household Department of the present number, will give you the information you require as to what is necessary for a well-appointed table without display, as well as information that will tell you all the latest ideas of modern refinement in table service.

"HOUSE LOVER."—A good cement for china is ordinary carriage-varnish. If the pieces are put together neatly the fracture will be hardly perceptible; and it is not affected by water.

(Continued on page 140.)



PAT. MAR. 12TH '89

Stop Losing your Change by Using
PATENT NOVELTY FOLDING COIN PURSE.
Most Popular Purse Ever Made. Over 50,000 Sold.
Once Used, Always Used.

Ask your dealer for it, or I will mail you one, postpaid, in black, red or brown morocco, on receipt of 40 cents; or of genuine seal, 90 cents; or full calf, 70 cents.

JAMES S. TOPHAM, Sole Manufacturer

1231 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

The Trade Supplied. Write for Prices.

All parties are hereby warned against infringing this patent.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

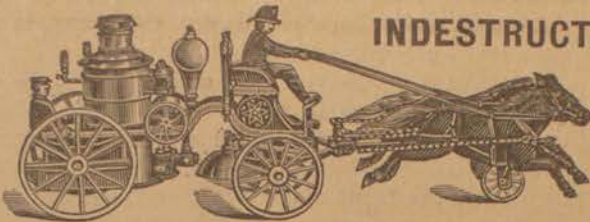


PAT. MAR. 12TH '89

BE SURE TO GET THE **BUFFALO** MALLEABLE IRON AND STEEL **TOYS**

INDESTRUCTIBLE! ABSOLUTELY THE BEST.

Largest Variety.



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

THE BUFFALO TOYS.

Sold by Best Stores,
Who Keep Best Goods.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Does Your House Need Painting
INSIDE OR OUT?

WHEN BUYING **HOUSE PAINTS** ASK FOR

Masury's Pure Linseed Oil Colors,
IN PASTE OR LIQUID FORM.

THE BEST IS ALWAYS CHEAPEST.

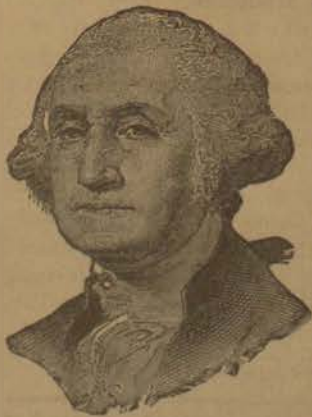
Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. DURABILITY LESSENS COST OF LABOR

Send for Catalogue to

JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers.

NEW YORK: POST OFFICE BOX 3499. CHICAGO: MASURY BUILDING, 191 MICHIGAN AVE. BROOKLYN: 55 PEARL STREET.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



THE WASHINGTON LIFE INS. CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

W. A. BREWER, JR., PRESIDENT.

ASSETS, \$11,000,000

The Washington's Assets contain the largest proportion of Bond and Mortgage Investments of any Life Ins. Company in this Country.

Address **E. S. FRENCH, Supt. of Agencies,**
21 Courtlandt St., N. Y. City.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

A BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY GIFT.

Holloway Reading Stand and Dictionary Holder.

Holds books open any position for sitting or lying down reading. Dictionary turned before you by push of a finger. Avoids unhealthy habit of bending forward when reading. Substantial and ornamental. Best families in Europe are using them. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE HOLLOWAY CO., CUYAHOGA FALLS, O.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



A FAMILY AFFAIR
and the concern of all. We refer to that old rotten, soggy, vermin infested, disease-breeding mat outside your door. Throw it away and buy an ornamental "Hartman" Wire Mat. We have made over half a million mats in our capacity of public benefactors.
HARTMAN MFG. CO., works, Beaver Falls, Pa.
Branches: 102 Chambers St., New York; 208 State St., Chicago; 51 and 53 S. Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga.
Our Mats have brass tag attached stamped "Hartman."

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.



MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
HAS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST OFFICIAL RECOGNITION AND IS UNIVERSALLY ACCORDED THE FIRST PLACE AS A DELIGHTFUL & HIGIENIC PERFUME.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in the "Agents' Directory" for One Year. Thousands of firms want addresses of persons to whom they can mail papers, magazines, pictures, cards, &c., FREE as samples, and our patrons receive ounces of mail. Try it; you will be WELL PLEASED with the small investment. Address **T. D. CAMPBELL, D. 580, Royleston, Indiana.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE or EXCHANGE. **HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



IMPROVED INSIDE SLIDING WINDOW BLINDS. Manufactured by **Jacob Durstine**, (late a partner, now) successor to **Harman Durstine, Wooster, O.** A pleasant substitute for the old style of blind, and at greatly reduced prices. DURABLE, DURABILITY and down like sashes. They stay where placed. Of ASL... in natural wood finish of all... Panel work of beautiful de... and strong. (All made... and improved mach... firm, at the Old Stand... obtained elsewhere. T... Agents wanted everywhere. (Liberal discounts given. Satisfaction guaranteed.) Send for Catalogue and prices. Address **JACOB DURSTINE**, 90 Beaver St., **WOOSTER, OHIO, U. S. A.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



THE FLORIDA WATER
Monthly, Invaluable, Tells of Cheapest Routes, Hotels, best locations. How to see the homes and Orange Groves easily. 50 cents a year, 3 months trial 10 cents. Sample 2 cents postage.
O. M. CROSBY, 6 Franklin Street, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

MORE MONEY IS MADE

Every year by agents working for us than for any other Company; why don't you make some of it? our circulars which we send free will tell you how. We pay salary or commission at party prefers, and want you now. **OUTFIT FREE.** Address at once, **Standard Silver Ware Co., Boston, Mass.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

DO YOU WANT A PATENT?

If so, write us at once, or send 10c. for list of our valuable book of reference for Patents. Full instructions for preparing American & Foreign patents. Full list of Official Forms, &c. **WHITE & ELKIN, 619 F St. WASHINGTON, D. C.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 141.)

"ANNIE E. T."—The "limited luncheon" is quite a fad among young women in New York City. A club of maidens has been formed, and they have pledged themselves to expend only three dollars for each luncheon given during the season. The object of this novel fad is to develop originality as well as shrewdness and careful buying. Much good may be learned in this way.

"FRANCESCA."—Visiting cards are sent by mail in a small envelope which just fits the card.—Bathing with hartshorn and water, and nightly applications of cold cream will preserve a clear olive complexion without whitening it.—Bay rum will fade the hair, and often causes it to turn gray.—Olive Harper has not written any book on toilet matters that we know of.

"E. Z."—An ordinary full-dress evening-reception for a bride coming from a distance would be the most desirable for the parents of the bride-groom to give. A day or two after the bride's arrival should be the time, allowing her to become rested after her journey, and also giving time to allow for delays, etc. The invitations should be issued ten days in advance. Music and dancing is the most appropriate entertainment.

"MURIEL."—The following is Miss Parloa's receipt for chicken salad with mayonnaise dressing, and it is safe to say that it will be perfectly satisfactory if the directions are carefully followed. Cut into cubes the meat of cold cooked chicken. To a quart of the cut-up meat allow a pint of finely sliced celery. Mix the meat in a bowl with a marinade dressing made by mixing three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of oil, one generous teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Stir well, and set away in the refrigerator for an hour or longer. Wash the celery and put it in the refrigerator with pieces of ice on top. At serving-time remove the ice, and drain all the water from the celery. Mix the celery with the chicken, and add half a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Arrange the salad in a bowl or on a flat dish. Mash it with half a pint of the mayonnaise and garnish with celery leaves. For one pint of the dressing use three gills of oil, the yolks of two uncooked eggs, one teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice, two of vinegar, one-tenth of a teaspoonful of cayenne, and four tablespoonfuls of thick sweet cream. To succeed in making the mayonnaise it is necessary to have all the ingredients cold. Let the oil stand in the refrigerator for an hour or more before using it. Put the dry ingredients and the yolks of the eggs into the bowl and beat them until the mixture is light and thick. Now begin to add the oil a few drops at a time, then beat in the vinegar, lemon-juice, and cream. The result should be a thick creamy mixture.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—We cannot inform you as to the whereabouts of the theatrical company you ask for. There are numberless companies "on the road" all the time, and it would take a special edition to keep the run of them. Watch the newspaper advertisements and you will be able to keep posted.

(Continued on page 143.)

PERFECT PENCIL POINTER BEST IN THE WORLD ALL STATIONERS SELL IT. EVERYBODY PRAISES IT. PERFECT PENCIL POINTER CO. PORTLAND, ME.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

10 POPULAR ONE-CENT SONGS 5c and Illustrated CATALOGUE —SEND 5 CENTS TO— NOVELTY AGENCY, Frenchtown, N. J.


Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE ECONOMY OF FOOTWEAR, An Illustrated Pamphlet interesting to every one who wears shoes, sent free on receipt of name and address on postal card. Box 551, Brockton, Mass.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

"THE FASHIONABLE CORSET SUBSTITUTE."

EQUIPOISE WAIST FOR LADIES, MISSES, AND CHILDREN.




Made on true hygienic principle; modeled on lines which give a graceful figure; perfect support from shoulders, distributing clothing-strain and weight; three garments in one, corset, waist, and cover; best of materials.

Write for a copy of our finely illustrated pamphlet on

SENSIBLE DRESSING. Containing unbiased articles by eminent writers **FREE TO EVERYBODY.** **GEORGE FROST & CO., 31 BEDFORD ST., BOSTON.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

25 Years in the **POULTRY YARD**



108 Pages, 45th Edition. Written five years after I had learned to make Hogs and Poultry a success. A plain, practical system, easily learned; describes all of their diseases and their remedies. How to make Hens lay Eggs, Cholera, Gapes and Roup you need not have. Price, 25c.; one cent a year for my experience. You can learn it in one day. With it a **FREE Catalogue**; 25 varieties illustrated, a sketch of my life, etc. **A. M. LANG, COVE DALE, KY.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

DRESSMAKERS. We offer you Dress BONE FREE for a Short time only. For further information address **WARREN FEATHERBONE CO., Three Oaks, Mich.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BIRD MANNA MAKES CANARIES WARBLE. The secret of the Canary Breeders of the Hartz Mountains. It restores the song of Cage Birds, prevents their ailments and keeps them in good condition. It makes Canaries sing even while shedding feathers. Sent by mail for 15 cents. Sold by all drug-gists grocers and bird dealers. Bird Book mailed free. Address: **THE BIRD FOOD CO., 400 N. Third Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

A RELIABLE WOMAN

Wanted in every County to establish a Corset Parlor for the sale of Dr. Nichols' Celebrated Spiral Spring Corsets and Clasps. Wages \$40 to \$75 per month and expenses. We furnish complete stock on consignment; settlements monthly; \$3 Sample Corset free. Send 15 cents postage for sample and terms.

NICHOLS MFG. CO., 378 CANAL ST., NEW YORK.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

CRIPPLES, Ladies and girls, if you want air or exercise, buy a Fair Cripples' Bicycle. **Foot or hand power BICYCLES.** Cheap for all. Address **FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, O. Box 1.**



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

INVIGORATING LAVENDER SALTS.



(REGISTERED)

Our readers who are in the habit of purchasing that delicious perfume, **Crown & Apple Blossoms**, of the **Crown Perfumery Co.**, should also procure a bottle of their celebrated **Invigorating Lavender Salts.** No more rapid or pleasant cure for a headache is possible. While leaving the bottle open for a few minutes, permits a most agreeable odor to escape, which purifies and refreshes the air most perceptibly. **Le Follet—Paris.**

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO., 177 New Bond St., London. Sold Everywhere. Reject spurious imitations. Genuine only in the bottle shown above, with the well-known Crown Stopper. All others are frauds.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.