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ON LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

"AND to Winnepesaukee's tranquil sea,
Bosomed in hills and bright with isles
Where the alder grows, and the dark pine tree,
And the tired wind sleeps and the sunlight smiles."



ELL, then, since we have decided, seven women of us, to go camping, where shall it be?" said the Teacher.

"I know," answered the Journalist promptly; "to Lake Winnepesaukee."

"What! up to that unpronounceable, unspellable, New Hampshire lake?" exclaimed the Society Belle. "I never knew anyone who went there."

"Which fact," serenely replied the Journalist, "does not argue that nobody goes. As to its being unpronounceable, why it's pronounced just as it's spelled,—Win-ni-pe-sau-kee; and although it is spelled differently sometimes, the generally accepted way nowadays is just as it's pronounced."

"A word that is pronounced just as it is spelled, and spelled just as it is pronounced!" exclaimed the Artist. "That ought to be the place for you to go for rest, school-marm."

"And I know a gentleman," pursued the Journalist, "who owns an island in the lake, and will let us pitch our tents there for as long as we like."

"Oh!—Oh!—Oh!" came in a chorus, and then a dissenting voice: "But we don't want any men near."

"Well, he isn't near," was the reply. "There is no house, no shanty, no inhabitant, 'no nuffin' on the island; nothing but trees and grass and rocks. We can rival Alexander Selkirk himself—and have lots more fun. It's three miles from Center Harbor, and we'll have a boat, and —"

Here the speaker was interrupted by several emphatic hugs from several enthusiastic young ladies.

"The very place! We'll do it!"

"Hurrah for Lake Winnepesaukee and our Island!" and "'rah, 'rah, 'rah!" came from four jolly enthusiasts, and two tennis-hats went flying into the air. After which there

was a serious if animated and somewhat incoherent discussion, which lasted an hour.

Then the Lady Principal rose to go, saying:

"Well then, to sum it all up, we are to go to our modern Juan Fernandez in one week's time, and spend a month in camp. It is understood what each one is to furnish, is it?"

"And last, but not least," broke in the Artist, "we are to eschew all male society, and depend upon each other and nature alone, for amusement. What a delightful prospect!"

One or two of the girls regarded the coquettish little Artist rather quizzically a moment, and then the Suffragist spoke:

"This will give us an opportunity to demonstrate several things: first, that women are capable of managing business affairs as well as men; second, that we do not, when left to ourselves, tire of each other or depend entirely upon dress for resources of amusement; and third, —"

"Oh, bother the demonstrations!" interrupted the Society



OUR BEAUTIES.



OUR BRAINS.

Belle. "What shall we wear, girls? We ought to have some kind of lovely camping-outfits. Don't you think so? Something real stylish, you know."

"Oh, bother the styles!" retorted the Suffragist. "We are going right out into the woods—into the forest primeval, as it were. For my part, I'm going to discard dress—"

"Hear, hear," interrupted several voices.

"You might be cold, you know," said the Belle.

"I speak of dress in the abstract," replied the Suffragist with dignity. "I shall take along a 'Mother Hubbard,'—a calico one at that.—and wear nothing tight or uncomfortable."

"Close communion with Mother Nature in a 'Mother Hubbard' is only another name for the perfection of happiness," put in the little girl over in the corner, who had not yet spoken. She seldom spoke in a crowd, unless there was need of some one to pour oil upon the troubled waters. "We will all do just as we please—be stylish or not—wear jaunty flannel costumes, or calico 'Mother Hubbards,' as we like;—and never, no, never, quarrel. But, girls, we ought to have a boy."

"A boy!" exclaimed the chorus.

"Down with such heretical notions," added the Journalist. "A boy, indeed! When we've fully decided not to look upon a masculine human during the month we stay in camp."

"She is right," remarked the Lady Principal. "Who is going to row that boat for us in rainy weather?"

"And who," said the Teacher, "will go over to the mainland and get milk, and all the rest, every day?"

"And who," added the Peace-maker, "is going to get up and make fires in the morning?"

"And get breakfast?" put in the Suffragist.

"And clean the fish we propose to catch?" said the Artist. "I'm sure none of us would touch a fish after we had hauled him in, until he was taken from the frying-pan."

"And wash the dishes?" This from the Belle.

"That boy," calmly replied the Journalist, supposing all these questions had been propounded to her. "And I know the boy. He's poor and worthy and—I must confess it—he is lazy; but he does need to do something."

"Who is it?" asked the Teacher.

"His name is Charles Augustus DeForest O'Hearn," was the reply. "but they all call him 'Ditchie'—I don't know why."

"All right then, engage him if you can," was the parting injunction of the Lady Principal and the Teacher, as the party broke up. "One week from this morning we will all be *en route* for Winnepesaukee."

It was the last week of August when our friends fairly got settled in camp on the island in Lake Winnepesaukee. Already the advance guards of autumn had stealthily flung out cautionary signals—touches of color that said, in spite of all the greenery of nature, that winter was coming and the days of summer were even then numbered.

Big Beaver Island, where Camp Septem was located, lies toward the northern end of the beautiful lake which the Indians loved and named "Smile of the Great Spirit." Three miles north lay the village of Center Harbor, with its neat white houses more than half-hidden under the maples and overhanging elms. Toward the south-east stretched the broad lake for sixteen miles, dotted with wooded islands and fringed with a border of beautiful New Hampshire hill-country—the country celebrated by our New England poets. Through an opening between Ossipee Mountain, which stretches its huge length along the entire eastern side of Lake Winnepesaukee, and Red Hill on the north, gleamed the peaks of that range of the White Mountains known as the Sandwich Range,—the most beautiful one of all, Whittier's beloved Chocorua, shining, pinkish white, against the hazy sky.

For the first half-hour after they reached the island, the seven could do nothing but gaze in admiration at the magnificent scenery on all sides.

"And they say," exclaimed the Society Belle, "that Mr. Whittier, 'the Quaker Bard,' is staying over there behind Center Harbor."

"My dear," calmly replied the Journalist, "Mr. Whittier comes to this lake every summer. Up there on the hill, just out of sight, is his 'Wood Giant.' We'll go to see it pretty soon. Over there, half-way up that mountain, is 'Ossipee Park.' See the red roof of the Hall? Lucy Larcom comes there every summer. She, like Whittier, agrees with the Psalmist—'I will look to the mountains, whence cometh my help.' Then that big island way back by Weirs—that is the magnificent summer residence of a well-known Washington editor. Over there, at Center Harbor, you see the lovely estate belonging to one of the most prominent jewelers of New York; and over to Wolfboro'—"

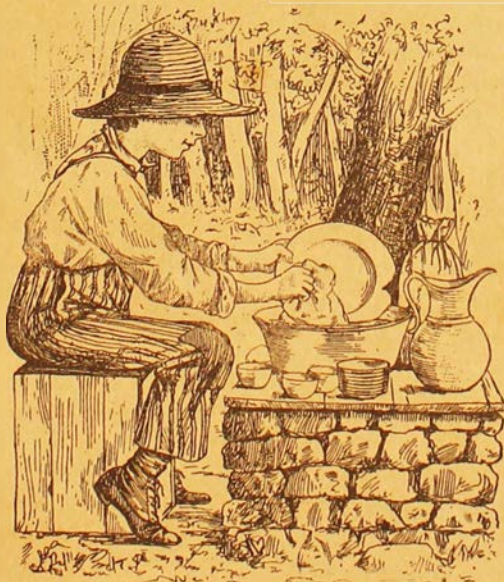
"Stop—stop!" exclaimed the Belle. "I'll take back what I said about nobody coming here, and argue myself unknown."

"Girls, we *must* go to work and get settled," said the Lady Principal. "The night draweth on apace, so to speak, and we must have beds. Excuse me, but this delightful air exhilarates,—yea, almost intoxicates."

And they fell to work in earnest. Poor Ditchie! In that first hour he proved himself indispensable. How those girls could have managed to set up tents, cut boughs, bring water, put up hammocks, bring stones for a fire-place, and do a hundred other necessary things without Ditchie, must remain a mystery, since they did not attempt to solve it. After a while everything was ready for supper. Three good-sized tents had been erected—one for sleeping, one for eating, and one for storing provisions, clothing, etc.; Ditchie slept in the latter upon a pile of pine boughs. In the ladies' tent the beds were of pine boughs also,—immense piles of coarse ones beneath, and made soft by a thick coat of solid needles over the tops. Upon these (which were not wholly finished for two days) they spread blankets, and slept as soundly as three little kittens might in "a basket of sa-aw-dust."

In the eating-tent a long table had been improvised, which ran through the center. Two great bowlders had been left by some ancient geologic drift in such a position as to fit exactly for supports to the three wide boards fastened together with a cleat by the ingenious Ditchie. On this was spread a piece of white oil-cloth which the Suffragist had insisted upon bringing, and when the motley collection of dishes had been arranged upon the table and garnished by a huge bouquet of golden-rod and the ripening sumach, the result was charming.

The stove, however, was regarded by Ditchie as the *chef-d'œuvre*. A stove-top of sheet-iron with griddles and covers—four of them—formed the top. The stones which he

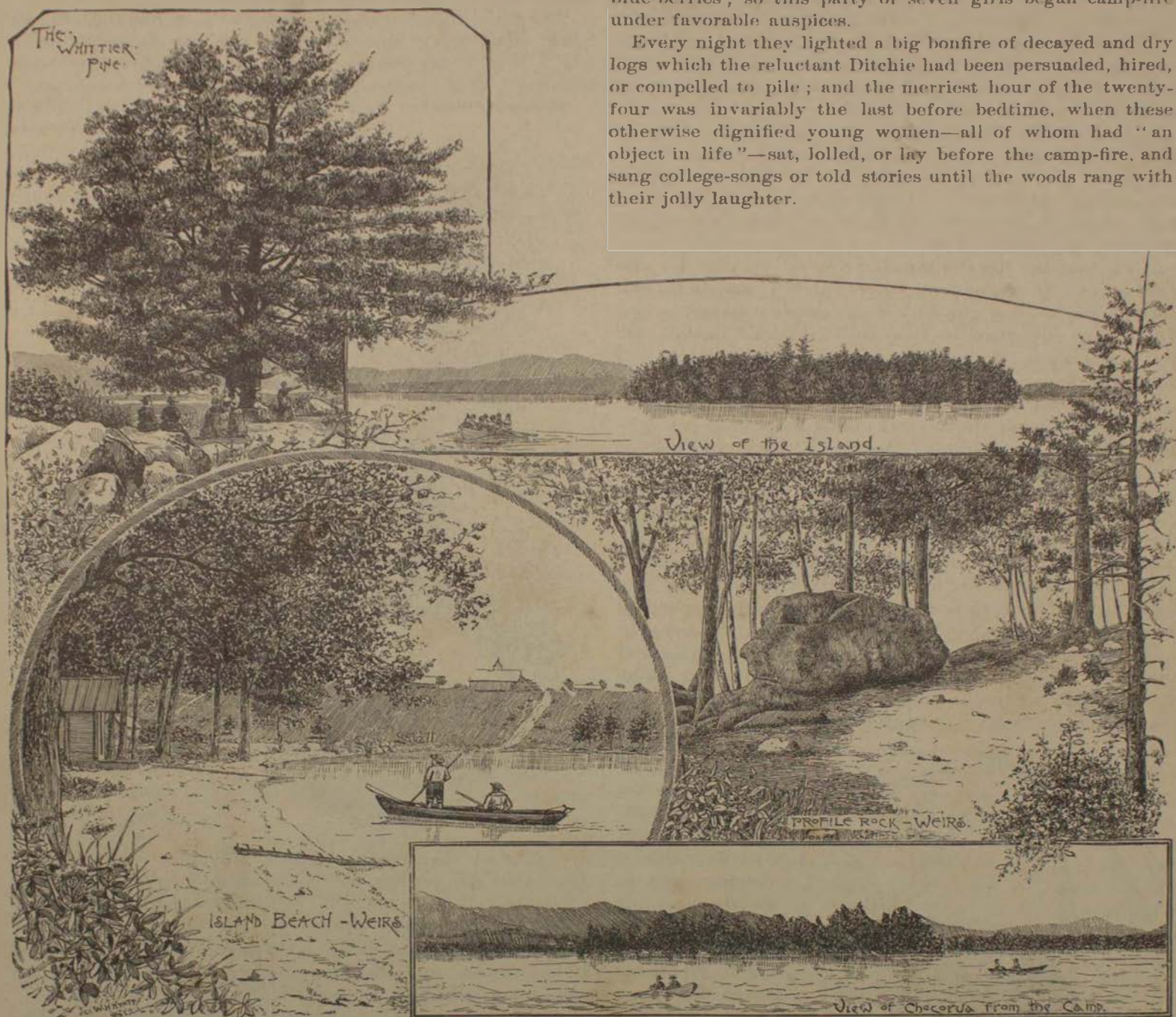


"DITCHIE."

brought had been built up in a wall about a foot high, with a broad stone bottom. A space had been left open in front for a draft, and another at the back for a chimney. Sometimes, when the wind changed, the case was reversed, and the smoke poured from the front of the stove, while the cook took a position behind. The one mistake about the stove, which they discovered later, lay in the fact that it was out-of-doors, lacking shelter entirely; a pleasant

It was the captain who had suggested a hammer, a hatchet, and some boards—all of which they would have forgotten, and without which they could have done nothing. They bought coffee, tea, sugar, eggs, salt pork, Indian meal, potatoes. They made a bargain with the captain to bring from Bear Island, a mile away, where there is a big farm, daily stores of vegetables, fresh bread, and plenty of milk. The lake was full of fish, and the island covered with the late blue-berries; so this party of seven girls began camp-life under favorable auspices.

Every night they lighted a big bonfire of decayed and dry logs which the reluctant Ditchie had been persuaded, hired, or compelled to pile; and the merriest hour of the twenty-four was invariably the last before bedtime, when these otherwise dignified young women—all of whom had "an object in life"—sat, lolled, or lay before the camp-fire, and sang college-songs or told stories until the woods rang with their jolly laughter.



enough arrangement when skies were blue, but quite the contrary when it rained.

They had left the train at the Weirs. From that point they might have come by steamer, and the accommodating captain would have put them off at the island on his way to Center Harbor; but, with the exception of their stock of Graham and fancy crackers, they had left the providing of stores until they reached the Weirs, to save trouble. At that point they had taken time to run over by the bridge and see the Weirs, and had studied up the fact that here the Indians had had immense fishing-grounds—whence the name; and then they had engaged Captain Lovejoy, who had a queer little craft of his own manufacture, to transport them and all their belongings to the island.

"And the best of it all," invariably said the Suffragist when they "broke up" and sought their fragrant beds, "is that there are no men around. Here we can be perfectly independent of a man!"

"Except the captain," demurely put in the Artist.

"And Ditchie," observed the Journalist, patting that worthy on the back until every tooth in his head shone in the firelight.

"Oh! they don't count," the Suffragist would answer; and the Belle would heave a slight sigh and be silent.

But there came a day when the captain did "count." It rained all one day, and the fog, which is so rare on Lake Winnepesaukee, had settled over them thickly. The captain's craft had not made its appearance, and the larder had

become wofully empty. In fact there was nothing to eat—absolutely nothing—when they went to their tents early in the evening. Early, because it rained, and the camp-fire did not burn, and nothing seemed cheerful or enlivening.

"They ain't nothin' for breakfast," called out Ditchie, and he paused in his retiring preparations and put his head through the tent door. He slept in the tent with the stores.

"Whatever shall we do?" groaned the chorus of girls. "There isn't a crumb of bread, a drop of milk, or an egg. Not a fish or a blue-berry; nothing but some Indian meal."

"I have an inspiration," said the Peace-maker. "I know how to make corn griddle-cakes, and we have butter and sugar. I'll get up early and make some, and with good coffee we can get along."

So they settled themselves for as sound a night's rest as could be reasonably expected with the constant rush of the streams of water across the lower part of their tent, which the pouring rain created. Luckily their couches had been built on the higher part, and the tents pitched on sloping grounds; so nobody got wet.

In the morning the Peace-maker rose at half-past five and went into the provision-tent, where Ditchie, already up and dressed, was looking gloomily at the empty pails and boxes.

"Are you sure there isn't any milk, Ditchie?" asked she.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "Only jest that pailful, and that's awful sour."

"All the better," replied the Peace-maker jubilantly. "Now go and make the fire and put on the frying-pan."

"They ain't no kindlin's," observed Ditchie after a short absence, "an' it rains an' everything's wet."

"Why, dear me," pleasantly observed the Peace-maker. "You should have seen to the wood in pleasant weather. Here; can't you whittle off some of that piece of board?"

Ditchie very deliberately complied with the suggestion, and whittled contentedly until the mixture which she was preparing was ready to be left, and his companion picked up the kindlings and went to the fire-place. Everything was in a decidedly moist condition. Paper, birch-bark, and kindlings, when placed inside that well-drenched stone stove, steadily refused to burn. Smoke steadily poured into the Peace-maker's eyes, until they were as red as if she had

been weeping an hour, but yet she did not lose her temper. She lit, one after another, a whole bunch of matches, only to see them go out again; or if they burned, she watched patiently the kindlings ignite, burn feebly a moment, and then die out. Ditchie literally stood by her in her trials—and held the umbrella, for the rain poured steadily and the

winds laughed in fiendish glee at the poor little smiling Peace-maker.

At half-past seven the kindlings, having dried a little in the smoke which poured directly into the face of the maiden,—no matter where she sat, or rather crouched,—began to burn a little better, and finally blazed out strong.

"It's going to burn!" exclaimed Ditchie in a surprised tone.

The Peace-maker went in and got her batter and the frying-pan. Fifteen minutes later a shout went up from the sleeping-tent. For the inmates, having dressed, had come to the door and witnessed the comical picture which the Peace-maker made as she sat, with a hopeful expression, on a stone beside the smoldering fire, while the faithful Ditchie stood over her with a huge cotton umbrella.

The Artist took her sketch-book and soon had them drawn with such success that afterward she was obliged to make six copies of the picture; while the rest, after the laugh was over, went over and prepared the table for breakfast.

The griddle-cakes were ready at last, just as the hands of

their watches pointed to nine; and the Peace-maker emerged from the retirement of her big umbrella, tired, heated, but still smiling, and breakfast was ready. And then, horror of horrors! a rustling was heard, the bushes parted, there was a confused glimpse of gay caps and blue flannel shirts, and a party of good-looking and graceful young men stood before them, with uncovered heads!

It was as if an electric shock had suddenly been sent through the camp. The Lady Principal felt for her gold-bowed

eye-glasses; the Teacher's back suddenly stiffened; the Journalist put on her defensive attitude; the Artist gazed admiringly in open delight; the Suffragist looked downright and thoroughly provoked; the Society Belle immediately tightened her belt, and adjusted the bow of ribbon at her throat; and the Peace-maker brushed a part of the meal from her apron, and smiled.

"We beg a thousand pardons, ladies," said a handsome, dark-eyed man of perhaps thirty years. "We had no idea we should find nothing but ladies—that is—hem—we were cruising among the islands, and seeing a camp supposed we might find a party of gentlemen, and ventured to call. We beg pardon, though, and will go." But none among the group made a motion as if to leave.

"No," replied the Artist, speaking for the camp, "we are only what they call over there on shore, a 'passel of women.'"

An easy footing seemed already established, although frowns occasionally darkened the classic brow of the Lady Principal. Breakfast, such as it was, was fast cooling, and the ravenous girls could wait no longer, but announced the matutinal meal, apologizing for its scantiness as they did so. Whereupon the young man who had first spoken was seen to



beckon to a tall, light-haired companion, and they slipped away together, returning in a few moments with a hamper of well-cooked provisions from the house boat which was secured at the edge of the water; and in an incredibly, and what seemed to the Suffragist and the Lady Principal, a scandalously, short space of time, this party of strangers were breaking bread (and griddle-cakes) in the camp of the Israelites!

When, two hours later, the visitors departed, after showing the girls over the house-boat which they had chartered and were using for a cruise among the three hundred and sixty-five islands of the Lake, the Lady Principal felt herself called upon to exercise her authority over these, her giddy young charges.

"Girls!" she exclaimed, with her best school-room air, "if this isn't shameful! Here we agreed not to speak to a man, but to live here by ourselves for a month, and let the gay world go by. But the very first glimpse you get of the superior" (intense sarcasm on this word) "beings, directly you must begin to ogle and prink. I declare, I believe there are at least two first-class flirtations begun already. Girls, I appeal to you, I beg of you, don't spoil our little experiment with any more nonsense."

"But auntie," exclaimed the Artist, "if you had only gone over that little house-boat! Why it's just the cutest thing imaginable! They eat, sleep, and cook there, and everything is 'neat as wax.' They can go in shallow water and among those lovely islands down toward the Broad. They can get off anywhere and camp or explore the islands and have no end of fun. Oh! I wish we had one."

"And, Miss P.," demurely added the Belle, "they offered to come and take us out for a day's cruise. Now, *don't* say you won't chaperone us."

"Girls!" Words cannot describe the emphasis the Lady Principal put upon this exclamation. It combined protest, despair, disgust, and a prophecy of failure for their well-laid plans of peace and rest. "Girls! That would be outrageous, after all we've said about a life of independence. I wonder if there is a spot on the face of this earth where girls will not coquette and boys will not be silly."

"The principle involved," began the Suffragist—

"Oh, bother the principle of things!" exclaimed the Artist. "Let's have a good time. Say, auntie, let's go just one day. We'll keep it to ourselves so they can't laugh at us when we get home."

"And what about our own inner consciousness?" said the Suffragist. "'Be true to thyself, and —'"

"We have no inner consciousness," said the Society Belle. "Thank goodness! we are not all from Boston."

"Girls, I have a splendid idea." This from the Peace-maker. "You know Mr. Whittier is still at the Sturtevant farm-house, where he goes every summer. Why not go over this afternoon to Center Harbor and make a pilgrimage to the 'Wood-Giant?'"

"Capital! Charming! Splendid!" came in chorus.

"After our experience this morning,—see how beautifully it has cleared off and the lovely tint of the sky,—after this morning," pursued the Lady Principal, "I have made up my mind that we don't know how to camp out to good advantage. Let's go over to Center Harbor. Before we make a pilgrimage to the shrine of the 'Wood-Giant,' I want to make one to the corner-store and invest in an oil-stove, so that there will be no further necessity for such a performance as the poor little Peace-maker and her colleague gave us this morning. Then I am going to lay in a fresh stock of canned meat, dried beef, bacon, canned fruit, etc., so that if it rains a week or more we need not starve. Some rice and some pickles would come in play, too. After that I am at your service. Can we walk?"

"Sturtevant's is only a mile and a half from Center Harbor," volunteered the Journalist, "and a lovely walk. Can't we go this afternoon?"

The latter suggestion proved popular, and after an early dinner—Captain Brown had made his appearance meanwhile—the seven girls packed themselves into their one row-boat, and the three miles between Beaver Island and Center Harbor quickly glided behind them, for they were all willing and skillful rowers.

A lovelier picture than Center Harbor as the boat approaches it cannot be imagined. And the hills behind it, piled one upon the other against the bluest and clearest of skies, are inspiring even to lesser poets than the two so well-known, whose poems on the Lake region are household words in New England; for besides John G. Whittier, Lucy Larcom has sung many a sweet and soothing lay which was inspired by these surroundings.

The walk from Center Harbor to Sunset Hill, where is Mr. Whittier's favorite summer resting-place, is over a beautiful country road shaded with pines, birches, elms and maples, and lined on either side with tall, waving ferns. After leaving the village the road winds up a series of hills, each of which presents a commanding view. At the top of the first, our seven joined in one exclamation of rare delight, for there, spread below them, lay the silvery expanse of the lake as it stretched away for miles toward Wolfboro'. Behind the latter village lay the rounded hills, peculiar to that region, old Cropplecrown, flanked by "Tumbledown Dick," rising above them all. To the south the Belknaps stood like guardian angels, and opposite, grim and huge, lay Ossipee, the red roof of the "Hall"—so English, you know—gleaming in the afternoon sun. The myriad islands in the lake glimmered like emeralds, the group of Beavers looking like tufts of soft green moss. The sun never looked on a fairer picture.

But the sun was already declining, and there was little time for rhapsodizing; else the Journalist threatened to "drop into poetry:" and they kept on their way half an hour longer, under fragrant boughs, when the large two-story mansion of the Sturtevant farm stood revealed.

Beside it the well-worn path led away into the woods, behind the group of barns and across the most delightful of New-England pastures. Then it disappeared under a grove of magnificent pines, almost any of which might be considered the "Anakim" of the poet's search, and where the seven young women indulged their various poetic, artistic, and literary bents in a manner suited to each. The soft carpet of pine-needles was bright with young "checker-berries," and spotted with blue-berries. Here and there were rustic seats, and ever the bewitching path lured them onward. At last they emerged from the pine-grove by

"a woodland path,
To open sunset leading,"

and beheld the

"Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill,
Of time and change defiant!"

There stood the "Wood-Giant."

"Of all New Hampshire's magnificent scenery," exclaimed the Journalist, "I think this is the best."

The Journalist was the only one of the group who had been on the spot before, and therefore felt a sort of proprietary interest in it. She could not complain of any lack of enthusiasm on the part of her comrades as they gazed. Beautiful Asquam Lake lay nestled between picturesque hills, and seemed to be especially guarded by the spirit of peace that dwells among these mountains. Far away to the northward, underneath the lower branches of the giant pine, stretched the clear profile of the Sandwich Range, and over all poured the glorifying, intense sunshine of these northern hills.

"Before me, stretched for glistening miles,
Lay mountain-girdled Squam;
Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles
Upon its bosom swam."

"Girls, who can repeat 'The Wood Giant?'" said the Journalist. "I can't—I never can remember two consecutive lines of anything. But we ought to have it, here."

"From Alton Bay to Sandwich Dome,
From Mad to Saco River,
For patriarchs of the primal wood
We sought with vain endeavor."

"It was the Teacher who began the poem in a soft, natural voice, and as she repeated the simple, touching verses, they took on a new meaning to her fair audience. The soft sighing of the wind in the pine-branches seemed to echo and accompany the speaker, especially when she came to the lines:

"We heard his needles' mystic rune,
Now rising, and now dying,
As erst Dodona's priestess heard
The oak-leaves prophesying.

"Was it the half-unconscious moan
Of one apart and mateless,
The weariness of unshared power,
The loneliness of greatness?"

The Teacher stopped suddenly. "Go on, go on!" cried the listening girls.

"Look there," said the Teacher, in awe-struck tones. "Not for worlds would I inflict him with *my* recital of his own poetry."

At the first words a suppressed "Oh!" went round the circle; for, coming through the path, out from under the trees and toward them, was the beloved Quaker Poet. Most of them had never seen him, but they knew him at once from his likeness to the familiar engravings.

Mr. Whittier hesitated a moment when he saw his favorite retreat occupied; but the Artist and the Journalist were beside him, begging him to come forward and allow them to "just speak to him," and "just have a chance to say they had seen him under his famous tree!" And so the gentle poet came on and sat for a while in his favorite seat, and the girls felt that this was one of life's important occasions.

"There," he said to the Lady Principal, after a few moments, "there are the young men who sent word they were coming, and wished to meet me. I know them well."

The Lady Principal looked aghast. There they were, coming up the hill, the seven young men who had so suddenly invaded their camp that morning. There was no help for it. They could not beat a hasty retreat, as she would have liked, for there was Mr. Whittier, and, besides, the masculine offenders had already espied them and were lifting their caps to the Belle and the Suffragist, who happened to be in the foreground.

But the Lady Principal comforted herself with thinking: "It is disgraceful! If ever I get those girls alone again! *Could* they have known this when our coming was proposed? But no, the Peace-maker proposed it, and she would never have thought of such a thing." And then she found herself cordially shaking hands with the oldest and handsomest man in the group, and conversation became general and animated.

Both parties had brought lunches, and were bent on a picnic-supper. Mr. Whittier staid but an hour, and then went back to the farm-house, whither he was accompanied by the Belle and the little Peace-maker, and soon after their departure two young men suddenly bethought themselves of the desirability of plenty of milk as a beverage to go with the viands they had brought. In vain did the Lady Principal

say she had brought a goodly quantity, enough for all. The young men would not think of becoming a drain upon her hospitality, and hied away under the woodland greenery; and it took an unconscionable time to procure and bring back the milk—together with the maidens.

It was but natural that after the supper had been eaten the two parties should find themselves moderately well acquainted, and that they should walk together the mile and a half which they all must traverse between Sunset Hill and Center Harbor. It was with great amusement, too, that the girls noted two facts: the Lady Principal had as an escort the same handsome man whom she had unwillingly shaken hands with on their first appearance; and the Suffragist brought up the rear with the least interesting, and, seemingly, the least intelligent of the other young men. But they all seemed pretty well suited with the gifts the gods had provided in this instance.

Such a walk, under the sunset sky, as lay between them and Center Harbor, is enough to put the most indifferent person in a good humor; so when, arrived at the latter point, the young men proposed that the whole party should go back to the island on the house-boat, taking the row boat in tow, the Lady Principal must not be blamed because she did not strenuously object to the proposition.

But she was scandalized when they had landed at their island and the Artist coolly invited their escorts to come and sit round the camp-fire for a while, adding: "Our chaperon here will second the invitation, if it is necessary."

And perhaps it was because her handsome cavalier looked at her with evident surprise when she was referred to as a "chaperon," that she found herself smilingly saying she "hoped they could find it convenient to stay."

The woods rang that night with the laughter that rose from the happy circle around the glowing camp-fire, for by this time they were like "auld acquaintance." The young men had shown at the outset their good-breeding and refinement, and little by little the girls found out they were a party of class-mates from Dartmouth, who had left their various pursuits and met for a jolly time together in the New Hampshire lake and mountain region.

The handsomest one was a young professor attached to one of the newer Western colleges; there was a young junior partner in a wholesale house; an artist; a manufacturer's son who had gone into business with his father; a physician; a master in a Boston school, and a young lawyer.

"It is a little strange," whispered the Teacher to the Journalist as they crept into bed late that night. "how much spicier a thing life is when there are bright, keen young men about. Don't, I beg of you, tell the Suffragist I said so, though!"

"Jolly girls!" said the Manufacturer, as the young men sought their house-boat at about the same time. "Queer, how much more 'snap and go' there is to a vacation when there are bright girls about."

The next morning dawned on a cloudless day. The Lady Principal arose with an overwhelming desire to go somewhere—to make a cruise about the Lake among the scores of charming islands. But she did not see exactly how to accomplish it—unless Captain Lovejoy would take them all out on his craft; and somehow that species of locomotion did not just now seem very desirable to her.

She said nothing, however, until after breakfast. Nor then: for just as she was about to give voice to her half-formed plans, voices were heard in the path that led down to the water, and the seven young men stood before her.

"Ready?" said the Professor. "It's early, but we need a good long day to get over there and back."

"I'll see," answered the Lady Principal, and vanished into the tent where the Artist and the Belle were putting

the finishing touches to exceedingly jaunty costumes. The Suffragist, by the way, had left off wearing "Mother Hubbards," and daily attired herself in a becoming navy-blue serge suit.

"Girls, what does this mean? What have you promised? Why are these young men here, asking, with all the assurance in the world, if we are ready?" and the Lady Principal paused with a look that was meant to be severe.

"Why, you see, auntie," began the Artist in a mollifying tone, "they asked us last night, while you had gone into the tent for the lemonade. We didn't tell you for fear you'd have scruples or some such uncomfortable thing, and we accepted for all. So you'll have to go, you see. Only think! to go all around in a house-boat!"

There was no use in attempting to go against fate, and besides it was a perfect day and the water was temptingly beautiful. So nothing more was said, and they were soon out on the channel toward Wolf-boro'.

What use in trying to describe the beauties of that day? Almost at every boat length there was something new to be admired. Now it was a charming cove with wooded sides rising abruptly from clear, deep waters; now a long bay with blue hills in the distance rising above the rolling foreground; now it was a broad view of the lake; and now the Sandwich Range, with, at last, the glistening white summit of Mount Washington, sixty miles away.

When they liked, the boat was moored to some island and the entire party climbed to the top of the hill which it formed. Several of these islands rise quite abruptly from the water, to a height of from twenty-five to a hundred and fifty feet. Many of them are cone-shaped and thickly wooded. Some of the larger ones have cultivated lands and farm-houses; and many of the smaller have "summer cot-



tages" or tenting-ground for campers: for the Lake is becoming more popular as a camping-resort, every year.

Cow Island seemed to our group of girls the most picturesque of any, as it has a deserted old farm-house and a solitary windmill on the highest part. Years ago it was part of a mill; but the round tower, the quaint old house, and a few stunted apple-trees and blasted lilac-bushes are all that is left of a once happy and prosperous home. Rattlesnake Island is the largest of them all except Governor's Island, near the Weirs, which contains a thousand acres. The former is so named because it is the only island where the rattlesnake is seen, and there it is found in considerable numbers.

"The captain told me," said the Professor, as they went by this island, "of an old farmer who set a fire here a year or two ago, and claimed to have seen snakes running from the fire and crawling over dead logs in battalions. 'Guess, tho',' said the captain, 'he had some reason for seein' snakes!'"

Bear Island is another large island, containing probably five hundred acres or so of good arable land. Here lives Captain Lovejoy, owner of the four original farms upon the island. A bear was once shot on the western shore. Cow Island was named from the superior cattle once raised there; Horse Island, because a horse died there; Eagle Island, because the king of birds once fell a victim there; Barndoor Island, because a barndoor was stolen and carried there once upon a time; and many others obtained their names in the same primitive fashion. Just why Dish-water Pond was so named is difficult to imagine.

Fishing is plentiful in the coves and near the trout-ledges, and our party were promised a fishing excursion at an early day. It was when they were returning by the Weirs, at sunset, that one of the girls descried a queer-looking craft moored to the landing, and asked what it was.

The Professor replied: "That is a horse-boat—an institution peculiar to this lake, and, if I am correctly informed, not to be found elsewhere. In former times the horse-boat was the only means of freighting goods from one point to another. Yes, the horses are driven along the edge somewhat as canal-boat mules travel the tow-path. By the way, have you seen the Weirs? That is a most interesting point. We were over to the old Indian settlement the other day. The man who owns the land there told me he has frequently plowed up the great stones they used for stoves, and often used to find arrow-heads there, and even discovered the place where they were manufactured. Didn't you see that? Well, we shall be only too happy to bring you over here some day to explore it."

The day ended at last; but instead of these seven young women feeling that they had "done Winnepesaukee up



thoroughly," they had discovered that there were hundreds of interesting points yet to be visited. And somehow, as the days glided onward, they, unconsciously perhaps, found themselves accepting the escort of their masculine friends on the convenient house-boat. Nothing was said nowadays about the delights of independence, or the blessedness of freedom from the trammels of society. They were enjoying life too well.

They, all together, went over to Squam Lake ; they visited the Hall on Ossipee Mountain, and were charmed with the delightful hospitality of the charming family who lived there. At the Hall, too, they met dear, sweet, plain, motherly Lucy Larcom ; and they explored the beautiful parks and waterfalls in the neighborhood, and climbed Mount Shaw, all in a day. They went to Wolfboro' and drove out to Cropplecrown in a hay-wagon ; they climbed Red Hill—back of Center Harbor—and sat in Mr. Whittier's "Sunrise Chair"—a throne composed of great stones, which was made by an enthusiastic young Boston man and dedicated to the poet of these hills.

"I wish," said the Teacher to the Manufacturer, as she sat in the "chair," "we could always take as broad and hopeful views of the world—morally, I mean,—as we can take of the magnificent lake region when seated in this chair."

"No pessimistic reflections in this crowd," said the Lawyer, coming up just then with the Journalist. "If we always kept our faces toward the sunshine, as one must here, don't you think there would be less moral discouragement in the world?"

Then there came a day when the farewell excursion was made, and an evening when farewell songs were sung around the camp-fire. For vacation days for young business men come to an end all too soon, and, before they knew or realized it, the party of Dartmouth graduates found they had staid on the Lake up to the very last day of their leave of absence.

The last songs were sung as the dying embers sent forth a shower of sparks ; but a pensive mood prevailed over the party in place of the merry light-heartedness of the previous nights. Now and then a member of the party would rise into forced gayety, only to subside again into constrained silence. And then there were general and prolonged handshakings and repeated good-byes.

When he thought no one was looking, the Artist drew the Suffragist into the friendly shade of the maples close by. The Professor and the Lady Principal stood their ground by the deserted fire until they suddenly noticed that they were alone ; for two by two the entire company had stepped into the grateful shade for a little tenderer good-bye than they dared say publicly.

"But it isn't so bad," remarked the Professor, *sotto voce*, "this breaking up, as though we were not to meet again.

And at Christmas, you know——"

"Sh—sh—sh—." The Lady Principal looked alarmed. "Some of them will overhear you."

But the Professor drew her arm in his and they disappeared down the path toward the water, with the late moon shining a benediction upon them all.

They all crept off to bed very silently and tenderly thoughtful that night, and the next day was passed in spas-

modic efforts at gayety, and praiseworthy attempts at entertainment.

It was the Journalist who spoke first, as they sat lonesomely around the camp-fire that evening :

"Girls, how many of you are ready to own up?" said she. "The Suffragist has worn her 'Mother Hubbard' all day, the Belle has left off her gay ribbons, and the Teacher hasn't taken down her crimps since she mournfully put them up last night. Who'll be the first to say she is ready to break camp?"

Nobody spoke.

"Now, don't all speak at once," sarcastically continued the Journalist, "because I am only waiting a chance to second the motion."

"I would," timidly volunteered the Peace-maker, "only I—I——"

"Well, you—what?" mercilessly pursued the Journalist. "Come, confess."

"I don't know what mother will say. You see Fred is determined to call the day I get home, and——"

"Fred?" came from several throats at once.

"So-ho," observed the Journalist. "Fred!"

"Well—I didn't mean to, so there ! And it's all right for me to call him so, anyway, for we are engaged!"—and the poor little Peace-maker's face went down into her hands. But the Lady Principal drew her close, and remarked :

"I imagine, little girl, that several other confessions of that nature are due. Go on, girls."

"I'll 'fess, if you will, auntie," said the Artist saucily. "The same thing that happened to the Peace-maker and the Junior Partner has happened unto the Doctor and me. We are engaged!" The last words were uttered in a tragic tone that drew tears of laughter from all the girls.

"And to the Schoolmaster and me," added the Belle.

"And the Lawyer and me," confessed the Journalist.

"And the Manufacturer and me," timidly ventured the Teacher.

"And the Artist and me," groaned the Suffragist.

"Come, auntie," urged her niece, "go on. Say—'and the Professor and me,' like a good little girl."

"And the Professor and me." The words came hesitatingly, but the girls received them with vociferous cheers.

"We'll break camp to-morrow," cried the Journalist, "and go home. Girls, is our experiment a triumph for the 'woman's cause' or not?"

"It's a shame!" murmured the Suffragist. "But I for one could not help it."

"Did you want to?" queried the Artist.

"Let's go to bed," was the sententious reply.

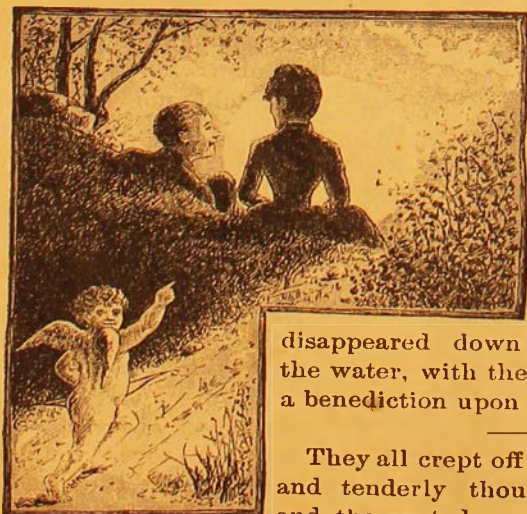
But just as they were getting off to sleep the Society Belle sat up and shouted :

"Hurrah for Camp Septem and its independent 'female wimmin!' Hurrah for the opportunity to prove our superiority to man's blandishments ! Hurrah for women who depend solely upon their own sex for entertainment ! Hurrah !"

But the Suffragist reached over and pulling the noisy speaker down into bed again, laid a hand over her mouth, and kept it there.

And so they all dropped asleep on their last night in camp.

HELEN M. WINSLOW.



My Friend's Wedding-Trip.



SAY, George, have you anything special on hand for the next few weeks? If not, I want your company on a little trip South."

Clarence Vaughn was an old friend, as any one would have inferred had they seen him gracefully part his coat tails and seat himself comfortably on my drawing-table, to the complete disarrangement of everything it held.

"No," I answered, reflectively. "I can't say that I have,"—not thinking it necessary to state that I had waited in vain for something in the shape of business since I first opened my office as an architect, at the urgent solicitation of my father.

"Well, I only asked you out of politeness," he said carelessly, "for any one would have to be operated by a strong feeling of philanthropy to consent to let you meddle with his plans. But, to present business: I want you to accompany me to Philadelphia, whither I am now bound on an interesting errand. Providing the other party entertains no objection, I shall be married there."

I could only gaze at him in half-incredulous astonishment, which he observed.

"Oh, it's a fact," he continued. "Just swallow your surprise a moment, and I will explain in language so lucid that even your feeble thinking apparatus can take it in. You see," and here he brushed aside a pile of well-arranged drawings to afford him more latitude for ease, "the old gentleman has been after me pretty rabid of late, to renounce my 'gallivanting ways,' as he happily expresses it, and settle down to respectable oblivion, and gradual disintegration of personality in the stream of commerce, if you will allow that metaphor. Of course I showed great anxiety to engage in such a promising field for my hitherto dormant commercial talents; but being a tolerably keen blade himself, he accepted my enthusiastic expressions for about their par value, and thoughtfully suggested that if I possessed a sensible young wife to serve as an anchor in the calm waters of the domestic circle, he could bank on me with more certainty. I admiringly concurred in this suggestion, and gave vent to my surprise that the obvious necessity of such a precautionary measure had not occurred to myself.

"He inquired if I had anyone in view likely to fill the requirements which we agreed were necessary for such a high position as marriage with me would elevate a young lady to. I lost no time in replying in the affirmative; for I would much rather choose one blindfolded, than leave the choice with him. As I feared, he asked her name. I called up my presence of mind and rapidly reviewed all the marriageable ladies of my acquaintance, and finally fixed on the one farthest off, as that would at least afford more time. This was Miss Grace Arnold, whom I had seen but once in my life, when she came up from Philadelphia, one summer, on a visit to my sisters, just as I was leaving for New York.

"The governor expressed himself as satisfied, and recommended an immediate siege for the young lady's hand; for which I had to thank him, as I had professed boundless affection for the girl. It was settled I should go at once; consequently you now see me in the rôle of an ardent lover, impatient to hasten into the dear one's presence."

I was too well acquainted with Clarence to be surprised at his manner of relation, but I wondered at his ready consent to follow a course which I could not help thinking was distasteful to him. However, that was no concern of mine, and I was anxious to break away from the irksome restraints of the office and knock about with such a pleasant companion as my friend. He was to leave in a couple of hours, and I hastily made ready to accompany him.

A short time afterward, we were comfortably ensconced on

the train, and speeding on toward the Quaker City. Clarence talked volubly—after his usual manner. He professed to regard the whole affair as a good joke, and kept me laughing with ludicrous descriptions of the manner in which he would offer himself to the young lady, of whom he spoke in the most endearing terms.

"Is this fortunate young lady whom you intend to honor so highly, very handsome?" I ventured to inquire.

"Well, there's nothing dazzling in her make-up, but she has all the signs of long wear and strong quality." This with the air of a connoisseur.

Presently he began to deplore the fact that I was not, like him, destined soon to experience the happiness of wedded life.

"Georgie," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder with mock tenderness, "I am soon to leave the barren pastures of single blessedness, and be initiated into the pleasant harness of matrimony, and grow strong in the congenial atmosphere of connubial felicity. But while I shall be reveling in the sphere of this gentle influence, O my friend, thou wilt still be grazing on the lonely moors, companionless. But this shall not be allowed. You must accompany me into the haven of married bliss. After the manner of my venerable sire, I ask you if you have anyone in view; or shall I help you out in the matter?"

"I will abide by your good taste," I answered, anxious to quiet him, for I was deep in a newspaper article.

"Done!" said he. "It's a bargain. And now, to begin near at hand, how does the old gentleman in front strike you as a desirable father-in-law?"

I saw the gist of his remark at once, for the daughter of the aforesaid old gentleman sat opposite him, across the aisle. She was a handsome girl of about nineteen, well-formed, and possessing a mass of dark hair which would have lent interest to one far more homely.

"If you need my assent to stimulate you to seek an acquaintance," I answered, "you have it freely, for I am anxious to get rid of you while I finish reading this paper."

"I have a notion to stay here to hinder you, but I am urged away by the necessity of providing you with a wife. Adieu, for the present." And he actually started to carry out his wild freak of gaining an acquaintance with the girl.

He walked to the other end of the car, then turned and retraced his steps, wearing all the time an elaborate appearance of not knowing what to do with himself. Then, as if a sudden thought struck him, he took a seat beside the old gentleman, and I saw he intended to gain acquaintance with the daughter through the father. He assumed a look of injured perplexity, and addressed the old gentleman:

"Ah! excuse me, sir, for venturing to interrupt you, but the fact is, a little point of difference has arisen between my friend and myself, which I knew you would be glad to set right for us. He has somehow got it into his head that Boston is larger than New York, and I have quoted statistics to him in vain. But he will no doubt be satisfied if you corroborate my statements."

Here the old gentleman turned and scrutinized me as though I were a new species of curiosity. I controlled my inclination to laugh, as best I could, while he mildly inquired my reasons for thinking Boston the larger city. He seemed a very friendly old gentleman, and I decided to risk a little revenge for this trick of Clarence's.

"Oh, about that," I replied, carelessly, "I had almost forgotten it. My friend had observed to me about a score of times that New York was the larger city, each time with such an air of imparting something new and strange, that the growing inclination to contradict him overcame me; and he has not yet recovered from his surprise."

He seemed to understand our mutual bantering, for he

smiled pleasantly; and as I had been led against my will into the conversation, I determined to get even with Clarence by absorbing the old gentleman in conversation, and leaving him to work his plans some other way. I found Mr. Morse a very entertaining and agreeable companion. I introduced myself and friend, saying we were on a pleasure-trip to Philadelphia, and was glad to find that he was going there also.

But Clarence, finding himself thus quietly eliminated from the conversation, had, in the meantime, quietly transferred himself to the seat occupied by the girl, and innocently opened a conversation with her. I glanced at her as he did so, and perceived that she had observed the previous proceedings, and was not a little amused by the developments. Our new acquaintance also noticed this change of base, but evidently considering it in line with my friend's previous erratic movements, he made no comment.

While conversing with him, now on all manner of topics, I still kept my eye on the couple opposite, and was not surprised to see the girl soon assume a look of interest and enjoyment, and talk freely; for notwithstanding Clarence's nonchalance and sarcastic indifference with persons of his own sex, on the opposite sex he managed to exert a strange fascination, partly accounted for by the fact that a certain old-time chivalry pervaded all his attentions to them. Seeing things were smooth in that quarter, I devoted myself to the old gentleman's companionship for the rest of the trip.

As the train neared Philadelphia I began collecting our traps, when Clarence joined me.

"By the way, George," he said, "we won't go to the hotel we decided on, as there is one nearer the depot."

"And our friends?" I inquired, suspiciously.

"By a queer coincidence, they go to the same place," he answered gravely.

"I suppose the coincidence will be extended to the fact that you and our young friend will go together," I said.

"Nothing more likely."

"Very well, and I shall lavish my attentions on the other."

This programme was carried out, the two walking in front, while Mr. Morse and myself brought up the rear. As they walked before us, I could not but notice that they were a fine-looking couple. His whole walk and manner were suggestive of graceful negligence and utter independence of every one and everything, which with her air of freshness and lively interest in everything about her, formed a pleasing contrast. He had introduced me at the depot as though she were an old acquaintance of his, and her pretty dignity on that occasion seemed to carry out the delusion.

That evening, as Clarence and I sat on the balcony, enjoying the cool breeze from the river, I casually inquired of him what he thought of our new acquaintances. He answered briskly, "Oh, he's an interesting old patriarch; and she carries with her the scent of green fields, of pleasant groves, of babbling brooks, and —"

"Softly, my friend," I interrupted, soothingly; "if you would utilize your babbling brooks to bathe your fevered head in, your friends would have cause to rejoice. But I'm really glad you can return such a good account of the lady you have chosen for me. How did my suit progress under your skillful handling?"

"I referred to you once," he said quietly, "but after one or two covert glances in your direction, she begged me hastily to drop the subject, under pain of banishment from her presence. Consequently, you are 'laid on the shelf' at the start."

"I shall try to recover from my disappointment," I replied; "and now when do you intend to assail the fair one who is to delight your papa's heart by keeping your little feet from forbidden paths?"

"As you are anything but a ladies' man," he retorted, "I can excuse you for not knowing that precipitancy in such cases is fatal. I will wait a few days, then call as if I had come to the city on business and had called to pay my respects on my sisters' account, become suddenly interested, then impassioned, and carry all by a *coup de main*." And I was forced to notice from that time on, that he joked no more about the matter, as he had done at first.

On the following day we hired a carriage to take in the sights, although we were both well acquainted with the city. As Mr. Morse and his daughter were strangers to the place, it was only polite to invite them to join us, which Clarence did with unwonted alacrity when I suggested it. The day was all that could be desired, and we "did" the city thoroughly. Clarence took it into his head to be very agreeable during the progress of the ride, and as usual when overtaken with such a fit, he was both brilliant and entertaining. He artfully introduced into his descriptions of the places of historic interest, bright and interesting bits of the city's early history; and I saw, before the ride was ended, that he had completely captivated the old gentleman, while the fair Lena regarded him with great interest, at least.

When we finally drove up in front of the hotel, Clarence handed the others out with a grace that Lord Chesterfield might have envied, and as Lena descended I saw him whisper something in her ear, which met with anything but displeasure; for she smiled brightly as she nodded her head in reply, and then vanished up the steps after her father.

"Does your plan include the capture of the old bird, too?" I inquired. "I thought he was to be left to solace me for the loss of your company."

"Pray don't weaken the small conversational power nature has endowed you with, by such lame attempts at sarcasm. With me it don't matter; but you might be tempted to such a weakness in company, and thus ruin your prospects for life." This with the air of a Mentor addressing some youthful Telemachus. After supper that evening, Mr. Morse and I started on a leisurely walk about town, deep in the discussion of philosophy and kindred subjects about which we possessed a common enthusiasm. Passing one of the large theaters, we noticed by the boards that a favorite *prima donna* appeared that evening. We purchased tickets and entered. After enjoying the entertainment until the close, we were slowly wending our way towards the hotel, when a handsome basket-phaeton overtook and passed us, in which I barely had time to recognize two well-known forms, with two well-known faces in that delightful degree of proximity not unusual in such circumstances, and which is always attributed, by charitable on-lookers, to the demands of earnest conversation. This explained the little scene after the ride that afternoon; and I wondered if the old gentleman had been aware of their intention, or if he had seen them as they passed. When we reached the hotel, Clarence was on the veranda; and as he said nothing about the ride, I preserved a like reticence as to my knowledge of it.

From this time, although Clarence was just as lively and, seemingly, unconcerned, I was forced to notice that he skillfully avoided reference to the object of his coming to the city. If I ventured near the subject, in conversation, he would innocently put it aside by some irrelevant remark, and, as I had no object in forcing it upon him, it was soon a tabooed subject. He wrote home and received letters from there, regularly, and I was not a little curious as to how he accounted for the delay. But I knew his family would not think it very strange if he failed to mention it entirely, for it never seemed to occur to Clarence that the mail was instituted to convey information.

This state of affairs continued about two weeks during which time his attentions to the girl had increased in fre-

quency and zeal, until there was no doubt in my mind as to the way events were drifting. I had come to know her very well by this time, and was forced to admit the truth of my friend's enthusiastic declarations, in the main, and excuse his more unrestrained raptures, as permissible under the circumstances.

But in the meantime, Mr. Morse seemed utterly oblivious to the inevitable trend of these events, being rather a simple old gentleman, withal, and not inclined to be suspicious. While the young couple were spending their time in long rides, walking in the parks, or private conversations on the balcony or in the parlors, Mr. Morse and I were developing a strong and lasting friendship. I was won to him by his simplicity as well as his deep learning and quaint manner of speech.

One evening, as I stood conversing with several gentlemen on the veranda, Clarence issued from the house and came over to where we were standing. He passed his arm through mine, and said, "Come! let's walk out until supper."

I readily complied, and we walked slowly until we turned a corner and were out of sight from the hotel. And now I saw something had happened; for his manner changed suddenly, and he grasped my hand with a pressure that brought water to my eyes. Then, as suddenly releasing me, he gave me a rousing blow on the shoulder which nearly cost me my equilibrium.

"Are you quite sure you have finished your exercise?" I said, when I had partially recovered. "If so, I'll try to pick myself together."

He hugged himself complacently, and replied; "Mr. Burton, congratulations are in order."

"Yes, that I have escaped alive from the hands of a lunatic," I responded, rubbing my shoulder. "But, soberly, my boy, if it has really come to that, I congratulate you with all my heart; for I think you are now more in the way of realizing your wild dream of married bliss, than you had any reason to expect. Yes, Clarence, I can congratulate you sincerely."

At this he seized my hand a second time, but now with more respect to the fact that it was flesh and blood, and we continued our walk, while he gave me the inside history of the affair since the meeting on the train.

And now, for the first time since I had known him, I became acquainted with the tender side of my friend's character. He told me how he had, even at the first, been deeply interested in Miss Morse and charmed with her beauty; how, imperceptibly, it grew upon him that they were meant for one another; and when he first decided to speak to her definitely and learn his fate.

She had refused at first, saying her duty to her father, who had only her to depend on and to take care of him, forbade her entertaining any such thoughts, but confessed that to live with him always would be all the happiness she could ask. With so much conceded, he had pressed his suit boldly, and finally extracted a half-reluctant consent to ask her father's blessing on their union.

"And now," he continued after a pause in which he seemed to be enjoying that happy moment over again, "this is all that remains to be done. It will be a delicate matter, for the dear old soul has no idea of such a thing, thinking Lena still little more than a child, as he evidently does. And George, I wish you would do this much for us; for you are better at that business than I am, besides being more intimate with him."

This I readily consented to do, seeing it was better that I should acquaint him with the affair, rather than Clarence himself. Being anxious for a happy conclusion to the affair, I was as impatient as Clarence to have the interview over

with; so I took advantage of the first opportunity when we were alone together, to speak to Mr. Morse. I tried to speak in a perfectly frank and unrestrained manner, but I felt that my words were stiff and conventional.

"Mr. Morse," I said, "I have something to impart to you which will surprise you, though I hope not disagreeably. You have doubtless observed the growing intimacy between your daughter and my friend since we have all been thrown together here; and I am requested by them to tell you that this intimacy has ripened into love, and that only your sanction to their engagement is needed to complete their happiness."

Instead of the utter astonishment or sudden anger for which I had prepared myself, he only looked at me mournfully, after the first flash of surprise.

"Burton," he said, "I'm sorry for this, although it is mostly my own fault, as I can plainly see now. And you knew this all the time?"—this with a suspicion of reproach.

"I can't deny, sir, that I saw things were tending in this direction, although I was taken by surprise by this sudden culmination. And yet I fail to see any cause for grief in such a result, for I consider it fortunate in every respect. My friend is not the wild, reckless fellow he likes to appear, and you can find no fault with his character or circumstances."

"Yes, yes, but it's not that. She is so young, so very young, for anything of this kind. And then, you know, she's all I have in the world, and I must make sure of her happiness. But if her heart is set on it,—well, well, I'll go and talk to them," and he walked slowly into the house, while I realized, for the first time, what this news meant to the kind old man.

He did talk to them; first expostulating, then advising, then unconditionally surrendering. For Clarence's earnest eloquence and evident sincerity carried all before him; and he reported to me that evening, as we paced in front of the hotel together, that all was settled, and that he should write the next day and explain the change of programme to his father.

As we passed through the office on our way upstairs, he was handed a letter by the clerk, which he read when we reached our room.

"Aha!" he said, when he had finished; "the plot thickens. Now bring on the villain, and then for the climax," and he handed the letter to me.

It was in his sister's handwriting, and read as follows:

"DEAR CLARENCE:—You queer boy, you don't tell us a thing in your letters that we are so anxious to hear. I am going to make a little confession to you, and I know you will absolve me when you learn what it is. Papa told us your errand to Philadelphia, and you must know I was so wild at the prospect of having dear Grace for a sister-in-law, that I decided to write and explain everything to her, and beg her not to disappoint us all, for I so feared you would go and spoil it all in your blundering way. She replied and said you had not called there up to that time, so we concluded you had stopped over in New York; but papa said you seemed so impatient to get to her, although you never let us suspect your love for her, you naughty boy. She intimated what her answer would be when you choose to put in your appearance, so of course it is all settled now.

"Write soon to your loving

"NELLIE."

When I had finished reading he took it, saying, with an air of forced conviction, "Woman, thou art a jewel!" He then tilted his chair back and regarded me with a look which seemed to say, "Now you're in for it. Let's see you squirm around that, old slipper."

"Well," I said finally, to break the silence.

"Well," he reiterated blandly.

"So you enjoy the situation," said I, incensed at his manner.

"No—I was reflecting on the wonderful originality women employ in getting a fellow into a scrape."

"Such reflections won't help you out of this complication. What will you do about it?"

"I shall refer it to my little partner, with power to act."

This was all the satisfaction I could draw from him that night; but on the following day when I alluded to the affair, he said, as though he had forgotten it before, "True, my friend, we were discussing that point, as I now recollect. And since you have proved yourself faithful in small things, lo, I appoint you my agent in important things; namely, to carry my respects to this deluded princess, and tell her we are sorry we cannot bestow our sovereign person at her feet, having been unluckily treed by the huntress Diana on her last trip, and forced to grace her presence, from now henceforth."

"Am I to understand from this jargon that you wish me to see her and explain your foolishness and desertion? I can tell her, truthfully, that you are a harmless kind of a donkey, and trust to her kindness to pardon your clumsy antics; but to present you to her in a respectable light, is impossible."

"All right, Georgie, so you keep her from marring her beauty in her wild-eyed despair—or from marring mine, either, which is still more important."

And it was settled I should go and explain it all to her, not forgetting to humbly beg her pardon for treating her name with such disrespect.

I started on this mission with anything but sanguine hopes for its successful termination, and my doubts grew stronger as I neared my destination. As Clarence had said, I was not a ladies' man; and I feared myself unequal to the exigencies of the present occasion. As I sprang up the steps with outward boldness, my heart was in my throat, and someone seemed to be dropping icicles down my back. The thought crossed me that this young lady might be addicted to irony or sarcasm, and what a splendid opening my present visit presented for the brilliant exercise of these tendencies. This thought was excruciating; and I dismissed it hastily, as I rang the bell.

The servant ushered me into a large parlor, furnished with the staid and unassuming elegance which the old families here still adhere to in their furniture, and often in their dress. It was but a few minutes until Miss Arnold appeared.

My first distinct impression was that she was not to be feared, which afforded me immense relief; my next, that she must be dealt frankly with, if I wished to preserve her respect. She was rather tall, had soft brown hair and splendid brown eyes, and gave you the impression of a whole-souled, kindly nature, that was refreshing.

"Miss Arnold," I said, after having introduced myself, "I have called in the interest of a friend of mine, to clear up an unfortunate matter which a chain of peculiar circumstances renders it necessary to explain. I hope what I am about to say will not disturb you."

This last was rather unfortunate, as she was perfectly calm, while I was beginning to perspire freely. But she seemed not to notice it, so I went on bravely with my explanation. When I mentioned Clarence she colored slightly, but soon recovered herself. I soon became so anxious to exculpate my friend from the charge of insincerity, that I lost sight of my embarrassment entirely.

I told her all—from the time Clarence entered my office in Boston, to his reception of his sister's letter the previous evening. I even threw in snatches of his humor, to show

her that his seeming fault in the matter was only skin-deep, and not intentional in the least. As I neared the end, I was glad to see that the perplexity which she had showed at first, vanished, and an amused smile broke over her face like genial sunshine. When I described our consternation at his sister's letter, she even laughed outright, and seemed to enjoy it.

That laugh eased things between us wonderfully, and we began to talk about the affair as a good joke. I described Lena to her, and she expressed a wish to get acquainted with her, and also with "my truant cavalier," as she now called Clarence.

"Only the fact of his not being an acquaintance can explain his truancy," I ventured.

"Thanks," she replied, "you are very kind." Then, rather archly, "If he had come I suppose I should have accepted him, for men are very much alike, anyway; and I had nothing against him, you know, besides being a very good friend of his sisters. But you can tell him I congratulate him, and won't tell his intended wife of his former fickleness, hoping she'll reform him, in time."

From this we branched off to other and less personal topics, and found our tastes congenial in many respects, especially in literature and music, to which we were both devoted. I wondered at the ease with which I conversed in her presence, being usually reticent in the company of young ladies; and when finally I rose to go, I promised myself a repetition of this delightful occasion at an early date.

When I detailed to Lena and Clarence the events of my visit, they both seemed much relieved, and my friend showed his satisfaction in his usual erratic manner: he left us suddenly, and when he returned he told us he had sent her an invitation from Lena and himself to join them at the hotel on the following afternoon.

"I am glad you did, Clarence," said Lena, "but pray, sir, who gave you leave to use my name without my permission?"

"It's nothing but fair, darling," he replied, with mock humility, "for I intend to give you full use of my name for the rest of your life;"—which seemed to strike both of them as remarkably funny, probably because he kissed her as he said it. "But I've got the old man into it also," he continued, referring to me. "He is to call for her at two o'clock, sharp."

I saw nothing disagreeable in this, so I introduced no objection.

It is needless to describe the little party of the following afternoon, nor how well Clarence stood the pleasant bantering with which Miss Arnold assailed him, nor what a friendship sprang up between the two girls. But it was a pleasant sight, and I confess I still remember that day with feelings of unalloyed pleasure.

After this, there were any number of parties, excursions, and boat-rides, and a happier quartette could have been found nowhere. For though Miss Arnold and myself were often left to our own devices for amusement, while Lena and Clarence held their mutual admiration society apart, we never found the time hang heavily on our hands. At least I can attest to my own enjoyment of these quiet hours of private companionship, and I never heard her utter any complaint.

All this time I knew Clarence was carrying on a small battle with his father, through the mails, although he never spoke of it. But I was not surprised when he came out victor, for when interested in resistance he was far the more determined of the two. I knew he had conquered when he carelessly announced to us that his father and sisters would join them on their wedding-day, which had been set for a month later.

One evening about this time, as Clarence and I were strolling arm in arm, as was our wont, in front of the hotel, I said: "Clarence, you must have been imbued with the spirit of prophecy on the occasion of your wild outbreak on the train, coming down here. Do you remember?"

"Perfectly. It certainly has come to pass that I have met with more happiness than I ever conceived of before; but as to your part of it——"

"It is even better fulfilled," I interrupted mildly, "for if the gods prove propitious, I will be married on the same day as yourself."

His manner showed that this announcement removed from his cup the last vestige of anything that could embitter its contents. After his first rapturous congratulations, he settled down into a more quiescent mood. Then he said: "Since affairs have assumed this happy shape, I have a proposal to advance, which I think will be very satisfactory to all concerned."

"I had hoped you were through with proposals, after Lena accepted you." This was only a reckless outbreak of suppressed joy. He ignored it and proceeded.

"You must give up your architectural ambition,—if you ever had any. For you are as little fitted for it as I am for——"

"The ministry," I suggested.

"You must give it up," he repeated; "and when we are both married, accompany Lena, Mr. Morse and myself to Europe, with your wife. We intend to spend two years there, and we will all go together."

One month after that saw us, two happy couples, looking forward with bright anticipations to our long honey-moon and subsequent life. And now, from the vantage-ground of after years, I can say these anticipations were fulfilled; and that, little as we then thought it, my friend's reckless impulse, which led him to the Quaker City for a bride, proved the source of great and lasting happiness to us both.

PAUL BURRIS.

A Midsummer Ramble.

THE fields, which about three months ago were white with the snows of the "great blizzard," grow white once more with daisies. They dance and swing in the south wind by myriads and myriads. Their joyous antics are regarded with cold disfavor by the farmers, who speak of the intruders in the singular number and in a dissatisfied mood as "that pesky" or even "that durned white weed."

The little pink-tipped garden-daisy, which we cultivate with such care, is considered an interloper when it shows its bright face on the trim lawns around English country-seats, and its boldness is punished—as high treason was in the good old days—by decapitation. The gardener acts the part of executioner, and cuts off the poor, pretty head with the lawn-mower—the guillotine of the flowers.

Yet though American farmers and English gardeners have but a poor opinion of the daisy, and though there are many flowers in summer's garland more gorgeous, delicate, or sweet, this is the pet of the poets. Chaucer quaintly says:

"Of all the flowers in the mede,
Than love I most these flowers white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun"

Shakespeare speaks of them lovingly, and puts them into the hands of poor Ophelia. Wordsworth and Burns write beautifully to them and of them, and Goethe's Margaret is immortalized in poetry and in art as she picks the last white

leaf off the daisy with the triumphant words, "He loves me!"

Even the flower's name is a poetic thought, for the day's eye is the sun. The English folk who gave the name centuries ago saw in the flower a tiny copy of the sun at which it gazes. There was the golden disk, and, shooting out from it, in every direction, the white and flashing rays.

Far-fetched as the comparison may seem in these prosaic days, a similar thought occurred to the early Scandinavians. Balder was the Norse god of the summer. To these northern people, accustomed to endure the rigors of extreme cold, and the desolation wrought by frost, for the greater part of the year, the brief summer was very sweet. Its coming was longed for, and its fading away lamented. The beloved Balder was the best and most beautiful of all the gods, and the very embodiment of gladness. And to a flower which is first cousin to the daisy, and like it in shape and color, they gave the name of Balder's Brow;—the shining center was the eye of Balder, and the outshooting white rays, the light which streamed from it.

This fancifully named flower is distributed quite generally through the northern United States, and grows abundantly along sandy roadsides. The foliage is finely cut, and in general appearance the plant resembles the garden feverfew. It exhales a pungent odor like that of the hot-house daisy.

It is convenient to speak of the daisy as one flower, but in reality it is a floral community. The yellow center is an assemblage of hundreds of little trumpet-shaped flowers set as close together as possible. Those on the outside of the disk open first; those near the center, in early summer are still tightly folded little greenish buds. In a ring around the disk we see what botanists term the "ray flowers," and what non-botanists call the "white leaves" of the daisy. These, too, are distinct flowers, having a pistil apiece, but no stamens, and with their large white corollas split open all down one side. Indeed, they look as if their "clothes were almost torn off them."

If we examine one of the central florets, and look into its little yellow throat, we see that it contains what looks like a second bud, still closed. Are there a series of corollas one inside another like Chinese boxes? But what looks like the top of an inner bud is really a ring of stamens, with their heads all joined together so as to form a sort of lid shutting the pistil in. Under this lid, as we find by investigating with a pin, is a quantity of pollen, shed from the lower surfaces of the anthers.

The stamens, like protectionists, seem to have literally laid their heads together to keep the pistil in restraint, and to prevent it from using any pollen except what is made at home. But the pistil wants sunshine and liberty, and stretches itself in its little golden prison, pushing the mass of pollen up before it, till the prison roof bursts. Then out springs the pistil, driving the pollen before it in a little cloud. If a fly has alighted close by, or if one of those flat-pattern crawlers, of which daisies are, unhappily, full, chances to be near, he receives a liberal sprinkling. With this unexpected and rather overwhelming donation he creeps or flies to another floret, or, better still, to another plant.

The pistil has two little arms, which are at first pressed close together and raised upright. Each terminates in a brush of hairs. These, in coming up the tube formed by the stamens, sweep out before them every grain of pollen, as a chimney-sweep's broom sweeps soot out of a chimney. This clearance effected, the arms of the pistil separate and take a horizontal position, like the cross-pieces of the letter T. They are now waiting for a donation of pollen, and the upper sides of the arms are sticky, on purpose to catch and hold it. Till now, these gummy surfaces have been pressed together so closely that not a grain could get in between

them. And thus the daisy floret makes sure of setting its little seed by imported pollen only. The "ray flowers," or white outer florets, have no brushes of hairs, for they have no stamens; consequently there is no pollen to be swept out, and a brush would be useless.

Besides the daisy, the sunflower, aster, chrysanthemum, thistle, lettuce, marigold, iron-weed, golden-rod, boneset, and many other so called "flowers" are, in reality, close masses of tiny blossoms. The flowers thus joining forces make a much braver show than they would if they were scattered, and are thus more likely to attract insects. The chance of gathering honey from so many flowers at once, instead of having to roam here and there in search of it, is greatly appreciated by insects; and their visits are more likely to be effectual, since the chances are that one alighting will touch many florets. No wonder, therefore, that "composite flowers," as these are called, are a very widespread and successful family.

Midsummer finds the blue-flag, or wild iris, still lingering on the edge of sunny waters, or in low, moist fields. This is the famed lily of France, which was blazoned in gold on the banners carried to Cressy and Agincourt. Henry the Fifth, after this latter fight, quartered the arms of England, his by inheritance, with those of France, his by conquest, and took for his standard "three golden leopards (or lions) sporting in a ruby field, and three golden lilies blooming in an azure field."

In Ireland the iris is really golden, and blooms in a field, not of azure, but of emerald. Some yellow varieties are found in this country, but our common sorts are in various shades of purple and lilac. There are three erect petals, and three backward-curving sepals. The latter are adorned with a tracery in dark purples and gold, elaborate enough to have occupied an artist all day. And all this beauty may be seen only by some wandering bee or marsh-fly.

A most complex and wonderful structure fits the iris to attract bees or larger insects, and repel crawlers, and prevents it from setting seed by its own pollen. All this is entertainingly described in Prof. Gray's "How Plants Behave," but cannot be made clear without the aid of pictures.

Iris was the classic goddess of the rainbow, who, it was fabled, wore a robe radiant with many tints, as are these petals. Flower-de-luce, another name given to this blossom, is a corruption of the French *fleur-de-lis* (flower of the lily).

Growing near the iris, we shall probably find jewel-weed or wild balsam, which is very plentiful along the margins of brooks and rills. The flowers of the common variety are orange-colored, thickly spotted with reddish brown; a rarer sort bears pale yellow blossoms sparingly dotted with dull, deep red. The flowers nod and sway gracefully on slender stalks. They are in shape something like a cornucopia, with the small end doubled up into a little spur or tail. The plants are from two to four feet high, and bear a profusion of smooth, dark-green leaves, which, like the blossoms, droop as soon as they are picked.

Jewel-weed is a sort of second cousin to the nasturtium, and a first cousin to our garden balsam, or "lady's slipper." Its botanic name is *impatiens* (impatient), because the ripe seed-vessel recoils from one's touch with a quick, petulant motion. The little pod suddenly bursts, and the elastic movement shoots off the liberated seeds in every direction. This trick earns for the plant its common names, "touch-me-not" and "snap-weed." The jewel-weed, like the violet, bears two sorts of flowers. Besides the showy ones we know, which are gotten up to lure the insects whose visits they need, there are small ones which are fertilized in the bud with their own pollen.

Some of our native plants have made their way eastward,

against the flood of emigration and the tide of empire. Like the potato, the Colorado beetle, the United States railway-check system, and—dare we say it?—the American belle, they have entered the Old World, and in their various lines achieved success. Among these importations from Uncle Sam's dominions is our jewel-weed, which has made itself quite at home along the banks of the Wey and other Surrey streams.

The five-pointed, golden stars of St. John's-wort are often seen at this season along roadsides and in field corners. The many flowers grow in a large cluster at the top of the tall, leafy, branching stem. The plant is in dire disgrace with the farmers, while the unlearned in country lore are afraid to gather it and unjustly accuse it of being poisonous. It has sadly fallen in public favor since the times when mediæval superstition assigned to the plant special healing virtues. The long, narrow leaves, as we shall see if we hold them up so as to intercept the light, are full of clear dots, as if needles had pierced them, and monkish tradition somehow associated these pricks with the wounds of Christ.

The nasturtiums of our garden beds glow in the sun till their fiery petals seem not merely to reflect light, but to produce it. We are willing to believe the French scientist who asserts that in stormy, sultry weather these flowers sometimes emit phosphorescent light. He claims to have actually caught them in the act.

The "Indian pipe," called also "ghost-flower," blooms in June, and will be found in dark rich woods, often nearly buried in last year's leaves. The whole plant is white and waxy-looking; the six parted flowers, which bend down from the tops of stalks five or six inches long, are also white and waxy. They begin to turn black if subjected to the action of sunlight. Sometimes this plant lives, like a fungus, on decaying vegetable matter; but oftener it fastens itself to the root of a tree and sucks away its vital juices, as a leech sucks the blood of an animal. Well may the flower bend its head when it knows that its way of getting a living is so dishonest!—though the white, unwholesome look of the plant seems to show that, after all, it has not found dishonesty very profitable. On the stems are scattered scales, which are substitutes and apologies for leaves.

An honest, hard-working plant, which grubs for its own living, contains in stem and leaves a substance called chlorophyl. By this the plant is enabled to digest what it gathers from earth and air, and chlorophyl is ornamental as well as very useful; for to its presence is due the vivid green of leaves. But the lazy Indian pipe, instead of making vegetable juices for itself, steals them already prepared from the tree roots. So the chlorophyl which the members of this family once had and did not use has been taken from them. "From him that hath not shall be taken away" is as true in the natural as in the spiritual world.

The pretty "eye-bright," familiar to many readers, is, sad to say, learning the same idle tricks; for its roots suck some nutriment from the rootlets of the grasses about it.

The flower which is known to American botanists as the primrose bears not the remotest likeness to our little English nursling of that name. Uncle Sam's primrose is a sturdy plebeian, which partakes the unpopularity and has the aspect of a weed. The commonest sort, like the ill weeds with which it likes to keep company, grows apace, and produces its cluster of flowers on top of a stalk from four to nine feet high. A smaller and more delicate species grows in sandy fields, and in barren places near the coast where scarcely anything else can contrive to get a living. Both sorts have bright yellow flowers, which open in the sun. They have four spreading petals borne on top of a very long, slender, stalk-like ovary.

Yet another sort, the true evening-primrose, grows in copses and along the borders of woods. By day the flowers which grow on a leafy spike are all of the past or of the future. Towards evening, however, the buds begin to swell. A few moments after sunset they grow so fast that the increase is visible to any one who may be watching. Little starts and thrills go through the expanding blossom like the slight stirring and long breaths of an awakening child. Then the four yellow petals draw back, revealing the flower's heart.

This pretty sight may be seen on any country roadside any bright summer evening. The garden evening-primrose celebrates the appearance of its gay new flowers with floral fireworks, for each blossom expands with a little pop like that made by drawing a small but stubborn cork.

As twilight falls, the primrose begins to breathe forth a fragrance which grows more and more sweet as darkness closes in. By this, and by the glimmering of the yellow petals, the night-moth is lured to fertilize the flower. Let us notice that the pollen is very abundant and somewhat sticky. It even hangs from the stamens in long, gummy threads; so that a visiting moth is sure to carry some away on her velvety body. Sunrise finds the flower as pale and "used up" as any belle the morning after the ball. But the limp petals, fading in the growing light, have done the work which nature gave them.

Those of us who are so fortunate as to have a honeysuckle in the garden, have noticed that the fragrance of its flowers grows much stronger as night comes on. This alluring sweetness is a mute invitation to a large moth which begins to flit at dusk. While twilight still lingers, we may see him among the flowers beginning his night of revelry. He feels pretty sure of a good supper, for the tube of the common garden honeysuckle is so long and slender that only a long proboscis, such as this moth carries, can reach down to where the honey is stored. But some shrewd bees have found out a way of circumventing both the moth and the honeysuckle. They cut a little hole in the side of the flower, close to the bottom of its tube. Through this they can suck out the honey without touching the stamens and pistils, and hence without doing any work for the flower in payment for the honey taken from it.

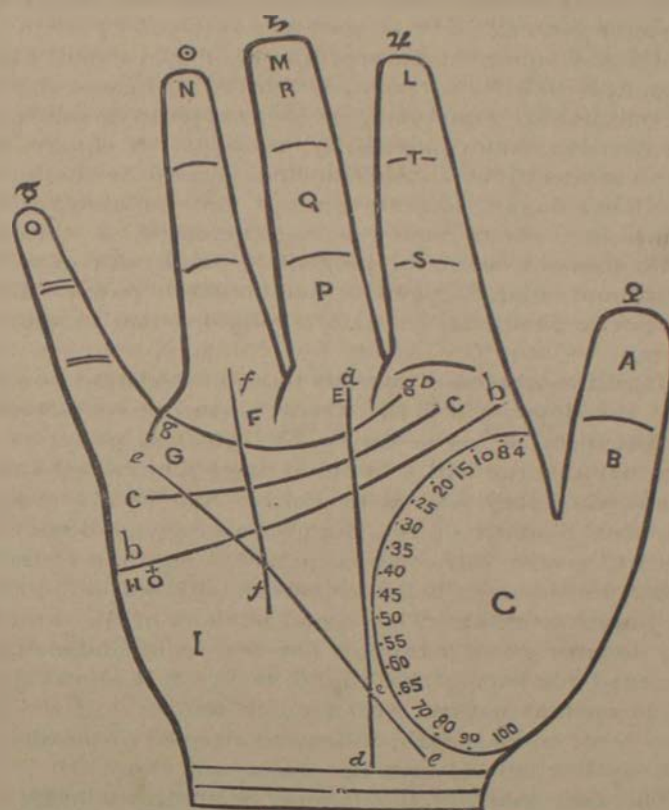
Weigelia rosea, a garden shrub which blooms profusely in spring, is often robbed in the same manner. Most of our readers are familiar with this plant, though not perhaps with its ponderous name. It bears a profusion of trumpet-shaped (monopetalous) blossoms, which, when they first open, are pink on the outside and creamy white within. As the blossom grows older it grows pinker, till the old flowers are quite a deep rose-color.

Bumble-bees are too corpulent to get down the slender blossom-tube to the place where the honey is stored, and the writer has often seen them in the act of gnawing holes in the base of the corolla, in order to get by trickery what they cannot get by honest methods. Many of the flowers have tiny wounds showing that they have been robbed in this way. The smaller honey-bee can enter the *Weigelia rosea* flowers without difficulty, and so has no temptation to felonious practices; but when we see her among the honeysuckles we find that she is as skilled in sin as is her stouter cousin.

A flower thus rifled has not of necessity lost forever all its chances of attracting other insects and getting its seed set. After honey has been abstracted from the blossom's cup, it begins to form again. In warm weather and under a bright sky this process goes on quickly. In cold, rainy weather it is slow, or perhaps checked altogether; yet there must be some moisture in the air, or the dainty work will not go forward at all.

An old flower when rifled may not find the energy to set about repairing damages; so that it is only now and then that a robbed flower is able to set itself up in business again. Hence we cannot excuse the conduct of the usually exemplary bee when she thus plays the honeysuckle false. And while she is stealing the moth's supper she is surrounded by flower-friends which offer her abundant dainty fare, asking only very moderate services in payment.

E. M. HARDINGE.



The Language of the Hand.

THE "Kitty-Kats' Club," with a few invited guests, were assembled in Miss Dalton's study one morning, awaiting the "Lecture on Palmistry" which she had promised to deliver to them. Having examined and read all their hands to their perfect satisfaction, the subject had so impressed them that they now wished to inquire deeper into the science, and had begged her to initiate them into the mysteries of "reading character by the hand."

"It will be so delightful," said Kitty Wood, "when one is introduced to a strange gentleman, upon shaking hands just to turn over his palm and discover if he is one!"

"Ah, but my dear," replied Miss Dalton, "in order to do that, a profound study of the science is absolutely necessary, otherwise one might make grievous mistakes. There is nothing easier than to err in reading a hand when the reader is inexperienced and untaught. I will now ask your attention," she went on, "to a short discussion upon the 'Language of the Hand.'

"Palmistry, a name derived from the Latin *palma*, which, with its etymological suffix, signifies 'the science of reading destiny by the lines and marks in the palm,' is divided into two branches: Chiromnomy and Chiromancy. The first, Chiromnomy, defines the outward shape or form of the hand and of its members; the latter, Chiromancy, enables us to divine character from the shape of the mounts and lines in the palm.

"In order to read character correctly by the hand, one

must first study a map of the hand, as one would study a map of the country one desires to travel over. For that purpose, a diagram accurately presenting the different forms and shapes of the human hand, as well as the location of the lines and mounts and marks shown on the palm, is necessary, and so I have provided for you a map of the hand.

"A, the upper joint of the thumb, indicates the will power; B, the second joint, logic, reasoning powers, judgment. A large thumb signifies power; a small one, sentiment. A narrow thumb 'pinched in' at its base denotes weakness and indecision, sometimes eccentricity or 'crankiness.' Such thumbs, however, are frequently found upon people of genius.

"Fingers square at the top, like L, or spatulated, like M, or conical, like N, or pointed, like O, all denote different characteristics. Square fingers indicate positive and reasonable decision, order, regularity, thought. A square, large thumb means that a conclusion once come to is unalterable. Spatulated fingers indicate prompt and impulsive action, oftentimes without regard to consequences. A spatulated thumb means a desire for immediate fulfillment of wishes. Conical and pointed fingers denote inventive power, inspiration, poetic qualifications, also a religious and imaginative nature.

"It will be observed that the thumb is the most powerful of all the fingers; it is the strongest, and is considered by chirognomists as representing the greatest power of the brain, namely, the will. In olden times they cut off a man's thumbs when they wished to deprive him of his strength. If the first phalanx of the thumb be long and large, it denotes will power, self-confidence, and strength of character. A short first phalanx indicates a weak will, sentiment rather than justice or right. The second phalanx of the thumb, if long, denotes good reasoning powers, logic, judgment; if the second phalanx of the thumb be short, it shows a variable, inconstant nature, with a quick temper. If the phalanges be of equal length, it denotes an even disposition, an exact equilibrium between the reason and the will.

"The first joint on the fingers, S, indicates order; the second joint, T, philosophy. Each of the divisions of the fingers, P, Q, R, has a different meaning, according as they are long or short, smooth, soft, or narrow. These meanings are determined by the *type* of hand to which they may belong.

"The hand, you will notice, is also set round with mounts and lines. Each finger, with its accompanying mount, by which is meant the small or large elevation at the base of each finger, is dedicated to one of the planets. C belongs to Venus—love; D, to Jupiter—pride, ambition; E, to Saturn—fate, fortune; F, to Apollo, or the Sun—art, talent, glory; G, to Mercury—industry, skill, intrigue.

"Beside the mounts located under the fingers there are two others: one in the center of the percussion of the hand, H, called the mount of Mars, and signifying courage, energy, self-control, cruelty; the other at the base of the percussion, I, called the mount of the Moon, signifying imagination, invention, enthusiasm, caprice. If these mounts be high, large, full and strong, the quality signified will be equally so; if, on the contrary, the mounts be low, or small and soft, the qualities indicated will be weak, or lacking. As, for instance, if Jupiter, D, be full and strong, with the finger large, the person will possess love of power, noble ambitions, generosity, honor; if *excessively* developed, he will be arrogant, vain, self-conscious; if small or absent, he will be weak, servile, indolent, lack ambition and energy.

"In every hand there are lines, differing in length, depth, color, and clearness, as well as in position. These are the sensitive and intelligent parts of Chiromanancy. The circular line surrounding the thumb is the line of Life; the figures

around it indicate the portion devoted to each period of life, from four to a hundred. If the line of Life be clear, well-defined, unbroken, and of a decided color, entirely surrounding the thumb, life will be long and happy; if, on the contrary, the line be broad, pale, or broken, life will be short, full of sickness and danger.

"The line *d d*, running from the wrist to the mount of Saturn, is the line of Fate and Fortune. By its clearness, length, and depth, may be ascertained the degree of success likely to attend one's undertakings in life. If the line is found in the right hand only, it indicates fortune favoring all active enterprises, the *ability* to succeed in all things; if in the left hand only, it signifies sheer good-luck without the aid of personal endeavor to a great extent—riches by inheritance, not through industry. If shown in both hands, the person will be fortunate and successful in all matters.

"The line *b b* is the line of the Head. Its shape and course is held to indicate strength or weakness of character, of intellectual power, and also capacity for looking after one's own interests. It also indicates, if long, strong, and clear, a strong will. A good, level Head-line should extend beyond the center of the palm. If it stops short in the middle, it shows one who easily 'loses his head;' if it keeps on one straight course, it shows tenacity of purpose; if forked, an inclination for many pursuits.

"If united with the Life line, under Jupiter, it shows a union of plan and performance, a practical bent in life, good memory; curving down toward the mount of the Moon, it shows an imaginative brain; if separated from the Life line, as in the diagram, it signifies that one will not always perform what he proposes to do, a changeable nature. Breaks in the Head line indicate brain troubles.

"The line *c c* is the Heart line. This line, to be perfectly marked, should be full, clear cut, smooth, gracefully curved and branched, ending upon the mount of Jupiter in two or more branches. In this form, warm emotions, strong friendship, ardent, constant affection, and noble self-denial are shown; if it passes beyond Jupiter, it indicates a jealous nature, intense feeling, and capacity for great happiness—or misery. If it be lightly marked, or chained, or ending in a number of small branches, it shows a fickle nature. If the Heart line be broken, or crossed by a *broken* line of Fate, it means that the person will have some serious heart-sorrow.

"In closing the *left* hand tightly, between the Heart line and the line at the base of the little finger will be discovered one, two, or more parallel lines. These parallel lines denote how many marriages, or love-affairs, one will have. If a great many small lines appear, the person will probably have many *affaires du cœur*, possibly no marriage; one deep line, a cut, means *one* true, strong affection; two lines, two marriages.

"The line *e e* is the Hepatic, or liver line. It is not found in every hand. By its straightness, depth and length, may be determined the capacity of a person's mental powers, and likewise his physical ability for the same, as it shows health or weakness. This line if winding and crooked suggests biliary ailments and a melancholy temperament. If long, straight, and even, it indicates a good constitution. The lack of it in a hand signifies that the person's destiny is action, or work, rather than intellectual labor. If this line approaches near or joins the Heart line, it shows a constant and devoted nature. Branches running from this line toward the mount of the Moon signify many journeys and travel, a desire for change, caprice.

"The line *g g* is called the circle of Venus, and is not found in many hands. It is indicative of a warm, impassioned nature, sometimes of a sensual one; but it may be found in the hands of very noble persons, corrected and held in check by other counterbalancing lines. It is always in

the Solar or perfect type of hand. Napoleon I., Alexander the Great, and some noted men of genius possessed this line strongly marked.

"Besides the main lines here shown, there are others, smaller, on the mounts or percussion of the hand. Under the ring-finger, or Apollo, the Sun, the mount is sometimes crossed by one or more short vertical lines, *f. f.* They indicate a love for art and the beautiful, and are usually found in the hands of a talented person; they also denote success, riches, glory. Lines on the mount of Mars mean uncontrollable temper; on Mercury, stratagem, adroitness, and, combined with some other indications, are often seen in the hands of eloquent, persuasive speakers. Lines on the mount of the Moon indicate journeys, fanciful imagination, romance; many lines on Venus, great passions.

"There are seven different types of hands, showing by the shape and size of the palm and fingers, their smoothness, hardness, etc., dominant characteristics. These types are:

"I, that ruled by the planet Saturn, and called the Saturnian, or bilious type. This hand is large, and dry to the touch; the bones of the fingers are knotted at the joints; the middle finger is larger in proportion than the others, with its accompanying line and mount well defined. Character, wise, prudent, grave, thoughtful, slow.

"II, the Jupiterian, or bilious-sanguine type. In this hand the index finger is long and full, square-shaped, the palm large, with the mount high and full. Character, ambitious, commanding, upright, and usually that of a high liver.

"III, the muscular-sanguine type. In this hand Mars is the governing planet. Short thumb, palm hollowed in center, with a rounded elevation in the outer curve of the hand, forming nearly a half-circle. Character, violent, quarrelsome, or, more moderately developed, courageous, cool.

"IV, the Venusian, or sentimental-nervous-sanguine type. This hand is symmetrical, with smooth, soft fingers, and well-developed mount, which sometimes embraces the entire base of the thumb. Character, affectionate, gentle, sympathetic, kind.

"V, Mercurian, or nervous-bilious type. This hand is recognized by the length and agility of the fingers, especially the little finger. The mount is also full and traversed by small lines. Persons of this type of hand have quick, impressionable, acute brains; they are clever, prompt, industrious, sometimes adroit, cunning, intriguing.

"VI, is called the lymphatic, and is devoted to the Moon. Fingers smooth, pointed or tapering, small thumb. Character, imaginative, dreamy, and, if the mount be excessively full, capricious, melancholy, changeable.

"VII, Harmonic, or Solar type. This hand is perfectly symmetrical, the fingers as long as the palm, lines clear and regular, mounts of equal fullness. It is the hand of creative genius, the successful hand of poet, preacher, artist, or soldier. This is the rarest of all the types.

"These types, of course, may be mixed, one palm possessing characteristics of one or two, or all. In order to read a hand one must thoroughly study the map of the hand first—its lines, mounts, marks, etc., then adopt some logical method in the practical application of the principles learned.

"The following is a good procedure: First, find to which *type* the hand presented belongs. Then compare right and left hands to determine whether the person be active or passive in temperament. Study comparative length of palm and fingers. Note whether the palm be hard or soft, moist or dry. Note the length of first phalanx of thumb for will power; second phalanx for reasoning or logical power. (This is important.) See if the line of the Head be clear and long and well-defined, and if *united* with the Life line. Note if the Heart line be deep and clear and branched in two

at ends. See if the Life line extends around the thumb—a double line indicates very old age; a break, illness or danger. Then mark smaller lines, crosses, etc. Then 'combine' the whole hand, and sum up the character. A bad or weak line may be *counterbalanced* by a strong or good mount, and *vice versa*. It is the reading of the *combination* that divines the character.

"The smaller marks and signs on the hand are varied. A cross on Jupiter means a happy marriage or love affair; a star, success. All lines on Apollo denote celebrity and riches. A star or cross on Saturn, Mercury, or Mars, indicates misfortune; on the Moon, brain trouble. Squares give vigor and power; triangles, capacity for science; chains, mental trials; dots, sickness. At the wrist, where the hand joins the palm, there are always one or more lines in the form of a bracelet. These indicate length of life.

"Those persons who have the finest lines, mounts, and marks on the *right* hand, must trust to time and ability, not *luck*, to succeed in life. It is the active hand. While those possessing the strongest lines in the *left* hand, will succeed by chance rather than by ability. This is the passive hand.

"These are the principal rules for the study of the language of the hand, but a more thorough course of instruction may be found in the various works on palmistry."

Miss Dalton finished her lecture, and received the warm thanks of all the deeply interested hearers.

"It is certainly remarkable," said one, "I think it excels phrenology."

"Sort of uncanny and spookish, though, the idea of a person reading your character while he says 'How do you do?'"

"Yes, a 'bringing up,' or setting down, 'by hand,' indeed!"

"Ah! but," laughed Kitty Ward, "our hands are all of the correct type, and," she sang,

'True hearts (or hands) are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

At this juncture the luncheon-bell rang, and the Club dispersed.

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

The Blue Vein.

"Blue vein across the nose,
Never wear wedding-clo'es."



DORA THURSTON started from her reverie at the sound of the voice uttering the old couplet. It was a weird, droning, monotonous voice, and it came to her through the branches of the climbing rose embowering the little piazza where she was sitting. She glanced up, instantly, from the waxen face of the baby in her lap, and beheld the withered features of an old crone, whose little black eyes peered through the netted leaves, not at the young mother, however, of whose presence the queer creature seemed unconscious, but at the babe. Dora, with a smothered fear at her heart, as though she really thought a witch was casting an evil spell upon the tiny, animated treasure, then looked quickly at the pearly brow, to find, indeed, that a slender line of blue filled the space between the closed eyes. It was this which had attracted the old woman's attention.

The baby was its mother in miniature. Both had waxen-white skins, silky black hair, and black eyebrows and lashes framing large, dark-blue, gentian-hued eyes. Not a hint of red was visible in the face of either, except the clover-pink color of the sweet, delicate lips. The mother was of slender

build, and the baby was unusually tiny. Though not a year old, her hair was long enough to curl over the finger, suggesting the heavy, blue-black waves of the elder Dora—for the little one's name was Dora, too. Had the latter's eyes been open, perhaps the old woman might have noted the resemblance and commented upon it, never seeing the azure thread which now excited her regard.

The old creature, though quite uncanny, may have been honest. Whether her purpose in threading her way through the shrubbery of the modest grounds was to ask for work, or to beg bread, could never be known. Whatever it was, she had forgotten it. After gazing intently upon the baby for a few seconds, during which she muttered something under her breath, she stole away as silently and mysteriously as she had come. Dora caught sight of a dingy black hood and a faded plaid shawl gradually disappearing behind the lilac-bushes, and the intruder was gone.

Just as she vanished, the baby gave a gasp and awoke with a sudden start and cry. Dora, with her heart in her mouth, fully expected to see her child expire instantly, and was quite surprised when, after a moment or two, it appeared all right again. But the strain had been too much for her, and she burst into tears, exclaiming:

"That woman has bewitched my baby, and it won't live!"

"O Dora! you are not superstitious, are you?"

Dora turned to behold her husband, who had caught her words, and was stepping out through the long French window, upon the little piazza. This house was built before the days of the red-and-yellow, crazy-patchwork style in architecture, when long windows opening on a piazza, with their usual accompaniments of dull colors, gingerbread ornaments about the cornices, plastered walls, and Mansard roof were considered the height of elegance; a cottage, then, was a literal copy of a pretentious villa. This house was a cottage, made a little more tasteful than the average by the judicious arrangement of the vines and shrubbery. It was to this same house that Edward Thurston had brought his bride, three years before. Together they had planned it,—it had been built with their joint savings,—and the vines and shrubbery, planted the day after their arrival, had grown to a remarkable degree of beauty and luxuriance, under the fostering care of both.

The young man who emerged from the window was tall and elegantly proportioned. Otherwise, he was not what most people would have considered handsome; some would have described him as "homely." His massive features were quite irregular, and his eyes of a neutral, grayish tint. His hair, eyebrows and moustache were heavy but rather wiry, and of indefinite tones scarcely to be defined as either red or yellow. His complexion was pale and colorless, very different from the pure, pearly-white of his wife's. But the mouth redeemed his whole face; it was pink as the rarest variety of pink coral, and the smiling lips disclosed teeth as white as the alabaster fruit of the snowberry bush. The expression of sturdy honesty combined with tender sympathy would have transfigured even a plainer face.

"You are not superstitious?" he repeated, advancing and resting his hand on the back of the rocking-chair in which Dora sat. A pretty picture the group made; the white lawn and lace which formed the blended robes of mother and baby, contrasting effectively with the somber tints prescribed by tyrant Fashion for gentlemen's wear,—in this case, blackish-browns or brownish-blacks,—the whole framed in by the green leaves, here and there relieved by clusters of many-shaded pink roses.

"Superstitious!" exclaimed Dora, with a shiver and a slight attempt at a laugh. "Oh no!—that is, not generally—but I am afraid the baby won't live."

"Why, what put that in your head?"

"A queer old woman was here—she just came in, muttered over the baby, and went away again."

"What did she say?"

"She repeated the old couplet,

'Blue vein across the nose,
Never wear wedding-clo'es.'

"Oho!" laughed Edward, "that's nothing. Do you suppose the Lord would change his will for a foolish old woman? Superstition is lack of faith."

"I know," said Dora, a little timidly, "but, suppose it is the Lord's will that the baby should not live?"

"If so, it's all right and you cannot alter it; but the old woman does not know that any better than you do." Edward's tone was reverent, but it changed to one slightly humorous as he added, "Besides, it may mean that she will live, and never marry."

"O Edward! That would be dreadful! I'd rather have her die!"

"What! Die?"

"I would!" declared the mother. "Do you suppose I'd want to have a daughter live and not be as happy as I am myself?"

"Perhaps she couldn't be if she did marry."

"O Ned! An old maid *can't* be happy."

"Well, I don't agree with you. I would rather see my daughter live to be an old maid, than marry *some* men I know."

"So would I," admitted Dora; "but do you suppose *she* would get a bad man?"

"She might—the best of women are sometimes deceived."

Poor, nervous Dora had borne too much. To the amazement of her husband she burst into a passion of tears. At length she found voice to blurt out:

"My baby will be in danger every moment she lives."

While Edward, inwardly writhing, exclaimed: "If I've tried to comfort her, I've made a very poor fist of it!"

* * * * *

Years passed—twenty, more or less.

The house had been enlarged to accommodate the needs of a growing family; perhaps, even, in some degree, to advertise an increased income. It had been remodeled in accordance with later ideas as to what constitutes taste in architecture. The Mansard roof had given way to an irregular collection of peaked gables and brick chimneys; the plastered walls were freshly tinted, relieved by painted tiles, and hidden as much as possible under rounded clap-boards, or artistic shingles, if the name suits you better: the long windows had been replaced by quaint alcoves displaying designs in stained glass; the gingerbread work, and cornices, too, had disappeared; the dull gray tints had been superseded by vermilion, ochre, olive and chocolate hues, displayed everywhere from peak to basement, as though some giant painter had accidentally upset his color-pots over the whole.

The shrubbery had been trimmed down, and the lawn smoothly sodded. It was constantly kept shorn, and relieved only by scarlet geraniums planted in immense round beds, like Titanic velvet mats thrown upon a proportionately large, green plush table-cover. I am afraid that Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, in their effort to have their home just as it should be, had overshot the mark as much in one direction as they had previously done in another. But then, if they had, there were plenty like them, to say nothing of others who had shot still further.

Edward and Dora, save for the increasing dignity of years, and a few white threads among their locks, had changed little. The younger Dora had become the elder's counter-

part : that is, as the elder was when we first saw her. In fact, there was no great difference now. They were of the same height and figure, and might easily have been taken for sisters. No stranger could have supposed that the discrepancy in years was as great as it really was ; for, although the younger Dora did not look any older than she was, the elder might easily have denied a decade of her age, and been believed. There were four younger daughters—Gertrude, Cornelia, Margaret, and Grace—ranging in age from eighteen to twelve ; but these were Doras over again, and might have claimed either Dora as an elder sister.

But in none of these, nor their mother, showed the blue vein across the nose. In the younger Dora it could be seen plainly, and it became more and more distinct every year that she lived. To her mother it seemed like a startling finger-mark of Fate ; for Mrs. Thurston had never forgotten the mysterious old woman. The fear for her first-born's future, an unspoken, haunting dread, was the one shadow upon her otherwise cloudless life. She would scarcely have whispered her superstitious fancies to any one ; but they had lived all these years and strengthened every day. As might be expected under the circumstances, Dora was dearer to her than all the rest of her children ; and now a handsome stranger wanted to take this cherished daughter away.

Who was he ? Well, so far as I know, his family and fortune were satisfactory ; otherwise, I cannot say that he was extraordinary. Everything has been done for such young men, so that they have neither motive nor opportunity for distinguishing themselves. William Mortimer was handsome, as many others of this order are ; he had the pink-and-white complexion, blonde bangs, fringe-like moustache, and tailor-made figure to be expected of his kind, and if he was rather short and slim, compared with the ideal of a few years ago, it must be remembered that Dora was to live in her own day, and not in her mother's. William's intellect was fair, and he had managed to honestly obtain a diploma from a good college. If Dora won higher honors in her college-course, and was, moreover, a little older than her *fiancé*, these, also, are fashions of the day.

But was there any love between them ? you ask. Yes, there was : of that genuine, modern kind, founded upon mutual respect, and leading to a perfect reciprocity, a full companionship of kindred souls, nearer the true ideal of love than the old kind ever was. To be sure, some of the most beautiful novels and poems have been written about the other variety ; but, after all, there was too much of mastership on the masculine side, too much of servility on the feminine. The true sentiments inspired by old-time love were more in the nature of prophecy than reality ; the article itself is vanishing, like other relics of barbarism.

Now perhaps you are surprised ; you thought I was going to picture William as altogether unworthy of Dora, and her mother's fears well-founded. Not a bit of it. There is more in the young men of to-day than many people like to give them credit for ; they are better than their fathers were. Some say that they are too effeminate ; but that may only mean that the brute in them is tamed, and, as the result of our higher civilization, they have risen one degree nearer the angel. Suppose they are *not* extraordinary : in an age of universal education, one who a century ago would have towered above all his fellows, must necessarily be lost in a crowd. When a man of learning and refinement and good moral character becomes ordinary, that means that we are nearing the millennium, the great leveling upward.

It is true that with his white hands William could hardly have thrust a sword through a rival's heart ; but then he could earn a living, which was more to the purpose. For myself, I confess that I would much rather have even a dudish

young man of to-day for a husband, than young Lochinvar. Not but that I would admire young Lochinvar's bravery in capturing me, but I should be very much afraid that having stolen me like a chattel, he would use me like one afterwards. The age that produced young Lochinvars, produced laws declaring that a man might administer to his wife "moderate correction," provided he used a stick no thicker than his thumb.

Accept, then, Dora's lover as one altogether suitable. So far as *he* was concerned, Mrs. Thurston's fears were far from well-founded. She herself was gradually beginning to believe this ; but what if Dora should die suddenly and mysteriously before the day fixed for the wedding ? or what if William should die, and thus blight Dora's whole life ? For that they would ever be married, the mother did not believe.

It looked, however, very much as though they might. The cards were out, and the final preparations under way. The fated "wedding-clothes," which Mrs. Thurston had persuaded herself were never to be worn, were ready to the last stitch. The dress was a wonderful creation of creamy satin, neck, sleeves and train edged with frosty point-lace. The four younger girls were to be bridesmaids, wearing peasant costumes of white mull, and rustic hats trimmed with natural wild-flowers.

By the day before the wedding Mrs. Thurston had worked herself into a frenzy of apprehension. The fate of her beloved daughter would be decided before another sunrise, and the contemplated church wedding, with its attendant beauty, would never be more than a dream. Perhaps a funeral would take its place, and the bridal veil be draped around a figure still and cold as a statue. But in that case would not the old woman's prophecy be proved false, and Dora still wear "wedding clothes" ? It must be, then, that William would die, and thus condemn her to a life of lingering desolation.

So it is not strange that the mother held herself apart, and that the gayety of the others smote her heart like a knell. The four fair sisters tried on their picturesque dresses, filled their hats and baskets with buttercups and daisies, and passed in review before her ; but to their great surprise she waved them out of her room, with a shudder. When her husband jocularly remarked, "I have never been to a wedding since my own—I must practice before I can give the bride away," she hushed him by an impressive, awe-struck gesture. To her it all seemed like mockery—as much out of place as comedy over a tomb.

Evening approached. Dora Thurston, the prospective bride, sat in the same spot where her mother had, more than twenty years before,—sat where she herself, a baby, had lain when the old woman had uttered the strange prophecy. That is, she sat in the same aerial space, or nearly so ; but from its surroundings it could scarcely be considered just the same, for the old painted boards of the piazza had given way to new oiled ones, and the once gray-tinted walls had become chocolate-brown, while the beautiful climbing roses had been cut away to be succeeded by tiled flower-boxes. We criticise new fashions, but, after all, they are likely to be the best ;—the old house, covered with creepers, was probably too damp.

Her dress was a succession of long lines and loose folds, made of soft, light woolen material, of a peculiar yellow shade, such as her mother, at the same age, would not have dared to wear. But Dora knew that any style of attire which shortened her already medium height, or exaggerated her sufficient slenderness, was not a becoming one ; and as to the color, she was well aware that it gave value to her blue eyes. Probably her mother would have thought herself obliged to wear a number of horizontal flounces and a tight waist, because everybody else did ; and would have

chosen dark blue for the color of her dress to "match her eyes," never thinking that she only succeeded in wiping them out.

But I cannot say that the young man who leaned over *this* Dora's chair had any better ideas as to his apparel than the other young man who had leaned over the other Dora's chair, years before. Perhaps he had—let tailors tell. But for my part, I do not see that yellowish-brown or reddish-brown is very much more beautiful than blackish-brown or brownish-black. The conventional male costume is ugly at best, the despair of artists, with brush or pen, everywhere. From all I can gather on the subject I should say it always has been, for the last hundred years at least.

What these lovers had been saying before the invisible reporter approached, cannot concern the general reader; but the purport of their conversation can be surmised when we remember that they really did love each other, as the lovers of no previous age ever did; and that they expected to be united on the morrow in a marriage which would be nearer the ideal of two halves made one perfect whole than even the weddings of their respective parents could have been. I can scarce remember twenty years back, but, from evidence received, I should say that the world had progressed more in that time than for a century preceding. Now, as to the invisible reporter. Just as the latter approached, a slender, black-robed figure was seen to come from one of the corners of the house and advance toward the front of the piazza, unperceived by either William or Dora. The figure suggested Dora's own, so did the face; but it had become so haggard, worn, and tear-stained, that only with difficulty could it be recognized as that of the elder Dora.

"You look well in that dress," said William, just as Mrs. Thurston and the invisible reporter came within hearing. "To-morrow I'll see you in your beautiful wedding-gown."

"You will not!" cried Mrs. Thurston, in a hoarse, agonized voice, but with a distinctness startling as a pistol-shot.

She was standing on the exact spot occupied, years before, by the old crone. The elder Dora herself had become the bird of evil omen, striking consternation to the heart of one who sat where she had,—one so like her in face as to be taken for an animated portrait painted in that former day.

Only an instant she stood thus—an instant during which her daughter gazed at her in speechless horror. In some mysterious way a portion of her own superstitious fear entered into the younger woman's soul. As for William, he only stared in puzzled wonder, trying in vain to imagine what queer freak had taken possession of his prospective mother-in-law. She departed as hastily as she had come, leaving Dora inclined to shiver, William, to laugh. He did not do so, however; Dora's white face and trembling hands effectually checked him.

"Something is going to happen!" gasped Dora at length. "I shall never wear the dress."

"Well, suppose you don't," he answered lightly, in very much the same tone as that used by Edward in trying to dispel the other Dora's fears. "Be married in the dress you have on."

"But suppose one of us should die to-morrow?"

"Well then, to make sure, suppose we go and be married now?" The light tone with which William began died away into a graver one; the possibility of losing Dora at the last had not yet occurred to him. It was only a fancy, of course; but suppose anything *should* happen before he could call her his?

Dora, on the contrary, took courage from the confident manner displayed by William at the beginning of his last

sentence. She was able to laugh a little, and say: "But suppose, after all, nothing *does* happen? Then we shall have all our trouble for nothing."

But William was recalling Mrs. Thurston's ominous words and appearance, as fast as Dora was forgetting them.

"Come now," he said, firmly. "Let to-morrow take care of itself."

"If nothing *does* happen," went on Dora, "shall we have the wedding? Everybody will be disappointed if we don't."

"Perhaps we may," answered William, "and then we can call to-day's ceremony a rehearsal. Most people have rehearsals, anyhow; but I shall insist that to-day's ceremony be performed entire, and properly recorded, no matter what happens to-morrow."

Dora had only to pick up her everyday hat—a big one of the Gainsborough order, of coarse straw trimmed with yellow crape—and a pair of dull gold-colored lace mitts, and she was ready in a minute.

A short walk brought them to the cozy rectory. We pass over the surprise of the white-haired old clergyman when the youthful pair besought him to make them one. He smiled at their superstitious fears, but would not undertake to argue them away: the old are not so presumptuous as the middle-aged, for the former have lived long enough to realize how little any of us actually know, and how there is the veil separating the material world from the spiritual. If these two felt instinctively that there was some mysterious reason for their haste, the best way to quiet their misgivings was to perform the ceremony as soon as possible. And as this was before the new law in Pennsylvania went into effect, requiring a marriage license, there was no legal difficulty in the way.

From the little yellow portico and across the too trim lawn, through the opening in the wooden-roofed stone wall inclosing the disused burying-ground filled with crumbling gray tablets, under the shade of the dense grove of Norway spruce surrounding the old sanctuary, and through the pointed, overhanging archway, and thence to the quaint, carved altar, was but a few steps. And there, in the gathering twilight, with shadows overhead and empty pews behind; with the organ silent, with no ushers, no bridesmaids, no witnessing friends; with no flowers, no carriages, no white ribbons, no gay carpet nor canopy; nothing, in short, to relieve the severe plainness of the interior, William and Dora, in their ordinary attire, were made husband and wife. Just as the last words were said, darkness settled over the little group at the chancel-rail, except that a long red ray struggled through one of the narrow, diamond-paned windows, and broadened into a faint, crimson light upon the old clergyman's white hair and surplice.

Half involuntarily Dora exclaimed, "There must be a fine sunset!"

"Then take it as a good ending of all your fears," said the old clergyman, extending his hand in congratulation.

Suddenly the red light burst in at every window, and filled the church with a glare scarcely less brilliant than that of noonday. The deep brown carpet, the oaken, maroon-cushioned pews, the dark, crossing rafters, the modest stained window-panes, the neutral-tinted walls, the unpretentious frescoes and lettering, the antique altar and pulpit, the tiny marble font, the old-fashioned cabinet-organ,—all were revealed with startling distinctness, and their ordinary lack of color was more than made up by the scarlet glow, increasing every second until words become inadequate to paint it.

"It's a fire!" exclaimed all three at once, hurrying to the door.

"It is our house!" cried Dora.

Seemingly transfixed, they stood still in the porch gazing

at the ever-broadening splendor of the flames before them. Dora was the first to recover her senses.

"Something *has* happened—there it is."

"Oh, yes!" assented William. "This would have spoiled our wedding to-morrow. It's a good thing we took time by the forelock."

"And we're neither of us dead!" exclaimed Dora, with more relief in her voice and heart than she would have believed possible.

"Well, then," remarked the old minister, "what you thought was a sunset may be taken as a good sign. It has justified the wisdom of your course, and quieted your fears. That is," he continued, "if you don't choose to consider the loss of the house; but, even then, it is better that a house should burn than either of you die."

"But perhaps the others are not safe!" cried Dora, with a shiver. "Let us hurry and see!"

They soon arrived at the scene of the fire. Tears came to Dora's eyes as she beheld her childhood's home wrapped in flame from basement to peak, with awful tongues soaring yards and yards above, as though they would pierce the blackening sky. The lawn was strewn with heaps of furniture in various stages of demolition, and the grass, flowers, and all, trampled down by the feet of a thousand lookers-on. Nobody seemed to be doing anything—the time had gone by for that. How the fire had started, and passed so suddenly beyond control, was, as yet, a mystery.

But were they all safe—parents, sisters, servants? She had scarcely time to ask the question before she saw the familiar faces gathered around her, not one missing. All seemed to glance curiously at the little group consisting of William and Dora with the old minister not far behind, but for some time not a word was said.

Even a sensation grows monotonous after a while. The fire could only burn itself out. This village, strange to say, while up to the latest ideas in other directions, did not possess either fire-engine or firemen. The neighbors had done what they could by wetting roofs and fences to keep the flames from spreading, but nobody, by simply looking on, could help or hinder. For the whole family to stand there all night was not to be thought of.

"Come," said William at length, "you can't do any good here. You must come home with me,—all of you."

Mrs. Thurston demurred. "It would scarcely do for us to go to your house, under the circumstances," she declared, the conventionalities of her girlhood coming to the fore. "Any of the neighbors would accommodate us."

"You will go to my house," asserted William. "I have the right to take you there. Your daughter is my wife."

"Without wearing her wedding-clothes!" was Mrs. Thurston's singular exclamation, uttered in a voice of involuntary incredulity, mixed with intense relief.

"Yes," was William's simple response. And then, to the amazement of everyone, she literally, to use a Scripture phrase, "fell on his neck and kissed him."

"You have saved her!" was the mother's next singular exclamation—which none of her auditors understood any better than they did the other.

* * * * *

Months passed, during which Mrs. Thurston's relatives had reason to fear for her sanity, so often would she look strangely at William and Dora, then burst into tears and kiss them. But one day, when her overwrought nerves could bear no more, it all came out; she confessed it to both.

"But for the fire, I think I should have committed suicide that night," she said. "I had borne the burden of fear for over twenty years, and could have borne it no longer. An old woman told me, when Dora was a baby, that she would never wear wedding-clothes. For years I

thought she would not live; then that something would happen on her wedding-day."

"Well, mamma, something did;—the fire."

"That was my fault. I'm glad now that it was. I went to look at that hateful wedding-dress, and accidentally dropped the lamp into it. I never intended you should know."

So the prophecy came true, and everything came right—as it generally does.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

The Cave of Machpelah.



HEN Abraham lost Sarah his wife, he chose for her burial-place a cavern admirably adapted for this purpose. The purchase of which seemed like an anticipated taking possession of the Promised Land. He paid four hundred shekels of silver for it, and the land which surrounded it became the property of the patriarch. The oak-tree in the plain of Mamre, under which Abraham met the sons of Heth and bargained with them for the burial-place (as recorded in the twenty-third chapter of Genesis), is still shown, and the traditional tree is known as the Oak of Abraham. The tree probably is a successor of the original oak, or else its longevity is most unparalleled.

The cave comprised three chambers of different levels; and it was in the third, the deepest and most remote, that he laid Sarah's body. There he was soon after laid himself, and the cave became the family tomb. Isaac and Rebecca in their turn were buried there, and the sons of Jacob were taught from their infancy to recognize and reverence the sepulcher of their fathers.

Joseph especially held this memory sacred; and when, having become ruler in the house of Pharaoh, he sent for his father and his brethren, he had no intention of abandoning the tomb. When Jacob died and was embalmed, the preservation of his body as a mummy was indefinitely assured; so with Pharaoh's permission, and according to his father's desire, Joseph departed for Hebron and deposited his father's remains with great pomp in the grotto of Machpelah. Leah had been interred there by Jacob, and the patriarch's body was the sixth and last.

After the conquest of Palestine by the Hebrews, the Cave of Machpelah, which had been like an earnest of their future victory, was, of course, held in highest respect. In David's time a magnificent inclosure, in parallelogram form, was made around the rock. It was built of enormous stones similar to those employed in the foundation of Solomon's Temple. It still exists; the walls are high and thick, ornamented with pilasters without capitals, and surmounted by

cornices. Then came the schism of the ten tribes; the war, exile, and captivity, followed by the return. Everything seems to indicate that a synagogue was built in the inclosure after the restoration of the Jews.

At last we reach the first century; the establishment of Christianity; the war of 66 to 70; and the dispersion of the people of Israel. The Cave of Machpelah, surrounded, or rather, surmounted, by its inclosure, remains intact, passes through all these vicissitudes without suffering. The historian Josephus speaks of the tomb of Abraham; Eusebius and Jerome describe it, and in the sixth century Antoninus the Martyr mentions it, and tells us that the Christians had built a basilica within the inclosure and above the tombs, which basilica replaced the ancient synagogue. The Christians had succeeded the Jews in their veneration for the sepulcher of Abraham. Thus we follow its history from age to age, and find each new generation inheriting the respect

is still surrounded by the majestic inclosure of David's time, which was the finest epoch of Hebrew architecture, and is the most prominent object in or around Hebron, part way up the slope of the hill-side.

The Arabic population of Hebron, and especially the guardians of the Mosque of Abraham, are bigoted beyond all tests. They even resist the seduction of *bakhshish*, which is remarkable in the East; and no Christian may penetrate into the sacred precinct. Three Europeans, however, have succeeded in effecting an entrance. The first was Ali Bey; the Prince of Wales, also, in 1862, was admitted with his suite; and, in 1866, the Marquis of Bute and several Europeans were permitted to inspect the interior. But did they see the tombs? No; for they merely walked about the mosque. They were shown in a vestibule the so-called graves of Abraham and Sarah, covered with a silken tapestry of green; in the middle of the mosque,



THE OAK OF ABRAHAM, NEAR HEBRON.

of the generation which preceded, for this venerable monument.

With Mahomet and the conquest of Palestine the cave passed to other owners. But Abraham is for them the "Father of the Faithful"; his tomb remains sacred; they prove this by showing it, if possible, even more respect than the Jews and Christians. The latter became, with the Crusades, for a short time masters of the land, and during this Christian period of the twelfth century the Rabbi Benjamin de Tudèle visited Machpelah. He descended into the cavern, and declares, positively, in his writings, that he saw the three successive grottos; the two first quite empty, and in the third the six veritable tombs, each with its epitaph engraven on the stone.

The Mussulmans, once more possessors of Machpelah, transformed the basilica into a mosque, and called it the Mosque of Abraham. It is called by that name to-day, and

against the pillars at the right, that of Isaac, with Rebecca's at the left; elsewhere, the pretended resting-place of Jacob and of Leah.

These cenotaphs are devoutly revered by the Mussulmans. What we find far more interesting is that the Marquis of Bute saw at the western entrance of the mosque the opening of a cave about four yards deep, and caught a glimpse of the interior. Access to this cave is forbidden to the Mussulmans themselves. What the Marquis saw was doubtless the entrance to the first of the three caverns, which is empty. We know that the second also is tenantless. No one enters; it is probable that no human being has set foot for centuries in the place where lie the remains of the patriarchs, and the mummy of Jacob. The other bodies must long since have returned to dust, but we have every reason to suppose that Jacob's mummy remains intact.

Many mummies, as every one knows, have been preserved

whom to attribute, such a profanation. The Jews would never have done it, certainly not the Christians, still less the Mussulmans. The tomb has always been respected, surrounded with deepest veneration by all populations, religions, governments, which have succeeded to Hebron. Abraham is the "Father of the Faithful," whether the faithful be Jews, Christians, or Mahomedans. If any tomb on earth has remained inviolate, it is that of Abraham and his children, the Cave of Machpelah.

But how are we to assure ourselves of what we feel to be so certain? To enter the cavern it would first be necessary to obtain the Sultan's permission, and he would not give it. Even if he did, the consent of all the Arab population of Hebron would have to be gained as well, and, as we have said, nowhere is Mussulman bigotry more narrow, suspicious, fierce, than around the patriarch's tomb. Simply to speak of going into the cave would be to risk immediate destruction. To get there, to see the precious sarcophagus, open it, and examine the mummy, we

must await the end of Islamism in Palestine. The day will doubtless come, but will any man or child of our age live to see it?

And yet, who knows? The time perhaps is not so distant when it may be given to some happy traveler to see the aged Israel sleeping in the stone bed where he has lain nearly four thousand years; to touch the hands that the blind Isaac touched: to see those gray locks about which the old man one day cried: "Then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

EDMOND STAFFER.

A Tariff Powwow.

WHEN Mrs. Nancy Brace walked into Mrs. Postlethwaite's large parlors, where the Wednesday afternoon Sewing Society had assembled for their weekly labors on the box for the missionary station out in Washington Territory, and the far more important and interesting task of regulating the public and private affairs of the country, the community in general, and their own immediate circle of acquaintances in particular, it was very evident that there was some subject of more than ordinary magnitude that overshadowed the usual serenity of her disposition.

The firmly compressed lips, and the calm, clear radiance of her mild blue eyes gave evidence of a mental struggle and a firm resolve to do her duty or die, at least metaphorically, in the attempt. She came in later than usual, and for some



VIEW OF HEBRON.

to our day, and many are as old, even older, than those of Joseph and Jacob. On the first of June, 1886, M. Maspero, in the presence of the Khédive, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, and Nubar Pacha, opened the sarcophagus enclosing the mummy of the great Sesostris (Rameses II.), the same who in all probability persecuted the Israelites so cruelly. The face is admirably preserved: the mask is powerful and grave; the hair white, though slightly yellowed by the process of preparation; the hands folded on the breast are remarkably delicate, and still tinged with the henna used at the last robing of the king. M. Maspero also opened the coffin containing the mummy of Rameses III., not so well preserved, but still fine, the forehead, mouth, lips, teeth, all perfect. Every year mummies are brought to light, dating from all epochs of ancient Egyptian history.

Of all the mummies, two only, those of Jacob and Joseph, seem to have been taken out of Egyptian territory. The former is at Machpelah, the latter at Shechem. Could the mummy of Joseph be found at Shechem? We have no reason to believe so; but for that of Jacob at Machpelah, the fact, strange as it may seem, appears extremely probable. The authenticity of the cavern is certain, the burial there of the patriarchs, particularly Jacob, undeniable. The embalming of his body according to the best and surest Egyptian custom is equally beyond dispute, and consequently the preservation of his body to the present day is evident.

If this mummy does not exist, then it must have been voluntarily destroyed at some period of history, and that is difficult to admit. We should not know where to place, to

time replied to the greetings of her acquaintances in brief but courteous remarks and monosyllables.

"The Society" was in a state of ill-concealed agitation, for Mrs. Bracey had never been known to conduct herself in such a manner since the day, memorable in the history of Fairview, when the discovery was made that old Dr. Brandson had eloped with the pretty seventeen-years-old daughter of the village cobbler. That event was made known to "The Society" by Mrs. Bracey, who was one of those lucky persons who always happen around when there is anything important going on. So everybody was, as Mrs. Tasker said, "on veritable pins and needles," and no one could be induced to stay out of the room, even for five minutes, lest they might lose what they felt was certain would be an important revelation. But, with Spartan courage, Mrs. Bracey restrained herself until five o'clock, when, according to time-honored custom, the gentlemen came in for tea, to which the fathers, husbands, and sons of families belonging to the church had been admitted.

"The Society" always had five o'clock tea, which, in Fairview parlance, meant cream biscuits and fresh butter, honey, "preserves" in winter and fresh berries in summer, tongue or potted beef sliced to wafer-like thinness, and coffee, tea, and chocolate, with ice-cream and cake. "The Society's" cake was Fairview's especial pride, and the ice-cream was always furnished by Grandma Atwood, whose flocks and herds numbered scores, and whose Jerseys were the pride of Leno County, and a credit to the State at large.

Mrs. Bracey was one of the most prominent and influential members of the leading Orthodox Church in Fairview, and her opinions and actions, backed by her goodly bank-account, commanded the respect and attention of the entire community. Fairview was a prosperous manufacturing town in New England, and numbered among its residents many capitalists, the majority of whom were regular attendants or communicants of the church to which "The Society" was an important auxiliary.

The guests were seated in rows and groups about the double parlors and in the large sitting-room which was connected with the parlors by folding-doors. The plates and napkins had been passed around, and Mrs. Postlethwaite's trim maid was just distributing tea and coffee among the visitors, when Mrs. Butler turned to Mrs. Bracey and asked if she had seen the new spring goods at Alden & Brown's.

"Well, yes; *I have looked at them,*" said Mrs. Bracey, grimly.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" chirped Miss May Tasker, who dearly loved pretty things.

"Um—um—yes, very fine," responded Mrs. Bracey.

"Perhaps Mrs. Bracey doesn't care for novelties in dress goods as much as she used to," put in Miss Simmons, who, though far advanced in the pathway toward the sere and yellow stage of human existence, yet retained the friskiness of youth, affected very young society, and was as girlish in her manners as a miss of sixteen. Mrs. Bracey often declared that she was long-suffering and patient where Miss Simmons was concerned; but this was the last straw, and she replied with more than her usual emphasis:

"I hope I may never grow too old to take a *sensible* interest in everything that is beautiful. I must however say, although it doesn't affect *me* to any great degree, that when I look at great stacks of foreign wool dress-goods, and realize that we must pay seventy-two per cent. duty on all that we wear, it quite takes away my interest in the goods themselves, and turns my thoughts toward a state of politics and public affairs that seems to need some attention. Just think of the thousands of laboring men and women and of women clerks and seamstresses who must pay seventy-two per cent.

of cost for the privilege of wearing fine wool goods in this blessed country! I think it's outrageous—so I do!"

Deacon Ambrose sat with the sugar-tongs in his hand, and his eyes fixed upon Mrs. Bracey in astonishment. Miss Brunhilda Postlethwaite was holding the sugar-bowl and waiting for the Deacon to take the two other lumps of sugar and deliver up the tongs so that she could serve Miss Simmons, whose plumage was somewhat ruffled, more by Mrs. Bracey's manner than her words.

"Why, Mrs. Bracey, what *would* you have? Surely you would not take the duty off from woolen goods and let them in free, would you?" exclaimed the Deacon.

"Indeed I would, and why not, pray?" asked Mrs. Bracey with some asperity in her tone.

"Why not?" gasped the Deacon, almost breathless at such a proposition. "Why not? And what, will you please to tell me, would become of our own wool interest? Why, Mrs. Bracey, I am amazed! To let in foreign wool goods free of duty would mean the entire destruction of the sheep-growers' business."

"Indeed! And so, because a few hundred men raise sheep, and have to be protected and coddled by a government tax that keeps out foreign goods, several millions of women and children must pay two or three prices for their dresses and cloaks. Isn't that it?" asked Mrs. Bracey.

Deacon Ambrose put the sugar-tongs into his tea and stirred the beverage in an agitated way, without once removing his eyes from Mrs. Bracey's face. Mrs. Postlethwaite came upon the scene, dextrously dropped two lumps of sugar into the cup, substituted a spoon for the tongs, and put in the cream without distracting the Deacon's attention, even for an instant.

"But you wouldn't ruin our wool interest, would you, Mrs. Bracey?" asked the Deacon, with a mournful cadence in his voice.

"Now, Deacon, are you so unreasonable as to demand tribute from every man, woman, and child in these United States, for the sake of protecting a few wool-growers? Are you willing that women and girls should be taxed to their uttermost to pay seventy-two per cent. duty on their dresses because you keep a few sheep with your other stock, and might have to take ten or fifteen cents a pound less for your wool-clip than you get now? Besides, I don't see that this protection does you any good, anyway."

The Deacon was too much disturbed to answer immediately, and took advantage of the interval to empty his tea-cup and ask that it be refilled. After a moment, however, he rallied, assumed an air of superior knowledge, and returned to the charge.

"Since the year 1860, Mrs. Bracey, the wool-clip of this country has increased from sixty millions of pounds to three hundred and twenty-five millions of pounds; and the increase in the number of sheep is from twenty-two millions to over fifty millions. Is not this a sufficient evidence of prosperity under the present system of tariff?"

"I don't think so. The statement that some centenarian has broken the ice in his bath-tub and taken a plunge every winter morning for fifty years, doesn't prove that we would all live a hundred years if we dipped ourselves in ice-water every day; and one argument is, to my mind, quite as conclusive as the other. It seems to me," and Mrs. Bracey straightened herself up, and her voice assumed a more emphatic tone, "that when men begin to argue on tariff and free trade and protection, they start out by taking certain things for granted. They tell us that a thing has prospered under given conditions, and will altogether ignore the fact that the same prosperity might have followed were these conditions altogether wanting. I discover, however, that you debaters upon tariff just take good care to keep away from the

point where your tether can bring you up short. Three hundred and twenty-five millions of pounds of wool looks immense when you put it into figures, but it is all consumed; and when you reflect that in addition to this there are millions and millions of dollars' worth of wool goods imported every season, I can't just get at the solidity of your reasoning."

"Would you take the tariff from all imported goods, Mrs. Bracey? I think you are an out-and-out free-trader," said Mr. Garnett, who was the Vice-president of the Tricking River Railroad, and had an eye to the value of railroad iron, steel rails, and the like.

"Well, perhaps not entirely, but to a great extent I would, and—yes, *altogether*, from the food and clothes, necessities of life. Oh yes, I know what you will say; that steel rails have dropped from \$100 per ton, to \$25 under the protective tariff. But just a moment. Steel rails are important, of course; but rich corporations have to pay for them, and the demand for them is limited. Now there are millions of dollars' worth of goods, cutlery, for example, manufactured in the United States, shipped to England, repacked, shipped back here, the duty paid on them, as well as all costs of transportation, and then they are sold as genuine English goods. Brutus may have 'reasons' with which to answer this, but it looks to me very much as though, if we could have these same goods put upon the market at somewhere near their cost of production, the masses of the people might get a great deal more for their money than they do now."

"Well said, Mrs. Bracey," said the Principal of the Public School, who had just come in. "I am glad to hear you taking the side of the people."

"The people will come around all right, in time, Mr. Kelley," said Mrs. Bracey. "Don't give yourself any uneasiness about them. It is a few of the wrong-headed factions, and more wrong-hearted politicians, that are just now making all of the trouble. The people are growing wiser every day, and the time will come when 'a policy' will not be followed out because it belongs to any party, or to any class of industries, but the general prosperity of the whole people will rule the affairs of this nation."

"Well, as to that, Mrs. Bracey," said Mr. Tasker, one of the leading men of his State, and one who made politics and tariff discussions his business. "as to that, when you talk about prosperity, where can you find such a wonderful example of that as the United States for the past few years? Why, under the present system, the story of this country's development is more like the creation of an imaginative brain than a narrative of solid facts! Protection to our industries has made us the greatest nation on earth! Why just see here once. In 1865 we mined and consumed fifteen million tons of coal. Does it count for nothing in the record of our prosperity that last year we mined something like one hundred millions? And——"

"Come, come, Mr. Tasker," interrupted Mrs. Bracey, laughing, "that argument counts for nothing at all. When you were one year old you might have drunk a gill of milk. The statement that you could drink a quart to-day, would only prove that you had grown a good deal and that your capacity for absorption had increased accordingly. How many more people are there in the country to-day than in 1865?"

"But, Mrs. Bracey," put in Squire Pierson, "is it nothing that all of the people are employed, nearly all of them at fair wages? Twenty years ago, our metal industries employed fifty-three thousand men; to-day they employ three hundred thousand, and——"

"Only another evidence that we have grown. Really, that proves nothing else to my mind—at least is no argument why this protective tariff on the necessities of life should continue. We put the infant into a baby-jumper

until he is strong enough to help himself. He would bitterly resent being kept in leading-strings after he had reached maturity. I think this country is in very much the same condition. It has grown past the need of having its industries petted and fed on government pap, and now, a stalwart giant among nations, it should throw open its doors to the commerce of the world."

"And let the cheap labor productions of barbarians fill our markets and crowd out our own manufactured cotton goods," said Mr. Bates, a great cotton-spinner, who had just dropped in.

"And permit the great masses of the people to buy goods without paying the added value of duties," responded Mrs. Bracey.

"And ruin our great salt interests," groaned Mr. Butler, who was the principal owner and proprietor of a large salt "plant."

"And make it possible for the rank and file to 'earn their salt' without working overtime," laughed young Charley Postlethwaite, who was beginning to learn the A. B. C. of tariff from his father's discussions and documents.

"And make it possible for a man to get a job done in this delightful country at a fair rate," growled old Captain Schwartz.

"The joke is on you, this time, Captain," said Mr. Tasker; and everybody laughed when it was told how Captain Schwartz once came into an American port, and made all of his arrangements to have his ship resheathed. When the men were ready to begin work, he found that in this land of liberty he could not take foreign copper from the inside of a foreign trading-ship and employ American mechanics to nail it upon the outside, without paying a duty of forty-five per cent. on the new copper put on the ship, as well as a duty of four cents per pound upon the old copper taken off; and so, in disgust, he set sail in ballast for Halifax, got his ship recoppered by Canadian laborers, and then came back to Yankee land for her cargo.

"Next time, Captain, come empty and buy American copper," said Mr. Tasker, who believed in "protection every time!"

"Have some more sugar, Mrs. Bracey?" asked Mr. Le Gardo, who was the owner of sugar plantations in Cuba. He passed the sugar-bowl, and continued: "Here is another of the necessities of life that is taxed until it is a burden upon your people. Sugar is taxed eighty-four per cent., and, not satisfied with this, your manufacturers have organized trusts and rings and——"

"Yes, trusts to protect themselves against strikes and their consequences," interrupted Mrs. Tasker. "It has come to a pretty pass that those who have worked for years to accumulate property must have their peaceable possession of it disturbed, and their right to manage it as they please questioned by the people they find it necessary to employ. I do not think such a movement as these trusts would ever have been thought of had not capitalists been forced to take some measures for their own protection."

"Oh, to be sure! It stands to reason that the unfortunate laboring-man must take all of the blame. He makes an admirable scape-goat," put in Mr. Kelley, with a considerable degree of warmth. "When I was in New York, I went to the meetings of the Anti-poverty Society, and was much impressed by——"

"No doubt, no doubt," interrupted Deacon Ponder, who had his own ideas upon economic matters. "No doubt all of those gentlemen theorized remarkably well; but I learned one very important lesson a great many years ago, young man," and here the Deacon leaned back in his easy-chair, and put his elbows upon the arms, and the tips of his fingers together. "I learned that the only anti-pov-

erty society that is good on the home stretch, is the one where a man attends strictly to his own business, or makes himself master of all the details of his trade and convinces his employer that he can be counted on in any emergency. But the anti-poverty spouter, who wants an equal division of property, wants me, after forty-five years of hard work, to share my farm with him, and then let him give my orders for me; wants me to follow where he leads, and pay the piper after he has spent his life in dancing. I tell you that sort of talk is the most absurd nonsense, and the advocates of such folly will strangle themselves in their own meshes.

"It reminds me of a story told when the first railroad was opened across the great plains in the West. A big Indian chief considered himself insulted by the white men and their railroad, and decided to put a stop to their intrusion forthwith. Summoning several of his braves, he rode out, resplendent in war-paint and feathers, to meet an approaching train. He called upon the engineer to stop, but no attention was paid to him. With a characteristic whoop he swung his lasso, dropping it squarely over the smoke-stack of the locomotive. The trains are still running, I believe; but I never heard whether any of the tribe found any fragments of Indian. And this is about the way in which history will record the anti-poverty nonsense of the present decade."

"But this seems to be rather dodging the question, doesn't it?" said Judge Pierson, a well-to-do lawyer, who had political aspirations, and did not like to have the argument take such a turn. "I thought this conversation was upon tariff."

"And so it is," said Mrs. Pierson, who rarely lost an opportunity to make a point. "And it interests me especially just now, because I want a new cloak for spring, and the duty on cloaks is sixty-eight per cent., and I don't like it."

"And I want a new carpet, and must pay forty-eight per cent. duty or go without," said Mrs. Ambrose, with a side-glance at her husband. That gentleman growled something about "woman's sphere," and that it "wasn't in tariff discussions;" but without heeding it Mrs. Ambrose went on. "Whenever I want anything in the way of wool goods, I am assured that they cannot be had for less than a special price, on account of the duty; and when goods are too expensive, the Deacon says that wool does not bring enough to make it worth while to keep sheep. Now I should think that if this were the case, it would be much better to take off the duties and be able to get imported goods at reasonable rates."

"I want a new mirror for my dressing-room," said Miss Brunhilda Postlethwaite, "but pa says they cost too much. I know the duty is seventy-eight per cent., but why should I have to pay so much more for a mirror just because an industry must be protected?"

"I'll tell you why, sis," said Charley Postlethwaite audaciously, "it is just because the tariff is a great political machine. Now if Mr. Tasker wanted to run for Congress in this district, he knows perfectly well that he must not bother with the wool tariff, unless it be to increase it, else pa and Deacon Ambrose and a few other influential men will combine to defeat him. They don't care a rush, *personally*, how much plate-glass and rice and iron are protected, but they know that they must not interfere with those things or the plate-glass and iron men will retaliate in kind. It is a tacit agreement that I will let your glass-house alone, if you will not throw stones at mine; and the masses of the people may help themselves if they can. Isn't that so, pa?" laughed the mischievous boy, looking across the room at his father.

Mr. Postlethwaite tried to look stern, but there was a perceptible puckering of the corners of his mouth. He glanced at Mr. Tasker, who was evidently much annoyed; then looking his son full in the face, said: "You are getting on rapidly, my son. Now just please harness your brilliant mind down to practical labor problems, and supply me with some of your mother's provisions. I will take some biscuit and potted beef and a cup of coffee."

There was no reproof either in the father's tone or in his eyes, and a moment later Charley was heard on the back porch, humming the air, "For all of which the people have to pay."

Mr. Tasker's temper was considerably ruffled, and he had no mind to let the subject drop there. "I am sorry," he said, "that there should be any disposition to treat this subject lightly. It is one which must be of vital interest to our entire country, and cannot fail to involve the welfare of the rising generation. When the doors are flung open to all of the markets of the world, the price of labor will go down, the condition of the family of the working man will approach that of laborers in foreign lands, trade in home products will languish, and many of our most important business interests will be destroyed. Our producers will find their commodities crowded out of market by foreign goods produced at a much less cost than our own, while debts will increase, and the means to pay them will be wanting. It is a matter of great importance to many wool-growers, whether the wool-clip brings ten or fifteen cents per pound more or less than usual. It makes the year's footing-up either good or bad to them. On it may depend whether the son finishes his college course, or if the daughter can complete her musical education. It decides whether the mortgage on the farm can be paid off, or whether it will be safe to purchase the tract of woodland that will add so much more than its simple value to the home farm. Whether the last days of existence shall be comfortable and quiet, or whether they must be harassed by dread and doubts, and their peace destroyed by constant self-denial and anxiety."

Grandpa Postlethwaite had entered the room during the conversation, and stood by the mantel, leaning on his cane. He had almost finished his century of years, but still retained the brightness and enthusiasm of his maturity.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is one of the most perplexing of topics. I have studied over it for many years, and can draw but one conclusion: the choice lies between benefiting a few, and doing well for many. A high tariff protects a limited number of industries, and compels the masses to pay higher prices for many things. Our sugar and iron and rice and wool producers flourish and employ many hands at good wages. This is well. Free entry supplies to the consumer all of the products of the world's markets at moderate cost. This also is well, but this is not the vital point. All parties shrink from facing the one course that will alone settle this matter. If we make all goods free of duty, we enable the laboring-man to buy more and better goods for his money than now. But this cannot be done while we at the same time open our factories to cheap or foreign laborers. If our statesmen could devise some way to stop flooding the country with foreign labor, then we could manage the rest; but every foreign-born citizen would rebel against this, and so we go on. The pay of laboring-men will grow less, and the duties may increase; but there are too many workers, and more are coming; and although our working-people are crying out at the present rate of wages, they persist in sending for their foreign friends and deluging the labor centers with unskilled workers, and then, after having kindled the fire, they form Unions and Leagues to put it out, striving to prevent men who *would* work, from earning their bread by honest toil. The immigration question is broader than

the tariff question, and vastly more important. On the solution of this problem turns the future welfare of the country."

"I am reluctant to disagree with a man whose experience and observation are so much more extended than mine," said the minister, "but I must say that I think the present condition of the industrious masses of our people is of much greater importance than the prosperity of speculators who demand that they may be allowed to flood our markets with all sorts of foreign manufactured goods and raw materials. Look at the trade in cloaks, for instance. Our working-women are getting from \$3 to \$6 per week, because cloaks can be made at starvation wages in Germany and it is cheaper to import them. Think of paying a woman \$1.60 for making a plush cloak that sells for \$35! A man in Germany gets thirty-six cents per day for work that pays him \$12 to \$18 per week here. I tell you that the prosperity of a people is gauged by the condition of its laborers; and their condition, mental and moral, depends on the wages they receive. When you keep men or classes on starvation pay, you dwarf their minds and bodies, and make their descent to barbarism easy and rapid. Two generations with German wages in this country would take all of the brawn and bravery out of our laboring-people. A hungry *animal* will fight—but it is only the desperate struggle for life. Very few brave dashes were ever made with empty stomachs. That is the destructiveness of the mob, the defensive fight against starvation, not the brilliant attack that overcomes by moral and metaphysical, quite as often as by sheer brute force. No, my friends, protective measures have given us our beautiful homes, our firesides, our prosperity, and our unparalleled independence. Put twenty per cent. additional duty on all articles that can be produced at home, rather than open the door one single inch to let low wages and the demoralization attending them creep in and destroy the quiet domestic prosperity of our honest toilers."

There was a little flutter of excitement just then, and all eyes were turned toward the door as the Mayor and his wife came in. After the greetings were over, someone proposed a vote of thanks to Grandpa Postlethwaite and the good pastor, and the tariff discussion was postponed indefinitely.

NELLIE S. STOWELL.

Dickens' Grave.

JUST beyond the noise and tumult
Of the city's crowded street,
Just beyond the well-worn pavement
Daily thronged with restless feet,
Rise the Minster's hoary towers
Guarding England's noble dead;
Let us pass the solemn portals
With a hushed and reverent tread,
While the organ's stormy passion
Shakes the arches overhead.

Records of the bygone ages
Meet my eyes on every side,
Of the warriors, statesmen, sages,
England's glory and her pride.
And Westminster's mighty arches,
Brooding in a silence deep,
O'er her children's sacred ashes
Watch and ward forever keep:—
There the men who loved and served her,
In a cloistered calmness sleep.

Through the long-drawn aisles I wander,
Pass by holy Edward's tomb,
And the shrine of Saxon Sebert,
Shrouded in a dayless gloom.
Regal honor, warlike glory,
Tempt me not to turn aside;
I can see in farther distance
Where my soul would fain abide,
In the hallowed Poet's Corner,
Far from earthly pomp and pride.

Faintly shines a ray of sunlight
Through the window's tinted glow,
Glimmering mid the Gothic arches
To the pavement far below.
Near me stands King Henry's Chapel
With its wealth of oak and stone,
And the long aisles stretch behind me,
Into twilight shadows thrown,
While I pause in reverent silence
Here at Dickens' tomb, alone.

Brief the inscription on the marble,
Only name and birth and death;
Yet the splendor of his genius
Needs no monumental wreath.
Noble dead are near him sleeping,
But their tombs, though rich in art,
In their blazonry of sorrow
Cannot deeply touch the heart.
Only at the tomb of Dickens
Sighs are breathed, and tear-drops start.

He could blend the tones of passion,
And the minor tones of pain,
With the ringing notes of gladness
Ever surging through his brain.
It is fitting that the Nation
Which he honored while on earth,
Should revere his sacred ashes,
And should recognize his worth.
For I hold the man of genius
Far above the man of birth.

Suddenly the laboring organ
Breaks the quiet so profound,
With a tender lamentation
In its throbbing waves of sound.
"Rest in peace," it seems to whisper,
"Death has quieted thy pain.
Human joy and human sorrow
Vex no more thy busy brain."
"Rest in peace," my soul re-echoes,
Taking up the sad refrain.

As I slowly leave the Abbey,
Aisle and transept, arch and wall
Lose themselves in gathering shadows,
And the twilight covers all.
O'er that tablet in the pavement
Countless steps shall come and go,
Countless eyes shall read its record
By the window's tinted glow,
As the centuries bring their tribute
Unto him who sleeps below.

CATHARINE WEED BARNES.

The Reason Why.

THE sound of the engine-whistle was something new in Woodville, and it smote upon the ear the more discordantly from the fact that both trains that passed the village went through in the night—the first about bed-time by the primitive Woodville rules, and the second after midnight.

Did the passengers, as they peered forth into the darkness made visible by the solitary station-light, ever wonder about the inhabitants of Woodville, or form conjectures as to what the histories of these isolated lives might be? Probably not; and if they had felt any such curiosity and possessed the power of gratifying it, Woodville would have proved much the same as any other little country town. The fact remains, however, that each one of these, even the smallest and most insignificant, is a center of hopes and fears, joys and pains, fruitions and disappointments, and it is that fact which emboldens me to claim for the little village of Woodville a truly dramatic interest.

It did not look dramatic, certainly, with its old-fashioned dilapidated buildings and its atmosphere of shabby repose. It was one of the numerous *statu quo* country villages, which observed an admirable uniformity in its census reports, and knew nothing of the discords of disputed corporate limits. Woodville avoided all that by simply not growing, and the inhabitants of Woodville were entirely satisfied to have it so. When the great noisy engine would come puffing and shrieking into the town at nine o'clock at night it rarely failed to elicit unfavorable comment.

"Good gracious, Miss Melinda! There it comes! It's enough to take a body's head off," Mrs. Mills would say, in emphatic, unavailing protest, as she would be setting her bread to rise, and covering up her little fire for the night.

Mrs. Mills was perhaps the chiefly aggrieved party when the new railroad was laid, as her house was the nearest to the track. She was a middle-aged widow who eked out her scanty income by taking a boarder or two, when such a rare creature was to be had in Woodville. Her only permanent lodger was the little old maid who had taught a small school in the village for more than forty years past, and seemed as inherently one of the institutions of the place as the town clock or the post-office. Everybody knew and loved Miss Melinda, from the babies up; and the little old lady took such a kindly interest in everyone, and entered so quickly into all their feelings, that it was no wonder.

When Mrs. Mills cried out at the shriek of the engine, Miss Melinda joined in the protest by putting her thin little hands, with the fingers worn by constant friction with knitting-needles, over her ears, behind which the sparse white hairs were smoothly tucked away under a serviceable little black cap, and looked sympathizingly at Mrs. Mills through her worn steel spectacles. If the railroad had to be endured, it was no small comfort to Mrs. Mills to have the fact of her martyrdom duly appreciated. Of course Mrs. Mills knew that Miss Melinda minded the railroad too, but then Miss Melinda didn't have *her* headaches, and it couldn't therefore be a matter of so much consequence to her.

If it be true that Woodville was, as has been said, an unremarkable little town, it is equally certain that for once in its history it possessed one feature which would have justified a claim to distinction. This was in the person of a young girl so extraordinarily beautiful, that if the people of Woodville had not seen her, from her infancy, reared in the very midst of them, they might have been excused for wondering if she were not the creature of some brighter sphere come down to dwell with them.

She was the doctor's daughter, and her mother had been some years dead. It was not known exactly who it was that had changed her formal baptismal title into the name of "Bonny," but it is certain that this name once started was kept going, and now no one ever thought of any other. In this case the dangerous practice of calling children by names which suit them in the age of infancy, was more than justified by the fitness of the term as the girl expanded into riper beauty. At seventeen she was nothing less than a vision of loveliness, of the fair, round, youthful type, only a shade more beautiful than babyhood because of the added charm of an expression of thought and feeling imparted by approaching womanhood.

Of course all the youth of Woodville were at this little hour's feet; but they had all been her playmates from childhood, and she persistently regarded them in the same light yet, and laughed at their love-making. She read more books than most of the young people of the place, and it was sometimes said that they put notions in her head; but the field of literature to which little Miss Bonny had access was so extremely limited that it is more than likely that the notions came of themselves, born of the enthusiasm and ideality of the girl's own nature.

It was in her eighteenth year that Bonny's beauty seemed to have reached its zenith. She had chestnut brown hair, and great deep-blue eyes, and her satin-smooth cheeks, rounded to a perfect curve, showed a perpetual mingling of the clearest pink and white. Then she had perfect little teeth, and charming dimples about the corners of her full red lips, and certainly the daintiest hands and feet that anybody could imagine.

The days of Bonny's life flew by, monotonously gay and free from care, until one day there came to Woodville someone who, as if by a magic touch, changed everything. Doctor Emmett, who had mingled with his medical and chemical studies some investigations in geology and mineralogy, had entered into some mining enterprises with capitalists from the city, who sent on a young man to represent their interests, giving him letters to the doctor, which were promptly presented. It soon became evident that he was a young gentleman of leisurely habits and luxurious tastes, with whom hunting and fishing were the uppermost considerations, though he was quite willing to do a little business, by the way.

When he first presented himself at Doctor Emmett's, and Bonny, who was quite unaware of his being in the office, flitted in, dressed in white and humming a gay little tune, a common consternation was the result. The girl grew pink to the tips of her little ears, and the song died on her lips as she stopped abruptly, while the young man, rising instinctively to his feet, swept off his hunting-cap and stood as if expecting some event of importance. If it was an introduction that he expected, it was disposed of in a sufficiently off-hand manner by Doctor Emmett.

"My daughter, Mr. Heath," he said. "What do you want, Bonny?"

Mr. Heath acknowledged the presentation by a stately bow, the like of which Bonny had never seen before, and as she bowed, in response, she recovered herself sufficiently to say that she had come for the tack-hammer, and to possess herself of that homely implement and retire. But when she was outside the door and alone in the little sitting-room, she forgot the pressing matter that had called for her efforts with the tack-hammer, and sat down and fell to thinking about the young stranger, and wondering why she had felt so shy before him. It was a perfectly novel sensation to her, but then no one had ever looked at her in just that way before.

By and by, when the tea-bell rang, and Bonny had taken

her place at the head of the table, with her father's chair opposite, and her little sister, Loulie, at one side, she felt her heart give a sudden throb as her father came in from the office saying :

"Another plate, Bonny,—Mr. Heath is going to take tea with us."

Mr. Heath followed close upon his name, and made another splendid bow to Bonny, calling her Miss Emmett and apologizing for his intrusion by saying that the offer of a real home-like cup of tea, after the desolation of the hotel dining-room, was a temptation too great to be resisted. His smooth, distinctly accentuated speech fell on her ear like sounds from far away, and she could hardly believe that she was really in her own little familiar home, making tea for papa and Loulie. The presence of this wonderful stranger seemed to make everything unreal. She went through her duties quite successfully, in spite of the strong pervading consciousness that Mr. Heath was watching her with eyes whose touch she seemed to feel upon her cheek; and when the meal was over and her father motioned her to come with them into the sitting-room, she followed obediently, clinging on to Loulie's hand and drawing her along with her.

The lamp was lighted, and one of the pleasant fires of early autumn was glowing on the hearth. The doctor explained that he must go, for a few moments, to see a patient very near by, and begging his guest to make himself at home with "the children" until his return, he went out. Bonny felt most inexplicably frightened. Why the presence of a tall young man, well-dressed in a sort of elegantly-rough hunting equipment, with a moderately handsome person, and the kindest and gentlest manner, should have overawed her so, she could not herself explain; but so it was.

Perhaps Mr. Heath suspected it, for he began to talk to Loulie, and then drew her sister into the conversation almost before she knew it; and very soon her shyness passed away. The three were in the midst of a bright talk when the good doctor returned and tacitly gave "the children" to understand that their part in the proceedings might be considered over. And so passed the first evening of Bonny's intercourse with Mr. Heath.

But the evenings that followed it, and the mornings and noondays they spent together in a companionship which was so utterly unlike all that had ever been in Bonny's simple life before that her identity seemed to be gone from her! Mr. Heath took her with him on his fishing excursions, and they would sit together by placid streams, with the tempered autumn sunshine falling on them in little tremulous flecks through the leafy verdure above, that was just taking on its gay autumnal tints. They would talk together in low quiet tones, under pretense of not alarming the fish, but more because even when they talked of common things, they seemed to themselves to be uttering the very secrets of their hearts. Sometimes, again, the young man would beguile her into accompanying him on his tramps after birds, and she would carry the game-bag and take the keenest delight in the sport. Then there were walks home together, through the sweet October twilight, when it was dark enough for Bonny to need the support of the young man's arm, and the sense of protection, given and received, was so sweet to each.

There was nobody to see the pretty picture they made, but it was one worth looking at—Bonny in her dark blue flannel dress made in simple serviceable style, with a little red worsted cap, shaped like a Scotch bonnet, fitting closely to her bright brown head, whose rapid movements, and quick glances here and there, made the young fellow declare that she reminded him of one of those sober-bodied, red-headed birds which he saw hopping about in the trees when he was looking for squirrels; and Heath in his well-fitting cordu-

roys, with his gun over his right shoulder, and his left arm supporting Bonny's little hand, the two dogs bounding on ahead. Oh those were happy, never-to-be-forgotten days!

One evening Heath came over with a grave look on his face, which Bonny saw at once though she somehow felt that she dared not ask the reason of it. He begged her to get her hat and come for a walk. He wasn't going to hunt or fish, he said; he wanted to talk to her. So Bonny obediently went off and put on the little red cap, and stood equipped for the walk. She had on the dark blue flannel dress, with a little white kerchief on her shoulders, and looked more bewitching than I can possibly describe to you. Her stout little boots made her independent of the fear of wetting, and she sprang across the brooks from rock to rock, as bright and active as a bird in a tree, and walked unweariedly through stubble-fields and scrambled up hill-sides, in her short, full skirt, with as much ease as the young man himself.

This evening, however, her feet were guided into quiet ways, along a shady woodland path that led to a pretty spot beside a little spring where she and Heath had often stopped to rest and quench their thirst, after their long rambles. It was only about a mile outside the town, and Bonny could not be supposed to be tired; and, as the sun was not yet gone down, there was not the excuse of darkness, so Bonny wondered, with a sort of agitated feeling at her heart, when her companion said suddenly:

"Take my arm, Bonny," and, without waiting for her to assent, drew her hand within his arm and held it there by a gentle pressure, as they walked along in silence. When they were deep in the heart of the little wood, protected from sight by its branching boughs and luxuriant foliage, the young man paused, and fastening his eyes upon her face said almost abruptly:

"What makes you so silent? Are you angry with me because I dared to call you by your dear little name? You will forgive me, perhaps, when you know I am going away."

Going away! The words were like a knell. They fell like ice upon the poor child's bounding heart, and the color fled from her face.

"Are you sorry, Bonny? Will you miss me, Bonny?" he said, bending his eager face, flushed with an emotion he could not and would not subdue, so close to her that his breath was on her cheek. But there came no answer. She would not lift her eyes to look at him, but she could not help it that two heavy tear-drops overflowed them and fell upon her cheek. At sight of them the young man's face flushed deeper yet, and an arm stole round her waist and drew her to him. "Do you love me, Bonny?" he said, and his voice had sunk to the softest whisper. Bonny heard it, though, and her heart gave a great leap, but she could not even try to speak.

"O Bonny, my little darling, answer quickly!" he said, his voice pleading and passionate. "I cannot bear to wait. If you feel for me one atom of what I feel for you, let me know it. If you love me, Bonny, kiss me."

The little head with its childish red cap and nut-brown clusters of hair was tremulously lifted up, and Bonny turned her sweet young lips to his. The young man bent and pressed his own upon them, in a long, close kiss. Then, as if that kiss had made her all his own, he took her in his strong and tender arms and held her tight against his bounding heart.

For a long moment neither spoke. The silence of the little wood was all unbroken, save by the gurgling of the brook; even the birds and insects seemed to have hushed their voices, as if they dared not desecrate the holy stillness. A little squirrel, which had run out on a leafy branch overhead, and sat there palpitating at the sight of human forms

so near, remained fixed to the spot as if he, too, felt constrained by the spell of this silence.

But moments of supreme joy are ever short, and this one was over now. Bonny lifted her flushed and agitated face and muttered tremulously :

"Are you going away?"

"Only for a little while, my Bonny—to hurry back and claim you as my very own forever."

"Don't go," she said, clinging with both little child-like hands about his neck. "If you go away from me, I shall feel that you won't come back."

"Not come back!" he said, holding back his head to look at her, and smiling fondly down into her anxious, beautiful face. "I should like to see anything under Heaven that could keep me! Why, Bonny, I love you, my little one. Do you know what that means? If not, I will teach you the sweet, sweet lesson. You are engaged to be married to me, Bonny. Do you know that? We are going to be married soon, and oh, we're going to be *so happy!*"

Bonny raised her joyful eyes to the tender, passionate face that bent above her, but the next instant they were sealed by his fervent kisses that fell like rain upon her eyelids, cheeks, and hair.

The sun was gone now, and here in the little wood the shadows had gathered. The squirrel up in the tree had scampered off to his nest, and they were alone in the stillness and darkness. A little longer they lingered, still and happy, in each other's arms, and then they sauntered home together through the pleasant autumn fields, beyond whose farthest line the last rays of the departed sun were tipping the clouds with radiant light. It is good to know that, for that hour, at least, they were supremely happy; for before the next day's sun had set, this stalwart young man was lying dead before Bonny's eyes.

When the news of the accident in the mine was made known in the town, next morning, no one wondered to see the frantic terror in the girl's white face as she rushed out of the house and joined in the hurrying crowd that was moving on toward the end of the town near which the mine was situated; for it was well known that Dr. Emmett had gone down the shaft that morning with the young stranger from the city. Several people spoke to her, in reassuring, sympathizing tones, but she seemed not to hear them as she stumbled blindly along.

Suddenly a thrill of fear passed through the crowd, as there slowly came in sight a little procession headed by Doctor Emmett, with a group of men bearing a heavy burden. On an improvised stretcher was the figure of a tall young man, indistinctly outlined through the light covering thrown over it. Bonny knew that straight, strong figure at a glance, and with a stifled cry of anguish she rushed toward it and fell on her knees by its side. Only this morning Doctor Emmett had promised his daughter's hand in marriage to this young man, and he felt her right to be here now. He motioned to the men to pause a moment, while he went to her side and spoke to her in a tone no one else could hear. His words seemed to fall unnoticed on her ears. She had taken up the pale cold hand that showed at one side of the covering, and caught it to her breast. In a moment Dr. Emmett stooped and spoke to her again, telling her that the men must go on, and begging her to lean upon his arm. She shook him off, half-roughly, but rose to her feet and moved onward with the crowd, holding tight to the white hand that hung so cold and heavy in her own, and putting up her other hand to shut out from her desolated eyes the light of the radiant autumn day.

So she stumbled on; sometimes uttering a stifled sob, but giving no response to the words that were said to her. Perhaps there was no heart in all that awe-stricken, fright-

ened crowd, to which the pitiful truth did not go home, that this accident, which was to them only a deplorable casualty, was to this young girl the death-blow to youth and happiness.

All this happened so long ago that no one in Woodville remembers anything about it now except the little old maid Miss Melinda, whose childish sobriquet of "Bonny" is another one of the forgotten things. All the men and women who saw that sad little procession coming into Woodville bearing young Heath's stalwart, handsome form, so early stricken down by death, have followed him into the silence now. Only Miss Melinda is left, the youngest and fairest there that day; but the youth and beauty are gone, long, long ago, and there remains only the withered form and wasted face of the thin little old maiden lady you have seen. Those aged hands, tremulous and work-worn, are the same that once clung with their soft and child-like touch about her lover's neck, on that one never-to-be-forgotten happy day; and the faded blue eyes behind the spectacles are the same in which, that once of old, such passionate love shone forth. What has become of the roses that used to bloom in Bonny's cheeks, and the bright brown tint of her plenteous hair? Her cheeks are hollow and wrinkled now, and the color is quite faded from those thin and scattered locks tucked under the old black cap. Who that looked upon her now could ever dream that she had once been that bright and blooming Bonny?

Nobody did; nobody remembered that radiant creature; nobody now living in Woodville knew that Miss Melinda had ever had a lover. But Miss Melinda herself has not forgotten. Though everything else about her is faded, that spot is fresh. She has long since ceased to think of herself, and now lives solely for others, and chiefly for the orphan boy whose education she is paying for out of her scanty earnings, a bright-faced lad who is her great-nephew,—little Loulie's grandchild,—early left dependent on Miss Melinda's care.

Miss Melinda is a cheerful little old lady, whose presence brightens many a desolate home and lonely sick-bed; for everybody sends for her in times of trouble. She is good and religious too, and reads her Bible and goes to church faithfully. She long ago ceased to puzzle her simple mind over mysteries too hard for the wisest, but in her secret heart she cherishes one article of faith which no one dreams of. It is that among those things that eye bath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, which God has prepared for those that love Him, there *must* be kept for her the love so ruthlessly torn away on earth; and she waits for death serenely, in the thought that *if* God loves her, He *must* give that back to her, some day—somewhere—somehow!

She lives in Woodville still, coming and going among those homely folk, quiet and cheery and helpful; and the story I have told you is the real answer to the question that used to be frequent, but that no one ever takes the trouble to ask now—why Miss Melinda Emmett never married.

JULIA MAGRUDER.

A COSTLY PEARL.—The largest and most beautiful of pearls is among the Spanish crown jewels, and is renowned as "The Pilgrim." A merchant having bought it in Persia for the sum of one hundred thousand crowns, offered it for sale to King Philip V. of Spain. Astonished at the enormous price, the king asked the man how he had ventured to take the risk of giving a whole fortune for such a little thing. The merchant replied that he knew a king of Spain would buy it. This answer pleased the king, and he allowed the owner of the pearl a handsome profit on the original high price.



①
A Visit from the Sea
 Far from the loud sea beaches
 Where he goes fishing & crying,
 Here in the inland garden
 Why is the sea-gull flying?

②
 Here are no fish to dive for,
 Here is the corn and lea,
 Here are the green trees rustling
 Fly away home to the sea!

③
 Fresh is the river water,
 And quiet among the rushes,
 This is no home for the sea-gull,
 But for the rooks and thrushes.

④
 Pity the bird that has wandered!
 Pity the sailor ashore!
 Hurry him home to the ocean,
 Let him come here no more!

⑤
 High on the sea cliff's ledges,
 The white gulls are trooping & crying,
 Here among rocks and roses
 Why is the sea-gull flying?

Nursing, Nurses, and Training-Schools.

AMONG the many professions opened to women within the past few years, that of trained nurse is one which offers many inducements to a large class of intelligent and kind-hearted women. It is fairly well paid, is not more laborious or irksome than most other professions, and appeals strongly to the care-taking, and what might be called

the motherly instinct, so prominent in the feminine nature. While everybody knows that there are professional or trained nurses, everybody does not know just what is required of them, or how they go to work to acquire their training.

There are women all over the country who would like to fit themselves for such work, but many of them do not know how to set about it. One of the first considerations is the fitness of the applicant for such work. It must not be for-

gotten that good nurses, like good artists, are "born, not made." Two characteristics are imperative if one would be a successful nurse: keenness of perception, and absolute repose of manner.

The woman of breezy, rustling, fly-away disposition, who is always surrounded by an atmosphere that sets all of one's nerves tingling, and when it has vanished leaves a reaction of exhausted vitality, and perhaps an unspoken prayer of thankfulness, should never dare invade the presence of an invalid. She will soothe a fever-patient who has just passed the crisis of the malady, in the same way in which she would comfort a child for the scratch of a pet kitten. She will kiss and toss and shake the poor baby in the most vigorous fashion, and in the same spirit of enthusiastic good-will will laugh and sing and chatter to cheer an invalid, or deluge the patient with cologne-water and pat and rub the aching head until the sufferer is in a brain fever or delirium, and then be "so distressed"—not that she has had anything to do with it, for that idea never dawns upon her—that in spite of all of her good care "the poor thing got worse;" for the obtuseness of such persons is past all belief.

They make excellent surgeon's assistants if they will obey orders, but should never be left alone with a really feeble or nervous invalid for a moment. Many a patient has suffered a relapse from the visits of such people. They have no nerves, and are quite as likely to dance a jig, or beat a tattoo upon a dish with a spoon, as to conduct themselves in a reasonably quiet fashion. The disordered nerves, altogether unstrung by pain and disease, cannot bear such rude treatment, and the result is the return of unfavorable symptoms in an aggravated state, more serious illness, and perhaps death. In this connection it might be interesting to inquire just what is meant by the term murder; for many of these deaths are as actually violent as though the victims were strangled or smothered in their beds.

Especially exasperating and melancholy is the situation when the nursing is gratuitous and prompted by kindness or neighborly good-will. It is then next to impossible to check such harmful manifestations, even though members of the family may clearly see the danger of them.

Next in point of annoyance to the noisy, boisterous, irrepressible nurse, is the fussy, fidgety one, the Martha of the sickroom, so cautious and troubled about many things that the patient's nerves are on a perpetual strain to follow her. She straightens a fold here, pats a pillow there, and makes a sudden dive for a bit of lint somewhere else. She pulls the blind down because it is too light, then suddenly fears it is too dark and pulls it up again, and it is only by grace that it does not fly out of her hand and run to the ceiling with a "swish" that sets the patient into nervous convulsions, in consequence of which the nurse frets and apologizes until she is absolutely maddening.

It is a matter of the most serious importance to know when to let a sick person alone. One who is really ill should be treated like a new-born infant; left entirely quiet unless there is something that is imperatively necessary to be done, either for their comfort or in obedience to the physician's orders.

And just here is another question that deserves consideration. This is the importance of the utmost punctiliousness in following the directions of the attending physician. While public opinion, the law, and the family of the sufferer hold the doctor accountable for the condition of the patient, he is entitled to implicit obedience from every person who attends upon his charge, and nothing but the most unexpected and alarming change in conditions can excuse any deviation from this rule.

There is no more responsible position than that of nurse; for the most skillful physician finds his hands tied and his

best skill unavailing if his orders are not obeyed, and the patient may fail day by day and finally die, while the doctor, probably well aware of the reason, but of necessity powerless to interfere, finds his abilities questioned, even if his honesty is not made a subject for serious doubts. The nurse's "I don't approve of it" is an impertinence when brought into conflict with the physician's authority. If the nurse's judgment is to be final, the doctor should be dismissed and the nurse installed instead. Either might do all that is necessary, but perpetual cross-purposes between the two can scarcely bring about conditions favorable to recovery.

Much has been said about what is called the jealousy of physicians where trained nurses are concerned. While there may be isolated cases of this sort, they are exceedingly rare. The physician well knows that a good nurse is his strongest ally, and if he desires his patient to recover, and such is of necessity the case, he cannot but feel a greater sense of security if he leaves the charge in trusty and skillful hands. Public opinion awards him the credit in any case, therefore the statement that there is any general feeling of this sort is contrary to all reason and judgment.

"I will tell you what is the matter," said one of New York's most eminent physicians. "The trained nurse is either invaluable, a treasure beyond price, or she is an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of a patient's recovery. Mind, I don't say that many patients might not recover quite as rapidly if they had no other care than a good nurse; but I can assure you that many of the best physicians would far rather have the assistance of some interested aunt or relative who is alert, watchful, and obedient. I dare not give my patients certain remedies if I cannot depend on how they are to be administered. I cannot stay and watch their effect, and unless I can feel assured that facts are given me and that my directions are followed, I must give something else. I lost two patients in one year because my orders were altogether ignored, and, as I learned later from members of the families, because the trained nurse claimed that she had been taught that the opposite course was the proper one to pursue, and she declined to go against her training. When a nurse takes such ground, she is no longer a nurse but sets up as a physician; and she should be so held accountable. This is why many physicians will have nothing to do with trained nurses if they can avoid it. As a matter of course some of the nurses are indignant, and, unwilling to give their own insubordination as a reason, they fall back on the pretext of jealousy, which is as absurd as it is unjust.

"Why, I have cases where I would be glad to pay a trained nurse out of my own pocket if I could find one who would supplement my work, as she could if she tried. There are several physicians in Europe, and one or two in this country, who owe their almost phenomenal success to the fact that they have insisted on furnishing their own nurses in all critical cases. The fact is not generally known, but these doctors have several nurses in their employ, and they are rarely, if ever, idle. One physician has three nurses on his list, to whom he pays regular salaries when they are not engaged in nursing. They are in his interest, and for their own they do their utmost to increase his successes, and through them his popularity. I think in time that all metropolitan physicians will be forced to furnish nurses to their patients. It seems to me that this is the only way to solve this vexatious problem."

A lady, prominent in society and belonging to a wealthy family, in whose household there has been more or less severe illness for many years, and who has frequently found it necessary to avail herself of the services of trained nurses, recently said: "What to do in cases of serious and protracted illness is, as far as my experience goes, one of

the unsolved problems. Once in a while a really good nurse is to be obtained ; but they are, I assure you, exceedingly rare. The majority of those whom I have employed were selfish, obtuse, indolent, or insolent, and yet had such an exalted opinion of their own importance that they were constantly on the lookout for something to resent or to object to. I have had those who could not find anything on my table that they could eat, and nothing in or about the house that suited their convenience ; and some of them have required the almost continuous services of a maid to wait upon them. One smoked cigarettes, and fancied no one could detect her ; another ate peppermints until the atmosphere was charged with the odor ; another lacked intimate acquaintance with soap and water, to an extent that made her intolerable. During many years that I have been compelled to have such assistance, I have found the greater number alert only for opportunities to shirk their duty, industrious only in seeking occasions for offence, and considerate only of their own comfort, dignity, and importance. They are, for these reasons, falling into disrepute among those persons who need them most, and who are the best able to pay them for their services.

But there are some trained nurses who are invaluable, who are ever watchful, attentive, and reliable. They are good for emergencies, can see a patient's needs almost before the sufferer realizes them, and will attend to almost every duty in a way that is really restful to the nervous sufferer. Their presence is a tonic, and it is almost phenomenal to see a patient die under their care. Of course, not all women can become such experts ; but nearly all could be much better than the great majority of them now are. Unfortunately many of them do not seem to realize that they have obligations to perform other than to grace a sick-room with their presence, and to give orders in a 'toploftical' fashion that would be amusing did it not subject all of the surrounding friends to so much annoyance.

"I know of several nurses of the good kind, who have made such lasting friends by their kindness and care during cases of critical illness, that they are always welcome guests in the family, and their coming is looked forward to by the youngsters as a holiday. Christmas and anniversaries bring to one or two whom I know of, valuable gifts in memory of tireless, self-forgetful service ; and another has had a bequest from a patient, that would permit her to pass the remainder of her life in idleness if she so desired. Such appreciation can come only as the result of good, conscientious work, and those who are worthy of that are rare indeed."

A trained nurse, one of the admirable women who have chosen this calling, and who adorns it as she would adorn any position to which she was called, who has more demands on her time than she can possibly attend to, in answer to a request for information on the duties and responsibilities of nurses, and the subject of professional jealousy, said : "As to this talk about ill-will between doctors and nurses, I must say that there are two sides to it, as to all other subjects. A good nurse follows the physician's orders with scrupulous exactness unless in cases of emergency or accident, when she may be obliged to use her own judgment in order to save the life of the patient. Such a departure from rules makes her all the more valuable to a good physician. About the charges of indifference, arrogance, and carelessness, I am sorry to say there are in too many instances good grounds for complaint. Some professional nurses entertain too high ideas of their own importance, and ordinarily these persons know just enough to make them exceedingly dangerous. I do not know just what I would do if I knew the doctor was giving bad advice ; I think, however, that I should throw up the position rather than continue

under such circumstances. It would certainly be much better for me, as far as my own credit was concerned, to do so. I must say, however, that I think such cases are exceedingly rare. A strictly first class nurse can almost always find constant employment under the supervision of first-class physicians, and so need never rebel against authority, or fear that her standing will be injured by being compelled to follow injudicious orders. Inexperienced nurses, like incompetent medical men, are usually a law unto themselves, and are not to be judged by ordinary rules. The nurse's position is one of no trifling responsibility, and no one should take it up who does not fully realize its importance."

Such statements as these go far to show the necessity for great care in the selection of nurses, as well as the need there is for the most careful training, and more thoughtfulness, reliability and conscientiousness on the part of the nurses themselves.

The question of the social standing of a trained nurse has sometimes been raised, and many like to know how she is regarded. The young woman who desires to make this her profession must feel a certain independence of all such questions. If she considers labor or wages as a semi-disgrace, something to be apologized for and looked upon with a degree of shamefacedness, she will do better to avoid any appearance of the evil she seems to dread. Her social standing in families where she may be engaged depends very much on what she is and how she conducts herself. If she lacks the graces of refinement and delicacy, she need not be surprised if she is treated with rather ordinary courtesy.

If she is a gentlewoman by birth and breeding, she must necessarily, especially if there are young people or children in the family, be of greater value to employers who are themselves well-bred and considerate people. Of course there are families where there is no regard for the feelings or comfort of anyone ; but in such places a nurse is not obliged to remain, or, if she be willing to do so, the attending physician may readily secure for her all needed privileges.

Parties who desire to be admitted to training-schools for nurses, should make application in person if possible, otherwise by letter to the Superintendent of the school or the institution with which such school is connected. The following are some of the rules for applicants to the New York Hospital Training-school. This is one of the most thorough of the many training-schools in this country. The rules are very rigid, and all requirements must be met or the applicant is not admitted.

"The dates for organization of new classes in the Training-school are April and October of each year. The course of instruction extends over a period of eighteen months.

"The School consists of thirty-six pupils, divided into three classes, who serve respectively as Junior Assistants, as Senior Assistants, and as Head Nurses, for such periods in each case as shall be fixed by the Executive Committee.

"Applicants must be between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age, and possess a good, common-school education. They must produce certificates of good character and sound health, and must make their applications to the Superintendent of the Hospital.

"If admitted, they must serve on probation for a term not exceeding two months, during which time they will receive board and lodging, but no compensation unless accepted as pupils, when they must sign an agreement to remain in the School and subject themselves to the rules of the Hospital for the full period of eighteen months from the commencement of their term, unless failing of promotion, and also for an additional period of six months, or any part thereof, as nurses, should their services be required ; but no pupil will be expected to remain for a longer period than two years.

"At the end of each term there will be an examination of all the classes, that of Head Nurses being conducted under the supervision and in the presence of the Executive Committee, which, being creditably passed, entitles the members to a Diploma under the seal of the Hospital.

"The Directress of the School exercises the functions of her office subject to the general authority of the Superintendent. With this reservation, the school is under her direct supervision and control, and her

authority extends over all that pertains to the duties and discipline of the Nurses in the wards, as well as to the details of their instruction in the school.

"In case of misconduct or insubordination, the Superintendent may suspend members of the class from duty, and refer the case to the Executive Committee for final decision.

"A monthly allowance will be made of ten dollars to the Junior Assistants, of thirteen dollars to the Senior Assistants, and of sixteen dollars to the Head Nurses. Board, lodging, and washing will be furnished without charge. In sickness, all pupils will have gratuitous care.

"The instruction will be given by the Medical Officers of the Hospital, by the Directress of the School, and by the Head Nurses of the wards, each ward being provided, as far as possible, with a Head Nurse, Senior Assistant, and Junior Assistant.

"It will consist in part of didactic lectures relating to the general principles of nursing, the observation and recording of symptoms, the diet of the sick, and the methods of managing helpless patients.

"Also practical instruction at the bedside on the following subjects: Dressing of wounds; applications of blisters, fomentations, poultices, cups and leeches; methods of applying friction; bandaging, and the making of rollers; making beds; changing draw-sheets and sheets; moving; preventing bed-sores; and the use of certain instruments and appliances."

The advantage of training in the wards of a hospital will be evident at once, as private schools must of necessity lack the facilities for observation that hospitals offer. The cost of tuition in some private schools is also an item of importance to many persons who would gladly give their time and services for their instructions. Every school has its rules and requirements, some of them differing widely from others. In some schools pupils are admitted at the age of sixteen years; in others the term of tuition may be longer or shorter. All schools issue circulars of some sort, or will give information on application.

The enthusiast can almost always find a great deal of preliminary practice in her own locality, and may, through the aid of her family or the country physician, secure employment, and at least a certain amount of instruction in her own neighborhood.

S. N. S.

Practical Etiquette.

II.

VISITS AND VISITING-CARDS.

It has been said that visiting-cards "have changed less in the history of etiquette and fashion than anything else." Nevertheless certain changes have come about, not so much in the cards themselves, as in the inscriptions upon them, and the uses to which they are put; and these changes correspond to new ideas and sentiments which have sprung up in American society.

Thus, imitation of English customs, and the growing power of the chaperon are answerable for the present custom of engraving the names of the daughter or daughters below that of the mother, on her visiting-card. In the same way, the abandonment of the good old fashion of having the names of husband and wife engraved on the same visiting-card might seem, to some of us, to correspond to certain theories of the cessation of marital interdependence, and of the new independence of husband and wife, which may, alas! be carried too far.

The rapid growth of a leisure class in our country is no doubt responsible for the new theory of extensive calling on the part of gentlemen. I call it a theory, because it is not yet reduced to practice, in most cases; although, to judge by the contents of the card-receivers in many parlors, one would suppose that an astonishingly large number of staid and sober business-men frittered away their valuable

time in paying formal visits! It is perhaps needless to add that these cards are in reality left by the ladies of the family, although some gentlemen are punctilious about calling in person,—in the late afternoon, or on Sunday. The fashion of making evening calls has been nearly abandoned in our large Eastern cities. Many young gentlemen, however, make a special toilet for these afternoon calls, which are made after business hours, and before the late dinner now so much in vogue.

A lady in making the first call of the season leaves the cards of her husband, sons, and daughters, in addition to her own. She does not need to again leave the cards of the gentlemen of her family, except after a dinner invitation. In regard to the number of cards to be left, it should be said that one married lady, in calling upon another, would leave two of her husband's cards, one for the lady of the house, and one for the latter's husband. Where there are several ladies in the house, it usually suffices to leave two cards for each caller, since too great a display of pasteboard is apt to seem ostentatious. When making a first call, however, upon several ladies, a card should be left for each, unless they are mother and daughters.

According to strict rule, a lady should not send up her card by the servant (unless in calling upon a stranger), but should leave it upon the hall table, sending up only her name. The contrary custom prevails very largely, however, and is certainly a convenient one, since servants are very apt to forget names. But, in any case, the caller should not send up the cards of the rest of her family if they are not with her. She should leave these on the hall table.

It is no longer customary to turn down the corners of cards, or to fold them across the middle. Since the meanings implied by these various bendings were never very clearly understood or universally accepted in this country, it was the part of wisdom to abandon them.

Nicknames should never be used upon visiting-cards. A young lady should use either her initials or have her name engraved in full, as, *Miss Mary Tremaine Smith*. The latter style is now usually preferred by persons who have passably pretty or euphonious names. A married lady will of course use her husband's full name, or last name and initials, and never her own name. A widow is allowed, by courtesy, to retain her husband's name or initials, if she chooses to do so; but, legally, she is "Mrs. Mary Smith," and not "Mrs. John Smith." Most gentlemen use "Mr." on their visiting-cards, adding either their club address, or that of their residence. It is perhaps needless to add that a visiting-card should always be perfectly plain—that is to say, free from ornamentation of any sort.

The custom of sending cards by messenger or by post, in lieu of making a personal visit, is certainly an excellent one, if it be not abused. Society has become so large in our great cities, and distances have grown to be so great also, that some process for simplifying the burden of paying formal visits is absolutely necessary. Thus it has become the general custom to send cards on the day of an afternoon tea or reception which one is unable to attend, and the sending of these cards does away with the necessity of making a personal visit. In the same way an invitation to a wedding reception, or the announcement of a marriage, may be acknowledged by sending cards. One may say, indeed, that there is a strong tendency at the present time toward substituting pasteboard for personal visits. But in this, as in other matters, it will not do to be in advance of the fashion, and one must bear in mind that there are certain visits which must be made in person.

It is not allowable to send cards, instead of calling personally, after an invitation to dinner. One should call within a week after a dinner-party to which one has been invited. A

first call from a new acquaintance must also be returned personally and promptly, since the lady who has made the first advance will be apt to feel slighted if her visit be not soon returned—in a week, according to the strict rules of etiquette.

After balls, dancing-parties, etc., some ladies now send their cards by a footman or by mail, instead of making a personal visit in acknowledgment of the invitation. This course could not be recommended, however, to a lady who had not already made the yearly call which etiquette still demands of most people, although a very busy person, such as a professional or business woman, is not held so strictly to account in the matter of calling as is a woman whose principal occupation consists in attending to society duties. Ladies who entertain a great deal will usually be forgiven if they do not make many personal visits—at least they should be forgiven by those whom they invite to their houses.

While it is in many cases quite allowable for ladies who live in the suburbs of a great city to send their cards, instead of making a personal visit, to acquaintances residing in the city, or in a neighboring town, it would not be "good form" for them to do so to persons residing in the suburb in which they themselves live. The reason of this distinction is obvious; namely, that in the first two instances distance furnishes an excuse which is wanting in the last case.

It should also be borne in mind that customs change more slowly in small or rural communities than in great cities, and that dwellers in the country are usually conservative, and do not readily accept innovations in social or other matters. Some thoughtless persons—of the cockney persuasion—think that this trait of their country neighbors is a ridiculous one, and make a great deal of fun of the latter on this score. These unthinking people do not perceive that the haste, the hurry, the constant change of the town is utterly unsuited to the country, where life has a certain quiet dig-

nity that does not depend upon passing fashions. Those dwellers in the country who try to follow every new "fad" and notion of the gay town, usually succeed in making themselves ridiculous, or, to say the least, they do not appear in harmony with their surroundings. The question is naturally asked, "Why do you live in the country, if you must live in city fashion?"

According to the strict rules of etiquette, one should call upon acquaintances or friends after a marriage or death has taken place in their family, or after an engagement has been announced. While a lady may perhaps be excused from making these visits to mere acquaintances, she should not fail to make them to those whom she considers as her friends, even if she is not upon terms of especial intimacy with them. We all like to receive sympathy, whether in joy or sorrow, and expect that our friends will be willing to give it to us.

The hours for calling vary in different cities. Between three and six o'clock is the usual time for making formal visits in New York. Callers should be careful not to remain too long at one house—fifteen or twenty minutes is about the right length of time for a formal call.

The hostess, as I have said in a preceding chapter, may or may not introduce her guests to one another, but she should certainly endeavor to be equally attentive to all of them. Some ladies still accompany their guests to the door, but it is no longer usual to do so when one is receiving formal visits. At all houses where a man-servant is kept, or where a certain style of living is maintained, the lady of the house rings the bell to notify the servant to open the door for departing visitors.

One caller should never take his or her departure at the moment when another enters, as this would seem to imply that the first comer was unwilling to meet the second. The former should wait for a few minutes, and then take her departure quietly.

FLORENCE HOWE HALL.

Our Girls.

Growing Up.

CORINNE MARSHALL was the brightest girl in the school district where her father's large, stony farm was situated. Her mother had read a translation of De Stael's famous romance, hence her daughter's name, given with many wishes that the little maiden might grow up to be something out of the common order. That she should be "a freckled, large-waisted, flat-footed country-girl," good only at making pudding and pies, dressing turkeys, and cleaning house, and universal scrubbing and drubbing, Mrs. Marshall thought she could not bear.

In giving her a romantic and literary name the mother took the first step for her baby out of the beaten track. Little Corinne at three years of age could read easy sentences; at five, she would tag her mother about the room, to the pantry, the sink, the kneading-board, to ask the meaning of a long word in the story she was devouring; at six, she studied grammar, and spelled the big boys and girls "down" at an old-fashioned spelling-school: plainly there could be no question about her brilliancy.

There was a farmer's boy as well as a farmer's girl. There always is; only the boy is apt to be, if more solid, not so ready—not so "smart," as the New-England expression is. No special star had shone over the boy's baptismal font, and he was named plain Job,—Job Austin.

Job's father was in standing and property about on an equality with Corinne's; but the little fellow in patched

trowsers and short-waisted jacket (descended from his elder brother), was no match in outward appearance for the dainty Corinne in cambrics or merinos, with shining shoes, and white aprons, ribbons, and curls. He stammered the least bit, was bashful,—as most good boys are,—seemed hesitating, almost stupid, especially on school-committee days and public examinations. However, the young Job, weighted with all these disadvantages, lifted his gray eyes to the "brightest girl," drew her on his sled, "towed" her on the ice, brought her peppermint-drops and licorice-stick, and carved various toys for her at odd times, such as bedsteads for her dolls, and a set of wooden dishes for their tea-table.

While Job was still struggling, in his old clothes, with "chores" at home, and unknown quantities at school, his little favorite was sent to live with her aunt, in the village a dozen miles away, for the sake of greater educational privileges. There the smart girl developed rapidly. She soon showed a remarkable gift of expression, and in the department of composition easily led her school, became the editor of the school "paper," the president of a literary society, and withal a very careless student. To keep up in her classes required no effort; and she fell into the error of thinking that success would come to her without hard work.

In the meantime Job showed a patience equal to that of his widely known namesake. He extracted roots, cube and square, to say nothing of "grubbing" roots on the old farm; and every step he took he cleared the way of all difficulties. No half-way work for Job. He was still awkward, ill-

dressed, hesitating, and he blushed furiously just at the times and on the occasions when he most desired to appear cool and collected. Many a time he had begun a letter to Corinne, sitting at his desk at noon-time or after school, anxiously trying to compose a document worthy of so bright a being. But, though as patient as the original Job, he never succeeded in finishing a letter that he thought good enough.

At last a turn came in the tide of Job's life. A literary gentleman in Bagdad, the village where Corinne was living at her aunt's, offered to "board and school" him in return for such help as the boy could easily give morning and evening. He was to enter the graded school, and on examination was found ready for the intermediate department. Corinne was in a private school for girls. It was not long before the two old friends met in the street. Corinne was with half a dozen gay school-girls.

"Who is that fellow with hayseed in his hair?" asked one of them, as Job came toward them smiling and blushing. Corinne bowed coolly, pretended not to see the outstretched hand, and hurried on.

"A mistake," she said. "I look like dozens of other people it seems." Corinne justified this story to her conscience on the ground that Job had really made a mistake in supposing she was going to keep up the old friendship.

Job thought, generous fellow, that it was a veritable mistake. A little near-sighted, he often made mistakes of identity; and he promised himself to look more carefully next time he met a group of young ladies, blushing the deepest peony red in thinking of his boldness.

Corinne now entered upon a new period of her inspired career. She wrote a poem! Sitting in her room after study-hours, with her hair down and her hands pressed to her temples, she slowly evolved the wondrous thing. How astonished she was to find that she, Corinne Marshall, could actually weave rhymes and sentiments and flowers of speech like the real poets whom she worshiped afar off! She showed the celestial manufacture to her own special girl-friend, Cecilia Hopkins. It was in one of those twilight hours of loving communion over the fire, when, with arms around each other's waists, school-girls tell the dearest friend everything, that the poem was brought out and read.

Cecilia was in raptures. She always knew her darling Corinne was a genius. And where would she send it?

"Send it?"

"Yes: to what magazine or newspaper? Surely the world should not be deprived of such a gem!"

Now, unknown to Corinne, the gentleman with whom Job was living was the editor of the "Bagdad Carrier Dove," a sheet devoted to news and elegant culture.

"I'll send it to the 'Dove,'" said Corinne, after her friend had left her to the literary leisure she longed for. "Yes, to the 'Dove,' on whose white wings it shall be wafted far away to meet kindred hearts."

Carefully was the poem copied and re-copied, till in appearance, at least, it was worthy of the classic name signed boldly at the close. In the chill dusk of a winter evening, a young girl might have been seen walking up and down the street, casting longing glances at a lamp-post; for the author's heart failed her at the last moment. But the appearance of a teacher brought matters to a crisis, and the envelope weighted with destiny was dropped through the iron slit.

The boy in the office of the "Dove," by this time highly prized by the editor, recognized the old-time quirks and quirks, the tails of the g's and y's and q's, and the heavy shading of the upward strokes. He helped the crude little "poem" into a corner of the "Carrier," his heart beating with manly pleasure at doing a service for his little love.

Corinne was made a poet by acclamation in the school-room; for of course the authorship of "Life's Disappointments" was an open secret. Fifty copies of the "Carrier" were ordered, and the office-boy was sent with them to Mrs. Department's school. He arrived at the recreation hour, when the young ladies, a gay, fluttering, bright-eyed crowd, were "taking exercise." Some were promenading, some dancing, some chatting, some swinging dumb-bells, some tossing a shuttlecock.

"The copies of the 'Carrier Dove' you sent for," said Job, addressing the girls *en masse*.

All occupations were deserted; and the girls, acting from a common impulse of fun, came forward to interview the "devil," as they were pleased to call Job. They made him take a chair on the platform, they asked him all kinds of questions concerning editorial and newspaper interiors; finally they introduced, with mock ceremony, the distinguished authoress, Corinne. Job's face lighted up. Here was relief from his tormentors.

Not a sign did Corinne give that she recognized her old friend; indeed, she joined in the fun at his expense. Poor Job had greater need than ever of the quality associated with his name; and only on the ringing of the bell calling the girls to lessons was he released.

At the end of five years. The young ladies of Madame Department's school are scattered far and wide; some are married, some are teachers, some are busy with the wearisome nothings of gay society.

As for Corinne, she is at home on the old, stony farm. Her mother is dead, and she is her father's housekeeper. She has taken a *nom de plume*, for repeated experiences of "declined with thanks" have made her desire to hide her identity. Nevertheless, certain successes have kept her in heart and hope; and as she is yet scarcely twenty, she still looks forward to a distinguished literary career.

In the meantime a new light has arisen. Far and wide the letters, stories, and scientific articles of Lew Étoile are known and admired. It is announced that he is to establish a journal, called "The People," in a town not a thousand miles from the Marshall farm.

Corinne, on the lookout for new worlds to conquer, says, "There is a chance for me." She prepares a piece of verse, elaborate, romantic, and not without merit. She sends it, with a note inclosed signed by her own name, to the great Mr. Étoile. Then through weeks of suspense she waits.

"It's come back," shouts her heartless little brother, swinging a letter over his head, and quite regardless of the presence of a neighborhood gossip.

"What makes you keep a sendin' stuff to the editors?" says her sister, an *enfant terrible*, who is great in mathematics and despises her elder sister's name and pretensions.

Corinne takes the letter humbly and puts it in her pocket. By and by she goes out into the blossoming orchard and opens the editorial envelope, walking up and down under the fragrant trees. There is the poem in which so much hope had been folded, and a long letter, in a bold, firm hand.

"Miss A. B. C. shows facility. There are hints of talent. Will she oblige the editor by writing an article on some subject of which she has knowledge—positive, clear information?" The letter went on with kind, discriminating advice, worth more than gold to a girl like Corinne.

"Write about something of which I have knowledge!" repeated the girl, stopping to break a branch of apple-blossoms. "What do I know?" She looked into the tinted cups as if for an answer. "I don't know anything!" she said presently, throwing herself down upon the turf in sorrowful abandon; "but I can learn!" This correlative came after a burst of tears and an hour's reflection.

A few days after this Corinne received by mail a treatise on the keeping of poultry, which she herself had ordered. This she set herself to study, and soon became interested in details of breed, feeding, housing, etc. All the books and newspapers of importance bearing on the subject Corinne read industriously. Then came practical work. After six months' experience the young lady wrote a modest article on "Poultry Raising," and sent it to "The People." A cordial answer was received, with a liberal check,—Corinne's first compensation for literary work.

To the old orchard trees the girl went in her excitement and joy. They were bare; empty nests hung from their boughs; and the dead grass about them was flecked and patched with snow. But in Corinne's heart there was summer. Mr. Étoile's note was so kind, so encouraging; he praised her style, he suggested books for her to read; he promised, if she worked and studied, a noble success by and by—not necessarily in poultry articles, though said articles suited "The People" to a dot, and he wished more of them. He named various books on industrial subjects: bee-raising, silk-spinning, flower-culture, etc., and advised a reading up of the subjects, and articles on the same.

"In the meantime," said he, "keep your eyes open. There must be much in your country-world worth writing about. In some out-of-door searching, a real poem may show itself in moss or lichen, the glance of a little wild-wood dweller, or the flash of a jewelled brook."

It was a year from the time that Corinne questioned the apple-blossoms in her despair. It was noised about that Editor Étoile was visiting in the neighborhood. Corinne's intimate friends, the "heartless brother" and the *enfant terrible* included, began to anticipate a triumph for their friend and sister. She was a correspondent of Lew Étoile's,—a favorite contributor to "The People." No one else with so much right could aspire to the great man's favor.

In the course of time Corinne was invited to a garden-party to meet the star. The hour came, and the editor was introduced. Corinne stepped forward eagerly, all smiles. The gentleman bowed politely, exactly as to twenty others to whom he had been presented. The whole company, looking on, understood Corinne's humiliation. She soon slipped away, and on reaching home went wandering under the blooming orchard-trees.

"How handsome he is! How distinguished his style! Nobody at the party could compare with him. Only a little older than I, and he has almost a national reputation!" So

Corinne mused, as she walked up and down the fragrant, wind-blown alleys.

By and by she seated herself, and taking pencil and paper from her pocket began to scribble, as the best way of forgetting her disappointment. Gradually a sense of the ineffable beauties of her little corner of the earth stole over her. Soft, fragrant air, azure sky, white banks of vapor, rosy shapes of bud and bloom, the humming of happy insects, the trill of home-going birds, the lovely greenery of notched and scalloped and blade-shaped leaves,—all met and mingled in her soul, producing a sort of ecstasy. Her thoughts began to take rhythmical form, and a genuine poem grew under her almost unconscious hand.

As she sat leaning against a gnarled old trunk, pink petals nestling in the crimps of her black hair and in the folds of her pale-blue, gauzy dress, she made a charming picture. At least so thought the distinguished "Mr. Étoile," coming gently along the orchard path, his footfalls hushed by the matted turf.

"Corinne!"

"Mr. Étoile!"

The girl rose, her cheeks hot with blushes.

"Forgive me for treating you so badly just now. Let us walk under the trees and talk about old times. Do you remember the day I pulled you out of the cranberry bog when you broke through the ice and thought you were drowning?"

Corinne looked up in amazement. It was—yes, it was Job Austin; light locks, freckles, and all.

"Do you forgive me?" he persisted.

"I think we are quits," she said, now able to look up roguishly through her blushes. "Strange I didn't recognize you when you were introduced to me to-day."

"Don't speak of that," said Job. "What is this?" and he took possession, as by editorial right, of the paper fluttering in her hand. His face grew radiant as he read.

"Dear old comrade," he said, "I have not been disappointed in you. This is genuine, and it is beautiful! It is a growth, not a bit of manufacture."

When "the planet and his satellite," as Corinne's saucy sister called them, left the orchard, there was a happy light in both their faces. Thereafter literary affairs called them often together. As to sentiment, the gossips of the neighborhood are about equally divided; a part asserting vehemently that it is a heart affair, the others denying the same with equal earnestness.

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

Practical Decorative Art.

PAINTING ON TEXTILES.

STAINING IN.

IT is generally supposed that the secrets of all trades are very carefully guarded, and that the various recipes and processes are complicated and difficult to a degree that renders their handling altogether impossible by all but professionals and experts.

That some trades guard their secrets and processes most jealously is unquestionably true; but it is scarcely possible in this enlightened age for any person or class long to retain exclusive possession of scientific knowledge, or to hold a

monopoly of any useful or important discovery. This fact has led amateurs into investigation, the results of which cannot fail to be gratifying and advantageous to the thousands of ambitious individuals who have thirsted for information which has in many instances been obtainable only after long experience and tedious experiment.

The mysteries of chemistry, especially, have been to a great extent unveiled; and where there were formerly signs and symbols, many of them almost as obscure as cipher characters, there are now simple forms and tables of quantities, by means of which any person of intelligence may with reasonable care prepare most valuable compounds, and by their means produce the finest results with but a fraction of the cost and trouble that have been heretofore deemed necessary.

Much has been said and written about Tapestry Dyes, and the most reliable current information on this art has been put before the readers of this magazine. The subject of the present article is the use and preparation of Tapestry Stains, which are altogether distinct from what are known as dyes, are quite as easily applied, require no more skill, and need no fixing or after process.

The term "fixing" is purely technical, and means in this sense any of the processes by which the colors in general use are rendered permanent. By the use of stains this part of the work is avoided, as the colors used are of themselves permanent, and therefore need no fixing or after treatment; and while they are exceedingly simple in composition they are wonderfully effective, as well they may be, seeing that they are made after the same formulas as those used in dyeing some of the choicest silks and satins of the Lyons factories.

In making tapestry stains, only the very best ingredients should be employed. The addition of a few cents in cost will doubtless mean the permanency of the colors; and so much time, pains, and study are necessary to secure the best results, that the trifling addition in the cost is repaid tenfold. The stains, if made of strictly pure materials and in accordance with the following directions, will be permanent, and will retain their brilliancy for years.

Some of the best artists are using their stains hot. They are mixed to the proper shade in small earthen cups or pots, and set in hot water. If the directions for arranging the color-cups (given in the previous article) are followed, the pan in which the plaster molds are set may have water poured over the plaster to the depth of about two inches, and then be placed over a small gas or oil stove and permitted to simmer during the painting process. Tapestry may be painted with hot stains without subjecting the material to any preparation, although it is unquestionably true that the colors are more lasting, and show finer, softer outlines when done on sponged fabrics. If, however, it is desirable to use a material which might be discolored or injured by being saturated with suds, the hot stains will produce admirable effects. Indeed, for very fine, delicate textiles, where fine work is required, the advantage of hot stains cannot be overestimated. It is imperative that in applying they be used in the very smallest possible quantity, especially by unskilled artists, as hot liquids are much more penetrating than those which are cold, and are therefore much more likely to spread or run.

These stains may be applied to any material that has ordinarily been used as a foundation for tapestry dyes; and with careful handling will produce the most exquisite etching effects, either in one or more colors. Charming results have been produced by the use of glass pens, such as are employed for marking linen. The ink flows freely from them, and they are not likely to catch in the fabric; but even though they should do so, they will not spatter like ordinary writing-pens, and are therefore much more desirable for this class of work.

A small assortment of colors will do very well for the simple designs which it is best that every amateur should attempt at first. Nothing is gained by being too adventurous at the outset, while the artist is much more likely to become discouraged and puzzled by too complicated patterns. A single spray of flowers, a vine, or a branch of a tree or shrub will be an excellent beginning.

Sketch the patterns with great care. This may be most advantageously done with a glass pen, and stains of the same colors as the objects to be done. If the outlines are done in stain colors they should be allowed to dry thoroughly before proceeding further. Then wash or scrub in the various tints, using but a small quantity of the stain at a time, and adding it little by little. Very pale tints should

be used at first, as it is easy to darken them; but once they are set, they are indelible and cannot be extracted or reduced.

Small, stiff brushes are required for the regular staining process when the fabric is worked in a perfectly dry state; but if the material is kept damp, as advised, the colors will penetrate the fibers without difficulty, and may be applied with any ordinary brush.

Those who read the article in the June number on the subject of "Tapestry Dyes" are already familiar with the best methods of preparing the goods to receive the color. To others it may be said that the material works much more easily if it has been thoroughly scrubbed with light soap-suds to which a little ammonia has been added. It should then be kept slightly damp (not wet) by passing a sponge wet with suds, over the back. The process may be gone through with by dipping the goods in a vessel of suds and going over the back with a brush, or by having the canvas mounted on a frame or stretcher (as described in the June number). The latter is unquestionably the best, as the threads, if the material be properly put in, will all be drawn straight, and there will be no danger that the design will be awry after the piece is done and mounted. Materials with a pile should of course be wet only from the back.

A most important point in favor of these stains is their adaptability to pen drawing. When properly prepared they flow as freely as the best writing-fluids, and are quite as manageable. The most exquisite and artistic effects may be produced by them if used like the ordinary inks designed for this purpose. To obtain the best results some practice is necessary, but the expert in pen drawing will find this a most delightful field for the exercise of her peculiar talent. Nearly all varieties of tapestry goods, canvas, velvet-surfaced fabrics, and even all-wool felt, take this process of coloring most kindly, and the fairly skilled amateur will be surprised at the beauties that will be developed with even ordinarily careful handling.

In the course of these articles the terms "tapestry," "tapestry cloth," and canvas or tapestry canvas are used more in the sense of designating a class of fabrics than as indicating any special material. Any person who would call for the material by either of these names would be asked to describe the goods required, as there are several textiles that are known under these general names. Parties desiring such goods will do well to send to dealers in these materials for samples, and thus become more familiar with the various sorts than any amount of written description could render them.

The colors likely to be needed most frequently are black, blue, green, red, yellow, brown, and orange. Little black is used, but it is nevertheless necessary, as it enters into the composition of wearing apparel, vehicles, and many other objects.

The materials for making these and other colors may be obtained of all first-class city dealers in drugs and chemicals. If care be taken in their selection and only the best are insisted upon, the colors will be found exceptionally durable. Use an earthen or porcelain-lined vessel for boiling the colors in, and cleanse thoroughly after preparing each color before using for another. The length of time for boiling or simmering (which is better than rapid boiling) differs. For bark or berries, the vessel may stand covered on the stove for several hours to advantage. All dye-woods should be put into cold water and allowed to come to a boil. This will extract the color more thoroughly. Most of these stains will need to be strained, and if there is any sediment or cloudiness after straining, it will be well to filter them through blotting-paper. Bottles containing ammonia preparations should not be left uncorked.

A GOOD BLACK STAIN.—Take one ounce of extract of logwood, dissolve it in one pint of water, boil it thoroughly, and when cold add one dessert spoonful of muriate of iron, and fifteen drops of nitrate of iron. Let it settle, pour off the clear liquid, and it is ready for use.

DARK BLUE STAIN.—One pint of water, one-quarter of a pound of prussiate of potash. Boil until dissolved, then add one ounce of tartaric acid. When entirely cold, add two table-spoonfuls of sulphuric acid.

GREEN STAIN.—Boil in one pint of water, one-quarter of a pound of Persian berries, and one tea-spoonful of alum. Remove from the fire and add one gill of extract of indigo, and stir until thoroughly mixed.

POPPY-RED STAIN.—To two ounces of finely ground cochineal, add one ounce of strong ammonia, six ounces of water, one tea-spoonful of alum, one tea-spoonful of oxalic acid, and one-half tea-spoonful of murio-sulphate of tin. Strain and allow the mixture to settle, and pour off the clear liquor for use.

ROSE-PINK STAIN.—Mix cochineal and ammonia as directed for poppy-red, and to five ounces of the liquor add one-quarter of an ounce of extract of indigo.

SCARLET STAIN.—One ounce of cochineal boiled in one quart of water. When cool, add one-third of a tea-spoonful of oxalic-acid crystals, one-quarter of a tea-spoonful of tin crystals, and one table-spoonful of Persian-berry liquor. Lighter shades of this color can be made by diluting a portion of the stain with hot water.

DARK RED STAIN.—Boil in one quart of water four ounces of bronze peach-wood, one-half ounce of nitro-muriate of tin, and one-half ounce of alum. Settle and strain, and it is ready for use.

STANDARD YELLOW STAIN.—Boil four ounces of Persian berries in one quart of water with one ounce of tin crystals. When this becomes partly cool, add one ounce of salt. Settle and strain.

STANDARD BROWN STAIN.—Boil one pound of fustic, one-half ounce of crop madder, five ounces of camwood, one-quarter of an ounce of logwood, and one-half ounce of copperas in one quart of water. Great care must be taken in straining this liquid. It is a good plan to filter it through blotting-paper.

STANDARD ORANGE STAIN.—Boil thoroughly four ounces of caustic pearlsh and one-half ounce of annatto in one pint and a half of water; add one tea-spoonful of tartaric acid, and one tea-spoonful of alum; stir well, and filter.

The amateur will scarcely be able to mix colors as the expert might do, therefore it becomes necessary to provide some additional shades and tints, for which we give the following recipes:

A FINE DARK PURPLE STAIN.—Boil one pound of bronze logwood with three ounces of alum. Mix two parts of this liquor and one part of the red, as directed in the formula for poppy-red. Shake thoroughly, then filter and bottle.

DARK OLIVE STAIN.—A liquor must be prepared by mixing with one pint of the poppy-red stain half a tea-spoonful of oxalic acid, one-fourth of a tea-spoonful of tartaric acid, and two ounces of indigo paste. With one-half pint of this liquor, mix two ounces of purple stain with the same quantity of liquor made by boiling four ounces each of quercitron bark and fustic, in a quart of water. Strain this mixture, and if not perfectly clear filter through blotting-paper.

GARNET STAIN.—Boil in one quart of water one pound of camwood, and in another vessel boil four ounces of logwood in a gill of water. When the color is well drawn out, strain the camwood, first having thoroughly pressed and beaten it. Let it settle, and pour off the clear liquor. While still warm, add a table-spoonful of the logwood extract, and a tea-spoonful of copperas. Stir and strain.

CLEAR YELLOW STAIN.—Boil for twenty minutes, in one quart of water, two ounces of young fustic, four ounces of quercitron bark, one ounce of alum, and one ounce of tartaric acid, and strain. Into an earthen vessel put one-half ounce of nitric acid, two and one half ounces of spirits of salt, and one tea-spoonful of oxalic tin crystals. Add to the boiled liquid two ounces of this mixture.

FINE SAXONY BLUE STAIN.—Boil together for half an hour, in one quart of water, one ounce of liquid extract of indigo, one ounce of argol, and two ounces of alum. Strain and bottle for use.

RUBY STAIN.—Boil one-quarter of a pound of cudbear in a quart of water until all of the color is extracted. Strain and add a tea-spoonful of ammonia. These will produce a slightly purplish shade. If a red ruby is desired, add ten drops of muriate of tin.

APPLE-GREEN STAIN.—Boil in one quart of water, eight ounces of fustic, one ounce of logwood, and one-half tea-spoonful each of alum and copperas. Strain.

FINE DARK GREEN STAIN.—Boil for two hours, in one quart of water, one ounce of chemic, eight ounces of fustic, one ounce and a quarter of madder, and two ounces of argol. Strain and bottle for use.

It must be borne in mind that liquid colors cannot always be mixed in the same way as oil colors. Some dyes are acid, others are alkaline; and unless the artist is a chemist as well, no risks should be taken in combining colors. By far the best way is to provide all the principal shades, and thus avoid the possibility of destroying the work. If all of the colors cannot be obtained, and a piece of work must be finished, it is possible to wash in an under color and shade up by going over the surface, after the color is quite dry, with a tint that will produce the desired effect. Every person who is at all familiar with the handling of colors will understand what colors must be mixed to produce others.

The number of independent stain colors may be multiplied to an almost indefinite extent. Artists who have a wide range of work might prepare or purchase the entire assortment; but for ordinary use this is not necessary. There are between sixty-five and seventy standard shades. It is convenient to have the full number, but half of them will be sufficient for anyone who cares to take the trouble to mix colors.

These colors are being prepared for market and may soon be had in full assortment. The drab, gray, green, and wood shades will be found especially desirable for figure pieces and all fine work. Boxes containing forty colors will cost about \$7; those with twenty colors, about \$4.

It may be questioned whether it is economy for the amateur with no experience in handling dye-stuffs to attempt to make her own colors, and to take the risk of failure to which the novice is always liable. There are, however, many persons, young people especially, who are so fond of experimenting and investigating, that working with chemicals is to them among the most fascinating of occupations. To such, the preparation of these colors will be a most pleasing task, and one that is quite certain to be successful.

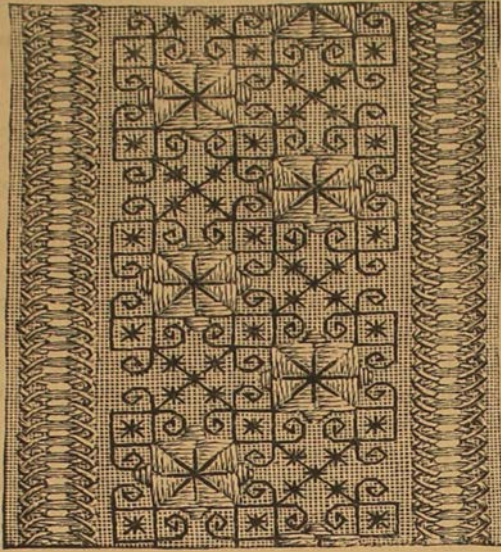
Those who have neither the taste nor the talent for such work will find the ready-made colors all that they could desire; and the manufacturer has such facilities for putting up the colors that no one who makes a single set can hope to produce them at such a price. **NELLIE S. STOWELL.**

DOILIES of very fine bolting-cloth or Japanese silk are hemstitched and painted with delicate Japanese figures, or stamped and worked in outline with fine colored silks. Others are edged with Reticella or guipure embroidery, and are of finest hand-spun linen, with monogram or cipher worked in outline.

Embroidery and Drawn-Work on Canvas.

CRoss-stitch and drawn-work are at present a favorite ornamentation for all articles of scrim or linen for table use, and of Congress canvas for cushions, cradle and perambulator covers, curtains, and similar pieces of home decoration. Such embroidery is easily and rapidly executed, and our illustrations give a design suitable for almost any article to be decorated in such a manner.

No. 2 gives the pattern in actual size worked on *écru* Congress canvas with "fulled" yarn dark blue and gold-color. The pattern can be repeated all over the goods or only in a stripe or border, and canvas can also be used, laid on other material, and the threads of the canvas drawn out after the embroidery is worked.



No. 1.

Three kinds of stitches are used; the outline, shading, and cross-stitch.

For the drawn-work at each side,—as shown in No. 1,—six cross-wise threads are to be drawn out, and the remaining lengthwise threads caught together in groups of four. Coarse *écru* yarn or wool is used in working the loose stitches of this drawn-work border.

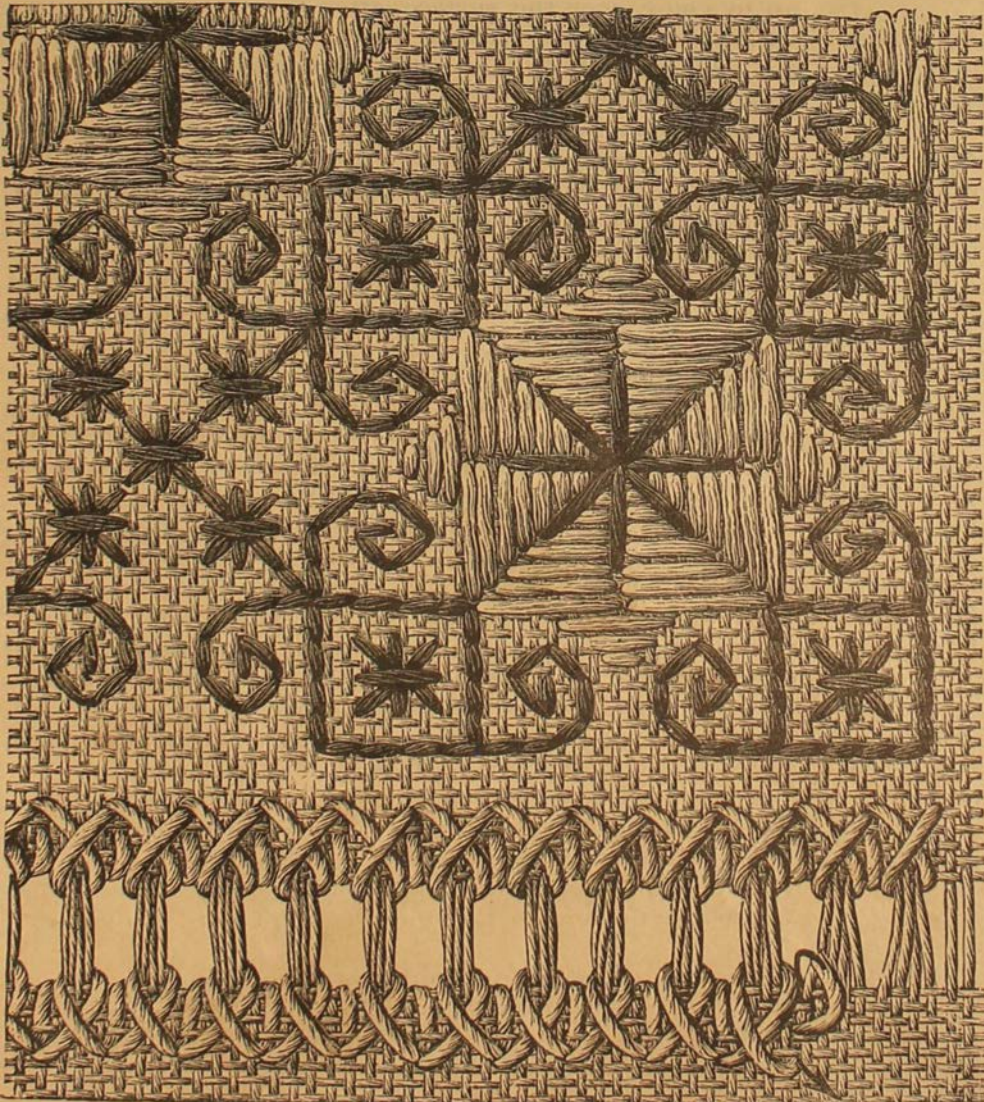


Glass Lamp-Screen.

THE prettiest of all lamp-screens now in use, are those made of three beveled plates of heavy glass, twelve by seven inches, with drilled holes in the sides which are brought together, through which ribbons are run to tie them in place. The screen thus made may be decorated with painting of flowers, and is really only an ornament.

The screen we illustrate is a similar arrangement, and may be of plate-glass thus decorated, and cut either square across the top or pointed as in the illustration. Or if heavy plate-glass is not obtainable, a yet more serviceable screen may be made of three pieces of clear window-glass and three of ground-glass, cut to the same size (6 x 10, or 7 x 12 inches), and afterwards cut to an angle at the top. Upon the ground-glass may be painted or gummed any desired picture or decoration; or pressed flowers and leaves can be gummed on; or, as illustrated, the figures and background painted in, and the dried and pressed flowers gummed on to complete the scene. When the ground-glass is thus prepared, the clear glass is laid on over it, and held in place by ribbons that are folded over the edge of both glasses and fastened with strong glue.

Standards for each panel are made with heavy millboard covered with plush, and two large glass beads are sewed on at the bottom for feet. Two brass rods with round tips serve as hinges to which the ribbons connecting the panels are tied.



No. 2.

Sanitarian.

Sins Against the Stomach.

IV.

MENTAL SINS.—WORRY.

WE are very apt to forget how slow Nature is in all her processes, and especially so in regard to man. How imperceptible is growth, from conception to maturity! And this is as true of diseased conditions as of healthful ones.

It is because results so seldom follow immediately upon causes, that we often are so neglectful of our bodies and so oblivious of the natural payment of our physical obligations. Yet every time we sin against Nature and outrage her *perfect* law, we are incurring a debt which must be paid sooner or later; and, like other debts, it is apt to gather as it stands, and very often, indeed, the final payment is heavier with accumulated interest than we can believe.

This becomes a very practical reflection when we consider that every time we outrage our stomachs we are laying up a store of suffering which must eventually be paid; and a more serious consideration still, when we are reminded that these sins are not limited to unsuitable and gluttonous food, and indulgence in stimulant, but actually to the times and fashions in which we attend to the demands of our appetites.

There are two mental sins against the stomach, which bring about a terrible running account, the full payment of which often completely ruins us. These are haste and worry. None of us are entirely guiltless in these respects. We tell children that it is "bad manners" to eat fast; we liken them to pigs when they do it; but I have often questioned whether they were half as much to be blamed as either the mother who could not find time to eat her own meal because she was full of care for others, or the father whose one thought is to swallow his boiling coffee and get through his steak or chop in time to catch the train.

How many homes there are in which breakfast is, in reality, a scramble, hurriedly prepared, hurriedly eaten, and hurriedly digested; while dinner in the middle of the day, in a house where there are many children, is scarcely less so as far as the mother is concerned, and the evening meal finds everybody too tired to care to linger over it, or there are constant calls upon the mother for her attention. This is bad in itself, but it is ten times worse when worry, anxiety, or excitement adds its quota to the disturbance.

American women suffer from nervous dyspepsia to a distressing extent; and they very seldom stop to consider how largely it is due to their own fault or indiscretion. Just to the extent to which they hurry and worry they are distinctly blamable; and where is the woman who does neither? Certainly she is rarely found in the working or professional classes. The homes in which peace and quiet reign at meal-times, in which food is slowly eaten, and the practice of cheerful conversation persisted in, are few indeed; and still less frequently met with are those in which *rest* for all who are actively employed, precedes or follows the midday meal.

One of our most eminent physicians, whose specialty is disorders of the digestion, told me that he found the most effectual method of relief from dyspepsia was an hour's rest before the heavy meal of the day, and forty minutes' rest after it. There are of course but few of our active population who can easily secure so much leisure as this implies, but every one can, in some degree, attain to calmness and quiet before dinner,—everyone except the cook, or possibly the mistress; and every housekeeper, no matter what her

cares, ought to secure a quiet half-hour after dinner. Nature is very patient, but there comes a time when she no longer tolerates our ignorance if we persist in disregarding her gentler admonitions. She punishes us heavily at last. Thousands of intelligent people consider it no fault of their own, if, after gulping down a hasty, and often ill-prepared, meal, they have recourse to potash or soda for relief from flatulency, or undergo tortures from heart-burn. It is quite fashionable to be dyspeptic.

Everybody knows the gruff reply of the celebrated English doctor, Abercrombie, to the fashionable lady who assured him, "I suffer whenever I eat." "Then for Heaven's sake, madam, don't eat!" But as such advice cannot be strictly followed, and a good deal of life's enjoyment consists in social meals, it is not likely that this course will be followed; but it is certainly desirable that common sense should do for us what doctors and drugs cannot do: teach us how to eat in such fashion that we shall not suffer for daily sins against the stomach.

To this end let us remember that quiet, leisure, and calm are essential to digestion. The scholar who sits at his writing-table all the morning, and leaves a treatise to come to dinner, hastily devouring his food while his brain is hard at work over some knotty problem, and returning at once to his theme, is as guilty in this regard as the business man who rushes from counting-house or bank, with a thousand cares upon his mind, or the mother who cannot find time to sit down for five minutes before she has to attend to the hungry demands of her family. Each has, in his or her way, sinned against nature, and must pay the penalty, sooner or later, in impaired digestion, nervous irritability, and exhaustion.

Give the stomach a chance. It is all a matter more or less of habit. Even the overworked employee has his hour for dinner, and the least the mother or housekeeper should exact is the same privilege.

It is an excellent plan in family life to keep some light but interesting book for meal-times. In one or two families of my acquaintance the practice of reading a short psalm or chapter at the breakfast-table has an excellent effect, and equally good results follow from a paragraph from Emerson, or a good selection from some poet as an interlude during dinner. Two good ends are gained by this; first, the minds of the company are raised above petty details and interests, and, beyond this, the fact of listening to something that calls for no effort, and yet is pleasing, is in itself calming. Worry is for the moment, at least, set on one side; anxiety sleeps; and if the dinner can be followed by a short rest, half the evils of dyspeptic conditions will vanish. Worry is a prolific cause of suffering, if we come to think of it, and probably the most useless and foolish of all the causes that exist for dyspepsia.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW I RECOVERED MY HEALTH."

Baby's Diseases.

IV.

RICKETS.

PERHAPS no disease incidental to infancy is so distressing and at the same time so bewildering as rickets. A popular lady physician tells me that it is the most prevalent and most baffling complaint among the less educated classes, and is one constantly met with in the case of first babies, owing to the inexperience or incompetence of mothers and nurses.

Children apparently healthy and happy one day, suddenly, with no apparent cause, develop symptoms of rickets. It is

a constitutional disease, and largely referable to ante-natal conditions, but more often than not is directly traceable to improper nourishment. It is generally associated with early infancy, and many people ignorantly suppose it to be especially connected with teething; but this is not the case. While it delays dentition, it does so because being a disease affecting the entire system it lowers vitality, and so interferes with the regular processes of nature, of which teething is one.

The symptoms vary from drowsiness and uneasy restlessness, loss of appetite, and disinclination to be amused, to want of control over the limbs, voracious appetite, wasting away, and change in the shape of head, contortions of the limbs, bow-legs, etc. In severe cases the spine appears to be affected; the infant cannot sit up, but falls over on to one side, and as it grows older the teeth decay, become loosened, and fall out. Diarrhœa, too, is often, indeed most frequently, present; or, on the other hand, obstinate constipation. Either symptom points to the efficient cause of rickets, undigested food, improper or excessive nourishment.

My attention has been quite recently called to a case of the kind, in which the infant at eighteen months was apparently losing all control over its limbs, and suffered from constant diarrhœa and sickness, the abdomen being full, apparently, and much distended. In this instance a rapid improvement followed upon reduction of food. The child was accustomed to feeding at all hours, and constantly cried for its bottle. The mother ignorant and incompetent, knew no better than to stop its distress for the moment at the cost of later suffering,—a plan very often adopted even by more experienced nurses,—and its wailing was temporarily stopped by simply stuffing the teat into its mouth.

An intelligent physician commenced, much to the mother's dismay, by putting the child on half rations, and steadily increasing the length of time between meals. This sensible plan speedily had its effect, but was carried out under severe protest from the mother. The child's appetite had become so demoralized and voracious that it was never quiet unless eating; it was possessed by a perpetual craving, which continued until, by rigid adherence to rule and disregard of its cries, the meals were regulated in accordance with the doctor's dictum. She persisted until intervals of five hours became the recognized limit, and then allowed the child a good, satisfying meal. After a few days of this treatment the worst symptoms subsided; and in a short time the bowels were well regulated, and the infant, who when the doctor was called in could not sit up for a moment, regained its vigor, and now bids fair to become a normally healthy child.

In almost all cases of this distressing complaint strict attention to diet results in cure. Either the little patient has been overfed, or its food has disagreed with it. Imperfect digestion is a prolific source of suffering, from the cradle to the grave, and in the vast majority of cases arises from overfeeding. This is a truth mothers are very slow to realize. "It is so dreadful to think that baby should cry from hunger! What a tyrant one must be to deny one's own child food when it cries for it!" None the less, such tyranny is a great deal more humane than the weakness which cannot withhold even what is harmful.

Another cause of rickets, too little regarded, is bad air. There exists a sort of idea that the children of the poorer classes are terrible victims of unsanitary conditions, and no doubt in tenement houses this is often the case; but I have more than once contrasted the surroundings of the babies of the poor in the country with those of the well-to-do, and in a number of cases the paupers decidedly had the best of it. Nothing is so decidedly hurtful to human beings as want of air and light; and there are thousands of homes in cities, and in the country, too, for that matter, where the

children live in darkened rooms, and inhale vitiated air from their birth upwards. The very first remedy for rickets as for all other constitutional diseases, is an abundance of fresh air, sunlight, and, if the child is old enough, outdoor exercise.

The habit of children sleeping with grown-up people is in itself a bad one, and ought never to be countenanced; that of putting babies to sleep in rooms lighted with gas, is another. No child ought to sleep in a room heated with gas, or with all the windows tightly closed. Young mothers are often inordinately afraid of draughts, and shut the infants up in nurseries the close air of which is unbearable to the healthy adult. This is one among other causes of rickets. Fresh, pure air, regular diet, plenty of sunlight, tepid or cold bathing every morning, followed by rubbing with the hand, or, in the case of older children, with a coarse towel, and outdoor exercise are the best preventives. Attention to the bowels, *reduction of the quantity of food*, and selection of that which is most nourishing and at the same time easily digested are the first essentials of restoration.

Malt or barley food is much recommended for children of weakly habit; it is especially valuable as possessing bone-forming qualities. Rubbing with cod-liver oil is excellent for children who cannot assimilate their food. The best preparation of malt food is made by boiling four table-spoonfuls of *ground malt* in a pint of water for ten minutes, and adding an equal quantity of new milk. This can be given to infants at a very early age, and is more easily digested than almost any other food; and it can readily be made less rich by lessening the proportion of milk. The main thing is to give no more food than can be easily assimilated, and no more frequently than four and a half to five hours.

Infants accustomed from birth to regular hours for nursing, gradually extending the intervals from two and a half to five hours, pass through the ordinary ordeals of babyhood scatheless, and it is safe to assert that rickets offers no terrors for them. We find its victims in two classes: those of the overfed and irregularly fed, and those in which the mothers, from a mistaken idea of preventive measure, persist in suckling too long. This cause, in the present temper of fashionable society, in which motherhood is too often looked upon as a burden to be escaped as lightly as possible, is more frequent among the families of laborers, where weaning means another mouth to feed, and entails extra care on the mother. It is no uncommon thing to see a child of two or even three years, still largely dependent upon its mother for nourishment; and where this is the case, it is of course useless to hope to inculcate common-sense views.

But thousands of women, who would not be guilty of quite this enormity, are reprehensibly careless about both the quantity and quality of the food that baby takes, and never imagine that they are guilty of actual cruelty in giving it all it cries for. Rarely indeed do they trace the close connection between their simple indulgence and the many ailments which meet their children on the threshold of life. Some families are always ailing, when by the exercise of a little common sense and discretion, infancy might be perfectly free from aches and pains.

Rickets is just one of those complaints for which there is no cause, and which no healthy child, born of healthy parents, has any reason to suffer. We would earnestly insist upon this truth in urging all mothers, young and old, to consider the importance of this ever-recurring question of food.

JANET E. RUTZ-REES.

THE disagreeable moisture of the hands which is so prevalent in summer, may be overcome by rubbing the hands several times a day with the following mixture: Tinct. belladonna, half an ounce; eau de Cologne, four ounces.

What Women are Doing.

"Lucas Malet" is the *nom de plume* of the daughter of Charles Kingsley.

Miss Edmunds, the daughter of the Senator from Vermont, is an accomplished artist.

Jean Ingelow gives a dinner three times a week to the sick poor and the discharged convalescents from hospitals.

A temperance paper was recently established at Tokio, Japan, by Miss Asia and Mrs. Sasaki, of the Tokio W. C. T. U.

Pundita Ramabai has already secured about \$50,000 toward the fund she is raising to establish a school in India for Hindoo widows.

It is reported that the Congregational Church at Ottawa, Kan., has young lady ushers, and naturally it is a favorite place of worship with the young men.

Carrie Bragg edits the "Virginia Lancet," published at Petersburg, Va., which is said to be the only paper in the country conducted by a colored woman.

Miss Elena Blockmann, grandniece of Keats, has attained distinction as a portrait painter, and is painting a life-size portrait of the Queen-Regent of Spain and the infant King.

A Chinese girl, fifteen years of age, adopted when young by a missionary, has organized a temperance society with a membership of eighteen girls and women, in Kingkiang, China.

Miss Carrie White, president of the Washington Territory W. C. T. U., is a member of the Republican Central Committee. It is the only case upon record of a woman occupying such a position.

Mme. Anderson, of Stockholm, Sweden, has been granted by the king the freedom of the railways of that country, as an aid to her missionary labors for the promotion of temperance and social purity.

Miss Ethel Ingalls, the daughter of Senator Ingalls, has entered upon journalism as a profession, and has already achieved success as a correspondent, besides furnishing bright articles for the magazines.

Miss Linda Gilbert has devoted fifteen years and most of her fortune to prison reform. She has established twenty-two libraries in the prisons of different States, and found employment for six thousand ex-convicts.

The Empress of Russia has a houseful of seamstresses, yet makes nearly all the clothing for her youngest children, and takes their new hats to pieces and trims them over to suit her own taste. She is expert with the needle, and makes beautiful embroidery.

Sarah Winnemucca, the Indian princess who attended Wellesley College, and under the *nom de plume* of "Bright Eyes" has written some charming frontier stories, is now teaching an Indian school of her own. She reports that she has fifteen or sixteen pupils, and is getting along nicely.

Haruka, the Empress of Japan, dresses in the richest silks, gauzes, crêpes, and stuffs. She wears her hair brushed back à la Pompadour. It is reported that she will visit America next winter, traveling in state with a dozen maids of honor, numberless officials, and every accompaniment of luxury.

Miss Mary Graybiel, a missionary in the interior of India, not only raised money to build a church, but was her own architect and master-builder, and taught the native workmen how to make the bricks, quarry stone, and saw the timber for flooring. A substantial and picturesque building is the result.

A Hair Reform Association has been started in Japan, and is doing good work in the interest of neatness and simplicity. Ten years ago Japanese women were accustomed to wear their hair piled up in a most exaggerated and complicated fashion, and the arrangement of their *chevelure* was a labor of at least two hours.

May Emily Bird, a colored woman who died recently at Centreville, Tenn., was for a long time a missionary in Liberia, Africa, and once received and entertained the world-renowned explorer Livingstone, on one of his most notable exploring expeditions. She spoke fluently many of the native African languages.

Chat.

NIKITA, the young American cantatrice, has again been charming English audiences with her wonderful voice, and her singing at the Eastertide concerts in London has elicited even more enthusiastic encomiums than when she made her appearance last August in that city. All agree that her lamented teacher Maurice Strakosch spoke with a prophetic instinct when he said: "She will be the greatest cantatrice that the world has ever heard!" When a singer is able to execute, in the same evening, five songs various in style and character, in three different languages, and the audience still demands more, comment is hardly necessary; yet this is what Nikita did, and it must be remembered that she is still some years under twenty. Her careful training has developed the peculiar qualities of her voice, which is a genuine soprano, pure and liquid in tone, "the upper notes," as an enthusiastic critic records, "like a brook which ripples and flashes in the sunlight, while the lower notes have the calm and even flow of a majestic river." Her voice always possessed that undefinable sympathetic quality which goes straight to the heart, and this is specially noticeable in her rendering of "Home, sweet home!" which, like Patti, she so frequently chooses for an encore. Her many friends here are impatiently waiting for the time when they may welcome the "little Diva," and hear her sing with a joyous tone, "There's no place like home!"

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THROUGH the generosity of Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, the Metropolitan Museum of Art has acquired another valuable picture, the portrait of Washington painted in 1805 by Gilbert Stuart. This portrait was painted for Daniel Carroll of Duddington Manor, in the District of Columbia, who was a cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. It remained in the manor house until 1884, since which time it has been one of the notable features of the Corcoran Art Gallery, at Washington, though still owned by the heirs. It is in perfect condition, and has always been much admired by connoisseurs. In 1842, the eminent artist G. P. A. Healy, while at Duddington painting Mr. Carroll's portrait, said that he considered this to be one of Stuart's best works; and it was from this portrait that a copy was made by Mr. Healy for Louis Philippe of France.

* * * * *

THE latest idea in "progressive" parties is a progressive tennis party. For this three or four courts are necessary, and the game is restricted to a certain length of time and not to a given number of sets, so that two or three games could be played in an afternoon, and thus a greater number entertained. On arriving, each of the players selects a card tied with a knot of ribbon; partners for the first game are assigned by the ladies and gentlemen matching ribbons, and lots are drawn for the courts, which are numbered. Play commences simultaneously in all the courts, a starter standing by the first court and blowing a whistle at the commencement and finish of each match; and each court has a scorer. When the players in the first court have gone through a single game, the starter sounds his whistle, and play stops in all the courts, the winners in each moving up, the winners in the first court retaining their position, and the losers in the first court passing to the lower one. The scoring must be accurately attended to before proceeding with the next game. The scores are kept by means of small stars of gummed paper. The winners in the first court affix gold stars to their cards; the losers in the lower court, black ones; all other winners have blue stars, and all other losers, red stars. Before the next game begins, the players in each court change partners; and the same routine is followed until the time agreed upon has elapsed, when the final whistle is sounded, scores are added up, and prizes awarded. The first prizes are given to the lady and gentleman who win the greatest number of games in the first court, which will be indicated by the gold stars on their cards; and the second prizes are given to those winning the greatest number of games in any court,—blue stars. There are also "booby" prizes for those who lose the most games in the lower court, and the greatest number altogether. Progressive tennis is most interesting to those looking on, and very exciting for the participants.

The World's Progress

IN THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

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.

To Celebrate the Adoption of the Constitution.

The Governors of the thirteen original States assembled in Philadelphia lately, and after suitable preliminaries drew up a series of resolutions, which were approved, calling upon the National Government and the various States and Territories of the Union to make suitable appropriations to a fund to be dedicated to the building of a grand National monument commemorative of the framing and adoption of the Constitution, to be erected within the limits of the city of Philadelphia; said monument to bear the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and of the framers of the Constitution, also the names of the official representatives of all Governments who were present in Philadelphia in 1876 to participate in celebrating the centennial anniversary of American independence. After asking Congress to refund to this city the Centennial loan, the resolutions say that the Governors of the thirteen original States be invited to appoint a commissioner from each State to co-operate with the citizens of New York in their preparations to celebrate the Centennial of the inauguration of George Washington. On the 26th of July, 1788, New York State ratified the Constitution by a vote of thirty to twenty-five; but although not so prompt in response as some of the others, New York may claim some cause for pride in the fact that to one of her statesmen belongs the honor of having written the instrument; and, as James Madison wrote to Mr. Sparks, in 1831, "The finish given to the style and arrangement of the Constitution fairly belongs to the pen of Mr. Morris." It is not alone the fact but the men that we shall commemorate; and all Americans will gladly do honor to the day and the times which produced such powers of statesmanship as were displayed in the flashing eloquence of Governor Morris, whose utterances, stirring almost even to anarchy, contrasted with that unerring perception of the practicable which characterized Alexander Hamilton, and is one of the surest safeguards of our liberty.

The Republican Nominee.

Mr. George William Curtis's prediction that the nomination of Mr. Blaine for the Presidency by the Chicago Convention will lead to the disintegration and disruption of the Republican party, does not seem to discourage the Republican leaders, who it is expected will eventually nominate their former candidate. Although Senator Sherman, Judge Gresham, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, and Senators Allison, Hawley, and Edmunds have all appeared more or less imposingly above the political horizon, as the time draws near it is confidently predicted that their bubble-like booms will break one by one, to coalesce into one crystalline, prismatic sphere which will disclose the true colors of the Republican party, and the man from Maine be nominated by acclamation. The true prophet will never attempt to forecast the issue of a contest until the contestants are named, and it is a little too soon to speculate upon his chances of election this time. Still, the free-trade issue with the President to sustain it as leader of the Democratic party, has become so powerful an opposing force, that the Republican nominee needs to be a man of all the personally magnetic qualities, and as thoroughly representative of the Republican party, as James G. Blaine.

Foreign Affairs.

The Parnellites recently held a large public meeting in Phoenix Park, Dublin, to sustain the action of the Irish Catholic Parliamentary representatives with reference to the Papal rescript. John Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, and others spoke, and the manifesto of the Irish members was indorsed by acclamation. The following resolution was adopted: "That the citizens of Dublin, in public meeting assembled, cordially indorse and adopt in their integrity the resolutions of the Irish Catholic members of Parliament with reference to the late circular of the Holy Office of the Inquisition, and respectfully decline to recognize any right in the Holy See to interfere with the Irish people in the management of Irish political affairs." This action is significant, and should have much influence in convincing the Vatican that interference with the national affairs of Ireland is a great mistake. Mr. Dillon in his speech asserted that Rome would not dare to treat any other country in Europe in the same way; and strong though the utterance seems, it is certainly within bounds. Mr. O'Brien said

that it was heartbreaking to think that such a rescript should be thrown into the teeth of the Irish people, and that the present ordeal was worse than twenty years of Balfourian coercion. Mr. Balfour is quoted as having said that twenty years will solve the Irish question; but there are those who do not think it will take so long, and that if England were involved in war abroad, the withdrawal of English troops now kept in Ireland would necessitate a concession to the demands of the Irish Nationalists, because it was always England's troubles abroad which have hitherto given the Irish their opportunity at home. At present, however, the agitating elements in Europe are France and Russia; but in the question of war issues the decision rests with Russia. If the latter power sends an army into Bulgaria, war with Austria may follow; and as Germany and Austria are allied for defensive purposes, a fresh complication would then ensue. But there is always Bismarck,—unless he should die. In the meantime, the gun business is remarkably active in Liege and other manufacturing towns and affords occupation to many artisans.

Australian Tariff on Chinamen.

A bill to restrict Chinese immigration has passed the Colonial Assembly at Sydney, without one dissenting vote. This not only prohibits the naturalization of Chinamen in Australia, but imposes a poll tax of £100 upon every Chinese immigrant, and only permits vessels to land one Chinaman for every three hundred tons. The Legislative Council of Victoria has ordered that vessels bringing Chinese immigrants to the colony be quarantined during the pleasure of the authorities. Chinese cheap labor is such a tempting plum for speculators in the contract system, that it is no wonder as soon as the United States excluded the Mongolians, Australia was inflicted with an invasion of these immigrants, whose frugality and industry make it impossible for laborers of other nationalities to compete with them. The judges in Sydney are of the opinion that the Colonial Governments have acted too precipitately in their stringent legislative enactments without consultation with the Imperial Government; but England will probably waive the question, since the Colonial rights were in such need of immediate protection. It is said that the Chinese Government wishes to retain its surplus population at home; and, if this be so, the negotiation of a treaty by the British Foreign Office will not be difficult. In following the example of the United States in restricting Chinese immigration, Australia has only adopted the usual methods of colonial protection.

A Transisthmian Railway.

A recent report from the United States Consul at San Salvador recommends the construction of a railway connecting the capitals of Mexico and Guatemala, and connecting with the existing narrow gauge of the Guatemala Central Railway, seventy-five miles in length and terminating on the Pacific at the open roadstead of San José. Referring to the climate of Central America at the sea-level, the Consul says: "The Nicaragua Canal, the Ship Railway, and the De Lesseps' canal, each and all are at the sea level, and the acclimated alone may cross the continent in safety at the sea-level; but there is perfect immunity from climatic disease the instant the traveler reaches an elevation of one thousand feet above the sea. Commerce, therefore, will traverse this transisthmian railway with a land-locked harbor at each terminus, and an elevation at no point, after leaving the coast, of less than two thousand feet above the plane of the two oceans."

But the Consul also argues that the practical good to be derived from the construction of this proposed road does not consist so much in the immunity traveling multitudes will thereby have from malaria incident to the sea level, but in the fact that it will accomplish the commercial annexation of the Central American States to the United States. Puerto Barrios, which is proposed for the northern terminus of the transisthmian road, is only fifty hours from Mobile, and in sixty hours a traveler or a bale of merchandise could be transported from Mobile to La Union, the Pacific coast harbor. And whereas steamers now pay from \$20 to \$30 per ton at La Union for English and Australian coal, it might be delivered there from the United States over the transisthmian railway for from \$5 to \$7 per ton. The Government of the United States will undoubtedly discover the excellent political and commercial results to be derived from the construction of such a road.

The Proposed Bridge across the English Channel.

In our last issue a description was given of a marvel of engineering, the projected bridge across the English Channel, which will afford direct railway communication between England and the Continent. By a typographical error the height of the structure was given as fifteen hundred feet above the sea level. The correct statement is that the projected bridge will be over one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and its estimated cost exceeds a milliard of francs, or two hundred million dollars.

A Dangerous System.

The new and popular system of heating and lighting dwellings and other buildings by natural gas has recently been discovered to be accompanied by extraordinary risks of extreme danger from accident at the receiving or distributing centers. Its convenience and economy of use have caused natural gas to be considered as one of the greatest of modern conveniences; but the

explosions occurring recently in Buffalo, by some disarrangement of the mechanism, through which control of the pressure was lost, have demonstrated the danger of its use. St. Paul's Cathedral was destroyed, another church was set on fire, and a dozen different explosions occurred in as many stores or residences. Evidently the use of this gas will have to be discontinued, or some modification of the mechanism by which it is distributed must be introduced to obviate any possibility of similar accidents. In employing the cosmic forces of nature so much more care is required than in the use of physical power, which can be controlled by intelligence at any period, that it is necessary to apply at the outset all calculations and contrivances to provide for the accidents likely to occur, and some means to render them harmless. If this were done in every instance, the deadly wires of the electric lighting system, which threaten life wherever they are likely to come in contact with it, might be made as harmless as the "light, out-speeding telegraph" wires are.

More Gold.

The gold product of the earth seems to be again on the increase. Besides the gold-fields in Southwestern Africa, those of the Transvaal (between Limpopo and the Zambesi) are especially noticeable for rich yields. Two Englishmen, Johnson and Baines, who have recently made a tour of exploration there, speak most favorably of them. The gold-mines of Mysore, in British India, have also during the last year been remarkably productive; and in Wales the gold-mining business seems to be paying. Morgan, the owner of the newly discovered gold-mines in Wales, has returned to London with more than four hundred ounces of gold, obtained from 250 tons of ore. Fifteen drills are kept going in the gold-diggings night and day, and have already thrown out two or three thousand tons of ore.

The Perfected Phonograph.

That greatest marvel of invention, the phonograph, a machine which will receive the sound-waves of speech or song and then automatically reproduce these sounds, is said by its inventor to be at last practically perfected. A phonograph factory is now building, which will be completed within two months, and then the public will be able to test the new talking-machine and discover its practical uses. The phonograph, as recently shown to the members of the Electric Club and other distinguished persons in New York City, is a scientific-looking instrument, apparently quite capable of its delicate function—until now clumsily and inaccurately performed by the tongue of gossip—of reporting audibly and verbatim any words confided to it. Its principal parts are a small electric motor; the feeding gear, which by power from the motor moves the recording diaphragm and the reproducing diaphragm steadily along over the tubular surface of wax; and the brass cylinder on which the wax is fitted. This cylinder is revolved by the motor at the rate of fifty or sixty turns in a minute. A tube with a gutta-percha mouth-piece conveys the vibrations of the voice to the sensitive diaphragm, and, below this, a needle cuts shallow scratches into the wax cylinder. When the sound is to be given forth, the frame is moved half-round to bring the reproducing diaphragm into place. This has a fine, wire-like tracing point, which follows the lines inscribed on the wax and imparts the vibration to the diaphragm, and the sounds are made audible through another tube and receiver, which is held to the ear. The cylinder of wax can be slipped off the brass cylinder and mailed to a distance, where, if applied to a similar instrument, it can be made to reproduce sounds that have been silent for any length of time. Unlike some conversationalists, the phonograph may be made to stop at any point of its "reproduced" speech, to give time to any transcriber or type-writer, so that it will be exceedingly useful in offices; and dictator and copyist will not be necessarily restricted to the same hour. It is a little too soon to predict that the phonograph will supersede stenography, but its uses cannot fail to be as practically unlimited as the power of the human voice.

The Children of Slavery.

A preliminary decision has been rendered in a contested will case, which has excited considerable surprise. The contested will is that of Mrs. Elizabeth Bunce, a colored woman, born in slavery, who died a widow, leaving her property to a white girl who had been a companion of hers some years. Elizabeth's mother, who had married her father when both were slaves, had died, and her father married again. His grandchildren by this second marriage contest the will, claiming that it is a forgery, and that they are the legal heirs of Elizabeth. But Judge Tuley, of Chicago, has decided that she was an illegitimate child, and could have no heirs but those of her own body. The ground of the decision is that as slaves were chattels, no legal marriage between them was possible. It is claimed by Mr. Fish, who represents the contestants, that the effect of the Proclamation of Emancipation was to restore to the slaves all rights of which they were deprived before the war, so that all the rights of freedom were attached to them retroactively, and the children born in slavery became legitimate. It is stated that a bill will soon be brought before Congress declaring that the intent and effect of the Emancipation Proclamation and the Constitutional Amendments were to validate all slave marriages. The case in point will, however, be appealed, and the final decision will be of great importance to former slaves, and the children of those born in slavery.

California Ostriches.

A temperate climate, pure air and water, and no possibility of snow, are essentials to the well-being of the African ostrich. He also likes plenty of room, which most of the settlers near an ostrich farm are usually willing to give him, as all who have read that romantic story of South African life, "Jess," can readily believe. Consequently the report of a purchase of some thousands of acres in Tehama County, near the Sacramento River, by Dr. Sketchley, the pioneer of ostrich breeding and ostrich-feather raising in California, for an ostrich pasture, seems to augur well for the future success of ostrich raising as an American industry. The place selected possesses all the above enumerated requisites for an ostrich farm, and is similar in climate to the Transvaal in South Africa, where the ostrich is at home.

A Magnetic Girl.

A physician writing for *The Medical Reporter* gives an account of a peculiar case of magnetic power—if it may be thus termed—which came under his notice. The phenomenon is a pretty little girl three and a half years old, who amuses herself by hanging spoons to the tips of her fingers, where they "stick" as if glued; and she can carry them around the room thus suspended. The child is called "a human magnet" by believers in magnetic rubbing, and a "medium" by the spiritualists. She is a delicate, sickly child, and her singular power is probably owing to some morbid state as yet unexplained by physical science.

A Transplanted Eye.

A most delicate and remarkable surgical operation was recently performed in Philadelphia, which consisted of transplanting part of a rabbit's eye into that of a human being. The patient was a girl whose eye was so inflamed as to be almost useless for vision, and the operation was to relieve the obscurity of sight. Without technically describing the operation, it may be simply said to be the engrafting of a piece of the cornea of the eye; and a rabbit's eye was selected because of its similarity to the human eye, and because, being a distinctively herbaceous animal, its blood is less liable to contaminating influence than that of animals who live on animal food wholly or in part. The patient and the rabbit were both placed under the influence of the local anæsthetic, cocaine, and a very delicate instrument, manufactured for the purpose, was used. This was invented by Professor Gipple of Giessen, Germany, and, by means of a clock-work attachment, not only bores into the cornea of the eye, but also registers the exact depth of the puncture. By this means, a very small portion of the cornea from a point directly in front of the pupil was taken from the rabbit's eye, and a piece corresponding in size and position from the afflicted eye of the human patient, and the piece of rabbit's eye substituted. This is the third operation of its kind, and the first performed in this country; but no doubts of its satisfactory results are entertained by expert ophthalmic surgeons, since the previous operations were successful beyond expectation.

The Lorelei in South America.

The Lorelei is indissolubly associated with the legends of the Rhine, and no one would ever have believed that she, like less mythical sweet singers and charming actresses, would leave her native waters and cross the ocean to enchant men abroad. But the Germans have been unromantic enough to suggest the necessity of removing with dynamite the dangerous rock upon which the golden-haired siren sat and sang her "wondrous melody," luring careless navigators to destruction. It is not likely the Lorelei has yet fully realized how completely her charming song is rendered harmless and that it will be necessary for her to "move on." A place has already been found for her. A colossal statue of the Lorelei is about to be made in Germany and imported to the rocky shores of that great South American stream, the Rio de la Plata, and the sculptor Albert Manthe has already completed the model for the casting. A lover of Rhenish romance, formerly a Rhinelander, now dwelling in Buenos Ayres, who possesses considerable land on a romantic part of the Rio de la Plata, has cherished the memory of the Lorelei of his native stream, and now proposes, prompted by a desire to perpetuate the poetic German legend, to introduce her to this distant zone. This South American Lorelei is a work of art, which will be a lasting memorial, not only of the fabled enchantress of the Rhine, but also of the romantic poetry and art of Germany.

Rats in China.

A plague of rats is reported in a recent number of the *Pekin Gazette*, which recalls the German legend of the rats of Hamelin. Certain postal routes have had to be changed in Outer Mongolia on account of the honey-combing of the whole country by myriads of rats, who have burrowed and eaten up the pasturage so extensively that the supply of food for camels and horses is greatly diminished, and the burrows are dangerous to all mounted travelers and couriers. The prize offered by the Australian Government for a riddance of the rabbits which infest that country may afford a suggestion to the authorities in China to offer inducements which M. Pasteur or some unknown Whittington may find advantageous enough to undertake the task of ridding the country of these vermin. China and the Chinese have been afflicted enough of late, what with earthquakes, floods, restricted immigration, etc.

Household.

Comparative Housekeeping.

IV.

HOW TO SET THE TABLE ON TWENTY CENTS A DAY FOR EACH PERSON.

Dinners.

ECONOMICAL housekeepers realize by experience that in providing for the dinners of a family very much is gained by looking well ahead. A little forethought means large saving. The wife of the poorly paid mechanic or day-laborer understands this when she starts out on Saturday night to do her week's marketing. She, in fact, is only, in her small way, following the example of the economist who buys at wholesale; but by the practical lessons of her life's limitations she learns, if she is capable of learning anything, just what proportion of the week's earnings must be allotted to meat, how much to sugar, etc., etc., in a way which is often unattainable even by the "screw;" for economy is a wide-reaching term and includes far-reaching knowledge. It is one thing to go without what our means cannot procure, and quite another to spend a limited sum so judiciously that it covers our needs, and perhaps leaves a margin.

At one time when my profession called me into a poor neighborhood,—in which, with the exception of the doctor's family, there was in the entire district no one above the reach of poverty, the very clergyman having a family of nine children to support on an income of some \$480 a year,—I had the opportunity of studying the economic life of the laboring poor. Much has been written of their thriftlessness and ignorance; I have often thought that the forethought and practical wisdom of many a hardworking char-woman, ay, even of a mere child, would afford a theme for eloquence, one taking as a text, not what the poor do not know, but how, upon a mere pittance, they manage to live at all.

In the same spirit I would suggest that providers upon the limit of 20 cents a day per person, follow the example of the *intelligent* poor in this matter, rather than that of the instructed well-to-do. For one thing is certain; that the success of housekeeping depends, not in the least, as many by their actions seem to imagine, upon having what richer people have, but simply in securing for a given sum the very best attainable result. This fact was very forcibly impressed upon my mind during a stay of some months in Paris, the city of all others in which the care of the *ménage* should excite imitation, where families live well on the smallest incomes, and never, under any circumstances, betray squalor, or appear at disadvantage.

Many and many a lesson in practical housekeeping did I learn from my landlady, whose resources were limited to the rent of modest rooms. In considering the limit of our present sum I am forcibly reminded of her. When upon a certain fête-day she expected a friend to dinner, she confidentially told me that he was an epicure, and that her resources were limited to the expenditure of a franc; but, she added triumphantly, "*nous verrons!*" and we did.

I was admitted to the feast, and recall my sense of admiration and astonishment as the bean soup was replaced by a dish of veal with spring carrots, *haricots blancs*, to be succeeded in their turn by endive salad, water ices, and coffee. Madame scrupulously explained to me that the coffee was not covered by the franc, nor the onions which had flavored the soup; but the feat was not the less astonishing to me on this account. We cannot do better than follow some of the lessons I learned in that unpretending French home, and in my investigations among the English poor. If from the one

I learned forethought, from the other I gained an idea of the nicety and attention to detail which renders the most modest French dinner attractive.

We have the sum of 41½ cents for our dinners, amounting for the week to \$2.92. Such a sum will authorize meals which will appear astonishing to those whose idea of economy consists in sparseness. It will allow, to begin with, of two joints in the week, one for a boiled, the other for a roast, dinner. We shall have soup every day not only because we can afford it and because it is distinctly economical, but because it is exceedingly healthful and an aid to digestion. We shall not have the prime cuts, nor porter-house steaks, because they are neither economical nor necessarily healthful, and less-favored portions contain as much, and perhaps more, nourishment, and are equally toothsome.

We will begin with a boiled dinner on Sunday, when, probably in response to a foolish custom, dinner will be at one o'clock. A good deal can be said against this change of hour on one day in the week, but that can be considered later; for the moment our problem is the expenditure of \$2.92 for seven good, nourishing dinners.

Our first outlay will be for a shoulder of mutton. This costs 9 cents a pound in my neighborhood. A small joint, taking in a portion of the neck, weighs just three pounds; value, 27 cents. We then buy a quart of pearl barley, costing 10 cents; 2 cents' worth of turnips; 2 cents' worth of capers; one-half pint of milk, 2 cents; one-half pound of flour, 2 cents; potatoes, 4 cents; and we have provided for two most excellent dinners, even, as I proved by actual experience, for three: but I am bound to say that these for whom I provided were very small meat-eaters. However, we may be well content if the little shoulder affords, as it certainly will, two most appetizing meals.

We shall take the joint and place it in a deep saucepan with more than sufficient cold water to cover it, and add a quarter of the barley (2½ cents' worth); then place the saucepan *within reach* of the heat of the fire, but not allow it to pass beyond boiling point, adding, of course, salt. We shall let it simmer for three hours, when the meat will be very tender and the soup ready. Meantime we have cut our turnips up into small dice, boiled them in water till tender, thrown the water off and replaced it by milk with a little flour stirred into it; we have boiled four or five potatoes and mashed them with a little milk; chopped our capers, and made for them a little melted butter thickened with flour; and by the time our joint is ready to be dished, we have our flour and milk already stirred for a minute pudding. Such a dinner, plain as this, not only answers every requirement of appetite and nourishment, but read as a menu would be considered quite extravagant.

Barley Soup.
Boiled Mutton with Caper Sauce.
Turnips with White Sauce. Mashed Potatoes.
Minute Pudding.

The expenditure, we see at once, does not exceed our limit of 41½ cents; is, indeed, within it, for the good reason that we have sufficient left of meat and soup for the next day's meal. Barley soup may, it may be incidentally remarked, be either strained or served with the barley in it; either way it is excellent, and made in this manner is strong, so much so that what is left over can well be watered.

In buying the shoulder of mutton we have of course taken the trimmings, which butchers are so fond of throwing aside as of no value, and which the young housekeeper often most foolishly disregards; but, as we know better, we have them, whatever they are, to add to the soup for the morrow. We strain the stock, if it has not been strained, add a carrot and onion chopped up, and let it simmer on the side of the fire; we take our cold mutton and stand it over

a saucepan of boiling water till it is heated through, and then have ready a white sauce made of a very little butter, flour, and milk, into which we put chopped parsley; we cut some carrots into very thin rounds and stew them till tender, adding for them a little flour to a portion of the sauce and stirring it till smooth; we boil a few potatoes; and having a pudding made of half a cupful of rice and a pint of milk, behold our second day's dinner, equal in proportion to the first, for it includes:

Soup.
Mutton with Parsley Sauce.
Stewed Carrots. Boiled Potatoes.
Rice Pudding.

Now, in my own experience, the third day's dinner was equally successful; and although I do not think it a fair test, as my family were small eaters, I shall still give it, as by trying a larger joint, at an increase of say eighteen cents, it would certainly be a possibility for any family. Here then is the menu:

Carrot Soup (costing 2 cents).
Meat Croquettes with Brown Gravy.
Stewed Onions. Baked Potatoes.
Marmalade Pudding.

On this occasion my joint having provided sufficient *débris* for croquettes, I could afford the indulgence of the marmalade pudding, which otherwise would have been decidedly extravagant; although it is very simple, consisting merely of equal weights of bread-crumbs, flour, marmalade, and chopped suet, with one egg, a little salt, and about a teaspoonful of baking-powder, mixed together, poured into a mold, and steamed for two hours.

There remain four days yet to consider, and a thrifty housekeeper knows that for a roast joint she must not indulge in either porter-house, or even rib roasts, but be content with a piece of solid meat from the round; but she may rest assured that, judiciously treated, it may equal any joint she ever puts on the table. Its cost will be 16 cents a pound probably, possibly less. She must buy 4 to 5 pounds, better the larger piece; 80 cents will cover the expense. The best way to cook it is to braise it; that is to say, to roast it over the fire in an iron pot, having first heated some drippings in the saucepan, and well floured and salted the meat. Let it brown on every side, and then withdraw it to the side of the fire and let it merely simmer. Very few, even of good cooks, understand this secret of excellent roasts. No French cook *bakes* meat in an oven as we do; she is far too wise. By the method of braising, all the good results of the oven or open fire are secured without the evils of the first. We have then, for our fifth day, a roast joint, and our menu must include a soup. This we shall best provide on this occasion by having taken a few cents' worth of bones with our joint, supposing it had no trimmings, and a nice vegetable soup shall be the result, for which we need only the stock strained and returned to the pot with some carrot, onion, turnip, and parsley, finely chopped, giving us:

Vegetable Soup.
Roast Beef. Boiled Beets.
Mashed Potatoes. White Beans.
Stewed Prunes.

Beans make an excellent vegetable, and serve a double purpose, because the liquor in which they have been boiled affords the basis of to-morrow's soup. To prepare them as a vegetable, soak over night, boil till tender, then drain, add a little flour and butter, and shake up well in the saucepan.

One day in our week we have a cold dinner, as regards the joint, thus:

Tomato Soup (made from the bean liquor).
Cold Beef. Potato Salad.
Apple Tart.

On this occasion, again, our meat being provided, we indulge in a better dessert.

We have two coming dinners for which we do not intend to provide any extra meat. The cold joint must furnish sufficient, or we must for one day take fish; a course I never recommend, because fish dinners, unless elaborate, are not satisfying. Hash or mince is better. For my own part, I should expect to have my sixth dinner something of this order:

Potato Soup.
Minced Beef with Fried Onions.
Baked Potatoes. Cabbage.
Tapioca Pudding without eggs.

Mince, properly made, is excellent. Cut up the meat and chop it perfectly fine, with an onion; sprinkle with flour, and heat over the fire in a little water, stirring it all the time, till it simmers; brown the gravy, and add fried onions after serving. There will still probably be a residue of meat, which will give us excellent material for a last dinner, which shall consist of:

Pea Soup.
Potato Pie
Mashed Carrots. Sweet Potatoes.
Bread Pudding.

Potato pie is generally appreciated if well made. For this, too, the meat must be finely minced and the gravy browned, then placed on a pie-dish and covered with a thick crust of mashed potatoes, and browned in the oven. It can be flavored with a chopped onion, or in any way desired.

It is easy to see that if seven dinners can be obtained by an expenditure of \$1.07 for the meat, or even of \$1.25 for meat, allowing the extra two pounds of mutton, that the total cost need certainly not exceed the stipulated sum of \$2.92 for seven dinners. Such an expenditure calls certainly for consideration, care, and forethought, but it is not only possible, but practicable; and if our later articles on a broader basis can suggest more varied fare, they will not perhaps afford greater possibility in regard to healthful nourishment, which, after all, is a prime consideration.

We shall next consider what an expenditure of 35 cents a day for each person will warrant.

JANET E. RUUTZ REES.

Early Summer Fruits.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—This is a delicious preserve, preferred by many to guava jelly, which it closely resembles. Hull the berries, bruise them slightly, and put them in a maslin or agate ironware preserving-kettle and stir for a few minutes over a moderate fire; strain without pressure, weigh the juice and boil it rapidly for twenty minutes; remove from the fire, and stir into it twelve ounces of sugar to a pound of juice; when the sugar is dissolved, boil it again quickly for twenty minutes, removing the scum as it rises, and pour it into jars or glasses. One-quarter the quantity of currant juice may be mixed with that of the strawberries, which will make the jelly firmer, but will alter the flavor slightly. Another rule for making strawberry jelly is to take equal weights of sugar and strawberry juice; boil the sugar from ten to twenty minutes before adding the juice (previously boiled five minutes); stir the fruit-juice and sugar, off the fire, till thoroughly blended, then boil all together from ten to twenty minutes, testing with a spoon until the jelly forms.

CHERRY CHEESE.—Pit the cherries, bruise and boil them until soft enough to pulp through a sieve, which will be in from twenty to thirty minutes. Weigh the pulp and boil it again to a dry paste, then add sugar in the proportion of six ounces to the pound. When this is dissolved, stir, without ceasing, over a quick fire, until it is so dry as not to adhere to the finger when touched; then press it immediately into small molds or bowls, from which it may be turned when wanted for the table.

FRUIT PRESERVED WITHOUT SUGAR.—One of the newest California methods of preserving fruit whole and without sugar is as follows: Fill clean, perfectly dry fruit-jars with fresh, sound fruit; add nothing, not even water. Be sure that the fruit is closely packed in. Wrap a little hay or a cloth around each

jar, and stand them in a pan or boiler of cold water. Let the water reach not quite to the shoulder of the jars. Bring the water to a boil over a moderate fire, and then boil gently for ten minutes. Seal the jars and replace, setting them upside down in the water. Boil fifteen minutes longer. Take pan and all off the fire, and let the jars cool in the water. If the fruit shrinks too rapidly, less time may be allowed to the boiling. This is a receipt every housekeeper will require to test in small quantities to become familiar with the necessary length of time for different fruits, before using it extensively.

NURSERY PRESERVE.—Two pounds of pitted cherries; boil them twenty minutes, then add a pound and a half of raspberries, and the same quantity of red and white currants weighed without their stems. Boil all together twenty minutes, add three pounds and a half of granulated sugar, and boil fifteen minutes longer. The preserves must be stirred throughout the cooking.


FRUIT PERLÉ.—Select fine clusters of red and white currants, large ripe cherries, gooseberries of different colors, and fresh strawberries or raspberries, whichever are to be had. Beat up the white of an egg with half as much cold water, dip the fruit into this, drain it for a moment on a sieve, and then roll it in sifted powdered sugar until every part is coated; give it a gentle shake, and lay it on sheets of white paper to dry. It will dry in the course of three or four hours, if placed in a warm room or a sunny window.

CREOLE SHERBET.—Make a strong, sweet lemonade of one dozen lemons, adding one grated pine-apple. Pour two cans of condensed milk into a pitcher, add enough water to thin it a little, and stir it smooth and even. Mix it well and evenly with the lemonade and pine-apple, and pour into the freezer and freeze. Be careful not to let one lemon seed get into it, and if possible not to cut a lemon seed, as it detracts much from the flavor.

From Cellar to Garret.

IV.

THE PARLOR AND HALL.

 NE evening as I came home from the city, I saw a man with a team and wagon turning out of the gate that led to the back yard. I saw nothing of Ada, so hastened to the house just in time to hear the dear girl coming with rapid steps down the stairs from the room over the kitchen. When I asked her about the team, her eyes danced and she gave me a long lecture about a man's curiosity and bade me wait and see. I did not attempt to invade her workshop, but must say that I wondered just what she might be constructing in that little room. I had learned that she was fond of planning little surprises, and that her pleasure was greatly increased if I respected her silence.

Two weeks later was my birthday; and when I left for the city, it was with a special charge to come home early; and I knew by the tone and the look that accompanied it that there was something quite out of the common in store for me. I fear my thoughts were anywhere but on the foreign samples I was looking over, and about the middle of the afternoon I left the store and took the train for home.

I never expect to see a more pleasing sight than that which greeted me as I opened the gate. It had been a perfect spring day; a shower in the morning had laid the dust, the front yard had been cleared up, and pots of blooming plants were arranged on the porch and down the edges of the walk. The windows were open, the blinds were thrown back, and as the cool breeze swept through the house the fragrance of English violets filled the air.

Ada was too happy to speak; she whisked me upstairs, and bade me make my toilet in haste. I had only a glimpse of the parlor through the open door, but one look was enough to fill me with wonder. Ada was waiting for me at the foot of the stairs, and I was shown into the parlor.

It would be difficult to imagine a more remarkable transformation than Ada had wrought in that very ordinary

apartment. The old paint had been removed from the wood-work by coating it with a strong solution of potash. The wood was then thoroughly washed with water into which a little vinegar was put to kill the alkali, then rinsed in clear water. The ceiling was finished in very light gray; the cornice was in a darker shade of gray with a narrow line of gold at the lower edge. The walls were covered with plain paper in a soft gray tint, and there was a frieze of medium width, in gray and gold.

The floor, although whole and in fairly good condition for such a place, was found to be full of tack-marks, and so badly stained and spotted with paint that it was necessary to cover the surface entirely, or else have it dressed, which would have been very difficult, especially near the base-boards, where the renovating process was most needed.

Ada procured some very fine, clean, pine sawdust, and placed nearly half a bushel of it with some water in a large kettle on the back of the range. Here it was allowed to remain for ten days, boiling nearly all of the time during each day. Meanwhile the stout boy who had been general assistant from the first, had gone very thoroughly over the floor, first with very coarse sand-paper, and later with finer grades, so that the surface of the boards was comparatively smooth. The sawdust had by this time become a pulpy mass, and was thoroughly beaten every day until it was of the consistency of paste. The water was drained from it and it was allowed to dry. It then resembled fine flock.

This fluffy material was mixed with glue made of equal parts of gum sandarac and mastic, in the proportion of an ounce of each to one pint and a half of spirits of wine and an ounce of finest turpentine. The gums were dissolved in the spirits, and the turpentine added. The compound was placed in a double glue-pot, or a kettle set inside of a larger one filled with water, and a pint of isinglass glue was added with constant stirring until the mixture was thoroughly incorporated. Then the wood-pulp was added, and stirred until it was as thick as strong paste.

This mixture was applied hot to the boards, for a space of about eighteen inches wide around the margin of the floor, and allowed to become thoroughly dry, when it was rubbed with fine sand-paper, and another coat was put on and similarly finished. When entirely dry, the boards were gone over alternately with light and dark polish, and rubbed smooth with rubbers made of Canton flannel. When finished, the wood resembled the finest grained holly, and had a surface like china.

Ada was so well pleased with the result of this treatment, that instead of having the wood-work repainted, as had been her original intention, she finished it exactly like the floor, putting in a band of dark finish upon the lighter moldings. The effect of this was exquisite. All irregularities were concealed, nail-holes were filled up, and some mended parts were so skillfully covered that no sign of a break was visible.

The floor inside the border was covered with a handsome Wilton carpet, her "one extravagance," Ada said, for it cost her, made, and laid with necessary paper, just \$90, and was a bargain even at that figure. But it was exceptionally elegant, and formed a perfect background for the many charming things that made up the general effect. It was in dull olive and gray, with a dash of very delicate faded red. The pattern was not at all pronounced, which made it all the more desirable.

The arrangement of the window draperies was a genuine surprise to me. Flat bands of all-wool tapestry extended from the top of the window casings to the floor, and in a straight band across the top of the casing. These bands were about fourteen inches wide, lined with fine silesia, and edged with curtain gimp about one inch and a half

wide. They were of a dull gray color, somewhat like unbleached flax. Ada had painted them in tapestry dyes, and so perfect was the work that the windows seemed framed with trailing vines and blossoms. The bay-window borders had a trellis and morning-glories. The two side-windows were masses of drooping wistaria, and the mantel-drapery, between these windows, was of a similar pattern. The two windows that opened upon the back porch were done in ivy vines over a rustic lattice. The material and making-up of all of the bands were similar, only the painted designs differing. Inside of this tapestry border were very full curtains of the softest, finest, cream-tinted mull, without trimming other than wide hemstitched hems. They were sufficiently long to clear the floor when undraped, and were drawn back by loops of wide ribbon. Anything more dainty and cool-looking could scarcely be imagined.

After I had a moment's time to recover from my astonishment, I glanced at the furniture. Ada's eyes were full of expectation and inquiry as she said, "Well?"

To say that I was delighted would be but a faint expression of my feelings. "The quaintest, daintiest idea that ever entered into an ingenious brain," I said. "But I never saw anything like them. Where did the frames come from?"

"From the planing-mill, in sticks of dressed lumber four inches square. The man with the team brought them, when your curiosity was so much aroused."

"But really," I persisted, "I don't understand. You couldn't make them yourself!"

"Not exactly, but I made the plans, and got a carpenter to come and saw them and make the holes by which the frames are bolted together," said Ada, laughing at my surprise. "You see, I wanted something odd, quaint, Quakerish, altogether out of the common. So I had the pieces cut and fitted, and I bolted them together and did all of the covering of the frames myself. It was hard work, but it paid; don't you think so?"

And I did, indeed; provided Ada hadn't worn herself out at it.

The furniture frames were made of pieces of dressed lumber four inches square. The bodies of the chairs were made in perfectly square shape, a frame around the seat, square legs, and one bar across each side as a stay, or brace. The framing was done in the simplest fashion, half of each stick being cut away, and the ends joined and fastened with small iron bolts with nuts and round heads. These bolts were just long enough to hold firmly and not project beyond the surface of the sticks. Holes were made into which the ends were sunk, and the depressions were filled in with the wood and varnish pulp that Ada had used for the floor. The backs of the small chairs were of pieces about four by two inches, and with square tops. They were set at a slightly backward angle, and bolted to the body portion.

The seats and backs were upholstered. The frames were entirely covered with Quaker-gray plush, put on with such skill and care that it was impossible to detect the joining without the closest scrutiny. The chair-seats were of gray plush with a square of tapestry in the middle, on which was a variety of designs.—figures in Louis XIV. costumes, court scenes, a party dancing the minuet, and the like. Two large chairs had frames similarly covered, upholstered seats, and plush-covered back frames, with thick cushions attached by strong brass rods that ran from side to side across the backs of the chairs. The cushions were square and made in box shape, the edges were corded, and the fronts tufted. The brass rods ran through them at the upper and lower edges.

The sofa, or divan, was made on a plan similar to the large chairs just described. The frames of the backs were covered, the plush cushions were in the same style and were

mounted on brass rods in the same manner. There were three of these cushions, one rather narrow and long and set upright in the middle of the back, the others larger and square, and all finished as described. The seat was plainly finished, with a tapestry panel set in at either end.

The only upholstered chair that had other than a home-made frame, was a very large, all-over-stuffed rocking-chair of the most luxurious sort. It was deep and wide, and finished in biscuit tufting at the top, and long pipes below. The seat was plain, the cover was of gray plush, and the middle of the seat had a painted tapestry design to match the other pieces.

But the greatest success of all was the center chair or divan, an eight-sided affair, the frames for the bodies made of the heavy pieces, and the backs of the lighter strips. This piece of furniture was so constructed that it could be separated into two sections, each of which would form a sort of semicircular seat which could be placed against the wall. It was finished to match the other furniture, the seat cushions, of which there were eight, having the same style of painted designs, and the backs fitted with the tufted cushions on brass rods. These backs were slightly inclined to a central point, and about five feet high. The regular back-cushions were about as long as those of the ordinary chairs. Above these were plush-covered cross-pieces, and smaller cushions similar in style and mounting.

The slope of the back-pieces left a considerable space at the top. This was covered by a shelf, plainly finished in plush like the frames, except that upon the under side it was laid in flat folds, wide at the outer edge, and narrowing to a center like the folds of a fan. The shelf was in two pieces, and each made a side-bracket when set against the wall, or it formed a center pedestal for any ornamental object, when they were placed together.

There were two medium-sized tables, the frames made of the four-inch-square pieces of wood bolted together, and covered with plush. The square tops were of planed board one inch thick, and in the middle of the table-tops were set tapestry designs bordered with plush. A charming set of cabinet shelves was made of the same kind of pieces, similarly covered, and forming a frame of single bars about eighteen inches wide, three feet long, and four and one-half feet high. Holes were made through the end pieces from front to back. Through these holes brass rods were put and fastened by thumb-screws. These rods were the supports for shelves of plate-glass, that were cut just wide enough to fill the space between the front and back standards. The top plate had holes drilled through the corners, and posts of brass, passing through to the wood, held it in place.

But the most unique of all the objects in this exquisite collection was a bric-a-brac cabinet, the frame made of the square sticks and covered with plush. Instead of brass rods there were cross-pieces of wood from front to back, and a bar midway across the back and front, for additional strength. Several small, square, box-like frames of various sizes were made and covered. Ada had provided a number of pieces of fine, beveled-edge, French plate mirror and plain glass. These were fitted into the sides of the cabinet-squares, and fastened in with very narrow gilt molding nailed on with tiny brass tacks. There were seven of these squares, all having sides or back of glass, either in the mirror or plain plate. They were attached to the frame at odd intervals, with special regard for irregularity of design, and I could but assert that anything more attractive and appropriate never came from the hands of an amateur.

"I didn't try doors and hinges, locks and keys, for the cabinet, for I felt too little confidence in myself for that, but I think for an amateur the entire job is a fair success. One of the first points is that the material for the frames

and their cutting and framing cost me just \$15 cash outlay."

"Not for all of these things!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes, for all of the plush-covered frames; the brass rods and the glass cost me about \$10 more. I would never have believed it myself, but I kept an accurate account of it,—lumber, work, bolts, and all. Of course that does not include my own work,—but I am not working for pay just now, but for love of it," Ada replied.

"Well, if results are any satisfaction, you ought to be the best paid woman in the world," I said; for I could scarcely believe that anyone outside of an expert professional could have done such work. "But surely, you did not do the upholstering?" I asked, ready in my bewildered state to believe almost anything.

"No, but I could have done it, and in good style too, as I will prove to you some day. I thought it would be folly to spend weeks of my time on such a job, when for \$18 I could get it done by a first-class workman. I needed my time for other things, so had all of that part done. I made all of the cushions, however, and furnished all of the plans.

"I bought twenty-five yards of plush at \$3 per yard, and have a good quantity left. The other materials cost about \$25; but I have a suite of furniture that I couldn't duplicate at any price, and that would have cost me not less than \$250 if it had been made to order, and the material would in all probability have been less desirable. Besides, you see I have an unusual number of pieces; and here are two ottomans which you have not seen." They matched the other furniture in every particular, and made the number of pieces in the suite, eleven.

"When I have added the cord and fancy bead tassels that are to be put on each corner of the chairs, sofa, center-piece, and ottomans, they will be complete. These tassels are home-made, of some wooden beads that I saw in a large box in a store. They were evidently of but little value in the owner's opinion, as they were covered with dust; and I bought them for the proverbial 'song,' which was in cash about \$4 for nearly a bushel by measure. Some Saxony wool and a little floss silk, the whole costing about \$1.50, were the materials employed in my tassels and this." She pointed to a draped netting that hung over the door into the hall. A cloud of dull pink, soft gray, and olive floss silk and wool meshes was set with gold, olive, bronze, and iridescent beads about the size of small filberts. The drapery was three yards wide, and about one yard and a half deep, with a heavy fringe. It was drawn back toward either upper corner of the casings of the sliding doors, and looped with elaborate cords and tassels.

"There," Ada said, "is my one indication of a love of barbaric splendor. I have kept it under all along, but it got the better of me for a little while. I don't know whether I will let it stay, but I will leave it for the present." I saw no reason why it should not remain altogether, and said so; but Ada only shook her head and said she would "see."

The upright piano was Ada's own. It had a beautiful scarf of plush and tapestry, with rich fringe. Two light chairs with mahogany frames and plush seats, had cost \$9 each, and an over-mantel was \$22. The tidies, scarfs, draperies for chairs and sofas, and various small articles were not yet completed, and Ada said she had left the arrangement of the books, pictures, and ornaments for some time when we could both give it our attention.

As I turned from the parlor to the hall, I looked back, and it would be difficult to imagine a room furnished with more artistic taste. The hall was carpeted with Wilton to match the parlor, and the stair carpet was of the same goods. Ada said she had bought the rather unpretentious hanging

hat rack and the small settle, because she had an idea of hall furniture that she intended working out at some future time, and then there would be no costly things to throw away. So there were these plain pieces, the two costing but \$16, and two light chairs at \$3 each.

There was a wide space at the rear of the hall, and a large door opening upon the back porch. Near this door was a small table that cost \$4.50, and a rocking-chair of rattan at \$6. A large pier-glass was set in the wall under the stairs, and beside it was a stationary wash-stand with hot and cold water. These were particularly convenient for guests, or for Ada's use if she wanted to make a hasty toilet and put on her hat without going upstairs. Her sun-hat and every-day wraps were in a closet under the stairs, which was also a convenient place for overcoats and umbrellas. Curtains of India silk trimmed the transom and the side-lights of the front door.

With the exception of the minor items of loopings, a number of draperies, scarfs, and ribbons, the hall and parlor were complete. The outlay had been as follows:

PARLOR.	
Carpet	\$90 00
Window draperies, goods	8 00
Mull for curtains	16 00
Frames for furniture	15 00
Upholsterer	18 00
Plush	75 00
Springs, curled hair, muslin, etc.	25 00
Brass rods and glass	\$10 00
Frame for large chair	18 00
2 Mahogany chairs	18 00
Over mantel	22 00
Beads, wool, etc.	5 50
	\$320 50

HALL.	
Hall carpet	35 00
Stair carpet	18 00
Hall rack and settle	16 00
2 chairs	6 00
Small table	4 50
Rattan rocker	6 00
Pier glass	18 00
	\$103 50

"Now," said Ada, "instead of this extravagance I could have furnished the parlor and hall after these figures."

PARLOR.		HALL.	
Carpet (body Brussels)	\$65 00	Hall carpet	\$18 00
Window draperies ready-made of any good style	19 00	Stair carpet	12 00
Furniture ready-made parlor suite)	45 00	Hall rack, etc.	15 00
Mantel drapery	3 00	2 chairs	4 00
2 light chairs	5 00	Small table	2 00
		Cane rocker	4 50
		Small mirror	5 00
	\$137 00		\$60 50

"Just think it over and see which would suit you best."

EDWARD WILLIS BLAKELEY.

A Bunch of Pansies.

(See Water-Color.)

"There is pansies, that's for thoughts."

THE pretty French name of these sweet flowers, pansy, or *pensée*, thought, is said to be because they have a little droop, or bend on their stems as if pensive, and poor mad Ophelia's phrase, wherein "thoughts and remembrance fitted," recalls their significance.

In more than one sense they may be compared to "thoughts that glow," purpling brilliantly yet prisoned, lowly fettered to the ground; varied as thoughts, paling whitely, glowing golden, flushing with pale rose-tints, or modestly appearing in subdued wood-colors, striving to attract by their own fragrance and beauty without once attempting to climb ambitious lattices, there to vie with more pretentious garden beauties whose charms would certainly pale beside the sumptuous violets and golds of the humble pansy.

Some affect to see saucy, bright, or malicious faces in the pansy's markings, and the German name, which translated means "little stepmother," has reference to this fancy.

Yet the English name, "heart's-ease," is more to our liking, and more in accord with the pansy's wonderful popularity, scarcely second to that of the rose or lily,—sweeter and statelier though they may be; and they are few who,

"To pluck its blossom will not stoop, for pride,
Or scorn the lowly pansy's purpling splendor
Because the rose is blooming at their side."

Book Review.

Yankee Girls in Zulu Land, by Louise Vesceilus-Sheldon, is the account of the adventures of three courageous American girls, who, unchaperoned and unguarded by masculine protection, traveled, or rather wandered, for five years in South Africa, the land of the "Zulus and missionaries," that region having been recommended as a sanatorium for one of their number whose lungs had suffered from a protracted course of London smoke and fog. The account of their adventures is told in an altogether charming manner, the narrative interspersed with a good deal of useful and interesting information. They went to the diamond mines at Kimberley, visited the homes of the Boers, traveled hundreds of miles in ox-wagons, camping out on the road, always on the alert to see every point of interest or study some odd phase of uncivilized human nature, and were invariably jolly under all circumstances, taking the inconveniences and even genuine hardships in a truly philosophical spirit, while they all were benefited in health, the invalid recovering entirely and getting married happily into the bargain. Independent of the pleasure afforded by the contents, it is always a source of gratification to read a book gotten up in so dainty a fashion, with calendered paper, wide margins, clear type, and beautiful illustrations almost as soft as photographs. Published by Worthington & Co., New York.

Accidents and Emergencies, by Charles W. Dulles, M. D., is a handy little manual that can be read and studied with profit by everyone, and should find a place in every household where it can be got at easily in case of sudden necessity. The author knows whereof he writes, being a Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, and of the Academy of Surgery, and a surgeon attached to two hospitals in Philadelphia; and the book is so compiled and arranged, and the index so complete, that it is possible to find immediately the special knowledge required, if it is contained in the manual. This is not intended to take the place of a physician or surgeon, but gives concise and lucid directions what to do before skilled assistance arrives; and its value is attested by its popularity, this being the third edition, enlarged and revised and with new illustrations. Published by P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.

The World's Verdict, by Mark Hopkins, Jr., is a novel whose heroine is judged somewhat severely in that open court which we call, for want of a better name, "the world." This seems to be partly owing to her name, Illyne Tolofski, which is so unusual, not to say Russian, as to provoke some invidious remarks. However, poetic justice triumphs, and she and several other interesting and charming personages attain the culminating height of human felicity,—in novels,—matrimony. Published by Ticknor and Co., Boston.

Queen Money.—Those who have read "The Story of Margaret Kent," and other works of the same author, will not be disappointed in the present book, which is written in her happiest vein. It is a story of New York life, dealing boldly with the leading tendencies and follies of modern society, and abounding with clearly conceived and vigorously executed character studies; while the incidents are depicted with a realistic force, and the conversation is uniformly brilliant and amusing, fairly sparkling with happy hits. The ways of Wall Street and "Bohemia," and various familiar types of fashionable society people are admirably portrayed, and through all pervades a tone that is wholesome and bracing. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston.

A Man's Will, by Edgar Fawcett, is a temperance novel written in the author's characteristic and happiest style, and is entirely out of the line of the ordinary stories of this class. In speaking of this book Mr. Fawcett says: "I have seen many instances of the disastrous effects of drink upon young men of good families and position. I know what it is, for I have lost three intimate friends through intemperance. I have at one time and another seen much of the darker side of New York social life, and I shall write from my own experience and knowledge. Incidentally, the vicious and dissipated lives led by many young students at our city colleges is touched upon. Two kinds of medical character are also brought in: the fashionable physician, who tells his patients there is no harm in drinking, and the man of science

who has investigated the effects of drink upon a man, and speaks from absolute knowledge. The story follows the career of a young man whose father had himself been a periodic drinker, and who fears that his own taste is inherited; he shatters the family fortunes and sinks very low, but saves himself by a heroic effort of will." Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

The Minister's Charge, by William D. Howells; **NEXT DOOR**, by Clara Louise Burnham; and **THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW**, by Edgar Fawcett, are late issues in Ticknor's Paper Series of choice reading, which includes so many excellent novels, printed in such admirable type and of such a convenient size that the enjoyment of their contents is greatly enhanced. Mr. Howells' charming books are too well-known to need recommendation. Mrs. Burnham's is a delightful story, pure and healthful in tone as well as piquant in its incidents, and of attractive interest. The vigor and brilliancy of Mr. Fawcett's novels and their vivid pictures of metropolitan life are well exemplified in this book, which is one of his best. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston.

Esther the Gentile, by Mrs. Mary W. Hudson, is a book which has created wide spread comment and interest, treating as it does of the question of plural marriages, which the Mormon religion advocates to the misery of so many sensitive hearts. It is a powerful and telling commentary on this crying evil of our land, and is a Western production, written by a Kansas woman familiar with the sad subject of her story. Published by Geo. W. Crane & Co., Topeka, Kansas.

How to Get Rich in the South, by W. H. Harrison, Jr., is a practical work, treating of the opportunities for wealth afforded by the occupations of stock-raising, hay-making, fruit culture, truck-farming, poultry-raising, etc., etc. It is full of information, with every item treated of in a separate chapter, and will be interesting to any one desiring to become acquainted with our Southern resources, as well as a guide to agricultural employments. Published by W. H. Harrison, Jr., Publishing Co., Chicago.

The White Ribbon Birthday Book, edited by Anna A. Gordon, and illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury, is a dainty book, containing a selection for each day of the year from the best writers among women, each alternate page left blank for the insertion of the names of friends or noted personages whose birthdays occur on those dates. This book is the first of the kind composed, compiled, illustrated and published solely by women. Each selection might serve as a text for a sermon, or a motto for daily life, and the owner who studies its precepts cannot fail to become better in the possession of it. The illustrations are in the artist-author's happiest style, a characteristic colored plate marking the beginning of each season. This would be a charming gift-book at any season of the year, for either young or old. Published by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.

The Cross and the Grail is a poem by Lucy Larcom, in her well-known beautiful style, to which are appended selections from Shakespeare, Longfellow, Whittier, and Phoebe and Alice Cary, the whole illustrated by the charming artist Dora Wheeler. It is a notable addition to "White Cross" literature, and like the "Birthday Book" is an appropriate gift book for persons of all ages. Published by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.

Warman's Practical Orthoëpy and Critique, by E. B. Warman, A. M., author of "Principles of Pronunciation" in Worcester's Dictionary, "School-Room Friend," etc., who has achieved so wide and enviable a reputation as an orthoëpist, is a comprehensive treatise on the science of pronunciation, to which are appended over six thousand words that are usually mispronounced, with the proper pronunciation of each given according to Worcester and Webster, and where these authorities disagree both are quoted. This remarkable book should be in the hands of every educator and pupil as well, and a companion to the dictionary in every household. Published by W. H. Harrison, Jr., Publishing Co., Chicago.

The Worst Foe; a Temperance Story, by Grace Strong, is a pleasing addition to a class of literature that cannot be too widely read. It is unusually interesting, and the trials which ennoble and refine character are graphically narrated, while the incidents connected therewith are portrayed in a vivid manner. Published by W. G. Hubbard & Co., Columbus, Ohio.



MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JULY.

COUPON ORDER,

Entitling holder to a
Pattern, will be found
at bottom of page 609.

BRILLIANCY and variety, if not novelty, characterize the summer costumes, which are as airy as lace, as bright as gay color, or as brilliant as jet and sparkling beads can make them. Not that there is anything "loud" or unpleasantly conspicuous in these charming vagaries of fashion, for where all shine, none are too vivid.

Many caprices are introduced "just for the summer," which are not likely to be permanently adopted, yet demand the faithful chronicler's attention. Such is the fancy for omitting the high collar of the basque and leaving the neck uncovered to the collar-bone, with a turned-down plaiting of the dress goods to finish the neck of the dress. A fold or ruching of crêpe lisse or lace can be worn inside. This is a fashion becoming only to those who have short, fair and smooth necks; all others need a high collarette to fill up the deficiency.

Lace flouncings and net divide favor about equally for costumes. The Chantilly flouncings are the first choice, but the Lamballe laces, which are a combination of Chantilly and Spanish lace patterns in large floral designs, are strikingly effective. The striped Chantilly nets, having floral or dotted stripes with the tiny *point d'esprit* dots between, are new and very popular. These come one yard and a half wide, and are made up so as to entirely conceal the foundation material. An edging lace of a similar pattern is used for trimming on the edge of the drapery, or a fine plaiting, made of the lace doubled, serves the same purpose; and a broader plaiting is used at the foot of the foundation skirt. As the season advances, *point d'esprit* net in black and colors is growing in favor. This also is trimmed with plaitings of the same, and is almost invariably made up over the same color. Another fancy is the use of very coarse, heavy, black Brussels net for lace dresses, trimmed with very fine plaitings and a profusion of ribbons, or with ribbon alone, in stripes or plaids or many rows on the bottom of the drapery. It goes without saying, that any amount of ribbon can be used on a lace dress of any kind; and, on the contrary, none need be used if the wearer prefers.

Printed goods, such as mohairs, bengalines, challies, and

French muslins, trimmed with a profusion of white lace, compose a great number of the fashionable watering-place morning toilets, and with parasol to match, lace-trimmed or lace-covered, and a fancy Japanese fan, they are charming and cool-looking.

Evening dresses are of diaphanous materials and light colors, rose-color and apple-green having a decided preference, while pure white is very much in advance of cream, although the latter is probably most becoming to the majority.

For the promenade, it depends somewhat upon the objective point what shall be worn. The fashionable stroller wears, nine times out of ten, a black lace costume with rose-trimmed hat and parasol to match; but to pay visits, handsome costumes of silk and moire are worn, even in mid-summer, though not necessarily. *Crêpe de Chine* is very popular for entire dresses for midsummer wear, and also for draperies over India and other light qualities of silk. This is also a favorite combination material with cream-colored laces.

The old-time cross-barred muslins are again in favor, also the plain Victoria lawns that are always so dainty and cool-looking. For these and similar fabrics a belted blouse or full waist, similar to the "Griselda" illustrated this month, or like the "Hermione" blouse given with the March number, or a blouse waist without plaitings or shirrings, is used, and a full skirt made of plain breadths and finished with a hem and tucks. These dresses, indeed, are the embodiment of simplicity, and have only a little lace or embroidery as a finish on the sleeves and at the neck, and for young ladies are completed by a sash of broad ribbon tied in a "baby" bow at the back. Usually the dress skirt is worn over the lower part of the waist.

Flowers are a feature of the season, and the favorites are without doubt lilies of the valley and similar fine and delicate blossoms. For the coiffure, the bonnet, the costume, they are so invariably becoming it is no wonder that they are popular. Even young girls, who have so long patronized the daisy, have adopted the lily of the valley this season, in preference.

A charming little bonnet, trimmed, or rather made, with these flowers, is of pale green *crêpe lisse* draped over a wire frame, with the long-stemmed lilies laid in flatly amid the



Lace Costume.

folds, all over the bonnet, and a bow of green-and-white ribbon on the top in front. The scarf strings of *lisse* are pinned to the left shoulder with a tiny diamond-studded fly. Needless to say that such a bonnet is especially becoming for a dark-eyed blonde.

For information received regarding laces, thanks are due to E. A. Morrison & Co., Aitken, Son & Co., and James McCreery & Co.; for tennis dresses and costumes, to B. Altman & Co.; and for linen dress goods, to James McCutcheon & Co.

Lace Costume.

AN extremely simple design for a lace costume, that could be quite as appropriately used for light or heavy silk, cashmere, chally, and various light-weight fabrics that are so fashionable. The design represents black French lace flouncing and net in combination with black *peau de soie*, trimmed with jet passementerie and moiré ribbon.

We do not furnish patterns for this costume with this number of the Magazine. For the basque, which has a plain point

back and front, the pattern of the "Almedia," given with the June number, can be used, cut a trifle shorter on the hips, the outer fronts omitted, and a drapery of lace substituted, made of pieces about fifteen inches wide and of a length to reach just below the bust, gathered and sewed into the shoulder seams from the neck to about an inch of the armholes, and gathered very closely at the lower ends and fastened with a jet ornament or ribbon bow. Or the "Almedia" could be used without omitting the outer fronts, and the vest covered with lace put on very full, and jet passementerie used or not, as preferred. The basque can be made of silk with lace trimming, or it can be entirely covered with lace.

The gored foundation skirt is of silk, finished at the bottom with a narrow plaiting, and at each side is a panel formed of two box plaits each five inches wide and laid in very deep, over which bows of ribbon are arranged as illustrated. The back drapery of lace is gathered very full, and the front drapery is plaited or gathered at each side near the top, similar to the "Commencement Dress" illustrated in the April number.

If preferred, the silk panels could be omitted, and the lace flounce laid in side or box plaits and held by bows; or a panel can be used on one side only, and the opposite side simply gathered like the back. With the latter arrangement, a sash of broad ribbon would be a stylish addition. If the silk panels be omitted, about six yards of flouncing will be required for the drapery; with the panels, about five and one-half yards. Lace for covering or trimming the waist will be required in addition.

Summer Mantle.

THIS illustration furnishes suggestions for varying the trimming of the "Lois" visite, the pattern for which was given with the June number. It is here represented made of black *peau de soie* trimmed with jet passementerie disposed in bretelle style, jet fringe for the shoulder-pieces and plastron, trimming lace with jet pendants interspersed, on the bottom, and a long scarf of dotted net attached to the lower part of the front and reaching to the foot of the dress.

ORIENTAL combinations of color are very popular.



Summer Mantle.

Bianca Mantelet.

THIS graceful model can be appropriately made in any of the medium or light weight goods that are suitable for small wraps, and the trimmings selected to correspond, and either elaborate or very simple. The back view shows it made of black surah trimmed with pinked ruffles of the goods lined with pale gold-colored surah, and passementerie in which jet beads, black cord, and fine gilt braid are intermixed. The front view illustrates it made in light gray cloth trimmed with steel cord passementerie, and appliques of black velvet. Particulars about the pattern will be found on page C00.



Lady's Basque.

THE pattern used for this basque is the "Almedia," given with the June number, modified by having the fullness omitted from the outer fronts, and coat-sleeves substituted for full ones. The illustration represents it made in *ombré* striped *glacé* silk, blue and gray, the plaited vest of plain gray silk and almost entirely hidden by bows of changeable blue-and-gray ribbon, and white Russian lace on the sleeves and front. The arrangement of the bows is unique, and furnishes a suggestion for ornamenting any style of waist. The hat is of gray straw trimmed with fine flowers and blue ribbon, and the parasol is of brocaded satin in gray and blue, trimmed with white lace.



Bianca Mantelet.
(FRONT.)

Bianca Mantelet.—(BACK.)



Ladies' Costumes.

FIGS. 1 AND 4.—CARMEN BASQUE. CARMEN DRAPERY.
GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.

(See Page 596.)

FIGS. 2 AND 3.—ALIDA BASQUE. LORETTA DRAPERY.
GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.

Ladies' Costumes.

(See Page 595.)

FIGS. 1 and 4.—These show the back and front views of a costume made of very fine cashmere of a silver-gray tint, and satin-striped moire of the same shade, trimmed with passementerie of fine silver cords. The patterns used are the "Carmen" basque, "Carmen" drapery, and a gored foundation skirt. The moire is disposed in two broad plaits on the front of the foundation skirt, and is used for the sides where they are disclosed by the drapery; and it is also used for the accessories of the basque. On Fig. 1 is shown an English walking-hat of gray straw, trimmed with gray silk embroidered with silver, and silvered quill-feathers; on Fig. 4 the hat is made of passementerie matching that on the costume, gray velvet, and pale pink feathers.

The arrangement of the left side of the drapery is shown on Fig. 1; the right side has a panel laid in two broad side-plaits with a band of the passementerie placed forward and back of them. The fronts of the basque are buttoned down the middle in the usual manner; the pointed plastron is sewed to the right side, and on the left edge is finished with the passementerie and buttoned or hooked over the left front. This, the added basque-pieces on the front, and the pointed pieces on the back and sleeves can be omitted, and the model is then simple enough for the most practical use. Further particulars regarding the patterns will be found on pages 599 and 600.

FIGS. 2 and 3.—These show the back and front of a costume arranged with the "Alida" basque, the "Loretta" drapery (the pattern for which was given with the June number), and a gored foundation skirt. It is made of dark copper-red India silk and cream-white surah, the basque and drapery of the red, and the white used for the vest, sash, and a facing on the bottom of the foundation skirt. The hat on Fig. 2 is a toque with the crown draped with white surah, and the brim covered with copper-colored velvet; and on Fig. 3 the hat is of red straw trimmed with red feathers.

If it is desirable to simplify the basque the full vest can be omitted, as there is a plain fitted lining underneath; the outer fronts can easily be dispensed with also and if these and the full vest be omitted, a very simple, plain basque will be the result. To arrange the "Loretta" drapery like this illustration, omit the slash in the front piece and the plaits just above it, and cut off the extensions on the back edges; and cut the back drapery straight across the top and gather it. Particulars about the basque pattern will be found on page 599.



Lady's Kilt-plaited Skirt.

Lady's Kilt-plaited Skirt.

THIS style of skirt can be used for all heavy and medium weight goods, and worn either with or without a drapery. In the latter case of course the basque or jacket must be sufficiently long to cover the upper edges of the plaiting, which is attached to a gored skirt at the depth of a yoke. Directions regarding the pattern and the estimate of the quantity of material required for it, will be found on page 600.

Linen Dress Goods.

SINCE the times when "purple and fine linen" were the acme of elegance in apparel, linen has retained a place as the pleasantest of all materials for summer wear, notwithstanding the countless array of diaphanous and airy fabrics in cotton, woolen, and silks.

There is nothing "clinging" about linen. It is a fabric whose "cool reserve" is grateful to the oppressed senses in hot weather, and if it becomes limp and discouraged with wear, it can readily be restored in the laundry and made to assume its first freshness.

Linen gingham is charming for morning wear, and their simplicity may be relieved with embroidery and ribbon so that they become really dressy. The newest goods in this line, however, are the linen damassés woven like gingham, but in designs resembling print, and which—also like gingham—are not all linen, but with the colored threads of cotton. Stripes, checks and fancy plaids in gray, wood-color, brown, blue, red, and several pretty color combinations, predominate, yet the effect when made up is quite as pleasing and satisfactory as the figured goods of seasons past.

The woven linens are also in stripes and plaids of colors contrasted with white, but these are all linen, and are the most durable of all similar fabrics. These are used not only for morning dresses, but for boys' shirt-waists and blouses, and for this purpose are preferred to the figured linen cambrics and percales, although the latter are used, especially in dark shades of blue.

Blue flowers on white are the favorite figures in linen lawns, of which there are two varieties, known as Irish and French. The Irish linen, which is sheer and even, being slightly heavier than the French linen lawn. The latter has also the advantage of more brilliant coloring in its stamped patterns, one of which is extremely pretty,—blue corn-flowers strewn over the surface. All of these goods are twenty-four inches wide, and consequently require rather more material to the dress than cotton prints.

The styles for making up are simple enough to admit of laundering, and a favorite model is made with three deep flounces covering the plain skirt, and a short, fitted basque or surplice waist worn with a wide sash. Tucked plain skirts have a tucked sash of the material, or a full back drapery which is cut square and hemmed all around, and draped by tapes fastened on the under side.

White linen lawns, sheer and cool-looking, make beautiful dresses, and are to be had in various grades of fineness; but the very finest are seldom used except for handkerchiefs or infants' dresses, and there is no woven fabric—except bolting-cloth—which can compare in delicacy of tissue with the hand-spun linen lawns.

Tennis Dresses.

THE favorite color of the season is green, and this has been adopted by the tennis players as eagerly as orange color was, which had such a rage a few years ago. Costumes all of green, of green-and-white stripes, and of green and white in combination, are made of tennis cloth, flannels, and light-weight woollens in various qualities.

The blouse and full skirt with sash of material is the usual style, and some ladies like the knitted costumes, which are of fine wool throughout, those for children made all in one piece. Nothing more appropriate to wear while vigorously exercising has yet been devised than the full, gathered or plaited skirt, with loose blouse waist. Considerable modification is possible even in this simple arrangement. The skirt may be plaited in very wide box-plaits in front

and gathered in the back, or vice versâ, and finished with a coquettish apron-drapery, which is really a pocket to hold the balls. A drapery of strong cotton netting is a pretty addition, and its utility as a pocket is not immediately apparent.

The blouses are finished with sailor collars, and full shirt-sleeves with cuffs, and these are often of silk embroidered with crossed rackets or other designs. The blouses are not always of the same material as the skirt, which is frequently a relief; for one wearies of the same costume which must be worn as often as a tennis dress is by a lover of the game. It is not a bad idea, carried out by many ladies, to have two complete suits; for instance, one of white and one of blue flannel, and the blouse of one may be worn with the skirt of the other, so that four different costumes will be the apparent result. Or, three blouses of different colors may be worn with the same skirt, as a red, blue, or white blouse with the same white or blue skirt.

More elaborate dresses have half-fitting jackets of striped cloth with vests of white flannel braided with narrow gold or silver or colored soutache, and there may be a band on the skirt decorated to match. The ordinary garnitures are tucks, or rows of mohair braid in graduated widths, and sometimes rows of velvet or moiré ribbon. The braided jersey is not despised by the pretty tennis-player, and it certainly is quite as graceful, if not more so, than the customary blouse.

A beautiful tennis-dress is of white summer flannel, with a wide band of green soutache braiding on the full gathered skirt. The blouse is laced with green silk cord and tassels, and the sailor collar and cuffs are of silk resembling birch-bark, on which designs of rackets, etc., are painted. The dress is completed with a sash of apple-green surah.

Russet shoes with rubber soles are worn by tennis players, and the head-covering is sometimes a sailor hat, or simply a knitted cap with long pointed tab of some bright color, or a crocheted "Tam O'Shanter," or the latest innovation, —a fancy silk handkerchief wound about the head. To arrange this latter becomingly is a work of art. One way is to fold the handkerchief diagonally, "catty-cornered," as the children say, but not quite in half; reverse the upper tab till the point meets the folded edge; then turn the handkerchief over, and arrange the fullness in the folds in two or three plaits; lay the handkerchief on the head with these folds uppermost, and tie the ends at the back.

Mourning Costume.

WE do not furnish patterns this month for this costume, it being arranged with the "Mercedita" basque and "Mercedita" drapery given with the February number. The materials composing it are light-weight silk-and-wool Henrietta cloth, and a handsome quality of English crape. The illustration shows plainly the arrangement of the crape veil over a simple, close bonnet-frame, and the shorter veil of fine Brussels net that covers the face. Many prefer

the face veil shorter, which is quite in accordance with fashionable usage, some, especially young persons, wearing the ordinary mask veil.



Mourning Costume.

Black Lace Dresses.

THE utility of lace is a somewhat difficult thing to demonstrate, yet the experience of the wearers of black lace dresses in past seasons has gone a long way towards it.

The real beauty of white lace is, of course, its delicacy; but black lace has always a certain refined elegance that is never entirely lost, even in the less fine imitations of Chantilly and guipure that are so much used. Although these are sometimes called imitation laces, they are imitation of the hand-work, and not by any means an imitation of the material, which is identically the same; these laces being made by machine instead of by hand.

Black Chantilly lace flouncings for whole dresses come in the familiar patterns of that beautiful lace,—palm-leaves intertwined with roses, and sometimes with twisted ribbons and tassels outlined with a fine silk thread,—and in widths of from thirty-six to forty-two inches, at all prices from \$2.25 to \$25 per yard, according to quality; an excellent, well-wearing medium quality being obtainable at about four dollars per yard. A very inexpensive quality of silk may be used as lining to an all-lace dress, and will make the whole costume obtainable at a very moderate outlay; but the handsomer dresses are draped over a

good quality of faille Française, moiré, satin Duchesse, or *peau de soie*, either black or any color, according to the fancy of the wearer or the use to which the costume is to be put.

Black lace over white surah is beautifully combined with jet ornaments and open-work passementeries set on the side of the white silk skirt where the full lace draperies fall apart, and this arrangement is varied with colored silks,—blue, corn-color, pink, violet, and that pale, papery shade of

green, called by some "currency," by others "apple-green,"—with jet or illuminated bead ornaments.

The all-black dress of lace over silk or surah is really serviceable, with or without jet trimmings; and for summer church-wear, afternoon drives and calls, small evening companies, and all the occasions for which a black silk or satin costume has been considered appropriate, is a *sine qua non* of the wardrobe.

The manner of making is by no means arbitrary; too much draping does not display the pattern of lace so well, but, on the other hand, full draperies are much more becoming to the figure: therefore the end to be attained is the point for consideration.

Many pretty lace dresses for young ladies' wear are simply made of the straight lace gathered in all around to the belt, over a silk skirt, and worn with a broad sash of moiré ribbon. The waist with such a skirt is the surplice waist or a full gathered waist, of lace over a close fitting lining.

Other costumes are rather combinations of lace and silk, and can hardly be called "lace" dresses, although they include no little quantity of the latter fabric. For instance, the underskirt may be silk with apron drapery and *jabot* back of lace, while the silk basque is trimmed with lace edging instead of being fully draped or covered with the same lace used on the skirt.

Eight or ten yards of wide lace flouncing is generally used for a full costume, yet the combination costume showing rather more silk than in last season's dresses is thought a trifle more "chic" than the one draped in a way to completely conceal the lining,—that is to say, the silk foundation.

BOIS DE ROSE is not rosewood color, as one might imagine from a literal translation of the French words, but a shade of dull, pinkish fawn-color.

A NEW style of scarf drapery, called the "Marguerite," is very suitable for lace nets or bordered materials. In front, the edge of the straight breadth of goods is fastened into the belt in a wide box-plait, and the drapery falls perfectly straight to the foot of the skirt, and the scarf ends are draped at each side in a careless manner.

Griselda Waist.

(See Page 599.)

FOR washable fabrics, and the light-weight materials—cashmere, India and foulard silks, silk and wool goods, etc.—that are used for independent waists to be worn with various skirts, this is an excellent design, and will be found especially becoming for slender figures. The model can also be utilized for a boating or tennis blouse. In the back, the fullness at the top is in the shoulder seams close to the neck, and is concentrated in the middle at the waist line.

The illustration represents the waist made entirely of the same material, dark blue-India silk spotted with white. A more striking effect will be afforded by the use of velvet or some other material, either of the same or a contrasting color, for the collar, cuffs, and belt. Directions about the pattern will be found on page 599.

PARISIAN costumes show far less drapery, and a great many seams at the back.

BUTTERCUP-YELLOW and gray make a charming and artistic combination for evening wear.

THE newest morning and work aprons are of brown linen trimmed with dark blue or crimson braid.

FLORAL capotes are a feature of the season, and the prettiest have some relief of glossy green leaves.

BLACK silk dresses made up in combination with colored silk veiled with black lace, are very fashionable.

SOME shot materials show a mixture of orange and red, producing a tawny, brownish shade which is very novel.

VESTS of black or colored *crêpe de Chine*, or similar light material, are added to silk costumes to give them a less heavy effect for summer wear.

BROAD-BRIMMED Leghorn flats, trimmed with heavy wreaths of white flowers and green leaves, are worn by little girls of seven years and under.

A MUSTACHE brush is a novel present from a bridegroom to his best man. It is like a miniature hat-brush, about an inch and a half long, with hammered gold or silver back set with rubies and brilliants.



Fashionable High Coiffures.

Ebba Dress.

WASHABLE goods of all kinds, India and other light qualities of silk, and cashmere, chally, and other seasonable woolen materials can be made after this simple design, which is also desirable for heavier fabrics, such as cloth, flannel or velvet. It is particularly appropriate for embroidered Chambérys and white lawns, and can be made highly effective by having the sash and plastron of a contrasting color. The waist is plain in the back, and there is no bow at the back of the sash. The sizes furnished, and other particulars about the pattern are stated on page 600.



Ebba Dress.

Ailsa Dress.

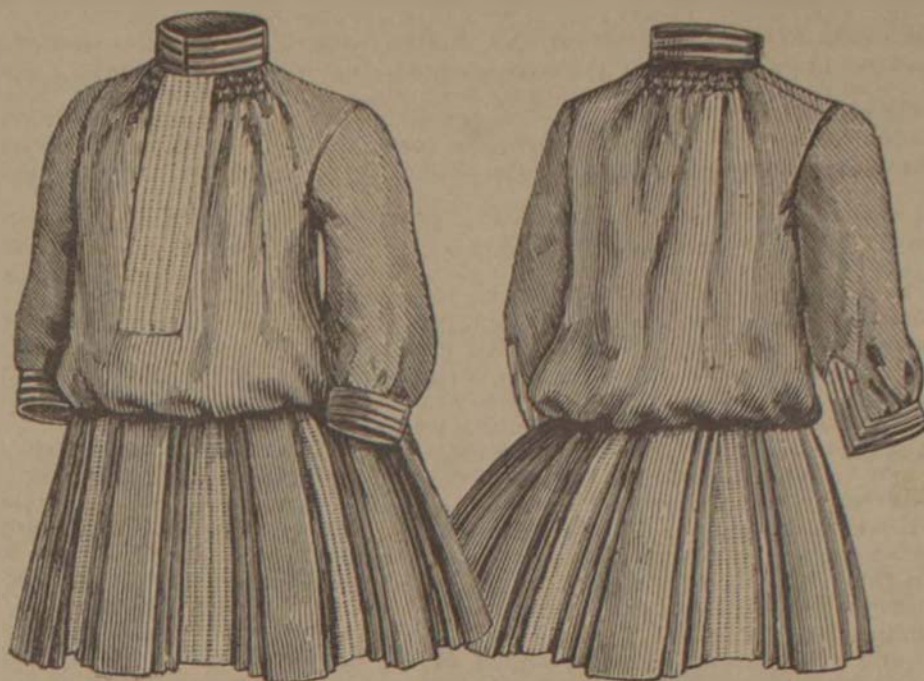
A VARIETY of the blouse dress that is so thoroughly comfortable and so generally liked for small children of either sex. The skirt, instead of being laid in the conventional kilt-plaits, is disposed in triple box-plaits, and the spaces covered with a contrasting material; and additional fullness is contributed to the blouse by the shirrings back and front.

The illustration represents dark blue French flannel, with blue-and-white shepherd's check in a light quality of woolen for the spaces on the skirt and the front facing on the blouse, and the collar and cuffs



Griselda Waist.
(See Page 598.)

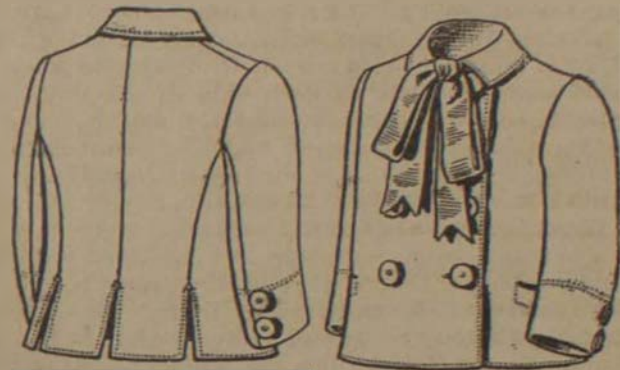
trimmed with white braid. Particulars about the pattern, the sizes furnished, etc., will be found on page 600.



Ailsa Dress.

Lula Jacket.

THIS simple model is made up in light qualities of cloth, serge, and similar goods, and is the favorite style of summer wrap for girls under ten years of age. For small children it is also frequently made in cashmere or silk lined with surah, the bow at the neck and the buttons furnishing the only garniture



See page 600 for particulars regarding the pattern.

Descriptions of the Coupon Patterns.

REMEMBER THAT ONLY ONE PATTERN IS ALLOWED FOR EACH COUPON.

Always refer to these descriptions before sending your Coupon 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.

CARMEN BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, basque piece for front, side gore, side form, back, collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The row of holes down the front indicates the outline for the plastron. The extension on the side form is to be lapped over the back piece. The holes in the sleeve furnish the outline for the pointed piece. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed to the shoulder seam. For a medium size, three and one half yards of goods twenty four inches wide will be required for the basque, three-quarters of a yard of material for the accessories, and two and one-quarter yards of passementerie. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ALIDA BASQUE.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Inner front, full vest, outer front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The upper part of the full vest is to be shirred or laid in fine plaits as far as the row of holes, and should be left whole down the middle and buttoned on one side. The lower part is to be gathered and drawn in to fit the lower part of the inner fronts. The outer front is to be turned over on the outside to form the revers. A medium size will require three and three quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide to make all of one material; or, three yards for the basque, and three quarters of a yard of different goods for the full front. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

GRISELDA WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Inner front, outer front, side gore, side form, inner back, outer back, two pieces of the collar, cuff, and two sides of the sleeve. The upper part of the outer front is to be shirred between the two upper rows of holes, and also between the two lower rows of holes; and the shirrings are to be drawn in so that the outer holes in each row will match with the corresponding holes in the inner front. The portion forward of the shirrings is to be laid in a box-plait

on the outside. The outer back is to be shirred to correspond with the front (as indicated by the holes), and the holes matched with those in the inner back. The lower part of the sleeve is to be gathered between the holes. A medium size will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

BIANCA MANTELET.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Front, back, and two collars. If preferred, the large collar (which forms a *plaque* in the back), can be omitted, and the trimming arranged in a similar shape. A medium size will require two and one quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Three quarters of a yard extra will be sufficient for one row of ruching around the back of the collar. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

CARMEN DRAPERY.—The pattern is given in 4 pieces: Two pieces for the right side, one piece for the left side, and half of the back. The holes at the top of the piece for the left side denote seven plaits to be turned toward the front on the outside. The holes near the back edge denote five plaits to be turned upward on the outside. The middle of this piece is to be gathered between the two holes and drawn into the space of six inches. The smaller piece for the right side is to be laid in three shallow plaits on the back edge. The larger piece is to be laid its entire length in two plaits turned toward the front. The two clusters of holes at the top of the back drapery, nearest the front edge, are to be matched to form a burnous plait that is to hang loosely on the outside. The next two clusters are to be matched to form a second burnous plait, and the portion that remains beyond the second one is to be gathered or laid in fine plaits. At each side the back drapery is to be lapped about an inch over the front pieces, and on the right side is to be tacked to the panel piece its entire length. Nine yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required. Patterns in a medium size.

LADY'S KILT PLAITED SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Half of front, one side gore, half of back breadth, and one-quarter of the kilt plaiting. Lay the piece for the plaiting in plaits as indicated by the holes, all turned one way; and attach the upper edge to the skirt in a line with the row of holes across the front. The rows of holes across the back breadth show where the casings are to be placed for steels. Sew the skirt to the belt in the same way as directed below for the "Gored Foundation Skirt." Twelve yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for the kilt plaiting and to face the foundation skirt, and four and three quarter yards additional for the foundation skirt. Patterns in a medium size.

GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Half of front, one side gore, half of back breadth, and belt. Sew to the belt with a shallow plait on each side of the front, near the seam; a shallow plait in each side gore, forward of the notch; and gather the side gore, back of the notch, with the back breadth. A medium size will require four and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in three sizes: 23 waist, 39 front; 25 waist, 40 front; 27 waist, 41 front.

EBBA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Lining for front, chemisette, outer front, side gore, back, collar, cuff, two sides of the sleeve, and one half of the skirt. The chemisette is to be gathered top and bottom. The sleeve is to be gathered at the bottom between the holes. The skirt is to be gathered and sewed to the waist with a little more fullness in the back than in front. The size for eight years will require four yards of goods twenty four inches wide to make entirely of one material, and four yards of embroidery. Patterns in sizes for 8, 11, and 12 years.

AILSA DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front and back of yoke, front and back of blouse, collar, cuff, two sides of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The front and back of the blouse are to be shirred above the row of holes in each, and drawn in to fit the yoke. The lower part of the blouse is to be gathered and sewed to a belt of the required size. The sleeve is to be gathered at the bottom between the holes. The skirt is to be laid in triple box-plaits, as indicated by the holes. The size for six years will require five and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

LULA JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, side gore, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The opposite notches at the top and bottom of the front indicate the middle. The slit in the front shows where the pocket is to be inserted. Close the seams in the back only as far down as the notches. The size for six years will require two yards of goods twenty four inches wide, or one yard of forty-eight inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.

ALVINA HOUSE JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, full vest, side gore, side form, back, collar, wristband, and two pieces of the sleeve. Gather the vest top and bottom, place the back edge to the row of holes in the front, and join the lower edge to the bottom of the front. Lay the extension on the back in two plaits turned forward on the inside, and leave it closed down the middle. Gather the bottom of the sleeve between the notches. A medium size will require four and a half yards of goods twenty four inches wide for the jacket, three-quarters of a yard for the full vest, and six yards of lace. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

ALBERTINE DRAPERY.—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Front, and half of the back. Lay the front and back edges of the front drapery in four plaits turned upward on the outside. The notched edge is for the back. Baste the gore and fit to the figure before cutting it off. Lay the front edge of the back drapery in two plaits turned upward on the outside. Gather it lengthwise in a line with the rows of holes, draw the fullness at each place into the space of six inches, and secure it to a narrow band on the inside. For washable goods, draw-strings can be used. Gather the top. Seven yards of goods twenty four inches wide will be required for drapery, and three and one-quarter yards additional for the front and side gores of the underskirt and to face the back. Two and a half yards of deep lace flouncing will be sufficient for the front. Patterns in a medium size.

MANHATTAN BATHING SUIT.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Two pieces of the yoke, two full pieces, collar, sleeve, and belt for waist;

one half the skirt; and one leg and belt for drawers. Gather or plait (in side or box plaits) the top and bottom of the full pieces of the waist, and join to the yoke and belt, respectively, according to the notches. Gather or plait the top of the skirt, and join to the belt with a little more fullness in the back than in front. Gather the drawers at the top, and join to the pointed belt. The drawers and waist can be joined, and the skirt buttoned on the outside; or the skirt and waist can be joined, and the drawers buttoned on the inside. For the former arrangement, sew the full part of the waist to the top of the pointed belt, and leave the drawers open in front, using a fly for the buttons. For the latter arrangement, sew the waist and skirt to the straight belt, leave the skirt open a little way in front, and open the drawers on one side. A medium size will require six and one quarter yards of goods twenty four inches wide, and five and one half yards of braid for one row. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

ROVER BATHING SUIT.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Back, front, belt, collar, and sleeve of waist; and one leg of drawers. Gather the waist at the bottom, forward and back of the holes, respectively. Gather the drawers at the top, forward and back of the holes, respectively, and leave them open at one side. The size for eight years will require two and one-half yards of goods twenty four inches wide, and three and one-quarter yards of braid for one plain row. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

NANO COSTUME.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Half of the skirt; and inner front, full vest, girdle, outer front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. Shirr the full front at top and bottom, as far as indicated by the rows of holes. Join the girdle in the side gore seam on one side, and hook it on the other. Turn the outer front back in a line with the row of holes to form the revers. Lay the skirt in kilt-plaits turned toward the middle of the front. The size for eight years will require six and one-half yards of the fancy goods, and three-quarters of a yard of the plain. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.



Alvina House Jacket.



Nano Costume.



Albertine Drapery.



Manhattan Bathing Suit.
Rover Bathing Suit.

Standard Patterns.

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on this Page.

PATTERNS of the above 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 Coupon is that the holder is not confined to a selection from the patterns given in the same number with the Coupon, 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 Coupon. *Always remember that a Coupon cannot be used after the date printed on its back.*

Mrs. Judith Ellen Foster.

PRESIDENT OF THE IOWA STATE WOMAN'S
CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

MRS. FOSTER is pretty generally known as "the Iowa lawyer." She owes this distinction to her husband and law partner, Hon. E. C. Foster, and to the W. C. T. U. It came about in this fashion. She just read law with her babies about her to amuse herself and her husband, but with no thought of admission to the bar. Although a Methodist, she had never heard a woman preach or lecture, and she had no ambition for public life. But when the crusade call came she responded with great acceptance among the people, and then her husband said, "If you can talk before an audience, you can before a judge and jury." He induced her to apply for admission to the bar, and she was admitted in due form. That night witnessed the burning of her home in Clinton, Iowa, the deed probably of liquor sellers, who very well knew that this added power would be used by her for the promotion of temperance. She was the first woman admitted to practice in the State Supreme Court of Iowa.

She has conducted some notable cases in court, but her legal skill has been mostly given to the service of the W. C. T. U. In the National Union she was for a number of years Superintendent of the legislative department, where her knowledge of legal and parliamentary forms have been of the greatest service. This has been especially true in directing the work of the women in laboring for the adoption in their various States of Constitutional Amendments forever prohibiting the sale and manufacture of alcoholic liquors. Many a time have they listened entranced while she made so clear the difference between Constitutional and Statutory law that they have thought they, too, might like to study law if they could have a woman for a teacher.

She fairly revels in this wonderful ability to make legal

questions clear to the comprehension of the people, and immense audiences wait untired on her famous "two hours' argument" in favor of the Constitutional Amendment. Not content with this, she has brought it down to the comprehension of the children, and written it out in the form of a catechism; and then she has written a larger treatise for the older people, for the "Constitutional Amendment Manual." It is hardly possible to overestimate the value of the schooling thus given to those whose business it is to make and enforce the temperance laws of the people of these United States.

Her influence has been felt far and wide as one of the most popular of the temperance lecturers called out by this woman's temperance movement. At the same time she has been careful to maintain the importance of the freedom of the individual ballot. She is not only a pronounced suffragist, but she declares that no organization has a right to pledge the influence of its members to any outside organization for any purpose whatever. These views have led her personally to an affiliation with the Non-partisan League, of which she has been Corresponding Secretary for some years, with her office in Boston. She spends a portion of the time there each year, though still continuing her work for her State Union, which she has served as Corresponding Secretary and President almost from its first organization. This course gains her warm friends and pro-

nounced enemies; but all the true-hearted give her credit for having the courage of her convictions.

The truth is she inherits this sturdy independence direct from her father, Rev. Jotham Horton, a native of Boston; while through her mother, born at Cape Cod, she is descended from the revolutionary General Warren. Her father was not only a Methodist preacher, but a total abstainer from his conversion in 1810, and an uncompromising abolitionist. How can she help being an independent thinker and an actor in life's great drama? And as such the world gives her recognition.

The greater part of last year she was abroad to recruit her



J. Ellen Foster

health and to recuperate her mental energies. Possibly she did not need to gain additional arguments for temperance, nevertheless she found them; and seeing so much drinking, indifference, and ignorance, she bases on them a most powerful appeal to her co-workers in the State Union, in behalf of the educational work. Never indifferent to it, and often incorporating scientific temperance in her addresses, she now writes: "My convictions are greatly intensified by my European study of the temperance problem. * * * This educational work is second to none in importance: I almost dare say it is *more vital* to the nation's peace than any (other) phase of our many-sided reforms."

She was welcomed with public receptions, in England especially, where she addressed large assemblies; but the most of her time was given to travel and recuperation. At last she has returned to take part in the stirring events of public interest here. An immense ovation greeted her at Chickering Hall, in New York, after which she took part in the recent International Council of Women at Washington.

JULIA COLMAN.

The Ballot the Only Hope for Prohibition.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

WHEN we scan the attitude of our own minds toward this monster evil, the liquor traffic, when we hear the harrowing details of crime that are perpetrated on the homes of our country by the human fiends, the liquor dealers, when the awful horrors awakened by the accumulation of woe, misery and crime caused by this traffic are presented to our mental vision, we are startled with wonder and surprise to find that all the people do not rise in their full strength and utterly destroy this nefarious business.

It is difficult to understand why it is that this monopoly of crime is allowed such extraordinary liberty, why it is that this tornado of death and destruction should have full sweep over the land, more especially as it can be so easily prevented with our present opportunities.

This deliverance is so completely within the scope of our own volition that we are absolute sovereigns of the whole matter. We have only to know and believe that the evil is an evil, then show that we are anxiously willing and fully determined that the evil must be crushed out, and the remedy is very easily applied.

Our conscience expressed on a tiny piece of paper and put in the ballot-box will quietly and effectually banish this terrible scourge from the whole country.

"Where there's a will there's a way;" and in our Government the wish and will of the people, expressed through the ballot, is the way, and there is no other way.

How easy and how simple a method we have thus at our command, and what a favorable and glorious opportunity for the people of this country to show the security, the efficiency, and the beauty of a Republican Government that can so easily overturn the abuse of power, or annihilate the wrongs of centuries.

That the people have the ability to achieve these stupendous moral revolutions with so little effort and with so little disturbance of the public peace, is one of the marvels of our age and country; and it must be apparent to most thinking minds that a noiseless and most momentous moral revolution is now developing its full energy, and we shall soon see its grand and glorious fruition.

The wonder will be that we did not sooner combine our convictions so as to drive this incarnation of demons, this monster of iniquity, the liquor traffic, into a sea of oblivion, and thus overthrow the accumulated force and power that the traffic now possesses to stimulate the evil passions of the

people and control and dominate every department of our Government.

This revolution of the moral forces must be developed into an active determination on the part of the people, or the accumulation of vice will swallow up all their virtue and drown the country in a vortex of destruction. We must come to see and fully appreciate that this duty and responsibility is now upon us in all its fearful reality; that the ballot is the omnipotent power of the people, and that with the ballot the awakened conscience can and will become such an irresistible swelling tide that nothing will be able to stay its onward progress until the entire overthrow of the monster evil is accomplished; and this grand and noble achievement is not only worthy of our highest ambition, but should command our most earnest, zealous, and patriotic enthusiasm.

Then all hail to the coming of this grand development of moral ideas! All hail to the inspirations and aspirations of the people for this grand moral revolution that is to sweep this hideous monster vice, this incubus on our glorious country, with a besom of destruction to so complete an annihilation that a resurrection will be impossible!

We rejoice to know that the demands of the people for relief from this terrible evil are now heard reverberating over the hills and valleys of our country. The people's cry, "The Saloon must go!" is heard echoing everywhere.

The furious blasts of an angry whirlwind or the desolation of an Alpine avalanche would be a feeble manifestation of power when compared with the mighty momentum of public condemnation that will overtake these liquor dealers, their sympathizers, and the parties in league with them, when the people become fully aware of their privilege and duty to exterminate this monster crime of rum-selling by a combination of their moral forces.

The people's will, through this incarnation of their conscience at the ballot-box, will be the consummation of this grand uprising.

Their watchwords and huzzas will then be, "Up with the Home, down with the Saloon."

"Prohibition first, last and always."

Our country will then be truly free; the cherished flag of our nation will protect the people from the greatest curse ever known in history; Liberty and Prohibition will be one and inseparable; and the nations of earth and the angelic host of heaven will then join in hailing the grand triumph of our country's millennial glory.

The Great Impeachment.

WHO are Christians? and what are their relations to the work, to society?

We answer, they are citizens of this State and Republic: their civil and political rights and prerogatives are equal to those of the same number of men in any other organizations. Their church buildings, with tens of thousands of pulpits, are so many forts, garrisons, and rifled guns, far exceeding in moral weight and power all the political armaments in the land. These Christian churches, synods, conferences, ministers and members, counted by millions, are all recognized by the law as legally organized bodies with constitutional powers, constitutional privileges, and constitutional responsibilities. They are not like unto a political party, without soul and possessed of no organic life. They possess soul, heart, and organic life; they are to live and stay and influence mankind, when, in their turn, political parties die and are no more.

What is the profession of these churches? What the purpose of their existence?

They are an institution founded on the principles of the strongest morality, the purest virtue, the broadest benevolence, and universal charity. Their members have all made public profession of their love of human kind, their unselfish zeal for God and truth and suffering humanity. They profess to exist for the purpose of combining their denominational influence, power and numbers, in increasing heroic effort to lift up fallen humanity, defend the helpless from their stronger foes, and make their influence for good, and against evil, felt everywhere.

And these church members, while they possess all the rights and powers of other citizens, and move among men as men, nevertheless are free from the baneful influences which the tainted atmosphere of politics creates in a land. Christians profess to have escaped from the corruption that is in the world through lust, and to be in bondage to no man. In all their acts, especially such as are to influence others' weal or woe, they profess to be governed by the loftiest spirit of independence and conscientious interest for the benefit of our common brotherhood. Political ties and bonds, strong as chain-cables on the souls of other men, are to them but as ropes of sand. "Party" is not their shibboleth. They themselves judge parties, but in matters of principle and duty are judged of no man; for they are Christ's free men.

It is these solemn and glorious facts that make the attitude of the voters in the churches toward the liquor traffic so fraught with tremendous responsibility and interest. An armed and mail-clad Goliath confronts the church of God. This "Abomination of Desolation" breaks through her ranks, and lays her children dead at her feet. The constitution of the State arms the hosts of voters within her membership with an omnipotent weapon of offense and defense, keen-edged and strong—the Ballot! What use do they make of it, the men of these churches? They merely "resolve," "resolve," and "resolve."

What is it that alone gives practical force and political value to such "resolves"? Action! Action at the Ballot Box!

The rum power is a living, breathing human force, inspired by the spirit of Satan. Its consolidated hosts care nothing for "sentiment," "tears," "sermons," nor "resolutions." With unsleeping vigilance its mounted pickets watch the only point in its endless line of fortifications where it can successfully be assailed—the Ballot Box! This central fortress, this "key to the position," must be stormed! Until Richmond was surrounded, the Southern Confederacy held its armies in battle array; and until this "Richmond" of the rebel liquor traffic—the Ballot Box—is captured, the "resolutions" of the churches will be ridiculed by our enemies as mere "blank cartridges."

I impeach the men of the churches of the land as guilty of the high crime of permitting the terrible scourge of the liquor traffic to desolate and depopulate our country, when the Constitution places in their hands a powerful weapon with which to strike the curse to the earth,—the Ballot.

In the name of our Christian religion, I impeach the men of the churches of criminal indifference to their sworn responsibilities; professing in words to love mankind, while in act they deny it.

I impeach these Christian men of moral cowardice in refusing to openly avow and practically enforce their convictions of the moral and political crime of the liquor traffic, by throwing against it, with honest determination, their political influence and power.

I impeach them as guilty of strengthening the terribly destructive power of the liquor traffic, socially and politically, by massing their votes in favor of the parties that sustain the licensed abomination.

I impeach them as guilty of criminal neglect of their highest duty and grandest mission, to redeem the land from this political rum curse, which they could do were they to consolidate their votes against it.

The churches are a unit in efforts to save the heathen. For this their money is spent, their pulpits used, and the ends of the earth are reached to establish missions. Here, in the midst of us, lives and flourishes an institution more devilish in its nature, more eternally destructive of the souls of men, more prolific of crimes than anything ever known in the practice of heathen nations.

If the churches were a unit in war against this rum fiend, if they spent their money, used their forces against it, with the zeal they show for heathen evangelization, they could wipe out this fouler blot of home heathenism at once. Then their united ballot would be the "fervent effectual prayer of the righteous."

And in this impeachment I include all men whose morality and integrity give them character and influence, but whose political acts are not in accord with their moral convictions. Ability and opportunity measure human responsibility. The rights of citizenship are the ability of these voters; the opportunity of the ballot-box opens the way for the exercise of that ability.

It has been said, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall." Whether men do right or wrong, the heavens shall not fall; for Jehovah ruleth over all. As men and Christians, we are not dealing with things above us, but with things around us—with this monstrous devil-fish of hellish grip and power. And this we ought to say, and swear with uplifted holy hand: "This murderer of our children, this destroyer of our homes, the enemy of God and Church, this unconstitutionally licensed pestilence, the rum traffic, shall go!—though the parties fall!"

REV. W. H. BOOLE, D.D.

The Great Social Devil-Fish!

THOSE who have read Victor Hugo's "The Toilers of the Sea" will remember with the utmost distinctness the thrilling account given by him of a terrible encounter between a devil-fish and the hero of his story; and will recollect with equal clearness his graphic description of the appalling monster itself.

There is not perhaps one inhabitant of the great deep that inspires us with such horror and loathing as are inspired by this awful and merciless creature. Its enormous eyes, the great sack of its body, and its numerous, long, sprawling, muscular arms lined with rows of cruel and devouring mouths or suckers, make us shudder and sicken at the very idea of being hugged into pulp in its irresistible embrace.

There is one peculiarity of this loathsome monster which is fatal in the extreme: the instant its prey touches even the most distant extremity or attenuated point of any of its arms, the next moment the unsuspecting victim is enfolded in its murderous grasp, and gradually absorbed through its relentless suckers into its palpitating bulk. This is certainly awful to contemplate; but when we come to associate a human being with such a terrible tragedy at the bottom of the sea, both language and ideas become at once hopelessly paralyzed.

And yet, destructive and appalling as this revolting creature is, there preys upon our youth, and those also of maturer years among us to-day, a destroyer more terrible, which may well be termed the great devil-fish of our social system, and which is hourly devouring the best interests of our homes, and the minds and bodies of some of our best citizens. This devil-fish, this monster evil, is alcohol, pure and simple, or in any of its disguises. Being a poison of the most subtle character, as chemistry proves it to be, and as the ablest scientists aver it is, it saps the foundation of health; and being a corrosive irritant and a destroyer of tissue, it saps the foundations of our reason, blasts our prospects and character, and leads its victims on till they become a mass of corruption.

This is a fearful picture, but it is not overdrawn, as can be amply verified at any hour of the day; and to make this picture more truthful in all its horrors, it must be stated that there are in our midst, numbers, including leaders in all the professions, and so-called guardians of the public weal, who affect not to see this dreadful state of affairs, and who wink at the devastation going on, or attack it with blank cartridges in the shape of taxes or High Licenses, which is simply an attempt to trick their own consciences into the indorsement of that which is essentially criminal, by presenting it in a new and less repulsive guise.

This is the work of base cowards, who are, unfortunately, to be found in every department of our political and social economy, owing to our want of loyalty to everything that is good, true, and noble, whenever we approach the ballot-box or raise our voices in condemnation. Look where we may, we find abundant and painful instances of this terrible treason to our country's best interests. The pulpit, the bar, the stage, the press, and even those who sit in the highest places known to our system of government, coquette less or more with this Briareus of destruction, or die crushed and disfigured within its terrible clutch, leaving behind them a record of shame and ruin that not unfrequently clings to their names and families for generations.

Any man who raises a glass of alcohol in any guise to his lips does a foul wrong to himself and his neighbor and the State, inasmuch as he patronizes and fosters a trade or manufacture subversive of all good government, material prosperity, virtue and peace in the community. He indorses, however becomingly, a practice which fills our jails and lunatic asylums, saps the energies of industry, and strews the land with paupers and with broken heads and broken hearts. Even the Romans, long ages ago, in the glow of their barbarous magnificence, put us to the blush in this respect. They held the use of intoxicating drinks in such abhorrence that they made their slaves drunk and then paraded them before the populace to disgust the latter with the vice of intemperance.

How contrary the practice of we moderns, and what a reflection upon our intelligence! We make drunkenness one of the amenities of life, and court partial intoxication almost every hour in the day; while at night our liquor stores and lager-beer saloons are, for their dimensions, packed more densely with old and young than our churches or school-houses sometimes are. These are the hell-traps which are the veritable mouths or suckers of this great social devil-fish. Into these channels of perdition flows the hard-earned pittance of the poor laboring man, while his children are huddled in hunger and rags around a cold and desolate hearthstone. From the open doors of these unholy dens protrudes, however disguised, a cruel arm of this devastating monster, enticing youth to its destruction, and dragging the confirmed or willing victim down to deeper and darker ruin.

Let us hang the picture in the judgment chamber of our conscience. It is not overdrawn. The spoiler is upon us, and unless we tear him bodily from his last foothold in our midst, his cancerous fibers will seize upon all that is good in the land, and make honesty and a pure government impossible. There is no shirking the fact: it is the well-mannered and respectable drinker who teaches the young to emulate his cautious example, never dreaming for a moment that, in nine cases out of ten, being unable to control their appetites and convivial tendencies, they rush past his attractive standard of moderation, become hopeless drunkards, and often die in jail or a madhouse, or are cast out to fill a pauper's grave.

And now let us inquire more minutely into the constitution of this liquid ruin that bears so many along to a premature grave and blasts their lives and reputation long ere the final scene closes. Science has recently demonstrated that alcohol, in all its forms, is the excrement of a microbe, or the very ashes of decay, a virulent poison of a most dangerous and insidious character. Yes, we absolutely barter both soul and body for the purpose of indulging a depraved appetite or taste for a fluid the most sickening and beastly conceivable, and which outrages every sense of honor and decency! The fact is beyond contradiction: the alcohol in fermented liquors now in such general use is the excrement of millions of microbes which are imperceptible save under the most powerful lenses, although floating in myriads all through the lower strata of our atmosphere. This alcohol, when taken into the stomach, destroys both lung and brain tissues, and undermines all manly strength and personal beauty.

Alcohol does not possess any of the properties of food, and cannot consequently contribute to the building up or nourishment of the system. It does not assimilate with the blood, and therefore but disintegrates and gnaws away our tissues, and acts as a persistent irritant to every fiber of our system. Hence, in even the smallest quantities, alcoholic beverages, such as beer, whiskey, wine, brandy, etc., can never be taken with impunity; sooner or later they will manifest their baleful influences.

As a result of this indulgence, we may witness in every station of life the red nose, the bleared eye, the tottering limbs, the bloated face, the impaired or ruined intellect, the empty purse and ragged back, and the loss of every sense of pride, manhood, and personal cleanliness. Gradually or speedily the victim becomes enfolded in the arms of the monster vice, until he is thrust out of society and into the streets, even by those who may have once esteemed and respected him; and all through his love of the exciting effects of alcohol, which, as already observed, is now demonstrated, on the highest scientific authority, to be the result of decomposition in which, in unseen myriads, the microbes play so important a part. Even the untutored savage would reject a potation so revolting if made aware of its poisonous qualities; and yet, because it is clarified, tinted or otherwise disguised, we complacently allow it to be taken into our stomachs to the utter destruction of our

bodies and souls, the benumbing of all our finer sensibilities, including our brain power.

The disgrace and degradation of this may well excite both pity and anger, and a desire to rescue the victims of this indulgence from their debasing thralldom. He who would lay even a single straw in the way of accomplishing this desire, no matter what his calling or station, conspires against the peace of the home, material prosperity, and good government. In the sight of Heaven it is not sufficient for a man to keep sober himself. He must work and struggle to keep others sober also. To accomplish this latter he is bound to make every reasonable sacrifice. Although his first duty may properly be toward himself, his next is toward his neighbor. He cannot afford to take even the gloved hand of wrong, or to indulge in any habit, however seemingly trifling, which might cause a brother to stumble, or might grow into a positive evil. In this view of the case, if we would stand clear in the sight of heaven we must banish alcohol in all of its forms from the face of the land, and discountenance, in both public and private, those who traffic in it. And this can be accomplished in one way only: by a solid and united determination of the people to secure Prohibition votes at the polls in every election for place or power, whether national or local, State or municipal.

It is well known to naturalists, that in the devil-fish of the ocean there is just one particular spot which is vulnerable, and which when penetrated by any adequate weapon leads to the instant collapse and death of the monster. And so it is also with our great social devil-fish. It, too, has one vulnerable point, and this latter can be assailed and penetrated with success only by the irresistible shaft of an united and unflinching Prohibition vote, when the hour comes for us to exercise our franchise at the polls, and to free ourselves from chains more galling and degrading than those of the vilest slavery ever known. Prohibition therefore has the highest and first claim on our patriotism; and this includes a personal attention to our own vote as the expressions of our conscience on election day for the party who offers the only solution of this terrible dilemma. No other method is so efficient, no other means so indispensable. The appalling devil-fish has his suckers so effectively fixed on the various forms of our social and political life that it will require a determined energy to shake off this moral incubus from our body politic. **THE SALOON MUST GO!**

Enlighten the Masses.

How shall we reach the people? That is the question which has puzzled our party managers more than any other.

The National Prohibition Bureau solves this problem.

PROHIBITION BOMBS are furnished for 10 cents per 100, or \$1.00 per 1,000.

- No. 2. The South and Prohibition.
- No. 3. The Giant Evil of the Nineteenth Century to be Annihilated by Prohibition.
- No. 5. Necessity for a Prohibition Party.
- No. 6. Rum-selling our Country's Scourge, and Remedy.
- No. 7. Prohibition the Remedy for Hard Times.
- No. 8. Mad Dogs and the Liquor Traffic.
- No. 10. The Deacon's Sunday-School Sermon, A Black Eye for Lager Beer and a Bier for Lager.
- No. 11. Responsibility of the Christian Church for the Liquor Traffic.
- No. 12. The Voice of the Dram Shop.
- No. 16. Patriotic Prohibition. A Moral Revolution Pending.
- No. 17. The Signs of the Times. Heads and Tails.
- No. 18. Moral Suasion or Prohibition, which shall it be? The Republican Party vs. Prohibition.
- No. 20. An Arraignment of the Rum Traffic. The Destiny of Prohibition.
- No. 21. The Great Political Issue. Dr. Pentecost's Reasons.
- No. 22. The War of the Rum Power on the People. Talmage on High License.
- No. 23. Prohibition Campaign Songs, with music.
- No. 24. Can a Man's Blood Cry? The Saloon must Go.
- No. 25. Doom of the Liquor Traffic. (In Scandinavian.)
- No. 26. America's Joshua. The Debt to the Republican Party Paid.
- No. 33. Prohibition Achieved only by Practical Politics. Total Depravity Illustrated in the use of Alcohol. Prohibition Life-boat. Anti-poverty.
- No. 34. Dr. Cushing against High License. Fisk on the Saloon in Politics. Powderly on Temperance. Reagan on Personal Liberty. Dow and Demorest on the Republican Party and Prohibition.
- No. 36. What should the Christian Voter do with the Saloon? Politics a Personal Duty.
- No. 38. The Liquor Traffic in Politics.
- No. 39. Reasons for a Prohibition Party. Why, Where, and When Prohibition will prove a Success.
- No. 40. Prohibition the Ultimatum, a Logical Chain of Argument. The Martyred Mother.
- No. 41. Latest Evolution of the Temperance Reform.
- No. 42. The Sparrows Must go. The Liquor Vulture. The Irrepressible Conflict. Things that are Settled.
- No. 43. Should Prohibition be made a Political Issue? (German.)

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" 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.

- No. 44. Our Modern Pontius Pilates. The National Prohibition Bureau.
 - No. 45. The Responsibility of Christian Ministers for the Liquor Traffic. Prohibition Dependent on the Ballot and Moral Courage of the People.
 - No. 46. License a Pernicious Delusion and Mockery of Justice. Failure of High License.
 - No. 47. What is Prohibition? A Glorious Resurrection. What the Constitution Guarantees.
 - No. 48. Give Us a Call. The Saloon Must Go!
 - No. 49. Liquor Traffic to be adjudged a Nuisance by Common Law.
 - No. 50. Liquor's War on Labor's Rights. Liquor vs. Labor. (A Startling Diagram.)
 - No. 51. Sketch of Gen. Fisk (with Portrait). Prohibition Party Imperative. Liberty and Prohibition.
 - No. 52. The Logic of Prohibition. The Saloon a Political Factor. (Finch's Last Speech.)
 - No. 53. High License the Monopoly of Abomination.
 - No. 54. Liquor Traffic the Monster Crime, and How to Annihilate it.
 - No. 55. Appeal to Leaders of Labor Reform. The voice of Labor Leaders. Conscience and Prohibition.
 - No. 56. Should Prohibition be made a Political Issue? The following are two-page Bombs that are furnished at 10 cents per 100, 50 cents per 1,000:
 - No. 57. The Horrors of the Liquor Traffic. The Duty of Voters.
 - No. 58. The Ballot the only Hope for Prohibition. The Ruin of Rumselling and the Remedy.
 - No. 59. The Poison of Alcohol. Home vs. Saloon.
 - No. 60. The Liquor License Humbug. The Culmination of Prohibition.
- Numbers omitted are out of print.

Not in the hot fight of a campaign are voters converted to the support of the Prohibition party, but in the quiet months intervening between elections, when calm judgment can prevail over wild prejudice. Let St. John, Finch, Dickie, Fisk, Demorest, Johnson, Cheves, Phelps, Bain, Thomas, Miss Willard, Mrs. Lathrap, and other leaders speak to voters in the quiet of their homes, and they can be won over. This can be easily and cheaply done.

PROHIBITION BOMBS can be mailed from 32 E. 14th St., N. Y., directly to the voter, weekly, for 25 weeks for 5 cents.

Select a list of 1,000 hopeful voters in your county, send their names with \$20, and we will mail each a different BOMB weekly for ten weeks.

Send the names of 100 members of your church and \$2, or 50 names and \$1, and we will BOMBARD them through the mail weekly for ten weeks.

If you will send us addressed unstamped wrappers, the cost will be only one-half of above amount. The whole series of over 50 numbers sent post-free for 5 cents. Cash must accompany order.

Now is the time for Town, County, and State Committees to start this Bombardment. Do not delay till passions are aroused. Start now.

Address, NATIONAL PROHIBITION BUREAU,
32 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum and phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Hot Weather is the very best time to try PYLE'S PEARLINE. Then the wash is largest, and a saving of time and toil is best appreciated. Think of doing a large wash with little or no rubbing. Consider how much longer your delicate summer clothing will last if not rubbed to pieces on a washboard. A saving is a gain. You will be surprised and pleased with the cleanliness, satisfaction and comfort which comes of the use of PEARLINE. Simple—any servant can use it. Perfectly harmless—you can soak your finest linen and laces in Pearl Line and water for a month, with safety. Delightful in the bath—makes the water soft. Perhaps you have been using some of the imitations and have sore hands and find your clothing going to pieces. Moral—use the original and best.

Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Correspondence Club.

The increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, render it necessary to urge upon them, **First**—Brevity. **Second**—Clearness of statement. **Third**—Decisive knowledge of what they want. **Fourth**—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves, and to those that the inquirer cannot solve by a diligent search of ordinary books of reference. **Fifth**—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed. **Sixth**—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Correspondence Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects. Inquiries respecting cosmetics, medicine, or surgery, will not be noticed.

"M. F. B."—Scheherazade is pronounced thus: sha-ha-ra-za-day, with the first and fourth syllables accented. The author of the original poem, "Fair Helen of Kirkconnell," is not known. The lines you quote:

"When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succor me!"

are from this poem. There is an adaptation of it, entitled "Helen of Kirkconnel," beginning with the same line.—"I wish I were where Helen lies,"—but it is not the same poem. This one is by John Mayne, a Scotch poet, born in 1761, died in 1836. "The First Violin," by Jessie Fothergill, and "Miss Varian of New York" may be obtained of Brentano, Publisher, Union Square, New York. Brunehilde is the warrior-virgin in the German epic of the "Niebelungen Lied," and her story is an important part of the romance. She promised to marry the man who could conquer her in three trials: hurling the lance, throwing a stone, and leaping after the stone when thrown. She is represented as a dark Amazonian beauty. The only way to improve in drawing, as in other pursuits, is by careful and painstaking practice, perseverance, and patience. A few lessons would be a decided assistance. Make up your striped muslin over white or pearl gray.

(Continued on page 606.)

F. W. DEVOE & Co.

(Established 1852),

FULTON STREET,

Cor. William St., NEW YORK,

MANUFACTURERS OF

ARTISTS' MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS.

Correspondence invited.

Pure Mixed Paints for Consumers.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—We desire to call attention of consumers to the fact that we guarantee our ready-mixed paints to be made only of pure linseed oil and the most permanent pigments. They are not "Chemical," "Rubber," "Patent" or "Fireproof." We use no secret or patent method in manufacturing them, by which benzine and water are made to serve the purpose of pure linseed oil.

Sample Card of 50 shades on request.

COFFIN, DEVOE & CO.,

176 RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

HANOVER'S

Self Teaching Garment Cutter by Merchant Tailor System, embraces nearly fifty diagrams of different garments. Life size drafting with each system; thus you can draft every diagram and apply to any form with correct results without verbal teaching. Garments are close fitting, yet worn with ease and comfort. We have the only rule for cutting perfect sleeves. Price, \$6.00. For a limited time we send post paid one system on receipt of \$2.00. **Agents Wanted.** JOHN C. HANOVER, Masonic Temple, Cin'ti, O.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" 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.

\$85 SOLID GOLD WATCH FREE!

This splendid, solid gold, hunting-case watch, is now sold for \$85; at that price it is the best bargain in America; until lately it could not be purchased for less than \$100. We have both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one of these elegant watches absolutely FREE. These watches may be depended on, not only as solid gold, but as standing among the most perfect, correct and reliable timekeepers in the world. You ask how is this wonderful offer possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES; these samples, as well as the watch, we send ABSOLUTELY FREE, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months, and shown them to those who may have called, they become entirely your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the Solid Gold Watch and large line of valuable samples FREE, for the reason that the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two, we usually get from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in trade from the surrounding country. Those who write to us at once will receive a great benefit for scarcely any work and trouble. This, the most remarkable and liberal offer ever known, is made in order that our valuable HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America; reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show them to those who may call at your home, and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card, on which to write us, costs but 1 cent, and if, after you know all, you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure, FREE, AN ELEGANT \$85, SOLID GOLD, HUNTING-CASE WATCH and our large, complete line of valuable HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. We pay all express freight, etc. Address, STINSON & CO., Box 407 Portland, Maine.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK

Factory Ends at half price; one ounce in a box—all good Silk and good colors. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cents. 100 Crazy Stitches in each package. Send Postal note or Stamps to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 621 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. or 469 Broadway, New York.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin.

No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty and defies detection. It has stood the test of 30 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut ton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin Preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Manager, 48 Bond St., running through to main office, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE ST. LOUIS HYGIENIC COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

Will begin its Second Annual Course of Instruction October 9, 1888. It educates men and women for practice in Hygeio-Therapy, or curing the sick by strictly hygienic agents. This school is legally chartered and officered. It has annually a full course of lectures of six months each, there being three courses in all. Thorough instruction is given in Anatomy, Surgery, Chemistry, Physiology, Pathology, Hygeio-Therapy, Sanitary Engineering, Physical Culture, Dietetics, and all other branches pertaining to a good medical education.

For further information, address for Announcement, S. W. Dodds, M.D., 2826 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

TOKOLOGY A book for every woman. ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D. Sample pages FREE.

The most popular work for **99,000 SOLD** Cloth, \$2.00 Mor., \$2.75

AGENTS ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., Chicago, Ill.

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(Continued from page 605.)

"A WORKER," "M. H.," "ANNIE E. V.," "N. M. U.," "LOUISE," "ESTA," and "ANNIE H."—See the article entitled "Nursing, Nurses, and Training-Schools," in this number. You can obtain information regarding the best Training-schools in your neighborhoods, by writing to the "New Haven Training-school for Nurses," New Haven, Conn., which is the original school of the kind in this country.

"KNOW NOTHING."—Figured nuns'-veiling is as stylish and appropriate for a married lady as black grenadine, and less expensive. Select for the grenadine dress some easily draped design. See "Mirror of Fashions" for designs and descriptions.

"MRS. PAUL."—To know the length of the waist or size of neck of any person, you must have the actual measurement. It will not do to go by bust and waist measure only, especially if the waist was twenty-two and the bust-measure twenty-six inches; for the rest of the figure would probably be similarly disproportioned. To fit by measurement, some special chart or system is necessary. We shall publish shortly some suggestions about practical dressmaking. See the article entitled "Painting on Textiles," in the June number, for recipe for making transfer powder. A good cement for china and glassware may be made from the whites of two eggs, and enough finely powdered quicklime to make a thick paste. To mend glass, finely powdered flint-glass mixed with the unbeaten white of egg may be used; and for china, white lead with white of an egg. Rub the paste on the clean edges, and place them carefully together,—tie with a string where it can be done,—carefully remove all exuding paste, and set the mended article aside for some weeks. Then heat gradually in a slow oven.

"A. D. O."—The custom of "tipping" the porter of a sleeping-car, which you have noticed as common among the gentlemen in traveling, may be advantageously copied by ladies. It is unfortunate that the custom has become so prevalent; but since it is so, the traveler must acquiesce, or submit to be neglected in favor of others who obey the unwritten decree. Florence Howe Hall's book entitled "Social Customs" is the latest work on Etiquette. Young ladies should always have the prefix "Miss" engraved on their visiting-cards. See the article in the present number on "Visits and Visiting-Cards," by Mrs. Hall. Black lace waists may be lined with thin marcelline silk to make a cool garment. If the forty-inch lace flouncing is too short for your skirt, you might drape it on the skirt far enough below the waist to bring it to the required length, and make the basque long enough to conceal the deficiency. A flounce of narrow lace is now used to trim the foot of the foundation skirt, and the deep flouncing that forms the drape is looped higher than heretofore. This may furnish a suggestion that will relieve your difficulty.

"Mrs. B. A. C."—Your former queries did not reach us. In making over a light gray silk, cashmere or mohair of the same or a little darker shade would be the best combination, and steel bead passementerie would be a very stylish garniture. A hat of fine gray straw trimmed with ostrich tips, and pink flowers veiled with black net, would be becoming to a lady of thirty-five with gray hair and good complexion. Gray gloves. With a black lace costume, a black lace hat or a black straw trimmed with lace and flowers could be worn, and either black, gray, or tan-colored gloves. See article in the June "Mirror of Fashions" concerning traveling dresses. Mohair is a good material to wear on the water.

"BENIGHTED."—The public lands of the United States which are still undisposed of and open to settlement, lie in nineteen States and eight Territories. In each of these, except Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, the Indian Territory, and Alaska, land offices are established, in charge of an officer known as Register of the Land Office, where the records of all surveyed lands are kept, and all applications concerning lands in each district are filed and inquiries answered. The homestead laws give the right to one hundred and sixty acres of a dollar-and-a-quarter-an acre lands, or to eighty acres of two-dollar-and-a-half lands to any citizen or applicant for citizenship over twenty-one who will actually settle upon and cultivate the land. This privilege extends only to the surveyed lands, and the title is perfected by the issue of a patent, after five years of actual settlement. A letter of inquiry may be addressed to the "Commissioner of the General Land Office," Washington, D. C. The American Almanac for 1888 will give you a list of land offices and the States and Territories where the public lands are situated.

"Mrs. A. R. B."—The pattern of the "Infant's Yoke Slip," illustrated in miniature in the February number, will also serve for a sacque slip, by simply turning down the pattern for the front in a line with the edge of the yoke.

(Continued on page 607.)

Le Boutillier Bros., Broadway and 14th St., N.Y. GREAT BARGAINS.

GLOVES.
6-button Suède Gloves, brown assortment, worth \$1.25 45c
6-button Mousquetaire Suède Gloves, tans, worth \$1.50 65c
Ladies' Fine Silk Taffeta Gloves 25c

DRESS GOODS.
40-inch French Cashmeres, Henrietta finish, all shades 48c
42-inch All-wool French Stripes, Checks, and Heather Mixtures, worth \$1.00, reduced to... 59c

SILKS.
23-inch Black Surahs, 21-inch Black Merveilleux, and 19-inch Double-warp Hair-line Surah Stripes and Checks, worth \$1.00, all at..... 69c

WASH FABRICS.
Printed Wool Challies, choice designs..... 13½c, 18c
Printed Batiste, worth 12½c..... 7½c
Outing Cloth (new fabric), worth 25c..... 15c
Cream Embroidered Lawn Robes, worth \$4.00... \$1.98
18-inch Plain All-linen Crash, worth 10c..... 5½c

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.
Ladies' Fancy Striped Cotton Hose, worth 40c... 25c
Men's English Super Stout Unbleached Half Hose..... 6 pairs for \$1.00
Ladies' and Men's Gauze Vests, worth 45c..... 25c
Ladies' and Men's Gauze Drawers, worth 50c, 3 for \$1.00

All mail matter should bear our street address, Broadway and 14th St., N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

ALL STYLES THE AMERICAN CYCLES DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

& PRICES THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN AMERICA

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

UNIVERSITY ORGANS.—They Lead the World.—\$35 to \$500. Sold Direct to Families. No Middlemen. Solid Walnut-5 Octaves-Double Couplers. Guaranteed for Six Years and sent, with Stool and Book, for TRIAL IN YOUR OWN HOME BEFORE YOU BUY. ESTABLISHED 1859.

MARCHAL & SMITH, 285 East 21st Street, New York.

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COTTAGE PORTFOLIO With Supplement

contains about 50 illustrations of cosy, artistic COTTAGES. Modern, fully up to the times. They are studies for economy and convenience. Original in design. Many of the plans are entirely different in arrangement from the ordinary cottage. Size, 10 x 12 inches, showing floor plans, elevations, and perspectives, also giving description and cost of each. It is just the work for all who contemplate building. Sent, postpaid, for \$1.00. Address D. S. HOPKINS, Architect, Grand Rapids, Mich. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

UNIVERSITY PIANOS

PRICE FROM \$180 TO \$1500. FINEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD. SOLD DIRECT TO FAMILIES, saving the enormous expenses of agents. Sent with beautiful cover, stool and book, for trial in your own home before you buy. Guaranteed six years. Send for catalogue to Marchal & Smith Piano Co., 285 E. 21st St., N. Y.

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PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" 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.

\$3 SAMPLE CORSET FREE. Lady Agents wanted. 50 best selling Corsets. Electric Hair Pins, etc. Send 10c postage for sample and terms. NICHOLS & CO., 386 Broadway, New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Only \$1.00 for this "Little Beauty."



Weighs from 1/4 oz to 4 lbs.

This Steel Bearing Brass-Beam Little Scale with Brass Scoop is nicely Japanned and is just the thing for House, Store or Shop. We will send one only, by Express, to any person sending us \$1.00 (not 1/4 its value). Catalogue of 1,000 articles sent free. Address CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

TERRORS of ARTIFICIAL TEETH



Largely removed by use of Florence Dental Plate Brush. Gives comfort and cleanliness, will outwear three ordinary brushes. Circulars: FLORENCE MFG. CO., Florence, Mass. Kept by all dealers. Endorsed by all Dentists. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

DO YOU WRITE?

If so, and desire fashionable writing-paper at reasonable prices, ask your stationer for Boston Linen, Boston Bond, or Bunker Hill Linen. If he does not keep them send us 3 two-cent stamps for our complete samples of paper representing over 250 varieties which we sell by the pound. SAMUEL WARD CO., 178 to 184 Devonshire St., Boston. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

KATE'S CHOICE

A charming story by LILLIE TAYLOR, illustrated by E. A. PAGE, complete in the June Household Monthly. In fancy work, Knit Edging, Infant's Crocheted Boot, Emb. Toilet Cushion, Lace Patterns, Star Quilt, Knitted Fascinator, etc., fully illustrated; 33 choice recipes, 45 offers in the Exchange Columns, timely advice in "Medical Talks," by Dr. BOYLE, Correspondence and miscellaneous reading completes the number. Every number as good. Four months' trial subscription only 10 cents. Address W. N. SWETT & CO., LYNN, MASS. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

WARREN'S FEATHERBONE DRESS STAYS. Finished in Three Styles. THREAD, CLOTH, AND SATIN COVERED. TRY THEM! The Story of Featherbone, free. Address The Warren Featherbone Co., Three Oaks, Mich. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

CURLED HAIR and BUTTON MOULDS for Dressmakers, at wholesale rates. JOHNSON CAWOOD, 119 West 38th St., New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment at \$50 to \$100 per month selling Queen City Supporters. Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., 11 E. Ninth St., Cincinnati, O. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

\$100 to \$300 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & Co., Publishers, 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FOUNDRYMEN!

The march of improvements compels investigation for successful competition. Why not save your metal, labor, and fuel of \$5.00 to \$25.00 every heat without dropping your bottom, by adopting KEIM'S WATER-JACKETED CUPOLA FURNACE, for the manufacture of Superior Steel Castings. Return this with stamp for particulars. Address, THE HARTSFELD FURNACE CO., Box 459, Cincinnati, Ohio. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 606.)

"APPLE-BLOSSOM."—Corsage bouquets are of medium size, and worn just below the bust in front. Make up your white bishop's lawn with plain tucked skirt and surplice waist, and wear a wide sash of cream or pink moiré with it. Lace draperies are very much worn this summer. Combine black with your garnet cashmere; see the Fashion Department for designs. With fair complexion, dark blue eyes, and dark brown hair, you could wear almost any color in ribbons; pink would probably be most becoming. Arrange your hair in light coils or puffs upon the top of the head, and cut the front hair in a rounded bang. The toque or turban shape but would be most becoming in brown, black, or white straw.

"DEAR DEMAREST: I wish you would give an article in the Magazine on the tariff question, which I see so much discussed in the newspapers, but always so mixed up with politics that it is not easy to understand the subject thoroughly. Could you not give it as seen from a woman's standpoint?"

"Yours truly,
"MRS. ESTHER L. C."

At your request, and also in response to similar requests from other correspondents, we publish in the present number a readable article on the tariff, entitled "A Tariff Powwow," which will, we hope, interest you, and also convey the desired information. We are always glad to gratify any of our readers who may wish to be enlightened on special subjects.

"MINNIE D."—General Grant left three sons: Colonel Frederick D., Ulysses S., and Jesse Grant.

"OHIO."—Gobelin blue is a color more suitable for a light, clear complexion, rather than to a somewhat tanned one with color in the cheeks. The lighter shades of gray, pearl, etc., would also be trying. With blonde hair inclined to brown, bluish-gray eyes, and the complexion described above, olive-green, black with contrasts of green, écu and cream shades are likely to be the most becoming. If red is worn, let it be in contrast with black or white; and lilac or purple in combination with cream. Chopin is pronounced sho-pon; Haydn, ha-den; Oesten, es-ten; Mozart, mo-tsart.

"MRS. H. H. S."—You could wear a very dark green jersey with your deep mulberry cashmere, but we would not advise you to trim the skirt with braid to match the jersey in color. The "Celestine" drapery illustrated in the November number is a very suitable pattern for your purpose.

"CHRISTIE."—Your sample is a bright moss-green. Make up the flannel dress like it after the "Loretta" basque and drapery illustrated in the June number, with white serge collar, and trimmings of white braid. A white sailor-hat trimmed with white ribbon and point d'esprit net ruchings, would look well with it. If you wish to wear pink ribbons with it, they should be a pale shrimp pink or very palest rose pink. It is not difficult to learn to play tennis. The complete outfit will cost from \$15 to \$150, according to quality. The implements may be purchased separately. Peck & Snyder, New York City, furnish lawn-tennis sets, with a book of rules.

"A BEGINNER."—Beethoven's "Dream," and the "Spirit Waltzes" by that composer; the "Gipsy Rondo" by Haydn; the "Serenade" by Haydn, arranged by J. Becker; "Consolation" and "Confidence," from "Songs Without Words," by Mendelssohn; and the airs "Vedrai Carino" and "La cidarem" from Don Giovanni, by Mozart, arranged by H. Maylath, are piano-forte solos of a moderate degree of difficulty, and probably within your ability. Gustave Lange is a favorite composer of piano forte music, and J. Leybach has composed several charming waltzes and *morceaux de salon*. Both are composers of to-day. It is too soon to attempt their biography.

"Mrs. —"—Our correspondent omits to sign her letter, but she will probably recognize the information. A lady riding should hold the reins in her left hand. A small straw turban with veiling scarf twisted about it may be worn with a gray or blue riding habit in the country. Tan-colored kid or Suède gloves, and riding-whip, which, however, is very useless. The *cravache* with braided head, also called a riding-cane, may be carried by a lady as well as by a gentleman, if she does not object to its weight.

"MADELON R."—The châtelines of oxidized silver, consisting of vinaigrette, tablet, glove-hook, *bondonnaire*, and watch, are worn with street and traveling costumes, also with the morning watering-place costume.

"ADELAIDE."—Portière is pronounced por-teair; and gavotte, gav-ot, the accent on the first syllable.

(Continued on page 608.)

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly taught by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent. Send for circular. W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

One of the Columbias.



SURPRISE COLUMBIA TRICYCLE

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

A new departure; unobstructed front; running tack adjustable from 30 to 34 inches; folding to 29 inches over all for convenience in handling and storage. Illustrated catalogue sent free.

POPE MFG. CO., 79 Franklin St., Boston.

Branch Houses: 12 Warren St., N. Y. 291 Wabash Ave., Chicago. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Candy Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a sample box of the best Candy in America prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Put up in handsome boxes, suitable for presents. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, Chicago. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS! Elegant Designs; or 50 cards all different kinds, for 40 cts. **GIANT** Self-inker PRINTING PRESS \$5 Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, 6c. W. O. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

ANY LADY interested in a pure, clear, natural complexion without cosmetics or medicine; shapely shoulders, rounded arms, beautiful hands, glossy hair, bright eyes, and the perfect health that goes with a perfect form (without medicine), will receive full instructions by sending her address to THE INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, San Francisco, Cal. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LADY AGENTS clear \$100 Monthly with our new undergarments and other goods for ladies only. G. L. ERWIN & CO., Belvidere, Ill. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



THE DANA BICKFORD FAMILY KNITTER.

Knits everything required by the household, of any quality, texture, and weight desired.

795 BROADWAY, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FREE TO LADIES! New marvelous discovery; permanently removes superfluous hair, wrinkles, freckles, all disfigurements. SECRET OF BEAUTY. YOUNG & CO., Chemists, 4 West 14th Street, New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

DON'T OVERLOOK THIS! Science teaches us that we are two-thirds water. How necessary then to use Pure water. The Improved Gem will find impurities in your faucet water before unknown to you. Diploma awarded by Mass. Charitable Mechanics Association: 1887. Price, \$1.50, postpaid. Agents, come! JONES MFG. CO., 243 Franklin St., Boston. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" 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.

RUBIFOAM



FOR THE
TEETH
KEEPS
THE TEETH WHITE
Breath AND THE Sweet
GUMS HEALTHY
PRICE 25¢ A BOTTLE
PUT UP BY
E. W. HOYT & CO
PROPRIETORS OF
HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE
LOWELL, MASS.

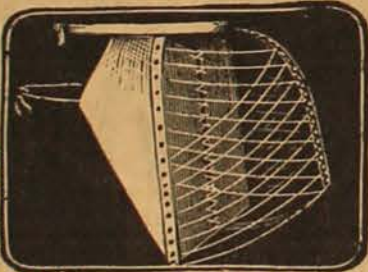
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PAYSON'S INK INDELIBLE
THE OLDEST
THE BEST.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & STATIONERS

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

NEW MODEL BUSTLE

Formed by Crossing the Wires, thus avoiding the use of stiff, unyielding side and back wires. Closes when the wearer is sitting, and resumes its place instantly on arising. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid for 50 Cents.



WEEDSPORT SKIRT & DRESS CO.
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FACIAL BLEMISHES.

Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment. Send 10c. for 50-page book treating on 25 skin imperfections; 5th edition.

Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY,
37 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.
Established 1870. Inventor of Facial Appliances, Springs, etc. Six Parlors; three for Ladies.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PRICE 50¢
SEND FOR CIRCULARS
COMPLEXION
DR. HEBRA'S
VIOLA CREAM
Without injury positively removes Freckles, Livermoles, Pimples and blemishes of the skin. Is not a wash or powder to cover defects, but a remedy to cure. At druggists or securely mailed, for 50c.
G. C. BITTNER & Co., Toledo, O.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE, London, Ont., CANADA,
Has few equals and no superior in America.

Highest Culture, Art, Music, Literature, Elocution. Climate exceptionally healthy. Cost moderate. For circular, address Rev. E. N. ENGLISH, M.A., Principal.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

INVALID ROLLING CHAIR.

(Reclining.)

A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk. The LARGEST FACTORY and BEST CHAIRS in the world. Send for Circular to

ROLLING CHAIR CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 607.)

"C. Y."—An afternoon reception would be quite an appropriate entertainment in honor of a lady and her daughter visiting you during Commencement week. It would not be too ostentatious to have a colored man to open the door and announce the guests. The hostess should stand near the door and receive the guests as they enter, and present them to her visitors. The refreshments can be such as were suggested for a four o'clock tea in "Lenten Entertainments" in the March number. The lady's visiting-card with the words "At Home," and the date and time of the entertainment added, will be the proper form of invitation. The card should read as follows:

Mrs. Charles Yoe,

At Home,

Friday, June 27, at Four O'clock,

123 North St.

"Josie S."—A very dark brunette with coal-black hair and dark brown eyes can wear cashmere and silks in warm, dark browns, maroon and garnet, all amber, creamy and yellow tints. The fashionable terra-cotta would be very becoming, only do not use black in combination with it; for although this is stylish, you would not find it becoming. If you wear black, wear also creamy lace ruchings at the neck.

"M. D. P."—Doubtless you could obtain a position as school teacher in some of the Territories. The way to proceed is to write to some official in the Territory you desire to settle in, and obtain exact particulars. It is doubtful if teachers are very well paid in thinly settled districts.

"DENTIST."—A suitable furnishing for the reception-room or parlor of a dentist in a small town, should be light and cheerful. If you need to have a new carpet, it would be as well to use an art square and have the floor painted all around it. Ecru Holland shades are the best for a room used as much as a dental office, although a green shade is to be recommended for the operating-room. A mirror is certainly a necessity in this room, even if you have one in the reception-room. One or two easy-chairs and a lounge are needed; the other chairs may be cane-seated. A carpet with all-over mixed pattern in wood-color and crimson shades would be appropriate, and if the red does fade, it never looks so faded as other colors. A desk and revolving chair may be placed in either room, and for the covering of the upholstered pieces, crimson mohair plush is to be recommended, as it will stand hard usage better than any other material used for furniture covering, although it will cost a little more in the first place.

"M. C. H."—A black or dark blue straw hat similar in shape to the red straw hat illustrated on page 457 of the May number of the Magazine, would be becoming to a young lady with round full face, brown hair and eyes, and a good complexion. The trimming could be loops of dark blue, black or red moiré ribbon. The embroidered gingham mentioned in the March number cost from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half per yard.

"Mrs. M. P. G."—Your black sample is a very thin albatross cloth, and the white, summer serge. Black Chantilly lace would be almost too dressy on the black material, unless for a wrap. Panels are not exactly "going out," for some very elegant costumes are made with them; although they are not introduced unless for a special purpose, as to display a handsome piece of embroidery, brocade, or lace. Red ribbons or flowers would be most stylish to brighten up a black lace hat to be worn by a lady of thirty with dark hair and fair complexion. We are pleased to know you so appreciate the Magazine.

"Mrs. T. B. G."—Enamel for shirt bosoms is prepared by melting together one ounce of white wax and two ounces of spermaceti. A piece of this, about the size of a hazel-nut, put in the starch, will give shirt-bosoms, collars and cuffs a beautiful gloss.

"SINAL."—Red satin would be suitable to trim a dress of cream albatross for a brunette of eighteen, but it would depend for its effect upon how the trimming was applied, and the color should be a very dark shade. Gray Henrietta cloth would be prettily trimmed with black braid or braid passementeries. See "Mirror of Fashions" for designs.

"Mrs. T. D. F."—You could wear your corsage of blue albatross with black or white skirts.

(Continued on page 609.)

In every community there are a number of men whose whole time is not occupied, such as teachers, ministers, farmers' sons, and others. To these classes especially we would say, if you wish to make several hundred dollars during the next few months, write at once to B. F. Johnson & Co., Publishers, of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do it.

DURKEE'S

GAUNTLET BRAND

SELECT SPICES

& MUSTARD.

SOLD ONLY IN FULL WEIGHT SEALED PACKAGES.
Guaranteed absolutely pure, and warranted to excel all others in strength, richness, flavor and cleanliness.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

ESTABLISHED 1801.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS



FOR THE HAIR

The Oldest and the Best in the World.

The Hair dressed daily with this unrivaled preparation will never decay, or fall out, or lose its lustre, or show any signs of disease or decline.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FEDORA DRESS SHIELDS
ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD
MANUFACTURED BY
A. H. BRINKMANN & CO. BALTIMORE, MD. SAMPLE PAIR 30¢

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" 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 608.)

"Mrs. F. M. H."—Dark gray camels'-hair serge trimmed with black braid would be a suitable traveling-dress for a lady of fifty. The "Cleanthe" basque and drapery illustrated in the March number would be appropriate designs. Black jet or crocheted buttons could be used, or small vegetable ivory buttons. The braid could be put on as in the illustration, or in plain rows. Gray mohair is probably what you require for a petticoat. Five or six yards, according to width, would be required, at about fifty cents a yard.

"INQUIRER."—Guimpe dresses are dresses made to wear over a guimpe, not dresses made with a yoke to simulate a guimpe. The simulated jacket is only a semi-circular piece put on in front of the sleeves, and can be added to any child's dress, whether intended to be worn with or without a guimpe.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—The heads of the principal nations of Europe are: Victoria I., Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India; Frederick III., King of Prussia, and Emperor of Germany; Alexander III., Emperor of Russia; Humbert I., King of Italy; Sadi-Carnot, President of France; Alfonso XIII., King of Spain; George I., King of Greece; and Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway.

"DELPHINE."—Your old-fashioned *glacé* silk can be utilized for an under dress for black lace. Black Chantilly flouncing is much used for skirts and draperies. The basque is better covered with lace than trimmed with lace, although a lace-trimmed basque could be worn. Eight or nine yards of lace will be required for an entire dress. Lace shawls are not much used. From eighteen to eighty dollars will buy a pretty silk wrap trimmed with jet. Jet-beaded open-work passementerie garniture is newer than beaded lace. Your last season's hat will not look old-fashioned just as it is; there is very little change in millinery shapes. A gray hat can be worn with a black dress. Lace-pins and ear-rings are worn, but all jewelry now worn is very unostentatious. A lady with very fair complexion, blue eyes and auburn hair, and very fleshy, could wear any shade of blue, black-and-white stripes, and black. The present style of draperies are becoming to most stout people. Avoid cross-wise draperies and sashes. Pillows and bolsters are still seen on modern beds. See article "Summer Draperies and Furnishings," in the May number, for information about window-curtains. Your diagonal silk-and-wool is not out of date, and could very well be made over. Your three-inch-wide black guipure lace could be used to trim a silk wrap, or a hat.

"ANXIOUS SISTER."—Each Congressional District and Territory—also the District of Columbia—is entitled to have one cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point, the cadet to be named by the Representative in Congress. The only way, therefore, to secure an appointment, is by application to the Representative for the district. Appointees must be between seventeen and twenty-two years of age, free from any infirmity, and able to pass a careful examination in reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and history of the United States. Write to the President of the Visiting Committee for the report which you desire.

"L. C."—The feather trimming like your sump would look pretty on your white wool graduating-dress, and a white beaded front would be a very dressy addition. White Swiss painted with water-lilies might do for accessories to a graduating dress,—skirt-front, vest, etc.,—but would hardly be suitable for the entire dress. See article on "Commencement Dresses" in the April number of the Magazine.

"P. L. S."—Écru pongee with front of écru lace would make a suitable "Clotilde" tea-gown to be worn by a lady forty years old. In the bean-bag game, the board is placed so that it presents an inclined plane to the players, that is leaning against the wall. Each player uses eleven bean-bags; they may be her own, or belong to the set. Goethe's romance "Wilhelm Meister" was translated by Thomas Carlyle. The work can be procured of Brentano, Publisher, Union Square, N. Y.

"L. M."—A neat commencement-dress for a tall, fleshy lady would be a white veiling made up after the "Commencement Dress" design given in the April number. See also the article in that number for suggestions about commencement-dresses.

"Mrs. L. K."—White cashmere of fine quality is the most suitable material for a baby's cloak. The embroidery should also be white, and the flowers used in the design, daisies or similar small flowers.

"S. L. C."—If your black crape shawl is the soft China crape, you ought to find it useful as it is, for a summer evening wrap when a light protection is required. Or you could cut it diagonally across, and make two pretty fichus out of it.

(Continued on page 610.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated **Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder**, and secure a beautiful **Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster's Dictionary.** For particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

HAIR ON THE LIPS, FACE, ARMS.

DR. DUVAL'S SUPERFLUOUS HAIR DESTROYER

Approved by Eminent Physicians. A French preparation, guaranteed harmless to the skin and free from poisonous drugs; highly perfumed; never fails to permanently remove the hair; put up in plain packets in the form of a sealed letter. Price, \$1.00 per packet. Sold by Druggists. We will send it by mail on receipt of price.

WILLIAMSON & CO., 71 Park Place, New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LADIES. Send and get prices and samples of beautiful yarns for Rugs Free. We keep patterns and designs of all descriptions. Address, **AUTOMATIC RUG MACHINE CO., Morenci, Mich.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR MY STORY OF THE WAR

By Mary A. Livermore

Her own narrative of "Four Years' Personal Experience as Field and Hospital Nurse." It portrays the Womanly or "Heavenly" side of the War, its Lights and Shadows "as a woman saw them." Bright, Pure, and Good, full of "laughter and tears," of thrilling interest and touching pathos, it sells at sight to all. Splendid Steel-Plates, and famous old **Battle-Flags** richly colored in exact fac-simile. The "booming" book for Men and Women Agents. \$1.00 to \$2.00 a month made. Distance no hindrance, for we pay Freight and give Extra Terms. Write for circulars to **A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

SENSIBLE WOMEN BUY for themselves and their growing daughters

GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS

BEAUTIFULLY MADE. BEST MATERIALS. FERRIS' PATENT BUTTONS—won't pull off. Thousands now in use by Ladies, Misses and Children. Every one recommends them. Sold by LEADING RETAILERS everywhere. Send for descriptive circular. **FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers, 341 Broadway, New York.** **MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO, ILL., WHOLESALE WESTERN AGENTS.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BIRCH'S WILLWIND KEY ANYWATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT.

SOLD by Jewelers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 184 Lewis Street, N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FREE By return mail. Full Description **Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting.** **MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

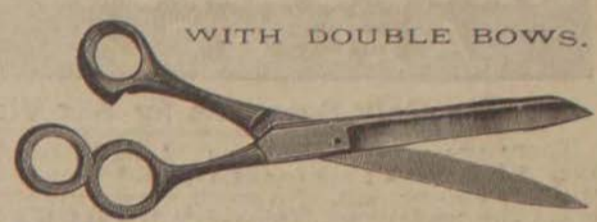
50 Large, Beautiful Scrap Pictures, 12 Elegant Chromos, and 6 Colored Pictures, 10c. **M. C. BURKEL, 479 Nelson Ave., Jersey City, N. J.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

CEDAR CHESTS

KEEP MOTHS, DUST, AND DAMP FROM CLOTHING. ASK FOR CIRCULAR **TERRY SHOW CASE CO., NASHVILLE, TENN.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

SUPERIOR PATENT SCISSORS

WITH DOUBLE BOWS.



6 inches, 40 cents. Post free.

W. Jennings Demorest,

15 East 14th St., N. Y.

WANTED Ladies and Misses to do Crochet Work at home, city or country, steady work. **WESTERN LACE MFG. CO., 218 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PEACE AND COMFORT FOR TENDER FEET.

To lady sufferers—No Breaking in. Fine, soft, undressed **Kid Seamless Shoes.** Fit like a glove. Buttons. \$3.00; Lace, \$2.50; Spring Sides, \$2.00. Sent, postage free, to any address on receipt of price. Also enclose the number of length and letter of width stamped on lining of your old shoe. Fully appreciated by martyrs with bunions, corns, or invalid feet at Sight. **F. PESHINE, 1083 Broad St., Newark, N. J.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

For date when this coupon will become worthless, see other side.

Run a pen or pencil through the name and size of pattern desired. Example: 1. ~~Albertine Basque, 34, 36, 38, 40~~ Bust Measure. Or if pattern desired be not in this number, see directions on other side.

COUPON ORDER

Name, _____

Street and Number, _____

Post-Office, _____

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1. Carmen Basque.	34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust Measure.
2. Alida Basque.	34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust Measure.
3. Griselda Waist.	34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust Measure.
4. Bianca Mantelet.	Medium and Large Sizes.
5. Carmen Drapery.	Medium Size.
6. Lady's Kilt-Plaited Skirt.	Medium Size.
7. Plain Gored Skirt.	23 Waist, 39 Front. 25 Waist, 40 Front. 27 Waist, 41 Front.
8. Ebba Dress.	8, 10, and 12 years.
9. Ailsa Dress.	4, 6, and 8 years.
10. Lula Jacket.	4, 6, 8, and 10 years.
11. Alvina House Jacket.	34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust Measure.
12. Albertine Drapery.	Medium Size.
13. Manhattan Bathing Suit.	Medium and Large Sizes.
14. Nano Costume.	6, 8, and 10 years.
15. Rover Bathing Suit.	6, 8, and 10 years.

We do not SELL patterns of the designs published in the Fashion Department of our Magazine. They are given only as premiums to subscribers and purchasers. Another Magazine may be bought if an extra pattern be desired, or a coupon from last month's Magazine, or one from a future number may be used, if sent before the date printed on its back.

Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" 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.

The Washington Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., PRESIDENT.

ASSETS, \$9,000,000.

The Combination Policy of the Washington combines Protection for a Term of Years, the Savings of an Endowment, and Permanent Insurance for Life.

Say the amount of the policy is \$30,000. During 20 years the holder is insured for \$30,000. At close of period he receives \$30,000, cash, together with all accumulated and unused dividends; also a paid up life policy for \$15,000.

The policies of The Washington are incontestable, with privileges of residence and travel unrestricted. Address,

E. S. FRENCH, Supt. Agencies, 21 Courtlandt St.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

MACLEA'S SILK FINISHED ALL WOOL HENRIETTAS.

The Only Substitute for Silk Warp Henriettas, at One-Half the Cost.

There are many imitations of MACLEA'S Henriettas represented to be just as good—they **ARE NOT**; ask for MACLEA'S and insist on getting them. Maclea's All-Wool Henriettas will not slip or pull. No goods are genuine which are not rolled upon a mahogany board, which bears the trade-mark, Déposé "MAHOGANY" Patent. R. B. MACLEA & CO.

Maclea's pure "Australian Wool" dress fabrics are superior to all others. For sale by Lord & Taylor and LeBoutillier Bros., Broadway and 14th St., N. Y.; Newcomb, Endicott & Co., Detroit, Mich.; Carson, Pirie & Co., Chicago; Jos. Horne & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Fred. Loeser & Co., Brooklyn; T. A. Chapman & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.; E. I. Baldwin Hatch & Co., Cleveland, Ohio; John G. Myers, Albany, N. Y.; H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati, Ohio. Write for samples.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

VELUTINA

The only fabric successfully used to take the place of Silk Velvet. It embodies all known improvements and supersedes every Velveteen. Comes in the leading shades and in three qualities. "VELUTINA, WEAR GUARANTEED," stamped on Selvage. To be had of all first-class dealers. Trade only supplied by N. ERLANGER & CO., Sole Agents, 453 and 455 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

CARRICK'S SOLUBLE FOOD

Perfectly nourishes the child from birth, without the addition of cow's milk, and digests as easily as human milk. Send for "Our Baby's First and Second Years," by Marion Harland. REED & CARRICK, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.
The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 604,
351, 170, and his other styles,
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Before August 15th, 1888.

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REMEMBER

TO Send Two Cents in Postage Stamps for each Coupon Order.
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Remember that this coupon cannot be used after August 15th, 1888.

[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

(Continued from page 608).

"Mrs. H. F."—In framing pictures at home, some reference to their subject may be suggested in the frame, which will give great scope for taste and ingenuity. Tea-chest matting and basket matting can be used for picture mats, and may be either silvered or gilded with good effect. Plush and velvet mats are also good reliefs to certain pictures, and a band of colored plush outside a gilt or silvered mat of matting makes a very effective frame for landscape scenes in color. Photographs and engravings of women in modern dress may be framed in handsome dress materials, arranged like a sash-curtain over a light wooden frame. Plain wood frames, gilt or silvered, are suitable for any class of subjects, and Japanese metal ornaments may be added with very rich effect. Stamped velvets and velveteens drawn over card-board also make beautiful frame-coverings. Rejected MSS. will be returned if postage is inclosed for that purpose.

"TEXAS."—Get moire Française in a good quality to combine with your blue-black silk velvet. A skirt of black moire with a broad band of jetted open-work passementerie would be very stylish with a long, plain velvet polonaise.

"Mrs. S. A. C."—You will not be able to bleach a felt hat satisfactorily. A page or prince's fancy costume for a boy of fifteen would be black or mulberry-colored velvet or velveteen knee-breeches and Spanish jacket, trimmed with gold or silver lace; white lawn shirt with lace ruffles; black or white silk stockings, and pumps. The hair should be arranged in curls, or a wig of black ringlets worn. The costume may be called that of a page, or, if very handsome, young King Charles of Spain.

"E. D. J."—Llama lace is not as fashionable as it formerly was, but doubtless can be obtained. The new Chantilly laces resemble the finer qualities of llama lace so closely that they can be put with lace like your shawl and parasol cover. Your green silk could be draped with such lace and not be too youthful; yet black silk under lace would be more elegant. Any of the firms we give credit to in our Fashion Department can supply the lace you require.

"INFANTA."—An answer to your query concerning the tariff will be found in the reply to Mrs. Esther L. C.

"F. E. K."—Your book, the "Conquest of Caanan," a poem by Timothy Dwight, which is over a hundred years old, could only be valued by some antiquarian or librarian who is acquainted with the number of copies extant. The librarian of the Astor Library, New York, might be able to give you some idea of its value; not, however, without seeing the book.

"Mrs. S."—It would be in better taste for a lady of forty, with gray hairs and wrinkles beginning to show, to wear a bonnet instead of a hat, except a shade or garden hat for country wear. Printed chally is suitable for a lady of any age to wear. Fichus, neck ribbons and collarettes are worn to brighten up the home costume, but seldom with street dress or very ceremonious toilets. There were no samples inclosed in your letter.

"JANE."—Mr. C. H. Spurgeon belonged to the pendent Baptists, but quitted the Baptist Union by of certain doctrinal differences; there has compromise, however, by which Mr. Spurgeon a member of the Union, or resumes his membership.

"MISS ANNIE S."—We have no Purchasing and cannot furnish samples, or prices of goods except approximately.

"E. McG."—Écru window shades throughout are the best with all kinds of curtains, and are needed even with shutters. For hall-windows a latticed transom with Oriental silk curtains. Square pillows with cases of linen finished with drawn-work are most used, for best bed-rooms.

"MAY B."—Your own idea, to make your skirt of cream satin, and draperies and basque of cream-colored albatross, with vest, collar and cuffs of satin, is in accordance with the latest style. See the Fashion Department for further suggestions.

"J. H. B."—To turn your shallow wall-closet into a book-case, you could substitute glass doors for those now in use. Both doors could be made in one with an additional molding for the casing, as the wood-work extends all around the closet, and this would give more room for the books. Stain the wood-work mahogany or cherry. Paint the door-casings cream white, or ochre where doors are grained to imitate oak.

"Kl."—Light gray all-wool Henrietta will drape nicely, and is not an expensive material. A medium quality of Chantilly lace for dresses can be had at about \$3.00 per yard. Eight or nine yards is the usual dress pattern. Black lace draped over white surah could be worn to church in the summer-time, and to pay formal calls in a carriage; but over black silk it is much more serviceable, and all black is better for street wear.

"Mrs. S. G. S."—See advertisement of Warner Bros., on page 204 of January Magazine, for information about camel's-hair underwear.