

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

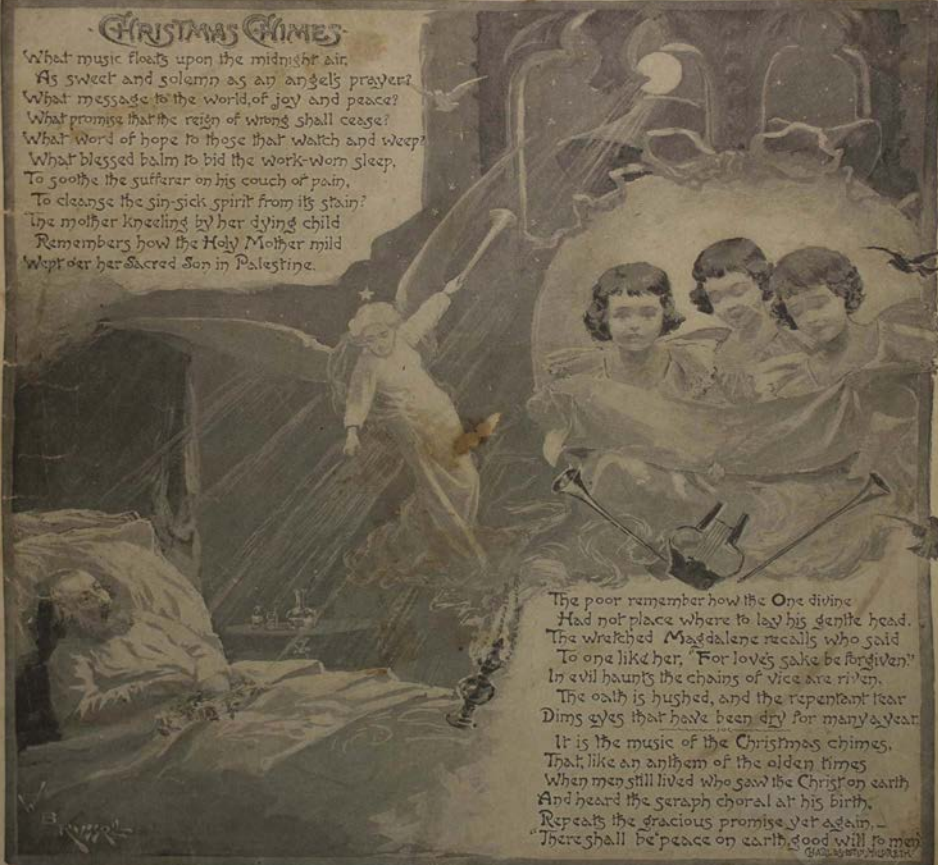
No. CCCLXXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1894.

Vol. XXXI., No. 2.

## CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

What music floats upon the midnight air,  
As sweet and solemn as an angel's prayer,  
What message to the world of joy and peace?  
What promise that the reign of wrong shall cease?  
What word of hope to those that wail and weep?  
What blessed balm to bid the work-worn sleep,  
To soothe the sufferer on his couch of pain,  
To cleanse the sin-sick spirit from its stain?  
The mother kneeling by her dying child  
Remembers how the Holy Mother mild  
Wept o'er her sacred Son in Palestine.



The poor remember how the One divine  
Had not place where to lay his gentle head.  
The wretched Magdalene recalls who sold  
To one like her, "For love's sake be forgiven!"  
In evil haunts the chains of vice are riv'n.  
The oath is hush'd, and the repentant tear  
Dims eyes that have been dry for many a year.

It is the music of the Christmas chimes,  
That, like an anthem of the olden times  
When men still lived who saw the Christ on earth  
And heard the seraph choral at his birth,  
Repeats the gracious promise yet again —  
"There shall be peace on earth, good will to men."

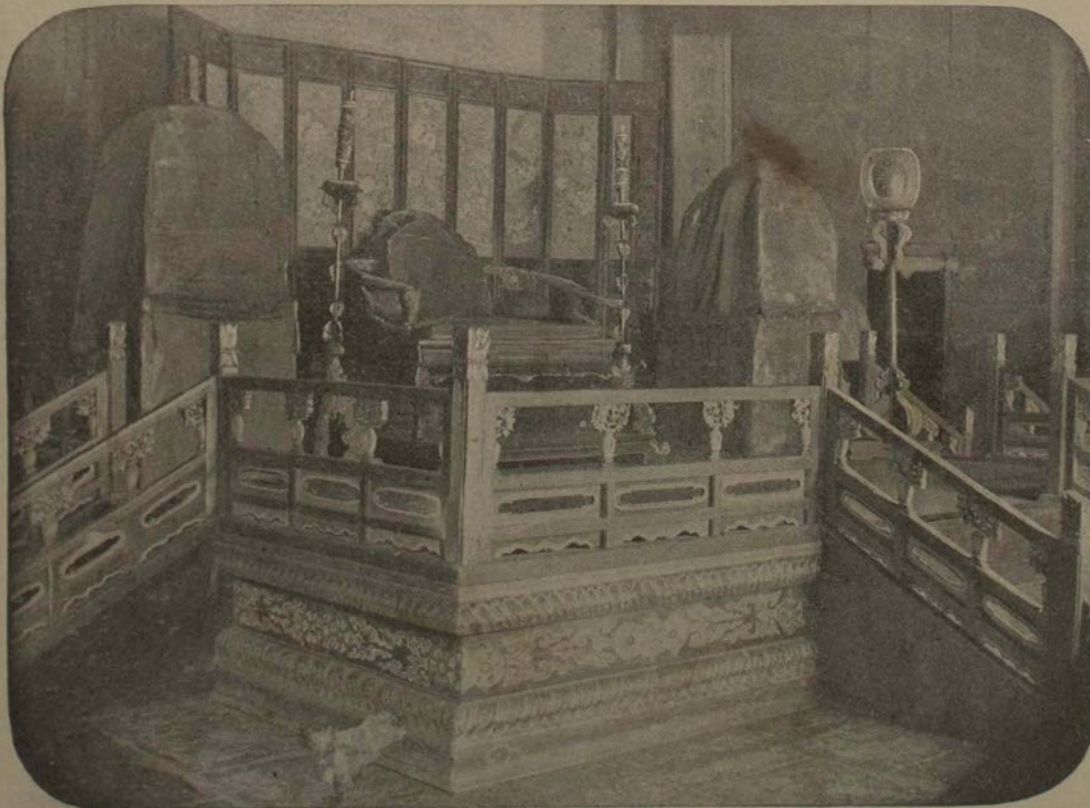
## THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA.\*

THE war between China and Japan has prevented the celebration of what would have been, perhaps, the most expensive anniversary birthday of history, that of the Empress Dowager of China, her sixtieth birthday falling on November 27, 1894. China had already collected millions of dollars to be spent in honor of this occasion, when Japan declared war, and the patriotic woman asked that the money be used instead for China's defense. Just how much the sum was no one but the emperor knows; but his estimate, made two years ago, was that the cost ought not to be less than ten million taels. During my visit to Peking last spring it was generally thought that an amount equal to twenty million American dollars would be spent in this way.

The whole empire was to give itself up to rejoicing. Punishments were to be remitted in all of the States, and degraded officials were to be restored to high rank. Free theatrical performances were to be given in Peking for more than six weeks, and on the empress dowager's birthday there was to be a triumphal procession including all the great men of the empire. This procession was to have traveled from Eho Park, one of the imperial residences outside of the city, to Peking, a distance of ten miles. The line of march had been divided into sections of one hundred yards each, and these sections given to the biggest officials all over China for decoration. Each high mandarin had a section of his own, and he was expected to trim this with the costliest of silks and satins and jade. The imperial looms worked for months making new silk, and more than a million pieces of ancient satin had been collected for such ornamentation. Along the route there were to be eighty-four triumphal arches, nine museums, fourteen theatrical stages, and more than a score of platforms for the worship of the gods of longevity. The shops and houses along the route were to be repaired, and the vast city of Peking, including the Forbidden City, in which the emperor lives, was to be festooned and trimmed with fresh satin of the most gorgeous colors.



LI HUNG CHANG.



VIEW IN AUDIENCE HALL OF IMPERIAL PALACE.

Subscriptions had been collected for this event from all the great men of the empire. Many of the viceroys gave small fortunes toward it, and Sir Robert Hart, the English official who has charge of the foreign customs of China, contributed ten thousand taels. Even the regular expenses of the government were cut down, and the appropriation set aside for the building of the new Imperial Railroad was reduced one million dollars in order to make it more splendid.

And all this was done in China to honor a woman whose name is hardly known in America! It will surprise many to learn that the great Celestial Empire has, for the past thirty years, been practically ruled by this woman; and more, to know that she is the power behind the throne which manages the affairs of China to-day. Her name is Tzi Hsi An, or, as she might be better

called, the Empress Dowager An. She was the secondary wife of Hien Fung, who was the Emperor of China when it had its last war with Great Britain, and who died at about the time that our Civil War began. Hien Fung had one son, Tung Chih, a boy of five years, who was, nominally, the emperor after his death. The government was administered, however, by his two imperial widows, the Empress Tung Kung, who was his first wife, and his secondary consort, the Empress Dowager An.

I judge that Madam Tung Kung had by no means the force of the empress dowager. She was ill during the latter part of her life, and she died about twelve years ago. There was great excitement



THE WALL OF PEKING.



MAIN STREET OF THE TARTAR CITY

in Peking at the time, and the most noted doctors of China were called to the court. Their medicines availed nothing, and they visited Dr. Dudgeon, an eminent Scottish practi-

etiquette, but she is independent in action and thought, and her position is such that she can do as she pleases.

It is through one of the highest officials of China that I am able to give you a description of how this great woman looks. There is no photograph of her in existence, and only the highest of the Chinese nobility have ever seen her. She has had audiences day after day with the greatest men of the government, but she receives them behind a gauze screen; and upon such occasions all of her callers have to get down on their knees and bump their heads on the floor in front of this screen. They remain on their knees during the audience; and it is the current gossip of Peking that some of the highest officials have the knees of their trousers cushioned to save their flesh when so kneeling. Even Li Hung Chang, great as he is, has to "kow-tow" to this screen whenever he visits Peking.

It is impossible for an American to conceive the sacredness and the awful divinity which hedges the empress dowager, the emperor, and all of his court. They live, you know, in the very center of the Tartar city of Peking. Peking is surrounded by a wall forty feet thick and fifty feet

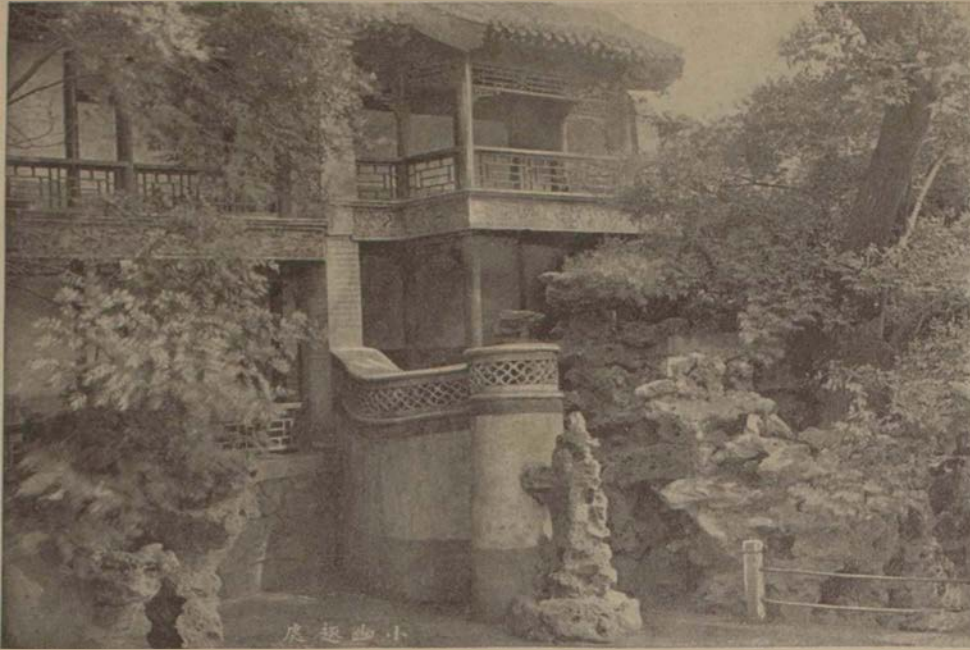
tioner of Peking, and asked him for medicine and advice. The doctor replied that he could not risk advice secondhand, and if the empress really wanted his services she must allow him to go into the palace. This, however, would have been entirely contrary to Chinese imperial etiquette, and the result

was that Lady Tung Kung died, and the Empress Dowager An became supreme by the law, as she had been for some time in fact. A curious story about the last sickness of Lady Tung Kung gives some insight into the practice of medicine by the Chinese. Their doctors believe that there is no milk so good as that which comes from the breast of a human mother. The empress could drink nothing else, and I was told that it took sixty wet-nurses to keep her alive.

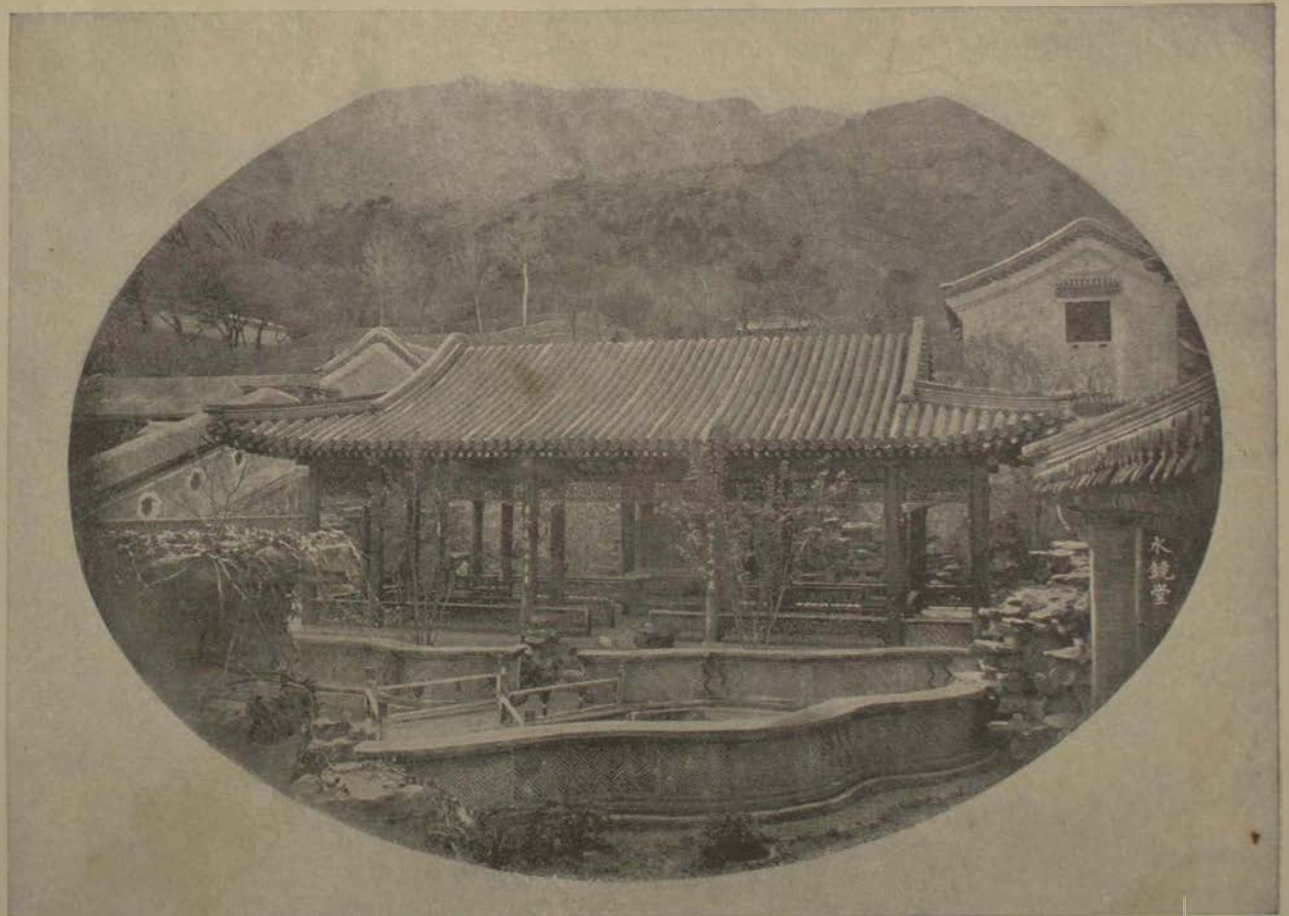
The Empress Dowager An is said to be the personification of physical strength. She has been fond of sports all her life, and it

is said in Peking that she practices archery inside the walls of the Forbidden City, and that she has taken lessons in boxing from one of her eunuchs. This is contrary to Chinese

high. It covers an area of twenty-seven square miles, and is made up of two cities; the Tartar, or Manchu, City, in which the government offices are located, and the Chinese City, where all the mercantile business is done. Inside the Tartar City there is another inclosure surrounded by a yel-



WITHIN THE FORBIDDEN CITY.



SUMMER-HOUSE BELONGING TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKING.

low-tiled wall more than two miles in extent and many feet high. This is the forbidden city. Around it runs a wide moat, and at its gates are officers in uniform who keep

out the rabble. Inside this wall are the palaces of the royal family of China. They cover many acres, and as you walk about the walls of the city you see their curved roofs of bright yellow tiles glistening like gold under the bright sun of North China. They are surrounded by trees, and there are lakes and fountains and all sorts of gardens. There are streams crossed by bridges of marble, and the ordinary Chinese believe that the buildings in which the empress dowager lives are walled with precious jewels, and that Her Majesty walks on pavements of gold.

Yellow is the imperial color of China, and Her Majesty's foot is too holy to step upon ground of any other hue. When she goes outside of the palace the streets through which her procession is to pass are covered with yellow clay; and during my stay in Peking I saw a hundred half-naked Chinese coolies pushing wheelbarrows full of this dirt through the frosty, wintry air, and spreading it over the great avenue of the big Tartar City, which is two hundred feet wide, and which cuts the capital into two almost equal parts. The empress dowager, I was told, was to have an outing on the following day, and these miles of black streets were being made yellow for her royal march. Here and there the shops of squatters were being torn down, hundreds of men were at work hanging up matting in front of the houses along the whole way, and sheets of navy blue cotton were stretched across the side streets. This was to prevent any human eye outside of those of the court from seeing the empress dowager; and our minister to Peking had been given notice that foreigners must not appear on the street while the imperial procession was passing. I was told that Her Majesty would be accompanied by bowmen, and



A NOBLE MANCHU WOMAN AND HER DAUGHTER.

warned that the man who peeped round the corner might have his eyes closed by their arrows.

There are, in fact, only one or two occasions on which the empress dowager can be seen; and one of these is when she goes in state with the emperor to worship at the imperial tombs outside of Peking. It was at this time that my Chinese friend saw her. She was taking a trip of eighty miles from Peking, and the journey lasted six days. The road all the way was covered with this yellow earth well stamped down. It was lighted by lanterns, and there were many stations erected for resting-places. During her trip she saw everybody, and she received petitions from the poorest of her people. These knelt by the roadside and handed their papers to the royal officials as the procession went by.

The empress dowager, as this Chinese mandarin describes her, is very fine-looking. She is well formed and dignified, and she has an imperial look. She is quite tall, and she sits up as straight as a poker as she rides along in her chair. Her features are those of a Tartar, the cheekbones being high, much like those of our Indians. Her face is long and narrow, and she has fully three inches of forehead. Her eyebrows are pulled out so that they form the willow-leaf arch, which is the most beautiful curve to the artistic Chinese, and her eyes are bright, black, and piercing. Notwithstanding she is threescore years old, her hair is still black, and she combs it after the style of the high Tartar ladies, over a bar a foot long at the back of her head, so that it stands out for six inches on each side. Her complexion is yellow, verging on the bloom of a ripe Jersey peach, but it is usually overlaid with rouge and paste. I understand that she is very vain of her looks. She primps and powders and uses every art to detract from her age. She dresses in silks, and her shoes are of satin with heavy wooden soles. It will surprise you that this greatest woman of China has feet of the average size. She wears, I venture, a number four shoe. There are no squeezed feet in the emperor's palaces; and Manchu women, who are the noblest ladies in China today, do not compress their feet.



A NOBLE MANCHU WOMAN IN GALA DRESS.



A WOMAN OF THE PALACE.  
By a Chinese Artist.

The Manchus have ruled China for centuries, and the wives of His Majesty must be taken from the noble Tartar families of the empire. This was the case when the empress dowager, now nearly half a century ago, was picked out as the secondary wife of Hien Fung; and it was also the case when the wives of the present emperor were chosen.

This was about six years ago, and I happened to be in Peking at the time. The empress dowager made the selection, and during my stay there came to Peking hundreds of Manchu maidens, from all parts of the empire, to undergo this woman's inspection. The laws provide that upon such occasions all of the fair Tartar girls between twelve and eighteen years shall be sent to Peking. They were conveyed in carts from their homes to the palace, and their delicate frames were jolted like jelly through the ruts of the Peking streets on these springless, heavy, box-like vehicles. Each girl was dressed in all the extravagance of Chinese costume, and the maidens from the northern parts of the empire, near the Great Wall, had cheeks like roses, and some were quite fair enough to stir the blood of the coldest Caucasian.

Most of the carts came into the city at night. The girls were ferried across the little lake of the palace at two in the morning, and they were received by Her Majesty in groups of four or five, just about sunrise. Each girl carried a tablet bearing her name and age, and these were handed to the empress dowager, who questioned the young ladies and passed upon their beauty. The great majority were discarded at this first inspection.

Each of the unsuccessful candidates was given a piece of silver in the shape of a shoe, which was worth not more than a dollar. The remainder were asked to come again within a few days. At their second visit a closer examination was made, and there was a further weeding-out of the least beautiful of the maidens. These examinations continued until the thousands dropped down to hundreds, the hundreds to scores, and the scores to fifteen. The last fifteen were put into training, and, after long testing, from them the three wives of the emperor were taken. The eldest of these was about eighteen, and she became empress. The other two are sisters, and were aged respectively thirteen and fif-

teen years. They are known as the secondary wives of the emperor, and they hold the same position that the empress dowager had in the harem of the Emperor Hien Fung.

The marriage of the emperor took place in 1889, and the empress dowager presided over the occasion. The wedding is said to have cost about ten million dollars, and there were two pavilions built in the palace to contain the empress's wedding-dresses. I have before me a list of the robes the bride wore upon this occasion. She had on a silk headdress

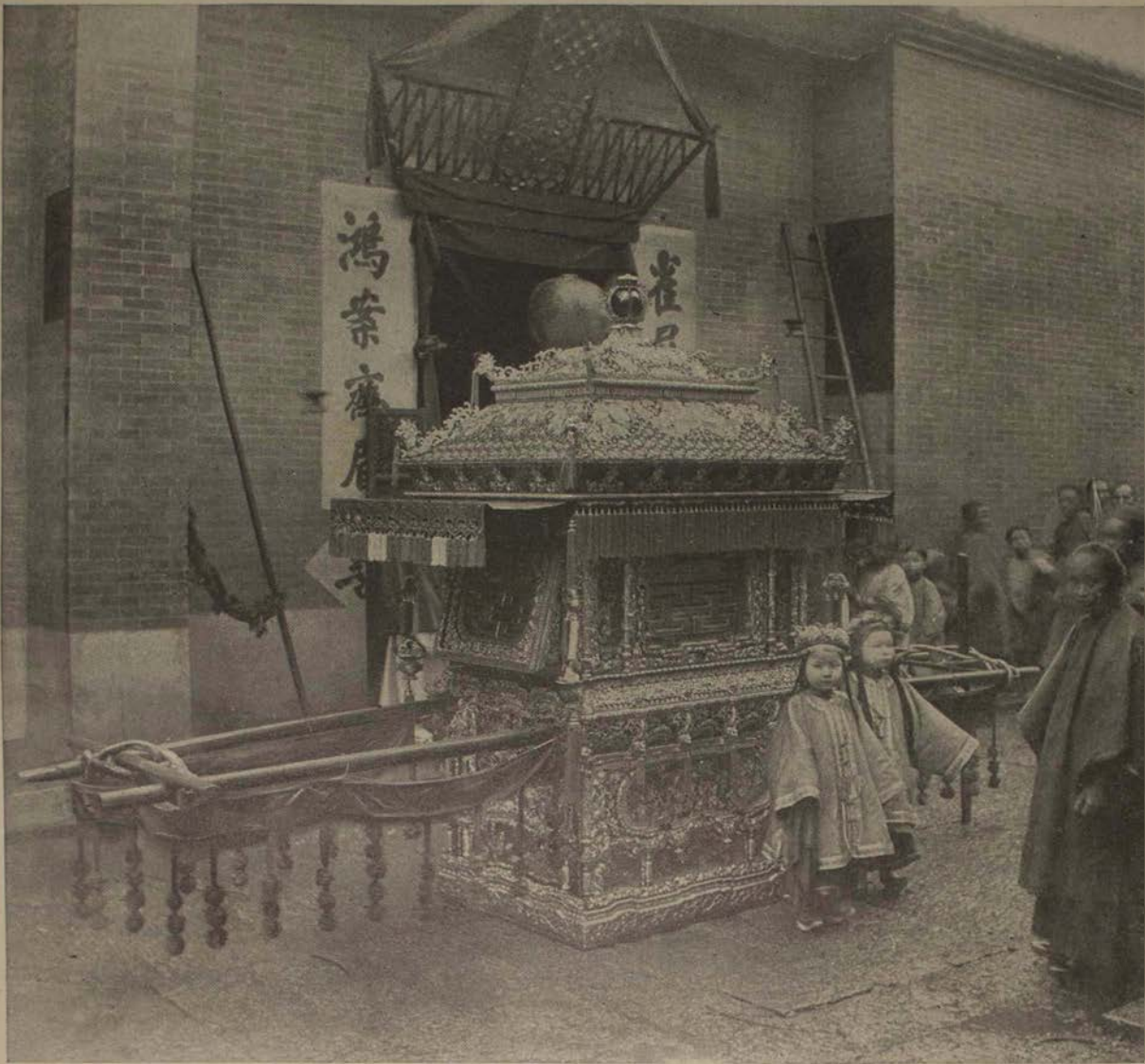
of red, which was decorated with pearls, amethysts, rubies, carnelians, coral, and blue feathers. Her person was covered with an embroidered court-robe decorated with pearls and fastened with diamond buttons. About her neck were two strings of coral beads, and in her ears were jewels. She carried a folded handkerchief, and she rode to the emperor's palace in a gorgeous sedan-chair, somewhat like the bridal-chair illustrated herewith. She was accompanied by eunuchs, and eight eunuchs carried the chair. After entering the palace grounds the chair was carried over a brazier of live coals. Two of the imperial



A CHINESE BEAUTY.



A CHINESE CART.



A HIGH-CLASS BRIDAL-CHAIR.

think, good luck and long life.

The eunuchs of the palace are among the most influential men of China. There are three thousand of them, and they are divided up into forty-eight different departments, embracing every branch of household and official service. Some of them wait on the emperor, and some have charge of the imperial harem. Eighteen of them are priests, and a large number attend to the wishes of the empress dowager.

The eunuchs of ordinary rank receive only small salaries, ranging from two to twelve dollars a month; but most of them have opportunities of making money out of commissions from supplies furnished the palace, and some, through official favor, grow quite wealthy. This is

princesses helped her in and out of the chair, and as she got out she was given an apple, a golden scepter, and a bottle containing pearls and gold coins. The emperor, who was dressed in full court costume, stood on the threshold of the palace, and as the future empress got out he took off her veil.

The two were then led to the bridal chamber, and the emperor took his seat on the left side of the bed, while the bride sat on the right, with their faces turned toward each other. The princesses then requested the imperial couple to drink together. They ate a dish of what the Chinese call "The Pudding of Sons and Grandsons," and drank together some wedding-soup which is dignified by the name of "The Broth of Long Life." This practically constituted the marriage ceremony, though a marriage contract was signed.

Some idea of how the bride was dressed may be gathered from the illustration showing the daughter of the great Marquis Tseng and her husband, which was taken at the time of their marriage. The couple are dressed in their wedding clothes, and behind them, in gold, are the Chinese characters which typify, I



MARQUIS TSENG'S DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND, IN THEIR WEDDING CLOTHES.

especially so with the favorites of the empress dowager ; and there is probably no man in China who has more power than her chief eunuch, whose name is Pi Tsiaw Li. He is now between thirty and forty years old, and he was the son of a shoemaker who lived in the little city of Tungchow, about fourteen miles from Peking. He came into the palace at fourteen, and in some way attracted the notice of the empress dowager. She had him wait upon her, and he dressed her hair to such purpose that he is now said to be a very rich man. His father has been able to give up the shoe business, and has become a noted official.



PI TSIAW LI, THE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S CHIEF EUNUCH.

Pi Tsiaw Li is said to do a big business as an office-broker ; and during my stay in China this year a new *tautoi*—a sort of mayor—of Shanghai was appointed. The appointment was made from Peking through Pi Tsiaw Li, and it was currently reported that he received for the office three hundred thousand dollars from the appointee. The position is worth a quarter of a million dollars a year, and the man who paid this vast amount will probably hold it for three or four years. It is said that the new *tautoi* was comparatively poor, and that he borrowed most of the money which he gave to this eunuch. After he has been *tautoi* for some time he probably be made governor of one of the provinces, and he may, through the same influence, eventually become a viceroy. The empress dowager could certainly make him such if she chose ; but whether she receives any of such moneys or not, I am not able to say. The buying and selling of offices is common all over China, and the corruption of the officials extends even to the foot of the throne.

The influence of the eunuchs is well known in Peking, and it is by no means safe to anger them. During my last visit there, one of the empress dowager's servants became enraged because a wealthy Chinaman, who lived just outside the walls of the Imperial City, had sent up a skyrocket, the shaft of which happened to fall in his yard. He concluded to be revenged ; and taking the empress dowager to the top of her palace, he showed her the man's residence and persuaded her that she ought to have it for a certain purpose. As the emperor is supposed to own all China, a notice was sent to the Chinaman that he must immediately raise an enormous sum of money or his palace would be confiscated by the throne. He could not do this, and in despair he hung himself in his house.

The eunuchs systematically steal from the imperial household, and you can buy second-hand in Peking the finest of silks and embroideries for little more than a song. The eunuchs sell them to peddlers, and you know they come

頭品頂戴江蘇巡撫臣瀚榮光跪  
 奏為審明已革守備  
 毆斃人命按例定擬恭摺具陳仰祈  
 聖鑒事竊據六  
 合縣驗報儘先守備王九即王兆熊毆傷  
 案先經督臣左宗棠將王兆熊等附片  
 奏參革職奉  
 旨着照所請該部知道欽此欽遵轉行飭府親提訊辦去  
 茲據署江甯府知府宜森審明擬議由臬司許應鑠審  
 轉刑候勘 奏前來 臣親提研鞫緣王九即王兆熊周五



from the palace by the five-clawed dragon, the emperor's coat-of-arms, which is marked upon them, and which is supposed to be used by no one outside of the imperial family. The emperor has looms of his own, and the empress dowager has a better selection of dress goods than any empress of Europe. The satin comes into the Forbidden City by cart-loads; and during one year the imperial orders included six hundred handkerchiefs, three hundred and seventy-five rolls of satin, three thousand pieces of silk, and four thousand rolls of silk gauze. The emperor has porcelain factories which make the finest china, and he is supplied with the best of everything that his empire produces.

The royal family of China do all their business at night. The palaces are lighted by electricity, and the empress dowager probably gets out of bed just after midnight. The emperor receives his cabinet at one o'clock in the morning; and I venture she still has her seat behind the gauze screen when the high officials kneel before him and present their reports. The chief business of the whole empire is done between one o'clock A.M. and daybreak, and reports are presented from all parts of China. Each of these is disposed of by a mark with a red pencil, which indicates what board must take charge of it, and sometimes exact directions are given as to its disposal. These reports are afterwards handed over to scribes, and from them is made up the "Peking Gazette," which may be called the official organ of China, and which is said to be the oldest newspaper of the world. It has been published almost daily for eight hundred years. The first copies are written, and these bring a price of one hundred dollars a year. Private printing firms republish them. They are carried all over China by couriers, and the cheaper editions cost one cent apiece.

The "Peking Gazette" looks much like a cheap patent-medicine circular, and it usually contains sixteen pages, each as big as the ordinary official envelope. The lines run up and down the page instead of across it, as with us, and the beginning of the reading matter is at the back instead of the front. It contains but little interesting reading, and you could fill five hundred Peking Gazettes with the matter

in one issue of Demorest's Magazine, and there is five hundred times as much real information in one "Demorest" as there is in five hundred Peking Gazettes. The reports of the emperor's marriage comprised but a few pages, and the real stories of the doings of the court are not found within it. It contains no advertisements, no editorials, and no social gossip; and if the emperor and the empress dowager have any quarrels, the reports of them never creep into its columns.

The emperor is not the son, but merely the nephew of the empress dowager. His name is Kwang Hsu.

He is the son of Prince Chun, the seventh brother of Hien Fung, and upon the death of Tung Chih, his uncle Prince Kung, the empress dowager, and a council of princes selected Kwang Hsu heir to the throne. The empress dowager has been to him, however, more like a mother than an aunt; and she has had the entire control of his character, and has directed his education. His own parents had little to do with him, and his father had to go out of the government service as soon as the boy was married and nominally assumed the reins of government, as the Chinese ideas of filial respect are not consistent with the abject obeisance he would have had to pay to his



PRINCE CHUN. THE FATHER OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

son when he appeared before him as an official.

As soon as the empress dowager was married the empress dowager sent out notices that she would have nothing more to do with the government; but it is generally understood that she still regulates everything, and the advances which China has made during the past generation may be to a large extent ascribed to her influence. During her reign a fine navy has been created, and the army has been greatly improved. There are eight thousand miles of electric wire now connecting her palaces with all parts of the empire, and there are shipyards and gunworks at Foochow, Shanghai, Tien-tsin, and Nanking. Cotton mills are being built in some of the great cities, and I saw one containing one thousand modern looms at Hankow, seven hundred miles back from the sea-coast.

The empress dowager has the art of drawing good men about her. She has always placed the greatest confidence in

Li Hung Chang. Her attention was attracted to him during the Taiping rebellion. This cost China ten millions of lives, and it was put down by Li Hung Chang, who was made commander-in-chief of the imperial forces, and with the aid of Chinese Gordon showed that the Celestial forces would fight if they were properly led. This rebellion occurred when Tung Chih, the last boy emperor, was still on the throne. He was never more than a figure-head, and he seems to have been weaker than the present ruler of China. He died at seventeen, shortly after his marriage, and the present emperor is not yet twenty-four years of age.

Now China is in the midst of another great war, and the empress dowager has taken her part in the fight with Japan. She has shown her love for her country in giving to it the immense sum which had been collected to be spent in her honor, and in other ways has done what she could to help the cause of her people. Whatever be the ultimate result of the struggle, when its true history comes to be written her name will stand out bright on the dark pages of China's disgraces and failures.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## ALWAYS WITH US.

### THE STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.

**I**N New York—and the same is true of all large cities—there are districts as little known to the well-to-do, respectable citizen, as the interior of Africa. How many residents of the north and west sides of the metropolis are aware, or more than vaguely suspect, that within a few minutes' walk of their comfortable, it may be, palatial, homes, are enormous hives of six or seven stories, packed together in long rows, a majority of whose dwellers rarely obtain a full meal, even of the coarsest food, who never taste meat, and to whom a sufficiency of dry bread, with an onion or a scrap of cheese, is a feast?

Here live the makers of cheap clothing,—rough trousers, workmen's overalls, jumpers, shirts, and coarse underclothing,—artificial-flower makers, and others engaged in kindred occupations. A dollar for a day of fourteen hours is excellent pay for the father of a family. Women and growing girls toil from dawn to bedtime for thirty or forty cents. Everybody here is working for bare life, every moment, at everything from which a penny may be earned. Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" tells us, "The poor in a loomp is bad;" and that, "Them as taäkes their reg'lar meals" are not "them as steals." The truth is that among these very poor people there are but few criminals in proportion to their numbers. They toil for a pittance, and very frequently they starve; sometimes, but not often, they beg; but very rarely do they steal.

"The really poor working-people," said a police authority connected with the precinct which includes the habitations of the most utterly destitute population of the city, "never give us trouble. They are too hard up to drink; they are afraid to quarrel; and if they

happen to be out late at night for any purpose, they get home as quickly and quietly as they can, for they know they must be up and at work at five o'clock in the morning, or the children will go hungry."

Still, alas! these wretched districts are crowded with low drinking-dens, where the miserable, hopeless toiler, the worthless loafer supported by the needle of his wife, the woman unsexed by suffering, the youth stunted by want in his period of adolescence, gather to find poisonous pleasure at the price of scant clothing and detestable food. In these hells of tawdry glare and vulgar ornament, that portion of the poor who have given over the wish to remain within the province of decency spend their few hard-earned pence. In vitriolic exaltation and stupid somnolence, they forget, for a time, the horror of actual existence. In more than one instance the explorer of this *terra incognita* finds the ragged father and the scarce-clad mother heaped together in bloated sleep upon the single filthy couch.



OUTSIDE THE BAREFOOT MISSION. CHRISTMAS DAY.



CHRISTMAS AT THE BAREFOOT MISSION.

while their offspring cluster together upon the bare boards of the floor, sobbing feebly for want of the meanest sustenance.

Charity has an ugly sound in the ears of many who most sorely need a helping hand. This class is very difficult to reach. A family which has once been in comfortable circumstances will oftentimes undergo the extremity of suffering rather than make their situation known and become pensioners upon the bounty of others. They resent the intrusion of strangers, and thus, too frequently, the most deserving are the last to receive the aid which would be gladly extended to them.

Modern charity, however, has grown to be an art, no less in its delicacy than in its effectiveness. It is no longer dispensed by the vinegar-visaged or apoplectic matron, who seasons her beneficence with acrid texts or sombre admonitions, wrapping up her meager loaf in tracts, and tying the whole with the cord of creed, or the short, frayed string of prejudice. The needy are helped, as brother might help brother, or sister aid sister; frankly, in friendly fashion, irrespective of formal faith or theological tenet. It is human love for suffering humanity; and if such is not a religion in itself, I know not what religion is. The hungry are fed, the naked are clothed, the homeless are housed for the love of man which is also the love of God.

"Ben Adhem," says the Tarshima, the book written in letters of gold upon emerald plates, as saith the old records, "saw, one night, in his tent, an angel writing on a parchment. 'What writest thou there?' asked Ben Adhem. 'The names of them that love God,' was the reply. 'And mine is there?' asked Ben Adhem. 'Nay,' answered the angel. 'Then,' said Ben Adhem, bowing his head, meekly,

'at least put me down as one who loves his fellowmen.' Thereupon the angel lifted up his glorious hands and cried, 'Lo! thy name leadeth the book. For he that loveth his brother loveth God.'"

One of the most practical of New York charities was begun by a boy. His name is a peculiar one, for he is of foreign lineage, though born in this country. It is Tello d'Apery. When he was twelve years old he had already thought out the complex and curious scheme which he has since brought to perfection in the Barefoot Mission. For a year or two previously he had been in the habit of bringing home the wretched little waifs he found in the streets, to be fed, and to be clothed and shod in such garments and shoes of his own as he had saved, or such as he had begged from others for the purpose. He saved his small allowance of pocket-money, and added to it by running errands, shovelling snow, and the like, the proceeds of his labor and economy being devoted to the one cause which formed the ambition of his life. As an only child, and not always in good health, he had been taught to amuse himself by making paper flowers and other fancy-work. All that he earned in this way was also put into his barefoot fund, which grew steadily, as did the number of his "barefoots."

The young philanthropist resolved to make Christmas a happy day for at least a few poor children. He got together the means, and with the aid of a playmate erected a tree, from which twenty little ones received presents of shoes, cakes, candy, and toys. The Barefoot Mission has grown steadily from that hour. Aided by a small paper conducted by the boy, the subscriptions for which go to support the charity, the mission during last year gave away



OUTSIDE THE NEIGHBORHOOD GUILD. CHRISTMAS DAY.



DISTRIBUTING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD GUILD.

three thousand pairs of shoes, with a large number of pairs of stockings, clothing, and other comforts. The Christmas celebration at its headquarters was a tremendous success. The street overflowed with the crowd of youthful pensioners. The presence of the police restrained the exuberance of the noisy youngsters; but the blue-coated conservators of the peace entered into the spirit of the occasion, and if they administered a cuff here and there to a too vociferous recipient of Christmas gifts, it was done gently, and no gamin's ears suffered from the chastisement.

Inside, shoes were rapidly fitted by loving hands, and cold little feet became warm in snug, stout-soled gear. Every foot found its shoe, for there were hundreds of pairs, of all sizes and shapes, — new shoes, old shoes nicely repaired and "good as new," soft shoes, hard shoes, shoes for boys and shoes for girls, shoes, even, for men and women, though it is for the juvenile bare-foot that the mission was established. And not only shoes, but, as we have said, stockings, also clothing of all descriptions, cloaks, coats, hats, caps, muffs, gloves, and a moderate supply of underwear; for others have become interested in the charity, and many contributions are sent in.

The Neighborhood

body of cadets regularly drilled in Upton's manual. There are conferences where mothers receive advice as to the care of children, instructions being given by trained nurses and physicians. Cooking, gardening, sewing, calisthenics, singing, instrumental music, and even dancing are taught. There is on the second floor a fine free reading-room provided with newspapers, magazines, a huge atlas, an unabridged dictionary, and a good library from which books may be borrowed. The lower floor is set apart as a meeting-room for the clubs,

Guild, which has its headquarters, or "Settlement House," on Delancey Street, includes a wide scope in its charities. It aims, not only to feed the stomach, but to fill the mind; to improve the physical being by scientific methods, to bring the ignorant poor into close proximity with the educated and well-to-do; in short, to elevate the moral nature while supplying the animal mechanism with sufficient fuel. The guild covers a multitude of good works. There are kindergartens, reading clubs, improvement clubs, literary clubs, young men's clubs, sanitary clubs, Daisy Chain and Mayflower clubs, book-keeping classes, young girls' societies, and a Penny Provident Bank. There are lectures on scientific subjects, on social reform, and on current topics. There are entertainments, recitations, and amateur dramatic performances. There is a



THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY.

and for lectures and entertainments. Here, also, is a well-appointed gymnasium. Most of the advantages of the guild are free; but for those which in a way may be looked upon as accomplishments a nominal fee is charged, rarely over three cents a week. The society was founded by Dr. Stanton Coit only five years ago, but it has grown to be one of the strongest of the kind in existence.

In the Christmas festivities of the guild the little members have something to look forward to with delighted anticipation for weeks in advance. Considering the class of inhabitants which fill the vast tenements of the neighborhood, the throng which gathers before the door of the guild on Christmas Day is a wonderfully orderly one. An occasional irrepressible shout is heard here and there, a pair of urchins will work off their excess of exhilaration in a good-natured scuffle; but of rowdiness there is never a hint. Inside, the long hall is cleared of its everyday appurtenances, the trapeze is unslung, the bars and the "horse" set aside, and the clubs and dumbbells arranged in their racks. The place is ablaze with the light of innumerable candles on the gaily decorated trees. With such gorgeousness before them, with a wealth of glorious presents hanging almost within touch, it is not wonderful that the exercises take on something of solemnity under the influence of the almost overpowering joy which swells the hearts of the audience.

Far over on the east side of the city is the old Church of the Epiphany, a plain, substantial brick edifice. In the basement, which is occupied by the Sunday-school, the children of the neighborhood gather to share in the Christmas happiness and abundance.

The room is rather dark by day, but now it is suffused with the radiance of gas-jets and galaxies of colored candles. How the gold and silver globes glisten among the evergreens! What huge festoons of pop-corn! What horns of plenty bursting with sweets! What grand oranges! And as for apples, those rosy-cheeked fellows seem to shine in sympathy with the delight which permeates the very atmosphere. Stanton Street is a very poor district, very poor indeed; but I will venture to say that not even in the homes of the rich, where, as the expression of parental love, small fortunes are expended in gifts, is there more real happiness on Christmas Day than these children of penury experience over their cheap little presents.

The newsboys of New York are proverbially a riotous set, and hard to manage. Generally they are born in the lowest of the slums; many of them have no homes and no known relatives; and without friends or a roof to shelter him a boy cannot be held responsible if he follows the downward path upon which his feet are set by destiny. Years ago a newsboy—the genuine newsboy, not the amateur who sold a few papers to gain a trifle of pocket money—very seldom rose to

any decent or reputable position in life, if, indeed, he did not become a professional criminal. The establishment of charities in their especial behalf has, however, wrought a marked improvement among them. They are better clad, better fed, and, though a vast deal yet remains to be desired in that respect, they are no longer the utterly hopeless, reckless, vicious creatures they once were, little more than a generation ago. The lodging-houses, in giving them, for a few cents, or freely, in deserving cases, something approaching the advantages of a home, have wrought a large proportion of this change for the better.

In the Duane Street lodging-house, which is a model of its class, the boys have a gala Christmas festival. The large room is beautifully decorated for the occasion. The columns are wound with evergreens and flowers, evergreens and holly hide the metal of the chandeliers, and are worked into stars, shields, hearts, and wreaths, upon the walls. The boys take their places a little noisily at first; a few



CHRISTMAS FOR THE NEWSBOYS.

jokes, generally bright, though not always in the best taste, are bandied about; there may even be a shrill cat-call, or a cry, "Hey! Yaller!" or "Hullo! Skinny!" or "Where d'ye git the hat, Cully?" Then they settle down, as one of them expressed it, to "a square chunk" of enjoyment. They grow more and more serious as the services proceed. The sly twinkle gives place to a preternatural somberness, the more comic because it is so unconscious. You see the softening influence of the sweet old story as it progresses, upon these prematurely old minds in callow bodies, and for one hour in the year, at least, the sin and suffering, the brutal heedlessness and cynicism which darken these young lives from the cradle, or from the manger,—blessed similarity!—are lost, gone, forgotten, and only the noble, the tender, and the good dominate their souls.

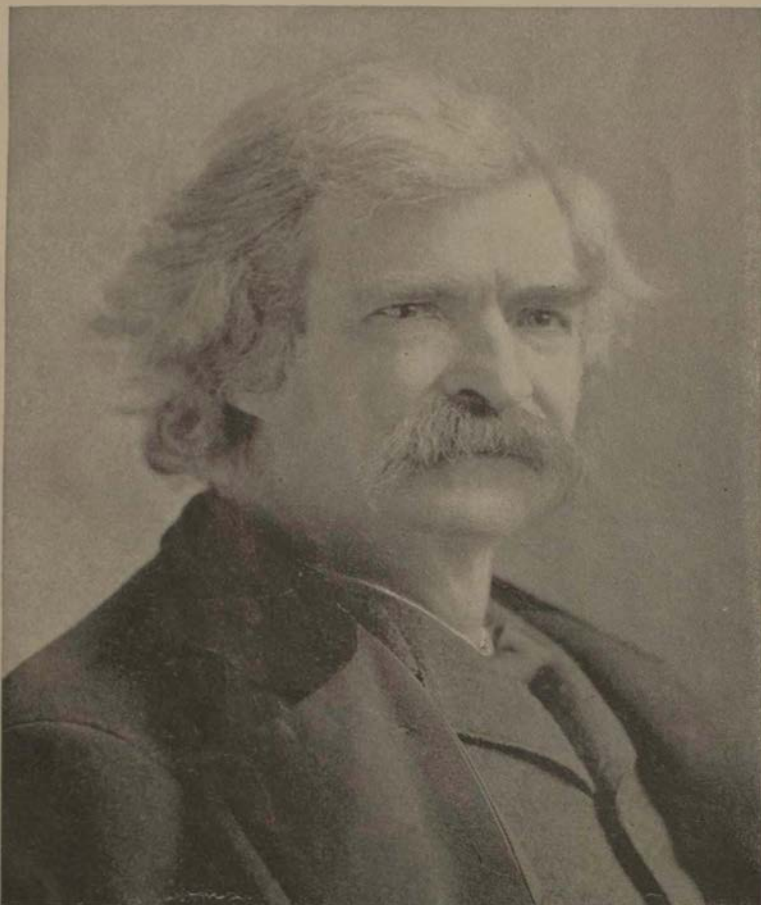
It is a hard world to live in. Existence, for most of us, is a sharp combat: for some it is misery; for a few it is ease; but the grand average is a weary and vexation of spirit. Happy those who in the crowded season of the rolling year can still summon a healthy and an unworn imagination to transform hard reality into a pleasant and a happy land. Happy those

who having explored the Fortunate Isles and found them mere sandbanks can rig the bark of youth with purple sails and store it with the golden apples of the Hesperides. To make one child laugh gleefully is, to the lover of his kind, better than winning a battle.

LESTER HUNT.

## Off-hand Chats with Professional Humorists.

**T**HE field for American humor is large; the number of professional American humorists is small. There's room for more of 'em—at the top. Write a list of professional humorists who have a national reputation. How many? Perhaps five or six, that's all. Throw in those who



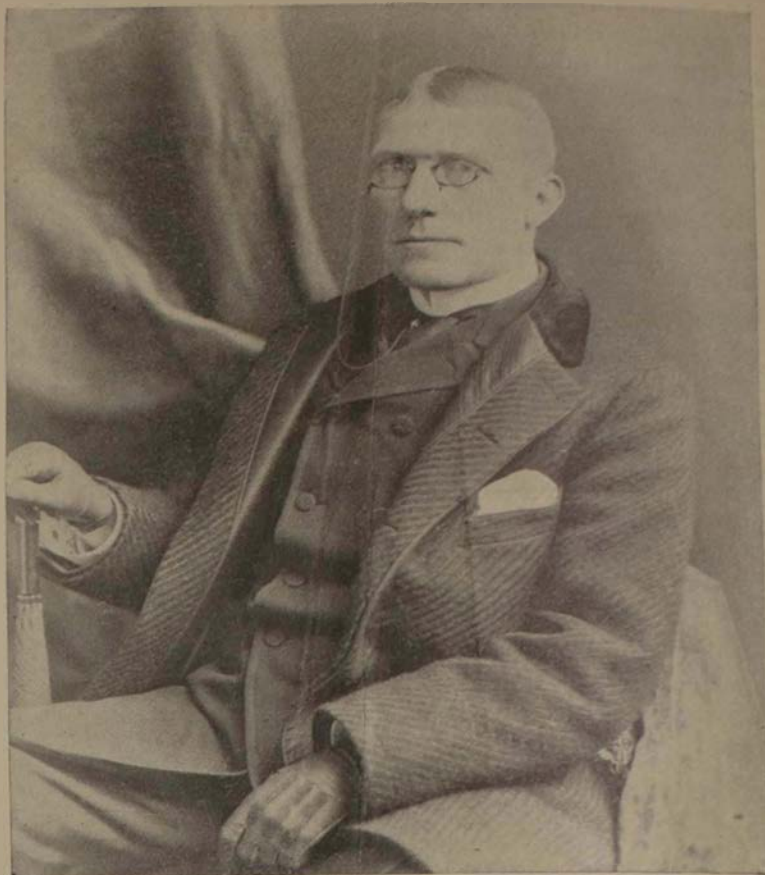
SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.  
"MARK TWAIN."

have made more than a local, yet not entirely a national, reputation. Twenty-five or thirty, at the most.

To sum up the life and work of our American humorists seemed, at first, an easy matter; but I found that so many had lived such interesting lives, had done so much excellent work, that to do all of them justice this whole number of Demorest's would have to be turned into a sort of biographical dictionary. As a magazine is, unhappily, not like a *cordeon*, which stretches apart indefinitely, this paper will have to be confined to a few off-hand interviews which it has been my privilege to have with professional funny men.

Let me cite one characteristic common to all humorists: they will all tell you they are "born."

My first victim was Mark Twain. I caught him one evening at Madison Square Garden, where, in company with

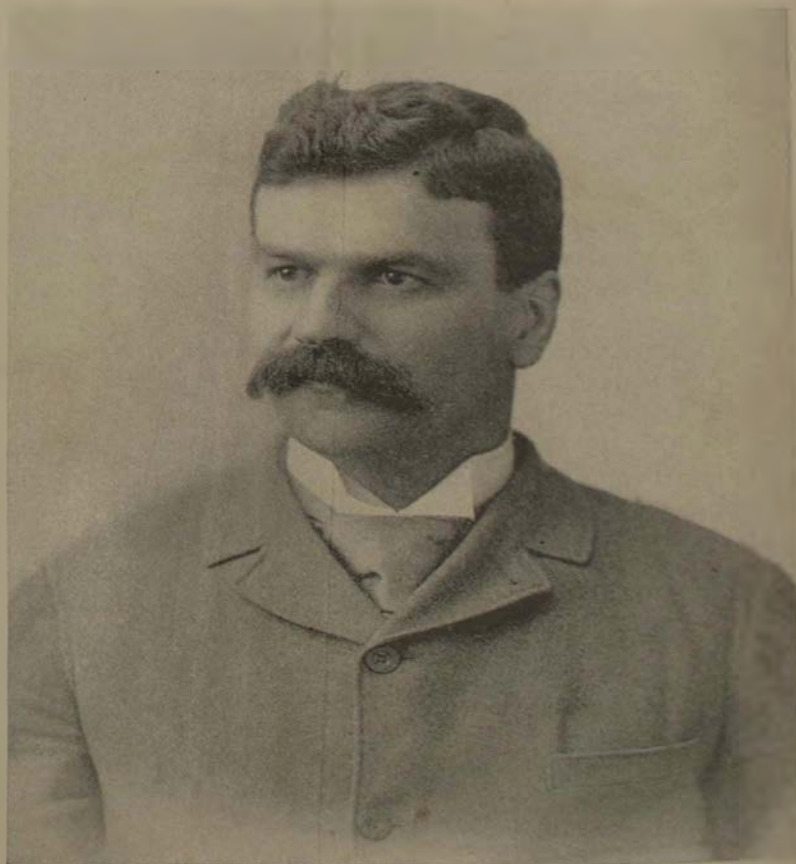


JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

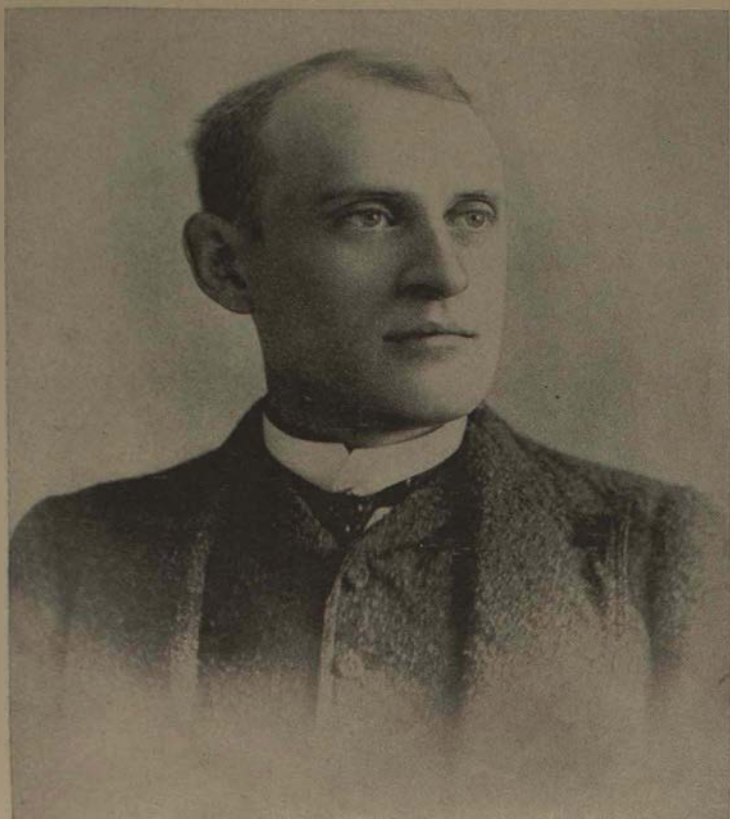
"Jim" Riley, he was giving his farewell—yes, real last farewell—public reading.

"You haven't a very high opinion of interviewers, Mr. Clemens," I said, as he pulled on his overcoat over that aged and historical dress-suit, whose waistcoat holds shyly aloof from the trousers.

"Ri-ight!" he assented, with his familiar drawl. "I've written some poor stuff in my day, but the worst article I ever wrote was better than any published interview with



SAM WALTER FOSS.



EUGENE FIELD.

me. I'd like," he went on, "just once to interview myself, to show the possibilities of the interview."

Mark Twain has lived over sixty years, and has shown nothing but good-will toward all. I knew he meant his remarks not unkindly, but humorously; so I fired off a stock question,—something or other about his own appreciation of humor.

"I really have no special taste for humor. In the beginning I wrote humorous books by pure accident; and but for that accident I should not have written anything. I'll give you a perfect test as proof. I love facts beyond everything. With my library about me I should exhaust all the biog-



HENRY GUY CARLETON.

raphies and histories, the diaries and personal memoirs, the dictionaries and encyclopedias, before looking into a humorous book. Doesn't this prove I tumbled into humor by accident?"

"Whom do you consider the most humorous man in America?"

After a moment's thought, to my great astonishment he replied:

"Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Aldrich and I," he said, "were stopping at the same hotel in Rome. Aldrich came in one day, saying, 'Clemens, you think you're famous. You've conceit enough for anything. Now you don't know what real popularity is. I have just been asking that man on the Piazza di Spagna for my books. He hasn't one,—not one! They're all sold. He simply can't supply the demand. It's just so all over Europe. I've never seen one of my books anywhere. They're gone. Now look at *your* books. Why, that poor man on the Piazza has sixteen hundred of 'em. He's ruined, Clemens. He'll never sell 'em. The people are reading mine.'



SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

"Now," added Mark Twain, "could any man be more humorous?"

I had hoped to catch Riley next, and so bag two birds the same evening; but the Hoosier poet had slipped away. Major Pond told me Riley would be at the Aldine Club the following evening. So would I. And we were.

James Whitcomb Riley is master of two languages, English and Hoosier. The Aldine members had him up recitin' somethin' in Hoosier. It was his famous poem "Mongst the Hills o' Somerset," expressive of his depth o' feeling for his own Indiana. He was saying:

"How 't 'u'd rest a man like me  
Jes' fer 'bout an hour to be  
Up there where the mornin' air  
Could reach out an' ketch me—there."

"Now, Mr. Riley," I said to him later, "everybody knows that you acknowledge to thirty-five years of sign-painting,

journalism, and funny dialect poetry, but what are you going to do next?"

"Sh! I'll write a play, an Indiana play, just so folks who don't read my poems can know that the dialect of the people of that State isn't as outlandish as it's painted. It makes me tired to see and hear the stuff that's paraded as Hoosier dialect. I'm going to correct it. Have I the plot and characters mapped out? Jus' wait!"

Next morning I happened upon this personal in a newspaper: "Sam Walter Foss, the humorous dialect poet of Boston, is at the ——— Hotel." Ten minutes afterward I was with him in his room.

"Is it true that you've resigned the editorship of the 'Yankee Blade'?"

"True!" slamming down a trunk-lid and sitting upon it "I stood by the helm of that literary ship for ten years; but last year I turned her over to another pilot, and now I grind out a humorous syndicate department for the Sunday papers, and I'm working, besides, on another book of my poems."

"How's your first book, 'Back Country Poems,' going?"

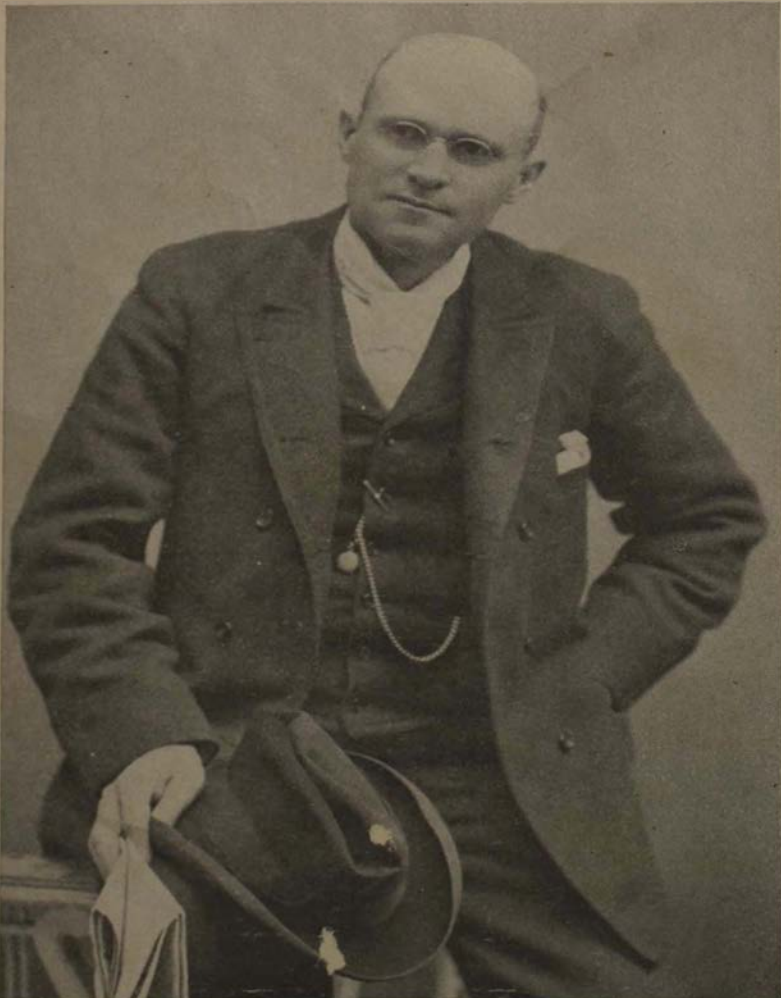
"Very nicely. How'd you like 'em?"

"Enjoyed your Yankee talk immensely. It's accurate, I suppose?"

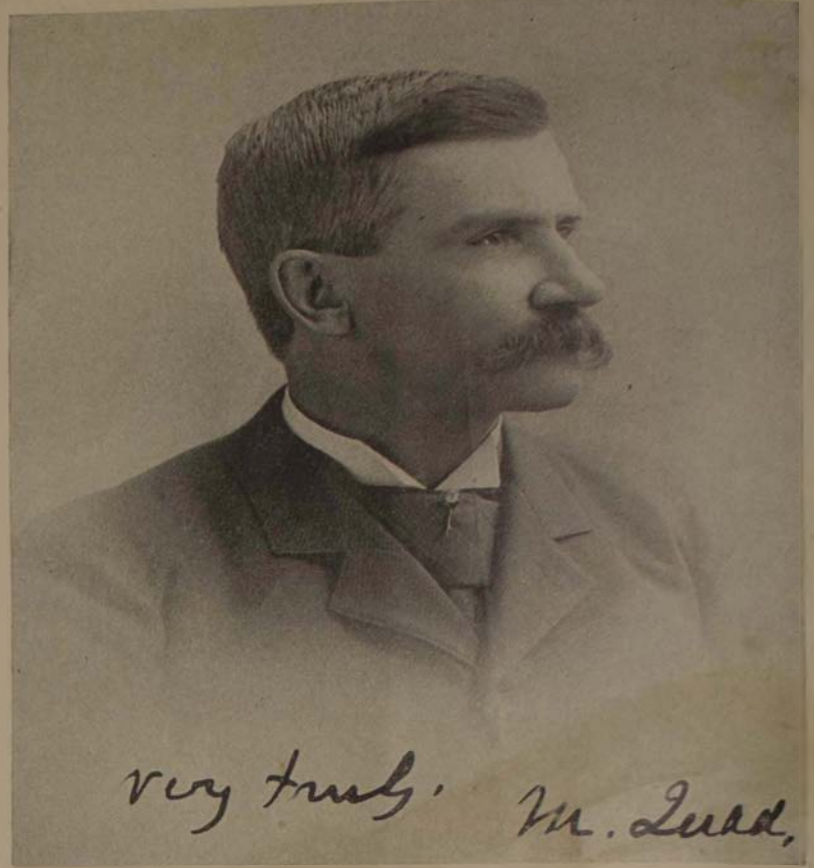
"Certainly. If you make a country fellow speak in a conventional Bostonese style, you are only making a literary lie. Those incidents of farm life are taken from my own experience."

"How'd you come to be a humorist, anyway?"

"Purely an accident. Born one, I guess. After leaving college I became part owner of a paper in Lynn. A fellow came up and wanted to start a funny column. He had big hopes, so we started it. After a while he left me, and what could I do but keep it going? So I began with a few little poems, and was surprised to find them widely copied. That



BILL NYE.



CHARLES D. LEWIS.

was the beginning. I've written since for all the humorous papers."

Eugene Field, the humorous poet, famous for his beautiful children's verse, I was told had just come in from Chicago, and would be at the Authors' Club that night. I reached the Authors' Club about ten o'clock, and learned that Field had gone.

"Where?"

"To Washington."

"What train?"

"Eleven o'clock."

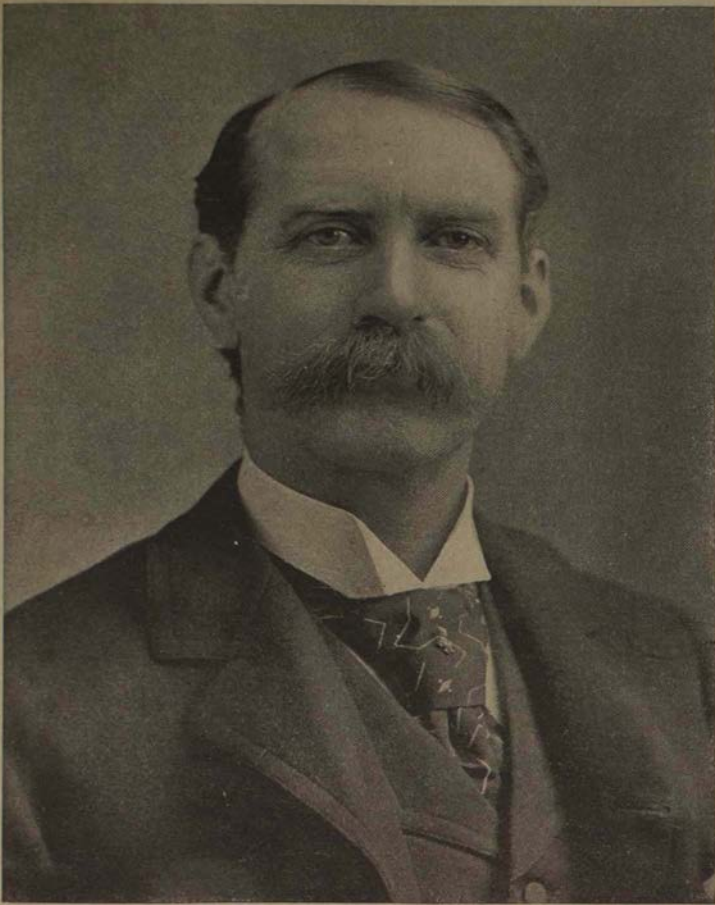
I was in Jersey City and in that train at ten fifty.

"Whip out your notebook and write for all you're worth," said Mr. Field, throwing himself and his bag in the seat. "You've only nine minutes. Time enough, though, for two uneventful biographies like mine."

"Never mind that. You're fond of the quaint and curious, Mr. Field. What'r' your fads, pets, and so on?"

"Well, listen for your life now. I'm fond of dogs, birds, and all small pets. My favorite flower is the carnation. My favorites in fiction are Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter,' 'Don Quixote,' and 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I believe in ghosts, in witches, and in fairies. I should like to own a big astronomical telescope, and a twenty-four-tune music-box. I adore dolls. I dislike 'politics,' so called. I should like to have the privilege of voting extended to women. I am unalterably opposed to capital punishment. I favor a system of pensions for noble services in literature, art, science, etc. I approve of compulsory education. I believe in churches and schools. I hate wars, armies, soldiers, guns, and fire-works. I do not care particularly for sculpture or for paintings; I try not to become interested in them, for the reason that if I were to cultivate a taste for them I should presently become hopelessly bankrupt. I dislike all exercises, and I play all games very indifferently. I love to read in bed. I am extravagantly fond of perfumes. My favorite color is red. I am a poor diner, and I drink no wine nor spirits of any kind, nor do I smoke tobacco. I dislike crowds, and I





PALMER COX.

abominate functions. I am six feet in height, and have shocking taste in dress; but I like to have well-dressed people about me. I do not love *all* children. I have tried to analyze my feelings towards children, and I think I discover that I love them in so far as I can make pets of them. I believe that, if I live, I shall do my best literary work when I am a grandfather."

"And how did you become a humorist, Mr. Field?" I asked, while the porter besought me with tears in his eyes to leave the train before it started.

"Oh! They're not made, they're born!"

"All aboard!" And Eugene Field was gone.

Henry Guy Carleton has his curio-laden apartments in Washington Square. If you know him simply as a dramatist and wonder why I class him among the humorists, read his book, "The Thompson Street Poker-Club." If you know him only as a writer, and think, "Well! You'd hardly call him a humorist," go see one of his plays, "The Butterflies," or "The Gilded Fool;" after that call upon him at his home, and I'm sure you'll enjoy the conversation. He believes very decidedly that plays are to amuse the public, that dramatic critics are influenced in their judgment by personal motives, and he dislikes Ibsen, Hauptman, Sudermann, and anything approaching realism.

"No!" he said, "the theater is not the place for moral lessons, for literature, for public instruction, or for the agitation of political or religious questions. A theater is, first and last, a place of amusement. The theater-going public wants to be amused. It comes to the play to be amused, and if it is not amused it stays away; and reformers of the drama may yell themselves hoarse, and scribble their fingers off, yet they cannot alter this simple, everlasting fact."

And then, oh, weary platitude! he added that the knack of being humorous was "born" in him!

Then I went up to Yonkers to see Sydney Rosenfeld.

"My God! Why did I marry such a contemptible cur! You are my husband, but I—hate you!"

These words greeted my entrance into the house. They came from the floor above, and were hissed in a woman's most tragic voice. I handed my card to the servant, feeling that I had stumbled upon a domestic altercation at high temperature. As I hurried into the parlor, hoping to get out of earshot, a man's voice directly overhead reeled off a succession of sharp, angry sentences, whereupon the woman shrieked:

"You lie! you miserable wretch! How dare you stand there sneering? You have ruined my life; and now, unless you sign this paper, I shall kill you. What! You will not sign? Then you shall never leave this room alive. With this dagger, you black monster! I'll stretch you dead at my feet!"

Then followed sounds of a violent and deadly struggle. A murder! I sprang to my feet, horrified, while someone hastily descended the stairs; and next moment the portières parted, revealing Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld.

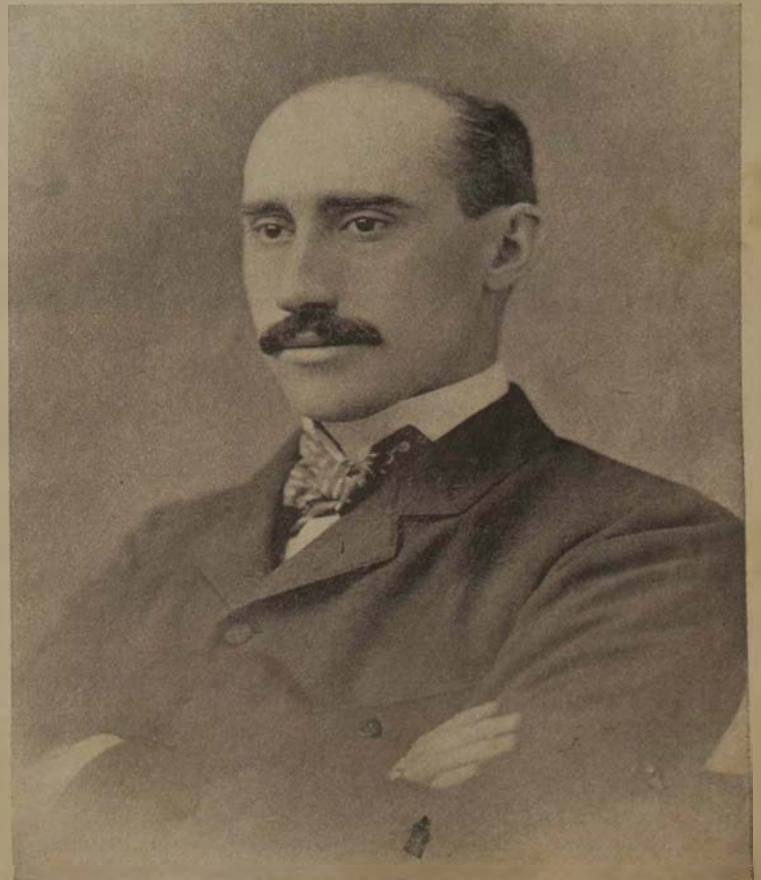
He smiled, was radiant, and looked quite as calmly happy as any man should in his own peaceful home attired in all the comforts of dressing-jacket and slippers.

I must have looked very white, and I'm sure I trembled perceptibly.

"My wife and I," said the author of "Dotlet on the I," "Read the Answer in the Stars," and other topical songs, "were just rehearsing parts of my newest farce. We do a great deal of this, chiefly to find out how the characters ought not to act."

Bill Nye, from his headquarters way down at a health resort in North Carolina, sent up word, among other things, that "humorists are born, not made." Incidentally, he added that he might go to Europe this winter, and thus give his young critics in this country a chance in the field of platform humor. "The field is open," he writes, "and it's a good paying field for the right men."

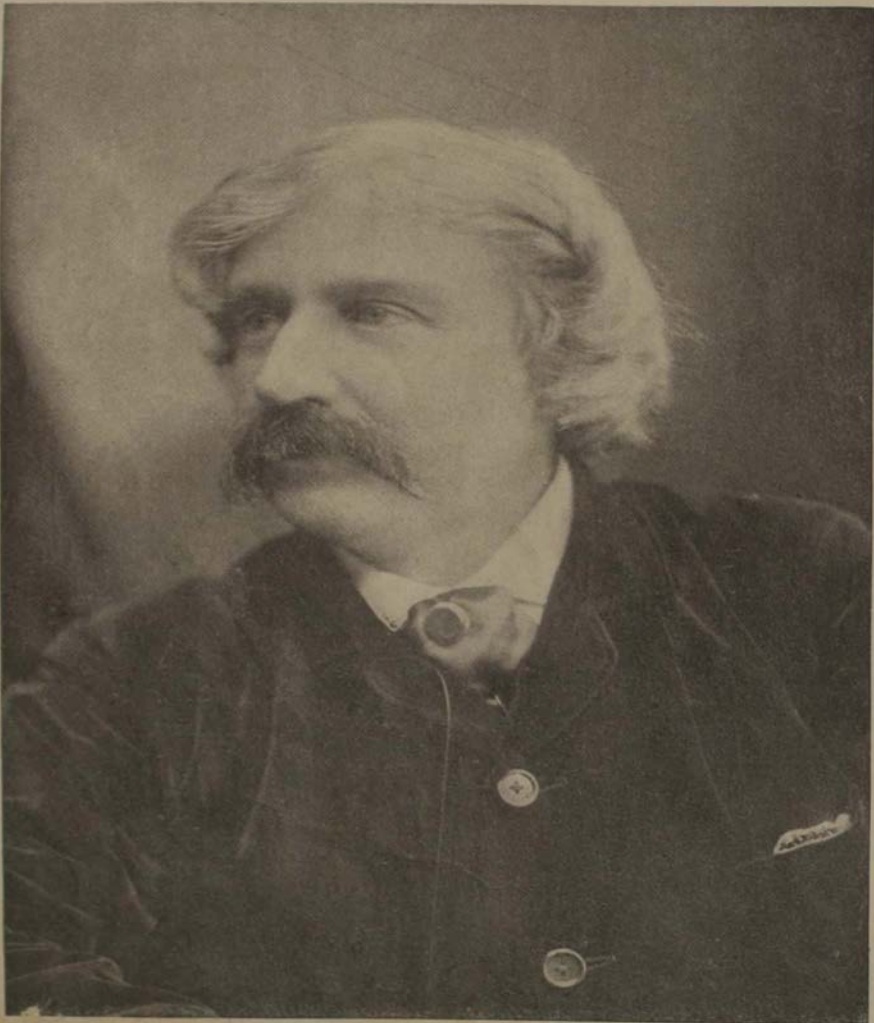
The fact is, Bill Nye has been lecturing for the last ten



JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

years through the country, making, it is said, as much as \$10,000 a year, and working himself thin,—thinner than he is naturally. During that time he has only been in New York once or twice, yet New Yorkers have read his writings from week to week, just as though he had been here all along. But last winter he made a real farewell tour of the United States, and closed a prosperous ten years of reading and lecturing. In those readings he was associated with James Whitcomb Riley and others, though with the poet Riley the longest. He has had only kind comment from both the press and the public. He has had but few "roastings." "No one in the show business," he writes, "ever got so little sat upon, considering what I deserved."

In the meantime, while Mr. Nye is recuperating with his wife and four children at a North Carolina health-resort, his "Comic History of the United States" is doing very well, and has become popular in schools and colleges. While it is



BRET HARTE.

comic, it is no less instructive. And now Mr. Nye thinks of writing comic histories of England, France, and even Italy; but he will decide upon this matter while he is abroad this winter.

M. Quad, whose humorous sketches have amused us for the last quarter of a century, is said to be the most prolific writer of humorous stuff in these blessed United States. In a small back room on the top floor of his home in Brooklyn, I found him,—grinding. An inventory of the contents of that room would read: One deal desk, two deal chairs, one pair dumbbells, one oilcloth on floor, one map of M. Quad's tour of the world, one genial, gentle, kind, serious, sincere man, M. Quad. The rest of the house is furnished luxuriously, for M. Quad, the humorist, has made money, and has a family; but his tastes are plain, for he hasn't forgotten the time when his tastes were plain because he couldn't afford to have them luxurious.

"Yes, I'm fifty years old, now," he said, throwing down



MARSHALL P. WILDER.

his pen, tipping his chair back against the wall, and perching his legs upon its round. "I've worked at this business for twenty-five years; twenty-two years on the 'Detroit Free Press,' and three years here, and now I work harder than ever. See here," and he showed me "copy" to the amount of nine thousand words, done since Sunday noon, just two and a half days. "I have turned out twenty thousand words in a week more than once. I average



EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.



ERNEST JARROLD.

always fifteen thousand. What I wrote when I began I write now, bits of human history from common, everyday life."

"But when do you take recreation? Where do you get your ideas?"

"Ideas? They're lying around everywhere. The street's full of 'em. I observe humanity. I put what I see on paper, and the human interest triumphs. Show a man what his neighbor is like, how his neighbor works, what he thinks; that's what humanity wants."



WILLIAM H. MCELROY.

If you ever meet this humorist in social life you'll hear him called Charles D. Lewis, for so he was christened.

Palmer Cox, the six-foot goblin-artist, sat in his studio in lower Broadway, among his "brownies." Brownies crowded around him everywhere. Tam O'Shanters peered at him from calendars and cards on the walls; Indians dangled from the chandelier and the ceiling; Chinamen, policemen, and dudes congregated on his desk and table, and squinted at the typewriter. Presently there was a gentle tap at the door, and Palmer Cox went and opened it.

Four children, followed by a nurse, trooped in, casting furtive glances round the room.

"Is you the brownie man? Where are the real live brownies? We're come all the way here to see them." And Palmer Cox caught the first little one in his arms and smothered her with kisses.

"Oh! The real live brownies are not here now. They are here only at night, you know, and then you are in bed. Too bad, isn't it?"

In the meanwhile an interviewer had strolled in, and when



PHILANDER JOHNSON.

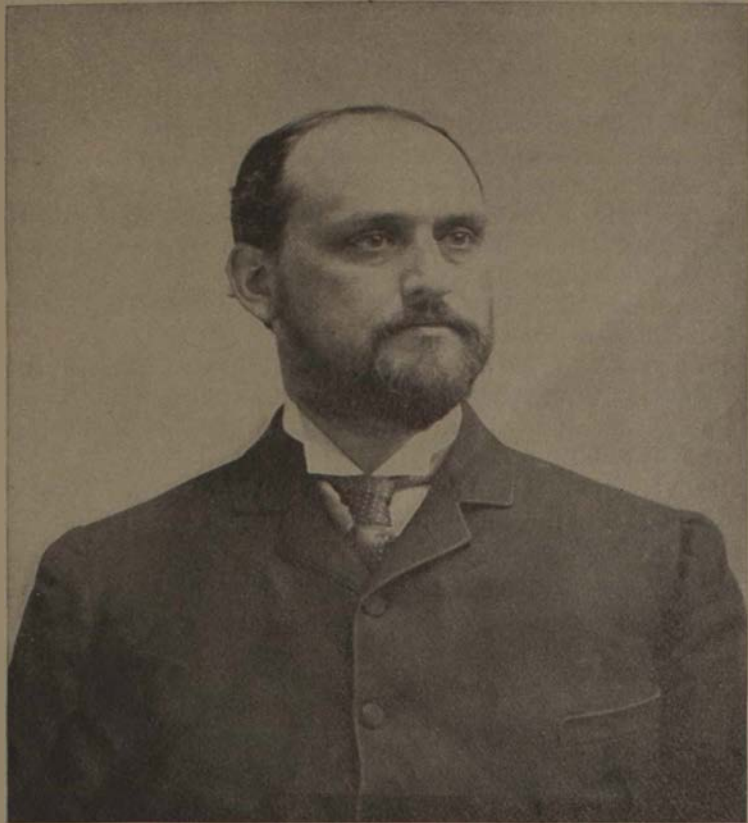
the children went away, so disappointed, Palmer Cox said to him:

"That little scene is enacted in this studio every day, and sometimes several times a day. People visiting New York from all parts of the country bring their children here to see the 'brownie man.' Everybody wants to see the brownies in life, so I had to write a play. Yes, the brownies will be produced by a professional cast in a New York theater next season. Undersized actors will play the parts. There will be over a hundred people on the stage, and the music has been written by Mr. Malcolm Douglass."

Palmer Cox loves more children than George Francis Train, and yet "The Father of All the Brownies" is a bachelor.

And then the interviewer asked Palmer Cox how he came to be so humorous, and he said something about being humorous at his very birth, and that made the interviewer go away,—go away with a heart full of sadness.

'Twas night. I stood upon the broad piazza of a modern country-house overlooking the grand, silent Hudson, and a humorist stood beside me. I was not interviewing him, a



W. J. LAMPTON.

least not about his humorous career, for I, who stood that night upon that broad piazza beside John Kendrick Bangs, knew all about him.

The piazza is his, the country-house is his, and both are in Yonkers. He is rich; earned most of his wealth grinding out funny things. He edited "Life" for four years, when he used to turn out a hundred jokes a day, earning thirty-five hundred dollars a year. Then came a little difference with the publisher of "Life," and Mr. Bangs left it, looking upon himself as a ruined man. But the Fates dealt gently with Bangs; for the Harpers came along with an offer of an editorial position, which he accepted and has held ever since. Now he's editor of the "Drawer," and of the humorous department in each of the Harper periodicals. He has otherwise ruined his chance of sitting among the angels by writing "Tiddledy Winks," "Half-Hours with Jimmy Boy," and other humorous stories for young people, not to mention "Coffee and Repartee," and other things for the older folks. As for his plans, he places great hopes upon a syndicate sheet owned by himself and a friend, a sheet full of stuff for children, which Bangs writes all himself, every week.

His home life is simple, social, healthful. You can see him at Harper's three days in the week, between ten and twelve in the morning, and on these three days you'll find him lunching at the Century Club. The remaining time he spends at his country home. Taste and refinement characterize everything he undertakes. At the clubs and in society he's every bit a *bon vivant*, but yet modest and unassuming, and therefore a general favorite. His hobby is illustrators and illustrations, and he will proudly show you a bookcase filled with the work of all of them, from Cruikshank to Hopkinson Smith. And now he's writing a history of 'em. Mr. Bangs has written many clever things, rhymes and jokes and juvenile stories. His poetry, in fact, all his humorous work, finds only a small audience among the masses, for it appeals rather to the cultivated classes. He has gained a large share of public attention, but is not yet appreciated as much as he should be.

All this I knew, as I stood beside Mr. Bangs that night on

the broad piazza overlooking the silent Hudson. Why, then, had I journeyed thither? Well, simply because I had a lurking suspicion that John Kendrick Bangs was in one respect unlike all other humorists. I felt that possibly I had discovered the North Pole of humorists.

With appropriate solemnity I propounded the question,

"John Kendrick Bangs, how did you become a humorist? Were you born so?"

And lo! the reply filled me, thrilled me, with a great joy, and I wanted to fall upon Mr. Bangs's bosom and embrace him, congratulate him; for, verily, here was a humorist of a different hue from all other humorists.

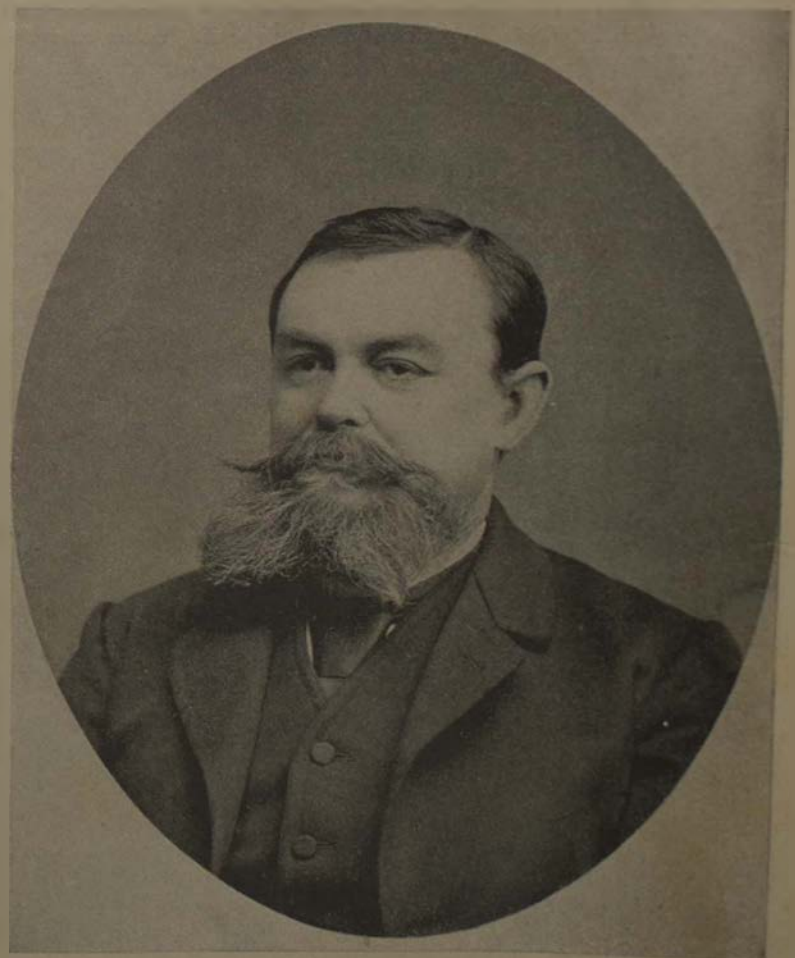
"No," came the reply, "I was not born a humorist, I grew into one."

There's another humorist who is still classed among American humorists, even if he has drifted over the seas. Bret Harte and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" will always be American.

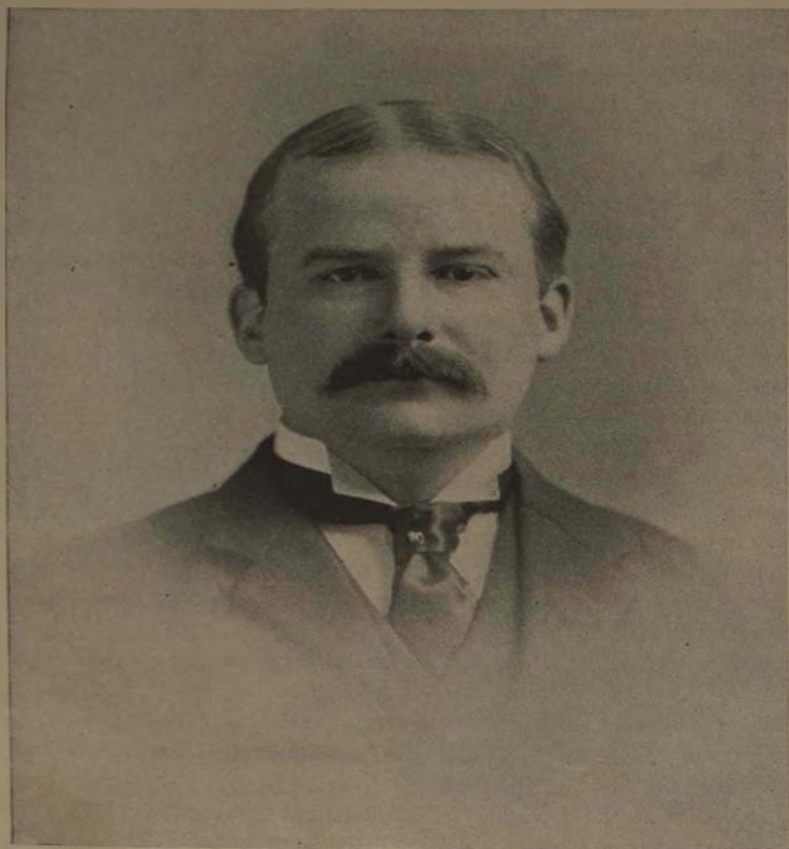
He has not seen his native California for years. The fact is, he has no desire to see it again. He wants to remember it as he left it, as it was when he wrote about it. It would sadden him to see it now. So Bret Harte has made his permanent home in London. He lives in a handsome, substantial mansion in a fashionable quarter, and with his bronzed face, square shoulders, and his exactness and elegance of attire, he might be an English army officer. He is distinguished looking, and when he appears in the street for his daily walk he attracts attention from all sides.

He doesn't work so hard now, however. His days of tireless industry are passed. He lives, and in living enjoys his life. His household no longer suggests printer's ink and irregular hours, for it is of the comfortable type common to London.

But no matter if Bret Harte lives in London,—we know why he lives there,—his thoughts and his heart belong ever to early California.



ALEXANDER E. SWEET.



J. T. WHEELWRIGHT.

A great number of other humorists have, of course, run into my net from time to time ; but I'm confronted with the obvious "space" impossibility of giving more than a passing mention of each. There's Edwin Oliver, the humorist of the "Yonkers Statesman," who finds an appreciative audience every day for his "Whim Whams ;" and there's genial Marshall P. Wilder, who knows everybody under the sun. Then there's Edward W. Townsend, whose "Chimmie Fadden" sketches in the "Sun" have lifted him above the crowd. Then I recall Ernest Jarrold, better known as "Micky Finn," also of the "Sun," who's going on the platform to read his own Irish sketches, next season, with Frank L. Stanton, of the "Atlanta Constitution." And there's William H. McElroy, the "Tribune's" humorous editorial writer ; there's Philander Johnson, the funny man of the "Washington Star," who can write a "Shooting Star," a real poem, on any topic, while the copy-boy waits ; and W. J. Lampton, of the "Detroit Free Press ;" and Opie P. Read, who has just finished public humorous readings with the late Ben King ; and Alexander E. Sweet, editor of "Texas Siftings." And there's Munkittrick, and Siviter, and Wheelwright, Miss Bridges, James J. O'Connell, Harry Romaine, Edward S. Martin, and Tom Masson, all familiar names in "Life" and other funny things.

But there ! I know I haven't mentioned James J. Burdette, and Charles H. Hoyt, and Bronson Howard, and William Gillette, and others, but my space is filled, and I must stop.

GILSON WILLETS.

## BOY CHOIRS.



ONE day a sweet-faced little lad, dressed all in black with the exception of a flaming scarlet necktie at his throat, stood bravely, all alone, before Adeline Patti, in the richly furnished parlors of a big Chicago hotel. There was nothing particularly remarkable about the young fellow's personal appearance, except, perhaps, that his countenance was very attractive in its outlines.

After a few moments, however, it became apparent that the boy possessed a talent not to be found among the accomplishments of very many other lads. He opened a book of music which he carried, and then commenced to sing. From his lips came forth the pure, sweet strains of Cardinal New-

man's beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light."

The famous *prima donna* listened, almost in awe, until the sweet-voiced little singer reached the last line,

"Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

Then there was just the suspicion of a tear upon her eyelids, and after heartily applauding his efforts she rushed up to him, clasped him in her arms, kissed him, and exclaimed :

"Oh, you sweet boy ! How I wish I could call you mine !"

The young singer who so roused her enthusiasm was Master Blatchford Kavanagh, a soloist in the boy choir at

Grace Episcopal Church, Chicago. His performance calls attention to the present popularity of boy choirs all over the United States.

A few years ago the organizations of vested singers in this country were confined almost exclusively to the Episcopal churches. At present, however, they are being generally adopted by all of the other Protestant denominations, and now one regularly sings, each day, at even orthodox Appleton Chapel, at Harvard College.

The reason for the existing popularity of the surpliced singers is not hard to find. Boy choirs are entirely religious in their character and associations, and it seems peculiarly appropriate that the young musicians, consecrated for their work by their pure white robes, should officiate in the sacred services of the church.

The first boy choir of which mention is made in the ecclesiastical history of the United States sang at old St. Michael's Church in Charleston, S. C., about a century ago. In the records of this church, for the year 1798, is found mention of a bill, entered as paid, for "washing the soiled surplices of the clergy and children of the choir." There can, of course, be no doubt that the words "children of the choir" refer to vested boy singers.

At fashionable Trinity Church in New York, a boy choir was first introduced in the year 1802, and the organizations of surpliced singers here, and at St. Michael's, in Charleston, are the oldest now in existence in the United States.

At the commencement of the present century church music in this country was in a rather deplorable condition. The sacred verses that filled most of the hymn-books in general use at the time were of a character fitted to dis-



BLATCHFORD KAVANAGH.

sensitive person wild with melancholia. A specimen of dreary verse from one of the ancient hymnals reads like this :

“There shall be mourning, mourning, mourning,  
There shall be mourning, mourning, mourning,  
There shall be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.  
Brothers and sisters there shall part,  
Brothers and sisters there shall part,  
Shall part to meet no more.”

Such terribly solemn hymns as are aptly represented by this verse were ultimately banished from the meeting-houses, and what was then known as “opera singing” by choirs of mixed voices came into vogue. The most sacred compositions were now sung to tunes of a distinctly secular origin. Many worshippers did not appreciate the new form of vocalism, and, indeed, it does seem as though some of the choir-masters carried the application of the opera-singing idea a little too far; for Rev. Dr. Talmage in one of his lectures tells of a number of singers who, in order to make the notes selected connect with the words of a hymn, rendered the name of Jacob as though it were written “Ja-folderollderiddle-cob.”

It was as a protest against opera-singing in churches that the Episcopalians first began to adopt boy choirs; and as the years have gone by the vested singers have steadily grown in favor with all lovers of a pure service of Christian worship.

The boy-choir members are gathered from families in all

ranks of society; and the humblest mechanics and richest merchants alike experience a feeling of justifiable pride in seeing their sons, clad in pure white vestments, taking part in the sacred offices of the church.

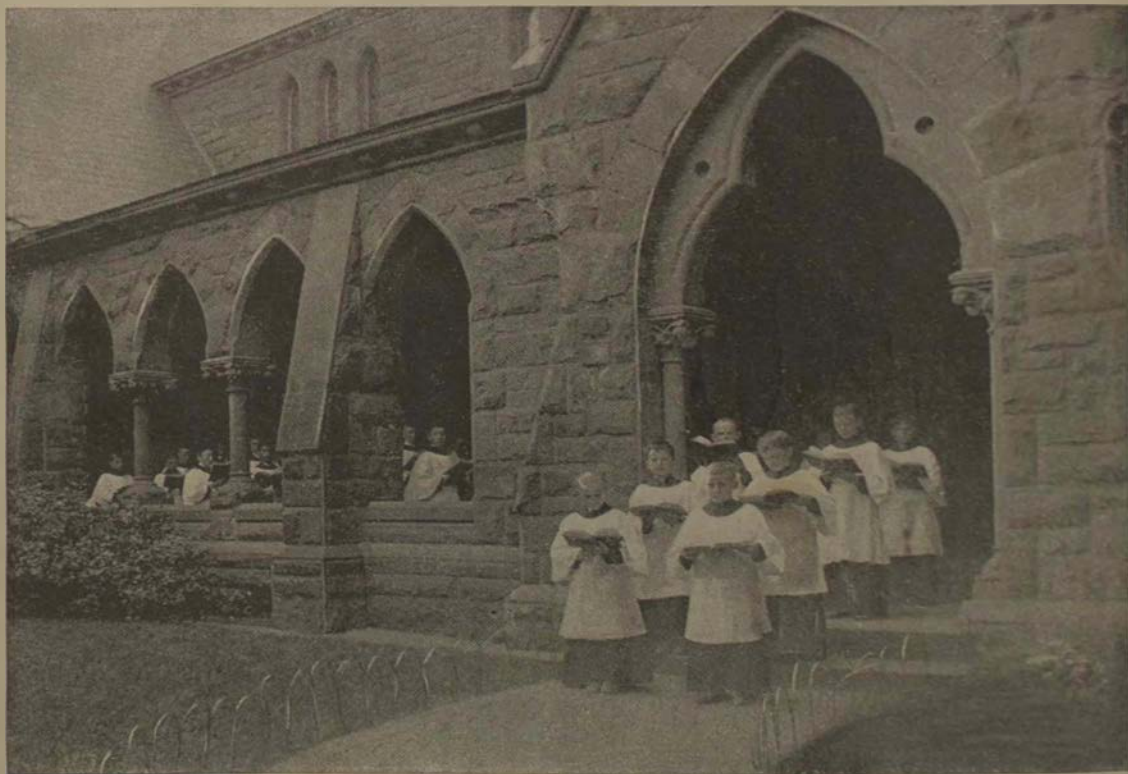
In the organization of a boy choir there are usually three classes of singers. These are called probationers, sub-choristers, and regular choir members. The probationers' ranks are open to any lad who may possess a voice of suitable capacity, and whose parents may wish to secure for him the benefits of boy-choir training. The voices of all applicants are carefully tried by the choir-masters, and boys of promising ability are admitted to the choir kindergarten. The little probationers give their musical services without money or price.

The probationers who persevere in their work are ultimately graduated into the second grade of the choir school, and are called sub-choristers. They now generally receive twenty-five cents per week for their services, sing in the church on special occasions, and when vacancies occur in the regular choir, promotions are made from among them to the coveted positions that are unoccupied.

As a regular chorister a lad occupies an envied place among his comrades. His voice goes to swell the choral music of the church each Sunday, and during the week his salary of fifty cents keeps his pockets well supplied with spending money.

All of the divisions of the choirs generally gather for rehearsal and practice three times a week. Although the young musicians are, as a whole, well behaved, the counterparts of the “dear little souls” of the “Ingoldsby Legends” are not frequently found in the vestry-rooms on drill-meeting days. The boy choirs are therefore subject to a system of government, at the head of which is the choir-master, enforcing discipline by the imposition of sundry fines graded to suit the enormity of various offenses.

Although boy choirs first arose to prominence in the eastern portion of the United States, the West can now claim to possess the larger number of them. In the city of Chicago, alone, there are at present thirty-two organizations



THE RECESSIONAL.

of vested singers, with a membership aggregating more than two thousand musicians. One of the best, if not the very best, boy choirs in the United States is that which



A LITTLE PROBATIONER.

regularly sings at Grace Episcopal Church, in Chicago. This choir is under the direction of Mr. Henry B. Roney, and has one hundred members.

The vestry-room where the Grace Church singers gather for rehearsal is a model of its kind. It is forty feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and is thoroughly heated, ventilated, and comfortable in all of its appointments. At night it can be illuminated by either incandescent

lamps or gas. At one end of the room is a large grand piano, and close by is an organ. Near these is a handsome case containing an extensive and very valuable musical library consisting of more than thirteen thousand volumes. Placed lengthwise of the apartment, and arranged like the stalls of a church chancel, are seats for the one hundred choir-singers. Each seat is numbered, and is provided with a music-rack and convenient foot-rest for the occupant.



A LITTLE PROBATIONER.

An interesting feature of this model vestry-room is a set of individual lockers for holding the vestments of the singers. In each locker are arranged hooks for holding cotta and cassock, and suitable shelves for books and packages. Concealed within the row of lockers is a long steel rod, operated by a small brass lever, that can be used to lock or unlock all of the little apartments simultaneously.

The walls of the room are prettily decorated with many framed pictures of appropriate church scenes, and photographs of other celebrated boy-choirs. At a convenient point hangs the choir roster, giving the names and numbers of all the singers, and near it is placed a bulletin-board, upon which, from time to time, various notices of interest are posted.

The choir at Grace Church is organized upon a regular military basis, and the members are all provided with suitable uniforms and equipments, and are given a thorough course of instruction in the intricacies of Upton's tactics. Every summer the singers go into camp, like regular militiamen, and enjoy to the utmost a week spent out-of-doors in canvas tents.

To listen to the singing of the boy choir at Grace Church is, indeed, a great pleasure, and a privilege, to anyone possessed of musical tastes or religious inclinations. One Sunday evening, awhile ago, a gray-haired church-warden stood upon the steps of the sacred edifice in Chicago and sent away more than fifteen hundred people who gathered after the big audience-room was filled, hoping to be able to listen to the beautiful music rendered by the boy choir.

At the appointed hour the service began, and the vested singers marched into the church to the accompaniment of

the beautiful processional hymn, "In the Light of God." As the ritual music progressed and the choristers joined in singing the *Gloria* and the inspiring *Magnificat*,

"One boy's sweet voice above the rest  
Was heard so sweetly ringing,  
The angels must his dreams have blest  
To teach him such sweet singing."

When the *Nunc Dimittis*, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," was begun, the entire congrega-

tion arose as a single man, and every person strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the exquisite singer, whose splendid voice rang up into the domed roof, and swelled and thrilled into every corner of the vast church edifice.

All that the people in the audience saw, however, was a little white-robed boy, about twelve years old, with dark brown eyes, and a face, almost classic in its outlines, around which clustered a mass of curling hair. This young singer



HENRY B. RONEY, CHOIRMASTER OF GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHICAGO.



Thomas Copley.

John Edwards.

CHORISTERS AT TRINITY CHAPEL, NEW YORK.

who created so much excitement was the same brave little lad who had sung before Madame Patti, and won from her such demonstrative evidences of pleasure and approval.

A little later in the evening he sang, as a solo, "With Verdure Clad," from the "Creation." For nearly ten minutes the people almost held their breaths; and then, when

his voice ceased to be heard, the reaction came, and women, burying their faces in their handkerchiefs, sobbed aloud, while more than one man among the many listeners was compelled to wink very hard to keep back the tears.

S. H. FARRIS.

## OUR WORKING SISTERS.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

(Continued from Page 31.)

### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

ANGERED by certain youthful indiscretions on the part of his only son, Mr. Duncan disowns and disinherits him; and, dying within a few years after, leaves an only daughter, sole heiress to his large fortune. Mildred Duncan's mother died when she was a baby; and she has been educated under the care of a haughty, worldly, aristocratic aunt, Miss Sedgewick, whose dearest wish, at the opening of the story, is that Mildred shall make a brilliant marriage; and she rather favors the attentions of young Lieutenant Mayhew, of the navy. Mildred meets, at a dinner-party, the Rev. Stephen Eustace, a man earnestly imbued with all the newest thoughts and purposes for the relief of suffering and elevation of humanity,—“a tremendous worker among the poor.” Mildred, expressing her intention to kill time by going to Egypt, is recommended by the young rector to interest herself in her “working sisters;” but she treats the suggestion disdainfully, and parts with Rev. Stephen Eustace without his knowing that the seed has fallen in good soil. Shortly after this Mildred has an unpleasant experience in a Broadway shop, where the inattention of saleswomen detains her seriously, and leads to the reproof and fine of one of the number. In ready sympathy Mildred offers money to the victim of the floor-walker's severity, which is proudly refused. On her way home her horses narrowly escape running over a young woman, who is knocked down and falls under their feet. When a policeman rescues her from her perilous position she is unconscious, and Mildred, recognizing her as the young saleswoman, has her placed in the carriage and takes her to the Duncan mansion.

### III.

BROKEN arm and complete collapse from fright,” replied old Doctor Beaufort to Mildred's anxious questions as the two stood beside Miss Mynell, the shop-girl, who, in one of Mildred's own pretty night-robes, lay in a light, half-delirious slumber, tucked into a big bed in the blue guest-chamber. All that eminent skill in surgery and ability in nursing could contribute to her recovery Mildred ordered for the poor sufferer,

who, despite her proud boast, was so soon accepting aid from the hand she had spurned. No more tender care could have been given Miss Duncan's own sister; for through the long hours of the night it was Mildred herself who sat beside the girl, delirious from fever that succeeded the shock, following the good doctor's directions with scrupulous care.

Not a pleasant duty, nor soothing to the haunting fears that rose, despite the doctor's cheerful assurances that things would not grow worse. For hour after hour she bent over the poor sufferer, a

prayer on her lips that the girl might recover, and tenderly she soothed her through the ravings of the wild fever-dreams that flitted through the overwrought brain. It filled her with terror that in the delirium the girl spoke to her as “Gerald,” always “Gerald,”—imploping forgiveness, confidence, love, and faith, making agonized farewells, and then again calling her by her brother's name. Sometimes the hot, thin hands gripped her cool ones with passionate entreaty, drawing Mildred's face near to her own in order to tell “Gerald” the secret that had parted them. At length exhaustion triumphed, and sleep came.

It was not pleasant when, at breakfast the next morning, Aunt Sedgewick, adjusting her gold-rimmed *pince-nez* in order the better to survey her niece, remarked, grimly, that she had no doubt the entire household would soon come down with small-pox or cholera, since persons of the lower classes invariably carry infection in their garments. Argument and explanation had small influence on the little old lady, who shook her white-capped head with disapprobation, and washed her small hands, sparkling with old-fashioned marquise rings, of the whole affair.

It was not a pleasant duty to set out after breakfast to discover the family or friends of the unfortunate girl. From inquiry at the Broadway shop Mildred received little information. Grace Mynell had been employed but three weeks, as temporary help in the busy season. Her fellow-workers found her shy, silent, and a trifle “stuck up,” as the fat, amiable Mamie expressed it, and she seemed to be ill a great deal. It was to the wretchedest of lodgings, on the extreme west side, that she was referred for further information.





The dingy lodging-house, swarming with unkempt, forlorn-looking children, and pervaded by unpleasing odors, was kept by a kindly faced, stout, slatternly person of much dignity and good temper, who was sincerely concerned to hear that misfortune had befallen her lodger who had occupied a wee room under the roof.

"A gintle lamb, an' very fair-spoken an' modest like, miss," volunteered Mrs. O'Brien, heartily, as she ushered Mildred into the

bleak, bare little room. "Miss Mynell was forever after cl'arin' it herself, an' there ye can see is her bit of a black box, along of which she turned up

at me door four wakes ago come Tuesday, with her paymints always reg'lar. Sure she was wan foine lodger, was Miss Mynell,—the saints be good ter her!"

As that was all the information Mrs. O'Brien could give, Mildred ordered the little black box—the key of which, along with the girl's purse, was safely locked in her escritoire—to be sent to the house on Gramercy Park.

It had been a sterner tussle between life and death over the wasted form on the stately bed in the guest-chamber than even Doctor Beaufort anticipated; for when, the third morning after the accident, the fever abated, and Mildred stood before her patient, no sign of recognition came into the girl's face. She merely stared weakly at the pretty picture Miss Duncan made in her soft gray house-gown, holding a dainty tray, and listened to the story of the accident as one who hears of an event for the first time.

It was a rare case, yet a thing not wholly unknown, explained the doctor, that sufferers from fever that has touched the brain forget for a while the most familiar incidents of life. Little by little the past came back, and, to Mildred's relief, she spoke at length of the circumstance in the shop.

"I refused your money, I remember," she said, dreamily. "I was very rude. I don't know why, when I first looked at you that day you startled me. I thought of—of—" But it was always at that point

she failed to recall anything. She spoke vaguely of a great sorrow; what, she could not tell.

"It happened five years ago," she wandered on, "such a terrible, crushing blow. I had never like this, only for very much longer; I think I never quite recovered from it. It seems to me I have had a steady fever burning in my brain all these five years; and then the accident came, and," with a wan little smile, "your horses saved me from death."

"Ah no," gently contradicted Mildred, "it was dangerously near the other way."

"No!" insisted the girl, "you don't understand. I had made up my mind to— Well, you will find the little bottle in my purse. It was wrong, but I was so tired!—with only a dollar standing between me and the street. It seemed the only thing to do."

It was there, sitting beside the girl, whose wasted hand she held in her own, that Mildred heard the first story of real human suffering and privation that had ever reached

her; for Grace Mynell's weakened memory could carry her back over her five years of work in the shops of New York, and it eased her to tell the story, not boasting of her own trials, but telling much of what she had seen others endure, until Mildred could hear no more, and astonished her Aunt Sedgewick by bursting into passionate tears when, an hour later, a vast bouquet of roses was brought up, bearing the thoughtful Lieutenant's card.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was three days later, in the afternoon, that Mildred dismissed her carriage at the corner and walked swiftly down Irving Place toward the Rectory of St. John's Church. The Reverend Stephen Eustace was not at home, but the motherly old housekeeper cordially ushered her into the great study overlooking the garden, with assurances that her master would soon be in.

What would Aunt Sedgewick say, wondered Mildred, sinking into a deep, leather-covered chair by the open grate. She looked

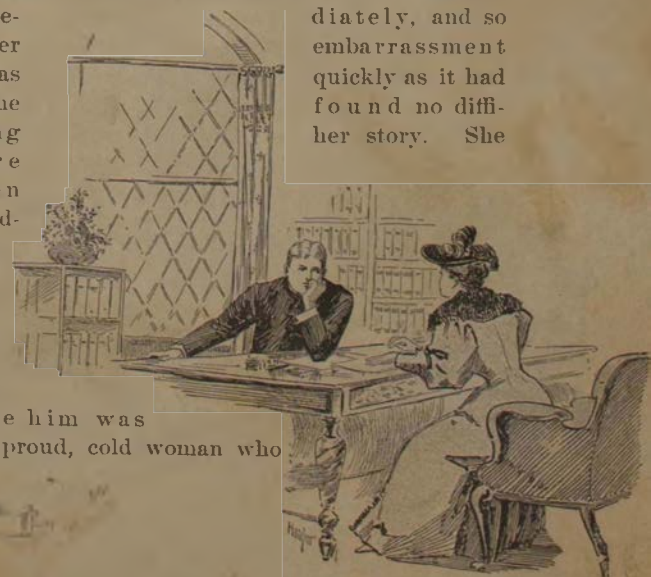
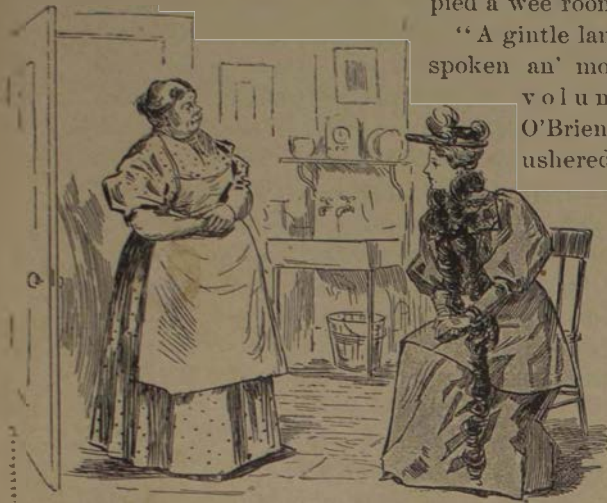
about the room with interest and curiosity, at its tall shelves loaded with dignified, fat volumes in full calf, at the table heaped with papers, and then she gave a startled cry, like a frightened child, when the door opened suddenly.

But not less surprised was the clergyman himself, who, having slipped in with his latch-key, had given the housekeeper no warning. He stopped short at seeing a tall and handsome woman rise from his favorite chair, and he recognized her before she spoke her own name, blushing vividly as she did so.

"I ventured to come," she began at once, the warm color still in her face, "for I remembered your offer of a fortnight ago. There seemed so little chance, then, that I would need it; but now, if you could help me a bit— You see I have no one else to go to, and—"

She stopped short, hopelessly entangled; but he came to her aid immediately, and so embarrassment quickly as it had found no difficulty in her story. She

the girl before him was really the tall, proud, cold woman who



had sat beside him at Mrs. Graham's dinner. How the languid, unhappy, big brown eyes were flashing now, softening and filling with hot tears as the lips trembled or were curled scornfully in the telling of Grace Mynell and her sufferings.

"And she wishes to go back to that life when recovered," went on Mildred, all unconscious of her own eloquence; "but I—I have a plan to"—she paused, while a wave of hot color ran from brow to chin. "You see, Dr. Eustace, I am rich; and I thought I might do a little to help women like Grace Mynell. I am not going to Europe," she continued, smiling. "It will amuse me more, I think, to stay here in New York and carry out my plans."

Such sensible schemes as they laid together! It would be a club, at first; and Grace Mynell should never go back to the shop, but stay on under Mildred's protection to help with the work promptly to be begun.

It was late when Miss Duncan rose to go; and Stephen Eustace promised to call on the sick girl, who was fast regaining strength in her chair by the window, Mildred said, except that the broken chain of memory could not be forged again.

"Next week we begin our experiment," she laughed, holding out her hand cordially; "and I shall again and again faint, almost, by the wayside; but I depend on you and Grace Mynell to help me."

It was a bit of cambric, embroidered in one corner with the word "Mildred," and moist with its owner's tears, that the Reverend Stephen Eustace found, a few moments after her departure, beside the chair Miss Duncan had occupied. He regarded it with an odd sort of amused interest, it seemed such a frail trifle and toy to this big, motherless, sisterless man, in whose eyes the belongings of women were a sad puzzle. He folded the cambric square and laid it safely away in his pocket-book, strong in his intention most honestly to return it when next they met.

#### IV.

It was during the slow weeks of convalescence that Mildred felt her pity for the frail, gentle girl, thrown so strangely upon her attention and mercy, grow quickly into sincere affection. Even when a little child, longing for sympathy and companionship in her lonely nursery, the favorite dream had been of a sister to share her joys and sorrows; and now, though in a different degree, she experienced all a sister's desire to shield and comfort Grace Mynell, into her to see the flushing. So she ventured at

whose pale cheeks it delighted faint tints of returning health with infinite tact and tenderness last to set forth her schemes for the future.

"It is all a chaos of good intentions, so far," she said, cheerfully, "and to you and to Mr. Eustace I am going to look for a great deal of guidance and help in making myself and my money something of a blessing; for I am sorely ashamed to think how all my life I have failed to see the great and urgent duty I owe to those about me. Now, Grace, I have thought it all over carefully; and if you have no better position offering would you care to make your home with me? I want you for my private secretary and grand counsellor;" and then it was, with some hesitation, Mildred mentioned a salary that seemed to her very little indeed, but to Grace Mynell, starting up from her chair in delighted amazement, a princely income. She could scarcely believe her ears when Mildred went on to explain that the sunny bedroom, dainty with all its hangings of blue and white, was henceforth to be her very own, and that the pretty gown she wore was but part of a simple but complete wardrobe prepared during her illness, under Mildred's direction.

"How good you are! How good you are!" she murmured brokenly, catching Miss Duncan's fair hands to her lips. "I cannot believe such fortune is mine,—I have done nothing to deserve it; and," with a quick glance about the room, "it is truly not the comforts and beauty of this new life I should have regretted to resign. I am so used to poverty I do not fear it greatly; but, dear Miss Duncan, I should hate to leave you. I have learned to love you so, because you are good and beautiful, and because, because,—"

She stopped with a pained, puzzled expression in her eyes, as one who vainly struggles to recall something from the past.

"Yes, yes," answered Mildred, strangely touched. She put the girl gently from her, and began to talk again of the fine plans, remembering the doctor's warning:

"Some day," he had said, "when strong again in mind and body, a face, a voice, a trinket, maybe, will bring the desired shock to flutter open again those leaves of the memory-book nature has mercifully closed for a while; but do not excite her now."

Recalling this, Mildred ordered into the attic that sad little black travelling-box rescued from Mrs. O'Brien's lodgings, to wait until Grace might ask for her possessions. She made no reference to them, however, and the little box was pushed away out of sight until that time should come.

In spite of Aunt Sedgewick's frowns and shrugs, Mildred brought her protégée down to the old lady's special sanctum in the drawing-room bay-window, where even through her strongest pince-nez she could find

nothing to condemn in Grace Mynell. Indeed, her shy grace and deferential manner distinctly appealed to the aristocratic, tyrannical, but good-natured, old woman. In her own shrewd mind she concluded the girl was born of gentler blood and educated in a more refined sphere than anyone knew; and her approval of the little secretary grew to genuine liking when she found that Grace was deft at picking up stitches in the long silk stockings it was Miss



Sedgewick's delight to knit for Mildred's pretty feet, that she could trim breakfast-caps most daintily, and would read aloud Anthony Trollope without growing weary.

Through her keen *pince-nez* she also could not but see that Grace Mynell's coming had wrought a great change in Mildred, who, with characteristic energy, having at last found the true duty of her life, was losing no time in the fulfillment of it.

With surprise Miss Sedgewick saw the great library opened and set in order. The dark, handsome old room had remained closed since Mr. Duncan's death; yet Mildred ordered nothing changed, and, somehow, she believed the portrait eyes of her dead father looked down, not wholly disapprovingly, on the tall figure of his charming daughter seated before the huge old mahogany desk in a vast, broad-armed, leather revolving-chair. The library was to be Mildred's workroom; and there it was Grace Mynell, regarding with something like awe and fear that same portrait of Mildred's handsome father, which hung above the tall mantleshelf, first met the Reverend Stephen Eustace. His strong hand-clasp and clear, friendly eyes seemed to banish all the uneasy forebodings which the portrait roused in her, and she felt she had found in him a potent friend.

It was he who listened gravely when Mildred outlined her plan for building what she wished to call the "Woman's Palace."

"It must be a modification, for the practical needs of New York working-women, of Walter Besant's People's

Palace," explained Miss Duncan, who was delighted to find the young clergy-

man fully in accord with her cherished project. His suggestions were wise and useful. To her he confided all his ambitions for the growth of his church work; and he blushed with pleasure when she asked that her great institution should be considered one of St. John's parish works.

Yet the walls of the Woman's Palace were destined to rise slowly, for there were many preliminaries to be settled; and a decidedly *mauvais quart d'heure* fell to Mildred's share in her conference with her lawyer. Old Mr. Baxter had been her father's lawyer and chosen adviser, and had guarded well the great, admirably invested fortune of which he believed his fair young client was about to make the most reckless ducks and drakes. But Mildred triumphed at last; and it was not until the old man limped out of the luxurious private office, to search for certain valuable papers in connection with the goodly sum of money of which the heiress wished to make new use, that Miss Duncan took any notice of a quiet, plain, but sweet-faced young woman who had entered the room and was busy over some papers.

Her eyes wandered with an admiring glance over Mildred's stately figure in its rich gown and heavy furs, and Miss Duncan returned the glance warmly and then spoke. It was a simple comment on the

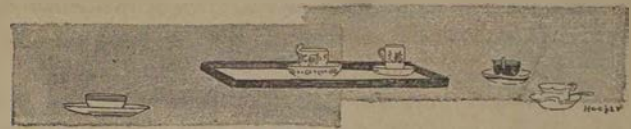
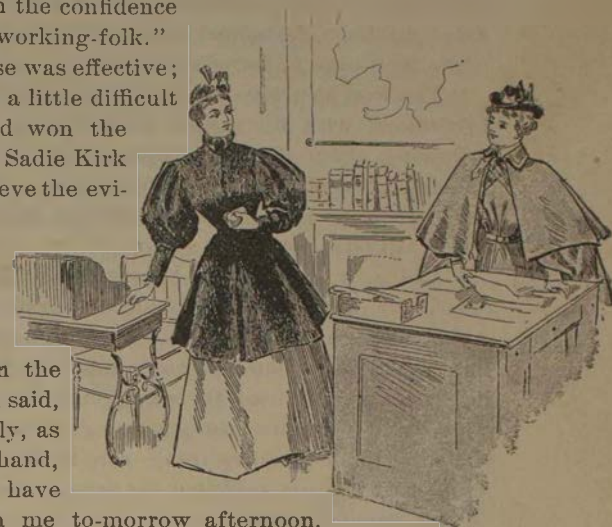
weather; but something—a comment Stephen Eustace had dropped—flashed through her mind and inspired the remark.

"Sympathy," he had said, "friendly interest, is the golden key, I find, to every heart, and always the magic sesame when one wishes to gain the confidence of the shy, proud working-folk."

The good impulse was effective; and though it was a little difficult at first, Mildred won the girl's interest, and Sadie Kirk could scarcely believe the evidence of her senses when Mildred drew a visiting-card from her handsome case, and laying it on the type-writing stand said, simply and cordially, as she held out her hand,

"Will you not have a cup of tea with me to-morrow afternoon, when your office work is done? I should like very much to have more talk with you, I am so interested in your work."

(To be continued.)



## Pastimes for Winter Evenings.

### AN ADJECTIVE PARTY.



"WHAT'S in a name?" need never be asked respecting an evening company, for there's everything in the name—or the excuse—that serves to bring together a dozen young people.

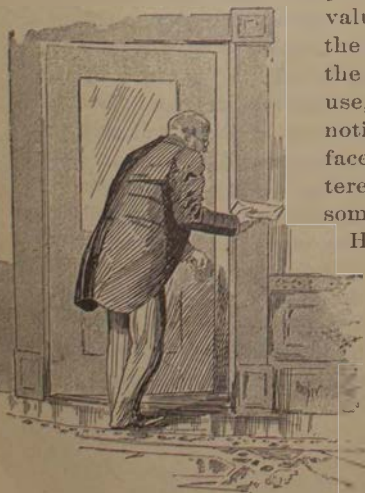
An Adjective Party is always a merry one, and is productive of abundant laughter. It should be small, of not more than a dozen or fifteen persons. If the invitations be written, let the words, "Adjectives, at nine," appear in the lower left-hand corner; if verbal, beg your friends to bring with them their largest stock of that useful part of speech.

The hostess prepares beforehand a little story, which may be very simple or an elaborate structure. I should recommend the former. In writing it, leave space before every noun for the insertion of one or more adjectives, which are to be supplied by the company.

At nine o'clock, supposing the guests have been prompt, the hostess, at the tinkle of a little silver bell, produces her manuscript and pencil. She asks her nearest neighbor for an adjective, which she writes before the first noun. She then asks the next one for an adjective, which she inserts in the second space; and so on, round and round, till all the blanks are filled.

Then follows the reading of the heterogeneous matter, which is always greeted with peals of laughter. If the writer skillfully weaves in the names of those present, or of well-known town's-people, the effect is immensely enhanced. No one can take exception to any personalities, for the combinations are purely accidental.

Here is a specimen of a story, lately produced at such a party:



"It was the birthday of the hazy and infantile father of his scrumptious country. On that gaunt day, the cantankerous Pleasure Club of the frantic town of —, wishing to celebrate it, assembled at the dumpy house of the silky Dr. Fleming. It was beautifully decorated with many discreet American flags, festooned about, while tough ribbons of red, white, and blue fluttered everywhere.

"The first to arrive was the kittenish and unexpected Mr. Livermore, with his sappy, soulful sister on his arm; but following them directly came frisky Miss Dorr and the vehement but slippery Mrs. Winthrop. The latter brought the regrets of dapper Mr. Winthrop, that he would be detained till later.

"And now the ironical guests came thick and fast. The erratic Mr. Evans and the hilarious but discombobulated Mr. Abbot came arm in arm, as usual, like a pair of stoical Siamese twins. The pale and bumptious Miss McClure, with her remorseful friend the astonished Miss Smith, followed close, with her sunny though egregious brother. When all the scanty and furious throng were assembled—"

But this is quite sufficient for purposes of illustration.

This game is capital, also, for an impromptu amusement for the parlor of a summer hotel or the deck of a becalmed yacht. Ten minutes will suffice for anyone who wields a ready pencil to string together names and incidents for a skeleton. This, indeed, is never criticised, for the fortuitous conjunction of names and adjectives always furnishes unlimited fun.

ELIZABETH TIMLOW.

#### WHAT MAY BE SEEN ON A PENNY.

A WESTERN gentleman is said to have found on a single copper cent the long list of articles named below, and his discovery has been used many times since to while away an evening hour. Although the game may be gotten up on the spur of the moment, it may also take the form of a little entertainment, when, for the mystification of the guests, it might appropriately be called "A Penny Party." The questions (as many lists as there are guests) should be plainly written out beforehand, and each list accompanied by a bright new penny, which must be carefully studied by the competing persons; or a drawing of a penny might be made, the head above the list numbered 1, 2, 3, etc., and the reverse side above the one lettered A, B, C, etc.

At a signal, each person gives close attention to his penny to see what can be found upon it, writing his answers in their respective order. At the expiration of a given time, agreed on before, a bell may be rung, and the correct answers read out from the paper in the host's possession, each guest checking off those on his own list which are correct.

The holder of the largest correct list wins some simple prize,—a bunch of flowers or what not,—and the pennies might be collected and given to the one having the least. But this is only a suggestion.

#### QUESTIONS.

##### WHAT YOU WILL FIND ON THE REVERSE OF A PENNY.

- |                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| A. The meed of victory.             | F. What we may expect when away from home. |
| B. An apostle.                      | G. Desirable when playing the races.       |
| C. An article of defensive warfare. | H. A beverage.                             |
| D. The girl's delight.              | I. Weapons of offense.                     |
| E. Found between book-covers.       |  |

#### QUESTIONS.

##### WHAT YOU WILL FIND ON THE FACE OF A PENNY.

- |                            |   |                                      |
|----------------------------|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. A place of worship.     | 8. A favorable answer.                  | 14. Old and young united.            |
| 2. Part of a hill.         | 9. The book agents' friend.             | 15. State of matrimony.              |
| 3. A fruit.                | 10. Contrary minded.                    | 16. Part of a door.                  |
| 4. Flowers.                | 11. An animal.                          | 17. What sheep do in a field.        |
| 5. Part of a whip.         | 12. What an oarsman does with his oars. | 18. A fit subject for a dog-catcher. |
| 6. Part of a river.        | 13. A necessity for a teacher.          |                                      |
| 7. A company of musicians. |   |                                      |

#### ANSWERS.

- |                        |               |                    |
|------------------------|---------------|--------------------|
| A. A wreath of laurel. | D. A bow.     | G. A tip.          |
| B. One cent.           | E. Leaves.    | H. Tea.            |
| C. A shield.           | F. Letters.   | I. Arrows.         |
| 1. A temple.           | 7. Band.      | 13. A pupil.       |
| 2. Brow.               | 8. Eye.       | 14. 18 89.         |
| 3. A date.             | 9. Check.     | 15. United States. |
| 4. Tulips.             | 10. Nose.     | 16. Lock.          |
| 5. Lash.               | 11. Hair.     | 17. Brows.         |
| 6. Mouth.              | 12. Feathers. | 18. A merry cur.   |

The last question and answer were added on the spur of the moment at a recent party where the game was played, and caused considerable merriment. Doubtless many others as appropriate could be thought out. M. F. HARMAN.

#### HIEROGLYPHICS.

THIS game is worked by two persons to be guessed by a third or a company of persons. A list of words of monosyllables (of not more than five letters) is made by the persons not in the secret. This list is handed to A, who selects a word and begins with a cane to make all sorts of flourishes, dots, and dashes, on the floor. After writing for a while in these hieroglyphics, which do not resemble the letters of the alphabet in the least, B, who is in the secret with him, tells the company what word A has written, B not having seen the list at all. If A and B catch the spirit of it, the deception is perfect and the company much mystified. They can give the whole list of words in this way, and here is the key.

The first letter of the word, unless a vowel, is also the first letter of an appropriate remark which A makes as he begins to flourish his cane over the floor. All the consonants in the word are indicated to B in like manner, and A must be quick-witted enough to make remarks that fit, so that the company will not suspect that this is a part of the game. The vowels are indicated by rapping with the cane once for A, twice for E, three times for I, and so on, through the list of vowels. For example: One of the words in the list is "cat." As A begins to write he says to B, "Catch the idea now?" and B knows the first letter of the word is "c," because it is the first letter of A's remark. Then A brings down the cane with one short rap, and goes right on writing; and B knows that "a" is the next letter in the word. The next time A speaks he must give B the next letter, so he must keep on with his hieroglyphics until he can think of something to say beginning with that letter. Finally he says, "This ends it," and B knows the word is "cat," because the "t" was the first letter in A's last remark.

C. E. B.

#### "Madonna and Child."

(See Full-page Gravure.)



It has been mistakenly said that religious feeling has passed out of modern art. How untrue this is, anyone with the least reverence for sacred things, and the smallest appreciation of art, will see by studying our full-page photogravure for this month. The love of the Christ-child and his mother—emblems for all time of beautiful child-life and motherhood—will never die in our civilization until that civilization itself becomes barbarism. The pathetic, beautiful face of this mother,—pathetic, as it would seem, without quite comprehending her own glorious mission, yet with the sorrow of a lofty motherhood,—the sweet protectiveness with which she holds the tiny new-born Christ, the innocent, inquiring poise of her head, the complete restfulness of the group, the fine disposition of the drapery, and the lighting of the sky behind the heads of the figures, make this one of the most lovely pictures of the Madonna and Child ever published.

## THE COMMON SENSE OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

PERSONAL opinions given specially for DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE by Mrs. Margaret Bottome, Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, A. H. Hummel, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, Samuel Minturn Peck, Albert Hardy, Rev. Madison C. Peters, and De Wolf Hopper.

FOR ALL "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS."

MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME, PRESIDENT OF "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS."

IN undertaking to give these opinions regarding Christmas gifts, I believe that Demorest's Magazine is doing good work. There are thousands of people just now to whom the reflection of the approach of Christmas time is laden almost with horror. This is certainly a time for a reform movement in matter of Christmas gifts.

I speak from my heart on this subject, as I have spoken from my heart in writing upon it for years. I believe that in the great tide of extravagance and competition in the exchange of Christmas gifts, we have lost all sight of the real sentiment of the custom, and are giving now from the pocket, instead of from the heart. The most deplorable fact is that they

who make expensive Christmas presents look for a return in gifts, if not actually in money.

This miserable feeling in reflecting upon the approach of Christmas does not prevail among the poorer people, but among the comparatively well-to-do. These people scrape together every cent and bankrupt themselves for the privilege of giving presents indiscriminately to every Tom, Dick, and Harry. Now all this is wrong. As I have said, reform is needed. I actually believe that it will soon have to be made a distinct reform measure. In Switzerland it is considered bad form to give presents worth more than three francs. That's an excellent custom, worthy of emulation.

What should be given as presents at Christmas-tide? The costliest things that money can buy? Not a bit of it. A simple little note, written by one's own hand and couched in terms of kindness that will touch a responsive chord in the heart of the recipient, is a better Christmas present than something that costs enough money to bankrupt the giver for six months. As Emerson says, "The gift should be part of the giver." Therefore, young women making gifts might paint something, embroider something, make anything with their own hands, that may be called part of themselves. In their own way young men, too, can give something which is a part of themselves, providing it is given in the true spirit, even though it is bought with money,—money which they themselves have earned.

I sometimes think we shall actually lose Christmas, for the reason of this very excess in the giving of presents. New Year's has been lost to us. I remember in my girlhood days how I used to enjoy the old Knickerbocker custom of receiving one's friends in the most simple way and having them partake informally of simple refreshment. But now all that is changed. Today it seems to be the custom for callers to go where the finest banquet is served. I sincerely hope that these words will be considered, that in their serious consideration extravagance in the matter of Christmas gifts will be changed to economy, and that the real sentiment of giving presents on the birthday more important than all others will be saved to us.

SANTA CLAUS WILL BE THERE.

MRS. WILLIAM TOD HELMUTH, PRESIDENT OF SOROSIS.

I AM aware that there is too much extravagance and competition in the matter of Christmas gifts, but of course that

is generally understood. There is, however, a phase of the question of making Christmas gifts which suggests the absence of Santa Claus altogether. I can best illustrate what I mean in a true story.

During my sojourn at Bar Harbor, this summer, I had occasion to drive frequently down the Atlantic road to a little fishing-village where the fisher people catch lobsters and all sorts of things. I went there one day with a friend for a day's fishing. We secured as our escorts for the excursion a little boy and his father, both typical down-Easters, and possessing all the innocence of country people. The little boy was particularly interesting. After we had had our lines in the water awhile my friend said to the little boy,

"What do you catch here?"

The answer, drawled in the usual fisher-boy way, was not profoundly learned, but it was truth. He simply drawled, "F-i-s-h!"

My friend, whose bait didn't seem to catch very well, then asked him, "What do you catch fish with?"

The answer was simply, "B-a-i-t."

Just then my friend caught a very insignificant specimen of finch, and the little boy, noticing her look of contempt, philosophically remarked,

"You—have—to—catch—anything—you—can—get—here."

We then became very much interested in the boy, and asked him miscellaneous questions. At last we happened to speak about Christmas.

"What did Santa Claus bring you last Christmas?" my friend asked.

This was the reply: "He—didn't—bring—nothing. Santa—Claus—never—gets—out—here. It's—too—far—away—for—him."

Certainly the answer was pathetic. Need I say that Santa Claus will get there, far away as it is, this Christmas? This, in my belief, is where Christmas presents are most needed.

"IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

A. H. HUMMEL, THE NOTED CRIMINAL LAWYER.

WHEN we apply to it the Scriptural injunction "It is better to give than to receive," Christmas offers us an opportunity to show those we love that we have not forgotten them. It is a pretty custom to have a day fixed when we may give this outward vent to our feelings. When annoyed we may, nay, often do, say cruel things during a year; but we are all too apt to hide our fonder sentiments—except during courtship.

The custom *per se* is beautiful; but it is carried to such excess at times that it becomes a burden. Every man's presents should be regulated by both his pocket and his heart. It is nothing less than absurd to feel an obligation to incur expenses that one cannot afford. This is unjust to the recipient, and nothing short of criminal on the part of the giver.



It is not the present alone that is valued, but the feeling that prompted it. Nobody can make gifts to every casual acquaintance. The line must be drawn somewhere, and my idea is that it should be drawn as close to the family hearthstone as possible. Some intimate friends must be remembered, but never at the expense of the best-loved ones at home, or, for that matter, the loved ones that may be ever so far away. I do not think that any sensible person feels hurt because he has not received presents from friends, or because presents that were sent cost comparatively little. Those who weigh the value of a gift are mercenary beings whose hearts do not respond with sincerity.

I enjoy being able to celebrate Christmas as Dickens liked to have it; and if with such enjoyment others are made correspondingly happy, then indeed is my cup of bliss filled to overflowing.

#### GIVE EVERYONE, BUT PREPARE THE YEAR ROUND.

MRS. ELIZABETH B. GRANNIS, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CHRISTIAN LEAGUE, AND EDITOR OF "THE CHURCH UNION."

I HAVE given this matter of Christmas presents my attention for twenty-one years,—not only once a year for twenty-one years, but continually and steadily the year round. The moment one Christmas has passed I begin to lay my plans for the next one. I believe I give from a hundred and seventy-five to two hundred Christmas presents every year. I give to everyone; from my best friend, to persons in the most humble positions. I give to my foreman, my workmen, my clerks, my servants, every-one.

I'm not saying this now to attract admiration. I do not even want to set an example, unless my example be followed in the right way,—unless the presents be given with the proper sentiment.

To me, Christmas-tide has always been the sweetest part of the year, especially because it is the time when gifts are exchanged. I don't want to see the custom abandoned. Who that sees the child hang up its stocking on Christmas Eve and go to sleep secure in the knowledge that Santa Claus will come down the chimney during the night and fill that stocking full of good things, can think of suppressing the dear old white-haired myth?

Now we are all children at Christmas time, no matter how far we are beyond the time when we discovered the real Santa Claus. Figuratively, we all hang up our stockings at Christmas, and we like to find them filled in the morning, too.

Now comes the question, What should Santa Claus put into our stockings? The truth is, we don't much care what it is, so long as it's something. The child doesn't care,—how could he? We, the older children, don't care,—why should we?

The thing is to give always with a view to the usefulness of the gift. If I want to give a boy a book, I consider what book will most please him, be most useful to him, now and always.

By all means let us make Christmas gifts; let us give to everyone. If it's only a scrap of writing, let Santa Claus be always on hand. But give with common sense, give reasonably, give because you love to give, give no more than you can afford. Away, I say, with the fashionable functions and ceremonies which make gifts that suggest having cost money; and let us all give with the simplicity of Santa Claus himself, smiling as though giving to the children we love.

#### COMMON SENSE FROM THE SOUTH.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK, THE ALABAMA POET.

I THINK the giving of presents at Christmas is a pretty custom which American vanity and love of display have perverted into a gross abuse. Expensive gifts should never be made except in those cases where the closeness of the tie by blood or marriage would render the gift of an equivalent in money not indelicate. I believe a feeling of relief would pervade the land if a sumptuary law were enacted and enforced forbidding the acceptance at Christmas of any gifts of more than fifty cents in value, save in cases of suffering.



#### WHAT A POET THINKS.

ALBERT HARDY, POET AND STORY-WRITER.

"THE Lord loveth a cheerful giver." In this, I think, ought to be found the keynote and the chief charm and beauty of the time-honored custom of Christmas giving. Because on this day the greatest gift in the world's history became ours, we, in turn, should not only give cheerfully and freely, but as lavishly as our means will admit. More care should be taken in the bestowing than the selection of our gifts. Better give a cup of cold water and a kind word to the needy and deserving one on Christmas morning, than gold and jewels to those who have plenty the whole year. Make some sacrifice, deny yourself something when making your Christmas offerings; for self-sacrifice alone constitutes true generosity. Yet out of this could be gathered enough material for an essay, which might be headed "The Evil of Giving." To give because someone else gives, to attempt to outdo one's friend or neighbor during this holy season, has nothing to do with charity or the spirit of thankfulness. Under such conditions, the offerings become a vulgar show, a shallow mocking of a sacred mission. On the other hand, the good of giving comes when the heart is attune to the blessings of the season, when self is forgotten, and the gifts, no matter how small or insignificant, are bestowed cheerfully, heartily, and in such a spirit as befits the season which we commemorate.



#### TOKENS OF LOVE.

REV. MADISON C. PETERS, PASTOR OF BLOOMINGDALE REFORMED CHURCH, NEW YORK.

GIFTS should be tokens of love and good wishes, and not forced by custom. I have known people to put their last dollar into Christmas presents. Many presents are never paid for, while others are bought on the installment plan,—a dollar down, and a dollar a week. Whether it can be afforded or not, people vie with each other and think they must do as others do, for many persons would commit any sin or incur any danger sooner than be accounted unfashionable. "Custom lies as a weight, heavy as frost," and not one in a hundred has the courage to throw it off.



## CHRISTMAS GIFT "DON'T'S."

DE WOLF HOPPER, ONCE A QUAKER, NOW AN ACTOR.

CHRISTMAS and the holidays make, undoubtedly, the gayest season of the year. We're all supposed to be happy, and to be looking toward making others happy. We are thinking how happy father, mother, sister, and all of them, will be with that something we have resolved to give them. We sit down and make a long list of the gifts we intend to scatter right and left, but we give never a thought of their cost till the last moment. Now there's my first "don't." Don't wait till the last moment to buy or make these gifts. We'll find they cost more money than we have on hand or can afford.

Here's another "don't." Some people want to give a present to every man, woman, and child, and even to the dog, at Christmas. Now, don't do that, unless you do it according as you can afford.

Again, many good, generous folks are miserable because they can't give to everyone. Don't be unhappy on that account. Wish the others a heartfelt "Merry Christmas," and you'll be happy,—providing you wish them a "Merry Christmas" from the bottom of your heart.

Once more, some of us always try to give something that costs more money than the other fellow's gift. Now, don't!

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.

---

 For Another.

**W**ENT aboard as soon as the gates were opened, for I knew the train would be crowded. I selfishly secured an entire seat for myself, temporarily, at least, taking my own place next the window while I piled up my luggage, somewhat obtrusively, next to the aisle. To tell the truth, I was sadly in need of the rest an entire seat would assure me, and complacently told myself that I deserved it, if anyone did.

It was Christmas Eve, and I was going home,—back to the father's house I had so hopefully left ten years before. I had gone from it to seek my fortune. It was quite as a prodigal that I was going home; all my wealth was in my two lean and shabby valises. A couple of hundred dollars would cover it all. In spite of the joyous season, I was moody and sad. Perhaps the happy faces and words of those about me intensified my gloom. Besides, I was tired. I needed rest.

Some people are always just in time for the cars. I don't know why, but they seem to fare as well as the earlier ones. They affect—with grim humor—lawless ways that should shut them forever out from good society. The very latest person, that particular night, swung on the car after it was in motion. He didn't hurry, even then. He came slowly up the aisle, looking right and left for a vacant place. He was a striking-looking man, tall, dark, cold, with the air of one who had gotten all the good out of life that was to be found in it,—a man who had seen all things, knew all things, had enjoyed all things to the uttermost, and who was satiated and disgusted with it all.

No one ever said I was a striking individual, no one ever thought it worth while to give a guess at my character or experiences as indexed by my face; and yet that laggard individual looked enough like me to have been my brother,—

not my twin brother, perhaps, though it would have puzzled an observer to have said which was the older.

The man must have recognized the likeness, for he paused at my seat, extended his hand, with a smile, and said,

"Good evening, brother."

I drew myself up, rather stiffly, and gave no answer. I turned my entire attention to things outside the window, though the lateness of the hour rendered it impossible to see much. The man, however, was not to be put off in any such way. He swung my luggage down to the floor, piled his own upon it, and wedged himself down into the seat beside me.

"A pleasant evening," he said.

"Umph," said I.

He handed me his card. "Benito Brozos," it read. I decided, instantly, that the card was a liar and the man a fraud. Where, outside of the pages of romance, did anyone ever meet so impossible a cognomen as "Benito Brozos"?

"What may I call you, please?" he demanded.

"Joel Toddkins is my name," I answered.

"Ah? I never had the pleasure of hearing the name before. I am pleased to know you, Mr. Toddkins." And he got hold of my hand, in spite of me, and gave it a good, vigorous squeeze. I am sure his hand found no answering warmth in mine. "I may wish you a Merry Christmas? Yes? My own will be a—merry one, I guess." He relapsed into a meditative silence for a minute or two, then, leaning confidentially toward me, he continued, "You see, I am to be married tomorrow."

I made him no answer, but that did not seem to disconcert him in the least. He was so full of himself, his personal importance, that I think he would have opened his heart—and his mouth—to anyone into whose society the chances of travel had thrown him, even though his seatmate had been a woman.

He took out a pocket-book, making an involuntary display of a thick pile of bank-bills as he did so, and extracted a photograph from it. He handed it to me. It really was the prettiest woman—but pshaw! I don't mean *that*. What can a man tell of a woman, in these *fin de siècle* days, by simply seeing her photograph?

The man gazed at the picture silently, as long as I held it. I think I handed it back too soon to really please him. He gave it a parting thirty seconds or so of time, when he once had it in his own hands again, before returning it to his pocket.

"She's the woman," he said, at length, giving his pocket a searching sort of slap to make sure that the precious pocket-book was in safety, "and I guess she's as lovely as they make them, and as good as she's pretty. Haven't seen her for ten years. Have been in the mines, you see. Made a good thing, too, a cool million, at the very least. Ten thousand dollars in that thing," and he carelessly kicked one of his valises.

God forgive me! For a moment I was a thief in heart, if not a murderer.

Well, the fellow talked on and on and on. A part of the time it was his money; a part of the time it was his betrothed; a part of the time I nodded and dozed, and only the good God knows what he did talk about. Finally, however, the swinging cars and roaring wheels lulled me into a slumber deep enough to be a sufficient hint to even him. He was silent until—

There was a sudden, frightened roar of the whistle for brakes, a startled cry that one felt, in spite of the fact that the sound was mechanical, had something of the terror of the engineer's soul in it. The air-brakes tightened, tightened, but too weakly, too slowly. An answering roar was coming,—coming like the wind! There! there! God help us! Who

could have guessed that hurrying metal could have gained such power as that? The car in which we sat was doubled, crumpled, folded, almost annihilated. The car behind ours met the car ahead, and passed it! Three cars were crushed into the space that had belonged to one. The lights were out, and the darkness was the deepest I had ever known; and one would have guessed that everyone had met death in sleep, and instantly, so oppressive was the silence.

But this was not for long. Cries, groans, curses, prayers, arose all about me in a mad chorus of agony, and down at the place that had been the end of our car, down where the car stove had stood, the glowing coals shone redly among the splintered wreckage, and the flames began to reach out greedily for the fine food furnished them.

I got to my feet, stretched myself, decided I was practically unhurt, and hurriedly made my way out of the window at my side. I was the first one out; possibly I was to be the only one out. It seemed lonely—so lonely!—outside. I shivered; I was more frightened than I had been in the danger that had menaced me.

"Give me a pull, Toddkins, will you?" demanded my recent seatmate. "I think my legs aren't hurt much, but they're caught in some way."

I hurried to help him. I pulled until it seemed as though my tendons would crack. It was of no use. I could no more get him loose than I could have lifted the engine from the two men who were dying beneath it. And the growing flame was already making it light enough to work advantageously.

"For God's sake, Toddkins!" cried Brozos, "you must get me loose. Would half a million—"

There were tears in my eyes. I was doing all I could. It would be a pretence, a trick, to let him believe I had anything of hope left; but I could not tell him the truth. "I shall save you," I said, cheerily, "and this is no time to talk of money. I'd do for the meanest beggar all that I am doing for you." And I took him firmly by the shoulders, and pulled and tugged again.

"I know you would, Toddkins. You have your heart in the right place, even if you did want twice as much room as you'd paid for. But I must rest a little. Here, take this." He handed me his valise. "Yours," he continued, "are where we cannot reach them."

Well, the end came soon. In sixty seconds more the flames drove me away; thirty seconds after that Brozos' voice grew silent forever. It was more than an hour before the fires were extinguished and the work of removing the dead was really under way. They took out a dead man from where I had sat. There was nothing on his person that could serve to identify him, but the valises under his feet helped in that matter. "Joel Toddkins, burned beyond recognition, no clothing left," was the way the telegrams stated it.

Very well! So be it! Why quarrel with fate? I walked down the track a half-mile to the station at which the train we had met should have waited for us to pass. I stumbled into the little building that served for all railroad purposes, telegraphic service included. I opened the dead man's valise. I got a certain address from a bundle of warmly written letters I found there. I sent a tender message to Beatrice Arlio, explaining why I should be tardy. I signed myself Benito Brozos. And if my face was very white, and my hands all a-tremble, what was there strange in that? Was I not a man who had just escaped from an accident in which half the passengers on the train had met instant death? Was I not the only one who had lived through the horror that had swept the car in which I had been?

Three days later I walked up the steps of the house in which Beatrice Arlio lived. How strange it seemed! What a villain I was! And yet, to keep the money that had been

Benito Brozos', to be safely sure of even the paltry ten thousand dollars I found in his valise, I must keep faith with the woman to whom he was pledged, though I broke her heart.

But she had seen me coming. She opened the door. She met me half-way down the steps. She gave her lips to my kisses, and modestly answered some of them in kind. And I—I loved her at first sight. How I envied Brozos!—the real Brozos,—for she had loved him. Better have her love and be dead, than—

But what folly was I thinking? She had not seen him for ten years. The ill fortune of it be on my own head if I failed to take his place in her very heart as well as in her arms.

The next day we were married. I resolutely fought down my conscience. Had I not done all I could to save Brozos? Was I not doing, for this woman who could not say I was not her lover, the kindest thing possible? Orange-blossoms better became her than the deep crape of an unwed widow could have done. Why let her weep when she might as well smile? We married. For a week, I was the happiest man God ever let live in all the earth. Then—then—

How can I tell it? How can I adequately picture the horror of it? My wife was gone! And this was the note she left behind her:

"SENOR BROZOS:

"I was mistaken. It was an ideal with whom I corresponded. In you I fail to find it realized, though I have waited ten years. I am gone,—forever! BEATRICE."

I was frenzied. My anger was unbounded. I was a little frightened, too. It seemed I had not played the part of Brozos to the satisfaction of the lovely woman I had loved and lost. Should I be so fortunate as to succeed with a larger audience? I despaired. I doubted.

I got much sympathy. Brozos' money would have assured that, if nothing else would.

I put detectives on her track, not because I would take her back, oh, no, I would have seen her dead first; but—Revenge! revenge! Gods! how sweet! How I loved her! How I hated her!

I drew on the local bank, one morning, for a thousand dollars. I took the draft to them myself. The cashier took it, looked at it very carefully, then laid it aside.

"A forgery," he said, laconically.

I did not at the moment grasp the entire scope of the consequences that must follow his assertion. He had not seen me write the slip of paper; I knew that. If I could not draw, safely, on the Brozos million, it was going to greatly curtail my powers and pleasures. I was fool enough to think, for a little, that there would be nothing more serious for me involved in it all.

"Will you kindly change this?" I asked, laying a bank-bill for a hundred dollars where I had placed the draft for a thousand five short minutes before. This time the cashier made no answer until his message to the police station had summoned an officer to my elbow. Then he said:

"Counterfeit!"

A forger and counterfeiter, and in jail! That was bad enough. But had Benito Brozos been that sort of man? Meddling busybodies thought not, and used the telegraph between my place of imprisonment and the western mines all too freely. The astounding news they received in answer to their inquiries was that, on the very day he was to leave for the East, Benito Brozos was waylaid, robbed, and murdered! They were hunting diligently for the man who had done the deed. My captors hastened to send them word that further search was needless; the criminal was in custody!



I told the truth, the plain and simple truth. I did not attempt to deny my greed, nor to excuse the wrong I had done the woman. I admitted the lesser crime of forgery, a crime that necessarily grew out of my assumption of the individuality of Brozos; but murder,—murder, the crowning crime in the cunning category of devilishness,—murder, a deed for which they might take my life, and take it in a way beside which the way of Brozos' death would be a flowery path of pleasure,—murder, never! never!

And they only laughed at me.

I demanded that they send for my father. I did it in fear and trembling. I remembered the woman had not remembered her lover well enough to say who I was not; I wondered if he would remember his son well enough to be sure and safe in saying who I was. I need not have hoped; I need not have feared. The answer they got was that when my father read my fate, my cruel fate, in the newspaper, he fell dead without a word. "Joel Toddkins, burned beyond recognition, no clothing left." That had been the message. They had no trouble in proving that I stood by and heard it sent.

After that I had no heart left for making a defense. My conscience began the execution of my soul. As for man's laws, man's punishments, I was quite as willing to be convicted of the murder of Benito Brozos in the mines where I had never been, in place of the really guilty man who had died in the railroad wreck, as to see in the faces of those who might acquit me the natural contempt they would feel for the man who, proven innocent by them, would be shown to have slain his own father. So, on the whole, my defense was as careless and indifferent as it was inherently weak.

The only concession made to my story was to mention Joel Toddkins by name, preceded by that nasty word *alias*, in the indictment found against me. The evidence showed that I really looked like Brozos; that was a decided point against me. Brozos had been killed at the mines. It was quite within the bounds of possibility that a man might let his likeness to a man tempt him to kill and take his place; but the likeness of a third man to the other two, that was absurd!

They convicted me, of course. In due time I was led out to expiate my crime. They asked me if I had anything to say. I had nothing, except to assert my innocence again; and the officials looked tired, the clergyman groaned at my perversity, and the reporters made a note of my "dogged stubbornness."

They tied my arms and ankles. They drew the black cap down over my face, shutting out the light of the sun forever. They adjusted the noose. I heard them step softly aside; a struggling man, down through the trap, would need plenty of room!

I waited, but not for long. There was a sharp click. I stood on empty nothingness. One moment so, and then the ligaments of my neck were torn apart, the vertebræ were wrenched asunder, and—

"Wake up, Toddkins! we're at the end of the journey," said Benito Brozos, shaking me roughly by the shoulder. "Merry Christmas, man! You don't look over comfortable. But the man who has slept all night and filled two thirds of the seat ought to have something to be thankful for."

I certainly had!

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.



window, kissing her closed eyelids and lighting up every corner of the miserable garret.

Little Annette shivered under the ragged quilt and turned restlessly from side to side. At last she opened her eyes and sat up and listened, for through the chinks of the rattling window came floating soft, sweet strains of music. It was Christmas Eve, and in the next street some children were dancing to the sound of piano and violin.

Annette sat very still until the music died away. Suddenly the great clock on the church at the corner of the street struck

twelve, and all the children clapped their hands and shouted to one another, joyously:

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

"There is no one to wish *me* 'Merry Christmas' now," murmured Annette, sadly, while a large tear rolled slowly over her cheek.

"Since mamma died, even Santa Claus has quite forgotten me," she added, as she brushed the tear away.

The music in the next street began again. Annette could not lie still, so she slipped out of bed, and wrapping the old quilt around her, opened the window and peeped out. But she could see nothing; the sloping roof extended too far.

"I would not feel so lonesome if I could see them," whispered Annette.

Presently she climbed up upon the window-sill, but still she could see nothing of the happy children; so she stepped out upon the roof, and creeping to the very edge, looked

down. The houses were separated by only two short city yards. The long window-shutters on the lower floor of the opposite house were wide open, and the warm, bright light streamed out into the cold night.

"I see them now," whispered Annette, softly. "How lovely! What pretty dresses! Now they are dancing. How sweet! How happy they are!" She bent far over the roof and watched them.

It was very, very cold out there. The wind stung Annette's hands and face, and nipped her poor little bare feet; but she drew the quilt closer about her and did not stir.

On the next floor above the dancers, a woman with a white cap on her head sat by a cradle covered with lace and ribbons, and rocked it to and fro. The soft light from a wax candle in a tall silver candlestick fell upon a little red stocking which hung on the mantelpiece beside three longer stockings.

"Santa Claus will not forget *them*," thought Annette, as her eyes wandered from the room to the snow-covered



"I AM LULLABY, THE FROST QUEEN."

Colder and colder blew the wind, and higher and higher rose the moon. The children still kept on dancing, and the music floated out of the window and throbbed right through Annette's head. Upstairs the woman nodded and rocked the cradle with one foot, but no Santa Claus came.

Annette's eyes grew heavy but she tried to hold them open. She was not cold any more, but only very tired. She leaned her head upon her hand and shut her eyes, and listened to the "pat! pat!" of the children's feet keeping time to the music, and it seemed as though they were dancing over the snow close by her. By and by the pattering feet were quiet, and the music of the piano and violin seemed to change into a sweet voice singing these words close to Annette's ear:

"Winter stars their watch are keeping,  
Leaning from their cars of gold,  
And the broad, white moon is sleeping  
On a thousand snow-banks cold.

"Hark! The Christmas bells are ringing  
Through the midnight, sweet and clear;  
And the holy ones are singing,  
Though unheard by mortal ear.

"In this lone and sacred hour,  
Ere the daybreak gleams above,  
The spirits of the snow have power  
To bless the little ones they love.

"Then little orphan maid forsaken,  
Dreaming in the bitter air,  
Waken! Waken! Waken! Waken!  
Thou shalt be the fairies' care."

Annette scarcely breathed until the song was finished; then she opened her eyes and looked around. Oh! how astonished she was! for standing between her and the opposite house, right in the air, with the moonlight streaming all about her, was a beautiful little creature robed in sparkling white garments from head to foot. Long, silvery hair hung



"PAST THE MOON AND FAR BEYOND  
THE STARS."

roofs before her. "Perhaps I may see him come across the houses with his sledge and six reindeer, if I sit very still."

around her shoulders and floated upward toward the sky. Upon her forehead glistened a wreath of snow-crystals, and in one hand she carried a long, silver wand, upon which burned a great white star. This wonderful little being bent forward, and holding out one hand looked into Annette's face with a pair of large, glittering eyes.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she screamed again and again; but the music and dancing feet drowned her voice, and the woman did not stir.

Suddenly a large piece of hardened snow crumbled from the window-sill of Annette's room and sliding

down the sloping roof struck sharply against Annette's naked feet. She stooped and snatched the fragment of ice from the glittering snow, then, with all her strength, she hurled it against the opposite window. Breaking the glass to atoms, it bounded across the room and lay crushed at the nurse's feet. The woman sprang from her chair and caught the baby from the blazing cradle, and in another instant put out the flame.

Suddenly, up before Annette again arose the beautiful spirit Lullaby. With a sweet smile on her face she beckoned to her, and said,

"Will you come?"

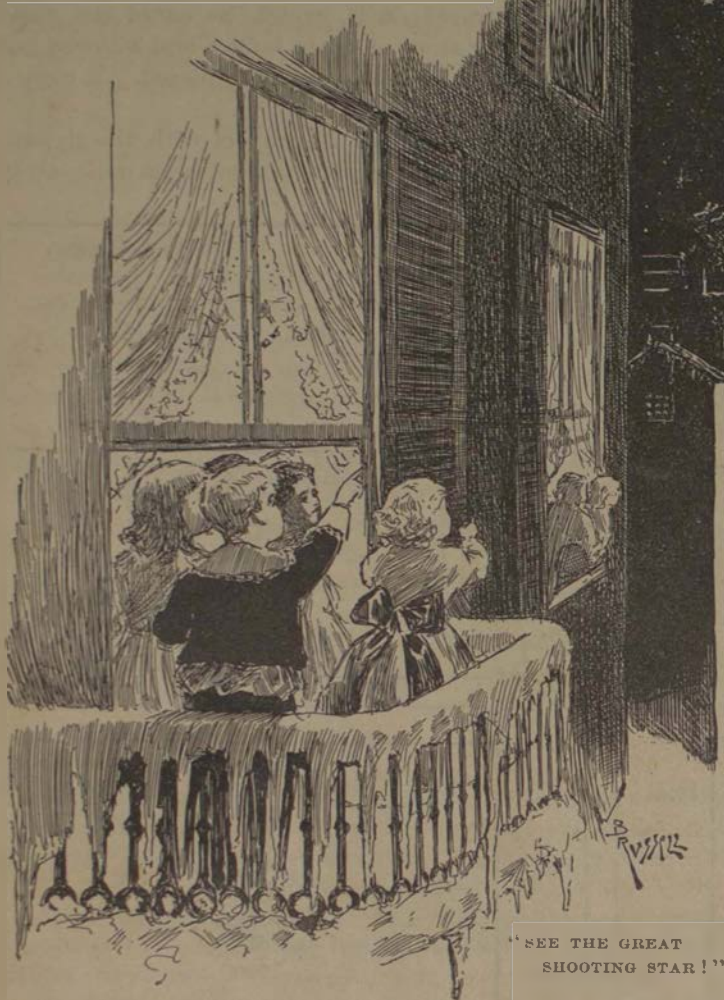
Annette made one step forward, then she felt her feet slide from under her.

For one moment Annette clung to the edge of the roof; the next, her hands slipped away and she went down, down. But before Annette touched the hard ground, Lullaby, the frost queen, glided forward and caught her in her soft, warm arms and flew upward, past the moon and far beyond the stars.

The happy children peeping from the windows to see Santa Claus drive by, pointed to them and whispered, "See the great shooting star!"

The neighbors in the house where Annette lived say she was found, white and frozen, in the narrow back yard below the attic window, on Christmas morning. But we know better; we know that the kind fairy Lullaby took her to her crystal kingdom and left a still, white image in her place.

JULIA LOTIN.



"SEE THE GREAT SHOOTING STAR!"

"Who are you?" whispered Annette, drawing back in astonishment.

"I am Lullaby, the frost queen," answered the beautiful spirit. "I love little children. I love you. Will you come with me? I will clasp you in my arms so close, so close, that you shall never feel the cold again; and we will fly to my crystal kingdom beyond the stars, and be happy forevermore, and dance and sing from morn till night. No one ever feels sad in my home. Will you come, Annette?"

Annette stretched out her arms toward Lullaby; but the frost queen slowly faded into the moonlight, and again Annette saw the opposite house, and again she heard the "pat! pat!" of feet, and the rising and falling of the music. She shivered and rubbed her eyes, then she began to cry.

But presently Annette forgot the cold, and the tears dried on her eyelashes; for she saw in the room where the woman still slept a rosy face peep from between the lace of the cradle, then a dimpled hand stretched out and snatched the long, waxen candle, and the woman did not move. The flame from the candle caught the hanging lace over the little one's head and crept around the blue ribbons, crawling in and out like a fiery snake; and still the woman slept.

Annette sprang to her feet with a cry.



"THE KIND FAIRY LULLABY LEFT A STILL WHITE IMAGE IN HER PLACE."

## Electricity In Mr. Brown's House.

THE electric wires had just been laid in the street on which Mr. Brown lived, and at breakfast he informed his family that he had made arrangements to have them introduced into the house. Mrs. Brown, who was just finishing her first cup of coffee, looked up with sudden alarm, and said:

"My dear, you surely do not intend to have that dangerous current brought into our house? Why! that terrible electricity is what they execute criminals with at Sing Sing! And Mrs. Myrtle, who called yesterday, told of terrible accidents which it has caused,—men, and even horses, being killed instantly,—and said it was an outrage to allow such a thing on this street, and that she would not, on any account, have it brought into her house."

Mr. Brown smiled, and said he had no intention of employing electrocution in his family, though he would be glad to see it applied to the howling cats and dogs which kept him awake; that the current on their street was not an electrocution current of sixteen hundred volts electric pressure, nor a dangerous arc-light current of twenty-five hundred volts pressure, nor an electric-car current of five hundred volts pressure, such as had caused the accidents described by Mrs. Myrtle, but a mild current of only one hundred and ten volts pressure, intended solely for incandescent lighting and domestic use, comparatively harmless, and far safer than gas, by which people are often suffocated and buildings set on fire. He said he intended to have incandescent lamps all through the house, with their mild, soft light, in place of the glaring, flickering, smoky gas-lights, so injurious to eyesight and ruinous to pictures and wall and ceiling decoration; that he should take out the furnace, boiler, and steam radiators and heat all the rooms with electric radiators, and have an electric range in the kitchen, which would not heat the house in summer, like the coal range, nor be liable to escaping gas and explosions, through the carelessness of the cook, like the gas range; and, finally, that he was going to have fan motors, ready to supply cooling, ventilating drafts whenever desired, running silently in the bedrooms all night, if required, and also a motor to run the sewing-machine, so that sewing should be a delightful recreation for his wife and daughter, instead of a wearisome, health-destroying task.

James and Clara, who had been listening intently, both clapped their hands with delight; and Mrs. Brown said she hoped this beautiful dream might be realized, though it was evident, from her manner, that the fears inspired by Mrs. Myrtle's call had not been wholly dispelled by her husband's assurances.

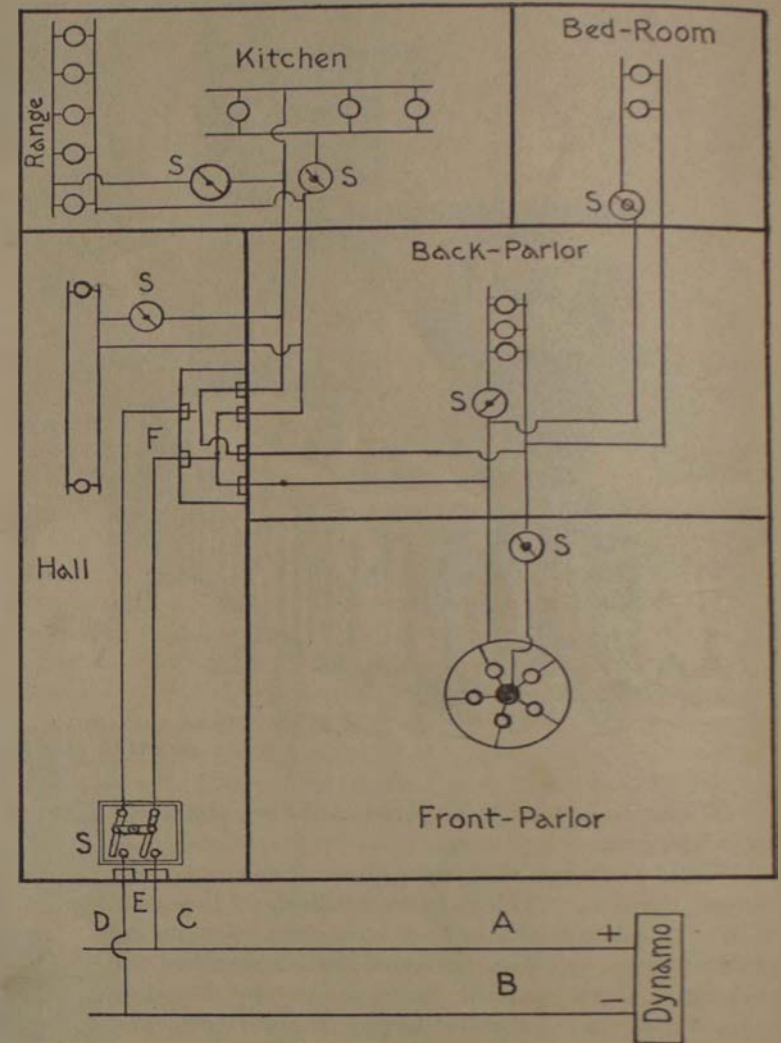
After breakfast Clara went to the kitchen and told Bridget that her father was going to put in an electric cook-stove.

"An electrical cook-sthove, did ye say? An' phwat, in the name of all the saints, is an electrical cook-sthove? Indade an' I think it's meself that'll be afther lavin' yees before I'm blowed up intirely wid that electrical cook-sthove! Wasn't the eyes nearly blowed out o' me head wid that nufangled gas-sthove, whin I let the dirty gas—bad luck to it!—into the oven till it was full, an' thin lit it wid the match, just as they tould me, an' off it wint, like a gun? A purty sight I was, wid the eyebrows an' eyelashes burned off me! Och! an' I wish I was at home in me own shwate cabin in Ireland, away from these dirty electhrical fixin's an' gas fixin's, with me fire o' turf, an' me rush-light candle, an' me nice little pigs atin' the pratee shkins unther the table, an' me hens cacklin' in their nists unther the thatch, an' me cow tied to the bedpost iviry night."

When James came from school that afternoon he found the workmen busy putting in the wires. Under the front

steps they had dug a trench from the street, in which was placed a lead pipe containing two copper wires covered with insulating material, the ends of which they were connecting with the two large wires in the street. The street wires were inclosed in an iron pipe in which was an iron box in front of every house and lot, which could be opened to make the connections. The foreman showed James a little blue print, with white lines traced on it, which he could see was a diagram of the lower story of their house, and showed how the wires and electric fixtures were to be placed. A copy of this is shown in No. 1.

The two main wires, A and B, connect with the dynamo which generates the electricity at the station, a mile away,



1. PLAN FOR PARALLEL DISTRIBUTION.

and carry enough current to supply all the buildings on the street. To these are attached the two smaller wires, C and D, which carry only enough current to supply the house. These wires run under the hall floor to a box, F, near the center, attached to the wall, from which wires extend to every room, connecting by small cross-wires with the lamps and other electric fixtures.

At S, near the hall door, is the main switch, by which an opening can be made in the wires, as shown, when the current is to be shut off from the house; or a connection to let the current in, when the switch is turned straight so as to be in line with the wires. There is also a small switch, marked S, in one of the wires connected with each group of lamps and other fixtures, by which the current for each group can be controlled in a similar manner; and each lamp has a key by which the circuit through it can be closed to light it, or opened to extinguish it.

At E, where the wires enter the house, they pass through two little boxes, in which they are connected with strips of a

soft composition metal called fuses, which melt, or fuse, and stop the flow of current, if by any accident it should become so strong as to be liable to make the wires dangerously hot. There are also six fuses for the same purposes in the box F, one on every wire leading into it or out of it.

You will notice that each of the two main wires divides into two branches in this box, one branch from each leading to the lamps in the parlors and bedroom, and another branch from each leading to the kitchen and hall; and on each of these circuits you will find that there are ten lamps and other fixtures, which is the highest number allowable on any branch circuit, consistent with safety of current. The lamps and other fixtures are indicated by the little circles; and wherever wires cross, a little curve is shown in one of them to indicate separation.

Now if you will begin at the dynamo and trace these wires wherever they go, you will find that the electric current which leaves the dynamo by the main wire A, as indicated by the plus sign, +, must go through one or more of these lamps or fixtures in which the circuit is closed, before it can return to the dynamo by the other main wire, B, as indicated by the minus sign, -. If the circuit be open at all the lamps and fixtures, there will be no current; if closed through a single lamp, that lamp only will be lighted; if closed through all the lamps, they will all be lighted. If, for instance, it is closed through the three back-parlor lamps, or any of them, the current will flow across through those in which the circuit is closed, from one main wire to the other. If closed through the lamps in the front-parlor chandelier, the current will flow round the ring from the main wire attached to it, through the lamps, to the main wire attached to the center.

This is called the parallel system of electric distribution, because the current flows across between two parallel wires, through lamps, motors, and other apparatus. It is the method by which all incandescent lamps, such as are used in houses and offices, are lighted; while in the series system, used for the brilliant arc-lamps, in the street and elsewhere, the current flows from one lamp to the other in series.

In the parallel system, one dynamo can supply current for a thousand or more lamps, all giving light at the same time, or for only a single lamp, while all the others are extinguished, without any perceptible difference in the brilliancy of the light; for when a thousand lamps are lighted the volume of current flowing across between the wires is a thousand times greater than when only one lamp is lighted, so that the system becomes, in this way, self-regulating, except that the electric pressure at the dynamo must be maintained at the required standard.

Only one dynamo is shown in the illustration; but at the station the current from several dynamos flows to two "bus bars," as they are called, from which it is distributed through the surrounding streets. In the Edison system there is a third wire used, so that two parallel circuits require only three wires instead of four, making that system much the cheapest.

At tea that evening there was a hearty laugh when Clara told how Bridget was afraid of being blown up by the electric stove. James and Clara had many questions to ask, both saying that what puzzled them most was how the electric fluid could flow through a solid wire, like gas or water through a pipe. Clara was sure there must be holes through the wire; but James said he had examined the ends carefully with his magnifying glass, and could not find any.

Mr. Brown said it was very natural they should think so, but that, as a matter of fact, there is no such thing as electric fluid, though scientific men once thought there was. It is now believed that electricity is a very rapid motion, or vibration, of those exceedingly small particles called mole-

cules, of which the wire, like every other body, is composed, and this motion, like every other kind of motion, is produced by what we call energy, which shows itself in various ways, and therefore has different names: as vital energy, which makes men and animals act, and plants grow; gravity energy, which makes a weight fall; light energy, with which the sun or a lamp shines; heat energy, which makes fire burn; and electric energy, which lights an electric lamp or drives an electric car.

We cannot see this motion of the molecules, but we can feel it in an electrified wire, just as we can feel heat in a hot wire; for heat is believed to be another kind of motion of the molecules, and the difference between a hot and a cold body is simply a difference in the rapidity of this motion, which is rapid in the hot body and slow in the cold body. In like manner the kind of motion we call electricity may be rapid or slow, so as to be a dangerous current in one wire and scarcely perceptible in another.

James could not see any holes in the wire because his glass is not strong enough; but there are millions of holes, or spaces, in every solid body, many of which you could see with a very strong glass, so that the little molecules have plenty of room to vibrate. There is believed to be a very thin fluid, called ether, infinitely thinner than the thinnest air, which fills all these spaces, as it does the spaces in all other matter, in which little waves, or undulations, are produced, which cause the molecules to vibrate; and both these motions, the undulations of the ether and vibrations of the molecules, are what are called electricity, or, when produced in a wire, the electric current.

"But," said Clara, "I thought you said there was no such thing as electric fluid."

"So I did," replied Mr. Brown. "The ether is not electric fluid, it is only the medium by which the electric energy travels; and it is also the medium by which the kinds of energy we call light and heat travel, and belongs to them as much as it does to electricity."

James wanted to know what a dynamo is, and how it generates electricity. His father explained that a dynamo is a large machine made with two electro-magnets which have massive iron cores on which are wound large coils of cotton-covered copper wire. One of these, called the field-magnet, is usually shaped like a common steel horseshoe magnet, and has two large pole-pieces, which partly inclose a circular space in which the other magnet, called the armature, and shaped like a ring or cylinder, revolves. A steam-engine or water-wheel is required to revolve this armature in opposition to the magnetic attraction, which tends to keep it from revolving, and is very slight at first, but increases with the rotation, so that, in a second or two, a powerful force is required to turn the armature; and this rotation generates electricity in the wire coils, which are connected with the wires by which it is conveyed to the houses.

Clara asked her father to explain the meaning of the terms volt, ohm, and ampere, as applied to the electric current. He said that they are merely convenient terms used to represent the units by which the pressure, resistance, and volume of the current are measured. The volt is the unit of pressure, used to measure the pressure by which the current is forced through the wires, as steam, gas, or water is forced through pipes. The ohm is used to measure the electric resistance of the wire, which opposes this pressure as friction in pipes opposes and limits the flow of steam, gas, or water. The ampere is used to measure the volume of current which can be forced through a wire by a pressure of one volt in opposition to a resistance of one ohm; the volume of the current, in amperes, being ascertained by dividing the pressure, in volts, by the resistance in ohms. A current having a pressure of one hundred volts, and a resist-



2. INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LAMP.

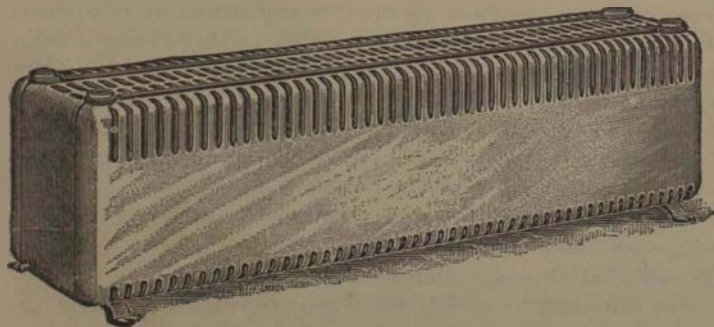
ance of one hundred ohms, would have a volume of one ampere; while a current having a pressure of one hundred volts, and a resistance of ten ohms, would have a volume of ten amperes, and so on.

Next day, when James came from school, he found the workmen putting in the lamps, and the foreman showed him one of them, which was just like the one shown in No. 2. It consisted of a little glass globe from which the air was pumped after the lamp was finished, in which is a thread-like loop of carbon, about six inches long and about the size of a horse-hair, called the filament. This is connected by its ends with two short, fine platinum wires imbedded in a glass stopper, one of which is attached to a

brass collar fitted to the neck of the globe, and the other to a little brass button above it. This collar is fitted to a brass socket so connected with the electric circuit that by turning a key which presses a spring against the button, the electric current can be transmitted through the carbon filament, entering by one platinum wire and leaving by the other.

This makes the filament white hot, or incandescent, because it is so small and long, and the carbon such a bad conductor of electricity that it has very high electric resistance; while the electric current can easily go through the copper wires without making them hot, because they are much larger and the copper a good conductor. The platinum wires are too short to have much electric resistance, and therefore get only about as warm as the glass; and as the expansion of platinum by heat is about the same as that of glass, it does not break the glass as copper would, which expands much more.

This lamp gives a mild, pleasant light of sixteen candle-



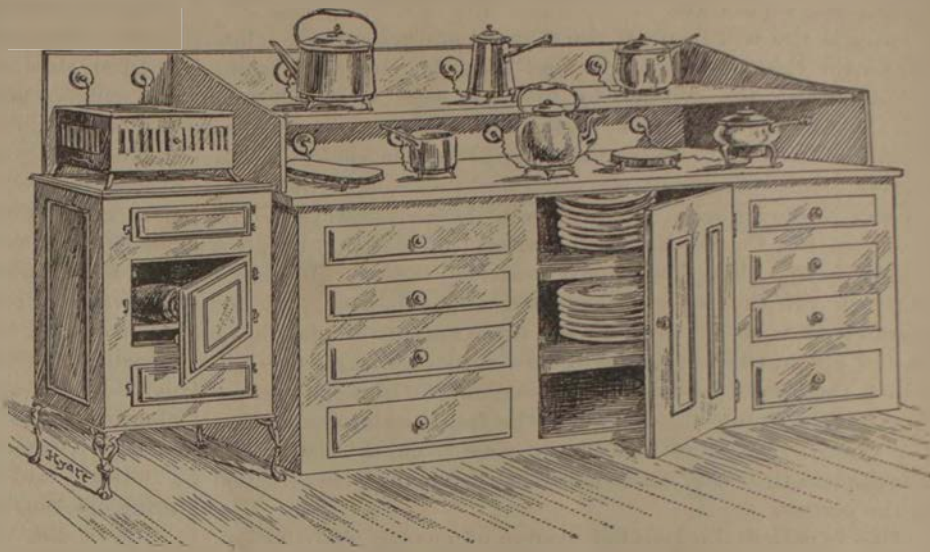
3. AN ELECTRIC HEATER.

power, requiring only half an ampere of current; while the intensely brilliant arc-light has two thousand candle-power, and requires twenty times the volume of current, or ten amperes, and more than twenty times the electric pressure.

In a few days more, the electric heaters and cooking-range were put in, and the fan-motors and sewing-machine motor. One of the heaters is shown in No. 3, and consists of an iron case having openings above and below for the circulation of air, within which are inclosed two coils of wire of special

composition, which has high electric resistance. These coils are wound in a great number of turns on insulating porcelain bars, above and below, in which are notches to separate the wire. This heater is connected with the electric circuit by the sockets shown at its upper corners; and when the electric current is admitted by closing the switch, it follows all the windings and makes the wire hot, a strong heat being obtained by using both coils, or a gentle heat by using only one.

In No. 4 is shown the electric range and oven. The various utensils are supported on a marble slab covering a locker, above which is a switch-board by which each of them can be separately connected with the electric circuit by a flexible copper conductor, a plug attached to one end of this con-



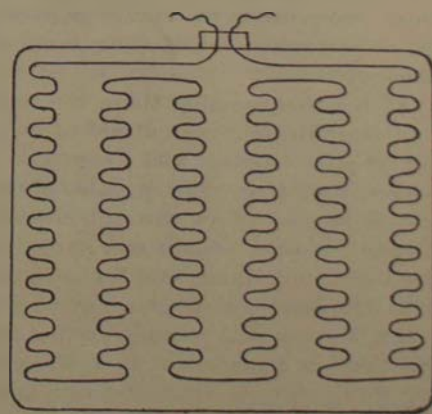
4. AN ELECTRIC COOKING OUTFIT.

ductor being thrust into a spring-jack fitted to a hole in the board, while the other end is attached to a socket connected with an iron plate in the bottom of the pot or pan. This plate is covered with a special insulating enamel in which is imbedded a flat coil of wire of the same kind as that used in the heaters, coiled as shown in No. 5, the wire being corrugated to prevent it from cracking the enamel by expansion and contraction in heating and cooling.

The current, being transmitted through this coil, produces the necessary heat for cooking in each separate utensil, and can be turned on or off as wanted, so that very little is wasted in heating the air. The oven is furnished with similar plates, so arranged in connection with the electric circuit that the heat can be regulated as required.

Flatirons are heated in the same way, the connection with the electric circuit being maintained constantly while the iron is in use, a flexible conductor permitting its free movement on the ironing board to any extent required.

One iron maintained at a steady heat in this way can do the same work as several by the ordinary method of heating and cooling, thus saving the labor of changing irons and caring for the fire, the annoyance of cool or overheated irons, the soiling or burning of the fabric, and the heating of the kitchen or laundry in warm weather.



5. CORRUGATED WIRE COIL.

Bridget was terribly frightened when told to cook breakfast on the new range; but Mr. Brown assured her there was no danger, and said he would show her how to manage it. So she filled the kettle, put the steak in the pan, and made ready the dough for the biscuits, and when Mr. Brown came down she handed him the matches to light the fire, but was amazed when told they were not needed as there was not going to be any fire. As Mr. Brown attached the wires to the various utensils, she stood by wondering how breakfast was to be cooked without fire; but when the kettle began to sing and the steak to sizzle, she was more frightened than ever, and declared it was "the work o' the witches!"

When told to see if the oven was hot she nearly fainted, remembering her experience with the oven of the gas range; so Mr. Brown opened it for her, and showed her how to move the switch to regulate the heat. After a few days she learned to manage the new range nicely, but never could understand how there could be heat without fire; and she always crossed herself and repeated a *Paternoster* or *Ave Maria*, as an antidote against witch charms, before using the range.

Mrs. Brown soon overcame her timidity about the electric current, and was delighted with the new order of things,—light without smoke, heat without fire, no troublesome steam-coils getting choked with water from condensing steam, no furnace with its ashes, cinders, and dirt, no coal-bin to be annually replenished, no escaping gas or flickering light. Even matches were no longer required; the mere turn of the lamp-key producing the beautiful electric light. The electric fans, running silently, supplied cooling draughts day and night, and her sewing-machine ran smoothly without the laborious treadle. In short, Mr. Brown's beautiful electric dream, about which she had misgivings, had been amply fulfilled.

The electric bells, operated by batteries, still made trouble, and she wanted them connected with the new circuit, but was told that the current was too strong. But James, who had lately been studying electricity at school, took charge of them, and by renewing the battery solutions, replacing worn-out zincs, repairing broken connections, and scraping the oxide off the terminal connections of the wires with the batteries, soon had everything in perfect order, so that both door-bells and call-bells responded instantly to the pressure of the button.

Clara was especially delighted with her electric curling-tongs heater, and showed James how she could connect it instantly with the lamp circuit in her room, by taking a lamp from its socket and putting in a plug connected with the heater by a flexible conductor, and, in a few moments, heat the tongs to just the right temperature; and she added that Will, who had made his usual call the previous evening, complimented her on the improved appearance of her bangs.

Mr. Brown soon after completed his domestic electric equipment by having his house connected with the telephone service; and Mrs. Brown was more pleased than ever to find that she could order her family supplies by telephone, call her physician, arrange for her parties, chat with her friends in distant parts of the city, and with her husband at his office.

PHILIP ATKINSON, PH.D.

A SUPERBLY illustrated article on "The Empress of Japan" will be published in our January number, which is the third remarkable paper on noted women rulers of the East. The illustrations with this paper will include the latest portraits of the Mikado, the Empress, and their son.

## Society Fads.

IT appears that George Gordon, Lord Byron, not only wore wide collars, wrote much and inspiring poetry, and fought valiantly for the independence of Greece, but he followed the very feminine custom of using aromatic salts in a little crystal and silver vinaigrette. An American collector of curios who possesses the original vinaigrette used by Lord Byron—which he values at three thousand dollars—has loaned it to a jeweler friend, who has made exact copies of the pretty trifle for the special benefit of the smart New York girl. His lordship's vinaigrette is just about as long as one's little finger, is made of crystal cut in many facets, and the cap-cover and bottom of the glass are of silver. On the bottom is delicately engraved an earl's coronet and the letter B. The silver cap is chased in a pattern of laurel leaves; but the tiny inside glass stopper has been lost, and romantic maidens who reverently handle the precious curio delicately sniff in vain for a whiff of the salts the poet used. They would dearly love to know, in order that they might fill their own little imitation bottles with the sort of salts that soothed the senses of the author of "Childe Harold;" but the odor has vanished, quite.

EVERY fashionable young woman now wears, somewhere about her person, though it may not be visible to the casual eye, a "brownie" figure. It is supposed to bring good luck to her who wears one faithfully during three changes of the moon. Now an ordinary gold, silver, or enamel brownie has become so inexpensive a little ornament, the smart young woman cannot bring herself to wear one until it is by some means made worthy of her purse and position; so she orders her brownie made of the best enamel and set with one jewel, her birth-stone. For example, if she makes up her mind to ask luck of a policeman brownie, she will have his club made of diamonds; or if a sailor brownie, in the top of his cap is set a seed pearl. Among the very popular stones for wear this winter are two revivals: the amethyst and the tourmaline. This last is a most delightful shade of green, the tint of crystal-clear seawater, and matrons are to wear it made into huge, splendid ornaments. For example, a tourmaline as big as a tablespoon will be set about with sixteen star-points of diamonds, which is the modest little brooch chaperons will pin on the fronts of their *décolleté* bodices; and young girls will be permitted to wear bracelets of tourmalines and amethysts. These will only appear on the upper arm, clasping the firm flesh very closely, and are made of the stones cut *en cabochon* and set about with diamonds. These bracelets are not made or sold in pairs, for only one arm is decorated, the left or right, as suits the taste of the wearer; and as many unmatched bracelets can be exhibited on the single round white member at a time as individual preference may dictate.

THERE has arisen, verily like a mushroom in the morning hours, a sudden and unprovoked taste for games of skill and science, among the men and women who hitherto have voted chess, checkers, dominoes, cards, cribbage, backgammon, and the like, only fit for children or people too old or stupid to care for anything more lively. But now behold the dudish young man, the fashion-plate girl, her splendid mamma, her old club-loving uncle, and her busy father, all quite daft about some pet and particular game he or she plays. Chess commands first attention, and all the young women are studying it vigorously. Of course they have a teacher and classes, and by and by there will be chess matches, with prizes to compete for. The chess-master in extraordinary to the Four Hundred is a very blond, good-

looking German, who finds that women have an uncommon talent for the game ; and of afternoons or mornings he meets his classes in private libraries, and walks about from table to table directing, instructing, lecturing. Checkers is the next most popular game ; though card lovers are passionately fond of boasting how many games of "patience," otherwise known as "solitaire," they have won from themselves.

Since this is so it has become something of a fancy with these serious-minded gamblers to set themselves up with gorgeous apparatus for their special recreation. There is a constant and regular exchange of beautiful imported inlaid chess-tables and boxes of chess-men. Packages of the finest, highly ornamented cards slip into painted or carved ivory cases ; and a wedding-gift, made to a pretty bride whose specialty is backgammon, was a Russian board inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The cups and dice were of pearl also, and the backgammon men were carved from the wood of a tree cut down by Mr. Gladstone, who is an able adversary in the amusing game.

At the early balls of the season a number of new dances are to be introduced ; for society is a-weary of an unaltered round of lancers interspersed with the ungraceful two-step and frivolous Yorke. There is to be a revival of one or two stately contra-dances of a hundred years ago, an adaptation of the minuet brought up to date and infused with a little liveliness. The Highland schottische and a remarkable Highland reel are among the things imported from the other side. During November, when hunting house-parties were many, the reel was given a fair trial, and was accepted with universal approval for the ball-cards of the smartest dances. It is rather a rollicking dance, with a remarkable figure in which the dancers catch up the left foot in the left hand and hop dexterously about the room. Perhaps a little dangerous on a highly waxed floor ; but then there is a dancing-master who for a consideration will initiate one into the mystery of doing it with grace, dignity, and safety.

WHITE-AND-GREEN is the approved decoration for ball-rooms this winter, and the effect is wonderfully lovely. Asparagus fern has to a great extent taken the place of smilax, and the long-leaved, graceful Kentias fill corners, windows, and doorways. A hostess who, in the slang of the day, "is so rich she seems to have money to burn," and has a sweet young daughter to launch successfully, gave the girl her first dance in a green-and-white ball-room. The walls and ceilings were in white panels of bas-reliefs and lighted by four giant crystal candelabra, occupying four corners of the room. They stood eight feet high, and in each burned fifty white wax candles. Down one side of the long *salon* were set eight white marble pedestals bearing on their caps the noble heads of Olympian gods and goddesses. These marble shafts were wound with asparagus fern. In a grotto, guarded by tall figures of the three Graces and banked with palms, a stringed band discoursed music ; and along the opposite sides of the wall was set a row of sofas and chairs covered with white bear rugs. The men who officiated about the supper-tables and at the doors were dressed in white satin liveries. The *débutante* herself was in white *chiffon*, and carried a vast bouquet of white carnations, the fashionable flower.

SOME dainty-minded poets and novelists of peculiar taste have shown a marked preference for the lily-skinned maiden, and openly deplored the vulgarity of hearty red cheeks as becoming only to milkmaids and the gardener's daughter. That may be all very well in poems and novels ; but among the stern realities of her life the smart young woman prefers a high, clear color, that owes nothing to art, but everything

to nature. Now unhappily it has been found that the more fashionable the life young women live the more quickly they lose their school-girl rosiness, a phenomenon that has caused serious consideration among the afflicted. Electricity, massage, etc., have all been tried in vain. In no instance has the cure for pallor proved permanent ; and it was in something of despair the more energetic and hopeful resorted to a famous specialist just come to town. He is a tiny, mild-mannered, but iron-willed little German doctor, to whom the secrets of nature seem wholly revealed. He contemplated his wan-cheeked patients and remarked, calmly, that sweets and ice-water were at the root of the trouble, augmented by too much driving in victorias, broughams, coaches, etc.

"Not enough honest leg exercise," he said, firmly, and proceeded to draw out a daily course of exercises that made the poor patients shudder.

"Walk !" he ejaculated. "Never put your feet in horse-cars, cabs, or carriages, if you can help yourself. Walk five or six miles a day ; and—let me see your shoes ?"

A dainty foot encased in a pointed patent-leather tie was put out for inspection.

"Bosh !" was his unkind comment. "Get these feet into high-buttoned, round-toed, heavy-soled calf-skin shoes ; and not only don't be afraid of rain and snow, but go out in the storms. Wear goloshes, a mackintosh, a glazed hat ; but do not carry an umbrella. Take the snow and rain into your face ; that's good for the skin. Don't let a grain of sugar pass your lips. Drink your tea unsweetened and flavored only with a slice of lemon. Bonbons, desserts, any sweetened dishes whatsoever, must be refused utterly. Also never, never, drink a drop of any fluid with your meals ; avoid ice-water as if it were poison, but take whatever amount of water you need an hour after eating. Toast every crumb of bread, sleep eight hours, and don't touch a drop of any medicine, or I'll not treat you."

It is a stern regimen, but the little physician is right ; and the color is coming back into faces hitherto too pale for even the poets' taste.

MADAME LA MODE.

## A Few Ciphers.



HERE ! That's off my mind for another year."

Mr. March gave an impatient little fling to the last sheet in a series of letters he had been writing. Short and stereotyped they were,—all running much like this :

"DEAR — :

"Enclosed find a trifle in remembrance of the day, with good wishes for all.

"Affectionately,

"JOHN MARCH."

"It's a kind of nuisance," went on Mr. March, as he gazed at five checks which lay on his desk with the letters, each one dashed off and left to dry while the others were written. "I don't know—" a grumble coming into his tone, "really I don't,—why I should keep it up year after year. There are some things which might be considered outgrown as time goes on, and this is one of them."

Still Mr. March had a feeling that it would not be discontinued, this every-Christmas offering of a small sum of money to each one of his kindred : it was too firmly based on old association. With the passage of the years he had grown apart from them ; his interests and theirs had become widely separated, and yet he could not well have persuaded himself to sever this almost only link which bound him to the members of his own family.



It had begun soon after he had left home and come up to the great city in search of the fortune which had finally crowned his efforts. He had done well from the first; and, even now, as he gazed upon the five checks, he recalled with a slight warmth at his heart the first time he had sent home gifts of money. They had been smaller then; a dollar each to three cousins, five dollars each to his brother and sister. What a stir they had made in the family! John could easily realize the feeling of opulence which it spread under his home roof and that of his uncle living near. Later he had enlarged the gift. Brother, sister, and cousins had married and set up homes of their own. None of them had, like himself, prospered abundantly; and when first John March had written out three checks for ten dollars and two for twenty-five, he still knew the rejoicing they would carry into families in which money was scarce.

He had rejoiced in doing it, all the more that a little effort and self-denial had been necessary accompaniments of the gifts. That was many years ago. Time and circumstances had built up walls between him and his relatives, and the old heartiness of good-will was wanting.

"It is really time I was letting it go." A thought crossed him of how good the bit of money still came to its recipients. "But I'm under no obligation to keep it up. I have made my money,—they had the same chance. Their lives are what they have made them, just as mine is what I have made it. They expect help from me, and they have no right to."

He fretfully recalled the time when it had been represented to him that unless the brother who still held the old homestead had a lift of a few hundred dollars the place would pass out of his hands. It had been given, and that was the end of any trouble from David. With his sister it had been worse. She had made an unfortunate marriage, and then been widowed. Meek and mild in her disposition, she had never directly applied to him except when in extremity, but was given to keeping her burdens and struggles before him in a way which he sometimes found exasperating.

Cousin Tom had been a scapegrace,—always in trouble, always looking for someone to help him out and set him going again on the basis of many promises of better doing. Cousin Harvey was the possessor of a large family and small everything else. It was not so very long since Mr. March had helped him out West, finishing his assistance with the suggestion that in future it would be agreeable that he should keep his difficulties to himself. Cousin Matilda had a sickly family; a wail from her on the subject of pressing doctor's bills was frequently heard.

"No," resumed Mr. March, as he folded one of the checks, "people have no right to inflict their misfortunes on someone else just because he has achieved success where they have failed.—That you, Mike?"

"It's mesilf, sur. Ready to shut up when you say the wurrud."

"I'll take the key myself. I'm not quite done yet, but you needn't wait."

Mike, however, showed no hurry to leave, but busied himself about the room, with occasional glances at Mr. March.

"That'll do, Mike," at length said the gentleman, somewhat annoyed by the rattle of shovel and tongs, which seemed to show unusual excitement in Mike. He came slowly towards Mr. March,—an undersized little figure of an oldish man with a painful limp.

"If I might be thrubblin' ye jist a minnit, sur."

"Go on, Mike. No more lawsuits, hey?"

"No more o' thim. It's the funny man ye are, sur." Mike shook his head, his whole insignificant face beaming with

delight. "It's only that bein' it's the blessed sayson comin' so near—Christmas Eve tomorrow, glory be to God!—that I'm axin' a bit o' help o' ye, Musther March, to sind a bit of a present to me two brothers, Pat an' Dennis."

"Oh! So *you* have relatives, too, have you?"

"Thanks to the blissed saints I have, sur. An' so I'm comin' to ye to fix up the bits o' paper that'll carry some money to thim two,—the leetle mite of a shcrap that manes so much." Mike laughed aloud as if in great relish of the subject.

"Checks, hey? Well, here." Mr. March again opened his check-book and again began rapidly filling a blank. "To the order of—what's the name?"

"Patrick O'Toole,"—Mike paused a moment as the name was written, then proceeded,—"five hun'erd dollars."

"Hey?" Mr. March gave his chair a little jerk and gazed into the thin, freckled face surrounded with its fringe of ill-kept red hair streaked with gray.

"Five hun'erd dollars to Patrick O'Toole," repeated Mike in the deliberate tone of one taking special pains to make himself understood.

"What do you mean, Mike?"

"Jist phat I'm afther sayin', sur. Five hun'erd dollars to Patrick O'Toole, an' five hun'erd dollars to Dennis O'Toole."

"Out of your damage money?" Mr. March asked, between two short breaths of astonishment.

"That'd be it, sur. Where else would the likes o' me be gettin' five hun'erd dollars?"

"Where, sure enough! Why—" Mr. March gazed at the old janitor with a comical mixture of amazement and friendly contempt, "why,—you old—fool!"

Mike stood quietly with a broad grin on his face.

"Do you mean to say," went on the gentleman, "that you're going to give such amounts out of the two thousand dollars you got as damages from the street railway for injuries which have made you a cripple for life?"

"Such amounts" seemed a little bewildering to Mike.

"Would ye be thinkin' I ought to be dividin' aiquil wid 'em, bein' they're me own brothers, sur?" he began.

"Go 'long with you!" said Mr. March, with a laugh and a stamp of his foot. "Mike," he continued, seriously, "if you do mean such a crazy thing, I hope you will hear me when I advise you against it. Why, man, you are getting old. Your two thousand dollars is almost all your dependence for your old age,—for you and your wife."

"It's the ould wife and mesilf 'll be airnin' this many a year yit, sur, plase the Lord."

"But, Mike, think of the difference this money will make in your comfort. With your simple ways it will make years of ease in your life. You can sit by your fire in your own snug hired room, instead of working hard,—you with your crippled limb."

The old man set his lips slightly together as he gazed at his employer. Mr. March had once or twice noticed the mildness of the insignificant gray eyes looking out from under lids reddened by exposure; now the mildness was intensified by a smile of rare sweetness.

"Musther March," he said, "I know it all, none better nor mesilf. I know jist how much aisier it is to sit by the fire nor to go out in the perishin' cold wid the ache in me ould bones. But ye see, sur, they're me own flesh an' blood,—Pat and Dennis. They feel the pinch and the hardness jist like mesilf. Would it be mesilf 'u'd sit by me fire takin' me aise knowin' things was harder for thim nor for me? Be me sowl! Musther March, I'm thinkin' it's the stingy ould rascal I'm bein' not to give thim more."

"Mike, you're a fool!" repeated Mr. March, but more quietly than before, and simply to fill in the pause.

"It'll be raichin' 'em the mornin' of the blisshed Christmas Day." Mike took a few limping steps in growing excitement. "Think of it, sur! It'll be makin' 'em feel rich! It'll bring the shmile to their faces, and the laugh to 'em, God bless 'em! on His own birthday! It'll aise the ache that no one but the blisshed Lord an' thimsilves knows of."

Yes, there was a radiance added to the gentleness in the faded eyes,—a radiance written by a joy of which few in this self-seeking world know the taste.

Without saying more Mr. March wrote the checks, to which the old man added his tremulous signature. As the sound of the limping footsteps died away in the hall, Mr. March turned again to the five checks on his desk.

"They look small,—yes, they do." Mechanically he added a cipher to the one nearest him. "That looks better." A cipher was added to each check. "One hundred. Two hundred and fifty. They'll all have to be written over."

Mr. March leaned his head on his hands, less in a hurry to get home than he had thought. The glorified face of the old servitor was still before his mind's eye. Mr. March doubted if ever in his life he had looked into a happier one.

"Cutting down his bit of a nest-egg so,—the poor old simpleton! Likely enough to end his days in the poor-house yet."

But it was with a softened smile that the rich merchant thought it. Then his mind ran over his own affairs. Prospered from his first beginnings he had, during these few later years, taken huge strides towards a colossal fortune. Seven figures it would take, he well knew, to express what he was worth, and the initial figure would not be one of the smaller ones, either. His own family lived well, but not extravagantly; his yearly expenses were but a small proportion of his rapidly increasing yearly income.

"And I've never made anyone feel rich. Old Mike's ahead of me there." With a shrug of his shoulders he drew towards him one of the checks and added to it another cipher.

Rich? There was not one of these families to whom such a check would not come as an angel's gift, with stares and catches of breath, tears of joy from care-burdened elder ones, shouts of delight from youngsters. He knew it all, for he had been poor himself, long ago.

"One thousand dollars. Twenty-five hundred dollars."

There was a little excitement about it. Mr. March left his chair and walked up and down the floor. How had it been that he had never before realized what a small scratch of his pen could do? They were his own flesh and blood. They were, in one way and another, enduring the hardness, the daily and nightly wear of mind, the pitiful, gnawing solicitude which belongs with small means. Soul, mind, and body, the hardness touched them all, binding them down with its iron touch, narrowing them with its cruel limitations. His own flesh and blood. They had stood to him as of far less value than this money he had been accumulating,—money which could never bring to him more than food, clothing, and lodging.

Yes, it could. It could bring to him, to his very self, his very heart, the happiness of five families,—this rare privilege which he thanked God could come with an easy scratch of his pen.

As he still crossed and recrossed his office floor his movement became quicker, a glow spread over his face, and a new light shone in his eye. At length he sat down and slowly wrote again the checks, lingering over them as over an enjoyable task; and when all were finished each showed still one more cipher.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

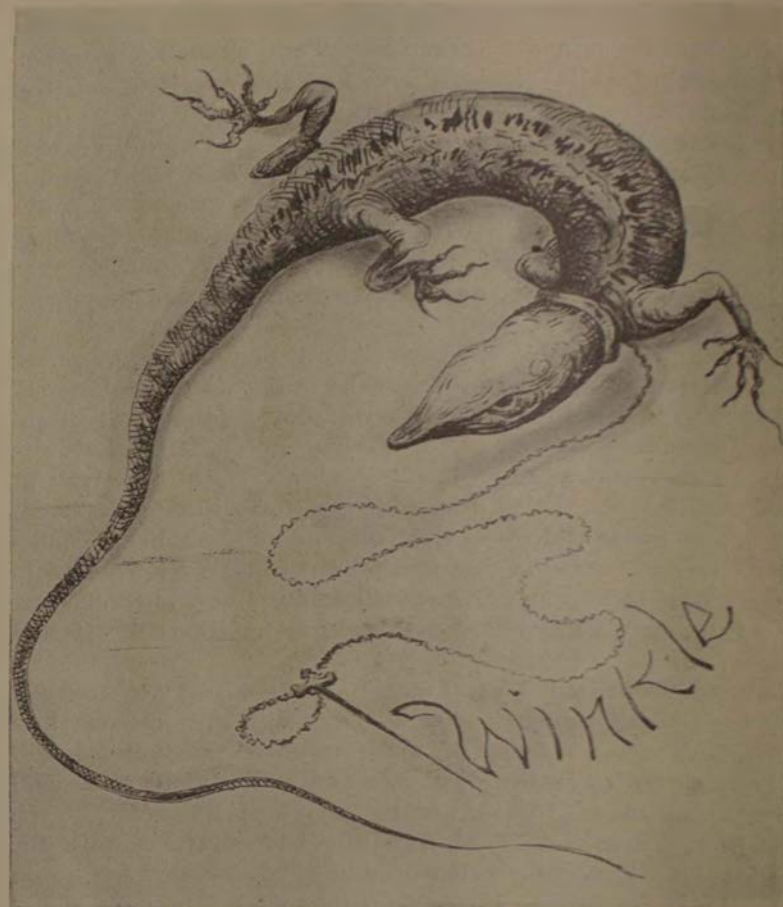
## A Fellow from Florida.

(For the Children.)



TRAIN rolled out of Jacksonville one February morning with Twinkle on board, and as his attendant a little lady. The lady was returning to her home in a lovely village of western New York, and she carried carefully in her hand a little box made of pasteboard, with a wire netting let into the cover; and as soon as the train was well under way she opened the box, and Twinkle came promptly out.

Twinkle is a dainty little chameleon, who during all his journey remained of the loveliest gray, with sometimes yellow spots appearing upon his lithe and graceful body,—probably by way of compliment to his mistress, who wore a gray



THAT FELLOW FROM FLORIDA.

traveling-dress, and had a yellow wing in her hat. He had about his neck a gold collar, and attached to it a delicate gold chain ending in a pretty lace-pin by which he could be safely fastened and made a precious little prisoner. A Jacksonville shopkeeper had sold him to the lady from the North; and as he twinkled his eye in such a saucy manner at the very moment of introduction to his new mistress, she instantly gave him Twinkle for his name.

As you may suppose, he had not fairly been made welcome in his northern home when the children came in shoals to look at him, as he lay in the sun in the wide window-seat; his bright eyes, his strangely webbed toes, his long, lissome tail, twice the length of his whole slender body, and his swiftly changing colors,—all these were wonderful things indeed, something new and curious for little folk to see. The boys or girls who stood admiring, and saw him change, before their eyes, from charming shades of brown to a gray pink or a brilliant red, and were obliged by the call of a mother's voice or the clanging of a school-bell to depart, came back later, of course, in a tremendous hurry, and found

him, perhaps, all glorious in a coat of vivid green. This was an unfailing mystery.

Twinkle was well watched, living always in the eye of a youthful public, the honor of whose attentions was thrust upon him. For at least three weeks he must have lived, as chameleons have been said to live, on air; many things were offered him, but nothing tempted him. One day some drops of water were spilled sparkling on the window-seat: Twinkle rushed for it with headlong speed, and lapped it like a thirsty dog; and, to make that a memorable day, a solitary fly, coming out upon the pane, as flies will sometimes on a wintry day, buzzed his first and last buzz, for out darted Twinkle's long tongue, and that fly disappeared down his throat.

Like wild-fire spread the news among the small folk,—Twinkle had eaten a fly! had drunk a drop of water! This was in the last week of March, when flies are not easily gotten even for chameleons; but the hunt for flies began, and all the little people joined in it. They brought the poor little captives in boxes, in paper bags, in bottles; at least one fly a day was sure to be caught, and it was the proud privilege of the boy or girl who brought it to watch the swift disappearance of it,—alive and kicking.

When Twinkle had swallowed his dinner it was his custom to take his drop of water; and the children never tired of laughing to see him turn up his little nose and give thanks after every sip, as the chicks do when they drink.

His little mistress made for him a coverlet of wadded silk, about eight inches square; this she laid on an ottoman at night, and pinning his chameleonship safely by his chain, she would softly fold the spread over him, sidewise, and there he would lie until morning, and never stir a foot. Indeed, he had a very bad habit of lying in bed mornings, and when his mistress turned back his coverlet he would open one eye at her and lazily shut it again; he had even, sometimes, to be tumbled out of bed to rouse him from his slumbers.

After much changing about he selected his favorite resting-place; he would lie for hours in the curve between the ears of one of those stuffed cats which serve as playthings for children, with his forelegs affectionately embracing an ear, perfectly happy.

At the end of March came a "cold snap," and for many days not a fly came out of his winter quarters. Twinkle's bright eyes lost their luster and sank back in his head; he stretched at full length his rapidly thinning legs, and, languid, weak, and torpid, seemed about to die. His mistress wrapped his cold and almost lifeless body in layers of cotton, and kept him alive with drops of sugar-water from the tip of her finger.

Twinkle was starving, and the whole community was alarmed. All over the town there was rummaging in all sorts of places, in cellars and in garrets; but it was Chauncey, a boy who was one of Twinkle's most ardent admirers, who proved the hero of the hour. He climbed up in the peak of the cupola of his mother's house, found a struggling fly caught in a spider's web, and flew with it to Twinkle. That languid little fellow, hearing once more the old familiar buzz, dragged his slow, feeble length out of his little bed, and with one gulp swallowed the fly, curled himself round in Chauncey's little palm, and slept soundly.

After a few days, Twinkle was ready once more for what life should hold in store for him; and it was quite plain, from his restless manner, the cunning fellow knew some important event in his life was about to happen. There was no keeping him quiet in any place; he was nervously alert all day, refused to go to bed in decent season at night, and if you were up at four o'clock in the morning, there he was, with his coverlet kicked all awry, wide awake and waiting for daylight.

It was discovered that just under his collar, at the back of his neck, was a grayish white spot, which was rapidly growing larger. Then every child in the village had something wonderful to attend to, for Twinkle was going to change his skin! The children came in such numbers that they had to be admitted a few at a time, and the individual most concerned in the business, Twinkle himself, seemed least concerned, probably because he knew best what was to be expected of chameleons.

First, he turned a pearly white all over his body, and remained that color for one day. On the second day a slit appeared down the inside of each leg, and an opening straight down his back, and down the entire length of his long tail. Then, funniest of all, the skin parted at his waist, and there he was, looking, for all the world, as if he had on a pearly white Zouave jacket with fluttering, flowing sleeves, and wide sailor trousers on his legs; and he was such a queer figure, no one wondered that he cut some strange capers to rid himself of his old clothes.

His trousers were first kicked off by nimble legs, and he dragged over his head his white jacket, all in tatters, just as the last unwilling little boy was forced, by coming darkness, to leave the house that night.

It was certainly time Twinkle had a new suit; and it was fine to show him next morning proudly sunning himself in a coat of dazzling green. As he had a choice of colors at his command, it is confidently believed by some that he chose green solely to grace that beautiful spring morning.

So Twinkle goes on from day to day, always a wonderful, mysterious fellow to the children, who would not like to part with him; but his mistress looks anxiously forward to the cold of another winter, and wonders if, to keep him alive and well, she will have to send him back to Florida.

ADELE M. HAYWARD.

### His Christmas Gift.

MARION HAYES was standing before the entrance of a large dry-goods store in a Western city, waiting for a car. Her day's work was over, and she was dreadfully tired. The holiday rush had begun; she had sold that day over three hundred dollars' worth of goods in her department,—the cloak department. A car came plunging along, illumined with a green light, the gong clanging loudly. In obedience to her signal the motor-man stopped the weird, heavily laden conveyance, and she stepped aboard. Once inside, she caught the strap quickly in order to steady herself as the car lurched forward.

A tall, rather distinguished-looking man, wearing eye-glasses, rose, and beckoned to her to take his seat. As Marion came toward the vacant place a look of recognition leaped into his keen eyes. He said in a pleasant, mellow voice, "Why! isn't this Miss Hayes?"

"Well, Mr. Harwood! Where did you come from?" she exclaimed, extending her hand, which he grasped heartily.

"Where did *you* come from?" he retorted. "Didn't I leave you in New York, painting with the combined energy of seven ordinary women? Well, I've a studio here; getting along first-rate, too,—lessons, portraits, and what I sell. Sold three pictures yesterday; made a pretty good haul. These Westerners have the cash, you know. They are Philistines and all that, but I don't intend to starve in a garret for art's sake; it isn't my style."

"When did you come back from Paris?"

"Two years ago. Been here ever since. Queer I never ran across you before. Tell me what you are up to."

"I am a saleswoman in Wilson and Carr's cloak department."

"Great Scott! What's that for?"

"Oh, my eyes gave out. I strained them that last winter in New York, after you left. I spent three weeks in a dark room then, and when I came out they were so weak I could do nothing. I went home for a year; they were not one bit better. It was necessary I should do something, for my father has a hard time to get along; so my cousin got me this place. This is my corner. Please stop the car."

He pulled the strap. "I'm coming to see you. When are you at home?"

"Sunday, and every evening but Saturday evening. Number thirty-two, this street."

When they were both students in the Art League in New York, some years ago, she and Jack Harwood were great chums. As Marion vainly tried to sleep that night she had an attack of memory and lived those days over again. It had been a terrible thing to put by all the dreams and aspirations of that time. Seeing Jack once more brought back the old pain which the dull routine of her present occupation had almost effaced.

The next day was Saturday, with its extra toil, for they had to stay at the store until ten o'clock. She slept from pure exhaustion that night. Sunday afternoon about four o'clock Jack called.

"Couldn't you find anything but this murdering shop-work?" he asked, thinking Marion looked uncommonly well in that soft brown thing with the big lace ruffles.

"No. I can't even teach; I tried it at home. The work isn't so bad when you're used to it."

He shook his head in disapproval. Marion went on nervously:

"Really funny things happen, sometimes. The other day a man and woman came to see about buying a shawl. She couldn't make up her mind which one she liked best, so she decided to go home and think it over. When they went away I asked them to come to me if they came back again, and the old man said, 'Guess we'll know you,—you look just like our Bridget.' Then a Bohemian woman came in last night to buy a coat. She brought her husband along, and when he objected to the price she just took hold of his nose and pulled it till he gave in."

Jack smiled and changed the subject by saying, "Don't you want to show me what you did that last year? You went to Darnell after you left the League, didn't you?"

Marion brought her canvases and laid them before him silently. Jack examined the studies one by one.

"Same power, same touch; but, by Jove! how you've improved! That boy's head is fine! Darnell was the man for you. Remember how we differed about that Academy picture of his? What a thundering shame about your eyes! Have you seen the best oculists?"

"Pretty good ones. They all say the same thing; it will take time to recover from the strain. I did ever so much extra work, you know,—dinner cards, Christmas cards, all that kind of stuff. Electricity would do my eyes good, but it is too expensive." She tried to speak lightly, but felt her attempt was not a success.

"It is tough, and no mistake," Jack said, emphatically. They talked a little longer, then he rose to go. "Come around to the studio and see what I have done," he said; and she promised she would do so soon.

Christmas was now but three days distant. They were miserable days to Marion, for the revival of old ambitions made the sordid life at the store unbearable. It seemed wrong, unjust, that for the want of a little money she must give up forever all it was in her to become. She spent the

little she had saved consulting another oculist, who told her the same thing: electrical treatment was all that could help her.

Christmas morning dawned clear and bright. Her cousin's little girls were exulting over the treasures Santa Claus brought, and although Marion received her share of pretty remembrances, her heart was heavy as lead. When the postman came, among other things for Marion was a letter addressed in unfamiliar writing. She hastily tore the envelope open and took out a check for fifty dollars. It was endorsed,

"Pay to the order of Marion Hayes.

"J. HARWOOD."

A note was enclosed which read, "Please accept this as a substantial expression of the sympathy of your old friend, and use it in some way to get back your eyes."

Marion, woman-like, had a good cry when she was alone in her room. Feelings of mingled surprise, pleasure, and resentment, passed rapidly through her mind. Of course she mustn't keep the money, everybody would talk so; but her heart was touched by his kindness. She always had liked him so much in the old days,—too much, she once had thought.

She would take it back. She put on her things and started at once. As she left the elevator and waited for an answer to her knock, she wished she had written a note instead. Jack opened the door.

"Why, I'm awfully glad to see you," he said.

Marion dropped into a chair. "It is ever and ever so kind of you," and her lips would tremble, "but I can't take it, indeed I can't," she said, holding the check towards him.

"And why not?" he asked, with an amused smile.

"Because it isn't right. I know the kindness of your heart. I appreciate your sympathy——"

"Do you imagine I can't afford it?" he interrupted. "Come! Own up."

Marion laughed nervously. "Judging from the financial condition of most artists, I should call it a munificent sum to give away."

"I will be candid with you. I did intend to put that in the bank, to swell my small hoard; but when I saw you and heard about your hard luck, I changed my mind. It seems very little to do for you; I only wish it were twice the sum! Wait," he continued, as Marion tried to speak, "let me have my say out. There's too much nonsense talked and thought about friendly relations like ours. I don't deny I shouldn't care to do it for most girls; no, I don't know another girl I would do it for. I want you to know that. I enjoyed our friendship in the old times, because you were sensible and didn't think whenever a man liked to talk to you and take you around he was in duty bound to fall in love with you. I won't ask any woman to share the struggles and hardships of a poor artist's life, and I always thought you understood it."

Marion calmly folded the check and put it in her purse.

"I will take it just as you mean it, and thank you a thousand times," she said, in a queer tone. "Now show me your pictures."

They roamed around the studio a little while, when Marion made an excuse for going home. As the door closed after her, Jack clenched his fists.

"I do care for her! I always did! She's the only woman in the world for me, and always will be. I'm glad she took the money." Marion got as far as the elevator shaft, then she turned back. She knocked at the studio door, then, not waiting for him to open it, walked inside. Jack was staring out the window; he turned quickly.

"I must not take it," she said, fumbling at her purse, not seeing for tears.

He placed his hands on her shoulders. "See here, Marion, I do care for you, awfully; and perhaps it is kinder, after all, to let you know, and at least give you a chance to say whether you couldn't take me instead of the money, or take us both."

Marion's tender brown eyes brimmed over. She tried to find her handkerchief, but she had come away without one. Jack gently dried her tears with his own, then they both laughed.

The check fell to the floor. Jack stooped to pick it up. "Will you take us?" he said, slipping one arm around her.

She shyly raised her eyes to his face. "I'll take you, Jack dear, and we'll share the struggles and hardships. O Jack!" and her arms stole around his neck. He gathered her close to his heart while something gleamed suspiciously in his own eyes, under the glasses.

The check again fell to the floor.

SARA ANDERSON.

## Our Girls.

### What Elsie's Birthday Present Did.

HERE was not a happier girl in Bartow that bright autumn morning than twelve-year-old Elsie Newton. You see it was her birthday, and for nearly a week there had been a most mysterious hammering and pounding going on in a little room off the kitchen; and because she was not allowed even a glimpse of the inside of the room, Elsie felt pretty sure that it had something to do with her birthday. Indeed, she had surprised Papa Newton into admitting that this was so, but he would not give her even a hint of what it was all about. Of course the door was never locked, but Elsie would no more have stolen a secret than she would have taken anything else.

But at last her birthday came as all days do come, though sometimes it does seem as if they really never would; and after breakfast Elsie was to go into the mysterious room, where she was told she would find her present. Mamma said that Uncle Jack and Aunt Lily had helped to plan and get it for her, so the only present she found at her plate was a little slender gold bracelet, set with tiny pearls, from Cousin Harry. It was a dainty little thing, and Elsie said she thought that was enough for anybody's birthday; but when papa suggested that perhaps they need not open the room, she shook her brown curls vigorously, and jumped from her chair, declaring she just couldn't eat any more, and asking wouldn't they please hurry?

At last that tantalizing door was thrown open, and Elsie headed the little procession that entered the room. At first she hardly understood. She saw a row of nails, and hanging on them a lot of bright little things that looked like half-grown pots and pans. But finally in one corner she spied a dear little cooking-stove; not a baby stove that would not cook anything, but a nice large one, almost as large as a "number six." And there were the little skillets and pots and saucepans, and two bright little dishpans with a dish-cloth ready hanging over them. Then mamma directed her attention to a corner cupboard prettily curtained with cretonne: and there she found a set of white china, quite large enough to eat on, decorated with graceful sprays of wild roses. At the end of the room stood a little table, and papa showed her how it opened just like mamma's, and pointed out the set of leaves that would make it as large as she wanted it.

Everything she could possibly think of was there; and she fairly screamed with delight when mamma showed her a little book hanging near the stove in which were receipts for almost everything, which mamma had reduced in quantity to a third or a quarter. The walls and floor around the

stove were covered with zinc so there could be no danger of fire.

Well, as I said in the beginning, there was no happier girl in Bartow than Elsie Newton. Mamma had arranged for several little friends to come and spend the afternoon, and they really had tea on that wonderful little table, set with that wonderful china; and when Elsie awoke the next morning, she hurried her dressing that she might make sure the beautiful things were really there.

Oh, the cooking that was done on that bright little stove! Elsie would get up when Bridget did, to make flannel-cakes for papa's breakfast; and how she laughed when he declared that he had never eaten such good ones! Mamma would get her favorite little tea-cakes for supper, very often; and the boys called her "a trump" when she gave them tapioca pudding one day after they had been down to the station for papa, and had come home hungry as young bears. She made very few failures, for mamma had been careful to write out the directions very plainly, telling how to put the ingredients together as well as what to put in.

But one day a dark cloud came up and settled down over Elsie's pleasant home. Mamma had not been well for several days, and one morning she woke too sick to get up. When the doctor came he shook his head gravely and said she ought to have given up sooner. He feared she was in for a siege of typhoid fever, though he hoped to ward it off even yet. But when night came Mrs. Newton was raving in delirium, and Aunt Lily was installed as nurse.

Oh, how dreadful it seemed to Elsie to hear mamma cry that someone was burning her brain with a red-hot iron! How the little girl wrung her hands to think they could do nothing to relieve her dear mother's suffering!

However, even in her wildest moments, Mrs. Newton seemed to know her daughter; and sometimes Elsie's gentle touch would succeed in soothing the dreadful pain, and mamma would try to smile at her. But, finally, this violent stage passed and the patient sank into a state of most alarming stupor and weakness. Worst of all, she became unable to take any nourishment. Indeed, all efforts to swallow anything nauseated her so that she would lie helpless for hours afterwards, unable even to whisper.

Elsie heard Dr. Barnes tell Dr. Compton, whom he had called in for consultation, that, unless they could enable her to take some food, he could see no chance for her recovery. About an hour afterwards, Elsie came into the sick room with a bowl in her hand, and asked if she might have mamma try some beef tea that she had made. Her mamma heard the question and opened her eyes, trying to smile, and then moved her hand ever so little as if to say that she would

try it. So after examining the tea and questioning Elsie as to how she made it, the doctor pronounced it just the thing if only Mrs. Newton could take it.

So Aunt Lily raised the patient's head a little, and Elsie put a spoonful in her mamma's mouth. As she swallowed it without any trouble, Elsie gave her another, then waited a moment at a sign from the doctor; but Mrs. Newton tried to speak, and Elsie, bending anxiously over her, caught the whispered word, "More."

Big tears of joy sprang to the little girl's eyes and ran down her cheeks. Papa afterwards declared that the biggest one of all fell plump into the bowl of tea. But she choked down her sobs and put the spoon to her mother's lips with a steady hand. Three times was the spoon emptied, and then Dr. Barnes stopped her. Aunt Lily deftly changed the patient's position, and she sank into a slumber that the physician pronounced a really refreshing, natural sleep.

When she wakened again she was able to take "almost quite a half-cupful" of that blessed beef tea, as Elsie excitedly told the boys. They were only allowed a peep at mamma once in a while; but Elsie proved so quiet and helpful that when Mr. Newton asked that she might stay, fearful that she would fret herself sick, the doctor consented. So she had been with her mother constantly.

A very proud and delighted girl was Elsie when the doctor told her to lie down with her clothes on, for he should call her at eleven that night to make more tea for her mother

in case she waked at midnight. And, sure enough, mamma did wake just a little before twelve, and was able to take a half-cupful of the tea and to smile quite a smile on her radiant little nurse.

In the morning she was pronounced on the road to recovery; so Elsie had her own little pet chicken killed, and, consulting her cook-book, made it into such broth as she was sure no other chicken would have made. And mamma enjoyed it, too, and was able to tell her so in a few slow words, much to the girl's joy.

So for two weeks Elsie cooked every mouthful that her mother ate, always following the little cook-book carefully, consulting the doctor as to what her patient might have, and keeping her cooking vessels bright and shining that everything might be just as nice as it possibly could be. Mrs. Newton continued to improve steadily, and finally the doctor said he need come no more; she only required food and nursing to restore her soon to health.

No one will ever know for a certainty whether she had reached the turning point in her illness, or whether her love for her little daughter conquered her physical weakness. Perhaps the beef tea was precisely what she needed, and was seasoned to just the right degree to suit her capricious taste. At any rate, it still gives Elsie great pleasure to remember that she and her birthday present really helped to save mamma's life. Papa Newton, however, says he feels sure that big tear did it.

BEULAH R. STEVENS.

## Sanitarian.

### Headache: Its Causes and Cure.



WHAT is called headache might more properly be termed neuralgia of the brain. All aches and pains are caused directly by some interference with the nervous system; either the nerve tissue is wounded or it is pressed upon, and pain is the result. In other words, there is a nerve-ache. Sometimes there is a tumor in the brain, causing pressure on the nerve substance and making an ache; this, however, is not a common occurrence. The great majority of headaches are not due to any growth or malformation in the brain, but to periodic congestions of that organ; the blood rushes to the brain, distending its vessels with that fluid, and thus producing pressure on the white or gray matter which makes up its convolutions.

So much for the immediate causes or conditions which produce headache. This may be very interesting to know, at least to the pathologist; but to the patient it would be far more satisfactory to understand how to avoid all this suffering, especially in those cases in which it is little short of an agony, and therefore next to unbearable.

But in order to do this, we must be familiar with the workings of the human system, its vital economy, so to speak. We must know the physiology of this wonderful vital machinery. Understanding that, we perceive there are two processes constantly going on in our bodies; one of growth, development, the other of waste or decay. By the one process our bodies are built up, the various organs are formed, each with its appropriate function. By the other, the ashes, or débris, of the human system, which is composed of matter once used and therefore worn out, must be removed from the vital organism. To effect this, certain organs are set apart whose office it is to collect these worn-

out or waste materials, and to expel them through their individual outlets.

These organs are the skin, liver, lungs, bowels, and kidneys, and are called depurating organs. It is by means of these that the system is purified from day to day and from hour to hour; in fact, the work is going on every moment of our lives. Whether we are asleep or awake, they are gathering up the refuse of the human system as it is thrown off from the various tissues of the body and taken into the capillaries, whence it is borne on through the general circulation, until finally it reaches one or more of these five depurators, and is carried out of the vital domain. These five organs are the depots which receive those matters that are no longer of any use in the system, and which, if they remain, would poison it, making the individual sick. We can see, therefore, how very important it is for us to keep these organs in a state of health, able to perform their work faithfully, and to keep the body in the best possible condition.

Now there are many ways in which we can disable these organs. We can do it by eating improperly, in such a way that they will be clogged or congested, and therefore unfit for duty. Suppose the individual is excessively fond of sugar or articles of food containing it; the liver will become engorged, the bile (which is an excretory product) be retained in the blood, and the whole system become poisoned with it. The bowels, too, will be rendered torpid, constipated; absorption of their contents then takes place, and we have another source of blood poisoning. Often, too, the whole process of digestion is interfered with, and the blood that is made from the food is inferior in quality; the various tissues of the body, the brain included, are not well nourished, and general derangement of the system follows. Just here is a prolific cause of headaches; the blood sent to the brain being

impure tends to congest it, and as the vessels become engorged, distended, there is pressure on the brain tissue, producing a pain or ache.

Or, suppose the food be of the very greasy sort, too much fat in any form, as butter, cream, fat meats, rich gravies, etc. Blood made from such food will contain an excess of oily matter, and this will be deposited wherever the blood circulates. The skin becomes oily, and its millions of little pores are so obstructed that they cannot perform their work of depuration; the impurities that ought to be thrown out are retained, and the blood becomes foul from their presence. Hence we have another source of headaches. Or if the food be of a highly stimulating character, containing a large amount of seasoning or of animal products, especially meats, it may lead to congestion in the different organs, the brain included, and a headache may follow.

Where much stimulating food is eaten, or where there is frequent indulgence in alcoholic or other stimulating drinks or beverages, there will sooner or later be a breaking-down of the kidneys; these organs will fail to perform their functions properly, and the impurities which they ought to remove from the system will be retained in the blood, and the general health will suffer. As these toxic elements accumulate, the brain may give its report in the form of an ache. Some persons have the habit of eating a good deal more than the system requires; a greater amount of nutriment is taken than it can appropriate, and this excess remains in the blood, making it inferior in quality, and often causing headache. It will be seen, therefore, that errors in the dietetic habits of the individual have very much to do with the prevalence of headaches.

What is known as sick headache is generally caused by the presence of bile in the stomach. The depurating organs have not thrown out the impurities as fast as they accumulated, and an excess of bile formation has been the result; either that, or the bile has been retained in the gall-cyst, and at intervals been discharged in excess, to such an extent that it has found its way from the duodenum, back through the pyloric orifice, and up into the stomach. This latter organ resents the presence of bile, and is making an effort to get rid of it. There is nausea with the headache, and this may be followed by vomiting. A common form of treatment in these cases is to give a glass or two of tepid or warm water, and thus help the stomach to reject its contents; there may or may not be food to come up along with the bile. As soon as the stomach is emptied the patient will find relief, at least from the nausea; and if the congestion in the brain be not too great, the pain there may also cease. Sometimes it will be impossible to make the patient vomit, though the nausea still continues. In such case give the patient two or three glasses of very hot water, as hot as he can drink; this will make the stomach contract, forcing its contents down in the other direction, and relief will follow.

The skin has the largest depurating surface of any organ in the body; and when this is pretty securely sealed up, either with impacted bile that has been deposited in it month after month and year after year, or with oily matters taken with the food, the mucous surfaces (which constitute a sort of inner skin) will take upon themselves vicarious action; that is, they try to do the work which the skin has failed to perform. The bile that should have been secreted by the liver, collected in the gall-cyst, and thrown out through the intestines, is trying to ooze its way through the mucous membranes, and these become diseased. Hence the prevalence of catarrh, sore throat, bronchial affections, etc.

Many headaches are caused by catarrh in the head or in the back nasal passages. A little sudden chilling of the surface or of the extremities will cause this. Perhaps nine tenths of all ordinary headaches may be traced either to

catarrhal conditions or to some derangement of the digestive organs. Often the two exist together. Of course, to prevent headache in these cases we must endeavor to remove the causes which produce them. This means a correct dietary, and an observance of all those habits of life which favor good digestion. The food should be faultless in quantity and quality; the lungs should be doing their best work, which is essential to good blood; the depurators should all of them be on duty; and the nervous system should neither be prostrated nor overtaxed.

What is known as nervous headache is often due to a run-down or prostrated condition of the nervous system. Migraine, or hemicrania, is one form of this disorder. It is a very distressing headache. The pain is confined to one side of the head, or nearly so; or it may be limited to a single spot, perhaps just above the eye. It continues often for many hours together, with little or no abatement, or it may subside for a little, and then begin again. Often it is next to impossible to give the patient even temporary relief. The presence of food in the stomach usually intensifies the pain; in fact, the stomach, as a rule, will not tolerate food during the attack; or if it be taken the pain is greatly increased in the head, and the stomach is also irritated. A good plan when suffering from these headaches is to combine several methods of treatment, the effect of which will be to lessen the congestion in the brain, and at the same time quiet the nervous system.

For example, keep the body comfortably clothed, and the surface warm; put the feet in hot water, and give a prolonged hot foot-bath, and while this is being given, cool off the head by bathing it with a soft cloth dipped in ice-water. In other words, try to draw the blood away from the brain and divert it to the surface of the body, and especially to the extremities. If the hands be cold, place something warm in them, as a bottle of hot water. Bits of ice may be taken, provided there is heat in the stomach; often a cold cloth laid over the stomach will reduce the irritation there. The feelings of the patient will be a guide; whatever feels best is the proper thing. While cooling the head, gentle friction, or shampooing, over the scalp will often give relief.

Very few persons know how to give this part of the treatment successfully; don't rub too vigorously, shaking the head as you do it, nor move the fingers too slowly or too fast; but rub gently and regularly with the tips of the fingers. It is a great art to know how to give this form of massage just right. Sometimes prompt relief is obtained by continuing gentle rubbing, following the direction of the nerves from the head downward over the whole body, and ending with the feet. It gradually draws the blood away from the head toward the surface of the body and to the extremities.

In giving the foot-bath, which is applicable in nearly all kinds of headache, a good plan on lifting the feet from the water is to dash cold water over them, then dry well with a coarse towel (a Turkish towel is best), and follow with a smart friction by the hand. Then draw on a pair of warm stockings, and rub again faithfully until the feet and ankles are in a glow. Have ready a pair of warm slippers or loose-fitting shoes. If the patient sits before a grate fire, screen off the heat from the head; a folded newspaper held before the face will accomplish this. Frequent and thorough wetting of the head and face with very cold water will often give relief; but if the patient does it himself, he should afterwards dip the hands into very hot water, holding them in it till they are quite warm, then rub well with a dry towel. Where there are cold chills running up and down the spine, throw a shawl over the back or wrap it about the body and keep the surface warm. Or if the patient be in bed, apply hot bottles to the feet, and something warm to the back. A pillow of hair or husk is cooler and better for the head than feathers.

Persons suffering from nervous headaches need to be very careful in many ways. A little over-exertion, mental or physical, or a little excitement of any kind, and especially mental worry, will tend to bring on an attack. So will injudicious eating, late hours, loss of sleep, or any other irregularity. As regards vitality, the patient is at the foot of the ladder, so to speak, and anything which upsets the nervous system will create a headache.

The treatment above outlined is only for temporary relief. To effect a permanent cure, steps must be taken to build up the general health, to restore the nervous system to something like a normal condition. Whatever tends to interfere with functional action in the various organs of the body will retard recovery. The patient needs an abundance of fresh air and sunshine; to live in loose clothing, and cultivate deep breathing; to exercise sufficiently for good muscular development; to diet in such a way as to favor the best digestion, and to give the best nourishment; to avoid mental disturbances or physical overwork; in short, to cultivate health habits generally.

Persons with naturally good vitality but rather gross

habits frequently suffer from headaches of another kind. Either there is a rush of blood to the head, with cold hands and feet, causing periodic congestions, or there is some derangement of the digestive organs, attended, it may be, with catarrhal affection of the mucous membranes. Sick headaches are common where there is a clogged condition of the skin and liver, with an excess of bile in the blood. The cure in these cases means a return to healthful habits and physiological conditions.


Pure air and good food are necessary to make good blood; but the waste of the body must also be carried off daily through the depurating organs. Many persons would suffer less with headache if they would work every morning till the skin threw out a copious perspiration from its millions of minute pores; or a daily sweating-bath might do the necessary work. But the plan too often pursued is to send for the family physician, and either take an emetic or a purgative, or both. A few days' fasting, with plenty of lemon juice and hot water, perhaps one or two full enemas, would be infinitely better.

SUSANNA W. DODDS, M.D.

## Home Art and Home Comfort.

### Decorative and Convenient Gifts.

(See Page of Illustrations.)

HILE earnestly advocating a vigorous war against the indiscriminate giving of expensive Christmas presents, all sensible people are interested in the appropriate commemoration of a custom beloved of old and young; and those fortunate people who have leisure to put a part of themselves into their gifts, by deft and dainty manipulation, will be glad of the attractive novelties here given. There is something suited to everyone, from grand-mamma to baby.

No. 1.—A photograph-holder covered with gold brocaded satin, or with Japanese leather.

No. 2.—The "ace" photograph-case, made either of satin, velvet, or of chamois-skin. The back is perfectly plain, and the openings for the photographs are cut in the form of aces. If satin or velvet be used, the openings may be buttonholed or couched with gold thread.

No. 3.—Apple pincushion. A bias piece of lemon-colored or apple-green India silk is required for the outside; it is stretched tautly over the cushion, which may be stuffed with bran, hair, or wool. The bias edges are drawn snugly into the centers, which are tacked through and through, and either a natural stem or an artificial leaf and bit of rubber stem fastened in. Touch up with water-colors to give the natural blush of a ripe apple.

Nos. 4 and 5.—Front and back view of a doll dressed as a German peasant.

No. 6.—A convenient wall-pocket to hang over a writing-table. It can be made of leather decorated with pyrography, or of crash, matting, or a fine screed.

No. 7.—Burnt-match receptacle. A crystal electric globe forms the balloon, enclosed in a net of crocheted silk. It is attached by "baby" ribbons to a tiny basket.

No. 8.—Photograph-holder, covered plainly on the back with rich brocaded silk, and on the front with the same fabric, laid in deep folds to form pockets. The edges are neatly overhanded together.

No. 9.—Stand for newspapers or large photographs and engravings; to be made of any convenient wood, either carved or decorated with pyrography, directions for which were given in Demorest's for March, 1894.

No. 10.—A novel veil-holder made of a long, narrow wooden paddle, wrapped first in a piece of cotton wadding and covered with white brocaded ribbon or silk, embroidered with gold. The veils are kept in good condition by winding them around it. May be hung beside the mirror, to hold hat and stick pins.

No. 11.—Newspaper-holder; may be covered with any pretty netting.

No. 12.—Mirror or photograph frame in bent-iron work, directions for which were given in Demorest's for last May.

No. 13.—Glove or necktie case of gray velvet lined with rose-colored satin and trimmed with silk crocheted gimp.


No. 14.—The favorite handkerchief-case of fine white linen embroidered with rosebuds and sweet-peas in satin-stitch; the hems are confined by feather-stitching.

No. 15.—A convenient laundry-bag of blue jeans embroidered with white linen thread. There are inside pockets for small articles.

No. 16.—The doll safety-pin holder. Two flannel leaves form Miss Dolly's skirts, and these hold the pins. Outside there is satin ribbon of the same width.

No. 17.—A wall-pocket made of two slates. The frames are bronzed, and sprays of marguerites are painted upon the slates, which are fastened together by a pocket of ribbon or velvet. A pencil and bit of sponge are attached so it may serve also for a memorandum tablet.

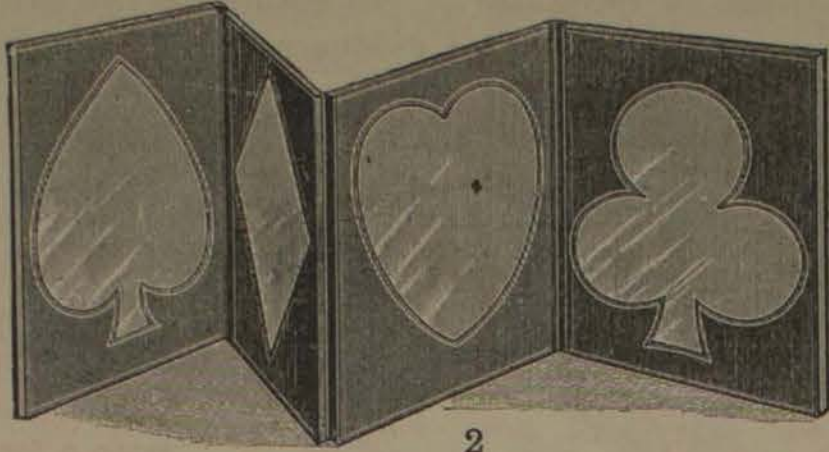
### Holiday Work for Busy Fingers.

GAIN the perplexing hours of uncertainty are here when with knit brows we con over our present-list and endeavor once more to devise the most suitable and acceptable gift for each one of our loved ones, as well as for those friends to whom we are indebted and

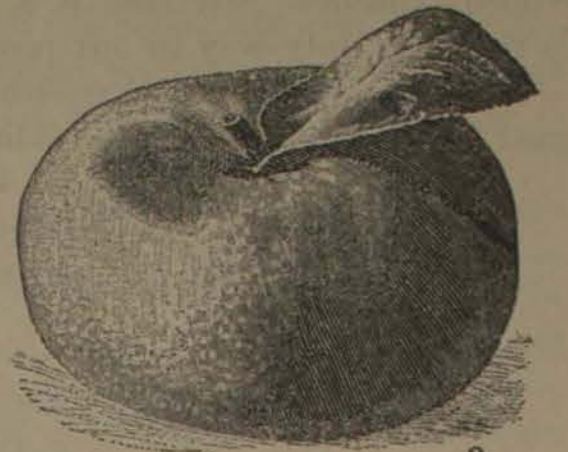




1



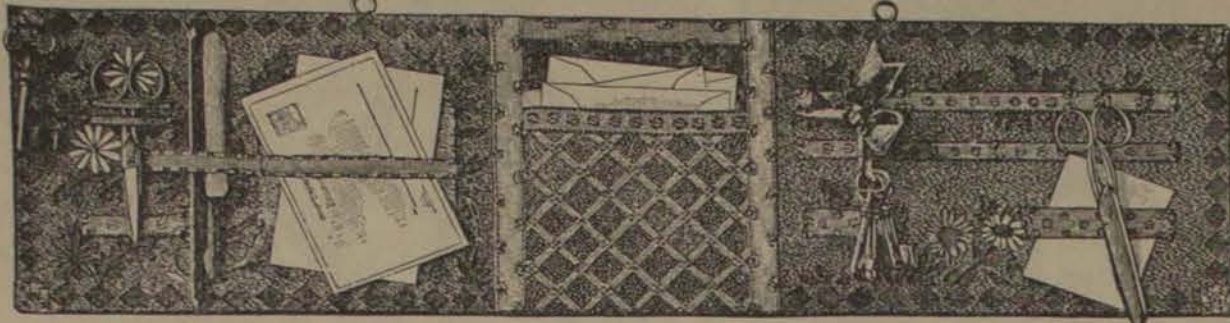
2



3



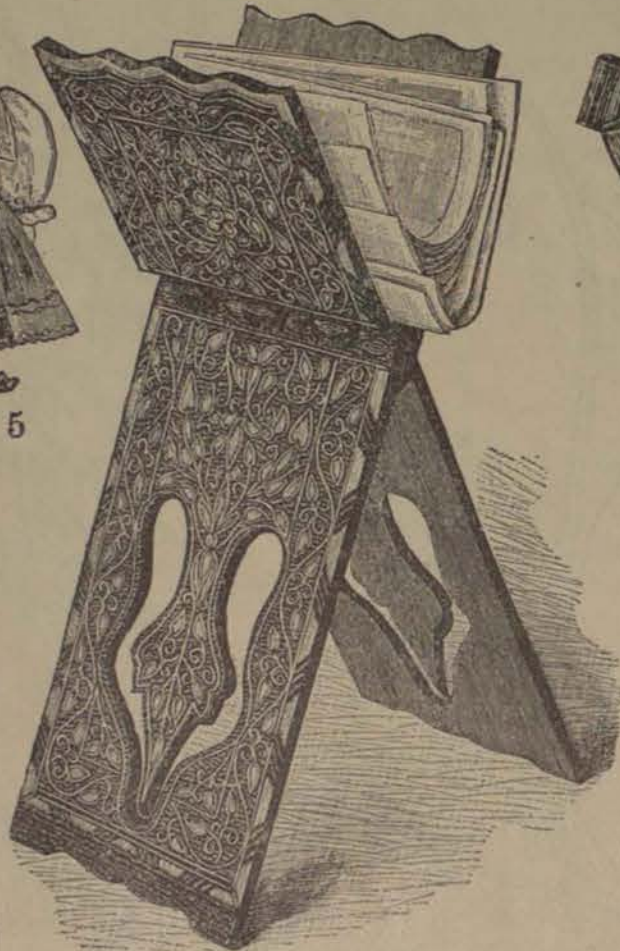
4



6



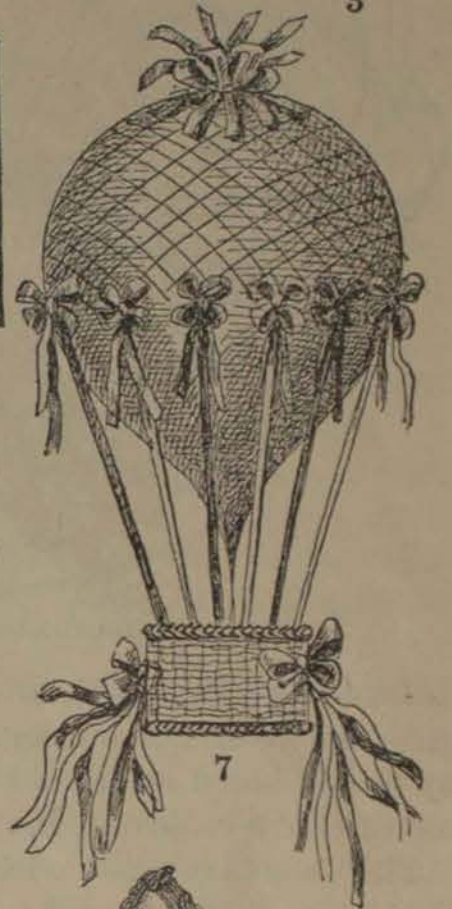
5



9



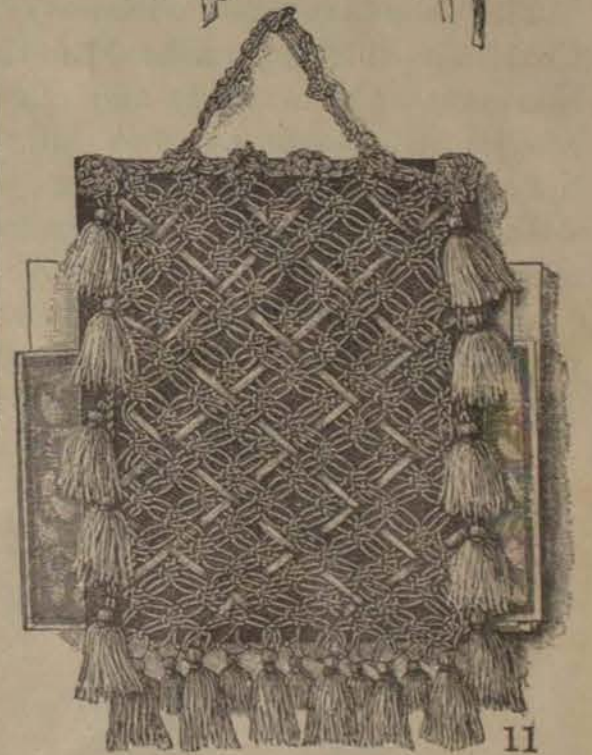
10



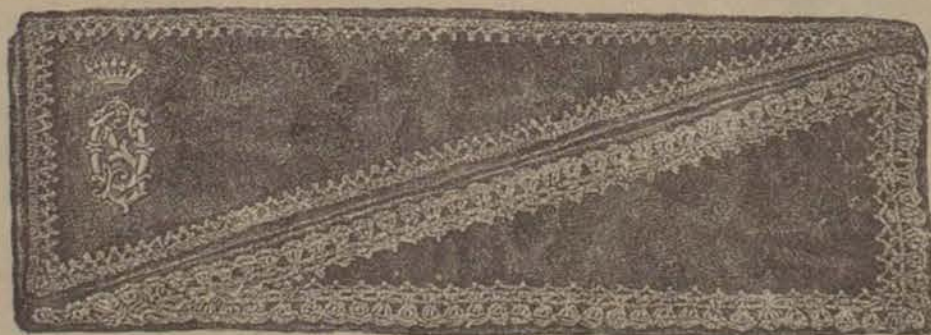
7



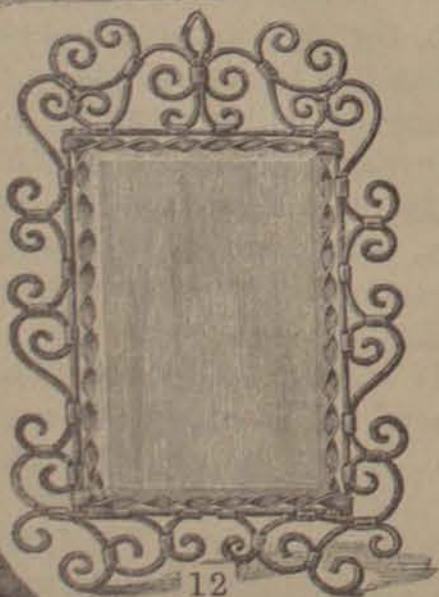
8



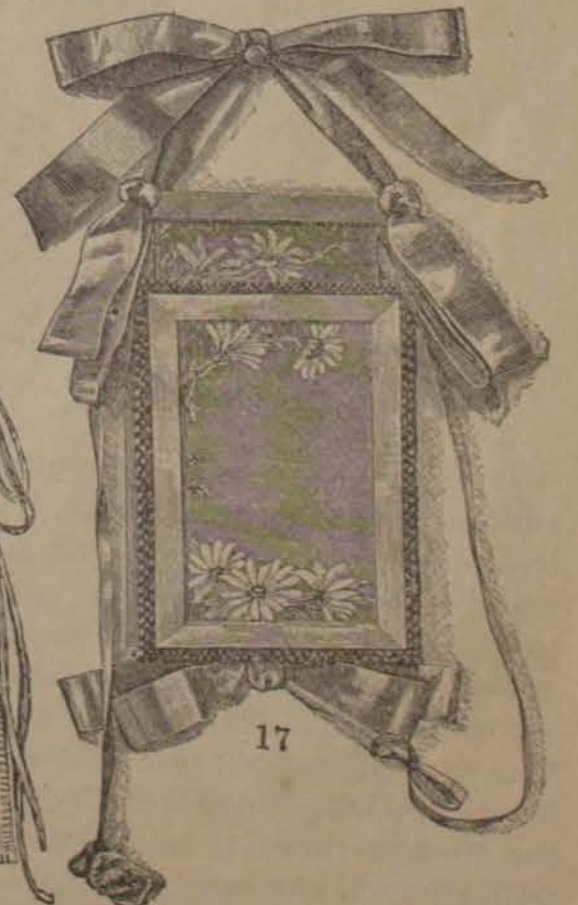
11



13



12



17



14



15



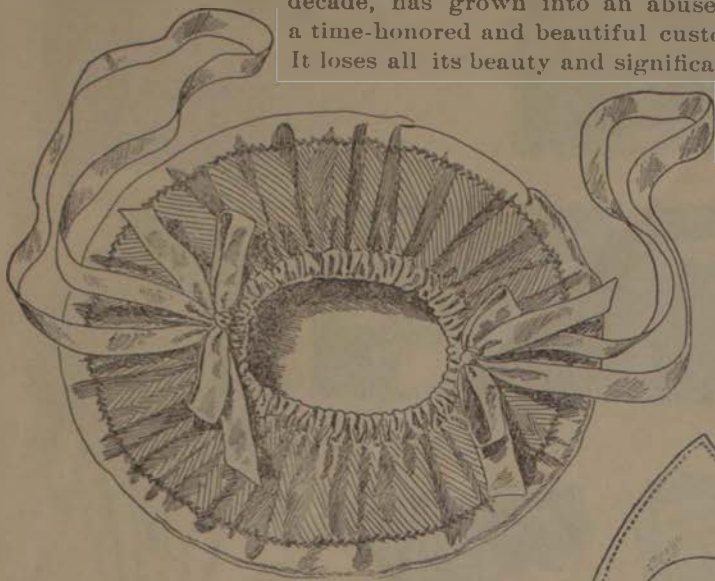
16

DECORATIVE AND CONVENIENT GIFTS.

(For Descriptions, see Page 108.)

whose kindness we feel it a sweet privilege to recognize in this, the only way in our power.

There is a healthy and sensible revolt against the extravagant and lavish present-giving which, during the past decade, has grown into an abuse of a time-honored and beautiful custom. It loses all its beauty and significance



HANDKERCHIEF BAG.

unless it be confined to the exchange of gifts between those near and dear, either by ties of blood or friendship, or to the relief of God's children, the poor and needy.

The shops are filled with novelties as the Christmas-tide approaches, but this embarrassment of riches only adds to one's perplexity in choosing. The daintiness and luxury of all the conveniences and trifles with which we surround ourselves grows apace; and we must needs be very nice in our selection, so that, no matter how simple our gift, it shall possess a merit distinctly its own and suit its recipient.



SHAKER PENWIPER.

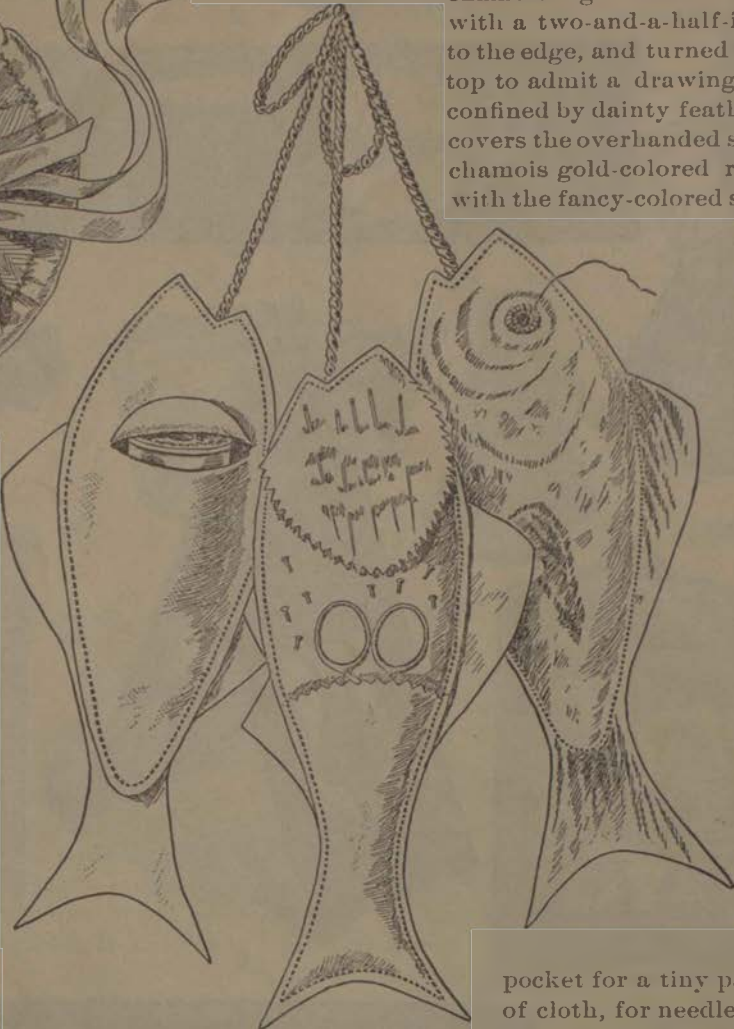
It is not the elaboration of a present that gives it its value, but its appropriateness; and tact, intuition, and good taste have more to do with our success and are of greater worth to us than a large bank-account. The work of deft fingers into which our friends have stitched loving thoughts has a value all its own; and to the worker there is a satisfaction in the making of these trifles which she who buys all her gifts never approaches.

In nothing is the artistic growth of the age more plainly evidenced than in the making of the thousand-and-one pretty trifles which woman's fertile brain and dainty fingers contrive under the generic name of fancy-work; and a striking characteristic of the improvement is that not a tenth part of the labor enters into the construction of these delightful conveniences that was indispensable a decade gone.

The pretty handkerchief-bag illustrated herewith is an admirable example of this fact. It is made of a circle of chamois eight and a half inches in diameter, with a two-and-a-half-inch ribbon overlapped to the edge, and turned down a half-inch at the top to admit a drawing-string. This shirr is confined by dainty feather-stitching, which also covers the overlapped seam. With the natural chamois gold-colored ribbon should be used; with the fancy-colored skins the ribbons should

match, or a harmonizing shade of the same color be used.

The yachtsman's housewife supplies that much-desired article, "something suitable for a man." The fish are cut from gray cloth, and measure eight inches from tip to tip, and three and a half in extreme breadth. On the right side they are tinted with water-colors, and the eye of the center one is worked with a large dot in yellow floss. This center fish is slightly stuffed with wool, to serve as a pin-cushion; and the illustration shows the under-side, with its



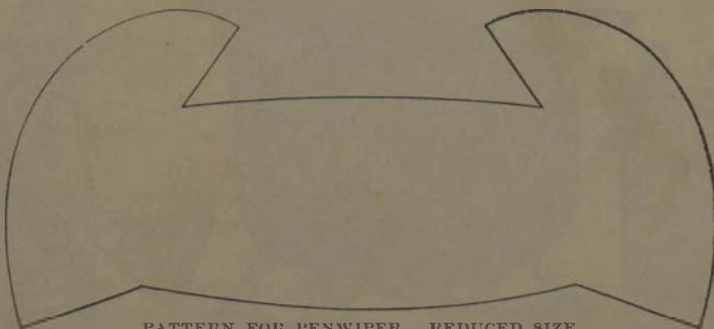
YACHTSMAN'S HOUSEWIFE.

pocket for a tiny pair of scissors, and leaf of cloth, for needles, attached to the head. The other fish have pockets on the under-sides, one of which contains a spool of black sewing-silk, and the other one of

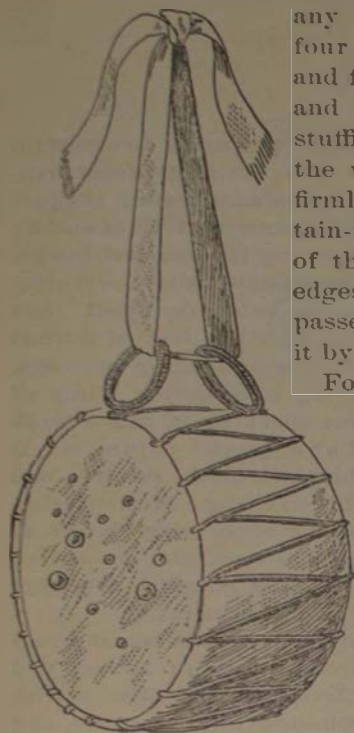
white thread, and the ends of silk and thread are drawn through the stilettoed eyes, which are worked around with yellow silk. They are fastened together and suspended by silk cords sewed to their mouths.

The Shaker penwiper is a cute little trifle cut from a piece of celluloid—see reduced model of shape—and painted with a vine of wild roses. It can be cut from a piece of celluloid six inches long by three wide. The full crown of pink India silk is attached to the roll of pinked white flannel with which the Shaker is filled; pink "baby" ribbon finishes the trimming.

The drum pincushion is another pretty trifle suitable for a man's use, and it can be most effectively made in college colors. The model is a "Princeton," in orange and black, the drum-heads being covered with black brocaded silk, and the frame being of orange ribbon strung with coarse black embroidery-silk. It can be made



PATTERN FOR PENWIPER. REDUCED SIZE.



DRUM PINCUSHION.

any size from two and a quarter to four and a half inches in diameter, and from an inch and a quarter to two and a half inches in thickness. The stuffing is made of strips of flannel the width of the ribbon band rolled firmly to the desired size. Two curtain-rings, crocheted with silk the color of the drum-heads, are sewed to the edges, and a narrow orange ribbon passed through them serves to hang it by.

For the very wee ones are two



YARN DOLL.

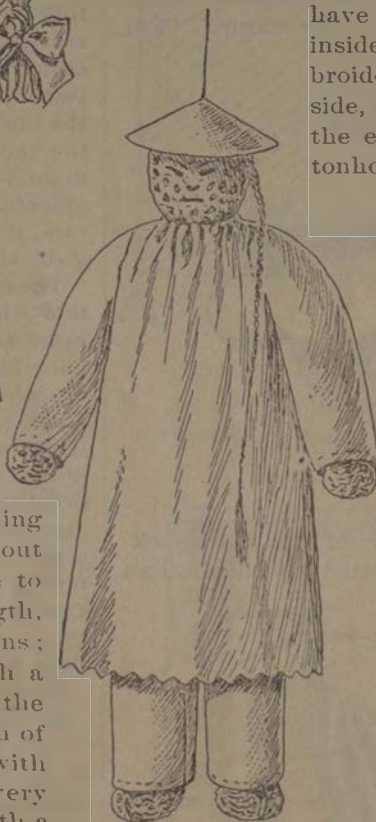
comical dollies; one made of yarn, the other a peanut Chinaman. You could make enough of these in one evening for all the babies of your acquaintance. For the first take a skein of white or mulatto-colored yarn and wind it firmly around the middle with a bit of the same; this forms the top of the head; fold the skein double and cut the ends open. Leave out enough at the back to make two three-strand braids, and wind the remainder firmly an inch and a half from the first winding to form the head; then on the sides separate about sixteen strands for the arms, and wind it once more to define the waist. Cut the arms off to the proper length, and divide the yarn for each into two equal portions; twist them together and fasten round the wrist with a bit of ribbon. Cut the yarn left on the crown of the head so it will hang after braiding about the length of the arms, and tie with ribbons. Touch up the face with India ink, including the eyes; or for them sew on, very firmly, some black beads or shoe-buttons. Finish with a little ribbon sash.

Little Tsing-fung requires five nice, plump, well-developed peanuts, a strip each of scarlet and of blue silesia or cambric, some black linen thread, and a tiny bit of red paper for his hat. Take the biggest end of the largest nut for his head; touch up his expressive countenance with India ink, and attach a long cue, of linen thread, braided, to the crown of his head; leave a single thread to draw up through his hat by which to dandle him. The scarlet trousers are four inches long by two wide; sew them to the lower part of the peanut head, and draw them in a little smaller at the bottoms around the feet. For these stain with India ink the smaller ends of two nuts, and thrust them in the trouser-legs so that only the tips will show. Make a sacque of a strip of the blue stuff three and a half inches wide by six and a half long;

sew in straight little sleeves on the sides, and put into each, small end down, a peanut; gather the sacque round the top and sew to the neck. Glue on the hat, and Tsing-fung is ready to be presented.

The pretty watch-case is convenient to hang at the bedside; and it is very simple and easy to make, but requires neat and careful touches. Cut four circles, three inches in diameter, from thin cardboard; cover those for the inside with chamois, and the outside pieces with white kid, drawing the edges—as in making the flat pocket-pincushions—over and pasting them neatly and smoothly down. A pen-and-ink drawing decorates the outside circle. The puff is made of India silk, a strip two inches wide and ten and a half long being required; before attaching the puff to the inside circles, paste a bit of tape three inches long around the lower curves of the circles to prevent the watch from falling down into the puff; gather the silk on the edges and glue to the chamois-covered circles; glue on some "baby" ribbons to hang the pocket; then cover the seams with the kid-covered outsides, fastening firmly with glue or paste.

A long-felt need was ingeniously supplied when the embroidery-silk case was made, and the wonder is we have done so long without it. A convenient size for this is thirteen inches long by seven wide. A piece of thin, pliable cardboard of this size is needed, and two pieces of linen cut a seam larger all around. For the outside have fine white or any colored linen; for the inside, duck or butcher's linen is nice. Embroider a pretty floral design on the outside, with floss in natural colors, and finish the edges all around with long and short buttonhole stitches, taking them through and through, so they finish the inside at the same time. Three leaves of water-color paper cut a little shorter than the case, and enough wider to fold over two inches,—thus making a pocket, as it were, for the skeins of floss,—are laid inside the case, and fastened by means of "baby" ribbons laced along the back through stiletto holes. To fasten the case the ends of the ribbon are brought



PEANUT DOLL.

around it and tied at the front edge.

If you have a friend about starting on a long journey who is cumbered with many valuable rings and stick-pins, as half



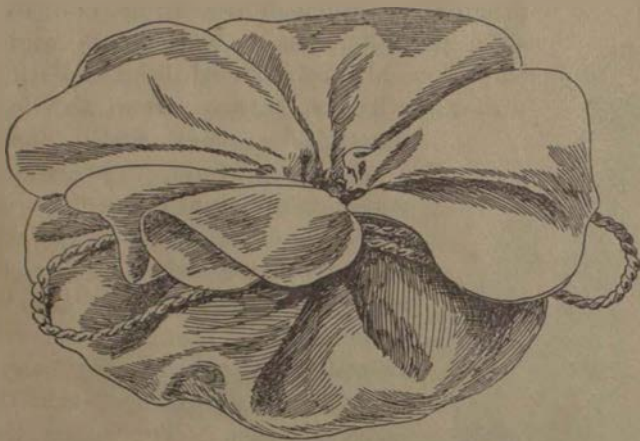
WATCH-CASE.



EMBROIDERY-SILK CASE.

and a half inches in diameter, bearing the motto, "For

of womankind is nowadays, she will rise up and bless you if you make for her one of these ingenious jewel-bags. To a circle of chamois four inches in diameter a straight piece as many inches wide is overhanded, holding it slightly full. The upper edge is cut in five bold flower-petals, two inches deep; make eyelet holes with a punch all around on the line of the base of the petals, through which lace pink silk cord to draw the bag together. Tie a bit of coarse yellow floss or art-linen thread through eyelet holes at the base of each opening between the petals, leaving ends an inch long. When closed these suggest stamens. Give the petals some bold, irregular dashes with carmine. Inside the bag a circle of chamois three



JEWEL-BAG.

rings and things," conceals a number of cunning pockets,—see illustration in miniature,—all tied to the bottom



INTERIOR OF JEWEL-BAG.

of the bag with a bit of ribbon passed through eyelet holes.

E. A. FLETCHER.

At Christmas-tide the open hand  
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land.  
And none are left to grieve alone,  
For Love is heaven and claims its own.

—Christmas-Tide.

## Chat.

The Chinese Legation at Washington is preparing to entertain this winter on a grander scale than ever. A magnificent ball-room has been added to the minister's residence during the past summer, and it is of so generous proportions that all of society can assemble in it without risk of crushing its smartest frocks. Madame Yang Yu has taken a more prominent position in society than the wife of any Chinese Minister has before occupied. She is a noble Tartar woman, and consequently has feet of normal size; is very charming, and possesses most engaging manners. She has devoted herself with untiring zeal to the study of English, and, though very timid about speaking it, can already make herself understood. Being of a very social nature, she is easily approached and very accessible; she both receives and returns visits, genuinely enjoying this exchange of courtesies, and is deeply interested in everything concerning the *fin de siècle* American woman, whose ways, customs, and modes of thought, she is striving to understand and reconcile with her previous experiences and the teachings of Confucius.

That solo dancing will be in great favor this winter it needs no prophetic eye to determine. Recently two prominent and beautiful women of the smart set entertained their friends with a folk's dance, and won many encomiums for the grace and beauty of their movements and the striking charm of their modest and characteristic dress. Here is a fresh field, the folk-dances of all countries, for those ingenious people who are racking their brains to think of something new for after-dinner entertainments. There is no better exercise, nor one better adapted to develop all the muscles of the body and render the limbs lithe and supple, than this solo dancing, which from the variety of its gestures and motious calls into play so many more muscles than ordinary, conventional dancing. Both as a graceful art and accomplishment, and for practical physical culture, it will be studied with ardor this winter by all women and girls who are so fortunate as to have the time or opportunity.

Those fun-loving fellows, the brownies, are out in great force this winter, and you may choose for your mascotte a policeman, a Chinaman, a dude, Uncle Sam, or an Indian, it matters not; for you can find all the sprites, not only as lace-pins and brooches, but also on card-cases, pocket-books, purses, note-cases, and every little convenience that the ingenious gold or silver smith can devise to tempt the ducats from fair dames' purses. They are made of silver and of gold, richly enamelled in all the colors of the rainbow; and while many imitations have cheapened the pins, in other forms they are yet confined to *articles de luxe*, taking precedence of all other designs for ornamenting corners of purses, card-cases, etc. On white and delicate colored leathers, the silver mountings are the prettiest; but on the richly mottled snake-skins and all dark colors, gold and bright enamel is very effective.

Private Lecture Courses for the winter are taking up deeper and broader topics than ever before, and they increase in popularity with the passing seasons. Not to be a subscriber to one or many of these general-culture classes is to count yourself quite out of the swim. Very pleasant for the leaders, teachers, or lecturers, as the case may be, of these courses, is the fact that their success is now so thoroughly established as to enable them to go abroad during the long vacation to seek for new ideas in the old-world centers of thought and culture. Thus they bring to their work not only a thorough mastery of their subjects, but that inspiration and stimulus derived from contact with other minds and scenes. One young woman, whose "Topics of the Day" classes have been extremely popular with quite the smartest set of women during the past two seasons, announces the following subjects for this winter: "The English Political Situation," "Men and Measures in Germany," "Hypnotism, Considered in the Light of Recent Investigations," "New Books and the Men and Women who Have Written Them," "The Woman Question," "The London Season," "A Romance in Economics; or, The Egypt of To-Day," and "French Politics." Other topics of equal and pregnant interest are "Russia in the East," "Russia's New Railroads," "The Future of China," and "Our Undeveloped Resources."

Puzzles.



REBUS.

A QUOTATION FROM SHAKESPEARE.

How	and	would	its	had
bear	bosom	wished	wild	tide
that	often	wide	I	on
O'er	me	how	ebbing	ocean
O	the	the	away	often

KNIGHT'S TOUR PUZZLE.

The words in the above square, read in the order of a knight's tour in chess, form a stanza from one of Longfellow's poems.

WORD PUZZLES.

Make the following phrases and expressions into one appropriate word or name :

1. Tim in a pit.
2. No more stars.
3. Got as a clue.
4. Mind his map.
5. I hire parsons.
6. Partial men.
7. Terrible poses.
8. Great helps.
9. Golden land.

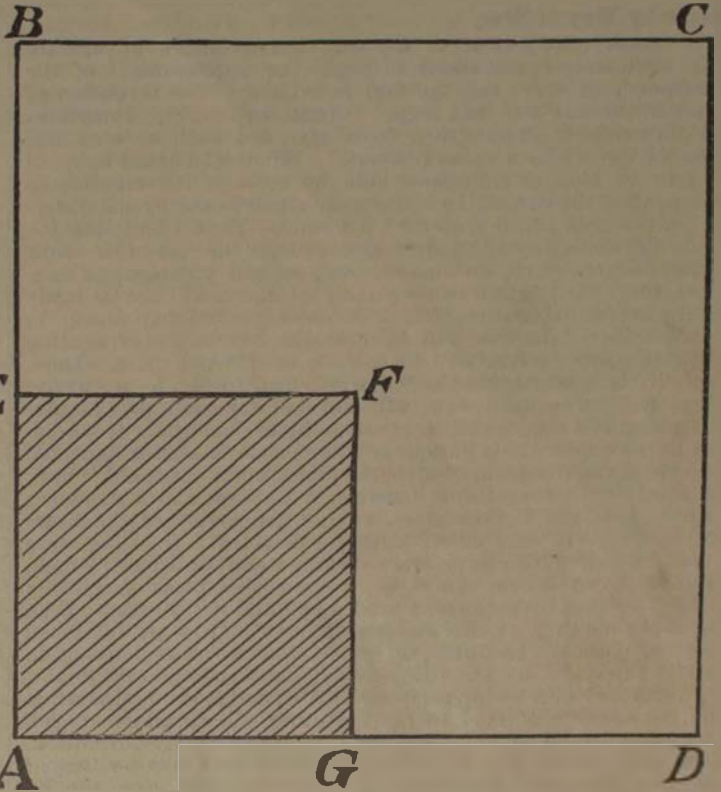
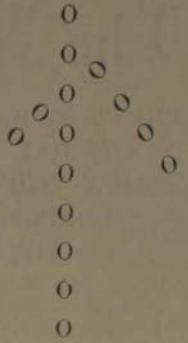
A DIAMOND IN VERSE.

THE letters and words of the solution placed in their order one beneath the other will form a diamond, and the central word can be read from top to bottom or from left to right.

My first is found in folly, fame, and strife,  
 In friend and foe, in fair and loving wife.  
 My second signifies a step, in fine;  
 Be it upward, downward, sideways, or in line.  
 My third stands upright, something to support,  
 Like men on drill, or myrmidons at court.  
 My fourth, a fickle, fluctuating stream,  
 But bright and rosy as a poet's dream.  
 Upon my fifth, how many seem to walk,  
 Who vainly stare about, and strut, and stalk.  
 My sixth,—a fool, a wretch, inebriate,  
 Who hangs at midnight, limply, on the gate.  
 And now, to find my seventh and last, attend!  
 'Tis always found in finis, at the end.

PUMP PUZZLE.

Arrange certain words in the form of a pump: the letters forming the body of the pump signify a city of the United States; those forming the spout, anger; and the handle, go; the end letters of spout, body, and handle, signify cooled.



A GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE.

Divide the unshaded portion of the square into four equal parts of the same shape.



REBUS.

THE LIBRARY SHELF. WHAT BOOKS ARE ON IT?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

- I. "A few with melody untaught,  
 Turn all the air to music."
1. Thrush. 2. Canary. 3. Titmouse. 4. Goldfinch.  
 5. Toucan. 6. Swallow. 7. Night-Heron. 8. Emu. 9. Tern.
- II. John had IX pears; James, SIX; and Henry, XI.
- III. 1. Nails. 2. Cord. 3. Mouth. 4. Palate. 5. Pupil.  
 6. Gum. 7. Ear. 8. Drum. 9. Hammer. 10. Anvil.  
 11. Stirrup. 12. Cell. 13. Foot. 14. Limb. 15. Arms.  
 16. Cheek.
- IV. 1. Lee. 2. Hop. 3. Net. The whole: Telephone.

# The World's Progress.

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

## Peace by Way of War.

It seems paradoxical to say that the abolition of warfare will ultimately come about through the improvement of the machinery of war; but the fact is evident. The invention of gunpowder was the first step. "That devil's dirt," complains an old writer, "slayeth men from afar, and shall as soon kill a noble knight as a mean peasant." When man could fight all day in an iron case impenetrable by most of the missiles or weapons of the period, he could gain much honor by slaughtering his scores of ill-protected wretches. Then there was joy and song and glory and lady's love and all the rest of it. Now it has become stern, unromantic *business*, and a dangerous business, too. Men fight now on principle; and it will not be many years before arbitration, which is already a mighty power in international relations, will become the one mode of settling disputes, and warfare will be a relic of a brutal past. Then, even if the poet regrets the "glorious days of old,"—as Ruskin does the stage-coach,—he will not be expected to shoulder a musket in a muddle brought about by the ambition or stupidity of the rulers of his nation, any more than Ruskin is expected to ride in the lumbering, uncomfortable, worm-eaten old "York Arrow." In a recent duel between a Chinese and a Japanese war-ship of the second class, a large proportion of the crews of both vessels were either killed or disabled. The ships were nearly wrecked, the guns were dismantled, the armor pierced, stacks blown down, the decks a mere shambles. A ghastly thing, no doubt; but it may head a chapter of progress. Even in these floating, steel-clad forts, human beings are blown to pieces, pounded to death, or, worse, torn apart still living, in awful agony. Like the casque and breastplate of the knight, the armored ship no longer protects life; and it is no imputation on the courage of men to say that they will shrink from such scenes and such a fate. Imagination has grown with education, and most of us can now feel, in our own nerves, the rending of the shell-fragment or the ripping of the rifle-ball, even though neither befall us. This is not fear; it is the development of a higher sense,—the same sense which causes us to sympathize with the poor, sick, unhappy, and disgraced, by making their case our own, identifying ourselves with them. But it leads to the one end, the reluctance to do that which shall cause suffering to others, and the wish to avoid suffering ourselves. With the growth of these enormous engines of war, smokeless powder, dynamite guns, and torpedoes, arbitration advances, *à pied de géant*. Each huge battle-ship is a peace-maker, and each scene of terrific slaughter and destruction, such as is cited above, is a prophecy engrossed in red and black letters, of the day when the great war-ship shall rust away at its anchorage, the rifle become a harmless toy for children, and the formula for powder be a curious chemical combination, only remembered in the laboratory.

## The Royal Buckhounds.

A petition signed by more than nine thousand persons will shortly be presented to Lord Rosebery, condemning the annual hunting of the tame deer in Windsor Forest and the adjacent country. This barbarous practice, a relic of the ancient Norman reigns, when whole towns were destroyed to make woodlands wherein the kings and their retainers might indulge in the sport of hunting, still continues, though it has been little more than a formality for some centuries. The fact that it is a formality is the worst feature of the case. When the royal hunter mounted his horse, and, surrounded by a gayly clad court, drove through the chases in pursuit of the "stag of ten," there was something picturesque, as well as something of peril, in the amusement; for the wild stag, when brought to bay, was no mean antagonist, and usually fought valiantly for his poor life. But now, when stag and fawn alike are so tame that the chance visitor may rub their velvet muzzles in exchange for a cracker or a bit of bread, to turn loose a pack of savage hounds upon game that has to be beaten with whips and sticks to make it run at all, it is time that the vile, outworn brutality ceased. "The Master of the Royal Buckhounds" is a title of sonorous dignity; but it is the label of a shameful tradition. Hare coursing, too, is an inhuman and unmanly sport. The shriek of poor bunny, which is the signal of success, ought to put to shame the meanest conservator of the cowardly sport. The animals are coursed within enclosures which give them no chance to use their natural instincts in escaping the pursuing dogs. Pigeon shooting is also included in the petition. The "Humanitarian League," which has this petition in charge, will have done a good work if it succeed in rooting out practices which are a disgrace to England

and to the century. The disgrace still exists, however, so long as the government refuses, or hesitates, to abolish the practices. Such customs, imported into this country by vapid imitators of effete British barbarisms, are doubly cruel and doubly stupid, inasmuch as we have not even the excuse of ancient tradition to justify us.

## Giants in Those Days.

The reported discovery of a human skeleton in the tertiary deposits of Bohemia, measuring twenty-one feet from the crown of the skull, still intact, to the base of the *os calcis*, or heel bone, recalls the biblical statement, "There were giants in the earth in those days;" and also after that, when "the sons of God came unto the daughters of men," whose children "became mighty men, which were of old men of renown." At Totu, in Bohemia, a skeleton was found the head of which could scarce be compassed by the joined arms of two men. The shin-bones were twenty-four feet long, and the entire skeleton, though it had settled down somewhat, measured one hundred and three feet. In Northamptonshire, England, a perfectly formed human skeleton, one hundred and one feet in length, was dug up by certain ditchers. The remains, fortunately, were accurately measured as they lay in the ditch, for on the following morning the peasants of the neighborhood gathered together and heaped straw and fuel upon the bones and burned them to powder, holding them to be the bones of a wizard. In another field the skeleton of a giant, said to be fifty feet long, was discovered; but as we have no scientific evidence to bear upon the case, we may conclude that the skeleton was that of a gigantic saurian. The human skeleton now preserved in Palermo seems an unquestioned case. It will be interesting to hear the scientific report upon the new Bohemian giant. The present statement seems scientific enough, but the world will require better proof, or, at least, more proof.

## A New Method of Tanning.

Heretofore waterproof leather has been rather a promise than a fulfillment, as thousands of sodden, chilled, and frost-bitten feet can painfully testify. Now, however, that chemistry has taken hold of the matter, there is a probability that the name will become a thing. The leather is first treated with a weak solution of bichromate of potash, to which sufficient hydrochloric acid is added to liberate the chromic acid. After the skins have become a bright yellow through their entire substance, they are drained; but before drying they are put into a solution of hyposulphite of soda, to which a small quantity of the acid is added to free the sulphurous excess, which changes the chromic acid to green chrome oxide. The sulphurous acid is oxidized, the result being sulphuric acid, and the end of the process the complete reduction of the chromic acid. The leather so produced is of a pale bluish-green, tough and flexible, and thoroughly resistant to water. The material can be dyed any color; but the dyeing must be done before the leather has become dry, since the water-repelling character of the perfected chemical process would prevent the absorption of the dye-stuff. The method, though technically scientific, is really quite as simple as the old tan-bark and lime system, requiring a shorter period in its accomplishment.

## Professor David Swing.

The history of a country is the history of its great men. In the death of Professor Swing Chicago has lost one of the strongest modellers of its progress; for he was a man of liberal views, indomitable purpose, and clear perception of the needs and the trend of ideas in the metropolis of the West. He was not a great orator, in the sense of large expression and magnificent rhetoric; but he was one of those minds which, for want of clearer expression, we call magnetic, and, more than that, he was forceful. Many a second-rate preacher could deliver a better sermon,—better in form, allusion, quotation, neat period, and rounded climax; but Dr. Swing spoke to those who needed help,—to the soul struggling with ancient dogma, to the spirit weighted with doubt. While a Christian, he was still a liberal; and it was through this union of elements that he did his best work and made himself famous.

## The Poetsch Shaft-Sinking Process.

A new and most ingenious method of sinking shafts through wet ground, or in a region saturated with springs, has been tried with success in the Belgium collieries. A number of large pipes, sealed at the bottom, are sunk in a circle outside of the proposed shaft. Each pipe has another smaller pipe inside it, open at the bottom, so that each main pipe is practically double chambered. A cold solution of chloride of magnesium is forced down the smaller tubes, and gradually being liberated in the larger tubes causes the water in the earth all about to freeze solid, so that the material, mud or sand, can be worked as if it were rock. By this curious process shafts can be opened rapidly, and at small comparative cost, in places where hitherto they could not be sunk at all, or had to be pumped constantly, and worked at great expense. In one instance the water flowing through the shaft when first started amounted to four thousand gallons an hour. Eighteen sets of tubes, arranged in a circle twenty feet in diameter, froze water and sand in a few hours, so that the shaft was cut as if through dry, friable rock, without danger or difficulty. The invention is one of the greatest value, not only in coal and iron mining, but in all underground work.

## A Ship Railway.

The idea of transporting large vessels overland is not a new one. Eads presented plans for the project many years ago, and

was not only rebuffed but ridiculed. The Government engineers appeared to regard him as a man of brilliant parts but with a mind unhinged. It was contended—and many were the scientific proofs adduced—that no car could be built capable of bearing a ship so evenly and firmly that her back would not be broken, or, at least, her seams opened. But "Great is truth and it will prevail." The grant of a sum of \$150,000, incorporated in the River and Harbor Bill, for the preliminary work on a ship railway to be constructed through the Dalles, on the Columbia River, in Oregon, is a material evidence that Fads' ideas are to prevail at last. Every engineer who has examined the region with relation to its adaptability to the plan proposed gives his full assent, and, moreover, predicts certain success. The car to be employed will be forty-five feet in breadth, and long enough to support every portion of the vessel. Any ship that can steam up the river can be transported upon the railway. Springs will be arranged about the hull in such a way that no jar will be conveyed to the internal parts. The railway, four or five tracks wide, will begin under water. The ship will be floated upon the car or cars. By an immense hydraulic elevator, the vessel and its car will be lifted to the height of the road-bed, where it will be attached to powerful engines built for the purpose. Experiments have shown the entire feasibility of the plan.

#### From Other Worlds.

Dr. Hahn's investigations of meteorites show clearly defined organic remains in these celestial fragments, which fall to the earth's surface in millions yearly. During the passage of a comet across our orbit he was able to demonstrate fifty species, including crinoids, sponges, and corals. As the texture of the substance, together with its position in wholly alien geologic territory, proved, in every case selected, the extra-mundane character of the specimen tested, the question of the introduction upon our earth of certain forms of animal life does not seem disputable. These forms must have come from another world possessing an atmosphere, and capable of producing and supporting animals, at least measurably resembling our own. Many authorities hold that our frog is a land animal, brought from another planet, transformed into a semi-aquatic creature by the conditions of its new environment, its combination of pisciform gills and lungs indicating a transition stage. A large comet passing close to Mars might gather up certain of its smaller inhabitants, and, if with a sufficient quantity of surrounding solid and atmospheric matter to support existence, might drop them alive upon our globe. These hypotheses may be only scientific dreams; but in the present state of our knowledge they alone offer the shadow of an explanation of certain perplexing biological phenomena.

#### Electroplating Metal Hulls.

The destructive effect of barnacles on ocean steamships and war-vessels has tested the ingenuity of scientists and ship-builders in vain for many years. In a recent report, the United States Naval Constructor estimated the cost of the dry-docking, cleaning, and painting of the cruiser Chicago at \$12,000; the process being necessarily repeated thrice every year, or nine times during a three years' commission, at an expense of more than \$100,000. Various methods, all of them costly and unavailing, have been tried, to overcome the evil. It is now proposed to electroplate the entire hull of an iron or steel vessel. Boxes of heavy plank are constructed, ten feet long, four feet wide, and a foot deep, properly curved to fit the slopes of hull, and provided with rubber packing to prevent the escape of fluid. After the plates have been cleaned and scraped, a number of these boxes, or baths, are secured upon the hull and filled with cyanide of copper, that in a few hours chemically prepares the plates for the solution of sulphate of copper which takes the place of the cyanide, the latter having been drawn off. In the boxes are a number of copper plates which are now connected with the positive pole of a powerful battery, the negative pole being fixed to the hull. In seventy hours a heavy, closely adherent film of copper is deposited upon the plates. A large number of such boxes is employed simultaneously, and the entire process of electroplating a cruiser's hull can be completed in two or three weeks, at a cost of about \$7,000. The plating will last several years, and, as experiments on smaller vessels have proved, is a complete defense against barnacles, a substitute for paint, and a perfect preservative of the bottoms of ships.

#### Storing Electricity.

The plan for utilizing the forces of nature for the production and storage of electricity is not a new one. It was originally suggested that the ocean tides should be employed. Then the scheme for the conversion of Niagara Falls into a huge treadmill was developed, and the details well worked out, with an estimate of probable cost and ultimate profit on the outlay. Now Lieutenant Whistler of the United States Army has proposed to draw electric energy from the tidal motions of the North and East Rivers, by simple mechanical means. The force so produced would not only light the streets of New York, but could be supplied, as gas, steam, and water are now supplied, from a central source, or from several depôts, for the illuminating of private and public buildings, heating and cooking, for machine power in factories, for the running of street-cars, and a hundred other purposes. The first cost would be great, probably several millions of dollars; but the idea is declared perfectly feasible by competent engineers, and the profits, if the plant were controlled by a private corporation, liberal and certain. Perhaps, however, the city government might control the work, in which case the element of profit would be eliminated. The scheme also includes the possibility of modifying the climate of the city in

winter. This sounds like a story by Jules Verne, but it is evidently quite within the limits of the actual. Within ten years we may be regulating the atmosphere of the metropolis by pulling a lever or turning a handle. Stranger things have happened.

#### Oliver Wendell Holmes.

With the death of Dr. Holmes on Sunday, October 7, a figure of large stature and great influence in the world of letters disappeared from our midst. It was a noble circle which included Holmes, Whittier, Willis, Percival, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Dana, and Alcott, together with Fields and the elder James. We shall scarcely see their like again; for our country has grown larger, more cosmopolitan, and less national. Genius always develops best within circumscribed limits. Goethe and Schiller at Weimar, Mozart at the petty court entertainments, Beethoven dedicating his wondrous sonatas to the Baroness von Braun, are examples; for genius must be encouraged in its callow stage and during its growth, or, like Chatterton's, it leads to moral or physical suicide. Holmes was early recognized as a poet. His poem "Old Ironsides," directed against the proposed destruction of the frigate Constitution, caught the public heart, and, like Byron, he awoke one morning to find himself famous. Like nearly all of our literary men, he had a practical profession, that of medicine, in which he remained actively engaged most of his life, either as a regular physician or as a member of a college faculty, in the chair of anatomy, etc. He was rather a great and original humorist, in the highest sense, than a great poet. Such works as "The One-Ioss Shay," "The Katydid," "Questions and Answers," and "The Comet," reveal a far easier poise and a stronger grip than his more sentimental pieces. His "Evening," for example, a theme which has always inspired the poet, pure and simple, with romantic and dreamy sentiments, suggested to him the soliloquy of a tailor who applies to natural phenomena the symbolism of his trade, and with marvelous appositeness, too. His lifelong adherence to rhymes in the style of Pope—and it is significant that in some of his best poems he departed from this "square-toed" method, as he called it himself—was an evidence of his lack of the highest poetic insight, and also, as in the case of Pope, his marked faculty for the epigram. His prose was well-nigh perfect. His "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" will probably do more to preserve his fame than all of his verse put together, for it is full of tender feeling, grace, and pathos, interblended with his supreme talent for gay and brilliant humor, without the sneer of satire or the sting of personal allusion. Holmes lived a full and well-rounded life. The history of his eighty-five years shows less of the sadness of the clipped wings of aspiration, the bitterness of misapprehension, the struggle of hope against failure, and the buffetings of hardship, than may be found in the life record of almost any other writer. He lived through the whole period of great literary energy in this country; and died before the complete closing in of the night of romance and poetry, which he (and others) had long foreseen—an interregnum whose extent no one can predict.

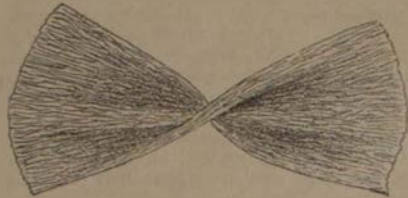
#### James Anthony Froude.

When Froude said, in 1872, with the arrogance of health and strength, "I shall not die until I have done my work," he prophesied truly; for he lived to be seventy-six years old and to complete all that he had planned. Few men, probably, have excited so much opposition, and few have fought the world's opinion and conquered so thoroughly. He was, curiously enough, a religious writer; yet no one Englishman during the past forty or fifty years has done so much to overturn orthodox opinions and ideas as he. He was, perhaps, more sincerely hated by one class than John Bright, and more earnestly contemned than Swinburne by another. His father was Archdeacon Froude of Totnes, Devonshire. He was born at Darlington, in Devon, April 23, 1818, and was educated at Oxford and Westminster. At first he was profoundly orthodox, and not only contributed to the series "The Lives of the Saints," but was actually ordained a deacon in 1847. Then suddenly he seemed to change,—no one has ever known the history of that change of heart; but when he published "Shadows of the Clouds" and the "Nemesis of Fate" it was seen that he had suddenly become the powerful opponent of the creed in which, as it may be said, he was born, and which he had begun to preach to others. His cessation from his ecclesiastical work, followed, or, rather, accompanied by books of so markedly sceptical nature, of course caused his immediate withdrawal from his Exeter fellowship, with the loss of a valuable educational post and many other emoluments. His first books created a sensation; but it was of an ugly kind, and Froude had the enlightenment of the age to thank for his escape from imprisonment, and perhaps much worse punishment. His "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Armada," published in 1870, is a grand book, and it is upon this as much as anything that he ever wrote that his fame will rest. His *Cæsar*, great as it is, shows a want of sympathy with its subject. His "Reminiscences" of Carlyle were almost brutal in their reckless indiscretion. His novel "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy" was not a great success, and did not deserve to be; but his "Catharine of Aragon," a purely historical study, was a splendid example of his suave yet powerful style, and his indefatigable research. Mr. Froude has been twice a visitor to this country as one of the most successful lecturers of the time. Latterly he kept himself strictly secluded, the weight of advancing years bearing heavily upon him and accentuating his desire for privacy.

# Household.

## A Butterfly Dinner.

**T**HERE are many young housekeepers living on an allowance, or trying to keep their expenses within a certain income, who would be glad to have dainty table furnishings and entertain their friends suitably, if it could be done with little cost except of time or trouble to themselves. To those who are planning to entertain their friends inexpensively I would suggest a "Butterfly Dinner"



1. TWISTED PAPER.

as being particularly beautiful and original. The idea is not as chimerical as it seems at first; tissue-paper, mucilage, a small brush, and deft fingers are all the requisites absolutely necessary, but a few water-colors, and a little pan of water-color gilt will add greatly to the effectiveness of the work.

Procure a small roll of yellow *crêpe* tissue-paper, remembering that artificial light will make it appear of a paler shade than it does in the daytime. Cut a strip of the tissue-paper an inch and a half long, being careful to cut *with* the creases, and three-quarters of an inch wide. Do not stretch the paper in cutting. Now take the two ends between each forefinger and thumb, and give the paper one twist in the middle,—see No. 1. This will produce two fan-shaped pieces, as the paper will stretch on the edge in the twisting. Put a wee bit of mucilage in the folds of the twist, to prevent its spreading too much; then fold the two ends together, and cut them in two rather deep scallops, one shorter and a little more decided than the other, as shown in No. 2. Separate the wings, pull out the edges a little, if necessary, and you will have an almost perfect butterfly (see No. 3), like those seen in the country roads in summer, after a rain. As they always fly together, in large numbers, any quantity can be used.



2. WINGS FOLDED TOGETHER.



3. THE BUTTERFLY.

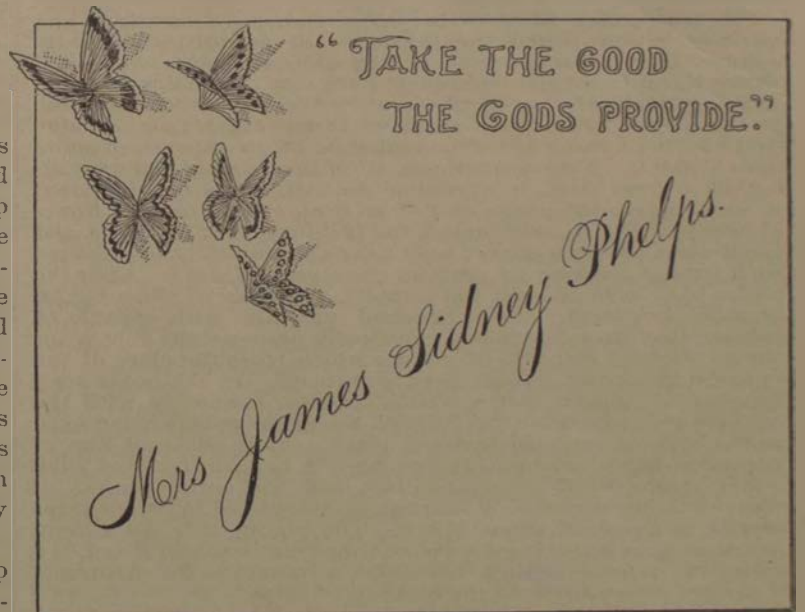
If you can paint, touch up the body and wings with a little sepia. By copying colored plates, or even Christmas and Easter cards, you can make an endless variety. White butterflies painted in gay colors are pretty and ornamental even if not exactly true to nature; but the little yellow ones are more artistic.

If you can afford flowers to brighten the table scatter butterflies among the blossoms; and a very charming effect can be produced if you possess any pretty plant, a fern or palm, for example. By perching butterflies on the leaves, you will secure all the brightness of flowers. The common pot can be covered with *crêpe* paper, as in illustration No. 4, being careful to choose a color that harmonizes with the butterflies.



4. CENTERPIECE FOR TABLE.

If you are fortunate enough to have a pair of handsome candlesticks or candelabra, they will add greatly to the beauty of your table, imparting a most festive air. If



5. NAME CARD WITH BUTTERFLIES.

shades be used on the candles, they should be decorated with butterflies. Notwithstanding many very clever inventions for preventing a conflagration, shades so often take fire, causing



6. RIBBON WITH BUTTERFLIES.

dire confusion, that many people now dispense with them entirely, thus removing at least one anxiety from the hostess.

("Household" continued on page 131.)



## What Women Are Doing.

**Miss Eleanor Hewitt**, the oldest unmarried daughter of Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, has for several years been roadmaster at Ringwood, N. J., where the country home of the family is situated.

**Sarah Grand** says she received only \$984 for the manuscript of the "Heavenly Twins." She lives now in Kensington, a suburb of London. Her married name is Mrs. C. R. McFall.

**A Student** of the School of Applied Design for Women, in New York, has had an architectural design, submitted in competition with men, accepted for a forty-thousand-dollar hospital building in San Francisco.

**Mrs. Peary** has presented to the National Zoological Park at Washington, D. C., the Eskimo puppies which drew her baby's sled. The presentation was made in the name of Marie Ahnetigo Peary, who was born in the arctic regions a year ago.

**The Jewish women** of Denver, Col., have formed a Progress Club. Its object is to bring Jewish women of all classes into closer relationship, and to promote the study of Jewish history. It is hoped in time to have branches in every city in the country.

**Miss Jessie Ackerman**, president of the W. C. T. U. of Australia, has just completed a successful lecturing tour of the world, extending over six years. After a brief rest in London she is to come here, and begin in Boston a lecturing engagement of two hundred nights in this country.

**The mother of Abdul-Aziz**, the young Sultan of Morocco, bids fair to have as much sway as does the Empress Dowager of China. She is a woman of great talent and boundless tact; and it is said that her son consults her before taking any important step, political or otherwise.

**Miss Harriett Chedie Conner** was the first woman to become a member of the congress for orators at Cornell University, and she won the Woodford prize for oratory, the greatest ever offered for that purpose in this country. It has always, heretofore, been won by a man; and this fair Iowa girl captured it in contest with five masculine competitors.

**Miss Ella L. Knowles**, of Montana, the young lawyer who came within a few votes of being elected State Attorney, has received a fee of ten thousand dollars for effecting a settlement in an important law-suit involving large mining interests. The matter was in litigation for two years. Miss Knowles finally arranged a compromise satisfactory to both sides. Her fee is the largest ever received by a woman attorney.

**Madame Casimir-Perier**, the wife of the French President, is a very accomplished woman. She is a good English scholar, writes cleverly, and can seize a political situation keenly. This political instinct she inherited from her father, M. D. Ségur, who held office under Thiers, in 1872. As a hostess, at her home in the Rue Nitot, she exhibited admirable qualities. Bright, entertaining, and amiable, she attracted the best people to her *salon*. It is said that her husband relies greatly upon her advice.

**Louise Crouse**, a full-blooded Indian girl twenty years of age, is now working her way through the Normal School in Oswego, N. Y., by doing sewing, scrubbing, washing, or anything else. Her mother died years ago, and her father is a drunkard; but she has worked steadily on in spite of many privations, and is now struggling to earn money to educate a sister. After completing her Normal College course she hopes to take up medicine, and thus fit herself to work helpfully among her own people. She has given some lectures on life among the Indians, and is a very clever teller of stories.

**The late Mrs. Charles Lux**, of San Francisco, set aside in her will nearly \$3,000,000 for a manual training-school. One-third of her estate is given outright for "the promotion of schools for manual training, industrial training, and for teaching trades to young people of both sexes in the State of California, and particularly in the city and county of San Francisco, it being my desire to assist in furnishing facilities for the education of young children from the time they leave the kindergarten schools and while they are still quite young, in what is known as 'manual training,' and in all kinds of training looking to the acquisition of useful trades."

## A Generation of Success.

THE THIRTY-FIRST YEAR OF DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.

AN American magazine whose career extends over a full generation is a national institution. Such is DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, now entering upon its thirty-first year. That it has ridden safely through the storms and changes, political and social, of three decades, is evidence that it is firmly anchored in the love and respect of the American people. During those three decades its history has been one of steady, undeviating progress, not only in the matter of circulation, but in intrinsic merit as well. With each succeeding year more strenuous efforts have been put forth to improve upon the results of the last; neither thought nor toil nor money has been spared. The record of our success is to be found in the pages of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.

In this, our thirty-first year, it is our intention that the reputation, so well earned, shall be enlarged and strengthened. DEMOREST'S has won the name of THE ONLY PERFECT FAMILY MAGAZINE IN EXISTENCE, but we believe that above and beyond all we have done to win that proud title there is still something better that we can do, and we confidently assert that DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE FOR 1895 WILL BE THE MOST SUPERB PERIODICAL EVER PUT INTO THE HANDS OF A READER.

It will retain all of those attractions which have contributed to its popularity heretofore. A supply of brilliant fiction, serial and short stories, by famous writers, has been arranged for, together with articles upon topics of interest to everyone,—art, science, travel, adventure, biography, etc.,—while our correspondents in every part of the world will furnish us with entertaining and instructive matter fresh from their personal experience. Our articles on Korea, China, and Japan, with information, descriptions, and illustrations, such as have never before been secured and which it was believed were unobtainable, are instances. Brilliant writers employed for the purpose will furnish sketches and articles upon current topics of importance as they arise during the year, so that we shall always be abreast of the times.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS,—a paragraphic summary of important current events in the way of discovery, invention, and thought bearing upon the advance of civilization, intended for busy people,—OUR GIRLS, the SANITARIAN, HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT, HOUSEHOLD, CHAT, etc., departments whose titles indicate their purposes, will be continued in improved form.

OUR PORTRAIT ALBUM, which has proved a GRAND SUCCESS, will be continued, furnishing eight splendid photographic cabinet-size pictures in each issue, uniform in style and size, to be inserted in the handsome album which we will furnish. Our full-page water-color or oil pictures, in each number, have become famous; and for the coming volume we have contracted for a series of the most beautiful works that ever came from the brush of an artist. We have also secured a number of new and superb pictures for our full-page *gravures*.

One marked feature of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE is its abundant and superlative art. Such a wealth of pictures—water-colors, oils, half-tones from rare and superb photographs, engravings, etc.—is not to be found in any other magazine or periodical. EACH NUMBER IS, in fact, a GALLERY OF BEAUTIFUL ART; and it is not an exaggeration to say that in this particular alone EACH NUMBER IS WORTH THE PRICE OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION. When you add to this that each yearly subscriber for 1895 gets, FREE OF COST, a copy of DE LONGPRÉ'S MAGNIFICENT PICTURE OF "ROSES," one of the most fascinating flower-paintings ever conceived, you can perhaps judge somewhat of our aims and intents for the coming year.

Though a Family Magazine,—we should perhaps say, rather, THE FAMILY MAGAZINE,—DEMOREST'S is *not* a fashion magazine; but to be welcomed in the household it must be helpful to all its members, therefore, it devotes a department to setting forth, in illustration and letter-press, the newest ideas in fashions. OUR SUBSCRIBERS MAY HAVE ALL THE PATTERNS, IN ANY SIZES THEY MAY REQUIRE, DURING THE YEAR, FREE OF COST.

We have promised much for 1895; we will perform more. The past is the witness for the future. What we have done heretofore is but the preface of the volume to come. Subscribe and see for yourself. You can subscribe at any time. THE YEARLY PRICE IS \$2.00. SINGLE COPIES, 20 CENTS.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,  
No. 15 East 14th Street, N. Y.



OUR NEW PREMIUM FOR 1895.  
A Great Work by a Great Master.

### This Interests You.

THERE is a poetic fitness in the fact that the "Queen of the Monthlies"—the title universally conceded to DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE—should give, as a premium to its subscribers, so superb a picture of the "queen of flowers" as De Longpré's group of roses. It is one of the most splendid pieces of flower-painting that ever grew beneath the brush of an artist. De Longpré is acknowledged to be the master of the French school in flower-work, and this is the supreme effort of his genius. It is a beautiful creation; the artist has chosen the loveliest specimens of the rarest and richest orders of the rose family. The pale pinks of the La France roses melt into the deep crimson of the Jacqueminots, and the pale yellow tints of the Maréchal Niels are a delight to the eye. The petals appear to curl with the chill of the morning air, and the dew still trembles upon the velvet leaves and the fragrant tips of these glorious children of nature.

The picture measures 16½ x 24 inches, and when properly framed will form one of the most striking ornaments possible for your parlor walls. It is art in its highest sense, inasmuch as it is a work of the very highest order of conception and execution; and yet is such that anyone who is endowed with the love of beauty without the technical knowledge of the connoisseur may fully appreciate its value.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE has presented its subscribers with many superb works by way of premiums; but De Longpré's "Roses" is the premium of premiums. The original cost was \$350, and the artist has pronounced the reproductions "Simply perfect!" The roses lack only perfume to give all the pleasure of living flowers, and will truly carry a bit of summer through the longest and dreariest winter day; and besides this and the superb collection of other pictures, you will have a magazine without its equal in this or any other country.



"UNDER THE MISTLETOE."  
In White Enamel and Gold Frame.

This Picture looks exquisite framed as above. Send 25 cents for one of these artistic frames to  
W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,  
15 E. 14th St., New York.

# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—DECEMBER.

## PATTERN ORDER,

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

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

THIS month and in future the directions for each pattern named in the Pattern Order will be printed on the envelope containing the Pattern, which will also bear a special illustration of the design.

THOUGH the modes of the season, viewed in crowds on the streets and in large gatherings, show, as a whole, few marked changes, a close inspection brings to light some very striking novelties. Fabrics and trimmings are more sumptuous than ever, and they are also more artistic, colors being combined with such exquisite harmony and rare cunning as to surpass anything ever seen before.

So great is the variety, both of fabrics and ways of making, that the widest latitude possible is given to individual taste. Therefore it behooves all women to give some thought to the consideration of their personal idiosyncrasies, and to choose those styles which will set off or conceal these to their best advantage; for there is a mental satisfaction and state of moral rectitude derived from the consciousness of being becomingly gowned that nothing else will give.

For the lovers of extreme styles there are still some structures of great elaboration and exaggeration,—skirts of eight or nine yards in width, with *godet* folds flopping all around the figure, except across the narrow front, and a breadth and stiffness of sleeves and shoulders that requires two chairs at the theater for its accommodation are for these; but, fortunately, they are in a small minority. It can be truly said that Dame Fashion was never more largely influenced by the finest artistic instincts than at the present time, for the general plan of the season's modes is graceful and pretty, beyond anything ever before enjoyed.

Most corsages are round or slightly pointed, and belted at the waist with softly folded girdles or ribbon sashes. They are frequently slashed to show silk of a contrasting color beneath or display billows of accordion-plaited *chiffon*, or they are very full and droop in front in the French blouse fashion. The trimmings run around the waist or are perpendicular, as is most becoming to the wearer.

Much rich cream lace is used, Venetian, Bruges, and Spanish.

ish or Irish point; but it is more frequently put on in flat *appliqués*, forming yokes, collars, and girdles, or extending up or down in Vandyke points, than in full bretelles and berthas. A wealth of embroidery, in which metal threads and *paillettes* are freely used, is lavished upon the corsages of smart gowns; and often lace, fur, and embroidery are used together, a combination that would, erstwhile, have excited our horror, but which we recognize now as *chic*.

The skirts worn with these works of art are more frequently plain than trimmed; and herein the skillful modiste shows her sense of the fitness of things, for the new fabrics are so beautiful that all trimming would detract from their style and elegance. *Crépons* are in endless weaves; those of mohair have an attractive gloss and a slight wiriness that well adapts them to the prevailing modes. Very many are of silk and wool, and their names give a hint of their weaves; as, crushed satin *crépons*, long-rippled *crépons*, hand-quilted *crépons*, and crocodile *crépons*. Then there are long-napped stuffs; as, Himalaya plush, ostrich cloth, and zibeline.

The very newest things are perforated cloths and velveteens, made up over silks of contrasting color; as brown over *bluet* or yellow, dark blue over *cérise* or light green, grey or biscuit color over heliotrope, and black over red or *bluet*. This is used for whole gowns or only parts of them, in combination with velvet, silk, or *chiffon*. Thus, a moire or *crépon* skirt may have a bodice of perforated velveteen, with sleeves like the skirt; or, again, the skirt is of cloth, and the blouse waist, also of cloth, is mounted to a yoke of velvet or tucked *chiffon*, and the sleeves match the yoke.

Satins of delicate colors or white are chosen for *débutantes'* and bridesmaids' gowns. They have full "baby" waists, slashed to disclose plaited *chiffon* or *point d'esprit*, the slashed edges being embroidered with *paillettes* or seed pearls; and the round necks have a full, soft trimming of rosettes of lace or *chiffon*. Sleeves are short and full, but gracefully manipulated to fall in flower-like petals or spread like a butterfly's wings. An ivory satin gown has a "baby" waist of emerald-green velvet, which droops over the jeweled girdle. The satin sleeves are veiled with *chiffon* flounces edged with yellow Valenciennes, and a band of jeweled passementerie set in rosettes of lace finishes the low neck.

Our thanks are due Mme. O'Donovan and James McCreery & Co., for courtesies shown.

**A Smart Corsage.**

THIS modish waist is a favorite model for *crépon*, taffeta, and moiré gowns, and also for the fancy silk waists which form so important a part of every woman's wardrobe. The addition of lace insertion or passementerie either in vertical or hori-

sweep of about four yards and a half. The shoulder-cape gives added warmth, and can, if desired, be made adjustable. Our model is of gray zibeline—a long-napped camel's-hair—lined with Siberian squirrel and trimmed with wolverine fur; and the shoulder-cape is of velvet richly embroidered. Heavier cloths have only a silk lining, and velvet or *velours du Nord* have wadded linings.

**Some Modish Skirts.**

(See the "Windermere" and the "Mildmay," Page 121.)

WHILE the skirt question is not of so burning interest as last year, yet it still remains, and must always be, an important topic, for the style of a gown can be utterly ruined by an ill-hanging or ill-made skirt; and, alas! since their cut has been so intricate, we cannot walk the streets for a block without seeing a score of shapeless things, sagging on seams or dipping on the sides, doing duty as gowns, but, be the fabric ever so handsome, looking like "duds." Therefore the pattern of the skirt and its skillful and careful making should be the first consideration after the fabric is chosen.

Of our new patterns the "Windermere" is especially adapted to the new winter cloths—cheviots, serges, tweeds, covert cloths, whip-cords—and the



**A Smart Corsage.**  
THE "ALDYTH."

zontal rows, as is most becoming to the wearer, will make it dressy enough for any occasion; it is also just the thing for the much-admired waists of accordion-plaited *chiffon*, which have a stronger hold than ever upon the public fancy. The pattern—the "Aldyth"—has fitted linings which hold the fullness of waist and sleeve-puffs in place. The collar, girdle, and sleeve bands are of moiré ribbon, and finished with large bows.



**The Popular Wrap.**  
COMELINE CIRCLE.

A BECOMING and handsome redingote for slender women, and a most desirable garment for those who like to take a good deal of outdoor exercise. It is of tan-colored Melton cloth, and its rich beaver trimming gives it an air of great comfort. For long journeys or a sea-voyage it would be hard to find a more desirable and appropriate wrap. The pattern is the "Westmeria," and it is fitted trimly to the figure with the usual seams in the back, and one dart in each front.

**The Popular Wrap.**

NOTHING can yet be devised to take the place in cold weather of the luxuriously warm circles, which wrap about one so cozily, sheltering us from Jack Frost's sharpest nips, and at the same time are so easily put on and off. Our pattern—the "Comeline"—is of generous amplitude, having a

novelty wools, which are all double-fold. It has but three breadths,—an apron front and two wide back breadths.

The variety in lining and finish still continues; some skirts are so weighted with stiff interlinings that they require a man's strength to carry

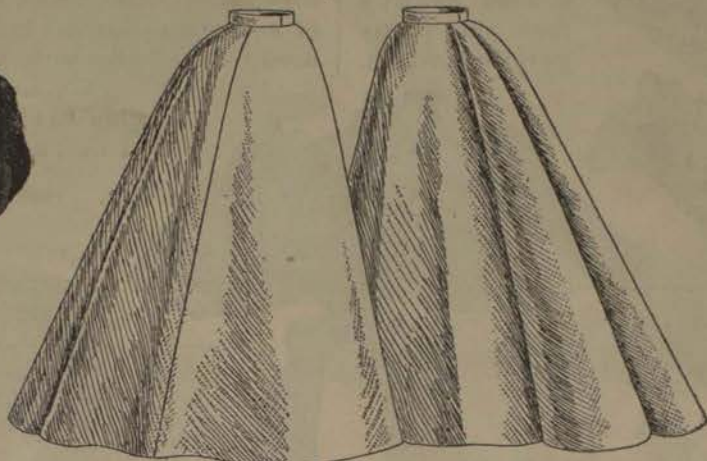


**For Winter Walks.**  
WESTMERIA REDINGOTE.

them about. But, happily, there is as great disagreement on the part of the noted French *couturières* as prevails here, and some of the handsomest imported models are

with a modish flare below, and have the back fullness held in box-plaits at the waist, rounding out into *godet* folds below. These plaits are held in place with elastic bands. Some skirts have a narrow and very flexible steel sewed all around the bottom; but better than this to secure slight stiffness is a

thick cord of candle-wicking covered with velvet or satin to harmonize with the gown. This is seen on many gowns, and is a popular finish this winter. Most of the trimming is confined to a narrow border around the bottom, and legions of skirts are perfectly plain.



**Windermere Skirt.**

(See "Some Modish Skirts.")

without stiff interlining. Then, too, this *fin de siècle* period is one of great freedom and independence, and women are no longer like sheep who

velvet, would be handsome to wear with any skirt; and the design can be carried out, also, in silk or velvet of any harmonizing shade, to wear with a wool skirt: as, brown basque with brown or tan skirt; dark blue, with gray or light blue; two shades of heliotrope, etc. The skirt is the "Windermere," and a sash trimming of velvet ribbon, confined at the bottom with bows, covers the front seams. The basque—the "Seafeld"—is fitted with the usual seams at the back, and extends below the waist in a short skirt with modified umbrella effect. A blouse front of *bleuet chiffon* fills in the front, and a stock-collar of the same finishes the neck.

**For Receptions.**

THIS smart gown is of black *crépon*, trimmed with black velvet, sable, and rose-point insertion. It is a handsome model for silks and all the silk-and-wool novelty goods. The basque, made of black moire or

**For Receptions.**

SEAFIELD BASQUE.

WINDERMERE SKIRT.

must follow their leader. Study to attain a pleasing conventionality of outline, avoid eccentricities and extremes of cut or fabric, and you will pass as a well-gowned woman anywhere.

From this you may conclude that if you have the strength to carry great weight, and like to sit down on stiff lumps or humps, you may line your skirt to the waist behind with hair-cloth or the new chamois lining; but if you object to the weight and like your comfort, you can secure just as perfect style for your new gown by omitting the interlining, or, if a heavy cloth, you may finish it with only a facing.

The "Mildmay," which has eight gores, is especially adapted to narrow fabrics, and will also be found convenient in renovating last year's gowns. Both patterns are about four yards wide at the bottom, fit trimly across the front and over the hips,



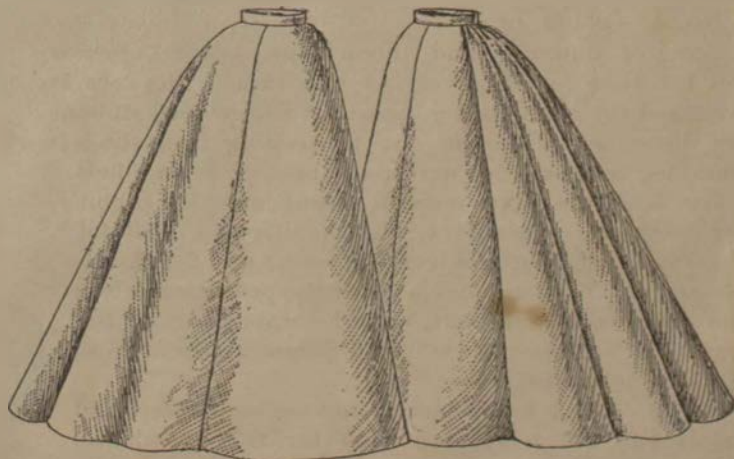
**An Attractive Home-Gown.**

LANGDALE WAIST.

MILDMAY SKIRT.

**An Attractive Home-Gown.**

SILK-AND-WOOL novelty goods and plaid silk, in blue and green barred with threads of brighter color, are the materials of this neat gown. The skirt is the "Mildmay";

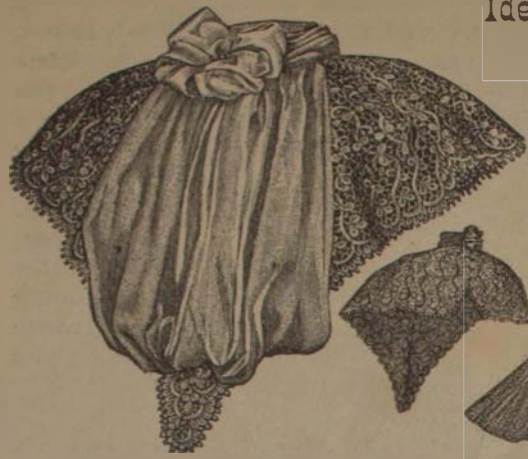


**Mildmay Skirt.**

(See "Some Modish Skirts.")

the two seams nearest the front on both sides are covered with three-inch bands of the plaid silk, narrowed to a point at the bottom. The corsage—the "Langdale"—is fitted trimly with the usual seams, and the front is draped with the plaid silk, giving something of a jacket effect. Bows of the silk surmount the full sleeve-puffs, and a stock-collar and girdle of black satin folds complete the whole.

Ideas for Corsage Garnitures.



1. Lace and Chiffon Garniture.

added to a plain gown, will make it quite suitable for concerts or the theater.

No. 2.—Silver-dotted black *mousseline de soie* is used for this pretty fichu. The wide flounce around the shoulders is knife-plaited; bows of black, cherry, or *bluet* ribbon fasten the ends at the waist, and another is placed at the back of the neck.

No. 3.—Venetian guipure and knife-plaited black *chiffon* are the materials used for this smart shoulder-cape, which fits like a yoke and is mounted to a stock-collar of rose-red satin. It is the same back and front, and is especially pretty with black, gray, or dark blue gowns.

4. A Lace Cape.

No. 4.—Black or white lace flouncing and ribbon of any becoming color can be used for this very stylish cape. The lace is arranged the same in the back, but the crossed ribbons are dispensed with, the one proceeding from the left shoulder being carried across the back to form a belt.

No. 5.—This shows a novel arrangement of rabbit's-ear bows of *cerise* velvet, and the disposition of jet passementerie to give a corselet effect and for shoulder-straps. The arrangement of the passementerie is the same back and front, and the upper part of the waist and the sleeves are of a different material from the corselet and skirt.

No. 6.—Pink embroidered *mousseline de soie* and emerald-green velvet are used for this garniture, which can be added to any plain waist. The *mousseline*, surmounted by a narrow piece of velvet, is arranged like a yoke back and front, and forms slightly full epaulets wired on the edge, which are headed by velvet shoulder-straps finished with loops. The corselet is of velvet, which is secured at the



8. An Irregular Garniture.

No. 1.—Bruges lace and lemon-colored *chiffon* form this pretty garniture, which,

front side-gore seams, crossed in front and fastened at the back under a large bow. The stock-collar is of velvet finished in the back with a bow of the *mousseline*.

No. 7.—A pretty arrangement of lace and ribbon. Wide cream lace forms a short jacket across the back, and is brought smoothly under the arms to form revers over a front of accordion-plaited *chiffon*. Rose-colored velvet ribbon is used for the belt and bows.

No. 8.—An irregular garniture very becoming to slender figures. It is confined to the front, and the lace and ribbon can be chosen



2. Mousseline de Soie Fichu.



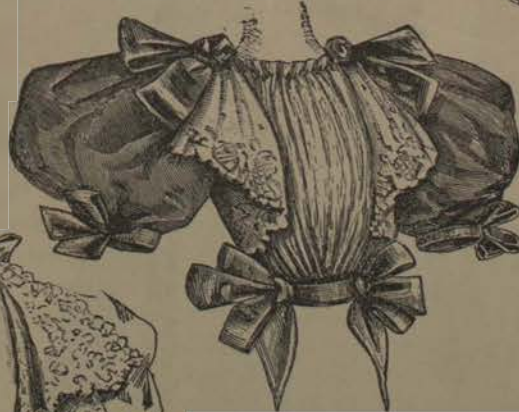
3. Chiffon and Lace Shoulder-Cape.

to suit the wearer. The stock-collar should be of ribbon to match.

THERE are perforated silks and *chiffons*, and these are all embroidered, resembling the old-time English stilettoed embroid-



5. Rabbit's-Ear Bows.



6. Mousseline de Soie and Velvet Garniture.

eries. No fabrics could be prettier or more effective for the smart waists of the season than these, and they will divide favor with accordion-plaited *chiffon*.

7. Lace Jacket with Ribbon Bows.

THE stock collar with fluffy rosettes on both sides of the chin and at the back is universally becoming unless overdone. Don't make the rosettes or fan-like bows too large. Don't be all collar.

with a black bird surmounted by yellow osprey feathers.

No. 6.—Walking-hat of braided felt, quite heavily trimmed with white lace, black velvet, steel buckles, osprey aigrettes, and a spray of red roses.

No. 7.—A toreador shape in red felt, trimmed with black velvet bows and small black parrots.

No. 8.—Steel and jet theater bonnet. Tiny rosettes of black satin and red geraniums are the trimming.

Much fur is used for trimming, combined both with lace and jet. It borders the low necks of evening



1. Velvet Toque.

Smart Millinery.

No. 1.—An especially stylish toque made of blue velvet combined with steel buckles and white wings. The crown-piece, which is shaped something like a small fez, is of velvet covered with steel-beaded lace.

No. 2.—A very becoming hat with low crown, and medium width brim pinched into deep undulations at the back and sides. It is of red felt, trimmed with a black velvet band about the crown, and a black-and-red bird with jetted wings placed at the right. A velvet band is inside the brim.

No. 3.—Sailor-hat of black velvet, trimmed with a long-looped bow in



2. Red Felt Hat.



3. Velvet Sailor-Hat.

gowns, edges guipure collars and revers, lines tea-gowns, and



6. Hat of Braided Felt.

front, of black satin ribbon held by a Rhinestone buckle, a similar bow at the back, and upright, narrow, black wings at the sides and in the back.

No. 4.—Alpine hat of gray felt, trimmed with black velvet, gray-and-white birds, and Rhinestone buckles. The brim is faced with black velvet.

No. 5.—A charming hat of soft French felt, black, bordered with astrachan, turned up at both sides, and trimmed at the right with loops of black satin ribbon, and on the left



5. Black Felt Hat.

collars than velvets; and three-inch ribbon is most becomingly arranged, passed in easy folds around the neck and tied in the back in a butterfly bow.

CLOTH capes are trimmed with appliques of cloth, stitched on, either in simple bands or elaborate arabesques almost covering the garment.



4. Alpine Hat.

encircles the neck bands of chiffon waists; and so smart are the results of the modistes' cunning in this association of seeming incongruities, that we can but admire them.

FANCY crêpes, soft and fluffy, are more used for the stock



7. Toreador Hat.



8. Theater Bonnet.

**Suggestions for Sleeves.**

THE sleeves have become the *point de résistance* of the modern gown: and many and diverse are the trimmings and devices used



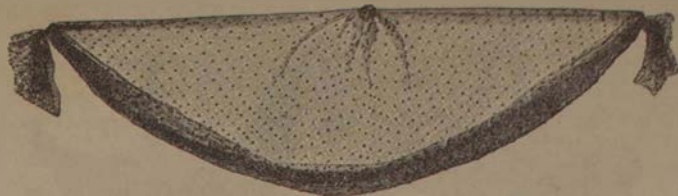
No. 1.

to enhance their stylish effect. Voluminousness is their characteristic feature, and the same sleeve, by deft touches and a little ingenuity, may be made to assume widely different effects. The three sleeves shown clearly illustrate this.

No. 1 shows how a sleeve with a simple puff may be rendered quite dressy by the addition of bands of velvet ribbon and a rosette; and, if desired, the puff could be banded at intervals. No. 2 represents a puff which is divided in two by shirring, and a dainty effect is given by the addition of a shoulder-bow. No. 3 illustrates the ornamental effect of lace and ribbon. This is quite as pretty without the ruffle; and both 2 and 3 could be as well used on long sleeves as for short ones.



No. 2.



**How to Arrange Your Veil.**

silk, and trimmed with bows and rosettes of rose-pink ribbon.



No. 3.

tian guipure; velvet and satin roses of the same heliotrope shades completely cover the high, flaring velvet collar.

THEATER capes often match the capote, and are very dressy affairs. One of heliotrope silk and velvet has three overlapping frills of knife-plaited *chiffon*, falling from under a superb collar of wide Vene-



1. Felt Poke-Bonnet.

**Misses' and Children's Hats.**

No. 1.—Poke bonnet of gray felt, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with rosettes of pearl-gray ribbon, and a *panache* of black ostrich-tips. The right side is plain.

No. 2.—Hat of nut-brown velvet, with straight brim and soft crown. The crown is surrounded by a *rouleau* of pink *chiffon*, and a great butterfly-bow of pink *chiffon* bordered with brown fur is placed in front and held by a steel buckle.

No. 3.—Brown



4. Black Felt Hat.



3. Brown Felt Hat.

felt hat with conical crown, trimmed

with brown satin-faced velvet ribbon, and a cluster of yellow feathers and aigrette.

No. 4.—Black felt hat with low crown, trimmed with black-and-white striped ribbon, white wings, and a steel buckle in front.

No. 5.—Poke bonnet of brown velvet bordered with white lace, lined with rose-pink



2. Brown Velvet Hat.

become common, is an arrangement of three or five graduated points in exquisite arabesques of open guipure extending down from the waist, and showing the silk lining of contrasting color beneath.

**How to Arrange Your Veil.**

THIS shows the newest method of arranging lace veils. A yard or a yard and a half of double-width veiling (according to the size of the hat-brim) is required. Gather closely about a quarter of a yard of the upper edge in the middle (this also depends on the width of the hat-brim); then after trying on the veil and drawing the extra length so it will fit nicely under the chin, gather the ends. This will be found much more convenient than arranging the ends each time the veil is put on.

ALL sorts of dainty ribbon arrangements add a smart air to corsages, and serve to brighten and freshen old ones.

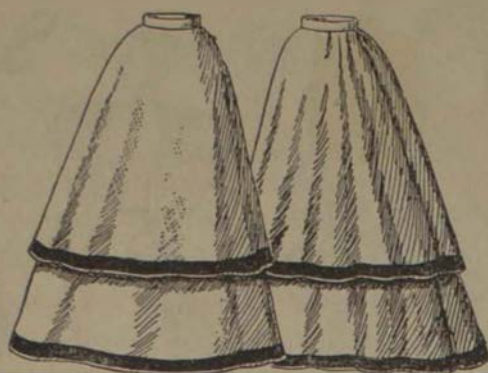


5. Velvet Poke-Bonnet.





Fanchette Morning-Dress.



Keene Skirt.



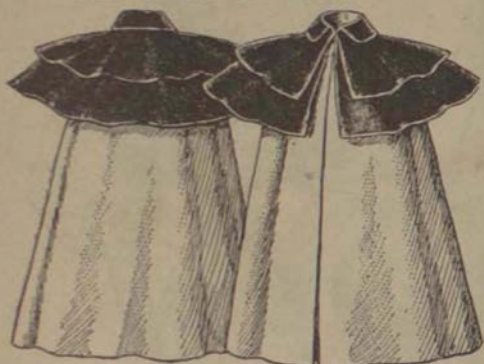
Armour Dress.



Medici Collars.



Viola Corsage.



Raudnitz Circle.



Blenheim Coat.



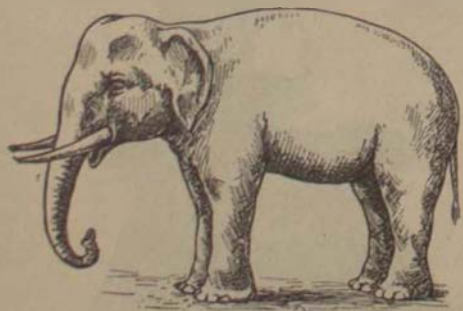
Empire Dress.



Toy Monkey.



Wamba Corsage.



Toy Elephant.



Toy Camel.



Toy Pug.



Toy Rabbit.



Toy Goat.

Standard Patterns.

PATTERNS of these desirable models being so frequently called for, we reproduce them in miniature this month in

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

Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement.

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

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

- 1.—Full-dress coat of embroidered velvet trimmed with natural otter and sealskin.
- 2.—Lily-of-the-valley brooch set with pearls.
- 3.—Visiting-gown of fancy silk, with bodice of Venetian guipure and the gown silk.
- 4.—Diamond-set bow-knot brooch.
- 5.—Dinner-corsage of black velvet and rose-colored *chiné* moire.
- 6.—Dinner-gown of pearl-gray moire trimmed with Spanish point and rosettes of American Beauty satin.
- 7.—Visiting gown of biscuit-colored *crépon* trimmed with black satin and Bruges lace.
- 8.—Beige-colored faced-cloth, combined with brown satin. The shoulder-cape matches the skirt.
- 9.—Gold brooch set with brilliants.
- 10.—Black velvet coat with jetted cuirass, and collar and cuffs of *moiré* Persian lamb.
- 11.—Black-and-white striped moire gown with corsage accessories of black satin.
- 12.—A souvenir brooch; flight of swallows set with diamonds.
- 13.—Betrothal gift; pendant set with a solitaire sapphire.
- 14.—Gown of plaid velvet in shades of blue and green barred with bright threads; sleeves of black satin.
- 15.—Mistletoe brooch in green enamel set with pearls.
- 16.—Dinner-gown of *chiné* silk combined with plain rose-colored Liberty satin, trimmed with *beurre* lace.
- 17.—Street or traveling gown of biscuit cloth trimmed with appliquéés of the same cloth.
- 18.—Back view of No. 17.
- 19.—Butterfly hairpin of filigree gold set with precious stones.
- 20.—Mistletoe brooch set with emeralds and pearls.
- 21.—Visiting-gown of *bluet* moire with *chiné* dashes of black and silver. The seams of the skirt are embroidered with *paillettes* and jet. Bows, girdle, collar, and revers of black velvet give the relief necessary to make this lovely but trying color becoming.
- 22.—Mastic cloth wrap, embroidered and trimmed with velvet, jet, and fur.
- 23.—A yoke of passementerie.
- 24.—Jetted collar.
- 25.—Corsage trimming of jetted passementerie.
- 26.—Gown of *crépon* combined with black moire, which is put on the skirt in deep Vandykes.
- 27.—Xmas brooch set with emeralds, diamonds, and pearls.
- 28.—Fur-lined cloak of Himalaya cloth trimmed with Thibet.
- 29.—Gown of cinnamon faced-cloth, combined with velvet of a darker shade.
- 30.—Diamond-set owl stick-pin.
- 31.—Reception-gown of *bluet* *crépon* trimmed with sable; corsage of black, stilettoed *chiffon* over American Beauty silk; girdle and collar of black satin.
- 32.—Gold brooch set with a chrysoprase, two pearls, and diamonds and emeralds.
- 33.—Tailor-gown of double-faced covert-cloth, stitched bands of the light side of the cloth forming the finish.
- 34.—Black velvet wrap, richly embroidered with jet and trimmed with Thibet.

CHARMING little frocks for children are simply fashioned of cashmere and all the pretty softly hanging novelty goods. The skirts are most frequently of straight breadths, and simply hemmed. The waists are full over a fitted lining, and frequently there is a *guimpe* of plaided surah, or taffeta of contrasting color. Revers and shoulder-trimmings are all smaller, and often they are omitted. No draperies or flounces are used, and the few trimmed skirts have only flat bands. For dressy gowns, accordion-plaited India silks are the smartest things seen; these are usually low necked and worn with white lawn *guimpes*.



### Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 125.)

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

**A Jaunty Coat.**

DARK red Melton cloth is the fabric of this jaunty little coat, and it is relieved by broad revers and cuffs of gray velvet trimmed with beaver headed by soutache. The pattern is the "Dorabyn," in sizes for eight and ten years. It is double-breasted with a wide lap, securing warmth across the chest. The skirt is in circle shape, flaring gracefully but not over full, and is mounted to the loosely fitted waist with a little fullness. When made of a light-weight cloth the garment is usually lined throughout with silk.



**A Jaunty Coat.**  
THE "DORABYN."

**Young Girl's House-Waist.**

A SIMPLE and becoming waist to complete a house-gown. Cashmere and challie, and the pretty silk-and-wool novelty goods are the favorite fabrics for these gowns. The skirts are simply gored, with graceful fullness in the back, and are without trimming. A small quantity of velvet, satin, or silk of harmonizing or contrasting color is used in the waists, making them quite dressy enough for home evenings, concerts, or informal visits. The model is of chestnut brown cashmere trimmed with dark brown velvet. The pattern for the waist is the "Colwith;" it is fulled over a fitted lining, and fastens in the back. The Vandyke collar is the same in the back as in the front. The pattern is in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years.



**Young Girl's House-Waist.**  
THE "COLWITH."

**A Cold Weather Cloak.**

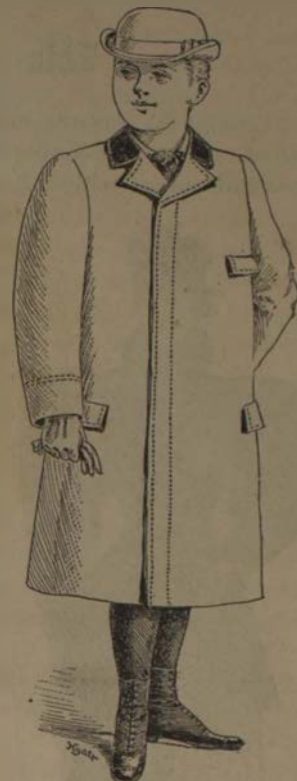
THIS smart cloak for girls of six or eight years is luxuriously warm without being clumsy. It is of soft cadet blue *bourette* cloth trimmed with gray fur, and the yoke, sleeves, and fronts of the garment are lined with red silk. The pattern—the "Katerina"—is very simple, and easily made and fitted. The full, straight skirt is gathered to a square yoke, and the collar is straight across the back. A band of the fur finishes it snugly at the throat.



**A Cold Weather Cloak.**  
THE "KATERINA."

**For Frosty Days.**

THIS trim and serviceable coat for boys of ten, twelve, and fourteen years of age is of dark blue Melton cloth. It is a long plain sacque in shape, and furnished with convenient pockets. The pattern is the "Thorndyke." All shades of gray and tan, and rich dark browns are liked for these coats.



**For Frosty Days.**  
THORNDYKE OVERCOAT.

**A Neat Winter Frock.**

THIS simple little gown for children from six to eight years of age is made in one piece, the plain straight skirt being gathered to the full "baby" waist. It is adapted to plain or rich fabrics, and can be made simple enough for a school frock, or sufficiently dressy for dancing-school and children's parties. The pattern is the "Esther," and it has fitted linings to hold the fullness of the waist and sleeve-puffs in place. Cashmere and serge and the fine checked wools are the favorite choice

of practical mothers for everyday gowns; and for dressy occasions, India silk, the checked and changeable taffetas, and cashmeres in light and delicate shades, are chosen. The deep collar, which is plaited on the shoulders, can be of the dress fabric or of velvet; and the lace should be omitted on plain stuffs.

ENGLISH violets are in again, and are disputing favor with the queenly



**A Neat Winter Frock.**  
THE "ESTHER."

**This Season's Furs.**

THE great luxury and beauty of this winter's modes are nowhere more conspicuously manifested than in the new fur garments, which have reached such a culminating point of elegance and comfort combined that it seems impossible the ingenuity of man or woman can go further in devising novelties.

Furs are worn everywhere, by everybody, on all occasions, and almost at all seasons, now; and every description of real fur is worn, and considered in good form. Time was when Dame Fashion selected one or two furs and pro-



No. 111.

**Prince Albert Coat. Hudson Bay Otter.**

claimed them queens regnant for the season, thus arbitrarily relegating to cedar chests and closets—often, indeed, to the attic—other claimants equally worthy of popular favor. For where was the mother's daughter among us who would face wondering eyes by wearing mink, ermine, or stone marten when they were not in fashion?

Provident women are now repaid for the care with which they have guarded their treasures of old-time furs; while those thoughtless *cigales* who value nothing but the fancies of the moment are bewailing the ravages of moths, and vainly regretting the now valuable furs which have been their food. While it can be truly said that no one fur is fashion's favorite, sealskin, Persian lamb, and mink being all considered standard furs, yet there is one essentially American fur which is growing in favor, and for which there is a great demand in foreign markets as well as at home, the Hudson Bay otter. This beautiful fur is the first choice of fastidious women; and though it costs about one-third more than sealskin it is well worth the difference, as it wears longer and retains its pristine beauty.

The Prince Albert coat,—No. 111,—of which front and back views are given, is the newest shape; there is a generous lap in the back and plaits in the side-forms, which give sufficient fullness to the skirt. It is fastened with tortoise-shell or seal buttons, and costs in Alaska sealskin, 33 inches long, \$300, increasing \$50 for every three inches additional length. The same style in Hudson Bay otter costs \$50 more than in sealskin. All the garments are beautifully finished, and lined with rich silks.



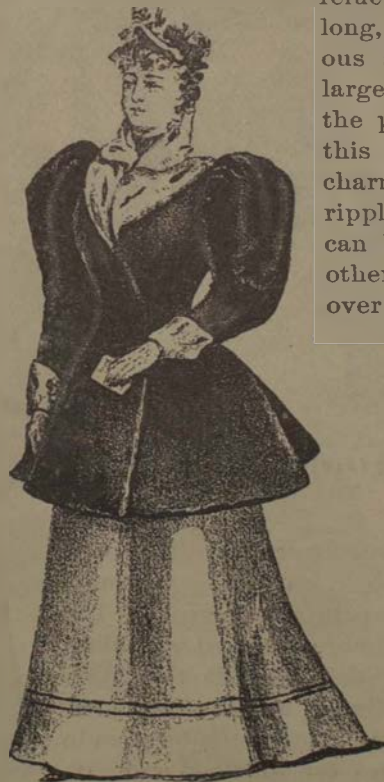
**Back of Prince Albert Coat. Alaska Sealskin.**

The art of dyeing furs has reached so great perfection that the cheapest and most worthless skins are made to look like nice furs; and inexperienced buyers need to be on their guard. Remember always that a good thing cannot be had legitimately without paying for it. The so-called electric seal is rabbit-skins dyed and sheared to resemble sealskin; Canada and China seal are muskrat skins, submitted to a similar process; while opossum and coon skins imitate Alaska sable and masquerade as black marten. The American dyed otter and beaver skins are acknowledged to be the best that the world can produce; but we must still send our sealskins to London to be dyed, and buy our Persian lamb and astrachan skins in Leipsic, where alone the art of dyeing them is understood.

Another handsome coat—No. 112—is shown of Hudson Bay otter trimmed with ermine. It is slightly double-breasted, has a full skirt, and ample sleeves. This style is also made in Persian lamb and sealskin, trimmed with chinchilla, natural otter, mink, sable, or Persian lamb, and costs according to length of garment, kind of fur, and trimming, from \$250 to \$450.

One of the novelties of the winter is the shoulder-cape with stole-like ends, resembling the old-time victorine. It is illustrated—see No. 106—in Alaska sealskin trimmed with Russian sable, but is made in all kinds of fur and in various combinations, to suit every taste. It is especially pretty in Persian lamb and chinchilla, and the style is as becoming to short and full figures as to the tall and slender. Price, according to fur and trimming, from \$150 to \$400.

Shoulder capes were so convenient that women have been reluctant to give them up, and the long, full capes, though most luxurious and delightful wraps, are too large and heavy to in any way take the place of the old favorites; so this winter we are offered most charming little affairs, falling in full ripples around the shoulders, which can be worn on warm days without other wraps, and in very cold weather over the coat. They are very nice also



No. 112.

**Hudson Bay Otter Coat.**

for the theater and concerts, to protect from draughts. This style is shown in chinchilla,—see No. 110,—but is made in all furs, costing from \$75 to \$150. Another style, affording about the same warmth, is made of two kinds of fur in various combinations, and is very elegant for evening wear as



No. 106.  
**Sealskin Wrap, Sable-Tail Trimming.**

illustrated, made of ermine, with a yoke and high, standing collar of Hudson Bay otter. Prices from \$125 to \$175. The full, large capes are still formidable rivals of the coats, and especially with women who are restricted in



No. 110.  
**Chinchilla Shoulder-Cape.**

their purchases and must make one garment answer for many purposes, because they are found so much more convenient to remove, and can be worn over handsome corsages without danger of crushing the most elaborate trimmings. A sweep of from 95 to 130 inches in circumference is considered sufficiently full, and the collars are larger and higher than ever, sheltering their wearers from every wind that blows. The rich mink cape shown is a desirable model for all furs, and is made in Hudson Bay otter, both natural and dyed, Alaska sealskin, Persian lamb, and astrachan. It costs, according to kind and quality of fur, and length and fullness, from \$100 to \$400.

Brown furs are held in so high estimation that the natural otter is coming into greater favor, and some smart coats and deep capes have been made of this fur for women who seek novelties or desire to appear as "brownies."

Yet another favorite model for large wraps, coming well over the arms, is the ripple cape of Persian lamb, with high, standing collar. These are richly lined and very full, in lengths from twenty-four to thirty inches, and cost from \$75 to \$200.

A good deal of ermine is seen combined in many ways with other furs; but we have grown fastidious in our tastes, and recognize a certain propriety in times and occasions for certain things. Ermine being essentially a royal and gala fur we do not wear it in the daytime, unless in a carriage, and then only when attending receptions or paying visits. For evening wear nothing is more appropriate than royal ermine, and the opera and carriage cloaks prepared for this winter's grand functions are sumptuous to a degree.



**Ripple Cape of Royal Ermine and Hudson Bay Otter.**



**Golf Cloak.**

We illustrate a superb garment of richly embroidered satin, lined throughout with ermine, and finished with a shoulder-cape of the same regal fur. This costs, according to the size of the wrap and amount of work put upon it, from \$250 to \$400.

Better suited to modest purses is the golf cape, made of cloth or heavy Sicilian silk, and lined throughout with Siberian squirrel; the hoods are fur-lined and trimmed with fur, and there is a snug fur collar. These are very popular garments for street, traveling, or evening wear, and cost from \$40 to \$100, according to size, material, and quality of fur.

A very smart wrap for a slender young woman is the double ripple cape of Hudson Bay otter trimmed with sable or ermine. This, too, is made in many other furs, and in combinations that must please the most exigent taste. Prices for these vary from \$125 to \$250.

A decided novelty in neck boas is shown, which requires two pairs of keen little eyes and two sets of sharp teeth to guard one fair throat. Two entire skins are used, and they are arranged in different ways, both so pretty it is hard to choose between them. In one the two heads are lapped across each other in the back, while the tails and paws

finish the front. Four little sharp-clawed paws and two bushy tails



**Mink Cape.**

are brought together at the back of the other, and the two heads come together in front with a very saucy effect. Of imperial crown

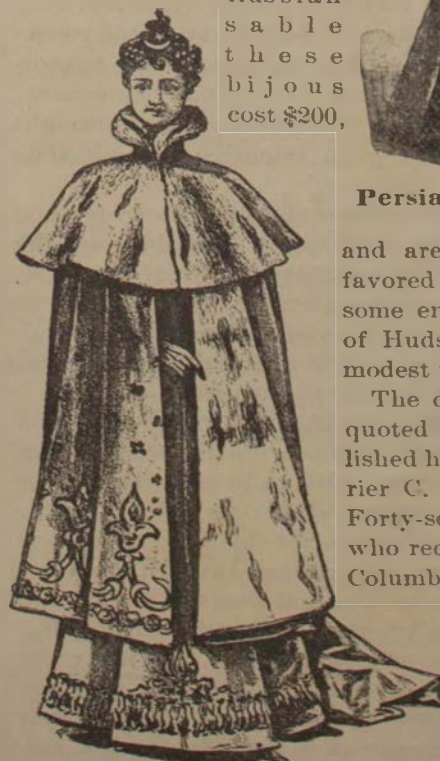
Russian sable these bijoux cost \$200,



**Persian Lamb Ripple Cape.**

and are only for Fortune's most favored daughters; but quite handsome enough for anyone are those of Hudson Bay sable at the more modest price of \$20.

The designs shown and prices quoted are from the long-established house of the well-known furrier C. C. Shayne, 124-126 West Forty-second Street, New York, who received highest awards at the Columbian Exposition. Garments can be ordered by the numbers which designate them, and Mr. Shayne will be pleased to send his catalogue upon application, and will also furnish estimates for special styles.



**Royal Ermine Evening Wrap.**

## Criminality of License Voters.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

FATHER, have you a bright, intelligent son who you wish should become an honest, manly man? Don't you see that in your vote for a license party your example proves to him that you are an accessory—or rather, an instigator—of crime, lawlessness, and plunder? Does not your vote make you an actual ally and participator in the awful crimes and misery produced by the liquor traffic?

Is not the sanction that your vote gives to this criminal business the best evidence of your responsibility? Look at your attitude at this juncture of our country, now in the grasp of a monster evil. Realize, if you can, the horrors that the liquor traffic produces; see the wretchedness, misery, and pauperism that flow from the two hundred and fifty thousand saloons,—much of which must be apparent to you. See all this robbery and degradation in connection with the significant fact that these saloons get their authority and sanction from the vote you put in the ballot-box. Who, therefore, is to be held most responsible for these infamous saloons,—these instigators of crime and lawlessness?

What a heinous, wicked, cowardly, and conscienceless incarnation of wrong doing your vote must present in the eyes of Heaven, to be reflected on the world and on your family!—and this, too, when it has been your privilege to enjoy so much light and intelligence on this question of personal responsibility; when you ought to know, and do know, how these alluring, poisonous beverages are cursing society with crime and degradation, and by a fascinating intoxication robbing the laborer of his hard-earned wages, and consuming the resources of the people to the extent of two thousand millions annually, causing hard times and derangement of all the industries and finances of the country. And all through your criminal instigation; for does not your vote for a license party become a part of a criminal conspiracy to endow the liquor traffic with power and authority for the most diabolical purposes?

When you stop to think and to realize the sovereign power and influence of your vote in shaping and controlling legislation, can you conclude otherwise than that you are the most guilty party? While this is a strong assertion, is it not a true one when you take into consideration the consequences of your heedless, cruel, wicked vote, which authorizes and endorses this culmination of criminal viciousness? Let us see how your character will appear when brought under the light and logic of good intention and virtuous action:

In all criminal matters, the author and instigator of crime is always held to be the most guilty party. In this case the criminal complicity is greatly aggravated by actual participation and authority from the highest source of power; for is not your vote the most effective means of protecting from loss and injury the lives, homes, and health of the community, an authority, too, vested in you for that express purpose?

When you prostitute this vote of yours by giving it to this criminal business, to authorize a horde of piratical miscreants to deluge the community with an intoxicating liquor that produces hard times, misery, and crime, who but you, the voter, is to be held responsible for this vile, unscrupulous desecration of delegated and assumed authority?

Moreover, in this villainous use and degradation of the most sacred privilege of an American citizen by authorizing and sanctioning the business of liquor selling, you make the matter worse by the most misleading, shameless pretense that this authority for a license acts as a restriction. Especially will this appear when your vote gives saloon keepers a license, and when you realize that this license gives them

a monopoly to open and ornament their attractive dens of infamy to entice their victims on the most frequented thoroughfares.

Even worse than this—like Pilate—you say, "I find no fault with all well-meant endeavors to secure sobriety and temperance;" and yet, with the perfidy of a Judas, your vote says to the liquor dealer, "You are fully authorized to carry on this injurious business of selling beer and whisky which acts upon the people as a fascinating, but slow poison." It says to them, "You may fill the prisons, ruin our young men, and degrade women; you may flood the country with plunderers and criminal lawlessness; you may perpetrate all this wrong and injury, if you will only vote for my party."

And all this cringing subserviency to this criminal business of liquor selling is actually authorized by you under the garb of virtuous patriotism, while throwing a mantle of justification and respectability over this most prolific source of crime,—with a legal license! Shame on such dangerous, masked hypocrisy and pretense of loyalty to virtue! Such wicked desecration of your vote, to nullify and sacrifice the God-given right of protecting your homes from wrong and injury, is the most treasonable outrage, and a downright mockery of your country's degradation. This selfish injury and duplicity is out-Heroding Herod with fraud and injustice; and even while filling the land with lawlessness, crime, and debauchery, turning partly aside you make a pretense of virtuous indignation against the liquor dealers, when they only act as your tools in these outrages upon society.

This shocking, piratical injury to the people has no justification or palliation except ignorance, and even thoughtless ignorance in this case is the most culpable crime. It is a violation of every principle of constitutional laws, which guarantee protection to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Therefore, to sanction the liquor traffic by your vote is treason that has no equal for its enormity, and a shameless perfidy that shows how effectively you have stifled, crushed, and crucified your conscience.

But in this conspiracy to ruin your country, how the virtuous indignation of the people should protest against this criminal use of your vote to a license party, and cry "Shame!" on this ignominious, outrageous prostitution of the sacred right of the ballot, which is being used by voters to authorize this worse than piracy, this wholesale plunder and destruction of the homes, morals, and virtue of the people. Certainly, this is the very worst phase of human depravity, a shameless conspiracy to overwhelm society in a flood of crime and anarchy for the sake of pelf and power.

Even now our country is overrun with criminal lawlessness, our homes, health, and property are menaced with drunken, frenzied tramps, and all that is good in our civilization is in jeopardy. Where can the people look for protection, if not obtained at the ballot-box? A vote for entire Prohibition is therefore the only alternative for our security. Ever bear in mind that your vote is the best illustration of your manhood, your character, and your conscience.

A vote for a license party is the most diabolical, shameless treason!—treason to our homes, treason to conscience, treason to our industries, treason to virtue, treason to our religion, and treason to all interests of society. And to sum it all up, this vote for a licensed party is an exhibition of a depraved moral sense, and will work an injury to the people that has no equal for its enormity. None can deny the truthfulness of this position, nor shut their eyes to the magnitude of the evil. Such votes should receive the honest condemnation of every conscientious, patriotic voter.

Who is the traitor? "Lord, is it I?"

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

**Rambler**  
BICYCLES.

ONE MILE  
WORLD'S **1.51** RECORD!  
FLYING

Good bearings and "fastest tires on earth"—  
"G. & J. PNEUMATIC TIRES"  
THAT'S THE SECRET.

Catalogue free at any Rambler agency.  
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., CHICAGO.  
Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE ONLY COCOA  
WITH RICH CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

**PHILLIPS'**  
DIGESTIBLE **Cocoa**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Household.

A Butterfly Dinner.

(Continued from page 116.)

At each plate place a square correspondence card ornamented with a group of butterflies arranged in any dainty way that may suit your fancy, keeping them in place with mucilage, and leaving blank some portion of the card, on which you may write neatly,—or letter in gilt if you are able,—the name of the guest or a quotation from his or her favorite author, or both, if you have sufficient space. (See No. 5.)

Narrow ribbons reaching from the center-piece to each place, like the spokes of a wheel, or only to the corners of the table and dotted at intervals with bright butterflies (see No. 6), would give the table a very pretty appearance; and small boxes or baskets of tissue-paper, filled with *bon-bons* and decorated with butterflies, could be placed at each plate, as souvenirs.

In fact, the decorative possibilities in these simple paper articles are endless. Any woman of taste will discover original ways for herself; and if the above directions for making the butterflies are carefully followed, she will be able to surprise and please her friends with her novel "Butterfly Dinner."

A. T. H.

Some Christmas Menus.

In the entire English-speaking world, roast turkey, plum pudding, and mince pie are considered *de rigueur* for the Christmas feast; and in addition, those famous beef-eaters, our English cousins, must have their roast joint and the indispensable *cod*. The only free play the housekeeper is permitted in is the selection

(Continued on page 132.)



Don't Mince Matters,

but take all the help you can get. And you can get more of it, with **Pearline**, than with anything else that's safe to use. Everybody knows about **Pearline** for washing clothes. We talk more about that, because of all the wear and tear and labor it saves, by doing away with that ruinous rub, rub, rub. But don't let it's help stop there. With anything that will wash at all, **Pearline** will save you something in the washing. Dishes, paint, woodwork, marble, windows, carpets (without taking up), milk cans, silver, jewelry, etc.—these are only some of the things that are washed best with **Pearline**.

Beware

you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled, if your grocer sends 356

JAMES PYLE, New York

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

As Good  
As Libbey's

So say competitors—The best of reasons for buying Libbey's—the only glass as good as Libbey's is Libbey's.



EULALIE FRUIT-BOWL.

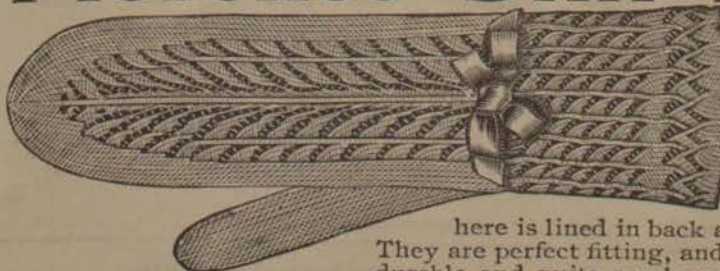
All about cut glass—in a book—free for the asking.

Libbey Glass Co., Toledo, Ohio.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Florence Silk Mittens.



The engraving shows a late style of these goods. They are made of genuine FLORENCE KNITTING SILK. Whatever the design, all real Florence Silk Mittens are sold one pair in a box, bearing the brand Florence on one end. The pattern shown

here is lined in back and wrist throughout with silk. They are perfect fitting, and in cold climates are far more durable and quite as elegant and fashionable as the best of gloves. Sold by all enterprising dealers, who can be supplied by the  
**NONOTUCK SILK CO.,** New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and St. Paul.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**ATMORE'S MINCE MEAT**  
GENUINE ENGLISH  
**PLUM PUDDING**

PREPARED WITH THE MOST SCRUPULOUS CARE FROM THE CHOICEST MATERIALS IF YOU WANT PURE COOKS FREE FROM ADULTERATION & CHEMICALS  
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ATMORES.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine,



# LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## CLOAKS, SUITS, FURS. Jackets, \$4.25 up. Fur Capes, \$5.00 up. Tailor-Made Suits, \$8.75 up.

The advantage in dealing with us is that we have this season engaged an expert designer at a very large salary, a force of the most skilled tailors, who have until recently been employed by one of New York's most fashionable tailors, and can therefore guarantee superior style and workmanship. We are large manufacturers, and by dealing directly with us, you can save the profits of the retailer, amounting to from 30 to 40 per cent. We will mail you, on receipt of four cents postage, a catalogue illustrating the most fashionable styles in Jackets, Plush and Fur Capes, a fine assortment of cloths, including smooth and rough goods of the latest shades, a perfect fitting diagram blank, and a 48-inch tape. Every garment is cut and made to order, thereby insuring a perfect fitting and handsomely finished wrap, giving the wearer a refined and stylish appearance. We sell Cloakings, Suitings and Fur Edgings by the yard, owing to large facilities. Orders executed within three days after receipt of same. We pay all express charges. **THE LIBERTY CLOAK CO., 635 & 637 Broadway, New York City.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



(Continued from page 131.)

of the *et ceteras* of the banquet, and by her skill and ingenuity in this respect the success of the festive meal largely depends. Some unfortunates will put parsnips, squash, and sweet potatoes together; stewed celery, turnips, and salsify; hot slaw, Brussels sprouts and stewed tomatoes, and corn and peas. There are nice unwritten laws concerning the association of vegetables with each other and with meats which every housewife should strive to master, and the success of her catering will depend very much upon this.

Don't put two vegetables of similar nature together, and don't serve corn with domestic fowls. Have celery and olives with ducks, and serve the former with mayonnaise dressing with any game. Some people think boiled onions an indispensable adjunct of roast turkey; but that is, of course, a matter of taste, and the association is a dangerous experiment except for a family dinner, where the tastes of the partakers are well known. Where the supply of vegetables is limited, as in places remote from markets, variety can be secured by different ways of cooking them. The following menus will afford helpful hints to perplexed housekeepers who are too busy to study out pleasing combinations for themselves, or who would like to break away from traditions and have something new.

Celery Bisque.  
Olives. Pickles.  
Roast Duck, Currant Jelly.  
Sweet Potatoes. French Peas.  
Stewed Tomatoes.  
Lettuce Salad.  
Wafers. Cheese.  
Plum Pudding.  
Nuts. Raisins.  
Coffee.

Consomme.  
Cod à la crème. Potato Balls.  
Assorted Pickles.  
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.  
Baked Sweet Potatoes. Cauliflower.  
Watercress and Tomato Salad.  
Wafers. Cheese.  
Mince and Pumpkin Pies.  
Oranges. Bananas.  
Coffee.

(Continued on page 133.)

### Do You Use

Evaporated cream or unsweetened Condensed Milk, and desire the best? Then obtain from your grocer Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, which ranks first in quality. Prepared by New York Condensed Milk Company.

An Interesting Competition. The manufacturers of the Canfield Dress Shield are making an extraordinary offer to ladies who wear Canfield Dress Shields. As most ladies have always worn these shields, it is only necessary for them to save the envelopes and return as described in the advertisement. The offer in its details will be found on another page in this issue.

Some exceedingly choice silverware is the reliable "Sterling Silver Inlaid" line, manufactured by The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., and advertised in our advertisement columns. Experienced housekeepers have pronounced them unexcelled in intrinsic worth and wearing qualities, proving the old adage, "The best is the cheapest"—in the end.

An organ or piano should form a part of every home, and there is no good reason why any home, no matter how humble, should be without one. This happy state of affairs is made possible by the efforts of the well-known Piano and Organ makers, Cornish & Co., of Washington, N. J. Thirty years ago this firm branched out from the usual method of selling through dealers, and began to sell their instruments direct from the factory to the family at the actual wholesale price; thus saving the purchaser the enormous profit and commission demanded by dealers and agents. Another great feature of their business is selling on credit to those who are not prepared to pay all cash down. They arrange terms to suit the convenience of the purchaser, and impose none of the annoying conditions usually connected with this method of buying.



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 132.)

- Oysters on the Half-shell.
- Cream of Celery.
- Sweetbreads with Truffles.
- Roast Turkey, Green-grape Jelly.
- Macaroni à l'Italian. Boiled Onions.
- Mashed Potatoes.
- Grape-fruit Salad, masked with Mayonnaise.
- Cheese-Straws.
- Plum Pudding.
- Candied Fruits. Figs.
- Coffee.

- Little Neck Clams.
- Asparagus Soup.
- Broiled Halibut, Sauce Tartare.
- Roast Capon, Grape Jelly.
- Salsify Sauté. Escaloped Potatoes.
- Brussels Sprouts.
- Oyster Patties.
- Celery Salad.
- Wafers. Cheese.
- Plum Pudding. Cream Pie.
- Sweets. Fruit.
- Coffee.

- Cream of Oysters.
- Baked Fish, Sauce Hollandaise.
- Chicken and Ham Pie.
- Rice Croquettes, Gooseberry Catsup.
- Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
- Stewed Celery. Tomatoes with Onions.
- Cannelon of Potatoes.
- Chickory Salad. Cheese-Sticks.
- Mince and Lemon Pies.
- Roquefort Cheese.
- Nuts. Raisins.
- Coffee.

Of course modifications to these menus can be made so as to adapt them to the resources of almost any cuisine, and no dishes which are troublesome to prepare have been suggested. A receipt for celery bisque was given in Demorest's for March, 1893, and also an excellent one for the toothsome cheese-straws which are so nice with salads. Either an egg or a cream sauce is good with the cod, and the latter is much improved by the addition of chopped parsley. A receipt for potato balls is here given:

**POTATO BALLS.**—Pare a half-dozen large round potatoes, cut them into balls with a vegetable-scoop, toss them into an earthen bowl, and cover with cold water. Fifteen minutes before serving, put them into enough boiling water to cover them, and cook twelve minutes; then pour off all the water, dredge with fine salt, and set on the back of the range to dry off.

Many excellent receipts for cooking turkeys were given in Demorest's for November, 1893, and one for baking sweet potatoes in a favorite Southern style, in October, 1893.

**CREAM OF CELERY.**—Wash and clean thoroughly a dozen stalks of celery, and cut it into inch lengths; put it in boiling water and cook fifteen minutes, then drain and add to it three pints of good soup-stock and half an onion or a leaf or two of chives; simmer gently till the celery is

(Continued on page 134.)



In this time of General Thanksgiving do not forget  
 FLORAS  
 PRECIOUS GIFT  
 TO HUMANITY.

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
**FLORIDA WATER**

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET & BATH.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

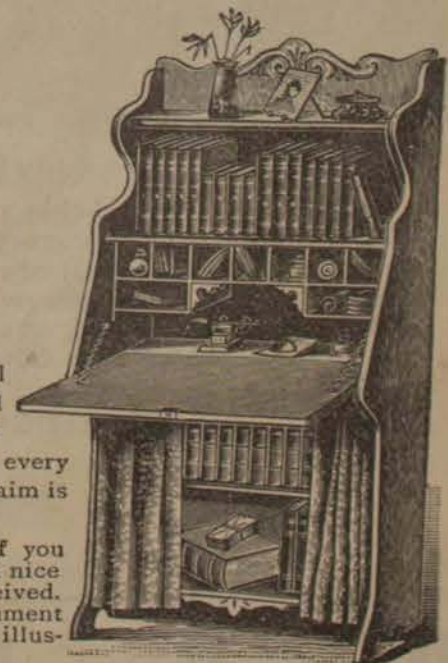
## "Chautauqua" Desk FREE. WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP

Most popular desk ever made. Exceeds in number in use any other one article of furniture and has gladdened a hundred thousand hearts. SOLID OAK throughout, hand-rubbed finish. The drop leaf, writing bed, closes and locks. A brass rod for curtain. It stands 5 feet high, is 2½ feet wide and 10½ inches deep.

THE COMBINATION BOX CONTAINS	
100 BARS "SWEET HOME" SOAP, ENOUGH TO LAST AN AVERAGE FAMILY ONE FULL YEAR. FOR ALL LAUNDRY AND HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES IT HAS NO SUPERIOR.	\$5.00
7 BARS WHITE WOOLEN SOAP, A PERFECT SOAP FOR FLANNELS.	.70
9 PKGS. BORAXINE SOAP POWDER, CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE FABRIC. SIMPLE—EASY—EFFICIENT.	.90
¼ DOZ. MODJESKA COMPLEXION SOAP, EXQUISITE FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN. A MATCHLESS BEAUTIFIER.	.60
1 BOTTLE, 1 OZ., MODJESKA PERFUME, DELICATE, REFINED, POPULAR, LASTING.	.25
¼ DOZ. OLD ENGLISH CASTILE SOAP.	.30
¼ DOZ. CREME OATMEAL TOILET SOAP.	.25
¼ DOZ. ELITE TOILET SOAP.	.25
¼ DOZ. LARKIN'S TAR SOAP, INFALLIBLE PREVENTATIVE OF DANDRUFF. UNEQUALLED FOR WASHING LADIES' HAIR.	.45
¼ DOZ. SULPHUR SOAP.	.45
1 JAR MODJESKA COLD CREAM, SOOTHING—CURES CHAPPED SKIN.	.25
1 BOTTLE MODJESKA TOOTH POWDER, PRESERVES THE TEETH, HARDENS THE GUMS, SWEETENS THE BREATH.	.25
1 PKT SPANISH ROSE SACHET POWDER.	.25
1 STICK NAPOLEON SHAVING SOAP.	.10

200,000 FAMILIES USE IN A YEAR. THE ASSORTMENT OUR BOX PROVIDES. THE CONTENTS IF BOUGHT AT RETAIL, COST—\$10.00  
 DESK, WORTH AT RETAIL, 10.00  
**ALL FOR \$10.00 YOU GET THE DESK GRATIS. \$20.00**

YOU USE THE GOODS THIRTY DAYS BEFORE BILL IS DUE.



After trial you pay the retail value of the Soaps alone. All middlemen's profits are returned to you in valuable premiums, so well bought as to save you half the regular retail prices. The Larkin plan saves you half the cost. The manufacturer alone adds VALUE; every middleman adds COST. The publishers of this paper know every claim is sustained by the facts.

Many people prefer to send cash with order—it is not asked—but if you remit in advance, you will receive in addition to all extras named, a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment same day order is received. The publishers also know that your money will be refunded without argument or comment if the box or DESK does not prove all expected. Booklet illustrating ten other premiums free upon application.

Write your order like this, TODAY—while you think of it, or cut this out and sign it:  
 "You may ship me, subject to thirty days' trial, ONE COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP, with extras, etc., and the CHAUTAUQUA DESK.

If after thirty days' trial I find the Soaps and the Desk entirely satisfactory and as represented, I will remit you \$10.00; if not, I will notify you goods are subject to your order and you must remove them, making no charge for what I have used."

Name, \_\_\_\_\_ Street No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Occupation, \_\_\_\_\_ State, \_\_\_\_\_  
 P. O. \_\_\_\_\_

ESTAB. 1875. INCOR. 1892. **THE LARKIN SOAP M'FG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**LADIES** who are troubled with Corns, Bunions or Rheumatism of the Feet, WHO WANT Comfort and Ease, combined with Elegance and Style, should wear

**CUSHION SOLE BOOTS**  
 Perfect fitting, require no breaking in. Made in Common Sense, Opera, & Square Toes, Button or Lace, AA, A, B, C, D, E, and EE, widths. Made in 2 grades. Price \$2.50 and \$3.50 Money Order



SATINOLA CUSHION SOLE  
 Send your size; we guarantee to fit you.

**Manufacturers' Shoe Co.** 40 Bedford St., BOSTON, MASS.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**HATCH CHICKENS by STEAM.** MODEL EXCELSIOR Incubator. Simple, Perfect and Self-Regulating. Thousands in successful use. Send 6c. for Illus. Cat. Circulars free.  
**GEO. H. STAHL, 114 to 122 S. 6th St. Quincy, Ill.**



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**5 Two Cent Stamps** buys this lovely Battle Axe Pin.  
 (6 for 50c.) Solid Sterling Silver, or Rolled Gold Plate (Solid Gold, 75c.) Address, C. W. Little & Co., 32 Cortlandt St., N.Y.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.



**Christmas Eve.**

A beautiful copy of this picture, in buff color, size 13 x 16, mounted on a sheet 21 x 29, will be sent postage prepaid as a special Christmas offering, on receipt of 20 cents (stamps accepted) or else by sending us six of our "little cook" cut out of the colored label pasted around our cans.

We offer this souvenir as a reminder that your Christmas Dinner should include a can of Franco-American Soups and Plum Pudding. They will render it a merry feast indeed.

**Franco American Food Co.,**

P. O. Box, 150, N. Y.

*Please mention this publication.*

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Does Your House Need Painting**  
INSIDE OR OUT?

WHEN BUYING **HOUSE PAINTS** ASK FOR

**Masury's Pure Linseed Oil Colors,**

IN PASTE OR LIQUID FORM.

THE BEST IS ALWAYS CHEAPEST.

Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. DURABILITY LESSENS COST OF LABOR.

Send for Catalogue to

**JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers.**

NEW YORK:

POST OFFICE BOX 3499.

CHICAGO:

MASURY BUILDING, 191 MICHIGAN AVE.

BROOKLYN:

44 TO 50 JAY STREET.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 133.)

soft. Lift the celery with a skimmer into a colander, and pulp it through it into the soup; add salt and pepper to taste, and return to the fire; when it boils stir in a teaspoonful of sugar; remove to the back of the range, and add a cupful of boiling milk thickened with a teaspoonful of cornstarch and beaten to a cream. Serve at once.

**SWEETBREADS WITH TRUFFLES.**—Clean a pair of heart sweetbreads and cover with boiling water; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of salt, a slice of onion, and two pepper-corns; cook for twenty minutes. Then drop the sweetbreads into cold water. When cold, wipe them dry and cut into dice. Have ready a cream sauce, add to it a can of truffles, also cut into dice, and the sweetbreads. Stand over a pan of boiling water, and when ready to serve add the yolk of one egg, well beaten, for every cup of cream sauce. Serve in individual paper cases, or in pastry patties.

**ASPARAGUS SOUP.**—One can of asparagus and three pints of good soup-stock prepared like the cream of celery are needed for this, the process beginning with the heating of the soup-stock, to which the asparagus must be added.

**SAUCE TARTARE.**—Heat a small bowl in hot water and wipe dry. Put into it three fourths of a cup of butter and beat it to a cream. In another bowl beat together with an egg-beater the yolks of two eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of cayenne, one tablespoonful of mustard, and one teaspoonful of sugar; add the creamed butter, a spoonful at a time, beating thoroughly as you add it; when all is smooth as a cream, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar; last of all, stir in a heaped tablespoonful each of chopped cucumber pickles and of capers.

A receipt for Hollandaise sauce was given in Demorest's for November, 1893.

**Some Odds and Ends.**

How many people know how to send a stamp in a letter? Nine people out of ten stick it so carefully down that the recipient always loses his temper, and generally the stamp, in the effort to release it. It is really more exasperating than when the sender forgets altogether the stamp he should have enclosed, for then, at least, it is not wasted. Even the most extravagant of us seldom have souls above saving a stamp, for it is, strangely, far dearer to us than the two cents it represents. The tenth person sends it loose, which is well enough, providing it does not slip out, unseen, and vanish, as these totally depraved small things have a trick of doing. The proper way is a very simple one. Cut with a sharp penknife

(Continued on page 135.)



**Fashionable**  
•• HAIR ••

We will mail goods to reliable parties throughout the United States for approval. The newest styles and best of goods at lowest prices. No money required until they are received. No obligation to keep goods if unsatisfactory. Send for circular.

**JOHN MEDINA,**  
451 Washington Street,  
BOSTON, - MASS.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**HARD TIMES** Are the times to buy **Tokology.**

It will save doctors' bills and table expenses. Hear what those who have tried it say:

"I hardly ever buy medicine. Have four children, and am my own doctor in most of our sickness. I learn something new every time I read Tokology." Mrs. GEO. NEWELL.

**ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO.,** 285 Madison St., Chicago

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 134.)

two parallel slits at the top of your letter, and slip in your stamps, which will thus travel as safely as if in a special paper case.

Perhaps you have been in a country village where money-orders and postal-notes are unknown, and, for some reason, it becomes necessary to send change in a letter. Cut a piece of light cardboard the size of the envelope, and from this cut circular pieces the size of your coins. Insert the coins, and paste a strip of paper across one or both sides.

While on the question of letters I may add a suggestion relating to the opening of an envelope if inadvertently sealed too soon. Slip a lead-pencil under the flap, where there is no mucilage, and roll the pencil over. The flap will open as if by magic, without tearing the envelope.

To cut fur, the tyro naturally tries to separate the hair and with scissors cut along the line thus made. The result is an uneven edge and a fluttering profusion of loose hairs cut in the process. The furrier will tell you to lay the fur face down on a lap-board or table, and on the back of the pelt rule a straight line. Then with your sharp penknife (which every woman, of course, is known to possess), cut lightly down the line, being careful that the incision shall not go entirely through the skin. Then the strip can be drawn apart with the fingers without the loss of a single hair of the fur, and with even edges to boot.

My patent tape-needle is an idea I value highly. The ordinary tape-needle I early discovered to be but a delusion and a snare for anything but the legitimate tape which gives it its name. For a heavy cord or ribbon, use an ordinary safety-pin, of either the large or small size, according to the requirement. Put the pin through the cord, clasp it, and you have the most efficient of tape-needles, for it cannot come unthreaded half-way through the welt. Indeed, I prefer these to the legitimate article.

An old lady recently gave me an ingenious idea for walking when one has a sprained ankle that will not bear one's weight. I was bemoaning the prospect of being tied to my chair for several weeks, for even a friendly arm did not give sufficient assistance, and I was so awkward with a crutch that I threw it aside. Moreover, I could not let my foot hang down for more than a moment or two. My old lady told me to use a light, cane-seated chair, and to put my knee well onto the seat; then by grasping the back as it faced me, I found I

(Continued on page 136.)



**MY HUSBAND** Can't see how you do it.  
 \$60 Kenwood Machine for - \$23.00  
 \$50 Arlington Machine for - \$19.50  
 Standard Singers - \$8.00, \$11.00  
 \$15.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight ship anywhere on 30 days free trial, in any home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials free. Write at once. Address (in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., B 51, Chicago, Ill.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Bath Cabinet. Rolling Chair.**  
 Invaluable for cleaning the skin, relieving rheumatism and torpid liver. A Priceless Boon to those unable to walk.  
 BIDETS AND COMMODOES.  
 Descriptive Lists sent free,  
 New Haven Chair Co., New Haven, Ct.  
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

# Ladies Appreciate It.

No more discomfort from a **BROKEN CORSET.**

You can make it comfortable and as good as new with the improved

## Pearl CORSET SHIELDS

Put them in your new corset. They support the sides, do not enlarge the waist, and surely do **Prevent Corsets Breaking** over the hips or front. Made in 3 sizes. Sold everywhere. Ask your corset dealer; if you fail to obtain the **Pearl**, send dealer's name, your corset measure and 25 cents for sample pair to

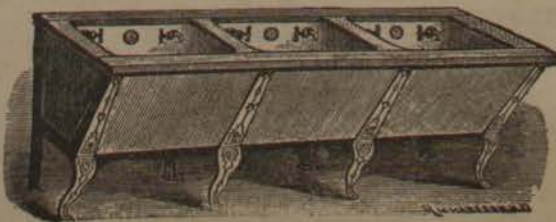


Eugene Pearl, 23 Union Square, New York. Agents wanted. Send for circular.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Bicycling for ladies and gentlemen is rendered doubly pleasant, easy, and comfortable by the wearing of the right kind of underwear. The kind that don't roll up, crease, or wrinkle, but fits perfectly and yields without binding to all motions of the body.**  
 That kind is the Ypsilanti Union Suits.  
 Send for new catalogue and price list, also new book on men's underwear, entitled: "Modern Underwear, and How to Wear it." They are free.  
**HAY & TODD, MFG. Co., Ypsilanti, Mich.**  
 Copyrighted, 1894.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



**Solid White Crockery Stationary Wash Tubs and Sinks.**  
 Get the best. Do not risk your health by using materials that will leak, absorb, decay and become infectious. Our solid White Crockery Wash Tubs have stood the test of fifteen years, and are unrivaled, being imperishable, well glazed and non-porous.  
 Send for price-list and catalogue.  
**STEWART CERAMIC CO.,**  
 312 Pearl Street, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

# Nothing Better Under the Sun

You can't waste a cent when you deal with us, because we sell at **FACTORY COST** and give our personal warrant with every instrument we sell. Once in your life you must have a good Piano or Organ. We are the people to exactly fill that want. Our



## PIANOS AND ORGANS



Have been known and used for thirty years. Send for our Beautiful Souvenir Catalogue to any address, **free**. You will find **Organs from \$27.50. Pianos from \$175.** For cash and on easy terms of payment to suit all pockets. Ask for our **Special Holiday Bargains**, and don't forget to write today. You can't afford to miss our Special Offers.

**Cornish & Co.,** Established 30 Years.  
WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 135.)

could push it along and hobble about on my well foot very independently. The chair kept my lame foot up so that it did not ache, and I stumped about as gayly as Silas Wegg with his wooden leg.

In our boarding-house Mrs. Sodgers insists that none but safety matches—to strike on the box only—shall be used. This has been a fruitful source of much vexation of spirit. It is not conducive to peace and serenity of mind to come hastily into a dark room and confidently put your hand where the box ought to be, only to find that in your absence it has climbed down from its accustomed perch and wandered off,—at least no one ever owned to having assisted in its removal. The provoking thing may be lurking within two inches of your wandering fingers as you knock over, one by one, every light bit of bric-à-brac within reach.

It is ignominious to have to go, night after night, to your neighbor's room and beg the loan of her box, and as pride, as well as necessity, is sometimes the progenitor of invention, I devised a simple mode of relief. I took several empty boxes, cut from the sides the magic scratching-apparatus, without which the match is *nil*, and pasted these along the inner edge of the door-jamb, where they didn't show—much. I suspended close by, in a dainty little hanging match-case, a goodly supply of matches, the entire contents of several boxes. Now I can bid defiance to fate, and sail serenely across my room at the darkest hour that ever catches me unlighted, in calm security of my goal.

A last pertinent suggestion may well be in reference to the source whence I draw these scattering items, namely, my beloved "Idea Book." Some inspired friend presented me, last Christmas, with this delightful repository for my fleeting thoughts. It is a blank book of goodly size, beautifully bound in leather, with my name and the title, "Idea Book," in gilt letters on the cover. Within, it is broadly indexed. The first page, naturally, is inscribed, "Ideas," with a generous allotment of pages following. Here can be written one's flashes of inspiration on any and every subject. The next section is headed, "Entertainment," with subdivisions. First, "Games" appear. Here can be gathered descriptions of all the amusing parlor-games, ancient and modern, intellectual and otherwise, and tricks and forfeits of every kind. The second subdivision is "Stories," and here is a repository for all the clever, fleeting things one hears and speedily forgets, unless they are straightway embalmed by the process of writing them down. The bright, evanescent nothings, bits of clever conversations, the quick

(Continued on page 138.)



## Valuable Presents To Ladies WHO WEAR CANFIELD DRESS SHIELDS.

To the Three Ladies in the *United States* who return to us before **MARCH 1st, 1895**, the largest number of envelopes originally containing one pair of the celebrated **CANFIELD DRESS SHIELDS**, we will give the following presents:

- 1st. The lady returning the largest number will receive a *Full Length Seal-skin Sack*, or **\$250 in Gold**.
- 2d. The lady returning the second largest number will receive a *Black Silk Dress* of fine grade and quality, or **\$100 in Gold**.
- 3d. The lady returning the third largest number will receive a *Baby's Outfit*, or a *Chatelaine Gold Watch*, or **\$50 in Gold**.

The **CANFIELD DRESS SHIELD** is manufactured by our Patent Process, and is Seamless, Odorless and Impervious to moisture. Its sale is greater in the *United States* and Europe than any other make of Dress Shields. Every Shield is guaranteed.

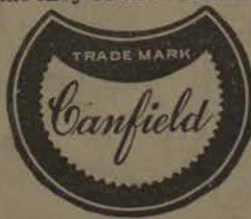
We shall require those persons to whom awards are made to certify that they or their friends really purchased the number of our Shields corresponding with the envelopes returned, in order to make the competition fair.

For sale in every leading dry goods store in the *United States* and Europe. If you prefer to send direct to us, a pair with an envelope will be sent to any address on receipt of 30 cents.

**Canfield Rubber Co., 73 Warren St., N. Y.**

Branch Offices: London, Paris and Berlin.

**CLUBS**—Ladies, induce your friends to purchase **CANFIELD DRESS SHIELDS**, secure the envelopes, send them to us, and receive the above offered prizes.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

### WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU?

EACH CATALOGUE IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

- Auto Harps. Flutes. \*Flute Music.
- \*Auto Harp Music. \*Clarinet Music.
- \*Guitar Music.
- Harmonicas.
- Violins.
- \*\*Violin Music.
- \*\*\*Violin Cases.
- Violin Repairing.
- Accordions.
- Banjos.
- \*Banjo Music.
- Cornets. \*\*\*Violin Bows. \*\*\*\*Violin Cases.
- \*\*Cornet Music. Violin Repairing.

\*Separate Catalogue devoted to Music only.  
\*\*Two Catalogues devoted to Music only.

\*\*\*Refers to Bows only.  
\*\*\*\*Refers to Violin Cases only.

**C. E. STORY, 26 Central Street, Boston, Mass.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

### A "Yard of Flowers" FREE

Send us 25 cents (stamps taken) for a **six months' Subscription to Ingalls' Magazine**, and we will send you a "Yard of Poppies" (or Pansies) in all their beautiful Colors—Free. Address

**J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass. Box K.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**\$5.25 for 25c. BEST BEAUTIFIER on Earth** for the Complexion. Usual price, \$5.00. Will mail the recipe, also

"2000 Things Worth Knowing," a book of rare value to Ladies, for 25 cents.

**CHEMICAL SPECIALTY WORKS, Syracuse, N. Y.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

# NEXT YEAR'S READING

## Harper's Magazine

— Founded in 1850 —

Some Attractive Features for 1895

12-MONTHS' SERIAL

The Simpletons, a New Novel  
By THOMAS HARDY

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL

Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc

By the Sieur Louis de Conte (her Page and Secretary). Illustrated by F. V. du Mond.

GEORGE DU MAURIER

Will contribute SOCIETY SKETCHES, with his Own Illustrations.

3-MONTHS' SERIAL

The Princess Aline, a Novelette  
By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Beautifully Illustrated by C. D. Gibson

### SOME AMERICAN FEATURES

Southern Papers. By JULIAN RALPH.  
Maritime History of New York.  
By THOMAS A. JANVIER, Illustrated by HOWARD PVLE.  
First Impressions of New York.  
By W. D. HOWELLS.  
Articles on American Sports.  
By CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

### SOME FOREIGN FEATURES

Additional Japanese Sketches.  
By ALFRED PARSONS.  
Stories of Chinese Life.  
By JULIAN RALPH, Illustrated by C. D. WELDON.  
India. Described and Illustrated by EDWIN LORD WEEKS.  
Papers on Northern Africa.

### SCIENCE + LITERATURE + ART

Articles on Practical Physiology, by Professor ANDREW WILSON, of Edinburgh.  
Papers on Literary Landmarks of Rome, Florence, and Jerusalem, by LAURENCE HUTTON, Illustrated by FRANK V. DU MOND. Adolph Menzel, by CHARLES WALDSTEIN; Glasgow School of Painting, by Mrs. ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL, etc., etc.

### SHORT STORIES

By leading authors, including OWEN WISTER, MARY E. WILKINS, SARAH ORNE JEWETT, GEORGE A. HIBBARD, and CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

Subscription, \$4 00 a Year

## Harper's Bazar

Volume xxviii.

The woman who takes HARPER'S BAZAR is prepared for every occasion in life, ceremonious or informal, where beautiful dress is requisite.

Some of the particulars in which its excellence appears:

### ELEGANT DESIGNS

From Worth Models  
By SANDOZ and CHAPUIS

### OUR PARIS LETTER

By KATHARINE DE FOREST  
NEW YORK FASHIONS

### OTHER STRIKING FEATURES

### DOCTOR WARRICK'S DAUGHTERS

AN AMERICAN SERIAL

By Rebecca Harding Davis

### MY LADY NOBODY, an intensely exciting Novel

By MAARTEN MAARTENS

Charming Short Stories by brilliant writers will be given weekly

### ART AND ARTISTS

The BAZAR presents constantly the finest work of American and European artists. Pictures from New York, London, and Paris Exhibitions will maintain its reputation as a fine art periodical.

### ESSAYS AND SOCIAL CHATS By

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,  
JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE,  
MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE,  
ANNE FRANCES SPRINGSTEED.

ELIZABETH BISLAND,  
MARION HARLAND,  
CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK,  
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES. Articles upon cooking and service, with formulas in great variety, appear in every number.

### NEW YORK SOCIETY

By "SPECTATOR" and  
"MRS. VAN TWILLER."

### AMATEUR THEATRICALS

By FANNIE AYMAR MATHEWS,  
GRACE FURNISS, and MILDRED HOWELLS.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Questions receive the personal attention of the Editor, and are answered at the earliest possible date after their receipt. This brilliant fashion weekly, with the prestige of a long and successful career, will begin its twenty-eighth year in January, 1895.

Subscription, \$4 00 a Year

## Harper's Weekly

1857—Thirty-eight Years in the Lead—1895

### THE WAR IN KOREA

Julian Ralph, the distinguished writer and correspondent, has been sent to the seat of war, and there joined by C. D. Weldon, the well-known American artist, who is co-operating with Mr. RALPH in sending the WEEKLY exclusive information and illustrations.

### TWO STRONG SERIALS

1. Romance by STANLEY WEYMAN.  
2. The Son of His Father. A Novel of New York. By BRANDER MATTHEWS.

### ARMY AND NAVY

Personal Adventures of Distinguished Officers. Continuation of the series of Naval Battles. Both Illustrated.

ILLUSTRATIVE RECORD WILL BE MADE OF THE MOST NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS IN ALL BRANCHES OF ART

### THIS BUSY WORLD

By E. S. MARTIN

### POPULAR SCIENCE

By EMINENT AUTHORITIES

### AMATEUR SPORT

By CASPAR W. WHITNEY

### VIGOROUS EDITORIALS

### TRENCHANT SPECIAL ARTICLES

### POLITICAL CARTOONS

Some of the Contributors who Have Made the Present Volume Notable: HOB. CARL SCHURZ, GEN. LEW. WALLACE, HENRY JAMES, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, HENRY LOOMIS NELSON, HOB. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN, M.D., THOMAS A. JANVIER, HOB. HENRY CABOT LODGE, Prof. F. W. TAUSSIG, Capt. CHARLES KING, U.S.A., POULTNEY BIGELOW, OWEN WISTER, Prof. N. S. SHALER, Dr. RICHARD WHEATLEY, and many others.

In Fiction.—RUDYARD KIPLING, MARY E. WILKINS, A. CONAN DOYLE, I. ZANGWILL, BRANDER MATTHEWS, E. F. BENSON, W. CLARK RUSSELL, EVA WILDER MCGLOSSON, MAARTEN MAARTENS, and many others.

### ALL IMPORTANT EVENTS PRESENTED

PROMPTLY, ACCURATELY, EXHAUSTIVELY, IN THE HIGHEST ORDER OF ILLUSTRATION AND DESCRIPTIVE TEXT

Subscription, \$4 00 a Year

## Harper's Young People

A Fifty-Two-Week Feast

### FIVE CONTINUED STORIES

Corporal Fred  
By Capt. CHAS. KING.

The 'Scutney Mail  
By SOPHIE SWETT.

On an Arizona Trail  
By Capt. C. A. CURTIS.

Snowshoes and Sledges  
By KIRK MUNROE.

Afloat with the Flag  
By W. J. HENDERSON.

### Our Public Servants

A Day in the Senate. By SENATOR LODGE.  
What Governors Do. By GOVERNOR RUSSELL.  
The President's Cabinet. By THEO. ROOSEVELT.  
Representatives' Duties. By HENRY C. LODGE.  
Detecting Wrong-doing. By THOMAS BYRNES.

### Successful Men's Start

Admiral Gherardi. By F. MATTHEWS.  
Theodore Thomas. By JAMES BARNES.  
F. S. Church. By BARNETT PHILLIPS.

### Juvenile Sovereigns

Alphonso of Spain.  
Wilhelmina of Holland.  
Edward of England.

### Great State Papers

How the Gorman Bill Looks.  
How Madison's Papers Look.  
How Treaties are Made.

### Great Men's Sons

Son of Charlemagne.  
Son of Martin Luther.  
Son of Napoleon.

### GETTING ON IN LIFE

BECOMING A PHYSICIAN OR SURGEON. By Dr. J. A. WYETH.  
COMING TO NEW YORK TO STUDY ART. By CLARA B. CAHILL.  
BOYS WHO STUDY LAW IN EARNEST. By JAS. A. PARKER.

### New York Streets

A Waif's Luck.  
Danny Cahill.  
A Tenement Girl.

### Whaling Adventures

Runaway Fin-Back.  
Revengeful Whale.  
Saved by a Carcass.

### Helpful Science

Life in an Observatory.  
Changes in the Earth.  
Our Moon Knowledge.

### A Great City's Life

New York Water Life. By JULIAN RALPH.  
How New York is Fed. By CHAS. L. NORTON.  
Lighting New York. By WM. HEMMINGWAY.

### Building Modern Wonders

The Flying Machine. By HIRAM MAXIM.  
The Ocean Greyhound. By F. MATTHEWS.  
The Trolley Car. By HERBERT L. WEBB.

Let Us Send You Prospectus and Sample Copy Free

Subscription, \$2 00 a Year

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the current number. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

## No More Round Shoulders



WEAR THE  
**KNICKERBOCKER  
Shoulder Brace**

and "walk upright in life," No Harness, simple, unlike others. Only reliable **Shoulder Brace and Suspender** combined. Also a perfect **Skirt Supporter.**

All sizes for men, women, boys and girls.



**HOLDS UP,  
BRACES UP.**

Sold by Druggists and General Stores, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of **\$1.00** per pair, plain, or **\$1.50**, silk-faced. Send chest measure around the body. Address

**KNICKERBOCKER BRACE CO., Easton, Pa.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



A handsome Leopard, Tiger, Lion or Black Bear  
**RUG**

size 2 feet 6 inches by 5 feet 8 inches, sent anywhere **C. O. D. for \$2.90.** Regular retail price \$6.00. Made from fine wool, handsomely fringed and reversible. A beautiful rug for the parlor or hall. **Pr. fine Lace Curtains**, 3 1/2 yds. by 54 in. sent **C. O. D. for \$2.50**—retail price \$5.00. Sole Agents wanted in every town.

60 page colored illus. catalogue of Lace and Chenille Curtains and Covers, Smyrna Rugs, etc., free on request.  
**W. T. SMITH & SON, Mfrs.,**  
3d & Lehigh Ave., Philada.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Send **\$2.00** for a large **FUR RUG**

5 1/2 ft. long by 33 inches wide. Made from selected skins of the Japanese Angora. Long, soft, silky fur. The colors are **Silvery White, Light Grey, and Dark Grey.** We also have a beautiful **Glossy Black Fur Rug at \$3.00.** Same size, comfortable, luxurious, elegant. For Parlors, Reception Halls, or Bed Rooms. Sent **C. O. D.** on approval if desired.

**THE KRAUSS,  
BUTLER & BENHAM CO.**  
73 High St. Columbus, O.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## "Armorside" Corset



THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE CENTURY.

Never breaks down on the sides.

If not in stock at your retailer's, send **\$1.00** for a Corset, free by mail, to

**FITZPATRICK & SOMERS,**

85 Leonard St., N.Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 136.)

pun, the apt retort, children's quaint sayings,—these last to be administered with due discretion,—and especially the "good story," all find a home here. Just a glance over the pages before one leaves for the dinner-party, may prove an inspiration later in the evening.

The next heading, "Household and Table Decoration," gives another wide field, to be filled with all sorts of novel and bright ideas for the adornment of the home. The next is "Gifts." The suggestive heading further on, brings to mind all the pretty suggestions one finds at fairs, bazars, exchanges, from friends, and last,—in my own case *least*, as well,—the ingenious conceits of one's own brain. Here can be kept, also, a full list of all the Christmas gifts one makes year by year, and oftentimes I find that some gifts made several years before can be made the success of the season again by modern decorations.

Lately I have carried out the scheme of an "Idea Book" in a slightly different way, as to outward decoration. I wished it to be inexpensive, so I found a blank book of requisite size and thickness—did I say that mine is about 7 x 9 inches, and about an inch thick?—in plain board covers. I made a fascinating slip-cover for this, out of parchment paper gay with painted decorations in conventional designs. The name, "Idea Book," was in bold relief in gold lettering, well shadowed. The initials of the recipient and the date were not lacking. Another such book I covered with brown linen, all brave with embroidery and letters carefully wrought.

Have one of these useful appurtenances, and you will wonder whatever became of all your vagrant ideas before you were its proud possessor. When it begins to groan beneath its burden of good things, it will prove a veritable "Widow Cruise's Oil-Bottle," to quote our beloved Louisa Alcott, with "something for every day of the year."

ELIZABETH TIMLOW.

## 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.

"D. L. M."—The cleaning of ostrich-feathers is a difficult task requiring skill, and if you prize your fan you would better entrust it to a professional cleaner, who, alone, would be able to make it "look like new."

(Continued on page 139.)



**Duplicate Whist.**  
The Tokalon Method is the **BEST** for straight **WHIST.**

Complete with Playing Cards, Score Cards, Counters, etc., \$1.75, \$2.25 and \$3.25 per set.

**Clark & Sowdon,**  
342 W. 14th St., N.Y. City

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



"I'm tired of wasting time and money

on worthless bindings  
I'll use the

**"S.M.&M."**  
FIRST QUALITY Bias  
Velveteen  
Skirt Binding

after this." Accept no substitute.

"S. H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**\$25.00**  
UNMATCHABLE BARGAIN!

Sent **C. O. D.**, privilege of examination. **EX. PAID.**

FIRST QUALITY

**ELECTRIC  
SEAL CAPE,**

Heavy Satin Lined, 27 inches deep, 92 inches sweep.

Write for Our Fashion Plate and Catalogue of

**FURS AND CLOAKS**

**FREE!!!**

**PARISIAN CLOAK CO.,** 113 NORTH HIGH ST., COLUMBUS OHIO...  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## WARREN'S SKIRT BONE.

The new Stiffener for Dress Skirts, Revers, Collars, and all shoulder trimming, is now a staple article in every up-to-date Dressmaking Establishment.

Never before was an article so quickly taken up and adopted with such gratifying results as

**Warren's Skirt Bone.**

Ask your dealer for it, or address, for prices, descriptions and directions.

**WARREN  
FEATHERBONE CO.**

Three Oaks, Mich.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**RUBBER GOODS** for Hygienic and private use. Circulars free. **GEM RUBBER CO.,** Kansas City, Mo.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 138.)

"CLIO."—You do not mention the material of your brown and green gowns that are spotted by rain-drops, and everything depends upon that. It is doubtful if anything will remove the spots; but you might try sponging over the breadths—not the spots alone—with clear water, and also with chloroform. The last is a valuable aid in cleaning, and can be used safely on very delicate fabrics and delicate colors.

"L. R."—Your letter requesting answer in October number was written two weeks after that number was on sale at every news-stand in the United States. Chemisettes of linen or cambric are worn with waistcoats as illustrated with the "Sheldon" and "Cottswold" coats in the September number.

"V. E. C."—Read "Gleanings" in this number of Demorest's for hints about fairs, etc.

"Mrs. B. J. D."—Put sleeves of black moire or moiré velvet in your seal plush coat.

"Iowa."—Direct replies by post cannot be given to questions concerning dress. No patterns of our Supplement designs are made; they are supplied from foreign sources.

TO ALL READERS.—An old subscriber has lost her copy of Demorest's for May, 1888. As that number is out of print we cannot supply it. If anyone has a copy in good condition, and is willing to dispose of it, communications to that effect will be forwarded through this office.

"K. N. E."—Write to the Librarian of Congress, in Washington, D. C., for information regarding the \$50,000 prize offered by Congress for an air-ship.

"KELPIE."—With your reddish hair, you will find rich golden browns and olive greens, or a dark bottle-green the most becoming colors; some of the mixed suitings now in vogue which introduce many colors, but all undecidedly, you can wear. Avoid pronounced, decided plaids, figures, and stripes.—You can now begin to give your nine-months'-old baby a little well-cooked gluten every day, but continue the milk as before. When a year old you can begin to give it a little fruit,—the juice of oranges, and baked apples with cream,—and vary the gluten with wheatlets and rice cooked in milk. Don't give it meat or any vegetables till nearly two years old.

"MOTHER LOUISE."—The selection of a hat depends so much upon the contour of the face that it is difficult to advise special shapes for your girls. Low-crowned, rather broad-brimmed hats are more youthful than turbans or those with rolled brims; trim with full bows or rosettes of wide, soft ribbon.—For your sixteen-year-old daughter get a tan-colored cloth coat similar to the "Strathmore" in the November Magazine.—Thanks for your kind words of appreciation.

"EMMA."—"Marie Corelli" is, in private life, Miss Minnie Mackey; she resides in London, England, but we have not her address. Address her to the care of her publishers, and they will forward the letter.

"M. J. K."—Nearly all your questions upon the profession of nursing were answered in an article, "Among the Nurses," published in Demorest's for January, 1894.—The profession is not overcrowded in this country, and the wages are good; but the applications for admission increase every year, and it is at times difficult to gain entrance to the schools.—We know of no training-school in Colorado. Would not advise your undertaking the home course of study mentioned. The diploma (?) gained in that way would not place you in the ranks of the regularly trained nurses; practical experience in that profession is an indispensable condition for success.

"PARISIENNE."—It is opposed to all the laws of health to suppose for a moment that tight-lacing would be less injurious if begun in early life. It would result in displacing and stunting vital organs.

(Continued on page 140.)

**NOVELTIES IN SILVER AND GOLD**

**FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS.**

Send for our new Catalogue, NOW, containing hundreds of illustrations of the latest productions in Gold and Silver Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Silver, etc. The articles illustrated will be sent on receipt of price and 10 cents registry.

**J. H. JOHNSTON & CO.**  
17 Union Square, N. Y.



Embroidery-scissors, \$2.00.

Manicure and Embroidery-scissors same price.

Cut-Glass and Silver-Mounted Vinaigrette, two-thirds size, \$1.00.

Two-thirds size. Solid Silver Match-box, \$1.50. The best and lowest-priced box made.



Silver Ink-eraser, very handsome, \$1.00.



Two-thirds size. Tortoise-shell Side-comb. Silver Mounted, \$1.00 per pair. Gold, \$5.00 per pair.



14-K Gold Heart Pin.....\$2.50  
Silver " "......75  
14-K Gold Wreath Pin.....2.50  
Silver " ".....1.00  
14-K Gold Double Heart Pin...3.00  
Silver " " ".....1.00

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**A Remarkable Piano.**

The MASON & HAMLIN Piano is constructed in one particular differently from any other. The strings are held by screws, not by pins. As a result, the Mason & Hamlin Piano does not require one-quarter as much tuning as any other piano made.

This fact has been demonstrated by actual test, and verified by mechanics, tuners and private individuals.

Piano tuning costs money. It costs only one-fourth as much to keep a Mason & Hamlin Piano in tune as it does to keep any other in tune. Consequently the expense of keeping a Mason & Hamlin Piano is reduced to one-fourth that of any other.

Catalogue and full particulars mailed on application.

**Mason & Hamlin,**

BOSTON. CHICAGO. KANSAS CITY.  
NEW YORK.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**THE SIMPLEX TYPEWRITER**



GUARANTEED to do as good work as any high-priced machine. Specially adapted for use in private correspondence. Sent by mail or express prepaid on receipt of \$2.75. In handsome walnut box, nickel-plated handle and hinges, 50c extra. Send for circular.

Simplex Typewriter Co., 26 E. 18th Street, New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



INVALIDS, if you can't find at SARGENT'S what you need in all such things as Rolling, Reclining, Carrying and Commode Chairs, Tricycles, Invalids' Lifts, Beds, Back Rests, Bed Trays, Tables and invalids' conveniences generally, you may as well give it up. Write, stating just what you want. No charge. Address Geo. F. Sargent Co., 814 Broadway, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**PLAYS** Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

**Woman's Best Friend.**  
(A Friend Behind Her Back.)  
"THE PERFECT"  
**PLACKET-HOLE  
AND  
DRESS FASTENER.**



Keeps the placket hole securely closed—is simple, flexible, inexpensive, and can't wear out—does away with hooks, eyes, buttons, and pins—and annoying displays.

Ask Your Dealer for "The Perfect," Or Send 15 Cents Direct.

Ladies are making big profits as our agents. We want more; and will give exclusive territory and highly favorable terms. Write for them.

**MAXWELL MFG. CO.**  
178 Devonshire Street, Boston.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**FURS** BUY OF THE MAKER AND SAVE MONEY.

- Gray Krimmer Circular Capes..... \$8.99
- Electric Seal Circular Capes..... 19.99
- China Seal Circular Capes..... 12.49
- Black Astrachan Circular Capes..... 9.99
- Alaska Sable Circular Capes..... 49.99
- Black Marten Circular Capes..... 24.99
- Black Monkey Circular Capes..... 24.99
- Brown Coney Circular Capes..... 7.49
- French Coney Circular Capes..... 4.99
- Eastern Mink Neck Scarfs..... 1.49
- Alaska Sable Neck Scarfs..... 2.49

The above capes are all full skirt and from 85 to 105 in. circle, silk-lined, large collars, and from 24 to 30 in. long.

Fur Carments made to order, altered and repaired.

Catalogue mailed free.

Established 1851.

**SIEDE'S,** 14 West 14th Street, NEW YORK.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**SOFT SOLE FOOT WARMERS.**

For Warmth, Comfort, Durability.

An ideal indoor shoe. Made of felt, completely lined with lamb's wool, quilted by hand. Soft leather soles, strong but pliable. Noiseless. Mailed, postpaid. Ladies' size, \$1.25. Men's size, \$1.60.

The Blum Shoe Co.

Manufacturers.

DANSVILLE, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



**THRIFTY HOUSEWIVES**

Everywhere recognize how much can be saved by using

**Diamond Dyes**

And their superiority to all others. One ten-cent package saves the cost of a new gown, for it makes an old one like new. **Diamond Dyes** come in more than forty colors, for dyeing wool, cotton, silk or feathers. They are easy to use and neither sun nor soapsuds will make the color fade. Sold everywhere. Direction Book and forty samples of dyed cloth sent free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



(Continued from page 139.)

"LUCIE."—The story about which you inquire, "A Failure in Dress-Reform," has not been dramatized.

"P. BROTHERS."—An article upon the mandolin was published in Demorest's for November, 1894. We have not the other.

"E. A."—Very sorry, but we have not the information you ask for about etching on silver. The article you refer to must have been merely an item, and is not indexed.

"Mrs. J. C. K."—Impossible to give a direct answer by post to queries like yours. Staining is better than either graining or painting for the woodwork of your home.—Finish the parlor and adjoining bedroom with cherry or mahogany stain; the sitting-room can be done in the same or in light oak; the dining-room in black oak; and the kitchen in ash.—Graining is almost never used now, and the preference is to finish with natural hard woods. Staining is adopted as a cheap substitute for the hard wood, and considered more artistic than paint.

"A. T. S."—Authoresses are like the humorists about whom Mr. Willets writes in this number, "born, not made." However, even genius needs the assistance of a thorough mastery of the mother tongue, and that broad culture derived from reading the best books and studying the styles of the great masters. Study Reed & Kellogg's "Higher English," any standard Rhetoric, and Whitney's "Language and the Study of Language." Read Shakespeare, Addison, Macaulay, Emerson, Holmes, and Lowell.

"ALICE."—The answer to "Edragi" in March, 1894, may assist you. An invitation to a twentieth wedding anniversary should be like that for any evening reception or "At Home." Use your husband's name also; as, "Mr. & Mrs. Morse request the pleasure of your company," etc.; or simply, "Mr. & Mrs. Morse, At Home, Wednesday Evening, November 21, from eight to eleven o'clock." Have the two dates at the head of the note-paper or card.

"Mrs. E. R. P."—Chevrons are the distinguishing marks on the sleeves of non-commissioned officers. The number of stripes indicates the rank of the bearer; as, sergeant-major, three bars and an ace; quartermaster-sergeant, three bars and a tie of three bars; sergeant, three bars; corporal, two bars. A second lieutenant—the lowest commissioned officer—wears shoulder-straps, without bars; first lieutenant, single bars across the ends; captain, two bars; major, gold leaf at each end of shoulder-strap; lieutenant-colonel, silver leaves; colonel, an eagle; brigadier-general, a single star; and a major-general, two stars.

"Mrs. J. F. S."—Impossible to give you an answer by mail. Attach your calling card to the wedding present and send your regrets also with it. Express the regrets together with congratulations in a friendly note. Send from five to ten days before the wedding.—Call upon the bride within a week after her return.—These customs do not vary; they are always the same.

**Cleanings.**

FASHION'S LATEST WORD.

So largely do wrinkled, irregular folds enter into various parts of the gown now, that an old English word has been revived to describe the effect. *Par exemple*, when your dress-maker asks if you will have your collar and cuffs "rucked" you must assent, for "rucking" is the mode. Some of the smartest sleeves are "rucked" from wrist to elbow, looking much like the long *Suede* mosquitoes; and "rucked" collars and girdles are on many gowns for demi and full dress.

(Continued on page 141.)

**BEST & CO**



63c.



Long nainsook slip—an especially pretty and sensible little day-robe. The fullness is gathered to the neck-band and falls in wide, full folds; both neck and full sleeves are edged with embroidery in neat pattern; wears and washes well, and is offered at the low price of 63 cents.

By mail, postage paid 5 cents extra.

One of "the few good things for the baby" described in our little booklet of that title, which will be sent by mail on application.

60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Anti-Cold Underwear**

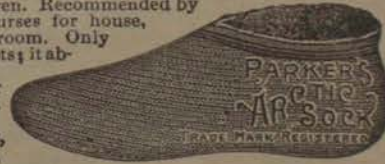
Your address on a postal will bring you a dainty water-colored booklet about the **Jaros Hygienic Underwear**

the underwear of health and comfort—gives thorough protection—no irritation—absorbs moisture—can't shrink—perfect fitting—moderate prices—longest wear.

Jaros Hygienic Underwear Co., 831 Broadway, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PARKER PAYS THE POSTAGE on his Arctic Sock for men, women, and children. Recommended by physicians and nurses for house, chamber and sick-room. Only sock for rubber boots; it absorbs perspiration. Ask shoe dealer, or send 25c. with size. **J. H. PARKER,** 103 Bedford Street, Boston. Dept. 7.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**bare limbs**

Impossible if you use the **EUREKA BED CLOTHES FASTENER.** Infants and invalids easily kept covered; no colds, no anxiety; comfortable. Don't tear clothes. 50 cents postpaid. Inducements to Agents. Quick seller. Illustrated circular free.

J. C. DEWEY, P. O. Box 2816, New York.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**HOW TO MEMORIZE MUSIC**  
THIRTY CENTS POSTPAID.  
MEMORY LIBRARY 243 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

ADORN YOUR HOME

WITH OUR ARTISTIC

Diaphanics GLASS PICTURES

for hanging in or decorating entire

WINDOWS, DOOR PANELS, TRANSOMS, Etc.



EXQUISITE COLORING.  
WONDERFUL TRANSPARENT EFFECTS.  
RARE VARIETY OF DESIGNS.  
UNPARALLELED AS PRESENTS

For Holidays and Weddings.

To be had at all art stores or picture departments of first-class dry goods houses. Illustrated catalogue mailed on receipt of 25c. Colored catalogue, \$1. Amount refunded in case of \$10 order.

GRIMME & HEMPEL, 310 Broadway, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

WOMEN LIKE TO SEE

Their husbands and sons with a neat and becoming neckdress, but men are slow to adopt improved methods in this respect. Therefore YOU are invited to first examine the



then suggest a trial of them.

They look like linen, and are the only goods that a well-dressed gentleman can wear in place of real linen.

They are not to be washed; all laundry trouble and expense are avoided.

The price of a single "LINENE" Collar is 2 1/2 cts. When once worn, then turned (or reversed), it becomes a fresh new collar. Thus the actual price of one "LINENE" Collar is reduced to 1 1/4 cts.

You will find their use in your family a relief and a pleasure to all.

Dealers sell TEN COLLARS or FIVE PAIRS of CUFFS for 25 CENTS. Sample Collar and pair of Cuffs, postpaid, 6 cents in stamps. State size and style of collars.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.

27 KILBY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.  
77 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 140.)

SOME IDEAS FOR FAIRS.

At a recent successful fair there were eight booths decorated with the cheap art-muslins, in distinctive colors, and placed in harmonious juxtaposition so that each set off its neighbor. At a white-and-silver booth only frosted cakes and decorative plants in handsome pots were sold. Next it was a pink-and-black booth, and beyond that a blue one. All the stall-holders wore gowns of simple, but dainty, fashion, in the colors of their booths. At a crimson-draped booth effectively bowed with black ribbons, all the pretty stall-holders wore black muslin gowns, with big black lace picture-hats relieved by nodding bunches of bright carnations. Another charming way to carry out a similar color-scheme is to select a number of flowers and name the booths accordingly; as, a sunflower booth, using yellow and green for drapery; a poppy booth, scarlet and black; a forget-me-not, light blue and silver; pink carnation, silver-gray and pink; snowball, green and white; nasturtium, the rich, tawny yellows and russet. This suggestion can be carried out *ad infinitum*; the violet and pansy, of course, suggest all the heliotrope shades, and the chrysanthemum the same as the nasturtium; though there are many other colors that could be chosen, especially a bluish pink and a deep crimson.

THE GREAT AMERICAN LEAVEN.

The world at large owes a debt that can never be computed or liquidated to the globe-trotting American, who has done so much to remove prejudices, break down barriers, and, in short, make the whole world so much more livable, especially for womankind. 'Tis not so long since it was matter for holy horror and lifting of hands if a woman ventured on top of an omnibus in London streets; now it is generally considered quite correct, and recognized as the very best position from which to gain one's first impressions of the great city. Women, too, may now walk about the gay streets of Paris unattended, without the least danger of unpleasant consequences, where formerly a maid or chaperon was indispensable. As for the journey around the world, any woman of ordinary intelligence, with some experience in traveling, can make it alone with pleasure and safety.

TAPIOCA IN BRAZIL.

It is not generally known that, to the natives of Brazil, tapioca, which in the United States is associated only with puddings, is as varied and important an article of diet as rice is to the Japanese. It appears in one or many forms at every meal on a Brazilian table, and is a chief ingredient of many palatable and wholesome

(Continued on page 142.)

DO YOU WANT A BARGAIN? DO YOU WISH TO SELL? MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

SEND for free catalogue of Books of Amusements, Speakers, Dialogues, Calisthenics, Fortune Tellers, Dream Books, Debates, Letter Writers, Etiquette, etc. Dick & Fitzgerald, 38 Ann St., New York

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

NEW READINGS, RECITATIONS, CATALOGUES FREE!!! DE WITT, ROSE ST., N. Y. PLAYS

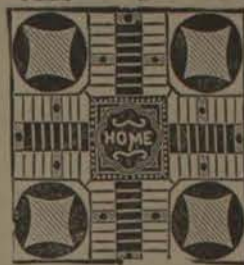
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

The Best Home Game

Adapted for either Children or Adults.



PRICES:  
Paper Bound, \$1.00 each,  
Cloth " 2.00 "



Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price.

The Royal Game of India.

NO HOUSEHOLD COMPLETE.  
NO HOME HAPPY WITHOUT IT.

No Parlor Table Game has ever been published which has had so great a sale. For twenty years the best families have had it in their homes, and so enjoyed it that now it is always called for when the question arises, "What shall we play?"

The best game ever published. Sold by leading Book, Stationery, Toy, and Department Stores in the United States, or mailed, post-paid, by

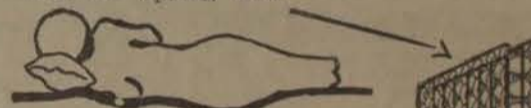
SELCHOW & RIGHTER, 390 Broadway, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Santa Klaus



on the "IDEAL" Spring Bed.



Good restful sleep through the holidays brings energy for other days. A sensible Xmas gift is an "Ideal" spring bed. It lasts. Dealers sell it. Booklet sent free.

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO., 5 Clay St. Utica, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Non-Breakable Corset Waists and Corsets.

THE FINEST IN THE WORLD. Small investment leads up to a good business. Lady Agents wanted in every city and town. Price-lists and Art-Journal free.

RELIANCE CORSET CO., Jackson, Mich.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

OUR 1895 "PEERLESS" STAMPING OUTFIT FREE

Over 50 Elegant Patterns.

The Ladies' World is a mammoth illustrated magazine, each issue comprising 20 or more large pages, including a handsome cover, and is devoted to stories, poems, ladies' fancy work, artistic needlework, home decoration, housekeeping, fashions, hygiene, juvenile reading, etiquette, etc., etc. It is one of the best and most popular of ladies' magazines, having a circulation of over 250,000. Its publishers, wishing to introduce it into thousands of homes where it is not already taken, now make the following unprecedented offer: Upon receipt of only 18 Cents in postage stamps, we will send the Ladies' World for Three Months, and to every subscriber we will also send, Free and post-paid, one new 1895 "Peerless" Stamping Outfit, containing a great variety of new patterns as follows: 1 Old English Alphabet, 1 in. high; 1 set Figures, 0 to 9; 1 design for Sticking Bag, 10x13 in.; 1 set of 4 designs for Dollies, 4x4 in.; 1 design for Baby Blanket, with Daisies, 11x15 in.; 1 design Tulips with bow-knot, 7x8 in.; 1 design Butterflies, 8x9 in.; 1 Houlton design, 5x5 in.; 1 corner design for cut work, 6x6 in.; 1 Floral Outline design, 6x8 in.; 1 Floral design, Star of Bethlehem, 4 in. wide; 2 Braiding designs, 4 and 5 in. wide; 1 design for hem, 5x8 in.; 2 designs for Pillow Shams, "Good Night" Applique, 4 in. wide; 2 designs for Flannel Skirt, 2 1/2 in. wide; and "Good Morning"; 1 design for Tray Cloth; 1 Outline design 1 Bird, 3x6 1/2 in.; 1 set of 4 designs for Tray Cloth; 1 Outline design 1 Bird, 8 1/2 in. high, and 27 other beautiful designs, making in all over 50 artistic patterns besides the alphabet and set of figures, perforated on the best quality of Bond or Parchment Paper, which can be used indefinitely without injury. With each outfit we send free our Book of Complete Instructions for doing stamping, also for making Blue, Black and White Powder and Distributor. The patterns contained in this outfit would cost over \$2.00 if purchased singly, yet we send the whole free to anyone sending 18 cents for a 3-months' subscription to our magazine. Five subscriptions and 5 outfits will be sent for 72 cents. Do not miss this chance! Satisfaction guaranteed. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in N. Y. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.



**DIETZ DRIVING LAMP.**

IT is the only practicable and perfect driving lamp ever made. IT will not blow nor jar out. IT gives a clear white light. IT looks like a locomotive head light. It burns kerosene. IT throws all the light straight ahead from 200 to 300 feet.

R. E. DIETZ CO., New York.

SPECIAL OFFER No. 51.

Mention DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE and write to us at once, and we will send book describing our lamp, and will agree to sell you one single lamp, or a pair, at our Wholesale Price (very much less than the retail).

THIS OFFER WILL APPEAR BUT ONCE.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**SMITH & WESSON 32 CARTRIDGES**



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**CANVAS BEADS AND LACE BRAIDS.**  
All Thread or Fabric in Cotton, Wool, Silk or linen for Emb. work, Emb. Books, Stamping Powders, Crochet Moulds, Lustrous Crochet Threads; largest variety in the city, also all Cross-Stitch Emb. Materials. Send stamp for price-list. PETER BENDER, (ESTABLISHED 1860.) 111 East 9th St., N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**SUNSHINE and GOLD!** A Denver Suburban 6 per cent. time (\$5 cash), is an interest in 50,000 gold, silver, copper, lead, iron and coal mines. Panic prices. Safe 10 per cent. loans placed. Circulars free.

JOHN E. LEET, 1515 Tremont St., Denver, Colo.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Women Readers**

**DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE**

Arrangements have been made whereby up to and including January 1, 1895, every woman reader of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE can secure the popular and favorite woman's paper.



for an ENTIRE YEAR, at the unheard of low price of 15 Cts. This will not pay for the bare paper upon which it is printed, to say nothing of the elegant illustrations which are contained in each number.

**CHEERFUL MOMENTS**

is par excellence THE Woman's Paper of America, and devoted wholly to the interests of women. It brings cheer to every household it enters. It abounds in practical suggestions. Housekeepers find hints for every department of their household duties. Lovers of Flowers and Plants will find it a valuable instructor. Nimble fingers which do fancy work will find it a guide to new and handsome patterns. Husbands' palates will be tickled by the dainty dishes evolved from its cookery department. And all women can keep posted on Fashions by reading the Fashion page. Each number also contains numerous Poems, Stories and choice miscellaneous reading.

CHEERFUL MOMENTS should be in every home that is graced by DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE. Think of receiving a \$1.00 a year paper for

**ONLY 15 CENTS A YEAR.**

This is the most stupendous offer ever made in the history of the World's Journalism. It is almost giving it away to the lady readers of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE. No other expenditure of ONLY 15 CENTS could possibly bring so much pleasure and happiness to your friends.

You never had such an offer before, and we don't think you will again.

Remember, this offer will positively not hold good after January 1, 1895. Send to-day.

Address  
**CHEERFUL MOMENTS COMPANY,**  
132 Nassau Street, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 141.)

dishes, as also of some greasy and garlicky messes,—so-called "soups,"—from which the cultured Northern palate turns with disgust. "Olla podrida" is one of these,—a weird concoction which might be classed, from the mystery of its varied flavors, with the Mexican *tamala*. Tapioca is the groundwork of it, mingled with dried meat, beans, yams, lard, and various highly flavored seeds, all chopped together. Tapioca is a kind of starch made from the root of the cassava; and a singular fact in this connection is that in its green state the root is so poisonous, from the hydrocyanic acid which it contains, that thirty drops will cause death within six minutes. The application of heat readily and perfectly dispels this poisonous principle, and converts an instrument of death into a life-giving substance. A coarse flour is made from the root, which is a staple article of diet with the majority of the population; made into a thick porridge it is eaten at all times; babies are weaned upon it, and it is the sole food of the sick in hospitals. A beverage is distilled from it, similar to *sake*, which is the universal drink of the lower classes.

**A REMARKABLE MECHANICAL FEAT.**

A NEW YORK watchmaker is endowed with a power for delicate manipulation little short of marvelous. Two years ago he excited interest in the mechanical world by cutting a sewing-needle in two, lengthwise, and then drilled holes and fastened the pieces together so cleverly that the split could not be seen with the naked eye. He has recently drilled a hole, which is just large enough to admit the passage of a fine hair, through a common pin, from head to point.

**ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN.**

THE following unique bit of English was clipped from a New Hampshire village paper: "By the careless riding of a man on a wheel on Sunday, Mrs. K— while on her way to church, and in the act of crossing the street on the Square, was run into and knocked down. She fortunately sustained little injury excepting to her garments, but was obliged to return home. It is said the rider never as much as offered any assistance or tendered an apology. Perhaps the fact that he was himself decapitated from his wheel, divested him of any courtesy he ever possessed."

**A NEW FIELD FOR "COLLECTORS."**

WE read of all sorts of curious collections, and wonder how anyone could have sufficient

(Continued on page 143.)

**Dainty Holders...**

**for Pillow Shams.**

BY MAIL, 25 CENTS.

THE BAXTER CLIP CO., BOX 934, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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 inviolated feet at Sight. W. G. MOREHEAD & CO., successors to F. PESHINE, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**VENETIAN IRON HALL LANTERN,**  
20 INCHES HIGH AND 7 INCHES SQUARE.  
With Bracket Hook and Lamp.



"Opalescent Soft Hued Radiance."

**X. P. P.**

Express prepaid to any express office in the United States.

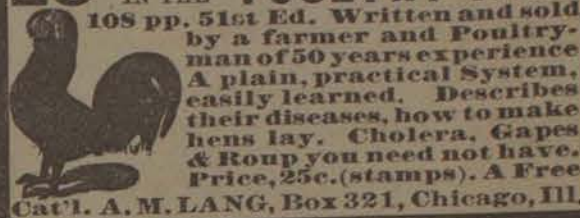
Remit by Draft or Money Order. **650**

We also sell the Tools and Materials to make this work yourself.

More Designs. Our Booklet Venetian Iron for a Stamp. A. N. Weed & Co. 106-B LIBERTY ST. NEW YORK.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**25 YEARS IN THE POULTRY YARD**



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**INCUBATORS.**

The Improved, SELF REGULATING, "Old Reliable" has no superior. World's Favorite. 6 Cents in stamps for new 112 page Poultry Guide and Catalogue for 1895. Poultry for Profit made plain. Address: RELIABLE INCUBATOR & BROODER CO., Quincy, Ill.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**MANDOLINS AND GUITARS**

with Metal Fingerboard. Powerful Tone. \$30.00 instrument for \$15.00. On approval. Send stamps for catalogue.

THE WOLFRAM GUITAR CO., COLUMBUS, O.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Delicate Cake**

Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. 10 styles, round, square and oblong. 2 layer tins by mail 30cts. Circulars Free.

Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 1 St., Bath, N.Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**The St. Claire Corset and Corset Waists.**

Made only to order. Secure Comfort, Style and Grace by sending for complete directions for measurement. Order what you want. You will get what you order from THE ST. CLAIRE CORSET CO., 163 State Street, Chicago.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**DON'T GAP**

DRESSES made with the LEONTIN DRESS FASTENER close like a seam; open by a single movement; serves for hooks and eyes and whalebones combined; worn with or without corsets; HIGHEST MEDAL awarded at World's Fair, Chicago, 1893. Sample, 30c. Write for free catalogue. Address LEONTIN MFG. CO., 4563 Oakenwald Ave., Chicago.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



LADIES without previous business experience are making immense sales of Mme. McCABE'S CORSETS AND WAISTS. Send for agents' terms. St. Louis Corset Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

**34,000 SOLD.**

**VOSE PIANOS**

**ARE UP TO DATE.**

UNSURPASSED IN  
TONE, TOUCH, SCALE,  
ACTION, DESIGN,  
MATERIAL, CONSTRUCTION.

HIGHEST AWARD  
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION  
1893

CATALOGUES AND INFORMATION FREE.

**Vose & Sons Piano Co.,**  
174 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 142.)

interest in the articles to make a collection of them ; but it all goes to show that it is the collecting, not the things collected, which interests ; so if we hear of a person who seems to us to be making a particularly useless collection of anything, we may be sure that we disdain it more because it is not our particular fad, than because of its intrinsic lack of merit. There was sufficient interest several years ago, however, in the popular fashion of collecting button-strings, for many persons to appreciate the interest Mrs. Mary E. Harris, of Roxbury, Mass., has in a collection of buttons which she is making, that now numbers twelve thousand, and which it has taken her thirty years to collect. Thirty years ago she made a wager that there were more than nine hundred and ninety-nine different kinds of buttons ; she reached the thousand mark inside of a year ; but once started in the fascinations of "collecting" her pursuit was kept up. Mrs. Harris has some interesting buttons in her collection. One was worn by a soldier in Napoleon's army ; another by a soldier in Washington's ; there are buttons from the uniforms of half a dozen European armies, as well as from those of the South American republics, the Confederate Army, and the uniforms furnished by different States during the Civil War.

**American Union Life Insurance Co.**

OF NEW YORK,  
**P. B. ARMSTRONG, - - - PRESIDENT.**  
*Paid-up Capital, \$500,000.*

**Total Abstinence Department,**  
JOHN P. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Manager, 44-48 Cedar St., N. Y.

For nearly half a century, THE UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL PROVIDENCE INSTITUTION, of London, England, has divided its life insurance business into two classes—Total Abstainers and Moderate Drinkers—and kept an accurate record of the death rate of each class. This record shows that at the age of twenty years, everything else being equal, an average of a little over FORTY-FOUR years will be added to the lives of total abstainers, and only THIRTY-ONE years to the lives of moderate drinkers, while other reliable authorities claim that but FIFTEEN years is added to the lives of habitual drinkers. The following lines illustrate these facts at a glance:

<b>HABITUAL DRINKERS.</b>	_____ 15 Years.
<b>MODERATE DRINKERS.</b>	_____ 31 Years.
<b>TOTAL ABSTAINERS.</b>	_____ 44 Years.

Every policy issued through the Total Abstinence department of the American Union Life Insurance Company contains a stipulation that a complete separate record of the comparative death rate in the two classes shall be carefully kept, and makes provision for compensating each policy-holder to the extent of his or her proportion of whatever benefit the Company may derive from the total abstinence habits of such class. Thus the patrons of this department only have to pay for what they get, and are not compelled to bear the burdens imposed by those whose habits are not so conducive to longevity as their own.

Send for blank applications, table of rates, etc., to  
**JOHN P. ST. JOHN,**  
44-48 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**THE MARY JANE DISH-WASHER**  
is guaranteed to wash dishes better than by hand in 1/4 the time. There is no slop, no mess, no broken dishes, no wetting the hands. Thousands sold; suits all. Circulars free. J. K. Parinton & Co., Des Moines, Ia.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Padlock Buttons,** for Men's, Boy's and Youths' clothing. Can be put on or removed instantly. "Try me and you will never deny me" Samples 10 cts. Agents wanted. Other novelties etc. Agents wanted. Other novelties etc. Agents wanted. Other novelties etc. Agents wanted.  
Cir. free. W. B. Smith & Co. Prov., R. I.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**HOW TO BANISH WRINKLES.**

Wise precautions and proper personal care will do more to banish wrinkles than all the creams and lotions ever made. Given the cause, which is always worry and fatigue, do your utmost to avoid these. In so simple a thing as the matter of sitting not eight women out of ten know how to avoid grave mistakes. A lounging, relaxed attitude with curved spine when at work more than trebles the fatigue. The spine should be held erect, and the support, which is needed at the lower end, can be given by sitting well back in the chair so it will be braced against the chair-back. If this be straight so as to support the shoulders also, all the better. The little rests, where possible, of ten or fifteen minutes, are great savers of strength and health ; but when a woman has had a very hard day and feels herself a bundle of throbbing nerves and dull pains, instead of trying to "keep up," or to forget her misery in a good book, if she values her good looks she will take off her close-fitting gown, get into a loose negligée, bathe her face for five minutes in very hot water, and then bathe the back of the neck in the same way. After this she must lie down flat on her back, and, in so far as she can, relax every muscle. If sleep does not come, at least banish thought and let your soul fly away. At the end of a half-hour you will feel rejuvenated and ready for anything.

**SOME SMALL ECONOMIES.**

At the Wilson Industrial School, in New York, where the children of the poor are taught to sew and to cook, "much out of little" may be said to be a fundamental principle in all the instruction ; and a little woolen petticoat shown to visitors—the work of a twelve-year-old girl—is a valuable object-lesson

(Continued on page 144.)

**Hartman**  
Newmarket No. 134,  
**\$11.00**

*Express Paid. Made to measure.*

Quality and finish superior to ready-made, and a perfect fit guaranteed. If garment is not as represented money will be cheerfully refunded. We are manufacturers at wholesale. We also do a special business in work to order. All order work is done on our own premises, and not in sweat shops. Cloth and plush samples from which to select, full instructions for self-measurement, a tape measure, and our Fall and Winter Catalogue, sent on receipt of four cents postage. Our catalogue illustrates the latest styles in

Cloth Capes	from \$3.00 up
Cloth Jackets	from 4.50 up
Cloth Tailor-Made Suits	from 8.75 up
Fur Capes	from 5.00 up

Plush and Velvet Jackets, Wraps, Ulsters, etc.

You may select any style of garment and we will make it to order for you from any of our materials. We make garments from ladies' own materials  
We pay express charges.  
We also sell Cloakings, Plushes, and Fur Trimmings by the yard.  
As to our responsibility, we refer to DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE. Please address, mentioning this magazine,

**THE HARTMAN CLOAK CO.,**  
21 Wooster St., New York.  
Branch: 310 to 318 Sixth Avenue.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Poor Fido, won't you take some of Mamma's Figaro licorice, it cured her cold.  
To get **Pure Spanish Licorice, Sticks and Pellets,** ask for and insist upon getting the  
**FIGARO LICORICE,**  
made in Zaragoza, Spain. No foreign or gritty adulterations in the Figaro. Try this licorice, you will use no other. Send 3 two cent stamps for large sample to the  
"FIGARO" IMPORTATION OFFICE, 3 Union Sq., N. Y.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Music Boxes**  
Play 1,000 tunes. Changeable disks. Send 2 cent stamp for illustrated catalogue U.  
Sander Musical Instrument Co.,  
212 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**THESE LITTLE BROWNIES,**  
Hand-Painted, Gold-Plated Stick and Scarf Pins.

Dude, Chinaman, Policeman, Uncle Sam and Irishman, Scotchman, Sailor, Orator, sent by mail, prepaid, direct from manufacturer, on receipt of price, 15 cents each, 2 for 25 cents. Full set of nine, \$1.00.  
**CURTIN JEWELRY MFG. CO.,** Attleboro, Mass.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**STAMPS**  
100 all dif. Honduras, Costa Rica, etc., only 15c.; 200 all dif. Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only 50c. Agents wanted at 50 per ct. com. List FREE!  
**O. A. Stegmann,** 2706 Eads Av., St. Louis, Mo.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

**FRENCH DECORATIVE ART.**

This work is growing in popularity. It consists of transferring Floral, Landscape, Fruit, and in fact a variety of designs, onto Silk, Satin, or other fabrics, Plaques, Panels, Vases, Toilet Sets, Lamp Shades, etc. It closely resembles hand-painting; in many respects it is superior. Never fails to give satisfaction. ANY ONE can become an EXPERT in the Art. Full directions and complete outfit, which contains Varnish, Brushes, Roller, one Design transferred on celluloid, also an assortment of pictures to be transferred, mailed on receipt of \$1.00. Agents wanted.

**MADISON ART CO., Madison, Conn.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

**THE "B & H" Lamps**



are made in largest variety of artistic styles; all have the **Double Centre Draught**, giving most perfect light.

Best Dealers everywhere sell them, as they always give entire satisfaction. Take no other. Every Lamp stamped "B & H" Send for our Little Book.

**BRADLEY & HUBBARD MFG. CO.**  
NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

Factories—Meriden, Conn.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**WARRANTED. SOMETHING NEW.**

**18 Kt. Gold-Filled Ring,**



Marquise setting, with 12 Brillantinas. Equal in luster to the finest diamonds. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.

**C. A. COOPER,**  
217 6th Ave., N. Y.

**WARRANTED.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



**DIXON'S**  
American Graphite  
PENCILS.

Are unequalled for smooth, tough leads. If not familiar with them, mention DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, and send 10 cents for samples worth double the money.

**JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

**To the Friends of Prohibition.**

**YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, 10 Cts.**

THE CONSTITUTION, a monthly periodical, which will be an eight-page paper and contain logical and entertaining articles.

THE CONSTITUTION will be furnished at such rates that individuals, churches, societies and committees will be able, without much effort and at a small expense, to supply their whole neighborhood with just the kind of information that will be calculated to awaken interest and produce results in favor of the Prohibition of the Liquor traffic. The cheapest and most effective missionary work ever inaugurated.

The prices will be as follows :

Single Yearly Subscriptions, 10 cts.  
Ten Subscriptions, one year, 60 cts.  
Twenty Subscriptions,  
one year, \$1.00.

All sent to separate addresses anywhere in the United States or Canada, post free.

Address

**W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,**  
10 East 14th St., New York.

(Continued from page 143.)

in economy. It is a patchwork skirt made of merchants' samples no larger than the palm of the hand. Of course it has a plaided effect, for no two pieces are alike; but it is not at all gaudy. The lining is made of cotton pieces of the same sort, and all the seams are turned inside. When it was completed the teacher of the sewing-class stitched it several times around the bottom to hold the lining and outside together and strengthen it. Aside from this it was made entirely by the little girl; and by a system of "good marks" for attendance, work, conduct, etc., she will earn the petticoat for her very own.

**OUR NEW CURRENCY.**

IN deference to the public taste, which has been cultivated to such a point that it demands a more artistic paper currency, the Treasury Department at Washington is having new designs made for the next issues of silver certificates, and well-known artists have been employed to make these designs. Mr. Will Low has designed the new one-dollar bill, and Mr. Walter Shirlaw that for five dollars. Mr. Low's design represents History reclining in the foreground with one arm around Youth, pointing to an open book on whose pages is printed the Constitution of the United States. The background is filled in with a view of the Potomac River, the Washington Monument and the Capitol standing out clearly in the distance.

**THE AMERICAN DIALECT SOCIETY.**

THE Dialect Society has been quietly working since 1889 to gather all the information possible upon the subject of "English as She is Spoke;" and to that end its members' ears are sharpened to catch every idiosyncrasy of tone or inflection in speech and every idiomatic expression which may be heard through the length and breadth of our vast continent. While it is scholars alone who are specially interested in the work, all can help in furnishing the society with information. The summer tourists who visit out-of-the-way and remote country-places are sure, if their attention is called to the fact, to be able to pick up many localisms or provincialisms, which would be valuable to the society; and, indeed, one can scarcely be in a crowd anywhere without hearing some oddity of speech worth remembering and recording.

**Silk Waste Embroidery** (25c per 1/2 oz.) 100 crazy stitches in every package. Address **BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SILK CO., 15 Union St., New London, Conn.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**SPANISH** by native teacher. Pure Castilian accent. Best place in the U. S. to learn Spanish. Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Penmanship by mail. Circ. free. **W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

**At 1/4 Price** Watches, Guns, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, Organs, Bicycles, Farm Tools, Safes, etc. List FREE. **CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**AFTER THE BALL** This famous song and One Hundred and Fifty-Six Other Latest Songs of the Day including "TA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY," "CONRAD'S," "LITTLE FISHER MAIDEN," ETC. Words and Music, postpaid, only Ten Cents. **GEM NOV. CO., 258 Frankfurt, Ind.**

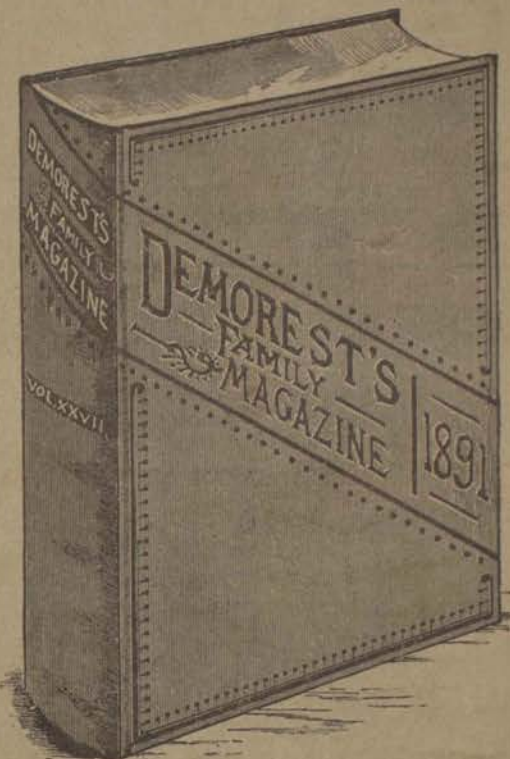
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**BINDING OF VOLUMES.**

CASES of Peacock green, embossed in Gold, Red, and Black, Twenty-five cents, or by mail, Forty cents. Volumes bound for One Dollar, or with Gilt Edges, One Dollar and Fifty cents



The postage to New York and return will be Forty-eight cents each way, added to the above, when forwarded for Binding by Mail. Place in two packages, unsealed and securely tied, with your name and address outside for identification.

**W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,**  
15 East Fourteenth Street, NEW YORK.

Subscribers ordering a change in the direction of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE must give the old and the new address in full. No change can be made after the fifth of any month, and any order reaching us after that date the change will be made for the month following.

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY COMMENCE AT ANY TIME. We receive numerous letters asking if subscriptions may commence at any time. Certainly they may, as many do not care for back numbers, while others wish them for some special purpose. We always keep back numbers on hand to supply such as may wish them.

Persons who desire to club together and subscribe for DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE can be supplied by the publisher only, at a reduced rate, as follows:

	1	Names	\$2 00
LOW	2	to	3 50
	3		5 16
	4	one	6 76
CLUBBING	5	or	8 30
	6		9 78
RATE.	7	different	11 20
	8		12 56
	9	Post	13 86
	10	Offices.	15 00

Any additional subscriptions can be had for \$1.50 each. Address

**W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,**  
15 EAST 14TH STREET.