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THE GOLD-FIELDS OF THE YUKON VALLEY.

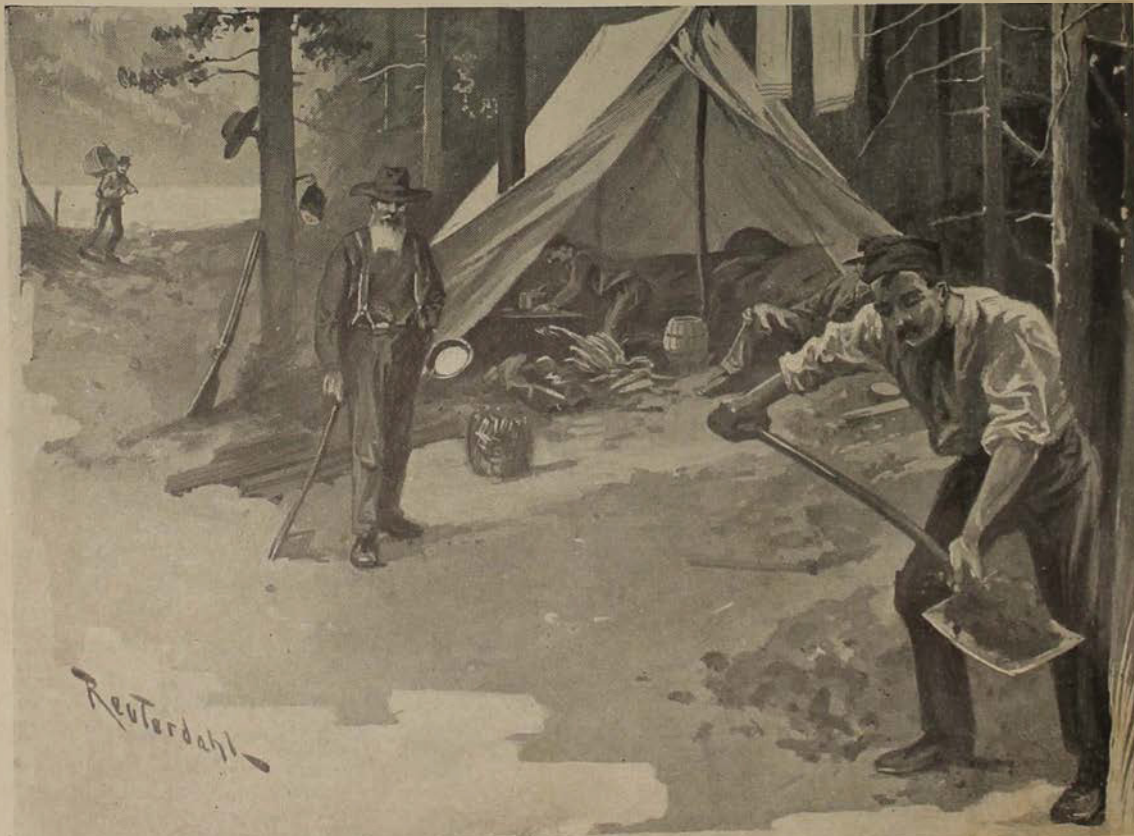
BY MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

THE month of June, 1897, witnessed the greatest gold discovery of the age, and the beginning of a mining craze which bids fair to eclipse the now historic one of '49. Over a million dollars' worth of gold a week was the remarkable output of the Yukon Valley mines during the first two months of their development. In July alone the precious metal to the amount of nearly seven million dollars lay in the Alaskan ports ready to ship.

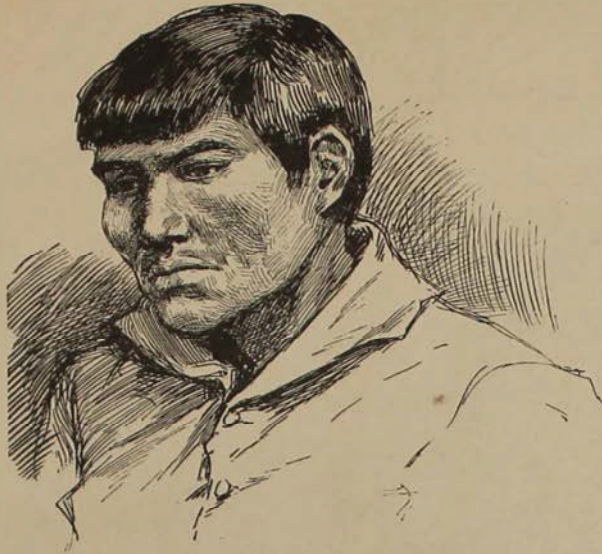
Since the opening of the summer season a steady stream of gold has poured into the coast towns from

claims all along the Yukon River; gold in boxes, in bags; fine gold and coarse gold; nuggets worth fifty and eighty and one hundred dollars, and sacks of dust that were heavy burdens to the lean, hungry-looking miners, whose treasure had, in many instances, nearly cost them their lives.

The first steamer to arrive from the great northwestern gold-fields was the *Portland*, from St. Michael, reaching San Francisco July 16th, and bearing a golden freight of over three thousand pounds—roughly estimated, a ton and a half of nuggets and dust. Fortunes of from one



A YUKON MINING CAMP.



AN INDIAN CARRIER.

hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars have been made in a month, and three thousand dollars have been secured in a single day by a miner capable of steady application to the detail of removing good-sized nuggets from a sluice-box.

From an incubus on the hands of the United States Government, the mere terminus of our northwestern possessions, Alaska has sprung into fame, gold-crowned, coveted, the centre of observation of two continents, and the most desirable possession of a country already valued the richest in the world in natural resources.

Discoveries of gold along the Yukon and its now famous tributary, the Klondike, have been repeatedly made. Men ambitious of wealth and fame have again and again risked death from starvation and exposure in the Yukon valley, but until the spring of '97, in one way or another, the difficulties of the undertaking have proved insurmountable. The Klondike was known to be a gold-bearing region back in '88; but the only season when it was possible to prospect for gold was in midsummer, when

that part of the country is usually infested with bears from the mountains, seeking their daily food in the luscious salmon with which the rivers are teeming; a state of affairs that rendered gold-digging in the Klondike by isolated miners lacking in certain elements of popularity, such as safety, comfort, freedom of action and peace of mind.

The first fabulously rich "find" in the Klondike was made by a daring miner in August, '96, a report of which did not cross the boundary line for six months, or reach the outside world for nearly a year. It is a noteworthy fact that the six French Canadians who inaugurated the present craze were in every instance old and experienced

miners, men who understood the country, its possibilities and eccentricities, who had learned to think and live like natives, who had overcome peril by sea and peril by land, who had won the friendship of the Indians and become inured to the horrors of the climate, who were expert hunters and had forced bruin to regard them from other than a culinary standpoint.

The oldest of these men, who went out to the Klondike in '88, left Canada a vigorous, muscular man. He is now an old man, broken in health, gray-haired, and crippled. During his nine years' stay in the gold region he saw three hundred graves dug for his comrades, most of whom died from starvation, and he himself went for weeks with scanty food and for days without any. He possessed, however, the "staying"

quality, which every successful miner must have, and which alone enabled him, with the help of his comrades, to battle through to wealth and invalidism.

The Yukon River, which with its countless tributaries constitutes the backbone of the great gold-fields, has its rise in the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia, flows north and then directly west through the entire breadth of Alaska, dips south and empties into Behring Sea.



INDIAN PORTERS CROSSING THE SNOW-CLAD GLACIER.



From Photograph by Professor William Libbey, of Princeton College.

ALASKAN INDIANS.

The Yukon is really one of the great rivers of the world. It is two thousand miles in length, is navigable to Fort Selkirk, a distance of eighteen hundred miles from the mouth, and drains a forest country extending over an area of 440,000 square miles.

The natural characteristics of this mighty river somewhat resemble those of the Mississippi. At the mouth

the Yukon is sometimes five miles in width, dotted with islands, sand-bars, and impassable, shallow stretches. Near the source the banks are close together, the volume of water shooting up higher and higher until in some of the narrow gorges it entirely overflows its boundaries of massive, basaltic cliffs and spreads out in innumerable shallow lakes and ponds.

The climate along this extensive valley is probably one of the most trying in the world. There are not much more than two summer months, July and August. The ice does not begin to move out of the river until June, and September ushers in a falling temperature. By October intense winter weather has set in, with the thermometer sometimes registering seventy degrees below zero.

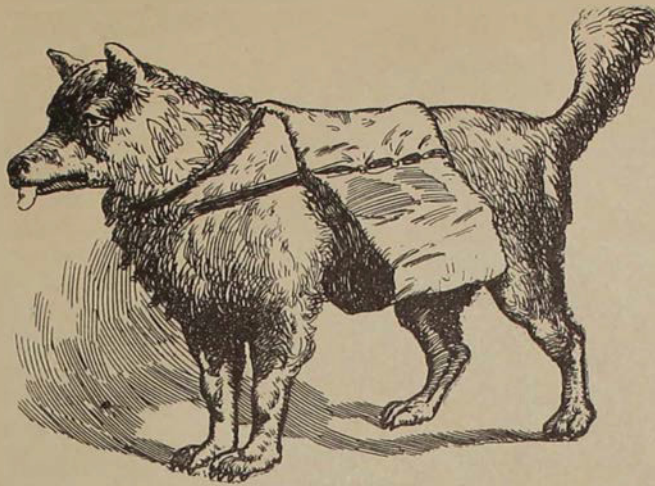
Although during the hot months the hills and river banks are with verdure clad, luxuriant with tangled wildernesses of ferns, shrubs and wild berry-bushes, it is thought to be next to impossible to cultivate even the most rapid-growing crops. In the winter months it is difficult to either secure or keep provisions of any description on account of the intense cold. Where the subsoil is



A CAÑON OF THE YUKON RIVER.

sometimes frozen to a depth of two hundred feet, it is plain to be seen that it is an undertaking of no small moment to manage the *cuisine* so that water does not have to be served with a hammer, and bread with a pick-ax.

That part of the Yukon basin in which gold, in greater or less quantities, has actually been found, lies partly in Alaska and partly in British territory and covers an area of some fifty thousand square miles. But up to the present date the infinitely richest spot lies some one hundred miles east of the boundary line, in the region drained by the Klondike River and its tributaries, in northwestern British Columbia. It has been said that one hundred thousand people could distribute themselves over the new gold-fields and scarcely know of each other's existence.



NATIVE DOG.

Tents and rough cabins are going up in every direction, and the shore of the river is lined with boats and canoes.

The great difficulty with which the miners in the vicinity of the Klondike, as well as throughout Alaska, will have to contend is the insufficiency of food. It is impos-

sible for a miner to carry enough provisions with him in an overland trip to last through a season. There are but few facilities for getting food over the hundreds of miles of country between the coast and the gold districts, and after the middle of September fish cannot be secured and game grows very scarce. Already there is as much freight in the way of provisions, clothing, and camping-outfits piled up at the various ports as the Indian carriers can pack up country in a year's steady work.

There is as yet no report of large "finds" in quartz gold; this will undoubtedly come later when the first craze is over, and brains and capital join hands in prospecting. At present the gold-digging is all in shallow placer claims, where the "finds" increase in richness as the miners dig below the soil, until bed rock is reached, which, to the sorrow of the worker, is usually, unlike the Deadwood mines, not



SLEDGING WITH DOGS ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE.



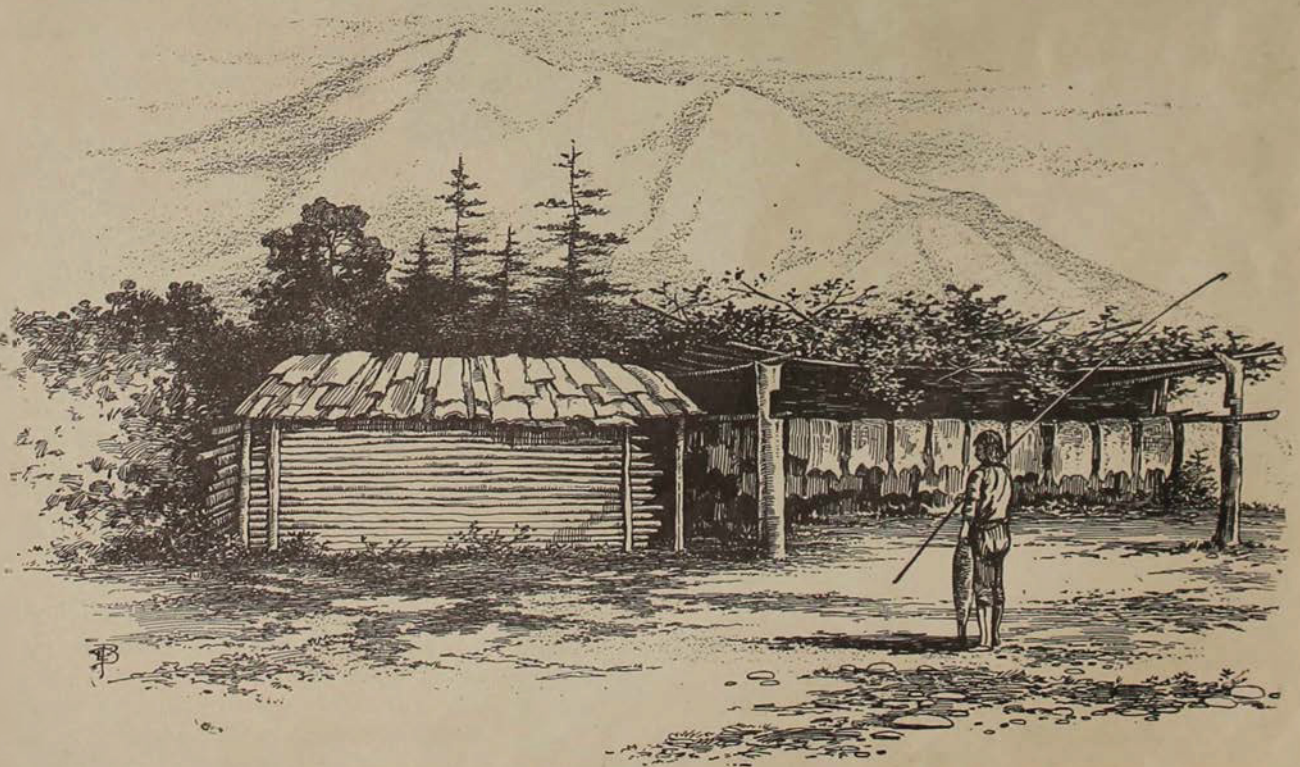
A HALT WITH THE SLEDGES.

very far below the surface soil. The quality of the Klondike rough gold is considered inferior to that found either in California or Deadwood. The rough gold from the Eldorado diggings in the Klondike averages only fifteen dollars per ounce, and from the Bonanza diggings in the same region, seventeen dollars; while in California the average is from eighteen to twenty dollars per ounce, with special "finds" amounting to twenty-two, and even twenty-four dollars. The Klondike gold contains a greater percentage of silver than is found in the California metal. The Eldorado diggings average twenty-five per cent. of the white metal, while it is rare to find specimens of California gold that will assay over ten per cent. of silver. On the other hand, the amount of gold that has been panned out of a single Yukon claim, in a given time, has never been equaled in the world's history of placer gold-digging. There is quantity, if not quality, and seven hundred dollars is not an unusual reward for a day's well-directed labor in the Klondike.

So inaccessible is the great area of Alaskan territory on account of the constantly changing river-beds,

the swampy, marshy condition of the lowlands, and the difficulties of mountain-climbing across icy glaciers, through tangled underbrush and over slippery slopes carpeted with pine-needles, that there are, as yet, but two distinct, authenticated routes by which the traveler is sure of reaching his destination in even comparative comfort and safety.

First, it is possible to go by way of the Pacific Ocean and the Yukon River. After leaving Seattle it is a two weeks' sail to the port of St. Michael, which is the principal station of the Russian-American Fur Company. From St. Michael it is another two weeks' sail up the Yukon to Circle City, and this must be accomplished in a flat-bottomed boat. Above Circle City navigation is impossible even with a flat-bottomed craft, and the last three



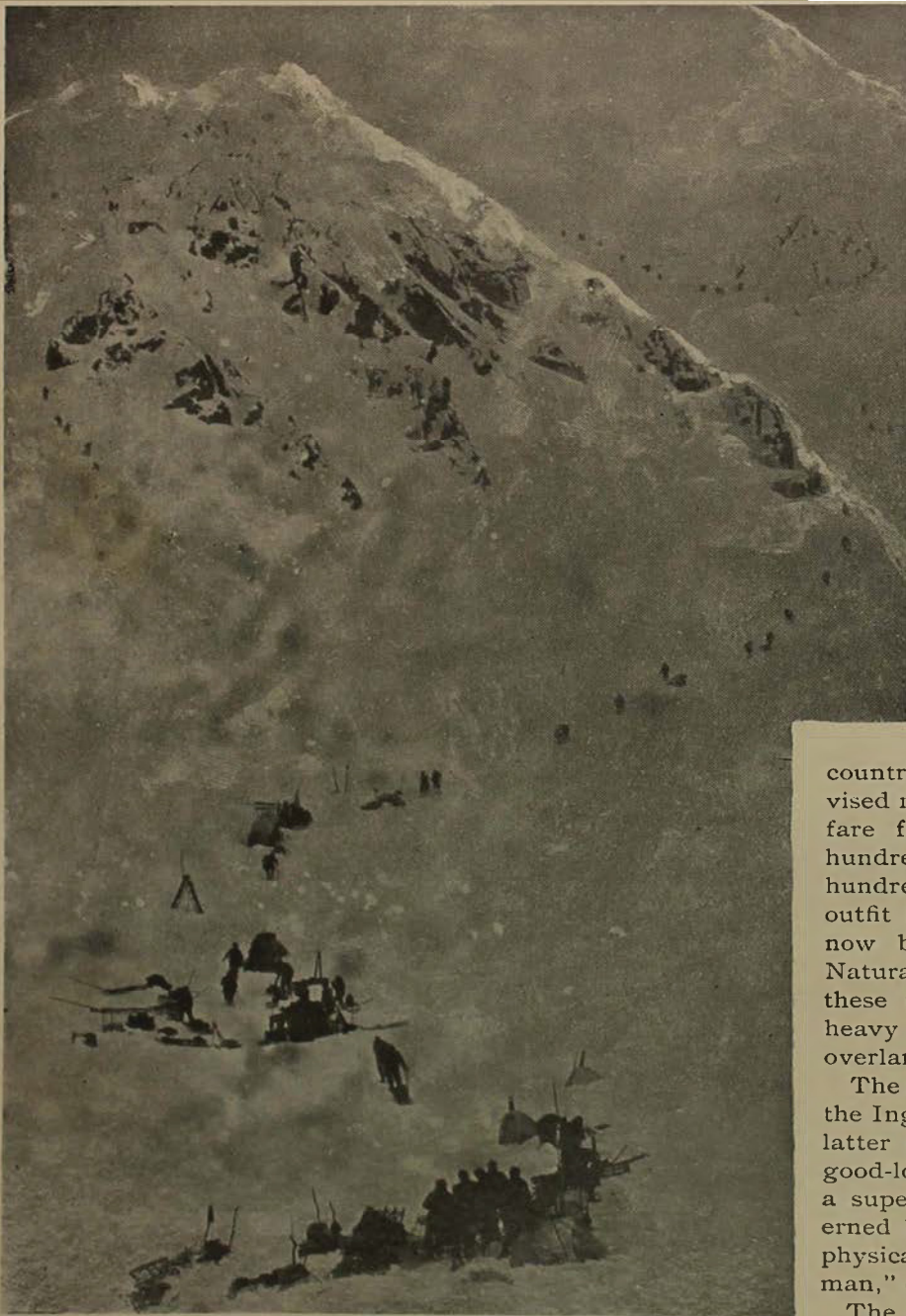
A NATIVE CABIN.

hundred miles must be made on foot. Dog-sleds are used to carry the provisions, and reindeer are also pressed into service in the colder seasons.

The second route, by way of Juneau, involves a tramp of seven hundred miles to the Klondike by way of the Chilkoot Pass. But in the warm season it is possible to traverse a large part of the distance by means of canoes. These canoes, which are managed by Indian guides, are not unlike those used in primitive America by the aborigines. There are two varieties of them employed by the Indians and Eskimaux in northern Alaska, the kayak, or one-man canoe, and the oomayak, which is equal to carrying a ton weight. The larger canoes are frequently eighty feet in



DAWSON CITY.



THROUGH CHILKOOT PASS.

length, and both large and small are whitened by hand out of trunks of trees, and inside and out are covered with the tanned skins of walrus or deer. In the summer season, overland parties supply themselves with food from the enormous quantities of geese and ducks that hover over the lakes all along this route; but in the winter the winged fowl vanish like the fish and large game, and all provisions must be transported on the sledges.

The entire distance to be traversed from San Francisco to Dawson City is not less than three thousand miles, and the expense of reaching the desired haven is variously given as from six hundred to a thousand dollars. A miner is certainly injudicious to start with less than the former amount, as every necessity of life in the mining region is almost worth its weight in gold. The Minister of the Interior of Canada has already issued a proclamation that the government will not be responsible for getting provisions into the gold-fields during the coming winter, and that miners entering the country before spring, which they are strongly advised not to do, will run serious risks. The actual fare from San Francisco to Dawson City is one hundred and fifty dollars, but it will cost at least five hundred dollars to transport supplies and a proper outfit for one man. An entire camping outfit can now be obtained in St. Michael or at Juneau. Naturally the price for supplies is increasing at both these towns, and even the Indians are charging heavy sums for transporting provisions and outfits overland.

The original inhabitants of the Yukon district were the Ingalitt Indians and the Asiatic Eskimaux. The latter are a fine muscular race, tall, straight and good-looking, and lovers of sporting life. They are a superstitious people, whose every action is governed by tradition, and whose spiritual as well as physical safety is supposed to rest with the "Shaman," or "medicine-man" of the tribe.

The winter quarters of the miners are modeled after the native huts, which, if properly built and



CARRIERS FORDING A RIVER.

carefully finished, are a fairly good protection from the awful rigor of the long, cold season. Protection from the inclemency of the weather is, however, far from being the greatest need of the Alaskan miner; protection of any description for either life or property is at a premium in the great gold fields.

The government, which is without representation at Washington, and of the meagrest nature, has been found utterly unable to cope with the exigencies of the biggest gold craze of the century.

In view of the manifold needs of the country, the Secretary of War is considering a proposition to establish a military post in Alaska. At present there are no government troops in the land, and the danger to life and property from an uncontrolled and possibly lawless immigration is great. The body of troops has been asked for to support the civil authorities in the administration of the law and for the protection of vested rights.

The mining laws of the country, which are a mere extension of the Oregon mining laws, are in no way adequate to the present situation. Already a bill has been passed by Congress creating the office of Surveyor-General for Alaska, and empowering the President to divide Alaska into two land districts, locating the land offices wherever, in his discretion, he thought them necessary. The

object of the bill is to facilitate the settling of claims and transfer of property in the newly developed gold country.

Besides the many complications which have come up in regard to individual rights and titles throughout the gold region, questions of national precedence have arisen in both Canada and the United States. The Dominion Government is urged to put into operation the alien law, which would exclude all Americans from working claims on the Klondike. That the government at Ottawa would have the right to make this prohibition, is true; but in the face of the fact that the gold-fields all over the world are open to miners of every nationality, to enforce such a right would seem nothing short of preposterous. Although Canada is evidently fearful of pushing her power far enough to excite a retaliatory measure from the United States, she is, nevertheless, showing a true British capacity for looking out for number one.

Her latest decision is to impose a tax, or royalty, on all the output of the placer diggings. There is also to be a fee of fifteen dollars for registering each claim, and an annual assessment of one hundred dollars on the holder. In addition to this a ten-per-cent. royalty will be levied upon all claims yielding five hundred dollars and under, and twenty per cent. on each claim yielding over that amount. Beyond this, every alternate claim on all placer

grounds will be reserved for the government, to be worked or sold for the Canadian revenue.

Canada also intends to further increase her revenue by exacting custom duties on American supplies, in order that the rush of miners to the British Yukon will be compelled, for economy's sake, to buy their outfits at Victoria or Vancouver. Two custom officers have been dispatched to Lake Tagish, where all goods sent in by the Chilkoot Pass will be intercepted, and a party of mounted police will be at the command of the officers. Small bands of mounted police will be established at posts fifty miles apart as far up as Fort Selkirk. These will serve as stations for dog-trains carrying mail, and also for the relief and convenience of travelers making the overland journey during the winter.



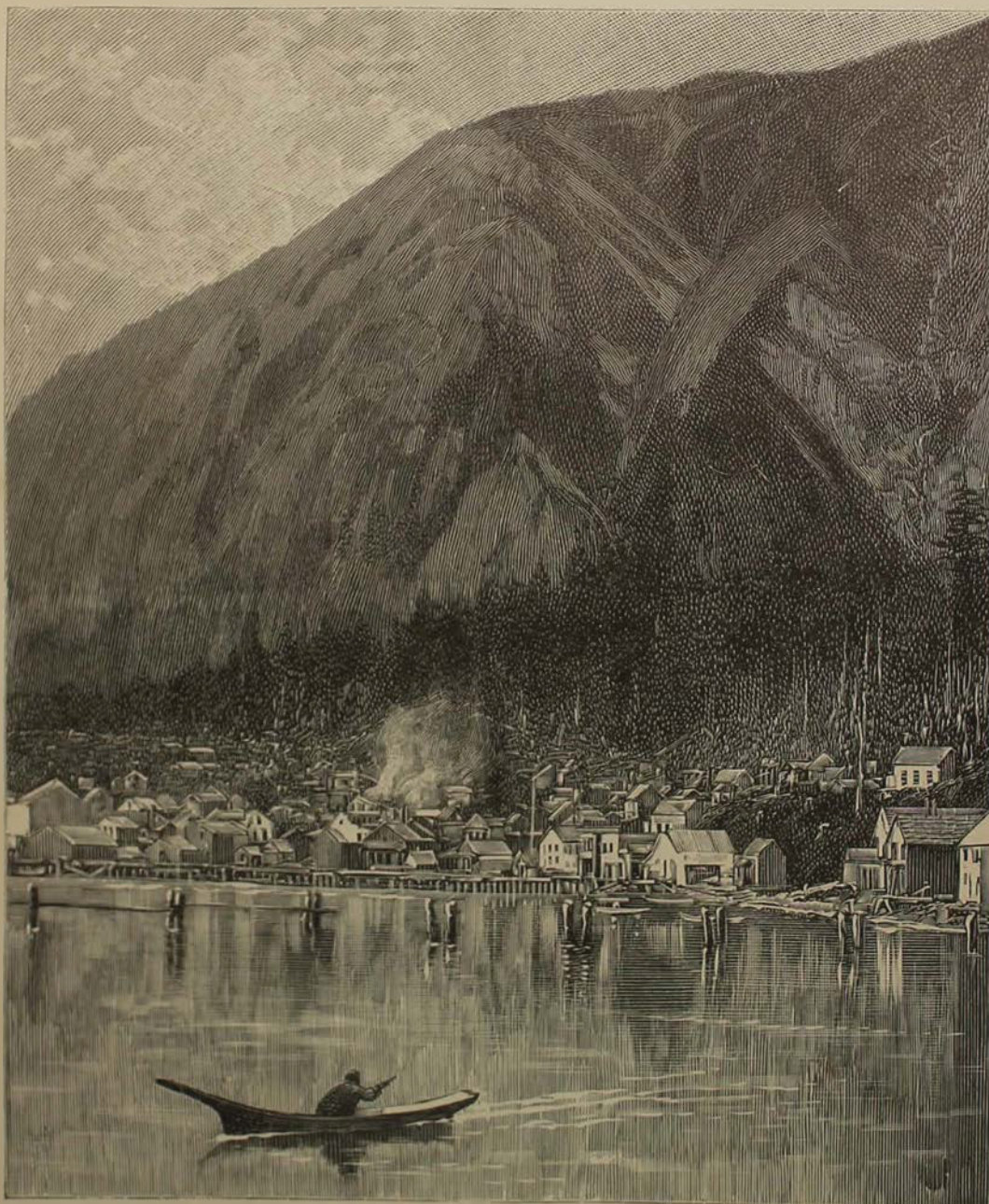
RAFTING ON THE YUKON.

Next in importance to the police service in the gold regions is the postal system, which is as yet in a most chaotic condition. There is no postal route direct to Dawson City, and letters to the far-away Klondikers are addressed to Circle City, Alaska, a distance of three hundred miles down the Yukon River, where there is a mail delivery once a month. Throughout Alaska there are but eleven post-offices, eight of which are in the regular United States mail service, and most of the towns are estimated to be without regular mail communication.

The supreme difficulty which will have to be surmounted in any effort to establish a modern postal system of regular and frequent deliveries of mail in the gold region is the present condition of the roadways. There are not one hundred miles of graded roads in the country, and the grading of an extended system of roadways, over marshy, water-soaked lands, over glaciers and shifting river-beds promises to be one of the engineering problems of the future.

This problem has, however, come up before the Senate in the form of a resolution, authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to grant the necessary right of way over the public lands, and the privilege of taking all necessary materials for the construction and maintenance of trails, roadways and wagonroads in Alaska with the right to collect toll for twenty years; the grants to be made only to United States citizens. The passing of this resolution by the Senate was confidently expected about the time this magazine went to press.

In connection with the roadway problem many other and important plans are under consideration both in the United States and in Canada, in regard to increasing and improving the means of transportation into the gold country. A British company has in contemplation the construction of a railroad from the head of navigation at Taku Inlet, near Juneau, to the Yukon Valley and the mines. Another scheme, which would



THE VILLAGE OF JUNEAU.

involve an expenditure of some \$20,000,000, is to build a railroad north from Sault Ste. Marie, crossing the Canadian Pacific at Missanable, and thence by alternating stretches of lake and railway transit to the Yukon River.

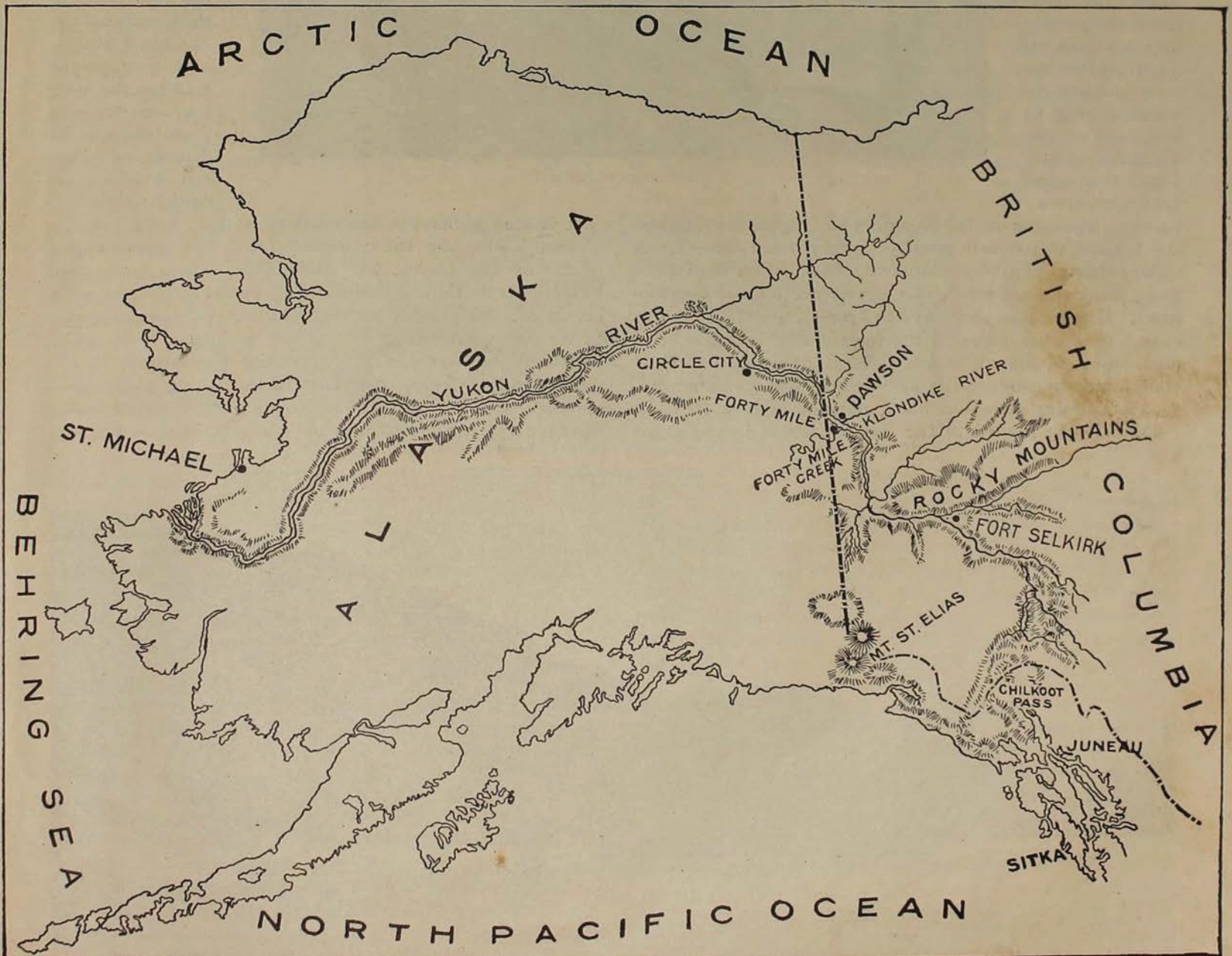
In spite of the present almost impassable condition of the roadways, animals for packing purposes are being sent into the country from all parts of California, Oregon, and the State of Washington.



SLUICE-BOXES IN THE PLACER MINES.

Old Joe Ladue, the now famous founder of Dawson City, reports that it will be impossible to use horses as a means of transport before spring. He also warns miners about flocking into the country late in the fall. "There are," he says, "already seven thousand men on the upper Yukon, and provisions to feed more than that

number cannot be gotten into the gold region before winter sets in." He further prophesies "that if twenty thousand



MAP OF THE YUKON VALLEY.

men reach the Klondike this fall, one half of them will starve during the winter and the other half will have "to hustle," according to his vernacular, to keep alive.

When Ladue returns to Dawson City, in the spring, he intends taking with him a number of long-distance telephones, which will be a connecting link between Dawson, Circle City and Forty Mile.

Although the Alaskan Government, the steamship companies, and returning miners are all warning men to keep out of the Klondike until June, the craze continues, unabated. Passages on the steamers leaving San Francisco are booked to the last point of safety weeks ahead. A steady stream of gold-seekers are scheduled on the inland route, and the western coast towns are almost depopulated. Hundreds of shops in San Francisco and Seattle are closed, the police force in the former city is badly crippled, and it is difficult to find a sufficient number of able-bodied men to conduct the ordinary business of the city, such as running street-car lines, cleaning streets, etc.

Curiosity in regard to the developments in the great



AN INDIAN GUIDE.

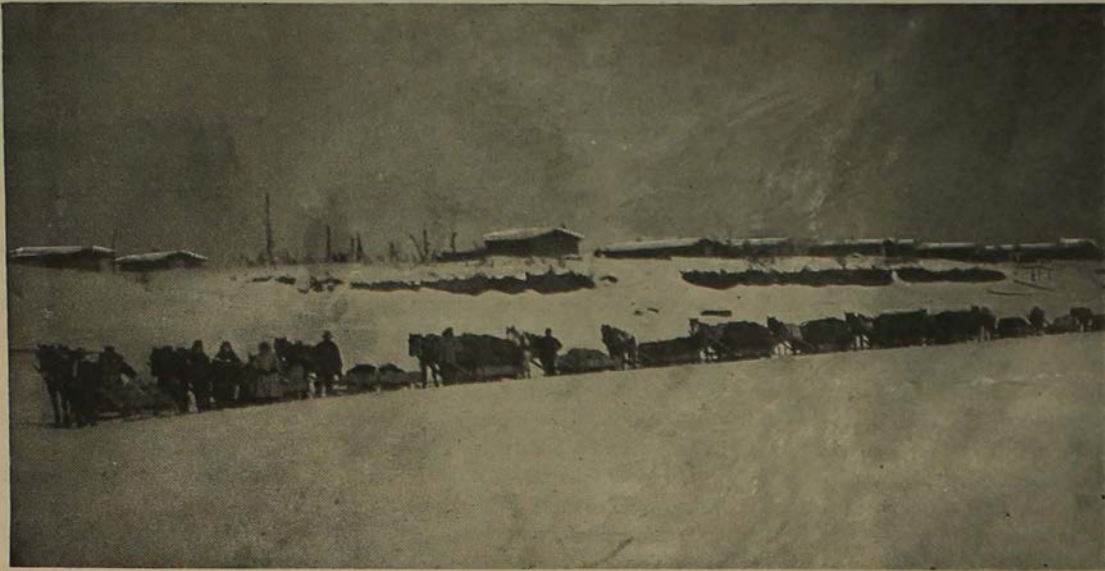
gold region is not limited to the class of men and women who would like to profit financially by the craze; geologists, sociologists and geographers are all alike interested in the results of the developments in the hitherto almost unknown land.

It is the general opinion among geologists that the Alaska gold deposits are the mother vein of the gold of North America; that the gold veins in the Rockies of the United States, and even as far south as the Sierras, are deposits from the glacial districts of northern Alaska and British Columbia.

It is also generally conceded that the "finds" in the Yukon Valley are the "wash" from the snow-capped peaks of the Mount St. Elias Alps, which have been loosened from the original bedding by the action of weather, water, and ice, and carried down by volumes of water to be deposited along the valley and river-beds. The Alaskan glaciers, which are among the largest in the world, are also efficient agents in furnishing placer-gold supplies, moving, as they do, slowly and irresistibly over the country, tearing up rocks and carrying sand, gravel and



TOWING THE CANOES ALONG A MOUNTAIN STREAM.



LOADS OF ORE AT DAWSON CITY.

boulders down into the gulches and streams, and finally depositing them wherever the ice melts. The natural course of the glaciers is from the mountains of the interior toward the sea; the warmer currents once reached, great masses of the ice break off, melt away and set free their freight of golden sand, which in turn is washed ashore, and forms the rich placer "finds" so frequent along the Pacific coast.

Proofs of the forgoing statement are offered in the character of the conditions prevailing in the gold regions.

The river bed of the Yukon, as well as of its valuable tributaries, all yield shining, auriferous sand and gravel, as well as boulders. The spring freshets bring down mighty floods from the great glaciers of the gold-bearing Cordillera range, which frequently

break over the banks in torrents and flood the valley of the Yukon for miles. If this theory is as practicable as geologists contend, then the gold supply of the Alaskan fields is apparently inexhaustible.

"And the aftermath of this prodigious gold crop?" "In what way will it affect the industrial condition of the population of the United States?" are the questions which statesmen, business men and the farmers are asking each other. The general impression is gaining ground that the Alaskan "boom" will prove a remarkable stimulus to business enterprise throughout the country. The mere exodus will put in motion certain prominent industries in meeting the demand for supplies and provisions. There is also a possibility of its carrying out of the country that floating population of the various communities generally disinclined to routine labor. As for the enormous quantity of gold, which will actually be brought into this country by the close of the mining season, it will set in motion the wheels of industry throughout the United States. It is safe to suppose that the men who have risked their lives to gain gold will not



FORTY-MILE CREEK.

hoard it, but seek an adequate return for their months and years of misery and privation by exchanging their stock of shining metal for houses and clothes, pleasant surroundings and a thousand and one necessities and luxuries that will start into activity the markets of capital and labor.

The benefits to accrue from this gigantic stirring up of a new country, with the development of its almost inconceivable wealth, will be far-reaching to an extent difficult to estimate at the present moment, when every day is bringing in fresh sur-

prises in regard to the area and value of the gold discoveries. Accounts of seventeen million dollars' worth of gold stacked in the warehouses of one steamship company awaiting an incoming steamer to be shipped to the United States, of miners bartering half their fortune to secure transportation out of Dawson City for their remaining gold, men tramping into seaport towns so burdened with nuggets and bags of dust as to be in a condition of utter exhaustion, women "panning out" hundreds of dollars a day from "easy claims," manual labor being

paid for at the rate of from fifty to seventy-five dollars a day, are samples of the stories which fill the newspapers and are reported as truthful statements from returned miners. In a gold craze there is always bound to be a certain amount of exaggeration at first;

and, on the other hand, it frequently happens that many of the most startling statements are true ones.

Old miners and men who speak with authority on the gold discoveries, prophesy that the craze in the Klondike will be followed by an even greater "boom" in Alaska proper, and in pursuance of this belief large claims have already been staked out along the Yukon, in the vicinity of Circle City, three hundred miles below the Klondike.

But, wherever the newer discoveries are made, or even if the "finds" in British Columbia exhaust the really valuable placer deposits, the benefits to Alaska from the present craze are undoubted. The opening up of its resources, the improved methods of transportation and postal service which will ensue, the just appreciation which will be shown by the United States, and the improvements which will be provided for in its civic and military condition will be of such importance as to change the entire status of the country, bringing Alaska into communication with the general spirit of the progress of the age, and into recognition as one of the most interesting and useful portions of the civilized world.

BOBBIE McDUFF.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

OF Bobbie McDuff and the Kracekoffs, and of the ancient keep of Monte Bazzi, you may hear through the kindness of that very M. Felix Miranda who persuaded the narrator to a record of his peculiar adventures; yet you may not have a weakness for an Arabian Night. If an ancient and mysterious house, as that of Monte Bazzi, may not stir you—why Bobbie's story must needs make its present editor apologetic. But to you, who love a villain and like a hero—even be he uncertain about his heart—who may care for Mary, Countess of Berringer, and who yet may feel Marietta's charm as much as I—to you, there need be no apology for a fiction which may be veracious; since it often may chance in this world that accepted fact may prove mere fiction and accepted fiction mere fact.

I.

MARIETTA.

THE wood lay sweet after the rain; and I, as I stepped from the shelter of the rock, was even light-hearted, if rather hungry. Simple existence was enough for me that moment, for the summer beat in my pulse. All disappointments put themselves away, while mere vagabondage cried lustily. The week before, I had landed from the Messageries liner, and now I was tramping on the white, broad Paris road—yesterday sadly, to-day merrily—yes, the veriest vagabond. Who could have fancied—to have seen me now—that once I had been Bobbie McDuff!

The wood path opened on a broad road; the birds—ordinarily so silent in Fontainebleau—were busied at love-making, or housekeeping, and the air was resonant with the mid-day hum—the song of mere life—when suddenly a soprano rose above it all, clearly, and swelled in the arches of the old wood where kings had hunted, poets and painters dreamed, wrought words into melodies, colors into pictures that carried the personality of the artist, and, as well, the forest life, its mystery. I knew I was near the town, for she, doubtless, was a stroller, singing for sous by the roadside.

Oh, the sweetness of irresponsibility! Oh, to wander about easily, twanging a string of melody!—to wake under the stars; to know not exactly what the morrow may bring. How certain moods of mere labor crave it! And now that I actually had fallen into vagabondage, it called to me still. The staid, the matter-of-fact folk may sneer at such a longing. For them my story may be ever the beggar's.

I have said I was thinking of Fontainebleau and *déjeûner*. I had but five francs in the world; and, indeed, I hesitate, even now, to think of my obligations!

And the song faded into the forest.

"A sweet voice," quoth I, aloud.

"Yes, a sweet voice," was a retort.

I saw leaning against an oak a bronzed, lithe figure; a wood spirit; and for detail, his bright coat worn, but his boots stout; his eyes showing whimsicality, and a certain look that you see in a bull-dog wagging its tail; his step gracefully easy; in his bearing a certain superiority of him who has lived under the stars and the low beating clouds; who knows winter and rough weather of the highways, the woods, and the plains; and the crowds and bricks and mortar never at all. The sun fell in gold through the vivid green tracery of the branches and left on my gypsy's face tan mottled with bright yellow.

"Ah, the town in the forest—the palace?" said I. "You can direct me?"

"How long have you been a stroller?" quoth he, looking at me keenly, and yet not at all impertinently.

"Not so long as you and yours," said I, giving him tit for tat.

"No!" And he shrugged his shoulders. "I was born under the sky, and I shall lay me down at last under an oak by the fountain in an Italian wood. But you——?"

He came nearer, and looked into my eyes.

"But you, m'sieur? Your blood, too, comes from those who have lived under the stars. You, too——"

"I don't know," said I, as in an ordinary mood I should have exclaimed, "bosh!"

"Ah, you don't know?" he said. "The town, you ask? The road is straight, and Marietta sings by its side."

"You know her?"

"Is she not of mine, m'sieur?" he said. "Do I not dance and sing?"

"I am sure you may," said I, feeling my last five francs.

"M'sieur," said he, earnestly, "the world is home. Why do you worry?"

He had read me; I was worrying. Obligations sat heavily on my heart. Could I throw these away?

"The world is the home of us all, whether we fail or succeed. What matters the rest? For all sorrow, still you may dance with a buxom lass on the green. You can change your abode never, for the same sky shall be your roof wherever you wander. But you shall be free."

What did he see about me leading him to talk in this wise? I looked at him strangely.

"And why?"

"The mark on your temple," quoth he.

I started. Above my left eye was this little red scar; sometimes redder than at others; and then, again, it paled and was gone. All who saw me noticed it. In the old days at school it had been the subject of a nickname: "Bobbie of the Scar." Mrs. Carter, good soul, told me my father had said I inherited it from my mother. And I had seen it, too, in the miniature I had now about my neck; the dark, charming face that smiled on me ever exquisitely from its place on the porcelain. And now this gypsy of Fontainebleau saw and remarked it. My old life seemed to have ended. Even the sense of the responsibilities, the duty I had to others, was less. Perhaps it would be easy to forget all.

"And you?"

"A horse trader, m'sieur—a fortune-teller. At country fairs I have a booth and do tricks. When winter holds the forest and all the Northland you'll find us—my sister Marietta and me—perhaps near Capri—where the world smiles; perhaps by the edge of an olive orchard on the Riviera; perhaps in Cairo; and, it may be—when we do not care for frosts—in the shadow of the Umbrian hills."

"You are a poet," said I, smiling.

He waved his little cap with mock civility.

"I am Petruccio," quoth he; "and Marietta's brother."

The broad road—the old avenue of court pageants—lay sunny, edged with oaks and an occasional pine.

Petruccio walked lightly, breaking, now and again, into inconsequential laughter.

Through the oaks came Marietta of the voice. The fair of past experiences chased out of my mind.

How, indeed, may I describe Marietta? Not short, nor yet tall, her figure was graciously molded; and then, the costume of the stroller, the bright sash of the Neapolitan girl, the tambourine held in the brown hands—all but accentuated a charming face. The eyes, black, lustrous, looked half boldly, half timidly, as the eyes in a portrait I hold dear. The voice of that enticing song now came out low, exquisite, in a tongue I did not know.

I remembered that I, too, had fallen or risen—God knows which it may have been—to vagabondage. I could not keep my eyes from her.

Petruchio laughed again and said:

“M’sieur, the stroller—Marietta.”

Marietta smiled mockingly and courtesied. “Welcome, m’sieur.”

Why, indeed, should she welcome me? Was it to Fontainebleau—or to vagabondage?—which indeed might please in Marietta’s company.

II.

MISADVENTURES.

M. MIRANDA, to whom I have shown this story, has told me that I have begun it with explanation small enough.

“How did you come to be that day a vagabond on the road in Fontainebleau?” he asks. “Begin with Mrs. Carter.”

And this good Miranda bows sweetly, as is his wont, and tells me to continue my story as well as I may. “It amuses your leisure.”

“Ah, I have too little,” I retort. “I would there were not a duty in the world, and that I was as when I met Marietta in the forest.”

“What is leisure but a contrast to duty?” Miranda says in that quiet and passionless manner of a man of the desk who has worn his vitality by attention to bookish detail. A remarkable man. I owe him a deal, and I trust his judgment; and so I will begin with Mrs. Carter.

I can hear that good woman’s voice in my ears as she deplored my bad fortune.

And, in fact, I have her motherly face almost as a first memory.

I am sitting in the window of the house looking out on the Central Park, and, turning my head, I find her eyes on me. The house was my house, bought by my guardian as an investment for me, and she was his wife. John Carter had been selected by my father on the recommendation of the bankers to whom he had brought a generous London credit. Who he was, beyond plain Robert McDuff, the bankers did not stop to ask, because of that most efficient introduction—the good credit. If his name were Scotch or Irish, his English held a slight accent. What he indeed was like I need not say; since I have been told that I resemble him.

Ah, I never saw him! I had no picture in those days; and, but lately, I have seen the masterly portrait of the great Frenchman. I have studied that many times—and wondered.

Well, he bought an estate on Staten Island, and died within a year, leaving me in John Carter’s care, ostensibly the son and heir of a gentleman without relatives, who had tried to blot out his European past. When Carter, years after, turned my money over to me, he showed how he had increased a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars to nearly four hundred thousand. Never did a guardian conduct his affairs with greater care, and, at the same time, with greater financial sense. I can remember him as we sat over that accounting, his keen gray eyes, his

parchment-like skin, his shining, bald head. He often had told me of my father, for whom he had gained a strong affection, even in the short acquaintance. If there had been a certain mystery about Robert McDuff, John Carter felt bound not to try to penetrate it; and the Wall Street firm had not been able to extend their information by inquiry of their London correspondents, who, if they had vouched for the validity of Mr. McDuff’s drafts, would say no more. He had avoided all acquaintances, and had lived in great retirement on the Staten Island place until his sudden death. My guardian found instructions for me to be educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Yale, and to be given every possible accomplishment, and the ability to speak French, German, Italian.

The conscientious clerk carried out the bequest to the letter. There was one prohibition. On no account should I go to Europe. I must content myself with the United States, and must be brought up as a native-born citizen. I simply had been provided for by this unknown father, who purposely left me no clew to his identity.

My guardian’s honest voice was husky, telling this story. I remember he turned his back, to try to hide his emotion; and I respected and admired him.

And it all might have gone well had he lived. But, not a year later, he died, and I found myself possessed of a fortune invested in the securities most readily convertible into cash. And I will confess that I found a way to spend a deal of money at that time. I had made some strong friendships at school and college with men of the best connections; and I soon found myself in a charmingly idle life. I went in for horses, and you know how they take money. I, without a relative I knew, had no trouble in getting in the best society in New York, I am free to say now. And between winters in town, or at Saint Augustine, or Santa Barbara, and summers at country houses and clubs, I was very busy the years following college. All this would have been well had it gone no further. But I was persuaded by Middleton to let my name be used as a member of a firm on the Street. And then came the crash. I awoke one morning to find that Middleton’s failure had left me not only penniless, but owing startling sums. I do not think it was Middleton’s fault. I am sure he could not avoid his and my catastrophe.

“But, poor Bobbie, how could you have trusted him? If John only had lived!” Mrs. Carter exclaimed.

“Ah, if he had!” I said. “I am no business man. I can’t bargain.” This was evident, without my statement.

“Of course you can’t. And Bobbie”—there were tears on her cheeks—“you know the twenty thousand John left me. It is all yours, my dear.”

“My good aunt!” I cried—for I always called her “aunt”—“do you think for a moment I would do that?”

“You must, Bobbie,” she said.

It was touching, I assure you; and just then, when a process-server interrupted, I was glad to turn on him rather savagely. I felt shamed afterward, for he was a good enough fellow, performing a duty. I am glad to remember I apologized.

And there followed a whole procession of this gentry.

I turned over everything I had. And then I pondered how I should live. But I could not live in New York. I hated the place. It had become so different. I felt the change in people’s manner. I had done favors in my time—to several, I may state here. But now I did not know a soul of whom I felt like asking a single one. So different is a favor given from one taken. Yet I do the world injustice. Jim Colchester made me a loan which took me to South Africa. But Jim Colchester owed me no favors.

And there fortune frowned. I found myself with a few



sovereigns and resolved to work my way to Europe. I reached Port Said on a barkentine, which I left for the Messageries liner to Marseilles.

So, as you see, I chanced to be with but five francs in the Forest of Fontainebleau.

About my neck was a single treasure from my father, a miniature exquisitely done on porcelain, in a little case, mounted with diamonds and rubies. It never had occurred to me that with one of the stones of that setting I might repay Jim Colchester. For this was indeed my dearest possession. I had dreamed over it when a boy, and, older, had made it an idol.

And now the dark eyes look out with curious inquiry as to my fortunes; charming eyes, indeed—the light of a thin, piquant face, framed with dark hair; sad, yet smiling. Could it be, I wondered sometimes, that she was dead—gone? That face seemed all life and vivacious grace. It was as if Death himself should have paused.

And what was her story? I ought to know—I whose fortune had fallen so low through my folly in trusting others too far must be a part of that mother's life; an unfortunate enough sequel, perhaps—still, a sequel. I wondered at the lovely neck and shoulders, where gleamed a necklace of rubies; at the evening-gown of that gone mode; at the half-laughing, half-serious, enigmatical eyes.

And how had the condition of my father's request, forbidding me to visit Europe, been brought about? For here I was violating it, because I had been impractical and failed in South Africa; because a wild whim was leading.

Nor did I know where I was going. I only had the vague wish to struggle toward a vague end.

We are put here for a purpose, which we thwart when we take our own lives. Life at its best—and its longest—is short; and I ever—this may be a mere cowardice—preferred its certainty to the great uncertainty; its finite experience—when the other experience, infinitely long, is to follow, at the longest, soon.

Now, in the forest of Fontainebleau—to which I bring again the beginning of my story—having followed M. Miranda's advice and explained—I fancy that the gypsy girl's (Marietta's) eyes were like those of the lady of the miniature. But Marietta, to be sure, did not have the little red scar over the left temple, which I had inherited from her of the portrait. Petruccio had noticed my mark. What might it signify? What, indeed, my perplexing story?

III.

AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

"I know a face that was as yours, Marietta."

"And the nightingale calling," said she, still mockingly.

"Eyes like yours."

"I am not a girl at a dance, m'sieur."

"But a gypsy in Fontainebleau."

"I'm no model, m'sieur. None at Siron's shall paint me; none at Gretz, or Barbizon, or Cernay. I'll not stand still for a picture."

"Yet a picture you are, Marietta."

"Among the heather of Apremont," I added. For I had heard from an artist I know—know because I possess his volumes—of the vale of Apremont. The artist of words, Louis Stevenson, told me of it in an essay.

"Or under the great oaks of Bas-Breau," said she, still mocking me.

The sun swept the white high road. Petruccio went before, mouthing a merry air. I glanced, now boldly, again more cautiously, at Marietta. Yes, her eyes were those of my miniature, and her airy, mocking grace such as made my heart beat hotly. When one is but twenty-eight,

youth tugs gayly. Had they indeed bid me to their comradeship—to the home under the stars? I longed for it suddenly with a great desire. We hold in ourselves the instinct of ancestral centuries of forest life; and, now and again, wildness cries, striving to tear us from convention.

So these strollers and I came to a view of the merry town, and of the palace, splendid among its gardens. The past lay about as we walked out from the wood of Millet and Rousseau to the old town of the kings of France at its heart.

"Ah, adieu, m'sieur," said Marietta, mockingly.

"Yes, m'sieur, we go our way," said the gay Petruccio.

"I thought I was bidden to your board, Petruccio?" quoth I.

"Oh, m'sieur, of another day we shall meet."

His face grew earnest.

"Some of my tribe are lodged near Gretz, and there we go. But, as we walked together, I saw your destiny was among men."

"And what destiny have I, Petruccio?—five francs in my pocket? I had fortune, position; scattered both. I sought gold at Johannesburg, and I did not get it; and now I am in France—wandering."

Something in his manner left me frank, despite myself.

"Follow random fancy, m'sieur, wherever it may lead."

"It takes to Paris. Nay"—I looked at Marietta's mocking eyes—"my wish carries me with you, Petruccio."

"We shall meet again, m'sieur," said he; and he took a path to the right, Marietta following and glancing over her shoulder.

I watched until the leafy screen hid her, and then turned along a garden wall into Fontainebleau. Yet was I made to pause by that same burst of melody which had made my acquaintance with the entertaining pair. And it was as if that note sought my ear; as if to me she were calling farewell—she the free and I the slave of obligations.

Two went by chattering. Now you can see of any day their like in that old forest; those who live laughingly at Siron's; who dream in bosky recesses; whose fancies, born under the trees, nourished by light and shadow, sometimes reach the walls of the salon.

"Her face and figure are exquisite," one was saying. "But she'll not pose."

He meant Marietta—this impudent vagabond. For vagabond he certainly was; and I resented his words. But he, looking at me, saw only a rather shabby fellow; I dare say held me the vagabond, as I was. If the gypsies had seen more in me these other dwellers on the boundary of the land of art saw nothing at all save the ordinary.

So I came into that famous little town, passing chattering tourists, who, "Baedeker" in hand, turned curious, tired, unappreciative eyes on the great palace of Francis, and Henry, and Louis.

At a little inn, frequented by gossiping grooms, I sat down and spent one franc out of my five. Beyond me lay Paris and—I knew not what. I fancied shivering of a winter's day on street-corners—starving, growing every day a bit shabbier. Should I see some old acquaintance I would disclaim recognition if it were deigned. Pride clutched at my heart—that seemed ever likely to be unappeased; for I could see no way to meet my obligations in New York. And I owed good friends. Desperation faced me again—there alone in the world.

There came a stir in the yard. A gentleman with two grooms in scarlet behind drew up a four, and as the men sprang to the leaders he jumped down lightly, pulling off his gloves—a little rosy-cheeked boy in a gray lounge suit. His rather shrewd gray eyes were fixed inquiringly on the

left leader. Then, saying something to a groom, he turned to the waiter, who bowed and scraped, napkin on arm. My thoughts went melancholically back to the other days when I had tooled my four; when waiters and their like had scraped. The little gentleman seated himself at one of the tables and looked contentedly over his coach. I don't know now what possessed me that moment. I yet had not been a beggar; I have not been one in the vicissitudes of fortune since. But sometimes in this life we must depend on others; and fortune is made up of strange chances. There lay that in the little gentleman's expression attracting me strangely.

And I went over to him.

Should I address him as an equal or not? I had four francs still, and ten centimes would do for the fee. In my pocket were a dozen excellent cigarettes I had picked up at Port Said. I thanked my self-control; I had not smoked them. For I said, approaching his table:

"May I offer you a cigarette, sir?" I did this as urbanely as I could, adding, "I do this that I may pave the way to asking a favor of you. In fact, it's a new method of begging," I added in the spirit of sudden frankness.

He looked for a moment out of the shrewd gray eyes.

"What do you want?" he said. "Yes, I will take one of your cigarettes."

"I was born a gentleman——"

"Eh? Most of them are."

"Yes, I know. But the only thing I know much about is horses." I was speaking English, for I knew his nationality. A Frenchman may wear English clothes and a Londoner's straw hat, but remain French to the farthest.

"You're American?"

"I am not sure I was born one," said I, still standing. For although he had offered me a chair, I did not feel inclined to take it, and I began to be embarrassed, remembering many similar beggars. And now I was one, not a whit better—not a whit different.

"You want, then," said my young gentleman, "something or other? I am smoking your cigarette, it appears. And I am ready to listen in return for your manners."

And he smiled good-humoredly enough, bending forward on his elbows.

"It's this, sir," said I. "I am reduced, after paying my account and the waiter, to three francs ninety. It appears that a gentlemen with a coach like yours should have a chance for an additional groom."

"But you are better born?"

"I have known better circumstances. We all have, you know—acknowledging the class to which I have fallen. As for having been better born, I think I may have been, but am not sure."

"It always has seemed to me that a man could get something or other."

"Not without asking favors," I remarked.

"But you are asking one of me, are you not?"

"You are a stranger."

He looked at me keenly for a moment.

"There is something in that," he said. "I often have wondered what I should do if I were reduced to abject penury. Still——"

He paused, smiling at some notion; for it had been my good fortune to have approached an eccentric, a good-humored person.

"I like your face," he said rising and pulling on his gloves. "You have known better days, I know. Look here. I'll risk you. What's your name?"

"McDuff."

"Scotch? Irish?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, it doesn't matter. I'll give you a chance with the horses. Get up there on the seat opposite the grooms, if you will."

The two grooms climbed to their places opposite the seat I had taken, and we tooled out of Fontainebleau. My patron did not once look back. The two fellows facing me—one Irish, the other a Belgian—sat with the set countenances of good grooms. As we drove along the Paris road we passed several traps, and the occupants gave my gentleman deep bows, and I fancied that at least I had fallen in with a person of consequence; and, what I admire much, an excellent whip. With skill he, after some hours, was directing his four in crowded streets. And I was noticing the great, charming city.

From the moment when I saw the Triumphal Arch, beckoning me from its hill, I felt I had fallen under the Parisian charm. It had been forbidden me; but my father, who had thought he had provided me with a permanent fortune—which would bring me position in New York—never had anticipated I should be reduced to my present abjectness; and no more had I two years previously.

(To be continued.)

THE SHUTTLECOCK CRY OF THE HEART.

WE wish to come back with as fervid desire
As ever we wish to depart;
"I want to go somewhere," "I want to get back,"
Are the shuttlecock cries of the heart.

When the high tide of summer breaks over the year
We would float on its flowery crest
Till it leaves usadrift on the pine-covered hills,
Or the buttercup valleys of rest.

But the sad winds of autumn, like wandering cries,
Seem the voices of spirits that roam,
And they echo our thoughts through the deepening skies,
Our longing and hunger for home.

And blessed are they who return to their homes—
As blessed as they who depart:
"I want to go somewhere," "I want to get back,"
Are the shuttlecock cries of the heart.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

NEW SAYINGS OF OUR LORD.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF A VALUABLE MANUSCRIPT.

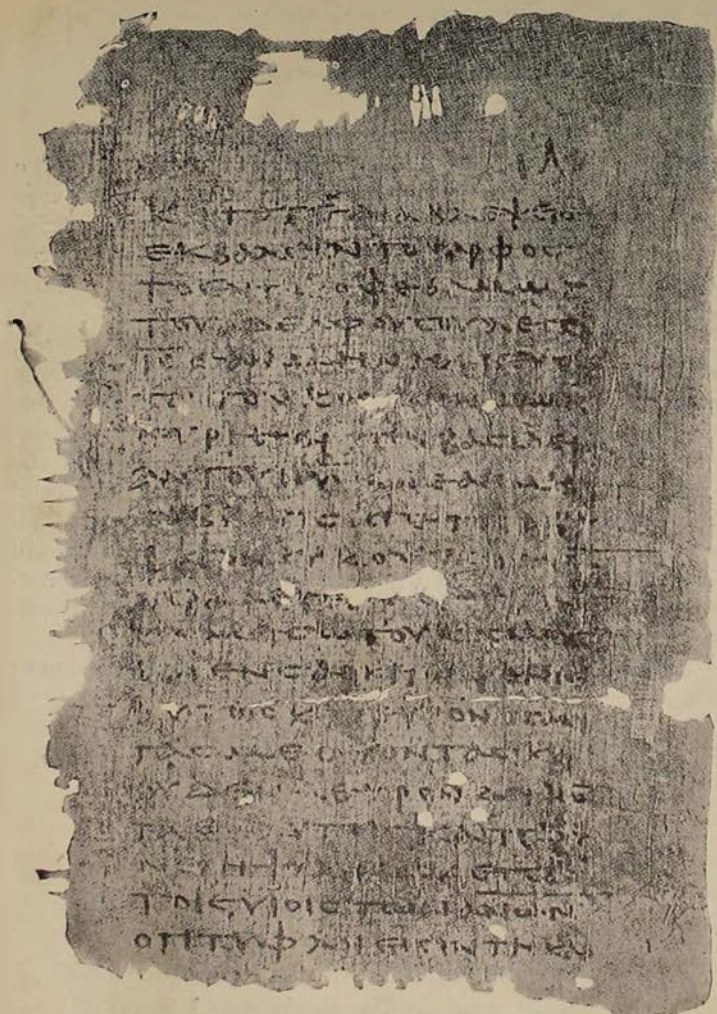
By CLIFTON HARRY LEVY.

THE Christian world has been startled by the announcement that some unknown sayings of Jesus have been discovered. It seems as if a miracle was being enacted before our eyes, when we read new sayings of one whose great lifework was done almost nineteen centuries ago. Is it a fact, or some strange fiction that we are asked to believe in the possibility of such a thing? The boldest novelists have not tried to put new words into the mouth of Jesus, but what they have not dared to do has now been done through the work of two young scholars of the University of Oxford, Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt. These gentlemen were sent to Egypt by the "Egypt Exploration Fund," an organization founded by the late Amelia B. Edwards in 1883. It was established for the purpose of promoting historical investigation in Egypt by means of systematically conducted explorations, and is supported by the contributions of American and English men and women interested in such matters. It was while working for this society that Professor Flinders Petrie found the monument upon which the word Israel occurs, the first mention of the Jews yet discovered in Egyptian literature. Professor Petrie is still hard at work searching for Egyptian inscriptions, but it was thought probable that many documents of later date in Greek or Latin might be found, as Egypt was known to have played an important part in history just after the

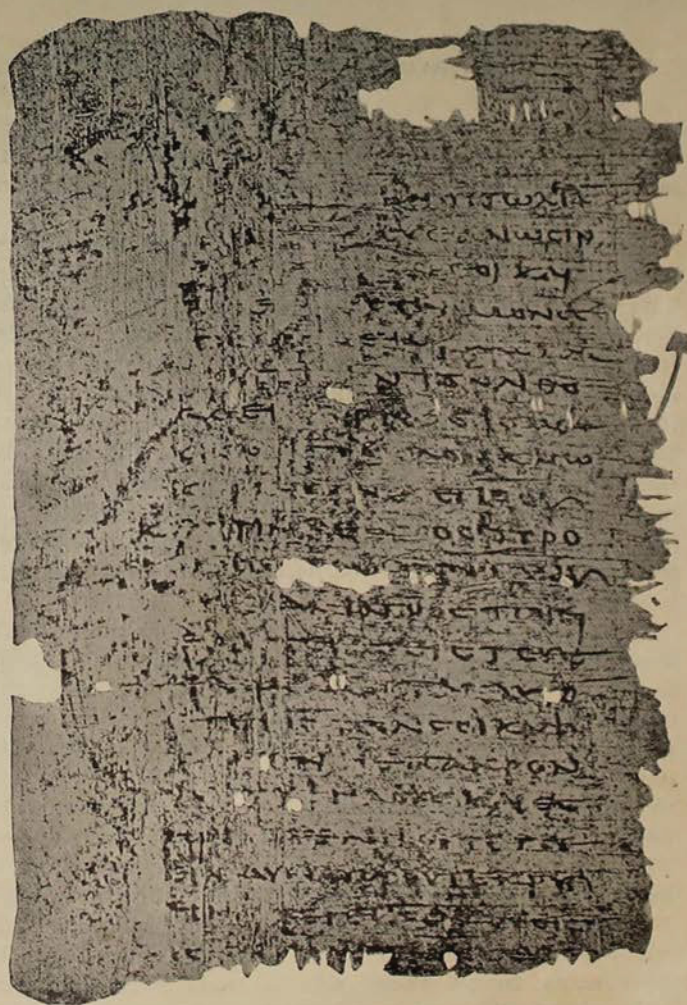
time of Jesus. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt felt so thoroughly convinced of this, that they went directly to the site of what had been known as an important city in the early days of Christianity. They passed up the Nile, about a hundred and twenty miles beyond Cairo, last autumn, going to the little village of Behnesa, on the west bank of the Nile near Aboo Girgeh, where the Libyan desert comes down almost to the river bank. Dunes of sand, overgrown with bushes, extend along the edge of the cultivated land, to the west of which is a sandy plain of great extent. Here the explorers at first dug in the deserted cemetery of the ancient city of Oxyrhynchus—City of Fish Worshipers—known to have been the centre of a thriving Christian community in the years following the crucifixion of Jesus, but without finding anything of value.

Then noticing some low mounds, which they were told were nothing but rubbish heaps, the unexpected happened: Upon digging in these mounds an entire library was unearthed.

Day after day the explorers uncovered more and more of those queer-looking yellow rolls, something like huge cigars in appearance; and as they were unrolled and cleaned, they were ascertained to be precious documents covering a broad range of literature, history, ethics, and law. More than four thousand papyri were found, being a greater number than has been heretofore gathered into



VERSO.



RECTO.

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THE SAYINGS DECIPHERED AND WRITTEN IN THE "UNCIAL" CHARACTERS AS ON THE ORIGINAL. THE DOTS SHOW THE UNDECIPHERABLE LETTERS.

all of the libraries and museums of the world. But the most interesting of all was a single little leaf, which once contained eight sayings of Jesus.

This happened last January, and a cable message was immediately sent out, announcing the great discovery. The writing has now been deciphered and translated, and here every reader may see a facsimile of the ancient ragged sheet, thumbed by some pious souls of the long ago, and wonder at its miraculous preservation. That there were such collections of the sayings and doings of Jesus, written by some of his Apostles or followers, had been thought likely, partly because it would have been most natural, and Papias (125 A. D.) states explicitly that the Apostle Matthew had compiled the logia or sayings of the Lord in the Hebrew tongue, and every man translated it as he was able.

This statement had been questioned more than once by those who said, if there were such collections of logia, how is it that they have never come to light? And their question is now answered by this remarkable discovery of a yellowed fragment of papyrus, $5\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The name Logia is an excellent one for the collection, for each saying begins, "Jesus saith," as if the writer had taken down the very words of Jesus just after they were spoken. The fact of this primitive and natural form in which the sayings are written down is one indication pointing to their genuineness. But other reasons appear to weigh in favor of their authenticity and ancient character. The excavators found them side by side with documents belonging to the first and second centuries, and they are written upon papyrus in the "uncial" character which was in use between the first and third centuries. It is

probable that the date of this fragment is 200 A. D. The "uncial" character is that which appears to be all capitals, and is found in all early Greek manuscripts. This piece of papyrus is, however, only one page of a papyrus book, for the number 11 appears in the upper right-hand corner of *verso*, or the back of the leaf.

These sayings are well worth reading and thinking over, although there are some gaps where the papyrus has been worn through, or the ink has rubbed off. It is remarkable that any part of them is still decipherable when we consider that this roll of papyrus has lain neglected in the sand for centuries. But this very neglect may have been the means of saving it for the nineteenth century to look upon, the sand being kinder than the monks, who would probably have scraped away the ink to write their sermons on the papyrus—as they have done with other invaluable manuscripts.

All that can be deciphered may be translated as follows—

1. . . . "And then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye." [Matt. 7:5; Luke 6:42.]

2. "Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in nowise find the kingdom of God; and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father."

3. "Jesus saith, I stood in the midst of the world, and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them; and

my soul grieveth over the sons of men because they are blind in their heart."

4. . . . poverty . . .

5. "Jesus saith, Wherever there are . . . , and there is one . . . alone, I am with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me. Cleave the wood, and there am I."

6. "Jesus saith, A prophet is not acceptable in his own country, neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him." [In part Luke 4:24; Matt. 13:57; Mark 6:4; John 4:44.]

7. "Jesus saith, A city built upon the top of a high hill and stablished can neither fall nor be hid." [Compare Matt. 5:14.]

And that is all—but it is very much, not only giving the followers of Jesus several of his utterances hitherto lost, but opening their eyes to the devotion of some of his first followers, who treasured up his sayings so conscientiously and translated them into other languages for their less learned brethren. Jesus very probably spoke Aramean (a late dialect of Hebrew), which was the vernacular of the Jews in his time; and the fact that the Greek of these sayings is very irregular, following Hebrew constructions instead of Greek, is additional evidence in favor of their being exactly what they are thought to be. As has been stated before, scholars are very certain that this papyrus should be dated about the year 200; and if this

be true, the "Egypt Exploration Fund" has found the most ancient bit of Christian literature hitherto discovered. The oldest manuscript known before is that containing the New Testament, belonging to the Vatican Library at Rome; but it does not date earlier than the fourth century.

We cannot well escape the conclusion from the fact that hardly more than one-fourth of these sayings are paralleled in the Gospels, that these are indeed new sayings of Jesus, old as they are. Professor J. Rendel Harris, of Cambridge, England, the most eminent modern authority upon such subjects, does not hesitate to state that here are some genuine sayings of Jesus which must have been early lost, adding: "An accretion has been made to the most authoritative side of our Lord's teaching, and this accretion betrays the fact that a large part of that teaching, perhaps as much as two-thirds, has passed into comparative oblivion." If this be the case efforts will be redoubled to discover these other teachings of Jesus, for in this book alone there must have been at least ten times more, as the page recovered is number 11, and the prospect of further discoveries is excellent. The neighborhood of Behnesa has never before been touched by the spade of the excavator, and among the four thousand papyrus-rolls already secured, many other documents bearing upon the early stages of Christianity will doubtless be found.

Recognizing the importance of this line of investigation the "Egypt Exploration Fund" has just established a special department, the "Græco-Roman Branch," which will publish all of these records and continue the explorations for papyri. If its scholars succeed in finding anything more, either of or about Jesus, as is very probable, it will well deserve the support and thanks of Christendom.

THE ROAR OF THE FIRE IN THE CHIMNEY.

OUTSIDE there's a humming of winter-night cold;
The restless snow sifts in the field and the wold;
The leafless trees moan, though the wind scarcely stirs,
And the harp of the frost is hung up in the firs.
But here by the fire-place it's cozy and bright,
As snug and as warm as the heart of the night.
And the sound that I hear fills the whole house with cheer—
'Tis the roar of the fire in the chimney!

See how the flame streams like a flag on its staff!
Hear how the sap sputters like elves when they laugh!
The rosy-faced coals, how they nestle and glow,
And *snap* fly the sparks o'er the hearthstone below!
The room's all a-blush with the bright, cheery flame,
And the heat thrills one's blood like the woods whence it came.
But better than all, when the night shadows fall,
Is the roar of the fire in the chimney

How bravely it shouts to the compassing cold,
Like the cry of some strong, ruddy Viking of old:
How loud and how fearless, yet honest and kind,
Is the voice that replies to the querulous wind!
No ghost of regret, and no phantom of fear
In the depths of the old-fashioned fire-place I hear.
But hopeful and brave as the heart that God gave
Seems the roar of the fire in the chimney!

Then welcome to winter, the frost and the sleet,
The snow on the threshold, the drift in the street;
For then in the dear, quiet castle of home
Once more to love's primitive altar we come.
Pile up the oak logs and draw closer the chairs;
Remember life's blessings—a truce to its cares!—
While loud, and then low, like a voice that we know,
Sounds the roar of the fire in the chimney!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE PERIPATETIC HAZARD.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

TO speak in the same breath of Miss Louie Trevor and a hazard at golf would seem to be a co-ordination of two very opposite ideas, for Miss Trevor was in all respects a very charming young woman, while there is nothing in the range of vituperation that may not be legitimately applied to a hazard, be it cuppy lie, casual water, or diabolical sand bunker. And yet there was a figurative sense under which Miss Trevor might properly have been classed among the difficulties of the course. It is bad enough to play before a "gallery" at any time, but when that critical assemblage numbers within itself the one person in the world whose good opinion is worth hav-



"'TALFOURD JONES!' HE MUTTERED, DISCONTENTEDLY."

ing, and whose approving smile far outweighs the value of any trumpery medal, why, then the strain may become superhuman; at any rate, Bob Challis used to find it so. And he was not the kind of person to be lightly moved by extraneous influences, seeing that he weighed one hundred and seventy pounds and was blessed with a perfect nervous system. It was true, again, that Bob had been in love with Louie Trevor going on now four years, and was very uncertain as to his ultimate chances of success; but green committees are not accustomed to take difficulties of this nature into account, and the title of this veracious narrative can therefore only be justified by the presentment of the facts in the case. Now, these details are set down succinctly in the minutes of the recording secretary of the club, but that gentleman being of a totally unimaginative turn of mind, the bare recital of what occurred by no means tells the story of how Miss Trevor became for the nonce an official hazard of the Marion County golf course. But there was a story as the sympathizing lookers-on knew very well, and since it has already been

told time and again over the tea-cups on the west piazza, there can be no objection to setting it down in orderly fashion for the edification of all true lovers, and to the eternal discomfiture of Talfourd Jones and his kind.

It was a bright September morning, and as Mr. Robert Challis entered the common room of the Marion County Golf Club he was conscious of an exhilaration of spirit quite in keeping with the favorable weather conditions. And the coincidence was not surprising, seeing that he was only five-and-twenty, was in love for the first time in his life, and had just done the long course in eighty-two—three strokes below the amateur record. Alas! that such perfect happiness should be so evanescent; its overflowing completeness was but an evidence of its mortal and transitory nature. Upon the bulletin-board had been posted a list of candidates for membership, and he walked over to look at it. One name caught his eye.

"Talfourd Jones!" he muttered discontentedly; "what the deuce does that mean? I thought he was out West, somewhere, and was clear of Lauriston for good. Hang it all! he said so, didn't he? It's a beastly shame that a man shouldn't know his own mind. I'd like to know just what Mr. Talfourd Jones is up to now, 'pon my word I would."

But the bulletin-board had no further information to impart regarding Mr. Jones and his plans for the future, and Challis was obliged to betake himself to the smoking-room, where he sat down to consider the situation.

Now, no one can be expected to have a sincere liking for the man who does everything, from mumble-the-peg up to steeple-chasing, just a shade better than one's self. Jones was one of those infernally clever fellows who excel without apparent effort in any department of manual skill, and Bob had played second fiddle to him for more years than he cared to remember.

But even apart from that, there was Louie Trevor. Now, their respective relations with that charming young woman had always been somewhat ill defined, and Miss Trevor had never shown the smallest inclination to arrive at a more definite understanding. Indeed, if actions mean anything, she rather preferred to aggravate the uncertainty. Finally Jones had left town, but even then Challis felt that he was still being kept at arm's-length. It really seemed as though Jones had played a winning card by going away; at any rate, his shadowy personality continued to be a disturbing factor in the sentimental equation that Bob was so anxious to work out. And here Jones was back again in Lauriston.

But there was still another complication.

When golf was first introduced at Lauriston, Bob Challis tried the game and ran the usual gamut of sarcastic skepticism, amused tolerance, and frantic infatuation. As a matter of fact, he took to golf very readily and soon became one of the club's leading players. It was freely acknowledged that he stood an excellent chance of coming out club champion in the tournament which was to be held in October, and there was one particular reason which impelled him to strain every nerve in order to win that coveted distinction. Louie Trevor was also a golfer, and she took a profound and absorbing interest in the game and in everything pertaining to it. Not that she played well herself, for, indeed, she was a most indifferent performer. What did it profit, in the golfing sense, that in Miss Trevor's eye lay her chief claim to beauty?



"HE SAT DOWN TO CONSIDER THE SITUATION."

Soft, tender, and expressive as it was, it was absolutely impossible for her to keep it on the ball. And that exquisitely molded hand was nevertheless a most fatally incompetent weapon for the wielding of an iron. To see Miss Trevor play golf was a most bewitching and yet withal a most sorrowful spectacle. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas le golf.*

It is human nature that we particularly admire in others the qualities that we know to be wanting in ourselves. Miss Trevor was wildly enthusiastic over Bob Challis—as a golfer. He could not deceive himself as to the character of her flattering interest in his play. It was too clearly impersonal. And yet anything was better than absolute indifference; her undisguised admiration for his golfing prowess might perhaps in time grow into something warmer. At any rate, she expected him to win the Hong Kong medal at the coming tournament, and had heavily backed him in six-button gloves. Yes, he must, he would, win; everything depended upon his success. To win! and there was the name of Talfourd Jones upon the list of candidates for membership.

It is a tolerably well-established fact that the worst ills of life are those that we encounter in anticipation. To Challis's unbounded surprise, Jones did not seem to take any interest in golf, although elected in due course to all

the privileges of the club. And indifference is a much safer attitude than open hostility or compassionate contempt, as Bob knew very well. Jones simply didn't care to play golf, and he certainly knew nothing about the game. He spoke of the clubs as "sticks," pronounced *put* as though it rhymed with foot, and appeared wholly unable to grapple with the arithmetical subtleties of "one off three" or "four down." He was a duffer, pure and simple.

Now, it was a moral certainty that he would catch the disease in time, but if the inevitable could be staved off for a week or two longer, there was no fear of his looming up as a possible rival for the Hong Kong medal. But how to go about it?

As we all know, in these days of scientific germ theories, there is no surer way of protecting a man against disease than by systematically inoculating him with its attenuated virus. Behold the inspiration! Bob Challis resolved to make Jones golf-proof. He would talk and preach golf at him until Jones should come to loathe its very name. It should be golf, golf, golf, until the unhappy man should be driven to the awful extremity of golfticide,—if there be any such surcease for sorrow in the world of cleek and niblick. The treatment should be kept up until Bob had won those gloves for Louie Trevor, and with them the little hand for which they were designed. Miss Trevor, in her feminine capacity, was an inscrutable mystery, but even the strongest chain may have its weak links, and in this case they were golf-links. All of which goes to show that love may sharpen a man's wits, even though it temporarily takes some yards off his driving.

Bob Challis put this ingenious plan of action into immediate execution, and at the end of a week he noticed that Jones was beginning to avoid him. Plainly he was bored by Bob's continual talk of the "shop." This was encouraging, and a day or two after he waylaid Jones and compelled him to take part in a "mixed foursome," a refined mode of torture which might properly come under the head of cruel and unusual forms of punishment. Bob followed up this assault by getting Jones into a corner of the piazza and reading to him from the Badminton

volume on golf for two mortal hours. Finally, Jones seized his hat and broke away, under pretense of an engagement in town. For three days he did not come near the club, and little by little he took to staying away altogether. Bob felt that victory was almost within his grasp.

It was the Wednesday before the tournament, and the last day upon which entries might be made. As Challis scanned the list posted upon the bulletin he had a comfortable feeling that no one was likely to press him very hard. It was another source of satisfaction that Louie Trevor had just returned from Lenox; he was to meet her at eleven o'clock for a round over the short course. He



"INSTINCTIVELY SHE PUT OUT HER HANDS."

might as well have a pipe while he was waiting, so he walked into the smoking-room, where he found Jones yawning over a morning paper. Somehow his presence gave Challis a disagreeable shock, but, after all, there was no occasion for alarm. So he greeted Jones cheerfully and challenged him to a point-to-point putting contest. Jones politely but firmly declined, and Bob thereupon followed him out on the piazza and began a dissertation upon the merits of a certain patent in driving cleeks. Jones looked bored, and finally said as much. Bob refused to be shaken off, and droned steadily along on the advantages of a "centred" face in keeping the ball straight. He noted with satisfaction that his victim was stealthily reaching for his hat, and immediately proceeded to quote from the authorities.

"I say," broke in Jones, suddenly, "who is that remarkably pretty girl standing at the home hole. "I don't remember having seen her here before."

It was Louie Trevor, of course, and Bob had to admit as much, though reluctantly.

"Well," continued Jones, critically, "the ugly duckling has certainly become a swan. *That* Louie Trevor! I believe I'll just stroll over and renew the acquaintance. Eh! What's that? You want me to go and see you try a new driver? Oh, you be hanged and your *gowf*, too." And Mr. Jones rudely turned his back and strode jauntily away to where Miss Trevor was standing.

Bob tried to follow, but the visible world was spinning about him and he had to clutch at the piazza-railing for support. In an instant he had realized the situation, made terribly plain in those few careless parting words. That significant pronunciation, *gowf*; he knew too well all that it implied. Most of the Marion County members called it *golf*, with a decided leaning on the l, and there was a small minority who prided themselves on saying *goff*. But no one ever said *gowf*, a Scotticism that had as yet not ventured south of the Tweed. Could it be possible that Jones was not the duffer that he seemed? And the world spun round again!

A voice at his elbow made him start. Jones was standing at his side and looking particularly animated and cheerful.

"By Jove!" said the perjured one, "but that little Miss Trevor is a ripper, and she's stark mad about the *gowf*. I rather think, old man, that we'll have to have a set-to for the *kudos* of the thing, though I haven't played since I won the May medal at St. Andrew's."

"St. Andrew's at Yonkers?" inquired Challis, in a dull, dead voice.

"No; Scotland. I learned the game there three years ago. Ha, ha! No wonder you couldn't teach me your



"HOLDING THE BALL DAINTELY IN HER FINGERS AND DIRECTLY OVER THE HOLE."

swing." And the hypocritical villain walked up to the bulletin board and wrote in bold characters the name of Talfourd Jones upon the tournament list, ending the scrawl with an insufferable flourish.

Now, there are men among men, and after the first shock was over Bob set his teeth hard and proceeded to look the situation squarely in the face. Of course he would play, and play his best to win, but so far as Louie Trevor was concerned he must now take his chances as a man and not as a golfer. He would not even condescend to expose Jones's treachery, although by so doing he might score a point. And after all, golf, despite its undoubted merits as an outdoor sport, was not necessarily a lasting bond of union or a sure basis of conjugal happiness. Supposing that Louie Trevor actually married him on the strength of his game, might she not have reason to regret her action if he chanced to go off in his driving; there was even the possibility of his becoming permanently disabled. What if he lost an arm in a railway smash-up? No! a thousand times no! He would win her if he could, but it should be his heart and not the Hong Kong medal that he would offer for her acceptance. As for the latter, let the best man take it.

There being a large field of entries, the tournament for the medal was started on Thursday, with the idea that the finals should take place on Saturday afternoon. By the chance of the drawing it fell out that Jones and Challis were in separate divisions, and, as luck would have it, the former was paired with all the incorrigible dufters in the club. Challis won his first and second rounds by steady work, and succeeded in pulling off his semi-finals by defeating Egerton, the club captain, in a brilliantly

played match. Jones still refused to show his hand, and won his games by narrow margins, thereby leading the spectators to believe that he would be an easy mark for Challis in the finals. There was no particular reason for these underhand manoeuvres, unless the tortuous mind of Mr. Jones considered that his final triumph would be thereby rendered more brilliant and spectacular. Bob may have understood, but he made no sign.

Greatly to the surprise of all, the final match turned out to be a very even fight. Bob was playing the game of his life, and it was such good golf that Jones had some difficulty in keeping up with the pace. At the finish of the first round of eighteen holes Challis was one up, and the graduate of St

Andrew's was beginning to look anxious. The "gallery" wondered and applauded, and Miss Trevor was quite beside herself with excitement. It was a ding-dong battle for the next nine holes, and when the contestants started on the last quarter the game was square. Of the next eight holes both men won three, the remaining two being halved, and the score was still even. Challis had the honor at the thirty-sixth hole, and he drove a beautiful low ball that left him in a good position some sixty yards short of the hole. Jones topped his ball on the drive, but, recovering his nerve, made a fine brassie shot that sent his ball flying far and sure. It fell just behind Bob's ball, and Jones was obliged to play "two more," the third stroke laying him dead at the hole. He was sure to be down in four, while Bob was sixty yards away with two strokes to spare. The ball was lying fair, and Bob, taking his "iron," looked up to measure the distance. Now it was all against the rules, but Louie Trevor had somehow managed to elude the vigilance of the rope-holder, and was standing a little to his right and some ten yards ahead of the ball. Bob saw her as he looked up, and for a moment a mist seemed to fill his eyes and his pulse bounded wildly. He felt a jangle at his nerves that up to this time had been steady as a rock, but already the club-head had swung back for the stroke. Down came the flashing iron with an in-drawing cut, and the ball, sliced beyond repair, rose into the air with a gentle curve directly toward Miss Trevor. Instinctively she put out her hands and, *mirabile dictu*, the ball settled quietly in them. Incredible, perhaps, but these are the minutes of the recording secretary,—a miracle, if you please,—but remember that Louie Trevor was an angel.

There was a buzz of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" a babel of exclamations and surprised remonstrances, but Miss Trevor stood motionless as a graven image, with the ball still in her hand.

"Put it down!" "It's a rub of the green!" "It can't be played at all!" "He loses stroke and distance!" arose in contradictory clamor about the ears of the unfortunate



"THE STARS WERE JUST BEGINNING TO COME OUT."

referee, and still Miss Trevor, with white cheeks and close-pursed lips, held the unlucky ball. And then, moved by some inexplicable influence, everybody stopped short and waited for the referee to speak. But it was Talfourd Jones who broke the silence. He spoke coolly and distinctly:

"I think, Mr. Referee, that the question can only be settled under the St. Andrew's rules for match play, and according to number twenty-two:

"Whatever happens by accident to a ball *in motion*, such as its being deflected or stopped by any agency outside of the match. . . . is a "rub of the green," and the ball shall be played from *where it lies*."

"And also number twenty-nine:

"A ball must be played *wherever it lies* or the hole be given up."

The referee looked puzzled.

"And that means?"

"That Mr. Challis must play the ball out of Miss Trevor's hands or lose the match," said Mr. Jones, calmly.

There was another buzz from the "gallery" quite impossible to set down in type, since no printer's case could possibly stand the strain upon the box containing the exclamation points. Of course Jones's motive in making the point was perfectly clear. If the strict wording of the rule was adhered to Bob would have to make a pretense at a stroke to get the ball from Miss Trevor's hand to the ground. That would count as his third shot and would leave his ball still sixty yards short of the green, while his adversary's lay dead at the hole. There was not one chance in ten thousand that Bob, in playing the "like," could hole out and so halve the match, and to win it was of course impossible.

"Refer it to the green committee," suggested Egerton, the captain of the club.

The referee looked relieved and Bob was about to assent to this reasonable proposition, when he again caught Miss Trevor's eye, and to his amazement it expressed a decided negative.

"Well, Mr. Challis?" said the referee, and this time Miss Trevor distinctly shook her head.

"I'll waive my right of appeal," said Bob, firmly.

Miss Trevor smiled approvingly, and so did Jones.

"Then the ball must be played as the rules provide, Mr. Challis having declined to appeal. Is that clearly understood?"

Both Jones and Challis nodded, and the referee ordered play. Bob stepped forward, but already Miss Trevor had turned and was calmly walking away in the direction of the eighteenth putting-green.

"Hey, there!" shouted Jones, forgetting his manners in his surprise. "I mean, I beg your pardon, but you mustn't do that."

Miss Trevor stopped and looked at him coolly. "Mustn't do what?"

"Why, you're carrying the ball away with you, and it's in a hazard."

"Precisely; and it is] still there," said Miss Trevor, opening her hand and showing the ball lying snugly in its pretty, pink palm.

"But you're the hazard yourself," contended Mr. Jones, angrily; "officially declared and accepted as such by both parties to the match. You must obey the rules."

"I don't know of anything in the rules, Mr. Jones, providing for the personal behavior of the hazards, so long as they keep safely what is intrusted to their care. I happen to be a peripatetic hazard, and I shall go where I please." And Miss Trevor walked on toward the hole.

"I protest," said Jones, wildly. "I appeal to the green committee."

"You both waived your right to appeal the case," said the referee, firmly, "and I must now stick to the strict interpretation of the rules. To interfere with a hazard would be a distinct violation of fundamental principles. The only thing we can do is to follow Miss Trevor until she stops, and thereby allows the ball to be played."

Wondering and silent, the players and "gallery" moved rapidly forward to the home putting-green, where Miss Trevor was standing close to the hole.

"Take out the flag," said the referee, and it was done. "Now, Mr. Challis."

"One moment, please," said Miss Trevor, stooping down and holding the ball daintily in her fingers, and directly over the hole. And then the crowd understood at last, and an irrepressible cheer went up that fairly straightened out the flags.

"Where is Mr. Jones?" asked the referee; but that gentleman had effaced himself. "Play three, Mr. Challis," he continued. Bob touched the ball lightly with his niblick and it dropped into the cup.

"Down in three," announced the referee, calmly. "Mr. Challis wins the match and medal by one up."

There was another outburst of cheers and congratulations, and then somehow the crowd melted discreetly away, and Bob and Miss Trevor were left standing alone on the field of triumph.

The stars were just beginning to come out as they walked slowly back to the club-house. The evening air was so quiet and still that it startled them when, from the distance, came a confused noise of crashing iron and splintering wood. Bob looked at Miss Trevor inquiringly.

"I rather think," returned that astute young person, demurely, "that it must be Mr. Jones breaking up his clubs."

And so it was.

SOCIETY FADS.

A CELLAR-PARTY is the newest device for furnishing entertainment for a party who have been on outdoor pleasure bent. It especially commends itself to the hostess who is fond of working out original ideas into picturesque effects.

A cellar-party simply means that refreshments are served in the cellar instead of the dining-room. A large, airy room is naturally a necessity, and one that will lend itself to a "woodsy" style of decoration is preferred. If the walls are ugly, they are hidden under branches of evergreen or laurel, maple or oak; the posts are festooned and the ceilings canopied with masses of foliage; bunches of tall ferns are placed in large jars about the room, and flowers are in profusion wherever there is a shelf or a vacant corner. Japanese lanterns are hung from the rafters, and furnish both light and a pretty dash of bright color in the mass of green. Plain, wooden tables are decorated entirely with flowers or leaves, and the menu is of the simplest description, very much along the line of a picnic bill of fare.

PRETTY WOMEN—and women who are not pretty, but who like the excitement of pursuing any fresh fad—are indulging in a new variety of portraits. The young Duchess of Marlborough is responsible for this most extravagant fad of the year, which is to have one's likeness made in a portrait bust, or statue, modeled in clay or carved in marble by some famous sculptor. Artists contend that their most interesting models are women, and, moreover, that the modern type of beauty, and especially the American type, is as classic in outline as that of the ancient Greeks. Women who have their portraits done in this way do not attempt to pose in any particular style, or dress in imitation of any especial epoch. The busts and statues are essentially those of typical nineteenth-century women. It is rather astonishing, too, how effectively our modern conventional style of dress lends itself to the dig-

nity of treatment and the statuesque outline so characteristic of the sculptor's art.

SOCIETY GIRLS who ride a wheel—and the Four Hundred boast a legion of them—insist that their jewelry, what little is worn on an outing expedition, shall have a special significance for the occasion; and they select only such hat-pins, belt-buckles, scarf-pins and other jewelry as are distinctly emblematic of their favorite sport. A pretty belt-buckle is fashioned of two large silver wheels clasped with a handle-bar. Two tiny pedals which are depended from the buckle are not merely ornamental; one is a smelling-salts bottle and the other a match-box, both useful items in a wheelwoman's outfit. An effective metal belt for a wheeling costume is a silver sprocket-chain, clasped with tiny sprocket-wheels. Stick-pins and hat-pins are surmounted with silver and gold handle-bars, with miniature wheels, and also single wheels set with jewels. A sprocket-chain engagement bracelet is the very latest eccentricity in bicycle jewelry. When once this chain is on the arm and riveted together, there is no possibility of removing it without breaking a link; thus a pretty sentiment and a pretty gift are combined.

WITH THE returning fashion of sealing all dainty, social epistles comes also the seal-ring in a new and artistic design. The intaglio and the cameo and the finely carved cat's-eye are no longer used to press a crest or monogram into the heated wax. Simplicity marks the new ring, which is rather heavy and bulky and never set with any kind of a stone. It is shaped very much like the old seal-ring, only in place of the stone is a solid gold surface engraved with a crest or monogram, and the sides and band are also richly engraved in some chaste design. In mentioning ring and wax it is well to know that the fashionable stationery is pure white, with crest or monogram also in white, and sealing-wax to match.

MADAME LA MODE.

HOW TO POSE CHILDREN.

HINTS TO MOTHERS AND AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

BY CUYLER REYNOLDS.

TO get a good picture of children, one thing above all others is necessary: do not permit them to consciously pose for it. And this is just as important a rule for grown people as it is for children. The great



Photographed by Eldwicks Bros.

aim is to get as far away from the conventional and as near to the natural as possible. What it is desirable to preserve is a picture showing the way one appears in daily life, and if one sits in a photographer's chair it is almost impossible to avoid a feeling of self-consciousness; and nothing is more fatal to a natural expression and an easy and graceful posture than a conscious effort to assume them, unless one has been trained for the stage and by a long series of experiments has learned how to appear to

be what he is not. How imperfectly even such a person can do this at command is abundantly attested in the many strained and unnatural pictures we see of stage-people. We have much less reason to expect good results from exacting a certain position from children, whose chief charm is their deliciously unconscious grace. It is only in daily life, while pursuing whatever our fancy dictates for the moment, that we are really natural.

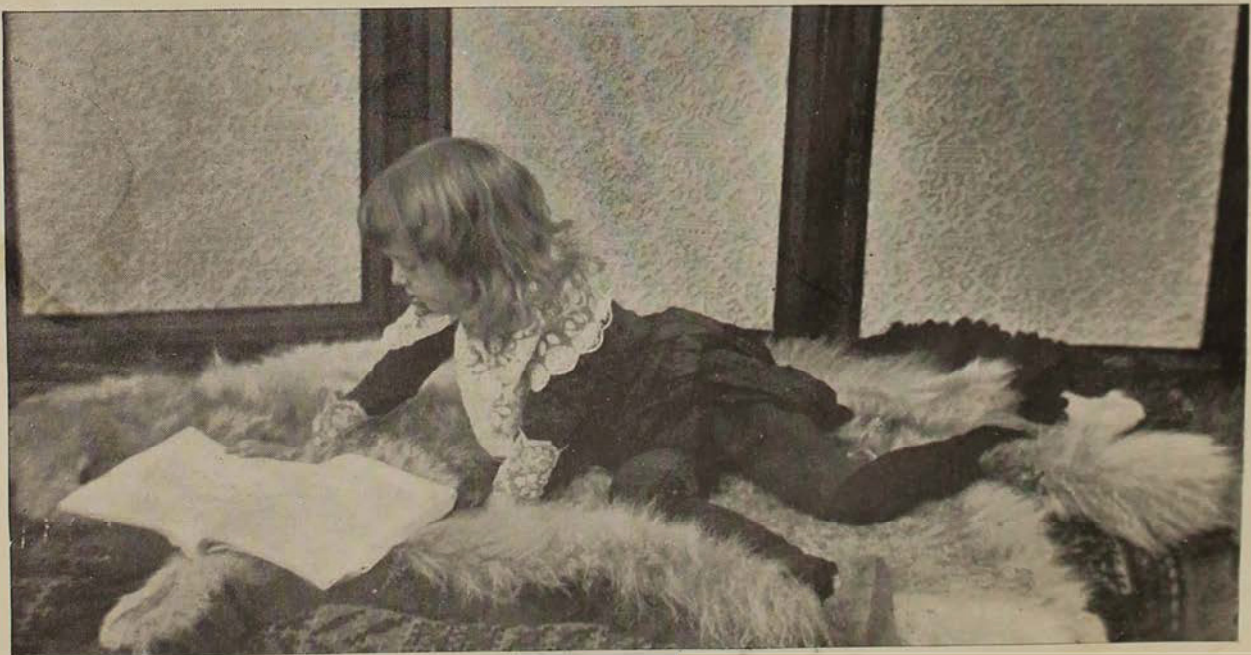
We desire to preserve the glimpse that another has of us during one blinking of the eye, and this is what the camera should do. It is for this reason that pictures taken by the amateur of a person who is unconscious that he is the objective point of the impressionable plate in the dark box prove so successful in many instances. The picture transfixes him as he actually appears, and he has not the

false look he would take on if he knew that he was posing for a photograph. In nine cases out of ten the amateur makes the grievous mistake of persisting in posing his subjects; whereas in working out of doors he has the

golden opportunity of combining a pretty setting with a natural position of the subject. If he does not embrace the opportunity he loses all the advantage, and his work will be mediocre.

To warn a person, by asking him to assume a certain position, is equivalent to telling him to assume a stage character while you photograph him in the adopted rôle, which induces a stilted position of the limbs and a strange expression in the eyes, and gives one, in fact, a very different creature from the roguish, romping boy, or graceful, active girl that one wishes to picture.

The proper course to pursue is to decide to take the





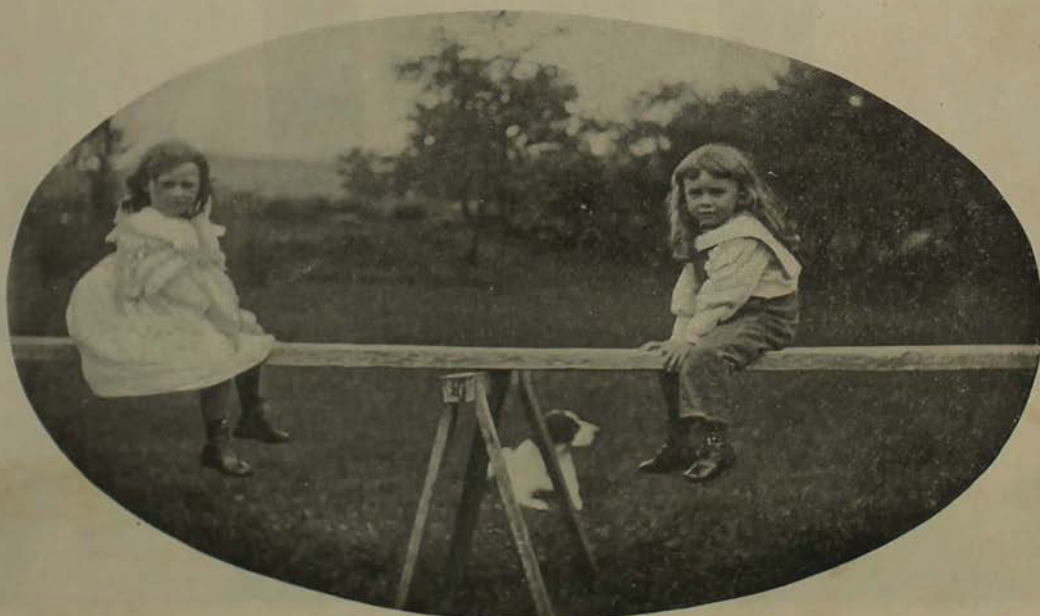
picture only after one has found a pretty or logical scene presented to the eye. If the scene, meaning the individual and the landscape, strikes the beholder as particularly pleasing, then be assured the first step has been made in the right direction. A feature not to be lost sight of consists in having a good setting or background. To secure this, one should move in a circle about the subject until the best field to be obtained under the circumstances is before him, the only hindrance being the sun, which should not fall directly on the lens to burn the picture, or what is equally bad, leave the face in a dark shadow. When the sitting is secured, one should wait patiently until the subject is more interested in what he is doing than in the photographer (if he has discovered him at work); and when this moment arrives either "press the button" while he is oblivious, or else call his glance from his occupation, so that he faces the camera, and then, before he has time to consider how best he should pose, take the picture. By doing this, one gains more good effects than he would had he studiously posed his subject and all the objectionable points, chief of which is self-consciousness, are avoided. The subject should unconsciously

do his share of the work; that is, he should relieve the photographer of the unpleasant task of showing the subject in what position to pose and what expression to assume, which is one of the most tiresome things in the taking of pictures.

Children, when photographed, prove the advantage of this rule. They never appear so pretty as when allowed to play among themselves. It is then they assume one alluring attitude after another, which often makes the fond mother wish she could "catch the face" of her child while it is absorbed in play near by. Then, too, a picture of a child with some favorite pet, or in surroundings that one wishes to retain a memory of, is a thing of itself to advocate the taking of the picture in this distinctive manner.

It is the annoying of the young child by pampering and begging to "now, stay that way" that ruins a photograph, and many a time the child is so exhausted that it is only fit to pose as *The Tired Infant*.

Watch children while they are enjoying the happy hours, and you will find a merrier expression upon their faces than they would have if they were seated in a



studio. Catch their picture then, and you will have a likeness that for naturalness and grace and fine expression cannot be excelled. These remarks are applicable to the photographer of the studio, and when he follows their intent and eliminates the sharp lines of the background he produces a work of art of which he may be proud.

There is at least one photographer in New York City who is famous for the life-like charm of his pictures. If there is any character shown in a face he seems to be able to bring it out and catch it on the plate. The secret of his method is very simple, so simple that one wonders that all photographers do not know it and use it. He talks with the sitter in a free, friendly way, tries to find out what interests him, and at intervals, when the face is alert and unconscious, takes an impression of it, and from these several impressions permits the sitter to choose what he likes.

We give a number of pictures of children which may suggest various other ways in which they may be photographed. We do not advise anyone to try to follow our illustrations in detail. That would be posing the children and doing the very thing we advise against. An examination of the illustrations may serve to show what really charming pictures one can make of children (and grown people, too) in their "everyday clothes" and amid their accustomed surroundings. These are the sort of pictures that parents love to treasure, that suggest pleasant memories when the child has grown much older, and are of the deepest interest to the subject himself when he sees what a dear little fellow he once was, and how like other children he was in spite of his now being one in a thousand, and gray-haired and honored.

The little maid with domestic inclinations who loves her dolly "the best of everything," is the easiest of subjects. As a rule, she is an unselfish lassie, which also means that she is not apt to be self-conscious, and all that is necessary in order to photograph her in some quaintly





captivating position is to leave her to her own devices with dolly—telling her, perhaps, that the wax baby is unhappy or not very well and needs cuddling. In a moment poor dolly is grasped close to the little heart bursting with sympathy, fat chubby hands caress the possibly aching head, and the little maid in the most motherly of attitudes, with a face aglow with tender affection, is ready for the snapshot.

Do not infer, however, that it is always necessary for children to be busy to furnish an inspiration for the kodak. It is a great mistake to imagine that baby fingers have always to be employed and baby minds entertained in order to bring happiness into the children's world. A whispered confidence, or "the memory of a bit of yesterday's fun," or a mysterious plan for to-morrow, evolved and talked over in the depth of a great armchair in a shady nook, is a suggestion for picture-land that the artist is only too glad to seize without a word of warning to the merry conspirators.

Very often the most natural photograph of the child bubbling over with animal spirits, curiosity and love of adventure would picture him in the depth of some mischievous enterprise, possibly investigating the forbidden joys of mamma's jam closet

from the uncertain heights of an improvised ladder consisting of a chair, pail, and raisin-box, with a feminine temptress and coadjutor urging on the adventure and anxiously awaiting her share of the "sweeties." As a rule, however, the mother's mood, when she discovers her choicest jam uncapped and the baby's rosy cheeks decorated with jelly that had been reserved for the dinner-party, is apt to be of a nature that would revert to the rights of discipline rather than the camera.

Pictures of children in the school-room or nursery are almost invariably interesting. In the first place, schoolboys and girls are pretty sure to wear "everyday" clothes, and the ordinary, healthy, romping child is not happy when "dressed up." In the second place, children are always more natural and interesting where they feel at home, in the quarters where their lives are mainly spent. There are no affectations among school-children. Snap a picture of a row of boys and girls, in any country school-house, and you will find that the boy in the dunce-cap looks distinctly cross, that the girl who doesn't want to study is crying, and that the studious little chap, who cares more for books any day than play, is absorbed in his lessons. It would be difficult to get a more characteristic likeness of children than can be secured in a school room photograph.

Children absorbed in the perusal of an interesting book or in looking at pictures, will photograph especially well, as their faces almost invariably reflect the interest or amusement depicted in the book.

Frequently a most charming photograph of a child can be gotten without making it the central figure of the picture, by selecting an artistic bit of landscape and permitting the child to figure therein as a mere picturesque detail; which does not mean that the child should be dressed, and arranged, and posed to look picturesque, but coaxed, just in her calico slip and sun-bonnet, down the lane to the old wooden fence, where she can watch the cows come up the road





and call them by name, and throw apples at them, and where in the midst of her fun her picture can be taken.

If, in order to get a photograph of a child, it is neces-

sary to take it to a studio, it is better not to mention the fact before the child; but rather, especially if it is only a few years old, to endeavor to interest it in the "nice,

kind man who is going to tell such fine stories, and who loves children;" and if the photographer really does love children, and understands how to amuse them, the result will be satisfactory. The wee, sweet baby at the beginning of this article is an illustration of what can be achieved in the studio by an artist who knows how to manage children.

A boy who rides a wheel looks the jolly little athlete he is when pictured tinkering away at his bicycle, or as if he had just returned from a gay spin down the road or was pointing out the merits of his "'97 make." And, on the other hand, the boy who has no sporting proclivities, who is as afraid of a bicycle as he is of a snake, will look perfectly absurd posed beside a wheel in his photograph. Take a picture of the home-boy, the book-worm, where he is nappiest, at home, stretched out on a rug



before the fireplace, reading, or studying, or just "having a good time with a picture-book."

There are few children who do not feel delightfully important and "grown-up" when allowed to play with an umbrella, no matter how old, or ragged, or "frazzled" the covering may be. They will go visiting with it, play house under it, convert it into a church, or a tent, or a drawing-room; while as a background for a photograph of three merry, laughing faces it is perfection. In the umbrella picture given here, the silk covering is torn, one spoke is loose, the handle is broken, and even the pug dog looks disgusted; but where in a studio picture will you find such natural, comfortable positions and such happy, interested faces.

An equally fine photograph, as illustrating a perfectly natural position, a picture of a supremely happy child, is the snap shot of the little chap in the swing. It is just the tiniest little "scup," made of an old rope; but the boy is not a connoisseur of swings, and one can see at a



glance that all he cares about is the fact that he is "grown-up" enough to swing all alone by himself, out in the sunshine, under the morning-glory vine with no one to push, or to tell him to "hold tight."

Indeed, when one stops to think about it the difficulty is really to decide when not to photograph children, as they are seen in play, at work, sleeping, romping; like "the bright stars of heaven making sunshine in shady places." Children have so many ways of amusing themselves and are so thoroughly happy while their pleasures last. Watch them blowing soap-bubbles. That each bubble shall reach its full circumference is a matter of deep and solemn importance. And how their eyes sparkle over the marvelous colors in the dangling, fairy ball! Or if you wish to see children in a perfect ecstasy of delight give them a plank and a wooden horse and watch them spin up and down on the see-saw, hats off, hair flying, wild little shrieks of joy filling the air; such complete abandonment to fun as the camera can never hope to catch in the conventional studio, and worth reproducing, just as a "study of happiness."

After once testing this method of natural photography amateurs will gladly adopt as a maxim the advice of a photographer famous for his beautiful pictures of children, as follows: "My rule about posing children is never to do it."

MADAME EMMA EAMES.



THE STORYS IN VALLOMBROSA.

is not a chance opinion at all, for you will hear people in the boxes and the chairs say the same of her. It is, after all, the charming woman with the artist's soul whom we wonder at and admire in our little way.

A really artistic success signifies, of course, the temperament, but, more than that, a tremendous deal of work—work which persists even when it fails—the work of a person who believes in herself or himself, no matter if all the world think differently. I know of nothing so hard, so heartening, and yet so disheartening, as the career of a great singer. One must hold oneself in perfect control; must work, and strive, and feel, and fail; must submit to the training of a professional athlete—for any slight variation of the physically normal will affect the voice in some degree; the voice is an instrument dependent on every fibre of one's being. To be a singer it is necessary to have will-power and self-control; one must have more than mere artistic feeling.

In two delightful little visits I have had with the Storys in their present quarters, Mrs. Story impressed me as being first the woman with the will and the self-control, and then the artist; the woman, as I have said, with the artist's soul.

But of the photographs of this singer, as a singer, none seems to have caught her exactly as she is. To see her of an afternoon is to discover that, as one of her friends says of her, "Mrs. Julian Story is, in a different way, more fascinating than Madame Eames." It is the highest compliment to this singer that in her public career, for which we all are grateful, she has kept her personal distinction. She is the player and the singer of the photographs we see in the shop windows; but, more than that, she is the charming lady whom no

It is true, probably, that there is no real artistic expression if there be not behind it distinctive individuality. I wonder if I am saying too much when I say that more than all the other great singers Madame Emma Eames seems to have that forceful quality; as if, indeed, successful as her art is, the woman is more than the art. This

photograph—photography is so deceptive, so untrue—ever produces; and to believe it you only have to see her in her home, among her friends.

Or better, perhaps, one ought to meet her on the country roads about

Vallombrosa, in her vacation periods. Mr. Story, her husband, has a farm of three hundred acres there in that delightful Italian country side, with neither Florence nor Sienna too far away, nor too near. And there they walk long miles, and spend happy weeks amid the beauties of an Italian estate.

"I believe," said the heroine of many an opera, "that to do good things one must get back to Nature—to a simple

and real life—for some part of the year. A song well sung has to be from Nature herself; and how can it be well sung unless one returns now and then to out-of-doors? I have to keep myself so long in an equivoise—balancing my voice as a juggler balances a ball—that I must give up when it's

all over; and then one detests the town's artificiality, and the country alone takes away unrest. Sometimes I get tired of it all, and—ah, but when I stand behind the footlights, I care for it all again. But the life is a constant strain, and I get home sick for the farm at Vallombrosa, and for the walks with the dogs."

Then, after a moment, she added: "Yet, after all, when one is singing, nothing else seems of much account."

This impression of two visits does not include Emma Eames. Of her art, of her rôles, of her manner, I will leave the critics to have their say. My topic is not Emma Eames, the great singer, but that charming person, Mrs. Julian Story, the wife of a portrait painter, who himself practices his art well and successfully, and who is a member of a distinguished American family. C. R.

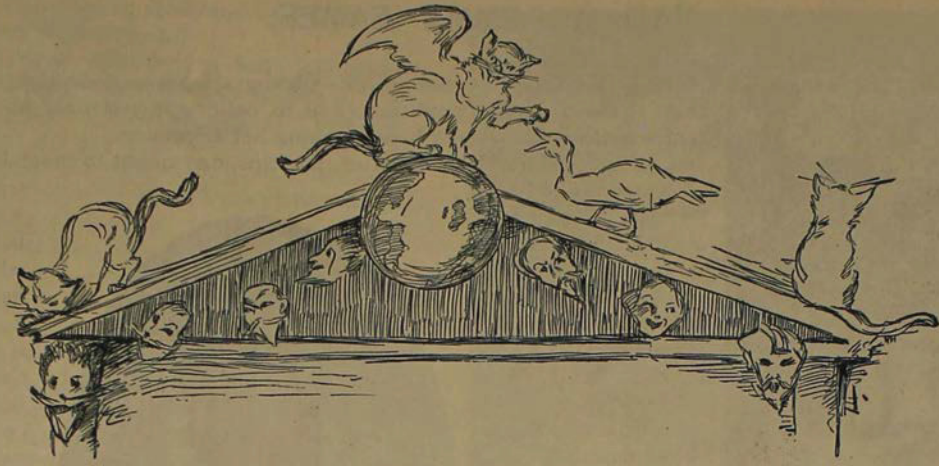


Cop. right, 1896, by Aime Dupont.

EMMA EAMES AS "ELSA."



EMMA EAMES AS "ELISABETH" IN TANNSHAUSER.



THE BLACK CAT.

A UNIQUE PARIS CAFÉ AND THEATRE.

PERHAPS it is a homely comparison, but Paris is certainly like a mince-pie, and most travelers taste only the crust thereof. They find it to their liking, or they do not, as the case may be, and they go their way convinced that they know the flavor of the modern Babylon.



The fact is, underneath that crust there lurk all manner of things—some good, some bad, but united in a *mélange* as unwholesome, mentally and morally speaking, as our famous but much maligned pies are said to be physically. The latter are described as "dyspepsia above, dyspepsia below, and untold horrors between." In certain moods one is ready to transfer this description to Paris, especially as regards the "between." In other words, however, one accepts it gayly as one accepts the Thanksgiving mince-pie, because it tastes uncommonly good and because, as one inwardly argues, apples and meat and raisins and so on are, after all, perfectly harmless. Sweet sophistry!

The Paris pie owes a good deal of its seasoning to the artists and the students. The artists are scattered in groups all over the city, but the quarter to which they give perhaps the most individuality is that in the vicinity of the Boulevard Clichy. As for the students, everybody knows about the Latin Quarter, which, if it were not the students' quarter, would be that of the artists, so many of them dwell within its borders.

It sometimes seems strange that so many tourists are content to go the same old round of sight-seeing—the Madeleine, the Louvre, Notre Dame, Les Invalides—without making an effort to see something of the real spirit of the life of Paris. They visit the monuments and the shops, but they know absolutely nothing of the people. Certainly there are two little pilgrimages which the average tourist could easily make and which will take him deeper in the life of Paris than would twenty trips through many of the places prescribed by the guide-books. These pilgrimages are to the *Chat Noir* and to the *Soleil d'Or*; or, as they would be in England, the Black Cat and the Golden Sun. The Black Cat is a more unusual variety of café than the Golden Sun. In fact it is unique. On the

other hand it is better known, has a more mixed *clientèle*, and is so much the less characteristic of the real life of Paris.

Occasional tourists find their way to the *Chat Noir*. Sometimes either because they are unable to appreciate its picturesqueness, or because they think it is the proper thing to appear *blasé*, they speak of it patronizingly and disparagingly. One American who was "writing up" Paris on short acquaintance, disposed of the *Chat Noir* in a few lines as the resort of bourgeois mammas and their daughters. Of course he was wrong, but at the same time he undoubtedly had some ground for disappointment.

Perhaps he had expected to see Bouguereau and Puvis

de Chavannes (there is a droll association of names!) and Carolus Duran and Rosa Bonheur, and all the galaxy of celebrated French artists, sitting in rows and drinking absinthe. The inexperienced foreigner thinks everybody in Paris drinks absinthe. If he expected this he was certainly roundly disappointed. The successful artists contribute precious little to the picturesqueness of Paris. It is the young and struggling ones—sometimes the old and struggling ones—who furnish this element. But you will not find many of them at the *Chat Noir*.



This Black Cat is a sleek but hungry animal, which would swallow a poverty-stricken artist is short order.

The café and theatre of the *Chat Noir* occupy a small three-story building in a narrow street near the Boulevard Clichy. It is known from one end of Paris to the other, although it is so small and is frequented by a comparatively limited circle. Say "*Au Chat Noir*" to any Paris coachman and he will take you there without further instructions.

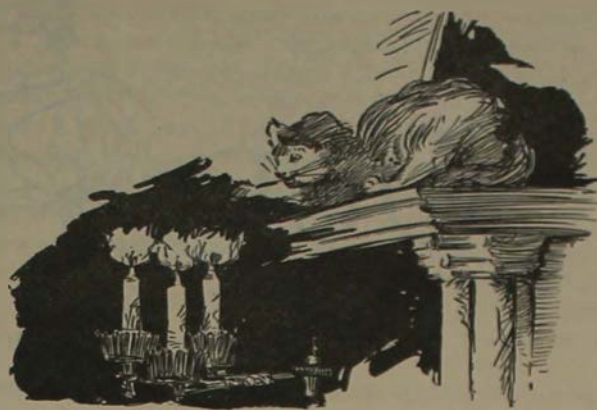


The entrance is at one side of the front and is surmounted by an enormous head of a black cat, carved from wood and painted realistically. The door always stands open, and from the outside one has a confused vision of narrow winding stairs just within, with great palms on the platforms and the walls lined with pictures, large and small. If you turn in at this door and mount half a dozen steps you will find a door at your left. This is the entrance

to the café, a long, large room, of which the entire front is stained glass, while the rear is lighted by a skylight. Here again there are pictures everywhere; pen-and-ink sketches, pencil drawings, water-colors, oils, pastels, all framed simply and hung in solid rows from the height of the tables to the ceiling. Each sketch is signed, many of them with the name of some one of the leading men of the younger generation of artists, Raffaelli, Henri Rivière, Caran d'Ache, Chéret, Forain, and scores of others more or less well known.

Salis, the proprietor of the *Chat Noir*, is a genius in his way. When he opened his café he encouraged the young artists to come there. When their bills had mounted to a considerable height he would tell his impecunious but talented debtors to make him a few sketches, and commence over again. In this way he acquired a collection which is worth a fortune. He also gained a reputation and the good-will of the artists, who, as they grew more successful and were able to pay their reckoning in regular legal tender, did not desert their friend Salis. He now has a château outside of Paris, and could buy out a good many of his patrons, but he remains the same old Salis. He is almost always present in the evening, when he furnishes a considerable part of the entertainment.

The café by day is dim and quiet. The tables and chairs are of heavy wood and the floor is sanded. Altogether there is an air of quaint mediævalism about it by day. At night it is brilliant enough, but not until after



midnight is it very gay. The *Chat Noir*, like other animals of its kind, has a fondness for late hours. The theatre on the third floor does not open until half-past nine or even later. To call it a theatre, by the way, is to give a wrong impression of it. There is one room, perhaps twenty-five feet square, with a small extension at one end of about twelve feet square. In the middle of one side of the larger room there is an opening about thirty-five by forty-five inches in size. It is outlined by a gilt picture-frame, and when not in use is closed by a dark red curtain.

At one side of the room there is a big fire-place. Black cats, carved from wood, perch everywhere. They glare from the corners, arch themselves from the chimney-piece, curl themselves upon a projecting gable above the picture-frame, and, in fact, occupy every available perch in the room. They appear in silhouettes on the programmes, which, by the way, are among the most artistic to be found in Paris.

The performance will not be so interesting to the person who does not understand French, but as a novel whole, any one can enjoy it. Furthermore, if an American wants to take his wife or sister, or any lady, he can do so quite properly.

The room is darkened at first and the light concentrated behind a white curtain stretched tightly across the gilt frame. This curtain is the stage; the actors are the silhouettes produced by figures cut out of zinc. Each "piece" is composed, and all the groups for it are designed by some well-known artist. They are a succession of pictures in silhouette, with astonishing accessories of light and shade and color.

Most of the pieces are accompanied by music composed for the occasion. Between the different pieces, there are the usual songs and *récits* of the café concert. But at the *Chat Noir* there is more artistic execution and appreciation than elsewhere. The men who sing their own verses are poets, and those who recite are artists.



OUR GIRLS



A BICYCLE TEA.

BY MINNIE ADELE BARNEY.

Come on your wheel,
My friend, to me,
Next Thursday at four
For a bicycle tea.

THUS read the dainty cards sent to the club of "Village Wanderers" by one of its members, Hester Allen. The decoration was a bicycle girl with widespread wings.

We were a serious lot,—sixteen young women devoted to finding the people who lacked shoes and coffee; hence the wings to suggest our errands of mercy.

Along the village streets we went spinning on that Thursday afternoon to the beautiful avenue that led to the doorsteps of Hester's home. There stood Hester in her bicycle suit of Scotch tweed and her mother in an afternoon gown of soft, gray silk, extending the cordial greetings which always made us feel as if the stately house were really for the time our own. Allowing our wheels to rest against the trees, we took possession of the great porch with its hammocks and cushions and steamer-chairs and perused the following programme:

Snail Race. Five contestants, to be chosen by lot.
Needle Race. Five contestants, to be chosen by lot.
Zigzag Race. Five contestants, to be chosen by lot.
Hare and Hounds { Hare—Fred Allen.
 Hounds—The Village Wanderers.
Judge—Mrs. Allen.

The driveway which encircled the house was the arena of the first contest. The girls who had drawn the five ribbons decorated with a snail outlined in gold, donned them for badges and took stations as Hester directed. They were separated by a distance of ten feet, and the starting-point of each was marked by a tiny flag. The rules forbade a dismount or the use of a brake, and the aim was to consume the longest time in returning to the point of departure. The first few yards of the path led down a slight incline, and a young woman who had always trusted to her brake instead of learning to "back pedal" sped down so rapidly that on reaching the level she decided to withdraw and watch the others. Next the fast rider of the club declared herself out of her sphere and dismounted. The spectators followed the remaining three, cheering their slow and rather wabbling progress until one cried out that she had stage fright and fell in a tangle of shining spokes. The other two kept bravely on, laughing at their own awkwardness, yet determined to reach the goal, which was now not far away. There was but a half minute's difference in their records, but these few ticks of the second hand entitled the flushed victor to

the prize, a tortoise-shell comb presented by Mrs. Allen with a witty speech, into which was woven a modern fable of the tortoise and the hare.

To the lot of the next five contestants had fallen badges bearing cambric needles and fine thread. Each rider must start alone, proceed to the judge's chair, which marked the half-way point of the circle, dismount, and, taking the needle from the badge, unthread it, thread it again, put a stitch in the ribbon, remount, and get back to the goal. The girl who best stood this test of steady nerves received a dainty bit of embroidery, done with an even finer needle than that which had helped her to win.

The last five badges were marked with lines as zigzag as the devious course which the next set of wheels must follow. Along the track at irregular intervals were driven stakes, and in and out, never missing one, must each would-be winner go. The rapid spinning around such sharp curves brought one to grief; another skipped a stake and had to go back, two hit a stake, and that had been announced as incapacitating. For these reasons number five knew that she could afford to be leisurely, and easily avoided her predecessors' mishaps. Her prize was a lace handkerchief, the lines of whose pattern were scarcely more waving than those she had traced upon the track.

All forces were marshaled for the last race. Hester's brother Fred, given three minutes' start on his wheel, carried a bag filled with scraps of paper and scattered the bits over a three-mile route which led back to the starting-point. He included all of the village streets, dropping very few pieces at the corners so as to deceive the unwary, and returning by a long stretch of country road which would give opportunity for speeding to "be in at the death." The "hounds" started at the judge's signal and came back a merry, breathless set, the girl who had given up in the "snail race" triumphantly leading. A tiny bronze rabbit of life-like attitude was the prize bestowed, the judge emulating the spirit of progress which now forbade comparing the victor with the napping bunny of olden lore, but marked her as the most alert of a very wide-awake crowd.

During our absence a long table had been set on the porch, and we were served with a repast suited to healthy appetites, sharpened by vigorous exercise. The favors at our plates were tiny silver badges of the same design as the decoration on our cards of invitation, a lasting reminder of our happy rides, when winter and the snow shall claim our steeds as prisoners.

THE BORROWING HABIT.

THERE is a commandment against coveting, but none against borrowing, which is practically helping oneself to what one covets, and the far more serious evil of the two.

But so long as there is no commandment, or even a civil law to the effect that "thou shalt neither borrow nor lend," it should be the maxim of every household and a part of the breeding of every boy and girl to

respect the property of their neighbor, even if that neighbor is "only a brother, or sister, a mother, or a father."

There are so many types of borrowers and some of them are so charming that it is rather a difficult task to lay plans for their wholesale undoing. There is the girl, affectionate, lovable, and kind-hearted, who really regards it as a good joke that she has kept a borrowed article so long that the owner in turn borrows it of her, and there is the beauty who borrows anything she looks well in, regardless of the feelings of the possibly plain owner; there is the truly generous girl who borrows her friend's music and books, and is so careless about her own stock that she never thinks to return those that have been loaned her, and the girl who has unquestionably a lot of common sense, and who is actually the mainstay of the family, who rejoices because her mother, sisters and herself are all the same size and can wear one another's clothes."

As a rule, however, it is not so much the family, who have grown accustomed to their own bad habit, who feel the inconvenience so much as the visitor, or chance friend, who although she may possess a sufficient fund of misplaced generosity to lend, cannot bring herself to borrow in return, and soon suffers from a sadly depleted wardrobe. And even if borrowed wearing apparel is returned, its freshness is gone and its individuality too, for the owner has gotten in the way of associating it with another person.

A very charming woman, who possessed a conscience about borrowing, and who was compelled to reside for some time with an otherwise delightful family, who were one and all addicted to the borrowing habit, has written most feelingly of her experiences therein, and of the manner in which one pretty girl was reformed.

"I really," to quote her exact words, "never saw such a houseful of misfits in my life, mother and daughters all decked out in one another's clothes, a portion of each wardrobe having been purchased for someone else. To be sure, these charming people were ready to lend me everything they had, but unfortunately I much preferred wearing my own clothes, which were almost invariably scattered all over the house.

"If a daughter of the house was in my room when a caller was announced, or when the dinner-hour was imminent, that daughter picked up the first collar or belt she could lay her hands on and donned it as readily as if it were her own. It did not improve the case that the borrower was quite willing for the same liberties to be taken with her own belongings. And I could not but perceive that the larger part of the family jars occurring in this amiable household were traceable to the borrowing habit. Yet they thought that not to lend and borrow freely was evidence of selfishness and a restriction upon the privilege and right of relationship and friendship.

"One day, however, I had the chance of getting in a good word with Kate, the elder daughter, which eventually cured her of the borrowing habit. An exquisite gown had come home for her: it had been spread out upon the bed, and the mother and family had been called in and allowed to look upon its beauties. Kate's sweetheart was coming next day, and this gown was to delight his eyes when she appeared before him in it. While she was out walking the unexpected happened, and her lover arrived a day ahead of time. He went after her, met her, and the two walked home together, and, as it was the dinner hour, straight on into the dining-room, expecting to make apologies to the mother for lack of preparation. In that dining-room what sight should overwhelm Kate, but that of Maud, her younger sister, sitting at the table, arrayed in all the glory of the new gown! Maud's beloved had come

and she, too, had coveted to appear in new and wonderful apparel. 'You see, Kate,' she said apologetically, 'I didn't know you were expecting Herbert. I didn't know at all what you had this gown for—you didn't tell me. And I didn't think you would care—I thought you would be glad under the circumstances for me to take it. Nobody told me Herbert was here. Jack came, and I hadn't a thought about anything else. And everybody—you, too, Kate—has worn my clothes until they are pulled all out of shape; and I came in here to look for something to wear, and you were out, and I had to take the gown without consulting you. I had no doubt but it would be all right.'

"'I believe,' said Kate to me after dinner, 'your way of not borrowing nor lending is best—although, at times, I have thought it was a dreadfully selfish way.'

"Then I found time for the lesson. 'My dear,' said I, 'the spirit which is back of the freedom with which you lend and borrow with each other, is so beautiful that I hardly feel it is for me to criticise this particular form of its expression, yet indiscriminate borrowing seems to me communism to the point of lawlessness. A higher expression would be in carefully respecting the rights and property of each other. And in the point of convenience, it would have many advantages over your present custom. Whenever any of you want to go out, there is great confusion here in matching your gowns with the trimmings which belong with them; much time is lost, and, as you know yourself, much composure of spirit. Your mother, for instance, who does more lending and less borrowing than the rest of you, has become quite discouraged in her attempts to go out, verily, as I believe from the difficulties which lie in the way of making a satisfactory toilet in the time at her command.'

"'I hadn't thought of it in that way,' Kate replied softly. 'I believe that I see with you that the less selfish way is not to borrow. But I do not know how I shall cease to lend.'

"That will come of itself. If you cease to borrow, you will soon cease to lend. People who respect themselves will not ask it; people who do not respect themselves, you will find courage to refuse. The question of private, personal rights, of justice, should come before that of generosity. There are times when one should lend, times when one should borrow, times when one should give; times, when in our own interest and the interest of others, one should do none of these things. We should neither give nor lend because others think we should, but only as our own will and wisdom direct."

Another woman, who is an authority on these little things in life which make people agreeable to one another, said recently to the writer: "I should always rather give my things than lend them. I have a friend, who is a dear, charming woman, but whose visits I dread. She carries away armfuls of books, and when she brings them back they are worn and badly used—authors whom I handle with love and reverence."

Every person who borrows freely runs the risk of making himself or herself a nuisance to the friends who love them; every person who lends freely runs the risk of having precious treasures abused by careless hands and of entertaining ill thoughts in consequence. Lend liberally, give liberally, in response to actual need and in accordance with your judgment and conscience, but do not abuse the high privilege of giving and lending by using it heedlessly. And by no means borrow heedlessly, remembering that there is a law in nature which makes us pay for everything we get to the uttermost farthing.

MYRTA L. AVARY.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT



LIVING AND DEAD ROOMS.

THERE are a class of women, unhappily large, who seem to be absolutely destitute of ideas on the subject of the interior decoration and arrangement of rooms. When they begin housekeeping, they confide a list of their wants to a furniture dealer, who supplies them with carpets, curtains, chairs and tables of a more or less commonplace character, which he is allowed to dispose in the rigidly conventional manner suggested by previous and frequent experiments in the homes of his various customers.

To depart from this stereotyped arrangement, with a view of increasing the possibilities of comfort or æsthetic enjoyment in a room, is an idea which is never for a moment entertained by the unambitious mistress of the manor. The room, to her thinking, is "furnished," once for all, and the matter is henceforth practically dismissed from her mind. The result is that the room has a totally uninteresting and lifeless appearance, with no more character about it, nor reflection of the tastes of its owner, than is to be observed in a hotel parlor or a waiting-room at a railway station.

This is more generally true of the drawing-room, a cold, formal, uninviting apartment, silent as the grave, never opened save to admit visitors, and precluding by the very stiffness and uncomfartableness of its aspect, all possibility of free movement, lively conversation, or sociability in any form.

How much more attractive is the room that has been furnished, not on general principles that commend themselves to the trade, but with a view of meeting the special needs, and gratifying the particular tastes, of the individuals who are destined to occupy it.

Many householders in moderate circumstances, who like to live pleasantly, are learning to dispense altogether with a drawing-room proper, recognizing that in its chilly atmosphere congenial intercourse was never intended to flourish. They prefer to convert the largest and best room in the house into a cosy and cheerful sitting or living room. When a visitor is shown in here, though the room may be quite deserted, he is yet immediately confronted with numerous proofs of the existence of one or more cultured and agreeable persons under the roof. A bowl of fresh flowers on the table diffuses a delightful fragrance, in charming contrast to the confined and chilly atmosphere of the room that is never opened except for visitors. There are growing plants in the windows, whose healthy freshness speaks of daily and loving attendance.

A few new magazines or illustrated papers and the latest novel, with the convenient leaf-cutter in close proximity, are lying carelessly on a corner divan, which is heaped with comfortable cushions. A little clock ticks cheerfully on the mantelpiece. The piano is open. Some one has evidently been trying a new song—the score is still on the stand; a banjo or a guitar attests the vicinity of another player. On the writing-table, which is well supplied with all the necessary materials for correspondence, some letters are lying ready for the post. If it is

winter, a cheerful fire burns in the grate and a sofa is drawn up in front of it or at a right angle; if in summer, the windows are wide open, and inviting seats are placed in the recesses. A dainty bit of embroidery has been dropped into a satin-lined work-basket, and scissors and thimble are on the sill, telling one that the worker will be back presently. A great many interesting photographs in pretty frames, with the autographs of the originals inscribed beneath the pictures, are on the tables and mantelpiece. The brass tea-kettle swinging on a wrought-iron stand by the hob, conveys an agreeable hint of ready hospitality, and a capacious sofa, half hidden by a screen, suggests the possibility of an enjoyable tête-à-tête, with security from intrusion. A deep armchair drawn up to a table supporting a high lamp with a dainty silk shade, and a well-bound volume or two, bespeak a restful evening with a favorite poet. A little flat cushion by the fender explains itself when a small pitter-patter is heard in the hall, and a bright-eyed, silky-haired Scotch terrier looks in at you, with an expression of friendly inquiry, as if asking your name and the purport of your visit. The room, in short, is *alive*, and a visitor finds so much in it to admire and interest him, that he is by no means ill-pleased to be kept waiting for five or ten minutes before his hostess makes her appearance.

The effect of such a pleasant and homelike room, so much more to be desired than one of meaningless grandeur, is attainable by any woman who gives a little time and thought to the subject.

She should bear in mind, before all else, that cheerfulness and *life* are the most desirable conditions, especially for the parlor, beyond which numbers of one's friends rarely penetrate, and by which, therefore, their estimate of one's tastes and habits must be formed. A few palms or ferns in decorative pots, the convenient tea-kettle, and the last new book or magazine, are not costly details, yet they lend more human interest and charm to the room than ten times their value expended in gorgeous upholstery and draperies.

The duty of making guests feel at home is greatly simplified when the surroundings are of the pleasing and restful character that invites physical repose, while at the same time stimulating agreeable conversation. One is never at a loss for something to say to a hostess whose various tastes and interests in life are plainly indicated by the character of her rooms. It is only necessary to look about to find suitable topics of conversation. But in the house which has been "furnished" by the upholsterer, and thereafter let severely alone, one may look in vain for a convenient peg on which to hang a timely remark.

As a rule, there is a well-marked correspondence between a woman and her home. The formal house has a formal mistress, and a room that is alive with interest vouches for a personality of which the same is true. Occasionally it happens that a woman is transplanted *volens volens* into the midst of uncongenial surroundings which it is beyond her power to forsake or alter. Such a victim of

circumstances is an object of genuine pity, as no fate is more trying than that of a person of taste condemned to live among those who are destitute of that faculty.

But even from the most unpromising beginning, a gradual transformation of the interior of a house can be effected by the determined lover of beauty and suitability.

A woman should never be satisfied to let fate control her ambition in this matter. Her individuality is her highest charm. It should be allowed to find free expression in all her personal belongings and surroundings. This is what makes life rich, varied, and perennially interesting to us all.

EMILY HALL.

AN OCTOBER LUNCHEON.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DECORATIONS.

IN the month of October an exceedingly pretty luncheon is certainly an easy possibility.

For such an occasion, the luncheon-table, with the beautifully polished top, should not be hidden under a cloth. The principal dishes should stand on doileys of autumn leaves (soft maple), whose gorgeous coloring remains the gift of a solitary artist, October; and about each plate should be a flat garland of these brilliant leaves, pinned together with the stems, one of the arts known to childhood. The effect of this arrangement needs but a trial to be proved a success.

The centrepiece should be a quaint basket of woven rushes, filled with golden-rod, or with china-asters, or with the leaves and berries of the sumac, mingled with the little blue daisies which bloom along autumn roads. This may be effectively placed on a mat of autumn leaves.

The decorations should not be confined to the table, but on the walls of the dining-room should hang garlands and branches of autumn leaves, each picture and each corner flaunting a crowning glory.

The name-cards may be a particularly pleasing feature, cut from water-color paper, in the form of the maple leaf, tinted brilliantly and tied to a little twig, suggestive of

Dr. Holmes' "Last Leaf." On one side appears the name of the guest in gold ink; on the other, some apt quotations.

The menu must be a matter for the individual hostess to decide, it being remembered that women's luncheons are not now the collections of over-seasoned, over-sweetened dishes that were at one time so alluring to woman-kind.

It is an easy matter to find appropriate quotations, but we give a few merely to suggest what one may find:

"Your voice is a thrush's, a fawn's your tread, October;
A garland of wild flowers is round your head, October."

"Silent and sweet are the country ways
In the golden days of October."

"And though Spring be so fair with her laughing eyes,
There is a holier calm in the Autumn skies."

"Here he comes! What kingly bearing!
Glad to greet thee, Prince October."

"Out and away from the town,
October tries his brushes on hillsides brown."

"Your cheeks are bonny, your breath is sweet,
The lamps of the forest light your feet, October."

OLIVE MAY PERCIVAL.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

IF you have not provided yourself with our Portrait Album, prepared especially to contain the portraits which we publish each month, you are missing an opportunity which you will regret more and more as time passes.

The value of a collection of portraits such as we are issuing, eight portraits in each number, is incalculable. Each portrait is authentic; those of contemporaries being reproduced from the latest procurable photographs, while those of older date are taken from the best recognized sources. Such a collection, obtainable in no other way, should be jealously preserved. We have therefore published them uniform in size, upon pages without reading matter on the backs, so that they can be removed from the Magazine without injuring it in any way; and to provide for their safe-keeping in a permanent and convenient form we furnish handsome albums, designed to hold

two hundred portraits each, which we will supply at cost price, fifty cents each, transportation paid.

The pages of the album are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. A space is provided at the back in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are published in each Magazine to accompany the portraits; and these sketches undoubtedly impart an additional value to the portraits. If you have an album and it is filled, send your order for another at once and avoid delay. Or, if you have none, send for one, and start your collection.



Any of the portraits that have been published since June, 1895, may be obtained by purchasing the numbers of the Magazine containing them.

SANITARIAN

THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

BY RUTH KIMBALL GARDINER.

“I WISH babies came with a book of directions, like sewing machines, and patent polish and chafing dishes,” said the mother of one, as she sank into an easy chair, with a weary sigh; “I’m sure one needs it.”

“Oh, my dear,” remonstrated the hostess, who considers the rising generation entirely too revolutionary, “what are you saying!”

“I don’t care,” answered the mother of one with the unmistakable air of caring a great deal; “I mean it. My baby is the dearest little midget in the world; but I haven’t an idea what to do with it, or how to do it.”

“I think the sacred instinct of motherhood is always a woman’s safest guide,” said the literary woman who is not married. “Love will teach you wisdom, my dear.”

“Yes,” remarked the mother of four, “love will teach you how to care for a child, just as it will teach you civil engineering and ballet-dancing and how to walk the tight-rope.”

“But surely,” interposed the hostess, hastily, “you don’t class the care of children with those other—er—professions.”

“No,” admitted the mother of four, “I don’t. I place maternity at the head of all the professions, for difficulty and importance.”

“Maternity a profession?” asked the business woman, with a tinge of contempt.

“Certainly,” the mother of four returned. “It is the profession of professions. We can get on without doctors and lawyers and clergymen.”

“Oh, my dear!” remonstrated the hostess.

“And business women.”

The professional woman blushed.

“But where would the race be without mothers? Tell me, if you can?”

Nobody ventured a reply. The mother of four looked about triumphantly.

“The future of a race, physically, morally, mentally, depends on its mothers; and just as water can never rise higher than its source, so men cannot rise above the standards their mothers set.”

“Oh, but you do so lessen the responsibility of the fathers!” objected the woman who teaches physical culture.

“They are what their mothers made them. It is only by training the mothers and the prospective mothers that any great reform is to be accomplished.”

“Herbert Spencer says, I believe,” murmured the literary woman, “that future civilizations, beholding our college curriculum, will believe we were educating a race of celibates.”

The mother of one sighed again. “I don’t care a rap about Herbert Spencer or the future of the race. I want to know how to take care of my baby. I am a victim of the times. I am an expression of the utter helplessness of a well educated woman in an emergency.”

“Pardon me,” said the mother of four. “You are not well-educated. You have a college education, which is

something a mother needs more than any other woman on earth, but you were not taught the science of maternity.”

“Bother the science of maternity!” said the mother of one. “What I want to know is—it seems so simple I’m almost ashamed to ask it—what ought my baby wear?”

The mother of four fairly glowed with eagerness.

“In the first place,” she said, “no inelastic bands.”

“Oh, my dear!” objected the hostess. “Just at first, you know, so it can’t injure itself when it screams.”

“Not even then,” insisted the mother of four. “It can’t injure itself in screaming unless it is born weak, and what it needs in that case is medical aid, not a band. It needs merely a flexible woolen piece over its bowels as a protection against sudden changes of temperature.”

“Everybody wears one in India to ward off cholera,” said the professional woman.

“After that,” went on the authority, “let the baby wear as few clothes as possible and be warm. Let its skirts be short from the first, put woolen socks on it, and let it kick.”

“But the long flowing robes are so much more graceful,” sighed the hostess, “and silk bootees are so dainty.”

“I was speaking for health, not for grace,” said the mother of four.

“They’re synonymous,” the woman who teaches physical culture remarked.

“Then food?” asked the mother of one.

“Nature is always best there at least,” said the literary woman.

“I can’t agree with you there, either,” the mother of four answered. “The scientifically prepared baby foods are in nine cases out of ten preferable to mother’s milk. You may always be assured that unless a baby gains steadily in weight, all is not well. The perfectly healthy baby is plump. Weigh your baby every month. If he is not gaining, change his food; and remember that in caring for his bottles, eternal cleanliness is the price of safety. Most babies don’t have enough to eat.”

“I think most of them have too much,” said the teacher of physical culture. “Too much in quantity, but of too poor a quality.”

“And they have colic!” said the mother of one.

“That’s because they are fed too often; and sometimes, too, it’s because of the very medicines given them to cure colic.”

The mother of one looked guilty.

“Try simply a teaspoonful of hot water,” suggested the hostess, kindly.

“Most of the trouble during teething and the ‘second summer’ bugbear arise from improper feeding,” the mother of four went on. “A child should have nothing but milk for the first year, at least; and when it frets with its teeth, give it a few slivers of ice in a napkin to bite on.”

“Ice!” cried the hostess, “Surely not ice!”

“Certainly,” resumed the authority; “why not? Lancing will not be needed then. The cold deadens the pain,

and the child will bite hard enough to force the teeth through."

"I rubbed my baby's gums with a silver thimble," said the hostess.

"My baby is a little old for all this, I must tell you," said the mother of one. "She's getting into her second year, and now is the time when I find it hardest to care for her."

"Well, feed her simple food," said the hostess.

"That's what everybody says," cried the mother of one, desperately. "And what is simple food?"

"A soft-boiled egg," said the mother of four, "a baked apple, chicken and mutton broth, beef juice, cereals cooked four or five hours, whole-wheat bread and butter."

"No fruit?" queried the young mother.

"Orange juice, perhaps. Nothing else till after the second or third summer. The digestive fluids of a little child—more especially the saliva—are not fitted for the digestion of fruit."

"How do you make whole-wheat bread?" asked the professional woman.

"You set the sponge as for white bread, and then when you work in the flour, you take one-third white flour, one-third graham flour, and one-third whole-wheat flour. It is delicious, and with butter forms an almost perfect food for anybody."

"It seems to me," said the woman who teaches physical culture, "that the care of a child's personal appearance is quite as important as the care of its health."

"A healthy child is always pretty," said the literary woman.

"Not if it bites its finger-nails, or has crooked teeth, or ill-kept hair," said the teacher of physical culture.

"You are quite right," the mother of four chimed in. "No child should be allowed to suck its thumb, which may distort its mouth and teeth. A few applications of tincture of aloes, well rubbed in, will break the habit if taken in time, unless the thumb-sucking means insufficient nourishment, and the nail-biting means nervousness."

"But, how cruel!" said the professional woman.

"Nothing is so cruel as allowing a child to grow up

unnecessarily ugly. Outstanding ears should be held back by an open cap of tapes, or even remedied by a slight surgical operation."

"And every woman who ties her child's bonnet-strings behind its ears ought to be punished by law," said the teacher of expression.

"Then the teeth. Every possible care should be taken of the first set of teeth. They should be kept from decay as long as possible, and tiny cavities filled as soon as they appear, if the child is to have good, permanent teeth. The molars which come when a child is six or seven, by the way, are not 'milk' teeth, but permanent. A little scrap of linen at first, with a few drops of boracic acid in the water, should be used to wash out baby's mouth, for a clean mouth is never sore. Afterward a soft brush on the little teeth, and water, will clean them; though, if tartar gathers despite one's care, a little powdered pumice-stone rubbed on with a flattened orange-wood stick will be necessary. Perfect cleanliness will prevent dandruff gathering in a child's hair, and a little sweet-oil rubbed in will help to remove it if it has been allowed to gather."

"I think children's eyes and ears should be examined carefully," said the teacher of physical culture. "Often an awkward carriage is the result of defective vision, and apparent stupidity, of slight deafness."

The mother of one sighed again. "Dear me," she said, "what a load you put on the mothers!"

"It isn't I," protested the mother of four. "It's Nature. The Atlas on whose shoulders humanity rests is not a man, but a woman and a mother. Hers is the heaviest responsibility, the most glorious opportunity, the greatest happiness."

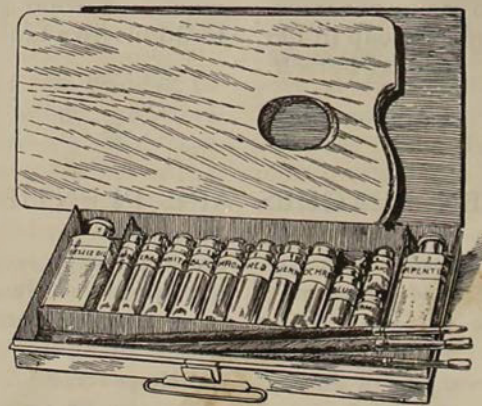
"It sounds lovely," admitted the mother of one, "but it is the detail that is troublesome. The knowledge of one's responsibilities doesn't make it easy to know what to do when the baby has grown."

The mother of four smiled, as everybody rose to go.

"I've sometimes thought," she said, "that experience is the only reliable teacher, and that the whole matter would be vastly simplified, my dear, if one's first baby did not come till after one had had several others."

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

IN view of the fact that every one is now looking about for something to make for Christmas, we have arranged to have next month a very handsomely illustrated article, giving simple and artistic designs for painting on china and directions for using them which can easily be followed. We believe that our subscribers will find them very useful. Nothing is prettier for a Christmas present than a daintily painted cup and saucer, or a tray for comb and brush, or a jar for rose-leaves, or a handsomely decorated platter for the dinner-table. Our designs will be suitable for use on any of these articles, and we give them thus early, so that those who wish to make use of them will have plenty of time to do the work between now and Christmas. For the benefit of those who have not materials for this work we make the following offer in the hope that our sub-

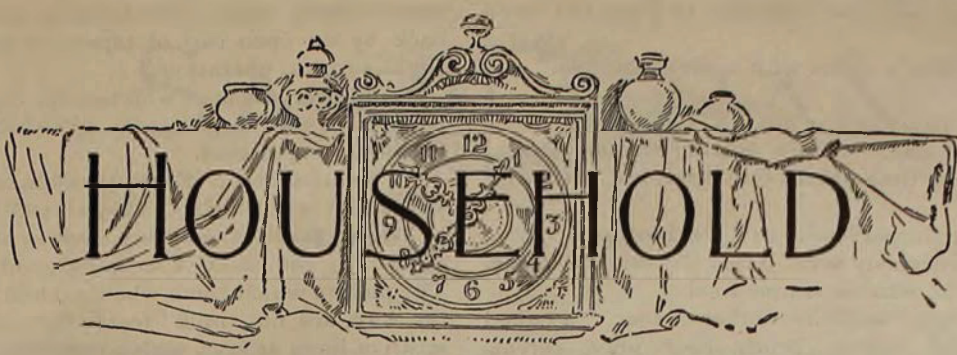


scribers may find their various needs supplied through this medium: A handsome oil-color outfit, consisting of eleven tubes of colors, three brushes, palette, and one bottle each of linseed oil and turpentine, all enclosed in a handsome janned case, will be sent, postpaid, by DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE to any of its readers on receipt of a remittance of \$2.50; or it will be sent, postpaid, together with the Magazine for one year, for \$3.00.

For a remittance of 80 cents we will send, postpaid, "How to Learn to Paint with Oil and China Colors," by Marion Kemble, an instructive work by a well-known artist and experienced teacher. The book is finely illustrated and is sold at retail for \$1.00.

It can be obtained through us by any of our readers for 80 cents. Address,

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, 110 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.



THE CLEAN LINEN PROBLEM.

CLEAN linen is one of civilization's milestones that was set up along the great highway of progress such a long time ago that it seems as if it naturally grew there. There are some tasks that appear to be among the inevitable things of life and require that persons be born for the purpose of accomplishing them, even as poets are born, not made.

There is an impression among the uninformed that certain persons are born to laundry work, and, therefore, born knowing how to do it. The way of the transgressor is no harder than the way of the inexperienced laundress. And yet all the world dons clean clothing once a week, and no one thinks anything of it.

To a woman possessed of zeal and ambition nothing seems impossible, and especially is this the case with a young housekeeper who has a house that is all her own to do with it as she pleases. Thus it came about that a neighbor of mine decided to wash. She might as well have attempted to build a brick house. She is an energetic little woman, or she was before she tried to do the washing. Now she is reflecting over her indiscretions and wondering with some remorse how she came upon her Waterloo so unexpectedly.

She dragged her memory for the details of activity associated with laundry work as she had now and then seen it done during her childhood. She inspected the lines and consulted the weather reports, put the boiler on the stove, and hauled out the clothes-hamper, rolled up her sleeves and pinned up her gown, dragged out a washboard, turned on the hot water, sawed the broom-handle off for a clothes-stick, and proceeded to business. I don't know all that she did. Nobody knows. She doesn't know herself. There was the fragrance of boiling clothes all over the block, and when those clothes boiled over, she just poked them down under water with a clothes-stick. Then she rubbed till her back ached. She got soap in her eyes, and spilled water on the floor and all over herself.

The steam took the curl all out of her hair and her fingers got all shriveled up, and by and by when the place began to look as though the fire department had been playing on it, she sat down and cried.

At that time I rang the door-bell and played the part of the usual considerate neighbor who calls at the most inopportune time.

We took some of the clothes and sopped up the water, and eventually imprisoned the whole washing under cover of the tubs, and finally deserted that stupendous domestic problem. The regular laundress afterward reduced the problem to simple terms.

"To think," said my neighbor, "that every week some one accomplishes that wonderful feat, and yet we never see anything about it in the newspapers!"

I am of the opinion that the poets have not called attention sufficiently to the sermon that is concealed in the everyday domestic achievements to which we are indebted for our creature comforts. The reason for it is obviously that the poets have had no hand in those achievements. Stop a moment to calculate, if you are the poet, how many times a garment is handled from the time you discard it in a soiled condition to the time when it is again ready for service. As a mere conjecture, we will say it is first soaked, preparatory to being washed; then it is rubbed, scalded, rubbed again, rinsed, blued, starched, dried, cold-starched, sprinkled, folded preparatory to ironing, and then only an artist can restore to it the gloss you demand. And yet, when were you ever glad to see the laundress walk in with a clothes-basket full of clean clothes that must be carefully sorted and mended and put away? When was there a time that you did not think her charges a little too generous in her own behalf? I am not at all sure that two-thirds of the world would not wear gunny-sacking if everybody was obliged to do his own laundering.

HARYOT HOLT CAHOON.

WHEN PEACHES ARE PLENTIFUL.

THE very abundant peach crop this year puts the "sun-kissed fruit" within the reach of everyone; and it would be a great mistake not to take advantage of its profusion, since it is the one fruit above all others that not only furnishes a great variety of dainty and delightful dishes while it is in season, but is also susceptible of being preserved for winter use in any number of ways without much detriment to its pleasant flavor. In peaches, as in most things, the best is the cheapest, for while a fully ripe and firm peach is a delight to the palate,

an under-ripe, or shriveled, or specked one is an abomination and a menace to health. The following receipts have all been tested, and may be suggestive to one who wants to find new ways and good old ways of using this delicious fruit:

FROZEN PEACHES.—Pare one half of a peck of soft ripe peaches, cut them into small pieces and sprinkle sugar over them. Then put them into a freezer, mix them with one quart of good cream and sweeten the mixture to taste. Freeze and serve as you would ordinary ice cream.

PEACH ICE CREAM.—Peel and remove the stones from a half-peck of very ripe peaches, and then run them through a potato sieve. Mix them with one quart of sweet cream, sweeten, and freeze. This is smoother than the frozen peaches, and retains the true peach-flavor quite as well, but is not so pretty a dish.

PEACH CREAM-CUSTARD.—Make a custard of one pint of sweet milk, the yolks of four eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a large cup of granulated sugar. When the custard reaches the boiling point add a quart of rich cream mixed with a quart of ripe peaches, which have been mashed as smoothly as possible. Stir this until the whole is well mixed, and then freeze in the usual way.

PEACH COBBLER.—This is an old-fashioned dish which is coming in again. Make a crust as you would for baking-powder biscuit, only somewhat richer, and let the shortening be two-thirds butter and one-third lard. Cover the bottom and sides of a shallow baking dish, or a thick block-tin pan, with the crust rolled thin. Then slice into it enough ripe peaches to nearly fill the dish, sprinkling them freely with granulated sugar at sufficient intervals to have them well sweetened. On top of the peaches then put half a dozen lumps of butter the size of a hazelnut; cover all with a thinly rolled crust in which large slits have been cut, and bake for half an hour in a hot oven. Serve with a sauce made of butter and sugar beaten until creamy.

PEACH MARMALADE.—Pare the peaches, halve and stone them; then measure and put them in the preserving kettle. To six pints of the fruit add one pint of water and cook for nearly an hour. Then add three pints of granulated sugar and cook until thick and smooth, which will be in from forty-five to fifty minutes. Put it in jars or glasses and paste papers over the top as one does for jelly.

CANNED PEACHES.—In canning peaches time and material are wasted unless the fruit is firm and of good flavor.

Freestone peaches should always have the stones removed, as they invariably give a bitter taste to the fruit; but if a little of this is liked, one or two stones can be put in each jar. Clings may be canned with the stones in them; but if one prefers them stoned, it can be easily done by cutting the peach in halves, before paring, and then with a half in each hand give a sharp twist which will take one half off the stone, and the other half can be cut off with a sharp thin-bladed knife. In paring peaches, which are to be cooked, a quick way is to put them in a wire basket and plunge them into boiling water for two or three minutes, and then rub the skin off with a coarse towel. To can, make a thin syrup, and after it has boiled for five or ten minutes drop the peaches in and let them cook until a silver fork will easily pierce them; then lift them carefully with a perforated ladle and put them into the jars with enough juice to cover, and seal them as quickly as possible. The syrup that is left over from the canning may have a few soft peaches thrown into it and be cooked down into a very good marmalade, though it is usually not quite so glossy as the marmalade made in the ordinary way.

PEACHES WITH RICE.—Stew the peaches until clear in a rich syrup, having first pared them and cut them in halves. Boil whatever quantity of rice you choose, molded in an oval form, and arrange the peaches around it. Boil the syrup down rather thick, pour it over the dish, and serve hot. This is a very delicious and simple dessert.

PEACH FRITTERS.—Peel and stone the peaches, dividing them in halves. Dust a little powdered sugar over them. Make the ordinary fritter-batter of the yolks of three eggs, a gill of milk, a saltspoonful of salt, and four ounces of flour. Dip the peaches in the batter and fry quickly in hot lard. Sprinkle them with powdered sugar, and serve hot with or without sauce.

M. EVANS.

DEMOREST'S NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ONE of the most attractive features of the November number of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE will be a unique article entitled "A Winter in an Oasis," by Margaret Seymour Hall. The writer has a good many new things to tell about the home life of the curious people who spend their lives in the tiny oases in the great African Desert. She lived among them for a time and writes from a very intimate view of them. The article will be elaborately illustrated in a most attractive way.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the number to many readers will be a symposium in which the value and probable effect of the great discovery of the new "Sayings of Our Lord" will be discussed by some of the most prominent clergymen of different denominations. After reading in this number the story of the finding of this manuscript, which we believe to be authentic, and which has a sacred interest for us, we are sure our readers will be glad to know what the authorities in the religious world think of it.

The fine story of "Bobbie McDuff," by Clinton Ross, which we begin in this October number, will have a most interesting installment in November. We consider this one of the best things Clinton Ross has done, and we are glad to be able to give it to our readers. A really superior serial always calls forth such a lot of commendatory

letters from appreciative readers, that it is a pleasure to the editor to begin one.

And right here we want to say that we hope our readers will feel that we are never too busy to read letters telling us what they think of the Magazine. We know from the subscription list that we are making it interesting, but we don't mind being told so in a more personal way.

Besides "Bobbie McDuff," and the other things mentioned, there will be two other extremely good stories in the November number, by well-known writers, and several shorter things of equal interest, both as to reading matter and illustrations.

In the Home Art Department we shall give some particularly attractive designs for China-painting, of which special mention has already been made on page 703.

In the Fashion Department we shall make a special concession to the season of fall dressmaking, and give an extra number of designs and patterns. We are, in fact, doing that somewhat in this number. Our usual number of patterns are twelve special ones, and about twenty standard ones each month. This month, in addition to the standard patterns, we give twenty special designs, and in the next number we shall give twenty-four. This will be about forty patterns in all, in the November number, and ought certainly to furnish the home dress-maker with all she can use.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

Recent Improvements in New York City.

A recent authoritative statement that in the last ten years New York's death-rate had diminished over thirty per cent. has evoked a natural interest in the cause of such a satisfactory change in its hygienic conditions. And the reasons are at our very feet as it were, for foremost among them is the rapidly increasing number of asphalted streets. There is no doubt but that as soon as the ponderous machinery of the Greater New York government is once in working order, all the roadways throughout the new city will be of asphalt, which is easily cleaned, is impervious to moisture of any kind, is washed from curb to curb by every shower, and which in connection with the use of rubber tires for all wagon wheels would reduce the distracting city noises more than one-half. Asphalt streets have been especially productive of good results in the tenement districts. Clean streets and pavements, by the strictest law of analogy, lead to clean houses, and decent houses to a more wholesome manner of living. Next to the improved condition of the pavements the decreased death-rate is due to the substituting of electric and trolley-cars in place of the old horse-cars. If the time comes when horses are not permitted within the city limits, and all cars, trucks, or conveyances of any description are run by some mechanical contrivance, the death-rate will drop another ten per cent. The present method of street-cleaning—for it is now acknowledged that New York is the cleanest city in the world—has also much to do with these improved sanitary conditions.

An Antarctic Exploration.

Exploring parties seem to be the order of the day. Mount St. Elias, Mount Rainier, the North Pole, and the South Pole are exciting sudden, unexpected, and widespread interest in the scientific minds of both continents until it seems that the time is rapidly approaching when there will not be a solitary geographical mystery on the map. An expedition in search of the South Pole has been sent out by the Belgian Government under the command of Captain Adrien de Gerlache, who will have as his working staff two lieutenants of the French Army, two engineers, a sailing-master, a carpenter, two harpooners, two stokers, a cook, steward, and crew. The Antarctic Ocean will be reached about mid-winter, and in March, when the bad weather sets in, the ship will return to Melbourne for further provisions. Those who have studied the Antarctic country declare that a single vessel cannot safely venture upon an exploration for the South Pole; that it is a fact that as yet no man has ever wintered on the Antarctic Continent, and that no quadruped can survive the rigors of the winter season in this frigid zone. There is no possibility of retreat for shipwrecked travelers, for the most primitive civilization does not extend below the Straits of Magellan. The most intrepid explorers of the past have never gotten within seven hundred miles of the region of the South Pole. Icy barriers exist which quite eclipse those of the Arctic country, and up to the present date neither human beings nor vegetation have been known to exist south of 60 degrees.

Following the Belgian exploration is a German expedi-

tion, composed of two ships which, under Professor Neumayer, will during the next two years explore the Antarctic country south of the island of Kerguelen. The cost of this latter expedition is estimated at \$250,000.

Prospecting with an X-Ray.

The progressive, wide-awake miner will hereafter include an X-ray camera in his Klondike mining outfit; for Dr. F. E. Yoakum, of California, has just discovered that as a "prospector" for gold the X-ray is a success. On June 30th this physician was photographing a tumor. There was a vacant space on the plate, and just for luck he placed there a bit of gold-bearing quartz. When the plate was developed there stood forth upon it the outline of the rock, with specks here and there showing the presence of gold. Since then he has taken a number of pictures of valuable ore. The X-rays pass through the quartz easily, but the gold stays their progress, so the X-ray photograph shows the presence of gold distinctly.

It is not necessary to take a photograph. It is possible to hold ore in one's hand and by looking through the screen toward the rock the shadow of the gold is visible. Dr. Yoakum believes this discovery will be of service to geologists and mineralogists in studying rocks, and he thinks it will be possible to use X-rays in mining.

Camphor-Culture in Florida.

It appears from a Florida letter to a trade journal that considerable attention has recently been given to the cultivation of the camphor-tree in that State.

Like rubber, camphor is an indispensable article. There was a time when the rubber supply was seriously threatened because of the rude methods of getting the gum, and the destruction of the rubber forests. But experimenters found that the trees could be easily raised, and rubber plantations have been established in many localities where the climate is favorable.

Until recent years the Western world has known little of the production of camphor. When camphor began to be employed extensively in the arts, through the advancement of photography and the manufacture of celluloid, it was learned that the Chinese and Japanese camphor forests were being rapidly destroyed through the increased demand and the wasteful method of the natives. The Japanese and Chinese took the trees, root and branch, and boiled the chips to secure the gum. The camphor-tree, which is an evergreen resembling white cedar, has not been the subject of experiment with nurserymen in the Northern States, although many of the trees native to Japan are found to flourish in our climate. In Florida, however, the camphor-tree has been planted. It has been under observation for a sufficient length of time to enable the experimenters to ascertain that camphor can be secured by pruning, without injury to the tree. As three growths are made a year, in April, June, and October, the opportunities for pruning are good. Seventy-seven pounds of leaves and twigs produce a pound of gum. As the bulk is small, with a market near, there is a fair profit even at the prices for labor prevailing in Florida.



Photograph by Bilordenau.

STATUE OF STEPHEN GIRARD, BY CHARLES H. NIEHAUS.

Mrs. Lathrop's Mission Among the Poor.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, although possessing marked genius for social as well as literary success, is living in the slums of New York, devoting her life to working among men and women afflicted with cancerous diseases. Mrs. Lathrop relies upon the individual donations which come to her in small sums from all over the world for the means with which to carry on her work. She is at present making an earnest plea for funds that she may establish a chain of cheap hospitals on the east side, where would be free beds for incurable cancer patients, and the best of treatment for the poor, suffering from any incurable disease.



MRS. ROSE HAWTHORNE
LATHROP.

Bridge Over the St. Lawrence.

The contract for building a steel bridge over the St. Lawrence River has been awarded at an estimated cost of \$1,000,000. The bridge is to be completed by November, which will call for a double force of men that the work may be kept up night and day. The bridge will be half a mile long, and will contain 7,000,000 pounds of structural steel. It will have four spans, two of 220 feet, and a main span of 420 feet over the north channel, built on the cantilever plan, and a swing-span over the Lachine Canal of 240 feet.

The American Negro Academy.

There was organized recently, in the city of Washington, a society that will no doubt attract wide attention as soon as its purposes and objects become fully known. It is the American Negro Academy. The name "academy," as generally used and understood nowadays, is somewhat pretentious, but it expresses exactly what the founders of this organization had in mind. Like other institutions of its kind it is exclusive in its character, and is intended to be a society for literary men of the race.—those engaged in literary pursuits; a society for negro *savants*. It is established to aid its members in their efforts to advance in the arts, sciences, and literature; to encourage men of letters and stimulate them in their literary aspirations. It further aims to promote the publication of literary and scholarly works written by colored men; to aid colored youth of genius in the attainment of higher culture at home and abroad; to gather into the archives of the society valuable data pertaining to all phases of negro literary life, and the historical and literary works of negro authors in America and Europe; and to aid by publications the vindication of the race from vicious assaults in all the lines of learning and culture.

Only graduates of colleges or professors, men of acknowledged literary standing,—authors, artists, and distinguished writers,—are admitted to membership. A call for the organization of this society was issued toward the close of last winter. The academy held its first meeting in March, in Washington, D. C.

Claimants for the Girard Estate.

A new assortment of claimants for the money of the famous Stephen Girard has recently come to light in Paris. The value of the Girard estate now exceeds \$20,000,000. The will which, with the help of the finest legal talent in Philadelphia, Girard drew up to protect his estate from worthless claimants, is in pamphlet form, covering over twenty-seven pages of closely printed matter. Although he left a number of small legacies to hosts of relatives and servants, claimants for the millions continue to spring up from time to time. The statue of Girard, which was recently erected in Philadelphia by the alumni of Girard College, is the handiwork of one of New York's best known sculptors, Charles H. Niehaus.

The Death-knell of the Jersey Mosquito.

The State of New Jersey has suffered long and been kind to its cruellest foe, the notorious Jersey mosquito. But, apparently, patience has ceased to be a virtue and the people have decided to exterminate the pest which has been the plague of the State for years; hence the Legislature of New Jersey has passed a law to drain the eighteen miles of Hackensack meadowland, of

which the entire area is tide marsh and the acknowledged breeding-place and favorite habitation of the torturing insect; it is, in fact, known as "mosquito-land." Three plans for successfully draining the marshes have already been submitted to the State by Mr. C. C. Vermeule, a well-known engineer, any one of which will cost the people in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000. The reclaiming of such a vast area of swamp land is in itself, however, a sufficient equivalent for the expenditure involved, not to mention the reclaiming of the reputation of the State.

A Practical Folding-Bicycle.

A folding-bicycle has at last been constructed that will double together from a midway point and yet retain its structural smoothness, combined with the necessary strength and rigidity. This invention has been patented by Mr. Fred E. Guy, of New York City. It is considered of a practical nature for the most rapid manœuvring on the military field, and is of great advantage in the packing of a bicycle for either storage or freight.

A Monument to General John A. Logan.

The unveiling of the statue of General Logan a few weeks ago in Chicago was made a gala occasion. The city authorities declared it a public holiday, streets were decorated with patriotic emblems and the entire city took on a festive appearance. Almost immediately after the death of the great volunteer soldier a committee was formed for the purpose of providing a suitable monument to his memory. The Illinois Legislature appropriated \$50,000 and as much more was sent in by private subscriptions. The work was entrusted to the famous sculptor, Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, who has given the best of his thought and time for the past ten years to the formulating and working out of his conception of a satisfactory equestrian statue. The result is a masterpiece that ranks among the highest achievements of the sculptor's art of any age, a monument to American art as well as American heroism.



THE LOGAN MONUMENT.

WALT WHITMAN'S maxim, that in the summer every "man should loaf and invite his soul," has evidently not met with favor during the past season among the makers of books and the publishers thereof; for there is scarcely an author of note but that has a sample of his wares, good or bad, in the literary market this fall.

Whatever the source of inspiration in John Kendrick Bangs's "Pursuit of the Houseboat," the quality of the humor is not strained, but flows in a gentle, uninterrupted current through the entire volume. The little craft which is sent to the relief of the houseboat is under the leadership of Sherlock Holmes, and the passenger list boasts such important ladies as Madame Récamier, Lucretia Borgia, Xanthippe and Queen Elizabeth, all chaperoned in their exciting voyage by "Mrs. Noah," who wears spectacles and settles all disputes. The illustrations, by Newell, are thoroughly in sympathy with the text, and are at once picturesque, original and amusing.

It is a long stride from the Styx to California and equally far from the picturesque gayety of Bangs to the gentle and continuous melancholy of Beatrice Harraden. "Hilda Stafford" is a story of Southern California; but instead of being full of roses and sunshine and happiness, it is full of homesickness and sorrow. The characters are vigorously drawn, but the author insists upon breaking their hearts, and in the last chapter everyone is left miserable or remorseful, if indeed left alive at all. Beatrice Harraden confesses that, to her own chagrin, she has vainly struggled for years against this morbid tendency, both in her life and in her writing.

While Miss Harraden has left England and gone to California in search of health and plots for her stories, Mrs. Atherton, of California, is finding fame and financial success in her lurid tales of London life. Although this Western woman has been repudiated by her native land and libraries, she is nevertheless one of the few American authors, whose works have been reviewed in the *Spectator*, that most conventional of English periodicals.

Mr. James L. Ford has been adding chips to his "Literary Workshop," the fifth edition of which is just announced. The newest chapter or "chip" is a history of the "Steam Syndicate Mills," which he recommends as a valuable handbook for young authors.

Richard Harding Davis, like Ford, is, or rather was, a newspaper man, as well as a maker of books. From his first appearance in New York, seeking a reportorial position on the *New York Sun*, to his recent fiction work, in "A Soldier of Fortune," Davis's career has been meteoric. In his brisk climb up high Olympus he seems to have encountered no overwhelming obstacles and to have entirely avoided the slipping backward so prevalent among young writers, whose "first success" is so often followed by periods of depression and absolute failure. "A Soldier of Fortune" is the best work Davis has ever done, and ranks him, according to a consensus of opinion, with the foremost writers of American fiction.

With the wealth of modern literature and the hosts of vigorous young writers who are claiming public recognition, there is danger of forgetting such a bulwark in literature as John Ruskin, who is not dead, as is so generally supposed, but living a life of gentle solitude in dreamy Brantwood. Although Ruskin's working days are over, because of his vanishing mental power, he is still a fine-looking man, of the patriarchal order, showing the sim-

licity of a great nature in his life and manner. The sorrow of Ruskin's life is not, according to the prevailing idea, the fact of his wife's love for Sir John Millais, and her subsequent marriage to the great painter: but his own hopeless affection late in life for a woman who, though caring for him, separated herself from him and died of a broken heart because of his unorthodox religious beliefs.

Margaret Oliphant's death, on June 26, 1897, means the loss to England of one of its most popular novelists, as well as of a brilliant essayist and fearless critic of both social and literary questions; indeed, in her native land it is as a magazine journalist, rather than as a novelist, that Mrs. Oliphant is best known and will be most widely missed. Although distinctly conventional in character and work, Mrs. Oliphant was always sympathetic with progress where the change seemed to her to betoken good. The striving for what was worthy, noble, and pure, was a phase of her character which was reflected in all her writings. Praise of her, which has been often quoted since it first appeared in an English periodical fourteen years ago, will, perhaps, most clearly convey to the general public her standing in England as a woman and writer: "In high life and lofty example of perfect womanliness Mrs. Oliphant has been to the England of letters what the Queen has been to our society as a whole."

A woman who has the strength of mind to refuse a handsome offer for the publication of a story as a serial, because she thinks it an injustice to a tale to present it to a reader except in its completed form is quite likely to have written a story worth reading. This is the theory of Sarah Grand, the well-known author of "The Heavenly Twins." Her new book is already in the hands of the publisher.

How many of Dickens's most ardent admirers have ever thought of separating the writing from the man, or viewing him sentimentally, in the light of the youth and the lover? Dickens's popularity has been largely due to what he gave the public, rather than to what he was. But some one more penetrating, more affectionate perhaps, has found the man in spite of the novelist, and, in "The Private Life of the Queen," just published, tells a quaint story of his romantic attachment for Queen Victoria in her girlish days before her marriage. It seems that he first saw her on some public occasion, and was deeply impressed with her modest mien, dainty grace, and almost childish beauty. From that day he went everywhere he was likely to see her, as enthusiastic, as passionate in his hopeless attachment as a Spanish cavalier of old. In a touching letter to a literary friend, he finally poured out his love for the Queen—not as his sovereign, but as a woman, young and beautiful. To the same friend, he confessed how he had spent days and weeks in the neighborhood of Windsor, hiding among the trees in the park and lounging about the favorite drives, so that he might lighten a heavy heart by a fleeting glimpse of the "impossible she."

A literary mannerism is frequently contagious, especially if it has proved profitable. Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) is spending the summer in Scotland, losing her individuality and acquiring a Scotch dialect for future stories.

"In Simpkinsville," character tales of quaint New England life, is Ruth McEnery Stuart's latest contribution to a class of fiction of the highest order and distinctively American. Mrs. Stuart has but one fad—doing good work.

ABOUT WOMEN.

DEMAREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1897.

QUEEN VICTORIA has conferred the decoration of the Royal Red Cross upon the following women nurses because of their self-sacrificing devotion to the sick and wounded: Sister Mary Anastasia Kelly, Sister Mary de Chantal Huddon, Sister Mary Stanislaus Jones, and Sister Mary Helen Ellis.

WOMEN ARE BEGINNING to find flower-growing a healthy, useful, and profitable occupation. There are about three thousand practical women florists in this country. Three hundred own and manage large green-houses, and more than six hundred "run" large flower-gardens for commercial purposes.

IN THE RECENT appointment of Elsa Eschelssohn as Professor of Civil Law at the University of Upsala, the first appointment of a woman as a university professor ever made in Sweden, that country has taken a step forward and emancipated herself from the Old-World theory of a sex distinction in brain.

A SMALL NUMBER of women have for several years served as letter-carriers in England. A famous old postwoman, who had been a carrier since the Queen's accession in 1837, died a few days ago at Cutsyke, near Leeds. During the first thirty-two years of her service under the British Government she was never absent from her duties for a single day.

A RECOMMENDATION has gone before the Presbyterian Board to the effect that women be forbidden the use of pulpits for public addresses to mixed audiences, and that it be considered improper to give notices of such meetings from the pulpit. Women, however, are still to be permitted to give public testimony for the benefit and in the presence of the privileged sex.

MRS. STORER, who invented the beautiful Rookwood pottery, has been for several years making a special study of new glazes for artistic ware. The result of a year's working in copper has resulted in a marvelous new glaze, which is dull in color, with a curious, mottled effect. The glaze has somewhat the feeling of fur, and is very different from the smooth polish of the Rookwood pottery.

MISS HELEN GOULD's charitable spirit is far-reaching, and extends to almost every variety of philanthropic enterprise regardless of denominational prejudice. Her recent gift of \$5,000 to Bishop Vincent will enable him to erect a building which he has long wanted at Chautauqua. The structure, which is to be used as a repository for sacred art and literature, will be called the Hall of Christ.

COLLEGIATE HONORS are no longer a novelty for American women. Cornell College has appointed Miss Louise Sheffield, Ph.D., warden of Sage College and lecturer on English literature. Following this comes the announcement that Miss Annie Crosby Emery, Ph.D., will this autumn enter upon her duties as Dean and Assistant Professor of Classical Philology at the University of Wisconsin.

"WOMEN'S RIGHTS" in England is a far more progressive movement than in America. British women have the local government franchise in counties and boroughs on the same conditions as men. In the counties and boroughs of England and Wales there are altogether 6,326,879 local government electors; of these 729,758 are women—that is to say, about one-ninth of the electorate are women.

"GENTLE JEAN INGELOW," as she was lovingly called by those who could claim the distinction of her friendship, was probably the most popular woman-poet of her day. In her own country her books ran through a twenty-third edition, and in the United States were sold in excess of 200,000 volumes. Among her intimate friends were the most famous men of her times: Ruskin, Tennyson, Rossetti, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and James Russell Lowell. Her first book of poems was published when she was forty-three years old, anonymously at her own expense.

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MIRROR OF FASHIONS



REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—OCTOBER.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 733. Any number of patterns can be obtained on the order by sending **four cents** for each pattern. Write name and address distinctly.

The directions for each pattern are printed on the envelope containing it, which also bears a special illustration of the design.

DAME FASHION is in a perturbed state of mind. She no sooner has the summer season with its countless furbelows, laces, frills, and flowers well under way, and contemplates resting on her laurels as having made popular the most distractingly, daintily pretty fashions that have ever exhausted the purse of woman or the heart of man, when presto! summer is over, rain and frost have come, fall winds tell of the change, and organdies are out of date.

Dame Fashion puts on her glasses, for she is an ancient dame, and her thinking cap, and is soon busy sending out ideas and suggestions in every direction. She sends one message to Paris, another to London, and a most confusing assortment to America, distracting dressmakers and milliners all over the world.

But out of the first seemingly contradictory reports issued for the fall of '97, a few trustworthy fashions have found marked favor; and already conclusions have been reached as to the width of the new skirt, the length of the jacket, the cut of the waist, and the style of trimming to be used for the present season, until the more settled midwinter fashions shall be decided upon.

Although the streets and

the shop windows are still in a transitory condition, the early fall materials are already being displayed. Soft, light-weight wool goods naturally predominate. Fine whip-cord in gray, black, brown, and blue; cheviots in

large and small checks; Henrietta and etamine in plain colors and beautiful new shades, and both flannels and serges in the lighter weights are the standard materials which will be most often employed in fall frocks for street and home wear. Open-work canvas and grenadine over silk and satin will continue in vogue for dressy occasions until the holiday season, when the winter modes will be established.

The summer fad for dashing colors has overlapped the fall fashions, and brilliant reds, greens and blues are shown in plain goods, and in checks and stripes. A shepherd's plaid skirt in large red and white checks, with a box-plaited waist of all-red wool, is a new and pretty design for a child's school-frock or a young girl's morning-dress. Checks are far more fashionable than either stripes or plain material; but they are invariably combined with plain silk or wool goods. A touch of black is considered indispensable with these suits, either in the soft collar and crush belt, which fastens at the back with flaring bows, or in the cuffs, collar, and vest. The black goods may be either satin, moire, or faille Française.

The effort of the past season to introduce the overskirt has again failed, in spite of Dame Fashion's subtle enticement in the style of trimming she forced upon the skirts



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STREET WAIST FOR A STOUT FIGURE,
THE "CLODILA."

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See Pattern Order for 38 Patterns on Page 733.

during the summer months. Trimmed skirts, really elaborately trimmed, are quite the rage this fall. A dressy, rather graceful fashion is to cover a skirt with four deep accordion-plaited ruffles of silk; an equally stylish effect is brought about by omitting the top ruffle, and substituting a fitted yoke of rich embroidery or heavy lace. A skirt covered with narrow, rather scant, bias ruffles, say from twelve to fifteen, according to the width, is a style possessing those fluttering, butterfly qualities sought after by the débutante, if she chances to be a slender young person. Cloth skirts are invariably cut plain, with the trimming limited to passementerie or galloon braid, or machine-stitching and rows of tiny buttons.

With the fall rains come also suggestions of water-proofs and mackintoshes. The newest style of garment to protect one from the rain is very long, very full, and without the cape, or capes, that have been so popular for years past. It is cut double-breasted, with a tailor finish about the neck, and frequently an Empire effect is shown in the back of these ulsters, which, one and all, flare voluminously at the hem. A cape reaching below the waist is also shown in rubber and waterproof cloth, but is less stylish and less useful than the ulster.

Vest effects appear in almost every variety of fall waists, in the short round waist, in the box-plaited waist, which is now finished with a circular ruffle below the waist-line, and invariably in the new, long basque. As a rule the vests are narrow, not over four inches wide at the throat, broadening to about five inches at the bust, and coming to a sharp point at the belt. Occasionally vests, if very masculine in cut, are worn with chemisettes and four-in-hand ties. A white marseilles vest, white linen chemisette and white silk tie, are an inexpensive but exceedingly chic finish for the simplest of costumes. For more dressy toilets the vests are made of solid rows of tiny tucks or are shirred from throat to bust. Vest effects are also simulated by using ruffles of lace, embroidery, or chiffon from throat to belt, or from the shoulders to belt, where a broader effect is desired.

Box-plaits are again seen in all sorts and conditions of waists, from the evening bod-

ice to the shirt waist. They are especially noticeable in the newest Parisian bicycle suits. Box plaited divided-skirts are very stylish, and are not so apt to bag at the sides as the circular divided-skirts. With these are worn the fitted Norfolk jacket cut with the V-shaped vest.

STREET WAIST FOR A STOUT FIGURE.

ANY variety of figured material can be used in the Clodila street waist, which is especially designed for a stout person. The back is plain across the shoulders, and what little fullness there is at the waist-line is drawn in a group of tiny plaits. To avoid too much plainness, the fronts are full at the waist-line and at the shoulders. Where the fullness is drawn away from the front, a vest of embroidery is shown; a yoke and collar of the embroidery are also revealed by cutting out the neck of the waist about three inches deep. A broad, round collar of velvet finishes the neck, and is trimmed with narrow braid. An Eton effect is simulated by the use of three bands of the braid curving from the neck in front, under the arm, and up to the neck in the back. This braid effect is repeated in finishing the front of the waist, and three rows of braid on a band of the figured goods form the belt. Pippings of silk or velvet can be substituted for the braid. Tiny velvet buttons fasten the waist to the vest, and are also used as a trimming, with braid or pippings, for the coat sleeve, which is cut rather full at the shoulder and long at the wrist. A group of rosettes of braid or velvet ribbon, or of piping, fill in the space between the Eton braiding and the belt.

A DAINTY MATINÉE.

THE Model sacque is at once practical, simple and exceedingly comfortable. It can be daintily trimmed with fine lace for a breakfast jacket, or left neat and plain for a toilet sacque. It is made by cutting four widths of material the length desired in the jacket. Two widths are tucked in clusters the depth of a yoke for the fronts, and the back is box-plaited and set under a plain yoke. There is no fitting required except on the shoulders and under the arms. The sleeves are



A DAINTY MATINÉE.
THE "MODEL."

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a loose coat sleeve, a trifle full at the shoulder and reaching to the elbow. The bottom of the sacque is hemmed and left unconfined. A dressy effect is obtained by using a double ruffle of six-inch-wide lace, which extends in a full flounce over the shoulders across the bust to meet the tucks and then droops in a soft jabot to the waist-line. Rosettes of ribbon are placed where the lace meets the tucks, and a band of ribbon finishes the neck.

A HANDSOME BLOUSE-WAIST.

A BLOUSE made entirely of passementerie, or silk or wool embroidery is one of the fall novelties. This style is shown in the Frieda waist, in a combination of blue and scarlet, which bids fair to be as popular in the fall street and indoor dresses as it has been in the summer outing-suits. The "Frieda" shows a design in navy blue silk, open-work embroidery over a red lining, and is worn with a vest of red chiffon flounces. The sleeves of red silk or cashmere end in a shoulder-puff, and are trimmed below the puff and at the wrist with strips of the embroidery. Over the shoulders extend broad, square revers of embroidery, lined with scarlet, forming a deep circular collar, and giving a yoke effect to the back of waist. The girdle and stock-collar are of navy blue velvet. The Winthrop skirt, which is used with this waist, is the new seven-gored skirt, with a fashionable plaited effect in the back breadth. It is made to match the waist, by using bands of the blue embroidery in narrow strips down the front and side seams. This same design can, of course, be reproduced in any variety of color combinations, in black and red, blue and white, in different shades of violet, and in greens, or is very pretty in a solid color trimmed with velvet.

WOMEN OF SLENDER proportions will be glad to know that wrinkled sleeves and tucked sleeves and sleeves covered with tiny ruffles from wrist to shoulder will be in vogue for fall and winter wear. Revers extending over the shoulders give an added breadth to the figure, and are to some extent a substitute for the departed glory of the large sleeve.

A STYLISH BASQUE.

BASQUES are shown in the newest designs for fall waists. A pretty style, and one easily wrought out by the amateur dressmaker, is the "Tuxedo," which is especially effective in black and white, or any striking combination of light and dark materials. The basque extends about three inches below the waist line, with the effect of a circular frill; the vest is cut broad enough to gather into a jabot down the front, and the vest, lapels, and battlemented trimming are of the light goods, and finished with a heading of silk passementerie, and two rows of narrow black braid. The cuff of the coat sleeve is of light stuff, with three separate groups of the black braid. The neck is finished with a band of dark goods, and a butterfly-bow of lawn under the chin. The skirt is the "Sutherland," given in the June DEMOREST, and is adapted to the style of the waist, by introducing the battlemented effects on the seams of the front breadths; the pipings of the light material are effective, but not necessary. A turban which is a mere twist of the light material is worn with this costume. The velvet puff on the edge of the turban and the plumes are in some contrasting dark shade.

SHIRT WAISTS have become an indispensable item in the business woman's wardrobe, for both summer and winter wear. This fall they will be made in silk, satin, and soft wool goods. Black satin and silk-moreen waists will be worn with wool skirts, and will be made in the primest fashion, to be worn with the conventional linen collar and small "string" tie.

SKIRTS OF SATIN, moire, and brocaded silk have given way somewhat to the dressy and graceful skirts of accordion-plaited silk, which are, however, only becoming to the tall, slender woman or girl. An entire accordion-plaited frock, skirt, waist and sleeves, is a Parisian fancy for a debutante's dancing dress.

SPECIAL MATERIALS are being manufactured for the Queen Victoria styles, which the jubilee celebration has made so popular. Flowered silk and satin, embroidered gauzes, fringed sashes, and poke bonnets are among the "1830 novelties."



A HANDSOME BLOUSE-WAIST.

THE FRIEDA BLOUSE-WAIST.

THE WINTHROP SKIRT.

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THE NEW BELTS AND BUCKLES.

THE announcement that the popularity of shirt waists and full, round blouses will remain undiminished during the winter has brought into the market many new varieties and designs in belts. The half-inch strips of leather, that so nearly inaugurated an era of tight-lacing, are almost entirely superseded by broad leather belts or girdles, some of which are almost bodices.

All sorts and colors of leather will be in vogue as a proper finish for the wool shirt waist; red, green, purple, and tan may be used according to the color-scheme desired. The latest Paris prophecy, however, is for a revival of modest black and seal-brown belts with all varieties of waists. The narrowest leather belt is at least two inches wide, and in black and brown leather they are shown two and a half and three inches in width.

Velvet belts are also much used, and are never less than two and a half inches deep; but the velvet, like the patent-leather belt, has one serious fault: it has the effect of adding to the size of the waist, and, however stylish and appropriate, is less trim and neat-looking than the leather band, unless worn by a very slender person.

Buckles are less conspicuous than in past seasons. The harness buckle is in exclusive favor for all styles of leather belts. They are usually covered with leather to match the belt, and are not in the least ornamental. The two-inch-wide leather belt, dark in color, without a touch of metal or fancy decoration, is the accepted style for all fall out-of-door sports.

Fancy buckles in gold or silver, jeweled or plain, polished or rough, are only used with silk or satin belt-ings. They are much wider than in the past, to fit the increased belt width, thus affording more ample opportunity for elaborate effects in the goldsmith's art.

Girdles entirely of metal, enameled in brilliant colors, are designed to use with house-gowns or æsthetic robes of the Empire or Greek variety. A pretty *ceinture* for a white Empire gown, or tea-gown, is a succession of white enameled daisies, set with Rhinestones and connected with silver links. A girdle in imitation of old Roman or Oriental coins is especially effective with a pretty

house-gown of some Eastern material and elaborate or fanciful design.

For the slim figure the very deep silk or velvet girdle is used. It is usually pointed front and back, is either buttoned under the arm, fastened down the front with tiny butterfly bows, or, if intended for evening use, is laced in the back. Frequently these girdles are so deep that they only require the addition of shoulder-straps to serve as bodices, and can be worn with fine lace yoke and sleeves for dressy occasions, or with plain, neat guimpes of silk or wool. These deeper girdles, or bodices, are only becoming to slender people. Women of stouter proportions prefer the two-inch belt of either leather or corded silk in some dark hue.

But few styles of belts are shown for children, as the shirt waist is declining in popularity for young girls and children, and both school and home dresses are being made with skirts attached to the waists, after the fashion of many years ago, which does away with the necessity of belting in childish figures.

THE NEW Paris jackets are a trifle shorter than the models shown in London, so that one can choose whatever length is most becoming to the figure. The early Paris models are about twenty-two inches in length, while the London models are from twenty-four to almost twenty-six.

SURPLICE EFFECTS are again in favor both for house and street gowns.

RED FOULARD bids fair to be as popular this fall as the ever-present blue-and-white has been during the past summer. It is softened in effect by a surplice front, filled in with soft white silk.

VELVET RIBBON will be much used as a trimming on early fall gowns. Even a summer gown can be freshened with bows and belt and collar of velvet, and made to do good service for autumn wear.

DURING the fall veils will continue to be worn pinned loosely around the brim of the hat; hence the ready-made veils with embroidered edges will be more in vogue than ever.



A STYLISH BASQUE.

THE TUXEDO BASQUE

SUTHERLAND SKIRT.

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FOR EARLY FALL WEAR.

ONE of the new fall coats, called the "Ardsley," is a very short, very severe style of reefer, with narrow lapels and velvet collar and tight-fitting coat-sleeves. The new points in the Ardsley are: the method of buttoning the jacket, which has superseded the fly-front; the setting of the pockets over the hips, and the rather close-fitting sleeves. The pattern is a very simple one, and easily followed.

A STYLISH USE OF CRÊPE.

THE new designs in mourning are rather more elaborate than in the past, and crêpe is again being extensively used as a trimming. An exceedingly stylish model for a crêpe-trimmed waist is the "Northbridge." Henrietta cloth is the material used for the body of the waist and sleeves. The yoke is made of three deep folds of crêpe, each fold being finished at the sides with a large crêpe-covered button. From the yoke to the belt, drooping over the full waist, are three two-inch bands of crêpe on the front of the waist, the back and sides being plain. The sleeves can be made either all of the Henrietta cloth and shirred from wrist to

shoulder, or finished with a small crêpe puff. The belt and collar are of three narrow folds of crêpe, and the front of the belt is finished with buttons to match those on the yoke. Seven graduated bands of crêpe form a pretty trimming for a mourning skirt, or three deep folds fastened at the front seams with crêpe buttons to exactly match the waist are even more effective.

FASHIONABLE DRESS OF CHECKED GOODS.

THE present rage for checked materials is well illustrated in this stylish suit for fall street wear. The material is blue and white wool. The "Clavering" waist, which is merely a round bodice with a loose cutaway effect in the front, can be made over a full soft vest of white chiffon or blue taffeta. The jacket is edged and trimmed with bands of black satin ribbon. The stock matches the vest, and the girdle and bow on the back of the waist are of folds of black satin. The skirt, which is made from the new "Winthrop" pattern in this number of DEMOREST'S, is trimmed around the hips with five bands of inch-wide satin ribbon. The hat is an English walking-hat of white felt, trimmed with folds of black chiffon and blue and white wings.



FOR EARLY FALL WEAR.
THE ARDSLEY JACKET.

A STYLISH USE OF CRÊPE.
NORTHBRIDGE WAIST. KIRKLAND SKIRT.

FASHIONABLE DRESS OF CHECKED
GOODS.
THE CLAVERING JACKET-WAIST.
WINTHROP SKIRT.

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FALL STYLES IN NECKWEAR.

ALMOST any variety of collar or necktie is in vogue this fall, providing it is crisp, harmonious and immaculately fresh. The prevailing styles of ties for shirt-waists and tailor-made dresses are the Ascot, the four-in-hand, and the string-tie. The Ascot is, more often than not, purchased "made up," and is in better taste for double-breasted waists and vests than for the shirt-waist, for with the latter it has rather an unfinished effect. The new four-in-hand is narrower than the summer style, and is never purchased "made-up" by the girl who prides herself on being tailor-made. Four-in-hand ties are worn with the shirt-waist only, and must be long enough to tuck in the belt. The neat string-tie is appropriate for all varieties of plain waists. This fall it is both broader and shorter, and is tied in a smart bow well up on the collar. The light summer shades and pure white still prevail in all styles of ties, though black and red satin and plaid silk ties are occasionally seen.

String-ties and old-fashioned sailor-ties are also worn with high stocks of white linen and piqué. The standing collar, with the front edges pressed out, shares popular favor with the turn-over collar, which has been so long in vogue. The very latest thing is an abbreviated turn-over collar, that is, the outer lap extends half-way to the neckband. Many new tailor waists are made with collars of the same material, finished with narrow linen bands worn inside. Cuffs are also worn inside the sleeves with the new tailor frocks.



A PRACTICAL CAPE.
THE "STERLING."

A PRACTICAL CAPE.

THERE are two varieties of capes for fall wear: the fancy cape for dress occasions, which is little more than a deep neck ruching of countless frills of chiffon, ribbon, and lace, and the practical cape, a common-sense protection against fall winds and rain. An excellent design for the latter style is found in the "Sterling," a full double-breasted circular cape, extending well below the waistline, and finished with a high storm-collar. Any heavy wool goods will make up well in this style, which can be lined or not according to the season for which it is designed. For early winter wear both lining and interlining are desirable.

A PLAIN DRESSING-SACQUE.

A LADY'S dressing-sacque of the simplest style and very easily made is the "Martha." This useful pattern can be cut high neck, with a plain rolling collar and devoid of trimming, or it can be made with a broad sailor-collar and finished with lace insertion and ruffles.

ENGLISH SERGE of the silky quality is very popular for tailor gowns this fall, and is a strong rival of the serviceable mohair, étamine, and canvas goods which will have to be discarded when the really cold weather comes. In nothing does it pay so well to get the best quality as in English Serge.



A PLAIN DRESSING-SACQUE.
THE "MARTHA."

LATEST STYLES IN HOSIERY.

IN SPITE of a second attempt this fall to bring about a revival of that most startling and inartistic foot-gear, the white stocking, in honor of the days when Queen Victoria's childish feet were thus decorated, dark colors, all-black stockings, and the golf variety of hosiery, in its utmost gorgeousness, still prevail.

For evening wear, stockings in harmony with the color of the costume is the only correct foot-dressing in the fashionable world. Where an all-white dress is worn white stockings and shoes are permissible, but not otherwise. For street wear black stockings are worn with black shoes and boots, and tan stockings with tan shoes. Brilliantly colored hosiery is not considered in good taste on the street. Fancy checks, plaids, and stripes in gay colors, are worn with very low-cut slippers for indoor wear and for all sorts of outdoor sports. "Two-toned" stockings, in silk and lisle-thread, are as popular as ever, the lower section being invariably in black and the upper half of a hue to match the color-scheme of the lingerie, or the gown.

Golf stockings as vivid in hue as the gayest autumnal foliage, yellow, orange, red, crimson, brown, and green, reign supreme among those devoted to out-of-door sports. The gentlest Puritan maid, whose daily garb is of gray and brown and black, will wheel away on her bicycle over country lanes and city streets with her foot-gear showing as many colors and combinations of colors as nature's deftest handiwork. For early fall wear golf stockings are shown in lisle-thread and light-weight cotton, and for colder weather in heavy wool. For women who do not like the feeling of wool hosiery a special variety of golf stocking is manufactured without foot or heel, and fastened under the instep like a gaiter. These are naturally worn over cotton or lisle-thread stockings, and are heavy enough to serve with low shoes in coldest winter weather in place of high boots or long gaiters. This bright-colored hosiery is naturally selected with reference to the color or colors in the outing costume, to make it as harmonious as possible.



AN ADJUSTABLE JACKET.
THE "ALPINE." THE MEDINA SKIRT.

AN ADJUSTABLE JACKET.

THE great difficulty in selecting a fall jacket for a school-girl, is to find one that will be cool enough for warm days and warm enough for cool days. The Alpine jacket seems to exactly meet these requirements. For cold weather it can be converted into a double-breasted reefer with a high storm-collar, and for warm days that carry with them a memory of summer, the fronts of the jacket can be tured back and buttoned over in the form of revers, giving a stylish blazer effect, and the storm-collar is turned down as though it were intended for a natty, Byron collar. This jacket is designed for girls from fourteen to sixteen, and usually made to match the fall school-dress. But it is also pretty as a separate jacket, in either tan or gray cloth.

APRON FOR CHILD.

A VERY useful, simple apron for a little girl or boy from two to six years of age is the "Luella." The front is a plain, loose slip reaching from the throat to the hem of the dress, and the back is plain across the shoulder, with the fullness at the waist held in place with strings three inches wide, and starting from the under-arm seams. A full sleeve caught in a wrist-band, and a plain turn-over collar complete this practical garment.



APRON FOR A CHILD.
THE "LUELLA."

yoke on which the full round skirt is gaged. This dress is for a girl from eight to ten years of age, and is extremely pretty reproduced in organdie or light Japanese silk, for any dressy occasion.

DESIGN FOR STRIPED GOODS.

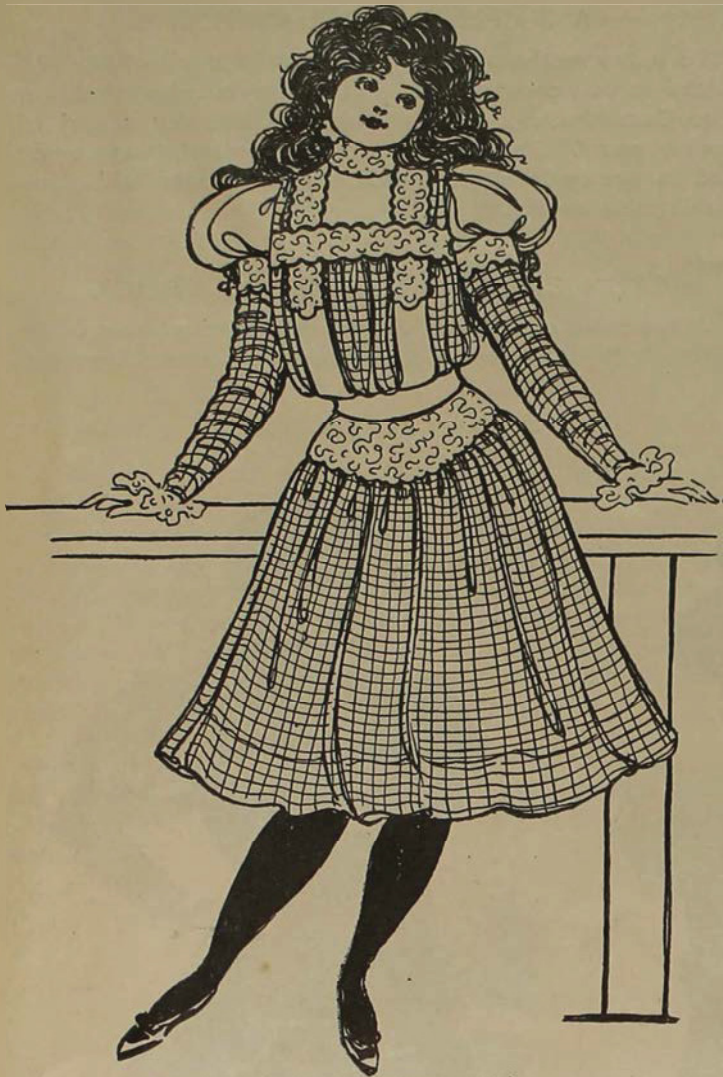
A pretty caprice in making up striped goods this fall is to cut the material for front of skirt and waist on the bias so that the stripes meet in a front seam at a sharp angle. This novel effect is well brought out in the Gention frock for a child of ten years. There is a full, round skirt, devoid of trimming, which reaches just below the knees, and a full blouse, made perfectly plain, and drooping well over the waist line. The only trimming are two bands of ribbon, running from belt to bust, finishing in loops and a broad silver buckle, and really bringing about a vest effect in the loose blouse. Ribbon is also used for the stock collar, and in a broad bow at the back of the waist line.

WHITE CUFFS are somewhat less used than formerly for business wear. Linen is nothing if not immaculate, and it is difficult to preserve the freshness of a single pair of cuffs for an entire day in any sort of office work. When the linen cuff is worn, however, the turn-over variety is best.



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DESIGN FOR STRIPED GOODS.
THE GENTION FROCK.



A GIRL'S FANCY FROCK.
THE "ESTIENNE."

For bicycling, tennis, and golfing, where rapid ankle motion is required, golf stockings are almost entirely superseding high leather or canvas boots; but for hunting or mountain-climbing over rough country, high boots are preferred because of the protection they afford from sharp rocks, prickly bushes and vines, and from the discomfort of tiny stinging insects.

Although stockings in heavy wool are manufactured for general wear in the very cold season, heavy-weight cotton ones are now considered more comfortable, as well as more hygienic, for even the severest winter weather.

A GIRL'S FANCY FROCK.

SHEPHERD'S plaid in blue and white, black and white, or red and white, is a very stylish material for a fall dress for a young girl. An excellent model for the waist is the "Estienne," which very much resembles an old-fashioned yoke waist, except that the blouse is loose over a fitted lining and the fullness extends to the shoulders along the armhole. The yoke in front of the fullness and the entire back of the yoke are of plain material to match the dark line in the check, and the bands over the shoulder and across the yoke are of embroidery or heavy cream lace. The belt and lower part of the bands, which extend over the blouse, are of the plain material, as are the shoulder-puffs on the slightly full checked sleeves. From the belt is a fall of lace which entirely hides the

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A NAUTICAL EFFECT.

SAILOR-LIKE fashions are not confined to the summer season. A modified blouse that fits trimly about the waist, and that is open from neck to belt, to show the ever-fashionable vest, is one of the most attractive styles for a fall street suit, for a girl of twelve or fourteen. An especially pretty model for a natty girlish blouse is the "Elliott." The sailor-collar is scarcely more than narrow revers ending in a square nautical effect over the shoulders. The preferred material for the "Elliott" is serge or flannel, in dark blue, red, or brown, and the trimming, in white or contrasting color, is of narrow rows of flat braid. The



A NAUTICAL EFFECT.
ELLIOTT BLOUSE. MEDINA SKIRT.

A SIMPLE SCHOOL-FROCK.

To many mothers "How shall I make a school-frock?" is the most important question of the fall dressmaking. The Cara frock is an excellent pattern for a girl of twelve years. It is easily made and comfortable to wear, and is pretty in either plaids, stripes, or the still more fashionable checks.

ETON EFFECT IN A CHILD'S FROCK.

A FANCY little frock for a child of from four to six is the "Merritt." It is pretty for visiting, or afternoon wear,



ETON EFFECT IN A CHILD'S FROCK.
THE "MERRITT."



A SIMPLE SCHOOL-FROCK.
THE "CARA."

braid on the vest should be so carefully put on as to seem to be a continuation of the trimming on the blouse and collar. The stock and narrow belt are similarly trimmed on a plain surface. The skirt worn with the Elliott blouse is the "Medina," a new seven-gored skirt for girls of twelve, fourteen, and sixteen. This skirt is fitted over the hips with the fullness confined to the back breadth, and there is a full sweep, as in a circular skirt, at the hem. Any kind of simple braid trimming is stylish on this skirt, which is an especially good model for school wear.

TURBANS, this fall, even when worn with tailor-made dresses, are very large and rather elaborate.

or for church. The body of the waist is shirred front and back, from the belt to the yoke, which is either of lace or embroidery. From the side seams a suggestion of a tiny Eton jacket half hides the shirring. From the yoke out over the sleeve-puff and along the top of the Eton jacket, there is a full frill of the dress goods edged with lace. A simple round skirt without gores, and plain sleeves ending in a puff, complete the frock, which is pretty, made up of checked silk, foulard, or light-weight wool goods.

SASHES of three-inch wide ribbon, which are so much worn now, tie in the back in two short Empire bows with long ends, reaching the hem of the dress.

A NEW BOX-PLAITED WAIST.

AMONG the many designs for using the checked goods, so very popular this fall, is the "Etruria," the fashionable box-plaited effect of which is brought out in the pretty round waist. The pointed yoke is of lace or embroidery, a frill of the same extending over the sleeves, which are slightly full at the shoulder. Both girdle and collar are of dark-toned velvet. A more wintry effect can be obtained by making the yoke and shoulder frills of velvet. A felt hat, with a braided wool brim, is brought into harmony with this costume, by trimmings of fall flowers and loops of velvet. The pattern is for girls of sixteen and women.

FANCY WOOL WAIST.

A DRESSY way of making up the new figured wool goods is shown in the "Rodin" waist. A round yoke, stock, and belt are of dark velvet, in some pretty contrasting shade. The novelty of this design is in the velvet quilling employed as a trimming on both bodice and sleeves. The quilling is of velvet ribbon, edged with narrow white, or cream lace. Velvet ribbon and white lace are also used in trimming the broad-brimmed felt hat, which is of a shade to match the wool goods.

THE NEWEST tailor waists from Paris are absolutely devoid of trimming, and the sleeves are tight from the wrist to the shoulder, with scarcely a puff or a frill to soften the effect.



A NEW BOX-PLAITED WAIST.
THE "ETRURIA."



FANCY WOOL WAIST.
THE "RODIN."

NEW DESIGNS IN PLAIDS

PLAIDS of gorgeous hues will be used for both trimmings and entire costumes during the fall and winter seasons. Plaided silks, velvets, satins, and wool goods are already in the market, showing richer tones and more artistic combinations than in any past season. Plaids, this year, are from Paris, not Scotland, and the color-schemes are delicate, rather than startling. A variety of shades of one rich color, invariably barred with lines of black and white, is the latest Parisian novelty. Some of the color-effects are exquisite: a dark wine-color and rose-pink taffeta are marked off in two-inch square plaids, with black and white stripes of satin. The same plaided effect is brought out in different shades of violet, blue, green, brown, or bright red. All the plaids are large, say from two to four inches square, and many of the most brilliant effects are shown in the fashionable changeable silks.

Women who always prefer the unusual and the difficult are sending to Edinburgh this fall for tartan blouses, made from the actual plaids famous among the Scottish clans. The Bruce and the Stuart plaids are the most popular.

THE DAY of the Eton and bolero jackets is not over; short and long, round and square, useful and merely ornamental, they appear on the fall waists in every variety of material.

USEFUL DESIGN FOR BOYS' OVERALLS.



BOYS' OVERALLS.

It is quite the thing now to use overalls for little boys instead of aprons, and many mothers prefer them because they protect the boys' clothes more completely when he is at play than an apron can. It has become almost a fad of wealthy mothers, who take their children to the country for the summer, to put the boys in overalls and let them play in the dirt as long as they like. Our pattern is a very

simple one and will be found useful. These sensible garments are made of denim, crash, or gingham.



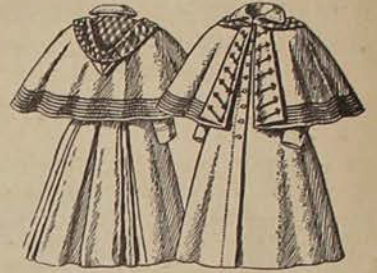
BENVOLA CIRCLE.



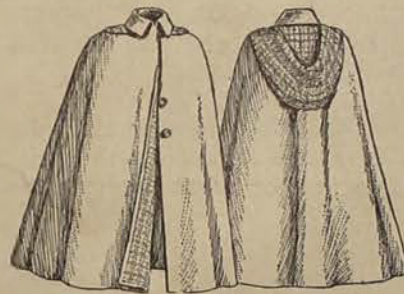
MAYNE WAIST.



CAWDOR CAPE.



FULDA CLOAK.



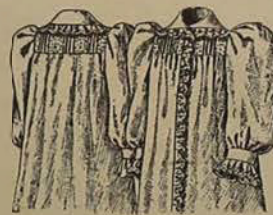
GLENGARRY CAPE.



VINETO JACKET-WAIST.



ROSSMORE HOUSE-GOWN.



MOTHER HUBBARD NIGHT-GOWN.

STANDARD PATTERNS.

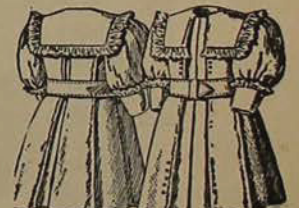
PATTERNS of these desirable models being so frequently called for, we reproduce them in miniature this month in order to bring them within the limit of time allowed for selection. It should be remembered that one great advantage of our "Pattern Order" is that the holder is not confined to a selection 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 it.*



NYANOTIS CORSAGE.



ELFIN FROCK.



MARINA COAT.



ELSA FROCK.



BERKSHIRE CAPE.



ALDA JACKET.



MYRTIE FROCK.

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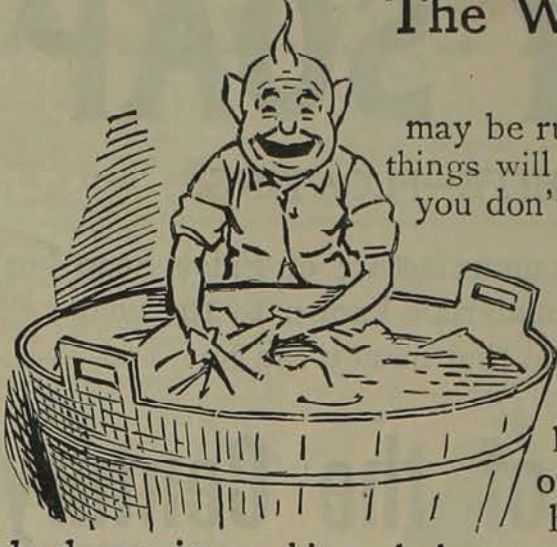
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The Washing that's Easy

may be ruinous, perhaps. Plenty of things will save work in washing—if you don't mind more or less harm to the clothes. But if you do mind it, and want to be sure that you're not running any risk—then get Pearlina. Pearlina has been proved, over and over again, to be absolutely harmless. It saves more drudgery, in washing clothes or cleaning house, than any other thing that's safe to use. You can't afford to use anything that's doubtful.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

532 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

"Mrs. A. J. D."—The most useful material for street and business purposes is serge, either navy blue or black. Make the waist after the Melton pattern in DEMOREST'S for September, already recommended in this column; while for a severely plain well-fitting skirt you will find nothing better than the Kirkland pattern first given in July DEMOREST'S. A street suit should fit and hang well and be devoid of trimming.—If possible send your ottoman silk to a cleaner. This is not expensive and is far more satisfactory; but if it must be done at home, purchase at least a quart of gasoline, put in a bowl with the dress goods and thoroughly wash; then shake out and hang on the line out of doors. Don't iron until all odor of gasoline has vanished, and then avoid placing the material near a flame. When in good shape make up after the new design in October DEMOREST'S, the Frieda waist and Sutherland skirt. The Kirkland pattern can, however, be substituted. In using the Frieda waist your brocaded silk will answer in place of embroidery for the blouse, and you can freshen the costume by the use of flounces of white chiffon or

(Continued on Page 722.)

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 the Cheapest.** Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. **Durability lessens cost of labor.** Send for Catalogue to

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Over 4,000 vacancies—several times as many vacancies as members. Must have more members. Several plans; two plans give free registration; one plan GUARANTEES positions. 10 cents pays for book, containing plans and a \$500 love story of College days. No charge to employers for recommending teachers.

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The World's Standard of Excellence.

Silver Soap,

For washing and polishing Gold, Silver and Glass. 15 cts.

The Best Made.
Postpaid, 20 cts., stamps.

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An always ready polisher prepared with ELECTRO-SILICON, for polishing Bicycles, Harness and Carriage Mountings, etc.

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For cleaning and polishing Gold and Silver. Its merits have made it famous around the world. No other like it.

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An oak case containing Powder, Soap, Plate, Brush and Chamolis. A modern convenience for house-keepers. Express Prepaid, 75 cts., stamps.

All Leading Dealers have our Goods.

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FAIRY SOAP

PURE—WHITE—FLOATING.

Nothing enters into the manufacture of Fairy Soap but the purest and best materials known to the soap-maker's art and that money can buy.

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Sold everywhere in one quality and three convenient sizes, for the toilet, bath and laundry.

Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago. St. Louis. New York.

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BRAIDED WIRE
YOUR DEALER
HAS THEM
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AND WE WILL
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EMPIRE 25¢

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Braided Wire
BUSTLES AND FORMS

ARE LIGHTEST AND MOST DURABLE.
THEY IMPROVE THE FIGURE,
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THE BRAIDED WIRE BUSTLES
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SENATOR STYLE. 2 blades, \$1.90; 3 blades, \$1.60; 4 blades, \$1.85.

The workmanship and finish are unexcelled. Ladies' 2 bl. knife, 80c.; 3 bl., \$1.25; Boys' 2 bl., 75c.; Carpenters' 3 bl., \$2.00. Texas, 2 heavy bl., \$1.75. Razor, novelty handle, finest steel and guaranteed, \$3.50. Each personal photo, 25c extra. Finest novelty on the market for high-grade advertising. Send stamp for circulars. Agents wanted. Cabinet photos from latest negatives of Pres. McKinley, wife and mother; each, 35c.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 19 BAR ST., CANTON, OHIO.

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LOOK AT YOUR FACE!

DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS and FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Moth, Sallowiness, Tan, Redness, Oiliness, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedy on earth can. Wafers per box, \$1; 6 large boxes, \$5; Soap, 50c. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, Room 25, 214 6th Ave., New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from Page 721.)

lace for the vest. Edge the blouse as well as the strips of brocade on the skirt with narrow silk or bead passementerie. If the silk is really very dirty or badly stained, it will be necessary to send it to the cleaner or still better to have it dyed.—If your black silk is still fresh enough to make over without covering, use the Tuxedo waist and Kirkland skirt in October DEMOREST'S, and make it up with white or light silk as suggested in description given with waist; but if the silk is worn or shiny, cover it with the new wool canvas, in which the mesh is at least a quarter of an inch square and which will not be over the price stipulated. For this material use the Thyra waist and Cumberland skirt in DEMOREST'S for September. The trimming for this costume can be a solid black silk galloon, or a very open-work braid over white or colored ribbon; the latter is the more dressy fashion. An appropriate hat is suggested in the description given of this costume.—Black shoes must always be worn with very dressy toilets except for occasions where light evening gowns are worn.—DEMOREST'S is very glad to win the appreciation and confidence of its readers, and willing to furnish advice on all matters within its province.

"CHRYSANTHEMUM."—The arranging of flowers in a chrysanthemum show naturally depends very much upon the variety of blossoms to be exhibited and the size of the collection. It is an excellent rule to mass the color, that is, to keep the colors distinct. An invariable rule is to have the decorations for your hall or room entirely of green, branches of either evergreens, holly-leaves or laurel. The use of autumn foliage will detract from the beauty of the exhibit. If you have different shades of pink and terra-cotta blossoms, place the deeper shades back against the green foliage, and the paler ones at the front of the stands. Huge bunches of vivid yellow chrysanthemum are decorative if placed in clumps at the entrance. In a special display of yellow flowers, group white, cream, buff, yellow and orange on one table. Unusual tints, or blossoms of remarkable size should be isolated and placed directly against the green background. A plan which contributes much to the harmony of the color-scheme and leaves the display entirely to the chrysanthemums, is for all women who have charge of the various stands to dress in white.

"INFORMATION."—We cannot tell you anything, concerning the sale of a copy of an old New York paper printed over forty years ago and recently sold to the Belgian Museum. Can any reader of DEMOREST'S tell us by whom it was published? when? and the reason of its value to a large foreign library?

"LUNCHEON."—It is possible to make a salad look very pretty and inviting on a platter; but the

(Continued on Page 723.)

A Pound of Facts

is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

Send your name and address to the Oakville Co., Waterbury, Conn., and mention the Demorest and you will receive postpaid samples of the Clinton Safety Pin. Their new Sovran Pin, and a funny colored animal booklet for the children. This is a special offer to our readers and will be discontinued as soon as booklets are exhausted.

The Fall Catalogue of Messrs. H. C. F. Koch & Co., New York City, has just been issued. It contains much information of value to those who purchase goods by mail. Many special bargains are made for the benefit of out-of-town buyers. The firm has an excellent reputation, and in the many years of its existence has always given thorough satisfaction. In fact, the purchaser's money is refunded for any goods not proving satisfactory. As a result of their energy and enterprise, Messrs. Koch & Co. have at different times found it necessary to increase their floor space and extend their facilities, until they now occupy one of the finest buildings in the district in which they are located. Their catalogue is sent free upon request.

Enameline



The Modern STOVE POLISH.

DUSTLESS, ODORLESS,
BRILLIANT, LABOR SAVING.
Try it on your Cycle Chain.
J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from Page 722.)

present fad of the fashionable hostess is a salad bowl, large and round and of some pretty ornamental ware. In mandarin and hawthorn ware these bowls range in price from \$3.50 to \$8.00; but in the pretty blue and terra cotta kaolin ware, or in common Chinese blue and white, they can be found as low as fifty cents. The deep blue and white is especially pretty in contrast with the pale green of the salad leaves. It is a good idea to fringe the edge of the bowl with the leaves of whatever salad you are using.

"GEORGE."—You will find all the information that can be given on the Klondike region in the present number of DEMAREST'S, in the article entitled "Gold Fields of the Yukon Valley."

"MOTHER."—Don't be discouraged because your little daughter is not fond of sewing; few girls are. Very often it is possible to win a child's interest in sewing by permitting her to cut and make little garments for herself. Let it be her school aprons at first; then let her try her hand at doing her own underwear. Allow her to select her patterns and, if possible, to exercise her own taste in the matter of trimming. Her interest is sure to grow in proportion to the feeling of responsibility she has about her work.

"VILLAGE GIRL."—Your friend is right. Jewelry of any kind, except the ever-useful pin or buckle, is considered very bad form in the daytime. Much jewelry is never in good taste for a young girl.

"YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER."—Use rugs for your parlor and dining-room in place of carpet; they are cheaper and easier to keep clean. Oriental rugs are more beautiful and more durable than those made in America, and are thus a better investment. An article on the "Buying of Rugs" will soon be given in DEMAREST'S, which will be of great value to the novice.

"BUSINESS WOMAN."—Yes, there is a distinct style of dress in vogue for the business woman. She need not adhere to one fashion, but she cer-

(Continued on Page 724.)

A Saratoga Incident.

One day last August a party of ladies were seated on the veranda of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, when the conversation turned upon dress. By a strange coincidence it happened that three of the best gowned of these ladies had ordered their dresses from The National Cloak Company.

One of these ladies was from Atlanta, another from Boston, and a third from Sacramento or Oakland—the exact place has slipped our memory. They had sent in their orders by mail, nevertheless their costumes were among the prettiest, the most exclusive, and the best fitting at Saratoga.

We are prepared to serve to her entire satisfaction any lady who admires fashionable costumes and wraps. We make every garment to order, thus insuring the perfection of fit and finish. Our styles and materials are exclusive and are shown by no other firm. We pay express charges everywhere.

It is easy and pleasant to deal with us. A line from you will bring our new Fall Catalogue of Suits and Cloaks and a complete selection of samples of Suitings and Cloakings to choose from. We will send them free by return mail.

Our Catalogue illustrates:

- Tailor-Made Suits, \$5 up.
- Charming Paris Costumes, \$5 up.
- Silk and Satin Skirts, \$8 up.
- Bicycle Suits, \$6 up.
- Riding Habits.
- Opera Wraps.
- Newest Styles in Winter Jackets, \$3 up.
- Fur Collarettes, Genuine Sealskin, \$10.
- Cloth Capes, \$3.
- Velour Capes, \$10.

Our line of samples includes the newest fabrics in Suitings and Cloakings, many of them being imported novelties. We also have special lines of black goods and fabrics for second mourning.

Write to-day for catalogue and samples; you will get them by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,
119 and 121 W. 23d St.,
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MODERN HOMES.

Pages 9 x 12; 100 attractive plans costing \$400 to \$10,000. Photo and perspective views. Complete description. Postpaid \$1.00. Artistic pamphlet specimen designs for two 2c. stamps. State price of house you wish to build.

GEO. W. PAYNE & SON, ARCHITECTS, Carthage, Ill.

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\$200.00 FOR CORRECT ANSWERS!

Most Unique Contest of the Age — \$200.00 Paid for Correct Lists made by Supplying Missing Letters in Places of Dashes — No Lottery — Popular Plan of Education — Read All the Particulars.

In the United States four times as much money is expended for education as for the military. Brain is better than brawn. By our educational facilities we have become a great nation. We, the publishers of *Woman's World* and *Jenness Miller Monthly*, have done much toward the cause of education in many ways, but now we offer you an opportunity to display your knowledge and receive most generous payment for a little study. The object of this contest is to give an impetus to many dormant minds to awaken and think; also we expect by this competition of brains to extend the circulation of *Woman's World* and *Jenness Miller Monthly* to such a size that we shall be able to charge double the present rate for advertising in our columns. By this plan of increasing the number of subscriptions and receiving more money from advertisers of soaps, pianos, medicines, books, baking powders, jewelry, etc., we shall add \$50,000 a year to our income, and with this mathematical deduction before us, we have decided to operate this most remarkable "missing letters" contest.

HERE'S WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.

There are thirty words in this schedule, from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out as many words as you can, then send to us with 25 cents to pay for a three months' subscription to *WOMAN'S WORLD*. For correct lists we shall give \$200.00 in cash. If more than one person sends a full, correct list, the money will be awarded to the fifty best lists in appearance. Also, if your list contains twenty or more correct words, we shall send you a beautiful *Egeria Diamond Scarf Pin* (for lady or gentleman), the regular price of which is \$2.25. Therefore, by sending your list, you are positively certain of the \$2.25 prize, and by being careful to send a correct list you have an opportunity of the \$200.00 cash award. The distance that you may live from New York makes no difference. All have equal opportunity for winning.

PRIZES WILL BE SENT PROMPTLY.

Prizes will be honestly awarded and promptly sent. We publish the list of words to be studied out. In making your list of answers, be sure to give the number of each word:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. - R A - I - A country of South America. | 16. B - S M - - K A noted ruler. |
| 2. - A - I - I - Name of the largest body of water. | 17. - - C T O - I - Another noted ruler. |
| 3. M - D - - E - - A - E - - A sea. | 18. P - R - U - A - Country of Europe. |
| 4. - M - - O - A large river. | 19. A - S T - A - I - A big island. |
| 5. T - A - - S Well-known river of Europe. | 20. M - - I N - E - Name of the most prominent American. |
| 6. S - - A N - A - A city in one of the Southern States. | 21. T - - A - One of the United States. |
| 7. H - - - - - X A city of Canada. | 22. J - F - - R - - N Once President of the United States. |
| 8. N - A - A - A Noted for display of water. | 23. - U - - N A large lake. |
| 9. - E - - E - - E - One of the United States. | 24. E - E - S - N A noted poet. |
| 10. - A - R I - A city of Spain. | 25. C - R - A A foreign country, same size as Kansas. |
| 11. H - V - - A A city on a well-known island. | 26. B - R - - O A large island. |
| 12. S - M - E - A well-known old fort of the United States. | 27. W - M - - S W - R - D Popular family magazine. |
| 13. G - - R - L - A - Greatest fortification in the world. | 28. B - H - I - G A sea. |
| 14. S - A - L E - A great explorer. | 29. A - L - N - I - An ocean. |
| 15. C - L - F - - - I - One of the United States. | 30. M - D - G - S - A - An Island near Africa. |

In sending your list of words, mention whether you want prize money sent by bank draft, money order or registered mail; we will send any way that winners require. The *Egeria Diamond* is a perfect imitation of a *Real Diamond* of large size. We defy experts to distinguish it from real except by microscopic test. In every respect it serves the purpose of *Genuine Diamond of Purest Quality*. It is artistically mounted in a fine gold-plated pin, warranted to wear forever. This piece of jewelry will make a most desirable gift to a friend if you do not need it yourself. At present our supply of these gifts is limited, and if they are all gone when your set of answers comes in, we shall send you \$2.25 in money instead of the *Scarf or Shawl Pin*, so you shall either receive the piece of jewelry or the equivalent in cash, in addition to your participative interest in the \$200.00 cash prize. This entire offer is an honest one, made by a responsible publishing house. We refer to mercantile agencies and any bank in New York. We will promptly refund money to you if you are dissatisfied. What more can we do? Now study, and exchange slight brain work for cash. With your list of answers send 25 cents to pay for three months' subscription to our great family magazine, *Woman's World*. If you have already subscribed, mention that fact in your letter, and we will extend your subscription from the time the present one expires. To avoid loss in sending silver, wrap money very carefully in paper before inclosing in your letter. Address:

JAMES H. PLUMMER, Publisher,

22 & 24 North William Street,

New York City, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Don't omit the second cover advertisements.

OH! ILLUSTRATED Circular FREE, descriptive of the best **LADIES' TAILORING SYSTEM** on earth. Rood Magic Scale Co., Chicago, Ill.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 723.)

tainly should adhere to one style of fashion, and that is always a style which is characterized by dignity and simplicity. Lace and feathers and gay flowers, and chiffon and jewelry are all reserved for home wear by the common-sense business woman; for the office she wears dark materials, subdued colors and simple fashions.—Get navy blue storm-serge for your fall business suit. Use the Kirkland skirt pattern and the Melton tailor waist pattern given in September *DEMOREST'S*. No trimmings are necessary except buttons and machine-stitching, and the ever desirable white linen chemisette or collar.

"SCHOOL-TEACHER."—Make your fall shirt-waists of light-weight flannel, after the Norrice pattern in June *DEMOREST'S*. All of the new shirt-waists are cut with scant sleeves, and additional fullness in the shoulder seams. The loose blouse effect at the waist-line is still fashionable.

"ECONOMY."—You can easily make the black straw hat, you described, suitable and pretty for fall wear. You will, of course, have to remove the daisies and buttercups, and rip out the white lace facing. Your dark-blue velvet loops will be useful, but will have to be steamed and freshly knotted. After brushing the straw, wipe it off with a black cloth wet with ammonia water; then face it with velvet or shirred taffeta if dark blue. Cover the brim with bunches of dark-blue and green asters, or blue and yellow chrysanthemums. Add the velvet loops and some stiff black quills.

"LIZZIE."—Bright waists are still fashionable, but are perhaps not worn so indiscriminately as they have been. Visiting toilets and church dresses are made with skirts and waists of the same material, and dressy effects are given by trimmings of lace, velvet and passementerie. For any half-dress occasion, to vary home and school-frocks, bright silk or wool waists are still very much used, and are economical as well as pretty.

"QUERY."—A summer silk that is very much worn is probably not worth doing over. Rip the dress, press it and cut it over into a silk waist for afternoon wear. The Orton waist given in September *DEMOREST'S* will be a good model, and as your silk is red and white the same color-scheme could be artistically carried out.

"SUBSCRIBER."—At a hotel or restaurant the plate and napkin under the finger-bowl are not intended for use; the napkin is merely a substitute for the doiley. At a private table, however, when a colored fruit napkin is substituted and the bowls are brought on the table with the fruit, it is intended that the napkins shall be used to save the white linen from stains.

(Continued on Page 725.)

LeMesurier Artists' Colors



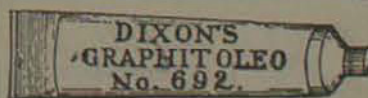
Are the same in first shades, and will produce absolutely the same tints as the best English tube paints. We guarantee our colors to possess all desirable features found in domestic or foreign manufactures, and to excel them in many essential qualities, such as—impalpable fineness, freedom from lint, and other vexatious substances, and positive uniformity of strength and shade. **NOTICE.—Our Single Tubes, with few exceptions, are double the size of any foreign now in the market.**

Price-List and pamphlets, giving opinions of some of the most eminent artists, will be furnished on application. Among others who have used them and attest their merits, are: D. Huntington, Pres't N.A., Julian Scott, A.N.A., Geo. Inness, N.A., J. H. Beard, N.A., Wm. L. Sonntag, N.A., E. Wood Perry, N.A., R. W. Hubbard, N.A., A. T. Bricher, N.A.

'JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,

NEW YORK: P. O. Box 3499; Office, 55 Pearl St., Brooklyn. CHICAGO: Masury Building, 190, 191, 192 Michigan Avenue.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Lubricates every pin and pivot, as well as the chain and sprockets of your bicycle. It will pay you to send 15 cents for sample.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 724.)

"AN INQUIRER."—Among the names you submitted, the following have died since their pictures were published in DEMOREST'S Portrait Album: Alexander Dumas, fils, at Marly, France, July 1, 1896; Oliver Wendell Holmes, at Boston, Mass., October 7, 1895; Louis Pasteur, in Paris, September 28, 1896; George Louis du Maurier, at Whitby, England, October 8, 1896; Harriet Beecher Stowe, at Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1896; Eugene Field, at Chicago, November, 1895; Sir John Millais, at London, August 13, 1896; Alexander III., at Livadia, November 1, 1894. The others whom you inquired about are living. John Ruskin is no longer in his right mind, and is living in retirement at Brantwood, England. Neal Dow, although an old man, is still living, and Hall Caine has just finished one of his most vigorous novels.

"Mrs. C. E. P."—The yoke of the Nautica extends around the back. It can be cut from the round yoke pattern, and adjusted over the top of the Kirkland skirt. Trim before placing it in the band, and tack it to the skirt, or leave loose as preferred. The material like sample will look extremely well made up after the Nautica pattern. Get blue broadcloth to combine with it, and use the brown soutache braid for a trimming. A brown leather belt in harmony with the cloth would be most suitable. The only stiffening required is eight inches of soft broadcloth about the bottom of the skirt.

GLEANINGS.

WOMEN'S JUBILEE DINNER.

The New York *Sun* gives an interesting account of a novel entertainment that took place during the Queen's Jubilee. One hundred distinguished women united in giving what they called the Women's Jubilee Dinner, the idea being to celebrate the progress women have made during the Queen's reign, and the new vocations that have been opened to them. The dinner was held in the Grafton Galleries. Each lady was privileged to invite a distinguished man. The invidious distinctions involved in this arrangement furnished amusement and speculation in society for days.

(Continued on Page 726.)



A Perfectly Equipped Bath
with plenty of Hot Water. So complete and cost so moderate there's absolutely no excuse for any home being without a bath. 20 styles. Send 2c. for catalogue, Tubs, Heaters, etc.

MOSELY FOLDING BATH TUB CO.
358 "L" Dearborn St. CHICAGO.

Gas, Gasoline, or Oil.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

\$19.50 DEMOREST Sewing Machine.
WARRANTED FOR 10 YEARS.
200,000 SOLD IN 10 YEARS.

The only High Grade Sewing Machine sold for \$19.50. SENT ON TRIAL. Ask for catalogue of other styles. If you have any doubts about them giving satisfaction, ask us to send Testimonials received from ladies residing in your vicinity who have used them.

Demorest Sewing Machine Company,
155 West 23d Street, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

High Arm TRY IT FREE



for 30 days in your own home and save \$10 to \$25. No money in advance.
\$60 Kenwood Machine for \$23.00
\$50 Arlington Machine for \$19.50
Singers (Made by us) \$8, \$11.50, \$15 and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight. 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.

Warranted Ten Years.

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THE ONEITA
PAT. APL. 25TH 1893.

ELASTIC RIBBED UNION SUITS

are complete undergarments, covering the entire body like an additional skin. Perfectly elastic, fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. No buttons down the front. Made for Men, Women, and Young People. Most convenient to put on or off, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses, or wear comfortably so small a corset.

Send for illustrated booklet. Address Department "D,"
ONEITA KNITTING MILLS Office: No. 1 Greene St., N. Y.



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THE LATEST TALKING MACHINE.



THE ECHOPHONE.

A phonograph brought down to simple principles. It talks, it plays, it sings. Have you a phonograph? No? Why not? They cost \$40 to \$200. Then you are interested. Write at once for full particulars and list of records. Or note our offer to readers of this paper.

We will give you advantage of agents' discounts, and ship to you an ECHOPHONE for . . . **\$5.00**

This includes Echophone complete with ear-tubes and 1 record, with 6 months' subscription to Demorest's Magazine for one of your friends.

BETTER STILL! We will ship an Echophone, complete with ear-tubes and horn, and 1 doz. records of your own selection, with 6 months' subscription to Demorest's Magazine for one of your friends for . . . **\$10.00**

BEST OF ALL! Supply us with the names of 3 dealers, agents or business men in your town, who would be interested in talking machines, and allow us to refer them to you when your machine arrives, and we will prepay express charges to any point east of the Mississippi River on our \$10.00 outfit.

THE ECHOPHONE COMPANY,

110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR AND CATALOGUE.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Ladies' Tailoring,

SUCH as the most fastidious would be satisfied with. Those are the kind of garments turned out by us, and after 15 years of wide experience we have succeeded in gaining the full confidence of our patrons.



Our specialties.
 Tailor-made Suits, \$5.00 up;
 new style Jackets, \$3.00 up; our
 popular embroidered or strapped
 seamed Capes, \$2.00 up; seven-
 gored Skirts with full pleated or
 shirred back, \$3.00 up.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

We have introduced an absolutely perfect Self-measuring System which we send FREE on request, together with our beautifully illustrated catalogue of Fall and Winter goods. It shows 100 of the most attractive styles for this season's wear and also complete samples of goods. We solicit a trial order.

The American Cloak and Suit Co.,
LADIES' TAILORS,

35 E. 12th Street, and 48-50 E. 13th Street,
 NEW YORK CITY.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

\$12 to \$35
Per WEEK

Can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can give their whole time to the business. Spare hours, though, may be profitably employed. This announcement is of special interest to stirring men who wish to rise in the world. Good openings for town and city work as well as country districts. **B. F. JOHNSON, No. 380, 11th St., Richmond, Va.**
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 725.)

The affair was a great success. Only two toasts were offered. Mrs. Steel, who toasted the Queen, excited much laughter by addressing the guests as "Gentlemen and ladies," instead of using the time-honored form of "Ladies and gentlemen."

Lady Henry Somerset next proposed "Our Guests," to which the Bishop of London responded. He voiced the prevailing feeling among the men present when he said: "Could we distract our minds from our companions and look into one another's faces, we should perceive a sense of deep unworthiness, each man inly wondering how the other man came to be asked."

Among the hostesses were Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. Fawcett, Sarah Grand, Lady Jeune, the Duchess of Leeds, Miss Flora Shaw, Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, Antoinette Sterling, Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The guests included Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Lord Charles Beresford, James Bryce, M.P.; Mr. George N. Curzon, Sir John Gorst, Vice-President of the Committee of the Council; Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India; Mr. William Lecky, M. P.; Sir Frank Lockwood, M. P.; Mr. John Morley, Henry M. Stanley, M. P., and the authors Thomas Hardy, Anthony Hope, Lewis Morris and Andrew Lang.

(Continued on Page 727.)

BEST & CO



In Making Baby Clothes



Mothers cannot buy materials at retail and compete with the machinery and system by which our goods are manufactured—by well-paid operatives too, working in light, clean, wholesome places. Our

Cambric Short Dress for the nursery—tucked yoke, front and back alike—neck and sleeves trimmed with embroidery—full skirt finished with deep hem and tucks above—good material—neatly made. Sizes, 6 months to 2 years,

48^{c.}

Fine Nainsook Long Slips (like cut)—gathered at the neck with one row of insertion and ruffle of fine embroidery, sleeves finished the same. Deep hem on skirt

62^{c.}

Are good illustrations of the economy of clothing children at the "Children's Store."

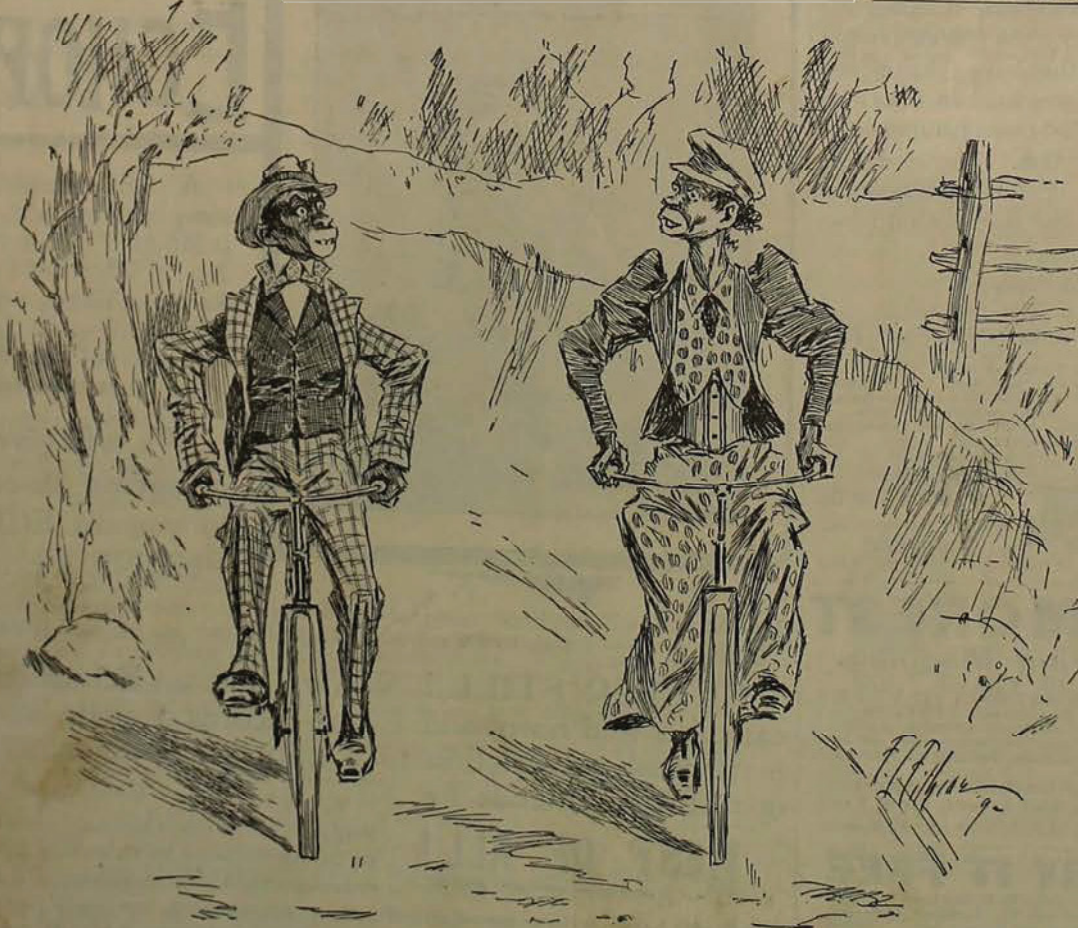
Catalogue with over 700 illustrations of the best things for children for 4 cents postage.

60-62 West 23d Street, New York

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

ANTI-JAG A marvelous cure for **DRUNKENNESS**, can be given secretly at home. It is harmless. All druggists, or write **Renova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York.**
FULL INFORMATION GLADLY MAILED FREE.

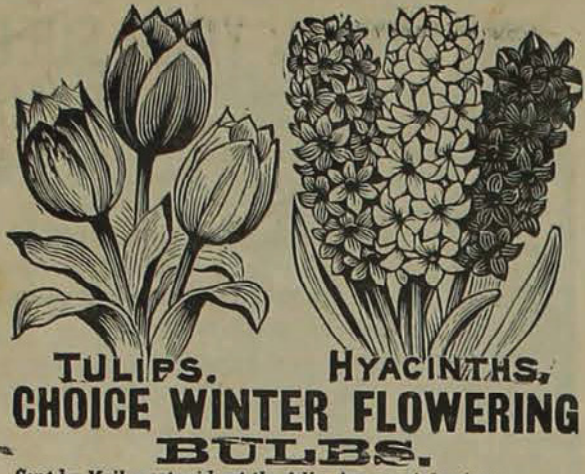
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



FROM THE SUBLIME.

MR. JENNINGS—"I could jes' ride on fo'ebber wif yo', Miss Edif."

MISS EDIF—"Deed yo' couldn't. Yo'd have dat bicycle-bazar man aftah us fo' de rent wif a gun; sho' 'nough we would."



TULIPS. HYACINTHS.
CHOICE WINTER FLOWERING BULBS.

Sent by Mail, postpaid, at the following special prices:
 3 lovely HYACINTHS, different colors, fine, for 10 cents.
 6 " TULIPS, lovely sorts, all different, " 10 "
 5 " NARCISSUS, " " " 10 "
 10 SPANISH IRIS, nothing finer in flowers, " 10 "
 10 CROCUS, 5 sorts, named, " 10 "
 10 FREESIAS, fine mixed sorts, " 10 "
 10 OXALIS, all different colors, " 10 "

Or the whole 54 Bulbs, post-paid, for 50 Cents.
MY CATALOGUE, ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED, of all kinds of Plants and Bulbs, for Fall Planting and Winter Blooming, is now ready, and will be mailed **FREE**, to all who apply. Choicest Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, and other Bulbs at greatly reduced prices. Write for it at once. Address,

MISS ELLA V BAINES,
The Woman Florist, **SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from Page 726.)

WOMEN BICYCLISTS ON CATTLE-SHIPS.

Within the last few months the regular ocean lines, with some exceptions, have raised their rates of passage. The state-room accommodations that could be secured for \$75 last season are now \$100. But that does not deter the female tourist. She takes passage on a cattle-ship for \$50, \$45, or even \$40; this economy she supplements by taking her wheel along with her to avoid miles of railway fare on the other side. The passenger-list of a cattle-ship that sailed from New York last week, a ship with room for thirty saloon passengers, showed only five men's names, the others nearly all having the prefix "Miss" before them.

* *

"I would rather go across on a cattle-ship than by the regular passenger boats," said a young woman who makes not only a virtue but a pleasure of necessity. "In the first place, the cattle-ship does not toss and roll like the others, owing to its heavy freight, and, in the second place, you are out at sea twelve days instead of eight, and, there being so few passengers, each comes in for a share of individual attention from the ship's officers and attendants. The cattle? Oh! the ventilation is so perfect

(Continued on Page 728.)

Flowers for Winter.

What You Can Buy for 25 cts., postpaid.

- 5 Hyacinths, all different colors, beautiful, 25c.
- 20 Tulips, a fine assortment, all colors, 25c.
- 10 Choicest Varieties Narcissus, all colors, 25c.
- 30 Crocus, all colors, handsome, 25c.
- 2 Chinese Sacred Lilies, or Joss Flower, 25c.
- 30 Freesias, Alba, Splendid Winter Bloomer, 25c.
- 2 Calla Lilies, for Winter Blooming, 25c.
- 15 Oxalis, all Colors, including Buttercups, 25c.
- 6 Choice Winterblooming Roses, all colors, 25c.
- 5 Choice Geraniums, all different, 25c.
- 3 Carnations, ready to bloom, 25c.
- 2 Elegant Decorative Palms, 25c.
- 8 Giant Golden Sacred Lilies, new, 25c.

You may select 3 complete sets for 60 cts.; any 6 sets for \$1. Get your neighbor to club with you and get yours **Free**. Catalogue free; order today.

GREAT WESTERN PLANT CO., Springfield, O.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

FREE ATTENDANT SERVICE
 AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y.

Ask the man with the **RED CAP** to carry your bag and show you to your Cab, Car, or Elevated Train.

This service is FREE
 the New York Central pays him for it.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY GEORGE H. DANIELS, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LIKE THE FASHION PLATES.



Remember that all the leading dressmakers use genuine **FIBRE CHAMOIS** for interlining their creations, as it is the only interlining that can be depended upon to keep materials in desired shape under all conditions.

IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE **Fibre Chamois**

Genuine has **FIBRE CHAMOIS** stamped on every yard.

FIBRE CHAMOIS should always be cut the exact size of the goods and be sewn up in the seams with the material. Gather or pleat just as you would the material alone.

FIBRE CHAMOIS is absolutely uncrushable, yet is delightfully light and pliant.

BE CAREFUL that you get the proper weight: No. 10 for silks and light materials; No. 20 for heavier goods; No. 30 in place of canvas.

LATEST PARISIAN SKIRT PATTERNS will be mailed free to DRESSMAKERS sending business card to AMERICAN FIBRE CHAMOIS Co., 412 Temple Court, New York.

Sole Selling Agents, **J. W. GODDARD & SONS,** 98-100 Bleecker St., New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

48 Choice Winter FLOWERING BULBS FOR 25c

In silver or 27 one-c. stamps to introduce my Nurseries and Magazine into new families. My offers are famous for their liberality, having made mine the largest mail order seed and bulb house in the world, but this offer surpasses every offer ever made by me in the past:

- Hyacinth, br't red; fine for forcing.
- Tulip, La Reine, early; white, then Tullip, dble.; late; yellow rose. [pink.
- Narcissus, Polyanthus, elegant
- Spanish Iris, fine mixed. [scented.
- Iris, superfine mixed, all colors.
- Jonquil, pure yellow; good forcing.
- Crocus, Cloth of Gold, yellow; early.
- Crocus, Reine Blanche, pure white.
- Sella Siberica, bright, intense blue.
- Persian Ranunculus, large, double.
- Fritillaria, Imperialis, very early.
- Grape Hyacinth, deep sky blue.
- Allium, Moly Luteum, bright yellow.
- Sparaxis, superfine, all colors.

And Thirty-three other Bulbs. All the above bulbs, forty-eight in all, sent neatly packed and postpaid, also catalogue of full line of choicest bulbs and 3 months' trial subscription to my bright, new, Illustrated Magazine, if you send only 25c. silver or 27 one-c. stamps. Bulbs guaranteed true to name and color. 5 full collections and subscriptions for \$1. Club with friends and get yours **FREE**, with extras. **L. N. CUSHMAN, the Bulb and Seedman, Winthrop Square, BOSTON, Mass.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Special to Readers of Demorest's Monthly!

TEAS

Send this "ad." and 10c. in stamps and we will mail you 1/4 lb. of any kind of Tea you may select. The best imported. Good Teas and Coffee, 25c. per lb. We will send 5 pounds of FINE FAMILY TEAS on receipt of this "ad." and \$2.00. This is a special offer. All charges paid.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y. P. O. Box 289. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PROJECTING NOVELTIES

"VIVE MARVEL" Two In One. "GRAPHOSCOPE" \$75.00. Complete Picture Machine. PHONOGRAPHS, GRAPHOPHONES, RECORDS, FILMS. Also **MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.** HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

Writers Wanted to do copying at home. Law College, Lima, Ohio. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

PRICES OF OXYDONOR GREATLY REDUCED.

Send for New Price-List.



OXYDONOR

(Trade-Mark, Registered Nov. 24, '96.)

The New Life-Giver

Gives vigorous health by instilling **Oxygen from the Air** into the **System**, and cures all forms of disease, without medicine or electricity. Applied as in illustration; it is as simple as breathing. Hundreds of public men and more than a million persons in all countries now depend upon the OXYDONOR exclusively for health.

(Trade Mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.)

Get the Genuine—made by the Discoverer and Inventor, **Dr. H. Sanche**. Book of particulars and price-list sent free to any address.

CHRONIC DYSENTERY.

DR. H. SANCHE, 78 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK, May 29th, 1897.
Dear Sir:—“Since my wife was cured of Laryngitis with the Oxydonor six years ago, I have never been without one or more Oxydonors in my possession. In curing a friend of Malaria, he was positively cured at the same time of a chronic Dysentery of sixteen years' standing. He has no return of it in three or four years and has gained twenty to thirty pounds in weight.”

Yours very truly, **G. F. NIXON.**

George P. Goodale, Sec'y, **Detroit Free Press**, writes, May 2d, 1897:

“Oxydonor is the chiefest single blessing with which I have made acquaintance on this earth; and I would not voluntarily forego its benefits for a deed in fee simple of Greater New York.”

Reliable Dealers Wanted in all parts of the Country. Liberal Terms.

DR. H. SANCHE & COMPANY,

261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 61 Fifth Street, corner Fort, Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Office: 142 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



SAVE 1/2 YOUR FUEL

By using our (stove pipe) **RADIATOR**. With its 120 Cross Tubes, **ONE** stove or furnace does the work of **TWO**. Drop postal for proofs from prominent men.

TO INTRODUCE OUR RADIATOR, the first order from each neighborhood filled at **WHOLESALE** price, and secures an agency. Write at once.

ROCHESTER RADIATOR COMPANY,
57 Furnace St., **ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 727.)

that you would not know there were cattle on board unless you went where they were, and they really add interest and variety to the voyage. The passengers are admitted to all parts of the boat, and not only the cattle and horses, but the men in charge of them are a study.”

TEACHERS' PENSIONS.

New Jersey has the honor of enacting the first general law in the United States providing an income for veteran, invalided public school teachers. The final success of the bill is entirely due to the valiant fight made by the women school-teachers of the State. They have been battling for the pension for the past seven years; they have presented four separate and complete bills to four separate and unsympathetic State legislatures; they have positively “camped out” for weeks at the State House, and last—but not least by any means to the New Jersey teachers—they have spent hundreds of dollars from their own pockets to cover the various expenses for traveling, printing and other necessities.

The gist of the fourth bill, which finally passed both Houses of the New Jersey Legislature, and received the Governor's signature, is as follows: A half-pay annuity—maximum, \$600; minimum, \$250—to be granted to teachers of twenty years' service, incapacitated for further teaching; the funds to be provided by a monthly stoppage of one per cent. from salaries of all teachers who elect to come under the law, one per cent. of all annuities, moneys, and property received by donation, legacy, gift, bequest, or otherwise, and interest upon investments. Teachers who resign their position after five years or more labor are entitled to a rebate of one-half the entire

(Continued on Page 729.)

FEDER'S BRUSH SKIRT PROTECTOR

is NOT a brush, and it has been decided to emphasize this fact by the use of the additional distinctive trade-name **Pompadour**. So please hereafter ask for

FEDER'S POMPADOUR SKIRT PROTECTOR

(Covered by United States and foreign patents).

when you want the original, reliable, incomparable dress edge that is so soft and clean, and yet so firm and durable.

Feder's Pompadour

is the most attractive, most fashionable and most refined finish in the world for the bottom of the skirt, an embellishment to any dress, and far superior to all braids, velveteens, leather, rubber, cords, etc. It is a demonstrated success, and is recommended by almost all Notion Departments. It is easy to put on and just as easy to remove from a worn-out skirt and to put on to a new one. It is almost indestructible.

Important! In buying **Pompadour** binding take notice for your protection that the name **FEDER'S** is stamped on every yard.

At all Dry Goods Stores, or write to

J. W. GODDARD & SONS,

98-100 Bleecker St., NEW YORK.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



HOW TO EARN A BICYCLE AND A GOLD WATCH

Any one may own a **GOOD HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE** without any outlay of money, by selling at home, among your friends, **Baker's**

Teas, Spices and Baking Powder,

always of highest quality and absolutely fresh.

Just go among your friends and sell a mixed order amounting in total to 75 lbs. for a **Boys' Bicycle**; 100 lbs. for a **Girls' Bicycle**; 200 lbs. for a **Ladies' or Gentlemen's High-Grade Bicycle**; 50 lbs. for a **Decorated Dinner Set**; 25 lbs. for a **Silver Watch and Chain**; 50 lbs. for a **Gold Watch and Chain**, stem-wind and pendant set. **Waltham or Elgin works**, fully warranted; 10 lbs. for a **Solid Gold Ring**; 15 lbs. for a pair of **Lace Curtains**; 22 lbs. for a **Typewriter**; 30 lbs. for a **Fairy Tricycle**; 40 lbs. for a **Sewing Machine**; 25 lbs. for an **Autoharp**; 10 lbs. for a **Crescent Camera**; 25 lbs. for a **Mandolin**. We pay the express or freight if cash is sent with order. Send address on postal card for Catalogue, Order Sheet and Particulars. **W. G. BAKER** (Dept. N), Springfield, Mass.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

NO CANVASSING OR PEDDLING!

Ladies wishing to make money in a quiet and refined way can find the means of so doing by addressing, enclosing a 7c. stamp, **THE HAZELTINE CO.**, 2 Law Building, Toledo, O.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,

102 Fulton st., New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges, immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first-class. Dealers supplied. 52-page illus. cat. free.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LITTLE GIANT TYPEWRITER price \$100



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

ALL KINDS OF WATCHES from 98c. upwards; handsome catalogue free. **Safe Watch Co.**, 9 Murray st., N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

WOMEN Make \$2 to \$10 a Day selling our Back-tosh dress skirts, new style dress shields, etc. Cat. Free. Ladies' Supply Co., 3118 Forest Ave., Chicago

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



THEY DON'T BEND

The Clinton Safety Pin

IS POSITIVELY THE BEST MADE.

Has a perfect *Guard* that prevents clothes catching in coil. Can be hooked from either side. Don't turn brassy, being super-nickel.

Beware of Imitations.

Made in Nickel-Plate, Black, Rolled Gold, Sterling Silver

FREE On receipt of address, samples of our **Clinton Safety Pin**, our new "**Sovran**" pin and a funny colored animal book for the children.

OAKVILLE COMPANY, Waterbury, Conn.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BARONESS BLANC REDUCED.

She Used Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Salt and Got Thin, Well and More Beautiful.

Free Advice at Loring & Co.'s New York or Chicago Medical Department About Obesity or Any Other Disease. Call or Send for Symptom Blank.



The Baroness Blanc, the stage beauty who was the rage at "Hammerstein's" and other popular music halls in New York, and whose other successes are too well known to require comment, has this to say about her experience with Dr. Edison's Obesity Treatment:

Stewart House, 41st St. and Broadway, New York, N. Y., May 20, 1897. Messrs. Loring & Co., No. 42 W. 22d St., N. Y. City.

Gentlemen: I am pleased to inform you that I have obtained excellent results from a month's treatment by Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Salt. I not only reduced my weight some 30 pounds, but I also found great relief in my breathing. I am pleased to give you this letter and you may publish same with my picture if you desire.

Yours respectfully, ELIZABETH L. BLANC.

No other medicines required. Dr. Edison's Pills and Salt take the place of all female remedies and regulators. Obesity Salt, \$1 bottle. Obesity Pills, \$1.50 a bottle. Obesity Bands, \$2.50 and up.

We send free "How to Cure Obesity." You are invited to address our Chicago Medical Department or our New York Medical Department about your obesity or about any medical question. Diagnosis by X rays when necessary. Most advanced and successful Dermatological Department in America. Superfluous hair and facial blemishes removed. If you are ruptured write. You will be answered carefully and practically and without charge. We forward goods promptly. No printing on our envelopes. Mention Department. Use only the nearest address.

LORING & CO., Dept. 117,

3 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass. 42 W. 22d St., New York City. 56-62 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Parker's Arctic Sock, Best for RUBBER BOOTS.

Absorbs perspiration. Recommended by Physicians for house, chamber and sick-room. Made in Men's, Women's and Children's. Ask shoe dealer or send 25c. with size to J. H. PARKER, 103 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.



Dept. 7. Take no substitute. Parker Pays the Postage. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

AGENTS MAKE FROM \$5.00 to \$10.00 per day selling Automatic Music Teacher.



Transposes and plays correctly in any key, no knowledge of music required. Send stamps for automatic music. Agents complete outfit, \$3.00. **AUTOMATIC MUSIC TEACHER CO., 600 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 728.)

amount of their contributions, without interest.

On the fourth presentation of the bill, it passed the Senate with but two dissenting votes, and the Assembly unanimously. Because of some confusion of dates on the calendar, it became a law without the Governor's signature.

"AMERICANITIS."

"Americanitis" is a word coined by Helen Watterson Moody in an article on the "Unquiet Sex" in the August Scribner. The "Unquiet Sex," it is almost needless to explain, is the gentler sex, and "Americanitis" is the disease of "getting on," with which nearly all American women are afflicted. It is, according to this new authority, "Americanitis," rather than study, that breaks down the health of our college girls; it is this same dread complaint which prompts the farmer's daughter to seek an education and advantages superior to those of her parents, not a fault in itself, save where the desire is gratified at the expense of the happiness and comfort of the parents. It is also undoubtedly "Americanitis" that is responsible for the women whose whole lives are conducted on the "installment plan," and who think they are "getting on" when their parlors are full and bank-books empty. The high-strung, nervous condition of the average American girl is not because of a "highly organized temperament;" it is just an aggravated form of "Americanitis," induced by the desire, shown even among school-girls, of living better, dressing more elaborately, and pretending more than her associates. The remedy which naturally suggests itself as a most effective antidote for "Americanitis" is just plain, old-fashioned common sense.



It's a trying time for delicate plants when they are transferred from the fresh air, dew and the natural stimulants of the soil to the window garden of the house. At this season of the year an application of Essex Flower Food will stimulate the plant to quick foliage and early flowering.

Don't starve your plants.

Ask your dealer for the ten cent package that feeds 10 plants one year—if he does not have it, send eight 2 cent stamps to the **RUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Mass.,** and get a full size package by return mail.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

"SAVE A PENNY AND LOSE A DOLLAR." A Tempting Price Hooks Many a Fish, But Fish Always Suffer for it.



Is Worth All It Costs, Because

It Matches Any Color, Fits Any Edge,

LASTS BETTER and LOOKS BETTER

Than Any Other Skirt Finish Yet Devised.

LOOK ON THE BACK for the letters S.H.&M.

It's the Only Way to tell the Genuine.

If your dealer will not supply you, we will. Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

\$6,205.00 IN GOLD and over 1,500 PRIZES that are attractive to all TO BE GIVEN AWAY absolutely FREE by



To further introduce the magazine into new families. **THE COLUMBIAN** to-day has the largest circulation of any publication in this territory except the *Youth's Companion*. We expect soon to pass it. Our last contest for the largest list of words from the nine letters in the word **COLUMBIAN** proved highly successful. Full list of winners was recently published. We now offer hundreds of valuable and attractive prizes to those who form the greatest number of words from the 12 letters in the two words

• T-H-E C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A-N.

Here are samples: The, tan, tea, can, calm, cabin, am, aim, bin, lamb, etc. Every person who makes a list of fifteen words or more will receive a prize. You can think up words with the help given you above. RULES: English words only; use no letter more than once in any one word; use words spelled alike but once; use any legitimate word, including proper nouns, pronouns, prefixes, suffixes. The person sending in the largest number of words made from the twelve letters in the words **THE COLUMBIAN** will receive \$100, the second \$50, the two next \$10 each, the two next a fine bicycle each, the four next \$5 each, the ten next a \$8 Komba Camera each, the 500 next a life subscription to **THE COLUMBIAN**, the five next a good American Watch each, the ten next \$1 each, the next 1,000 each an extra year's subscription to **THE COLUMBIAN**. Over 1,500 Prizes.

SPECIAL! In addition to the above grand prizes we shall give away absolutely free hundreds of dollars worth of PRIZE BUDGETS to all who send lists of fifteen words or more. PRIZE BUDGETS sent, all charges prepaid, same day as lists are received. Grand Prizes will be awarded as soon as possible after close of contest, which will be on Christmas Eve, and list of winners published in first possible issue thereafter. **REMEMBER**, every contestant sending a list of fifteen words or more will receive by immediate return a PRIZE BUDGET, consisting of book of over seventy novels and stories by most popular authors, a score of late songs, with words and music, a great collection of jokes, magic tricks, puzzles, parlor games, cooking and money making receipts, secrets of toilet, Fortune Telling, Dictionary of Dreams, etc.

To Enter the Contest you must send 25c. silver or 27 one-c. stamps, for six months trial subscription, with your list of words. Every person sending a subscription with list of fifteen words or more will receive **THE COLUMBIAN** six months, a PRIZE BUDGET free, sent same day list is received, and a Grand Prize according to length of list. We guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Any publisher or bank in this city can be referred to as to our reliability. We make these offers to thoroughly establish **THE COLUMBIAN** as a National Literary success. Make up your list at once and send 25c. silver or 27 one-c. stamps. Address **THE COLUMBIAN, 13, 15, 17 Otis St., Boston, Mass.**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LADIES I Make Big Wages —At Home—

and want all to have same opportunity. The work is very pleasant and will easily pay \$18 weekly. This is no deception. I want no money and will gladly send full particulars to all sending 2c. stamp. Miss M. E. Stebbins, Lawrence, Mich. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Growing Pains

Growing boys and girls suffer a hundred mysterious aches and pains. The parents call these "growing pains" and think they must be endured. These children are thin, with but little color, and are not inclined to enter into the romps and sports of their playmates.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil

with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is what such children need. It gives them richer blood and imparts strength to their nervous system. Pains cease and plumpness returns.

Don't let your children become old while still young. Thinness denotes old age, not youth. Let the children grow fast, if they will, only give them SCOTT'S EMULSION to keep them in flesh, sturdy in body, strong of bone, and of vigorous spirits.

Be sure and get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

Mention Demarest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Ask For It - Get It

Trust no one who offers you a substitute, for there is no substitute for

YPSILANTI HEALTH UNDERWEAR

"A perfect underwear for progressive people"—perfect fitting—the finest of warm winter weights.

Ask your dealer. Booklet free.

HAY & TODD MFG. CO., - Ypsilanti, Mich.

"Never rip and never tear, Ypsilanti Underwear."

Mention Demarest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE BRAHAM PATENT PEN. One dipping writes a large page. Fine quality steel pen with reservoir. Samples; 5 kinds, 10c. Agents wanted. BOWEN & SON, Springfield, Mass.

Mention Demarest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Blair's Pills
Great English Remedy for
GOUT and RHEUMATISM.
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.
Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.

Mention Demarest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES FOR THE DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

337. DEAN HOLE.

The Very Rev. Samuel Hole, D.D., clergyman and writer, was born Dec. 5, 1819, in Nottinghamshire, England. He was educated at Oxford, and ordained in 1844. He became a curate in 1844, and vicar in 1850. In 1875 he was appointed chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in 1887 he was made Dean of the See of Rochester. "Six of Spades," "A Book About the Garden," and "Memoirs of Dean Hole" are his best known books.

338. BEATRICE BROOKE HERFORD.

Miss Herford, the daughter of Rev. Brooke Herford, of London, and sister of Oliver Herford, the artist, is a monologist of marked ability. She has been carefully trained for her profession by Genevieve Ward, and possesses, besides a unique power of acting, an inexhaustible fund of humor. She has introduced a new form of monologue, in which she portrays typical characters in English and American life. The spring of 1897 witnessed Miss Herford's first American success. She was then barely out of her teens.

339. RUTH MCENERY STUART.

Mrs. Stuart, writer of negro dialect stories, was born in New Orleans, La., shortly before the war. Her early life was spent in the South amid the scenes and surroundings which she depicts with such marked truth and originality. It is only ten years since she made her first contribution to literature, and hardly half that time since she came to New York, yet to-day she stands among the foremost writers of short stories in the country. Mrs. Stuart has also met with distinct success as a reader of her own stories at women's clubs, drawing-rooms, etc.

340. GENERAL HOWARD.

Oliver Otis Howard, officer in the Civil War, was born at Leeds, Me., Nov. 8, 1830. He graduated from both Bowdoin College and West Point. He entered the war in command of a regiment of Maine volunteers. He commanded a brigade at the battle of Bull Run, and was made brigadier-general. At Gettysburg he commanded during the first day of the battle, and July 27, 1864, he took command of the Army of the Tennessee. At the close of the war he was major-general in the regular army.

341. MARGARET BOTTOME.

Mrs. Bottome, writer and lecturer. Born in New York City in 1829. She is of Scotch descent. From the time of her marriage to a Methodist minister, Mrs. Bottome devoted herself to church work and philanthropic schemes of far-reaching importance. Her "drawing-room talks" to society women were begun in 1878. Ten years later she founded the organization known as the King's Daughters' Society, of which she is president. Her best known writings are "Crumbs from the King's Table," "Seven Questions After Easter," "Sunshine Trip to the Orient," and her famous "Heart to Heart Talks."

342. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, descriptive writer and essayist, was born in Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 22, 1823. He graduated from Harvard College and the Theological School of Cambridge, and was settled over the "First Religious Society" of Newburyport. His first publication was a compilation of seaside poetry, made in conjunction with Samuel Longfellow. His best known works are "Outdoor Papers" (1863), "Atlantic Essays" (1871), "Oldport Days" (1873), and "Men and Women," a series of essays published in *Harper's Bazar*.

343. SENATOR HOAR.

George Frisbie Hoar, statesman and lawyer, was born in Concord, Mass., Aug. 29, 1826. He is a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School. He began his law practice in Worcester, Mass. In 1852 he was elected to the House of Representatives. He was State Senator in 1857, 1869, 1877, and United States Senator in 1887, up to the present time.

344. CLIO HINTON HUNEKER.

Mrs. Hunecker, the sculptor of the famous \$10,000 statue of General Fremont, is in the year 1897 not yet twenty-five years old. Her first serious work was done in the New York studio of Augustus St. Gaudens. She also studied at the Art Students' League in New York, and has exhibited at the Academy of Design, the American Art Galleries and the Architectural League. A bas-relief of Paderewski, a bust of Anton Seidl and a statuette of Jean de Reszke are considered the best of her early works.

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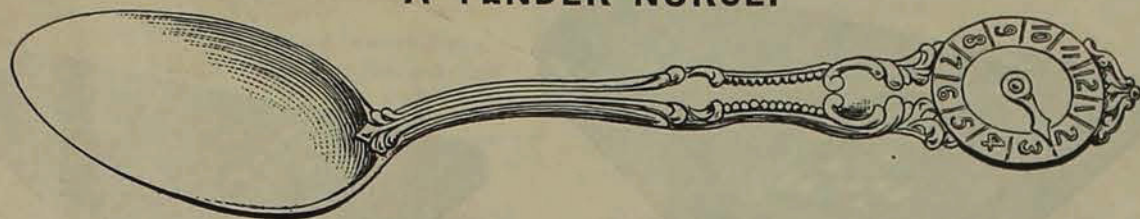
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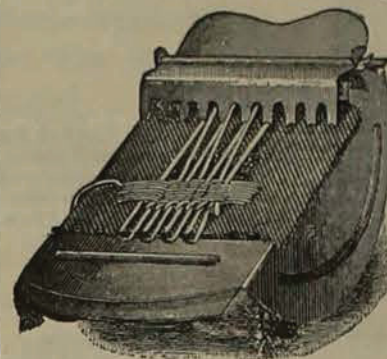


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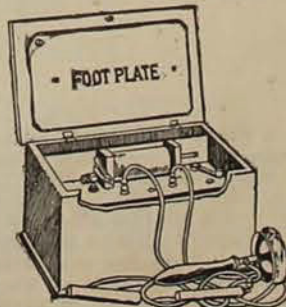
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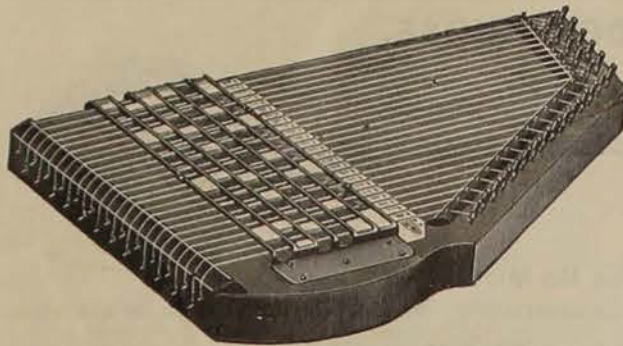
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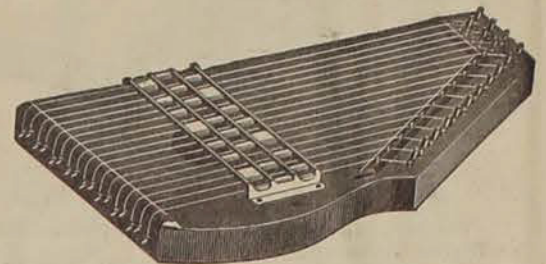
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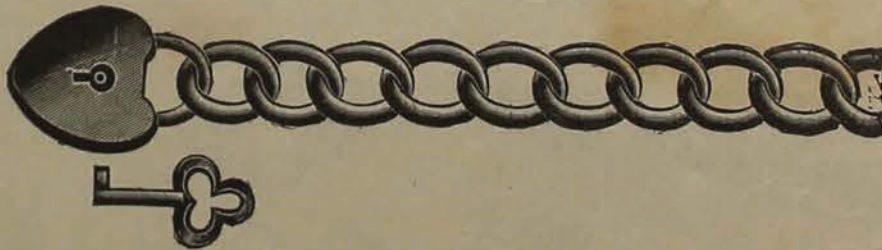
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- Little Annie Rooney.....Michael Nolan
- Little Fisher-Maiden (The).....Ludolph Waldmann
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- When I View The Mother Holding.....Anon
- Watchman, What of The Night.....Ch. Gounod
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- Won't You Tell Me Why Robin!.....Claribel
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IN IT.
 One summer's night, the moon being full,
 This young man found he'd lost his pull.
 (Continued on Page 734.)

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48	A Forest Ramble... Franz Abt
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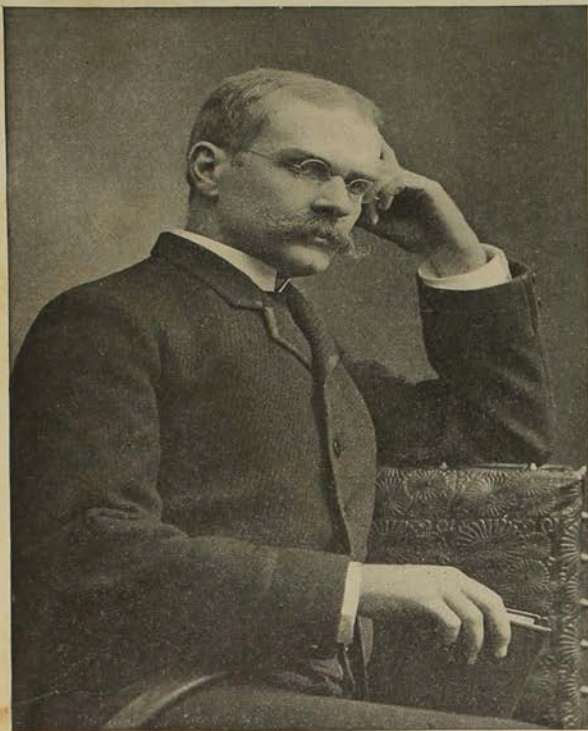


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BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN.
American Writer and Clergyman.

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