


# DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## “ ON DESERT ISLE.”

 HERE are you going to spend your vacation this summer?" asked the Professor one evening last June.

"I do not know," said I lugubriously. "Although it is high time I had arrived at a definite conclusion of some kind, my ideas are in a state of perfect chaos. Very likely the result will be that I shall go nowhere."

"Come with us," said the Professor's wife.

"Do!" echoed her husband.

"Where?" I queried.

"Oh! that is the secret," answered the vivacious Professorin; "I am going to tell you absolutely nothing. But if you will resign yourself to my hands, I promise you a most delightful summer."

The "Professorin," be it remarked, is my oldest and best friend: otherwise I should not have been able to resign myself unreservedly to another woman's tender mercies for a whole summer. But the novelty of the idea held its charm, and in five minutes more I had promised to go wherever they chose to take me, asking no questions, making no plans, and enjoying whatever came in my way.

Accordingly, on the tenth of July, when I received a note from the Professorin ordering me to have my baggage at Foster's Wharf, Boston, the next day, and to be there myself in time for the five-o'clock boat, I obeyed with meekness and exemplary promptness.

"Is it Mount Desert?" I asked the Professor as we stepped aboard the great steamer.

"Oh! but you were not to ask questions," put in his wife. "This boat runs to Bangor, you know."

All the same she did not deceive me. I had long wanted to go to Mount Desert, but had every year been prevented by unforeseen circumstances; so it was easy for me to settle myself complacently in a big camp-chair and watch the islands of Boston Harbor glide behind us as we steamed out into open sea. The next morning, when, at Rockland, on Penobscot Bay, we were called upon to leave our big steamer for the smaller "Mount Desert," I needed to ask no questions: I knew that the afternoon would find us in Bar Harbor.

That morning's ride will not soon be forgotten. The picturesque coast of Maine is nowhere so well seen as from

the deck of the steamer that skirts it. On this morning the sun was fighting a battle for supremacy with the fog which hangs over the islands during the night, and the dissolving views which we obtained, now of islands bathed in a strong, misty light, and now of mountain and hamlet revealed and as quickly hidden by the sudden shifting vapor, were enchanting.

"Off there," said the Professor, soon after the "Mount Desert" left Rockland, "lies Thomaston, where the finest granite in the country is found, and shipped everywhere, from Boston to Texas." But as we turned to look "off there," a great bank of fog suddenly rose like a wall before us.

"But you can see the great derricks all over these islands," continued the Professor, "many of which are composed of solid granite." (He meant the islands, not the derricks.)

Not long after, we made our first landing.

"See the sardine factory," said the Professor.

"Sardines!" I exclaimed. "Why, I thought the sardines all came from the Mediterranean!"

"Mediterranean? Humph!" was the expressive answer. "Most of them come from Maine. They are nothing more nor less than small but toothsome herrings. They are caught here in immense numbers, and steamed until tender; then they are roasted on huge gridirons, and packed in the familiar tin box; then the inoffensive herring takes a shower-bath of boiling oil, and goes forth to masquerade under the name of his brother of the French coast. Nor could you tell the difference. However, in my opinion, the sardine, by any other name, would taste principally of—olive oil."

The fog had lifted, and the skies were rapidly clearing of cloud, as we approached the island of Mount Desert.

"Do you remember," said the Professorin, "the little spot in our old geographies which represented Mount Desert Island? I used to think it resembled the desert of Sahara, and pictured to myself an endless tract of sand with hungry lions and stalking dromedaries prowling over it."

"This looks like it," I answered, gazing entranced at the rugged and picturesque mountains; "this reminds me of the mountains the Psalmist describes as having been cast



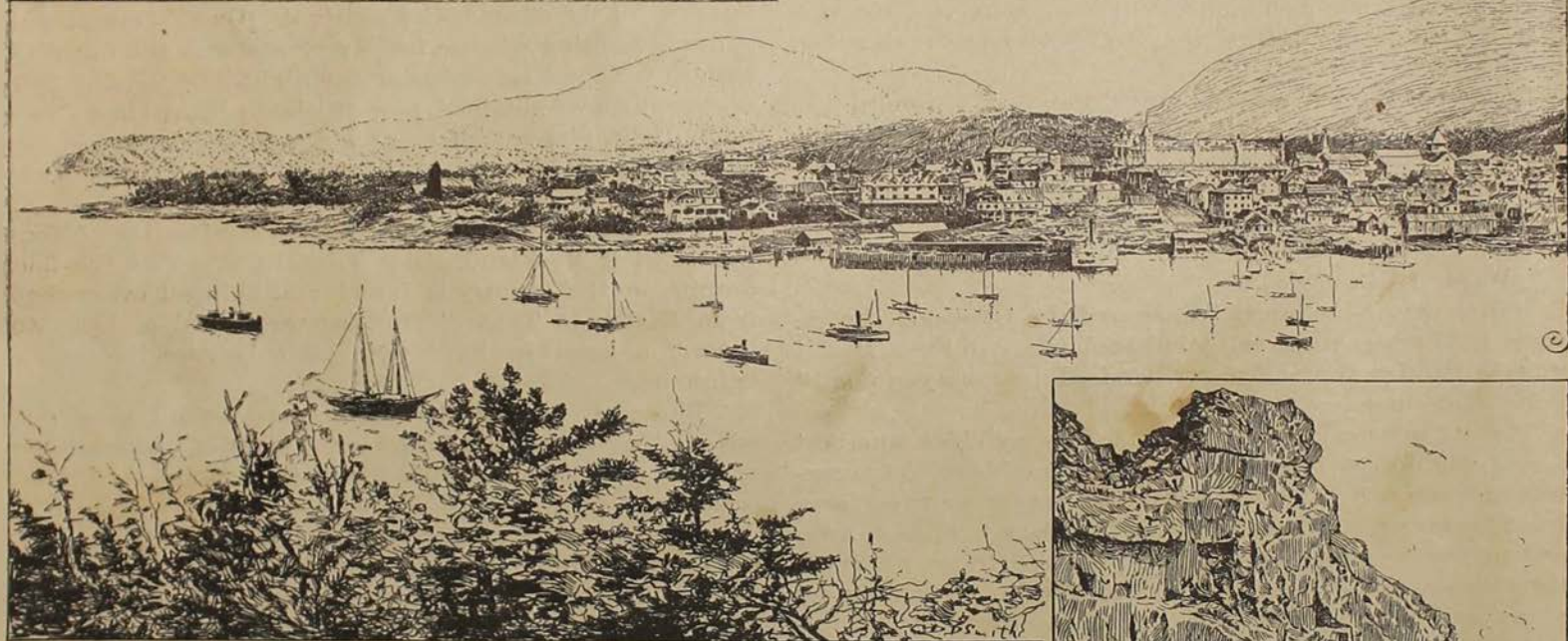
into the midst of the sea. They rise directly from the water."

Soon after we rounded the island, and realized more fully than before the beauty of the region. Face to face with Otter Cliffs, who could help granting it? Rising straight and sheer from the water to a height of one hundred and twelve feet, they brave the northeast winds and driving storms, and look protectingly down upon the lapping waves at their feet, unmindful of centuries past or centuries to come.

But the puffing little steamer hurried us on, and we entered Frenchman's Bay. Such a delightful, ever-changing succession of views! The white, rocky islands, the rugged mountains crowned with brilliant green firs and spruces mingling harmoniously with the *dolce far niente* of



MAIN STREET.



BAR HARBOR.

the summer sky, almost persuaded us that it was Norway we were approaching, not a "down-east" island; and all summer, moments recurred when we were ready to swear that our vacation was being passed on the Scandinavian peninsula. The long, narrow inlets of Mount Desert, lined as they are by jagged mountains, are the closest imitations of a real fiord which America can furnish; and the cool, spruce-scented air, the firs and pines and hemlocks which cover the rough hillsides, are all Norwegian in effect.

But every moment, as we steamed up the bay, grew more interesting. There was the Spouting Horn, which looked peaceful enough on this calm summer's noon, but whose conical top serves, during northeast storms, as an escape-valve for the seething, angry waters in the cave below, emitting a terrific noise and presenting a truly grand spectacle. There was Anemore Cave, a sheltered little cove where the wild anemones are said to blossom under the salt water at high tide; and then Schooner Head.

"Why 'Schooner'?" I asked, determined that no amount

of shame for my ignorance should deter me from storing my mind with information, useful or otherwise.

"Don't you see that curious conglomeration of quartz in the rock there?" said the Professor, "can't your imagination help you out with the explanation?"

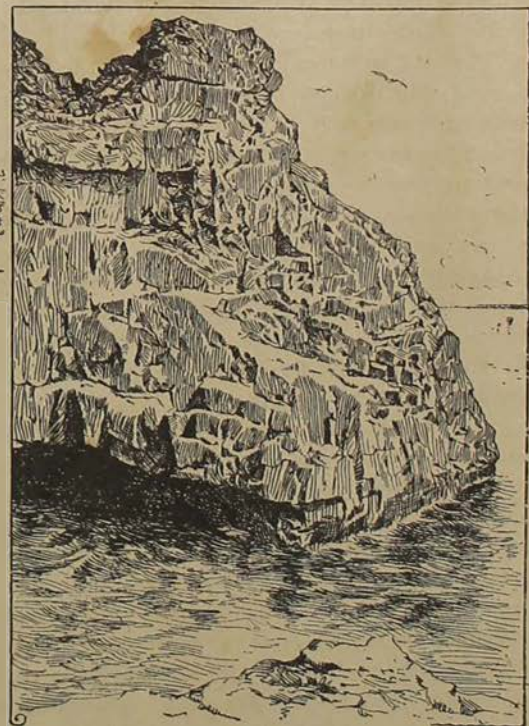
"Do you mean," answered I, "that it is supposed to resemble a schooner?"

"Great Head!" muttered the Professorin, wickedly punning on the name of the bald promontory we had but just passed.

"Don't you see the two masts?" pursued the Professor.

"I see my two masters," I answered, feeling that I must have my turn, and looking at my host and hostess.

Just then, directly before us, appeared the village of Bar Harbor. The country along shore now looked less like the lonely regions described in "Mogg Megone," and beautiful villas with wide, well-kept grounds appeared here and there, alternating with the forests. Houses, called, for fashion's sweet sake, "cottages," but really deserving to be called "castles," were pointed out to me as the summer residences of Vanderbilts, of Greenes, of Harrisons, and of many other people whose names are synonyms for wealth and culture and beauty and refinement. How delightful!



SPOUTING HORN.

The best of the world and the best of nature combined!

And then, amid the clanging of bells, and the shrieking of whistles, and puffing of engines, we drew up, we landed, we were really at and in Bar Harbor!

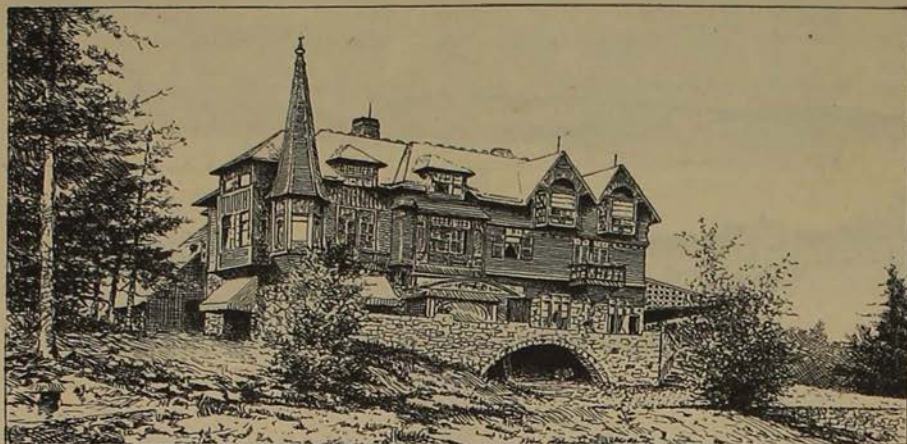
Where we were to go I had not the slightest idea. I had not asked if we were to take quarters at one of the monstrous and far-famed, hostleries that loomed up before us, and the



Berkeleys had carefully concealed from me the fact that they owned a modest little cottage. But it was so; and before the afternoon was over we were comfortably established, with our trunks unpacked and everything settled, in one of the happiest summer homes on the island.

from it, and see a wild mountain stream dashing down to the sea at his feet and blending its musical song with the hoarse beat of the ocean. The common wild-flowers, red, white, and pink clover, the wild honeysuckles, the meadow-rue, the twin-flower, buttercup, and dandelion, all grow to such remarkable size and put on such brilliant coloring as to almost confound the well-trained botanist. The blue-bird forgets in this enchanted region that spring does not last all summer, and sings in July his regular April song; while the frogs have utterly lost their almanacs, and keep up their twilight concerts all summer long.

These peculiarities of the island help make it the interesting place it is to all nature-lovers; but more and more each season is there an



RESIDENCE OF HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

It was not a magnificently appointed establishment with a tiresome retinue of servants, for the Berkeleys were not rich; but it was cozy and home-like and full of the spirit of cordiality and humanity, and it attracted, throughout the season, the best in artistic and literary fields which the island afforded: and here it proved Solomon's remark to the effect that contentment is better than great riches.

Nobody remains quiet long at Bar Harbor. One goes there to rest: one lands there in a blessed state of belief regarding the life of ease and idleness and utter quiet to be lived there. But the air, spicy and resinous with the restless spirit of the souging pines, steals into one's lungs and infuses throughout the jaded frame a subtle desire for activity and open-air exercise. Without realizing that one's well-laid plans for inaction are all going "a-gley," one spends all the hours of daylight, and most of the evening hours, out-of-doors. Books and laziness and summer dreams are forgotten, but walks and drives and boating, and, above all, a sense of vigorous health in every limb, take their places, and life is enjoyable to the utmost, whether it be the millionaire in her splendid mansion, or the worn-out school-teacher whose slender purse only opens the door of a boarding-house, who is living it.

Our days were spent in rambling over the island. We made nothing of walking five miles a day, and the life-giving ozone so invigorated us that we often returned feeling far less of languor than we had set out with. One great secret of the charm in the place is the peculiar blending of the seasons there. It was—

"as though Italy's heaven smiled  
In the face of some bleak Norwegian wild."

The blending of the cold and almost bleak atmosphere with a marvelous vegetation and inflorescence persuades one that this is a country subject to the genii, where magic is the only law, and where Nature herself is subject to the vagaries of an elfin monarchy.

One may stand at a point close to the shore, but concealed



OLD SIDE-STREET IN BAR HARBOR.

CANOE CLUB-HOUSE, RODICK'S ISLAND.

influx of people at Bar Harbor to whom the voices of nature are of little account as compared with the calls of fashionable society and amusements.

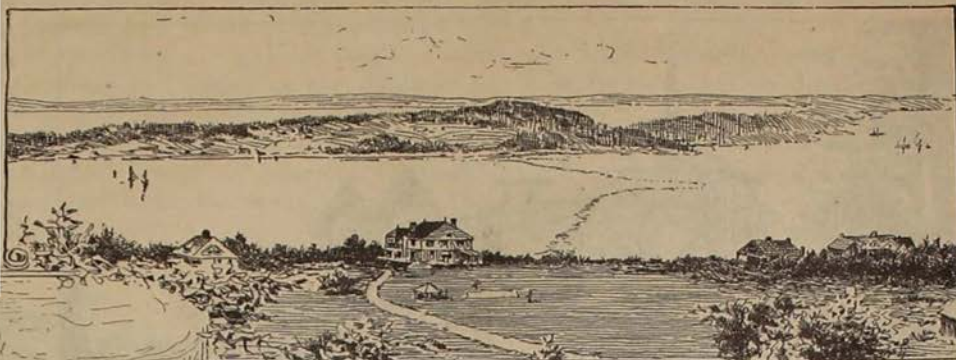
The general public who do not go to Mount Desert are apt to confound the island itself with the village of Bar Harbor. The latter covers but a small portion of Mount Desert proper, although it is rapidly growing, and already begins to dispute certain points with its older rival, Newport. The island itself is magnificently, grandly beautiful! The village of Bar Harbor is, *au contraire*, a scene of wealth and fashion through July and August. Fashionable equipages throng the streets, which are lined with handsome residences. Diamonds and other flashing gems, costly laces and satins, are as common here as calicoes in the neighboring towns.

One of the first walks the visitor to the island takes is "across the Bar." The Bar is the narrow strip of beach which connects Bar Island to the main island of Mount Desert. It is under water at high tide, but forms a delightful promenade when the tide is out. Another favorite walk is a stroll down the shore,—which is so much a favorite that a board walk has been built over the roughest portions. There are many sheltered nooks for a morning's reading, and Pulpit Rock is always worth a "journey for to see." Duck Brook is probably the most romantic stream on the

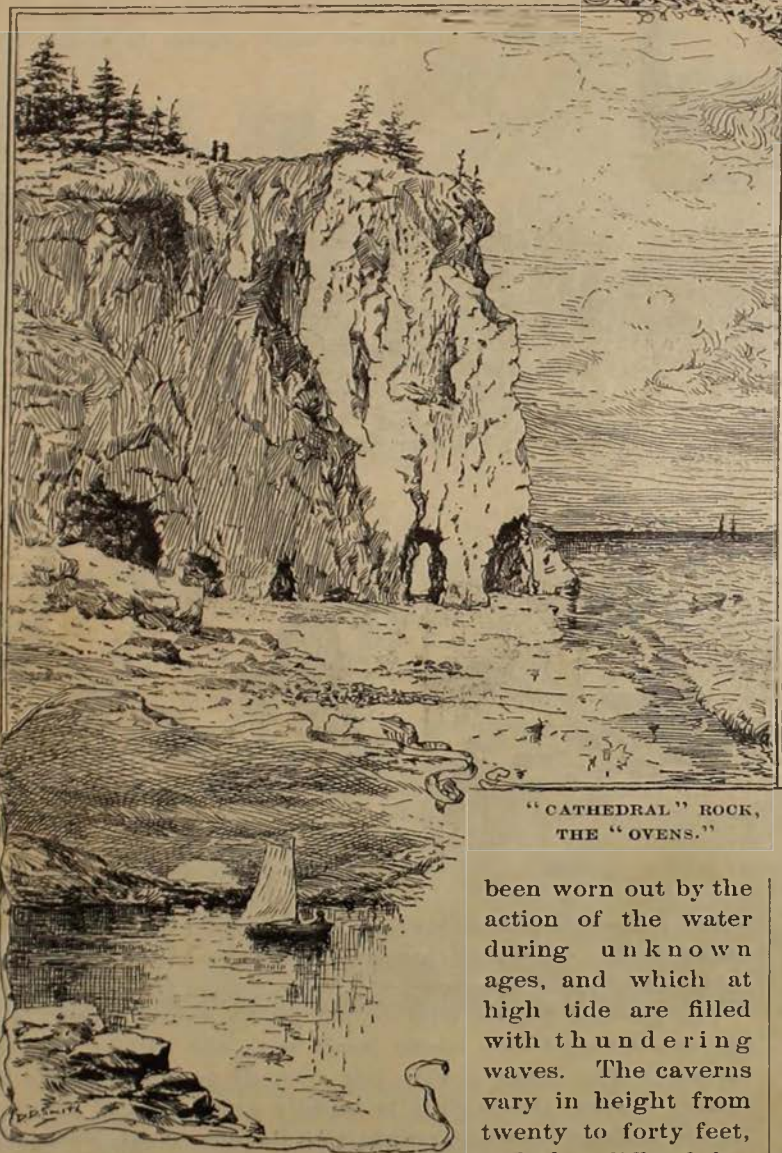


island, and abounds with the most fascinating turns and cascades and moss-covered retreats imaginable. It also furnishes some good trout-fishing. The old saw-mill, half-way up it, is a picture by itself, which has tempted many an artist's brush.

Beyond Duck Brook, northwest of Bar Harbor, are the "Ovens," which no visitor to the islands ought to miss. They have been likened by many travelers to the Giant's Causeway, and are the most interesting caves on the Atlantic coast. The Ovens can only be visited at low tide, as they are a series of caverns which have



BAR ISLAND.

"CATHEDRAL" ROCK,  
THE "OVENS."

ON EAGLE LAKE.

been worn out by the action of the water during unknown ages, and which at high tide are filled with thundering waves. The caverns vary in height from twenty to forty feet, and the cliffs of basaltic rock above rise

to a sheer height of a hundred and twenty feet more, crowned with spruces and pines. They have different names, as the "Cloisters," the "Via Mala," the "Cathedral," etc.; the resemblance is greater, however, to the bold arches with zig-zag mouldings in the depths of which the old Romanesque builders placed their doorways.

The "Cathedral" forms a perfect room, with narrow doors at each side; but the others each have an open archway fronting to the sea. To their sides cling millions of barnacles, and their pebbly floors are covered with snail-shells and other gifts of the deep. There is a gravelly beach below them, on which we gave a quaint picnic-party one night, with the moon shining on the grim cliffs behind, and the ruddy glow of our bonfires lighting up the dark arches. The "Cathedral," too (must I confess

it?), was desecrated by a feast of most delicious clamchowder.

The grand excursion of the island, and the one that is always *en règle* here, is the ascent of Green Mountain. This

elevation is only two thousand feet above the sea, but as the "level of the sea" is right under one's feet, the view, and the sense of remoteness, height, and distance, are as great here as on a mountain twice its height.

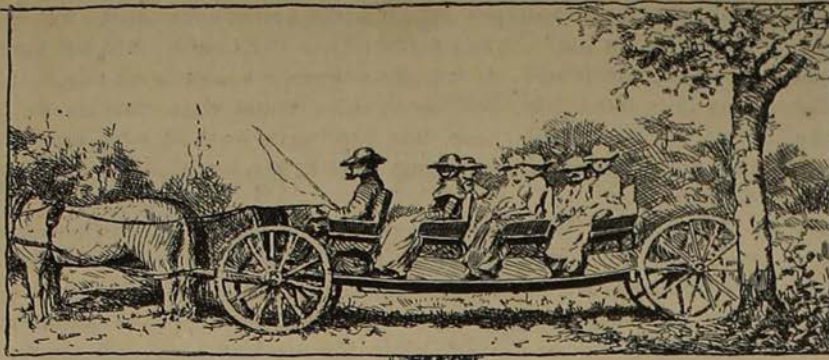
Green Mountain looks protectingly near to Bar Harbor from the village, but in reality it takes a roundabout trip of five miles to reach it. There is a good road which leads out from the village, consequently the best way to begin to climb it is by taking passage in one of the stages from Bar Harbor. At the end of the stage route one is confronted by a sizable sheet of water called Eagle Lake, which lies at the western foot of the mountain and must be crossed to reach the railway terminus. An excellent little steamer plies between, however, owned and run by the Mountain Railway Company, so that a trip to the summit combines the pleasant features of a stage-ride, a steamboat journey, and a steep-grade railroad trip, all of which may be crowded inside of two hours. Where can one get more for the money? The road is, in principle and construction, like the famous Mount Washington Railway; in fact, one of the locomotives on it was built for use in the White Mountains.

The view from the top is pronounced the most diversified mountain view in America. It extends north to Mount Katahdin, one hundred and twenty miles "as the crow flies," and as far south on the broad Atlantic. It covers miles and miles of rolling, beautiful country, of bays dotted with glowing islands, of coves and inlets innumerable, and the "broad, illimitable sea." The island itself lies spread out like a map at one's feet. Mount Desert contains one hundred square miles, or over sixty thousand acres. On it there are thirteen mountains, as many fresh-water lakes and ponds, and several salt-water inlets, of which Somes' Sound is the greatest as well as the most celebrated. Is it strange that the view should be called unparalleled?

We were up there one day when there was not a cloud in the bluest of skies, not a ripple on the sea, not a breeze to stir the tree-tops below. We went another day, in August, with a friend whose stay with us was limited, when a dense fog, which promised every moment to lift, obscured everything. As we neared the top, the fog became a close, driving sleet, accompanied by the most disagreeable wind that ever whistled through a Maine forest. When we reached the top we were blinded. The rain was almost snow, and the wind was blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour. We could not see the Summit House three or four rods away, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we kept on the board walk, to lose which was to lose our way entirely, and be benumbed with cold and wet.

Three days after we went again. It was a hot, sultry day





THE "BUCKBOARD."

down below ; up there, low, soft clouds narrowed our vision. We climbed round the mountain's brow and looked into the gorges below, seeing the showers coming over them, and the sun coming out beyond, making bay and river shine with molten glory, through an intervening veil of rain.

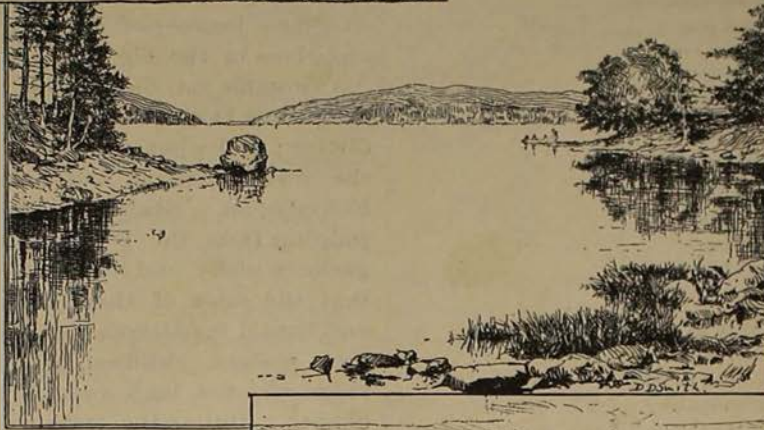
When Bar Harbor was first discovered, only a few choice spirits visited it. The Hon. Alpheus Hardy, of Boston, built a modest cottage near the water's edge, some twenty years ago, and spent his summers there. He had visitors, of course, and none came who were not completely charmed with the spot, and desirous of returning. Other cottages were built, growing more and more ambitious architecturally, until the wildest flights to which the Queen Anne vagaries may attain have been embodied here.

Life at Bar Harbor in the earlier days of its popularity was simpler and less artificial than now. Young people met here on equal terms, and walked, and rowed, and drove about on buckboards, and fell in love, all after the old fashion then. But now, chaperons are as necessary as the young men themselves, gay turnouts are superseding the democratic buckboard, and strict rules of etiquette defining themselves.

But frivolity and gayety are not all that go to make up life at Bar Harbor: some of the best thinkers in America are here for recreation. Often before a blazing fire on the hearth our guests made the evening a lively one by merry songs and jests, with now and then a bit of serious talk. For since the wisdom of the nation, as well as its wealth and fashion, assembles at Mount Desert every year, there is no lack of what is really the "best society,"—which is composed, after all, of brains, not money.

There are a dozen, more or less, monstrous hotels, which during the season are crowded to their utmost extent; and there are a number smaller. As for boarding-houses, their name is Legion; while cottages of every shape, size, and style, are constantly going up. There are so many noted people that one begins to talk wildly of Bar Harbor's "four hundred." Among the most notable houses is the fine one of Hon. James G. Blaine, the cottage of the Andover Phelps, Parke Godwin's place, Mrs. Burton Harrison's house, the new house of Col. Dan. Lamont, the Fowler cottage,—for which gossips told us the Vanderbilts paid a hundred dollars a day as rent,—the Bowler mansion, and a hundred other residences of artists, college professors, and millionaires.

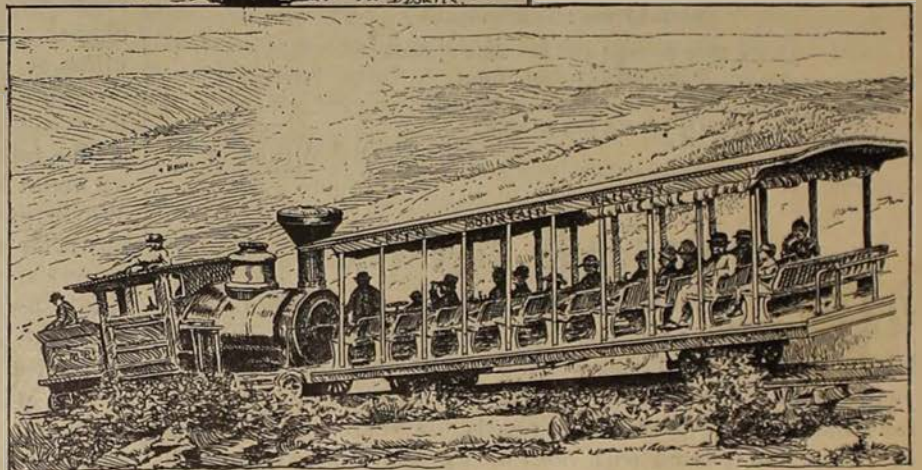
There are three distinct classes at Bar Harbor: the



SONES' SOUND.

cottagers, the boarders, and the natives. The cottagers are probably the most numerous: stately dowagers in black lace and diamonds walk the streets (bare-headed, of course,—everybody goes bare-headed here!), dignified papas in shooting-jackets, eligible young men in yachting costumes, and hosts of pretty girls in ravishing gowns are seen at every turn and corner. No wonder that scores of actual romances are enacted here every summer! The boarder is always quietly and sensibly dressed, and

has a good time in spite of everything. But the most independent are the natives, who own the island by prior possession. The fact that the land which was worthless on their hands twenty years ago now commands a thousand dollars an acre, does not arouse their envy, their pride, or their greed. They "gang their ain gait," wear their calico dresses, tarpaulins,



GREEN MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

and pea jackets, with characteristic self-respect, and leave their summer visitors to the follies of fashionable attire and manners, in silent, grim contempt. But few of them condescend to the driving of buckboards,—a vehicle which, if I am correctly informed, had its origin among them,—or to taking boarders. In short, no "lord of the manor" could ignore with more superciliousness the American interlopers, than do these honest Yankees.

Bar Harbor is growing rapidly in popularity, size, and the number of its inhabitants. Newport, alone, surpasses it in either of the above respects, and necessarily will, for some time to come, bear the palm of old-time prestige of aristocratic flavor. Every year, more and more the wealthy and noted men of our land are buying and building permanent homes on Mount Desert. There is an indescribable charm in the air and the sea and the climate that will continue to attract, even if the tide of fashionable favor should be turned in another direction.

Bar Harbor is a favorite "tying-up-place" for the noted yachts of our country, too. One may see dozens of them almost any day scurrying across the blue waters of Frenchman's Bay. The "Gitana," the "Electra" (which one frivolous young person declared "looks exactly like a great peanut in the water"), and many other well-known craft, may be seen cruising along the shore, or lying at anchor while their owners mingle with the social life of the village. Canoeing, also, is reduced to a fine art here, and many skill-



ful canoeists are to be met ; the pretty Canoe Club House is on Rodick's Island.

It was the middle of September before the Berkeleys closed their cottage. By that time the climate grows too cold for the summer visitor; but it was with deep regret that we packed our belongings and returned to city life once more. The afternoon before we left, the Professorin sat on the piazza scribbling. Being earnestly entreated, she finally submitted these charming verses, which were particularly apropos of the time the season, and the *dolce far niente* of the glowing afternoon :

Oh, softly shines the autumn sun  
O'er hill and vale and sea ;  
And gently slip away the hours,  
As leaves drop from a tree.

The murmuring waves die on the shore,  
With soft, caressing motion ;  
And sails, like phantoms, glide across  
The calm and silvery ocean.

A butterfly, belated, floats  
On shining wings along  
The ambient air ; and faintly, too,  
I catch a late bird-song.

Some soothing influence in the air  
Becalms the troubled heart ;  
The past, a half-forgotten dream,  
Seems from this life apart.

The present and the time to come,  
Contented, I could miss ;  
Existence, simply, is enough  
On such a day as this !

HELEN M. WINSLOW.

## Our Western Experience.

It was in the winter of 1884 that we began to talk about it, cousin Mary and I. You see she was awfully tired and worn-out with teaching so many years ; and I fairly hated the sight of needles and scissors, for I had been dressmaking nearly ten years. The bloom of youth had passed with both of us. Life began to look pretty heavy to go on as we were, and to live we must work : one cannot always die when one wants to.

One day Mary said, " If we were men we could go West

and take land, and get out of this awful treadmill that is telling so on us." After a little thought I said, " Why not go West for land ? If we *are* women we are not fools. It may be a hard life, but could it be worse than the experience we have had these last ten years ? And who knows but the change might bring health, strength, and perhaps wealth ! "

Mary shook her head, but did not say no, so the talk went on ; and from that time we asked questions, we thought, we planned, we read : and the result of it was, the first of May we started. Our united savings made but a slender purse for such an undertaking, but we had hope and pluck.

After a journey of three days and nights by rail, we found ourselves in the big Union Station at St. Paul, Minnesota. As we came on, day by day we had noticed the change in the people taking the train for the West : they were rougher, dirtier ; and when we looked about the depot we thought it the most repulsive and uninteresting crowd we had ever looked upon. Every nation seemed to have contributed to it, judging from the Babel of tongues ; and oh, the fumes of garlic, whisky, and tobacco ! To our great dismay we learned that the most of them were land-hunters like ourselves, and bound for Dakota ; and as we looked over this crowd of men, women, children, and babies, we began to fear that there was not land enough in the Northwest to give all a chance. But as the train went on that day, over miles and miles of level prairie without a house in sight, we changed our minds : the train looked so small, and the crowd of land-seekers a mere handful.

The talk of these people, what we could understand, was all about land : Homesteads, Pre-emptions, and Tree Claims. We listened, all ears, as the relative merits of different localities were discussed ; for we were not quite decided as to our destination, though we had taken our tickets for a small town, quite new, three hundred miles or more from St. Paul, for no other reason than that a friend had given us a letter of introduction to a lawyer of that place, a cousin of his, who would be able to advise us in the selection of our land.

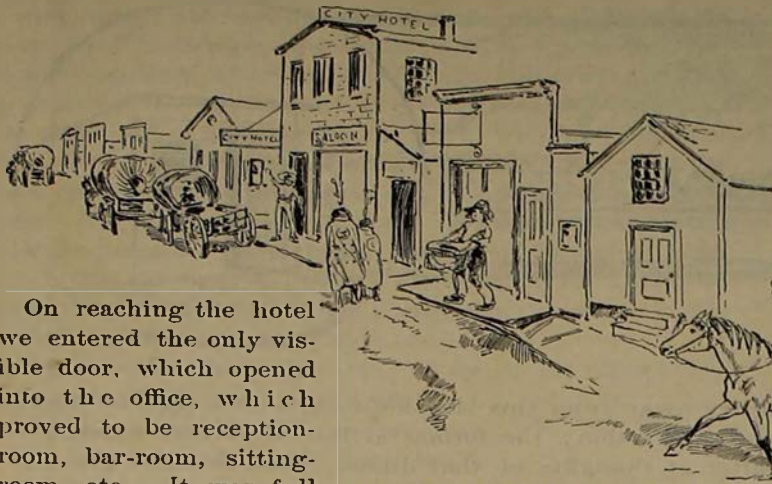
About 6 P. M. we arrived at our station, and the cars moved on and left us standing there on the platform, and looking after them with heavy hearts, and, I must own, a lump in my throat. I longed even for the small Scandinavian twins, who, with their mother, had occupied the seat in front of us all day. 'Tis true, I had not loved them madly during the day ; but now, in our loneliness, they seemed like friends. As we turned from looking after the fast-disappearing train, we did not look in each other's faces. I had not the courage ; but directed my inquiring gaze toward the village.

Is there any place on earth more forlorn to a New Englander than a Western frontier town ? This one was like all the rest : its big grain-elevator near the station reared its tall, unsightly head so high it could be seen for miles away on the level prairie ; then along a muddy thoroughfare straggled a dozen or so of buildings, every other one of which was a saloon, the curse of the West ; on one more pretentious than its neighbors, the words " City Hotel " attracted our attention. All this we saw from the end of the station platform as we stood there dreading to step off into that sea of mud ; but the plunge was taken—to the tops of our boots.



" IF WE WERE MEN WE COULD GO WEST."





VIEW FROM THE STATION PLATFORM.

On reaching the hotel we entered the only visible door, which opened into the office, which proved to be reception-room, bar-room, sitting-room, etc. It was full of men, tobacco-smoke, and dogs. We stood with an irresolute air in the doorway a moment, when a rough voice called out, "Jim, here are women-folks!"

For answer to our question about a room, Jim said his house was full and running over,—some of the boys were to sleep on tables, as it was; but he reckoned he could get us supper, and, after that, perhaps we could get a chance to sleep down to Frogner's.

We were offered chairs by the stove; the night was chilly, but we declined, and asked for a place to wash our hands. We were taken into a small entry-way, where a smoking lamp revealed a muddy, slimy floor, a tin wash-basin on a

taken through the kitchen and up narrow stairs, through a room where were four beds, into a small room partitioned off with rough boards. The furniture consisted of a bed, two chairs, and a box for a table, but no sign of washing apparatus.

"Could we have water to wash?" we timidly asked.

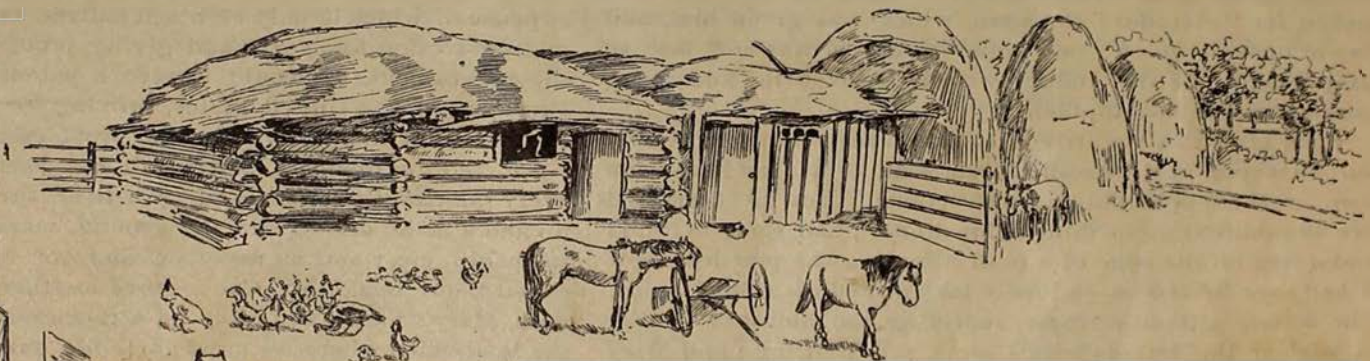
"Yaw, yaw, in the morning; just out of water to-night. I hitch up the ponies in the morning and haul a barrel."



We afterwards learned that all the water for this benighted town had to be hauled from a lake some two miles distant; and such water! It was entirely devoid of the cleansing properties of New England water, and it was equally unsatisfactory in quenching our thirst. So, hungry, thirsty, and tired, we looked at the bed where we hoped to forget all in sleep. The bedding was not immaculate, far from it; so we spread our shawls and

waterproofs over it, and lay down with many misgivings. Our worst suspicions were realized: everything that could make night hideous was there.

In the morning, after the snoring occupants of the next room had departed, a tin pail and cracked bowl were given us in answer to our urgent request for washing arrangements. Then followed breakfast,—of which we give the menu,—served in a smoky little kitchen: Sliced bologna sausage, fried and floating in a sea of fat; hard lumps called biscuit, a bitter beverage called coffee, and a few crackers.



"SHIFLEIS'."

box, and a very dirty towel. Fortunately we had towels in our bag; but that awful alkali water made little impression on our travel-stained hands and faces.

We returned to the office just as a boy called out "Supper!" We were hungry, and followed the crowd to the dining-room. The supper consisted of ham, potatoes, poor bread, bad butter, fatty doughnuts, and bitter coffee. Hungry as we were, we could eat but little.

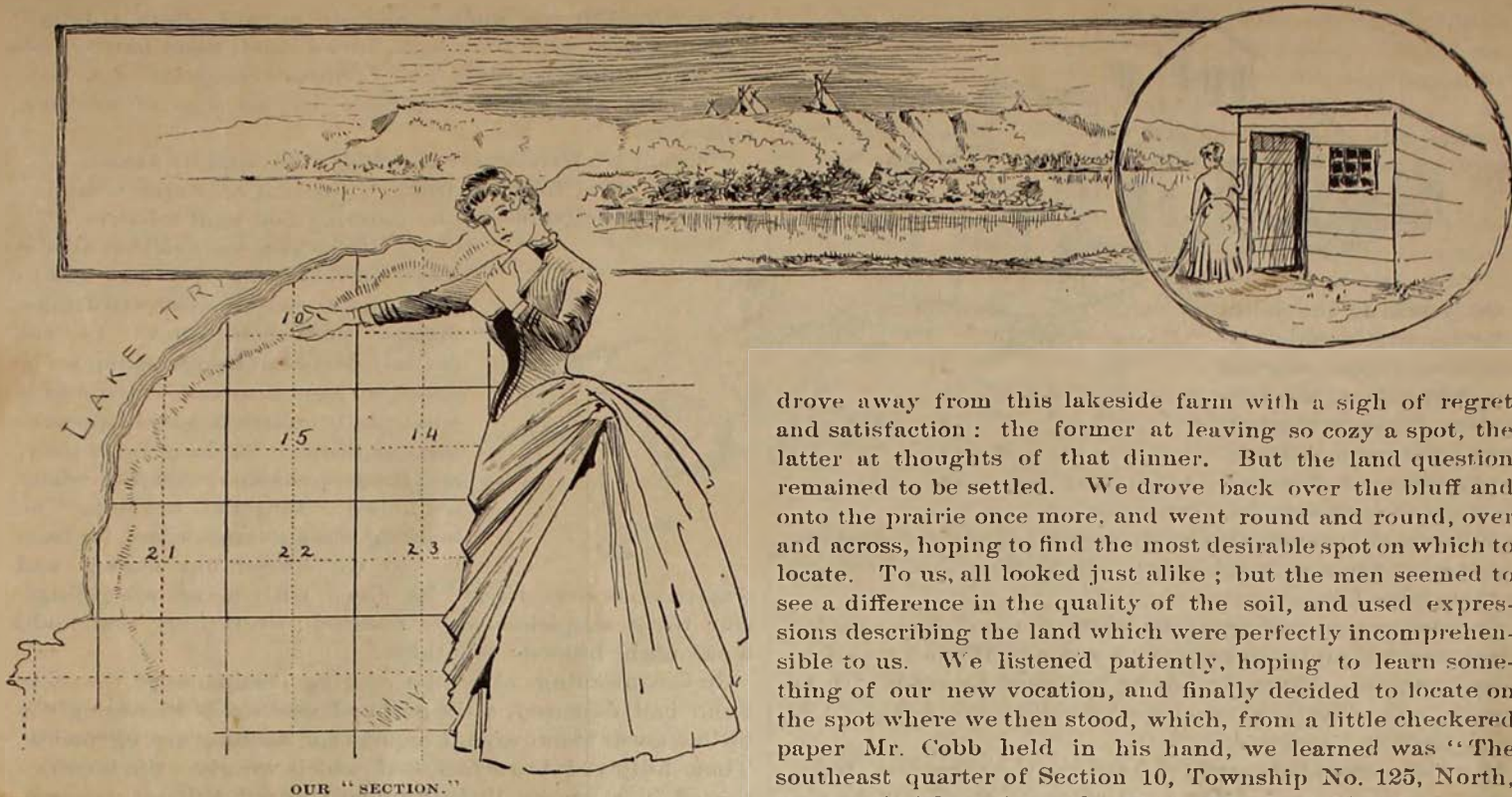
On looking for the lawyer to whom our letter was addressed, we learned he had "gone farther West." Then we realized how much we had counted on his help. Want of food and sleep placed us in no condition to bear disappointments, and for a few moments our spirits were as low as a Dakota well; but in half an hour we were riding over the prairie in a three-seated wagon, land-hunting. There were four men in the party, including the "land locator," or surveyor, who was supposed to know all the desirable claims within twenty-five miles.

The drive was very monotonous. Nothing but the unbroken level prairie: not a tree, shrub, or stone could be seen. But at last we saw something in the distance which seemed to be moving toward us: it was of nondescript appearance, but it proved to be an Indian family moving to their summer fishing-ground. This was our first view of a western Indian,—a real Indian, full-blooded, beyond doubt; and, I must say, far from prepossessing in his dilapidated blanket and rag-incased legs—yes, his legs were wrapped with rags kept in place with strings of many colors. The squaw was wrapped, head and all, in a dirty plaid shawl, and there were half a dozen children, not pleasant to look at, also three half-starved dogs and an Indian pony.—the latter by far the most pleasant object of the group. He was a beauty!

Afterwards mine host sent his boy with us, and we tramped through the mud and darkness to Frogner's, which proved to be a store with a kitchen back of it, and a sleeping-room above. The proprietor was evidently Scandinavian. "Yaw, yaw; you could stop for the night." So we were

Our driver drew up as we were passing, and hailed the





"noble red man" with "Ho! Kоди!" to which he responded in like manner, and, coming forward, put out his hand and asked for "chunder" (tobacco), which was given him, and we at once drove on; our guide saying it was not best to stop longer, or the Indian would discover he had many more wants to be supplied.

Soon after this we arrived at the place where Mr. Cobb, our surveyor, said he could locate some of us, for here were two or three splendid quarter-sections. But he suggested we should first go to Shifleys' for dinner; and we soon found ourselves on the edge of a bluff affording the prettiest view I had ever looked on—a lovely lake dotted with tiny islands, the water, without a ripple, reflecting the bluest sky. For a wonder the Dakota winds were not blowing; and Mary and I, with one voice, exclaimed, "How lovely!" The Wisconsin farmer said, "Too gravelly for wheat;" the Ohio man remarked, "Too cold for corn;" while the Germans grunted enthusiastically over the grass for stock.

A small house with several outbuildings, on the lake shore, was pointed out as "Shifleys'." On arriving, a kindly-faced German woman greeted us, and led us through a neat kitchen into a bright, clean, inner room. This was our first pleasant impression of Western life. Plants in the windows, books on the shelves, a cot, a sewing-machine, and such an appetizing dinner on the table! The memory of it lingers with me still. After our miserable supper and breakfast, followed by our long ride, you can well understand our appreciation of the following menu: Broiled chicken; cold leg of pork, stuffed; potatoes; biscuits, flaky and white; real home-made butter; New England cakes and pies; and coffee with cream.

The outside of Mrs. Shifleys' house was as attractive as the inside. There was a little garden with a double row of cottonwood trees as a wind break. Without this precaution, we were told that the whole contents of the garden would be blown out by the roots every week in the year, such is the force of the Dakota winds. Between this little inclosure and the lake, flocks of turkeys, ducks, and hens, some cows, several Indian ponies, and a dog were wandering.

Our disappointment was great on being informed by our "locator" that all the claims on the lake were taken. We

drove away from this lakeside farm with a sigh of regret and satisfaction: the former at leaving so cozy a spot, the latter at thoughts of that dinner. But the land question remained to be settled. We drove back over the bluff and onto the prairie once more, and went round and round, over and across, hoping to find the most desirable spot on which to locate. To us, all looked just alike; but the men seemed to see a difference in the quality of the soil, and used expressions describing the land which were perfectly incomprehensible to us. We listened patiently, hoping to learn something of our new vocation, and finally decided to locate on the spot where we then stood, which, from a little checkered paper Mr. Cobb held in his hand, we learned was "The southeast quarter of Section 10, Township No. 125, North, Range 49, West, from the Fifth Principal Meridian, containing 160 acres of government land."

Now, by "filing our intention" at the land-office, the expense of which is only eighteen dollars, and living on this quarter-section five years and giving proof of residence to the government, we would receive a patent signed by the President of the United States, proving we were the rightful owners of the soil. This final proof costs eight dollars.

All the government land which has been surveyed has every quarter-section marked by a little turf being heaped up and a stake driven into the ground, marked with range, township, etc.; and as we stood there on what we already called "our land," Mr. Cobb drove another stake marked with Mary's name, and gave us a memorandum to take to the land-office where we must go to file our statement. At this time we were both as pleased as kittens, and already felt two-thirds wealthy. Mary and I had decided to unite our efforts and purses. The land was to be taken in her name, and we were to share and share alike. This day's experience in land-hunting cost us, as our share of expense of team, locator, dinner, etc., fifteen dollars.

It was dark when we again reached the City Hotel, and after a hard supper and a harder bed we started at five o'clock the next morning, in the caboose of a freight-train, for a twelve-mile ride, and then twenty miles across country by a so-called stage. This was the most direct way of reaching the land-office. All day long the regular Dakota wind blew a perfect gale, and all our efforts were required to retain our seats in the open wagon. When the wind allowed us, we talked lumber with our fellow passengers.

A "claim shanty," which would shelter us comfortably till cold weather, we found would cost about \$60: size, 12 x 16, two windows and a door, rough boards and tarred paper, no chimney being necessary, as the æsthetic style of pushing a stove-pipe through the roof or out of a window seemed to be the prevailing fashion; and then we counted on our oil-stove, with which we had always been successful.

We arrived in town about four o'clock and were taken to the principal hotel, where we were told that we would be obliged to remain all night, for the land-office was closed for the day, and that no stage would leave for the railroad station till noon the next day. On being shown to our sleeping-room



we were taken out through the kitchen and up two steps into a queer little room which looked as if it was an after-thought, stuck on after the house was built; but the bed was the most inviting we had seen since we left home.

On going out to look around the town, we found it full of people, which is not unusual for a land-office town; but the streets offered small attractions for a walk: mud was everywhere. The office of the hotel was crowded with the hardest-looking men we had ever seen, many of them noisy from drink. The landlady (a most heartbroken woman) considerably offered us chairs by the dining-room stove, as it was too chilly to sit in our sleeping-room.

After a time we heard stamping of feet in the office; two or three men commenced at first, but directly these were joined by the whole crowd. This was a gentle hint that they were impatient for supper. The cook, a man, responded by opening the door and calling out, "Let 'em loose!" The crowd of men that tumbled into the dining-room did seem like wild animals let loose. Mary and I shrunk in behind the stove as far out of sight as possible, till the rush was over; then our kind hostess found a place for us and saw that we had our supper. She said that women-folks had a small chance when land-hunters were around.

After supper there was nothing for us to do. The lights were too poor to read by, so we went to our room hoping to have a good night's sleep; but, the hotel being in the center of the town, we had the benefit of the noisy crowd that came and went till a late hour,—yes, till the drinking-saloons (the greatest curse of all the frontier towns) were closed. On the whole it was not a quiet nor restful night.

In the morning we found the wind still blowing a gale;



"THE CROWD OF MEN TUMBLED INTO THE DINING-ROOM."

he said, "Why! this claim was filed on nearly a week ago."

We—Mary and I—looked at each other with a blank stare. On recovering from our surprise I asked the clerk, "Are you sure?"

"Look for yourselves," he said, placing his finger on our lot; and, sure enough, there was the name of Jotham Stone written across our quarter-section.

We had been swindled, we thought. We looked so utterly miserable, even the land-agent felt sorry for us, and asked, "Are you women going to live on the land by yourselves? Well, it is too bad you have had such

luck at the start, and if I can do anything to help you out I shall be glad."

Having learned that it was only a lack of means that induced us to take one quarter-section together, he suggested that one of us could take a Tree Claim with but an additional outlay of \$15, no residence ever required, and no improvements the first year, excepting five acres of breaking. This plan had been before advised by some land-hunt-



At the LAND OFFICE.

ers, and, of course, the prospect of each of us being able to get a farm pleased us, for we had not dared even to hope for this. One man at the office could tell of all the vacant land in his district, but could not describe the quality of the soil, or the surroundings, very accurately. He said, "Here is one vacant quarter-section, and it appears to be quite near the lake; one of you might file on this. And over here, two miles distant, is an eighty-acre lot which the other can file on for a Tree Claim, and near the lake, too."

Now this seemed encouraging, and we decided to take this land; and so, after answering the usual questions on the Homestead and Tree Claim blanks, and taking the usual form of oath and signing our names, we pocketed our receipts, feeling that now we were landowners indeed. How precious those folded papers looked to us!

the house shook and the windows rattled, and it did seem to us that the building would blow over. But we were told that this wind was not unusual—it was "nothing but a puff," they said; but we found it required all our strength to face it and hold our hats on as we walked to the land-office.

We found the land-office filled with a crowd of men and the usual amount of tobacco-smoke. After long and patient waiting, our turn came. The clerk took our memorandum, examined his chart carefully, and imagine our surprise when



The return trip was, if possible, more windy and more uncomfortable than on the preceding day. When we stepped from the cars on our return, it was hard to believe that it was only three days since we first stood on that platform.

The first real hardship to new settlers is the alkali water. I was always thirsty, and the water did not afford any relief; and for bathing purposes it was equally unsatisfactory. Already our hands were dry, chapped, and grimed. The morning after our return from the land-office we found our faces were nearly blistered by our long drive in the wind. We could now understand why the faces of the women we had seen were so red and rough. We had brushed out all our crimps the first day of our arrival, and thought we had cast aside all our vanities; but I must own to a pang when I looked at my lobster-colored complexion that morning. Remembering that we came here to work, not to pose for beauties, we soothed our burning faces with cold cream, and turned our thoughts and steps to the lumber-yard.

After purchasing the necessary material, the dealer agreed to find a farmer who lived in the vicinity of our "claim," to haul the lumber, and a carpenter was found who promised to put up our palatial residence inside of three days. Thinking anything preferable to a longer sojourn at the City Hotel, we found a chance to ride with a settler who lived near our "claim," trusting the farmer's mother would board us till our own establishment was completed.

Riding twenty miles on a springless wagon is not delightful; but the end of the day arrived just as we reached a very picturesque turf house. The "Whoa!" brought to the door a tall, thin, hard-faced woman, who exclaimed, "For the land sakes, Joel!"

"Land-hunters, marm, land-hunters," was the way in which Joel introduced us to his mother.

In reply to our request for board for a few days, she said, "Oh, y'r welcome; if you can stand it, I can."

The interior of the house consisted of one large room; a quilt as a curtain screened the bed in our corner. A rough couch spread with blankets, a bench holding a pail, a table, three chairs, a shelf of dishes, and the stove completed the elaborate furnishing of this frontier *salon*. The farmer, Joel Smith, slept in his wagon during our stay.

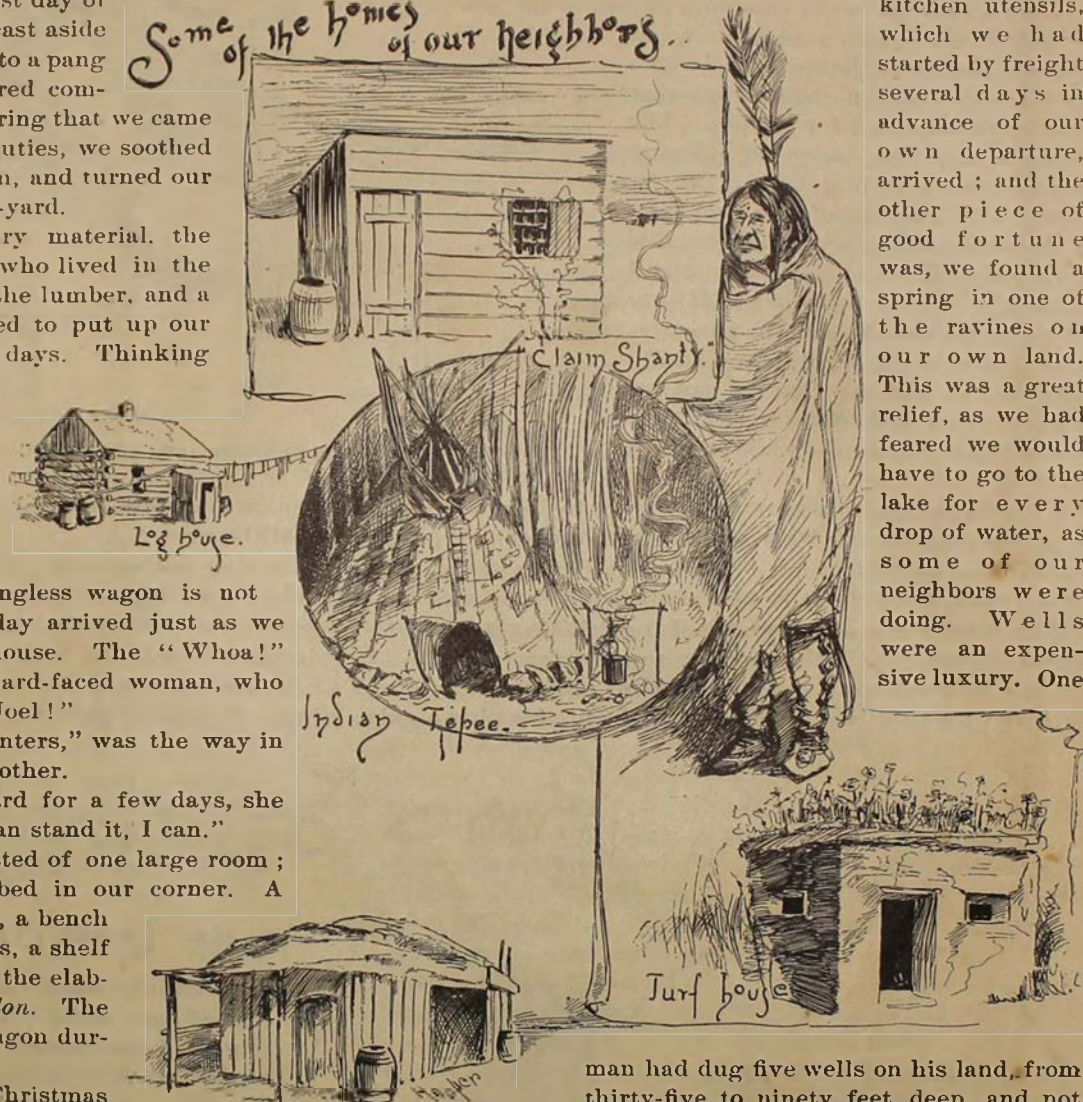
A child never looked forward to Christmas with any more eagerness than we looked for daylight that we might examine our homestead. The next morning, following our load of lumber, which had arrived during the night, a walk of a mile brought us to the edge of a bluff from which we had a magnificent view of the lovely lake, and our enthusiasm was unbounded when we learned we were on our own land: even Joel's criticism of the rockiness of this section could not dampen our joy. The carpenter, assisted by Joel, immediately commenced the erection of our mansion. Aladdin, with his wonderful lamp, may have erected a palace in less time, and perhaps of more gorgeous construction; but surely it was not more appreciated than our rough board house.

During our stay at Mrs. Smith's we "studied" farming, and began arrangements for tilling the soil,—our soil. We learned that from the middle of May to the last of June was the best time for "breaking," and we hired Mr. Smith to break twelve acres on the Homestead and five acres on the Tree Claim, at \$3.00 per acre, and to "fall-plow" the

same at \$1.50 per acre; then this would all have to be dragged the following spring at a cost of from thirty to fifty cents per acre, and the wheat for seed would come to \$1.00 or \$1.25 per bushel, and it would require twenty-five bushels to sow on these seventeen acres; and all this outlay and nearly a year's time before we could even put in our wheat crop!—for, of course, we took the real Dakota fever, and thought only of wheat at first. Corn and potatoes, however, we found could be raised on the first year's breaking, so we arranged at once for these as our first crop.

The day our house was finished we had two pieces of good luck. Our box, containing bedding, books, and a few kitchen utensils, which we had started by freight several days in advance of our own departure, arrived; and the other piece of good fortune was, we found a spring in one of the ravines on our own land. This was a great relief, as we had feared we would have to go to the lake for every drop of water, as some of our neighbors were doing. Wells were an expensive luxury. One

Some of the homes of our neighbors

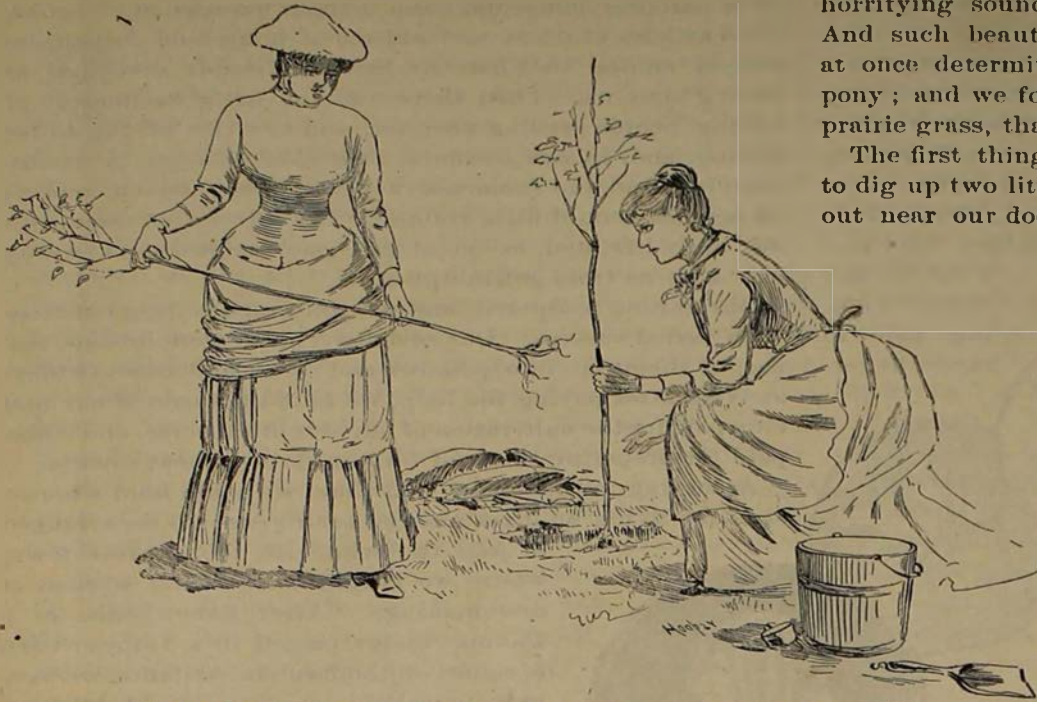


man had dug five wells on his land, from thirty-five to ninety feet deep, and not found a drop of water; and the cost of any one of them would have discouraged us.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, when the carpenter drove the last nail, and our mansion was said to be completed. \$10.50 was the bill for the labor, and, this being paid, the carpenter disappeared. As we two "lone women" stood at the door of our own home, on our own land, we felt awfully independent, and a trifle nervous and lonesome; but the excitement of opening our box was before us. One who has not had the experience can hardly understand the delight of unpacking a box of home things when so far away and under such different circumstances. Each article as it was unearthed seemed like a friendly face, and all appeared so interesting, so valuable.

Firstly, on top of all, was our feather bed. How we beat it up! How it puffed out as we laid it in the sun to air! Then came a looking-glass; we did not feel inclined to linger over that. Then came our little tea set, nicely packed in a small box, not one piece broken; how lovely





“THE FIRST THING WE DID WAS TO DIG UP TWO LITTLE SAPPLINGS.”

horrifying sound was made by their cropping the grass! And such beautiful animals as some of them were! We at once determined our first luxury should be to own a pony; and we found, after a few days' walking through the prairie grass, that a pony was a necessity.

The first thing we did towards improving our farm was to dig up two little saplings from our ravine and set them out near our door. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that they both died young; but we did not despair, and to-day, four years after, we have a double row of cottonwood and other trees of slower growth, and one of the prettiest little gardens, surrounding a cozy, four-room house. But I am running ahead of my story.

My second scare took place at the end of our first week. Mary had started early in the day, with a neighbor, for town, to make purchases, and I was left alone for the first time. I busied myself making our little shanty as attractive as possible, but, there is no disguising the fact, it was awfully lonesome. How I longed for a dog or a pony! Then I wandered out into our ravine and gathered an armful

of perfect wild-flowers, and made our shanty bloom like a bower; but still the hours rolled slowly. Then I wandered to the lakeside, saw thousands of ducks, met three snakes, and returned home. Next I tried digging the tough prairie soil—to begin our garden; then, with a backache, I sat down and tried to read.

Finally night came, and I found myself nervously looking across the country for my “partner's” return. I lighted the stove, laid the table for tea, making as much work as possible out of it all, so as to keep busy. The sun set, darkness settled down, and still I was alone. A person who has always lived in civilization cannot realize the sensation

it looked! Then a box of tea, a present from a friend; a tin box of crackers, our little clock, kitchen utensils, pillows, bedding, and books tucked in among them; Mary's workbox and my workbasket, cretonne curtains, mosquito netting, and two little brush-brooms. At the bottom, in another box, was our kerosene stove, beside it was our carpet, and rolled up in that were two small folding-chairs. Talk about Robinson Crusoe!—it seemed to us that we found in our box more than his island ever afforded him. We thought we had everything; but we had not then learned what it was to live twenty miles from a lemon, or, rather, from a grocer.

Before dark we went to the Smiths' and bought milk, butter, and eggs, and left a long list of articles which Joel promised to buy for us on his next trip to town. As soon as the sun set, it looked so dark outside that we pinned temporary curtains at our two windows, lighted our oil stove, and had our first meal in our new home. It was a very busy evening,—putting up shelves, driving nails, hanging our “pots and kettles,” etc.,—but at ten o'clock, tired as we were, I think we both had a kind of dread of going to bed and turning out the light. For the first time I began to wonder if tramps grew in this climate. We knew Indians abounded on the Reserve, only a few miles away, but they were “good-natured Injuns,” as Mrs. Smith had explained to us. Still, as the hours dragged by, I could not get one wink of sleep. I wished Mrs. Smith's dog were with us, and I regretted not having learned to use a revolver. How awfully, horribly still the night was! My ears seemed to ache with the weight of the silence.

I presume I must have dropped into a doze, when, with a start and a suppressed scream, Mary grasped my arm. In the silence which followed I distinctly heard steps stealing around our frail house. Our helpless situation and the distance from our neighbor flashed across my mind as I pictured a dozen painted savages surrounding us. In addition to the steps, the only noise we heard was a peculiar sound, not unlike the sharpening of a knife on a piece of leather.

Too paralyzed with fear to move, not daring to whisper, scarcely breathing, the hours of darkness dragged along,—at least it seemed to us like hours. But, with the first streak of light, courage and anger suddenly conquered my fear, and I boldly lifted a corner of the window-curtain and looked out on a perfectly lovely herd of ponies; and that



“TWO OF THE TALLEST INDIANS I EVER SAW.”



of being alone all day, not seeing or hearing a human creature, nor even an animal.

Suddenly I heard footsteps. With a glad exclamation I threw open the door, and found myself confronted by two of the tallest Indians I ever saw! I don't know whether I screamed or not. I remember finding myself leaning against the side of the shanty farthest from the door. They—my visitors—were perfectly unmoved, simply held out something tied up in a soiled rag, and talked "Injun."

I could feel myself turning pale to my finger-

# SOME OF OUR NEIGHBORS



tips. The long knives in the belts seemed to particularly attract my eyes.

Suddenly a sound of wheels was heard. As they turned to look I made a wild rush by them and ran into the arms of Joel,—who had brought Mary home,—and, I blush to add, burst into tears.

"Them thunderin' long-legged critters hev scared the little woman to death," Joel remarked.

But they only wanted to sell some ducks. They were two of the "Seven Brothers," the biggest Indians in their tribe. Joel gave them a little tobacco, explained that the ducks were not wanted, and the gigantic red men silently disappeared.

One evening during the second week of our experience, we took our pencils and paper and began building castles: commenced to count our chickens even before the eggs were laid. Supposing we should put the whole of our seventeen acres into wheat, and supposing we had, say, twenty-five bushels to the acre. Oh! that was not placing it so very high: we knew of one of our neighbors who raised twenty-

eight bushels. Well, that make four hundred and five bushels. Now, supposing we sold it for \$1.25 per bushel (we had to pay that for our seed wheat), this would make over \$531. The cost of raising and harvesting this crop we placed at about \$185; and it made us feel very comfortable to think of \$346 as a possible profit.

Now I'll say right here how it did turn out. We raised only about seventeen bushels to the acre; we received only eighty-seven cents per bushel; and, the fact is, we just paid our expenses. But since that first year we have at times realized the full profit so eagerly figured at that time.

I will not take the time to describe our experience buying an Indian pony, nor our adventures chasing him every time he ran away; nor will I describe the lovely old dog who deserted an emigrant wagon and took up his home with us. I'll not even describe the cyclone which made a clean sweep of our neighbor's house and left Mrs. Smith to live with us for two weeks; and I will only refer to how packages sent us by mail seldom reached us, while the postmistress at the

little half-way house did seem to be in possession of books, little articles of dress, and objects of household decoration, exactly similar to what our Eastern friends described as having sent us. Then there was the daily excitement of having people settling near us; and to write of the bitter feeling, and, in one instance, bloodshed, caused by claim-jumping, and the rumors of a new railroad, which kept us on needles, would fill a volume. But all of this came with our daily life, and, as one of our good neighbors expressed it, "kept us from gettin' the enwe."

Our garden prospered, and we continued setting out trees with varied success. Our seventeen acres were broken, and part of them put into potatoes and corn; and when October arrived, after paying the help, we found the sale of our first crop paid for the cultivation of our seventeen acres, and it also paid for preparing the land for our spring wheat sowing.

According to the law of that time, we could hold a homestead by living on it six months each year; so we arranged to pass the winter in the nearest town, where we taught school and worked at dressmaking. After five months of a Dakota winter passed in a frontier town of some two thousand inhabitants, we were only too glad to seize the first bright day and ride to our homestead, as a preliminary visit before settling for the summer.

It was a perfect spring day. The snow had entirely disappeared, and even the wind was kind to us by its absence; and as noon approached we were eagerly straining our eyes for the first glimpse of our little house and a view of the beautiful lake. To our surprise we found the latter first. Yes, the lovely sheet of water looked as beautiful as we had pictured it; but still, we

thought it would be more enjoyable from our own door, so we hardly allowed ourselves to take in the view till we could find our own "chateau."

Had we got off the road and entirely lost our reckoning? That was our first thought on finding our house was not in sight. No, we could not be far away, for there were the Indian huts and tepees right across the water, which had faced our own door, and there was Smith's new house in its right location, and here was our own little garden. On closer inspection there were four little spots where the four corners of our royal palace had stood when we last saw it; but there was nothing of it now,—not a board, not a nail.

Yes, it was rather discouraging. With feelings of mingled indignation and anger we rode to the three nearest neighbors. The Smiths were full of sympathy and kindness, but all they could tell us was that a month ago our house had disappeared during the night. Fortunately, when we moved in town for the winter we left very little in our shanty; but it took a good share of all we had made during the five months of hard work, to cover our loss. A few weeks later, a more substantial dwelling took the place of our missing house, and, notwithstanding our experience, we began our second year in Dakota with unshaken determination to go ahead. Through all our hardships, our lack of the comforts of life, we both were better in health than we had been for years.

Of course, like in almost everything else, the hardest work was in starting; but each year has been easier than the preceding. Experience has made the work less difficult to manage; and now, if the grasshoppers and cyclones will only pass us by two years more, we shall realize the dream of our lives—six months in Europe. E. W. HOOPER.



## A Proposal by Phonograph.

**T**OM DOUGLAS was young, good-looking, and would some day be well-to-do; but above all things he was scientific. His passion for science first became noticeable when he began to learn chemistry in the High School. Tom and all his class-fellows were deeply taken by the weird and unearthly odors, the terrifying explosions, and the miraculous bursts of subaqueous fire which appeared at the will of Mr. Stubbs, the science master. Indeed, they endeavored persistently to emulate their tutor's exploits; but even the tutor's performances were presently quite eclipsed by those of his promising pupil, Tom. The boy had a perfect genius for explosions, so that it soon became customary among the others, during the two or three hours which they spent each week in the laboratory, to give up any little enterprises of their own and simply keep an eye on Tom's movements. It was usually worth their while, for he rarely failed to do something marvelous.

When the end of the term came, and the youth arrived at his home in Dedham, he set off at once on a tour of inspection round the home premises. A small building which belonged to the gardener, and was used by him as a storehouse for seeds, flower-pots, and other things appertaining to his craft, struck his fancy. He found no difficulty in persuading his too-complaisant parents to make this room over to him; and notwithstanding the murmurs of Sandy, the gardener, it was forthwith emptied of its horticultural contents, fitted with benches, shelves, and a fireplace, and generally rendered habitable. Chemicals also, and all kinds of apparatus, were ordered. Had his friends not been altogether ignorant of the science of chemistry, they would have noticed that the chemicals which Tom ordered, and for which they blindly paid, were chiefly of the kind which go to make up explosions.

Almost as soon as the laboratory had been fitted up, the goods arrived. On the first day nothing worthy of note was seen or heard, Tom being too busily engaged in arranging and admiring his treasures to begin experimenting with them. Soon, however, the household began to listen with mild toleration to the loud explosions which, at intervals of about an hour, were constantly heard from the direction of Tom's den. They were not quite so tractable, however, when the embryo chemist grew tired for the moment of noises and turned his attention to the production of unpleasant odors. But even then the boy was quite safe from interruption. They were not likely to attempt to approach the source of odors by which they were already almost stifled; whereas Tom revelled in the malodorous products of his experiments, and behaved, in an atmosphere reeking with the most abominable gases, as if he was once more breathing his native air after a long and painful period of exile.

His love of science grew stronger, if a good deal more rational, as years passed by. When he went to Harvard, another room was added to his den. This was furnished after the manner of the average undergraduate's rooms, and here he kept his personal property and did most of his reading. Like most science-men, he was fond of novels; and of these this room soon contained an extensive and catholic collection. But at last Tom discovered that there was one thing which, struggle as he might to ignore it, was beginning to interest him far more than any of the sciences to which he had hitherto devoted himself. His father's brother had many years ago emigrated to California. Almost immediately he had married; but after a few years of hard struggle against poverty his wife had died, leaving to him a little daughter, Cora. Tom Douglas was in his fourth year when he heard from home that his unknown uncle was dead. His father had received a letter some

months before, saying that Cora would soon be alone in the world. She would be rich,—for success had come to her father when it was too late to save his wife,—and the dying man begged his brother to become her guardian and offer her a home. Mr. Douglas had at once consented; and Cora arrived in Dedham shortly before the commencement of Tom's last long vacation: so that when he got home she had already been there for a week or two. The cousins became very good friends; and it was the image of a sweet girlish face, blue-eyed and a little sad, which occupied Tom's mind, and caused him to neglect his science-work almost entirely.

At the end of the vacation he went back to Harvard once more, and at the end of the term he gained a "First" in Chemistry. The absence from Cora was so utterly painful to him, that he became aware of the fact that he really was very much in love with her. Of course, he ought to have known it before,—perhaps he had; but at least he had never acknowledged it to himself. At any rate he made haste to get back home.

When he returned to Dedham he carried with anxious solicitude a box which appeared to contain something at once very fragile and inestimably valuable. Cora had taken a great interest in his scientific studies—or, rather, he had revived for her benefit his boyish interest in explosions. After lunch, therefore, he told her that during his absence he had secured a scientific wonder which she must examine. He took the box under his arm, and they went together to his sanctum in the garden. Arrived there, he opened the box and took out a piece of mechanism which, he said, was a phonograph. He showed Cora how a thin plate of mica, moving with the air-vibrations caused by the voice, set in motion a small stylus of steel, and how this stylus marked out its vibrations on a thin cylinder of smooth wax, which, by a screw arrangement, was caused to move at once in the direction of its length and around its axis. Then he shifted back the cylinder into its original position, so that the point of the stylus rested at the beginning of the little channel which it had already marked out on the wax. Finally, turning the screw again, he set the cylinder in motion; and the stylus, traveling along the line it had traced thereon, vibrated as it had done in the first instance. By this means the mica was once more set in vibration, and as it communicated its vibrations to the air, the original sounds were once more reproduced.

Tom tried to persuade Cora to sing a song; but the presence of that silent recorder made her nervous, and she was content with listening to the repetition of some trite and rather disconnected remarks of his own. The next few days passed not quite happily for Tom Douglas. He was in love, deeply in love, with Cora: but he did not dare to tell her, as yet, the secret which was nevertheless betrayed to her keen sight by his every word and action. He spent a good deal of time alone in his den, and amused himself after a rather silly fashion with the phonograph.

One day he had gone off on a visit to some friends, and Cora was feeling lonely and a trifle *ennuyée*. Her cousin had begged her to borrow any of his books if at any time she wanted something to read, and she went down to his sanctum to get one. As she went she was thinking of him, and wondering why he still hesitated to ask her the simple question which she would so gladly answer—the question which he was so constantly asking himself, and to which his love and his humility both gave different answers.

She had chosen a book, when her eye fell on the phonograph lying ready for use on a table. Now that she was alone, she thought it would be rather pleasant to try how her own voice sounded. She had read lately in one of the newspapers that people had no idea of what their voices



really sounded like ; and she rather wondered whether her singing, of which she was inclined to think highly, was really so good as she had imagined. Filled with dread lest the unflattering phonograph should prove to her that her voice was harsh and unpleasant, and not quite decided as to what song she should try, she began to move the treadle which set the cylinder in motion. What sound was that which fell upon her ears? Her cousin's voice was speaking to her ; and after a moment of blank astonishment she listened with a quiet smile, as though Tom were standing before her in the flesh and saying what the phonograph now said for him.

This is what she heard : " Cora, darling, I have loved you ever since the day when first I saw you ! I have longed to tell you every day since then, but have always been afraid. Will you try to love me just a little ? " The voice lapsed into silence.

With a sudden gladness Cora saw what had happened. Her cousin had also wondered how his voice sounded to others,—to her,—and especially how the question would sound which he so longed to ask. Well, the voice struck her as awkward, constrained, and quite unlike the cheerful tones to which she had become accustomed ; but the words—

At that moment she heard her cousin's voice at the other end of the garden. He had returned home unexpectedly, and was chatting with the gardener. He would be here presently, no doubt. In a moment she had once more set in motion the cylinder of the phonograph, and, bending over it, spoke a few words in a low clear voice. Then she shifted the cylinder back into its original position, and stepped quickly into the next room—the laboratory.

In a few minutes the conversation between Tom and the gardener ceased. The young man came quickly down the garden and entered his sanctum. He flung his hat and walking-stick upon a chair, and then the phonograph struck his attention. He moved toward it and stood looking down on it, with his back toward the door of the room whence Cora was eagerly watching him. Then he began absent-mindedly to set the treadle in motion. Once more the phonograph spoke, and as it did so, Cora moved silently forward and stood in the open doorway of the laboratory. " Cora, darling, I have loved you ever since the day when first I saw you ! I have longed to tell you every day since then, but have always been afraid. Will you try to love me just a little ? "

Tom heard these words ; and then, before he had moved his foot from the treadle, the phonograph spoke in another voice : " Why should you be afraid to come and ask me, when you know—— "

It was Cora's voice ; and even while he wondered at this marvel, he heard the same voice speaking again. " Tom ! " said the voice ; and, turning, he saw his cousin, standing with half-parted lips and laughing rosy face, only a yard or two away from him.

" Cora ! " he cried, " you have learned my secret ! "

Cora moved toward him and hid her face in his shoulder ; then, as he raised and kissed it, she whispered : " Yes, Tom, long ago ! "

C. J. D.

Do not say to children, " Be good," but make them find pleasure in being so: develop within their hearts the germ of sentiments that nature has placed there. Give them opportunities of being truthful, liberal, compassionate ; rely on the human heart ; leave those precious seeds to bloom in the air which surrounds them ; do not stifle them under a quantity of frames and networks.

## Content.

BE not content. Contentment means inaction ;  
The growing soul aches on its upward quest.  
Satiety is twin to satisfaction :  
All great achievements spring from life's unrest.

The tiny roots, deep in the dark mold hiding,  
Would never bless the earth with leaf and flower  
Were not an inborn restlessness abiding  
In seed and germ, to stir them with its power.

Were man contented with his lot forever,  
He had not sought strange seas with sails unfurled ;  
And the vast wonder of our shores had never  
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.

Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented.  
There is a healthful restlessness of soul  
By which a mighty purpose is augmented,  
In urging men to reach a higher goal.

So when the restless impulse rises, driving  
Your calm content before it, do not grieve :  
It is the upward reaching and the striving  
Of the God in you, to achieve, achieve!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## Disturbers of the Peace.

" KATY didn't ! " " Katy did ! "  
Was the avowal and denial  
Of two little creatures hid  
Within the garden, near the dial.

" Katy didn't ! " " Katy did ! "  
What this all meant, who could determine ?  
It was troublesome, indeed ;  
For it was neither song nor sermon.

" Katy didn't ! " " Katy did ! "  
Was it mere love-talk or a quarrel ?  
Were they scolding there amid  
The leaves of maple and of laurel ?

" Katy didn't ! " " Katy did ! "  
These vague, unceasing repetitions  
Made me wish I could get rid  
Of serenades on such conditions.

" Katy didn't ! " " Katy did ! "  
Did she flirt with, or scorn, a lover ?  
Why betray a secret hid ?  
There may be traits none should discover.

" Katy didn't ! " " Katy did ! "  
What right have you to advertise her ?  
Rest beneath your leafy lid :  
Back talk will make no one the wiser.

" Katy didn't ! " " Katy did ! "  
It may be they are only joking.  
One might wish a pyramid  
Would crush all scolding ; 'tis provoking !

" Katy didn't ! " " Katy did ! "  
" For pity," cease that iteration !  
'Tis late, say " Good-night," and bid  
Farewell to tattle and flirtation !

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.



# A TOTAL ECLIPSE.

BY BULKELEY BOOTH.



I.

BIG, fair man strode up Broadway, as if to him walking were an exhilaration. Held loosely in his gloved fingers was a full-blown red rose. His magnificent fur overcoat seemed a strange background for that hothouse bloom, yet set off his fine figure admirably, as did the soft crush hat his blonde and handsome head.

He halted on a corner, with a slight wave of the crimson flower signaled an approaching car, and swung himself aboard.

His blue eyes took a swift survey of the occupants of the car, and then returned with an expression of admiring interest to a young woman, his *vis-à-vis*. His sweeping glance took note of the tall, slender figure; of the fine head, crowned with short hair, dark and curling; of the daintily gloved hands. A turban of seal, with, it might be, the pinion of an eagle thrust through its alert bows, adorned the head. A cloth *reingote* enveloped the figure, yet failed to conceal its pretty, pliant curves. The face lacked color, yet the pale setting gave to the dark eyes an added beauty.

"A wonderful pair of eyes," mused John Stirling; "I'll wager those eyes never flinch at Fate's worst blows."



Some lines he had somewhere read drifted through his mind as he studied that fascinating face :

" Ah ! but the soul that is faithful  
Knows it is good to have fought ;  
Knows it is good to have acted,  
Whatever the doing has brought."

At this moment other passengers entered the car. As the girl made room for the newcomers, a filmy handkerchief, faintly perfumed, fell from her lap. Mr. Stirling rescued it from a passing foot, and returned it with a courteous bow. As she took it from his hand, the great crimson flower touched her white wrist,—a rose saluting a lily.

When Mr. Stirling again glanced at the girl he was slightly amused. Her beautiful mouth, which had snared with its ravishing curves the admiring glances of this half-blasé man of the world, had straightened itself into severer lines, a trifle defiant. Something had disturbed her serenity. The long, slender purse, which, until now, she had held securely in her hand, she consigned, in an absent sort of way, to an outer pocket, where, not wholly concealed, it seemed to challenge theft.

John Stirling recalled his truant gaze. "At this rate," he mentally commented, "I shall lose my heart altogether to that luring mouth." Then he made a discovery which stirred his fighting blood. He saw the hand of a man stealthily close around the purse. To see was to act ; and with a grip that must have been torture he caught the purloining hand, coolly plucked away the purse, and restored it to its owner. The two men had risen and stood face to face,—one, brave and strong, the other, scared and cowering.

"Shall I deliver him to the police?" queried Mr. Stirling.

"Let him go," the girl entreated, lifting her grateful eyes to his face.

The car rattled on several blocks and the young girl alighted. It was the hand of John Stirling that steadied her as she stepped from the car—the favor acknowledged by a fleeting smile and a slight bend of the curly head.

Standing upon the platform, Mr. Stirling noted the graceful pose of the head, and the easy swing of the cloak as its wearer daintily picked her way to the sidewalk. He caught himself up with a scornful smile. He was certainly cherishing a vague regret that she, an entire stranger, should thus pass forever from his sight, when a smothered "By Jove!" fell from his lips. Instantly he was off the car and running back, for, alas! the wearer of the redingote had trodden upon a treacherous bit of ice, and lay prone upon the pavement. He lifted her to her feet. She was white to the lips, although bravely coaxing a wan smile into being.

"You are hurt?" There was a tender solicitude in the blue eyes of her questioner. She held out her hand ruefully. There was a great rent in the glove, and something had gone "a-gley" with her poor little thumb.

"Oh! you have dislocated your thumb," cried Mr. Stirling in tones of genuine sympathy. "I did the same, once, in a ball-game." He was binding his kerchief about her hand as he continued: "I have a friend a few doors from here, who is a capital surgeon. May I escort you to his office?"

He lifted his hat as if she were a queen. She took a shy glance at his eyes,—frank, bonny eyes,—and trusted herself to his guidance. In two minutes more she was seated in a big arm-chair in the surgeon's office. It was a new experience for her ; and though she shrank from the professional fingers, she could but recognize the deftness and delicacy of their touch. There was a dexterous twist, a torturing pain as the joint slipped into its socket. The hand and wrist, so fair and perfect, next underwent a careful scrutiny : there

was a slight sprain of the wrist, and both hand and wrist were adroitly bandaged, the surgeon meanwhile keeping up a brisk chat with his friend.

Once the young girl detected, in the mirror opposite, a bit of pantomime between the two. Mr. Stirling was instructing his friend to refuse a fee. Notwithstanding, she drew out her purse, but was assured there was no charge for so trifling a service ; and then she was out in the keen air, her hand drawn through the fur-covered arm of her escort, whose voice she heard in a far-off sort of way.

A sensation of faintness had followed her since the moment of her fall, but she had fought it bravely. If she could only gain the shelter of her own little room! They reached the house, mounted the steps, and Mr. Stirling rang the bell. Oh, for one moment more! But Fate was inexorable. She felt herself swaying—sinking. The stars blinked—went out.

What happened further she learned from the janitor, who had answered the imperative ring, in hot haste, to find a stranger at the door, and herself unconscious in his arms. The stranger had bade him "lead the way to the young lady's room," as if he were used to command and obedience. Then he had "tromped" up the long flight of stairs, and laid her on the bed. While directing the janitor and his wife in their efforts to revive her, his bold, blue eyes had roved about the little room ; at the first sign of returning consciousness he had thrust a half-eagle into the hand of the janitor's wife, with the demand that the young lady should lack no care ; and with an assertion that he would call in the morning, he had speedily departed.

Natalie Dare dismissed her sable attendants. Languid, she rose from her bed, and, still a little unsteady on her feet, made her toilet for the night. As she passed back and forth in the small room, her mirror caught the reflection of a lithe, erect figure, which rebelled against the severe folds of her *robe de nuit*.

Something unusual caught her eye, and stayed her steps. It was the red rose. A vivid bit of color, it lay on her white bed, its velvet petals crushed and scattered ; yet when her eyes rested upon it, up rose a vision of a big fair man in a magnificent overcoat of fur, the soft hat, the blonde head, the crimson rose held loosely in the gloved fingers, and the bold, blue eyes.

Whenever Natalie found life's problems too perplexing, she sought guidance of her counselor Thomas à Kempis, as from a tangible personality. She lifted the little book, opened it at random, and read: "Love is a great thing, yea, a great and thorough good ; by itself it makes everything that is heavy, light ; and it bears evenly all that is uneven. For it carries a burden which is no burden, and makes everything that is bitter, sweet,"—she could read no more. She gathered up the crimson petals, dropped them, with a sigh, upon the page, and thrust the book aside. Love had not made her life sweeter, but had steeped it in bitterness.

Sleep was coy that night and hard to win. For some unaccountable reason old memories awoke and trooped before her, a ghostly procession. Among those spectral shapes she saw her lost lover. With the beguiling arts of a Sir Launcelot he had won her heart with its tender and true and passionate love.

In the soft darkness of the night, against all right or reason, her grieving mouth thrilled at memory of his kiss ; her pretty, clasped palms ached for his strong, warm pressure ; and yet—and yet he had won her love through deception. Like a tigress defending her young, her pure soul had turned at bay when he whom she half worshiped dropped the alluring mask. How, from those enthralling eyes, those entreating arms, that melodious voice, she had



torn herself, conscious only of that cruel stab to her love, was still a fathomless mystery.

Even now, after the weary passage of months, there were times when she wrestled with the Angel of Right, almost regretting her choice, almost prevailing,—yet never quite. Even now there were times when life seemed shorn of every joy; when her bereft heart cried out with bitter longing for that passionate spurned love.

Why had the little episode of the night aroused these torturing memories? Was it because that "other one" was big and fair and gentle-voiced and courteous?

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Gresham was lounging in meditative mood, when his office door swung wide to admit John Stirling, who strode across the floor with brisk step and hand outstretched.

"Congratulate me, Sandy. I have found her—the future Mrs. Stirling."

"H'm!" said the meditative doctor, throwing backward a prematurely bald head. "Your abrupt entrance has dissipated a delightful vision, John, and interrupted a charming *tête-à-tête* with that same adorable woman, whom I was addressing as 'Mrs. Gresham.' However, I relinquish all claim in your favor, my dear boy, and extend to you a most fervent God-speed."

When Mr. Stirling called the following day to inquire after the "future Mrs. Stirling," he was informed by the janitor that Miss Dare, with her trunk, had "done gone." Of her destination or present whereabouts, he could learn nothing. Had Miss Dare seen the dogged determination that entered the eyes, squared the broad shoulders, and gave a deeper significance to the resolute mouth as Mr. Stirling ran down the steps, perhaps she would have realized somewhat of that masculine power against which she had pitted her feminine sagacity.

As for Miss Dare, she cast from her mind all thought of this manly man, as she said: "I have lost my faith in the world of men. Should the Angel Gabriel sue on bended knee, he could not wake one sigh of love in my dead heart." So she delivered up the key of her room, and vanished.

## II.

It was Mrs. Vivian's last reception of the season, and her spacious rooms were thronged with a host of charming and popular society people, when, at a late hour, Mr. Stirling was announced. After a few words with his very good friend Mrs. Vivian, he moved away among the guests. Here and there knots of people were animatedly discussing a recent publication called "Little Queen." Some had read it more than once—all spoke of it with rapturous praise—everyone wondered who was its author. Even Mr. Stirling confessed he had forgotten the passage of time—almost had forgotten his engagement of the evening—while he read, with absorbing interest, the enchanting story.

A little later, Mrs. Vivian sought Mr. Stirling to chide him for absenting himself so persistently from social circles: to her surprise, he admitted a lack of interest in the brilliant and beautiful women of society.

"I am tired of it all, my dear Mrs. Vivian," he said. "The woman who does not wear a mask of insincerity is a rare creature," he continued, in a lighter tone, yet Mrs. Vivian felt he was uttering an honest conviction. Then, as if impelled by a sudden resolve, she said:

"Come with me, Mr. Stirling; I will show you *one* true woman."

As they moved slowly through the crowded room, Mrs. Vivian remarked:

"I am at a loss to understand how *you* came to be overwhelmed in such a 'slough of despond'; but—" smiling

brightly—"I am certain you will remain there no longer when you see my pretty friend. Can you keep a secret inviolate?" she asked; and without waiting for answer said, "I am going to present you to the author of 'Little Queen.'"

She swept aside a silken drapery. There were a half-dozen people in the small room,—he saw but one. Certainly his hostess had little idea of the wave of emotion that swept his soul, or of the debt of gratitude she incurred when she blandly said,

"My friend Mr. Stirling, Miss Dare."

He had found her at last!—she whom he had sought so persistently, to so little purpose. Now he had been properly presented, and she could no longer refuse his friendship. Again he yielded to the glamour of her indefinable charm. Her manner of conversation, how quaint; her ideas and opinions, novel, and vastly different from the ordinary society woman; besides, she was earnest, sincere, and candid,—qualities held in high esteem by Mr. Stirling.

Her costume was simple, but suited her exquisitely; although five minutes after she had left him he could recall neither tint nor texture of her garments—nothing, save the oscillating orchids that lifted their fairy beauty beneath her creamy throat. While still held in thrall by her strange power, Mrs. Kaufman, her chaperon, appeared, signifying her desire to go home. Miss Dare rose at once, made her brief adieus, and vanished beyond the amber draperies. When, hooded and cloaked, she reached the top of the stairs, she found Mr. Stirling, in the big, furry overcoat, waiting to escort her and her chaperon to their carriage, and to beg the privilege of an early call. His request was graciously granted by Mrs. Kaufman, while Miss Dare sank back among the cushions and murmured only a cool "*Bonne nuit.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

A few nights after, Mr. Stirling called at Mrs. Kaufman's home. He was welcomed cordially to the family circle, but Miss Dare was not there. Inquiring for her, he was conducted to the library, a long, dim room lighted brilliantly at its farthest limit. A sweet voice greeted him as he entered the circle of light—a voice that seemed to float down to him from a group of winged nymphs on the painted ceiling. Then a silvery laugh eddied about him.

"If you try valiantly, Mr. Stirling, maybe you can reach the tips of my fingers."

He saw her then, standing perilously near the top step of a ladder, from which height she was reaching down a white hand of welcome. He clasped the hand without effort. She had not counted on his imposing stature.

"Why are you risking your precious life?" queried Mr. Stirling, rallery and anxiety blended in his deep voice.

"Oh, I might as well risk my life as lose my reason, which I am certain I *shall* do, if I cannot speedily find a quotation which has eluded my vigilant search this livelong day."

She repeated a portion of the desired quotation, when, to her surprise and pleasure, Mr. Stirling recited the passage entire, and correctly. It was a deft and delicious description of love. The words, uttered in the tender intonation of Mr. Stirling, seemed to glow with a fervid heat, and to wreath themselves about with all the tropical luxuriance of Love's own language.

The scene was a study in light and shade: the girl, high up in the full blaze of the brilliant light, which intensified her pallor, vivified the red of her beautiful mouth, and made soundless depths of her sombre eyes, while it threw half in shadow the forceful, uplifted face of the man. A sudden movement of the girl dispelled the picture.

"I will give up the search," she said, with a long-drawn



breath of relief, as she reached down her hands to him and descended.

Disdaining the ladder, Mr. Stirling glanced over a high tier of volumes, selected one, turned the leaves rapidly, and placed the open book in her hand—his finger upon the coveted lines.

"How glad I am you came! I begin to look upon you as my good angel."

She spoke with a smiling candor which he felt half-inclined to resent. With the capriciousness of love, he wished she were more chary of that excellent commodity.

Meantime Miss Dare had seated herself, and Mr. Stirling took possession of a big, cushioned chair, conveniently near. The interview lengthened to an hour—even longer. In their charming talk Miss Dare described a thrilling scene she had witnessed, with such dramatic power that Mr. Stirling felt himself swayed almost to tears by her wonderful word-painting.

"I understand now why your writings stir and rouse and thrill the souls of those who read them," he began impulsively. "Believe me, Miss Dare, I was strongly tempted to let fall a tear over 'Little Queen.'"

So this was the way he kept a secret inviolate. For a moment he looked into a pair of very startled eyes; then, flushing, she gave him her hand, saying simply, "I am glad if I can interest you." If she only knew!

### III.

Lent had come. The gay pennons of society were floating at half-mast, yet Mr. Stirling found frequent opportunities to meet Miss Dare, and the gray sky of her life broke into fleecy clouds of rose and gold. She found few moments to devote to regret. Dismal mornings blossomed into hours of pleasantness while she lingered with Mr. Stirling in galleries of art or amid quaint and wonderful collections of curios. Still, in despite of desire or effort on the part of Mr. Stirling, their acquaintance advanced not one step beyond the boundary of friendship.

In the month of May Mrs. Kaufman decided to go to Europe with her family for the summer. Miss Dare would not accompany her. This decision Mr. Stirling learned while



"ONE DAY OF DAYS."

making an evening call shortly before the proposed change. Miss Dare was in a fitful mood, alternating from grave to gay. He had never seen her in such wild spirits or so strangely silent. When he arose to go she did not make her adieus with the others, but followed him to the door. There was a little drooping of her tall figure, a little saddened cadence in her sweet voice, a little forlornness in the folding of her pretty hands, that touched him sorely. He looked down upon her with eyes an-hunger for her love, but her own were down-bent, and she knew not of his emotion.

No longer able to stem that turbulent torrent, his love-laden voice swept her from her serenity.

"Natalie,"—her pretty name rocked and dipped on that flood of tenderness,—"life is no longer endurable without you! Condemn me not to such dreary exile! Every fiber of my heart cries day and night for you—only you! Come to me, dearest!"

His eyes were ablaze—his arms flung wide—the pose and inclination of his body instinct with love.

She knew not she was weeping, yet a rain of tears ran down her agitated and beautiful face.

"O kindest and best of friends, it can never be! Why did Fate thrust me into your path only to torture you? My



heart is dead—dead—dead !” and, waiting not for one word of farewell, she went her way, groping as do the blind, up the wide staircase, and faded from his sight in that upper darkness.

Yet with a valor born of his abounding love, he determined to further urge his suit. He would move heaven but he would win her. But when, on the night after, he sought the home of Mrs. Kaufman, he found it deserted ; neither could he by the most persistent search find a clew to the abiding-place of his lost Natalie.

Embittered against the land that had swallowed up his darling, Mr. Stirling cast off its dust from his feet, and sailed away over the smiling sea. Only for his aching heart, and the deathless longing to look on the face of her he loved, he would have found no fault with life. His royally appointed yacht, the Nautilus, was his home, and during the month of August his old friend Dr. Gresham was his companion. Together they “sailed the seas over,” the fleet-winged craft braving the storms and breasting the waves with the ease and grace of a water-fowl.

One day of days, when there was an apocalypse of glory

in the heavens above and in the sea below, the white-winged Nautilus, like a dove to her cote, flew straight toward Mount Desert, that lay like an emerald on the breast of the ocean. At a safe distance from reef and shoal, anchor was cast, and the yacht, like a tethered thing of life, folded its wings and slept.

A few hundred yards from the beach a great hostelry, of the style of a mediæval castle, lifted its turrets high into the radiant air. Throngs of guests stood in groups, or meditatively paced the wide verandas. One among them watched the dipping, dancing Nautilus as its red-capped crew ran about intent on duty—watched it only as an added feature of beauty to the picture of the sea, which never grew monotonous. Then a little boat was lowered, carmine-striped, like the sailors’ caps ; two sailors went down into the boat, followed by two men, at sight of whom the girl’s eyes dilated and darkened, for, with all that distance lying between, she recognized a certain grace of motion, or pose of body, of one of those two.

Wind and wave had brought Mr. Stirling to the hiding-place of Natalie Dare !



## A VOYAGE THROUGH SPACE.

### THE SUN.

#### I.

“The sun, center and sire of light,  
The keystone of the world-built arch of heaven.”

*Bailey.*

**W**E must traverse ninety-two million miles of space, four hundred times the distance which separates us from the moon, and then before us we would see the immense, vast body called the sun.

It is a long way to the sun. A pedestrian traveling ten miles a day would take six thousand years to walk to the sun. A railway train running uninterruptedly would take three hundred years for the trip ; but he must be a millionaire who would make it, for a ticket at the present tariff rates would cost two million dollars.

Not a single one of the perceptive sensations of man could

make such a journey in the course of a whole lifetime. If a new-born babe had an arm so long that it could reach from the earth to the sun, and its heat should burn his hand, he would die an old man without ever having felt the pain ; for it would be one hundred and forty years before the nerves would have carried the sensation of pain from the finger-tips, through the long arm, to the seat of consciousness. And if we were four hundred times greater than we are, we yet could not see the sun’s surface any more distinctly than we now see the moon with the naked eye.

It is therefore very clear, that, because of this distance, we have not the same knowledge of the surface of the sun as we have of the moon’s. On the sun we do not see, as on the moon, a dark surface upon which rise bright irregularities made apparent by illumination, and composing landscapes. The sun’s surface is not characterized by mountains and valleys, craters, and sharply defined shadows : on





NO. 1.—A PORTION OF THE SUN'S SURFACE, NEAR THE EDGE.

the sun we only see a self-illuminated surface, where the only thing the observer may expect to be able to discern is an occasional place where the light is uncommonly stronger or uncommonly weaker than elsewhere. That this apparently insignificant fact is not to be lightly disregarded, I shall now endeavor to show.

When, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the newly discovered instrument of science, the astronomical telescope, was directed towards the sun, it was found, to the astonishment of all, that the sun's disk was not, as had been believed, unblemished and white, but, in certain portions, covered with spots of different sorts.

That the sun had spots, that the sun was not unblemished, was a matter upon which the philosophic opinions of the time greatly differed. "The sun is the eye of the world," said the philosophers, "and the eye of the world cannot be afflicted with disease." When one of the first discoverers of the sun's spots, Father Scheiner, of Ingolstadt, spoke of it to his Superior, the head of the Jesuit college, the answer was: "Thou seest wrong, my son. I have gone over Aristotle twice, but have not found any place where he treats of such a thing. Thy sun-spots have no existence; they are only defects in thy glasses or thy vision. Put the thought out of thy mind, my son." But it was not long before the philosophers had to acknowledge the fact, in spite of Aristotle, that the sun really had spots.

Even through a small telescope, the sun's spots may be easily observed if a dark-colored or smoked glass be interposed between the eye and the sight-end of the telescope; for the light of the sun is so dazzling that the unshielded eye cannot endure it when magnified by means of a telescope. The sun shines six hundred and eighteen thousand times stronger than the full moon, and the light of the latter is so strong that it fatigues the eye when seen through a large telescope.

Observing the sun in the manner described, the real sun-spots show as more or less circular black spots (No. 1); they often stand in groups which compose very irregular figures, or one large spot is accompanied by a number of lesser ones. The inner part of such a sun-spot is the darkest, and is called the *umbra*; it is surrounded by a lighter circle which is called the *penumbra*, or less dark portion. The size of these spots differs incalculably: some appear only as little black points, while others are so large that their actual circumference is many times greater than that of the earth.

Anyone observing the sun for several days in succession will notice that the sun-spots have a common motion from east to west. After a sun-spot has appeared near the east-

ern edge of the sun, it proceeds gradually toward the west, till, in the course of about thirteen days, it has reached the western edge, where it disappears. In the course of about the same length of time, the same spot will perhaps reappear on the eastern edge of the sun's disk, and recommence its course. This proceeding is the result of the sun's revolution on its axis, which is completed in the course of about twenty-five days.

Besides this common motion, the sun-spots show still other changes: they grow larger or smaller, disappear before they have crossed the sun's disk, or suddenly appear on its surface. Sometimes these changes are gradual, sometimes they are surprisingly sudden. Spots, as large as America or Asia, show themselves like little excrescences near the edge of larger sun-spots, and they have been known to

break forth and again disappear in less time than an hour. (When a sun-spot disappears, the darkest portion diminishes to a point and vanishes before the penumbra.) Many sun-spots have an independent motion, traversing the sun's surface as if they were impelled by fluid motion.

The sun-spots do not show themselves in all parts of the sun's disk: they appear principally in the two belts which lie on either side of the sun's equator, but they seldom appear on the equator, and never near the poles. Very few sun-spots are beyond  $35^\circ$  from the equator (this on the earth would be the southern point of the European continent), and only a few are more than  $45^\circ$  from the equator of the sun (about the north of Italy, on the earth).

Besides the dark spots, near the sun's edge may be seen some light spots. These bright corrugations of the solar surface are called *faculae*; they are connected with the sun-spots in some places, and are also found in regions quite remote from the spot-zones. Although they are more apparent near the sun's edge, they are scattered over the entire surface of the sun's disk, but are seldom near the poles. Like the sun-spots, they undergo gradual and sudden changes.

In No. 1, which shows a small portion of the sun near the edge, will be seen, around the spot which is nearest the edge,



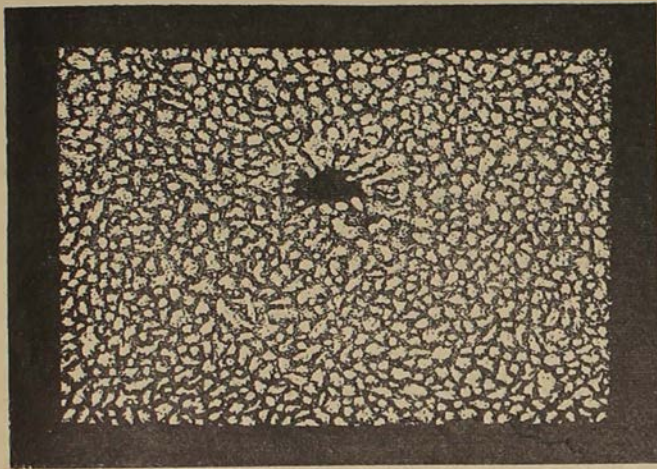
NO. 2.—THE ENTIRE VISIBLE SURFACE OF THE SUN.



a distinct group of sun-faculæ. No. 2 shows the entire visible surface of the sun with sun-spots and faculæ.

We also see that the sun is darker near the edge. The reason of this is that the visible surface, which is called the photosphere, is surrounded with an atmosphere which absorbs a portion of the sun's light; and the edges of the disk being seen through a much greater thickness of atmosphere, consequently appear less bright than the center.

Finally, we see that the sun's surface, even where there are no spots or faculæ ("little torches"), has not a uniform and unbroken brightness, as it appears to the naked eye or even through a weak telescope, but, on the contrary, displays an almost marbled appearance. This so-called granulation of the sun's surface is only apparent when we use a very strong magnifying power. The sun's disk then appears as in No. 3: it is covered with an irregular network of dark lines, through which appear a countless number of bright spots or light-granules, a large one of which



NO. 3.—GRANULATION OF THE SUN'S SURFACE.

has a diameter of from two hundred to four hundred miles; but their appearance is constantly changing, for the surface of the sun, or the photosphere, is a cloud-like sheet of flame, whose masses are constantly in motion. The grains of light move with a mean rapidity of two hundred miles an hour.

The photosphere may be compared to a self-luminous cloud, exactly like the clouds of our atmosphere, with the great difference that the minute drops of water which compose terrestrial clouds are replaced by great drops of molten metal, as large as a mountain of the Alps or the Pyrenees, and the atmosphere in which they float is fiery, flaming gases, of a temperature so high as to be beyond all human conception.

And the sun-spots are, as we shall see later, depths, or "sinks," in the sun's surface. What colossal holes they must be,—pits in which the globe of earth would be only a stone in a volcano!

The sun-spots look black or dark, but they are not so in reality: they only appear so in comparison with the adjacent stronger light. When one of the planets, Mercury or Venus, makes a transit across the sun's disk, looking like a little round spot of black court-plaster on a bright face, and when the moon's black disk obscures the radiant orb of day, it may be seen that the sun-spots are gray in comparison; and, in reality, even the darkest umbra shines several hundred or a thousand times brighter than the moon. Even the powerful Drummond calcium-light and the electric light are black beside them.

An illustration of what great changes a sun-spot may display in a short time is given in cut No. 4, which shows photographs taken of the same spot on seven successive

days. One sees first, at the left, an ordinary spot on the sun's eastern limb. Because it is so near the edge, and consequently seen from the side, it looks somewhat oblong. In one day its appearance becomes somewhat broader as it recedes from the edge. Besides a few little spots, there is one large umbra whose penumbra is very irregular. On the third day, the umbra begins to shape itself into two round parts, still connected; on the next day, the separation of the two umbras is greater; and on the following day, the two parts are divided. In the sixth photograph, these two parts have divided again; and on the last day there are four umbras, surrounded by several others which are small and insignificant. Often a reverse development takes place, when two or more spots gradually unite and form but one.

These great changes frequently make it difficult to recognize the spots again when they reappear after a revolution of the sun on its axis. A sun-spot has, on an average, a duration of two or three months: eighteen months is the longest that one has been seen to last; but many vanish in a few days or hours after their appearance.

The faculæ, as has been said, appear near the spots, especially: there are no sun-spots without faculæ, while there are a great number of faculæ without spots near them. The faculæ, not infrequently, have a length of from four to eighteen thousand miles, and they cover spaces immeasurably larger than the continents of earth. Their shape is, as a rule, very irregular: they diverge into streams of light from all sides. The photosphere is elevated above the general level in the faculæ, and when a group of faculæ passes over the edge of the disk, it is seen that the faculæ form little projections.

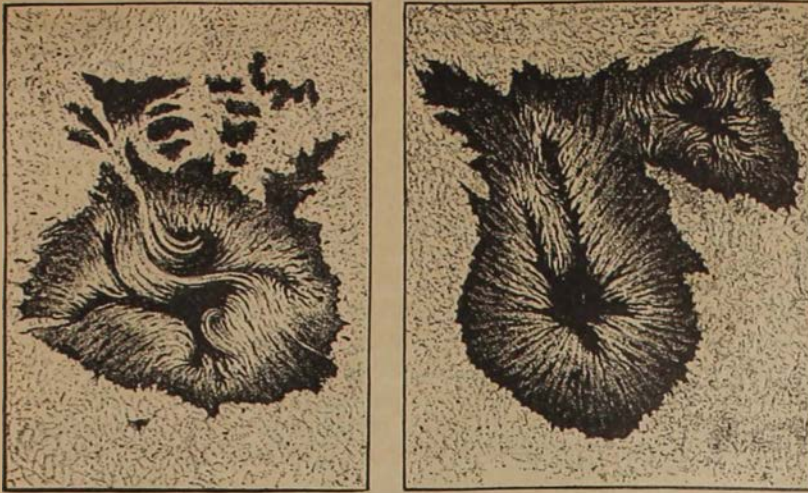
On the other hand, the sun-spots are, in reality, depressions in the sun's surface, and the umbra lies from eighteen hundred to fifty thousand miles below the level of the photosphere. This is deduced from the manner in which a sun-spot changes its appearance as it moves from the center of the sun's disk to its edge: that side of the penumbra which is nearest the center of the sun's disk first grows narrower and smaller, and disappears; and finally, as the spot approaches the edge, the umbra disappears also, so that at last only a small strip of the penumbra on the other side is visible. Sometimes, also, it may be observed that a sun-spot, when it comes to the edge, makes a little nick or depression in it.

What the sun-spots really are, is, like the nature of the sun, only partly known. What makes a clear idea of the case so difficult is, chiefly, the fact that the materials of which the sun is composed are in a state of agitation and temperature with which we have nothing on the earth to compare. Attempts have been made to ascertain the temperature of the sun's surface, but the results differed greatly. Some have estimated it to be from 1,500° to 25,000° centi-



NO. 4.—CHANGES IN A SUN-SPOT.





NO. 5.—SUN-SPOTS.

grade: others, 5,000,000° or 6,000,000° centigrade: while the highest degree of heat that is attained or attainable on the earth is 2,000° or 3,000° centigrade.

In consequence, there have been, and still are, very different theories concerning sun-spots. Some scientists think that they are solid masses floating in a molten sea of fire, like unmelted ice-cakes in water; others consider them to be cloud-like portions of the sun's atmosphere. But these views cannot be reconciled with the assured fact that the spots are depressions or sinks in the photosphere. Finally, others think, and with reason, that the sun, inside the photosphere, is wholly composed of gaseous matter, and that the spots are caused by eruptions from the interior, which burst forth through the photosphere, and these holes are filled with gas and vapor which absorb a great portion of the sun's light, and look dark in consequence; while, as a result of the eruptions, portions of the photosphere are pushed up at their sides and show as sun-faculæ.

The photographed drawings of sun-spots (No. 5) illustrate their nature and origin. They show the umbra, as well as the surrounding penumbra, or less dark portion. It will be noticed that the filaments of the photosphere are apparently drawn inward towards the umbra, so that by their convergence the lower part of the penumbra is brighter than its upper portions. The way in which isolated portions of the photosphere occasionally float across the sink of which a spot consists is also indicated.

It has long been known that the number of sun-spots differs greatly at different times: the sun has been free from spots for weeks and months, while at other times it was constantly covered with a multitude of them. It was in the year 1851 that it was first discovered that the sun-spots had a regular periodicity of increase and decrease in number, the interval of time elapsing between an appearance of the greatest number of spots and a similar maximum, being about eleven years. The faculæ observe the same periodicity. A satisfactory solution of the cause of this periodicity remains to be found.

But the most remarkable feature in connection with these sun-spots is the relation they bear to various terrestrial phenomena. Such are the disturbances and variations of the magnetic needle, which have also a periodicity of about eleven years: the magnetic needle is always most agitated when there are the most sun-spots. The frequency and brilliancy of the aurora is also closely connected with the number of sun spots: the greatest and most splendid northern lights occur during the years, and usually during the days, when there are the most sun-spots.

The same relation or connection is thought to exist between the sun-spots and the temperature, the pressure of

the atmosphere, the quantity of rain, and the frequency of storms. Indeed, it has even been believed that the sun-spot period may influence misfortunes and famines, droughts, and excessive terms of heat; may even cause business crises and failures in certain undertakings. But how far these periods may definitely influence terrestrial affairs is still a deep, insoluble problem.

Notwithstanding the discovery, chiefly by means of the telescope, of the foregoing phenomena, and what we have learned from them, the nature of the sun remained no less problematical than it was before Risico declared it to be "simply a ball of fire." A desire was felt to make other attempts, besides the usual telescopic observations, to ascertain, if possible, what really took place on the sun. Singularly enough, the opportunity for doing this was finally found to be when the sun could not be seen: in other words, during a total eclipse of the sun.

Such, indeed, have occurred at various intervals; but it was not until the eclipse of 1842 that the eyes of the astronomers were opened to the perception that observations taken at that and similar times could add materially to our wealth of knowledge.

The result of observations taken during a total eclipse of the sun, and the interesting discoveries, by these means, of what really goes on in the sun, will form the subject of the next article.

### Short Rations; or, a Mind Cure.

IT is rather embarrassing to learn that it is reported in the small world of your acquaintance that you are madly in love with a young woman for whom, in reality, your feelings are as mildly cordial as those of a monk for his grandmother. This embarrassment overtook me a few years ago. It was not only reported that I was madly in love with the young woman in question, but also that I had formed a settled habit of offering myself to her, and she a settled habit of refusing me.

Just when public interest in my affairs was at its height I was called away on business to Germany, where I remained for two years. It is needless to say that my sudden departure was taken as proof positive that, like the mosquito that returns one time too many for his own good, I had at length, in my love affairs, received a quietus which was effectual. Letters from my friends, urging me to "keep a stiff upper lip, old fellow," coupled with other expressions of condolence, apprised me indirectly of the report. I was not greatly disturbed, never in my long acquaintance with myself having discovered anything in me that would make it improbable that a young woman might refuse me—always provided, of course, that I offered myself.

It did cross my mind once or twice that if ever I should be so fortunate as to win a wife for myself I should be sorry to have everyone feel that she was merely a lay figure for the emotions with which I had draped a first ideal. This feeling was intensified when, upon the return voyage, I met Margaret Denning, a woman who took my heart by storm,—a woman also hard to win. For five years I strove toilingly to lift myself into her esteem. It was like climbing into heaven, hand over hand, on a very slippery pole.

Just as I was beginning to have reason to feel that marriage bells might eventually proclaim my successful ascent, the chain of events which I am about to describe commenced with the receipt of the wedding-cards of Laura Hale, the heroine of my first unfortunate episode. It occurred to me



in an evil moment that it lay in my power to undeceive the public—as to my present feelings, at least—by attending the wedding, offering my heartiest congratulations to the bride, shaking the bridegroom by the hand until his elbow-joints rattled, and beaming effusively on the assembled relatives. Even the fact that I could eat the wedding supper with unimpaired appetite might weigh a little as evidence that at least my heart had knit again. To prove that it had never been broken was, of course, impossible. It was a bore to go, but what would I not do to throw honor on my hoped-for wife?

That evening at dinner I confided to my aunt, with whom I lived, my purpose in regard to the coming wedding. She regarded me with much the same expression of countenance she assumes when she serves me, at my request, a third time to lobster salad,—a look of apprehensive regret, as though she feared the worst from my temerity, but, being of age, I must of course judge for myself.

By constantly dwelling upon the happy time when the same rite should be enacted for me, I kept up such an excellent flow of spirits at the wedding that I could not doubt that the impression made was the one I had desired.

Once at home in my chair before the fire, I took from my mantel a photograph of Margaret, and with a sigh of relief gave myself up to communion with it. I longed to kiss the sweet lips and the lovely rounded cheeks, but that I had no right to do as yet, even on paper. I had a right, however, to pour out upon it a flood of passionate admiration; that I had often done in reality, and the picture could not be more gravely, sweetly unresponsive than the original had proved, as yet: but next time—next time, I had reason to believe, all would be different. With the rising of my hopes I poured out recklessly every adoring adjective the language holds, piling up comparatives and superlatives as my feelings carried me away.

Presently, their violence having somewhat expended itself, I sank into a delicious dreamy reverie. I was just turning the corner of veritable sleep, when I was rudely roused by a violent jerking of the door-bell. I distinctly heard the door opened by Judkins, and distinctly remember the reluctant tone of his voice as he parleyed with so late an applicant for admission. I say “distinctly,” for there are those who would have me doubt the evidence of my own five trustworthy senses in what followed,—who would have me believe (I grew hot with indignation over the absurdity of it!) that I really did fall asleep, and dreamed what I am about to relate! If so, all I have to say is, Give me dreams every time, as more instinct with life than one’s waking hours.

As I was about to say, I heard Judkins close the door, and a moment after he placed in my hands a leaflet bearing every resemblance to a tract, with the announcement that the person who called had left it for my perusal, and would call again in a few moments to confer with me in regard to it. I was about to throw it into the fire and instruct Judkins to let the man take out his second visit in an ineffectual ringing at the bell, when a few words caught my eye, and I was led on to read through the document. These were, I remember, its most singular contents:

“I, the circulator of this leaflet, have devoted my life and energies to the promulgation of a theory which is of the utmost importance to you, the reader, as a unit of the human race,—the theory, namely, that language, that most indispensable medium of communication, unless mankind can be aroused to immediate retrenchment in its use, is about to fail the world. Ponder the facts this page presents, and, as a unit, be warned. Though language, as is commonly accepted, is a constantly recurring production of intelligible sounds or characters brought about by the joint action of the brain and the tongue or pen, it is not, as is com-

monly accepted, an *endless* production. It is limited by the amount of raw word-material which was generated and set aside at the creation,—enough, indeed, with reasonable economy, to last till the end of time, but *not* enough to outlast the drain of the unbridled prodigality of speech which characterizes our generation. Preachers, authors, editors, publishers, everywhere disseminating words as never before in the world’s history, and everywhere in private life unparalleled garrulity of “small talk,”—how is it all to end? I solemnly assert, in a posterity defrauded of their share of word-material, and consequently dumb! Rouse thyself, O reader, to thy share in the rigorous retrenchment which only can avert so frightful a wrong!”

I had just finished this crazy, half-intelligible production, when its author was apologetically ushered in by Judkins.

“How,” he asked, without preamble, “does my theory impress you?”

“It impresses me,” I rejoined, with a good deal of warmth, “as the most arrant bosh I ever saw on paper.”

“It is as I feared,” he returned. “It becomes, in consequence of your failure to co-operate willingly with me, my painful duty to lay upon you the restraining influence of a peculiar power that I possess,—that of mind over mind, and will over will. Some inward monition tells me—I know not how—that your particular extravagance is adjectives. Accordingly, from this time on, I limit you to twenty adjectives per day; after using which you will find yourself totally unable to utter the twenty-first. Struggle as you may, you cannot throw off my influence over you. Though I am about to sail for Germany, there to labor for condensation, I shall still keep you in my mind and under my peculiar power.”

Before I could make up my mind how to deal with the fellow, he had removed the paper gently from my hand, placed it carefully in his pocket, and taken himself off in an orderly, irreproachable manner; after which I distinctly remember preparing for bed, and wondering, as I did so, where on the face of the earth such a crank could have come from, and whether I had done wisely in not having him put under lock and key. I remember, also, tossing about for hours in a wakefulness which the popular theory of my love affairs would have attributed to misery over the wedding scene in which I had just participated, but which was, in reality, excitement over my recent encounter. I mention all these minutiae to show how preposterous is the idea that I had merely been napping by the fire.

## II.

A few hours’ sleep toward morning so refreshed me that upon waking I could laugh heartily over the threats of my uncanny visitor, and hope that the Germans would be tender of his idiosyncrasies.

At the breakfast-table Aunt Adelaide must, of course, hear all about the wedding. I was in the full flow of description, piqued into animation over the hackneyed details, by my desire to convince even Aunt Adelaide how unhampered had been my enjoyment, when suddenly adjectives failed me, and I sat gasping inanely in her face. A horrible conviction flashed over me. My despised visitor really had the half-understood power he had claimed. I was a ruined man. Pretending to have choked over a bone in the dainty, boneless fish-cakes, I rushed off to my own room. My first impulse was to go to bed and to stay there till the man’s influence over me should have worn away, as I felt sure it must in a day or two. Unfortunately, however, I had a business appointment at ten. In the privacy of my room I experimented; but not an adjective could I bring forth. It was nearing ten. Adjectives or no adjectives, I must be off.



The business was, fortunately, of a dry and technical nature. I would call a hansom, which would prevent encounters with friends upon the sidewalk or in the car, and upon my return I would keep my room for the evening. I was being whirled rapidly down Madison Avenue, when whom should I see, toilfully making her way along, leaning heavily upon the arm of her maid, but my grandmother. No grandson, unless made of adamant, would willingly drive past his grandmother on an icy winter morning when it was in his power to give her a lift. On the other hand, my grandmother was a very acute woman. She would not be at my side five minutes before she would discover that something was amiss. For an instant the battle was sharp betwixt inclination and duty; but the promptings of kinship triumphed. When I had wedged my grandmother in beside me, I heard the doors of the vehicle bang, with much the same sensation a condemned man must have when the door shuts to behind his executioner. Grandmother had me at her mercy.

"My dear," said she, "this is very kind. John has taken the horses to be calked; but I was in such a hurry to hear about Laura Hale's wedding that I told Anne I would venture over to your aunt's on foot. Now you will do just as well. Begin at the very beginning and tell me all about it."

I did begin: in fact, the whole excellence of my account was in the beginning. The spaces inclosed in parentheses must serve to show where a word would suddenly fail me: no dash could express the omission,—a dash being many degrees more tangible, and less suggestive of nothingness, than an inclosed vacuum.

"Grandmother," I said, "it was like all other weddings. The crowd was ( ). The presents were ( ). The bride was ( ). The supper was ( ). The bridegroom wasn't ( )." Just here my grandmother looked at me in sharp surprise, as well she might. I turned first hot and then cold, and felt a clammy perspiration breaking out all over me. "Grandmother," I blurted out, "I can't describe that wedding,—you must not ask me." With that I dashed out of the hansom and tore off down the street.

When I regained my composure I realized the full extent of the misfortune that had befallen me. My grandmother, dear soul, *could* not keep a secret. Before nightfall the wide circle of my friends and relatives would know that I could not even speak of Laura Hale's wedding. And what would be the natural inference? If it had been anybody but my grandmother! But if her own death-warrant were mislaid she would tell where it was, rather than lose the innocent joy of imparting information.

I went on as creditably as I could through the rest of the day. At night, as I lay pondering over the matter, it was borne in upon me that I must see Margaret immediately, and make another effort to bring her to a decision in my favor. I turned over and over in my mind how I could best put what I wished to say, without overstepping my ration of words. It was a fox-and-geese puzzle. If I used a word in one impassioned part, I came short of it in another. I rose, lit the lamp, and tried to write out something that would be satisfactory. I grew so confused that at length I cut out twenty slips, each with an adjective written upon it and a pin stuck through it, and spent the night placing and replacing them upon my declaration, until my brain reeled.

The following day a journey of fifty miles by rail brought me to Margaret. Can I ever forget how she looked as I entered her little library in the dusk of the evening? She sat alone in the firelight, and as it shone upon her it glorified her beautiful face until I trembled with the awe of the thought that in another instant, possibly, I might call her

mine. I should have trembled more violently yet, could I have foreshadowed what really happened. She rose, and, without advancing toward me or even offering her hand, told me quietly that my coming was a surprise, else she should have refused to see me. She had heard how completely overcome I had been by the wedding of another woman, and considered my pursuit of herself, under the circumstances, a gross insult; adding that I had often urged her to decide, and now she would do so, "finally and irrevocably."

I broke into a torrent of despair, worship, and entreaty, and was just launching out into a mad philippic against the wedding and everything connected with it, when suddenly absolute nothingness took the place of the withering adjective I would naturally have used. The wretch had his grip on me again! I stood before her, foolish, confounded, while she swept past my open arms, and I heard her steps die away on the stairs above. "I love you—I love you—I love you," I muttered vacantly to the place where she had stood. A parrot in the adjoining room shrieked in strident, jangling tones, "I love you—I love you—I love you,"—and then all was over.

I wandered about the streets till I could take the midnight train for home. For weeks I was listless and distraught. I paid, meantime, no attention to my use of language. I used my adjectives each day while they lasted, and after they were gone I left them out with perfect indifference. I began to be conscious that people regarded me pityingly, but I pitied myself so deeply that in my apathetic state it did not jar on me.

### III.

The first thing that roused in me any interest—and that was of a disagreeable nature—was the unaccountable conduct of a family relative whom my aunt had within a few days installed as a member of our little household. He insisted upon accompanying me everywhere; walked with me to my business and back again; if I went out of an evening, the street door closed upon him when it did upon me; and in my aimless, restless wanderings his arm was always drawn through mine. A bullet put through one of us in those days would inevitably have gone through both, he kept himself so distressingly near to me. At first I did not mind him any more than a ship in distress would mind a barnacle on its keel; but when one night he brought in his pillow and traveling-rug, and prepared to sleep on the couch by my bedside, I asked him what ailed his own bed, and politely declined his company.

The next thing that roused me was the unaccountable disappearance of much of my personal property. My pistols had gone, my razors, and even an old sword and blunderbuss that had hung in a merely ornamental way over the mantel. Next, all powerful remedies, such as laudanum and chloroform, were eliminated from my medicine-chest, till, finally, nothing remained to me but a bottle of weak eye-water. I began to be dimly conscious that this was no careless borrowing on the part of the household, but an intentional measure for unexplained reasons.

At length, one day, my irrepressible grandmother happening in, and we being left alone for a moment, she told me that perhaps she really oughtn't to mention it, but she did not think, after all, there was any harm in her telling me that I was about to be sent to a Retreat for the Insane. Even then I was not greatly roused. One place was as good as another to hide from the world and its woes. I thought it my duty, however, to explain to my family the strange phenomenon in my speech which had caused them such anxiety. I accordingly told them, for the first time, of my evening visitor, of the strange command he had laid upon me, and



of the summary way in which he secured its performance. I cannot see, even now, why this explanation seemed only to increase their anxiety.

I was conveyed to the Retreat, as my grandmother had said I should be. I was, of course, perfectly sane, and always had been. For months, however, it seemed to me, that, scorned as I was by Margaret, there was nothing left in the world worth the trouble of proving my sanity. Then came a sudden revulsion of feeling; and to gain my liberty became the one consuming desire of my heart.

This sudden change was brought about by information imparted to me by my grandmother, which the other members of the family had intended to conceal from me. She told me that Margaret also was insane. That, with the strange perversity of human nature, the moment she found I was practically removed from earth, she became conscious that it was I, and only I, who was absolutely essential to her happiness. Day after day she called for me. Physicians came, singly and in groups, but could do nothing. The trouble was purely mental, caused by the remorseful conviction, eating into her very soul, day and night, that she had wrought my ruin. The scene of our parting (so my grandmother said) was ever present with her. Her insanity first showed itself in her decided refusal ever again to go upstairs, because it was upstairs she had fled from me. It was inconvenient, but the library was remodeled for her especial comfort, by her devoted parents. Next she refused to stir from the chair in which she was sitting when I surprised her upon that fateful evening. Day after day she leaned wearily back in it, never stirring except when the parrot near by would scream hoarsely, "I love you—I love you—I love you;" then she would start up, and, rushing forward, throw herself into the arms of emptiness.

If my grandmother thought I needed further maddening, she acted wisely in picturing Margaret in suffering, with arms stretched out to me. It was horrible to be under lock and key! Escape I must, by fair means or foul.

One day, while I was brooding despairingly over my situation, the suggestion came to me like an inspiration: Why submit longer to the will of my persecutor? I had accepted his control as irremediable: had I no will of my own? I would *will* him down. My whole mental being should be pitted against his in mortal combat. I would neither eat, drink, nor sleep till I had gained the ascendancy. It was dusk when I took the resolution. I sat down in a straight-backed wooden chair, and, fixing my eyes upon a certain point in the room, I gave myself up to the process of willing. An hour went past; two hours; three hours. There was no weakening of the tension; I knew there was no giving way, as yet, on the part of my adversary. To make sure, I stopped occasionally and tried for my twenty-first adjective.

Hour after hour went by: it was almost dawn. Suddenly there was a splitting of wood, a mighty crash, a flying of splinters. The chair I was in had parted, and lay in pieces about me where I sat upon the carpet. Evidently my mental struggles had communicated themselves to it—as mind is transmitted to matter in the rocking of tables—and rent it asunder. Jarred and confused and wrathful, I picked myself up with the pious ejaculation, "Plague take the confounded thing!"

A peace stole over me: it was the peace of victory! Was not "confounded" an adjective? It was!—it was!—and the twenty-first, at that. I skipped about the room in a frenzy of joy. I had won—I was a free man—a saved man! Volley after volley of adjectives of all sorts and kinds poured out from my lips. I had only to wait for the morning to call the officials of the institution together and proclaim to them my restoration to all the privileges of speech. I must not tell them, however, how it had been brought

about: let them think, if they would, that what they had chosen all along to consider the effect upon the nervous system of a particularly vivid dream had at length worn away. Little I cared for their diagnosis, provided I could go to Margaret. I would listen, meekly even, when they should tell me, as they often had, that I had repeatedly used hundreds of adjectives, by actual count, in a single morning, and brought up with a jerk only when something chanced to remind me of my imaginary restraint. Let them say anything of the sort that gave them pleasure: I would acquiesce,—for love of dear Margaret.

The next morning I requested an audience, and surprised the assembled body of officials with my complete recovery, and my just and sane appreciation of my case. They showed not a trace of the habeas-corpus-whether-or-no disposition generally attributed to such officials, but seemed greatly interested in furthering my liberation: the resident physician even offering to go with me to Margaret's home, there to reinstate me in the confidence of her surrounding family. He offered, moreover, to make a study of my best method of procedure in presenting myself to Margaret. Everything depended, he assured me, upon her first reception of me. If she recognized me and took to me at first, she might take up her life just where she had laid it down, and forget the whole sad interim. On the contrary, if she did not recognize me at first, I could hope for little from familiarizing her with my presence. We must proceed with the utmost caution.

I will pass over the details of the tedious journey and the combative interview with her family, to the time when, the good doctor a little in the background, I stood in the hall looking through the half-open doorway upon Margaret. The doctor had decided that the most hopeful moment for me to present myself would be when the parrot, in accordance with his habit, should sound out his "I love you," and Margaret, starting up in the passion of despair, should wildly seek the arms whose clasp she had spurned. It was for the parrot that we all were waiting: Margaret in the library, the doctor and I in the hall, and back of us, on the staircase, the assembled, anxious family. It was a painfully public wooing, but there was no help for it.

The wretched bird seemed to divine his power over us, and to revel in prolonging it. Hour after hour he sat on his perch in a silence broken only by outbursts of idiotic, cackling small-talk enlivened by a judicious mingling of fore-castle oaths. Bed-time came, and found him still reticent as to the state of his affections. Sadly we separated for the night. Would he never speak those few simple but fateful words? Perhaps never! A sense of our utter powerlessness to reach the seat of his motives and influence him settled down upon us. The lights were out and stillness reigned, when our wily tormentor shrieked out, with a fierceness of abandon that brought us all into a sitting posture in our beds, "I love you—I love you—I love you." It was merely his parting assurance that he was master of his own conversation.

Two more days we danced attendance upon him; but late in the afternoon of the third day, when hope deferred was undermining our endurance, he relented. In accents almost flute-like, as though sympathy had really stirred for us somewhere inside his tough little frame,—he called out "I love you—I love you—I love you." The setting sun shone through the heavy curtains and smote Margaret's suffering face with a light like that of sudden hope. She sprang up—I rushed forward to meet her. My arms were about her—her head upon my heart. Our long agony was over, and Margaret was mine!

#### IV.

Many happy years of married life have dulled somewhat for Margaret and me the memory of those weird and painful



experiences. Under her gentle influence, I have, moreover, attained to heights of grace where I can almost forgive the wretched monomaniac who caused us such needless woes. I would not take revenge upon him unless I had a particularly good opportunity. I have not heard from him in all these years. A paragraph in a recent German newspaper chronicled the arrest of a fanatic who claimed, by means of a peculiar power that he possessed, to be able, without word or sign, to stop public speakers in the full tide of delivery. It was at first proposed, the paragraph went on to state, to utilize him secretly by bringing him to bear upon long-winded divines and lawyers; but, proving unmanageable, he had been put under lock and key. Could it be that he and my tormentor were one and the same man?

I find it harder to forgive my dear old grandmother for certain acts of ill-advised disinterestedness that have come to light. It was a mercy that I was not hampered for adjectives when she told me, as she did not long since, that directly upon reaching home after our memorable interview in the hansom, she sat right down and wrote Margaret quite plainly about my unconquered devotion to Laura Hale, advising her very strongly, as an old lady who had seen a great deal of life, not to let it influence her in the least, many men "caught on the rebound," as she elegantly put it to her, having made the most exemplary husbands.

It is passing strange that, even to this day, some of my friends remain firmly convinced that my experience with my evening visitor was all a dream!—I wonder if it *could* have been a dream?  
C. T. C.

## Our Portrait Gallery.



Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes.

ONE of the noblest advocates of the Temperance cause was the late Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, wife of Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, and at the request of Miss Frances E. Willard memorial services were

held by the ten thousand local Woman's Christian Temperance Unions, in honor of this illustrious woman, who, to the attractive graces of a true womanhood, added the strength of her firmly held and sincere convictions.

Lucy Ware Webb Hayes was born at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1831, and was the daughter of Dr. James Webb, who was an active anti-slavery leader. He served in the war of 1812, and died during the cholera scourge of 1833. In order to educate her children, Mrs. Webb moved to Delaware, Ohio, where her daughter Lucy was made an exception to the rule and permitted to receive the benefit of instruction with her brothers at the Ohio Wesleyan Seminary. While attending college she met young Rutherford B. Hayes, and shortly after the Webb family moved to Cincinnati, where she attended the Cincinnati Wesleyan Female College, and remained until she completed its course of study in 1852.

In December of the same year she married Mr. Hayes. He writes of her during their earlier acquaintance, thus: "My friend Jones has introduced me to many of our city belles, but I do not see any who make me forget the natural gayety and attractiveness of Miss Lucy." Their marriage was said to be one of almost ideal happiness, and the devotion of Mrs. Hayes to her husband, home, and children, cannot be over-estimated.

Her husband and brothers entered the army as soon as the late civil war broke out, and from that time her home was a refuge for wounded, sick, and furloughed soldiers on their way from or to the front. While her husband was at the front during the dark days of the rebellion, Mrs. Hayes spent two winters in camp with him, and was kept busy nursing the sick and wounded. At the close of the war she accompanied her husband to Washington, while he was a member of Congress.

When General Hayes entered the White House as President and she became its mistress, her suspension of the use of spirits and wine from the table aroused storms of opposition; but the President nobly sustained his wife in her strong Temperance proclivities, and, notwithstanding the pressure of influence that was brought to bear upon them, Mrs. Hayes tabooed the service of wine and everything stronger at her table, and could not be persuaded or prevailed upon to revoke the edict. As a consequence her *régime* from 1877 to 1881 was not all sunshine. At one time the matter threatened to become an international affair, as the Secretary of State held that it was not courtesy to withhold the offering of wines to the representatives of foreign powers when guests of the President. But Mrs. Hayes stood firm. She said: "I have young sons who have never tasted liquor; they shall not receive from my hand, or with the sanction that its use in our family would give, their first taste of what might prove their ruin. What I wish for my own sons, I must do for the sons of other mothers." And this she did; nor did the "dismal state dinners," which were predicted from the absence of wine, occur. Mrs. Hayes easily demonstrated that a clever hostess need not rely upon wine in producing brilliant dinners, and she became popular, not only among those who approved her course, but even among those who had no sympathy with her views on Temperance.

Speaking of her life at the White House, a leading Washington paper says: "Few women would have attempted what she did successfully, to entertain entirely without the use of wines at the table. The persons connected with the official household of the President during the four years of the Hayes administration were all devoted to Mrs. Hayes. Several of the present officials were at the White House at that time, and their recollection of her is coupled with a warm personal regard. Senators—Democrats and Republicans—were often heard to give expression to most extrava-



gant compliments of her grace as a hostess. Senator Gordon, one of the most ardent partisans the Democrats had in the Senate, became one of her most enthusiastic friends after meeting her at the White House. He spoke of her as 'a rare woman.' Every Thanksgiving while she was in the White House, Mrs. Hayes gave a family dinner, at which she and the President and their children sat at the table with the private secretary, the assistant secretary, and the executive clerks. At these dinners everything was as charming and home-like as possible. The devotion of everybody in the house to Mrs. Hayes was manifest, and her gentleness and refinement are often spoken of in terms of highest praise."

When, at the close of the administration, Mrs. Hayes vacated, as graciously as she had filled, her exalted position as "first lady of the land," she received many testimonials in recognition of her brave innovation upon the social custom of years. The National W. C. T. U. had her portrait, which was painted by Daniel Huntington, P. N. A., for the White House, reproduced in miniature, for circulation; and she was also presented with an album in several volumes, filled with autograph expressions of approval from many prominent persons.

The end of her life was peaceful. She was stricken with paralysis at her home in Fremont, Ohio, and died a few days later, on June 25th, leaving her husband, her daughter Fanny, and four grown sons, Birchard, Webb, Rutherford, and Scott, to realize what life may be without the tender love and ministrations of the devoted wife and fond mother. These four sons, and five other kinsmen, each either nephew or cousin, bore her flower-laden coffin to the grave in Oakwood Cemetery, on June 28th. At her own request, an abundance of flowers was seen at her funeral. All her life long she had loved them, as she loved all things sweet and pure, and they made brighter the gloom of her burial day.

Mrs. Hayes was from childhood an earnest Christian, and became a member of the M. E. Church. She was also an active member of different societies, and President of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and, in recognition of her kindness to the soldiers during the war, she was made an honorary member of the Army of West Virginia, the medal of which was presented to her by the soldiers.

In personal appearance Mrs. Hayes was of medium height, graceful, and well-formed. She wore her dark brown hair combed smoothly back over the ears, in a fashion dating from the days of her girlhood, and in striking contrast to the modern style. Her gray eyes were large and expressive, and grew black with excitement. Her face, although winning in expression, showed much character. Her voice was charming in conversation, and she liked music and had some talent as a singer. She was fond of dress in a quiet way, and her costumes were always tasteful, although she believed in a higher mission for women than the exclusive study of Paris fashions.

Mrs. Hayes was most devoted to her domestic duties, and with her children was their playmate and intimate friend as well as their loving mother; and all her other relations were ennobled as well by the constancy of her own unostentatious virtues.

## September.

AT eve cool shadows fall  
 Across the garden wall,  
 And on the clustered grapes to purple turning;  
 And pearly vapors lie  
 Along the eastern sky,  
 Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

## Swimming and Diving.

(For the Boys.)

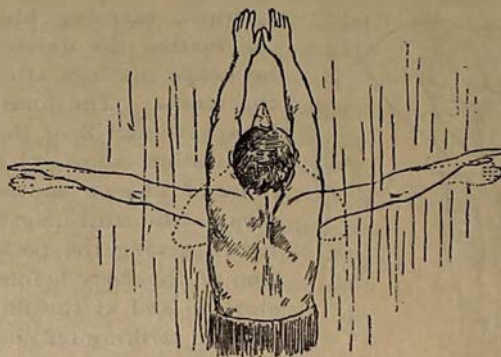
**E**VERY healthy young person ought to learn to swim, not only boys, but girls. The latter can learn the art of swimming as easily as, if not easier than, boys can.

Swimming is a most salutary exercise for the body. It not only gives strength and suppleness to the arms and legs, but also develops the more important internal organs, especially the lungs. It is easy to learn, at least so much as is necessary to keep above water; and, besides, many persons who, without this skill, must have been drowned, have saved their lives by it. But whoever learns to swim usually learns to dive also, in order to be able to save others from drowning, and also to derive the full benefit of the physical accomplishment.

The primary requisite for the swimming pupil is to have self-confidence in the water; whoever has this, has already overcome the greatest difficulty: but it is not so easy to get a novice to feel safe in the water. The next thing is to learn to keep the mouth shut and to breathe only through the nose. These two requisites may be acquired by the inexperienced bather, who, selecting a smooth piece of water, will

finally learn to feel perfectly at home in the liquid element.

To learn to swim, he must go out into the water until it is up to the level of his armpits; then he must face the shore, extend his arms



THE ARM MOVEMENTS.

upward and hold them straight above his head, with open palms, meeting only the thumbs; then the head must be thrown well back, the spine slightly curved, and the breast expanded. In this position he must bend over forward into the water, and give his body a little impetus forward with his foot. He will then strike out toward the shore, and must endeavor to keep himself afloat as long as possible. When he sinks he need only put his legs down and stand erect.

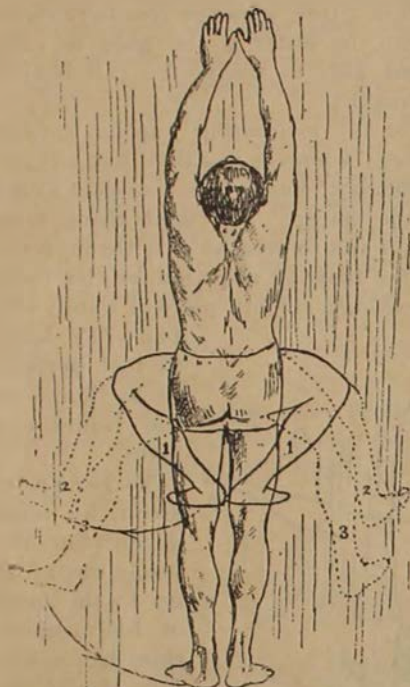
In many bathing-places there are certain portions, where the water is not very deep, set apart for those who do not swim. In such a place there is no danger, for there are plenty around to prevent the would-be swimmer from drowning, and the foregoing rules need not be so strictly observed as if one were alone; and there is usually a stairway leading down into the water, and the beginner has the advantage of a deeper place to strike out in. He need not be alarmed when his head goes under water at first; if he will quietly keep his body perfectly rigid in the position described, he will be able to go quite a distance in that way. In the first place, it is best not to hold the head too high above the water, but to let it down a little, even if a good deal of water gets into the mouth. A full breath can be taken at the moment when the arms strike the water and the body is raised a little.

When the pupil has sufficiently practiced this and has become convinced by experience that the water will sustain him, it is time to learn the necessary leg movements. It is recommended that these be practiced on land,—first with one leg and then with the other, and changing from right to left, and afterward with both legs together,—while lying on a heavy foot-stool. It is essential to notice the following: first, that the legs must be extended with the neces-



sary force, and also that after they have been struck out, both legs should be brought close together again and come to a perfect stop. For the art of the swimmer consists in these two essentials: first, that he should propel himself forward with strong strokes; and second, that he should not exhaust his strength with superfluous motions, but with calm, concentrated energy make use of all his powers.

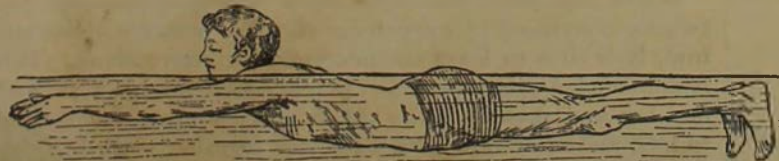
After having learned how to keep quiet in the water, and practiced the leg movements on land, the pupil, at his next lesson, on plunging into the water must draw his legs up, with the heels together, not entirely under the body, and



THE LEG MOVEMENTS.

then strike out strongly, with the feet spread out widely from each other so as to encompass as much space as possible, bringing the heels together again. This second push at the water, as it forcibly displaces the water between the legs, will give the swimmer a further impetus forward, carrying him the further the quieter he keeps his legs after the stroke. The numbers 1, 2, and 3 in the illustration show the order of these movements, the full-length figure giving the position of the body before starting and at the finish. In striking out, he must keep the feet at right angles to the body, as in walking.

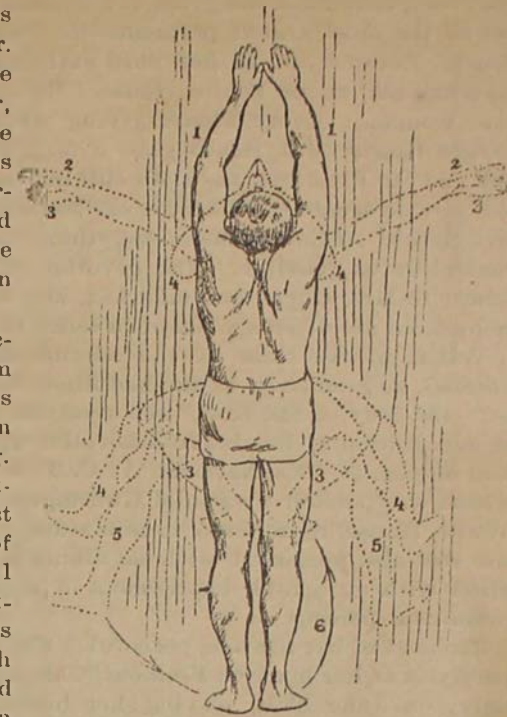
At the next lesson, the arms and legs are first used together. The arm movements also may be learned on land. In the first place, both arms are extended forward, the hands with the thumbs touching, and the separate fingers on each hand pressed closely together. This position of the fingers is of the greatest importance to the swimmer, as it makes a fin or oar of the hand, and must be retained through all the arm movements. Both arms are then to be extended right and left as far as possible, the hands being gradually turned so that when at the greatest extension the palms (with the fingers still close together) will be turned backward, and the movement is to be continued a little downward and then forward until the hands are brought together again just under the chin, with the palms almost meeting, and the elbows a little below the breast. The hands are then extended forward in the first position. But these movements should not take place too rapidly. At first the pupil often fails because he moves his limbs too quickly; but he will not attain his purpose and wearies himself in vain. He will be unsuccessful at first if he strikes too far down with his hands against the water; for by doing so he raises his shoulders and a portion of his chest above the surface of the water, and thus throws a much greater part of his weight on that part of



POSITION AT START AND FINISH.

the body which is under the water. Swimming will be very much easier, if, as will be the case if the limbs are moved properly, the mouth and nose are under the water for a portion of the time.

The order of succession of the arm and leg movements will be different in real swimming. While in our explanations the last has been treated of first, in actual swimming the extending of the arms is the first of each single stroke, and the legs come then into play, so that the arms and legs act alternately. During the movements 1 and 2 with the arms, the legs are drawn up to position 3, and as soon as the legs are straightened, another stroke is begun. The duration of each stroke may vary slightly, but, swimming according to our directions, about sixteen strokes per minute must be made. With practice it becomes easier and the exercise may be more prolonged. A good swimmer may swim an hour or longer, yet this is not recommended as advisable for a beginner. Even in warm water one should not bathe longer than ten or fifteen minutes.



SUCCESSION OF ARM AND LEG MOVEMENTS.

The invigorating exercise which swimming gives to those muscles which are used in extending the leg is such that even those who have developed these muscles somewhat by the best athletic exercise find them much more developed in learning to swim. The expansion of the chest is also a great advantage. To derive the full benefit of this, it is recommended to swim on the back. To rest easily on the back, the head must be held backwards so that the ears are under water, and the abdomen must be expanded as much as possible. The arms, with the palms flat on the water, must be held down close to the sides of the body,

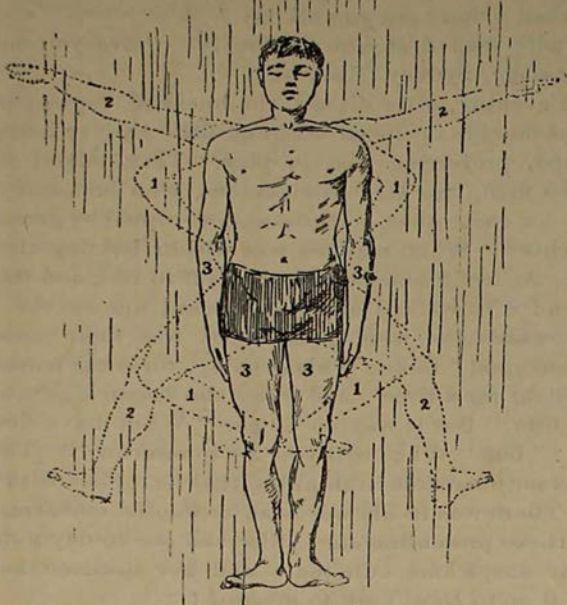


POSITION TO FLOAT ON THE BACK.

so that only the hands may be used to beat down against the water. To swim while on the back, strike out with the legs as in ordinary swimming. Draw up the hands to the shoulder-blades, strike out, and bring them back, until they again rest against the thighs, being careful to keep the hands under the water. Continue these movements, and after every stroke make a little pause.

Expert swimmers will find no difficulty in learning to swim on the side. In this case one side is presented to the water, only one arm is extended, the other lies back against the body, and both arms serve as paddles, making a cross motion. This sort of swimming is especially favored by professionals, as it carries them along faster, and does not strain the chest. A good swimmer must be able to swim on either the right or left side.

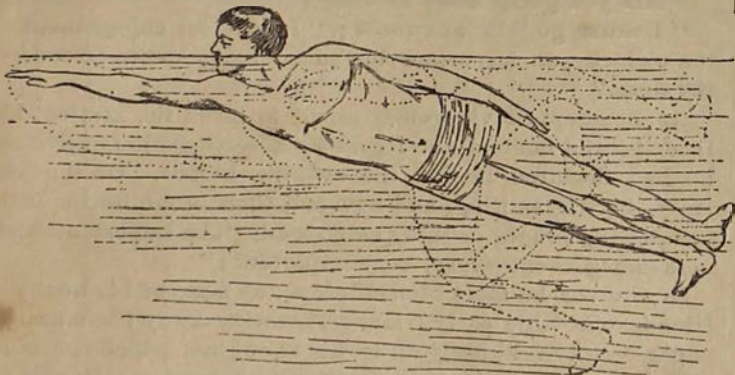




MOVEMENTS IN SWIMMING ON THE BACK.

Treading water is easily learned by the swimmer who can keep himself afloat in deep water without any difficulty. It consists simply in beating down the water with the hands and feet, keeping the body in an upright position in the water.

Whoever can learn to swim can also learn to dive: it will be an accomplishment of the highest value to him. Usually it is only necessary to learn that the eyes may be kept open and that one can see under water. It is not suffi-



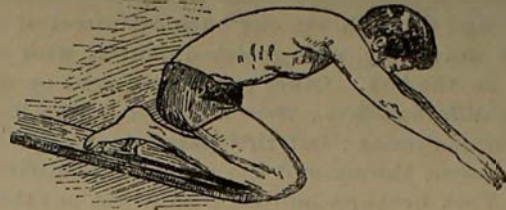
MOVEMENTS IN SWIMMING ON THE SIDE.

cient to try this in the wash-basin, but he must attempt it in the bath. The young swimmer needs only to learn that he really can open his eyes under the water. He will then observe that the water does not injure his eyes in the least. As soon as he becomes accustomed to this, the next thing is to find something dropped into the water, usually a bright object, such as a white stone or a piece of china. It is better that this should be thrown in the water by the diver, and the spot where it went down carefully observed; then it will be easier to find when the diver descends. The clearer and purer the water, the easier it will be to discern gleaming objects in it.

The diver, especially in deep waters, will go into the water head first; and this plunge head first into the water is so much affected by swimming youths, that a clever swimmer will never go into the water any other way.

It is not difficult for a boy with courage to learn. In order to avoid painful "falls" on the chest or abdomen, it is necessary to use a little precaution. At first, the swimmer drops on his knees into the water, then he springs in upright, and finally he leaps in boldly head first. For the first attempt at diving it is best to have a spring-board not too

far above the water level. On this the swimmer kneels, so that the knees project beyond the board, and bends forward with extended arms until the weight of the body causes it to fall into the water. If the toes are pushed against something laid across the spring-board, the body can be



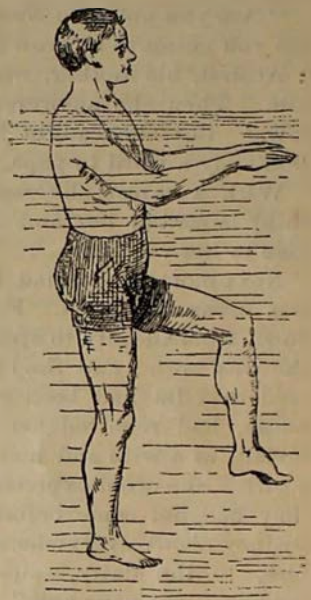
LEARNING TO DIVE.

propelled forward so that it will fall head first into the water. A strong push with both feet will cause the body to strike the water obliquely. The stronger the push, the further the body will go forward. A still greater effort of strength will send the body up a little and then forward in a graceful curve. It is needful to take care that the breast does not come too far forward, or the head too far back. An accomplished diver can spring from a height of from twenty to thirty feet into the deepest water, only the whole body must be held quiet and rigid, especially the legs and extended arms.

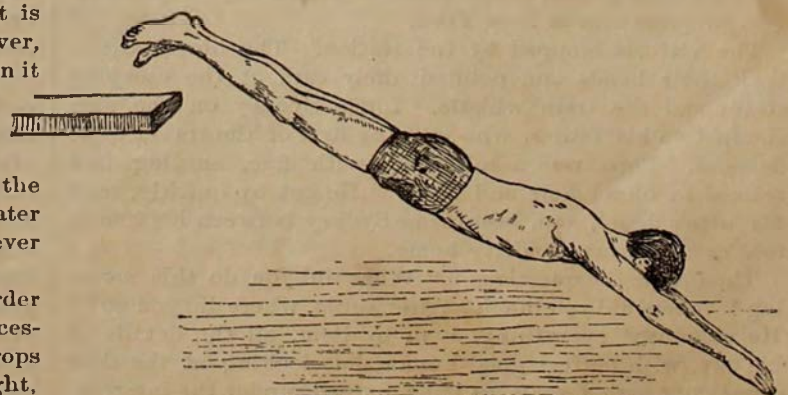
When a swimmer has become skilled, he will intentionally go into the water completely dressed, in a suit of old clothes, to learn two things: first, to swim in spite of such hindrances; second, to divest himself of his clothing under water. He will find it an art of itself to get off a pair of boots or shoes in the water.

If it be necessary to rescue a drowning person, the swimmer must take care not to be seized by him; for it often happens that such a person in his despairing struggle will so trammel his rescuer that the latter is hindered in his movements, and both drown together. To free one's self from the grasp of a drowning person is a vain attempt. The only salvation for the swimmer in such a case is to dive beneath the other, who will then let go of him.

The slight danger that bathers and swimmers incur is quite removed if the necessary precautions are observed. Every swimmer who ventures far from land should have a boat to follow him, ready to pick him up in case he should be seized with a cramp in the water, which sometimes is the consequence of too severe exertions.




TREADING WATER.



DIVING.



## A Double Surprise.

VERY afternoon of that summer the store-keepers of the little town of Islip knew when it was five o'clock by the passage through the one business street of a handsome victoria drawn by well-groomed horses, with a correct coachman on the box. Other equipages went by at different hours on different days; were a little late or a little early for the various trains: but this particular victoria was punctual as a lover, throughout the season. The wife of a wealthy New York broker who rode within was not the cause of this punctuality any more than her little son who habitually rode with her. Indeed, the coachman, who was, thought of them as two nervous, impatient children, and, proud of being as exactly on time as the train, never encouraged his horses at their entreaty.

Little Sydney, however, did not waste breath on him: he found his mother a better subject, and on these drives never ceased to torment her to reply to him. One day, in their journey from the villa to the station, he reiterated the following:

"Are you going to New York to-morrow? Say, mamma, are you going to-morrow? Mamma, mamma, say!"

At first, his mother, who was lost in reverie, did not hear him. Then she answered at random, "Yes, dear, to-morrow." But she caught herself, "No, no,—I don't know. Don't say a word to papa. It's a surprise."

With a caress she repeated her recommendation. The child looked at her and was silent, made serious by some tone in her voice.

Next moment she had forgotten that he had spoken, and was dreaming again. Fifteen days before, they had come down from the city to spend the summer on the place where she was born; and the old farm, unchanged except that a modern villa had been erected on the ruins of the farmhouse, had renewed her childhood. It was delightful to revisit, as a wife and mother, the haunts familiar to her as a girl. She often expressed to her husband her wonder that they had not come before. It was charming, too, to lead Sydney about everywhere,—to the poultry-yard, to the stables, to the dairy,—and say, "when I was little," or, "when I was your age," etc.

Yes, it was charming—for a week. But how quickly faded the first sweet impression! Then came the sadness of being alone all day—like a kind of widow. She did not know the new people who affected Islip, and, besides, she was too much absorbed in her son and husband to care to make new acquaintances. When she had acknowledged her loneliness the step was easy to the question, "Is he lonely also?" What was he doing all day? In the winter he was never so busy but that he could spare her an hour or so in the middle of the day. How did he fill that unoccupied hour in the summer? Just to answer that question to her own satisfaction, she decided to go one day—to-morrow—to surprise him in New York.

The victoria stopped by the station. The horses threw back their heads and pointed their ears at the escaping steam and the train whistle. Little Sydney on the step shouted to his father, who was the first of the travelers to descend. Papa was a tall man, with fine, smiling face framed in blond hair and beard. He got up quickly, took his wife's hand, and, bestowing Sydney between his knees, told the coachman to drive home.

Then came the questions: "What did you do this morning? Where did you lunch? Afterwards, where did you go?" He recounted everything, item by item, all the details of his day, with perfect good-humor, but looking at the dear questioner with a smile, as if he divined, under the interrogatories, the latent jealousy that she would not express.

He took her hand and pressed it tenderly. "It is good to return home to be with you again. The time seems very long when I don't see you all day."

His wife looked at him anxiously. "Are you sure that you miss me, Sydney?" she said.

That evening, after dinner, the husband, as was his custom, sat outside in the garden, and little Sydney hung about his papa, preferring that to play. They talked together like two men, two boon companions, who had many confidences for each other, sometimes interrupted by great shouts of laughter. When mamma was within hearing they were silent. At last Sydney was carried off to bed, and then husband and wife walked along the sward among the flower-beds, towards the wide gate. That was their usual hour for "real good" talks. This evening, for some reason, both were silent for a time; and then she began again to interrogate him. But it was no longer "What have you done to-day?" but "What will you do to-morrow?" This time she was not mistaken in thinking that he replied with hesitation. There was in his words an unwonted embarrassment.

Oh, these presentiments! She had one to-day; and now her fine suspicions culminate and her decision is taken. She will go to New York to-morrow!

Now came his turn. "And what are your plans for to-morrow?"

She started as if she feared he could read her soul, and she could not reply without blushing lightly:

"I have none. To-morrow will be like to-day—like the past fortnight."

In the morning when the young broker was dressed and ready to depart, he approached on tiptoe and breathed an adieu in the ear of his sleeping wife. She murmured in response, almost as if in her sleep:

"Are you going now—so early?"

"I must go," he answered; "I have an engagement at ten o'clock—an important business engagement. Good-by, my dear."

As he stepped vigorously along towards the station, his face showed none of the regret at deserting his family that he had declared he felt the evening before. On the contrary, he was smiling, and now and then broke into a little conquering laugh, or said, half-aloud, "An important business engagement—very, very important!"

In the car he finds himself alone, as none of his business friends take this early train. Throwing away the morning paper, he gives himself up to his thoughts, which continue pleasant, to judge by the expression of his face. He looks at his watch and thinks, "I'll just have time to manage it nicely."

Arriving at Thirty-Fourth Street he quickly calls a hack and drives to a number of stores on Broadway, where he buys a quantity of delicacies; then to Klunder's, where he alights, and comes out with a load of different flowers, and one exquisite bouquet composed wholly of little tea-roses. Then he gives the order to the hackman, "Drive to—Fifth Avenue, and be quick!"

What! To his own house? Yes, to the closed conjugal nest. He has chosen his time well: the two servants in charge of the house have gone out and will not return till afternoon; so, unobserved and without apparent remorse, rather with a mysterious smile on his lips, he introduces the flowers and contraband packages. With a lover's care he disposes on the great table in the dining-room a sweet little luncheon; draws up two chairs side by side and as close together as possible; arranges the flowers, and lays the bouquet of tea-roses in the place of honor. At length all is done. It is perfect! Contented with his work,—the wretch!—he contemplates it for an instant, and claps his hands in satisfaction.



Then he pulls out his watch, "Ten o'clock. She won't be here for an hour: I've time to hurry to the office and get through a little business."

If his wife could see these mysterious preparations! If she could see this accusing table! And she shall see it. Destiny has so ordered.

The hall door has scarce closed on him half an hour, before it opens again. His wife enters: she has carried out her plan and come to the city to surprise him. She couldn't have chosen a better day.

Just a little frightened at entering the familiar but deserted house, she runs nervously through the hall, peeps into the library, and then throws open the dining-room door. The scent of the flowers—heavy perfume of expectancy—rushes to greet her. She staggers, turning dizzy for a minute, and then her nervousness disappears in the greater blow to her heart. It was true, then! Her presentiment had not deceived her. This luncheon—fruit, bonbons, flowers—rapidly her eye adds up the sum of the ominous details. What can she do? The desire comes to her to break these porcelain dishes, these crystal goblets; to hurl into the street this bouquet,—tea-roses, he knew they were her favorites!—to tear it, to trample it under foot.

But she replaces it, saying, in a strange voice, "Time enough for that, I can wait—wait till they come. I will surprise him and—and her!"

The street door opens. With her nerveless limbs she has scarcely power to fling herself into a recess near the buffet and draw a curtain before her.

The broker enters, but alone. He wipes his brow, heated with fast walking, and says aloud, but in a low voice:

"I feared I was late, but she is not here yet."

Like a man who knows no shame, he draws a letter out of his pocket—a love-letter. He places it under the bouquet.

How she hates him at this moment,—and vows that she will always hate him!

Standing at the window he watches for the coming of his accomplice.

"She ought to be here by now, that is, if she is going to come. Syddie said it was to-day."

Could she have heard aright? Syd—their boy—her little Sydney! The name threw a gleam across her troubled spirit. But he continued, in a tone of disappointment:

"I wish she had come! Wouldn't she have been surprised in trying to surprise me? I'd have given a round sum just to see her face when she looked in here."

The wife behind the curtain could doubt no longer. The expected one was herself,—the roses—the note—were for her. Still trembling with the shock of that bad five minutes she pushed aside the drapery.

A burst of hysterical laughter startled the gentleman at the window,—he turned, and saw his wife laughing and sobbing at the same time. Hanging to his neck, her head on his shoulder, she babbled, between smiles and tears:

"Oh, dear! dear! How frightened I was! I believed—"

Smiling he folded her in his arms. "Confess, dearest,—you have been jealous?"

"Oh, no!—no, Sydney.—What an idea! How—how absurd! I was nervous, all alone in this big house,—and then I didn't hear you come in. When I looked up and saw a man by the window I nearly died of fright. I'm all right now, and so hungry! So Syddie told you I was coming? Little rogue!—I wanted to surprise you!"

WILLIS STEELL.

MORAL courage will always rank higher than physical. The one is a daily necessity, while the other may be required only in emergencies.

VOL. XXV.—SEPTEMBER, 1889.—50

## Our Girls.

### When Should a Girl Marry?

BY JENNY JUNE.

IT is a little curious, that, although men and women have been married and given in marriage since the world began, there is as yet no fixed standard by which the proper marriageable age of a woman can be measured. The law adjudges her an infant until she is twenty-one, and in this respect it makes no difference between men and women; but custom has made a wide difference between the age at which it is considered right and fitting for men or women to marry. The man must have prepared himself for his task: he must have passed his boyhood, have learned how to gain a subsistence, be qualified to sustain his part as man and citizen, before society justifies him in taking to himself a wife. But girls are left to the sense, or no sense, of their mothers.

It was formerly expected that a girl should bring some equipment to wedded life; she was, in a way, trained for it: she had been taught how to perform her part in the household, and she brought linen of her own spinning to the common stock. That time has gone by. It had been preceded by an age in which women—young girls—were bartered, as the little girls are in the East to-day, to the man who would take them with the least dowry, or who would give something for them, becoming thenceforward their master, to use them as he pleased.

With the departure of brute force and the development of civilization, more equal conditions prevailed. The woman assumed responsibilities, and the girl was taught to fit herself for them before taking them upon her shoulders. This preparation brought her nearer the age and allied her more closely to the condition of the man. It recognized, with the more equal position assigned to her, the equal exercise of faculty, and the distribution of responsibility. This elevated the character of marriage—took it out of the depths of slavery and ownership, and brought it up to the nature of a compact between parties in whom equal rights are vested; while the church, by its sanction, added a certain sacramental virtue to this union.

The last fifty years have changed the material conditions so as again to modify the relations which must always exist between men and women so long as they are the only human beings on the face of this earth; and therefore of eternal interest to each other. Machinery executes three-fourths of the work which formerly devolved upon women, while, at the same time, the development of wealth and taste has multiplied the wants of mankind, and doubled the cost of living in such a way as to satisfy educated aspirations. This state of affairs complicates all social relations, and marriage, necessarily, with the rest.

Man and woman no longer begin life together on equal terms.—he with his strength and willingness, his small house, and the cart in which he carried "home" the wife and her belongings; she with her hoarded treasures of quilts and best china, her trunks full of substantial clothing; and both with love, and the determination to do their best through the "better and worse" which were sure to come.

A few years ago, girls were not educated as they are now. There were few high schools, and no colleges for them; but of some things, housewifery, for example, they knew much more than they do to-day. They were brought up to it. They worked with their mothers in the kitchen and in the parlor. They helped in making the jellies and the jams, the pickles and the pies, the bread and the cake, the plum-



pudding which was hung up to keep in case of a visitor, and the potted meat which was part of every good housewife's reserved stores. Their "schooling" was not much; but their education was chiefly under the eye of the mother, and consisted in being taught how to take care of their own clothes, how to mend, how to make, how to sweep, how to dust, how to "lay" a table, and how to attend to the guests of the family.

At eighteen, a girl was well grown, she had had at least six years of active life, of participation, more or less, in household duties, and she could be trusted to act with a certain amount of discretion in common emergencies. She usually had not much experience in love affairs; and the young man who first came near enough to propose marriage to her, generally became her husband. But they had to "wait." They waited till he had the house or the farm or the shop or the place that justified the serious step he was taking, and, in the meantime, she worked and made and saved; and both were the better for the virtues of patience and self-control they had been obliged to exercise.

Just now marriage is suffering from the rapidity and violence of recent social changes. It is fluctuating and marked by violent contrasts. Young men do not marry, because they can live easier lives single; and they know there will be no difficulty in finding a young and pretty wife to cheer old age, if they should want one.

Young women, on the other hand, are no longer confined to marriage as a vocation. Two hundred and sixty-five occupations are open to them, in many of which are honor, distinction, and the exercise and development of their best faculties; while in all there is a measure of personal independence. These facts will account for the fewer marriages, and partly for the gradual increase in the age at which women, as well as men, marry. But, in reality, it is doubtful if there are fewer marriages, even in proportion to the increasing population, than formerly: the facts seem to indicate that they are simply less limited to the youthful period of life than they were when the world was younger. Very many more marriages take place between persons of middle-age, and even between men and women where the access of years and of fortune is on the side of the woman.

The merely pretty girl finds herself at a discount just now in the matrimonial market, unless she has something to supplement her youth and her prettiness. It is not because men, even young men, are any worse than they used to be, or any more selfish: they simply know they cannot meet the expectations that have been cultivated in the young woman; and if she has not money or capacity of her own to help realize them, they consider that it is better for both to live apart, rather than together. This prudence on the part of young men postpones marriage for a good many girls who still look upon it, rather traditionally, as the natural end and aim of woman. It also accounts for the willingness of some conscientious mothers to marry their young daughters to men much older, who can "take care of them."

The proper age for a girl to marry is the age at which she is a full-grown, physically matured, and self-reliant woman. That is certainly not before she is twenty; it may be later, but it cannot be earlier. Mothers have little, comparatively, to do with the marriage of their daughters nowadays: young women have taken this, with other matters,—in this country, at least,—largely into their own hands. But, fortunately, the "higher" educational movement steps in to neutralize some of the dangers of modern independence of parental control. The girl does not leave school at sixteen, as formerly: she goes to college, has her mind occupied with Latin verbs and Greek iambs, does not graduate till she is twenty; and comes home with ideas of a career for herself, instead of laying wires to catch a husband.

The result is that she becomes a bitter disappointment to the heart of some fond mother whose only idea of success or failure for a girl is to see her "well"—that is, prosperously—married, from the money point of view.

I do not blame these mothers,—we have not yet been long enough in the open to get used to it, especially we older mothers. We know how hard it *was* for girls to win independence and work out a good life by their own unaided efforts, and we cannot bear to see our young daughters—bright, eager girls, full of the sunshine and hope of life—subjected to the rudeness and the harshness, the wear and tear of a struggle that kills some while it helps and strengthens others.

It is well for us all that the march of events is too strong for us, that destinies have to be fulfilled, and that we cannot keep the woman born in this latter half of the nineteenth century from fulfilling hers. But to those women who still feel that the fate of their girls is in their hands, and are agitated by a doubt as to the proper time for transferring their responsibility to the hands of another, it may be well to suggest:

First, that the girl who becomes a wife ought to be capable of judgment; second, she ought to know and have some practical experience of the routine of housekeeping, and of the duties that fall to the lot of the majority of women; third, she ought to have an interim of not less than one or more years between her school life and her married life,—years necessary to establish an equilibrium between the mental state in which she leaves the halls of study and school companions, and enters upon a new line of social and mental development, years, also, that are absolutely essential to her experience and knowledge of her own tastes and capacities.

If it is doubtful wisdom for a girl to marry before she is twenty, it is a crime to allow her to marry when she is much younger,—fifteen or sixteen, as some girls have done. Heavy punishment usually falls upon them, and not upon them alone, but upon those who are nearest to them, and something of it is deserved; for though in extreme cases of willful disobedience a girl so young may defy parental authority, yet it is at least the duty of the mother, and the father also, to require postponement, and demand the absolute suspension of any tie until sufficient age warrants the assumption that the girl knows her own mind, that she is capable of judging as a woman, and has some idea of the serious step she is taking—the fortune or misfortune to which she is binding her life.

A girl chooses very differently at sixteen from what she does at twenty; very differently at twenty from what she does at twenty-five. At the latter age, marriage is no longer of the first importance to her: if she is good for anything, she has begun to find interests for herself apart from considerations of marriage; and if she is not, her fate is bound to be an unenviable one, for her husband, if she succeeds in getting one, will be as anxious to get rid of his burden, as her parents were of theirs.

There have, undoubtedly, been happy early marriages—marriages where the girl was far within the line laid down for general guidance. But these are exceptions—only drops in the bucket compared with the misery which has resulted from such criminally careless or ignorant acts. A young girl of unexceptionally strong and harmonious character might meet an exceptionally conscientious, thoughtful, and forbearing man, and the good sense of both, united to affection, would carry them over rough places, and teach them how to adapt themselves to each other and to new circumstances. But it need not be said that such girls and such men are rare: every one knows it. All life is based on the *quid pro quo*!



The majority of men are actuated by a variety of motives in the desire to marry, and while they are not all purely altruistic, they are not, by any means, entirely selfish. A single man is only half a citizen: he does not add his quota to the support and dignity of the State. He grows more selfish, more narrow, more self-contained, less universal, as he grows older; and most men recognize this, and prefer to live and die in the fulfillment of their obligations. But they want for a wife a woman who will understand, who will be a helpmeet, who will be able to make the best of circumstances, who will add something to the stock of the firm matrimonial, so the weight shall not become a drag. They do not always know that they want all this, but they learn it after a while. Young men know very little more than young girls,—sometimes not so much,—but marriage is a rapid educator; and if the woman does not appear when the novelty and charm of the girl have lost their attraction, there is trouble in the newly made family.


In the meantime, life, as life, is growing better all the time for the girl, as girl; and it is not necessary to worry about her chances for getting married, or seize the first, premature and indifferent though it may be, for fear she may not get another. There are only men and women in the world, and it is full of desirable objects that women are perfectly capable of attaining and enjoying. What is the use of setting their hopes exclusively in the direction of a possible, but quite uncertain, man, upon whose good pleasure they are to depend for any glimpse they may catch of the outside world?

If love is the potent force it is said to be, it is still, and will always remain, in active operation; and you, nor I, nor any one can prevent the river from taking its natural course to the sea. But, at least, wait for the natural and irresistible force; do not act on weak and cowardly impulses; do your duty, and trust the outcome. Marriage, said St. Paul, is good, but to live single is better. Certainly it is better than a bad marriage; and a marriage where the girl is ignorant and immature is depriving the united life (which demands at least average conditions for its security) of two, of its best chances for ultimate success.

## Aids to Beauty.

### III.

#### THE COMPLEXION: HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

 CORRESPONDENT asks if there is not a formula by which face enamel can be made "which is of a porous nature after being applied to the face, which will not entirely check perspiration, and yet will not wash off."

A great many wonderful stories have been told, from time to time, in the newspapers, about enameling the face. The operation, however, has usually, or perhaps always, been performed in some other town. Country ladies have been enameled in New York, New York ladies in London, etc.

The face might be painted as inanimate objects are painted; but such a coating would be air-tight and otherwise uncomfortable, and, of course, highly unhealthful. All "blooms" and similar preparations are more or less open to the latter objection, their harmfulness being proportionate—aside from any poisonous quality of their ingredients—to the degree in which they obstruct the pores.

By bathing and exercise the pores of the skin must be kept open if a good complexion is desired. For her health's sake, as well as her complexion, every woman should do something that will put her into a profuse perspiration at least once a day and so give her skin opportunity to throw

off the impurities that would otherwise clog the pores and make her sallow and ugly.

Paint should never be used under any circumstances. If the women who use it knew how the sight of it repels the very man or men whom they wish to please, they would abjure it forever. No man likes it, nor will he allow his wife, sister, or daughter to use it if he can help it. If he becomes fond of a woman who uses it, it is in spite of the paint, not because of it, be very sure. A "painted Jezebel" has been a by-word since the days of King Ahab; and few there are who look upon a painted woman without disgust.

Powder is another matter entirely, and in warm weather, especially, is considered by some to be absolutely necessary to check the troublesome perspiration, and soothe and refresh the heated skin. There is never any secrecy about the use of it, the powder rag or puff being used as openly as one's handkerchief. After washing the face in soap it is used to remove the shine, and a good powder leaves a little soft bloom that is really an improvement. Great care must be taken to select a good powder, and to use but the one when one is found that is agreeable to the skin.

A notable cosmetic, Shirley Dare tells us, and regulating dose, which dates back to the good Queen Mary of Orange, is the juice of sugar beets which have been boiled, peeled, sliced, and set before the fire to draw the rich syrupy juice out. This, in tablespoonful doses, once an hour, with as much lemon-juice, is said to be the best material for making pure blood, next to fresh grape-juice. Of course anything that makes new rich blood is a fine tonic also; and plenty of fresh beets in salads will add plumpness to the scrawniest form, provided the beets are boiled tender and eaten slowly. Thick beet-juice with a few drops of lemon-juice is a nice application for the cheeks, to soften them and freshen their color. This, and all vegetable lotions, are generally allowed to dry on the face, and remain as long as may be before washing off.

Virginal milk, made of one quart of rose-water and two drachms of tincture of benzoin, slowly stirred while the two are mixing, is excellent for the skin, and may be used after bathing, or a little put in the water is beneficial.

One authority declares that the raw potato is more effectual in beautifying the complexion than cosmetics. The face should be rubbed with the vegetable, then washed, and then subjected to a gentle friction. Ladies are advised to keep a raw potato on the toilet table at all times. It is not only good for the complexion, but for the hands also, as it will remove fruit and ink stains.

After the hot bath and a vigorous use of the flesh-brush for health, a barley-bath may be taken for beauty. This is a little troublesome, but may be managed. Boil six pounds of barley until it becomes of the consistency of very thick cream. While still warm press it thickly over the entire body; wrap up in two or three blankets, and lie on a couch by the fire for an hour; then take a warm bath. This, repeated every other day for two or three weeks, is said to make the skin as soft and velvety, as white and rosy, as that of a child in long-clothes. The proper frequency of this process must be decided by individual experience, as the barley soak may relax the skin too much if taken too often.

The starchy substance which arises from pouring boiling water on a handful of oat-meal, if used on the face and hands, arms and neck, will soften and make them smooth.

We are told of a fashionable belle whose maid brought to her bedside, every morning, a handkerchief wet with dew, which was spread over her face, in the belief that it softened and added beauty and freshness to her complexion. The milkmaid's roses may be the result of exposure to the morning dew,—but not after that fashion.



Some reader of old chronicles has discovered that the Empress Josephine owed that marvelous tint which was the wonder and despair of the French ladies of her time, to a home-made cosmetic obtained by pouring boiling milk over violets, with which decoction she bathed her face and neck every morning.

The effects of a long drive in the wind, or exposure of any kind, may be removed by a rather heroic measure, which is none other than to have the face steamed with hot flannel. One must have a maid or a friend to do this. Fill a basin with very hot water, nearly boiling, soak in it a piece of white flannel, wring it out in the middle of a towel, so that it is nearly dry but steaming hot; apply this to the cheeks and face, re-steaming the flannel several times. A short nap with the flannel over the face will be found beneficial. This is the quickest and best way to remove the redness and that dreadfully dry, cracked feeling of the skin which it is impossible to avoid with much outdoor exercise in cold weather.

A good cold cream should be on every lady's dressing-table. It is good for the skin under all circumstances: it will preserve a good complexion, repair the bad effects of sun or wind, or the too free use of cosmetics, and prevent, to a great extent, the bad results of their continuous use. Its systematic use will undoubtedly prevent wrinkles, as, for old people especially, it furnishes the nourishment which the skin requires. Many ladies always use cold cream or olive oil on the face immediately after washing, rubbing it well in with the hand until the face is entirely free from all traces of it, and then applying the powder. One well-known lady, nearly sixty years of age, who has a complexion like a child's; and hardly a wrinkle, attributes it to the regular use of a pure cold cream made by beating olive oil to a cream with a very little rose-water. This she applies at night, first washing the face and neck with tepid water, and then rubbing the cream on with the hand until it is entirely absorbed; and she is always particular about rubbing the face in the same direction, so as to counteract the formation of wrinkles, as suggested in the article about "Wrinkles," in the August number. She invariably uses it before applying powder, and her favorite powder is "drop" chalk of a slightly yellowish tint, which can be procured of any reliable druggist.

A good formula for a cold cream is: Oil of almonds, two ounces; white wax, one drachm; spermaceti, one drachm; rose-water, two ounces; orange-flower water, half an ounce. Melt the oil of almonds, wax, and spermaceti together, pour into a porcelain bowl which has been heated by immersing in hot water, add very gradually the rose and orange-flower waters, and beat with a silver spoon until cold.

Pimples, which are the dread and horror of every woman, are usually the result of some disarrangement of the system or impurities in the blood, and the cause must be removed before any permanent, good result can be expected. Strict attention to the diet (avoiding rich and greasy food, coffee, and tea), plenty of outdoor exercise, regular habits, a warm bath daily, using a pure soap and gentle friction, and taking sufficient time for drying, with a moderately rough towel, that the entire body may have an "air bath,"—of course, in a warm room, so there may be no danger of becoming chilled,—will usually result in immediate improvement; and cold cream and a pure powder can be used on the face. For a stubborn case, the family physician should be consulted. "Drop" chalk, rubbed on thickly at night, is very beneficial for single pimples.

Freckles may be removed by the use of powdered nitre: moisten with water and apply to the face night and morning. A lady noted for her beautiful complexion tells us that when a girl she was greatly afflicted with freckles. She removed them permanently by wearing a mask at night,

made of corn-meal and buttermilk, mixed like dough, allowing the mixture to stand until it fermented before applying. Tie a cloth—with holes for mouth, nose, and eyes—over the mask, and after a few trials there will be no more tan or freckles.

LAURA B. STARR.

## School Outfits.

**S**IMPLICITY is always to be recommended for the dresses of young girls, yet especially so for school-girls, who need their time for study and recreation rather than for the cares of dress. For the same reason, also, the outfit which a girl takes away with her to boarding-school should be sufficiently supplied with all necessary articles of wearing-apparel, so that she need have no anxiety about her clothes, either as to their quantity or quality, but simply have to take ordinary care of those provided, and wear them according to her necessities.

Clothing for school-wear should be of good and substantial quality, but not showy nor calculated in any way to create envious feelings in other girls who may not be able to dress as well. Many schools, especially those conducted by religious associations, require a uniform to be worn, during school-hours at all events, and in this case the question of an outfit will be very much simplified, it being necessary to supply only the usual amount of underclothing and indispensable articles of dress. Some schools also require a supply of sheets, towels, and table-linen; but these must be furnished according to special requirements.

For those who feel obliged to study economy, or prefer to expend the money upon the essentials of education rather than those of the toilet, some care is necessary in the selection of materials, etc., for even a school-girl's outfit, in order to keep within a prescribed sum. \$150 is a fairly liberal allowance for a plain, neat outfit, yet if most of the sewing be done at home, and some of the materials, etc., selected be of cheaper quality, \$75 may be made to suffice.

We will begin with the allowance of \$150. In the first place, let us consider the dresses for every-day school-wear. A plain or kilt-plaited skirt of flannel or similar woolen goods, in any of the preferred shades of color,—copper, mahogany, blue, gray, or brown,—and either a jersey, Norfolk, or blouse waist will make a costume that ought not to cost, for a girl of fourteen or sixteen, more than \$5 for the material, or even less if a jersey be used. Very good jerseys for the purpose can usually be bought for about \$2; and two jerseys at that price and a blouse waist will afford sufficient variety with one skirt. The expense may be divided unequally and a finer and coarser jersey bought with the same money; and it is better to select them of different colors, or one of a color and one black. Some very pretty jerseys may now be bought with smocked or tucked yokes, but they run a little higher in price than the plain ones.

Nothing, however, is more picturesque on the slender, undeveloped figure of girlhood than a blouse-waist of some pretty shade of cashmere or flannel, and with the addition of a velvet collar it will be as stylish as need be. Feather or brier stitching of heavy floss silk in the same or a contrasting color, at the wristbands, neck, and down the front, make it quite elaborate without much trouble.

A plain cloth dress for traveling and ordinary street wear need not cost more than \$7.50, exclusive of making (for which we are not calculating in any case except for those articles which are purchased ready-made). Make it up with a plain, neat-fitting basque and simply draped skirt, and trim it either with braided ornaments or rows of plain



braid. These trimmings and the linings, etc., if selected with care, can be bought for \$2.50. The materials for a pretty cashmere suit, which may be made quite dressy to wear on occasions, can be bought for about \$8.

Yet a still more serviceable and stylish-looking substitute will be found in an Empire dress of velveteen in any of the new dark colors. Velveteen is not nearly so much worn—except as a substitute for velvet—as it might be. English ladies realize its excellence, especially for children's and misses' wear: it is warm, practically "unwearoutable," and retains its appearance longer than any other fabric with an equal amount of wear; and it is really inexpensive, and requires no garniture. Eight yards of goods, at a dollar a yard, will make a dress for a young girl. Gray, brown, and dark garnet are the best colors: dark blue is beautiful, but loses its color sooner. The plain skirt can be gathered; the short bodice may be turned back in front, showing a diagonally folded or softly puffed plastron of pale-colored silk; and a wide sash of similar silk tied around the waist with a large bow and long ends at the back, or knotted at the side.

Dresses for entertainments are not considered as part of the outfit, and it is better to provide them as needed.

A cloth jacket of black or a dark color will cost, ready-made, something like \$8; jersey cloth jackets may be purchased at a lower price. \$20 is a good price to allow for a winter cloak, if purchased ready-made. In selecting this, it will be necessary to be guided by the age of the young girl and the various modifications of style which the season's fashions favor.

For every-day wear, a dark blue or scarlet felt hat, or one of any other dark color, can be bought for about \$3; and the velvet or straw, for church, etc., according to the season, for about \$5. A rubber cloak, overshoes, umbrella, and "Arctics," costing, respectively, \$1.50, 50 cents, \$2.25, and \$1, are positively indispensable, and must be furnished, no matter what else is dispensed with. A soft flannel wrapper, costing, ready-made, \$4.50, is another necessary article, and it is well to supplement it with a soft woolen shawl to wear on damp days in the school-room, crossing chilly courts and corridors, etc. This can generally be supplied from the home stock without buying for the purpose.

The necessary underclothing, if bought ready-made (at a great saving of time and trouble), will cost about \$20, and will include two flannel skirts, four white skirts, four night-dresses, four underskirts and four corset-covers (or six chemises), and six pair of drawers; and the young girl will need, besides, shoes, costing about \$4.50; slippers, \$2.50; six pair of hose at about 50 cents per pair, which will amount to \$3; two corsets (if she wears them), \$3.50; two pair of kid gloves, \$3; and for handkerchiefs, collars, veil, ruching, and sundries, about \$5 will be required. Add \$3.75 for brushes, combs, and other necessary toilet articles, and we have spent \$130, which leaves us \$20 of the \$150, for a dressmaker's bill, the purchase of a trunk, or, if the entire outfit be made at home, for the use of finer material, or the addition of furs or another nice dress.

On the other hand, to reduce the price of our school-girl's trousseau to \$75, if that is all which can be very well allotted to it, the underclothing can be made at home with very simple trimmings, and need not cost more than \$12 for all the articles named above. The cloak, if made at home, need not cost more than \$10. The velveteen or the cashmere suit can be omitted, and still leave opportunity for always being neatly dressed. The wrapper need not cost more than \$2, if made of cheap flannel, and a little lower price on the quality of shoes and gloves and the cashmere, and fewer sundries, will reduce the remaining expense to \$75.

The necessary woolen or merino underwear has not been included in our estimates, simply because it is impossible to give exact values with satisfaction. Three of each article worn are necessary. Buy the best quality and make you can afford.

Besides the new articles, look carefully over the wardrobe in use and renovate everything which can be made of service. Even if the old things can be worn but once or twice they will save that much wear off the new, and the girl will not be worried with the necessity for "taking the new off" her fresh cashmere dress, which, perhaps, must be worn out on a rainy day, unless she have an old one to wear in place of it.

Let everything which the school-girl takes from home with her, even if old, be in good order; and do not fail to supply her with a box containing all necessaries for mending her garments, not only needles and spools of silk and cotton, but also rolls of pieces matching each dress and garment, black and white tapes, and buttons such as are on her clothing, so that she may make repairs as soon as the necessity for them arises, and not be annoyed by enforced carelessness through lack of material with which to repair damages.

## A Yachting Party.

(See Water-Color.)

**S**AILING over smooth water on a lovely summer day is a very different thing from facing the ocean's wrath in storm and tempest. The sociable little party on the pretty yacht depicted in our charming water-color seem to appreciate this fact, and are making themselves thoroughly comfortable accordingly. The combined charms of a lovely day, wind enough to carry the dainty, white-winged craft lightly over the blue waves, music and delightful companionship, are surely enough to make anyone happy for a few short summer hours while—

"Tacking west and tacking east,  
Spray-showers upward going,  
Her wake one zig-zag trail of yeast,  
Her gunwale fairly flowing,"—

the lithe schooner cleaves the white-flecked waters. Youth, health, and pleasure are aboard, and the gay yachting-party seems to lack none of the elements of happiness.

Our picture is another one of the exquisite water-colors which have been so much admired in recent numbers of the Magazine, and for color and grouping are not to be surpassed. The delicate beauty of their soft shadings and rare blendings of tint and color are a delight to the artistic eye. Either as a study for the amateur to copy, or a picture for framing, our full-page water-color is beautiful and valuable.

## At the Brook.

(See Page Engraving.)

**H**IS charming idyl of rural life will commend itself to all lovers of nature. The beautiful country-girl fetching water from the brook stops at her little sister's entreaty to "Look at the little ducks," and crumbles a bit of the little one's bread in the water for the ducklings, which the timid child was afraid to do. Protected by her sister's strong young arm, she enjoys seeing the greedy little ducks disputing for the scattered crumbs.



Youth and innocence,—e.ernal, ever-varying theme ! Poet and painter will never fail of subjects while the sweet impulses of humanity spring afresh in each young heart, and sympathy with nature "makes the whole world kin."

The artist, E. Von Bergen, has treated his subject confi-

dently, and the graceful ease of the grouping suggests no studio pose. This is a homely scene that the artist has happened upon in his summer wanderings amid field and forest ; and his sensitive brush caught and fixed the pretty picture that he saw one summer morning " At the Brook."

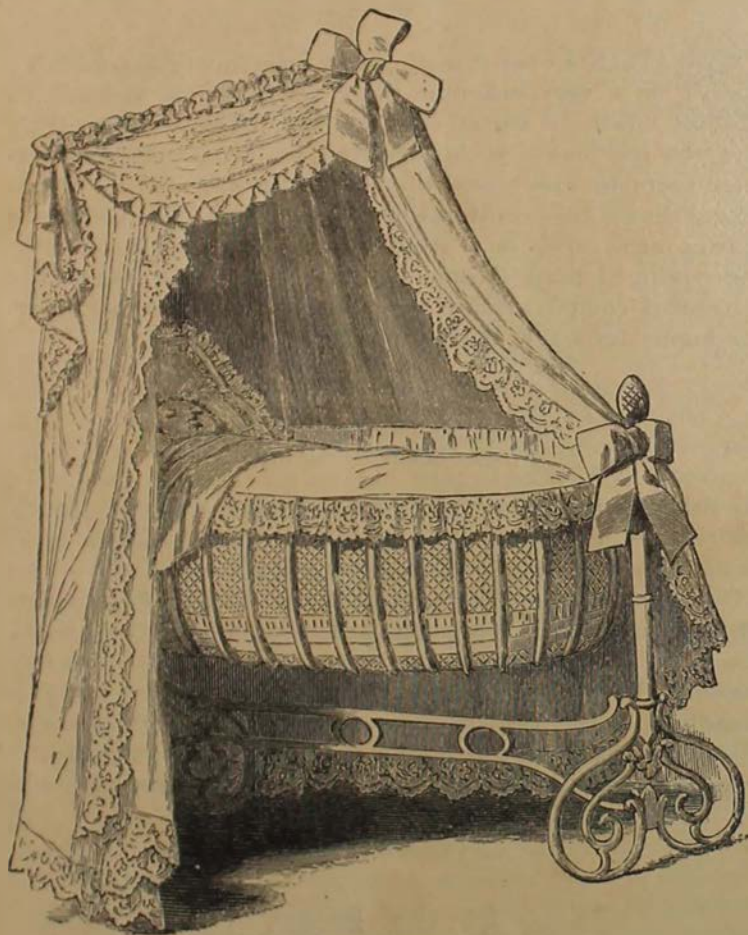
## Home Art and Home Comfort.

### For the Babies.

**T**HERE is no such labor of love among all the delightful employments to which we give the name of fancy-work as the manufacture of the dainty belongings for the baby's use and comfort.

No material is too delicately tinted, no fabric too softly fine for the little darlings ; and fond fingers linger over their self-sought task with caressing touches, not one of which is vainly bestowed, for to achieve prettiness requires careful manipulation and attention.

The decoration of the cradle is one of the most attractive of these labors, and more or less work may be put upon it, according to fancy or convenience. Our illustration

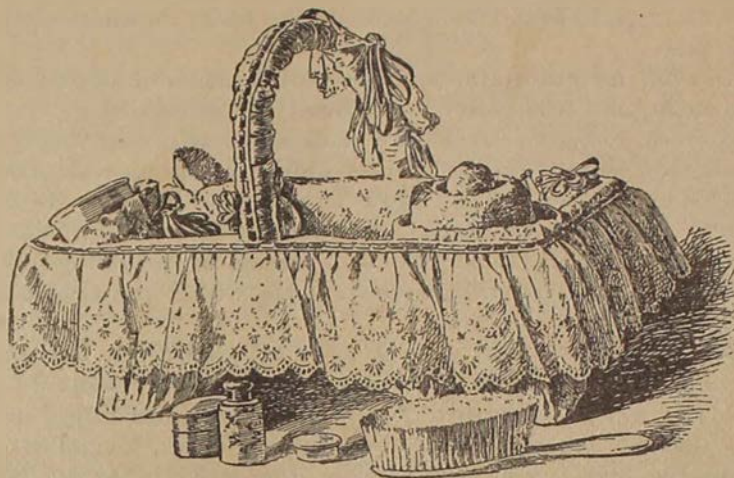


BARCELONNETTE.

shows a *barcelonnette* of enameled iron, white with gilt mountings, draped simply with white mull curtains edged with antique lace. These are sewed to rings at the top, which permit them to be slid back and forth on the projecting rod which serves as a canopy. The upper drapery is of figured Oriental silk in delicate Pompadour colors. It is in two straight breadths edged with a *jabot* of plat Val. lace, and is draped up at each end of the bar with a bow of pale pink and blue ribbons, and finished with a *ruche* of

plaited ribbons. A similar bow is tied at the foot of the *barcelonnette*.

Three linings are used for the inside of the cradle. The first is of mull or Swiss muslin, shirred or laid in folds ; the second, blue or rose colored satine ; the third, white



BABY-BASKET.

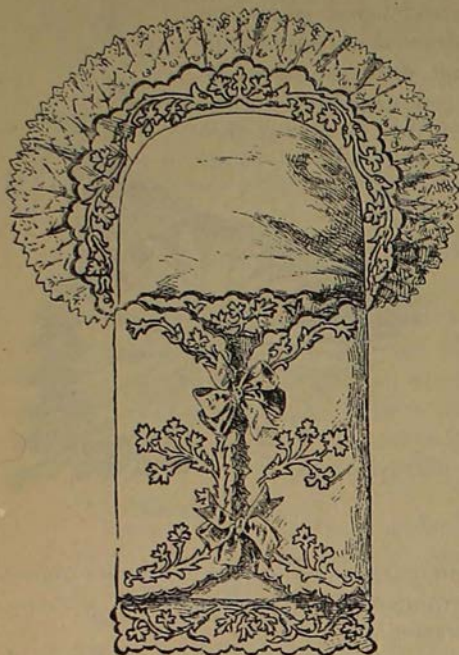
lina or silesia, which comes next the little bed and pillows. The edge of the cradle is finished with a fall of antique lace sewed to the inside of the lining and covering the edge.

The baby-basket is lined, like the *barcelonnette*, with rose or blue satine covered with mull. The outer part of the basket is covered with the same, and it is trimmed with a deep ruffle of embroidery. The handle of the basket is wound with a strip of satine and covered with a puffing of mull, and a band of beading run with a narrow rose-



EMBROIDERED COVER FOR BABY-CARRIAGE.



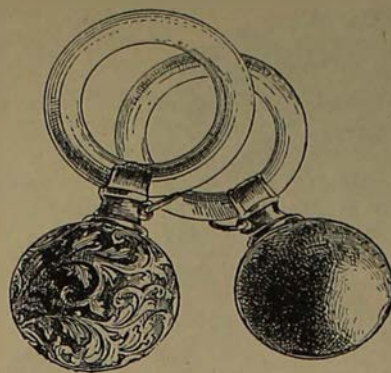


CHRISTENING PILLOW.

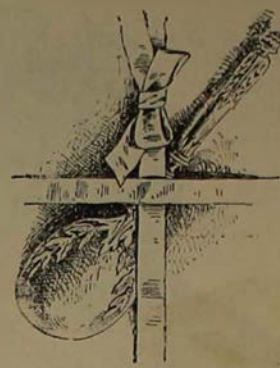
colored or blue ribbon is sewed over the top of the handle and around the edge of the basket. A *jabot* of lace and loops of ribbon trim one side of the basket. Pockets of satine covered with mull, and a cushion of the same, are to be placed inside the basket, which is fitted up with a velvet sponge, a cake of fine white soap, a paper of pins, a piece of linen bobbin, a pair of sharp scissors, a box of violet or rose baby-powder, a bottle of



CHRISTENING PRESENTS OF SILVER.



SILVER RATTLES.



PAP-SPOON.

white vaseline, a little pot of cold cream, a soft brush, and a comb.

The embroidered cover for the baby-carriage is of heavy satin-linen worked in the cut-work called Roman embroidery. The shape and design are clearly shown in the illustration, and the size may be according to the size of the carriage. A full ruffle of wide plat Val. lace is sewed around the edge of the cover under the embroidered border. Designs suitable for this border will be found in the article on "Roman Embroidery" in the February Magazine.

The christening pillow is most convenient to carry the baby on, not only at the time of its baptism, but also whenever it is presented to admiring friends to be handed from one to the other. The pillow is a safeguard to the baby, for nothing is more injurious to a very young infant than to be carelessly handled by inexperienced persons. The pillow is thirty inches long and eighteen wide, and rounded at one end. The cover is of fine white linen, and the rounded side-pieces (each eighteen inches long) and the border at top and bottom are also of the linen, scalloped and embroidered in a chain-stitched outline pattern. A ruffle of Oriental lace edges the top of the pillow, and the side-pieces (to be tied after the baby is laid down) are tied with narrow white satin ribbons.

The other articles illustrated are suitable christening presents of silver, including a feeding cup and spoon, a drinking cup, a table set of knife, fork, spoon, and napkin ring, and a pap-spoon, accompanied by a handsome plush box to hold the smaller pieces. The ivory biting-rings have, one a plain, the other an incised, silver ball which is a rattle also, to amuse the baby. One is all one baby needs, but two are illustrated to show different styles. The pretty caudle-set, for preparing baby's food,—if unfortunately he is obliged to live on prepared food,—consists of a hardened silver plate and a saucepan with ebonized handle, and two ivory caudle-spoons with silver handles. The single pap-spoon, held in its satin case by pale green satin ribbons, is gold-lined, and of a unique and pretty design.

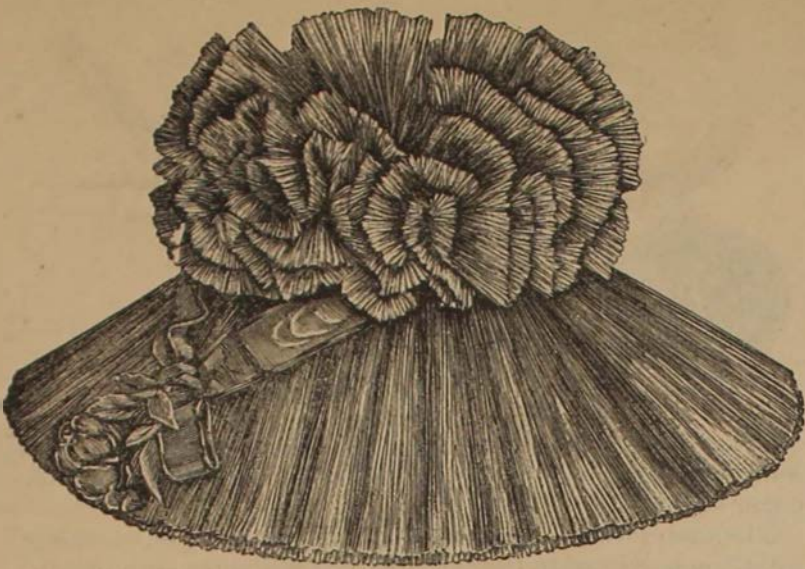
## Paper Novelties.

### LAMP-SHADES.

AS the summer days grow shorter and the twilight shadows deepen earlier, the use of the handsome standard lamps in vestibule or porch, and sometimes on the veranda, becomes almost a necessity; and it is a fashion with the decorative mistress of the house to cover the globe or bell of the lamp with a flower-like arrangement of paper in the form of a shade, which looks quite in keeping with the climbing greenery of the piazza trellises.

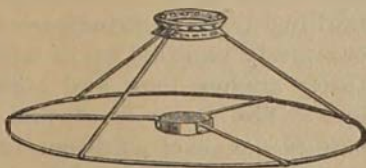
In order to manufacture a shade like the one we illustrate,





LAMP-SHADE OF TISSUE-PAPER.

a charming arrangement of rose-colored tissue-paper, a wire frame is necessary. If this cannot be procured at some house-furnishing store, it can be made of heavy wire. Bend sixty inches of wire into a circle, and fasten to this, at regular intervals, six shorter pieces of wire: three, nine inches long, and three, eight, alternating the lengths. The upper ends of the first, third, and fifth of these (nine inches in length) are to be fastened to a metal ring about twelve inches in circumference, with three openings to fasten the wires in. A grooved brass ring such as is used at the top of a cheap paper shade is the best. The loose ends of the other three wires are to be bent over to form loops through which a wire ring, large enough to fit over that part of the lamp which holds the chimney, can be run.



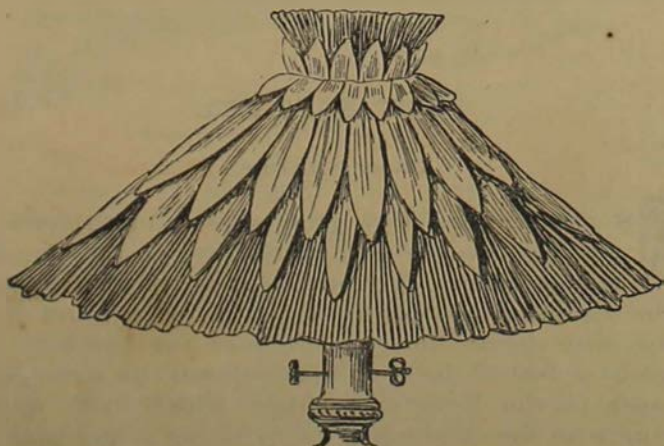
WIRE FOUNDATION FRAME.

The arrangement of the shade-covering is the simplest imaginable, and can be done by a child, as it only requires a



CREASED PAPER FOR LAMP-SHADE.

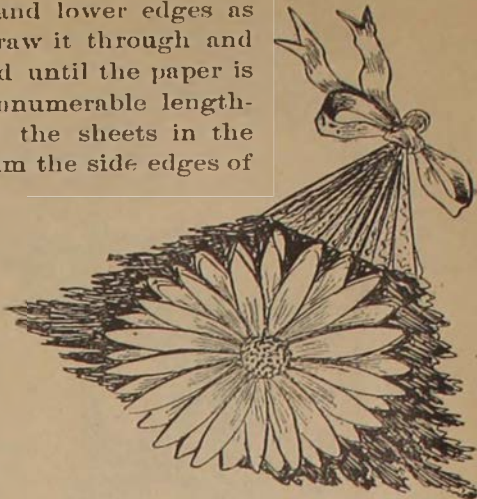
little patience. Twelve sheets of rose-colored tissue-paper will be needed. Spread the sheets out separately, then take each one by itself and gather one of its longest edges between the fingers; then, holding it loosely in the left



"MARGUERITE" LAMP-SHADE.

hand, with the upper and lower edges as straight as possible, draw it through and through the right hand until the paper is all finely creased in innumerable length-wise folds. Treat all the sheets in the same way, and then gum the side edges of the separate pieces together. The covering will then be ready to arrange over the frame.

Put it on so that the lower edge of the paper will come just below the circle of wire, and with a cord or narrow ribbon tie the paper around the top into the grooved upper ring, leaving a wide margin of the crimped paper above. This can be easily arranged with the hand into a ruche, according to the illustration.



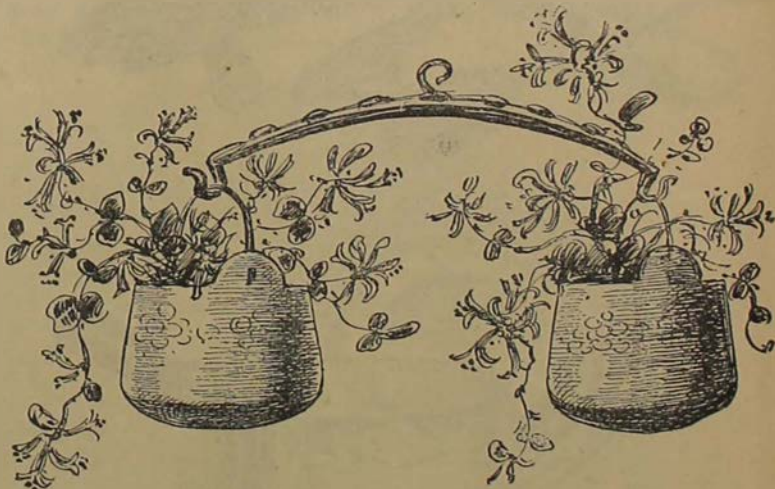
"DAISY" SCREEN.

A further adornment is a bow of pink moiré ribbon with an artificial rose tied in it, at one side. Any other color or a combination of colors can be selected for the paper, according to taste.

The "Marguerite" lamp-shade is much smaller, and is made over one of the ordinary wire frames for paper lampshades. It is made of accordion-plaited green tissue-paper fastened over the shade-frame, and daisy petals, cut out of white paper, falling over it in two rows. The illustration shows very clearly how this is done.

A pretty novelty, which can be made of a discarded fan, is the "Daisy" screen. Any fan mount can be covered with artificial flower-moss, and a large daisy, made of white and yellow paper, put on it for ornament.

A CORN-NAPKIN of heavy white linen is a great addition to the appearance of a dish of sweet corn boiled on the cob. It is made of fringed butchers'-linen with the corners embroidered with two ears of corn and blades, in maize-color and green embroidery cotton or washing silk.



Venetian Yoke and Pails.

FOR FLOWER-HOLDER.

THIS pretty and quaint device for a flower-holder may be made of the wire or wooden holders which are sold for the purpose of hanging coats and wraps over. Any small wooden or tin pails can be used to hang on the ends, and filled with natural or artificial flowers.



# Sanitarian.

## Diseases Incident to the Season.

### A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DIPHTHERIA.—HOW TO TREAT THE DISEASE.

**I**T is during the month of September, when the "beated term" is about ended, that our summer wanderers turn their faces homeward. Those who at the end of June, or later, fled from stuffy offices, close streets, and hot pavements, are crowding back into the cities and towns. Some have been to the sea-shore, some to the mountains, some to the lovely inland lakes, and still others have sought rest and recreation in quiet farm-houses and in the pine forests.

Here they are again, and the greater part of them seem to have had a genuine rest and been benefited by change. The gentlemen, especially, look as if they had made the most of their opportunities: they return to their work with renewed vigor, feeling that life is again worth living, and they have taken a new lease on it. Yes, I think these gentlemen have had a "right good time."

But who are those people stepping from the train and looking almost careworn? There is a group of young ladies, the daughters of wealthy parents. They are just now getting home from the fashionable watering-places. They have had no lack of gay companions, and I am sure they went away with plenty of money. Of course they every one meant to have the finest kind of a time; but somehow they don't look as if they had succeeded. I know they had lots of fun, and their time at their own disposal to do precisely as they pleased. What, then, has been the trouble? Why those pale cheeks, those haggard looks, those dark circles about the eyes, and that lagging gait? I am afraid these young ladies did not avail themselves of all the advantages which even a watering-place affords. No doubt they had the baths, the delightful walks and rides, and the fresh sea-breezes,—though the modern young woman, with her snug corset, her hanging skirts dragging unsupported from the waist, and her thoroughly unphysiological outfit from top to toe, is not exactly in a condition to appropriate all the oxygen that her system requires, not even with the freshest of sea-air about her. I am afraid, too, that constant excitement, late hours, dancing-parties, and other irregularities of life and habits, have sent these young people home with less vitality than they went away with.

Unfortunately, the girls are not the only ones that have come back to consult the family physician. Here are young wives getting home, and mothers, that look rather fagged-out after their summer's outing. I am afraid that some of the causes already referred to have been at work with them also, though perhaps not to the same extent; and there may have been other drawbacks. These women, many of them, left comfortable homes, a good market, quiet surroundings, and took in exchange a stuffy little room in some hotel or boarding-house, with table fare that was none too wholesome; the social environment, moreover, has been anything but restful, to say nothing of late hours into the bargain. And all for what? It could not be for rest, relaxation, health, or, if it was, the means to these ends were not intelligently sought. There are, I ken, better resorts than fashionable watering-places for those who really seek mental and physical repose or enjoyment. However, I am not sure but most persons who go to them get just about what they plan for; and if the doctor secures additional fees for after services, what is the difference? Mothers want their

daughters "to go into society," and this is one way of doing it.

Now let us go back to the Central Depot and look after some more of the new arrivals. Here is a family that has been away all the season, or at least since the end of June: father, mother, and children. They have spent the summer at a quiet little lake in the north, and they have all had a charming time. Little do they suspect what sorrow and heart-aches are in store for them. They are just now entering a carriage which will take them up town to their beautiful home. The family mansion has been closed ever since they went away. The doors and windows were all left securely fastened, to keep out intruders. But, notwithstanding these precautions, a deadly foe has entered. Ever so many sewer-pipes were left wide open; and they have sent their foul exhalations into every hall and room in the house. These gases first found access to the bath-room, the kitchen, and the little bed-room with its stationary wash-stand. Then they were gradually diffused into the main hall, the stairways, and everywhere else, and now they are in actual waiting at the very front door.

Yes, the Angel of Death is there, ready to claim his victims. In a few days, some member of the family is taken sick, very sick, with diphtheria. A doctor is immediately summoned, the friends are alarmed, and, before the disease has reached a crisis, others of the household are prostrated with the same terrible malady. Why should this family have diphtheria? They spent the summer in a most healthful locality, the children were the pictures of robust health and vigor when they returned home. Why this affliction? What can it all mean? Even the doctor does not seem to understand it; but here are the facts. And the worst is not yet: two or three of the little ones are going to die. Others in town are also taking the disease: diphtheria is prevailing,—not simply amongst the poor, but in the best of families.

The sewer-pipes have never once been thought of. Why should they be? Is not the plumbing, every bit of it, in the best of order—everything trapped and double-trapped to make all secure? Besides, there has never been a particle of odor, even from the water-closets.

But let us look into this matter a little more closely; nor must we forget that the deadliest of sewer-gas is generally odorless. Suppose it has been a dry summer, or that a part of the season was very dry, and the water everywhere quite low. What would happen? These sewer-pipes, and the traps as well, would every one of them be empty, at least during the dry weather; and what was to hinder the gases, already generated in them, from rising through empty traps and escaping into the house? This is exactly what has taken place: hence the diphtheria,—though in some cases it was typhoid fever instead. Both these diseases, once we come to understand the matter, originate in filth; and in the present instance it is sewer-gas.

What is the remedy? We will take it for granted that the city's sewerage has been done properly, and the house-plumbing the same; but there is still another precaution that is necessary before going away for the summer. Either some trusty person should be left behind to look after the family residence, to see that the pipes are regularly flushed, and the house well aired, or else someone should be deputed to do this just before the household returns. When the parents and children reach their home there should be no accumulation of noxious gases of many weeks' standing, to poison the inmates.

But right here we have another mystery to solve. Twenty miles away, in a country town, there are also several families sick, some with typhoid or other fever, and a few with diphtheritic affection. Why? There are no sewer-pipes in the place, and the houses have not been shut up. All



very true; but what becomes of the constantly accumulating filth and refuse of these unsewered towns and villages? Ah! this, too, is another question for our Sanitary Boards to answer,—provided these latter have been called into existence. If they have not, then it is high time for the people, the "sovereign rulers" in this republic, to take the matter in hand.

Returning, however, to the sick people. Some of them were off to the sea-side for several weeks, and I rather think it is one of these that has typhoid fever. What is more, I happen to have it from good authority that the sanitary conditions at a number of those sea-side resorts are anything but satisfactory; that the sewerage is very defective; and that matters were made still worse owing to certain large gatherings (camp-meetings, etc.) that took place during the months of July and August. Perhaps it might not be amiss to inquire whether this state of things still exists, or whether the people have waked up to the fact that, in going away for health and pleasure, it is possible to bring back the germs of sickness and death.

And now I hear some anxious mother, whose little darling is already prostrated, asking what to do when that terrible disease, diphtheria, has to be dealt with. Well may she ask; for, next to cholera, this disease, in its most malignant form, is to be feared and shunned. Under even the best management, it cannot always be successfully treated. Different schools of medicine have different methods. The one to which the writer belongs (and its practitioners claim to have had more than the average success) treats the fever symptoms largely with water, controlling the temperature by means of tepid spongings, baths, etc. As to the local trouble,—the throat and air passages, with their frightful deposit of diphtheritic membrane,—it is this that causes the greatest alarm, lest, in its rapid formation, it should obstruct the breathing and choke its victim to death. If the local heat can be kept down, this membrane will not continue to form; or, at any rate, not to the same extent. Hence the need (under hygienic practice) of bits of ice, cold compresses (alternating these with hot), derivative treatment, etc., all with a view to reduce the inflammation, and at the same time not to arrest capillary action, even in a local part. I need hardly say that to do this successfully requires the best skill and judgment that the physician can command.

If the disease has already made much progress, then the treatment should be so conducted as to aid the vital powers in throwing off this morbid growth (the membrane), and at

the same time not to outrage nature by an attempt to remove it too soon. This process may be facilitated either by inhalations of steam or the vapor of lime-water; or vinegar and water is sometimes used. It is also aided by the alternate application of hot and cold compresses to the throat, or by the use of cleansing gargles. A gargle of ice-water is very good, so is one of carbolized water, using it quite cold. By these and kindred methods, many a little one, already apparently in the jaws of death, has been rescued and restored to health.

There must, in all these cases, be the very best of nursing from first to last. The temperature of the room (as in small-pox, and in all putrid fevers) should be kept rather low, and the ventilation as perfect as possible. The depurating organs are throwing off enormous quantities of impurity, and the air of the sick-room is constantly becoming laden with it, unless, indeed, the best of precautionary measures are taken. In cool weather, an excellent plan is to keep up a fire in an open grate, and then let in plenty of fresh air from the windows: this creates a good atmospheric circulation, carrying the foul air up chimney, and admitting pure air from outside.

As in all cases where there is much fever, the bowels must be aided in their action by the proper use of tepid injections: the object being to thoroughly evacuate them at the outset, and then not to interfere unnecessarily. If the patient has reasonably good vitality, the wet-sheet pack, administered when the fever is the highest, will be found an admirable therapeutic appliance.

A bare outline of the treatment in diphtheritic cases may be stated as follows: Keep down the local inflammation; control the general temperature of the body; purify the entire system, by calling the various depurators into activity, particularly the skin; and keep away solid food. Very little food should be allowed while the fever continues, and this should be taken in a fluid form. Half a cupful of fruit juice, or a few spoonfuls of thin, well-cooked gruel, is about all that the system is able to appropriate; and often a sip of cold water is better. Keep away all solid food until the patient is beginning to convalesce; and even then be exceedingly careful, both as to quantity and quality. Many a child has lost its life through lack of attention to this last direction; and many another, from the employment of stimulants when Nature was calling for rest. A grave mistake is this; but one that is often made.


SUSANNA W. DODDS, M D.

## Household.

### The Home Laboratory.

#### I.

#### CHEMISTRY OF BREAD-MAKING.

N this age of applied science,—the age of the electric light and the gas-stove,—the opportunities of benefiting the household with a practical application of a knowledge of the fixed laws which govern the changes and reactions constantly taking place in the economy of nature, and embodied in the science called chemistry, are most evident.

It may be argued that the average housekeeper has no time, even if she had the opportunity, to make an exhaustive study of chemistry. Yet, without covering the whole ground

of chemical science, a definite and practical comprehension of such of its principles as are involved in various common processes of the home laboratory, the kitchen,—often sadly misunderstood and mismanaged for lack of the same knowledge,—is practicable and desirable.

The non-scientific reader need not be puzzled by a close study of the sign language of chemistry, the symbols of all the complicated combinations which are possible in the various elements,—over seventy,—which the chemist must learn, as the musician must the characters which represent the notes and combinations of notes he is to play on his instrument. Thus, for instance, H represents the chemical element hydrogen, a gas; and O, oxygen, another element, also a gas; and H<sub>2</sub>O, the chemical combination of these two gases or elements in the proportion of two parts by



weight of hydrogen and sixteen parts by weight of oxygen, which forms water. Thus the letters  $H_2O$ , in chemical language, stand for water, and all other combinations are similarly, but variously designated, according to the elements they contain, and a certain fixed rule.

Only about ten or twelve of these elements enter into the compounds which we use in the kitchen, and not all of them undergo chemical changes in their preparation and compounding; yet to know and understand something of the nature of these chemical substances, and their forms and combined action, is a real necessity to every housekeeper, and will repay attention in a large increase of comfort and economy.

The substances composing the material universe are recognizable as persons are, by their appearance and character, or properties, as we call them. Thus, the principal property of sugar being what we call sweet, we invariably recognize it by its sweetness. The property of acids we call sour, and other substances or elements have properties wholly peculiar to themselves.

When the chemist heats a few lumps of sugar in a platinum crucible, a remarkable change takes place. The sugar turns black, swells up, and emits a gas which burns with a smoky flame; and instead of the sugar there is a mass of fine, crumbly charcoal. But this charcoal, though so bulky, weighs less than the sugar did. What has become of the rest of the material? Careful experimenting shows that another substance has been evolved from the sugar, that is, water. In this process all of the properties by which we recognize the substance of sugar have disappeared. It is, although palpably composed of the same atoms, devoid of its sweetness, its color, etc. There has been a change, a loss of identity; and this change is called a chemical change. But dissolve a lump of sugar in water: the particles are distributed through a great mass of liquid and become invisible; still the qualities of the sugar are preserved. If the water be evaporated, the sugar may be recovered. There has been no chemical change.

Therefore we must be careful not to apply the ideas we derive from the composition of mixtures used in ordinary cooking and preparations in common use, directly to chemistry. In most mixtures there is no chemical union, and the product partakes more or less of the properties of the substances composing it, which may be recognized, unchanged, in the new substance; but, in all true chemical union and decomposition, the qualities of the substances concerned in the process disappear, and wholly different substances, with new qualities, appear instead. Thus, we cannot say that water, which is a chemical union of the two gases, hydrogen and oxygen, consists of those gases as syrup does of sugar, or mortar of lime.

Wherever there is life there is chemical change; and, as a rule, neither life nor chemical change can exist or occur without a certain degree of heat. The first condition of animal life, therefore, is heat, which must be supplied by combining various chemical agents to produce heat; and these are to be found in the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the foods we eat.

The best authorities seem now to agree that starch, sugar, and fat are the chief heat-producing foods used by the human race; and of these, starch is the first in importance. It is found in all plants in more or less quantities, and laid up abundantly in the seeds of the species of plants called cereals. Rice is almost pure starch; and wheat and other cereals contain from sixty to seventy per cent. of it.

It is, therefore, very clear that wheat bread has an undisputed right to the title of the "staff of life," since, although it is not solely starch, it contains a larger percentage of starch than anything else.

The cooking of starchy substances which are almost pure, as rice, farina, etc., requires little explanation. The starch grains are close and compact, and need to be distended by moisture so that the chemical changes involved in salivation and digestion may take place more readily; and the cooking is only a necessary mechanical process preparatory to the chemical action of digestion, which we are not considering.

During the earlier stages of civilization, bread consisted chiefly of powdered meal and water, with the same characteristics as our modern crackers and sea-biscuit. The semi-civilized races used leavened bread. This was made by mixing flour and water and allowing it to stand in a warm place until decomposition had set in. Then some of this dough, or leaven, was used to start fermentation in fresh portions of flour and water. There was difficulty in avoiding the formation of lactic acid in the bread and putrid decomposition, so that chemists and physicians studied to find another means of making light and porous bread.

The chemistry of yeast fermentation solved the question, and the light, spongy, and sweet-tasted loaf is now raised from the moist dough by chemical reactions identical with those in beer-making. In the latter manufacture, however, glucose, or sugar formed from starch, is produced by fermentation, and this is then converted by the yeast into alcohol and carbonic acid. But in beer-making alcohol is the product; while in making bread the object of the fermentation is to produce the carbonic acid gas which causes the sponge-like condition of the bread: the alcohol escapes in the baking.

To flour and warm water, yeast is added, which has the power of changing the starch of the flour into sugar under the influence of warmth, and then of decomposing the sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. The yeast acts upon the dough immediately, but no change is apparent for some hours, until the sugar is formed and begins to decompose into alcohol and carbonic acid gas, which latter product appears in the blisters or bubbles and the swelling of the mass of dough. The chemical process ends with the production of the carbonic acid gas, and the rest is purely mechanical.

The dough is kneaded for the purpose of making it elastic, and spreading out and incorporating the already fermented dough with the flour added; and also for the purpose of breaking up the bubbles of gas as finely as possible, so that there may be no large holes, but small, evenly distributed pores all through the loaf, when it is baked.

The temperature at which the dough should be maintained while it is "rising"—that is to say, during the chemical process—is the important point for housekeepers to consider. For the first stage of the alcoholic fermentation, from 70° to 75° Fahrenheit is the best temperature; the greatest heat allowed should not be more than from 82° to 90°. Above this the production of acetic acid may occur and sour the bread.

When the dough has been kneaded and made into loaves, the temperature may be raised to 160° or 165° Fahrenheit. A quick change will then occur, but the heat of the oven so soon stops this that there is no time for its scuring. The fermentation and swelling are at first increased when the bread is put into the hot oven; but when the whole has been heated nearly to the temperature of boiling water, the fermentation is suddenly arrested, or "killed," and the mass is fixed by the after baking.

The oven should be hot enough to raise the temperature of the inside of the loaf to 212° Fahrenheit. From 400° to 550° Fahrenheit is the most favorable temperature for baking, which has for its object to kill the ferment, to heat the starch so as to render it easily soluble, to expand the carbonic acid gas and drive off the alcohol, and to form the



brown crust, which is caused by decomposition due to the high heat. The temperature of the rising dough and of the oven should be carefully attended to if one would have light, white, and sweet bread.

One hundred pounds of flour will make one hundred and fifty pounds of bread. The bread seems moist when first taken from the oven, and dry after standing some hours; but the weight will be found nearly the same. Stale bread contains almost the same percentage of water as new bread, the flour taking up half its weight of water. One reason why bread thus retains so much water is, that during the baking a portion of the starch becomes converted into gum, which holds water more strongly than starch does; another reason is, that the gluten of flour once thoroughly wet does not readily dry again, and it forms a tenacious coating around each little hollow cell in the bread, which hinders the gas contained in the cell from escaping and the water from passing off in vapor; and a third reason is, because the crust formed in baking is nearly impervious to water, like the skin of a baked potato.


The production of the porous condition in bread by means of carbonic acid generated in some other way than by the decomposition of starch, as we have described, was for years a study with practical chemists. The best of the earlier methods—theoretically, but very difficult to put in practice—was the liberation of carbonic acid gas from bicarbonate of sodium (plain baking soda) by means of muriatic acid. The difficulty consisted in the fact that the liberation of gas is instantaneous with the contact of the acid and soda, and only great skill can accomplish the mixing of the bread and placing it in the oven without much loss of gas. Cream-of-tartar is the only acid substance in common use which will not liberate the gas by simple contact. It is only slightly soluble in cold water, and will unite with the soda only when heated, leaving, besides the desired carbonic acid gas, only the residue of the compound of cream-of-tartar and soda—Rochelle salts.

But the chemical decomposition of alum and soda is likely to be deleterious, since the resulting residues are sulphates, the least readily absorbed salts: cream-of-tartar and soda are therefore the best to lighten cake and biscuits; but the proportions must be chemically exact. Therefore, baking-powders prepared by weight and carefully mixed are a great improvement on the teaspoonful measured by guess.

The reason of the sponginess of cakes made with eggs is that the viscous albumen of the beaten eggs, like the gluten of flour, catches the air and holds it, even when expanded. Air at 70° expands to about three times its volume at the temperature of a hot oven, so that this air in a mass of dough gives the cake lightness when baked. If the oven is too hot, the sudden expansion bursts the bubbles and the cake falls. Cake will fall, however, from other causes: too sudden cooling, which causes the expanded air to contract before the air-cells have hardened; or cutting the cake before it has sufficiently cooled, which compresses the air-cells too violently.

SARAH COLLINS.

## Peaches.

 All the "kindly fruits of the earth" none are more wholesome, and none have more hold on the affections of the American heart and palate, than the peach.

The "downy fruit" is so simply delicious in its own juicy perfection that it seems almost a pity to subject it to our transforming culinary processes; yet peaches—unless they are canned—come, like Christmas, only "once a year," and

are so welcome then that no one needs to be told to eat them for health's sake, since they are tempting enough to lure any palate to indulgence. Eve might almost have been forgiven had she eaten a peach instead of the fatal apple,—but this is too retrospective.

We all want peaches to eat the year round; and so the housekeeper must spend several warm September afternoons in "doin' peaches," for the reason that the best peaches for the purpose can be had in this month. In canning peaches, one pound of sugar and one quart of water to four pounds of peaches are the correct proportions. Weigh the peaches after they are pared and the stones removed, and throw them into cold water. Put the sugar and the measured water into a preserving-kettle; let it stand over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, stirring constantly. Drain the peaches, and boil them up once in the syrup; then move the kettle back on the fire and let them stew a little until they are tender; then arrange carefully in the jars, and fill to overflowing with the syrup; seal, and set aside to cool.

To preserve peaches, one pound of sugar to a pound of fruit is the rule. Use no water, but let the sugar stand on the fruit for an hour, till syrup enough is formed to boil them in. A dozen peach kernels will add to the flavor of the peaches.

To make delicious peach jam or marmalade, allow half a pound of sugar to every pound of peaches. Put water enough in the preserving-kettle to cover the bottom; heat all to the boiling point, then mash the peaches fine, and boil and stir for fifteen minutes. Set back on the fire and simmer twenty minutes longer, stirring occasionally, that it may not scorch. Put up in stone jars.

Peach butter is made in nearly the same way, only more sugar is used. Select mellow yellow peaches, and allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of peaches. Heat them, and mash and press through a sieve. Add the sugar, and cook as directed above.

Peach mangoes are an excellent pickle, and are prepared as follows: Select freestone peaches. Put the peaches in a stone jar, cover them with brine strong enough to bear an egg, and let them stand forty-eight hours; then take them out and throw them into cold water for twenty minutes. Wipe each one carefully without breaking the skin, and remove the stone by cutting a small piece from one side. Sprinkle the inside with celery-seed, and fill with grated horse-radish wet with vinegar; replace the piece cut from the side, and sew it in with white thread. Pour over the peaches a syrup made of one gallon of vinegar, one pound of brown sugar, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, boiled up once and poured boiling hot on the peaches. This quantity will be sufficient for five dozen peaches.

Dessert dishes made with peaches are the most delicious concoctions of pastry imaginable. One of the most acceptable and easiest to prepare is peach cobbler. To make it, fill a deep pie-dish or shallow pudding-dish with ripe, peeled peaches, leaving in the pits. Add cold water to half-fill the dish, sugar to taste, and cover with a light pie-paste rolled twice as thick as if for pies. Cut slits across and prick with a fork. Bake about three-quarters of an hour. In serving, cut the crust into sections, lay each piece upside down upon the plate, and pile the peaches upon it. Serve with sweet cream.

Bavarian cream with peaches makes a delicious and handsome dessert, and requires very little time for preparation. The ingredients required are two quarts of milk, one cupful of sugar, four eggs, and one package of gelatine. Soak the gelatine in one cupful of the milk, and put the rest of the milk over in a farina-kettle. When it nears the boiling point, put the gelatine in, add the sugar, and when the gelatine is dissolved add the yolks of the eggs strained.



Cook five minutes, and then pour into molds. When it has thickened to about the consistency of custard, cut up peaches and arrange in layers with the cream in the mold. Beat the whites of the eggs with half a teacupful of sugar. When the mold of cream is turned out, pile this *meringue* around it.

The following receipt for peach layer-cake is recommended as the nicest that can be made for strawberries, peaches, or corn-starch cream. It will make three layers. Cream together one cupful of powdered sugar and one tablespoonful of butter, add the yolks of three eggs, then the whites beaten to a stiff froth, flavor with vanilla, add half a cupful of milk and one cupful and a half of flour, and a heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder.

The nicest of all sherbets is made with peaches, and is called "Sicilian Sherbet." Add to one dozen ripe peaches a pint of orange juice and one pound of granulated sugar; stir until the sugar is all dissolved, and freeze.

Receipts for making sherbets and ices were given last month.

### Seasonable Salads.



**CAULIFLOWER** salad is one of the daintiest and prettiest looking dishes of the salad kind. To prepare it, boil a cauliflower in salted water for about half an hour, or until tender, but not overdone. When cold, divide it in small sprigs and arrange them neatly on a dish, and strew over them some capers, and a little chopped parsley. Pour over it a dressing made of three tablespoonfuls of olive oil and one of vinegar, with salt and pepper to taste.

For a salad of green peas, you need only put some cold boiled peas into a dish or salad-bowl and pour over them a mayonnaise sauce, or plain salad-dressing, as above, and garnish with small sprigs of green mint. A salad of French beans is made by dressing the cold boiled beans with oil and vinegar and chopped capers, and garnishing with slices of cold boiled eggs and beets.

A nice salad is of not too-ripe tomatoes covered with a sauce of oil and vinegar, in the proportion of two of oil to one of vinegar, for about two hours before serving. Sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste. Sliced cucumbers may be added at the time of serving.

An especially nice salad for picnics and lunch baskets can be made of one pint of cold boiled ham, minced very fine; one head of lettuce, shred fine; two cucumbers chopped fine; three hard-boiled eggs, chopped; half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and half a pint of good vinegar (tarragon, if preferred). Minced beef, canned lobster, chicken, salmon, or mackerel may be used, if preferred; but ham makes a good, hearty, and appetizing salad.

**BUTTERMILK PIE.**—Two eggs, beaten to a froth; half a teacupful of sugar; one tablespoonful of flour; one pint of buttermilk; one tablespoonful of butter. Whisk all the ingredients together, and bake with one crust. Frost or serve plain, as desired. A delicate pie.

**NEW POTATO PIE.**—Grate a teacupful of raw potatoes and stir in one quart of milk heated to the boiling point. When cool, add three well-beaten eggs, and nutmeg or cinnamon as desired. Bake with under crust only.

**HASH PIE.**—Warm a cupful of cold mashed potatoes with a little milk and butter, add a few tablespoonfuls of chopped meat, a beaten egg, and "mound" on a buttered pie-plate. Sprinkle with a handful of dry bread-crumbs, and bake for fifteen minutes.

## Ghat.

THE desire for some game for the amusement of guests at lawn parties who do not care to make the exertion that lawn tennis necessitates, has resulted in the invention of lawn bagatelle, which has the charm of novelty, and, besides, takes far less space than tennis, so is specially desirable for small grounds. Another very desirable feature about lawn bagatelle is that it can be played in a shady part of the garden or under trees, a decided recommendation for an outdoor amusement on a hot day. It requires a long, narrow strip of turf in shape like a bagatelle board, and a large canvas screen, semi-circular in form, is used in place of the cushion of a bagatelle board. The holes are formed by cups sunk into the ground, and there are nine balls, as for bagatelle. The game is played with long mallets, and the score is kept as for its prototype.

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INDOOR amusements have received an accession of novelty by the evolution of what is known as the "Chinese" party, from the familiar "donkey" party. A melancholy Mongolian, bereft of his queue, is represented, in bold relief against a bright red screen, as if silently entreating that the missing and highly-prized appendage should be restored. Each participant in the sport is blindfolded in turn, then turned around thrice, and with the missing queue in the outstretched right hand endeavors to restore it to its proper place. The effect of a braided pigtail pendent from the chin, like an exaggerated "goatee," or from the pensive eye or *retroussé* nose of the patient Chinaman, is irresistibly ludicrous; and certainly if the amount of amusement afforded were the criterion for the award of the prize, the first prize, rather than the "booby" prize, should be given to the one who makes the most novel disposition of the queue.

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WHITE flowers have been in special request during the summer for table decorations. "White dinner-tables," with white lamp and candle shades, white china, and cut glass, with no color whatever in the decorations, have been quite the fashion; and occasionally a few red roses or other bright-colored flowers have been thrown carelessly on the table, furnishing an effective bit of color amid the pure white. Green and white, pink or red and white, and mauve and white—irises being used for the latter, maiden-hair and grasses for the green, and roses for the pink and red—have been most in favor. At a recent dinner-party, over two hundred roses were scattered over the table.

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ONE of the most prominent characteristics of Americans, according to the opinion of foreigners, is the eminently practical quality of their ideas on all subjects, and most Americans are rather proud than otherwise of the distinctive trait; but a measurer of vessels in the Boston Custom House, who has applied himself to calculating the size of heaven and the space each individual in this and a number of other worlds like it (who is fortunate enough to get there) should be entitled to, has carried the matter rather too far,—to its extreme limit, in fact,—and may justly be regarded as the champion "practicalist" of the world. He bases his calculations on Rev. xxi. 16: "And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." From this statement he figures it out thus: "Twelve thousand furlongs—7,920,000 feet cubed = 496,793,088,000,000,000 feet. Reserving one-half of this space for the throne and court of Heaven, and one-half of the remainder for streets, we have 124,198,272,000,000,000 feet remaining. We will suppose the world did, and always will, contain 900,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts 31 1-8 years, making in all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 1,000,000 years or 10,000 centuries, which will give 29,700,000,000,000 inhabitants. Now, suppose there are 100 worlds like this, equal in the number of inhabitants and duration of years, a total of 2,970,000,000,000,000 persons, there would be more than 100 rooms, 16 feet square, for each and every person."

Everyone who chooses to take the trouble can prove the correctness of this utilitarian's calculations; but he has the best of it in other respects, for no one can disprove the correctness of his ideas about the apportionment of the space.



# What Women are Doing.

**Miss Annette Whitney** conducts a successful insurance business in Osage, Iowa.

**The Dowager Empress Frederick** of Germany enjoys an income from all sources of about \$350,000 a year.

**The W. C. T. U.** women of Minneapolis are about to open a coffee palace large enough to accommodate two thousand people a day.

**The Alumnae** of Vassar College have already raised \$40,000 for the "Maria Mitchell Endowment Fund," to establish an astronomical chair at Vassar College in her honor.

A daughter of the Chief Justice of the United States is to enter a law office and study for the legal profession. She has just graduated from college.

A graduate from the Woman's Art School of the Cooper Union, in New York, is employed by Vantine, the importer of Oriental goods, to adapt the patterns of Oriental rugs for our markets, and they are afterwards woven in the looms of Asia.

**Miss Mary Allen West**, editor-in-chief of the "Union Signal," is about to take a year's vacation. During her absence Miss Julia Ames will be editor-in-chief, while Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew will take Miss Ames's position as associate editor.

**Mrs. J. Napier Higgins**, author of "The History of Europe in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries," has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, being the first woman to receive that honor since the time of Hannah More.

A Washerwomen's Association has just been organized in Little Rock, Arkansas, among the colored women, and legally incorporated. The association expects to aid and care for members in times of illness and distress, and to further the interests of the laundry business in various ways.

**Mrs. Florence Wischnewetsky**, who has done so much for the amelioration of the condition of working-women, both in New York and Philadelphia, is the daughter of Judge W. D. Kelley. She was educated at Cornell and at a German university, and is now President of the Working-women's Society of Philadelphia.

**Rev. Phœbe Hanaford**, pastor of the Church of the Holy Spirit, in New Haven, Connecticut, began preaching in 1866, and, although nearly sixty-six years of age, she has dark wavy hair, her dark eyes and well-cut features are still youthful in expression, and her step is as elastic as that of a girl of twenty.

**The "Anna M. Kellogg Memorial Hall,"** at Chautauqua, half of which was placed at the disposal of the W. C. T. U., was in charge, during the season, of Mrs. John Martin, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Mary E. Layton, late of Evanston, Illinois, who made it a most delightful place of meeting and rest for the visitors to that delightful resort.

**Mrs. Sallie D. Proctor**, widow of the late Professor Proctor, at the request of friends has decided to deliver a number of Professor Proctor's lectures next winter. The subjects she has chosen are the "Sun," "Moon," and "Other Worlds Than Ours." Mrs. Proctor will make use of the lantern and slides employed by her late husband.

**Mrs. Sarah Yewdall**, of Philadelphia, who is now seventy-six years of age, is one of the most successful business women in the United States. When, at fifty years of age, she became a widow, with five children to maintain, she made herself familiar with her husband's business, and now carries on the worsted mills at Hestonville with even greater success than he did.

**Mrs. Charles Carleton Coffin** has sent to the War Department a new design for the forty-two stars in the flag. It has thirteen of the stars made into a six-pointed star for the center, to symbolize the thirteen original States. The rest of the stars are to be arranged about this in straight rows. The device is much admired by army officers who have seen it.

**Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer**, President of Sorosis, is a firm believer in women's clubs. She says: "I would advise every working girl to belong to a working-women's union. Women have been too much alone; they have lost confidence in themselves and are timid. Where women enter professions, I would advocate their belonging to clubs; for social intercourse, sympathy, and appreciation are necessary to women."

**Lady Randolph Churchill**, who was Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York, has, under the signature Jennie S. Churchill, recently published a very interesting account of a trip to Russia. She has become thoroughly identified with her husband's country and politics, and was the founder of the Primrose League, named in honor of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, although it is now denied that the primrose was his favorite flower.

**Mrs. Anna Hughes**, of Janesville, Wisconsin, was left a widow, a few years ago, with a good farm. She made it a dairy farm, and has carried on the business ever since, keeping one hundred and twenty head of cattle, six to eight hired men, selling from six hundred to seven hundred quarts of milk per day, and having no help whatever in the house. She was for years a teacher, studied at Berlin College and Leroy Seminary, is an expert in oil painting, and now, in middle life, is a vigorous and able woman, whose opinion on financial matters is respected by the best business men of her town.

**Carlotta Patti** was three years older than her more famous sister Adelina, having been born in Florence, Italy, in 1840. She had a most phenomenal voice, and there are many who always awarded to her the palm of excellence in preference to Mme. Patti-Nicolini; among them Queen Victoria, who invited her to court, and is said to have addressed her in these words: "Never in my life has any singer so pleased and charmed me." A slight lameness debarred her from appearing but rarely in operatic rôles, but her few appearances demonstrated that she possessed dramatic talent of a high order. She was, however, always warmly welcomed upon the concert stage, and was always gracious in her manner that her audience felt that it was a pleasure for her to afford them pleasure. She was the wife of Ernest de Munck, a violoncellist, and for some years past she taught singing in Paris. She had many warm friends in New York and in Paris.

**Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler**, widow of ex-President Tyler, who died recently at the age of sixty-nine years, was a Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, at the eastern extremity of Long Island, and in her youth was an acknowledged belle and reigning beauty in the social world of New York and Washington. Her death recalls the tragedy which brought about her marriage to President Tyler. In 1844, having just returned from a European tour, she and her father were the guests of President Tyler on a pleasure excursion on the war steamer Princeton, when the festivities were marred by the explosion of a gun on the vessel, and Miss Gardiner's father was among those killed. His body was taken to the White House, and naturally, under the circumstances, she was thrown a great deal into the society of the President; and the intimacy resulted in their marriage. During her short reign at the White House, Mrs. Tyler presided with a dignity and grace that endeared her to all who met her; and her charming courtesy and elegant hospitality at their home at "Sherwood Forest" will never be forgotten by those who were her guests. She was buried at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia, beside ex-President Tyler.

**The "Elizabeth Thompson Science Fund,"** established by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist, of Stamford, Connecticut, now amounts to \$25,000; and as accumulated income is again available, the trustees are prepared to receive further applications for appropriations in aid of scientific work, and new grants are to be made at the end of 1889. This endowment is not intended for the benefit of any one department of science, but preference is given to such investigations as cannot otherwise be provided for, and those which have for their object the advancement of knowledge or the benefit of mankind in general, rather than matters of merely local importance; neither are the grants given only in this country, for Canada, England, Germany, and Italy have shared the benefit with America. About twenty grants have already been conferred, the objects including, among others equally interesting and beneficial, investigations relating to the absorption of heat by odorous gases; animal heat in health and disease; underground temperatures; the effects of stress and strain on the physical properties of matter; the cyclonic phenomena in New England; the manner and velocity with which magnetism is propagated along an iron bar; for experiments on the resorption of light by the earth's atmosphere; and for the construction of an apparatus to be used in researches on atmospheric electricity.



# The World's Progress.

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

## Maria Mitchell.

The noted astronomer Maria Mitchell died at Lynn, Massachusetts, on June 28, of a brain disease from which she had been suffering for some time. The career of this talented woman began early in life and lasted an exceptionally long time. Miss Mitchell was born on the island of Nantucket, Massachusetts, on August 1, 1818. Her father was William Mitchell, a teacher and astronomer, and Maria, when only eleven years of age, became his assistant in his astronomical observations and computations, and acquired her education under her father's tuition. At eighteen years of age, Miss Mitchell was appointed librarian of the Nantucket Athenæum, which position she filled for twenty years. She still pursued her studies and researches in astronomy, and on October 11, 1847, she discovered a comet, and this discovery introduced the young astronomer to the notice of the world; she received a gold medal from the King of Denmark and a copper medal from the Republic of San Marino, Italy. In 1858 she visited Europe, and while there was the honored guest of Sir John Herschel and Sir George B. Airy, Le Verrier and Humboldt. The women of America, under the leadership of Miss Elizabeth Peabody of Boston, presented Miss Mitchell, upon her return, with a large telescope. In 1865 she was appointed Professor of Astronomy and Director of the Observatory at Vassar College, which post she retained until January, 1888, when she offered her resignation. This the trustees refused to accept, but granted her an indefinite leave of absence. She was employed in certain work for "The American Nautical Almanac" for some time, even after her appointment as a professor at Vassar. Of late years Miss Mitchell had made the study of sun-spots and the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn her special object. She was the first woman elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In 1852 Dartmouth College conferred upon her the degree of LL.D., and Columbia honored her with the same degree in 1887. Her published writings were wholly upon scientific topics, if we except a few poems contributed to a book entitled "Sea-weeds from the Shores of Nantucket," published in 1853.

## A Peculiar Pond.

One of the wonderful natural curiosities of Georgia is a pond about seventeen miles east of Cordele, called Haw Pond, which has a singular habit of disappearing every year about the middle of June. It is situated in a low place, with hills on every side sloping down to it. In fact, from any direction, miles distant, the approach to the pond is all downhill. In the fall, when there is a good deal of rain, Haw Pond fills up, and in the spring there is fine fishing there; but about the same time every year, on or about the thirteenth of June, the water will gradually go down a few feet, there is a rush of water, a tremendous roar, and all at once every drop of water disappears. Every year crowds gather to witness the disappearance of the lake, and have not yet been disappointed. But it is not a very safe place to visit. For miles around the ground is very unstable, and a few weeks ago the bottom "dropped out" in one place near the lake, and now only the tops of the trees can be seen above ground.

## A Rival of Indian Corn.

A possible rival to Indian corn has been lately added to the food-plants produced in this country. This new plant is called sweet cassava, and is closely related to the *vicinus*, or castor-bean, which it resembles, although it is a handsomer plant than *vicinus*. It bears very little seed, and is not propagated from seed, but from cuttings of the larger stems; and the roots produce great tubers, sometimes three or four feet in length, which seem to be a most wholesome article of food for men or cattle. By manufacture, cassava may be converted into starch, tapioca, and glucose, with scarcely any waste. In the tropics, cassava flour is used for making crackers or wafers, which are very palatable and will keep for months; and Florida housekeepers have used it for making bread, puddings, custards, etc., while as a vegetable it may be cooked in all ways that white potatoes are. On the southern border of the United States there are considerable areas admirably adapted to growing this remarkable plant as a staple article of home consumption; and its manufacture into starch, tapioca, and glucose, may become a leading industry in Florida. As to the yield per acre, no satisfactory estimate has yet been made; it will probably vary greatly under various conditions. A single plant has been known to produce

fifty pounds of tubers, but this is exceptional. Certainly, however, the plant will yield enormously under favorable conditions, and its uses are so numerous that it cannot fail to soon become a staple product.

## A Buried City.

A buried city, hitherto unknown to the civilized world, has been lately discovered in Olancho, Honduras, and Mr. A. J. Miller has obtained from the Honduras government the exclusive right of excavation. The ruins were found in the new Department of Mosquito, about two hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the Partook River. They may be approached only by the river, no path or track leading to them for miles. The Central American Indians of this region are the Peyas, but none of their traditions point to the existence of these ruins, which antedate the oldest civilization. The ruins, half-buried under the debris of ages and overgrown by a great forest, are about two miles square in extent, and show evidence of having been a city surrounded by a wall. Within the city was discovered an immense workshop where ancient Indian sculptors worked. Many beautiful designs in white granite—a stone which is found nowhere else in this immediate section of Honduras—have already been found. Immense tablets of stone, bowls on three legs, carved blocks of various sizes, weighing from twenty-five to six hundred pounds, urns and vases ornamented with curious hieroglyphics, or heads of snakes, turtles, tigers or rude human forms, were found among the relics. Further excavations will undoubtedly reveal still more rare treasures of great antiquity.

## Intelligent Swallows.

France is threatened with a peculiar calamity, and has been warned thereof by the Zoological Society. It seems that the fancy for using swallows as a millinery garniture has led to a line of campaign against them which the intelligent little migrants have noticed. Wires connected with electric batteries have been laid along the coast of the Department of the Bouches du Rhône, which is one of the great landing-places for swallows coming from Africa, and the birds, wearied with their flight across the Mediterranean, perch upon the wires and are struck dead. Their bodies are then prepared for the milliner and sent by cratefuls to Paris. Thousands of swallows have been yearly disposed of in this way for some years; but this last spring the swallows demurred against this wholesale manner of electrocution, and landed further east and west. The gnats and other flying insects on which they live did not join in the boycott, however, and the loss to agriculturists threatens to be very serious unless the swallows again take up their summer quarters in France.

## A Postal Tube Across the English Channel.

A plan to lay postal tubes from Dover to Calais is contemplated in England. Two tubes of about a yard each in diameter are to be suspended by steel cables across the Channel, about one hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea. Pillars at distances of twenty-four hundred feet apart will support the steel cables, and in each tube will be run a diminutive railway with cars carrying four hundred and fifty pounds weight. No greater weight will be taken, and the cost of the whole will be only about \$5,000,000.

## Government Schools in China.

After peace had been declared between France and China in 1885, the viceroy Li Hung Chang obtained the imperial sanction to open schools at Tien-Tsin, where the flower of Chinese youth could be instructed in Western military and naval science. One class has already graduated from the military school, which has one hundred and fifty pupils, and four German professors. The instruction is entirely in the Chinese and German languages. The naval school, under the direction of Mr. Yen Tsung Kwang, a graduate of the Royal Naval School at Greenwich, England, has one hundred and twenty pupils, and is divided into two departments: the executive, for training naval officers; and the engineering, for training engineers. The examinations are conducted very much in the same way as those at West Point and Annapolis, and the course of study includes all the higher branches of mathematics, which the clever Chinese mind masters with great facility. There are also, according to Consul Smither's report, government schools for instruction in telegraphy and medicine. The latter, which has a hospital attached, is about to be reorganized with an eminent foreign physician at its head. Besides these schools already mentioned, the new Anglo-Chinese College will soon be opened. The building for the college,—a fine Gothic structure,—situated on the left bank of the Peiho River, was commenced in 1887, and is now nearly completed. The organization of the college is not yet complete, but it will accommodate three hundred students, and its curriculum, more extended than that of the other schools, will embrace a general course of study in the English language and literature, as well as mathematics and the other sciences. Mr. C. D. Tenney, an American, now tutor to the viceroy's children, will be the principal of this college. The importance of these educational establishments at Tien-Tsin, fostered by the viceroy, cannot be overestimated. Perhaps we may yet have real reason to dread that the modern army and navy of China, under the dictates of a government inspired with resentful feeling on account of our inhospitable behavior to its immigrating citizens, may threaten us with some such visitation as that General Bryce has so graphically portrayed in his amusing novel "A Dream of Conquest."



### Discovery of an Assyrian Library 3,500 years old.

At the annual meeting of the Victoria Institute of London, Professor Sayce's address, read by Rev. Dr. Wright, was given a vote of thanks by the Institute. It gave an historical description of what has become known in regard to the conquests of Amenophis III., as shown by the archives of his palace, which have only lately been discovered, and which the Professor went last winter to investigate on the spot before writing the address for the Victoria Institute. Of the tablets and inscriptions, he said:

"From them we learn that in the fifteenth century before our era,—a century before the Exodus,—active literary intercourse was going on throughout the civilized world of Western Asia, between Babylon and Egypt and the smaller states of Palestine, of Syria, of Mesopotamia, and even of Eastern Kappadokia; and this intercourse was carried on by means of the Babylonian language, and the complicated Babylonian script. This implies that, all over the civilized East, there were libraries and schools where the Babylonian language and literature were taught and learned. Babylonian appeared to have been as much the language of diplomacy and cultivated society as French has become in modern times, with the difference that, whereas it does not take long to learn to read French, the cuneiform syllabary required years of hard labor and attention before it could be acquired. We can now understand the meaning of the name of the Canaanitish city which stood near Hebron, and which seems to have been one of the most important of the towns of Southern Palestine. Kirjath-Sepher, or 'Book-town,' must have been the seat of a famous library, consisting mainly, if not altogether, as the Tel el-Amarna tablets inform us, of clay tablets inscribed with cuneiform characters. As the city also bore the name of Debir, or 'Sanctuary,' we may conclude that the tablets were stored in its chief temple, like the libraries of Assyria and Babylonia. It may be that they are still lying under the soil, awaiting the day when the spade of the excavator shall restore them to the light. The literary influence of Babylonia in the age before the Israelitish conquest of Palestine explains the occurrence of the names of Babylonian deities among the inhabitants of the West. Moses died on the summit of Mount Nebo, which received its name from the Babylonian god of literature, to whom the great temple of Borsippa was dedicated; and Sinai itself, the mountain of 'Sin,' testifies to a worship of the Babylonian Moon-god, Siu, amid the solitudes of the desert. Moloch or Malik, was a Babylonian divinity like Rimmon, the Air-god, after whom more than one locality in Palestine was named; and Anat, the wife of Anu, the Sky-god, gave her name to the Palestinian Anah, as well as to Anathoth, the city of 'the Anat-goddesses.'"

### Ancient Funeral Wreaths.

By permission of the Director of the Royal Gardens, Kew, England, a series of ancient funeral wreaths and plant-remains, discovered last year in the cemetery of Hawara, Egypt, by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, were exhibited quite recently at the ladies' conversazione of the London Royal Society. These curious relics consisted of wreaths made in the first century B. C., and were found in wooden coffins, either resting on the heads or surrounding the bodies of the mummies. Some of the wreaths were very perfect, one, especially, of a species of immortelle called by the ancients "helichrysos." Pliny mentions the use of helichrysos wreaths, and other flowers used in making garlands: such as the woody nightshade berries, the flowers of the *polyanthus narcissus*, "the clustered narcissus" of the early Greek poets. "Recently," writes Pliny, in his history of garlands, "the rose chaplet has been adopted, and luxury has now arisen to such a pitch that rose garlands are held in no esteem at all if they do not consist entirely of petals sewn together with the needle." Such a garland was among the collection also. It was a perfect wreath of rose-petals, threaded by a needle on to strips of twine. Other wreaths were of various branches and flowers; one very curious garland, a portion only of which remained, having been made of cones of papyrus pith, lychnis, rose flowers, rose petals, and scarlet berries of the woody nightshade. Among the plant-remains—probably the remnants of the ancient funeral feasts held in the Hawara cemetery by the relatives of those who were buried there—were peach-stones, dates and date-stones, walnut-shells, currants, pomegranates, plums, figs, chick-peas, common garden beans and peas, lentils, wheat, barley, and oats.

### Artificial Silk.

An eminent French chemist, M. Chardonnet, has succeeded in producing a new textile fabric which bears the same relation to silk that celluloid does to ivory,—in short, an artificial silk. The production from celluloid of photographic films for the Eastman dry-plate process is one of the latest triumphs in that line of manufactures, but this new material seems yet more wonderful. It is prepared from cellulose (cotton, or other available substance of that nature), which, after being treated with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids in equal proportions, as for the making of gun-cotton, is dissolved in a mixture of alcohol and ether, to which is added some perchloride of iron or protochloride of tin and tannic acid. The solution thus obtained is placed in a vertical vessel terminating in a small tube, or in a diaphragm pierced with fine holes, so that it can run out into a vessel full of water slightly acidulated with nitric acid. A fine fluid filament comes out from this, which immediately takes on a solid consistency and forms a thread which can be wound on a spool. The thread thus obtained resembles silk very closely, and has the same tenacious, elastic qualities. Water, cold or warm, has no

effect on it, nor have acids and alkalies moderately concentrated. Any desired shade of color may be obtained by introducing coloring materials into the solution. One objection to this artificial silk is that it is extremely inflammable. Possibly this objection may be overcome by replacing the nitric acid with some other which will render it less combustible. When this is accomplished the new fabric will become useful.

### Flowers in Ice.

At expositions where medals of honor and prizes have been given for artificial ice, flowers may have been seen in ice. The exhibitor has had the children of the sun frozen in the ice to show how beautifully clear and transparent it was. But there are flowers that grow in the ice and unfold their blossoms there. To see such a wonder one must climb high in the Alps, to those regions where the glaciers are formed of the snow which becomes ice. The Alpine guides call the half-formed ice, *firn*. Coming in August to the edge of a firn-field, if fortune favors us we shall be surprised by a rare sight. Out of the snow fresh blooming flowers lift their heads, often in such quantities that ten or twenty flowers may be seen in the space of a square yard. One of these flowers especially attracts us,—the blue blossom of the soldanel. Its evergreen leaves grew on the earth beneath the sheet of firn; the stalks have been already prepared the year before, and have attained a scarcely perceptible height at a zero temperature. But when the summer sun again begins to melt the firn, and little rills of water flow under its covering, at a temperature never exceeding the point at which ice melts, the plant awakens to new life. The flower-stalks begin to grow buds, the warmth generated by the breathing of the plant melts the granular ice in the firn-field, and the soldanel bores a way through the ice, until its violet buds reach the upper surface and unfold into blossoms. But all the soldanels do not reach the surface; many of them remain prisoned in the ice, yet they do not perish. Cutting with ax and spade through the firn, single soldanels will be found, which have opened their blossoms before reaching the top. Such soldanels actually blossom in a little cavity in the ice, and resemble those plants or insects that are found embedded in amber or blown into glass balls. But the ice-flowers are alive, although they are somewhat crowded for room, and only push out their anthers while their petals remain folded. But if the soldanel blossoms are carefully taken out of their little ice-houses and their closed petals blown apart, the pollen may be seen to fly out.

### Snipe Surgery.

An interesting account of how birds treat wounds by surgical methods was recently presented to the Physical Society of Geneva by M. Fatio. In this it was stated that the snipe had been observed to apply a dressing of feathers to wounds, and even to bandage a broken leg. Any creature with legs as long and brittle as a snipe's ought really to know how to take care of them. A case recorded of a snipe, both of whose legs had been broken by a misdirected shot, is the most interesting example of snipe surgery. The poor creature contrived to apply dressings of feathers and a sort of splint to both limbs, but unfortunately, in doing so, its beak got wound fast with feathers, and, as it could not use its claws to get rid of them and open its mouth, it was nearly dead from hunger when it was found. In another case, a snipe that flew away with a broken leg was afterwards found to have forced the fragments into a parallel position and secured them by a ligature of a kind of flat-leaved grass wound around the limb spirally and fixed by a glue-like substance.

### Foreign Matters of Interest.

Everything in England, even the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales and the Earl of Fife, seems to be of little interest to the social world in comparison with the Shah of Persia's visit. The Prince of Wales has devoted himself assiduously to the entertainment of his royal visitor, and, apparently, has succeeded admirably. The Shah is said to converse in French, but with an almost unintelligible accent, and also to sketch with considerable facility; and one of his drawings has been published. The English press is full of stories about the Shah and historical sketches of Nasr-ed-din and his realm. Perhaps the Queen is more interested in the preparations for her granddaughter's marriage, for she has superintended all the arrangements herself. The bridegroom, Lord Fife, has been created Duke of Fife, and it is rumored that Prince Henry of Battenberg will probably become the Duke of Kent. Lord Tennyson, as poet-laureate, has been requested to write a nuptial ode in honor of the Princess's love-match, as her father, the Prince of Wales, declares it to be.

In Paris, strangers from all lands are as much objects of curiosity to each other as the many wonders of the Exposition. Our new Minister to France, Whitelaw Reid, is especially popular in Paris, and his handsome residence is the social center of Paris for Americans. The famous picture by Millet, "The Angelus," which sold for over \$100,000 at the Secretan sale, and was purchased by an American, is now on view at M. George Petit's gallery in Paris, and a subscription has been opened, some of the proceeds of which will go to the artist's widow. Boulanger, Dillon, and Rochefort have issued a manifesto to the French electors appealing for a judgment between themselves and the ministers of the Cabinet.

Bismarck is said to be in poor health, and politics are at a standstill in Germany. Russian affairs are as mysteriously uncertain as ever, but it is probable that peace will continue to reign in Europe,—until the Paris Exposition closes, at all events.





## REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—SEPTEMBER.

### PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 725.

It is easy, even for those who regard dress as among the important considerations of life, to obey the scriptural injunction "Take no thought for the morrow," respecting what shall be worn the ensuing season; for while the long summer days and all the pleasure they bring are being enjoyed to the utmost by those who have the leisure, active brains are directing busy hands, and with the first chill of autumn fresh fabrics and furbelows, bewitching bonnets and boots, and all the thousand-and-one indispensable items that contribute to the charming *tout ensemble* of a fashionable woman's toilet, will be in readiness awaiting her inspection, and she need only come, see, be conquered by the bewildering display, and equip herself to conquer when arrayed in the latest fashion that suits her individual style.

The toilets designed for late summer wear furnished the keynote for the early autumn fashions; and while as yet no striking novelties are presented, modifications of popular styles have imparted to them a degree of novelty. The popularity of the corsage of a different material from the skirt remains unabated, but while the skirt is made entirely of one material, the introduction of some of the skirt goods in the waist establishes a relationship between the parts which dispels any idea that the arrangement was adopted from any motive of economy.

An example of this is a costume made for a September visit to the sea-side, that has a skirt made of surah in large plaids of dark red and deep emerald-green with lines of gold-color, bright green, and bright red, which is laid all around in broad, double box-plaits, pressed flat but not fastened in excepting at the belt; and the basque—or waist, for it extends less than an inch below the waist line at the sides, and has short points back and front—of red cashmere elaborately trimmed with fine black soutache. The fronts open in jacket style over a full vest of the surah, shirred at the neck, and falling loosely in two fringed sashes for about half a yard over the skirt; and the leg-o'-mutton sleeves of the surah have deep pointed cuffs of the cashmere almost covered with soutache. The neck is without a collar and is slightly pointed back and front, and has

no finish save the shirring in the front, and the soutache on the back.

Costumes of cashmere or serge in solid color in combination with Scotch or fancy plaids, made in a similar style, will be popular this season, the vest finished at the waist in a full puff, or laid flat in diagonal drapery, a bias band of black velvet outlining the neck, and, if preferred, the sleeves in Empire style, in easy coat-shape with a high puff at the shoulder.

Skirts made of straight breadths, gathered, or laid in kilt or box plaits,—the plaits pressed in, but not secured on the inside,—will retain their vogue, dividing favor with simple draperies, and the straight panel and redingote effects that characterize the Directoire models. The bustle is entirely discarded; but the perfection of the dressmakers' art is to so arrange very small steels in the foundation skirt as to impart the proportional roundness to the figure, without allowing a hint of their use.

The Directoire cape which, made of *écru*, white, or red cloth pinked on the edges, has been so fashionable at summer resorts, is the popular small wrap for ladies and misses, but less conspicuous colors are preferred for city streets, tan-color, brown, dark green, and black being most frequently chosen. For driving and evening wraps this is also a favorite style, especially when made of white cloth braided with gold or silver, or trimmed with gold or silver passementerie; and frequently a wired Medici collar, sometimes made entirely of the passementerie, is added.

The new colors are especially handsome, and will combine effectively with black, which has again come into prominence as a garniture. There are numerous shades of red, those designated under the name of *Centenaire* ranging from a bright poppy-color to a very dark, dull tint; the greens include the serpent and moss shades, as well as the brighter emerald and grass tints; the lighter blues are slightly tinged with gray, and we still have the familiar marine shades; and the browns include the coffee tints, and the red and seal shades.

For information received regarding ladies' underwear, thanks are due to Stern Brothers; for costumes, etc., to B. Altman & Co.; and for children's and infants' clothing, to Best & Co.



## Traveling or Walking Costume.

A STYLISH costume, suitable for early autumn traveling, or for autumn or winter street wear. The illustration represents it made in blue-and-gray checked camels'-hair serge, with a vest of gray ladies'-cloth embroidered with blue. The hat is of blue French felt with a rolling brim and moderately high crown, trimmed with blue-and-gray changeable surah brocaded with red and gold, which is disposed in a loose *rouleau* and a large, soft bow.

The patterns are the "Redenta" jacket and the "Redenta" drapery, the latter mounted on a gored foundation skirt. The arrangement of the back and opposite side of the drapery is shown below. The jacket is a trifle shorter in the back than in front, and has a shallow plait at the middle seam. Any of the materials suitable for autumn or winter wear can be made after these designs: the patterns are fully described on page 712.

## Riding-Habits.

VIGOROUS out-door sports are more the fashion among our young women this season than ever. Rowing, swimming, sailing, and shooting filled a great part of their programme for summer amusements, and in the early autumn months the equestrians and tricycle riders add variety in costume to the picturesque groups of young sportswomen at our mountain resorts.

The correct style in riding-habits has not varied from that of last season, with the neat, single-breasted, close-fitting basque, and short skirt fitted with knee-gores to adjust it to the figure when in the saddle. Fine "faced" cloth, in black, dark blue, dark green, maroon, and a very dark slate-color, is the regulation material for a riding-dress to be worn in the city; but for country riding any light-weight cloth of dark color, or even mohair, may be used. A little very dainty braiding is permissible on some of the finer habits, but excess of ornament only detracts from the elegant and stylish appearance of the fair rider.

The dressiest of equestrians vary the extreme simplicity of their stylish habits with dainty white piqué vests, which show at the throat where the basque is turned back in tiny lapels, and below the waist where it is slightly cut away.

To secure a neat appearance on horseback, the skirt ought to be secured to the habit in some way; for the violent exercise sometimes disarranges the skirt at the belt so that an unsightly gap appears at the sides of the postilion, between the habit and skirt.

This can be obviated by sewing three large, strong hooks to the back of the skirt-band and at each side, and hooking them into eyes on the inside belt of the basque.

For park riding the silk hat is most worn; but for morning rides or in the country, a round-crowned felt derby is considered quite appropriate, while the double-visored jockey-cap of silk or pongee may be worn if it is preferred or considered more becoming.

Silver-mounted riding-whips are seen in a variety of styles; the prettiest has a short handle of plaited cord looped at the end, and is set with silver.



Redenta Drapery.—BACK.

## Ladies' Underwear.

FINE lawn and mull daintily trimmed with lace were most worn for underclothing during the summer months, but with cooler weather the heavier linens and cambries are usually substituted. Soft China silks, in cream, white, black, and all light colors, are liked by some ladies for all seasons, and with the present style of dress are very desirable because of their softness and not taking up much room.

Underwear of lawn, cambric, or silk, is made in sets to match or in separate pieces: one fancy among ladies who dress a good deal is to have a complete suit of underwear for each costume or toilet, matching the color of the dress or the color of the soft silk ribbons with which it is trimmed. While many refined ladies prefer neat simplicity in their underclothing, there are others for whom the most luxurious and elaborately trimmed garments are none too fine.

Quantities of finely plaited plat Val. lace, *point de Paris*, and Smyrna lace, and multitudinous hand-run tucks, elaborately wrought feather-stitching, and drawn-work, beautify the already beautiful garments of snowy lawn or delicate, crape-fine silk.

The prettiest chemises are those in Empire style, with a very low "baby" waist having an insertion of lace for a belt, to which is gathered a rather scant, long, trimmed skirt. Others are simply gathered in rather full to a narrow band, with narrow shoulder straps which may be dropped down out of sight if the garment be worn with a low or short-sleeved dress.

In any case, nearly all chemises have the body or skirt portion made pretty long, and trimmed either with a deep flounce of accordion-plaited lace, or a flounce whose fullness is obtained by fine lengthwise tucks, sometimes in clusters, run in to about two-thirds of its depth, and then tucked around near the edge, which is finished with embroidery set



Traveling or Walking Costume.

REDENTA JACKET.

REDENTA DRAPERY.

GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.



on almost plain, or lace plaited finely. Some chemises are made of the embroidered flouncing which is usually sold for dresses, and this is made in one full breadth gathered at the top into a tiny yoke of lace, or mounted as an Empire chemise, with a band or belt of lace or embroidery, and the full low waist tied together at the back with inch-wide ribbon.

Although chemises are made so long (to avoid the necessity of extra skirts), drawers are as short as possible, and made very wide; and are usually opened a little on the outside, or, rather, cut up at the fold opposite the seam in the leg, and the edging of plaited lace or embroidery is carried around the opening, as garniture is put on a dress-sleeve, and clusters of ribbon loops are added at the top of the opening. Sometimes, if extra fullness be desired under dresses of light material, the drawers and short skirt of soft China silk are trimmed with deep accordion-plaitings of plat Val. lace and mounted on one belt, which saves extra material at the waist while it imparts the desired fullness below.

Night-ropes are in as great variety of styles. They are exquisite Directoire and Empire gowns in black, white, écreu, old gold, pale green, blue, pink, or crushed strawberry, of soft, clinging silk, tucked, puffed, and feather-stitched about the neck and sleeves, the latter usually having pretty little bands at the wrists, into which the fullness is gathered, forming a most becoming puff. Other styles are as exquisite in their simplicity,—nothing but fine lawn or cambric,—with drawn-work tucks down the front, around the neck, and forming the wristbands.

Corset-covers are not very much used, but are fitted carefully, and not much trimmed, except with beading run with narrow ribbon.

### Thyrza Redingote.

WITH slight modifications, this model is equally suitable for a house dress, an independent garment for street wear, or a complete walking-costume.



Thyrza Redingote.  
BACK.

The front view shows it as a costume made of shaded brown cheviot with a brown velvet vest, and the puffs omitted from the sleeves; the omission of the plaited skirt-piece will transform it into a redingote that can be made in any appropriate material for autumn or winter use, and worn with different skirts; and the back view represents it made in plain and figured cashmere for a house dress.

For the latter purpose the puffs are added to the coat-sleeves, and they and the plaited skirt-piece, the vest, and the front of the collar are of the figured goods. The contrasting material might also be used for a broad band at the foot of the redingote, and up the fronts to the shoulders, omitting the revers and graduating the band to a becoming width at the

top; and a good way to finish the upper end at each side would be to cut it off like the upper edge of the revers. The skirt can be cut any desired length at the back.

For a street costume or a redingote, it is stylishly made in solid-colored or checked cloth, with the vest and front of the collar faced with velvet, or made of cloth and trimmed with braiding or rows of braid. In case velvet were used, the skirt-piece might be of velvet, either plaited or plain; or a separate skirt could be worn.

The pattern is very simple (the vest is faced on, not a separate piece), and is fully described on page 712.

### Early Autumn Costumes.

As surely as the Empire drove out the Directory, so steadily is the more feminine prettiness of the Empire styles encroaching upon the mock severity of those known as the Directoire. The coquettish masculinity of the Directoire style has indeed almost subordinated itself to the elegance of the Empire fashions, so that it is rather a modification or foundation for the latter than a style of its own.

One of the most charming of recent importations illustrates this development of fashion. It is a dark chestnut-brown faille with occasional threads of gold shot through the otherwise somber fabric. The skirt is full, but plain up to within fourteen inches of the belt, where it is laid in fine flat plaits stitched down with the effect of tucks. The coat, or basque, has long slender postilions at the back, with large velvet-covered buttons at the waist line, and the front, cut off squarely in a line with the waist, opens over a vest of light yellowish-drab surah, pulled out full in front in blouse fashion. With this a wide, soft sash is worn, which is shirred over a whalebone in front to give it the effect of a pointed bodice, and tied at the side. The sash is of a slightly darker shade than the vest, and fringed at the ends with a little gold tinsel introduced.

The sleeves are full, plaited at the top to match the skirt, and the fullness above the plaits is pushed up to form a puff. At the wrist the sleeve is gathered into a silk band which is finished with an edging of gold braid. The straight collar and square-cut jacket-fronts are edged with the same.

Other costumes have various combinations of Breton, Directoire, and Empire effects; and even the tennis blouse is made up in silk, cashmere, or fine cloth, and worn with a plaited or draped skirt as a city street costume.



Thyrza Redingote.—FRONT.



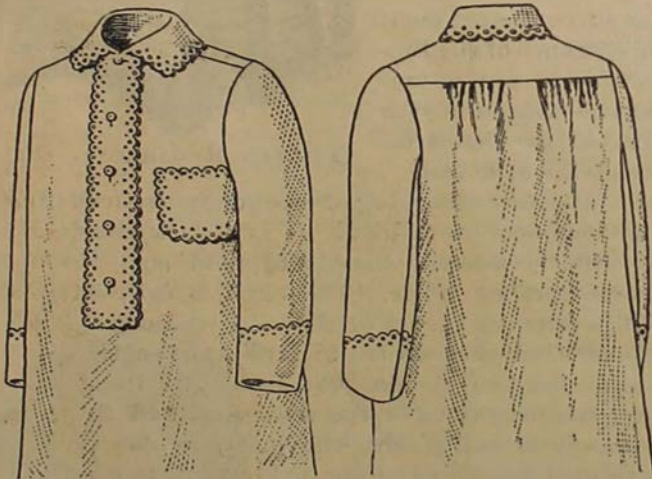
### Directoire Basque.

FOR an "all round" practical model, this pattern can be recommended. If one wants a dressy basque in Directoire style, it can be made as illustrated, using silk or fine woolen goods for the basque, velvet for the revers, and an embroidered or brocaded material for the simulated vest and the front of the collar, and finishing the "leg-o'-mutton" sleeves with deep frills of lace at the wrists. If the basque be needed to complete a natty, tailor-made suit, the revers may be omitted, and the vest effect produced by horizontal rows of narrow silk braid with the ends turned under in loops and each fastened with a tiny, braid-covered button; the plait may be omitted from the middle of the back and the seam left



Directoire Basque.

open to the waist, or a very narrow lap may be allowed; and a plain coat-sleeve (for which almost everyone has a pattern) can be substituted for the full style. Or, if a still plainer garment be desired, the plait can be omitted from the back and the seam closed plainly, the revers can be omitted, the two outer points at the bottom of the front can be cut off, and perfectly plain coat-sleeves used; with these modifications it is suitable for the simplest materials and most practical uses. Full particulars about the pattern will be found on page 712.



### Yoke Night-Shirt.

LINEN or India or surah silk for summer, and shirting muslin, silesia, Canton flannel, or twilled or plain flannel for winter, are the materials usually chosen for night-shirts, and the style of finish depends on the material chosen and the taste of the maker or wearer. Practical people usually consider plain stitching the best and most appropriate finish; but those of more luxurious tastes use embroidery or narrow ruffles, and some particularly fastidious individuals, it is rumored, decorate their night-ropes of delicately tinted surah silk with frills of Valenciennes lace at the neck and wrists, and down the front of the bosom.

This model, which has a *sacque* front and yoke back, is specially liked. It can be cut any length desired. See page 712 for full particulars about the pattern, which is furnished in sizes for gentlemen and boys.



Directoire Cape.

### Directoire Cape.

THIS convenient little garment—variously designated as the "Directoire," "Carrick," or "Coachman's" cape—is a general favorite for ladies and misses, and is made in black, colored, and fancy cloths of medium weight, with the edges pinked in small scallops or finished with a single row of machine-stitching. The former method of finishing is preferred when a light-weight garment is desired, as it obviates the necessity for lining the separate pieces: for a heavier garment, each piece is lined with silk. The pattern is furnished in sizes for ladies and misses, and is fully described on page 712.

### Fancy Collars.

No. 1.—A collarette of wide-meshed gold net cut in a strip about two and a half inches wide and twenty-four inches long, and run with Nile-green "baby" ribbon, which forms loops at each end.

No. 2.—Directoire collar made of black *trou-trou* net and narrow lilac ribbon. The piece of net is three inches wide and about a yard long, and the lilac ribbon is run through the meshes and fastened in loops at the top and bottom of the collar. Between the ribbon stripes, the lace is plaited in to fit a band large enough to go around the neck.



No. 1.—Collarette.

### Early Autumn Millinery.

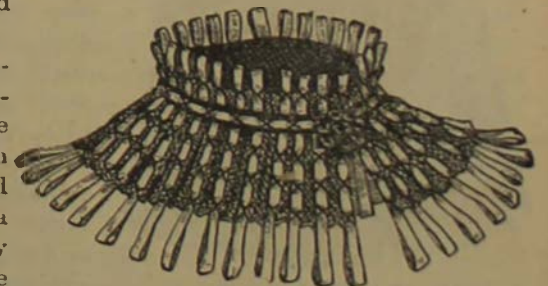
No. 1.—Black straw hat, with wide projecting brim rolled up at the back, where a large bow of black faille ribbon is placed. A wreath of black ostrich plumes encircles the crown, and a veil of fine black gauze is fast-

ened to the edge of the brim and drawn up at the back.

No. 2.—This pretty toque is of fine black English braid, trimmed with straps and loops of green velvet ribbon, and a bow across the front of the hat.

No. 3.—English walking-hat of dark brown straw. The garniture is brown velvet draped around the crown and arranged in a full bow in front, and a shaded brown wing and breast fastened at the back.

No. 4.—Directoire hat of steel-gray straw, the brim faced with black velvet and trimmed with a ruching of gray tulle around the edge. A scarf of



No. 2.—Directoire Collar.





No. 1.—Black Straw Hat.



No. 2.—Straw Toque.



No. 3.—English Walking-Hat.

the same tulle is draped around the crown, and a bow of mixed black velvet and gray ribbon loops fastens two gray ostrich plumes at the back, which droop forward at the crown.

No. 5.—Bonnet of black lace-straw, the crown low, and the indented flaring brim faced about two-thirds its depth with black velvet. The garniture is an immense rosette of velvet ribbons, black, pink, and straw-color, placed in front of the crown, and a bow of pink and straw-color is inside the brim. Black velvet-ribbon strings are tied under the chin.

No. 6.—Round hat of dark green English straw, with a wide brim rolled up at the back. A half-wreath of white-thorn with holly berries trims the hat in front, and at the back is a bow of pale green gros-grain ribbon, striped on the edges with darker green velvet.

### Children's Fashions.

THE pretty designs of the finer gingham for summer wear are seen reproduced in soft, light-weight woolens, yet the preference for dark, plain colors is noticeable in the selection of dresses for children.

The quaint, short-waisted, long-skirted dresses to be worn with a guimpe are still liked, and they have little garniture except, perhaps, a narrow shoulder-puff, or some rows of velvet ribbon on the waist and skirt.

The Empire dresses, with "baby" waists and yokes, or made full to be worn over a guimpe, are worn by children of all ages, and are perhaps more becoming to slender little ones than any other style. The Directoire gowns, precisely like those worn by ladies, are exceedingly becoming to

young girls, and this style is used for many of their costumes intended for church wear or "best" street dresses. A handsome dress for a brunette of fourteen is a dark gray mohair made in Directoire style, with soft silk vest of a lighter shade of gray, and the broad revers and cuffs of hunters'-green surah. A sash of green surah with fringed ends completes the costume.



No. 4.—Directoire Hat.



No. 5.—Straw and Velvet Bonnet.



No. 6.—Green Straw Hat.



It is not difficult to modify almost any dress into a Directoire design, by the addition of the two wide lapels, a full vest, and a sash of silk, although, for the full effect, the redingote back is better.

For ordinary school and play dresses, the sailor or blouse suits of light-weight flannels are still unequalled in popularity. Boys and girls alike wear them, and they may be made of any material suitable to the season, as well as of flannel. Jersey suits are also worn.

The "Connemara" cloak is the favorite style of early autumn wrap for misses and little girls; and for smallest children there are pretty double capes of accordion-plaited mohair or cashmere, which are charming. These have coat sleeves under the upper cape. Brown, dark blue, mahogany, and crushed strawberry are some of the colors in these.

Dressy suits for small boys are made like the "Lord Fauntleroy," yet a very jaunty style is quite different from that. It has a short Spanish jacket with square fronts, and knickerbockers, and may be of velvet, velveteen, or fine broad-cloth. A full blouse-waist of fine white cambric is worn with this becoming little suit, which is very picturesque for a boy who is enjoying his "first pair."



**Gulnare Redingote.**  
BACK.

### Infants' Clothing.

THE foibles of fashion are not very apparent in the dainty garments designed for the little strangers who are beginning their earthly pilgrimage with us all the time. Yet wherever a caprice of fashion can find a resting-place, there it may be found, even upon the downy pillow of the new baby's basket-bed. This is the latest and safest means of carrying the baby around. A moderately deep willow-basket, strong and large enough to cradle a baby up to three months old, is lined throughout with silesia, pink or blue, over a liberal layer of wadding, and over this is a covering of shirred dotted mull. It is trimmed with a deep fall of plaited or gathered lace around the edge, and with loops of ribbon. A small, square pillow, covered to match, is placed in the basket, which is then ready for the baby.

Dainty feather-stitching, fine, hand-run tucks, and narrow Valenciennes lace are the garnitures for the sheer nainsooks of which the baby's first dresses are made. The perfection of the work is more looked for than the quantity of it, and the prettiest slips are those made with small round yokes of alternating rows of feather-stitching and hem-stitched pin-tucks, and full sleeves with tiny wristbands matching the yokes. The skirts of the first dresses are not usually much trimmed; but the larger sizes of infants' long robes are trimmed, often to half their depth, with alternating insertions of lace and rows of tucks, and edged with lace. Fine plat Val. lace is preferred to embroidery, yet some



**Ocella Basque.**

of the new Hamburg embroideries are so fine that they are considered suitable to use on the finest skirts and dresses, which are otherwise entirely hand-made.

Little wrappers, which are often worn over the dress for late summer outings, are of finest white cashmere embroidered delicately on the edges, with white, pink, or blue silk; and for baby to put on after the bath on cool mornings, are pretty wadded gowns of white, pink, or blue albatross, tufted with knots of zephyr worsted of the same color, and finished on the edges with an elaborate blanket-stitching of the same wool.

### Ocella Basque.

A DESIGN suitable for all seasonable materials, and effectively made in two materials, although one could be used throughout. The back has three points, the same as the front. If a single-breasted front be desired, the pattern can easily be cut off in a line with the middle point and the notch at the top; and the puff and pointed piece on the sleeve can be omitted, and a plain coat-sleeve will be the result. Full directions about the pattern will be found on page 712.



**Redingote Costume.**  
GULNARE REDINGOTE. FULL SKIRT.

For this graceful costume the "Gulnare" redingote is combined with a skirt (for which we do not furnish a special pattern) which may be a full gathered one made of straight breadths, or the "Kilt-plaited" skirt illustrated in miniature in the January number, or even a plain gored one.

### Redingote Costume.

FOR this graceful costume the "Gulnare" redingote is combined with a skirt (for which we do not furnish a special pattern) which may be a full gathered one made of straight breadths, or the "Kilt-plaited" skirt illustrated in miniature in the January number, or even a plain gored one.

The redingote is a modification of the Directoire style; and the use of a different material for the vest and revers will improve the effect when heavy materials are used. If it should be desirable to show more of the skirt, the side-panels of the redin-



**Phillina Jacket.**





Margerie Dress.

gote can be omitted, as they are added to the waist, while the back pieces are cut full length. See page 712 for full particulars about the pattern.

Phillina Jacket.

A JACKET is always a favorite garment for autumn wear, especially for girls. The "Phillina" is extremely simple in design, fitted just about the right degree for undeveloped figures, and can be made in any material suitable for the purpose. While a contrasting material for the revers is most effective, it is not obligatory; indeed, the revers may be omitted from both front and back, and the braid

trimming from the front, and a jacket suitable for the most practical uses will be the result. The pattern is fully described, and the sizes furnished are stated on page 712.



Miss's Costume.  
MURIEL WAIST.  
KILT-PLAITED SKIRT.

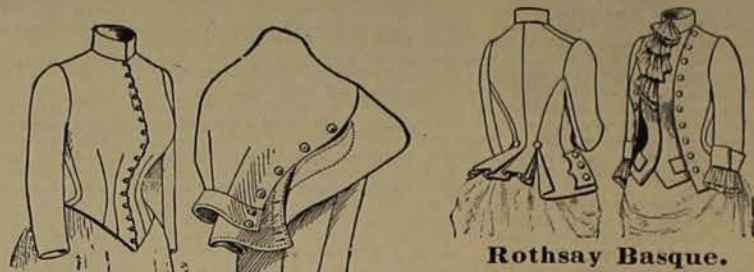
Margerie Dress.

THIS quaint little dress is really the simplest style—excepting a plain sacque—that can be made. It consists of a full skirt joined to a plain round waist which is faced with another material, thus giving the effect of a jacket opening over a guimpe; and the full sleeves, while adding to the effect, can be replaced by a plain coat-shape, if preferred. The model is suitable for all the materials that are used for the dresses of small children, and for these feather-stitching is always an appropriate garniture. Embroidery with washable goods, and surah silk or embroidery with cashmere and other soft woollens, are suitable combination materials. See page 712 for directions about the pattern.

Miss's Costume.

THE "Muriel" waist and the "Kilt-plaited" skirt (illustrated in miniature in the January number) are combined to form this practical model, which is especially suitable for a school dress of flannel or any seasonable woolen goods. The waist has box-plaits back and front attached to a yoke. The belt may be of the same material, or of leather. See page 712 for particulars about the waist pattern, and the January Magazine for directions about the skirt.

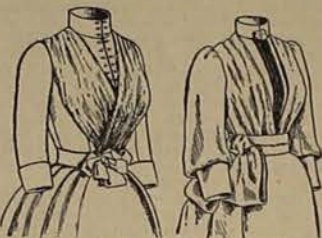
Standard Patterns.



Rothsay Basque.



Diana Riding-Habit.



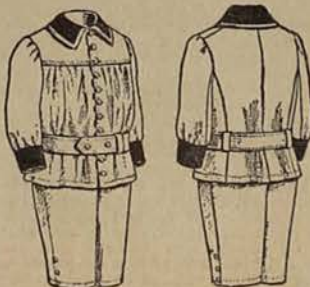
Surplice Waist. Clementina Waist.



Romelda Drapery.



Kassala Redingote.



Morgan Suit.

Loyse Sleeve.



Coralie Dress. Rosa Apron.



Alma Blouse. "Mother Hubbard" Infant's Slip. Infant's Wrapper. Night-Dress. Lilla Bonnet.

Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on Page 712.

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



## Descriptions of Our Cut Paper Patterns.

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

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

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

**THYRZA REDINGOTE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, revers, side gore, side form, back, skirt for back, collar, three pieces of the sleeve, and plaited skirt for front. The revers is to be placed on the front in a line with the row of holes. The front can be faced forward of the row of holes and the front dart, to simulate a vest. The holes in the collar show how far it is to be faced to match the vest. The plaited skirt piece for the front is to be laid in a broad side-plait turned toward the front, and then lapped under the front so that the holes in both will match. This can be omitted and an entire skirt used instead. The skirt for the back is to be gathered at the top, and sewed to the back piece in a reversed manner in a line with the row of holes. The full piece for the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and the lower edge placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. A medium size will require twelve yards of goods twenty-four inches wide and three-quarters of a yard to face the vest. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

**REDETA JACKET.**—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Vest, front, side gore, side form, back, two collars, cuff, and two pieces of the sleeve. The front is to be turned back in a line with the holes, to form the revers. The extension on the back piece is to be laid in a plait turned toward the front on the inside. The skirt in the back may be left open or closed down the middle. A medium size will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three-quarters of a yard for the vest. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

**DIRECTOIRE BASQUE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, revers, side gore, side form, back, collar, and sleeve. The revers is to be placed on the front with its front edge in a line with the holes. Forward of this row of holes and the front dart, the front can be faced to simulate a vest. The holes in the collar show how far it is to be faced to match the facing for the vest. The extension on the back piece is to be laid in a plait turned toward the front on the inside. The basque can either be closed all the way in the middle of the back, or left open below the waist line. The sleeve is to be gathered at the top between the holes; and an opening may be left at the wrist where most convenient, and secured with hooks or buttons. A medium size will require three and a quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and five-eighths of a yard to face the fronts. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

**REDETA DRAPERY.**—The pattern consists of 6 pieces: Front and right side in one piece, fan-plaiting for right side, pocket-lap, left side, half of the back, and belt. The notch at the top and the notch in the front edge of piece for the right side indicate the middle of the front. The piece is to be gathered at the top between the holes, and drawn in as may be necessary to fit the figure. The fan-plaiting is to be laid in three side-plaits, as indicated by the holes at the top, and then placed under the larger piece so that the clusters of holes will match. The holes in the pocket-lap match with the upper holes in the piece for the right side. The piece for the left side is to be lapped under the one for the right side, so that the notches at the top will match. The holes at the top denote five plaits to be turned toward the back on the outside, and back of these the top is to be gathered and drawn in to fit the figure. The piece for the back is to be laid at the top in one plait turned toward the front on the outside, and three turned toward the back. Nine yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required. Pattern a medium size.

**GORED FOUNDATION SKIRT.**—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Half of front, one side gore, half of back breadth, and belt. Sew to the belt with a shallow plait on each side of the front, near the seam; a shallow plait in each side gore, forward of the notch; and gather the side gore, back of the notch, with the back breadth. A medium size will require four and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in three sizes: 23 waist, 39 front; 25 waist, 40 front; 27 waist, 41 front.

**DIRECTOIRE CAPE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Five pieces of the cape, and a rolling collar. The largest piece may be made entirely of the material; or of silk (to serve as a lining) and faced at the bottom to the necessary depth. The rows of holes around the cape indicate where the upper edges of the two narrow pieces are to be placed, respectively. A medium size for ladies will require four and one-eighth yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in two sizes for ladies, medium and large.

**DIRECTOIRE CAPE.**—See above, for directions about the pattern. The size for twelve years will require two and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 12, 14, and 16 years.

**OCELLA BASQUE.**—The pattern consists of 10 pieces: Front, chemisette, side gore, side form, back, collar, and four pieces of the sleeve. The right front is to be cut like the pattern given. For the left front, place the chemisette under the pattern for the front so that the holes will match, and then turn the entire front edge under in a line with the notch at the neck and the middle point at the bottom. The full part of the sleeve (which can be omitted, if preferred) is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and the lower edge is to be placed at the row of holes across the coat-sleeve. The cluster of holes in the cuff is to match with the cluster in the outer side of the coat-sleeve. The size for fourteen years will require two and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one-half yard of contrasting goods. Patterns in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

**GULNARE REDINGOTE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Vest lining, full vest, outer front, side form, back, panel for side, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. The full vest is to be shirred from the top as far down as the row of holes, and laid in plaits below. It is to be placed on the vest lining so that the notches at the top and bottom of both will match. The outer front is to be turned back in a line with the holes, to form the revers. The upper edge of the panel is to be laid in two plaits turned toward the back on the outside. The extension on the front edge of the back piece is to be laid in a plait turned toward the back on the inside. The extension on the back edge of the same piece is to be laid in a plait turned toward the front on the inside. The skirt part may be open or closed down the middle. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. The size for twelve years will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

**MURIEL WAIST.**—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front and back of yoke, front and back of waist, side gore, collar and two pieces of the sleeve. The front and back are each to be laid in a box-plait on the outside. The size for twelve years will require two and a half yards of goods, twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 10, 12, and 14 years.

**PHILLINA JACKET.**—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, revers, side gore, side form, back, revers for back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The front edge of the revers for the front is to be placed to the row of holes. The size for ten years will require two yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and five-eighths of a yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

**MARGERIE DRESS.**—Half of the pattern is given in 5 pieces: Back and front of waist, two pieces of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The holes in the waist give the outline for the jacket effect. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes. The size for four years will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Sizes for 2 and 4 years.

**YOKE NIGHT-SHIRT.**—Half of the pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, lap for front, pocket, back, yoke for back, collar, and sleeve. The holes in the pocket match with those in the front. Double the lap for the front lengthwise, sew both of these cut edges to the left side of the opening down the front, and then fold it in a box-plait on the outside. The back is to be gathered between the holes at the top. The holes in the sleeve show how far it is to be faced to form a cuff. A medium size for gentlemen will require five and a half yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide. Patterns in two sizes for gentlemen, medium and large.

**YOKE NIGHT-SHIRT.**—See above for directions about the pattern. The size for fourteen years will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 12, 14, and 16 years.

**ROTHSAY BASQUE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 12 pieces: Vest, front, side gore, side form, back, collar, two pocket lapels, two pieces of the sleeve, and two pieces of the cuff. The holes in the smaller lapel match with those in the lower part of the vest. The holes in the larger lapel match with those in the side gore. The holes near the back edge of the side form show where the revers is to be turned over on the outside. The extension on the front edge of the back piece is to be laid in two side-plaits turned toward the back on the inside. The extension on the back edge of the back piece is to be laid in a side-plait turned toward the front on the inside. The back and side form seams are to be closed only as far down as the extensions. The cuff is to be lapped toward the back so that the holes will match. A medium size will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the basque, and three-quarters of a yard additional for the vest. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

**CLEMENTINA WAIST.**—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Two fronts, side gore, side form, back, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. Gather the outer piece of the front forward of the hole at the top and bottom. Gather the top of the outer piece of the sleeve between the holes, and place the under part to the row of holes across the coat-sleeve. A medium size will require two and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one-half yard additional for the vest. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

**KASSALA REDINGOTE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Inner front, full front, collar, outer front, revers, side form, back, and three pieces of the sleeve. The full front is to be gathered top and bottom and placed on the inner front according to the notches. The side and back seams are to be closed only as far down as the extensions. The extension on the front edge of the side form is to be laid in two side-plaits turned toward the back on the inside. The extension on the back edge of the back piece is to be laid in two side-plaits turned toward the front on the inside. The outer piece of the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and the lower part placed to the row of holes across the coat-sleeve. A medium size will require seven and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, one yard additional for the vest and cuffs, and one half-yard of velvet for the revers. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

**SURPLICE WAIST.**—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, surplice piece, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. Gather the surplice piece at the top, and at the place indicated by the row of holes. Gather the lower end and draw it in a trifle narrower than the top. The notch in the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder seam, and the sleeve is to be held a trifle full over the shoulder. A medium size will require two and one-half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

**DIANA RIDING-HABIT.**—The pattern includes 3 garments: Basque, skirt, and trousers. Half of the basque pattern is given in 7 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. Place the notch in the top of the sleeve to the shoulder seam. The entire skirt pattern is given in 2 pieces. The gored part is for the right side. The right side of the skirt is to be faced with lining as far back as the row of holes on each side of the seam. The opening is to be at the left side, and fastened with buttons over a fly. Baste the gores in the top of the skirt and fit them to the figure before cutting off. The pattern for the trousers is in 2 pieces: Back and front of one leg. Fit the gores at the top before cutting them off. The trousers may be fastened either at the sides, or in front with a fly. A medium size will require four yards of material forty-eight inches wide for the skirt and basque, and one yard and one-quarter additional for the trousers. Patterns in two sizes for ladies, medium and large.

**ROMELDA DRAPERY.**—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Half of founce for front, draped apron, panel, and half of back drapery. Gather the founce, and place it across the front and side gores of a foundation skirt. Lay the back edge of the draped apron in two upward-turned plaits near the bottom, and three downward-turned plaits above, and fasten the edge to the back breadth where it naturally comes. Place the upper end of the panel over the two lower plaits in the draped apron, so that the clusters of holes will match, and tack the front edge to the foundation skirt so that it will hang straight, as in the illustration. Match the two clusters of holes at the top of the back drapery to form a burnous plait that is to fall loosely on the outside; lap the front edge about an inch over the back edge of the panel; and gather the top between the burnous plaits. This will require ten yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard and one-eighth for the panel. Patterns in a medium size.

**LOYSE SLEEVE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: Upper and under piece, and full outer piece. Gather the outer piece at the top and bottom, between the holes, and place on the lining with the notches in extreme top matching those in the lining, and the other gathered edges to the rows of holes. Face the uncovered portions of the lining, cutting the facings large enough to lap well over the full parts.

**CORALIE DRESS.**—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Back and front of waist, back and front of yoke lining, two collars, sleeve, and cuff; and one-half of the skirt. The upper part of the waist can be shirred or plaited to bring it in to fit the yoke. The lower part is to be gathered forward of the hole in the front, and back of the hole in the back, and drawn in to fit a belt of the required size. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom between the holes, and shirred or plaited at the rows of holes and drawn in to fit the arm. The skirt is to be gathered. The size for six years will require five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, including tucks as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

**ALMA BLOUSE.**—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front and back of lining, front and back of blouse, collar, and four pieces of the sleeve. Lay the back and front of the blouse in tucks of any desired width as far down as the row of holes in each, so that it will fit the upper part of the lining, and join in the same seams. Gather the lower part of the blouse and join to the bottom of the lining. Lay the sleeve in tucks between the rows of holes, matching those on the blouse, and so as to fit the sleeve lining, and sew to the lining so that the rows of holes will match. Gather at top and bottom, and this will form the puffs. The size for six years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

**ROSA APRON.**—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Skirt and full bib in one piece, under piece for bib, bretelle, and belt. Shirr the upper part of the bib as far down as the upper row of holes, gather at the waist line, and draw it in to fit the plain under piece. Sew the bretelles to the edges of the bib, and button them in the back of the neck. Gather the skirt and join to the belt according to the notches. The size for eight years will require two yards of goods about thirty inches wide, and four and one-half yards of embroidery. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

**LILLA BONNET.**—The entire bonnet is given in 2 pieces: Crown and head piece. Gather the crown between the holes at the top, and at the bottom. The size for six years will require one-half yard of goods twenty inches wide for the plain bonnet. Patterns in sizes for 2, 4, and 6 years.

**MORGAN SUIT.**—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, yoke, back, collar, sleeve, and cuff for the blouse; and front and back of one leg of the trousers. The size for eight years will require three and three-quarter yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide, and one-quarter of a yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

**INFANT'S "MOTHER HUBBARD" SLIP.**—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front and back of yoke, front and back of skirt, and two pieces of the sleeve. The skirt is to be gathered at the top. The notch at the top of the sleeve is to be placed to the shoulder seam. Two and one-half yards of goods one yard wide will be required, two yards of embroidery for the bottom, three-quarters of a yard of insertion, and three-quarters of a yard of edging for neck and sleeves.

**INFANT'S SACQUE NIGHTDRESS.**—Half of the pattern is given in 4 pieces: Front, back, and two pieces of the sleeve. Two yards of goods one yard wide will be required.

**INFANT'S WRAPPER.**—Half of the pattern is given in 5 pieces: Front, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. Lay the upper part of the front and back in fine tucks as indicated by the holes. Three and one-quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required.



Mrs. Fanny H. Rastall,

PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF THE STATE OF KANSAS.

THE women "have come to stay," and one of the most palpable and convincing proofs of this is the fact that they are putting up permanent buildings, not only for their own headquarters, but establishing institutions of various kinds in connection, usually, with some of their own departments of work. In not a few cases it is some kind of a building on the State Fair Grounds, which they flock in and occupy during the fair, their very presence there being a protest against many of the usual "doings" that have no business in such a place.

But they are never idle: they put good things in place of the bad ones, often displace beery restaurants by putting clean, cheery, attractive, *sober*, and home-like restaurants in place of the others. Sometimes it is a home for wayward girls or hopeless women, like the Benedict Home in Iowa, an institution entirely under the control of the State Union; or the Industrial School for Girls, under the charge of the State Union of Kansas.

The latter was largely a practical outgrowth of the enterprise and the faith and courage of the energetic State President. The need of such an institution became apparent to the State workers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and they immediately laid their plans to secure the passage of a bill creating such a school. The Legislators, however, were incredulous as to the need of such a school, and the Legislature adjourned before the bill was reached, and would not convene again in two years.

The State treasury was very low, with several other lines of work under way, but Mrs. Rastall saw that the State

Union must take up this enterprise and demonstrate alike the need of such an institution and the possibility of maintaining it. Obstacles that would have daunted a timid soul were one by one surmounted, and within a year a school-house for girls who needed it was equipped and occupied.

A year of successful operation was a strong argument to bring before the next Legislature; and, when re-inforced by petition and faithful watching, it prevailed, and a bill satisfactory in every way to Mrs. Rastall and to those associ-

ated with her was passed, establishing the school which is now in successful operation.

Whatever seems to be necessary in the lines of Woman's Christian Temperance work in her State, Mrs. Rastall sets about it with a similar quiet determination. The greater the difficulties and discouragements, the more persistently she plans and prays and perseveres until success crowns the effort. As might be expected, the work in the State has grown most satisfactorily under her administration. This is largely due to her keen insight into its needs, her excellent judgment, and her remarkable executive ability.

In the summer of 1886 she planned and successfully carried out a four days' camp-meeting under the auspices of the State Union. To this she brought excellent talent from abroad, in addition

to the State workers. The next year, through her efforts, entrance was secured at the Interstate Assembly at Ottawa, where now each year a training-school is held under her supervision. The amount of work involved in originating and successfully carrying out such enterprises is rarely appreciated, even by her own co-workers; though the influence of her faith often carries them with her. This was well illustrated in the venture for the publication of the State paper, now in its fourth year.

Besides all these enterprises, much active field-work has



*Yours truly, Fanny H. Rastall.*



been performed side by side with home cares and business, either one of which would have engrossed the time of most women. Her energy, faith, and courage never flag. Evidently her pride in her State and in its advanced position in temperance work does not lead her to relax her efforts; but, rather, taking advantage of the high position already attained, she is determined to promote the educational and the social tendencies which shall sustain the legal phases and help to make them popular.

JULIA COLMAN.

## The Necessity for Political Action.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

**T**HE horrors of the liquor traffic, which now over-spreads nearly every department of our civilization, have become the living, burning, vital question of this the latter half of the nineteenth century. This cruel and relentless curse hangs like a dark pall over our homes, and its blighting influence on the people is the most ghastly scourge that ever afflicted a civilized community.

Like a simoom of the desert, it blinds and stifles its victims with a cloud of choking prejudices and personal, selfish interests, which entirely shuts out all the bright light of truth and justice; or, like a sweeping avalanche, it demolishes and destroys everything good, true, and beautiful in its pathway. No station in society, no dignity of human character, is invulnerable to this monster vice.

The blackness of darkness that overspreads the home, or the desolation that follows the blight of the fairest characters, where this demon of alcoholic drink obtains control, is too horrible to be described; and no house or home is safe from its vile intrusion. Yet the results are so general and so common, that any number of wild beasts roaming through the streets of our cities, any number of vile reptiles with their deadly fangs exposed and darting out their poisonous tongues to passers-by, would be as playthings to this fascinating, death-dealing devil of alcohol with its poisoned, acrid, yet stealthy grip on the people.

But what makes this poison more baleful and destructive is the fact that its use has the approbation and patronage of a large proportion of the best and most cultured minds in society, notwithstanding the outrages that are committed under its influence, making day and night hideous with demoniacal ravings and frenzy; and its deadly grasp on the throat of our civilization is that of a huge monster of evil which threatens death and destruction to our whole country.

Because of the horrors of the traffic and its blighting influence on the homes and every good influence in our civilization, it is arrant treason and blasphemy for respectable citizens, especially church members and Christian ministers, to appeal to Heaven for the rectitude of their intentions in the exercise of their political duties, and then vote so that their influence shall tend to legalize, and thus sanction, this diabolical, death-dealing traffic. This is a degree of perfidy and moral turpitude that shames the devil himself, and shows how low a grade of morals can be fostered by the human mind while claiming to be actuated by Christian principles.

But the greatest barrier to the prohibition of this terrible curse of alcohol, is the treachery of silence or inaction, which always is the meanest and most cowardly way to treat any important subject. On the pretext that "half a loaf is better than no bread," many of the professed friends of Temperance, under the garb of non-partisanship, manifest a vicious inactivity, a supercilious, lazy, do-nothing policy, and this method, more than any other, tends to obstruct the progress of reform, and is more dangerous because more insidious.

Through this do-nothing policy, these indolent do-nothings become the worst enemies of any good cause, and this is especially true respecting the cause of Prohibition. What to do with this class of moral cowards it is always hard to determine: they are the most numerous and the most inveterate hindrances in the way of success; and with their lazy unwillingness to assist in this great reform, these clogs on the wheels of progress often combine a hypocritical and active opposition, which, together with their strong prejudices and personal habits and interests, makes the necessary preliminary efforts for Prohibition heavy, up-hill work for those who are inspired with strong convictions to pioneer the first movements for a combination against the evil.

But all moral reforms have to contend with selfish prejudice and this tendency to inaction and indifference; and as every advance in our civilization is dependent on the uprising of the moral sentiments of the people to crush out this evil, self-denial and a more zealous activity of the friends of Prohibition become inevitable.

The terrible results of the liquor traffic cannot be portrayed in ink black enough or in language strong enough to do justice to the awful devastation, the moral desolation, that follow in its train. This great question of Prohibition, therefore, looms up with stupendous magnitude and overshadows all other questions of a public character. It challenges the attention of all thoughtful, moral, and Christian men as to the best means to stay the avalanche of crime and misery that now menaces the very life of the nation.

Our first and most important duty in the matter should be to awaken the dormant energies of these otherwise conscientious people, by appeals to their personal interests, and by a proper showing of the great and imperative claims that a suffering, debauched humanity has on our active sympathies, and thus to incite them to combine for its extirpation. Through these humane influences the cause of Prohibition will progress with rapid strides, and the accumulated force of the arguments that can be brought to bear in its favor will be like a moving avalanche, to be accelerated by a continuous exercise and application of the moral sentiments of the people to the horrors that the traffic is producing in the community.

The fallacy of the selfish expedients adopted by the liquor dealers to cheat their votaries and mislead the people should be exposed, and the aggressive policy of these enemies of our homes and country be only stronger incentives to redoubled exertions to thwart their nefarious purposes.

The horrors of this traffic demand a combination of the people to stay the action of this terrible maelstrom that now threatens our existence, and this makes a National Prohibition Party an indispensable necessity. As actions speak louder than words, action is the best and only evidence of real faith in the right.

To save society, therefore, every friend of morals and religion will be actively on the side of Prohibition; and every liquor dealer with his sympathizers, to save their prejudices, their vicious habits, and selfish interests, will be on the other side: and the conscience of the people, incarnated in their votes, is to be the umpire on this great and momentous question. God help the people to decide rightly!

(From an English Exchange.)

## A Study in Black and White.

I THANK the goodness and the grace  
Which on my birth have smiled,  
And made me in these modern days  
A happy negro child.



I was not born in Christian lands  
 Unnumbered ills to know,  
 Where at each turn a drink-shop stands  
 To lure me on to woe.

Where bishops, magistrates, and peers,  
 In grossest darkness sunk,  
 Spread traps throughout my youthful years,  
 Intent to make me drunk.  
 Where jails and gallowses abound  
 For Bacchanalian slaves,  
 And myriads annually are found  
 To fill poor drunkards' graves.

Where on the sacred day of rest  
 Bold Bacchus holds his sway,  
 And drink alone can give a zest  
 To God's most holy day.  
 Where chancellors, in grim delight,  
 Heed not a nation's pains,  
 But fiendishly on "budget" night  
 Gloat o'er their wicked gains.

Where "able editors" combine  
 "Against the strength of youth,"  
 And hurl their bolts of wrath divine  
 'Gainst all who tell the truth.  
 Where drink forever rules supreme  
 O'er prelate, peasant, peer,  
 The statesman's god, the poet's theme,  
 Our king—almighty Beer.

But I was born a negro child—  
 My skin is black as night ;  
 Sometimes I think with horror wild,  
 "I might have been born white!"  
 But, being black, I am beloved  
 By nobles and lord mayors ;  
 My cause by dukes is forward shoved,  
 And good archbishops' prayers.

And sometimes, in a thoughtful mood,  
 My thoughts I carry back  
 To all that little English brood,  
 And wish that they were black.  
 Yes, yellow, black, or brown would do,  
 To bring them into grace ;  
 There would be then a fine "to do"  
 To bless the "native race."

But that I know can never be,  
 'Tis merely fancy's flight ;  
 I must be ever black, you see,  
 And they must still be white.  
 But when I'm grown to man's estate,  
 This will I do, I think :—  
 I'll travel to that English State  
 And preach against strong drink.

The bishops to the Mansion House  
 Will flock to hear me speak,  
 And I perhaps their zeal may rouse  
 For all the poor and weak.  
 Then do not think my dream is wild,  
 My prospect out of place.  
 Oh, yes, some day the native child  
 Shall bless the British race.

## The Bible Wine Question.

BIBLICAL QUERIES FOR TEMPERANCE TRUTH-SEEKERS.

AND doth that blessed "Book of books"—which none  
 But "bold, bad men despise"—its sanction give  
 To poisonous alcoholic wines? And  
 Can the Christian plead a Bible charter  
 For use of that which history, science,  
 Reason, and experience, all combined,  
 On amplest scale have fairly, fully proved  
 To be inimical to man? Hath God,  
 By inspiration, taught frail, erring men  
 To venture on an awful precipice  
 Where danger lurks at every step? Hath He,  
 Whose workmanship we are, no more regard  
 Nor care paternal for His creature, man,  
 Than thus to jeopardize, on ruin's brink,  
 The fair and beauteous fabric of His hand,  
 Whence shine creative wisdom, power, and skill,  
 In lines of brighter hue than all the vast  
 Of nature's splendid scenery can boast?  
 Can it be thought, that He, whose boundless love  
 Evolved redemption's scheme of grace immense,  
 And laid upon his own all-potent arm  
 The mighty undertaking—can it be  
 That He approves the use of that which tends  
 With constant, uniform, and powerful sway,  
 To mar, pervert, and frustrate all His work?  
 Did that same Jesus, from Heaven sent  
 On God-like mission of eternal love  
 To spoil the powerful darkness, death, and hell,  
 And lift from ruin's vortex of despair  
 A prostrate, helpless, dying, rebel world—  
 Did He, by precept or example, stamp  
 A signature divine upon that cup  
 Which, as "a mocker," sparkles to deceive?  
 Did He, the famous Galilean King,  
 When first He showed His wonder-working arm,  
 And poured the glory of His Father forth  
 At Cana's holy, blest, connubial feast—  
 Did He the copious, water-plenished jars  
 Defile with poisonous, adder-stinging wine,  
 And palm upon that unsuspecting group  
 A serpent, sparkling in a raging cup?  
 And did the holy, harmless, spotless Lamb  
 Who gave His life for all—a ransom vast—  
 And seal'd with blood the cov'nant of His grace—  
 Did He the parting "cup of blessing" fill  
 With lust-inspiring wine? Did He command  
 His loved and loving ones to shadow forth  
 His dying passion and undying love,  
 By drinking at His sacred board of that  
 Which, as a second curse, since the old flood,  
 Has spread a tide of moral pestilence  
 O'er all the earth,—'neath whose corrupting stream  
 Prophet and priest and saint have sunk o'erwhelmed,  
 And with unnumbered millions found, alas!  
 Perdition's deepest, darkest, direst hell?  
 Christian, start not! No skeptic's sneer,  
 Nor scowl of infidel, nor jest profane  
 Is couched beneath the queries here proposed.  
 We take, with firm confiding trust and love,  
 The sacred volume, and reverse the page  
 Whose hallowed verities unfold to man  
 His nature, origin, and destiny.  
 We joyously adore and venerate  
 The God of heaven and earth, and lowly bow  
 Before His throne, as suppliants for His grace.



With faith unfeigned we take salvation's cup,  
 And call upon the name of Him by whom  
 Redemption's price was paid for all our race.  
 It is because we thus revere God's word,  
 And venerate our Father's holy name,  
 And cling with faith and love to Jesus' cross,  
 That we would seek to wipe away the stain  
 Which infidels would be well pleased to fix  
 Upon the mirror of Eternal Truth!

T. H. BARKER.

#### WHAT WILL LABOR DO ABOUT IT?

THE question will soon be answered. "There's a good time coming. Wait a little longer."

Labor will soon find labor's true allies in the Prohibition party.

By long chafing and friction the nation's temper has become electric, and it will not be long before a spark of that electricity will strike into the stored-up dynamite of the people's indignation, and in that hour this hellgate of rum will be overthrown forever.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! You can hear them coming, millions of wage-workers, the best brain and muscle of the nation, the party of the people,—the Prohibition party,—with charity for all, malice toward none, but united in a holy warfare; pledged not to level down the rich, but to level up the poor; sworn to turn every man's home into a little heaven upon earth; resolved to strike down the rum-shop and its party allies, which stop the PEOPLE'S PROGRESS FROM POVERTY.—J. L. T.

#### The Demorest Medal Contests.

THE following extracts from letters, taken at random from numbers received daily, testify to the efficiency and value of these Medal Contests in disseminating the principles of Prohibition, and training the rising generation in the way they should go. These Contests are open to all: and all information regarding them can be obtained by applying to Mrs. Charlotte F. Woodbury, Superintendent of the Demorest Medal Contest Bureau, 10 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

A. TUTELL, Allegheny, Pa.: "I am delighted with the work! It is a glorious one for the Master, and the lessons I teach my pupils they will never forget. Since January 10, 1889, when I began, up to June 13, fourteen silver medals have been won. Am now getting a class of eight ready for a Gold Medal Contest, but will continue the Silver Medal Contests. My boys and girls are coming in numbers, and increasing in size and age—from fourteen to twenty-two years."

MRS. W. J. RICE, Long Prairie, Wayne Co., Ill.: "In the twelve months we have been engaged in this work, we have awarded seventeen silver medals and seven gold medals, and the class is now preparing for a large gold medal. We are trying to keep the Prohibition ball rolling. What would we do without our Contests? The people in the country are not able to hire big speakers, but for nothing, and a fine medal thrown in, our noble Mr. Demorest and other fine speakers come before us with their burning words pronounced by the lips of our young people. And they are having telling effect. Our people are becoming educated after Solomon's manner of instruction,—'Line upon line and precept upon precept.' This Prohibition question is a glorious work! I tell you, it keeps our hearts aglow. We are as sure to win as God reigns."

And in a letter dated a week later, the same correspondent writes:

"We are the only Prohibition Club in the county which continues to meet, and we do all we can now just as we did during the campaign. Of course we do not have speakers from a distance as we did then, but we have more of our own people who are working with us. Another of our influential citizens has joined with us, bringing his little girl to join the class. Why do not all the clubs in the country try the efficacy of this elocutionary

work? I am sure if they knew the benefits of it they would adopt it."

CLARA ELLISTON, Twinsburg, Summit Co., Ohio: "We have had a Demorest Medal Contest, and it was a great success. Preached Prohibition to more men than we could have induced to hear a Prohibition lecturer—yes, many times more; and they took it in good part, coming from their own young people."

W. H. UNDERWOOD, Alpena, S. Dak.: "For our last Medal Contest our church was literally packed; even ladies coming late were obliged to stand in the vestibule. If this system of temperance education is working so like a charm in other places as it is here, Fisk, or some other good man, will have votes to spare in '92. Our postmaster said to me recently: 'That thing is making votes faster than all the imported speakers you could ship in.'"

MRS. FRANC J. STONE, East Jordan, Mich., President of Charlevoix Co., W. C. T. U.: "I have just held a Silver Medal Contest at my County Convention. It was a splendid success! I shall recommend the contests as a desirable aid in our work, financially and otherwise."

W. H. CLARK, Clyde, Mich.: "We look upon this movement as one of the best educators of the public mind, hence our great desire to continue them. We expect, on Aug. 3, at our Gold Medal Contest, to fill our church to overflowing."

MYRON VOORHEIS, White Lake, Mich.: "We held our first Medal Contest in the Presbyterian Church, and had a full house, and a surprised and delighted lot of people. There were eight contestants. Many thanks for the medal, and for sending so promptly. We will have another about Aug. 6, in the same church."

E. W. ELWOOD, Cleveland, O.: "Our Silver Medal Contest held last evening was one of the best ever held in the city. The majority of the contestants were young men, and we have found it hard to induce young men to compete, as a rule."

MRS. H. C. COMES, Danbury, Conn.: "The Medal Contests are awakening the people on the subject of Temperance as nothing else ever has, or can. The Gold Medal Contest in Fairfield was a large success; the Baptist Church was crowded."

A Demorest contest for a silver medal was recently held in Danbury, Conn., at the Baptist Church, by a class of three girls and three boys. The judges were women, Dr. Sophia Penfield, Martha Tomlinson, and Miss Fairclough. The medal was presented by the chairman of the committee, Dr. Penfield.—Ernest White, a bright school-boy of East Saginaw, Mich., was awarded, over eight lady contestants, the Demorest gold medal at the closing session in Bay City of the State W. C. T. U., for delivering the best original temperance oration, "America's Joshua." Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap presented the medal in a highly complimentary speech, expressing the hope that the winner would live a manly life and be true to the principles he enunciated.

#### "Mme. Demorest" a "Trade Name."

PLEASE remember that neither Madame Demorest nor W. Jennings Demorest has any connection whatever with any other publication than DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Madame Demorest and W. Jennings Demorest retired from the pattern business several years ago, and sold the "Mme. Demorest" pattern business to a stock company. They therefore have no interest whatever in any Fashion sheet or publication bearing the name "Mme. Demorest," that name being used as a "trade name" only, by the Demorest Fashion and Sewing Machine Co., in which neither Madame Demorest nor W. Jennings Demorest has any interest.

We make this announcement, as we are aware, from letters that we are constantly receiving, that our friends imagine that we are connected with other publications bearing the name "Mme. Demorest."

We do not sell patterns. The patterns given with DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE are new designs, gotten up expressly and only for this Magazine, each month, and are therefore newer than any stock patterns can possibly be.



Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

# Correspondence Club.

The increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, render it necessary to urge upon them, **First**—Brevity. **Second**—Clearness of statement. **Third**—Decisive knowledge of what they want. **Fourth**—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves, and to those that the inquirer cannot solve by a diligent search of ordinary books of reference. **Fifth**—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed. **Sixth**—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Correspondence Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects. Inquiries respecting cosmetics, medicine, or surgery, will not be noticed.

"AN IGNORAMUS."—The laws of the various States differ on the subject of married women's property rights; but in most of them your questions, whether a married woman is allowed to earn, save, or accumulate money on her own account, and whether she can own it independently of her husband, would be answered in the affirmative. We should advise you to consult a copy of the statutes of your own State, which you will probably be able to see at the public library or at a lawyer's office.

"M. E. S."—The facts the Anti-Prohibitionist uses in advancing his arguments, that our Saviour partook of wine and promised to drink it new with them when he should come again, may be easily explained by the correlative fact that unfermented wine, or pure grape-juice, was used and spoken of in Palestine at that time, as wine. On many communion tables to-day, the wine used is unfermented grape-juice.

"SUBSCRIBER."—If you do not wish to wear crape, a nuns'-veiling veil and black silk-covered bonnet will do. A wrap of serge would be the most suitable outside garment for autumn and cool summer days. Make up your black Henrietta cloth after the "Helena" basque and drapery (illustrated in the March Magazine). A handsome surah silk would be plain and stylish for church and general wear for the warm weather. The "Redingote" costume (illustrated in the May Magazine) is an excellent design for the purpose.

"MRS. P. G. M."—Certainly you could use the "Pattern Order" in a July number of the Magazine for a pattern in the August number, provided the order were sent in before August 15. It is too late now, however, to obtain a pattern on your July order.

"ROSES."—The arrangements and entertainment for a "Melon Party" would not differ much from those for an ordinary lawn-party. The supper should be served under the trees, in the early part of the evening,—about eight o'clock,—and plenty of lanterns hung about the grounds to give the necessary light. After supper the company could dance in the hall, or sing songs, or stroll around the grounds. Twenty young people will entertain themselves in this way very nicely. The invitations may be verbal, or neatly written notes; and the refreshments, besides the grapes and melons, could include sandwiches, cake, coffee, lemonade, and ice-cream.

"H. A. H."—It is very generally supposed that Dr. Talmage, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, is a Congregationalist, probably because the church, at Dr. Talmage's instance, has been, and is, a free church, being maintained wholly by voluntary offerings, with no pew-rents. He was ordained pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in Belleville, New Jersey, for his first ministry, but the congregation to which he now preaches is Presbyterian.

(Continued on page 718.)



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

# Wonder and Satisfaction

will be your experience when you first try Pearline. You'll wonder at its miraculous cleansing—time—labor-saving properties. Wonder why you had not discovered the truth before. You'll be satisfied that all the good things you have read or heard of Pearline are true—if you've heard bad, you'll be satisfied 'twas false. There's hundreds of uses for Pearline beside the laundry and house-cleaning—for washing dishes, china, glassware, silver, straw hats, felt hats, bead trimmings, marble, bronzes, oil paintings, carpets; in fact, everything in the house, from top to bottom—all that's washable—will be far more satisfactory because of the liberal use of Pearline. It is harmless.

**Beware**—Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous.

Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

**MAGIC** LANTERNS & Views For Sale and Wanted. Music Boxes, Organettes, Photo, Outfits, STEAM ENGINES. Electric Mechanical Novelties, &c. Catalogues Free. **HARBACH & CO., 809 Filbert St. Philada., Pa.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

# CUTTER'S Black Dress Silk THE BEST.

Why? Pure Dye Wears Longer.

Why no colored Selvedge?

To save waste. Colored selvedge sets off the goods, but the best goods don't need it.

Why 25 inches wide?

To save waste, also. It cuts to better advantage than ordinary silks. 19, 20, and 21 inches, and is therefore cheaper.

It is cut in dress patterns,

And our name is stamped on each, to insure every purchaser getting a genuine Cutter Silk.

How you can get it?

- 1st—Ask your dealer for the style you desire, and the number of yards.
- 2d—If he does not supply it, write us, and we will refer you to a dealer who has it.

**JOHN D. CUTTER & CO. PURE SILK**

NEW YORK.

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

# F. W. DEVOE & Co.

(Established 1852),

FULTON STREET, Cor. William Street, NEW YORK, MANUFACTURERS OF

# ARTISTS' MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS.

Correspondence invited.

Pure Mixed Paints for Consumers.

**ANNOUNCEMENT.**—We desire to call attention of consumers to the fact that we guarantee our ready-mixed paints to be made only of pure linseed oil and the most permanent pigments. They are not "Chemical," "Rubber," "Patent," or "Fireproof." We use no secret or patent method in manufacturing them, by which benzine and water are made to serve the purpose of pure linseed oil.

Sample Card of 50 shades on request.

**COFFIN, DEVOE & CO.,**

176 RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO.

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

**HANOVER'S TAILOR SYSTEM.**—Including all the latest improvements in cutting and making, used without wasting cloth, and ready upon the cloth with a tailor's square and cuts without waste, all the latest improvements in sleeves with explicit rules for drafting & cutting.

It is of great value not only to the Dressmaker, but to those ladies of no experience, because of its simplicity and giving greater satisfaction as compared with other systems. Life size drawings with all the necessary measurements, receipt of E. L. AGOSTINI, JOHN C. HANOVER, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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



Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.



TRADE MARK  
**O. & O. TEA**

The Choicest Tea Ever Offered.

**PERFECTLY PURE.**

A MOST DELICIOUS BEVERAGE. TRY IT.

You will never use any other. Quality never varies.

It is the HIGHEST GRADE LEAF, picked from the best plantations and guaranteed absolutely pure and free from all adulterations or coloring matter. The cans bear the trade mark of the Co., and are hermetically sealed and warranted full weight. It is more economical in use than the lower grades.

Oriental & Occidental Tea Co., L't'd.,  
Head Office, 31, 33 and 35 Burling Slip,  
New York.

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

**A NEW BEST in the WORLD.**  
**TWILLED LACE THREAD**  
For Crocheting.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

MAKES BEAUTIFUL LACE.  
Nos. 30, 40, 50, 60, white and ecru.  
SPOOL, 500 yds., 10c., postp'd.  
Crocheting Book, containing 59  
Patterns and directions, 10 cts.,  
postpaid. Buy of Dealer or order  
from us. Make address plain  
including State.

Glasco Lace Thread Co.,  
Glasco, Conn.

**Graceful Form,**

**HEALTH AND COMFORT**



Perfectly Combined in  
**MADAME FOY'S Skirt Supporting Corset**

The most popular in the market. Sold by leading dealers. Price by mail \$1.40 for High or Low bust.  
FOY, HARMON & CHADWICK, New Haven, Conn.

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

**BUY THE WRINGER THAT SAVES THE MOST LABOR PURCHASE GEAR**



OUR SAVES half the labor of other wringers, and costs but little more. Does not GREASE THE CLOTHES.  
Solid White Rubber Rolls. Warranted. Agents wanted everywhere. Empire W. Co., Auburn, N. Y.

**PERFUME FREEMAN'S HIAWATHA.**  
Exquisitely Fragrant, Sweet, Delicate, Lasting. This incomparable perfume is a delight. All Drug-gists, or mailed, post-paid, 50c. per oz., Freeman Perfumer, 523 E. 152d st., N. Y. Branch Cin., O.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 717.)

"WOODBURY."—Our correspondent from this place failed to append her signature.—The water in the cistern must come in contact with some impurity, or is impregnated with gas from some adjacent sewage pipes or cess-pool, which makes it smell bad. Cisterns, if built of brick, should be well plastered with water-lime; if dug in the ground only, the sides should be plastered, at least an inch thick, with hydraulic cement made of two parts of clean sand to one of hydraulic lime. A pailful of quicklime poured into the cistern will expel foul air, if that causes the trouble. Be careful in pouring the lime in, for the foul air will come out with a rush.

"TWO FRIENDS."—The general style of fashionable attire at present is not especially youthful, so that almost, if not quite, all the fashionable colors and designs, both in dress and millinery, may be worn by ladies of forty-five, as well as by those of twenty-five. It is not necessary for a middle-aged lady to avoid the fashionable designs, fearing to be too youthful, but only to use a little discrimination in the use of garnitures, etc. More elaboration and elegance, indeed, is noticeable in the costumes of married ladies than in those of young girls, who find simplicity in dress the most attractive. Try any of the Directoire styles; and for the lady with auburn hair, blue eyes, and pale, fair skin, select such colors as dark blue, heliotrope and mauve, green, any shade of gray, and cold browns, but not bronze-brown, or any shade of red, rose-color, or pink. With auburn hair, red is a color to be carefully avoided, unless contrasted with black. A few roses, of course, are not unbecoming, either as millinery or dress garniture; but they must be beautiful as roses, and not suggest color only. For the lady with florid complexion, gray hair, and dark eyes, black and white, or gray will be the most becoming.

"MRS. JNO. V."—You cannot make accordion plaiting very well without a machine for the purpose. The folds are laid all of the same width and completely overlapping each other, so that when they are opened a little they resemble the folds of an accordion.

"A NEW SUBSCRIBER."—After removing superfluous hairs with the tweezers, use a wash of borax and water. The only thing to be done is to pull out the hairs as fast as they grow, for all depilatories are more or less dangerous to use.—Light spots on kid gloves cannot be removed; the dye must have been absorbed by some chemical agent in the paper they were wrapped in. You can get them dyed, or dye them yourself to a darker color, with Diamond Dyes.

"IN DOUBT."—Your bronze-brown silk could be handsomely trimmed with the ecru Irish point embroidery which is now so fashionable. Or, if you prefer, you could have a vest and panel of white surah with gold tinsel passementerie garnitures. If you use ribbon as garniture, cream-white, or ribbon matching the silk will have the best effect. Basques of washable materials are worn with odd skirts for the house and morning wear in the country. Embroidered edging is the prettiest trimming.

"MRS. C."—Stern Brothers, 23d Street, New York City, can furnish you jacket fronts ready braided, and also samples of dress goods. The "Ismena" basque and drapery (illustrated in the June number) are suitable designs for a black silk costume to be worn by a lady of thirty-three.

"MRS. JOHN M."—The story of "The Alpine Fay" was commenced in the Magazine for November, 1888. We can furnish you the two numbers containing the story previous to January, 1889. The current volume of the Magazine commenced with the number for November, 1888.

"MRS. B. I. D."—The answer to your question was given in the July Magazine to "Mrs. G. A. D.," as requested. It is against our rules to reply to such questions by mail.

(Continued on page 719.)



High grade in Silk, Silk and Jaeger's, Silk and Cotton, all Wool, Merino, Dr. Jaeger's All-Wool Yarn, in Summer, Winter, and extra heavy weight. Readers in the vicinity of Boston call and examine. Take elevator. Send stamp for Catalogue. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**THE UNION SIGNAL**

For Six Months;

ALSO

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD'S BOOK,

**"Nineteen Beautiful Years";**

ALSO

A COPY OF THE FAMOUS PICTURE,

**"THE MILL OR THE STILL?"**

For only 75 cents!

This is a special offer, made only to the readers of "Demorest," to test its merits as an advertising medium for our use. So, when you remit, it will be necessary to say, as per offer in September No. of *Demorest's Magazine*. Address

**THE WOMAN TEMPERANCE PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION,**

161 La Salle St., Chicago.

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

**THE "ELITE" HAIR CURLER.**



CURLS, CRIMPS AND FRIZZES. Sample, by mail, 15c.; two for 25c.; dozen, \$1.00. Stamps taken. Agents Wanted. STAYNER & CO., Providence, R. I. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**HELLMUTH COLLEGE** for YOUNG LADIES. London, Ont., Can.

Has Few Equals and No Superior in America. Highest Culture, Literature, Music, Art, Elocution, Business Course. Climate exceptionally healthy. Cost moderate. Pupils may enter at any time. For circular, address Rev. E. N. ENGLISH, M.A., Principal.

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



Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 718.)

"L. C."—Make over your black gros-grain silk into a Directoire redingote; or, if you have not enough goods for a redingote, into a "Hortense" coat (illustrated in the March Magazine), and get black all-wool Henrietta cloth for a skirt to wear with it. If you have silk enough, make the front of the skirt a draped breadth of silk, and the rest a plain gored skirt of the Henrietta cloth.—Plush lined with satin and wadded would make a nice winter cloak for a two-year-old boy. Dark brown is pretty and will keep its looks longer than other colors.—Benzine or naphtha will clean your white ottoman silk. Do not rub the benzine or naphtha on, but sop it on, and then lay a clean white cloth over the wet silk, and press with the hand. When the cleaning fluid is completely evaporated, the silk will be clean.

"N. F. P."—See answer to "Katherine," in the August number, for reply to your first query about letters for the Correspondence Club.—A straw sailor-hat with wide brim would be a suitable hat for your little boy two years old. A lawn cap in "Tam O'Shanter" style would be the prettiest for your baby boy five months old. You can buy such a cap at almost any fancy store; but if you wish to make one, the pattern of the "Sailor Cap" (illustrated in miniature in the June number) will be a suitable design to make one after. Make the crown of plain or embroidered lawn, and sew a full ruching of embroidered edging or plat Val. lace on the band, and put a hemmed strip of lawn, about three inches wide, on each side, to serve as strings.—Your satire is a good quality of French satine. Make it by the "Orra" basque and drapery patterns (illustrated in the July number), and trim with black ribbon. Five rows of narrow picot-edged black ribbon, forming a V with the point at the waist line, back and front, will be a becoming garniture.

"ERNA."—Each "Pattern Order" is available for any pattern published in the Magazine for twelve months previous to the date of the Magazine in which the current "Pattern Order" is issued.—Phonography and stenography are the studies necessary to pursue in order to become a short-hand writer. Considerable natural ability, close application, and continuous, persevering practice are necessary in order to become a finished stenographer, or short-hand writer. There are many excellent text-books on the subject, and various systems, not varying greatly, however, in essential points.

"MRS. J. M. D."—Brentano, Publisher, Union Square, New York City, will furnish you a price-list of books on "Home Instruction in Drawing," upon application, and you can order by mail the one which seems best fitted to your purpose.

"Two SISTERS."—Your letter was not received in time for an earlier answer, but the article "A Summer Breakfast-Party," in the July Magazine, and the paragraph in "Chat" in the same number, furnished a complete answer to your queries concerning informal summer entertainments. See also the article on "Summer Entertainments," by Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, in the June number of the Magazine. It is not necessary to have any gentlemen to assist you in receiving your guests, but they are very useful to assist in entertaining the guests at a lawn party.

"L. B. F."—It is perfectly proper, but not necessary, for you to ask your clergyman to pray with you when he calls, or for him to offer to do so if there seems occasion to offer prayer. It is polite to ask all other callers to call again, but it is not necessary to ask your minister to call again, because ministerial calls are in a sense a duty, and it is not courteous to remind anyone of their duty. It would be in better taste to thank your clergyman for his call when he is about to leave, and express your pleasure at having him visit you.

(Continued on page 720.)



# RUBIFOAM

FOR THE TEETH.  
DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED.

The most delightful, refreshing, agreeable, and beneficial dentifrice ever placed before the public.

Absolutely Free from All Injurious Substances.

LARGE BOTTLES, PRICE 25 CENTS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PREPARED AND GUARANTEED BY E. W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.  
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE.

**SAMPLE VIAL OF RUBIFOAM MAILED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.**

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

HE.—"Well now, I'm delighted to see you have HALL'S BAZAR FORM, as it is the most sensible thing that has appeared in an age."  
SHE.—"Yes, this HALL'S BAZAR FORM is the source of great comfort. I now sit while draping my dresses and actually enjoy working upon them; nothing could induce me to go back to the old way of having to stand during this process."



## Hall's Bazar Forms

FOR DRAPING, TRIMMING, AND RE-ARRANGING DRESSES.

Indispensable to Ladies who do their own dressmaking or have a dress-maker come to the house.

Adjustable to any size; when not in use, folds up to put away.

Endorsed by all Fashion Publishers.

Awarded MEDAL of Superiority at American Institute, New York, December 15, 1888.

Sent to any address on receipt of price.  
Bazar Skirt Form, in case.....\$3.00  
Skirt Form, to which bust can be added... 3.50  
Complete Form .. 6.50

Send for Descriptive Circulars.  
**HALL'S BAZAR FORM CO.,**

833 Broadway, New York.

We cheerfully recommend these forms and request our patrons and agents when ordering to mention DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE.



41 Prize Medals.



# FRY'S CHOCOLATE AND COCOA.

(BRISTOL AND LONDON, ENG.)

Pure, Nutritious, Economical.

Designed for those who can appreciate an article of

THE FINEST QUALITY.

Samples of our Cocoa, postage free, on addressing

DANIEL BROWNE, American Representative, Hudson and Harrison Streets, New York. Established 1728.

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



## JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.  
The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 604, 351, 170, and his other styles,  
Sold throughout the World.

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

# Springfield Roadster Bicycles.

High and Low Styles of HIGH GRADE SAFETY WHEELS.

THE BEST

Hill Climbers, Coasters, and All Around Road-Riding Wheels.



SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. CO.,  
178 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Catalogue Free.

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



Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

Watch these columns next month for a Voice from Alabama.



Portrait of Roderick From a Photograph.

A VOICE from Illinois. "Your magnificent albums sell at almost every house I visit. All want one at first sight, and that makes the business pleasant and easy. I have made a profit of over \$10 a day, from the first start." A. Roderick, Springfield, Ill.

On account of a forced manufacturer's sale, 125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums are to be sold to the people for \$2 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated insides. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest Size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take hundreds and thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, together with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. Better write us at once and see for yourself. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address, E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 719.)

"ELLEN."—Mantel lambrequins are used in the parlor and elsewhere. They are made in many different designs, usually of some material with consistency enough to hang well, such as plush, velvet, felt, etc. A pretty parlor-lambrequin, for the room painted in white and gold, would be of peacock-blue plush in a single straight breadth twelve inches wide, lined with old-gold satine, and put on the mantel or mantel-board with gilt-headed nails. The plush might be painted or embroidered to suit the taste, and finished on the lower edge with a ring-and-tassel fringe, made of curtain-rings crocheted over with heavy embroidery silk, and lengths of the silk drawn through each ring to form a tassel. The rings should then be sewn on with little spaces between them. The lambrequin may be entirely plain, however, without being out of style, and a bow of peacock-blue satin ribbon at one or both ends will relieve it sufficiently. Curtains of peacock-blue satin-sheeting embroidered with Japanese gilt outline will be pretty in the same room.—An immense Japanese fan outspread, or gilt wall-paper folded to represent an outspread fan, can be set before an open fire-place; or a trophy of lichened boughs, funguses, moss, and shells, arranged to partly fill the fire-place.—Table-mats are not used for ceremonious dinners; carving-cloths and doilies are used instead.

"BRIER ROSE."—The origin of the menu card is said to date from 1541. At that time a sumptuous feast was given at Regensburg, in Germany, and the Count of Montfort observed his neighbor, Duke Henry of Brunswick, occasionally looking over a long slip of paper. Curious to know why the duke was studying at table, the count inquired the reason, and was told that "the master of the kitchen" had drawn up for him a list of all the dishes, so that his master might reserve his appetite for those which best pleased him. The intelligent cook's invention spread rapidly in Germany, and has since become almost universal in civilized countries.

"MRS. D. C. B."—To make tomato sauce to serve with fried chicken, stew ten tomatoes (or their equivalent in canned tomatoes) for fifteen minutes, and strain through a sieve. Melt and blend together in a saucepan a lump of butter the size of an egg, and a level table-spoonful of flour; add the tomato, stir and cook until smooth, and serve.

"MRS. H. B. R."—Your gendarme-blue satin dress is not too "loud." If you wish to make it over, why not use the "Hortense" coat (illustrated in the March number), and make as plain a skirt as you can. It will depend, of course, on how much of the material you have. The old black silk could be made up in combination with some of the striped black-and-white silks so fashionable this season, or with a black-and-white figured challie. For evening wear, a white challie or veiling, made with rather full skirt, long drapery tucked all around, and full waist trimmed with cream-white lace, would be pretty. A wide sash of any colored surah that you prefer will add to the dressy effect. With a fair complexion, blue eyes, and light brown hair, you can wear any color; only, as you are small and slender, light blue is not a good color. It is a cold color, and, while it might be a good foil to the complexion, gives a small person an insignificant appearance. The latter part of August would not be too early to travel in your green broadcloth suit. Other dresses that might be useful for a visit to the city in October would be a dark red velveteen made in Directoire style, or a handsome brown serge trimmed with velvet and combined with a panel of gold-and-brown plaid surah. A light wrap to match would be nice. Why do you not postpone getting a wrap until you come to the city? Some of your shopping might be very advantageously done in New York.

### Enlighten the Masses.

How shall we reach the people? That is the question which has puzzled our party managers more than any other.

PROHIBITION BOMBS solve this problem.

PROHIBITION BOMBS are furnished for 10 cents per 100, or \$1.00 per 1,000, postage free.

- No. 3. The Giant Evil of the Nineteenth Century to be Annihilated by Prohibition.
  - No. 7. Prohibition the Remedy for Hard Times.
  - No. 8. Mad Dogs and the Liquor Traffic.
  - No. 12. The Voice of the Dram-Shop.
  - No. 17. The Signs of the Times. Heads and Tails.
  - No. 18. Moral Suasion or Prohibition. Which Shall It Be? The Republican Party vs. Prohibition.
  - No. 20. An Arraignment of the Rum-Traffic. The Destiny of Prohibition.
  - No. 23. Prohibition Campaign Songs, with Music.
  - No. 33. Prohibition Achieved only by Practical Politics. Total Depravity Illustrated in the Use of Alcohol. Prohibition Life-boat. Anti-poverty.
  - No. 34. Dr. Cushing against High License. Fisk on the Saloon in Politics. Powderly on Temperance. Reagan on Personal Liberty. Dow and Demorest on the Republican Party and Prohibition.
  - No. 36. What should the Christian Voter do with the Saloon? Politics a Personal Duty.
  - No. 38. The Liquor Traffic in Politics.
  - No. 39. Reasons for a Prohibition Party. Why, Where, and When Prohibition will prove a Success.
  - No. 41. Latest Evolution of the Temperance Revolution.
  - No. 42. The Sparrows Must Go. The Liquor Traffic Settled.
  - No. 44. Our Modern Pontius Pilates. The National Prohibition Bureau.
  - No. 45. The Responsibility of Christian Ministers for the Liquor Traffic. Prohibition Dependent on the Ballot and Moral Courage of the People.
  - No. 46. License a Pernicious Delusion and Mockery of Justice. Failure of High License.
  - No. 47. What is Prohibition? A Glorious Resurrection. What the Constitution Guarantees.
  - No. 50. Liquor's War on Labor's Rights. Liquor vs. Labor. (A Startling Diagram.)
  - No. 52. The Logic of Prohibition. The Saloon a Political Factor. (Finch's Last Speech.)
  - No. 53. High License the Monopoly of Abomination.
  - No. 54. Liquor Traffic the Monster Crime, and How to Annihilate it.
  - No. 56. Should Prohibition be made a Political Issue?
  - No. 62. Responsibility of the Christian Church for the Liquor Traffic.
  - No. 63. The Deacon's Sunday-School Sermon.
  - No. 64. Necessity for a Prohibition Party.
  - No. 65. Archbishop Ireland and Father Mahoney on the Liquor Traffic.
  - No. 66. Catholic and Labor Leaders on Prohibition.
  - No. 70. Hints to Earnest Prohibitionists.
  - No. 71. Has High License Failed?
  - No. 72. Local Option; Its Relation to National Prohibition.
- The following are two-page BOMBS, and are furnished at 10 cents per 100, or 50 cents per 1,000, postage free.
- No. 40. Prohibition the Ultimatum.
  - No. 57. The Horrors of the Liquor Traffic. The Duty of Voters.
  - No. 58. The Ballot the Only Hope for Prohibition. The Ruin of Rumselling, and the Remedy.
  - No. 59. The Poison of Alcohol. Home vs. Saloon.
  - No. 60. The Liquor License Humbug. The Culmination of Prohibition.
  - No. 73. Prohibition the Acme of Love, Law, and Liberty.
  - No. 74. The Crime and Infamy of Rumselling. The Ballot the only Remedy.

Numbers omitted are out of print.

PROHIBITION BOMBS can be mailed from 32 E. 14th St., New York, directly to the voter, weekly, for 25 weeks for 5 cents.

Send the names and addresses of ten friends, and 20 cents, and each will receive by mail, postpaid, a different BOMB weekly for ten weeks.

Send the names of 50 members of your church, and \$1, or 100 names and \$2, and we will BOMBARD them through the mail weekly for ten weeks.

If you will send us addressed unstamped wrappers, the cost will be only one-half of above amount.

The whole series of over 50 numbers sent post-free for 5 cents.

Now is the time for Town, County, and State Committees to start this Bombardment. Do not delay. Start now.

Address NATIONAL PROHIBITION COMMITTEE,

32 East 14th St., New York City.

### The Point about



this Pin is that it locks securely on either side.

It cannot pass through

and unfasten. Ask for the "Duplex." Sample card for 10cts., stamps. Consolidated Safety Pin Co., New York.

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

## The Progress of the Junior Fund.

The National Organizer Working Hard to Make the Plan a Big Success.

Numerous letters are received daily, telling of Junior clubs forming, and of young men and young ladies joining the Prohibition army to "wage our peaceful war, for God and home and native land."

The National Junior Prohibition fund has given a wonderful impetus to temperance work among young people by its offer of any prohibition paper they may desire to each who will join a Junior Prohibition club. A large proportion will probably choose THE PIONEER, the National representative of the Junior movement, but other papers will be called upon to furnish their full quota, from the Protest, of Hampshire, to the California Voice, of San Francisco, and from the Union-Signal, Statesman, and Lever, of Chicago, to the Southern Journal, of Louisville.

The advantage of this plan cannot be doubted, and the fund is rapidly growing. Pledges of small amounts are needed, and all who can afford to are invited to subscribe without delay. Pledges due when \$2,000 is subscribed. The fund is as follows:

Robert B. Horsburgh, Dobbin, W. Va.	\$5 00
Women's Temperance P. A., Chicago, Ill.	75 00
Albert D. Wood, San Francisco, Cal.	27 00
Lamont & Whipple, Rockford, Ill.	25 00
Previously acknowledged	1,151 24
Total	\$1,283 24

Now, who will give one, two, five, or ten dollars for the boys? Who will give fifty cents? Who will give a quarter? Self-sacrifice may be necessary to raise this fund to the required standard.

Every indication points to a sweeping movement for prohibition, with a party behind it, in the near future. Let us make that movement sure by getting the youth of the nation on our side. Yours in the war till every patriotic young man shall join the crusade against rum.

ARTHUR D. COCHRANE,  
National Organizer.

150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THRILLING Detective Stories, 16 Complete love stories and 100 Popular Songs, 10 cents (silver), Ind. Nov. Co., Boylston, Ind.

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

(Continued on page 721.)



Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 720.)

"ALICIA CAREW."—A pretty fantasia for the piano is the "Forge in the Forest," by T. Michaelis; the "Gavotte du Pacha," from the "Journey through Africa," by F. von Suppé, is also pretty, gay, and dashing. The "Meadow Dance," by G. Lange, and "Papa's Baby Boy," by F. Dellepiane, are pretty waltzes.—The words you quote:

"For men must work and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over the sooner the sleep,  
And good-by to the bar and its moaning,"

are from the song, "Three Fishers," by Charles Kingsley. The music is by Hullah.—"Social Customs," by Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, is a good book on etiquette.—Suède, or undressed kid, gloves are most worn for traveling. A toque trimmed with ribbon would be the most stylish traveling-hat for a young lady of seventeen.—You could get a London "Times" of Brentano, Publisher, Union Square, New York.—On the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, opposite the U. S. Sub-Treasury, is the Drexel Building, the corner of which is shown at the left of our picture of the "Stock Exchange" on page 141 of the Magazine for January, 1889; and adjoining, on Broad Street, is the elegant Mills Buildings, which, however, is not shown in the picture.

"M. L. E."—The author of "Kismet," whose *nom de plume* is George Fleming, is a lady, Miss Julia Constance Fletcher. She has been abroad a great deal, and may be there at present.—A strong solution of whale-oil soap, applied with a garden syringe, will prevent the foliage of rose-bushes from being eaten with the green worms which destroy it. It should be put on as soon as the leaves are well-grown, in the early part of June, before the rose-buds are fully formed. Apply to the under side of the leaves as much as possible. One thorough application will generally be sufficient.—Your orange and lemon trees grown from seeds will blossom in about six years; but generally orange-trees are "budded," to make them bear properly.

"LITTLE BELLE."—A tan-colored nuns'-veiling trimmed with black velvet ribbon would be appropriate for street wear.—Your hair is dark brown.—When a gentleman writes to a lady, saying that he would like to keep up the correspondence if he had the time to do so, but that he did not have time to write, yet would like to hear from the lady, it would seem as if his interest in her was not very deeply rooted; and while, if she liked, it might be "correct" for her to write occasionally, such a one-sided arrangement could hardly fail to be unsatisfactory. It would be quite correct for you to let the gentleman know when you visited the town where he resides, if you wished him to call. How could he know you were there unless you notified him?—Horse-radish grated in sour milk, and applied carefully, is said to remove freckles. See the article on "The Complexion," in this number.—Girls of seventeen wear black, white, or any colored straw hats they find becoming. We are glad you think so much of Demorest's Magazine.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—A white house with green window-shutters might have the cornices, etc., painted dark red or medium drab. In either case a red roof would look well.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—The proper way to prepare pineapple for the table is as follows: Twist the top of the pineapple off (do not cut it off as that will leave the hard core in); then slice it without peeling, and after it is all cut in slices remove the skin and eyes from each slice with a sharp knife. The slices may then be cut into wedges or dice or left whole, as preferred, thickly strewn with sugar, and set on ice for a short time before serving.—A light wash of a thin solution of gum tragacanth will prevent a pencil drawing from rubbing off.

(Continued on page 723.)



# DEAF LADIES

MAY ALWAYS HEAR WHILE WEARING THE

# CROWN ACOUSTIC

CONCEALED IN THEIR HAIR.

It gives perfect freedom to their hands, and is a most powerful and satisfactory device. Sent on trial for one week. For Circulars, address

THE CROWN ACOUSTIC CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

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



# C. C. SHAYNE,

## MANUFACTURING FURRIER,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

SALESROOMS:

124 West 42d Street, 103 Prince Street,  
NEW YORK.

New illustrated price-list mailed free to any reader of DEMAREST.

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



## ENTERPRISE M'F'G CO.,

Third and Dauphin Streets, Philadelphia.

# Fruit and Jelly Press

## MAKES THE LADIES HAPPY!

With it they can extract the juice from  
**Strawberries, Raspberries, Cranberries, Huckleberries, Elderberries, Gooseberries, Blackberries, Grapes, Pineapples & Currants**

Seeds and Skins Discharged Perfectly Dry.

Most Hardware Merchants keep them, and we prefer you to purchase of them; but if you cannot find one, send your money to us and we will send it to you by the next **FAST TRAIN**; and then your good wife can make you happy with

**JELLIES,  
SYRUPS  
and  
FRUIT  
BUTTERS.**

**PRICE, - \$3.00.**

**SOLD BY ALL HARDWARE DEALERS.**

**SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.**

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

## THIS CARRIAGE ONLY \$12.35

Delivered Free East of Mississippi.  
Upholstered in Red, Blue, or Brown Damask or Satin. Parasols to match. Adjustable Top, Nickel-plated Rod, Springs, Axles, and Braces, which we guarantee. Wire or Wooden Wheels same price.  
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.  
**JOHNSTON, TALLMAN & CO.,**  
41 Barclay St., 46 Park Pl.,  
NEW YORK.



WE MANUFACTURE  
The **LARGEST** and **MOST COMPLETE VARIETY** of  
**CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES** in  
the United States.

Send for Catalogue, showing 50 different styles, from \$6 to \$36. As we are manufacturers, we can upholster and furnish our carriages to suit patrons at prices beyond competition.

**FACTORY:**  
387, 389, and 391 West 12th St.

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



Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

# PROHIBITION POSTERS

On Muslin or Good Paper, Size 24x38 inches.

## SOMETHING NEW FOR PROHIBITIONISTS.

STRIKING ARGUMENTS and FACTS to Catch the Public Eye and Convince the Public Mind.

Price, postpaid, Muslin, 10c each; Paper, 5c each.

The Series of Six different kinds now ready. Price, Muslin, per set, 50c.; Paper, per set, 25c.

Send Orders to NATIONAL PROHIBITION COMMITTEE, 32 E. 14th St., N. Y. City.

### THE PEOPLE'S WORST FOE!

"WORSE than WAR, PESTILENCE, and FAMINE combined." **GLADSTONE.**

"I IMPEACH it of HIGH CRIMES and MISDEMEANORS AGAINST the COMMONWEALTH." **CARDINAL MANNING.**

"It is THE ONE REASON WHY the LABORING MAN does not ADVANCE HIMSELF." **POWDERLY.**

What enemy is it thus accused by POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS, and SOCIAL LEADERS?

### THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC!

What are you going to do about it?

Let CHIEF ENGINEER ARTHUR, reply.

"Workingmen must rise above Party Affiliations and STAND TOGETHER AT THE POLLS. If you are wise and earnest the SALOON WILL BE CLOSED FOREVER. EVERY FRIEND OF THE WORKINGMEN should work for this end."

### THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRY!!

The SALOON produces SORROW SUFFERING STARVATION!

DRINKING results in DISEASE DEATH DAMNATION !!

LICENSE, High or Low, means LEGALIZED LAWLESSNESS, LABOR'S LOSS !!!

PROHIBITION means PROGRESS FROM POVERTY TO PROSPERITY !!!!

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

### TO LICENSE CRIME IS SATANIC!

The Traffic in Alcoholic Poisons in the form of Whisky, Brandy, Wine, Beer, etc. furnishes a certain method to flood the country with CRIME, DISEASE, MISERY, and PAUPERISM.

The Legal Sanction of this HORRIBLE TRAFFIC, for a money consideration, is a most flagrant MOCKERY of JUSTICE.

The evils of this Traffic are so general, and the consequences so terrible, that the License System, High or Low, merits the strongest condemnation, and should be resisted with all the intensity of our patriotic zeal and honest indignation, as an outrage on our common sense, our common manhood, and our common intelligence.

OUR VOTE is the Standard of our Morals on this Question!

### LICENSE OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC A PERNICIOUS DELUSION!

Our Politics are Degraded and Our Country Demoralized with Crime, while the Liquor Traffic is Legalized. A Tax or License of the Liquor Traffic is the Runsellers' Dynamite, and the Politicians' Moral Whitewash to Cheat the People.

IT DIGNIFIES crime with a legal sanction.

IT PERPETUATES the sale of a poison that debauches the people.

IT OFFERS A MONOPOLY to the rich to allure the poor to their ruin.

IT PARALYZES conscience and benumbs the moral sense.

IT CLOAKS AN EVIL with the garb of respectability.

IT DELUDES the people by a pretense of restraint.

IT UNDERMINES respect for law.

IT DEFRAUDS with a pretense of compensation for the damage inflicted.

IT MAKES THE GOVERNMENT and the people responsible for the crime, misery, and death the traffic produces.

IT BLIGHTS the influence of the Christian Church, and demoralizes the whole community.

Shall free and enlightened Christian and law-abiding citizens justify this horrible death-dealing, home-destroying, crime-producing, pauper-making Liquor Traffic by a legal sanction? Let your votes say No! A thousand times No! Never! Never!! Never!!!

### WARNING TO WORKINGMEN! THE PEOPLE ARE ON STRIKE AGAINST THE SAVAGES OF THE LIQUOR MONOPOLY!

IT ROBS by delusive appeals to appetite and cupidity.

We appeal to all WORKINGMEN to give no patronage or support, either by

**MONEY OR VOTE TO THE DANGEROUS TRAFFIC.**

**POWDERLY** has said:

"THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IS RESPONSIBLE for nine-tenths of the misery among the working-classes, and the abolition of that traffic would be THE GREATEST BLESSING which could come to them."

**ABOLISH THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC!**

**COBDEN** has said:

"The Temperance Reform LIES AT THE BASIS of all Moral and Political Reform."

**WORKINGMEN STAND UNITED FOR PROHIBITION!**

### THE PEOPLE'S PROCLAMATION DOWN WITH THE HIDEOUS LIQUOR TRAFFIC

The RUM POWER must be annihilated or it will destroy OUR HOMES and the best interests of THE NATION.

EVERY CLAIM OF HUMANITY DEMANDS IMMEDIATE

**PROHIBITION!**

EVERY ASPIRATION OF PATRIOTIC ENTHUSIASM CALLS FOR

**PROHIBITION!**

EVERY CHRISTIAN SENTIMENT FLEADS FOR

**PROHIBITION!**

ALL the MATERIAL INTERESTS of OUR COUNTRY, the DEMANDS of EDUCATION, the PRESERVATION of MORALS, the PROGRESS of CIVILIZATION, the ADVANCEMENT of RELIGION, the PROTECTION of OUR HOMES, all call for DECELERATE

**PROHIBITION OF THE RUM POWER!**

EVERY ASPIRATION FOR JUSTICE AND HUMANITY SAYS

**VOTE IT OUT!**



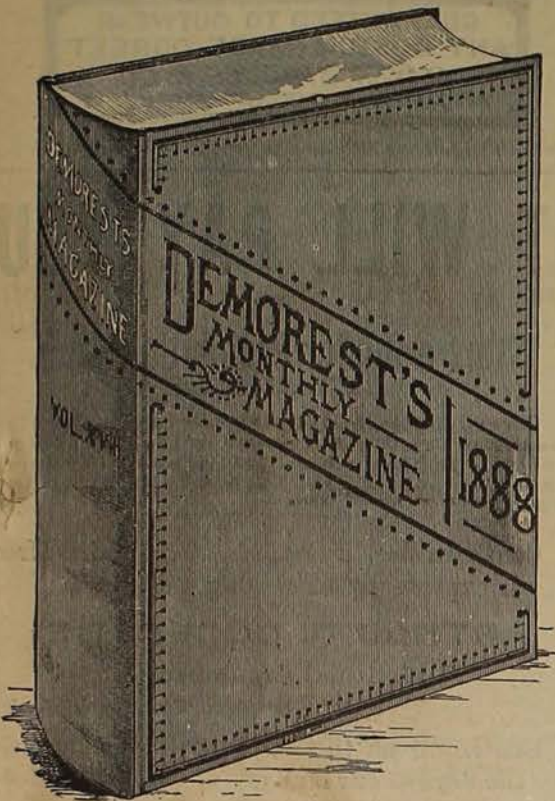
Readers of "Demorest's Monthly" who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

**PANT-STRETCHERS, FREE.**

Send 12c for postage and packing. Best invention for taking out wrinkles and bagging at the knees. For 6c additional, if mention is made of this paper, we will send full line of samples of custom clothing, 48 in. tape, and full directions. **BAY STATE PANTS CO., 34 Hawley Street, Boston.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**BINDING OF VOLUMES.**

CASES of Peacock green, embossed in Gold, Red, and Black, Twenty-five cents, or by mail, Forty cents. Volumes bound for One Dollar, or with Gilt Edges, One Dollar and Fifty cents.



The postage to New York and return will be Forty-eight cents each way, added to the above, when forwarded for Binding by Mail. Place in two packages, unsealed and securely tied, with your name and address outside for identification.

**W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,**

15 East Fourteenth Street, NEW YORK.

Subscribers ordering a change in the direction of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE must give the *old* and the *new* address in full. No change can be made after the fifth of any month, and an order reaching us after that date the change will be made for the month following.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY COMMENCE AT ANY TIME.** We receive numerous letters asking if subscriptions may commence at any time. Certainly they may, as many do not care for back numbers, while others wish them for some special purpose. We always keep back numbers on hand to supply such as may wish them.

Persons who desire to club together and subscribe for DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, can be supplied by the publisher only, at a reduced rate, as follows

	1	Names	\$2 00
<b>LOW</b>	2	to	3 50
	3		5 16
<b>CLUBBING</b>	4	one	6 76
	5	or	8 30
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	7	different	11 20
	8	Post	12 56
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	10		15 00

Any additional subscriptions can be had for \$1.50 each. Address

**W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,**

15 EAST 14TH STREET.

(Continued from page 721.)

"E. H. G."—The smocked waists are not always in one piece, unless they are made over a yoke; in which case the back and front are either smocked in one piece, or the full waist is cut out and joined on the shoulders like a basque, before the smocking is done. The neck is usually finished with a straight collar; and the full sleeves are smocked above the elbows to form a puff at the top, and they are finished with wristbands. The waist is sometimes worn inside the skirt, but is usually confined at the waist with a belt or sash. The quantity of material required for such a waist would be from four to five yards, according to the size of the figure; and three yards for the sash.—Make the white dress for your little girl six years old, with a full gathered skirt, and a plain waist trimmed with embroidery. The "Gilberta" (illustrated in miniature in the May Magazine) is also a pretty design.

"GRETCHEN."—It is not necessary nor usual for a lady to accompany gentlemen callers to the door when they are about to leave, nor to take their hats when they enter. In the country, a lady might go out on the veranda with a gentleman caller when he was leaving, if she had no other visitors at the time, and he was a frequent caller or a friend come from a distance; but, as a rule, ladies take leave of their callers in the parlor.—It is no longer considered positively necessary for a gentleman to change sides with a lady when turning a corner, so as to keep on the outside of the sidewalk, but many gentlemen take the pains to do so.

"MRS. ALMIRA B."—Girls from five to nine years of age wear Leghorn flats or straw hats in various shapes,—the designs of "Children's Hats," given in the July Magazine, illustrate the prevailing styles in shapes, garnitures, etc.,—and the trimming is clusters of ribbon loops, garlands of flowers, and long ends of ribbon falling from the crown of the hat, if they are liked. Black cotton stockings—ribbed for boys and plain for girls—are almost invariably selected.

"Miss L. I. R."—Make your new challie dress in a style similar to No. 2 on the Supplement of Fashions given with the April number. Almost any basque and skirt patterns can be used for this costume. The rows of narrow ribbon as a garniture are a great improvement, but can be omitted if not liked.

"Miss L. H. F."—Most preparations for removing sunburn have a tendency to soften the skin, and the more delicate the skin is, the easier it will burn. Horse-radish grated in buttermilk or sour milk is said to be good to remove freckles or sunburn. If the complexion is constantly exposed to the sun it will show it, and it is not possible to keep a fair, white skin under such conditions. Powdering the skin well before going out, and the use of cold cream at night will prevent much of the unpleasant feeling from sunburn. See the article on "The Complexion" in this number.

"ANNA V."—With dark brown hair and eyes and sallow complexion, the most becoming colors for you to wear would be dark shades of red and brown, and black relieved with creamy white. Avoid all medium blues and greens. As a rule, persons of very pale and sallow complexions can wear the darkest shades of any color; it is the intermediate tints they need to avoid. Creamy white mull and lace on the neck will sufficiently relieve any dark color and make it becoming to you.

"F. H. R."—The article on "Stylish Hair-dressing," in the Fashion Department of the August Magazine, describes the catogan coiffure with single looped braid. To arrange the hair in a catogan braid, braid it all together at the back and loop it in one braid. Any arrangement of the hair with this looped braid at the back is called a catogan coiffure.

(Continued on page 724.)

**Baby's** The little three months old baby of Mrs. Geo. A. Thompson, Buchanan, Va., was very frail, and unable to digest any food. She lay at the point of death with Cholera Infantum. Lactated **Life** Food saved her life. This pure Food is far better than medicine. It keeps babies healthy, and is the perfect substitute for mother's milk. 150 meals for \$1.00. Send for free book and baby pictures. **WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co. Saved** Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

**Fashionable Economical**

At last faded dresses can be home-dyed the fashionable greens—dark bottle and myrtle. Dark Green Diamond Dye (with shading color) is the only dye that will make these shades. The original Diamond Dyes are the only dyes that always give satisfaction. All colors, 10 cents each. At druggists, or mailed by Wells, Richardson & Co., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

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

**WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK**

Assorted Colors, 40 cents per oz. Waste Sewing Silk, black or assorted colors, 15 cents per oz. Illustrated Pamphlet with rules for knitting, embroidery, etc., 10 cts., mailed to any address by the manufacturers of the celebrated Eureka Spool Silks' Art Embroidery & Knitting Silks. **Eureka Silk Manuf'g Co., Boston, Mass.**

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**The Fairy Tricycle.**

Easy, Cheap, Healthful, Graceful. Best for girls, adults, and invalids. We also make the only practical machine for cripples to run by hand power. For circulars, address

**FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, O.**

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Heat your Home With Steam or Hot Water,

USING THE

**Duplex Steam Heater**

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**Fiske's Hot Water Heater.**

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and References.

**Duplex Steam Heater Co.,**

23 Bethune St., New York.

**AGENTS WANTED**

in the trade everywhere.

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



**Bickford Family Knitter**

Knits everything required by the household, of any quality, texture, and weight desired.

**A. M. LAWSON,**

783 Broadway, N. Y.

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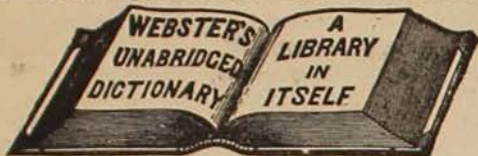
**HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS**

Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF STEWART HARTSHORN ON LABEL, AND GET THE GENUINE **HARTSHORN**

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THE BEST INVESTMENT For the Family, School, or Professional Library.



Has been for many years Standard Authority in the Gov't Printing Office and U. S. Supreme Court.

It is Highly Recommended by 38 State Sup'ts of Schools and the leading College Presidents.

Nearly all the School Books published in this country are based upon Webster, as attested by the leading School Book Publishers.

3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Engravings than any other American Dictionary.

**GET THE BEST.**

Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated Pamphlet with specimen pages, etc., sent free. G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

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

**SHORTHAND.**—Private instruction by practical verbatim reporter. 16 years' experience. No failures. Situations guaranteed. Book and Circulars Free. Frank Harrison, Stenographer, 721 Broad Street, Newark, N. J. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE ST. LOUIS Hygienic College

Of Physicians and Surgeons

will begin its Third Annual Course of Instruction October 8, 1889. It educates men and women for practice in Hygeio-Therapy, or curing the sick by strictly hygienic agents. This school is legally chartered and officered. It has annually a full course of lectures of six months each, there being three courses in all. Thorough instruction is given in Anatomy, Surgery, Chemistry, Physiology, Pathology, Hygeio-Therapy, Sanitary Engineering, Physical Culture, and all other branches pertaining to a good medical education.

For further information address, for Announcement,

S. W. DODDS, M.D.,

2826 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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



A complete garment worn under the corset or flannels, protecting the clothing from perspiration. Cheaper than dress shields, one pair doing the work of six. Misses' bust-measure, 28-33, \$ .80 Ladies' " " 34-39, 1.00

M. DEWEY, Mfr., 229 Marshfield Ave., Chicago. AGENTS Send money by P.O. order. Catalogue free. } WANTED.

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

(Continued from page 723.)

"Mrs. J. B."—Accordion plaits are made by machine; it is almost impossible to make them by hand in any depth. They are folds laid one on the other so that when sewed to a band the edges will set out like the folds of a closed fan or an accordion,—whence the name accordion-plaits.

"J. B. N."—Silk rags sewn together as for a rag-carpet are woven in much the same way: the weaver will supply the necessary filling. For a rich Oriental effect, a thorough blending of colors is the best, avoiding too many light colors. We cannot give the price for weaving, as it varies in different places. We have seen a very pretty portiere of assorted silk rags, sewn as for weaving, but crocheted in afghan stitch on a heavy, long crochet-needle, keeping the edges turned in as much as possible. A curtain one yard wide can be crocheted in this way. A lining of colored silk or satin will give it body.

"AN ANXIOUS READER."—Your sample did not reach us.—It is usual for a bride not to change the dress she was married in for the traveling dress until immediately before her departure. If a wedding breakfast follows the ceremony it is customary for the bride to appear at it in her bridal dress.

"Mrs. K. H."—The water-color of "Water-Lilies" (given in the June number) may be simply and prettily framed with a gray mat in silvered boards about two inches wide. If you wish to make the frame yourself, use strips of cardboard two inches wide covered with pale blue moiré silk or ribbon, made in a size about four inches larger each way than the picture, the intervening space to be filled in with a mat of silvered cardboard. The ends of the strips of silk-covered cardboard may be cut pointed and made to overlap each other, and secured with bows of ribbon, or the corners may be mitred neatly; and if the maker has a little artistic taste, a few grasses may be painted on the frame and mat. Of course such a frame would not be strong enough to hold a glass.

"Mrs. E. V. H."—The Directoire styles are still popular, and probably will continue to be for some time. Black plush will trim your green Directoire suit handsomely. All dark shades of green will be becoming to a middle-aged blonde.—There is nothing which will remove water-spots from light silk, except dyeing the silk.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—A diet of steak and codfish almost exclusively for fourteen days, of various meats and fish for twenty-one days more, and a varied diet, adding to the above crackers, tea, and fowl, for thirty-one days more, is the treatment recommended, by a writer to the "British Medical Journal," for the treatment of obesity. It is not likely to be extensively followed, however, for it is not safe to employ this method when the patient is suffering from any organic disease, which is not always possible to ascertain. Some self-denial is necessary, however, to reduce flesh. We should recommend a daily cold-water sponge-bath; a diet consisting chiefly of lean meat, fish, and stale bread, and weak tea, without milk or sugar; and an avoidance of potatoes or any vegetable containing starch or sugar in abundance. Sleep only seven or eight hours in the twenty-four, and take as much exercise in the open air as possible. If you can find something to fret or worry about and keep you awake nights, without grieving you too deeply, it will materially aid in reducing your flesh.—Make your dresses as simply as possible, in polonaise style and with plain straight draperies, and confine yourself to black and dark blue. For the house you may wear white wrappers, and a tea-gown of black silk with light blue surah front. Light azure-blue does not increase the apparent size as other light colors do, and for evening dresses you could wear this color in a trained dress.

(Continued on page 725.)

**BUY THE FAMOUS Watchspring WILL NEVER BREAK**

GUARANTEED TO OUTWEAR ANY CUSTOM-MADE CORSET  
MAYER, STROUSE & CO.  
MFRS.—412 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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

**IT WILL PAY YOU**

Start a Junior Prohibition Club.

Every Boy who joins receives a subscription to a Prohibition paper of his own choice, varying in time according to price of paper, paid for out of the National Organization Fund.

Constitutions, Directions, etc., obtained free of all expense, by addressing

**ARTHUR D. COCHRANE,**

National Organizer,

150 Nassau St., New York.

Contributions to carry on this good work for the Boys of our land are pressingy needed, and may be mailed to

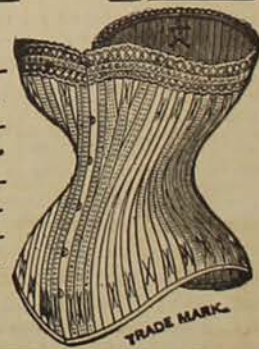
**FRANK ALLABEN, Acting Treasurer,**

150 Nassau Street, New York.

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**KABO**

NO MORE BONES TO BREAK AND HURT THE WEARER.



KABO is Warranted To Neither BREAK nor ROLL UP with 1 yr's WEAR.

**CORSET**

BALL'S CORSETS are Boned With KABO

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

**CHICAGO CORSET CO.,**  
CHICAGO and NEW YORK.

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

**LADIES ATTENTION!**

The best Face and Nursery Powders made and guaranteed to be free from lead, zinc, bismuth, and all other injurious minerals, are contained in the "Perforated Chamois Sackets," the most delightful toilet accessory ever invented, as thousands of ladies who continually use them will testify. For sale everywhere or sent by mail. Price, 25 cents. **THORPE & CO.,** Sole Mfrs., 80 Cortlandt Street, New York. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



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(Continued from page 724.)

**THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR. 100 STYLES. BABY COACHES.**  
**COMBINING 5 ARTICLES OF FURNITURE IN ONE**  
**INVALID SUPPLIES AND WHEEL CHAIRS**



We retail at the lowest wholesale factory prices. Send stamp for Catalogue. Name goods desired. LUBURG MFG. CO., 145 N. 8th St., Philada., Pa.

Automatic Brake on all Coaches **FREE** WHEEL CHAIRS TO HIRE. SPECIAL FREE DELIVERY.

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

**UNIVERSAL BATH.** Full, Sit, &c. in one. Vapor and Water—fresh, salt, Mineral. Artificial Sea Bath.



Centennial Award. Medal and Diploma against the world. Wholesale & Retail. Old Baths Renewed. Send for Circulars. **E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.**

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

**BRIGHT AND FAST** Perfection Dyes for Cotton, will stand washing and light. Turkey Red, Yellow, Cardinal, Blue, Scarlet, Pink, and Brown. 10c per package by mail. Agents wanted. **W. CUSHING & CO., Foxcroft, Maine.**

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

**DRESSMAKING SIMPLIFIED.** Any Lady Can now Learn to Cut Perfect-Fitting Dresses. No one using a Chart or Square can compete with The McDowell Garment Drafting Machine in Cutting Stylish, Graceful and Perfect Fitting Garments. Easy to Learn, Rapid to Use, Fits any Form, Follows every Fashion. An Invention as Useful as the Sewing Machine. Free 30 days to test at your own home. Send for Illustrated Circular. **THE McDOWELL CO., 6 West 14th St., New York City.**



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

**SHORTHAND** Writing thoroughly taught by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent. end for circular. **W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.**

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

**PRICE \$180.** We Sell DIRECT to FAMILIES. By avoiding Agents you save their enormous expenses and profits which double the costs on every first class Piano they sell. **PIANOS ORGANS \$150 to \$1500 \$35 to \$500.** Sent for trial in your own home before you buy. **GUARANTEED SIX YEARS.** Catalogues free. **Marchal & Smith Piano Co., 235 E. 21st St., N. Y.**



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**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY** **GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.** Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.**

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

SEND A SLIP OF PAPER the size of your finger and 10 cents in silver for postage, etc., and I will mail you one of these Solid Rolled Gold Finger Rings and my large Illustrated Catalogue of Rings, Emblems and Novelties, for Agents to sell, \$1.00 an hour can easily be made selling these goods. Address at once to **CHAS. E. MARSHALL, Buffalo, N. Y.**



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

**SAVE MONEY. BEFORE YOU BUY BICYCLE or GUN** Send to **A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio,** for prices. Over 400 shop-worn and second-hand Cycles. Repairing and Nickeling. Bicycles, Guns and Type-Writers taken in trade.



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

"M. R."—There is nothing which will prevent your black-and-red skirt from rubbing off on your white skirts unless you rinse it in salt and water.—The sash on the "Adrienne" morning-dress (illustrated in the April number) may be of any width you like. Ribbon two inches wide may be used. The ends of the sash are fastened at the under-arm seams.—Grease-spots may be removed from cashmere by sponging carefully with benzine or naphtha, laying a clean piece of white blotting-paper under the cloth, and only sponging, not rubbing it. The grease will disappear by evaporation.

"DRESSMAKER."—You can get the small brass rings crocheted over with silk of any color, or plain, at Chas. A. Bentley's, No. 12 West Fourteenth Street, New York City. They are called crocheted rings, simply.

"A READER."—Puffs are not "out of style" in dressing the hair, and if your hair is thin and puffs are more becoming, we would advise you to wear your hair in that way. Sugar of lead is injurious to the brain, and there are cases of insanity having been developed from the long-continued use of hair-dyes containing it. We cannot recommend any special cosmetic or hair restorative or manufactured article in the Correspondence Club.

"MRS. ANNIE M. D."—When parlor sets are upholstered in different colors it is usually the case that these colors contrast effectively or are harmonious to each other. We should think your carpet in a mixed pattern of cream and olive ought to harmonize with the furniture. An olive satin table-scarf embroidered with crimson roses and finished at one end with a fall of lace, and at the other with a fringe of parti-colored silk balls, would be very pretty and suitable.

"MAY."—A combination of silvery gray and dark blue would be becoming to a lady with brown hair, blue eyes, and but very little color. A tea-gown for a young married woman would be pretty of these colors, making the body of the gown of gray cashmere, brilliantine, or surah, and the front breadth, or vest, of dark blue surah. The "Adrienne" morning-dress (illustrated in the April number) will be an appropriate design. The revers can be of gray velvet or blue silk, as preferred.

Mrs. E. A. BLEYTHING, of 86 West 134th St., New York City, offers her services to ladies throughout the U. S., as Purchasing Agent for any kind of goods that they may desire. Unexceptionable reference given, and satisfaction guaranteed. Will send samples.

**The Jenness-Miller Model Bodice.**

Patent applied for. This garment meets the wants of those who desire something in a Boned Waist to take the place of the Corset, and is modeled on lines that give with comfort a graceful figure. Manufactured in two qualities of white material. Boned with Genuine Whalebone. Trimmed with torchon lace and drawing ribbon, the latter giving a dainty finish and providing a means for making the Yoke fit neatly. The Front is buttoned and the Back laced. Sizes kept in Stock are: (20 waist, 30 bust), to and including (32 waist, 42 bust).



**PRICES.**

Style 701. Reg. length, Amer. Coutil (white only),	\$1.75
" 701. Long Waist, "	2.00
" 710. Reg. length, Fine Jean, "	2.25
" 710. Long Waist, "	2.50

In stating size, take a snug measure around the waist outside of the dress, and order one size smaller. Will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of the price. One Good Agent wanted in every city. Address

**GEO. FROST & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**THE DRY-AIR EXCELSIOR REFRIGERATOR** leads the world. Any size, shape, style, or price. Guaranteed best, cheapest, and free from sweat. Buy none without guarantee—no sweat. Have your sweat boxes altered. Factory, 1603 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. **F. ROLOSON, Patentee and Manager.** SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



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

**THRILLING** Detective Stories, 16 Complete love stories and 100 Popular Songs, 10 cents (silver). **Ind. Nov. Co., Boyleston, Ind.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**TRADE MARK**  
**FAIR AND SQUARE**  
**MARK**

This Label is on the Best Ribbon Made.



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For date when this "Order" will become worthless, see other side.

Run a pen or pencil through the name { Example: 1. ~~Albertine Basque~~, 34, 36, ~~38~~, 40 Bust Measure, and size of the pattern desired. } Or if pattern desired be not in this number, see directions on other side.

**PATTERN ORDER**

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Street and Number, \_\_\_\_\_

Post-Office, \_\_\_\_\_

County, \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

1. Thyra Redingote, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	15. Rothsay Basque, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.
2. Redenta Jacket, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	16. Clementina Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.
3. Directoire Basque, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	17. Kassala Redingote, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.
4. Redenta Drapery, Medium Size.	18. Surplice Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.
5. Plain Gored Skirt, 23 Waist, 39 Front; 25 Waist, 40 Front; 27 Waist, 41 Front.	19. Diana Riding-Habit, Medium and Large, for Ladies.
6. Directoire Cape, Medium and Large, for Ladies.	20. Romelda Drapery, Medium Size.
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9. Gulnare Redingote, 12 and 14 years.	23. Alma Blouse, 4, 6 and 8 years.
10. Muriel Waist, 10, 12 and 14 years.	24. Rosa Apron, 6, 8 and 10 years.
11. Phillina Jacket, 6, 8 and 10 years.	25. Lilla Bonnet, 2, 4 and 6 years.
12. Margerie Dress, 2 and 4 years.	26. Morgan Suit, 4, 6 and 8 years.
13. Yoke Night-Shirt, Medium and Large, for Gentlemen.	27. Infant's "Mother Hubbard" Slip.
14. Yoke Night-Shirt, 12, 14 and 16 years.	28. Infant's Sacque Night-Dress.
	29. Infant's Wrapper.

We do not SELL patterns of the designs published in the Fashion Department of our Magazine. They are given only as premiums to subscribers and purchasers. Another Magazine may be bought if an extra pattern be desired, or an "Order" from last month's Magazine, or one from a future number may be used, if sent before the date printed on its back.

We do not furnish Patterns for the Designs on the Supplements.



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## L. SHAW'S STOCK OF GRAY HAIR

and WHITE HUMAN HAIR Goods is unsurpassed for its great variety in rare shades, fine quality, exquisite and various designs for the coiffure. Silky Hair Switches.

My latest importation includes a lot of fine naturally wavy convent Hair, especially adapted for making the Directoire twist, which is so charming and popular, unequalled by any other house.

Switches of naturally wavy hair from \$5.00 upward; equal to those costing \$10.00 elsewhere. Not my own make from \$1.50 upward.

**SKELETON WAVES OR BANGS**, patented November 15, 1887; feather-light, life-like and beautiful; require no dressing; do not rip or tear.

**SKELETON WIGS AND TOUPEES** made of beautiful wavy hair.

Beware of heavy, clumsy imitations which are skeleton in name only. Infringers will be prosecuted.

Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting done on the premises. Shampooing, bleaching, and dyeing.

20 expert artists constantly in attendance; no waiting; parlors cooled with revolving fans.

Bang cutting and curling, 25c; shampooing, 50c.

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**EXTRACT OF TURKISH ROSE LEAVES**, indelible tint, for the lips and face. Soft as the blush of the rose; \$1.00 and \$1.50 per bottle.

Adonine, instantaneous, odorless, and harmless. Dyes any shade of brown or black. \$1.50 per bottle.

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Send for new summer catalogue.

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64 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE  
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**PRINTING PRESS** with Type, Cards, Roller, and Case, complete, for \$1.50.  
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With Script type outfit, \$5  
Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, 6c.  
**W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.**

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### HOUSES and COTTAGES.



**New work.** By author of Cottage Portfolio. Size 8 x 11 inches. Contains 33 designs of Dwellings. All new. Seven costing from \$300 to \$1000. Ten between \$1000 and \$2000, and up to \$15,000. With full descriptions. Price of material, etc., given, that estimates are made upon. Sent, postpaid, for \$1.00. Parties not having Portfolio can have the two works for \$1.25.

Address D. S. HOPKINS, Architect, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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## PATTERN ORDER Good for One Pattern illustrated in any number of

### DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Published during the last twelve months

(Excepting for the Designs on the Supplements, for which we do not furnish Patterns.)

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Before October 15th, 1889.

Address: DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

These patterns are not regular "stock" patterns, but are new and elegant designs upon which special care has been expended. They do not emanate from the "Mme. Demorest" pattern business, but are gotten up new each month, exclusively for this MAGAZINE, and can only be obtained through the "Pattern Orders" contained in each monthly issue, as we do not sell patterns.

## REMEMBER

TO Send Two Cents in Postage Stamps for each "Pattern Order."

Send your Correct Address in full.

Send the Correct Description of the Pattern you desire, by marking, as directed, the printed list on the other side; or if not in this number, then write on the other side the name and size of the pattern desired, which must be selected from a number issued during the last twelve months.

Remember that this "Order" cannot be used after Oct. 15th, 1889.

[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

## Spice Box.

A book firm has hit upon the happy idea of employing French canvassers, on account of their inherited Gaul.

### MANAGING A BOY.

**ANXIOUS MOTHER.** "I'm so worried about my boy. He is on the street the whole time, rain or shine. I should think he might sit down and read occasionally, as his sisters do."

**OLD FRIEND.** "Tell him reading is bad for his health."

### POVERTY AND WEALTH.

**MISS DE PRETTY.** "I was out riding to-day with Mr. Swellhead, the editor of the *High-tone Magazine*."

**POOR AUTHOR (rival suitor).** "Did he pay for the rig in postage stamps?"



### THE SISTERS.

**MILLIE.** "Oh, Laura, how improper! You allowed some one to kiss you in the next room. I overheard it."

**LAURA.** "Well, what of that? You allowed some one to kiss you too, Millie."

**MILLIE.** "Yes, but that was only Charlie, and I am engaged to him."

**LAURA.** "Well, it was only Charlie who kissed me!"

(Continued on page 727.)

1849. 1889.

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Stocks carefully selected for new beginners and inexperienced persons.

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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, Prest 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.

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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR  
**ROYAL WORCESTER**  
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 SOLD ONLY IN FULL WEIGHT SEALED PACKAGES.  
 Guaranteed absolutely pure, and warranted to excel all others in strength, richness, flavor and cleanliness.

THE **DURKEE'S** BEST  
 ORIGINAL  
**SALAD DRESSING**  
 NEVER SPOILS  
 FOR SALADS, COLD MEATS ETC.  
 GOODS MADE

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**PURE TO HE. NECESSARY AND LIFE.**  
**IMPURE AIR PRODUCES DISEASE AND DEATH.**

It is impossible to have PURE warmed air in homes where the heating apparatus is a RED-HOT mass of metal. Contact with a RED-HOT surface superheats air, burns out of it its health and life-giving properties, chars to cinders whatever of animal or vegetable matter it contains, and renders it a mass of deadly poison.

The Gold's Patent Heaters are the ONLY Heaters that produce PURE, HEALTHFUL, PLEASANT, MOIST, WARMED AIR, without evaporation of water.

Send to the manufacturers for their illustrated descriptive catalogue, and learn why the Gold's Patent Heaters are the best in the world.

**Gold's Heater Manf'g Co.,**

Foot East 104th Street, New York City.

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**PEACE AND COMFORT FOR TENDER FEET.**

To lady sufferers—No Breaking in. Fine, soft, undressed Kid Seamless Shoes. Fit like a glove. Buttons, \$3.00; Lace, \$2.50; Spring Sides, \$2.00. Sent, postage free, to any address on receipt of price. Also enclose the number of length and letter of width stamped on lining of your old shoe. Fully appreciated by martyrs with bunions, corns, or invalided feet at sight.

F. PESHINE, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

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**EVAPORATORS**

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per month and expenses any active man or woman to sell our goods ample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Full particulars and sample case FREE. We mean just what we say. Address **Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.**

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**Candy**

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a sample box of the best Candy in America, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Put up in handsome boxes, suitable for presents. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, Chicago.

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(Continued from page 726.)

**VERY REFRESHING.**

GAGLEY. "Won't you have some refreshments, Miss Wiggle?"

MISS WIGGLE. "Thanks, no. I'm sufficiently refreshed now. Miss Howler has stopped singing."

**JOURNALISTIC CYCLES.**

MRS. REIDER. "I see the man who has been exchange editor of the *Daily Night* for twenty years is dead."

MR. REIDER. "My! my! I'm sorry to hear that. Now they'll put some young fellows in his place, and they'll be printing all the old jokes over again."

**WHAT SHE NEEDED.**

MRS. GASSAWAY. "I tell you, doctor, that I am sick, and you say that all I need is rest, and you haven't even looked at my tongue."

DOCTOR. "I know that it needs a rest without having to look at it."

LITTLE TOMMY. "Can I eat another piece of pie?"

MAMMA (who is something of a purist). "I suppose you can."

TOMMY. "Well, may I?"

MAMMA. "No, dear, you may not."

TOMMY. "Bother grammar, anyhow."

**A LOSS TO LITERATURE.**

MRS. CULTURE. "I don't see what is the matter with the magazines. They used to be full of intensely interesting articles, but now they are dreadfully stupid."

MR. CULTURE (an omniverous newspaper reader). "I think it likely, my dear, that all the intensely interesting writers have been engaged by the patent medicine proprietors."



PAPA. "Now Bessie, your teacher's report does not please me at all. I hope to see a better one next time."

BESSIE. "That's right, papa, don't lose hope."



PROFESSOR. "Gretchen! Please take the cat out of the room, I can't have it making such a noise while I'm at work. Where is it?"

GRETCHEN. "Why, professor! You are sitting on it, sir."



"What! Corns and Bunions all gone!"  
 "Yes, I am happy to say, through the merits of Hanson's Magic Corn Salve I can now walk with ease."

**HANSON'S MAGIC CORN SALVE.**

If your druggist does not keep it, do not let him convince you that some imitation is just as good; send by mail to W. T. HANSON & Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Every box is warranted to cure, or money refunded. Price 15 and 25 cents.

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In Quart, Pint, and 1/2 Pint Cans and 1 1/2 Pint Glass Jars.



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Send us 12 cts. in stamps and receive a sample can at your choice.

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**AGENTS**—Ladies and gentlemen, do not fail to write for terms. The only three needle embroidery machines made. Will work silk, zephyr, yarn or rags. Best seller on the market. Retail for \$2.00. So simple a child can use it.  
**COE MFG. CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

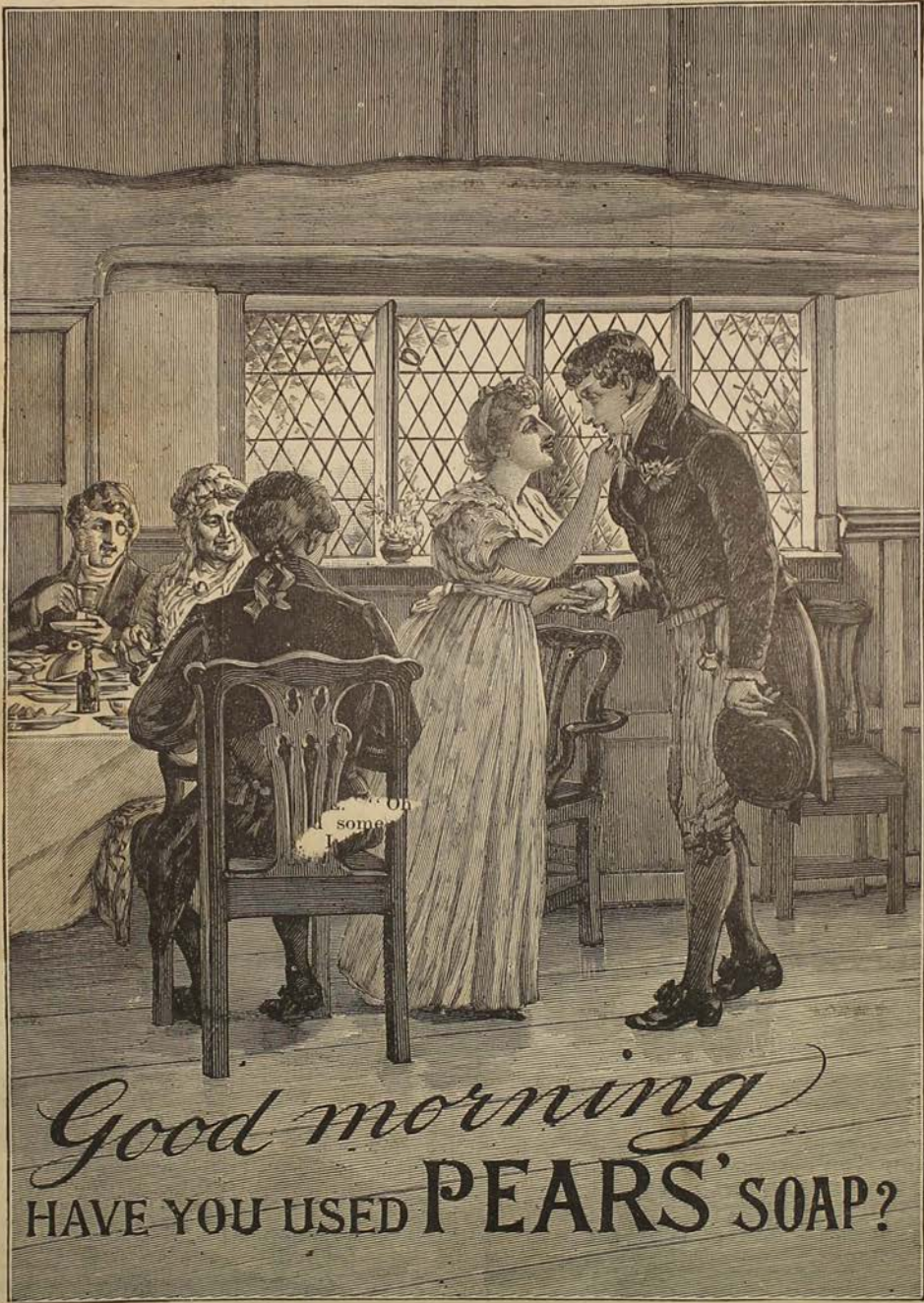
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**10 CENTS** (silver) pays for your address in the "AGENT'S DIRECTORY," which goes whirling all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of good reading free and will be **WELL PLEASED** with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering.  
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*Good morning*  
 HAVE YOU USED **PEARS' SOAP?**

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



On that wide battle ground over which the angels  
keep watch and ward \* \* \* \* \* Death was vanquished



A.W.B. Lincoln 89

(SEE "A TOTAL ECLIPSE," PAGE 729.)