

THAT OTHER PERSON.

By Mrs. Alfred Hart, Author of "Thorncroft's Model," The "Leaden Casket," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

WHOM ARE YOU EXPECTING?

Was man in der Jugend wünscht hat man im Alter der Fülle.—GOETHE.

It is barely a mile from a well-known center of fashion, and yet it is one of the most unfashionable parts of London. Step by step as you approach it, you become aware that you are drawing nearer to a quarter inhabited by those to whom fortune rarely comes with both hands full. The trees by the road-side disappear; the pavement shrinks to half its former dimensions; and the road itself does the same; the sumptuous souper-teens which have hitherto imparted such grace and dignity to the summits of the houses of the upper classes cease to delight the eyes; balconies and stone facings are the next things to be cut off; and at last, when you reach Lorne Gardens you find dwelling-places occupying the very smallest plot of ground on which it is possible for a "residence" to stand. There are five-and-thirty houses in Lorne Gardens, and they are tall, gray, and dismal-looking, and exactly alike. You see that they are ugly, and that they are uncomfortable. And yet they have a certain mentalizing name! What would one not exchange Lorne Gardens for Scotland, and Scott, and pleasant streets, and brick and mortar come into our minds, and we are absolute fiction to call them Lorne Gardens. A strip of ground some ten feet wide, and other high brick walls, and iron posts intended to support a canopy. Few wash at Lorne Gardens. It takes two or three days to get about hour after hour. It is a quarter where you hear who have Lorne Gardens in Lorne Gardens. The souper-teens on Lorne Gardens facings, and their front facings. You can find Lorne Gardens in Lorne Gardens—Lorne Gardens people Lorne Gardens.

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"It is the most vexatious thing I ever knew!" said the other, and then they glanced at their sister, who was still sitting by the window, neither seeing nor caring for their troubles.

"I say, Polly, some people take things mighty easy!" exclaimed one of them with a look toward the arm-chair.

"Yes, indeed they do, Aggy," replied the other with a toss of the head.

Josephine did not hear one word that they said. The two girls who were so busy with the patterns were of a much coarser mold than their sister Josephine. Their faces were full, round, and though not handsome, comely—very comely some people thought them, for they had large clear blue eyes and firm-looking and tolerably well-shaped mouths which disclosed two regular rows of fine white teeth; but their crowning glory was that they both had such masses of beautiful light-brown hair that they might have been taken for Germans. Josephine's face was delicate in its lines, and pale in color. Her eyes were large and grave-looking when she was at rest as now, but they seemed to burn when she raised them to any one's face. Her own face was rather a sad one, but very beautiful. It was wonderful to see her sitting there so long in such perfect stillness. Her sisters were all activity. They fixed their obstinate bits of tissue-paper, they unfixed them and altered their arrangement. They knocked over a large box of pins, giggled, jested, lamented, and went through the most intricate calculations. Josephine may have heard something of this, for she frowned slightly once or twice, but that was all. Polly and Agnes wore highly-colored, broadly-marked, large-checked dresses; hideously ugly things they were, and the dressmaker had so contrived them that the checks should form brilliantly-outlined squares round each of their shoulder-bones.

Josephine's dress was a pretty blue one with silver buttons, and her closely-curling black hair, though it seemed so carelessly arranged, was a work of art which was not produced without time and thought, and in spite of her absent-mindedness she had not once injured its appearance by putting up her hand to thrust it back, as Polly and Agnes were constantly doing to theirs, until at last every inch of their foreheads was laid bare.

Do what they might, it was all in vain. The mantles would not let themselves be cut out without another yard of stuff, and that yard they did not know how to obtain. At length, in great vexation, they flung the patterns on the floor, and then sat down, feeling completely worsted. Polly, in her despair, began to fan herself with a fashion-book; but Agnes, whose temper was thoroughly ruffled, threw herself into the same attitude as that in which her idle sister Josephine was sitting, on which Polly could not help laughing. On this Josephine slowly raised her eyes from the ground and turned them on her sisters in wonder.

Aggy at once exclaimed, "Well, what do you want?"

"I want nothing."

"I suppose you mean that you want nothing if you are to take the trouble to get it for yourself! You are always complaining of this house and saying that everything is shabby, or untidy, or something; but I never see you try to make anything better except in your own bedroom. You have no regulation in your mind, Zeph. Why don't you either give up that awful habit of grumbling, or try to do something?"

"I am neither grumbling nor complaining now," replied Zeph rather scornfully.

"Not in words, but you are in looks. Do something, I say. I wonder what you would think of me and Polly if we were to put on the best dresses we have and sit without speaking a word, as you have done for the last hour or more! Do you think that would make things more comfortable?"

"Yes, I am sure it would! It would be much more comfortable if you would be silent; I do not see why you should speak to me—I am not interfering with you!"

"But why don't you get something to do?" reiterated Aggy.

"How do you know that I am not doing something?"

"Zeph, how foolish you are!" said Polly. "Come, Aggy, you and I cannot afford to work hard at sitting still like our eldest sister. Let us try again. Be quick; it will soon be dark."

"I don't see why you need make the room so untidy when you are working," said Zeph, who had suddenly become aware of the state of things around her. "Every chair is covered with your patterns and bits of stuff, and you seem to have emptied your workboxes on the floor."

"What matter? No one is coming," said Polly.

"There is no one to see it," said Aggy.

"We see it. Why cannot we have the pleasure of seeing things in their places? I hate disorder. You all seem to think that we need not care how much confusion there is unless some one is coming!"

Oddly enough, as if in prompt confirmation of this, the door opened and a middle-aged lady came in. She was short, slight in figure, and upright, and had a good-looking face for her years, but it was rather pale, and its prevailing expression seemed to be one of gentle resignation. She was dressed in a very plain black serge—it was old, too, for there was many a shining tract on the most exposed surfaces. Her hair was almost white, and was smoothly braided and hidden away beneath a plain cap. She fixed her languid blue-gray eyes, out of which all radiance had long died away, on Zeph, and apparently it was the pretty blue dress which struck her, for she exclaimed, "Whom are you expecting, Zeph? I didn't know that any one was coming."

"I am expecting no one," replied Zeph, with tears in her eyes. "Why should you suppose that I am? Can't I put on a tidy dress without being asked if I am expecting some one? I like to keep up some kind of decency of appearance. You need not remind me of our poverty," she added vehemently, for she saw that her mother was about to speak. "I know we are poor: how can I possibly forget it? But my dress does not cost a bit more than those hideous checked things Mary and Agnes are wearing—not one halfpenny more; only I hate being a fright when there is no need for it. I hate untidiness, too, and I don't see why you let them make everything so uncomfortable here. Can't they do their cutting-out somewhere else? It is a very hard thing not to have one room in the house left in such a state that we can sit in it without feeling degraded!"

Polly and Aggy, who were good girls in the main, and very fond of Zeph when they were not in a bad temper, thought this so absurd that they could not restrain their laughter. Mrs. Treherne said, "Don't talk that way, my dear Zeph. I like tidiness as much as any one, but when people are working very hard they cannot always help showing that they are. The girls might try to keep things in order, of course, and I wish they would; but I am still more anxious that they should make less noise. They are moving about and pushing chairs about, and they are disturbing their poor dear father frightfully. There must be no more noise—none whatsoever. That is what I came to

stairs to say; but, Zeph, if you really are not expecting any friends to call, I must say that I think you had better go upstairs and put on an older dress. That merino will be a handsome dress all next year if you will but consent to take care of it, and only put it on when it is likely to be wanted."

Zeph rose from her lowly seat, kissed her mother, whose only fault was that she had yielded to her surroundings without a struggle, and silently left the room. She went to her own little bedroom—an attic with a sloping roof and one large, square skylight—and there she took off her pretty dress, put on an old black one, and then sat down on a large box which was the mainstay of the Treherne family whenever it went from home. It happened to be the only seat in the room that was available—there were two chairs, but each was slightly broken. She hated contention, she hated poverty; she liked elegance, grace, and luxury, and would have liked to lead a happy life, wearing dainty dresses, reading delightful books, and never seeing a distasteful sight or hearing an unsympathetic word. For the last hour or two she had been wondering how she could best fit her thoughts and wishes to her circumstances, or whether it might not be possible to raise her circumstances to the level of her thoughts and wishes. Hers were such poor—such miserably poor circumstances! Life at 5 Lorne Gardens was uncomfortable even for those who had no desire for elegance or luxury.

Edward Treherne, father of the three girls, quittance the reader has just made, was a birth and a barrister by education and profession. The law had never been more than a profession; he had never earned a penny by the profession. He was married when he was very young.

He had at first secured him a good income, but as his and expenses increased, and he was an imprudent young man, all his wealth, had to

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more entirely to his work. Sometimes, it is true, this work obliged him to go from home, to this or that public record office, or to some old country-house or castle whose owner had at last been persuaded to yield up to competent inspection stores of deeds and charters which had hitherto been zealously sequestered from all examination. These are the great occasions of an antiquary's life, when papers full of historic interest, as yet unseen by any eye possessed of insight, are entrusted to his hands, and he suddenly finds himself reading a letter which draws a track of light over some obscure passage in history, and can scarcely believe in the good fortune which has reserved the discovery for him. But such opportunities are rare, and most rare with Edward Treherne, who spent week after week within the four walls of his study, with no other exercise than an occasional stroll up and down his room, shuffling about as he did so in a pair of loose carpet-slippers. Could any one who had seen him when he was the pride of Magdalen have believed that he would have degenerated into something so like the typical fellow of a college of a hundred and fifty years ago?

His appropriation of the dining-room had obliged his family to take their meals in a small square room at the back of the house, which, as Mr. Ruskin observes of another room of the same description, "commanded a partial view of the water-butt," and was otherwise well within range of all the household industries. It was not an exhilarating dining-room. Mr. Treherne rarely joined the family circle either in this room or in any other. His dinner was carried into the study to him on a plate, and sometimes he ate his food while it was hot, but more frequently he forgot that it was there, and only remembered it when tormented by the pangs of hunger, or when his wife ventured to remind him. The consequence of this seclusion was that he scarcely knew anything of his own children, and that they were left to the management of the woman for whose sake he had reduced himself to this plight. A good kind woman she had always been to him, serving and loving him with more than the devotion of a dog to its master. She would gladly have walked ten miles every day of her life, if by so doing she could have procured any delicacy to tempt him to show enjoyment in what he ate. That he never did, and it was a great grief to her. There was nothing that she would not have done for him, but there her self-devotion stopped. She had no idea of "humoring the nonsensical fancies" of any of her daughters. According to her theory, they were nothing more than three able-bodied young women, to fall back on if she herself should be ill or prove insufficient to make her husband's existence comfortable. She did not see that they had any reason to be discontented. They had everything girls ought to want while they were at home. Her own joys were simple, but none the less real for that. First there was the consciousness that her husband could not have endured to live without her. She rose early every morning of her life, and herself dusted his room and arranged the papers, which no one else was allowed to touch; proudly she fingered them and liberally she furnished him with pens and ink and paper. After breakfast she herself dusted the sitting-rooms above, lest a heavy-footed servant should disturb him. Then she went out and did the shopping, and, not content with that, herself brought home most of her purchases, because the house-bell disturbed him. That by no means completed the sum of her services; all day long she sat with him doing anything in her power. She copied documents when he would trust her with the task, looked out words in the dictionaries for him, or sat for hours, pen in hand, ready to make any note or memorandum that might occur to him.

All this time poor Zeph has been left sitting on her black box in her bedroom, crying till she made her head ache,

because the life that seemed to be assigned to her was so little to her taste. "It is a poor life," she thought, as she sat bewailing her lot. "I can understand the pleasure of living in a cottage, and having to keep it clean and work for my daily bread; but to live here and get up morning after morning, knowing that the largest aim of my existence during each day will be either to make sixpence do the work of a shilling when I am buying some small article of dress, or to save my sixpence altogether! I have no duties, for my mother does them all; no pleasures—pleasures cost money; I never see my father for more than an hour or so. I never see mother, either, for she is always running about after him. I never want to see my sisters, for they are great, rough, odious things," and then poor misguided Zeph once more dissolved in tears. It was quite dark; she did not care. It was very cold; she scarcely knew it. She could not bring herself to go down-stairs. Suddenly she heard a knock at her door, and Jack, her ten-year-old brother, came in.

"I say, Zeph," said he cheerily, "do come down; I want you. I have been wanting you ever so long!"

"It's nice to hear of any one wanting me," thought Zeph. "What did you want me for?"

"Why, to see you of course!" said he; "why shouldn't I?"

She made him sit down by her and kissed him. "You had Polly and Aggy," said she, rather jealously; "why should you want me?"

"Because I do. What's the use of Polly and Aggy, when their heads are filled with nothing but clothes. Tea is ready, Zeph; come down."

"I don't want any tea," she answered, remembering all her sorrows.

"Well, but Mrs. Simonds, Frank Simonds' mother, you know, has got four spare tickets for a concert, and she wants us to go with her—we are to go, she says. It begins at half-past seven, and it will take us more than twenty minutes to walk. It's in Kensington Town Hall!"

Up jumped Zeph. In a moment she had forgotten all the miseries of the last hour or two, and the only regret she felt was that she had had the trouble of taking off her pretty blue frock. She ran briskly down-stairs with Jack. The usually dull room in which her family were assembled seemed bright and warm and cheerful. Such magic had been wrought by a present of four sixpenny tickets for a concert benevolently intended to bring good music within range of the poor!

CHAPTER II.

A YELLOW FOG.

A yellow fog, which is the curse of London. I would hardly take my share of it for a share of its wealth and its curiosity—a vile double-distilled fog, of the most intolerable kind.—SIR W. SCOTT'S DIARY.

It was excellent music, and they all enjoyed it. Polly and Aggy forgot their late discomfiture and beamed with good temper and appreciation. Mrs. Simonds and Zeph were equally happy. Once or twice Zeph could not help wishing that her sisters would not show their satisfaction by sitting with a constant smile on their lips, and she would have been happier if Mrs. Simonds had not worn a bonnet with quite such a mass of tropical vegetation on it; but she whispered to Jack, who was a very handsome little boy, "Keep with me when the concert is over; let us walk out of the room together," and, having done that, did not care about the bonnet, for she was not seized by the good lady's side, and no one need know that they all belonged to the same party.

Toward the end of the evening, little wisps of white

film seemed to be floating about the hall, and soon the air was filled with that indefinable something—indefinable, but palpable to almost every sense—which betrayed the existence of a fog. February had already come, and it had not been a foggy winter as yet, so no one felt particularly alarmed; but when the music was over, and people began to think of home, it was wonderful how quickly the news flew through the hall that there was the worst fog which had been known for years. Every one struggled toward the door of the hall. That could be found easily enough, but where was the door into the street? There was no need for Zeph to be ashamed of being with Mrs. Simonds; no one had time now to despise his neighbor for wearing a bonnet crushed down by a weight of tropical vegetation—every one was in sore distress to know how to get home.

"Oh, my dear Jack!" gasped Zeph, "promise me faithfully to keep quite close by my side. Let me take hold of your hand."

"It is most dangerous!" said Mrs. Simonds, pale with anxiety; "but we must not lose our courage and we must keep together. At least that's what we ought to do, but I am sure I don't know how it's to be managed."

How, indeed! They had not gone half-a-dozen yards before Mrs. Simonds was walking off to Knightsbridge, holding Aggy by one hand, while with the other she grasped the arm of an honest tradesman from the Earl's Court Road, who firmly believed that he was convoying his own wife safely to the home he fervently wished he had never left. It was a thoroughly bad fog—pungent of taste, and strong of smell—and it rolled against their faces in damp waves, half choking them as they tried to breast it.

"Come on, girls," said Jack, encouragingly; "I know my way quite well! We have to walk straight on for about five minutes more, and then we must turn to the right, and the others are close behind us;" for as yet he was unaware that Mrs. Simonds and party were now making the best of their way in an opposite direction.

"It's not such easy work as you want to make out," said Polly. "I have always heard that all the carriages and horses come on the pavement when there's a fog like this, and you may be quite sure that those great awkward looking omnibuses will think nothing of crushing us to death."

"The people are far worse than the omnibuses," said Zeph. "How they do push against us!"

Just then a party of boys who were roaming about under cover of darkness, yelling, hooting, and thrusting lanterns into the faces of startled foot-passengers, came by, and one of them thrust his lantern in Polly's eyes, making the most hideous contortions of his own face and uttering the most appalling cry as he did so. Polly started back screaming in an agony of terror.

"Come on," again said Jack; "never mind him. Here's the turning, I am sure; I have kept my hand on the railings all the way. We can't have come wrong."

"But we seem to be going round and round," said Zeph. So they were, for they were walking round and round Kensington Square.

"Suppose we have lost our way," she continued, her teeth chattering with cold and terror. Each moment she expected some one of the terrible looking men of whose existence she from time to time became indistinctly aware, to fling strong arms round her, and drag her away into the darkness and murder her. Jack was her only protector, and he was a boy of ten!

"I don't believe the others are behind us," said Polly, and to satisfy herself, she called, "Aggy! Aggy!"

"She's there," said Jack; "I'll swear I heard her voice a minute since."

"Call her, then," said Polly.

Jack called, they all called; but their cry was only taken up and mocked by a group of demoniac linkboys. They waited and called, and waited and called again. No Agnes was there to answer, but somewhere very near them there were two carriages in unfortunate proximity to each other. This they gathered from the cries and bad language of the coachmen, but immediately afterward the lost children heard a crash, and felt sure that one of the horses had become entirely unmanageable. It was plunging wildly about, and so near to them as to be extremely dangerous.

"We shall be killed!" exclaimed Zeph.

"It's going the other way," said Jack. "Stand still."

"Oh no, it is not!" said Polly. "Zeph is right, we shall be killed!—that's just one of the ills one does go and get heir to directly, on a night like this!"

Jack, who, after all, was the calmest of the party, had dragged them close to the railings and made them stand still. "Polly is quoting a bit of one of my lessons, and quoting it wrong," said he, "but still it is Shakespeare."

"Jack, dear, do hold your tongue," said Zeph, in great distress and fear. "How can you talk of such things as that, when we may be all dead next minute!"

"Now it's safe to move," said Jack. So they grasped each other's hands tighter than ever, and hurried from the neighborhood of such danger as quickly as they could. This fright completely drove away any ideas they might have had on the subject of their route, but that was of no real consequence, for they were already completely lost.

"And all this for a common sixpenny concert, where they did not even number the seats!" moaned Polly. "I do believe we shall lose our lives for nothing better than that!"

"As if it would be pleasanter to die after being at one which had cost a guinea!" exclaimed Zeph.

"Well, I don't know," continued Polly; "I think —" but what she thought they never knew, for just at that moment she stepped over the edge of the pavement, which was rather high there, and fell into the road, uttering a loud cry for help. Jack at once went to give what help he could; Zeph stood waiting where she was, consoled by hearing Polly say that she was not much hurt. He soon returned, and they once more walked on, but Zeph did not speak, for she was intent on what she almost hoped was a ray of light, a little clearer than any she had yet seen from any of the lamps they had passed. It turned out to be a very poor thing in the way of light when they came a step nearer to it, so, in great disappointment, she said: "Suppose that instead of being in the Uxbridge Road, as you say we are, we find out that we are miles from home! What is the matter, Jack? Why are you stopping?"

A strange voice answered, "I am stopping because I am very much afraid that you have made a mistake, but I hope it is not too late to rectify it."

To see the face of the speaker was of course impossible, but there was no need to see it—she knew he was not Jack. "I thought you were my brother!" she said in great distress, dropping the hand she had that moment taken, and standing still in dismay. "Then I have lost him! What shall I do?"

"Let us turn back at once. You can only have left him a minute or two ago—we are certain to find him."

"Do you really think so?" said she more hopefully. "I will call him. Jack! Jack! Mary! I am here. Do come."

But no one answered, and no one came save strangers as wayworn and lost as herself. She stood still, utterly overwhelmed by this new blow. Then she felt she must give some explanation. "We all went to a concert," she began, her voice broken with sobs, which she tried to restrain but could not—"my two sisters, and my little brother Jack, and

Mrs. Simonds, a friend of ours, and her boy. You know what a night it has been! Mrs. Simonds and one of my sisters were behind, and somehow we were parted from them; but I never thought I should lose Jack and Mary too," here she was interrupted by a sob, "and it was all done in a moment! My sister missed her footing and fell into the road, and poor little Jack left loose of my hand to go and help her, and when you came by I fancied you were he, and walked away with you, and now I shall never find him! Oh, it has been a wretched night!" sob, sob, sob.

"Oh, don't take a small misfortune so terribly to heart," said the stranger; "I can understand your distress, but no one has been hurt, and we shall find your brother. He must be very near. We should find him quite easily if this fog didn't deaden sound so much, but we are quite certain to find him. Besides, if the worst comes to pass, and we do not, you can tell me where you live, and I will take you home."

"Oh, thank you, thank you most heartily; but I must not go home. I must stay here till I find the others. They will be so miserable about me! Jack! Mary! Jack!" Again and again she called them. She was conscious that crowds as anxious and bewildered as herself were hurrying by; none knew her voice; many of them seemed to be in great alarm about friends of their own. She gave up calling her brother and sister, and stood in silent anguish.

"Tell me where you live," said he. She made a great effort to answer him, but, even in this moment of emotion, could not mention the name of the district in which her home was without a pang.

"I live in De Manvers Town," said she at last, ruefully. "My father writes books, and he likes to live there because it is so quiet," and then she would have given worlds to recall that assertion, which had been made on the spur of the moment because no other excuse presented itself, for quiet and De Manvers Town had no kinship with each other. "Besides, we are poor," said she, pathetically, as a sort of amends for having so outstripped truth.

"If you will stand here by this lamp-post," said he, "I will run back and try to find your brother."

"Oh, no, please don't go; I beg you not to leave me!" cried Zeph in great fear, "I shall die of terror if you do!"

He did not speak for a moment. He was thinking what he had better do.

"You are a stranger to me, I know, and I ought not to be troublesome to you," said she apologetically; "only everyone else is so very much more strange."

"But I am delighted to be of service to you—I am indeed. Do not be afraid of my being so base as to desert you: I promise not to leave you until I have provided for your safety. The first thing to do is to find out where we are. A policeman would tell us—that is, if he knew himself. But stay: I'll ring the bell of the first house I can make out to be lighted—some of those we have passed must be, but it is impossible to see either houses or lights."

He talked; Zeph could do nothing but weep. She was cold, and unhappy, and terrified, and wherever she was, she was sure she was a long way from home.

"We had much better give up any idea of finding your brother and sister," said he, "and make the best of our way to your home. Take my arm; you must not stand here any longer: you are coughing so much, we really ought to be moving. Are you warmly dressed?"

"But I am anxious about them. Jack is quite a little boy, he is only ten, and Mary is younger than I am, and I am only nineteen. What will they do, poor things?"

He had while she was speaking touched her shoulder and found that she was wearing some garment which felt very damp. She said that she was warm enough, but he was

afraid she was not. "I'll take you home first," said he, "and then if your brother and sister are not there, I promise you I will do my best to find them. Take my arm, please, and then I shall not lose you."

He saw a glimmering light and felt his way to the steps of a house, a large house it seemed to be by the portico, and at last he found the bell.

"This is Number Five Ambassadors' Gate, sir," said a servant very gruffly, for the fog which rushed in through the open door was repugnant to a delicate sense of comfort which it had been the business of his life for many years to cultivate. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Daylesford; I did not see it was you, sir. Would you allow me to get a lantern and show you to your own house, sir?"

"No, thank you," replied the stranger. Then he turned to Josephine, whose face and figure he was beginning to be able to see a little. "My own house is six doors from this; I live at Number Eleven. Would you like to take shelter there, while I send for a cab for you? I will escort you home if you will allow me, whether you walk or drive; but I think we had better have a cab."

"Oh, no, thank you," she replied, "I don't think I dare go in a cab, but I wish you would tell me what I ought to do?" She said this very humbly, she was so unused to act for herself and so uncertain what a girl would be expected to do in such circumstances. She wished he would take her home as quickly as possible, but was afraid he would not really care to take the trouble to go as far as De Manvers Town with a poor little girl who was lost. Just at that moment he was willing to take much more trouble for her than he had been before they had rung at that bell, he had been very sorry for her before, but now, having had the opportunity of looking at her afforded by the small amount of light which issued from the hall at Number Five, he had become aware that she was very beautiful, and had the most wonderful eyes he had ever seen in his life.

So when she said, "Tell me what you think I ought to do," he replied, "I think you had better let me try to help you to find your way to your own home at once."

"But then you will have to walk all the way back here again," said Zeph, grieving over the thought that hers was not a home into which she could freely invite a lordly stranger accustomed to better things.

"My dear young lady," said he firmly, "you quite forget that I am a man, and strong, and able to find my way about quite well when I don't mind losing it a little—even if I had to walk about all night, it would not hurt me."

"You are very kind; I am afraid that even if I am putting you to great inconvenience I shall still have to accept your kind offer; please let us go."

Mr. Daylesford then cautiously made his way back to the main road. This he could only do by a careful computation of turnings and by keeping his hand on the railings of the houses all the time. But now that they were *en route*, he resolved not to let his companion make such a misery of the adventure. He began to talk to her, and was determined that she should answer. "You have been to hear the 'Elijah' at the Albert Hall, I suppose? Was it good?"

"Oh, no, no," replied Zeph, who was hardly ever free from a feeling of mortification at her own poverty. "No, we don't go to these—I mean we have not been there; we only went to a People's Concert at Kensington Town Hall."

"Was it good? those concerts are sometimes."

"Yes, very good. I enjoyed it, but then I go out so seldom that I always enjoy everything."

"Do you like going to the theater?"

"Yes," replied Zeph most emphatically, "but I have only been twice in my whole life. If any one were to tell me that

I should go to the theater next week, I don't believe I should sleep an hour until the play came, for thinking of what was in prospect!" He was silent for a moment, and she added, "And some people go nearly every night!"

"Yes, and I am afraid I am one of them. I do it by fits and starts, though; sometimes I go night after night, and then I don't go for a month."

"You get tired of it?" asked Zeph, almost hoping to hear him say that this joy, which was one of those she most coveted, ceased to be a joy to those who could indulge in it to their heart's content. She could endure her own pleasureless existence more patiently if those who seemed to have better lives did not get the full amount of happiness out of the amusements which fell so plentifully to their lot.

"I am afraid I do; but then I give up going when that happens—there is always something else to do."

She could have torn away her hand from his arm; his world and hers were so utterly and so cruelly different; there was always something else that was pleasant for him to do. No such consolation was hers. She sighed, and was silent.

"Don't sigh," said he. "I know by certain landmarks that we are going right, and what is more I am certain that the fog is not quite so thick. Look—don't you see a dull kind of glimmer there—it means a brilliantly lighted room."

Josephine drew a long breath of relief. "It has been a dreadful night—at least it would have been if I had not met you! What should I have done without you? Do you know, I believe I should have crept into some portico and have sat still in a corner until I could see to go home."

"Not a bad thing to do," said he cheerily; "but it really is growing much clearer." He spoke with more certainty on this point than he seemed to have any warrant for, but he was so sorry for her. He could feel by the way her hand lay on his arm that she was utterly weary and despondent. Nevertheless, parties of two or three persons passed them by frequently, and they were surely much more visible than before. At length they came into a street where an immense gin-palace actually lighted up a large piece of pavement in front of it. When they came within range of its brilliance, they both turned as if by mutual consent to look at each other—each longed to see the other's face. When the door of Number Five had been open he had seen hers, though imperfectly; but she had been so indifferent to everything except getting home again, that she had scarcely looked at him. She saw a tall, brown-haired and brown-bearded man, looking searchingly in her face. He had a good nose and mouth, and a remarkably pleasant smile, and he could not help smiling both with eyes and mouth when he met her inquiring gaze. Her eyes fell at once, but soon she raised them again, though this time she tried to show less curiosity.

"It is very natural that we should wish to see each other," said he. "We have been walking along side by side in total darkness for more than an hour, neither of us having the least idea what the other was like. There's something just a trifle ghost-like about that, isn't there? You might have had the same kind of gentleman with you that Leonora had when she set out on her midnight ride, and I might have been escorting the lovely Maid of Colonsay to her abode!"

"Ah, but she did not reside in De Manvers Town," replied Josephine, who had never heard of the Maid of Colonsay, but could not forget that very soon she and this gentleman, who looked so handsome and dignified, and belonged, as she could easily see, to a class of society far above that of any one whom she had ever known, would enter the street in which her father's house was situated, and before they could reach it would have to pass the line of shops which

blighted the neighborhood. What would he think of her? She would never see him again of course, but it was dreadful to think of his carrying away such an impression of her and her surroundings! Would the shops be open or shut? When open they were generally illuminated by flaring jets of gas, and so lavishly that all their cheap catchpenny contents could well be seen. The nearer she came to them the more uneasy she grew. The worst shop of all was one for ready-made clothes, and during the last week or two its window had been filled with a row of trowsers dangling before the eyes of all passers-by, each bearing a large white ticket with this touching appeal: "Give us one trial, 10s. 6d." She felt that she would rather die than walk past that shop with Mr. Daylesford! He had been talking all this time, but she had only been able to return short and unsatisfactory answers to what he said, for her thoughts were chilled by this fear.

"I am afraid you are very tired," said he at last.

"Oh no, I am not," she replied joyously, for she had just ascertained that all the shops were shut, and that there was not enough light to reveal the worst features of Lorne Gardens. "I am not at all tired. I am anxious about the others, though. Do you think there is any hope of their being at home?"

"Oh yes, I do; but you will see if they are in a moment. Five Lorne Gardens, I think you said, here is Number One."

And now Josephine had a new terror. Suppose her poor, dear, hard-working father should have become aware that she was missing, and were to shuffle to the door in his lamp-shaped slippers and dressing-gown when he heard the bell ring. On such a night as this it was not absolutely impossible that a certain amount of anxiety might not penetrate even to his study. Or Polly, with a loud—"Here is Zeph!" and still louder kiss, might rush forward to welcome back the sister she loved and quarreled with so heartily. Zeph tried to say good-night and to thank Mr. Daylesford at the foot of the steps.

"Oh no," said he decisively, "I must know if you are relieved of all anxiety about the rest of your party before I say good-bye."

She ran up the steps and rang. The door was opened directly. It was Jack who opened it, and her father was standing close behind him.

"That's right!" exclaimed Jack. "Here's Zeph, and now we are all here!"

"Thank heaven for that, and also for letting father be well behind Jack," thought Zeph; "no one can see his feet if Jack stands still where he is."

"Father, this gentleman found me when I was lost and kindly walked home with me," said she simply.

Mr. Treherne thanked the stranger in such a dignified and graceful manner that Zeph was delighted. He even asked him to come in. To her great satisfaction, however, this invitation was declined. "It is too late, thank you," said the stranger. "I am very glad to have been of service to your daughter. I hope she will not suffer from her exposure to the cold. Is there a cab-stand near?" Jack volunteered to show him one about five minutes' walk from the house, so they departed together, and no sooner had the door closed on them than Zeph said, "Father, who was the Maid of Colonsay?"

"Come to my room to-morrow and you shall read about her," replied Mr. Treherne; his anxiety about his child had actually produced an invitation to the study! "I have been very uneasy about you, dear," he said. "You have been in great peril. This comes of going out! Girls ought not to leave their parents' roof—they ought to stay quietly at home. Good-night, dear Zeph; this has been a sad anxiety and hinderance to my poor work."

"Is Mrs. Simonds safe?" asked Zeph when she was upstairs with her sisters.

"Yes," replied Polly; "Aggy and Jack and I ran round to see as soon as the fog cleared away a little, and Frank is safe, and so is she; but her bonnet is completely ruined! The fog has made all those lovely flowers quite dirty and black!"

"I do call that a misfortune!" said Aggy. But Zeph did not, and went upstairs to her own little room—where, weary in mind and body, she sank on to her hard, black box. Ten minutes later, Jack knocked at her door. "I was awfully afraid you were lost forever!" said he, and then before she could speak, he added, "I say, Zeph, that fellow that walked all the way home with you asked an awful lot of questions about you and all of us."

"What did he ask?"

"What your name was? What Zeph stood for? I believe he thought it a very queer, short name; and then he wanted to know which of my sisters I liked best?"

"Which did you say? You are a wicked boy if you didn't say Zeph!"

"Never you mind what I said. And then he wanted me to tell him if you were fond of reading, and I said no, you never opened a book!"

"Jack, you need not have said that."

"Well, you never do; and besides, if you did, why should he be told about it? I don't see why a man who will never see you again, need inquire whether you are fond of reading or not?"

CHAPTER III.

THE DUTY OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

Clar. Ich will nicht dass er hoffen soll, und ich kann ihn doch nicht verzweifeln lassen.—EGMONT.

"I SAY, Zeph," exclaimed Agnes a few days later, "would you like to hear a bit of news? What do you think has happened? Mother sent me directly after breakfast with a message to Mrs. Simonds, and she had just had a letter from John. He has had an appointment given him, and is to go to be second master at Dorminster School at Easter, and he is coming to London to see her now; but she is quite funny about this visit, and declares that it is all very well for him to say that he wants to see her, but that she is quite certain that it is you who are his greatest attraction. Why, you foolish girl, how you are blushing!"

Zeph looked as if she could have slain Agnes. She did not like this kind of conversation, and walked out of the room. By far the greater part of her day was spent in the garret in which she slept. She had made it as pretty as she could. She had embroidered a counterpane for her bed, had found a couple of old hearthrugs which played the part of a carpet, and she had adorned the walls with "Cherry Ripe," "Little Red Riding Hood," and every pretty-colored newspaper illustration which came in her way. Some china cups and saucers were artistically arranged on her mantelpiece, and her small book-case full of railway novels hung on the wall. An old mahogany looking-glass, on the top of a small chest of drawers which did duty for a toilet-table, was furnished with draperies of spotted muslin tied back with cherry-colored ribbons; and two tall china candlesticks with short bits of wax candle in them stood by and added a sensible amount of happiness to her life. A glove-box, a handkerchief-box, and some scent-bottles were there too, and one or two other trifles. They were no trifles to Zeph. They represented the strongest effort it was in her power to make to escape from being dragged down by poverty and care. All the people downstairs, for thus she was wont to describe her father, mother, and sisters, were so prostrated by the

poverty which had taken possession of the house, that they had ceased to care for any of the graces or refinements of life. They ate their daily bread, indifferent to how it was set before them. They knew that elegancies and luxuries were beyond their reach, but while surrendering them perforce to cruel necessity, they at the same time renounced a thousand small things which lend an indefinable grace to existence, and which poor people need not forego. Josephine was resolved that nothing should ever make her follow their example. She would do her best to help her mother if ever her mother would give her anything to do, but she would not run about in shoes that were worn out of shape, or wear dresses with holes in them because they were not worth the trouble of mending. Zeph's dresses were always mended so long as the material would bear her stitches, and she always looked nice—though her dress might not be worth half a crown. After flying from Agnes's tongue, she shut her bedroom door and dropped down on the black box to think. John Simonds had got the second-mastership at Dorminster School, and was coming back, and she would soon see him. He was coming to see her. Time was when she and John had seen each other every day, and had loved each other in a simple and childish but very resolute fashion. He had always said that he loved her better than any one else in the whole world, and that he should always do so. She had said much the same thing to him—she remembered it perfectly, and how he had said, "I want to say something to you, Zeph, and that is, that you must never love any one else but me, and when I get rich I shall come for you, and take you away to live with me always." But that was nearly three years ago, when she was only sixteen. She had never quite dared to let herself believe that he would remember her all that long time. Was he rich now? Was this appointment a thing to make him rich? He would have to live in Dorminster. Why did he want to see her? Gradually, as she asked herself these questions, the past, and his bright, resolute face and cheery, affectionate ways, rose up more and more distinctly before her. She had not seen him for nearly three years, but she had never forgotten him. She had always loved him better than any one outside of her own family. She did so still. Indeed, in her heart she was conscious that she loved him more than she loved any of her own people; she meant no unkindness to them, but she was afraid she did. Was that wrong? She hardly ever saw her father and mother, and her sisters, except at rare moments when they showed some affection, were to her little more than great, rough, tiresome girls, who made the house uncomfortable by their untidy, ungentle ways.

"Well, it will be strange to see poor, dear John again," she thought, and she sat dwelling on the idea with the greatest happiness. After a long time she heard a knock at her bedroom door. It was Jack.

"You might help me with my theme, Zeph," said he.

"I can't, dear; I am thinking of something very particular."

"My theme is particular; I shall catch it, I know, if it is not written."

"What is it about?"

"The duties of a school-boy."

"But surely you know far more about the duties of a school-boy than I do."

"I dare say I do, but you can write better."

"What are the duties, Jack?"

"Oh, if you listen to what the masters tell you, there are a lot; but if you listen to what the boys say, I don't think there is much else to do than never tell tales. You don't know what a row I got into, Zeph, last week when I told the master that one of the fellows was copying."

"You will write your theme better than I can; I should

only write a prosy thing that every one would know was not yours."

"That would never do! I'll write it myself, and you'll help me with my arithmetic."

"What are you doing?"

"Rule-of-three."

"I know nothing of the rule-of-three. I know nothing of any rule but subtraction, and I shall never want any other." Zeph sighed as she said it. Jack opened his eyes wide and stared, and said he could not imagine what she meant.

"You silly!" said she. "Some one gives you ten shillings, and you spend part of it, and then you spend some more, and so you go on subtracting and subtracting, till you have nothing left."

"Who told you about that?" said Jack, with much surprise.

"Who told me what?"

"That some one did give me ten shillings the other night," said he mysteriously. "Don't go and tell mother, or she'll want me to use it in buying boots or something."

"But who gave it to you—not Mr. Daylesford?"

"Yes, Mr. Daylesford."

"But why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because I made up my mind to tell no one; I don't object to your knowing, though. By Jove, Zeph, but he had a lot of money in his pocket! I heard it jingle as he pulled out half a sovereign for me. He just said, 'Here, my little man, I dare say you have plenty of uses for this. Buy something in remembrance of the fog,' and he did not at all seem to think that he was giving me a lot. I like Mr. Daylesford, Zeph."

"I dare say you do," replied Zeph thoughtfully. "I rather like him too."

"Do you suppose we shall ever see him again?"

"No; why should we?"

"Because when he bade me good-bye he said, 'I hope we shall meet again very soon.' That was just as the cab was driving off with him."

"Come, Jack dear, get away and write your theme," said Zeph, who wanted to think of something much more important. He went and toiled at his theme, scraping up every bit of school-boy morality he could muster. She sat on her box till darkness fell, wondering what John Simonds would say to her, and what she had better say to him. She was called down to tea before she had half done thinking. Her family were evidently expecting a visitor. The fire looked bright, the hearth was brushed up. The chairs were cleared of odds and ends for which her sisters never seemed to be able to find any other place; the lamp looked as if it had been specially cared for; two or three unwonted delicacies had been put on the tea-table, and Polly and Aggy, who had made all these preparations for the visitor, had also flung a big bit of muslin and lace around their necks, and had each stuck a large red artificial rose in it just under their left ears.

Agnes was standing on a footstool on the hearthrug trying to see the effect of this adornment in the little mirror over the mantelpiece, when John Simonds entered the room. "Oh, what a pity!" she muttered to herself in dismay. "I do wish he had not caught me at the glass!" and her cheeks crimsoned with shame. But he neither saw what she was doing, nor her confusion at being detected in an act of vanity; nay more, his color was as bright as hers when he warmly grasped Zeph's hand and eagerly tried to meet her half-reluctant eyes. Brief as their greeting was, there was something in his manner which told her unmistakably what he had come to say. Zeph blushed too, and tried to creep quietly away into the most remote corner of the room. How handsome he was! All the three girls mentally made this

exclamation at the self-same moment. He was of middle height, with dark hair and fine dark warm brown eyes, which danced with joy now, and he was a fine, manly, clever-looking fellow, who looked as if he could carve his own way in any line of life, and, what is more, could undertake to guarantee the woman he loved against all such misfortunes as were to be averted by bravery and forethought. Zeph glanced at him whenever she dared, and began to feel very proud of him.

"How is Mrs. Treherne?" said he, for she had not yet appeared.

"Mother is kept in close attendance on father, and he is so busy."

"I suppose so. How kind she was to me when I was a little fellow! I am longing to see her. Oh, here she is!"

Before Mrs. Treherne had been five minutes in the room she began to feel herself a person of considerable importance, for it was easy to see that he was in love with Zeph, and she was Zeph's mother. She was so engrossed by this discovery that for some time she actually forgot to take her husband's tea to the study; not that this lapse of memory at all interfered with his comfort, for he always forgot to take it until it was cold.

"My dear," said she when she did go with the tea, "there is such a nice handsome young man upstairs, and he is over head and ears in love with Zeph."

"Is he? Don't tell me about it just yet, dear, for I am so busy."

Mrs. Treherne went back to the drawing-room; her husband did seem unusually busy, and perhaps would not miss her if she stayed away a little longer. That young man was certainly in love with Zeph; so Mrs. Treherne smoothed the folds of her well-worn black silk, held her head erect, and sat with a pleasant smile on her lips, watching the young people and ready to put in a kindly word if it were wanted. Not so Polly and Agnes. They saw that John Simonds loved Zeph, and such being the case, they quietly but firmly desisted from contributing anything to the entertainment of a young man whose eyes and heart were not for them. They loved Zeph dearly in their own peculiar way, but they were continually ruffled by her assumption of superiority. They eagerly longed for the time when she would get married, and they would be able to have more of their own way. When tea was over, they retreated to a corner and sat apart, but though they were quite well-behaved and quiet, Zeph knew that they were watching her most narrowly, and weighing every word she said with a view to discovering if she too were in love. They made her painfully nervous, and the silence of every one but herself and John Simonds was most uncomfortable. She tried to make them talk; they only answered in monosyllables. She then tried to draw her mother into the conversation, but Mrs. Treherne, who was always rather a silent woman, was now too uneasy at leaving her husband alone so long, and too much occupied in thinking of this new development of the family fortunes, to be able to say much. Zeph, in despair, went away to seek Jack. He had retired once more to his own little room, and there she found him with inky fingers, hair thrust back, and pen nibbled to a stump, just finishing his theme.

"You might have helped a fellow, Zeph," said he pathetically, "I have had such a turn with it!"

"I would have helped you if I had felt able, but, dear child, I am quite sure what you have written is far better than anything I could have done."

"Perhaps," said he, "but I don't think so. I'll tell you what, Zeph: you might just take it and read it before you go to bed to-night, and tell me if you think it will do. There's a fine lot of it, isn't there?" said he, with conscious

pride. "I have filled one of father's sheets of paper. I had to go to mother for paper, and she gave me four of father's big best sheets. Stop, Zeph: there's another thing. I want to know if John Simonds has come to London on purpose to see you." Jack had heard Polly and Agnes talking, and was curious.

"Why should he come to see me, Jack? We have known him for years: he has come to see us all, I suppose," replied Zeph, but her cheeks flamed scarlet. She folded up Jack's theme and put it in her pocket, and made him return to the drawing-room with her. But no sooner was she there than she again felt the freezing influence of her sisters' silent gaze. If they would but say something!

"Oh, I say, how quiet you all are!" exclaimed Jack, before he had been in the drawing-room five minutes. "Can't you play some game? It's so stupid sitting this way!"

A spelling-game was proposed, but three of the party did not feel themselves strong in spelling.

"Then let us play 'What is my thought like,'" said some one, but Polly and Agnes affirmed that they had no thoughts.

"Well I have one," said Jack, "and that is that as you are not going to do anything jolly, I'll just go off to bed," and he did go, bidding Zeph not to forget what she had to do for him before she slept. Finally, they agreed to play a game which required four players, two on one side and two on the other, and Polly and Agnes completely met their guest's wishes, for they insisted on being partners in the game, and left him to play with Josephine. They, perhaps, only meant to amuse themselves with the two whom they were already in their own minds beginning to call the lovers, but at all events they now behaved quite pleasantly.

"You two go out first," said Agnes, for it was a game which involved the banishment of two of the players while the other two laid their plans. "You two go out, and Polly and I will settle what we had better do."

Zeph and her companion went out on to a cold little landing lighted by a small lamp. The door was hardly shut before John Simonds said, "I have been longing to see you alone, Zeph." Zeph felt faint.

"You have heard that I have been appointed second master in Dorminster School?"

"Yes," said she, but she could say no more.

"Then if you remember the last words I said to you, dear, you know why I am here now."

She trembled with nervousness, but she did know, and the knowledge did not make her unhappy. He took her hand. She did not draw it away. She had known him ever since he was a boy, and had always liked him, but perhaps never so much as now.

"You do know, and you will say yes when I ask you to come to Dorminster with me?"

"Oh, no, no," said Zeph in sudden alarm. "You must wait. I don't quite say yes. I must have a little more time to think."

"Why, Zeph, if you are like me, you have been thinking all the time."

"Yes, I know; but now when it has come so suddenly—no, John, you must—"

"You won't send me away unhappy? I only got to London at half-past five, and I have to go to Dorminster early in the morning for a day or two to make arrangements: let me have something happy to think—"

"We are quite ready!" cried Polly and Agnes, suddenly appearing at the door.

"One word, Zeph," he whispered eagerly; "say one word;" but Zeph walked into the room. He could but follow her and seem interested in what he was doing, though his eyes were more bent on piercing the secret of Zeph's in-

tentions than on picking up any hint of the mystery of the game from the two girls' indiscreet glances at each other at critical moments. Zeph was in such a maze of bewilderment as to what it would best beseem her to do that she blundered at every turn, and at length Polly and Agnes told her with all the frank outspokenness of sisters that she was so stupid there was no fun in playing with her, and sat down to watch and scrutinize as before. As for John Simonds, he was now in such a state of excitement and eagerness for certainty that it was quite pitiable. Zeph never raised her eyes; there was nothing to be learnt from them. She answered when he spoke, and answered kindly, but so nervously that his heart ached for her. Mrs. Treherne somehow seemed to see that she was called on to help the young people, but did not know how to do it, and talked continuously. "It will soon be three years since we have seen you, John; there has always been something to stop your coming home."

"I have always had to take pupils or do something," said he. "You may be sure that I have wished to come."

"You must find us all much changed," said she; and thus she maundered on until her speeches jarred so on him in his present state of nervous excitement that he felt as if he could bear it no longer. Presently Polly left the room for something, and he ventured to draw near Zeph and say to her in a low voice. "Don't send me away without an answer." She looked up into his face, but could not bear to see the agonized entreaty in his eyes, and whispering "Wait a moment," hastily left the room. She would write a line if he wished it, if only she could find pen, ink, and paper. She dared not go to her father's room, and there was none anywhere else but in that she had just left. All at once she remembered the poor, dear, inky little boy she had so lately visited in the garret next to her own. He was now fast asleep; but she stole in without disturbing him, and took his pen and ink and one of the large sheets of paper that his mother had given him. In the center of the ample page she scrawled with trembling fingers, "Dear John, don't press me for an answer until you come back again. I cannot give one now. Please wait." She folded the sheet in half and then folded it again, put it in her pocket, and went downstairs to try to give it to him. She was deeply sorry for him, and knew she loved him better than any one else she had ever seen, and yet that was all she could bring herself to write. They all looked at her with much curiosity as she re-entered the room, but she had decided on a line of conduct and no longer cared so much. He was standing by the fire. She went and stood near him, and as soon as she could do it unobserved, quietly took the paper from her pocket and slightly pushed it along the mantelpiece toward him. He was very quick in possessing himself of it, and soon afterward bade them all good-bye. He ran down the steps into the road and walked on until he was out of sight of the house, and then hurried to the first lamp-post and opened Zeph's paper. What a quantity she had written! But what did he see? Had she given him this as an insult, or had she made some strange mistake? What he read was this:

"THE DUTY OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

"The duty of a school-boy is to behave himself as a gentleman, not to bully or treat those that are younger than himself badly. He should be obedient to his masters, not copy his work off other boys' papers; to work hard and well, not let his character be spoiled by bad conduct, idleness, impositions, or detention; not to be rude or use bad language; not to be deceitful; not to go with bad company; not to steal or cheat the commandments; every one from first to last ought to be able to control his temper, however good or bad it may be; not to tell any one in charge of him of theft or even of

murder ; not to clime out of windows or down spouts ; not to tell lies, or if they do wrong to be frightened to tell of it, and tell a lot of lies saying he did not do it ; not to contradict ; not to be bribed or cheted ; not even to steal a penny, though so little, for if he steals a penny and is not found out, he will steal pounds if he get the opportunity ; to go to church regularly ; to save his money till he wants to buy something sensible, not to spend it all in eatables at Grubby's ; not to be greedy or to covet other people's goods ; to work hard and do everything I have said here, and he will get on fairly well in the school if he does.

"JOHN SEATON TREHERNE, 1st form."

Before John Simonds had read more than a line or so he knew that he had got the wrong paper, and that this was poor little Jack's theme of which he had heard them speaking. He must return it at once, or the boy would probably suffer. He walked back to 5 Lorne Gardens. Lights were still to be seen in the downstairs windows ; perhaps there was a chance of his getting the note intended for himself. He rang very gently. No one came to the door ; every one was already far advanced in the task of preparing to go to bed but Zeph and Mr. and Mrs. Treherne. Zeph was in such a state of restlessness that she had not even gone upstairs. Mr. Treherne never took any notice of any bell except to mutter a malediction. Mrs. Treherne never dared to take any notice of external noises when she was with him. John rang again.

"Who is there?" asked the voice of her he best loved from within.

"It is I, John Simonds," said he. He found that by putting his lips to the slit cut in the door for the letter-box he could make her hear without having to speak at all loud.

"You," exclaimed Zeph, and her heart leaped with joy, for ever since his departure she had been repenting the coldness of her letter.

"Yes. You gave me Jack's theme instead of what I wanted!"

"Oh, did I? did I really? Oh, I see how it happened; I wrote on the same kind of paper as he did. Poor dear boy, what a state he would have been in when to-morrow morning came!"

"But what a state I was in to-night! Open the door and let me give it to you, and then you can give me the paper that was intended for me."

Zeph was terribly tempted to obey. It was such a delight to hear his voice again; it would be such a delight to see his handsome face! Why should she not open the door and have that great pleasure? Her fingers were already on the bolt when she bethought herself of the folly she was about to commit. If she opened the door and he came in, it was quite certain that he would leave the house with her promise to be his wife. How foolish it would be to let herself be so carried away by feeling! The few lines she had already written contained all that she ought to say to him for the present. He was going away for a day or two. She had surely a right to ask him to give her a day or two to decide a question which would undoubtedly affect the happiness of her whole life!

"Do open the door just for a moment," he pleaded once more. "I am afraid of some one passing by and hearing what I am saying."

"No, I cannot open it; it is very hard to open; besides, there is no need. You can push Jack's theme under it or put it into the letter-box."

"But I want what you wrote me."

"I'll push that under the door."

"I wish you would just tell me one thing," said he. "Is your answer good or bad?"

"You will see it in a minute—there I am just working it

under the door now—and I have the theme, so I think I must go. Good-night, John."

"But I cannot see here. Don't go yet. Stop one moment, dear Zeph," he exclaimed hastily. "You surely know that I have loved you ever since the day I first saw you; say you love me."

"I can say nothing to-night; you will be back here in a day or two."

"A day or two is a fearfully long time to wait when one is so miserably anxious. You don't like any one else better?"

"Certainly not! You must know that I don't—that I couldn't."

"And you are glad to see me back?"

"Very glad—more glad than I can ever tell you. Now, you must not try to make me say another word. Good-night."

"But, Zeph——" But Zeph was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECOND MASTER'S WIFE'S PEW.

"Si jeunesse savait——"

"ZEPH! Zeph! Zeph!" screamed Jack at the very top of his voice as he entered his father's house next day, "Zeph, where are you? Come down this mom——" But here he stopped, transfixed by the sight of his father, who was standing just inside his study, and now strode angrily forward and collared the unlucky boy who had ventured to make a noise so near those sacred precincts.

"How dare you make such an uproar, you stupid boy? I shall not recover the shock you have given my brain for the next hour!" and as Mr. Treherne spoke he looked at the unwitting boy so sternly that for the moment he lost all power of speech. Jack had never seen his father quit the study in that way before; he could only hold up a letter with Eleven Ambassadors' Gate printed across the back of the envelope, and stammer forth: "It's a letter from the gentleman who took care of Zeph in the fog!"

"What of that?" said Mr. Treherne with absolute indifference. "I should like to know if that is any reason for disturbing me?"

Agnes was looking over the balusters at the top of the house, Polly doing the same half-way down, the servants had run to the top of the kitchen stairs, and Mrs. Treherne had followed her husband out of the study; for such a disturbance as this had never been known before.

"You little rascal!" said he angrily, taking the offending letter, "I cannot think what you mean. If the Emperor of all the Russias had written, you could not have made more noise. I shall take this letter myself, and then there need be no more noise about it; and as for you, I sincerely hope that your mother will have sense enough to lock you safely in your own room!" Having said this, he retreated to his den again, accompanied by his wife, who knew that there was no necessity to act on his words.

"Oh, Jack, what have you done?" exclaimed Polly; "couldn't you have waited till you were safe upstairs? You know what father is!"

"You see, the postman had just put it in my hand. I knew Zeph would want her letter; that's why I called her."

"She'll never see it now. Father will just scribble a lot of notes on it, and then lock it away and forget where it is, or else tear it up, and mother won't dare to stop him," said Aggy, and then they sat down on the stairs to wonder if any of them would ever know the contents of that letter. Zeph was not at home: Mrs. Simonds had sent a note early in the day to ask her to lunch and dine with her, and Zeph had gone.

She was now sitting by Mrs. Simonds on a very uncomfortable sofa, and that lady, a very spare, cross-looking

matron of seven-and-fifty winters, with a very pronounced structure on her head by way of a cap, was talking about John, and every now and then fixing an anxious eye on Zeph's face to read in it, if possible, whether she was beginning to feel herself part of the Simonds family.

"You had some talk with him last night, of course?" said Mrs. Simonds severely.

"A little," replied Zeph, shrinking from the beady-black eyes which were examining her.

"And he told you about his appointment?"

"Yes."

As Zeph was so uncommunicative, Mrs. Simonds began to inform her that John would have four hundred a year and a house, that he might easily treble his income by taking boarders, and that people who took boarders got rid of much of the trouble of providing for them by sending large fixed orders to the butcher and grocer regularly once a week. Zeph listened, but she took little or no interest in hearing of the number of pounds of sugar, tea, rice, soap, and sago John's wife might have to send for if she made his house popular with the boys and it was always full. She had never cared for the details of housekeeping. She constantly indulged in dreams of the beautiful house she would one day have, where all should be perfectly managed, but she never looked forward to taking any active part in the said management.

"Tell me about Dorminster," said she, hoping to change the subject. "Is the society good there? Will John be in it, or is it a stiff place?"

Mrs. Simonds assured her that John would naturally be in the very best society, and that when he went to the Cathedral he would always sit in a stall specially appropriated to him, and that his wife would have a special pew set apart for her. And as Zeph was showing some half-concealed pleasure in this prospect, Mrs. Simonds took courage and said, "That's if he has a wife, of course. Zeph, do you think he will have one soon?"

Zeph blushed crimson and said: "You must not ask too much, Mrs. Simonds. John said something to me last night about wanting one, but I said he really must wait till he came back from Dorminster."

"My dear Zeph, what is the use of keeping him unsettled until he comes back? If you like him enough to accept him then, you might have done it at once. He is a dear fellow, and any girl might be happy with him!"

"Yes," said Zeph, warmly, "he really is."

"Well, young people understand each other best, no doubt; only why—, but I see it will be all right when he comes, won't it, Zeph?"

"I don't know," replied Zeph. "I hope so, I am sure. But I cannot give a final answer until he is here."

More could not be drawn from her. Mrs. Simonds knitted, Zeph worked. Mr. Simonds, who was a doctor, stole an hour from his patients to spend with the girl who was so soon to be his daughter-in-law. He was a tall, gaunt man, remarkably like Carlyle in appearance, but with a latent fund of kindness in his composition. It was dull before he came, it was deadly dull after; and at ten o'clock Zeph went home, saying to herself that John was a dear fellow, but that even for his sake she could not endure many such afternoons as that.

The moment she was inside the house Polly came to her on tiptoe and softly whispered: "There is something for you upstairs," and leading Zeph thither with much mystery and many glances of fear in the direction of the study, took her to the table where the letter, which they had at last prevailed on their mother to capture for them, was lying. "Eleven Ambassadors' Gate!" exclaimed Zeph, in great surprise, when she saw the envelope. She opened the letter and uttered a cry of dismay.

"Oh, what is it? Do tell us!" cried Polly and Aggy, in a breath. "Don't keep us waiting. We have suffered so much about that letter already!"

"Read it! read it!" said Zeph. "I never knew anything so horribly vexing; no, never! And to think of the dullness I have been enduring, when I might have had this!" Polly read:

"DEAR MISS TREHERNE:—I send for your kind acceptance an order for a box at the Levity Theater, for to-night (Friday). It is a large box and will comfortably seat four, so I hope that you will be able to persuade Mrs. Treherne and your sisters to accompany you; and if you like to take your nice little brother also, he will have no difficulty in finding a place. The play is *Hamlet*. I am intentionally sending this order at the eleventh hour, for I have not forgotten your words on that wretchedly foggy night when I had the pleasure of helping you to find your home. You then said: 'If any one were to tell me that I should go to the theater next week, I should not sleep an hour for thinking of what was coming.' Now that I have stored up the order until the morning of the very day when it is to be used, I begin to be afraid lest I have not given you sufficient time. I shall be very much disappointed if I do not see you to-night. Yours faithfully, GODFREY DAYLESFORD."

"He won't be half so much disappointed as we are!" said Polly. Agnes looked as if she were going to cry.

"What o'clock is it?" exclaimed Zeph. "Would it be possible to get there in time to see one act? I'd go, even for one act!" But no, De Manvers Town was more than an hour's drive from the "Levity," and it was now half-past ten.

"Besides, we are not dressed!" said Zeph, with tears in her eyes.

"That good box!" moaned Agnes; "just think of its being wasted like that!"

None of the three girls had ever known the pleasant sensation of sitting in comfort in a box at the theater; on the few occasions when they had been, they had "just sat anywhere."

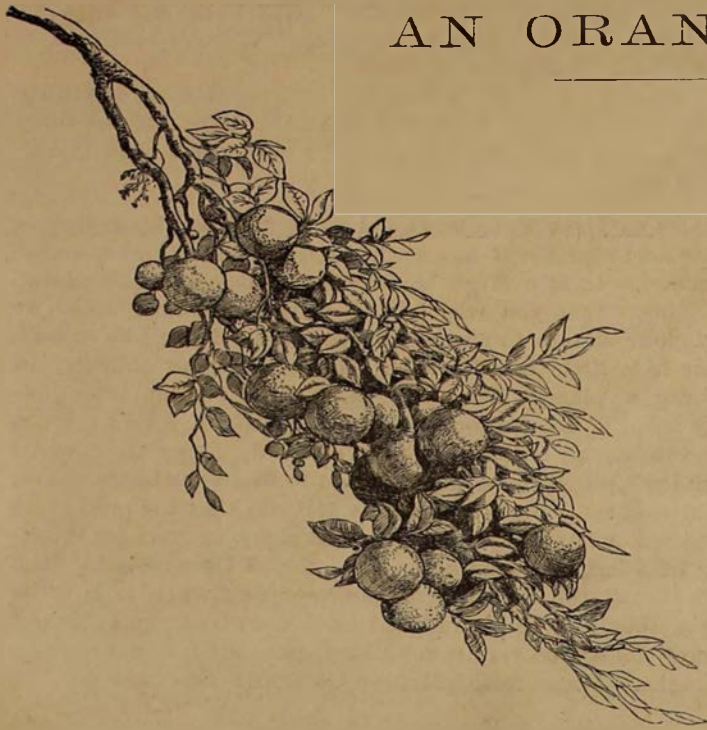
"Such a thing will never happen again!" said Zeph, tearfully. "Think what we might be doing now, and what we have lost!" All three shed tears. What cured Zeph was hearing Polly say: "I'd have worn my stripe."

"You would have done nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Zeph. "The order was sent to me, and I shouldn't have dreamed of allowing you to make such a fright of yourself! No, you and Agnes would both have worn your pretty, plain white muslins with the lace frills."

Polly and Agnes were about angrily to deny her right to control their choice of dress, but they remembered that no dress would now be wanted, and again all but wept. Zeph longed to be alone. She took writing-materials with her to her garret. She thought it would soothe her to pour out her regrets to Mr. Daylesford. She hastily wrote a letter expressing all the vexation she felt. She signed this, and then tore it in pieces. It would be very undignified to send such a letter as that. She wrote another—it was still too full of lamentation. Finally she wrote a stiff little note, merely thanking him for so kindly trying to give her and her sisters a great pleasure, and regretting that, owing to her having been out at dinner, she had not received his letter until late at night. The pleasure of writing that she had been out at dinner partly consoled her. "It will give him quite a good impression of the family if he finds that we go out to dinner-parties," she thought. She put this in an envelope and went to bed. "There will be no 'Levity' at Dorminster," was her next thought, "but there will be dear old John, and I really do like him."

(To be Continued.)

AN ORANGE GROVE.



SHORT sail down the Mississippi from New Orleans brought us to one of the largest orange groves in Louisiana. Long before we had effected a landing, the delicate perfume from some thousands of trees had been wafted out over the water to us, and just a little way in from the banks of the river, stretching as far as the eye could reach we could see the golden fruit glistening in the sunlight among the dark-green foliage of the trees.

It was in the month of November that we made this visit, and at that season men and boys were busy in the grove picking the fruit to get it ready to send to market.

Most of them were Italians, dark and swarthy, who could not speak a word of English, so our numerous questions were quite unintelligible to them and had to be reserved until evening, when we plied our host, the owner of the place.

Under the trees were placed ladders, and up these the pickers would go, wearing big canvas aprons, with capacious pockets in front into which they dropped the fruit until filled, when they would descend and empty their pockets into baskets, which in turn would be carried to large wagons scattered here and there throughout the grove.

When the wagons had all they could hold, they were driven down to the water's edge, where their load was deposited on

pieces of sail cloth spread out on the ground and the oranges roughly sorted out into two piles of light and dark yellow. This accomplished they were now put in the boats and carried up to the city where they would be more carefully sorted, packed in boxes and sent all over the country.

All this labor of picking, sorting and packing, is done by the purchaser, the owner of the grove having as a rule nothing whatever to do with it, as the oranges are usually sold to the dealer right on the trees as they stand.

The sale is generally made for three or four years at a time, so much being paid for all the oranges raised during that period, so if the fruit should be destroyed or injured in any way the loss comes on the dealer, not on the raiser.

That evening I asked my friend if he did not find his grove very profitable and if raising oranges was not about as easy a way of making money as there was. At this he smiled and said, "O, yes, that was the impression all Northern people had. All they thought they had to do was to go South and buy an orange grove, and without any hard work, or outlay, reap in a golden harvest, but I have noticed most of them find themselves sadly mistaken when they try it."

"It is true my trees now yield me a very fair profit, but there were years, six or seven of them, that they required a great deal of care and attention, besides considerable money spent on them when nothing came in in return."

"How long does it take a tree to grow and bear fruit after the seed has been planted," I asked. "Well, trees have been known to bear in five years," he answered, "though that is a rare occurrence. From seven to ten years is nearer the average for a seedling to bear fruit, but they hardly yield paying crops until about twelve years old."

"Is there nothing one can do to make a living while waiting all these years for the trees to bear?" I asked. "Of course there is," replied my friend. "The ground can be put to some use, otherwise none but the wealthy could afford to indulge in the luxury of an orange grove."

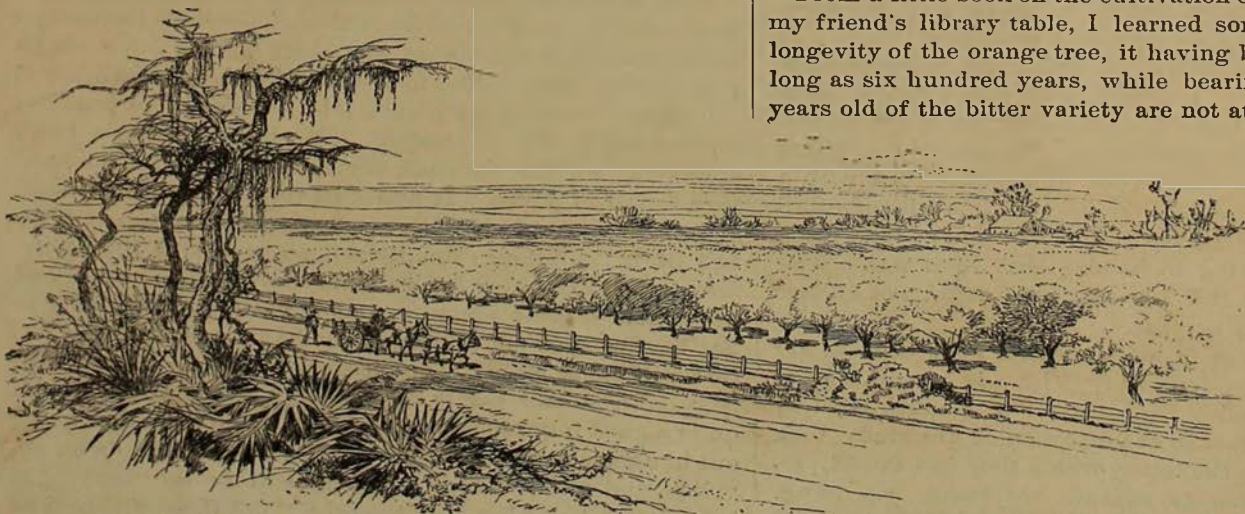
Between the rows of trees you can plant nearly all kinds of vegetables and small fruits, which will bring you in an immediate return on your money.

This is the way all beginners do. They raise enough vegetables and fruits for themselves, and the rest they send to market and sell. Any one who knows anything about farming practically, and is not afraid of hard work, can make a living, and get a little something besides out of an orange grove from the very first year; but every one cannot do so.

From a little book on the cultivation of oranges, I found on my friend's library table, I learned something of the great longevity of the orange tree, it having been known to live as long as six hundred years, while bearing trees one hundred years old of the bitter variety are not at all uncommon.

Eighty different kinds of oranges are known, but they all belong to two varieties, the sweet and the bitter orange.

Though this fruit is now widely cultivated in most of the parts of the globe where it is sufficiently warm, its original home is supposed to



AN ORANGE GROVE.



PICKING ORANGES.

have been Southern China and the Burmese Peninsula. To the Greeks and Romans the fruit was unknown.

The bitter variety, it is thought, was carried into Western Asia and Europe by the Arabs before the ninth century, also into Africa and Spain, as it seems to have followed everywhere in the foot-steps of the Mohammedan conquests.

The sweet variety was not known in Europe until several centuries later.

An orange tree is said to have been planted by St. Dominic in Rome, in the year twelve hundred, and is now pointed out to the visitor to the Eternal City in one of the monastery gardens, but while possible—it is yet considered very doubtful.

In Florida the orange tree grows so well that at first it was

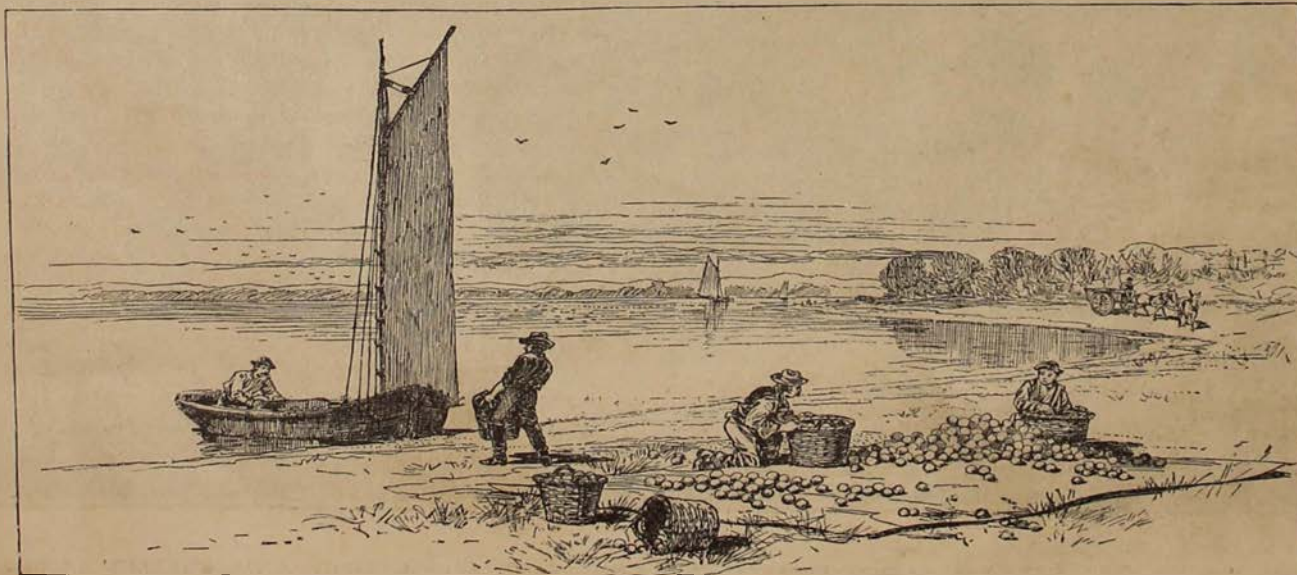
thought that it must be indigenous to the soil, but it has now been proved that it was brought there by the early Spanish settlers.

Orange blossoms have long been a favorite flower at weddings; most of those used come from the bitter variety as its flowers are double and more fragrant.

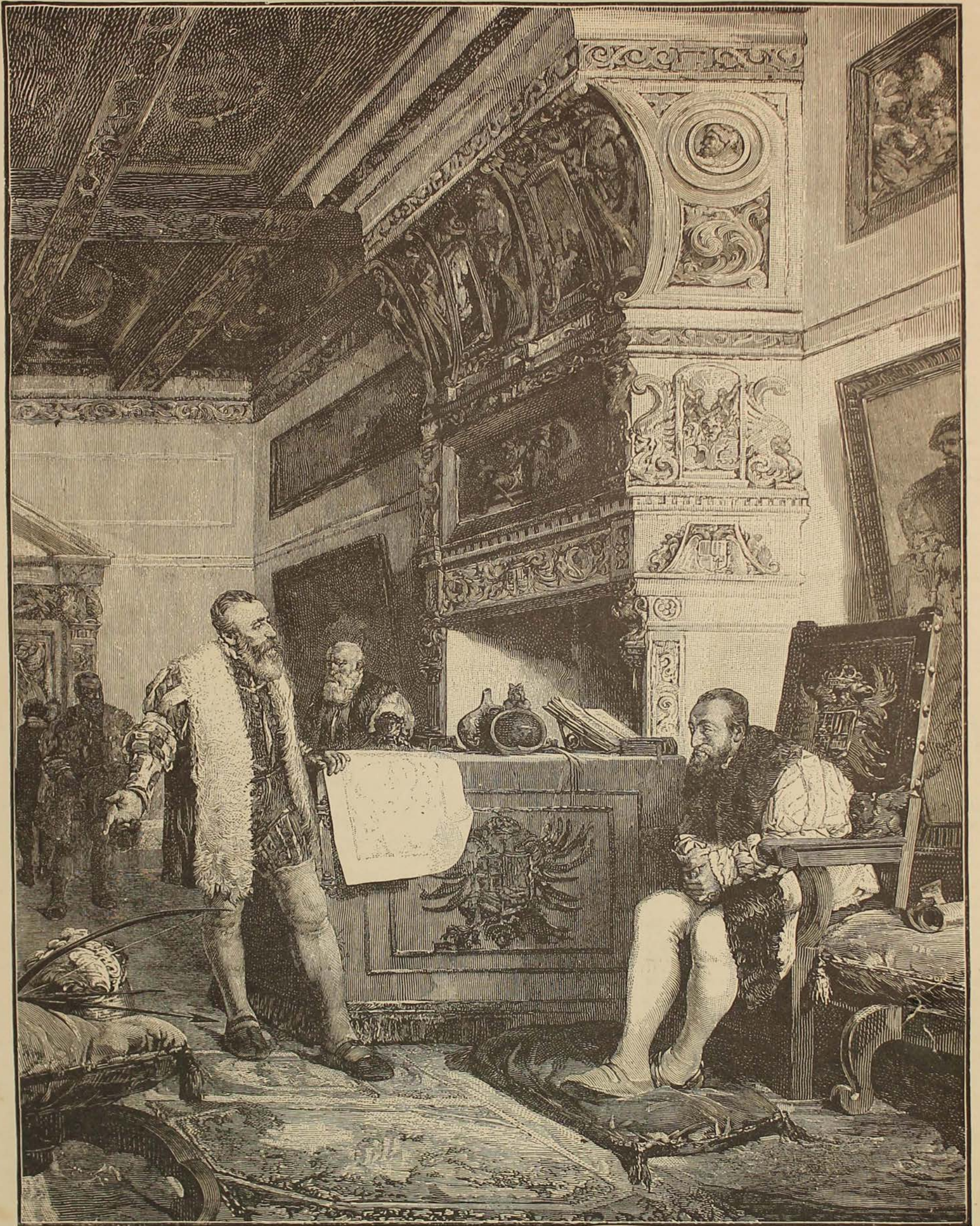
The skin of the orange also has its uses, in France quite a trade being carried on in extracting its oil, while it is also largely used for medicinal purposes.

But it is not the skin or its medical qualities that we are specially interested in. It is the fruit itself, of which there is none I know more luscious, especially when one has the good fortune to be able to eat it under the tree on which it grew.

A. C. G.



SORTING THE FRUIT, AND LOADING FOR MARKET.



CHARLES V. OF SPAIN RECEIVING FRANCISCO PIZARRO AT COURT, 1524.

Charles V. of Spain receiving Francisco Pizarro at Court, 1524.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO, who commenced life as a swineherd, and who could neither read nor write, was destined, nevertheless, to make for himself an immortal name. He was born at Truxillo, in Spain, and disdaining the humble life of a swineherd, he joined some Spanish adventurers who were seeking their fortune in the new world.

After being involved with several others in various disastrous expeditions, in 1515 he crossed the Isthmus to trade with the natives on the shores of the Pacific, and, for the first time, became acquainted with the wealth of that region. Filled with the desire to penetrate the gold region, which he believed lay beyond the Cordilleras, in company with a Spaniard, Diego de Almagro, and an ecclesiastic, Fernando de Luque, he set forth, with several vessels, to make the attempt.

Storms, hunger, sickness, and in some cases death, fell to the lot of the voyagers. More than twenty of the hundred who sailed under the command of Pizarro and Almagro had died, but still the commanders would not put back to Panama. A fight with the natives, too, resulted in the severe wounding of Pizarro, and Almagro lost an eye in one of his encounters.

After eighteen months of danger and hazard the party returned to Panama, having discovered the rich country of Peru. It was decided that Pizarro should visit the court of Spain, and solicit aid to make further research. Twenty years had elapsed since the discoverer left Spain; twenty years to him of toil, danger, and privation. On landing he was seized and imprisoned for debt, but was released by order of the court.

The Emperor, Charles V., granted an audience to Pizarro at Toledo, and all present listened with the greatest interest to the story he recounted. He told of the famous Cordillera of the Andes, those "mountains of gold," of the flocks of sheep that roamed over them, and pointed to the specimens of the fine cloth made from their wool, cloth alike on both sides, and so fine that it resembled silk. He showed the beautiful feather-work, in which the natives excelled, and the treasures of gold and silver that he had brought with him. He told, too, of his own terrible experience; the bleeding feet pierced with the thorns of the forest, of his starvation, and the wounds received in encounters with the natives; of the perils by water and by land, and of the miserable death of his comrades. His rude eloquence touched the hearts of all who heard him, and even the emperor showed deep emotion at the touching recital.

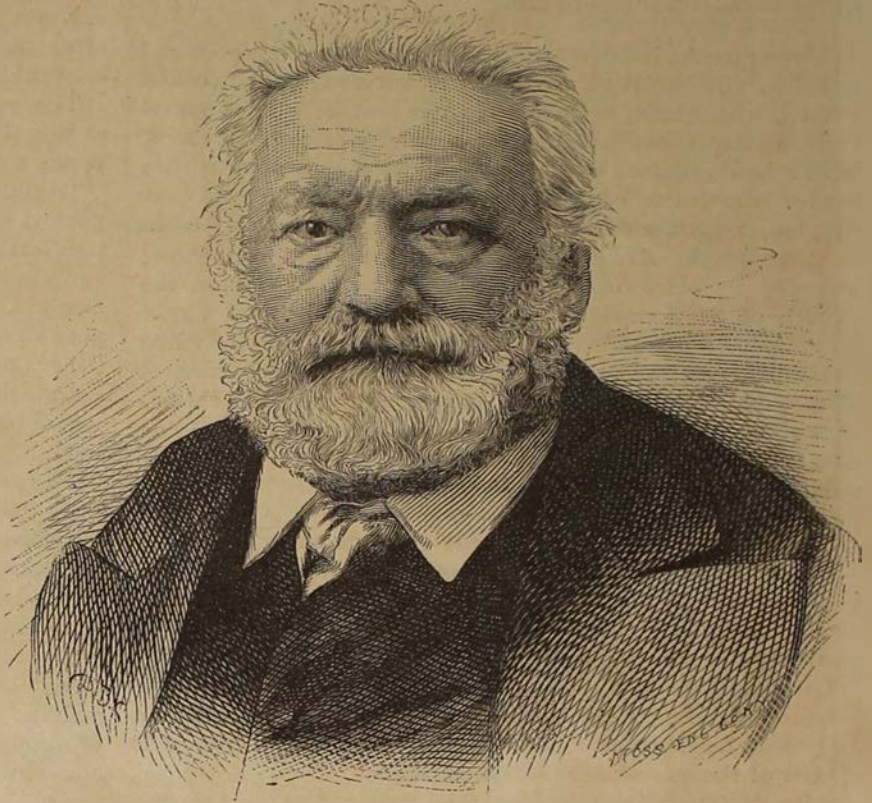
After some delay a paper was drawn up defining the privileges of Pizarro. He was to be Governor and Captain-General of the discovered province of Peru. Almagro had honors conferred upon him, as also had Father Luque.

Peru had been discovered. The next step was to conquer it. This was attended with the usual difficulties. It was not to be a peaceful conquest. In an encounter the Inca was taken prisoner, and his "pleasure-house" plundered. Subsequently, on charges trumped up against him, he was put to death.

Cruelty and greed marked the course of Pizarro and his

confederates in Peru. In the case of the Inca, Pizarro's conduct was ungrateful and cruel in the extreme; and we are not astonished when he himself falls a victim to violence, though not at the hands of the Peruvians.

Civil wars broke out between the Spaniards, and Almagro was put to death. Resolved to avenge the death of his father, Almagro's son, with some of his followers, broke into Pizarro's palace, and slew him and some of his attendants. Thus perished most miserably a man who proved the ruin of the country he had conquered—a man who, to gain his own ends, was perfidious alike to friend and to foe.



Two Great French Poets.

SECOND PAPER.

VICTOR HUGO.

HUO, in the 23d day of last February, completed his eighty-third year, and all Europe united with his own France in paying him its tribute of love and reverence.

The *Gil Blas* of Paris issued an elegant "Hugo Supplement" wholly devoted to the life and works of the "master," and containing numerous congratulatory messages sent him from the foremost citizens of the world.

"The 'Sublime Child,' as Chateaubriand named him, deserves to be called the sublime old man," was the message of M. Pasteur, the greatest of French scientists. "In this glorious longevity, France presents a beautiful spectacle to the world."

"Thy setting sun seems but a fair, new dawn,"

was the opening line of Eugène Manuel's poetic tribute, while François Copée, next to Hugo the first of contemporary French poets, enshrined his congratulations in an exquisite stanza which defies translation.

"It is only the lofty, snow-crowned summits that give back the fires of the setting sun," was the missive of the gifted Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, known to the reading world as "Carmen Sylvia."

"I offer the tribute of my respect to the great writer whose works are worthy of his country, whose life is worthy of his works," were the words that flashed across the Channel from Wilkie Collins, while the message of another Englishman, Lord Lyons, ran. "Still may you have—

"All that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

"This anniversary is a national festival," wrote Pierre Veron. "Victor Hugo, so long a man of combat, has become a pacificator through the power of genius. Professional jealousy, sectarian animosity and political controversy are alike disarmed before him."

Three months later, on the 22d of May, the great poet and novelist, the stainless patriot, the revered and honored citizen, whose hale, beautiful old age had been thus gracefully commemorated, died after a brief illness. All Paris, which had gathered with congratulations and good wishes around the home of the venerated poet, in the Avenue d'Eylau, now flocked to view his remains as they lay in state under the *Arc de Triomphe*, whence they were borne, attended by sorrowing thousands, to the final rest in the church of St. Geneviève, transformed in honor of Victor Hugo into a Pantheon, as it had previously been when in the days of the Revolution it received the remains of Mirabeau. Could the silent singer and romancist have chosen his place of sepulture, one inclines to the opinion that it would have been the cathedral of *Notre Dame*, the scene and inspiration of his greatest romance.

Victor Hugo belonged to an ancient and noble family of Lorraine. His father, one of seven brothers, five of whom had perished in the Revolution, was a general in the army of Napoleon; his mother, a native of La Vendée, was a devout Royalist.

Born at Besançon, when the star of the all-conquering Corsican was in the ascendant, he shared with his mother and two elder brothers the shifting, adventurous life of a soldier of the consulate and the empire.

After various gallant military achievements, notable among which was the routing of Fra Diavolo and his band of robbers, General Hugo accompanied the new king, Joseph Bonaparte, to Spain, and held high office in the royal palace of Madrid. When, years after, his son, Victor, celebrated Spain and Italy in immortal verse, he only revived the impressions of a romantic boyhood.

The year 1812 found the Hugo family in Paris, domiciled in the abbey of the Feuillantines, a somber pile set in a large garden. Here Victor and his two brothers, Abel and Eugène, studied with great ardor and under the direction of excellent private tutors. Victor, at the age of fifteen, entered the lists as contestant for a poetic prize offered by the French Academy. He received honorable mention, and, but for his extreme youth, would have been decreed the prize. The next year he won two poetic prizes from the Toulouse Academy. Chateaubriand was soon after to recognize his genius, and give him initiation into the ranks of French poets, under the title of "The Sublime Child."

A Royalist, because his mother had nurtured him in that faith, he hailed the downfall of Napoleon with a delight that greatly exasperated his father. Political differences led, ere long, to a separation between General Hugo and his wife, the eldest son, Abel, following his father's fortunes, the two younger sons remaining with their mother until her death, four years later.

In his fifteenth year Victor had made a wager with his schoolmates that he would write a romance within a fortnight. *Bug Jargal* was the result. Eight years later the work was recast and published.

A youth of nineteen at the time of his mother's death, he sought diversion from his sorrow in a novel, entitled, *Hon d'Islande*, a crude, but strikingly original work, which both surprised and enraged the critics. The story is strong but grotesque, and quite in defiance of the literary proprieties.

Eugène Hugo also engaged in literature much to the displeasure of his father, a practical man who declared that his sons need expect no assistance from him while they persisted in such pursuits. Victor replied loftily, that literature was his vocation, by which he should stand or fall. From that hour he was thrown upon his own resources. In the struggle with fortune that followed, he gained that insight into the common lot of toil and self-sacrifice, which made him ever after the friend and champion of the poor. Here he received his consecration as the poet of all humanity.

The youthful Marius of *Les Misérables* is Hugo himself at this time. In the toils and sacrifices of his hero, he but opens a page of his own history.

"Odes and Ballads," a volume of royalist and religious poetry, appeared in 1822, Abel Hugo defraying the costs of publication. In one of these odes, the praises of royalty are sung in such dulcet strains that the scholarly Bourbon king, Louis XVIII., expressed his delight by granting the young poet a pension of one thousand francs from the royal purse. Other small successes soon followed, enabling the rising author to marry, and Adèle Foucher, a young girl of eighteen whom he had known and loved from boyhood, became his wife.

The youthful pair set up their household gods in a modest little dwelling nestling amid the shrubbery of Notre-Dames-Champs. Their house became, ere long, a literary and artistic center. Here met weekly a coterie called the *Cenacle*, and numbering among its members the brightest lights in the new school of French art and literature.

A second volume of *Odes and Ballads*, appearing in 1826, gave Victor Hugo an assured place among poets. *Bug Jargal*, the romance already mentioned, soon followed, divested of much of its boyish crudity, yet violating every rule of conventional art. The critics, almost with one voice, declared Hugo a barbarian—a writer who set at naught the Dictionary of the Academy, and the poetic rules of Aristotle.

Urged by the great actor Talma to write a drama, Hugo published his *Cromwell* in 1827. In a very remarkable preface to this work, he flings down the gauntlet to his critics, and declares that the writer need recognize no rule but his own fancy; that all which exists in nature exists in art. This drama, not designed for the stage, is one of his greatest works.

From this time Victor Hugo became the leader of a new school of French literature, the romantic school whose motto was liberalism in art. The younger writers of France flocked around his standard, and never did leader gather about him a more brilliant group.

The names destined to become most illustrious in the French art and literature of this century were inscribed upon the banner of romanticism. A warfare that scarce seems credible at this day was waged between the two camps. The classicists, servile copyists of Greece and Rome, called the romanticists barbarians, and they retorted by calling their revilers mummies. Romanticism won the day. Victor Hugo had inaugurated a second Renaissance. The pulses of a new life throbbed through French art and letters. The "Orientals," a remarkable collection of poems issued in 1828, confirmed his right to leadership.

The march of city improvement had invaded Notre-Dames-Champs, and the Hugo family migrated to a pleasant street on the Champs Elysée. They remained here until 1830, and then removed to the Hotel Louis XIII., a somber

abode on the Place Royale, ere long transformed by the taste of the master himself into one of the most charming of interiors. Victor Hugo was the first to revive the now prevailing taste for historic furniture.

Rare tapestries, paintings and carvings, with mosaics, statuettes, vases and curiosities from all lands and times combined to render the home of the Hugos one of the most interesting in Paris. Its master's *penchant* for curious things being known, his door was constantly besieged by dealers in *bric-à-brac*, and his home was in danger of being transformed into a museum of antiquities.

In the grand salon of this ancient hotel sat enthroned the king of the romantic school of French literature; here at the weekly reunions of the *Cenacle*, he received the homage of his loyal subjects: Never was monarch more fêted and adored, never did crowned heads receive tributes and ovations more as if they were his by right. Ranged around their chief, the other leaders of the romantic school formed an intrepid phalanx; he was to them a Moses, commissioned to lead his people out from the bondage of slavish ideas, to a promised land of moral and intellectual freedom.

At the age of twenty-eight, Hugo wrote *Notre-Dame-de-Paris*, his prose masterpiece. The story of *Notre Dame* was suggested by the word *Fate* cut into the wall of the ancient church. This romance has a place apart in fiction. It is a somber, appalling tragedy, a vivid, yet exaggerated picture of mediæval life. It bears no trace of that sympathy with human suffering, of that almost divine tenderness which pervades *Les Misérables*. The God of *Notre Dame* is the remorseless Fate of the old Greek tragedies—a being blind to mortal suffering and deaf to mortal prayer. The element of horror in this book overpowers its often entrancing beauty. Here as elsewhere in Hugo's romances and dramas, the insufferable and the beautiful are in close conjunction. The transcendently lovely Esmeralda finds her counterpart in the hideous hunchback, Quasimode. Goethe pronounces *Notre-Dame* the most abominable book ever written. "How many horrors," says the great French critic, Jules Janin, "are heaped up in these lugubrious pages! What ruins, what terrible passions, what incredible events! All the sordid crimes, all the beliefs of the Middle Ages are sifted, kneaded and mixed together with a trowel of gold and iron. Here Victor Hugo has followed his dual vocations of poet and architect, of historian and romancer." George Eliot in her greatest novel, "*Romola*," seems to have had *Notre-Dame* often in mind. Here is inaugurated a new era in the life of Victor Hugo. From this period dates the beginning of that warfare against capital punishment which ended only with his life. His "*Last Day of a Condemned Man*," in which he depicts and analyzes the tortures endured by a man sentenced to death, on the eve of his execution, was widely read and produced a profound impression.

His dramas, which cover a period of prodigious labor from his twenty-fifth to his forty-first year, number some half a dozen tragedies, each of which has been pronounced a masterpiece by admiring critics. Dumas considers *Marian De Lorme* his greatest drama; others assign that place to *Le Roi s'Amuse* or to *Ruy Blas*. *Hernani*, first represented at the Theater Français in February, 1830, amid storms of both hisses and applause, is the most poetical of his tragedies; and has become the most popular. Its first representation marks the date when the French stage first threw off the fetters of the classic school, and prepared the way for the future triumph of romanticism.

Victor Hugo's dramas have been justly pronounced the most remarkable literary works of this century. All the most somber of tragedies, each presents the two extreme characters of angel and demon, but the most demoniac

character is sure to have some redeeming trait. In *Triboulet*, of *Le Roi s'Amuse*, this redeeming trait is paternal love; in *Lucrezia Borgia* it is the love of the depraved mother for her son.

These appalling tragedies each and all illustrate the truth of the German adage: "When Heaven rains blessings upon thee and all thy wishes are realized, then is the time to fear." Just at the moment of earthly fruition steps in remorseless Fate to smite and destroy. "It is ordained that trees shall not grow up to heaven;" that there shall be no superhuman happiness upon this earth, is their lesson.

Victor Hugo's dramas touch limits of horror beyond the true domain of art, say the critics. He delights in monsters, he revels in physical and spiritual deformity. He has given abundant reason for such reproach. Were the alleged device upon his banner, "The beautiful is the ugly," its real legend, he could scarce find more delight in abnormal beings, both brute and human. That modern school of painting which glorifies personal ugliness, may well have caught its inspiration from the leader of the romantic school.

II.

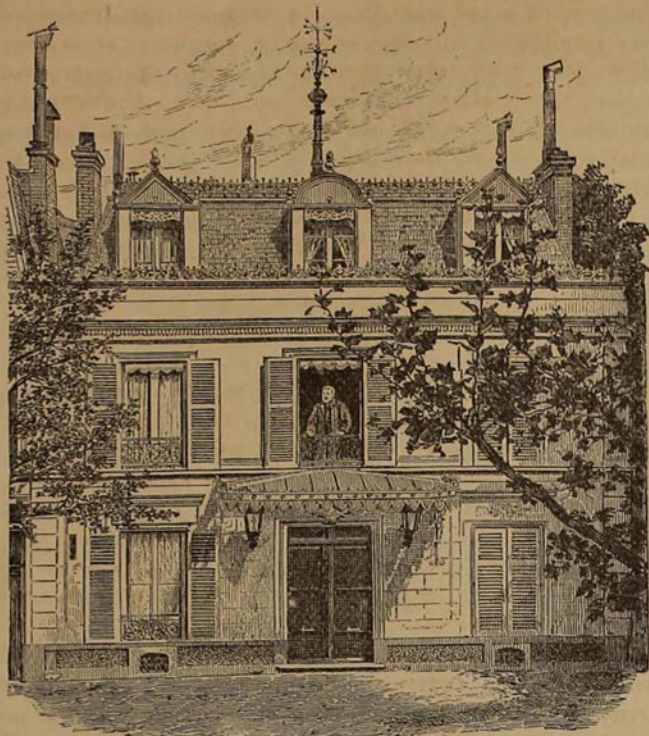
Into his earlier lyrics the youthful poet poured the full charm and sweetness of a nature that had as yet suffered no disenchantments. In his hands the French language becomes a harp of many strings, and belies the commonly received opinion that it does not respond readily to the touch of the poet. Victor Hugo's poetry is incomparably higher than his prose. "He is first and above all a poet," and as such will be most cherished by the coming generations.

Songs of the Twilight appeared in 1835. *Inner Voices* and *Sunbeams and Shadows* followed within the next five years. These poems of his youthful prime are full of faith in God and man, and far removed from the spirit which inspired the maledictions of the *Chastisements*, the scorn and bitterness of the *Legend of the Ages*.

Elected in 1841 to the French Academy, Victor Hugo at once became a ruling spirit in the councils of the "forty immortals." His address on this occasion gave him that prestige he ever after retained, as one of the great orators of his time. In 1845 Louis Philippe created him peer of France—a title abolished by the Second Republic.

A member of the Constitutional Assembly of 1848, he denounced the policy of Louis Napoleon, whose treacherous designs he was first to fathom. When through the *coup d'état* of 1851 this perjured president became emperor, Hugo's name headed the list of the proscribed. A price was upon his head, and he remained for some days in hiding. Fleeing from Paris, he went first to Brussels, where he wrote *The History of a Crime*, and where, in August, 1852, he published *Napoleon the Little*. Belgium was in sympathy with the French Emperor, and refused to harbor his traducer, who repaired to the Isle of Jersey, where he poured forth his scorn and defiance in a volume of poems entitled *The Chastisements*. The infamous *coup d'état* seemed to have changed the very nature of this man. The works he wrote in the bitterness of his first resentment are unworthy of his genius. Personal and political animosities had added a chord of brass to his once silvery lyre.

Banished ere long from Jersey he removed with his family to Guernsey, another of the Channel Islands, each of which forms a sort of independent State by itself. Arriving here on the 31st of October, 1855, they remained to the end of their term of exile. Even in the midst of these violent ebullitions of a muse once all grace and sweetness, Hugo writes: "The poet's mission in these impious days is to inaugurate better days. He is an Utopian, a prophet to all time, bearing in his hand a torch to illuminate the future."



VICTOR HUGO'S HOUSE.

In 1859 Louis Napoleon offered amnesty to Victor Hugo in common with other political exiles. He would gladly have forgiven the man who in "The History of a Crime" and "Napoleon the Little" had scourged him as with a whip of scorpions, for it was not the "Napoleonic idea" to have this idol of the Parisian populace live an exile from his capital.

Bonapartists contend that Hugo's exile was voluntary, that government would at any time have welcomed him back to France. They also declare that the rôle of a chained Prometheus or of an exiled Dante better suited the preposterous vanity of this vainest of Frenchmen. But it is well known that to Victor Hugo Paris was the one earthly paradise. The sky overarching his beloved capital was the only one under which life was tolerable to him. "Paris is the one center," he says, "the one seat of light and intelligence. It is in Paris that we feel the life of Europe. Paris is the city of cities." Had there been no principle at stake he could not have lived exiled from this Elysium.

"The Contemplations," issued in 1856, contain some of Hugo's noblest lyrics. "Here," he says, "my life distilled drop by drop." Three years later appeared the first part of "The Legend of the Ages." "Songs of the Streets and Forests," dates from 1865.

In his preface to "The Toilers of the Sea," his next great romance after *Les Misérables*, he says: "Superstition, Society, and Nature are the three great obstacles of man. In *Notre-Dame* I have denounced the first, in *Les Misérables* I have indicated the second, and in 'Toilers of the Sea' I have portrayed the third."

"*Les Misérables*," says Mrs. Oliphant, "is the epic of the miserable, the greatest of religious romances; a noble, nineteenth-century legend of the saints."

Les Misérables portrays man in conflict with society, "The Toilers of the Sea," a work of equal power, but of infinitely less fascination, portrays him in conflict with nature. In both cases, man the weaker succumbs as a natural consequence.

In 1869 appeared "The Man Who Laughs," a work aptly described as "a strange creation, full of terrible episodes, and of historic and philosophical digressions." "Ninety-Three" introduces the men and scenes of the great revolu-

tion, in graphic, yet exaggerated pictures. "The Art of Being a Grandfather," Victor Hugo's latest published poem, is dedicated to his two idolized grandchildren, Georges and Jeanne, and is in his most exquisite vein. At his death he left many manuscripts finished and fragmentary, with full directions as to their publication.

III.

The saddest domestic afflictions fell upon this triumphant genius deemed so fortunate by the world. Soon after the removal to Jersey his lovely and much beloved daughter Leopoldine married M. Vacquerie, a young man of high promise, and a few days after was drowned with him in the Seine. One-third of the "Contemplations" is in memory of this beloved child, and one of its most touching poems is entitled: "To her we left behind in France."

As the long, weary exile of nineteen years and nine months neared its close, the true wife and mother who had adorned prosperity and solaced adversity, was summoned from the earth. To her graceful pen the world owes an excellent biography entitled: "Victor Hugo by a Witness of his Life."

The two sons accompanied their parents into exile, remaining until its close. Both became authors—Charles, the elder, translated Shakespeare and wrote a book upon Normandy; François-Victor, the younger, wrote tales and dramas, and won repute as a brilliant journalist. "These sons both died," writes the bereaved father. "For me there are three never-to-be-forgotten days, September 5, 1870, March 18, 1871, and December 28, 1873. On the first the Hugo family returned to France; on the other two the sons, one after the other, entered another country, the sepulchre. . . . But no complaint! Astonishment is the only protest allowed that ignorant being who is called man."

The gifted brother Eugène, whose early aspirations and labors had equaled his own, died after an insanity of many years. The only surviving child of Victor Hugo, his daughter Adèle, has for thirteen years been the inmate of a private asylum for the insane near Paris. A romantic history, something like that of *Evangeline*, has ended in a decided, yet not violent type of madness.

An ardent Royalist in youth, a somewhat lukewarm supporter of the throne in middle life, the *coup d'état* transformed Victor Hugo into the most radical of republicans. The hater of tyranny, the denouncer of tyrants, the friend of the lowly, he became the idol of the populace. "He deserved that tenderest of all titles, the son of consolation," says one of his eulogists. He denounced the scaffold and the wholesale murder of war. His writings, all save those called forth by political animosities, breathe the very spirit of tolerance and charity. A reformer of the most advanced type, none ever questioned his sincerity. There were times when he felt that he "did well to be angry," when words seemed poor to express his righteous scorn and indignation. Yet never had poet or *prosateur* tenderer accents at command. The same brain from which flashed the scathing lightnings of the "Chastisements," gave forth "The Prayer for All," "The Supreme Pity," the tender breathings of affection in "The Art of Being a Grandfather," and those exquisite portrayals of the child-life of little Jeanne and Georgette.

Like John Milton, Victor Hugo possessed that sublime sort of egotism lesser minds may well pardon. High as was the world's appreciation of his work, it fell far short of his own. He cared for no books but those written by himself. One is tempted to apply to him those words of George Eliot in reference to the poet Young: "His God was only *Victor Hugo* writ large." He took none of his creeds, re-

ligious, literary, or political, at second hand. He was a law unto himself.

Born and educated in the Roman Catholic faith, he was in youth a zealous son of the Church. "This is done with and forever," he said a few years before his death. "Still, I believe in the immortality of the soul, and I believe in God whom I every day thank for the years of grace he has allotted me, and especially for allowing me to pass these years in useful work."

From the time Victor Hugo burst the fetters of the classic school, he set at naught all its traditions. He cared nothing for the three unities. The time, place, and action of his stories took the arrangement and color that best suited his fancy. It is vain to seek historical truth in his pages. A high moral tone pervades his writings, which with all their sensationalism are yet pure. He pronounced Zola and his realistic school unwholesome and vicious. "His pictures may be true to life," he said, "but they ought never to have been painted." No other author has so brought out the capabilities of the French language, which in his hand became an instrument of marvelous power and compass.

Algernon Swinburne, perhaps the most extravagant eulogist Victor Hugo has had outside of France, pronounces him the greatest Frenchman of all time, the "most multiform and many-sided genius that ever wrought in prose or verse." Sixty-five years of the present century have been filled with the echo of his name. Two generations have been nourished by the "bread of his deathless word and the wine of his immortal song."


A serene, beautiful age was granted the adored and honored poet. "Time itself respected him," says Alfred Bar-bore, "and seemed fearful of touching that venerable head."

Lamartine's last years were clouded by misfortune and the loss of popular favor; mental and physical decadence came to Alfred de Musset in the prime of his manhood. But Victor Hugo, the last and greatest of this trio of great French poets, saw his sun grow ever brighter as it neared the sunset. His eventide was full of light.

FRANCES A. SHAW.

Women and Art.

BY JENNY JUNE.

 There is one faculty more than another in which the people of this country are pre-eminent, it is that of "discounting" the future; in other words, of taking it for granted that the future will contain everything, represent everything, be everything that it ought to be, and that it will be as certain to lead in Art, in literature, in music, and other fields covered by modern evolutionary processes, as it confessedly does now in size, in the production of material, and in mechanical invention. The rapid development, the extent and grandeur of the resources, and the amount of energy and latent capacity, are on such a scale as to produce a sort of glamour—a halo in which every one lives, and which every one shares, more or less, according to his ability to take to himself what is derived from and meant for the whole. Of course illusions that are general are more difficult to deal with than those which are cherished by an individual. In the latter case, they are pretty sure in time to get knocked out of him or her, without much thought or care for that which is hurt in the process, but a general illusion re-creates itself, and has the power to establish itself by self-constituted authority.

Naturally our illusions are strongest in regard to that of which we know the least; when we are thoroughly well ac-

quainted with a subject, or an individual, our illusions disappear or change to impressions or opinions, according to the bent of our own character, its power to appreciate qualities, and its capacity for correct judgment. Probably upon no subject in the world has there been more illusion and confusion of ideas, than this one of "Art;" none upon which ignorance has been more profound, or in which a certain amount of undeveloped and untrained power is more widely distributed. Art is formulated expression. In America, expression is the rule, repression the exception. Children are encouraged to sing, to play, to paint, to write, to recite, to express themselves, in short in every way which may afford evidence of the possession of artistic gifts. If, instead of being urged, or even allowed to do these things, they were first of all put through a course of training, to enable them to do these things well, we might expect, with excellent reason, a future generation of artists, and actual developments in Art, such as the world has not yet seen. For here among us is plenty of raw material, fine voices, clever hands, keen perception, varied faculty, and freedom in its use; the only things lacking are time for preparation and technical training.

It is true that a certain amount of success is acquired by self-confidence, by spirit and dash, and more frequently by the ignorance of the general public in regard to the technical qualities and qualifications of Art and artists. But this is of a poor kind, and does not last long. A paragraph in the local paper, and the little lionizing of a coterie does not constitute success. Have you done good work; can you do good work, measured by the standard of the work in your department which has been done? But, perhaps you do not know the work that has been done; then your preparation has been defective, for it is that which it is necessary to be made acquainted with, so that if we cannot rival or improve upon it, we may at least have no illusions in regard to our own. Progress in Art up to this time has been a more or less steady and continuous evolution. It began with the endeavor to shape a pot, a jar, or a dish, the model being the gourd, the broken cocoon, or the plantain leaf. The next effort was to draw lines, straight, zigzag, moon, and half-moon-shaped upon these objects, the next to cut them in with a flint or sharpened stick, and fill the spaces with calcareous powder, that would harden and produce the effect of inlaying. The art of cutting in stone and molding in clay seem to have been born twins and grown together, each one being largely dependent on the other; and the actual growth in the reproduction of natural, animate and inanimate forms, under varying circumstances and conditions, so as to make them seem like life, is the true test of progress in Art. To attain this power of reproducing natural forms in action, as well as when they are still and in repose, requires time and unceasing industry and application. "Art is long, life is short," says the great artist. "I learned to paint this in a month," says a flippant miss, exhibiting a wooden plaque or pail, with an impossible lily or sunflower upon it, to an admiring auditory. We are, however, it must be said, passing out of the pail and plaque, I had almost said the lily and sunflower period. The worst of such lowering of the uses of Art is, that the innocent objects with which it is mainly associated share the degradation. There is no more beautiful or perfect object in nature than the sunflower, in color and form, yet even to mention it causes a smile of derision, for it brings up before the mind's eye countless yellow disks of paint, with a brown eye like a chocolate wafer in the center, and leaves shaped like *ap-pliques* in yellow flannel.

To reproduce the delicate forms of flowers and leaves, their grace and lightness of motion, their exquisite tints and shadings, one must be an anatomist as well as a botanist, and a

botanist as well as a colorist, and a draughtsman as well as colorist, in order to give the due proportion and value to surrounding objects. American women who have gone abroad with the very best intentions, after achieving a certain amount of success here, have been the despair of the artists abroad with whom they wished to study, because of the utter want of foundation upon which to rear a permanent superstructure. They have natural feeling for color and cleverness in manipulation; they make a rose look like a rose. But, says the artist, "it must not look like a rose, it must be a rose. You must begin at the beginning; you must learn the anatomy of the rose, you must be able to analyze it, you must paint your rose so that it can be taken to pieces and every part found perfect." But this is not what the student wants, so she goes to some other, and less conscientious teacher, who gives her the key to little tricks of color and departures from conventional form and environment, which pass for originality and sometimes create a temporary flourish, but certain to be detected when put to the test of experienced criticism. What the American girl and the American woman has been doing is to color before she knew how to draw; naturally, both drawing and coloring were faulty, and the more of good qualities she possesses the less chance of realizing her own short-comings and putting herself in a position to correct them. This tends to demoralization in Art, for the work lacks conscience, is a snare to others, tempting them to use the same methods to gain a little brief and undesirable distinction, and becomes a natural bar to true progress.

There is no reason in the nature of things why American women should not do the best work, and reach the highest place. They have every natural faculty, quickened and inspired by a bright intelligence. But they have been accustomed to associate hard work with necessity, and not as the inevitable path to honorable distinction and achievement. They want the distinction, but they would like to acquire it easily, and by the "royal" road, which has not yet been discovered. Living in the glamour cast by sympathizing friends and admiring relatives, they do not know their own faults or the conditions of a true success. When they do they have will, power, and conscience enough to overcome their habits of ease, and bend all their energies toward its attainment. It will not do to judge of what may be done in the future by what has been done in the past. The present holds the future in embryo; but we cannot estimate truly the unseen forces at work to perfect or advance toward perfection the coming woman—the woman of the twentieth century. We may be very sure that she will be as much more diverse and capable than the woman of the nineteenth, as the average nineteenth-century woman is more capable and diversely trained than the woman of the eighteenth century.

Women must learn to devote themselves, as men do, to the study and practice of one pursuit, if they would win a high place in it. They cannot be wife, and mother, and housekeeper, and social entertainer, and seamstress, and dressmaker, and cook, and nurse, and student, and great painter, or great anything else that requires the devotion of a lifetime. Women are versatile, because they are accustomed to doing a little bit of one thing and a little bit of another; but that is one of the reasons why they are not great in any one thing. Those women who have become great in Art, or science, or literature, have given all their powers and energies to their work. Art, it is said, is a jealous mistress, and permits no divided allegiance; but so is literature, so is business, so is home life and the duty of the mother; so is any important pursuit religiously studied and filled by one who possesses the natural qualifications for doing the best with it, getting the best out of it, and putting the best in it. Such an artist is Rosa Bonheur;

such in a less degree is Elizabeth Butler; such promises to be Miss Elizabeth Strong, who is following in Rosa Bonheur's footsteps, and, if she lives, will be as great in the same department—that of animal painting.

Married life does not always interfere with devotion to a pursuit—sometimes it aids it; but in these cases the husband subordinates himself to his wife's genius, or he brings into their mutual life elements which are necessary to the full development of her powers. This was the case with "George Eliot;" but it is not often that a woman receives aid from her husband in this way; it is more frequently the wife who gives it, and whose powers are employed in supplementing his, and preventing the details of everyday existence from becoming a hinderance and a burden. The majority of women accept this life, and perhaps rightly, as that which best suits their social and domestic necessities, if not their tastes and capacities; and, with the majority, it is possible it may always remain so. But there is a great army of women who are not called upon to be supplementary, who might be capable of good work of their own, but who hang on the ragged edge of art and other pursuits, unwilling to put in what is necessary in order to get anything of value out, viz: time, and hard work; but intending, if nothing better, that is, if no man offers, to "take up" that which they do not even comprehend. To think of Art as something to be taken up or put down is sacrilege; it must be a religion to those who would worthily represent it, and they must be willing to sacrifice the lesser part of themselves upon its altar. There are cases of women who have devoted their youth to the study of Art, who have then married and relinquished it, wholly, or in part, and finally resumed it, doing good work and making money, if not fame. But these are not among those who win great names; their acquirements, their technical training gives to their work always a certain value, and the benefit of it is never lost to them, for there is always more ordinary than extraordinary work to do in this world. The torrent is a feature in the landscape, but the farmer could get along without it much better than he could without the frequent and commonplace rains, which fertilize the whole country. So a girl who is trained in youth to any art or pursuit, will find that her knowledge of technique will always stand her in good stead, and give her opportunities denied to others who possess, perhaps, a larger share of natural ability.

We are living in an age which demands, more than aught else, exact knowledge of the arts of every-day life. Women who are good draughtsmen, who can make the sketches required by illustrated papers and magazines, in the way in which they are required, who understand the laws of proportion and composition so as to draw patterns that have a market value, are more sure of a certain amount of success than the painter whose picture was the feature of a *salon*. But the technique of Art is useful for much more than its place in patterns and pictures; all the details of our dress and social life will be advanced to a finer plane, a higher standard, by a general knowledge of the true beauty and inherent value of form. One of the best, most practical uses to which young women who are interested in art can put their talent, is to the study of costume from a practical point of view. Given a class of ten to fifteen, more or less, is of little consequence; a room, a blackboard, some chalk, and a few prints, and they can begin a series of historic studies; studies for fancy dressing or studies from the present, and practical standpoint, with reference to originating or harmonizing designs, and adapting them to individual tastes. A *special* design is now a matter of supreme importance to a lady who would be considered a leader in, rather than a follower of fashion, and a modiste who could draw original patterns or change them to suit customers,

would be certain of a lucrative *clientèle*. The possession of such knowledge would also be of infinite value to girls in the making of their own clothing, and in the arrangement of the details of their own *menâgé*. The best that the most intelligent pretend to do, even yet, is to copy the ideas which occasionally get started, and are then picked up and appropriated, or transferred from one to another. At one time it is a new style of pincushion, at another a pillow-sham. For one season there will be a rage for painted flat-irons, at another for covered perfume bottles. Utility, sense, has no more to do with these "art" caprices than taste or skill; it is merely the idle whim of the moment.

It is nothing less than wicked to waste good time, and good gifts in follies; that is, things which have no use, or meaning. A flat-iron is not intended for ornament, but for use; its place is a shelf in the kitchen closet. A handsome bottle is a thing of beauty in itself, to cover its transparency with a piece of opaque silk ruffled like an old fashioned *pantalette* turned upside down, is to turn a truly useful and beautiful object into one of ridicule.

Absurd, and useless objects are it is true, gradually becoming things of the past; the latest "art" whims are things that can be put to some use, padlocks with small gilt hooks upon which keys can be hung, and linen cases, bags and pockets, with designs and lettering suggestive of their purpose. These are an improvement on the painted pail and flat-iron. But they are not Art; and the energetic, ambitious girls have found it out, and are fitting themselves for more serious work. "I have been six years studying the rudiments," said one the other day, "and I have made some money, which I shall spend in going abroad next year, to find out a little of what has been done before our time." "I have been abroad two years," said another young lady, "studying drawing alone. I began, like so many others, to paint, without knowing how to draw, and I found my lack of knowledge in this respect a hinderance at every turn. I think I have learned all the more through having little to unlearn, and being willing to begin at the beginning." It is not necessary, however, to go abroad to study either drawing or painting, the chief advantages presented consist in an atmosphere of sincere, and earnest devotion to work, and the subordination to it, of all the details of living and social life, which here are allowed to bar progress at every step; that is with the majority of women. That they will not always be allowed to do so is obvious from the sincerity which many young women are putting into pursuits which demand the devotion of their lives, as the price of success.


Looking back along the line of the women-workers in Art, we find nuns who devoted themselves in the earliest times to the drawing and coloring of scriptural subjects. We find also women who were both sculptors and painters, and whose works still survive after four hundred years in Siena, in Florence, and in Bologna. In the latter city was born Elizabetta Sirani, who, taught by her father, soon outstripped him, and painted so rapidly, yet with such accuracy and finish, that princes came to watch her at work. A mere catalogue of names is unnecessary, because it has many times been given, and after all the list can only stand as witnesses for women during the ages when genius or exceptional conditions afforded women the only opportunities for the display of power. Under more favoring circumstances, with faculties trained and strengthened by exercise, there are no heights of production or attainment to which they may not aspire.

But it is not to the superficially taught, or the middle-aged, bred in desultory ways, that we must look for the great things to come, but to the young and aspiring women who have been sufficiently well taught to understand the prerequisites of success, who have a purpose, and are deter-

mined to fulfill it. It is true there has been no Michael Angelo, no Shakespeare as yet among women. But the woman has not yet grown to her full stature; her time is yet to come. Ignorance and weakness have been considered her glory. Out of such sowing could not come knowledge and strength. But it is more than the dawn of another day, light is streaming in upon us. Women who industriously plant the seed find that the earth yields of its sweetness and fruitage to them also as well as to men. We are living at a period when ability is widely distributed, rather than concentrated, in a few individuals. It is not genius which can be thus spread out; it is talent; it is "faculty," a many-sidedness capable of being put to different uses, but of little avail unless thoroughly trained in some one direction. The exercise of this trained faculty is cumulative. We have more battle painters and cattle painters, flower painters and figure painters, marine painters, landscape painters, *genre* painters, and specialists not in isolated instances, but in battalions. The power of these will some time unite in some one woman, and we shall have a great artist, a genius recognized by all the world. But the sources of greatness are not gathered together in a moment, a day, a week, or a month. It is said that it took eight generations of ministers to make Emerson. We can afford to wait and work for the fulfillment of that which is sure to come in the end to the patient and faithful.

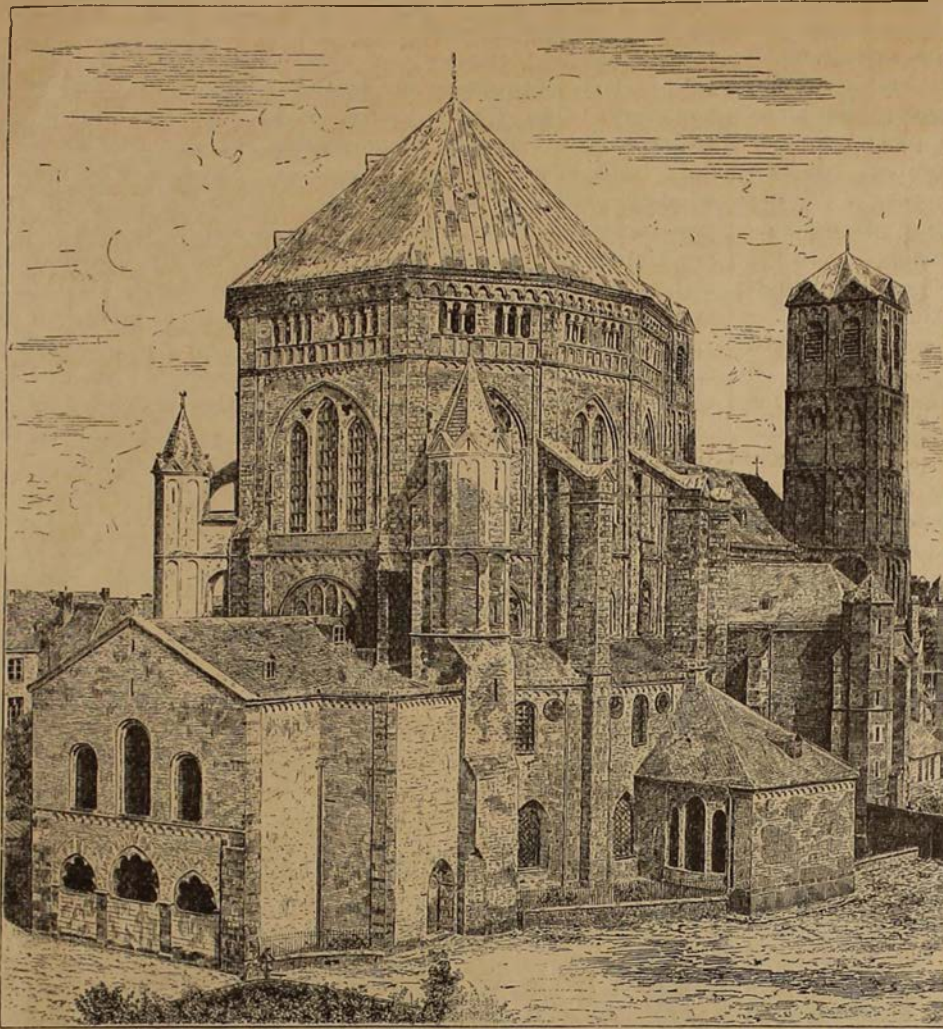
Saint John in the Desert.

(See page Engraving.)

N looking at the strikingly impressive picture, "St. John in the Desert," we readily perceive that it is the production of no ordinary artist. In fact, the original of our engraving was painted by no less a person than Raphael himself, the "Divine Master," whose gift of painting entitled him to the appellation "divine."

In this charming picture Saint John is represented as a youth, seated on a stone in a rugged desert. A panther's skin is flung over his left arm, as if it had just dropped from his shoulders. With his right hand he points to a rustic cross from which the light is streaming; while he holds in his left hand a parchment scroll on which is written the word "D. E. I." A study of this picture reveals how faithfully all the details have been worked out. The moss distinctly visible on the stone; the leopard's skin, soft and furry-looking; the rope that ties the rustic cross to the branch of an old tree; and the water gushing out from the rock and bubbling up in the cavity into which it falls. No less perfect is the figure of John himself. Raphael had given profound study to the nude form. He had investigated the muscles of the dead, as well as of the living; he studied the course of the veins, the distribution of the nerves, the attitudes that give grace to motion, and, indeed, nothing was omitted from his anatomical studies that would give him a perfect knowledge of the human form. On the face of the youthful John is a look of intense concern and earnestness, as if he already understood his mission, which was to prepare the way of the Lord, and to make his paths straight.

The original of our engraving was painted by Raphael for Cardinal Colonna, who greatly prized it. On the recovery of the Cardinal from a dangerous fit of illness, he presented the picture to his physician, Jacopo da Carpi. It is now in the Florentine Gallery, as is also the original study in red chalk. Our engraving is by Charles Bervic, who was born in Paris 1756, and died in 1822



SAINT GEREON'S CHURCH, COLOGNE.

The City of Skulls.

COLOGNE is not a city of mushroom growth, like many of our western American towns, but one whose origin can be traced to the time when Marcus Agrippina first pitched his tents among the Teutons, fifty years or more before the birth of Christ, its present name being an abbreviation of its ancient one, Colonia Agrippina.

In wandering through the streets of the modern city we are constantly reminded of the days when Romans ruled the land. At the end of the Burgmauer street we find some houses built on what at first sight appears to be a firm compact of rough stones and mortar, a veritable fragment of old Roman wall.

So, too, with the Römerthurm, a squat building, the base of which is arranged in various devices, circular, zigzag, and pyramidal, so that it has the effect of a piece of mosaic work done in the thin, yellow bricks of ancient times.

From an open square formerly bearing the name Agrippai Area, we may pass through a small Gothic archway into a tiny platz, which is the ancient Mons Capitolinus, where the capitol stood until the year 700.

The church which now occupies the site is supposed to have been built upon the foundations of a temple to Jupiter, a tradition which it is not difficult to believe, for the venerable church, with its crumbly gray walls all patched and broken, looks as if it might tell the tale of at least a thousand years.

On the outer walls of the choir is an image of Plectrudis, wife of Pepin d'Héristal, mayor of the palace in the reigns of Clovis III. and Childebert III. Héristal being overfond

of ladies' society, and Plectrudis unwilling to share his affections with any one else, she left him about the year 700 and went to Cologne, where she founded this church of Santa Maria in Capitola, and a convent which adjoined it.

The statue is life size, and has a glory about the head which looks very like a Queen Elizabeth ruff cut in stone. She holds in her hand a long scroll, which reaches nearly to her feet, and upon which is an inscription now illegible. The cloisters of the church, which years ago resounded to the light footfalls of the sisterhood, and the faint echo of prayer and praise, were made lively when we visited them by the sound of the chopping-knife and tray; and the fragrance of garden flowers was supplanted by the stronger perfume of celery soup and veal *braten*, the monastery being now divided up into dwellings, the cells opening upon the garden quadrangle being used as kitchens for the occupants.

But the object of the greatest interest to strangers is the Dome, that being, in fact, Cologne, the city proper being only subservient to it. The corner stone was laid in 1248 by Conrad von Hochstaten, Archbishop, who, during the interregnum, traitorously sold the German crown to a foreign power. But the conception of erecting a church which should surpass every other in the world in majesty and beauty, is to be credited to his predecessor, Edgelbert de Berg.

At the time when this great building was begun, Cologne was the richest and most flourishing city in the north, one of the chief emporia of the Hanseatic league, and the proudest and most priest-ridden city in Germany. The interior of the edifice is grand and impressive; the tall, stained glass windows are gorgeous as the brilliant flower-beds of autumn, and the light which pours through them is vivid and rainbow-tinted.

Around the chancel are seven chapels, where lie the stately effigies of princely archbishops, who watched over the growth of the church. Conrad von Hochstaten, who laid the corner stone, sleeps quietly amidst the singing boys and pealing organ, in the heavy incense-laden air.

Near by is the warrior Archbishop Philip de Hemsburg, around whose painted stone image is set a border of miniature ramparts, to show that he was the first to raise outer fortress walls around the city. On the other side of the chancel is a tribute to Wolfram von Julien, with a full-length marble figure, and not far distant is the famous picture called the "Dombild," consisting of a center-piece and two wings, painted on gilt backgrounds. The middle piece represents the adoration of the Magi, and the wings the martyrdoms of St. Ursula and St. Gereon.

Behind the high altar, under a marble slab, rests the heart of Marie de Medicis, and close beside it used to stand the far-famed shrine of the Three Kings of Orient. This has, however, been removed lately into the sacristy, and is shown to the people free only on Sundays and great holy days.

Tradition says that this case contains the remains of the wise men who "saw His star in the East, and came to worship him." The relics were taken to Constantinople in 328 by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, transported

later on to Milan, and subsequently, in 1164, carried from thence by Frederick Barbarossa, and presented by him to Reinald von Dressel, Archbishop of Cologne, who had accompanied him on his Italian expedition.

The casket in which their bones repose looks very like a coffin of massive and richly-chased gold, with a small grating, through which one obtains a peep at three dingy-looking skulls. The case weighs upward of a ton, and is embossed with figures of prophets and apostles, and studded with gems and cameos of rare workmanship. There is one intaglio of Venus Victrix upon an immense carbuncle, and a topaz as large as a good-sized lemon.

On the outskirts of the city there is a queer little building, which attracts almost as many visitors as the cathedral itself, albeit, upon entering it, one finds it as plain and unpretending as any backwoods American church, except for the showy altar-piece and tall candles in front of it.

After being in the building until your eyes are accustomed to the dim light, you observe half-way up the walls a series of compartments divided into a number of cells, each of which contains a human skull. Whichever way you turn, these cabinets, sunk into the wall, with their ghastly contents, meet your eye, while all along the side of one aisle above the lower arches is a sort of projecting locker, packed close and full of human bones. Nor is this all, for a huge sarcophagus, not unlike a stone bath-tub, is filled with yellow bones, and the sacristan assures you the walls are double, and the spaces between are piled up to the height of ten feet with similar remains.

It is disgusting, and when upon payment of a fee you are shown into a room called the Golden Kammer (Golden Chamber), you are even more struck with horror and disgust. This room is surrounded with tall cabinets with folding doors of ormolu, which gives the impression of a room lined with gold.

When the cabinet doors are opened a curious sight is revealed. Rows of life-sized busts stand on shelves, the hair and bosoms being brightly gilded, and the faces as brightly silvered. Other shelves are filled with rows of skulls tricked out in red velvet, upon which the name of the saint to whom it is said to have belonged is embroidered in gold thread.

Looking upward you see the spaces above the cabinets stacked high with bones, and the words, "Ora pro nobis, Sancta Ursula," worked in bones around the room. In the center of the chamber is a long glass case, where are treasured the most precious relics: one skull, encircled with a valuable crown, another with bits of hair sticking to the cranium, and the jaw-bones filled with perfect teeth, these sights making you feel more uncomfortable and squeamish than the others had done.

On the side of the outer aisle of the church is a series of odd pictures, in early German school, by Jan van Schrynm, illustrative of the history of Saint Ursula, and with explanatory text underneath in German and Latin. The legend may bear repetition, as there are perhaps some of our readers who do not remember it.

Saint Ursula was born in Great Britain about the year 220, of royal parents. She vowed herself to virginity, but her parents promised her to the son of a neighboring king. Unwilling to keep the promise made for her, yet unable to break it, she resolved to evade the fulfillment for a time, at least.

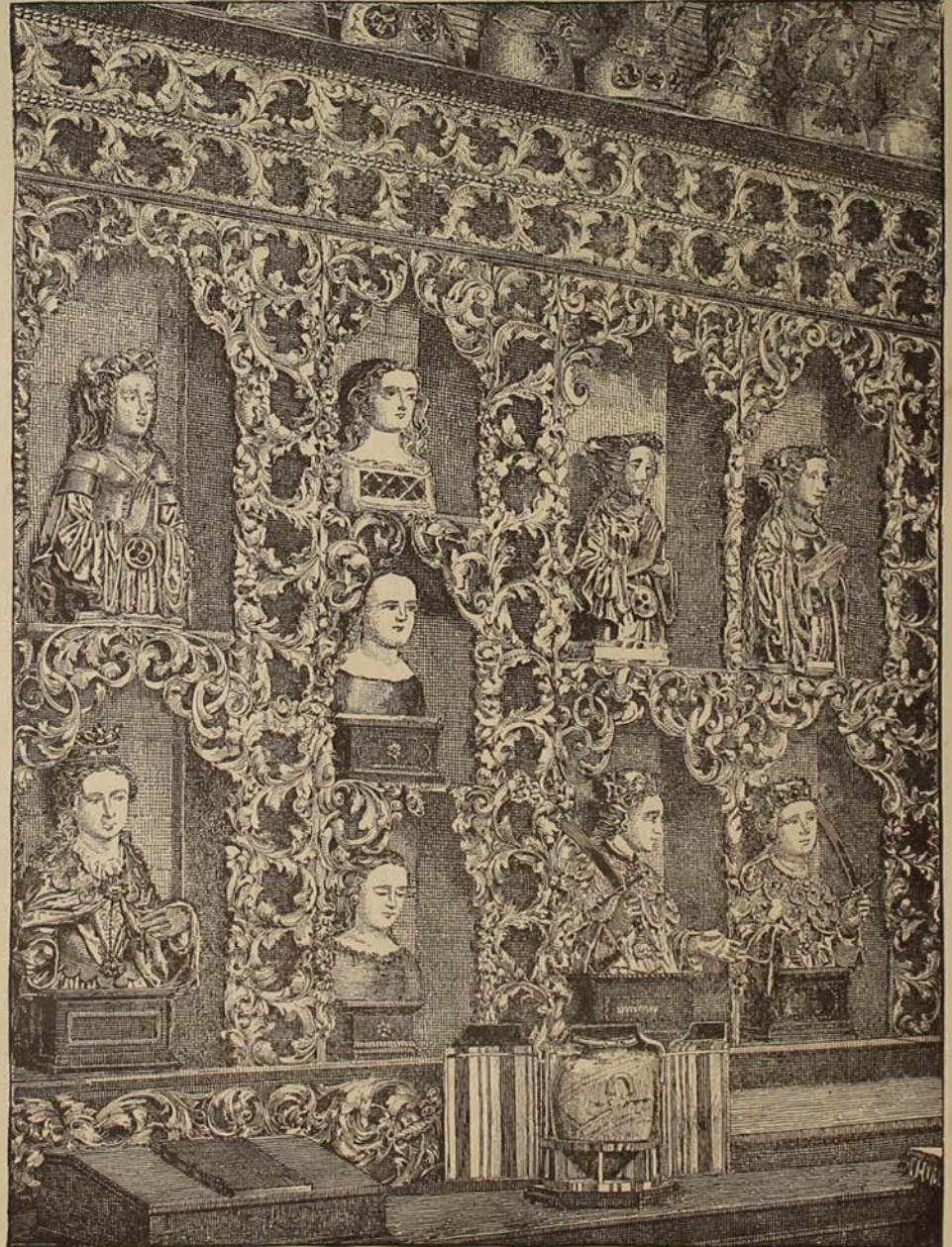
This she did by undertaking a pilgrimage accompanied by a large number of other virgins—tradition says eleven thousand. They went to Rome, and on their return home, in passing along the Rhine, they were attacked by barbarians, who slew them all.

This martyrdom is celebrated every year on the 21st of October, and the city has in its crest eleven flames, by which these virgins are remembered.

The story has of course been doubted by thousands for many years past; but one thing is quite certain, that the church has been for centuries the depository of human bones, and that from the reverence with which they have been regarded, they are probably connected with some dreadful religious catastrophe.

Many writers incline to the proposition that the whole institution is a remnant of some pagan rite, to which the wily priest gave a Christian form.

Herodotus informs us that the early tribes of Northern



THE GOLDEN CHAMBER IN SAINT URSULA'S CHURCH, COLOGNE.



CONRAD VON HOCHSTATEN FROM HIS GRAVE
IN COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

met was a cock; on its breast was engraven a bear, and on the shield was a lion in a field of flowers.

A German writer suggests that the roses and flowers indicate Time as the Creator, while the bear and lion are emblematical of the same deity in the character of the destroyer. The cock was the herald of Time, and the scales represented the sign of the zodiac which the sun enters in the autumn when the days and nights are equal. The image was long preserved in the Monastery of Corbei, not far from Cassel, and bore this inscription on its column:

“Formerly I was the leader and God of the Saxons.
The people of war adored me.

The nation who worshiped me governed in the field of battle.”

The same writer suggests that the principle of abbreviation which made people seek to shorten long words finally reduced Irminsula to Irsula, and then to Ursula, and so in this way the God of Time was transposed into the martyred virgin.

This church of bones has a mate in that of Saint Gereon, which is dedicated to the relics of St. Gereon and the Theban legion, amounting to six thousand men, who were slain at Bonn and Trèves, in A.D. 290, during the persecution of Diocletian, because they had become Christians. It is of very peculiar construction, and the original structure is said to have been built by the Empress Helena.

The stone sarcophagi of the martyrs are half built into the walls, and their skulls are arranged under gilt arabesques along the sides of the choir. The crypt, dating from the

and Central Germany had one only god, to whom they raised temples and altars, and to whom they offered human sacrifices. The name of this deity has been variously written, as Armensula, Hermansaul, and Irminsula. Its temple is described as having been spacious and magnificent, and open to the sky, as were the temples of Jupiter Fulminans among the old Romans.

This temple was located at Mersburg, near the river Diemel, in Hessen, and the god which stood therein was of wood, placed on a marble column. It was made in the likeness of an armed warrior; its right hand carried a red rose, its left a balance. The crest on the hel-

met was a cock, on its breast was engraven a bear, and on the shield was a lion in a field of flowers.

eleventh century, is very interesting, and contains a mosaic pavement of that date, representing the signs of the zodiac and scenes from the lives of David and Solomon.

There are many other interesting churches and buildings in Cologne, all of which merit a visit, as do indeed the old houses, and narrow streets, and bright sunlit squares. In Sternengasse there is an ancient mansion, on whose oaken doorway is a carved medallion head of Peter Paul Rubens. In this house he was born, and in this house Marie de Medicis died. Tablets on the walls record these facts—the one to the unfortunate queen we copy:

“To this house fled
The Queen of France, widow of Henry IV.,
Marie de Medicis,
Mother of Louis XIII., and of III queens.
She summoned our Rubens
From Antwerp, the place of his dwelling,
To paint for her palace, in Paris,
The history of her life and adventures.
He accomplished this in XXI great designs.
She died, oppressed with misfortunes,
At Cologne, the 3d day of July, 1642,
In the 68th year of her age,
In the very chamber in which Rubens was born.

“Her heart was interred in our Dom-kerche,
Near the chapel of the three holy kings.
Her body was, at a later period, conveyed
To the royal cemetery of St. Denis.
Before her end she expressed,
In splendid presents, which, in the fury of the revolution,
Were for the most part destroyed,
Her gratitude to the Senate and City of Cologne,
For the liberty of living among them.”

LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

Humility.

DEEP down amid the gravelly soil,
The precious golden ore is found;
And constant, unremitting toil
Brings rarest gems out rocky ground.

The limpid pearl seems hid secure
Within dark, rugged walls of shell;
Gay wreaths of coral, too, allure
With roseate hues, the ocean's dell.

The sea casts forth a filthy slime,
That sinks beneath the pebbled strand;
And treasures more than golden mine,
Lie fathoms down, amid its sands.

A little bird and humble deemed—
The lark looks in at Heaven's gate,
Though high the sun, that boldly beams,
He sinks low down with speedy rate.

Humility, like purest gold—
The rare and costly gem so bright;
The buried pearl of perfect mold,
Too, hides itself away from sight.

But, like the bird, that heavenward flies;
The orb that brings and heralds day,
It humblest seems and lowliest lies,
When shedding forth its purest ray.

MARY LE FAVRE.

A DAUGHTER OF PASSION.*

(Continued from page 80.)

THE divorce-suit concluded by a judgment in favor of the petitioner; and nothing appeared in the evidence which did not tend to show that the wife had been blameless throughout. Carew handed the paper to Kate, and put his hands in his pockets.

She read, and looked up with a smile.

"You see, Jack, I was right! and now you can't object any longer to my having her here on a visit—a good long visit, eh?"

"You shall do just as you please about it. Perhaps Mrs. Delafield will not find our style of life entertaining enough."

"Oh, Mabel will always find entertainment when she is with people she likes. She and I always got on well together; and I know that she admires you immensely. Then it will be a relief to her to be out of the way of people for a time; and besides, Jack dear," added Kate, meeting his eyes and blushing a little, "there is a reason why I should be glad to have her here the next few months. I don't expect to be about quite so much as usual; and she will be just the sort of person to prevent your getting dull or feeling lonely."

"Why, my little darling!" exclaimed Carew in a low voice. He drew her to his knee and embraced her; he suddenly felt tenfold happier and stronger. His wife kissed his cheek affectionately, but, as usual, did not stay long to be petted. He would have liked to hold her in his arms all day; but he could not detain her against her will, and he let her go with a sigh.

"I will write to Mabel to-day," she said; "and next week you must go to New York and bring her up here. You need be gone only three days, you know; and it will make her feel that we really want her."

"Well, no matter!" he said to himself, after she had gone; "it will be all right now, at any rate."

An answer came in due time from Mabel, accepting thankfully Kate's invitation. "It was good of you to think of me," she wrote, "just when I thought all my friends were gone. You will be the only friends I shall have in the world, henceforward. How happy we were at the Shoals only a year ago! You are even happier now! If I had known that my happiness was to end there, I should have appreciated it even more, if that be possible. Tell the general that to be escorted by him will be an honor greater than I ever expected or deserved. I wish there were more men like him."

When Carew bade his wife farewell, previous to starting on this journey, the parting had for him a more than ordinary significance. He felt as if he was separating himself from something else besides her—from something to which he might never again be reunited. Yet he knew it was no temporal question of going or staying, but the old everlasting question of good or evil. He was going to meet his fate; and whether that fate were blessed or unblessed, depended now and always upon himself, and not upon the evading or accepting of this or that particular opportunity.

He was to meet Mabel in a New York hotel, where she was staying. When he entered her sitting room, she came forward to meet him, dressed in black. He observed her at a glance; he found a strange pleasure in touching her hand, in being near her, in hearing the sound of her voice. He seemed to know what was passing in her mind, and to be aware of an answering comprehension in her; so that what they actually said or did made little difference; their real conversation was carried on in a tacit language. What do

words matter, when the tone tells everything? What do even the tones signify, when a look, a movement, a silence—the mere presence—annul it? It required a constant and conscious effort on Carew's part to restrain himself from falling into a familiar tone in his intercourse with Mabel—as if they had been intimate friends from their childhood. To address her as "Mrs. Delafield" seemed a grotesque affectation. To confine his remarks to the ordinary conventionalities of society appeared an almost too transparent hypocrisy, or, it was unnatural; it was like forcing water to run up hill, or a boat to sail in the wind's eye. A ceaseless, compelling force drew in the opposite direction. The effort oppressed and preoccupied him, so that he appeared curt and absent. Mabel herself did not seem to experience the same difficulty. But then she was a woman; and she was on the side of the force rather than of the resistance.

Meanwhile, they discussed quietly enough the topics which were ostensibly uppermost in the situation, had a late breakfast, and took the hotel stage for the railway station, with Mrs. Delafield's baggage behind. In the midst of these concrete details, Carew was ever and anon asking himself whether he were not, after all, absurdly mistaken both as regarded himself and her; whether she were not really as indifferent to him as the woman in the next seat, and he no more to her than the conductor who punched their tickets. But then the recollection of that kiss on the rocks, and still more of her words and manner afterward, would rise up and defeat his reasonings. No; there was truly a bond between them; it was vain to overlook it. All that could be done was to forbear alluding to it, or letting her perceive that he was conscious of it. Yet, she must know that he remembered; and therefore his reserve could be interpreted by her only as an evidence that he feared to trust himself to speak.

The charm of her person and demeanor had not been impaired by her misfortunes; rather, the gravity of her mood enhanced it, as a landscape gains beauty when reflected in a Claude-Lorraine mirror. But though she answered whatever questions about herself and her affairs Carew thought fit to ask her, she had an involuntary air of being far more interested in him personally than in any other subject. She did not attempt to make this prominent, or to be exactly conscious of it herself; but he could not help observing that whenever he, or anything directly relating to him, became for a moment the topic, she was at once aroused and illuminated, and seemed to live a fuller life. It acted on her like a breath of vital air. And this admiration of him was like that of the lake for the sky, or the flower for the sun—it was constitutional and inevitable. She could not help it, and therefore he could not resent or even feel embarrassed at it. There was no longer any air of coquetry about her; she was a woman now, not a girl; and her life had been terribly overshadowed, through no fault of her own.

Carew, in answer to her inquiries, had been describing some military operation in which he had taken part.

"It is a splendid world for men," she remarked; "but a woman never can be quite happy."

"What do you call happiness?"

"The power to be and do what you wish. A woman cannot choose, she must accept. Tyranny makes me hate, not only the tyrant, but many things that were good and beautiful, till tyranny forced them down my throat. Don't laugh at me, General Carew! Because you are not a tyrant, you think I exaggerate."

"Love can make a woman happy," said Carew.

"I have no right to speak of that, for I have never been loved. But you have always been loved, so, perhaps, you are prejudiced the other way."

"Your life is not over yet," he rejoined after a pause.

"So much the worse for me, then," she said with a smile.

"Wouldn't it satisfy you to be loved without loving?"

She shook her head. "There can be no such thing! There is no love without understanding and sympathy. And no one could love me in that way, unless I too loved him in that way; the one makes the other."

"You are hardly twenty years old."

"I am old enough to know that if I have not met the man I could love, I never shall meet him."

"You are unhappy now, and no wonder; but after a few months you will not feel so."

"Yes, I shall be happier, the next few months, than I ever have been; and more miserable afterward!"

"Don't be too sure," replied Carew; but he blamed himself for the words as soon as they were spoken.

V.

Carew's house was large, and Mabel had two rooms to herself; and for a while she kept herself comparatively secluded. But by degrees she began to emerge, with a certain shyness and timidity at first; then she threw herself into the little circle of life with a self-abandonment that was pathetic; as if she had determined to forget all her troubles for the time being, and to enjoy whatever pleasure was attainable, while it lasted. She had fits of gayety and high spirits which were contagious and enchanting; she found delight in trifling things, and imparted grace and beauty to everything she touched. Kate was neat, methodical, and orderly; but Mabel gave color and poetry to simple facts. She plucked the splendid autumn leaves, and made the shadowy corners of the house glow with them. She swung a hammock between the two great elm trees on the lawn, and made Kate lie in it, and then brought Carew to look at her. She seemed to take a passionate interest in Kate, and to exhaust her taste and ingenuity in adding to her such little touches of fancy and charm as Kate herself never found time or inclination to think of. Kate smiled at these attentions, and said that Mabel never could be satisfied without trying to make everything as lovely as herself; but then Mabel would give her a strange glance, which Carew sometimes fancied he understood. And once he said: "You seem to care more how my wife looks than how you look yourself."

"Well, she is your wife," Mabel replied.

Her neglect of her own appearance was noticeable. In her girlish days she had been rather given to self-adornment, and showed a rare talent for expressing what she was in what she wore; but now she dressed uniformly in black, and omitted all ornaments, even to rings. She seemed to wish to forget herself, and to live in other persons and things. Yet she would willingly contribute whatever faculty she possessed to the general enjoyment. She had an exquisite voice in singing; and in the evenings she would often make Carew and his wife sit side by side in rustic easy chairs on the lawn, while she swung in the hammock, and sang them ballads and lyrics of love and joy and pain, in notes that had the wild melody of a nightingale's throat. Kate said it was very pretty, but Carew said nothing; he could not see the singer, who was invisible in the darkness under the trees, but her voice entered into what was deepest in him, and he could not choose but love it.

As the winter came on, they were kept more within doors; but Mabel made the dark days bright by her resources and

originality. But now, as at all times, her direct intercourse with Carew was much less than with his wife. She identified herself with Kate; or rather, she abjured and obliterated herself in order that Kate might be the gainer. She never omitted an opportunity to aggrandize the latter at her own expense. Yet she made no demands on the wife's gratitude; but if Carew praised Kate, then Mabel rejoiced—not openly, but with a hidden sigh of pleasure. When Kate's activity began to diminish, and she was obliged to spend several hours a day on the sofa, Mabel was so tender and devoted to her as to render all other attendance superfluous. She read and talked to her, and saw to the performance of all such household duties and management as Kate herself was unequal to. It was as if Kate's spirit animated two individualities; only that, in Mabel, the manifestation had a softness and fascination which Kate's blunter personality lacked.

Carew looked on at all this with a troubled perplexity. He thought sometimes one thing, sometimes another; all he was sure of was that this was very different from anything he had anticipated. He seldom had any conversation apart with Mabel; and when he did have any it still more seldom went below the surface of things. When he said anything likely to lead in that direction she would gaze at him with her unfathomable eyes and make the briefest reply, or none at all. On one occasion, however, when he had remarked that she must find so much seclusion dull, she answered:

"It isn't seclusion to me; I never was in society until now. Let me eat and drink to-day, for to-morrow I die!"

Kate, who had been full of appreciative acknowledgments at first, gradually became silent, and accepted all that was done for her passively. Sometimes when Mabel was reading to her she would close her eyes for an hour at a time; not to sleep, and yet, perhaps, not always to listen. At other times she would watch her meditatively as she moved about the room, or sat sewing, or watered and pruned the plants in the window-boxes. When Carew sat beside his wife, or gave her his arm to walk about the house, she was generally quiet and almost reserved; but there were moments when she clung to him with a strange energy and kissed him as if the kiss were a medicine necessary to her life. At these moments Carew suffered a pang of the heart, he knew not exactly why. Perhaps it was prophetic rather than retrospective. He longed to say something, but he could think of nothing to say that was not better left unsaid. And yet silence sometimes wrongs more than any word.

One evening when the snow was deep and the ice on the river a foot thick, Carew, having helped his wife to her room upstairs, came down to the library to smoke a cigar. As he entered Mabel arose from a chair before the fire, said something about attending Kate, and was going out. But he stopped her.

"Kate wants nothing yet," he said. "Sit down and keep me company a little. You have been here nearly five months and I have scarcely had one talk with you."

"Talking will not make us better acquainted," she replied. "But, after all, I have something to say. In spite of appearances I didn't come here to stay forever. I suppose I need not tell you that it has been a great happiness to me to be here. Well, I must say good-bye. I shall return to New York to-morrow."

"To New York? not to come back?"

"I am glad if you are sorry."

"I hope you'll do nothing of the kind!" said Carew in a low voice.

"If you are my friend you won't say that."

"Why shouldn't I say it? I mean it!"

They were both standing with a table between them. Mabel moved to a sofa. "Sit down here beside me," she said, "and perhaps I'll tell you." He sat down and she leaned back against the cushions and looked at him through her lowered eyelids. There was a single passion-flower fastened to the front of her black dress on the left side. It was her only ornament. Carew, who was aware of an unusual and partly-subdued excitement in her manner, fixed his eyes abstractedly upon this flower. He, too, felt an uneasy stirring of the pulses.

"What a strange thing memory is!" she remarked, after a while. "What could be more different from a rocky coast and a moonlit sea than this cosey sofa before the fire, and yet our being here together reminds me of such a scene. Do you know why?"

"Yes, I do," replied Carew.

There was a little pause. "If I ask you a question, will you answer it truly?" she demanded suddenly.

"I will."

"Did you have no suspicion, that evening, that it was not Kate who was sitting there?"

"None; none, up to the moment that——"

"That our lips met,—it might as well be said, since it was done. Well, and then . . . you were very sorry, you said, and I suppose you have been ever since!"

Carew turned in his seat so as to face her. "The truth is," said he, in a deep tone, "that that kiss has haunted me like a ghost ever since. It has come between my wife and me a thousand times. I don't know whether to say that it has changed my nature or has revealed what it really was; at any rate, it has made my life different from what it would have been. I might call it my greatest misfortune, and yet I have never been able to say to myself, truly, that I was sorry for it!"

Mabel had been slowly interlacing her slender fingers while he spoke, and now she pressed them over her bosom, crushing the passion-flower against her heart. Her eyes closed for a moment.

"It was fate," she murmured, "and what a fate!"

"You have felt it too, then?" he asked.

"Ask my husband!" she exclaimed, sitting erect and gazing at him. "Oh, John Carew, you may call it accident if you will, but you have much to answer for! There is something in you that breaks my heart! I cannot help myself! I have lost the world for your sake, and what have I got in return? All these last months I have been trying to build up a wall between us—to persuade myself that you and she were made for each other, but I could not! The more I tried, the more it seemed to me that she cared nothing for you, or you for her. And yet you are married to her; and I—what a thing I am! What does it mean? Is it fancy or the truth? Can't you make me hate you? Can't you hate me?"

"No—no!" said Carew, and his voice shook.

"Why did you ask me to come here?" she said passionately.

"I opposed it; but my wife wished it, and—well, there was nothing I wished so much——"

"It was fate!" she exclaimed again, covering her face with her hands.

Carew looked at her, and it seemed to him that it would be but a slight thing to give his soul for her. And, for a minute, he thought that he must have her, soul or no. But, after all, he loved her; and his love cleared his brain from the confusion wrought in it by the mad yearning of desire. He set his teeth together, and struck his clenched hand against his knee.

"Come, let's make an end of it!" said he.

She uncovered her face; her eyes were black and wild.

"If it was our fate to meet and love," he continued, "it was our fate to part, as well. It is better to suffer than to take the only comfort open to us."

She moved nearer, and laid her hand on his shoulder, still with a wild look in her eyes. "Do you believe in heaven, and all that?" she said.

"Yes, I suppose so," he answered.

"Do you think we shall meet there?"

"It is no use thinking about that," said he, gloomily. "It's a poor way of softening pain. We must accept it for good and all, or not at all. We had better say 'forever,' and have done with it. What is evil once will be so always."

"It is not evil!" said she. "What is good, if love is not?"

"I don't care what it is!" said Carew; "but I will not murder an innocent woman either for your sake or mine, and I will not any longer live like the liar and coward I have been since my marriage."

She rose to her feet, pale and unsteady.

"You have the strength," said she, "but I—am a woman."

"God preserve you from such strength as mine!" exclaimed he bitterly.

She took a step away from him; but then stopped and turned again, trembling visibly.

"Oh! I cannot!" she whispered. "Kill me—let me die!"

"No; live, live as long as you can! In fifty years we may understand this puzzle, dark as it looks now."

Mabel paused and smiled, a smile that made Carew draw a long breath.

"I shall not live fifty years," said she in a low, even voice.

"I shall solve this puzzle sooner than that. But you shall learn from me what love is, John Carew, in some way that you do not think of now. And though I leave you now, forever, I will live before your eyes all your life."

VI.

After Mabel had left them, Carew and his wife relaxed into a calm that seemed almost like the stillness of death. For many days the snow lay deep outside the house, beneath a sky as cold and blue as arctic ice; there was no wind, and the sun arose and set day after day without a cloud. Carew sat silent in his library for hours together without a book, and almost without a thought; he felt as if everything were finished, and nothing remained but mere existence. At first he had dreaded lest his wife should talk about Mabel's sudden departure, and that he would be called upon to answer her remarks and conjectures; but she seemed to take it very quietly, and limited herself to the briefest allusion to it. Indeed, she said very little about anything. Her condition had become very delicate, and she was confined entirely to her own room; a nurse was with her, and she made no demands upon her husband's time or company; but, when he came of his own accord and sat beside her, she would sometimes put her hand on his for a moment, and look up at him with an expression that he had never seen in her face before. She seemed to have grown more tender and gentle than the energetic, cheerful, common-sensible woman he had always known in her. But he ascribed the change to the influence of her approaching maternity, and expected her to return to her old self when the trial should be over. Meanwhile, he could not rouse himself to respond to this temporary warming and deepening of her character. He felt incapable of any kind of emotion, and it did not occur to him that she would feel the need of unusual demonstrations on his part, since she had not appeared to value much his former attempts to establish a greater closeness of intercourse.

At last the long frost broke, and for several days warm

and heavy rains fell incessantly, driving away the snow and leaving the fields brown and wet and ready to blossom forth with the new life of the year. Carew threw open the window of the library, and let the mild breeze enter; it had already the faint savor of coming spring. A new period of nature was beginning; but he did not share in the renewal. He felt old. He did not even regret his youth.

As he stood there, the servant came in and handed him the morning paper. He held it a long time before looking at it. There was not likely to be anything in it of interest to him. At length he opened it and glanced down the columns. There was no news. His eyes fell on the list of deaths. One item there arrested him, and he read it over and over a score of times. It stood out among all the other events of the world like a glare of lightning in a black night. He could hardly make it real to himself; what relation was there between two lines of print, and the thing they conveyed? But there it was: "Died, in New York, Mabel Delafield, aged twenty-one years." Carew laid down the paper, and again looked forth from the window. And now thought, and emotion and life came surging back on him. Mabel was gone; or had she returned? Distance, at least, no longer separated them. Her last words returned to him: "I will live before your eyes all your life!"

Late in the afternoon word was brought to him that Mrs. Carew was very ill. The doctor was already in the house. Carew went up and sat in the room adjoining hers, with his head between his hands. Now that his long lethargy was gone, he was sensible of an inexplicable change in his feeling toward his wife. He loved her as he had never done before. It was as if his love for Mabel had been transferred to her. He could not account for this, or reason it out; but the fact was there, and he felt, too, that she would henceforth love him as Mabel would have done. Ah, if he could only suffer all her pain for her.

Toward midnight the doctor came and told him that he had a daughter. He went in and found Kate lying pale and composed beside a small living bundle of living human possibilities. He bent down to the little red face and kissed it, then he kissed his wife. "You should be happy now, dear," she whispered to him. "I am happy," he answered her.

When he left her everything seemed favorable, both for the child and for her. But the next morning Kate had fever and was greatly exhausted. She sank hour by hour, and could not be rallied. Carew was not alarmed at first, supposing that her weakness was natural after the crisis through which she had passed. But by the evening of the second day he was called upon to face the truth that she would never get well. Occasionally she suffered pain, and sometimes her mind wandered, and then, so far as Carew could make out, she fancied herself speaking with him, and trying to explain something, but her voice was so faint that he could not follow her words. At the last hour of her life the fever left her, and she lay white and bloodless, but with full intelligence and consciousness. Carew stayed beside her, with a quiet face, but with a breaking heart. At last her lips moved, and he bent toward her and heard the words, "Beneath my pillow." He put his hand there and drew out an envelope addressed, "To my beloved husband; to be opened after I have left him," and beneath was written the date of a week previous. Their eyes met, and a look shone out of the depths of hers, which Carew felt himself unworthy to receive. And, indeed, it was a parting glance from the borders of another world, into which the true and honorable wife was at that moment entering. In another moment she was gone.

After she was buried, Carew opened the envelope. There fell out from it a crushed and dried passion-flower. It was

the same that Mabel had worn on her bosom the night before her departure. There was also a letter in the envelope, which ran as follows:

DEAR JACK:—When you see this flower, you will know that I was not ignorant of what has been troubling you ever since our marriage. I did not know it at first, only within the last three or four months. I know that you have done nothing dishonorable, but you have been unhappy, and I have been the cause. You will not mind my telling you, now, that I love you with my whole heart. But you were in every way so much greater and better than I, that I hardly felt as if even my love gave me a right to you. I thought perhaps you had married me only because, in the glow and tenderness of having saved me from death, you had promised to do so. So it seemed to me that the best I could do would be not to trouble you with always telling you or showing you openly how I loved you, but only try to make your life serene and comfortable, to give you a pleasant and quiet home, and to keep out of your way. I was proud, too, and I could not bear to run the risk of having you repel me if I came too near. I may have acted wrongly in all this; I can only say I did it for your sake. God knows how I have longed, for my own sake, to do otherwise! When I proposed that Mabel should come here, I suspected nothing of the truth, but I thought she would entertain you in many ways that I could not. After a while I began to see how it was. I have no blame for her; she did the best she could. And I would not try to separate you, for fear you should think I thought you were capable of dishonor. And I knew that if you loved each other, nothing I could do would prevent it. But oh, Jack, I suffered in those days, though I hope you did not see it, and it is all the same now.

On that night, after you had left me, I resolved to speak to you somewhat as I have written here, and I followed you downstairs to do so. So it happened that I heard a part of what you and she were saying to each other. I wanted to go away, but I could not; I felt as if I had no life left. After it was over, and you were both gone, I went into the room, and on the sofa I found this flower, which I want you to keep in remembrance of me as well as of her. My death will leave you free, and I shall not be sorry to die, but I want you to know that, though I was not fit for you, no one can ever love you more truly than I have always done. If I had loved you less, I could have made you feel it more. There was nothing else of me.

If our child is a little girl, as I think it will be, I wish you to call her Mabel. Then you will believe that I do not grudge you whatever happiness you may find after I am gone. If I could not be of much use to you while I was alive, I wish at least not to be in your way after my life is over.

Yours lovingly,

KATE.

Thus was John Carew left alone after having lost two chances of great happiness through no particular fault of his own, and having conducted himself not ignobly at the critical moment of his life. Perhaps he sometimes wondered in those days why Providence had dealt so severely with him, and what was the solution of the problem of his career. But he made no complaints and settled himself in silence to the losing game. His little Mabel was as yet no more than a sentiment to him; she was an unconscious infant, and it was impossible to forecast as yet what would be her relation to him. In thinking of her the memory both of his wife and of the other Mabel became curiously intertwined; she seemed to be connected with them both. In fact, whatever he loved henceforth must owe its loveliness to something that recalled them.

But one spring morning when little Mabel was upward of a year old, her father took her in his arms and tried, with what paternal art he had, to attract her attention and make her smile. He had not made many such attempts hitherto, and had scarcely even found opportunity to observe whether her little features most reflected himself or her mother. But now, as the child looked up and laughed in gracious response to his efforts, Carew started and turned pale. The glance that had come from the baby's dark eyes had reminded him neither of himself nor of Kate; it was as if the soul of the dead Mabel had looked out upon him from the other world.

Recovering himself after a while he thought that he must have been mistaken, and that it was merely a passing fancy that had made him see the resemblance. He held the little maiden before him in his great hands and gazed at her long and earnestly. No; it was no fancy. The baby, for all that it was so tiny, so plump and rosy, so infantile in its expression and ways, and the offspring of Kate and himself, was Mabel in miniature. He was almost appalled at the accuracy with which every feature reproduced in softened outline that face he knew so well. It was Mabel, indeed, come back to him, but in the flesh and blood of his own wife. How strange and significant a return! And at first he could not decide with himself whether it were an awful rebuke or a not less awful blessing.

Day by day the likeness grew and was confirmed, and Carew beheld it with a trembling and perplexed heart. But, by degrees, as he lived with his new discovery and became familiar with it, he recognized in it more of mercy than of chastisement. Because, for the sake of love and honor, he had abstained from taking possession of her whom he loved more than anything else save them, God had returned her to him in purity and innocence. He had forbidden to violate the marriage covenant, and it was through that covenant itself that consolation was given to him. He had refused to dishonor his wife, and she was the means of rendering to him the very gift which he had therefore denied himself. The Mabel whom he could not embrace without sin was gone, but a sinless Mabel was in his arms. He who has patience and fortitude is not forever debarred from obtaining a glimpse here and there of the manner in which the Creator unravels and reconciles the bewilderments and sorrows of His creatures. The holy names of mother, wife, and daughter are the keys whereby some of the darkest riddles of humanity may be read.

Mabel Carew increased in health, vigor, and beauty; and from the day when first he read her unconscious secret in her eyes, she and her father were bound together in intimate affection. She was his atonement—the symbol of his reconciliation with God and his fellow men. And she was something more than the other Mabel over again; as she expanded into maidenhood her nature showed a strength as well as a beauty, a loftiness as well as a richness in which the part of her mother in her avouched itself. In seasons of joy and celebration she was all Mabel; in times of sorrow and effort she showed the steadfastness and strength of Kate; in the depth and purity of her passion she was the union of them both. And Carew could love her with all his heart and soul, for she was his daughter.

One summer, when Mabel was about eighteen years old, she and her father took the wagon and pair, and drove to Portsmouth. Stabling their horses there, they embarked on the little steamer for the Isles of Shoals, purposing to spend a week at Appledore. It was Carew's first visit there in nearly twenty years; and to Mabel it was entirely new.

But, as they entered the little bay, Carew could almost have believed that the twenty years were but a dream, and that he was once more the young general of volunteers, re-

turning wounded and unarmed from the fields before Richmond. Nothing seemed changed; at least, the past was much more conspicuous than the alterations. It had been a clear, warm day, and the sun was low in the west. There was Cedric, too, on the wharf; but there was a good deal of gray now in his broad, yellow beard. He did not recognize the stately, middle-aged gentleman, with the long grizzled mustache, who walked somewhat infirmly, leaning on his cane, and supported by a beautiful young girl; but at the young girl herself he looked keenly, with a mystified expression of face, as if she were some one he ought to know, but for the impossibility that it could be she.

"We have still half an hour before supper, Mab," said the elderly gentleman. "Let us take a little walk along the rocks before going in. I want to see the sun set."

They set forth, accordingly, through the green gorge and up the opposite ascent, he picking his way heedfully, and she controlling her youthful vigor and activity to attend on him. At length they reached a steep rocky promontory, and having climbed round it, they came to the brink of a steep declivity, near the base of which was a narrow ledge, in the form of a rude seat, facing the west. The elderly gentleman here came to a pause.

"Yes," he murmured to himself, "this is the very place. But Mabel is beside me, now. Come, my darling," he added aloud, "let us try to get down yonder."

But as he spoke, his foot slipped on the rocky surface; he tottered forward, and fell heavily down the face of the little cliff. He struck headlong on the narrow ledge, and there lay motionless.

Mabel uttered a long, piercing scream, and sprang lightly down after him.

She lifted his head, and rested it on her lap. He was insensible; he had fallen against a sharp projection, which had crushed the skull behind the left ear. For a few minutes she thought he was dead; but at length he opened his eyes, as quietly as if awakening from sleep. He met her eyes in a long, steady gaze.

"Mabel," he said, in a strong, deep voice, "why are you crying? All the trouble is over now; the mystery is made clear—see, the sun has set. But there is no more darkness for you and me."

His eyes closed again; and there was no sound except the low sobbing of the sea at the base of the cliff.

John Hawthorne.

To My Scrap-Book.

My literary lapidary! Seek the gems of thought
The mines of literature invite, with brilliant treasures
fraught,

Collect no dross, let every gem with ray resplendent shine,
The crucible of criticism, will from dross refine.

Poetic words are silver, pure, yet will admit alloy,
Nobility of thought is gold, no furnace can destroy.

The flash of humor is but quartz, true wit is diamond
bright,

While pathos is a pearl which shines with opalescent light.
Select with care; arrange with taste; shams and gauds con-
demn,

Thus shalt thou form of brilliant thoughts a royal diadem.
Thou art the casket, made to hold these treasures of the
mind,

While in their calm effulgence, I a quiet pleasure find.

PHILO.

JANUARY.

THE MONTHS WERE BY, AGAIN THE NEW YEAR.

ALL PLEASURES AND TROUBLE PASSED THROUGH.

AS WE THINK OF BRIGHT FACES OF FRIENDS FAR AND NEAR,

WE WISH HAPPINESS EVER TO YOU.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

CHINA PAINTING AT HOME.

(See folded sheet.)

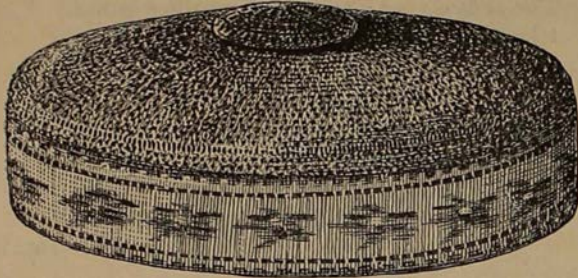
CONVENTIONAL designs are best for borders in china decoration. A conventional design can be done with better success by a beginner than a more ambitious design from nature. These conventional designs can often be found in magazines, or in borders in illustrated books. It is astonishing how many pretty designs can be found, if one only keeps one's eyes open to look for them. If you wish to do good work in china decoration be constantly on the watch for suggestions—from nature first always, for color and true drawing. Then you will know for yourself the shapes of flowers and leaves and their true colors, and you will be sure of yourself when you see the flower or leaf conventionalized. Look at all the best china you can find and see how the work is done, and add to this all the suggestions from borders in magazines and books.

The design in this number is from the little yellow cinquefoil or five-finger, which is so common in open dry ground by the roadsides in the country from spring to midsummer. This flower is a running vine with red brown and green runners and stems, the leaves green, often touched with red or red brown; the older smaller leaves often quite bright in color. The flower is yellow with brighter yellow stamens and green ovary. This design should be painted in nearly flat color. The flowers should be in shades of yellow. Mixing yellow, orange yellow and ocher can be used. The front flowers should be in the mixing yellow, the more distant ones in ocher. The colors can be planned according to your own fancy. In one cluster two flowers in mixing yellow, one in orange, while the half flower near by could be in ocher, or one flower could be orange yellow, and the two

distant ones behind in ocher, in this way giving variety to the clusters and coloring. The center of the flower is green. If the mixing yellow is used, the green must be a light yellow green; if ocher is used a yellow olive must be used for the center. These yellow flowers must be outlined and the stamens drawn in the paler ones with olive green, in the darker flowers, with brown. The leaves can be yellow green, blue green, or olive green. These leaves can have now and then a touch of carmine or red brown. Paint them flat, using but two strokes of the brush for each leaf, slanting each stroke toward the middle of the leaf as the vines of the leaf grow. In painting the flowers use only one stroke for each petal. Use a medium-sized square shader or a No. 5 or 6 water-color brush. Outline the leaves and flowers with a No. 1 or 2 water-color brush, using for the leaves deep brown, to which add a little black and rich purple. To make an even circle on the plate, when it is not made for you by the rim of your plate, hold your pencil above the point as high as you wish the width of your border. Let the edge of your plate touch your middle finger which holds your pencil, and let the point of your pencil draw the line in your plate as you move the plate around, keeping your finger firm on the pencil the given width. This is an easy way to draw a true circle when you have no wheel. After you have painted your border carefully and dried it in the oven, so the color will not run, take a rather small square shader and fill in the background. This can be olive, but can vary in color according to fancy. You can add a little black or brown to your olive and vary the shade of your background. Use a little thick oil with this color, and make the strokes run in different directions so as to give a mottled look to the color. Do not run over the outlines of your leaves or flowers, but if you do, let it alone and do not try to patch it. When it is dry touch up the outlines clearer, so you may not lose the drawing, and let your dab of out-of-place olive go as an intentional shade on a leaf or flower. If you try to mend it you will probably muss or mar it. As you fill in this background, finish one little space at a time, stopping to rest or

to run your color only when you have wholly filled a given space, leaving no edge to harden and cause a patched spot in your background. If you wish a narrow border for a cup and saucer use two smaller leaves, as the two large ones are used in this border, with but a single flower in the alternating spaces between them. A plate, cup and saucer carefully painted with this design will make a useful and valuable Christmas or birthday gift. When the plate is fired the decorator can put a line of gold on each side of your border to add a richer finish. The cost of this will be ten cents for each line of gold. If you do not wish the expense make as true a line as possible with the red brown outlining color used for the leaves and stems of the border. If you are accustomed to drawing take other flowers and make your own borders until you have a set of plates painted with your own designs.

HETTA L. H. WARD.



Gentleman's Silk Polo Cap.

WE present to our readers this month a design and pattern for a silk crochet Polo cap. This pattern is begun by working the crown piece first, which starts from the center of the crown, and is crocheted round and round in one flat piece. The silk used is very fine, and for this reason the above mode of working gradually increases the size of the crown without any increased stitches, such as must be used when working a similar pattern in wools. In other words, without widening.

The crown piece is worked in dark navy blue, also the upper portion of the band. The lower part of the band consists of a rich stripe worked in Persian shades, as the accompanying illustration shows.

The stitch used is the most simple of the crochet stitches, and is known as double crochet (D. C.). In the old-fashioned books it is called Double Tambour. It consists of placing the needle in a stitch of the work, bringing the silk through in a loop; taking up the silk again and bringing it through the two loops on the needle. This forms one stitch. Each stitch throughout is the same as above described. The double crochet produces a close, firm fabric, and is therefore nicely suited for the purpose for which it is here intended. A very fine steel crochet hook is required. Such as is used for most lace work, and the work is that of a rather close worker. These facts are mentioned as they have a direct bearing upon the size of the cap produced. Following the above hints the size of this pattern will correspond to a 7 1/2 hat-band, or a measurement of about twenty-three inches around.

The cap when crocheted should be taken to the hatter to be steamed and blocked. This is the manner in which the Turks prepare their celebrated fez.

Twelve spools of the best knitting silk are used. The shades are: three of red; three of blue; three of green; one of yellow; and one of navy blue. The latter shade requires two spools, as the main portion of the cap is that shade. The shades of three run thus. Darkest number three; next shade number two; the lightest number one. This properly distinguishes the working of the band colors for the stripe, as will be seen later on.

In working the Persian stripe the colors are so carried on as to form a vine of leaves, which follow the shape of the head band. To produce this effect it is necessary to "carry all the threads" alone together at the same time. The threads which are not required when working are allowed to fall over the forefinger of the left hand, the hook is placed in the stitch in the usual way, passing it below the threads you are carrying on, and then drawing the thread or shade with which you are crocheting down at the back of the threads you are carrying, and then drawing it through in a loop. Take up the silk and bring it through the two loops on the needle. This stitch is precisely the same as the one used for the working of the cap, except in working in the different colors for the stripe it is requisite to work *over* and *under* the carried on threads as just described. Otherwise long loops will be made on the back of the work.

Working Directions.

With the navy blue make a chain of five loops and join in a circle. Next row work two stitches into each loop. Tie in a white thread to mark the end of this row, as it will show where the row begun. Continue working just round and round, keeping the work from puckering. If you find, after smoothing it out at times on a flat surface, that it is necessary to add a few extra stitches do so; but these should not be required if the work is properly done. Work until your crown piece numbers about 385 stitches on the outer row, then before turning for the band narrow at intervals until the row is reduced to about 360 stitches. Upon this row work eight plain rows. This forms the upper part of the band.

First Row. Work in number three red all round.

Second Row. Work in (1) two stitches of number three red, and two stitches of number three green. Repeat as from (1) entirely round.

Third Row. In number three green all round.

Fourth Row. In number two green all round.

Fifth Row. In number three green all round.

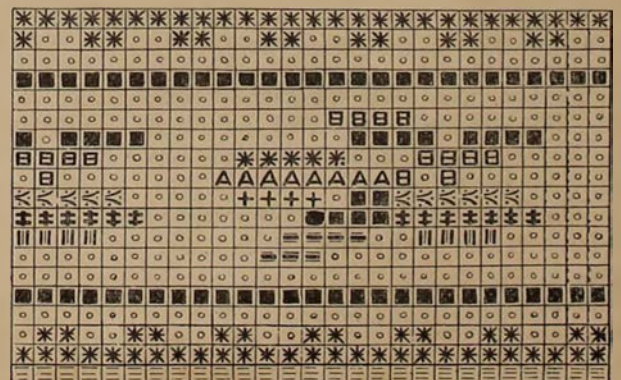
Sixth Row. Nine stitches in number three green, (2) four stitches in number one green, fourteen stitches in number three green. Repeat as from (2) entirely round.

Seventh Row. Three stitches in number three green, (3) four stitches in number two green, one in number three green, four in number two green, nine in number three green. Repeat as from (3).

Eighth Row. Five stitches in number three green, (4) four in number one green, three in number three green, five in number three red, six in number three green. Repeat as from (4).

Ninth Row. Seven stitches in number three green, (5) one in number one green, one in number three green, one in number one green, eight in number two red, seven in number three green. Repeat as from (5).

Tenth Row. Four stitches in number three green, (6) six



DETAIL OF BAND FOR POLO CAP.

stitches in number three blue, two in number two green, one in number three green, four in number one red, five in number three green. Repeat as from (6).

Eleventh Row. Three stitches in number three green, (7) seven stitches in number two blue, four in number one green, seven in number three green. Repeat as from (7).

Twelfth Row. Five stitches in number three green, (8) four stitches in number one blue, two in number three green, four in yellow, eight in number three green. Repeat as from (8).

Thirteenth Row. Thirteen stitches number three green, (9) three yellow, fifteen number three green. Repeat as from (9).

Fourteenth Row. Work in number three green entirely.

Fifteenth Row. Work in number two green entirely.

Sixteenth Row. Work in number three green entirely.

Seventeenth Row. (10) Work two stitches of number three red and two of number three green. Repeat as from (10) entirely round.

Eighteenth Row. Work in number three red entirely.

Nineteenth Row. Work in navy blue entirely.

This completes the Persian band, and also finishes the cap. A tassel is made from all the shades of silk used. Wind ten strands of each shade over a piece of cardboard measuring in length about five inches. When you have done this cut the threads at one end only, secure them firmly in the center and sew on to the crochet-button, and then fasten the button to the cap. This design is very pretty worked in one color, as cherry, where one may feel as if it was too difficult for them to work in so many different colors. One is fully repaid, however, when they see the bright shades weaving into form, for the many stitches which they may have had to count. If in working the band at the end of each row the stitches should not come out just even space them, as can be readily done with crochet work.

One need not have the tassel on the cap, unless desired. It is not shown in the illustration as the effect would mar the outline.

CORA MEREDITH BLYTHE.

The Voice of the Helpless.

I HEAR a wail from the woodland,
A cry from the forests dim ;
A sound of woe from the sweet hedge-row
From the willows and reeds that rim
The sedgy pools ; from the meadow grass,
I hear the fitful cry, alas !

It drowns the throb of music,
The laughter of childhood sweet,
It seems to rise to the very skies,
As I walk the crowded street ;
When I wait on God in the house of prayer,
I hear the sad wail from there.

'Tis the cry of the orphaned nestlings,
'Tis the wail of the bird that sings,
His song of grace in the archer's face ;
'Tis the flutter of broken wings ;
'Tis the voice of helplessness—the cry
Of many a woodland tragedy.

O, lovely, unthinking maiden,
The wing that adorns your hat
Has the radiance rare, that God placed there !
But I see in the place of that,
A mockery pitiful, deep and sad,
Of all things happy and gay and glad.

O ! mother, you clasp your darling,
Close to your loving breast ;
Think of that other, that tender mother,
Brooding upon her nest !
In the little chirp from the field and wood,
Does no sound touch your motherhood ?
That little dead bird on your bonnet,
Is it worth the cruel wrong ?
The beauty you wear so proudly there,
Is the price of a silenced song ;
The humming-bird band on your velvet dress,
Mocks your womanly tenderness.

I hear a cry from the woodland,
A voice from the forests dim ;
A sound of woe from the sweet hedge-row,
From the willows and reeds that rim
The sedgy pool ; from the meadow grass,
I hear the pitiful sound, alas !

Can you not hear it, my sister,
Above the heartless behest,
Of fashion that stands, with cruel hands,
Despoiling the songful nest ?
Above that voice have you never heard,
The voice of the helpless, hunted bird ?

CARLOTTA PERRY.

"Naughty Boy."—(See Page Gravure.)

THE constant and ever increasing demand for pictorial illustrations has proved a great spur to artistic invention, and several very valuable processes have been produced. It is wonderful how much has been achieved in one branch alone—photography—since the first photograph was thrown upon paper in 1834, by Mr. Henry Talbot, of England. The discovery was further developed by Mr. Fizeau, of France, who found means of rendering the photograph thrown upon the paper indelible.


After long and patient experiment, by some of the most artistic and scientific minds, various methods were discovered, such as photo-lithography, albertype, heliotype, which resembles albertype, photoglyptic, photogravure and others. There are several processes by which photogravures are obtained, some of which produce very favorable results. Our picture, "Naughty Boy," is by a new process, which preserves all the characteristics of the original painting, and gives us a beautiful work of art, full of softness and expression. The picture is a remarkably fine specimen of photogravure, the new process giving the most splendid results.

The original of this charming production is by E. Muner, who has been most happy in his portraiture of the "Naughty Boy," who, despite his conduct, elicits our admiration. His chubby form and large black eyes are full of infantile beauty, and even in his wayward and petulant mood he is most attractive. He looks the picture of injured innocence, as he puts his hands to his ears as if resolved not to hear the scolding that is in store for him. There is a feast of good things on the table, but he is evidently not disposed to partake of it, or, perhaps, he had his full share, and clamoring for more, his wishes were not complied with, which has caused the naughty conduct which he is displaying.

Children are always popular subjects with the painter, and the present is particularly happy in design and execution. It is natural in action, full of childish beauty, and is handled with great care and skill. The reproduction of this charming picture by the new process not only gives us a beautiful work of art, but is very interesting, as showing the progress made in photogravure.

FROM PENCIL TO BRUSH.

PART II—PAPER I.

OR twelve months we have labored at simple pencil drawing, beginning with lines, and adding shadow or value. We would now ask our members to collect the work they have done; crude and desultory as it may be, get it together, and look at it from first to last; mark what progress there is in each drawing, endeavor to comprehend the correctness and value of every line and shadow. The worth of both lies in their truth. Here and there in your sketches is a glimpse of the real thing; you catch in parts the vividness of the object.

Compare the work done after each paper with the models presented, and see exactly how far you have kept your work abreast, how much of each thought and suggestion has found lodgment with you.

You are now well introduced to the subject in hand, have gained facility with the pencil, and know something of the manipulation of your materials; besides this the eye has gotten an inkling of true seeing power. You know a straight line when you see it in the object, and recognize it on paper; and if you have doubts of a true vertical, means of obtaining it lie in your pencil or ruler. You are altogether better equipped than a year ago, with a small capital in experience to rely upon. You have tested what you can do, you have found a wakening interest for what has been done by others, and if in earnest, a broad field is opening before you. For such limited time as the one hour a day you promised, with little or no previous knowledge of the subject, the drawings will prove hardly above suggestions of what is to come, but do not permit discouragement to enter your book, it is far too expensive a luxury for artists, and a student must have no attitude toward work save that of diligence and obedience. It takes a brave heart to hold faith for that which appears an ever-receding future. Knowledge and theory produce ardor and enthusiasm; it will vitalize your work and be the soul of it, but nothing substantial comes of it without the practical accompaniment of hand labor.

Retrospection and the summing up of past work over, with an appreciation of how you felt when beginning and how you feel now about this undertaken task, if your resolution is the true stuff, there is no wavering doubt about continuance; unless new cares have fallen upon you, or duty points elsewhere, no caprice or fancy should control you. Art is not a fashion to be adjusted to one's life for effect's sake for a time, then dropped for the next rage. Calmly, coldly, if need be, cling to the course you have selected, and push yourself along in the path by all available means; preserve your identity by persevering in the one road.

For satisfaction of mind and safety of feeling, let us look ahead and view the practical aims and ends of this steady labor. What can women do with this knowledge when obtained, and how will it help them to a wider life? Not all women, nor all artists, can hope to paint pictures that will find a place on the line in the yearly exhibitions of the great cities, or even secure profitable sale by dealers, but women can be portrait painters, illustrators, designers, teachers, decorators, engravers. Every branch is divided and subdivided, making employment for hundreds; and many is the brain now busy, plotting and planning for a livelihood in one direction or another.

A profession like this is as trying and harassing as the more mechanical, but with this advantage: your capital is the power within you. This you must secure by concentrated study and close application. You must learn and know your trade, for it is nothing more nor less. There is no reason why one should be forever at it. The pencil work we have

in hand, or black and white drawing, is the commencement of it all. The greatest and smallest must begin here, and by dint of close study, a broad-minded man or woman can work out of the ranks and find a place. Raphael, Angelo, Meissonier, Doré, and the list entire of the great painters, all traveled the same path.

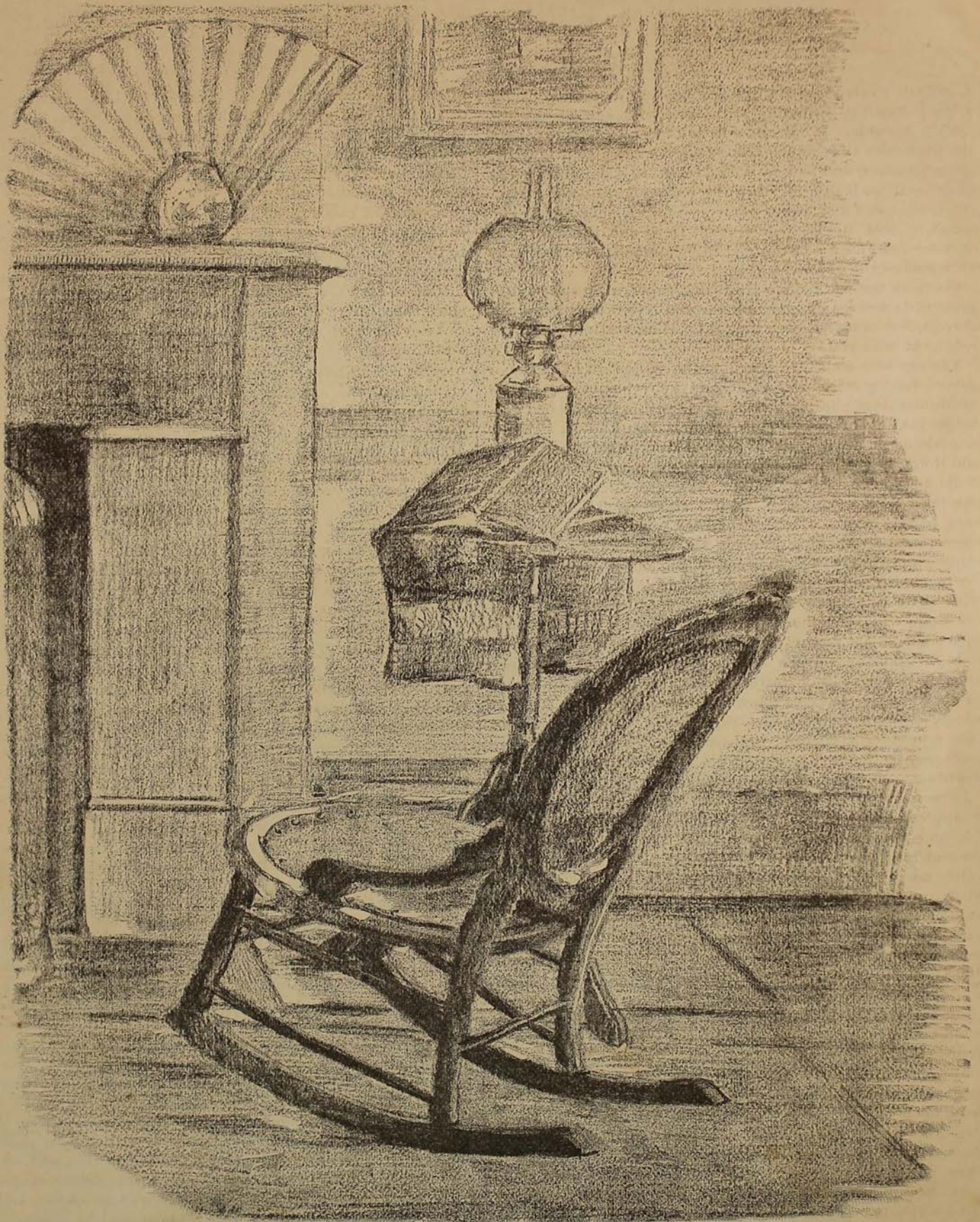
New York holds three art schools—the Academy, the Art Student's League and the Cooper Institute; the latter free to those who have a living and their days clear, through the benevolence of a great man; and the other two, open at moderate cost for the manifold advantages they offer. Besides these there are many schools of lesser importance.

After studying some time at an art school of wide celebrity, watching the women students closely, for they are patient laborers; seeing how absolutely they relied and hung upon the criticism of the artist in charge, a big stalwart man, junior to many of his pupils, it sank deep in my mind how half awake and cowardly our sex is *en masse*. Women must be taught to draw. They will not see that it is simply work like house-cleaning, or dress-making, or any other industry which teaches itself. Feel a practical necessity and you can supply it, first by one means, then another, until the direct method comes of its own accord. A youth will push through the art course and leave the elder spinster still dawdling, dreaming on her stool before the easel, as she went through her girlhood, we think, from the permanency of the habit. The man feels his study time precious, he must be about his business; he hesitates at nothing, cuts through and strikes his profession. This is the spirit to make an artist in man or woman; cause and effect is the same in both.

It is with satisfaction, and at the same time with anxiety, that we commence this second course of papers, for among the number of our club collected in the twelve months gone, are true art spirits working bravely and in a conscientious manner, showing "wills and ways" that will reach far out in time. The training of living workers is a serious matter holding much responsibility.

A double task is imposed upon instructors and teachers. They must persuade and strengthen their disciples as well as teach them line upon line and precept upon precept. The reason is evident, for the pupil must bend low and endure long, tedious labor before gaining one sheaf of the harvest which the master already holds in hand.

We can divide the means of our art so far into three parts, that all must grasp: first, clean, distinct drawing; we may apply the same adjectives to values or shadows; and then the use of the two in construction or composition; the pencil point affords this much and can do still more. The first topic at hand is construction, for even in the simple work you are doing now, effective pictures can be made. Have your paper a decided shape, square or oblong, allowing a margin at the sides, that the fastening on the board by means of thumb-tacks or pins will not in any way harm the picture. In drawing the object, place it well on your paper; your artistic taste and judgment must decide this, and after several trials you will find that the best placement comes instinctively. There are many reasons why an object looks better in one position in a square picture, and in another in an oblong or round one. You must work over this, trying both shapes and questioning the positions each time very accurately, and establishing reasons for the way you place it. Grouping and arranging objects is termed "composition," and is a study in itself. It depends, as in drawing, upon lines and shadows. Lines in some directions are certainly more attractive to the eye than in others, and so in values,



light and shade is more effective disposed one way than in another.

The composition given in the illustration is very simple. It consists in mantel-shelf, wall, table and chair, with fan, vase, picture, lamp, book and scarf as accessories. We compose a picture with these articles. The fan and vase upon the

mantel, by way of ornament; the table placed near the fire with lamp and book; chair in position that commands both light and open fire, the latter we will suppose is there, though we do not take it in.

The objects present vertical and horizontal lines, squares and curves. Group the different pieces; go back to your seat

and mark how the objects work together; for instance, if the mantel, table and chair were placed at such distance apart as not to intersect each other, the result would be a loose, gangling composition, that would strike you unpleasantly at once. You would find the same if the objects were in file toward you, or stretched in a row in front of you. In a home study like this, a natural easy disposition of the furniture is desired, a look suggestive of comfort and life that would be complete by the addition of a figure, which in time you will be able to place there.

In this study you find a good balance in the square, positive angles of the mantel and wall, the round of the table and ovals of the rocking-chair. Observe closely the lines and connection of the different forms, and though in the finish you get value and tone, consider the former of most importance. You begin work with a square piece of paper; you determine the limits of your picture before commencing it, and then map it out. So much we set aside for floor, so much for wall, dividing them by a horizontal line. The chair, the center-piece, and yet just off the center to prevent stiffness. Carefully determine the horizontal lines of the mantel at the side, and the widths of the marble pieces establish with reference to the height. You continue placing and proportioning the whole; then comes the form of each article, clean and crisp. Calculate how high the fan reaches up the wall, and sketch it in; where the top of the vase comes against it, how far below the bottom of the picture is the lamp chimney; how wide the globe, how much wider the top of the table. The chair should be a familiar story, for have you not gone over and over it in its many forms? And yet this is the first presentment of its back and arms in curves.

In this composition try with intense effort to grasp lines and shapes. At every change of surface a line is presented. The true shape, the absolute direction is a great stumbling-block. Shut one eye and lay your pencil against the line, or change of surface, then with both eyes open, look at your pencil still held in position, and carry the slant thus obtained immediately to your paper. Shapes are so subtle that they seem to escape the untrained eye. Long practice alone will give the power to hold form until it is safely lodged on your paper.

Shapes can be studied on a system of angles as we gave in minute directions for the treatment of curves months ago.

Press yourself into the service, and when your drawing is completed, see if you have followed without great deviation the real thing in your work.

Keep to simple, clear, comprehensive drawing, distinctly marked forms, for in complexity is great danger; a thousand little wrongs may rest on your paper, each shielding the other, while one lone object discloses imperfect drawing and presents a possible conquest.

* * * * *

For those who can give more time and would appreciate other methods of work, we will insert hereafter hints for charcoal work, pen and ink, and painting in black and white. It takes some time to gain free use of each of these materials, and no matter how well you comprehend the study, the fact of being unable to use the materials at hand will hamper you; then, too, one method of translation is more suited to one class of subjects than another. You must learn to manipulate the various materials with perfect freedom.

Charcoal is especially adapted to drawing from plaster-cast and from life. It is easily managed, a dark line following the slightest pressure, and leaving the paper if it be dusted with chamois skin or rubbed with bread. It is very cheap, one cent per stick, or by the box a trifling sum. A special rough white paper comes for charcoal work. Chamois skin, stump (a rolled pointed affair), fresh bread, thumb-tacks, board size of paper, easel and camp stool, and you have an outfit

for cast work, with the addition of a plaster-of-Paris head and a portfolio to receive the finished pieces. As with the pencil work, fasten the paper on the board by means of thumb-tacks, and place the same before you on the easel.

A head will prove too difficult at first, so take a cone, a cube or ball in plaster, place it on a table in north light some six feet away from your easel, and begin working on this larger scale. If casts cannot be obtained, surely these forms can be found in wood.

In our next paper we will give a study of this in detail.

Organize for yourself now in some sort a studio corner.

The small buffet given as an illustration in one of our previous papers, you will be surprised to learn, a young friend uses as such; in the drawer is kept her entire correspondence, which is larger than one would think; and within the doors is stored all her art materials, save easel and board; they stand in a corner near. The lower part of the buffet is divided by a shelf, and we were amazed when she displayed neat rolls of paper kept in form by a rubber band, a box containing pencils, rubber and knife, small boards with paper pinned on them ready for use, tiny bowls of black and white paints, brushes and box of water colors; beneath was the heavy bulky material for charcoal, and stretchers.

This little lady, scarce out of her teens, is a thorough worker, and success is prophesied for her from her ready adaptation to circumstances.

If a small room falls to your share with a good north light, store your things away there.

Keep neatness and order prominent. We must be economists to prosper; liberal in energy and time; but use closeness and precision against the vast accumulation of meaningless matter.

FLORENCE.

Suggestions.

THE BED-CHAMBER.

"THE whole place with a sense of deep peace made secure."—OWEN MEREDITH.

SLEEP is subservient to its surroundings. This is truer than humanity generally supposes. Sleep cannot come after carelessness in living, uncomfortable surroundings, and bad food. Above all, a bedroom during the day time must be exposed to the full glare of sunlight; the purifying influences of the sun must be courted and it is equally necessary to have as little as possible to do with artificial light. It is a mistake then (where it can be avoided) to convert a sleeping room into a reading room. The less time that gaslight is left burning in a bedroom the better. Neither must it be granted "that any room will do for a bedroom." It is a mistake fatal to health to think that any dark hole or corner or big closet will do to stow a bed in for the children. If you or your children are allowed to sleep in a room in which the sun never shines, or near where there is a sink or closet, do not be surprised at the approach of typhoid fever and its fatal results.

People spend a great deal of money repapering the showy parts of the house, but too often forget that the bedroom paper needs changing more frequently than other, and that the human exhalations have penetrated the bedroom paper, literally poisoning it, though to all appearance the paper "is still quite good."

The windows should be open top and bottom every morning before the occupant leaves the room, just as the windows of the breakfast room should be opened before breakfast. The fresh air comes in at the bottom and drives out the bad air at the top. When a carpet is being swept, have the windows open top and bottom; for the fresh air coming in at the bottom drives out the dust and the dirt from the top. Every



STRIPE FOR BED QUILT, CURTAIN BORDER, STAND COVER, ETC.

cleaning day have the window sill well scrubbed with soap and water and sand; also the sockets of the window frames.

The floor of the bedroom we will stain. Have nothing under the bed, but about the floor have laid the coarser qualities of Indian rugs, which are now being imported into the country and sold as low as \$2.50, up to \$5.00. These are very durable and artistic and are from 2½ yards to 4½ yards long and correspondingly wide.

Now for the walls, if you have not yellow and prefer blue, get a small pattern in turquoise blue, and carry out the color in a peacock blue, crewel design on the bed quilt and dress-

ing table and stand covers; some blue china, too, will help this scheme still further. I must say, however, if you have some decorations in china and such among your possessions, work your room arrangements up to it. I am describing now an experiment of my own which has given pleasure to my friends—and especially to the one who has the best right to criticise—the owner.

The cheese-cloth curtains are looped back with yellow satin ribbons, the border on the curtains as on the dressing table and stand cover and bed spread, being a design of poppies in peacock blue crewel. I had perhaps better caution the embroiderer that there must be only one color used throughout, that is all blue and no attempt at shading. If the leaves were to be worked green the poppies of course should be worked yellow, crimson or pink. The poppy is the emblem of sleep, and we are here not attempting any imitative representations of it, but the form as a design, and the symbolism as an appropriate thing to the bed-chamber.

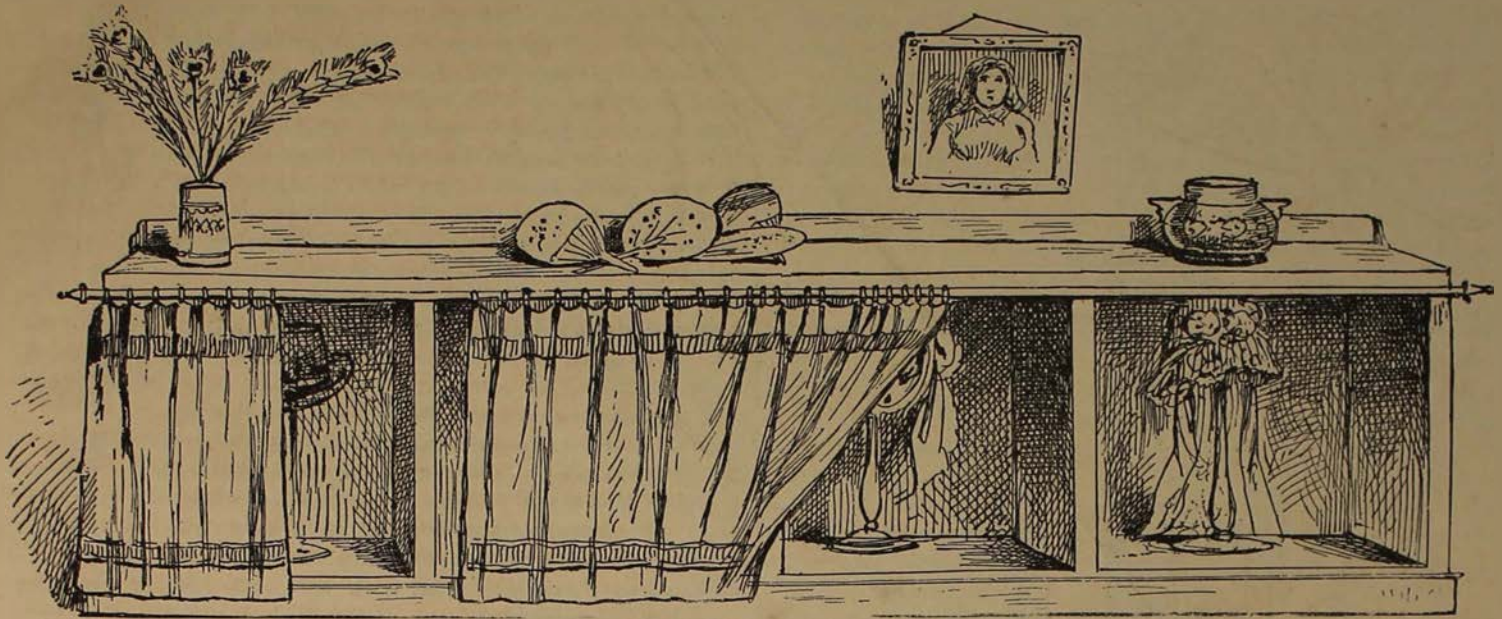
To make the bed quilt you can use unbleached sheeting, tea-table cloth, white Canton flannel, and what is very good embroidered in outline the design on the cheap white counterpane; edge the upper part with deep Greek (antique) lace, to turn down again upon the bed. The design given is intended to be repeated continuously down the stripe, and on each side a small *point rusee* stitching herring-bone, sometimes irreverently called "cat" stitching.

The effect is very pretty. Now for the furniture of this room, I will quote my favorite ash-oiled but not finished, as usually, from the furniture shops. I like brass for the bedsteads, and these can be got now as low as \$14; if not, then ash of simple patterns, but above all things neatly joined, and the bed slats well and smoothly planed. The dressing case, as they call the bureau with the deep glass, now is pretty generally of a pattern simple and good enough not to clash with anything else, but this can be dispensed with, and the home made dressing table used, if the clothes closet in the room be furnished with shelves for under-linen and the like.

The dressing table can be quite simple in arrangement, though effective in appearance. Blue cambric beneath, and cheese-cloth drapery and curtains, gathered by means of small brass rings, and gracefully disposed above the glass, which may hang on the wall above the table, as conveniently as if resting on the table. The poppy design here embroidered is enhanced by the yellow satin ribbons draping the fabric from the glass. The best cover for this table, tacked neatly above the skirt-like drapings which hang from the edge of the table, is white marble cloth. It wears nicely, and can be readily wiped.

Below is an original design for a corner combination work stand. It is medicine closet, work stand and shoe case combined. It is to be made of ash, and is quite simple in construction: a pot above and some blue china on the shelves, either side of the medicine closet, make it bright. The wash pitcher, bowl and toilet mugs, etc., may be as good as you please, and the curtain hung before the shelves below may also be made to correspond with the peacock hangings or some pretty bit of tapestry in warmer colors, or a favorite square of cretonne.

If you will have a hanging book-shelf here get it of light wood, and stain it a bright yellow by means of turmeric



BONNET BOX WITH DIVISIONS.

dissolved in warm water, and, when rubbed in and dry, varnish the whole with shellac. This will strengthen the effect of the yellow satin ribbon loopings.

Another design in yellow wood is for a bonnet box. It has four spaces, and should be large enough to hold the bonnet box, but the bonnets may be well wrapped in paper and put in the cases, and effectually concealed by the curtain in front. This can go on the mantel if preferred, but is pretty as a shelf to hold a pot of peacock feathers and a few fans, balanced by a picture in a frame hung to one side.

In this room hang your pictures higher than in others. The eye in turns rests upward, as you will remember by your own headachy days when looking at the wall-paper. You so wearily wish the pattern would not slap you in the

face, but like the window in a charming country house some lovely day in June, carry you from the tiresomeness of thought—perhaps, alas, despair in self—out of the din and confusion of a tired brain to the restfulness of God's green, daisy-dotted fields.

“Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
And smiled to think God's greatness
flowed around our incompleteness—
Round our restlessness—His rest.”

And this is what we must strive for in our bed-chamber pictures—the sense of deep peace and quiet beauty. A picture is valuable not alone for what it represents, but the thoughts it suggests, and when one can get in them vistas like the country from an open window on a cool summer's day, more is wrought for good to the occupant of the room than any but the hospital nurse or the expert in mental disease dreams of.

I do not like to see a bed-chamber filled with “tag-rag and bob-tail” things that are added from time to time. I think these should be put away, much as the artist puts his sketches—the daily mem-

oranda of his thought—into portfolios and drawers; for it would be absurd indeed to hang up every sketch he had made because this was “his first,” or his grandmother “praised this one,” or he had asked his wife to marry him on the day this “bit” or “study in sepia” was accomplished. So with crewel experiments—exclamation points in decalcomanie—untinking dashes in autumn leaves, or the many fancy needle-work things that are so profuse with decorations that one longs for a clean surface pretty much with the feeling of the man whose wife's “fad” was painting (and that very badly) on china, confessed to me he longed for a “clean plate.”

The *Etcher* and *Portfolio* both contain beautiful bits of landscape that would look well in frames for the bedroom. The pictures in this room would look well framed in dark cherry unvarnished.

There is another “corner” design, a towel rack of bamboo poles tacked in the corner, consisting of two upright poles and two cross pieces. Above is a little bracket edged with Greek lace and holding a lightish peacock blue vase of field grasses. Such a vase in this blue or the lovely Mandarin yellow can be got for 60 cents. Greek lace of a good quality, coarse, but not too coarse, as does also stout Torchon, look well as towel borders. I think all white towels the prettier. A good choice for the initial or monogram and lace or fringe is far prettier than the colored borders; these, except in the highest priced linens, are “flashy,” while Russian linen, at 18 cents, or white birds-eye toweling at 25 cents, is softer and better for the hands after each good washing. Blue marking cotton makes a pretty edge for bed-chamber towels, but a heavy embossing in white on white is prettier still. I would not keep a soiled clothes basket in the room, so do not suggest any embroidery for one. If possible, have soiled clothes removed at once while the bed is being aired.

The pillow cases can be so pretty with crotcheted edging and Torchon lace, and the money put in having plenty of changes. A bed ought not to look as if it had the contents of a shop counter spread upon it.

Now for a tea-stand. First of all it must not be

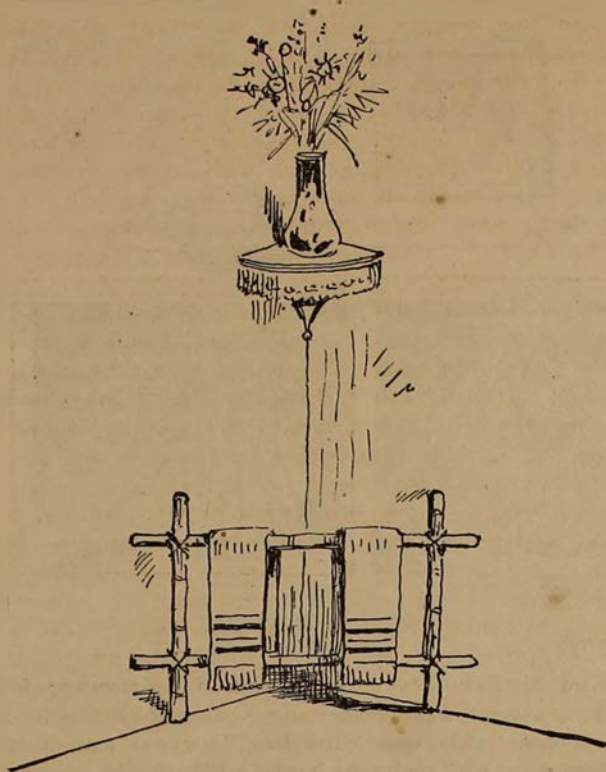
“Long in the legs, and weak in the knees,
Like the cow that has the cattle disease,”

as Tom Hood sings.

This stand serves for books, or work, or a cosy tea duett, or when one is restricted to the tea and toast and pap of the sick bout. I have a table of this description (I am



COMBINATION CORNER WASH-STAND.



TOWEL RACK AND BRACKET—CORNER DESIGN.

writing at it now) that is good and strong, and has been in use two hundred years. The wood is cherry, and either this or oak would do well; cherry, like the frames on the walls, with a linen and lace coverlet, would be nice, comfortable, and a very pretty piece of color.

A pretty night lamp can be one such as I have before alluded to in this magazine. It might be in the corner of the room over the bamboo rack. Fix a long brass screw and hook into the ceiling and suspend the lamp by a brass chain. The rose-colored vessel holds oil enough for one night, and sheds a soft pretty light, sufficient to distinguish all the objects in the room. The little taper floats on the top, and consumes about five cents worth of oil a night. The lamp can be got at a store where "church goods" are sold, and the one I refer to cost \$1.20; a smaller one can be bought for 90 cents.

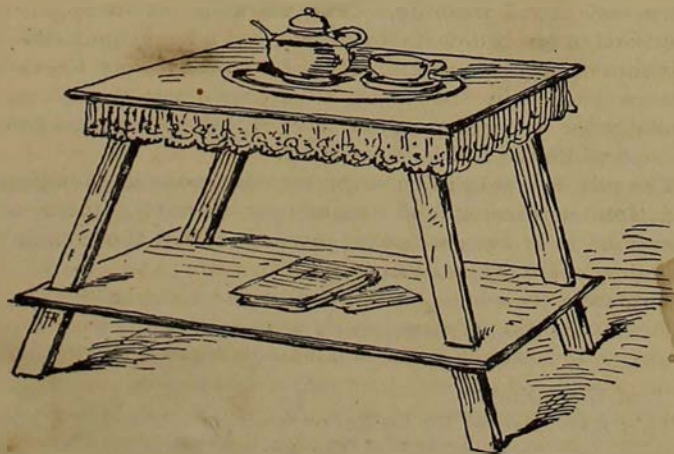
A very pretty wainscoting for the bed-chamber is a yard wide strip of straw matting.

A lazy lounge of rattan or an easy chair of basket-work is pretty here. Some color can be got with an embroidered linen scarf at the back and a pretty cushioned foot rest. I would suggest the use of fuller's earth or ammonia for cleaning the washstand china, the carafe, and tumblers of

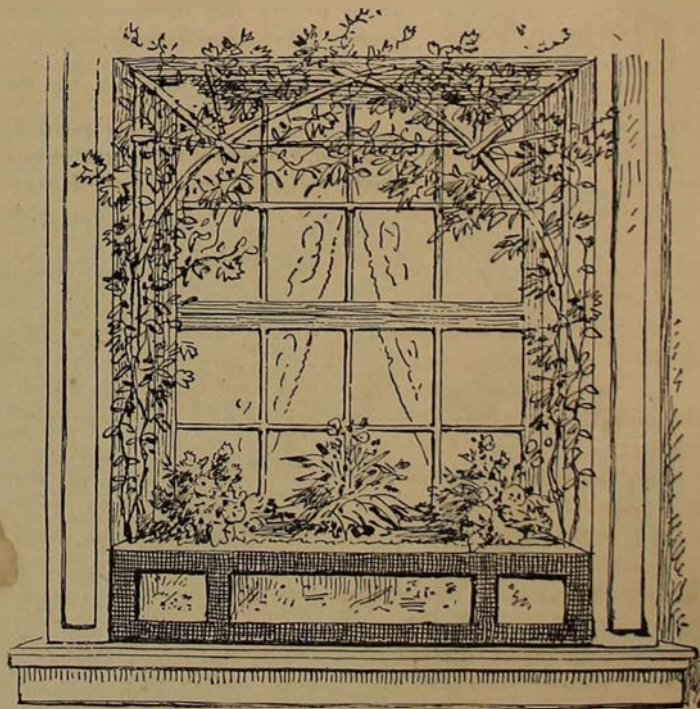
glass will be the better for it; use the earth finely powdered with warm water. Ammonia in cleaning is invaluable; it is good for everything that soap is good for, with the triple advantage of not damaging paint or varnish. Above all price, it is good for washing wood-work, door knobs and window sills, closet shelves and white paint work, when, of course, it must be sparingly used. It ought not to cost more than fifteen cents a pint at the druggist's, and it will be found good for mopping pantry floors and the cellar shelves. For toilet purposes it is unequalled. A little in the water makes a refreshing face bath.

A healthful and aromatic vinegar for the bedroom, and one having a historical reputation since the London plague for preventing contagions, is made in this way: Take a large handful of lavender blossoms and the same of sage, mint, rue, NIGHT LAMP, wormwood and rosemary. Chop and mix them well. Put them into a jar with half an ounce of camphor that has been dissolved in a little alcohol, and pour in three quarts of strong, clear vinegar. Keep the jar for two or three weeks in the hot sun, and at night plunge it into a box of heated sand. Afterward strain and bottle the liquid, putting into each bottle a clove of garlic, sliced. To have it very clear, after it has been bottled for a week you should pour it off carefully from the sediment, and filter it through blotting paper, then wash the bottles and return the vinegar to them; it should be kept very tightly corked. It is good to use in a sick room, or inhaled to prevent faintness in a crowd.

From some hawthorn brambles I gathered last September I have fashioned a trellis work at a window glazed with small panes of glass. If one should object to growing plants in the bedroom the idea may be carried out for a hall-way window. A large wood frame describes just outside, the size of the window, and is fastened to the long plant box on the sill, the thorn branches are interlaced above, forming a tasteful wood lace work, upon which the ivy has already crept upward. The plants are geraniums and begonias just as I lifted them from the beds under the dining-room window.



TEA-STAND FOR BEDROOM.



FLORAL WINDOW DECORATION.


What a pleasure to tend, and what a gift when done, is the tiny garden growing out of a box fixed to the window, to the mistress of the room and the passer-by in the street! There is a certain house on Madison Avenue, New York, which in summer is beautiful with hanging plants, and I have often wondered if the inmates *know* how many faces their pretty window garden has lighted with smiles—people who love flowers but cannot train them for want of money, or time, or—heart, and to which all this floral wealth, moving gently or running nimbly, fanned by the summer's breath, or stirred by autumn's breeze. I have watched the people in the street and in the stage look up at the house always, with one accord, and a smile of content.

In Rollin's Ancient Egypt, he tells of a time, nearly 2,000 years before the birth of our Lord, when (according to the Egyptian priests) the citizenship was so good a thing, and the administration so wise, that each man felt it a loving duty to take upon himself his share of improving the city and the State. As legislation honored each, so that every laborer (save the swineherd) was respected equally, and felt it his personal pride and pleasure to give the State the best he could do. What endless beauty for a city could be got from window gardens! We owe many things to antiquity—the scholar says all, all our best is antique; and if, as Aristotle has said, the test of an excellent thing is its everlasting newness, surely that thought which leads us to share with others our largess of beauty—and when this can be the reward, God gives to our cultivation of flowers what gain to the appearance of an entire city could be had by each one cultivating a window garden, though at first beginning with a few begged ivy slips planted in an old hanging basket, or the beautiful green creeping over and swinging from a home-made trellis work of hawthorn brambles from the chamber window that were gathered one morning in a walk in the woods.

KATHERINE ARMSTRONG.

A Plea for the Jig-Saw and Jack-Knife.

See loose sheet 28 by 42 inches with seven designs.

MONG the most interesting of the developments of the past ten years is the movement in the direction of popularizing art industries, and making them part of our American life, as they are and have been for many years that of other nations. The art idea was of slow growth in this country, partly because the practical necessities of food and shelter were of the first importance, partly also because all the strength and energy of the Puritan influence bore against it with crushing effect. The severity of that old, austere life in New England was augmented too by the rigid Quaker element, powerful and more conspicuous in the early days than now, while example in both cases obtained its strongest warranty in the pure and noble lives of the members of these differing but equally uncompromising sects.

Art, therefore, during the period of its toleration rather than encouragement, has had a struggle with many opposing forces, and instead of being cultivated as something capable of growth and development, has been looked upon more as an unfortunate gift, which like poetry doomed its possessor to poverty. The past fifteen years has, however, turned the leaf upon another story. It is beginning to be understood that to make artists we must have an atmosphere of art and art industry among the people. It is beginning to be known that the old masters of art were artisans and artificers as

well, and that the mechanism of art, at least, is capable of being taught up to a certain point, and often furnishes the stairway by which the worker rises to a higher place.

Another idea is gradually obtaining entrance, and that is the use of art industries in furnishing fields of labor for women. Wood carving has been more or less followed by women for hundreds of years, probably as long as it has been followed by men. Some of the best toy carvers in Switzerland have always been women and girls, though they are rarely employed upon the finer works, the care of the children and the household preventing them from obtaining the proficiency of successive races of men, who devote their whole time to this one pursuit. The school of Mr. Benn Pitman, in Cincinnati, was the first of the kind in this country, and the work, as it was exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, was a revelation of what women could accomplish in this direction. Bedsteads, pianos, entire dining-room sets, cabinets, side-boards, chimney pieces, doors, panels, and quantities of smaller articles, such as boxes, platters, trays, brackets and the like, were exhibited, exquisitely carved by hand in the most beautiful and original designs, corresponding to the character and purpose of the piece, by ladies who were pupils, and who had done this work not for sale, but the decoration of their own homes.

Since then there have been many more most encouraging efforts made in the same direction, among others by Mr. T. C. Leland, in Philadelphia, whose work, which covers more ground and is more diversified than Mr. Pitman's, is well and widely known for the admirable training in work in wood, metals, clay and the like, it has given large numbers of girls and boys. A school of wood carving, or at least a department where girls and boys are taught, also exists in Boston, and a school of wood carving for both sexes has recently been opened at the West. The ladies of the Decorative Art Society in New York have recently added one in wood carving to their classes, and there are numerous schools which now include a certain amount of manual training in the use of tools in carpenter work and cabinet making for boys, and lighter decorative work for girls in their curriculum. In Great Britain, as well as on the Continent, wood carving, modeling, designing, brass work and leather work are now taught to girls as well as boys, and through the "Cottage Arts" Association to many of the children of the poor as well as those who can afford to pay for lessons. As boys are early put to some directly remunerative occupation, it follows that girls are more apt to be allowed the advantages afforded by these special efforts, and the result is already seen in the number of trained workers who can earn good salaries at employments formerly monopolized by men. At Dumbarton, on the Clyde, the largest ship-building firm, Messrs. Denny & Co., employ a large number of girls. One could hardly imagine how women and girls could be utilized in ship-building, but the force has grown out of the desire to furnish employment to some of the widows and daughters of workmen who wanted it, and their aptitude was found to be such that they now form a large and complete department under the superintendence of one of their own number. The first work given to them was the cutting and polishing of panels, and this has grown into a complete carving, designing, decorating and mechanical drawing department, presided over by one young woman. The department is supplied with art and mechanical journals from all over the world, and with abundant historical and books of reference. The decoration of each vessel that leaves the company's yards is in this young lady's hands; she gives the direction with the aid of a corps of trained assistants, and the scheme of color or ornamentation of work upon wood, metal or upholstery is in correspondence with the country to which it will belong, the port from which it will sail. A girl, ex-


What a pleasure to tend, and what a gift when done, is the tiny garden growing out of a box fixed to the window, to the mistress of the room and the passer-by in the street! There is a certain house on Madison Avenue, New York, which in summer is beautiful with hanging plants, and I have often wondered if the inmates *know* how many faces their pretty window garden has lighted with smiles—people who love flowers but cannot train them for want of money, or time, or—heart, and to which all this floral wealth, moving gently or running nimbly, fanned by the summer's breath, or stirred by autumn's breeze. I have watched the people in the street and in the stage look up at the house always, with one accord, and a smile of content.

In Rollin's Ancient Egypt, he tells of a time, nearly 2,000 years before the birth of our Lord, when (according to the Egyptian priests) the citizenship was so good a thing, and the administration so wise, that each man felt it a loving duty to take upon himself his share of improving the city and the State. As legislation honored each, so that every laborer (save the swineherd) was respected equally, and felt it his personal pride and pleasure to give the State the best he could do. What endless beauty for a city could be got from window gardens! We owe many things to antiquity—the scholar says all, all our best is antique; and if, as Aristotle has said, the test of an excellent thing is its everlasting newness, surely that thought which leads us to share with others our largess of beauty—and when this can be the reward, God gives to our cultivation of flowers what gain to the appearance of an entire city could be had by each one cultivating a window garden, though at first beginning with a few begged ivy slips planted in an old hanging basket, or the beautiful green creeping over and swinging from a home-made trellis work of hawthorn brambles from the chamber window that were gathered one morning in a walk in the woods.

KATHERINE ARMSTRONG.

A Plea for the Jig-Saw and Jack-Knife.

See loose sheet 28 by 42 inches with seven designs.

MONG the most interesting of the developments of the past ten years is the movement in the direction of popularizing art industries, and making them part of our American life, as they are and have been for many years that of other nations. The art idea was of slow growth in this country, partly because the practical necessities of food and shelter were of the first importance, partly also because all the strength and energy of the Puritan influence bore against it with crushing effect. The severity of that old, austere life in New England was augmented too by the rigid Quaker element, powerful and more conspicuous in the early days than now, while example in both cases obtained its strongest warranty in the pure and noble lives of the members of these differing but equally uncompromising sects.

Art, therefore, during the period of its toleration rather than encouragement, has had a struggle with many opposing forces, and instead of being cultivated as something capable of growth and development, has been looked upon more as an unfortunate gift, which like poetry doomed its possessor to poverty. The past fifteen years has, however, turned the leaf upon another story. It is beginning to be understood that to make artists we must have an atmosphere of art and art industry among the people. It is beginning to be known that the old masters of art were artisans and artificers as

well, and that the mechanism of art, at least, is capable of being taught up to a certain point, and often furnishes the stairway by which the worker rises to a higher place.

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pert in mechanical drawing and calculations, was recently drafted off from this establishment by Sir William Armstrong, and given a good position and salary in his ordnance works.

At the opening of a recent industrial exhibition in Westmoreland, England, to aid the funds of a technical school, many beautiful specimens of wood carving were exhibited, as well as wrought-iron work, carving in stone, painting, pottery, and the like. In opening the exhibition the Earl of Bective remarked upon the source of wealth wood carving had been to the dwellers upon the Continent of Europe, and strongly urged the cultivation of the domestic arts. At Bordighera, in far-off Italy, an English lady, the wife of a clergyman, has founded a school of the minor arts which is most successful, and there under the trees themselves the boys and girls make lovely articles from the wood of the olive and the sycamore.

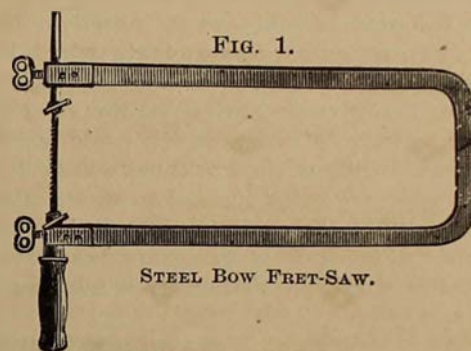
It is not, however, to the trained worker that this paper is addressed, but to the amateur, the untrained, and unskilled whittler who thinks that nothing can be done without professional tools and a professional training; or certainly nothing calculated to satisfy his own ideas of beauty, or elicit commendation from others. This want of tools and want of acquired dexterity is particularly a drawback to attempts on the part of ladies who have time and patience necessary to the accomplishment of good work, and it is to these who fain would do, but do not dare, that these directions and explanations are addressed.

The real difficulties to the beginner come from one of two things—the bad selection of design, or unsuitable material. The wood is too thin or it is imperfect, the design is not adapted to it or to the article upon which it is to be cut, or it is too intricate for an amateur to attempt. If these constitute the lions in the way, try again, and persevere till you have conquered the enemy. There is a fascination about work in wood that must be experienced to be appreciated. No material lends itself so readily to beautiful forms as the different woods used for carving. To the beauty of design and execution there is added the natural grace, texture, and color which no art can counterfeit, together with the durability necessary for lasting enjoyment. It is peculiarly fitted for ladies of leisure and refinement to exercise their artistic faculty upon, as but little knowledge of drawing or mechanism is required to achieve very pleasing results, while practice, which can be pursued at home without a teacher and in a small space, cannot fail to reach better things. Once begin, and there is a fascination about the work which cannot be resisted. It is clean, the material has excellent qualities which we only discover by working it, and the pretty forms which we wish to produce always seem to be latent, lying concealed ready for development. It used to be said that women could not whittle, could not even sharpen a pencil, but it has been left for this age to destroy many such illusions, and the lack of technical ability is among them; all that has been lacking is training, and that is being remedied.

One important point should be borne in mind in selecting a pattern by the tyro; see that the motive is simple and harmonious, not a confused jumble of ideas and forms. The seven patterns which have been made to illustrate this paper will indicate the proper choice of subjects and their treatment, and there is not one that cannot be executed with a jack-knife and an inexpensive jig-saw. It is only a few years since the popular craze for expression of artistic ideas brought into favor the fret or jig-saw, and being comparatively cheap and easily manipulated it became universal, and the number of machines and appliances for doing the work rapidly were as the "sands of the sea." The crude specimens of photo frames, brackets, stands, trays, and the

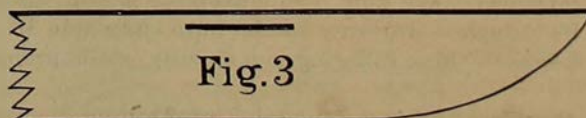
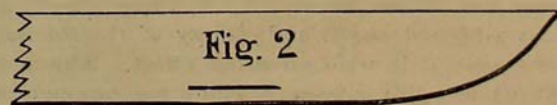
like, soon filled every shop devoted to these specialties, and brought discredit upon whatever was executed by the aid of the fret-saw. The ignorance and haste of those who turned out the rubbish was referred to the lack of elaborate implements, and it was decided individually and collectively that nothing could be done in wood carving worthy of notice, without a complete set of the regulation carver's tools; and the work was practically thrown aside. But in this practical country we care less for the implements than the result. It gradually dawned upon the minds of some people that there could be no objection to the use of the saw to make the outlines, or to remove the superfluous wood from the interstices in a pattern of carved work, if that does it more successfully than anything else at hand.

The pocket knife has also held but little place, save for convenience, few having any idea of its adaptability as a chisel, in almost all the forms that the wood carver's art demands. The secret of its perfect use is in the sharpening and *keeping in order*, and when so prepared, and not in use for the purpose of carving, do not make of it a pencil sharpener or a screw-driver. Give it the same care that should be bestowed on all working tools, and it will well repay the trouble.



Given a competent design, a saw like Fig. 1, a stout jack-knife with two blades whose outlines are like Figs. 2 and 3, a piece of clear oak or walnut wood half an inch thick, and even the beginner cannot fail to make an article that will be creditable.

The most successful things that have been done are photograph or small picture frames, easels, panels, book covers, etc., but it is not necessary to consider more than the first of these articles. The designs, it has been said, have been made with a view to their use by unskilled workers, and in their ornamentation nothing has been used that cannot be easily fashioned with the jig-saw and the jack-knife.

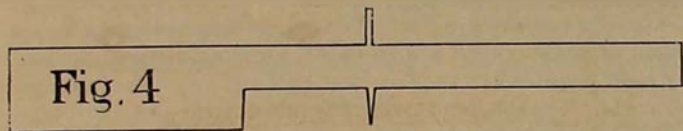


Select a piece of clear grained wood—oak, walnut, mahogany or cherry—a half inch thick when finished down, of a suitable size for the design you have in hand; and having traced upon it the pattern, proceed to drill the holes, in the interstices through which it is necessary to set the saw. After drilling *all* the holes, fasten the saw blade in the frame by the thumb screw at the handle, put the blade through the hole, and fasten it at the top. Begin with the

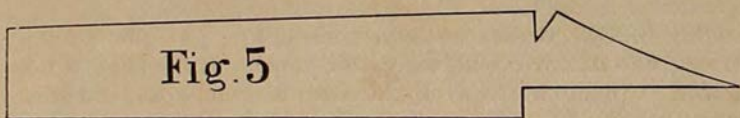
center, or place where the picture is to be inserted, laying the wood on the table, with the handle of the saw underneath, and so far extending over the side that it will be free to cut. Now hold the wood with the left hand, and with the right raise the saw, so that it will not touch the wood, and when fully up, draw it down with the teeth pressed lightly against the wood in the direction of the pattern, and repeat the motion; always drawing the saw straight up and down which a little practice will enable you to do. When a straight line has been sawed to the corner, draw the saw back a sixteenth of an inch, and saw across the angle to make room for the instrument to turn, and having safely turned the corner, proceed to the next, until the piece is removed. Do not *press* the saw, and remember that the *down* stroke alone cuts the wood.

Follow the pattern exactly, *turning the wood* when curves are to be made, and keeping the saw in perpendicular motion before you.

Having accomplished the opening for the picture, then make the rabbet or ledge on which the picture rests. You will first need a gauge, and that can be made by cutting a notch out of a piece of wood and inserting a pin or wire nail



at the distance needed, see Fig. 4. Make a mark all around the inside of the opening, deep enough to be a guide when cutting the trench. On the *back* of the piece of wood mark off the width of the trench, about a quarter of an inch, and by making a straight cut all around, split the sides back to it until the required depth is reached. Finish the front by cutting it to a bevel, and completing the outside of the bevel with a shallow V-shaped trench. The opening will now



have a profile as in Fig. 5, and can be finished with a piece of fine sandpaper.

Now saw out the rest of the pattern, leaving the outline until the *last*, remove the burr of the saw from the edges, front and back, and starting from the center, begin the work of carving. Take any one of the leaves, and having found the angle at which it is to stand, remove roughly the surplus wood, making no undercuts at all, as it is the surface alone that can be seen. Having given the desired direction to the leaves, now follow the stems and branches. Where they cross one another, cut the lower one down, but not as deeply as would be required to have the whole branch pass under, but only one half the depth.

Having finished the "blocking out," start again at the center and finish the leaves and branches, cutting the *face* of the leaves to a natural resemblance, and the tops of the branches half round.

Now finish with fine sandpaper, and by wrapping a small piece of sandpaper around a piece of wood in the shape of a file you can reach every part and make all smooth. Polish with thin shellac if of oak, or with boiled oil if walnut, and insert the glass and picture. A little practice, a little patience, a little perseverance, and your walls may be decorated with work that could not be duplicated, even from the hands of the professional carver, because you will soon learn to give to your patterns and cutting a flavor of your individuality.

EUGENE CLARKE.



THE old custom of receiving calls has nearly died out in New York, it having been superseded by the regular afternoon, and informal evening receptions, which gentlemen take more kindly to, than to the old-fashioned "party." The good old Knickerbocker habit has not, however, died out altogether; it has only been broken up into different forms, the result of the complex conditions of modern life. Some families still maintain the custom in its integrity; some give formal dinners, not the "family" dinner, which is often a part of the Christmas festival, and in the country, carriage loads not unfrequently go round from house to house, making merry calls, picking up additions to the party, and finally ending with supper at some hospitable house, and an evening of games, refreshed by apples, roast chestnuts, home-made plum cake, apples, and sweet cider.

A New Year's table is now more for show than use. It is a picture with its cut and colored glass, its flowers, its fruits, its bon-bons and sweetmeats temptingly displayed; but few men can be persuaded to touch them, and they only look at the show, eat an oyster or two, and go away. Still, they like to know that it has been prepared for them; and at houses where there are young people, it is quite the fashion to have an assemblage of their friends, and close the festivities of the day with a dance.

Dinner-giving is becoming well understood by those who possess the requisite resources: a fine house, a cook who is a *chef*, and well-trained attendants. The table is not now crowded as formerly. A wide strip of ruby or old-gold satin or plush is put down the center, bordered on both sides with smilax and flowers. The ornamental dishes are placed down the center—flower and fruit dishes so low that they conceal nothing—the menu is upon the plates, the individual bouquets resting on the border of greenery and fragrant blossoms. This is a great improvement on the high casters and old *épergnes*, which effectually cut off conversation from opposite sides of the table.

The following receipts have all been tested; and though not suited to "formal" dinners, may assist the preparations of dinners at home.

Beefsteak Pudding.—"Cheshire Cheese" receipt.)—Make a crust of chopped and sifted kidney suet, in the proportion of a half of a pound of suet, freed from skin, to a pound of flour, prepared by mixing with it a small salt-spoon of salt and tea-spoonful of Royal Baking Powder—mix thoroughly, wet with cold water, roll out with as little flour as possible, and line a pudding-mold which has been well buttered. Take two or three pounds of juicy rump-steak, two or three lamb's kidneys, and a small can of mushrooms; cut up the steak, and put a thick layer in the mold. Season to taste, adding a table-spoonful of walnut catsup. Add next a layer of mushrooms, then a layer of kidney, then beef, then mushrooms again, which will fill the mold. Season, adding another table-spoonful of the catsup, if preferred, and cover with paste, wetting the edge, so that it will close tight, and allowing a little room for the swelling of the pastry. Tie in a cloth which has been dipped in boiling water and floured, and steam two hours; or boil gently for the same time, keeping the pot replenished with boiling water. Oysters may be employed in place of mushrooms, but it will not then be "Cheshire Cheese" Beefsteak Pudding, though it may be very good.

Baked Chicken Pie.—Prepare two or three plump chickens, by careful drawing, singeing, cleaning, and cutting off necks, wings and drumsticks. Joint the breasts, sides, and back-bones, and put them in an earthen stew-pot, into which has been previously placed three slices of sweet, fat, salt pork. Simmer till tender. Take out the chicken, strain off the liquor and lay the chicken in layers in a deep dish, alternating with oysters, a few bits of cracker, butter and seasoning to taste. Over the whole pour the strained stock, and cover with a rich paste half an inch thick before baking. Make incisions in the form of leaves and bake slowly one hour. The remainder of the chicken will make a fine soup, with stock in which a veal bone has been cooked for a base, and celery root for an ingredient.

The following Indian pudding is the orthodox New England one with "boiled" dinner. A quart of milk is boiled, and into it is sprinkled two heaping table-spoonfuls of Indian meal, the milk being stirred all the while and the boiling process continued, with the stirring, for twelve minutes. In the mean time three eggs, a tea-spoonful of salt, four table-spoonfuls of sugar, and half a tea-spoonful of ginger, are beaten together. A table-spoonful of butter is stirred into the milk and meal, and these ingredients are poured gradually upon the egg mixture. Raisins may be added. The pudding is baked slowly for an hour.

When you want to prepare your spiced beef, pound in a mortar one and a half ounce of saltpeter, one and a half ounce moist sugar, half an ounce of cloves, quarter of an ounce of allspice, a tea-spoonful of ground pepper, a tea-spoonful of mace, half a nutmeg, and a pint of salt. Take about twelve pounds of a round of beef, with a good piece of fat, which has hung for several days; take out the bone, and rub the beef all over well with the mixture. Put some of the mixture at the bottom of the pan just large enough to hold the beef; put in the beef and strew the remainder over. Rub well every day for a fortnight; then wash the beef, and tie it into a good shape with tape, putting a piece of fat in the place of the bone. Cover it well over with lard or suet, put it into a pan, pour over it one pint of water, cover the pan with thick paper, and stew gently for six or seven hours.

Cranberries are a winter luxury; stewed and eaten with granulated oatmeal for breakfast every morning, they will make a new liver, or at least make over an old one, so that it is as good as new. For sauce, pick over one quart of sound fruit, to this put two gills of water; cover and let them simmer till the cranberries are tender, then add a good half-pound of granulated sugar, and stir all together till the sauce is a rich mass, and serve in an amber glass dish. A famous housekeeper gives the following as an excellent formula for cranberries: To two quarts of cranberries allow two and a half cups of sugar. First boil the cranberries in a pint of water for a few moments, mash them against the sides of the kettle, then add the sugar; stir continually until they boil up twice, then pour them out to cool.

From the same source we obtain the following receipt for *one* superior lemon pie: Four yolks and two whites of eggs, four dessert-spoonfuls of sugar to *each* egg, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, and two lemons. Strain the juice of both and grate the rind of one, which strain with the juice. Beat all together, and bake quickly in a rich under-crust. The two remaining whites may be used with four dessert-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, and the grated rind of one lemon to make a meringue for the top.

We give from an equally competent authority a fine receipt for orange cake without butter or milk: Two cups sugar, two of flour, one half cup of water, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pinch of salt, yolks of five eggs, whites of two, the juice and grated rind of one orange. Bake in jelly tins on paper. This makes six layers. For icing, use the whites of three eggs, juice and grated rind of one orange, and one pound powdered sugar.

Plum Pudding.—One half pound of kidney suet, half pound of raisins (Smyrna and Malaga mixed), half pound of fresh bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of flour, six ounces brown sugar, four ounces orange peel and citron mixed, a little salt, one-fourth of a grated nutmeg, a pinch of pulverized ginger, half dozen eggs, a small cup of sweet cream, and one of currant jelly. This is sufficient for a good sized pudding. Stone the raisins, and soak them in the melted currant jelly. Now trim the beef kidney-fat and chop it very fine, with one spoonful of flour, mix it well with the crumbs of bread, brown sugar, and the eggs; then add the raisins, the peel, the salt, nutmeg, ginger, and last of all, and after it is all well mixed, add the cream. Spread all this in a large napkin, well buttered, fold up the corners of the napkin and tie to the level of the pudding, so as to make it round; then plunge the pudding into a saucepan of boiling water, and let it boil at least four hours—constant boiling. Take out and let drain in a sieve; cut it from the top so as to keep on a level, then turn it out on a dish, removing the napkin carefully, so as not to disturb the fine part of the pudding. Sprinkle with a little alcohol. You may apply a match to the pudding when it is on the table. Serve the sauce separate. This pudding may be cooked in a mould, the mould well buttered, and the pudding tied in a napkin, also well buttered. Boil four hours.

A Cottage Pudding is cake with a sauce to it, and it is made as a cup cake, with a cup of sweet milk, three eggs, half a cup of butter beaten first to a cream, with a cup of sugar, and three cups of flour into which has been put two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one of soda. The flavoring is lemon, and hot fruit sauce should be provided for it.

Roast Chickens are a delicacy, if the chickens are of good quality. Obtain, if possible, chickens with a whole breast-bone, truss them neatly, and let them be carefully singed; put celery dressing inside each chicken; tie a piece of buttered paper or a slice of bacon over the breast, and roast in a moderate oven, basting frequently. Time of roasting, about an hour. About ten minutes before they are done remove the paper or bacon, and sprinkle them freely with salt. Serve with plain gravy in a boat, not in the dish; garnish with thin slices of broiled bacon rolled up.

An Oyster Pie is a nice luncheon or side-dish at this season, and is easily made from fresh or canned oysters. Fill a pudding-dish with oysters, small split crackers, cream, more oysters, pepper, salt, and butter. Let them stand on the top of the stove until boiling; then cover the top of the dish with a rich crust quite thick, and bake until the crust is browned delicately. Serve hot. This is a good dish to accompany any kind of fowl or game.

If variety is desirable, there is a perfect pot pourri to be obtained in the shape of a Lancashire pie. To achieve this dish, take scraps of any kind of meat, or all kinds—beef, mutton and veal, a small quantity only required; cut fine the half of an onion, and put with the meat. Season, and over this put a little shredded ham, or sweet boiled salt pork. Fill up the dish with tart apples, quartered, and cover with sugar and a little cinnamon, or nutmeg; or add the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Bake with an upper-crust half an inch thick, in a slow oven, one hour.

Treacle (Molasses) Pudding.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of suet, half a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, salt, one tea-spoonful of ground ginger, tea-cupful of treacle, quarter of a pint of milk, one egg. Chop the suet as finely as possible, and put it into a basin with the flour, carbonate of soda and ginger. Beat up the egg, mix the treacle and milk with it and stir this into the mixture in the basin, add more milk if required to make the pudding moist. Grease a basin thoroughly, put the pudding mixture into it, cover with a greased paper. Have enough boiling water to come half-way up the basin in a saucepan, and steam for two hours.

Scientific.

Bacteria.—The proportion of bacteria in a cubic meter of atmospheric air is, according to M. de Parville, 0.6 in sea air, one in the air of high mountains, sixty in the principal cabin of a ship at sea, two hundred on the top of the Pantheon, three hundred and sixty in the Rue de Rivoli, six thousand in the Paris sewers, thirty-six thousand in old Paris houses, forty thousand in the new hospital of the Hôtel Dieu, and seventy-nine thousand in the old hospital of the Pitié. In Ryder Street, St. James's, a cubic meter of air contains only two hundred and forty bacteria, whereas in the Rue de Rivoli the same quantity of air contains three hundred and sixty. M. de Parville says the superiority of London air, as compared with the air of Paris, is shown not only by its containing fewer bacteria, but also by the rate of mortality being smaller. The greater purity or lesser impurity of the air of London is accounted for by London being nearer than Paris to the sea, by its covering a greater extent of ground in proportion to the population, and by its houses being lower.

Pneumonia is inflammation of the lungs. When the inflammation is on the lining of the chest, it is pleurisy. The two may be combined. Pneumonia is a dangerous disease, and requires prompt action. It is preceded by a chill, from which it sometimes is difficult to restore the natural heat. This chill is followed by a high fever, in which the heart beats rapidly. If these symptoms appear, send for a homeopathic physician; the disease is treated more successfully by homeopathy than in any other way. Until he arrives, keep in bed between flannel sheets, apply hot rubber water-bags to the feet, and hot flaxseed poultices over the lungs where the pain is most severe. Replace these with others every two hours. A skillful nurse is a necessity; also a warm, yet well ventilated room, and a light diet, which for a few days should consist of well-made oatmeal gruel, and boiling "new" milk, with an infusion of Vichy, two tablespoonfuls to eight of milk, or a large cupful. Avoid cold drinks till the pain is gone and the natural temperature restored.

What Women are Doing.

"Afternoon Songs" is a new volume of poems by Mrs. Julia C. R. Doz.

"What We Really Know about Shakespeare," is the title of a new work from the pen of Mrs. Caroline H. Dall.

Miss Gordon Cumming's new book, *Wanderings in China*, is rich in domestic habits and customs. It is fully illustrated.

Mrs. Kate Robertson has been appointed deputy superintendent at the Reformatory Prison for Women in Sherborn, Mass.

The *Journal of Heredity* hails from Chicago, and is edited by Mrs. Mary Weeks Burnett.

The *Southern Woman* is a new venture, and is cleverly edited by Mrs. Mamie Weeks Hatchett.

The International Industrial Exhibition, to be opened in Edinburgh, in May, 1886, is to have a separate department of woman's work.

The "Henrietta Beebe Concert and Oratorio Quartet" gives especially admirable interpretation to English ballads and glees, old, and oratorio music.

The "Duchess," whose novels are at once the most inane and popular productions of the day, is an English spinster, named Langworth.

Miss May Laffan, the author of "Hogan M. P." and a clever novelist, has just published in England "A Singer's Story."

Recently the German survivors of the Franco-Prussian war who reside in Milwaukee, elected Miss Clara Barton a member of their society, and sent her an elegant diploma handsomely framed.

A company was recently heard in Milan, who produced "Norma," every vocal part being whistled, that of the venerable *Orovoso* by a girl of sixteen, since no man showed himself capable of overcoming the difficulties of the part.

The Faculty of Medicine at Geneva University has conferred the degree of *bacheliere des sciences medicales* on a young Swedish lady, Mdle. A. Klasson.

An important decision respecting the right of women students to be *internes* at the Paris Hospitals, has been recently announced. The Council of Surveillance of Public Assistance, and the Municipal Council of Paris advised that their admission should be legalized and the Prefect of the Seine has signed a degree authorizing it.

The French Railway Companies have had the honor of setting an example to the rest of Europe in employing women in administrative positions. The Eastern Railway Company has had a double object in employing women: first to enable the wives of employees to help their husbands in their work, in return for a small addition to the salary; and secondly to reserve such appointments in the first grade as were available for women for the widows and daughters of deceased officials; those in the second grade for the wives, daughters, and sisters of men in active service. Altogether the company has 2,500 women in its employment, of whom 420 are widows who provide the sole support of their families.

A Book Printing establishment was founded in the eighteenth century by the Duchess de Lugues, at her own chateau de Dampierre, which existed till private offices were suppressed by Napoleon, in 1810. Among the issues were *Robinson Crusoe* and a metrical version of *Gray's Elegy*.

Mrs. Grant enjoys an income greater than that of the widow of any past President of the United States except Mrs. Garfield; for besides the annuity of five thousand dollars voted by Congress, and the interest of the two hundred and fifty thousand dollar fund, she will derive from the proceeds of her husband's autobiography a further addition to her annual income of five hundred dollars.

Miss Alice B. Jordan, of Coldwater, Mich., a graduate of the academic and law departments of the University of Michigan, entered the Yale law school at the beginning of the year, being the first lady ever entered in any department of Yale outside of the art school.

The daughters of President and Mrs. Bascom, of Wisconsin University; Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, late President of Middlebury College, Vermont; and Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Christian Union*, have all gone this fall to the Hampton, Virginia, school, to teach the colored people and Indians. Miss Elaine Goodale, the young poet, has also entered this work in the same institution.

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Peabody, in her eighty-second year, has attended all sessions of the Social Science Association, the Historical Society at Saratoga, the Concord Celebration and the Institute at Newport.

Mrs. Eliza H. L. Barker, a Vassar graduate, and a contributor to the Rhode Island *Historical Magazine*, the Providence *Journal* and other papers, has recently been elected a member of the school committee of Tiverton, R. I. She is said to be the youngest woman ever elected to that office, and it is also the only instance on record where mother and daughter have successively held the position, Mrs. M. T. Lawton, the mother, having been elected in 1872.

Lady Dufferin is president of the association that has been established in India to import skilled women physicians from Europe and America, for the purpose of training capable native nurses, midwives, and medical practitioners. Dr. Woodull, who began to practice her profession the day after her arrival at Foochow last winter, writes that the calls upon her services are more than she can meet. The hospital for Chinese women, recently opened at Shanghai under the charge of American ladies, is already well filled with patients.

There is a woman undertaker in Brooklyn, who took up the business to support her family, when her husband died, and has successfully prosecuted it. She takes her orders, makes her estimates, and attends to details herself, and it is said to be very pleasant to see this gentle-mannered woman in her neat, black dress, performing the sad offices that are so often entrusted to men of a common stamp; who if not rude in their performance, are often noisy, and always indifferent.

Among very rich American women, besides Miss Catharine Wolfe, Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, Mrs. Margeret Crocker, are Mrs. J. C. Greene, worth \$10,000,000. Mrs. Robert Goelet, worth \$3,000,000; Mrs. Bradley Martin, worth \$3,000,000 in her own right; Mrs. Edwin Stevens, worth more money than she could spend, if she bought a seal skin coat every day. Mrs. M. W. Baldwin, worth \$2,000,000; Mrs. Levi P. Morton, worth one and a half millions in her own right, and Mrs. M. Bates, whose exclusive income is equally large. At a recent railway convention in St. Louis, there were two lady delegates: Mrs. L. N. Fredenburg, proprietor and treasurer of the New Albany Street Railway of New Albany, Ind., and Mrs. M. A. Turner, secretary and treasurer of the Des Moines Railway, Des Moines, Iowa. One of the gentlemen delegates expressed the belief that women own fully \$25,000,000 of the \$150,000,000 of street railway stock in this country. In Rockford, Illinois, women pay a larger share of the taxes upon property than men.

The English "Home Arts and Industries Association," has grown out of the "Cottage Arts" Association. Its founder was Mrs. Jebb, the author of "Wood-carving, and How to Form Classes in every Town and Village." The work of the association is said to be: 1. To furnish detailed information to members who intend to hold classes for teaching working people such minor arts and industries as can be practiced at home. 2. To lend really good designs and casts gratis to members who are class-holders, and to circulate manuals and pamphlets relating to artistic and industrial education. 3. To form a central school where a model children's class will be held, and where both voluntary and paid teachers will be trained in the principles of construction and design, the application of ornament, as well as clay-modeling, wood-carving, respousse work in metal, stamped leather work, embroidery, flax spinning by hand, etc. 4. To hold a yearly exhibition which will afford class-holders the opportunity of comparing the work and progress of the classes as well as enable them to dispose of some of the work executed. 5. To publish a yearly report intended to chronicle the results of various experiments and methods of teaching."

The World's Progress

IN THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

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

Changing the Climates of Continents.

According to a very eminent engineer, the building of a great dam above the Straits of Belle Isle, would make a marvelous change in the climate of the United States and Europe. It is known that the Gulf Stream, which issues from the Caribbean Sea, pours its current of warm water north and east and impinges upon the west coast of Europe, raising the temperature of that continent and modifying more especially the naturally cold climate of the British Islands. Its influence is felt as far as Norway to such an extent that there is one harbor on that ice-bound coast which is open all winter long. Not only does our coast get no benefit from the tepid waters of the Gulf Stream, but we are subject to the refrigerating influence of enormous currents of icy water coming from the Arctic regions, which now flows through the Straits of Belle Isle into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It continues its southern course along the Cape Breton Islands, Nova Scotia, and toward Nantucket Island. South of that point it forms what is called the cold wall of the Gulf Stream, which lowers the temperature of our Atlantic coast as far south as Cape Hatteras. The problem would be to deflect the polar current of ice water away from the Straits of Belle Isle, so that it would intercept the Gulf Stream and force the latter back on the eastern shore of the North American continent. In that case Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and our whole coast north of Cape Hatteras would get the benefit of the warm waters which issue in such surprising quantities from the Gulf of Mexico. Our winters would become milder, our springs earlier, and our autumns later, while Nova Scotia and Newfoundland would have the climate of Jersey and Long Island. This change, if effected, would be a great calamity to Europe, for the winters would become more severe, and there would be far shorter springs and falls. To accomplish this wonderful transformation would cost some \$40,000,000. Wild as this scheme may seem, it is advocated by Professor C. W. Redfield, and has been called attention to by scientific journals as being entirely practical. No doubt in the fullness of time great works like this will be undertaken, and man will gain a better control over the planet he inhabits. If one half the sums were spent in improving the face of the globe that are now wasted on armies and wars, what marvelous improvements might be accomplished.

Cremation Again.

The United States crematory, which has just been completed, is on a hill, at Fresh Pond, L. I., about 300 yards from the railroad station. It is of white marble, 17 feet high, 30 feet wide, and 70 feet long. The retort for burning the bodies of the dead is in a room in an adjoining building. In this room the body intended for incineration will be laid in a coffin-shaped cradle made of chilled Norway iron bars. The cradle will be placed upon the rollers of a movable frame, which frame will be pushed also on rollers up to the furnace and projected through the furnace door. The cremation of a body will require at least two tons of coke. Tests have been made with the bodies of hogs, five hundred pounds in weight, which have been reduced to ashes in two minutes. A large number of bodies have accumulated awaiting the finishing of this crematory. The expense of funerals will be reduced to a minimum by this means of disposing of the dead. Instead of elaborate marble shafts and mausoleums, the ashes of the departed will be preserved in urns, upon which will be graven such records as the friends wish to preserve of the dead. All this seems, as indeed it is, the revival of heathen or pagan burial, but then, in all our graveyards are reminiscences of the ancient religions. The upright shaft, so common in our cemeteries, antedates the Egyptian pyramids, and is emblematic of a worship which flourished centuries before the Christian era. Jay Gould has prepared a mausoleum for himself at Woodlawn Cemetery, near New York City, which is a close reproduction of the Corinthian temple, which dates back to ancient Greece. A modern example of it is to be found in the Roman Catholic church, the Madeline of Paris. Nearly every form of tomb used in our Christian churchyards has its prototype in the cities of the dead, which antedates the Christian era.

Curing Hydrophobia.

M. Pasteur the famous French savant, has really succeeded in curing several cases of hydrophobia. He did so by using in-

oculated matter which had passed through the organisms of sixty different rabbits. The method was to impregnate one rabbit with the virus of hydrophobia. When the spinal column was saturated with the poison, a portion was taken to inoculate still another rabbit, and so on to the end of the sixty. The final effect was to reduce the strength of the poison, which could then be used to prevent hydrophobia, as the cow-pox is used to forestall small-pox. The scientific world hails M. Pasteur's successful treatment of this dread disease with loud applause, not merely because of the fearful sufferings it will allay on the part of those bitten by mad dogs, but, because other apparently incurable diseases may be treated with equal success by the same methods. Cancer, for instance, is the dread of physicians. All they can do is to remove the cancerous matter, which is sure to return again. But no means has as yet been devised to check the morbid growth. It will of course be done some day and by some very simple process, but so far, science and medical skill offer no hope to the sufferers by this most dreadful form of disease.

Progress in Russia.

The movement against the free sale of spirituous drinks seems to pervade all nations that are civilized and some that desire to be civilized. The people of Russia are notoriously the most intemperate in the world. This has been such an impediment to national progress that the government has determined to try and put a stop to the sale of strong drink to the mass of the community. On the first of the New Year a new excise law went into force, under which the sale of liquor was restricted to hotels and restaurants; that is places where people ate and slept. Under this law some 80,000 grog shops will be closed. A fee of \$825 is exacted from the establishments which are allowed to sell liquor. This is the American high license system applied to a nation of nearly 90,000,000 of people. The law will of course, be evaded in spite of the efficiency of the Russian police, but it is a step in the right direction for the government of a mighty nation to set its face so sternly against the pet vice of its subjects. The Russian Finance Minister in announcing the new law says that, "while experience has proved that the vice of drunkenness cannot be extirpated by legislative measures, it is certain that wise legislation can at least do much to lessen the evil and contribute to the moral development of the people," but we are sure that they will find the license system only a delusion, as we have found by long experience that no method short of absolute prohibition will remedy the evils that flows from the traffic. In this country we have in several States put an almost total stop to the sale of liquor, and we live in hope that the time will come when that fearful trade will be under the ban of the law in every State and Territory of the Union.

Education and Liberty.

Gilbert and Sullivan in their burlesque of the "Mikado" have got theater goers and amusement lovers to laugh at the oddities of Japanese customs and manners, but Japan itself is making progress in fields which promise to put it in advance of the most civilized nations. It has settled by law the vexed question of free popular education. Hereafter all children between the ages of six and fourteen are to be compelled to attend school from three to six hours a day for thirty-two weeks in the year, and all expenses, including the use of school books, are to be paid out of the public treasury. This in a few years will place Japan in the front rank with Germany in the universality of a free common education, while it will be far in advance of the United States and England. In the latter country such of the poor as can contribute to the support of the schools, are forced to do so, while in the United States education is not compulsory, and hence, some 16 per cent. of our population is illiterate. Then there is Brazil which has taken another step forward in hastening the day when slavery is to disappear from that great South American Empire. Enforced slavery is rapidly disappearing from all parts of the earth's surface. The number of slaves in Cuba is steadily diminishing; the day is certainly coming when over the whole earth it may be said that the sun does not rise upon a master or set upon a slave.

Paris Under a Cloud.

The gay capital, the metropolis of art and mirth, has fallen temporarily at least upon a period of great depression. Trade is languishing, the work-people are unemployed, and families with modest means are forced to fly Paris because living there is so costly. A recent writer attributes the temporary decline of Paris to the heavy tax called the *octroi duty* imposed upon all food which enters that city. Mr. Edward King says:

The "octroi" is an indirect tax upon articles of consumption, which weighs most grievously upon persons of all classes, and to the American eye is a very iniquitous system of levying revenue. It may also be said to have contributed largely to the decline of Parisian prosperity, and has certainly made Paris the dearest capital in central Europe, so dear that thousands of people of modest incomes, who used to reside here, have moved away, and persons of their class avoid the capital and its pleasures because they know how dearly they must pay for residence here.

This grievous burden is felt in other cities of Europe, but nowhere so oppressively as at the French capital. Of course

there are other larger causes at work, such as the heavy taxation to meet the interest of the enormous debt of France. Then the high protective duties has made production so costly that the former customers of France and Paris do their purchasing in free-trade England and low-priced Germany. The women are finding out that London and Berlin furnish as choice goods as Paris and at much cheaper rates.

From the Land of Ice and Snow.

Captain Holm recently returned to Copenhagen after having spent two years and a half in exploring the almost unknown region of the east coast of Greenland. Although ten or twelve expeditions have set out for East Greenland in the past two centuries, almost all of them in search of the lost Norsemen who were supposed to have settled there, only one ship ever reached the coast. The great ice masses, sometimes hundreds of miles wide, that are perpetually piled up against the shore have kept explorers from East Greenland long after all other Arctic lands were fairly well known. With three assistants Captain Holm landed at Cape Farewell and then went north some 400 miles. He has returned with large collections representing the flora, fauna, geology and anthropology of this hitherto unknown portion of the earth's surface. He found in those cold and dismal regions, isolated from the world, a race of people who had never heard or known of the great civilized nations of the earth. They seem to lead happy lives, and lived in a communistic way in hamlets. They differ entirely in language and physical characteristics from the Esquimaux of West Greenland.

One Result of the Elections.

Among the valuable results of the recent election has been the increase in the Prohibition vote and the reduction in the majorities of the parties heretofore controlling the several States. Mr. Hill was chosen Governor of New York by about 10,000 plurality. This State, which used to have 60,000 Republican majority, will hereafter be classed as doubtful. In all the States the parties are getting to be more evenly balanced. In New York City, for instance, where the Democrats had two votes to the Republicans' one, changes have occurred which are largely increasing the one vote and diminishing the other. This state of things puts the parties on their good behavior, and will permit in time the Prohibitionists to hold the balance of power and dictate terms to the rival party organizations, and eventually wipe one of the parties out of existence.

The Better Times have Come.

The price of American railroad securities has improved wonderfully since midsummer. Shares have advanced 25 and 30 points, while bonds are selling on an average fully 20 points higher than when the depression was greatest. When it is remembered that the railway system of the country represents a capitalization and indebtedness of fully \$8,000,000,000 it will be seen that the recent addition to the market value of securities is making many people feel happy. The owner of bonds and stocks which were worth in the market \$80,000 last June finds they will bring \$100,000 in December. Of course this particular capitalist is willing to be more profuse in his spending than in the early part of the year, and so literally with thousands of other holders of securities. This reacts on the general business of the country. New enterprises are organized, there is an extension of old businesses—better food is purchased and finer clothing worn, and so a larger number of people are employed and at better wages. Hence the commercial value of a "boom" in stocks. Then all business men have a superstition that the metal industry tells the story of good or bad times. When iron is in demand it shows that tools are wanted, and then prosperity has its innings; but if there is no demand for iron, and it falls in price, that is an indication of bad times.

About the Panama Canal.

M. de Lesseps wants the French government to permit him to raise more money to prosecute the work of completing the Panama Canal. So far this authorization has been refused. In the mean time statements come from the isthmus that the work is practically a failure. The reasoning runs in this wise: Estimated amount of excavation required for the canal, including rock cutting, 125,000,000 cubic meters; this is the Lesseps estimate, and is believed to be much too low. Actual amount of excavation done, 13,000,000 cubic meters, or eleven per cent. of the whole. This is principally in soft earth. The canal was to be finished, according to M. de Lesseps, in 1888. Time is of the essence of his undertaking, since he has to pay interest on the capital employed in construction, including the share capital. One-half of the time has passed, and only one-tenth of the work is done, and this the least difficult part. The highest monthly achievement has been 775,000 cubic meters; the average was only 617,000 per month in 1884. The nature of the work is such that a more rapid rate of excavation can hardly be expected. If an average of 700,000 cubic meters can be maintained, and if the Lesseps estimate of the total amount required to be done is not too low, and if the dreadful Chagres can be controlled, and if the money is forthcoming, the canal may be completed in nine years from the present time; but Lieutenant Winslow, of the United States navy, in a recent report, expresses the opinion that it cannot be finished under any circumstances before the year 1897. At this rate it would take nearly a thousand million of dollars to finish

the work. In the mean time the company would be bankrupted, and the enterprise would have to be undertaken by a new syndicate backed by the French nation. Then, argue the opponents of this work, even if completed it would never pay, for more time would be consumed in going from Europe to the east coast of Asia by way of the Panama Canal than is now necessary in sailing by way of the Suez Canal and the Indian Ocean. Time is money, and there would be no money by changing the steamship travel from the Mediterranean to the new route via the Panama Canal. Still we suspect that M. de Lesseps would tell a different story. We believe the canal will be finished before five years are over.

One of its Advantages.

The most auspicious political omen at the South is the division in the white and colored vote on the Prohibition question. In past political contests the blacks have voted almost unanimously for one political party, and the whites very generally for the other party organization. This was unfortunate in many ways, as it led to race conflicts and bad feeling. But when the Prohibition issue came up it was found that there was a division of opinion among the blacks as well as among the whites, some advocating the temperance cause, and others ranging themselves on the side of the liquor dealers. In Georgia, for instance, one hundred and twenty-two out of one hundred and thirty seven counties have taken advantage of the local option law to prohibit all sales of liquor. This action was, however, taken mainly in the rural districts, where it was found the Prohibitionists were strongest. In the large towns and cities the liquor dealers made a much more vigorous fight. There has been a great deal of feeling, and both sides put forth the most earnest efforts to get votes. In Atlanta meetings were held, and both parties did what they could to secure the colored vote. In fact, race distinctions were entirely broken down. This one incidental good is of the utmost value to the political future of the South. For a new era dawned when the ballots were cast without reference to color, but because of a difference of moral conviction in both races. It is a lamentable fact that the mass of the negro population are altogether too fond of rum and tobacco. Liquor drinking is the worst vice of the working colored population. The better disposed negroes, as well as the majority of the whites, wish to put an end to the debasing traffic, so as to save the blacks from the bad effects of over-indulgence in strong drink. The South suffers materially from this vice, because in the cotton gathering season it is indispensable that labor should not be interrupted. It is confidently predicted that the marvelous sweep of the Prohibitionists in Georgia will be repeated in all the Southern States. Indeed, the West and South are ahead of the East in this vital question of the age.

A New Pacific Coast University.

Mr. Leland Stanford has made provision in his will to give \$20,000,000 to endow a great university at Palo Alto, California. It is to be a thoroughly equipped institution, equal in all its departments to any in the world. It is a pity Mr. Stanford does not carry out his beneficent project while still alive. This is what was done by the late Peter Cooper, whose Cooper Union went into successful operation before he was called to join the majority. It is also to be regretted that Mr. Stanford, instead of endowing an ordinary university, did not devote his vast fortune to organizing a great scientific or technical school, which would advantage not only the well-to-do youths of the Pacific Coast, but the sons and daughters of the common people. There are plenty of colleges in all parts of the country, but we are far—very far—behind Germany, France, and Switzerland in technical and art schools. Still it is a hopeful sign when these great millionaires devise their accumulations to benefit mankind. Another Californian, James Lick, devised the greater part of his property to erecting an observatory on one of the highest peaks in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. In this observatory will be placed one of the largest and most perfect telescopes in the world. The number of our very rich men are multiplying, and every year some one of them devotes large sums to scientific or educational purposes. It would be well if these benevolent persons were kept instructed as to what was most needed in the fields of science and education.

Is Our Nation to be a Plutocracy?

F. B. Thurber, in an address before the Nineteenth Century Club, took a very pessimistic—that is to say, gloomy—view of the future of our country. Our forefathers, he said, when they abolished primogeniture and entail, supposed they had put a stop to the accumulation of great wealth in a few hands. A hundred years ago worldly possessions were almost entirely in landed property. Riches consisted of houses, lands, and farms. When the head of the family died, the division of his property among his heirs prevented any concentration of wealth for more than a few generations. But within the last fifty years new forces have come into play and great wealth is now represented by railway bonds and shares and by the stock of incorporated companies. The Vanderbilts and Jay Goulds own very little real estate, but they are richer than any rich land-holders in any part of the world. The railroad charter is practically perpetual, and the owners of the corporation can keep adding to their possessions for centuries ahead. Hence, the aim of our forefathers to enforce a distribution of hoarded wealth on the death of every head

of a family has been evaded. Hence, Vanderbilt, with his \$200,000,000, and Jay Gould, with his \$150,000,000, and literally hundreds of other millionaires, have absorbed the wealth of the general community by the use they make of corporate enterprises, and are still adding to their possessions. These rich men, or rather the corporations they manage, are corrupters of the state. They buy up legislatures, manipulate courts, and use their money to bribe voters in popular elections. Hence they are a source of danger to the Republic. Even though we keep up the forms of popular government, while a few men exercise all the power and own most of the money of the community, we are, in fact, a plutocracy. The remedy for this state of things will be difficult to devise. The communist has his solution of the problem; but the various forms of socialism are not popular or likely to be in the United States. Still it is a fact there is no gainsaying that in no country is there such a chance for the rich to become richer as there is in the United States.

Outlets for American Enterprise.

China is about to engage in railroad building on a gigantic scale. We have the capital and the iron and the engineering skill to help build these roads, but unfortunately we are lacking in a steam marine which would put us into communication with China on as profitable footing as England, Germany or France. Moreover, our tariff makes our railway materials more costly than that of other nations. Hence, while the Chinese regard the Americans with more favor than they do Frenchmen or Englishmen, they cannot be our customers in disposing of contracts for building their proposed railroad system. Great profits will therefore accrue to European countries, not to the United States. Then there are several of the South American States which wish to trade with us, but while there are hundreds of European steamers which find their way monthly to the South American ports, no steamship bearing the American flag is ever seen among them. We are forced to buy a great deal from the South American States, but they take little or nothing from us in return, because our government discourages foreign commerce, and refuses to pay even ordinary fair rates for postal service. The result is we have to pay hard cash on bills of exchange on London, instead of sending our products direct to South America. An English syndicate recently closed a contract for \$60,000,000 to build railways, and other works in Buenos Ayres.

Endless Space.

Mr. Samuel Laing, in a recent work, calls attention to the enormous distances of the fixed stars from this earth. The nearest star outside the solar system is Alpha in the constellation of Centaur, and that is over 20,000,000 of miles distant. The eight other stars nearest the earth are from two and a half to ten times the distance of Alpha. In midwinter the earth is 186,000,000 of miles from its place in midsummer, and yet so distant are the heavenly bodies outside the solar system that it makes no appreciable difference in their place in the heavens. The North Star and the Dipper, for instance, always occupy a certain place in space. Were they within any calculable distance it is clear that they would apparently change positions in the summer and winter solstice, when the earth would occupy two different points in space 186,000,000 of miles distant from each other. Eighteen different orders of magnitude in stars have been noted, which means that some are very much farther away than others. If it was possible to count them it is claimed that Lord Ross' telescope would show over 1,000,000 of stars within its range.

Endless Time.

Geological discoveries give us a faint idea of the antiquity of this earth of ours. Mr. Laing takes the coal measures as giving the best idea of the enormous intervals of time required for geological changes. These are made up of seams of coal resting as a rule on a bed of clay known as the under-clay, and covered by a bed of sandstone or shale. From eighty to one hundred of these alternating layers have been found in South Wales and Nova Scotia. The total thickness of the coal measures is in some cases as much as 14,000 feet. Each seam means forest growth, gradual subsidence covering with deposits, and this is traceable over and over again. Taking an actual measure-thickness of 12,000 feet, Professor Huxley calculates that the time represented by the coal formation alone would be 6,000,000 of years. Mr. Laing says: "But this takes no account of the long periods during which no accumulation takes place at the localities in question, and of the long phases which must have ensued between each movement of elevation and submergence, and especially between the disappearance of an old and appearance of an almost entirely new epoch, with different forms of animal and vegetable life. We may be certain also that we are far from knowing the total thickness of strata which will be disclosed when the whole surface of the earth comes to be explored. All we can say is that we have fragmentary pages left in the geological record for, at the very least, 100,000,000 of years, and that probably the lost pages are quite as numerous as those of which we have an imperfect knowledge. Sir Charles Lyell, the highest authority on the subject, is inclined to estimate the *minimum* of geological time at 200,000,000 of years, and few geologists will say that his estimate appears excessive." But he points out that: "Long as is the record of geological time, it

is only that of one short chapter in the volume of the history of the universe."

Amateur Photography.

The number of people who take photographic pictures is increasing amazingly year by year. Apart from those who make a living by the profession, there are others to whom it is useful in their several occupations. Engineers and architects use it for making pictures of machinery and buildings, physicians find it handy in keeping a record of surgical operations. It is an indispensable to artists in sketching, then newspaper men are enabled to take a photograph, which is desirable, now that all the journals are being illustrated. Then a great number of ladies and gentlemen find it a pleasant amusement to be able to take pictures of their friends and relatives. What repels the gentler sex, however, is the ill-smelling chemicals which are used to bring out the pictures on the negatives. One of the drawbacks to the general use of photography to those who travel has been the necessity of using glass, which is weighty to carry and awkward to use. But this difficulty has been overcome by a new apparatus and process which employs paper instead of glass for negatives. It would take too much of our space to describe this new process, but amateur photographers will have no trouble in finding the new material. Pictures, by the way, are becoming very popular. The art work in our magazines is improving as months roll by. The circulation of our illustrated weekly papers is enormous, and the daily papers are beginning to invade this popular field. Men have many tongues, that is, they speak many dialects, while practically they have but one eye; hence pictures form the true universal language. Educators are beginning to find out that the intelligence of children can best be appealed to through the eyes rather than through the ears.

The Conquest of Burmah.

The English have annexed Burmah to their Eastern empire. They had no real grievance, but from a commercial point of view it was desirable that that potentially rich empire should be open to commerce, so they picked a quarrel with King Thebaw, set their armies in motion, and in a few weeks' time the work was done. British commanders seem to have a knack for speedily overcoming the resistance of semi-barbarous nations. The French are not so lucky, as is shown by their bloody and costly wars in Madagascar and Cochin-China, and the only serious check the English have received for a century past was in the Soudan. Their repulse by the Boers can hardly be put in the same category, as the latter were of the Caucasian race, and had the Tories been in power in England instead of the Liberals, the Boers would have been overcome in time. The annexation of Burmah to the British crown will add greatly to the trade of England, for the countries on its borders are rich and prosperous, and then the Irrawaddy, the mouth of which is in its territory, is one of the great rivers of Asia, and penetrates far into the interior of that continent.

Russia's Great Works in Central Asia.

Attention has frequently been called in these columns to the beneficent influence Russia has been exercising upon the populations of Central Asia. They are being civilized slowly but surely. To improve the face of the country three great works are now under way. One is the railway from the Caspian Sea to the borders of Afghanistan. This road has been practically completed, and is within one hundred miles of Herat as we write. The other two are as yet projects, but the preliminary surveys are being made for what will probably prove the most marvelous physical changes that have been seen since the beginning of the century. The time was when the river Oxus poured its waters into the Caspian Sea, and the country through which it ran was among the garden spots of the world, but one of the great Tartar conquerors for strategic reasons artificially changed the bed of the river so that its fertilizing waters were diverted into the Sea of Aral. The change proved an unmixed curse to the region from which the Oxus was cut off. Instead of a fruitful garden it became a desolate wilderness. It is now proposed by the Russian government to turn back the Oxus to its old channel, and thus restore the desert to its pristine fertility and productivity. As an engineering feat this is quite practicable, but the Russian engineers fear that the waters of the Oxus may be lost in the sandy wastes before it reaches the shores of the great sea. The other enterprise is intended to make use of the river Tejend which empties into the Lake Junghul as a means of fertilizing another vast tract of the desert of Central Asia. In the olden time this country was full of reservoirs of water which irrigated the land far and wide. For over a thousand years they have been allowed to go into decay, and in regions where tens of thousands of people lived in comfort it does not to-day afford subsistence but for a few wandering nomads. Should these two improvements be made—that is, should the Oxus be restored to its old channel and the reservoirs fed by the river Tejend and Lake Junghul be reconstructed, the whole country between the Caspian Sea and Afghanistan will be wrested and be a desert no more. However the nations of Europe may dread and belie Russia, Americans at least can give that power the credit for what it is doing in partially civilizing the nomad tribes of Central Asia and in reclaiming such vast areas of desert for human uses.



MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JANUARY.

FASHION has laid aside all tendencies to conservatism and exclusiveness in the choice of fabrics, and all materials are admissible, provided that the artistic and graceful enter into their making up. Of course there are individual preferences, but these are not permitted to affect the general tone of prevailing styles.

Woolen materials for costumes are especially popular at present, but not to the exclusion of other goods to a degree that one needs to feel unfashionable if arrayed in a suit of silk, satin or velvet. Indeed the amount of good black silk sold and worn is almost incredible. This is not, however, so much the case in New York City as in almost any other portion of the country. Here there are continual arrivals of wool novelties to distract the attention from standard fabrics, and as the central point in the most fashionable dry goods houses is the wool goods counter, it is not strange that ladies select from these most attractive materials.

The New York woman revels in wool novelties at present, and it would seem that the more they resemble an army blanket the more she dotes on them. Indeed, the popular devotion of the fashionable fair ones is divided between this class of goods and the *frisé* and *bouclé* novelties, which are, in some grades and weights, fast reaching a pitch of absurdity. If a woman were compelled to carry about her the same number of pounds that are represented by the amount of cloth of the *frisé* or plush order necessary to make a fashionable walking costume, she would be astonished to have such an unreasonable demand made upon her. It is no easy task for an ordinarily muscular salesman to handle a full piece of these goods, and as there are rarely more than three dresses in a piece, and still more weight in the way of linings, trimming and the combination material, which is usually heavier still, it may be readily understood that to be fashionable in the selection of dress goods is to impose upon one's self a burden not only grievous in point of weariness, but dangerous to the health. When to the dress is added the weight of the outside garment and other clothing, the only wonder is that a woman can walk at all.

It is a perfectly safe prediction that the reign of these immensely heavy suitings will be short. They have no great durability, and while they are undeniably stylish, they will wear out the bodies and tempers of even ordinarily strong women. They might be used to advantage for carriage dresses, and to this use the heavier and more elegant materials will undoubtedly come.

The newest arrivals in wool goods are wool plushes in stripes nearly two inches wide, alternating with the same width stripe in a very pronounced diagonal. The stripes run lengthwise of the goods, and the colors are the various shades of brown, gray, olive and a shade of navy blue. Plain goods like the diagonal stripe are provided to match. The most approved style for making these is to use the plain goods for a short postilion basque and sleeves, and for the full, straight back draperies. Three breadths of the plush striped goods are required for the front and side breadths,

(Continued on page 196.)

Good for one Paper Pattern before February 15th, 1886.

COUPON ORDER

Run a pen or pencil through the name and size of pattern desired.

Example: 1. *Celandine Wrapper*, 34, 36, 38, 40 Bust Measure.

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| Name, | State, |
| Street and Number, | |
| Post-Office, | |
| County, | |

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Lafontaine Toilet. | 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust Measure. |
| 2. Hermione Costume. | 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust Measure. |
| 3. Beatrice Jacket. | 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust Measure. |
| 4. Medora Visite. | Medium and Large Sizes. |
| 5. Precida Skirt. | Medium Size. |
| 6. Gentleman's Morning Jacket. | Medium and Large Sizes. |
| 7. Elissa Costume. | 8, 10 and 12 Years. |
| 8. Ulina Coat. | 4, 6, 8 and 10 Years. |
| 9. Infant's Sacque Cloak. | 6 months to 1 year, and 2 Years. |
| 10. Lilla Hood. | 6 to 8, 10 to 12, and 14 to 16 Years. |
| 11. Wilhelm Suit. | 6, 8 and 10 Years. |
| 12. Tam O'Shanter Cap. | 4, 6 and 8 Years. |

1886.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,

17 East 14th Street, New York.

Inclosed find a two-cent postage stamp with Coupon Order for the cut paper pattern Marked Out from list above, and illustrated in the number for January, 1886.

with an additional half width gored on at the bottom at each side. This apron is slightly caught up at each side and hangs in scanty fullness across the front. A foot plaiting of the diagonal is set upon the skirt, and there are cuffs and a collar of the striped goods.

Another imported dress of similiar material has a plain skirt of the plain goods, and over this, in the front and at the sides, hang five breadths of the striped material, each breadth made into a box-plait and hanging by itself, as the breadths are not sewed together. There is a back drapery consisting of one breadth of the striped goods on each side of a breadth of the plain goods, and these three back breadths are sewed together and hang without loopings of any sort. They are gathered full at the top and have rows of shirring so curved that the drapery is kept in place to the very edge of the curve of the tournure, producing a very stylish effect and preventing the folds from dragging away from the middle of the back and massing themselves on the sides of the tournure, which appearance spoils the effect of so many otherwise stylish dresses.

Silk plush as a dress material is having an almost unprecedented success. It is used in combination with faille Française, bengaline, and thick, soft gros-grain silks. The plush may be used as a three breadths wide apron, or a single front breadth, or a wide side panel, or as front and one side extending back to the draperies. There should be a collar, cuffs and vest or revers of the plush, and the re-

mainder of the waist should be of the silk. The back draperies are always of silk, as the beauty of the plush is destroyed by sitting upon it. Any of the popular colors or black makes up very effectively in this way. The plush and silk should be of the same shade for calling dresses and unceremonious occasions, while for dresses of state two colors or shades are preferred when combined in artistic style. Bronze and salmon pink, silver gray and pale blue, light olive green and cardinal, lavender and royal purple, are among the most stylish combinations. A very elegant trained dress of black plush and cardinal satin, with full garniture of jet, was recently ordered for a wedding reception.

The use of lace in large pieces is one of the features of mid-winter reception dresses. Plain skirts of silk in black and colors have very deep flounces of lace gathered full from the waist and hanging in perfectly straight folds, if the dress be walking length, or draped on the train if it be a long dress. Antique lace over-dresses of all descriptions are being exhumed from cedar closets, and lace shawls, scarfs, and indeed all large pieces of lace are brought into service. Narrow flouncings are scarcely used, except as a finish to these lace garments.

The attempt to popularize the combination of lace and plush has not been successful. Silk is by all odds the most suitable material to be used with lace, and faille, gros-grain, and bengaline are the most favored, although some superb dresses of satin and lace have been ordered, and there are indications that satin will be extremely popular as the season advances, especially light colors with white lace over for young ladies. There is nothing as pretty or so becoming as lace to a woman of any age, and a few yards of silk and some good lace will enable a lady of taste to make a presentable appearance in any assembly.

One of the important items in the season's exhibit of materials is velvet. Rich black velvet has again become a prominent and most attractive material in the toilets of ladies of means and good taste. It is most appropriately worn by matrons and mature young ladies, being too old for débutantes or misses, except for street wear. Most exquisite and queenly toilets are made from black velvet and very rich faille Française. One of these, destined for a January reception, is of heavy black silk velvet, the entire front and one side covered with embroidery in the finest jet beads, with drops and tassels of the same. There are no large beads in the entire design, and the embroidered surface presents a multitude of tiny, glittering points. The train measures eighty-five inches from the waist line, and is perfectly plain, falling in two very full, double box-plaits from the princess back. The waist is finished in front in two points, and is laced to the bust. The neck is cut square, and the edge finished with jet embroidery. The sleeves reach the elbows, and are similarly finished. Old point lace is in the neck and sleeves.

Another velvet dress has the skirt in box-plaits like the wool dress described above, and under each plait is a strip of beaded black grenadine, to the edges of which the plaits are caught. The sleeves of this dress are open down the entire outside of the arm, and laced with ribbons tied in bows. This model, which is for a handsome brunette, has scarlet ribbons. The effect is very pretty, and although it was seen in several assemblies last winter, it is so stylish and becoming that it bids fair to have another season of even greater popularity.

FOR information, thanks are due for costumes, materials and trimmings, to James McCreery & Co. and Lord & Taylor; for toilet accessories to Aitken, Son & Co.; for boys' fashions to Taylor & Co., and for gloves to Harris Bros.

Good for One Pattern illustrated in the
JANUARY, 1886.

DEMAREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

If presented before February 15th, 1886, otherwise
void.

REMEMBER

TO Send Two Cents in Postage Stamps for each Coupon Order.
Send your Correct Address in full.
Send the Correct Description of the Pattern you desire as
printed in the list for the month of January.

[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

Reception Toilets.

THE most prominent of the new features in dressy toilets is the use of very thin materials over silk or satin. Fancy blond and other laces in woven patterns, or with appliqué figures or embroideries are the favorite materials employed. For full dress purposes there are very light tints and many tinsel and gold and silver effects, while for dressy occasions demanding less light color there are the same or similar textures in brown, cardinal, and garnet shades, olive and brighter greens, black and *plomb*, or lead color.

The usual method of disposing these fabrics is to make a plain princess slip of some suitable colored silk, with several ruffles at the bottom of the skirt; and over this the lace is draped with only a slight fullness. There are few, if any, of the superabundant draperies that have for so long been considered fashionable, but just enough material is used to produce the effect without being burdensome either in look or weight, whether the fabric be light or heavy. For the waist there may be a covering of blond laid over the entire surface of the material and joined into the seams, or, what is better, the lace may be employed as trimming and set in full puffs in the form of bretelles on the waist, and in V-shaped folds on the outside of the arms from the top of the sleeves nearly to the elbows. It is not a good plan to cover silk with lace for a waist. The lace will not stand any wear under the arms or on the under sides of the sleeves, and will need repairs before the third wearing. It is therefore best to use lace only as trimming on waists.

There are new crape grenadines that are of exquisite quality and effect, suitable for dinner or reception dresses for young ladies. They come in dark as well as light shades, and the former are in high favor for all but the most dressy and formal occasions. Especially are they desirable for New Year reception dresses, as there are decidedly fewer light colors chosen for such uses than for many seasons. A most charming toilet for a young lady is a princess dress of salmon pink faille, with draperies and waist garniture of bronze crape grenadine. Jacqueminot roses may be worn with such a dress.

If a skirt and basque be preferred, a full puff of the thin material may be used around the lower edge of the basque, and drops of beads in tassel form may be set upon the edge of the puff at short intervals. If the wearer is other than very tall and slender, care must be taken in adjusting the puff; or it may be omitted and a fall of lace to match or of netted bead edging may be used in its place. It is not really necessary to have any finish on the edge of the basque save a double cord, and even that, for very stout figures, is not imperative. A plain facing with the edge of the basque turned under is much more becoming to many ladies than any other finish, and as appropriateness and good taste are more important just now than any dictate of fashion, every lady of judgment and discretion studies her own points and acts accordingly.

A very pretty toilet for a young married lady is made of cardinal faille with draperies and waist trimming of *plomb*, or lead-colored, wool lace. The skirt drapery is a very deep flounce slightly draped on one side, and it is shirred in at the top and falls without hinderance in straight folds from under the back of the basque. A flat garniture of lace is laid upon the front and extends from the shoulder to the lower edge of the basque. A puff of the lace is sewed into the arm-hole and gathered upon the sleeve, extending nearly half way to the elbow, the lower edge of the lace standing out in a scant ruffle, the shirring being about three inches from the edge of the lace.

Lace will be as prominent in evening and reception dresses as it is unusual in street and every-day garments. Among the quiet and elegant toilets are several of black lace over black silk or satin. *Glacé* silks in color are very popular for

under-dresses, and any lady owning a quantity of fine lace may have under-dresses of various colors, and by so adjusting her laces that they will fit over several slips, she may be supplied with a variety of toilets.

Evening Dresses for Young Ladies.

THE young lady who desires to be strictly fashionable, must have her dresses made with the utmost simplicity. All display is studiously avoided, as it is a tenet of fashion at the present day that youthful beauty is enhanced by the absence of expensive accessories.

The evening dress, especially, of a young lady, should never be notable for its elaborateness or costliness, but rather for its simple elegance, which can be as perfectly brought out in tulle and *crêpe de Chine* as in satin, velvet and moire, which latter fabrics are not in any way suitable for young ladies. China silk, surah, *crêpe de Chine*, crape, tulle, gauze, veiling, albatross, mull and undressed muslins furnish a sufficient reserve for the modiste to select from when she would equip a young lady in her society armor. To go beyond this is to give uncharitable tongues occasion for criticism. The single exception to this rule is the elderly young lady, but to her this is not expected to apply, although she might with propriety consider the matter carefully to her interest.

There are so many charming tissues and thin fabrics that make up into most attractive dresses over light silks, and are so becoming to the freshness of youth, that one can only wonder that mothers ever seek after anything else in which to dress their daughters. Among the choicest of the evening dresses designed especially for young ladies, is one for a blonde débutante. It is made of white *crêpe de Chine* and gauze. The skirt, which is walking length, has five very narrow ruffles of the *crêpe* pinked on both edges and set on with very little fullness, and there is an ample overskirt of gauze that has tiny tassels of fine crystal beads set over it at intervals of three or four inches. The waist is a guimpe of fine linen lawn, with hemstitched plaits and puffs of the lawn alternating, and over this is a low, round waist of the *crêpe*, snugly fitted, and having shoulder straps, only one inch and one-half wide, that cover the armhole seams of the guimpe. Fine, real Valenciennes lace finishes the neck and sleeves. A sash made of a full width of *crêpe de Chine*, fringed out at the ends and knotted, is fastened at the back of the belt and falls in one long, full loop and end on each side of the tournure.

Another dress is of a twilled silk fabric called "Khedive," a very soft, armure woven goods, as pliable as surah, but with a little more body, and which was brought out expressly for evening dresses for young ladies. The model in question is made of this fabric, in delicate salmon pink. The front breadth of the skirt is embroidered in silk of the shade of the goods. A low corsage, pointed back and front, has draperies of white tulle spotted with silver tinsel falling from the lower edge of it. The tulle falls over the tournure without looping, but the sides are slightly drawn back and confined by a bow and ends of pink and white satin and faille ribbon. The neck is filled in with rows of Valenciennes edging set over the shoulders from front to back, and with the space between the rows on the back filled in with the same lace set across the space. This lace is slightly full, and has a very narrow ribbon run in the edge of each row to keep it in place. The effect is of a square neck. There are elbow sleeves of the silk finished with lace ruffles.

A more simple dress is of very fine, cream-colored cashmere, made in princess style and laced in front. There is a full drapery of the cashmere, and this and the square neck and elbow sleeves are trimmed with swansdown. Valenciennes lace is set in the neck and sleeves.

ILLUSTRATED FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PERHAPS never did the jacket enjoy such universal popularity as a winter garment as this season. Ladies of all ages, sizes and conditions have adopted jackets for ordinary wear either *en suite* or as independent garments, and the variety of designs makes it possible to suit all styles of figures. As a rule, jackets made to wear *en costume* are tight-fitting, and those intended for use with various dresses are either loose or half-loose in front, but the backs are tight-fitting in all.

The "Beatrice," given this month, is a favorite model, the back a trifle shorter than the fronts and fitted by side forms and a middle seam having a narrow lap below the waist; and the fronts so arranged that they may be worn either single or double-breasted, as preferred. For young ladies, this is stylishly made up in dark red Astrakhan cloth, the revers faced with the same goods, and no trimming save the large buttons on the fronts and sleeves. It is very popularly worn at present, the fronts of course buttoned over in double-breasted fashion, and will be quite as desirable for a spring model made in lighter material, with which plush or velvet can be used for the revers, thus making it more dressy. Gray corduroy is very handsome made in this style with buttons of old silver. In all cases, the sleeves of a jacket, or any fitted outer garment, should be lined with silk to facilitate their easier removal and adjustment, for a woolen lining, no matter how thin or fine, will stick to a woolen dress, farmers' satin being less liable to than any other lining goods.

For more dressy uses, short mantles retain their vogue. The "Medora" visite embodies many of the leading features of this season's fashions in cloaks. It has the broad back pieces reaching only a little below the waist line, narrow, square sleeves fitted closely under the arms, and square fronts of medium length. For an independent dressy garment it can be made in moleskin plush trimmed with otter; or black velvet finished with Alaska sable; or red velvet ornamented with handsome jet; or any of the rich brocaded goods with chenille fringe and rosary bead passementerie. If a lady does not wish a jacket to complete her woolen costume, she can have the "Medora" made up in the same goods and trimmed with braid or some of the handsome "moss" trimmings that are composed of narrow mohair or silk braids crimped, and very effective they are. Or, it can be finished simply with a row of machine-stitching about an inch from all the edges, if it is required to be very plain, and in any case brandebourgs or buttons and loops can be chosen for fastening.

The "Hermione" costume possesses as wide a range of possibilities as the pattern just mentioned. It can be made in rich silks, satins and velvets for a ceremonious reception dress; or for an informal occasion, plain or embroidered albatross, or fine cashmere in combination with plush or velvet for the skirt can be used, or even the same material throughout, with satin or velvet ribbon, or some of the beautiful fancy ribbons, used for stripes on the skirt. It is an excellent design for silks and is equally good for a walking costume of any of the fashionable woolens that have striped or *bouclé* goods to be used in combination; or the same material can be used for the entire costume, and, if a plain skirt is not liked, it can be tucked either perpendicularly or horizontally, or can be trimmed with braid.

The "Procida" skirt is another adaptable pattern. This has been stylishly made up in black faille silk with the panel and back of the skirt of black velvet, and was equally effective in gray serge with corduroy. The sides are entirely dif-

ferent in arrangement, and both are shown on the plate of "Stylish Walking Costumes," on page 203. For the house, a velvet basque, or one of goods matching that in the panel, can be worn, or it can of the two materials used for the skirt. The cord ornaments, while effective and very fashionable at present, can be replaced by large buttons on the plaits at the sides of the panel, or bead *motifs* can be used for silk.

The "Lafontaine" toilet suggests the use of all the rich and lovely fabrics that are especially dedicated to ceremonious and full-dress occasions. Faille or satin can be used for the waist and train, velvet for the panels, and brocaded goods or beaded grenadine for the front drapery, or any other combination of materials can be chosen; but in all cases the plain fabric must be used for the waist and train. It is so difficult to manage a pattern, especially a large one, in fitting the waist, that the best authorities have discarded figured goods for such uses, unless the pattern is very small. This is essentially a practical and adaptable design, although the effect is elaborate, and the skirt is arranged differently at each side. The left side is shown on Fig. 2 of the plate of "Ladies' Reception Toilets," on page 202, and the right side on the double illustration in page 200. The train is not excessive in length, and there is a complete skirt, walking length, underneath. Black velvet can be stylishly made in this way with the panels covered with jet, and lace used for the front drapery with a color under. Or faille, velvet, either plain or brocaded, and jetted grenadine can be combined. Plaited tulle or *crépe lisse* can be used in the waist, or a contrasting material corresponding with that used in the skirt, and, in the latter case, the collar can be made to match.

While hardly to be classed among ladies' fashions, yet the "Gentleman's Morning Jacket" will interest many ladies who study the ways and needs of the male members of the household. It offers a suggestion for a practical holiday gift, and its simple construction brings it within the capacity of even the most inexperienced. Brown is a favorite color for such garments this season, and broadcloth, tricot, and cloth-finished flannel the favorite materials, with either quilted satin or velvet or velveteen for the collar and cuffs; or it may be made entirely of velveteen with only a simple cord for finish on the edges. Dark blue would be very becoming for a blonde—gentlemen usually think quite as much of that point as ladies do—and excellent velveteen can be had at a reasonable price. It could be lined with farmers' satin, or even flannel, if warmth is a special object.

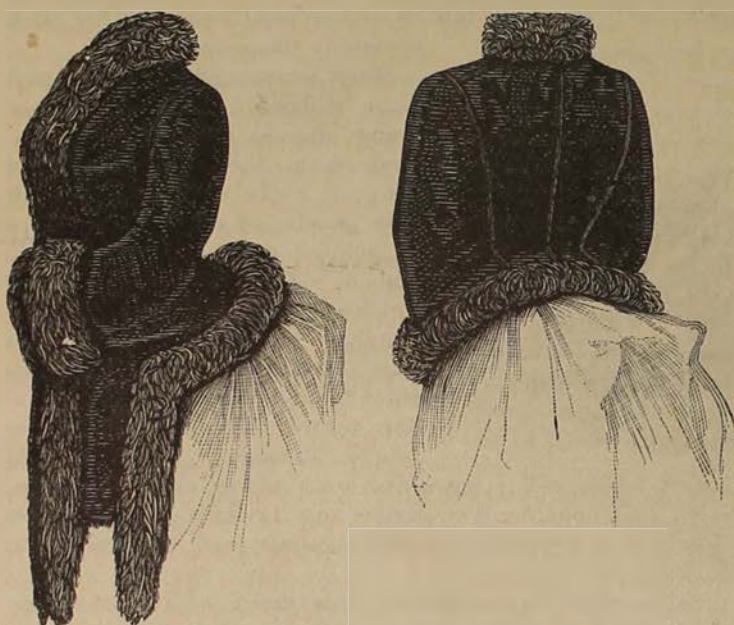


Beatrice Jacket.—The broad straight revers that ornament the front of this jacket are a noticeably stylish feature

of the design, and a double or single-breasted effect is given by them, at pleasure. Button-holes are made in both revers, and buttons are sewed on the fronts of the jacket, so that when desired the revers may be turned back and secured as shown in the front view of the design ; but for cold weather, additional warmth and an equally good effect is obtained by buttoning the right revers on the left side, and turning the left revers under the right front, thus insuring comfort together with the dressy appearance shown in the double-breasted view of the model. Though there are no darts in the fronts, the jacket is fitted by side gores and side forms, and the back pieces are a trifle shorter than the fronts and have a small extension at the middle seam that is lapped from right to left on the outside. Three yards and one-half of goods twenty four inches wide, or two yards of forty-eight inches wide will be required for a medium size. Three-quarters of a yard of contrasting goods twenty-four inches wide will face the fronts and make the collar and cuffs. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size. See plate of "Stylish Walking Costumes," page 203.



and all summer materials, while it is equally suitable for heavier goods that are appropriate for all seasons. A combination will look well arranged in this way, or any garniture fancied that harmonizes with the goods may be selected and applied according to taste. Ten yards and one-half of plain goods twenty-four inches wide, and six yards and one-half of striped goods of the same width will be required to make a medium size of this costume as illustrated. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size. See plate of "Ladies' Reception Toilets" on page 202.



Medora Visite.—Long, square fronts and short back pieces together with closely fitting sleeves constitute this comfortable design. Various materials can be made in this way, and it is particularly appropriate for plush, velvet and sicillienne, though cashmere and many suit goods are very handsomely made after this model with a lining and trimming corresponding with the goods. Fur, feather bands, braid or any of the numerous styles of fringes can be selected for a garniture, and on cloth and similar heavy goods machine-stitching can be used for a finish. Three yards and one-quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and one-quarter of forty-eight inches wide will be required for a medium size. Five yards and three-quarters of flat garniture will be sufficient to trim as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each. See plate of "Stylish Walking Costumes," page 203.

Procida Skirt.—An effective drapery characterizes this skirt and its arrangement is very simple. It falls in lengthwise plaits in front and at the left side. the underskirt ap-



Hermione Costume.—A moderately long basque, ornamented in front with a plaited trimming and having long full drapery attached at the sides and back, and a plain round skirt constitute the design of this stylish costume. There are but few varieties of dress goods for which this model is not appropriate ; it is particularly well adapted for silk, bison cloth

pearing as a panel between the opening near the left side, and also at the right side toward the back where the drapery is caught up in a graceful manner. The underskirt has an extra breadth in the back. Homespun, bouclé, cashmere, and various plain and rough-surfaced goods of a camels'-hair texture can be made in this way with the underskirt of velvet, velveteen,

plush, corduroy or woolen goods contrasting or matching with the drapery; or silk and wool, or silk and velvet can be used in the same way. Seven yards and one-half of goods twenty-four inches wide, or three yards and one-half of forty-eight inches wide will be required for the drapery, and two yards and one-half of plush or velvet will make the panel and face the skirt where illustrated. The foundation skirt will require five yards and three-quarters of lining. Price of pattern, thirty cents. See Figs. 1 and 2 on the plate of "Stylish Walking Costumes" on page 203.



Lafontaine Toilet.—This design is especially admired for its graceful appearance and the practical manner in which it is made. The pointed basque is sufficiently long at the back to support the train drapery; the foundation skirt is entirely concealed, excepting at the right side where it shows between the draped apron and panel. Two, or, if desired, three materials can be combined in a toilet of this kind, for while the effect is pleasing when it is made of one goods it is not as dressy as when two or more fabrics are united. Plain and brocaded silk, satin or velvet can be made in this manner, and such garniture as may be deemed appropriate and in harmony with the goods should be used. The neck and sleeves should be finished with lace or tulle laid in plaits. For a medium size, ten yards and three-quarters of plain goods twenty-two inches wide will make the basque and back drapery, and three yards and one-half of figured material the same width will be required for the front drapery. Two yards and one-half of velvet will make the panels, and four yards and three-quarters of lining will be needed for the foundation skirt. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size. See plate of "Ladies' Reception Toilets" on page 202.

Ribbons and Their Uses.

MORE use is made of ribbons than for many years, and from present indications the fashion promises to increase in popularity until some sort of ribbon will become as universal in its use as braid has been.

There are so many varieties of ribbons, so many designs, qualities, and combinations of materials, that as a trimming they have almost endless possibilities. They are used as dress trimmings in every conceivable form and fashion—

applied as flat galloons, as perpendicular stripes, as edges for flounces, as bands around skirts, as headings for ruffles, and may be put on either plain, gathered or plaited. They are used for narrow box plaitings, particularly the new *picot*-edged ribbons that match brocaded silks in colors. One charming dress of olive and brown brocade has three rows of brown and two rows of olive *picot*-edged ribbon in very fine box plaits around the bottom of the skirt. A perfectly straight round overskirt of straight breadths is looped up at each side with the same ribbons sewed into the belt, one inside and the other outside, and tied so as to take the drapery up about half the length of the skirt. The ribbon used is No. 22.

Ladies who like to remodel their own evening dresses will find the use of ribbons of great assistance to them, especially some of the *picot*-edged goods that thus have their own pretty finish. The ruffles are stitched on with very fine silk about one-half to three-fourths of an inch from the upper edge. They are also used as very scant ruffles for the simple dancing dresses of young ladies, and are most effective when set alternately with ruffles of nun's-veiling or cashmere, both of which fabrics are especially popular for such occasions this season.

Many wraps and cloaks are tied with ribbons. The fronts of house dresses are profusely trimmed with them, one method being to make the entire front, or side panels, of overlapping loops or pointed ends of narrow satin ribbon, each loop or end being finished with a large bead or a pendant of some sort; and the same idea is utilized for plastrons that are becoming to slender figures. Ribbons appear in jabots, cascades, shoulder and

breast knots, collar bows and neck bands, and as rosettes, loops and ends, long streamers and little coquettish bows they are set everywhere that ingenuity can find a place for them.

Satin *picot*-edged ribbons, gros grain with *picot* edges, thick Ottoman, *moiré*, satin and velvet, or satin and faille with *picot* edges are much used as sleeve trimmings. The ribbon is sewed plainly around the sleeve and tied in a single bow on the outside of the arm, the ends being cut in points or turned in to a folded point with a large rosary bead or a tassel of small beads on the tip of the point. The same ribbon is sewed upon the ends of the collar and tied either in a close, formal, double bow-knot, or in long loops and ends. In the latter case, ribbon of less width is used. The ends should be quite short or else sufficiently long to be manageable when worn in the street, and under no circumstances should they be just long enough to blow about the eyes as they are annoying and dangerous.

Some exquisite effects are produced by the grenadine or gauze ribbons that were so popular in spring millinery. They are used to trim silk, satin and cashmere evening dancing dresses. One of the choicest models has loops and very long ends of satin-striped gauze ribbon about five inches wide. There are many striking novelties in trimming ribbons, notably the heavy ribbon known as the "Mikado," with back of soft wool threads, and a silk face with odd Japanese-looking characters in gold on the surface. This is more especially designed for rich garniture to be laid flatly on some rich material either of the same or a contrasting color. A black silk *matinée* with this "Mikado" ribbon in a double row around the garment is notably attractive.

Midwinter Costumes.

THERE are some notable features in the most approved winter costumes; not entirely new but strongly emphasized ideas that have been gradually developing. The extreme bounciness of effect in draperies has been greatly modified, and very much of the skirt trimming has entirely disappeared. Skirts are now quite frequently made without any gores whatever, if the goods be light in weight, although the majority of them still have the front and first side breadths gored. There is a gored foundation skirt of cambric or other suitable material with a plain facing about one-fourth of a yard around the bottom, below which there is a narrow protective plaiting. Over this the full skirt is draped in a graceful manner, the "Procida" skirt, illustrated on pages 199 and 203, being an example.

But it is on the fit of these dresses that the artistic taste and genius of the modiste expends itself. Wool dresses are stylish only when they fit perfectly, and it is to this end that the designer labors. Cloth dresses and those of the various suitings are made with the waist perfectly plain, or with revers turned back from the front. Too much trimming is entirely out of place on wool dresses. A single row of wool lace or a little braid may be permitted, but decided preference is given to the plain postilion basque with pointed front, elegant and conspicuous only for the perfection of its fit and finish.

Some very tall ladies, if the goods is not heavy, have folds extending from the shoulder seams to the waist line, or possibly just below the bust. These folds are two or three inches wide on the shoulders and narrow to a point at the lower end. A few large buttons are used upon waists, but the fashion does not seem to meet with any special favor, and they are only the exception and not the rule.

A very desirable costume of corduroy has the skirt of plain corduroy laid in rather scanty box-plaits, and set into a yoke over the hips. A perfectly straight back drapery, two breadths wide, is fastened by means of two large hooks upon the outside of the skirt of the basque. There is a scanty and rather short apron, and a perfectly plain basque with large buttons of carved smoked pearl at the outer edges of revers of the corduroy, three on one side and four on the other. Three buttons of very small size and matching in pattern are on the outside of each sleeve at the wrist. This dress is intended for shopping excursions in the morning, and a jacket of the same material is provided to wear with it.

There are many very elegant costumes with rich fur trimming. One that is notable for its exquisite fit and finish is of light gray camels'-hair of fine quality and in heavy weight, made with a kilt-plaited skirt, the plaits in front running to the belt as there is no apron, and straight back draperies. The basque is very short on the sides and pointed in front, and a long looped bow and ends is set just over the left hip well back among the draperies. A satin-lined Newmarket of the same material is to be worn with this dress, and is trimmed entirely around the bottom and down the fronts just back of the closing buttons with a band four inches wide of fine chinchilla fur. A gray felt hat trimmed with a chinchilla fur band around the brim, gray velvet, and a cluster of gray plumes and an aigrette finishes this charming costume. A muff of chinchilla belongs to the outfit.

Another attractive costume is made of French gray camels'-hair and navy blue plush, the front of the gray in three double box-plaits pressed very close, and the remainder of the skirt of the blue plush, without any foot plaitings or other finish than braid. A very full back drapery of the

camels'-hair falls over the skirt nearly to the bottom. The postilion basque is of the camels'-hair with a vest of plush, and has plush revers, very broad at the top turning back almost to the shoulders. Instead of the usual cuff, a very long V-shaped piece of plush is set into the upper side of the sleeve and lapped in a narrow band that extends entirely around the wrist. A short mantle of plush with gray feather trimming, and a blue plush bonnet with a sea gull and loops of blue and gray velvet completes this costume.

Combination suits of the various popular fabrics are used, but fewer are seen than formerly. Some of the most stylish dresses are made entirely of *bouclé* goods, more especially the Astrakhan bourette with tiny curled rings of shiny wool. This material, while not particularly durable, is so pretty and soft, and drapes so well, that it has become extremely popular. There is undoubtedly a tendency toward plainer dress goods, and some of the best authorities predict that next year's importations will be remarkable for the absence of fancy effects.

Fashionable Gloves.

THERE are few accessories that more clearly determine the taste and habits of a lady than the gloves she selects and wears. If they are cheap, shapeless, frayed and full of holes, or minus their full complement of buttons, there is good reason to think that the habits of the wearer are susceptible of improvement. Neatness and a conservative taste are special characteristics of a lady; and to know what gloves are worn and how to wear them is a matter by no means unimportant.

There are many styles of gloves in the market and a constant effort is made to bring out attractive novelties. These are rarely adopted by ladies of mature years, but often have a considerable popularity with dressy young ladies who are fond of something new, and can advantageously adopt some of these striking innovations. One of the newer styles, designed for dressy use, is a kid glove, very long, with tiny dots of chenille covering the part of the arm above the wrist. Another style has the entire arm made of alternate inch-wide rows of kid and fine real lace insertion. There is an immense amount of work on these gloves, and they are necessarily quite expensive, but they are not at all practical. Good sense forbids such a waste of handsome material as is involved in this lace insertion which is of course useless after the glove is soiled, and as many ladies will not wear a glove that has been cleaned, such articles are necessarily an unwarrantable extravagance.

The most desirable gloves are in the long, soft, plain, Mousquetaire style with two or three buttons at the inside of the wrist. In answer to the inquiry as to the proper length for gloves, it may be said that the only guide is the length of the sleeve and the taste of the wearer. For evening wear, they should reach nearly to the shoulders, if the dress is without sleeves, and if there are sleeves should nearly or quite meet them. There are many ladies, and their taste and discretion is to be commended, who, although fashion permits them to do so, never leave a space between the sleeve and the glove. Eight buttons in length is considered the shortest glove admissible for full-dress.

The favorite color is light to medium tan for dressy wear, and medium to dark tan for less formal use. Black may be worn for all grades of mourning, even with white dresses, although a shade of pearl or lavender is preferred by many ladies. It depends upon the arrangement of the dress and its garniture. If a black and white toilet is worn, black is very suitable. With all white some authorities demand white gloves.



LADIES' RECEPTION TOILETS.

There is a divided taste in the matter of dressed kid or Suede, or undressed kid, gloves, and there being no arbitrary expression of opinion every lady can follow her own fancy. Four to six button lengths are preferred for street wear, and in addition to the tan shades there are brown and olive-green gloves that are selected to match suits if the wearer please; but tan may be worn with any color or material.

There are some new silk gloves with very elaborately embroidered tops that are designed for young ladies, as well as the Escorial lace tops, either with silk or kid hands. A few débutantes will wear these fancy gloves with their gauze and lace dancing dresses.

There is no material change in other gloves. Many very fine cashmere and wool gloves are shown, some fleece-lined silk gloves and silk mittens, but no special novelty. Fur gloves are used for driving and shopping.

FIG. 1.—The "Hermione" costume, the basque and drapery made in cream colored India cashmere and falling over a plain myrtle green velvet skirt that is trimmed on the front with horizontal rows of iridescent bead passementerie. The front of the pointed basque is ornamented with a cascaded trimming of myrtle green velvet which is effectively lined with rose-colored silk, and the bow at the neck and those on the sleeves correspond with the waist trimming. The drapery is attached to the basque, the iridescent ornaments that apparently secure the plaits in front being necessary to a dressy completion; the back drapery is full and the graceful looping can be seen in the double illustration given on page 199. The stylish bonnet has the high peaked front filled in with cream-tinted Egyptian lace, and the rose-colored Ottoman ribbon bows are exceedingly effective against the myrtle green velvet crown. The costume is completed by cream-colored Mousquetaire gloves. The de-

sign is suitable for all dressy occasions, and will always be a noticeably stylish costume if due attention is given to the selection of becoming materials and garniture. With the separate illustration, given on page 199, the quantity of material required for a medium size is stated. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Fig. 2.—The “Lafontaine” toilet, made in fawn-colored faille silk combined with plain brown velvet, and brocaded velvet having brown velvet figures on a fawn-colored ground. The graceful front drapery is of the brocaded velvet, and the panels are plain brown velvet, the one on the left side being relieved by bows of double-faced ribbon, brown velvet and fawn satin. The arrangement of the right side can be seen on the double illustration given on page 200. Long loops and ends of brown velvet ribbon matching the bows are secured at the back of the basque falling at the sides the full length of the panels. The pointed bodice is laced in front, and the neck is filled in with tulle laid in plaits. The fawn-colored Mousquetaire gloves are drawn up to

meet the half-length sleeves which are finished with Mechlin lace turned upward, and the standing collar is of the same lace. A *ciel* blue pompon and aigrette is arranged in the front of the hair, completing the toilet effectively. The double illustration is given on page 200, and in the description which accompanies it the quantity of material for a medium size is stated. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Stylish Walking Costumes.

FIG. 1.—The “Medcra” visite and “Procida” skirt are combined to form this becoming and picturesque costume. The visite is made in seal plush trimmed with Alaska sable. The foundation skirt is of plush matching the wrap, and the drapery is of camels'-hair serge of the same shade. Any style of basque may be worn with the skirt, the stylish effect of which can also be seen on Fig. 2, which gives a view of the left side. The original and artistic



STYLISH WALKING COSTUMES.

arrangement of the drapery makes the skirt an exceedingly popular design, and it is most effective when two materials are used. The tasteful bonnet will answer for all dressy occasions. It is made in brown velvet, arranged in a cap crown at the back, and forming careless loops in front in the midst of which a tropical bird nestles, its outspread wings tinted with variegated colors. The brim is covered with a puff of velvet. Tan-colored gloves complete the outfit, which is suitable for calling or walking, and can be worn in any place where tasteful dress is required. The double illustration of the skirt and mantle are given elsewhere, and the quantity of material required for a medium size of each is stated in the accompanying description. Patterns of the mantle are in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—In this costume the "Beatrice" jacket is shown in connection with the "Procida" skirt. Dark blue *bouclé* woolen is selected for the jacket, and velvet to correspond is used for the revers and collar. Moderately large metallic buttons secure the revers. The jacket has many commendable features; it is particularly stylish, requires but little goods, and a double or single-breasted effect can be given at pleasure. The blue velvet foundation skirt is finished with a protective plaiting of bison cloth of the same shade, and this material is also used for the drapery. If the skirt is not made entirely of velvet it must be faced high at the back and right side, and at the left side to produce the panel effect. Cord ornaments matching the prevailing color are secured across the panel at the left side with stylish effect. The blue felt hat is faced with velvet and trimmed with blue tips and numerous loops of red and blue velvet ribbon. It is a jaunty shape that can be worn a little off, or, if preferred, entirely over the face. The gloves are wood-colored undressed kid. The double illustration of the jacket and skirt are given elsewhere, together with an estimate of the quantity of material required for a medium size of each. Price of jacket pattern, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 3.—The "Ulina" coat shown in this figure is an attractive design for little girls, and is represented as made in red cloth with blue velvet as an accessory. It is double-breasted, and the skirt is laid in box-plaits in front to correspond with the side form and back pieces. The hood is lined with blue silk, and the collar, cuffs, and belt are of blue velvet, which contrasts stylishly with the cloth, and is generally becoming. The blue velvet hat has its rolled brim smoothly faced with velvet, and red ostrich tips, a bird, and loops of blue velvet ribbon constitute the trimming. There is no limit to the varieties of cloth and cloakings in which this garment can be made, and it is

also appropriate for soft woollens that can be made sufficiently warm by a suitable lining. With the double illustration, given among the separate fashions, the quantity of material required for a medium size is stated. Patterns in sizes for from four to ten years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Bonnets for Little Girls.

IN addition to the pokes and "granny" bonnets which have had and still retain a well-deserved popularity, there are numerous picturesque designs for the head-gear of little girls, that seem to furnish a most fitting completion for the quaint little costumes in which they are so becomingly habited.

Plush, velvet, satin, silk, brocaded and embroidered goods, cashmere and rough-surfaced woollens, not excepting Astrakhan cloth, enter into their construction, and in many of the newer styles there is a noticeable absence of lace, even of the very narrow frill about the face that has heretofore been considered essential. Most of these picturesque bonnets or caps have the brim fitting closely about the face, either perfectly straight or slightly pointed in the middle of the front, and it is the crown that furnishes the element of novelty.

We illustrate this month three of the most striking designs. No. 1 is made throughout of ruby plush, the brim slightly pointed in the middle of the front, and the crown like a baker's cap, setting perfectly flat at the back of the head, the fullness showing only in front where it is sewed to the crown. This has no cape, and is tied with ruby satin ribbon strings.

No. 2 is made in dark-blue serge, lined with satin and having a stiff interlining to keep the crown upright, and has a facing of dark-blue velvet turned back from the face. It is not unlike an ulster or Canadian hood in shape, but has a slight fullness at the neck and a short cape. The "hemp" collar, shown on this figure, is made of fine linen twine in the natural color, forming an open pattern which serves to connect large roses of heavy embroidery in the same color. These collars are very stylish, and are worn by small children of either sex.

No. 3 has a plain, straight brim of dark-green velvet, and the center piece of the crown to match. The puff which forms the remainder of the crown is of Ottoman silk, pulled out as flatly as possible, and appearing in front very much like No. 1, only fuller. A bow of gold-colored satin ribbon is placed in front and another at the back.

Bonnets like these and in similar styles can be furnished, made in cashmere or other wool goods, for from \$4 to \$4.50; in velveteen for from \$5 to \$5.50, and in velvet or plush for from \$6.50 to \$7.



BONNETS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Midwinter Millinery.

No. 1.—A close-fitting capote shape covered with black velvet embroidered with jet, the edges finished with a jet passementerie, and the velvet on the front arranged to form a sort of loop as a support for a *panache* of black ostrich tips and a bright yellow aigrette. The strings are of black velvet satin-faced ribbon tied at the side. No. 2.—A baker's cap, with the crown made in seal-brown moleskin plush, and the band of natural otter. A large bow of seal-brown faille ribbon with *picot* edge is placed directly in front, and back of this are two other colored ostrich tips and one brown one, which fall over the crown.

No. 3.—Bonnet of dark-blue velvet, the crown of the frame in a Normandy cap shape, and the velvet all in one piece arranged quite plainly in the back, but in front forming loops and folds above which is a bow of red Ottoman ribbon. The strings are of blue faille ribbon with *picot* edge.

Stylish hats and bonnets are furnished through our Purchasing Agency for from \$8 upward, according to the materials. In sending an order, it is always best to state complexion, color of hair and eyes, the purposes for which the hat is to be used, and any preference in regard to color, etc.

Fancy Dresses for Children.

(Page 206.)

No. 1.—PANSY.—Dress of amber-colored silk made with full skirt and plain waist, the skirt trimmed with a broad band of purple velvet edged with gold braid in a looped pattern. The sleeves are made of purple velvet and amber silk cut in pieces representing the leaves of the flower, and the head-dress is made to match. Bib apron of white scrim, the bib and the lower part embroidered with purple and gold. Basket of variegated pansies.

No. 2.—ZINGARA OR QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.—Full skirt of black cashmere, trimmed with gold braid and red chenille balls. Scarf of Algerienne goods, or any striped fabric in which red and yellow are prominent, tied gracefully around the figure to form an overskirt with a bow and ends at the back. Bodice of red velvet laced over a white chemisette. Circular cloak of black cashmere lined with gold-colored satin hanging from the shoulders. Necklace of sequins. Red silk handkerchief tied about the head with the knot and ends at the nape of the neck, and the front edged with sequins falling over the forehead; and over this a broad brimmed black velvet or felt hat with the court cards of diamonds placed in a





cluster at the left side. Red stockings and black shoes.

No. 3. — ROBINSON CRUSOE. — High cap and short-sleeved blouse of white lamb-skin or rough wool, the latter worn over flesh-colored tights, and secured at the waist by a leather belt, which holds a hatchet and barometer. Leather top-boots, a Japanese umbrella, and a stuffed parrot on a stand.

No. 4. — FORGET-ME-NOT. — Princess dress of white muslin, with a little drapery in the skirt, trimmed with rosettes made of five loops of light blue ribbon with a yellow button or bead in the center of each, to simulate forget-me-nots. A large corsage bouquet made in the same way with foliage at the bottom. Sleeves formed of outstanding loops of blue ribbon. Head-dress made of loops of blue gauze sprinkled with crystal dust, surrounding a centerpiece of yellow satin. Basket and bouquet of forget-me-nots. White slippers with blue ribbon rosettes.

No 5. — SAILOR'S CANTINIÈRE. — Sailor dress of dark blue serge, the skirt bordered with white braid, and white anchors in appliqué, a large white anchor on the front of the blouse, and a broad sailor collar edged with white braid and having anchors in the corners. Cap of crocheted blue worsted.

FANCY DRESSES FOR CHILDREN.

Canteen slung at the side.

No. 6. — JOCRISSE, OR SILLY FRENCH SERVANT. — Jacket and breeches of puce-colored satin, waistcoat of strawberry-colored plush, high, standing collar, and Madras cravat with outstanding ends. Hat of puce-colored felt, silk stockings, and low shoes with large buckles.

No. 7. — MÈRE MICHEL. — Dress of flowered chintz, wide white linen apron with large pockets, out of one of which protrudes a checked handkerchief, broad white collar, blue and white checked cravat tied about the throat, white cap with broad frill, blue worsted stockings. Feather duster in the hand.

Gentleman's Morning Jacket. — The simple construction and pleasing effect of this jacket renders it exceedingly popular, and it is as comfortable to wear as it is practical to make. The sacque fronts are wide and rounded, the back pieces narrow, while pockets and a rolling collar and deep cuffs complete the design. Smoothly finished cloth, flannel and all goods suitable for a gentleman's house jacket can be made in this way, and it is necessary to add a lining of appropriate weight. A tailor finish of machine-stitching is in most instances a neat and satisfactory completion, while the collar and cuffs can be made of velvet, plush or quilted silk or satin matching the jacket and lining; quilted satin being



represented in the illustration. Three yards and one-quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide or one yard and three-quarters of forty-eight inches wide will be required for a medium size. One yard of silk or satin will trim as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



Childrens' Suits.

FIG. 1.—The "Infant's Sacque Cloak" is represented on this figure, made in gray cashmere, the deep collar and close-fitting sleeves finished with cream-colored Oriental lace. The length of the cloak insures warmth, and a moderate fullness contributed by plaits let in at the back seam renders it very becoming. The dainty little blue velvet bonnet has a full cap crown with a ruching of cream-tinted Oriental lace and loops of velvet ribbon about the face, and is tied at the side with velvet ribbon strings. The double illustration of the cloak is given on page 209, and in the description which

accompanies it, the quantity of material for a medium size is stated. Patterns in sizes for from six months to two years. Price, twenty cents each.

FIG. 2.—The "Wilhelm" suit, made in Scotch tweed and finished with machine-stitching, is shown on this figure. This is a favorite model, easily made, and adapted to all the cloths and suitings in vogue for boys. A wide linen collar, cardinal silk tie, a cap matching the suit, and black stockings complete the costume stylishly. Diagonal suiting, velveteen or velvet, Cheviot or tweed, are materials suitable for suits of this kind, and machine-stitching or braid will form a neat finish. The design is illustrated separately, on page 209, and the quantity of material required for a medium size is stated in the accompanying description. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, thirty cents each.

Boys' Fashions.



KILT suit of Cheviot, tweed, plaid or other suitable material is still selected for the little boy just out of his baby dresses. These suits are made with simple jackets having close sleeves, and a double row of buttons down each side of the front, or one middle and two side rows. There is usually a broad, flat plait in the front of the skirt with a row of buttons to mark each edge, and kilt-plaiting for the remainder of the skirt, or the skirt may be kilt-plaited all around. A straight standing linen collar and cuffs are considered in the best taste with these suits, although many broad, turned-over, and fancy collars are worn. Many of the suits are made with broad collars of the material, with which no fancy collar is required, but there is an air of neatness in a straight collar with a band of clean linen showing above it that is not seen in the generally tumbled and often awry broad collars of lace and embroidery.

These little kilt suits are worn by boys until they are five or six years old, when they are put into short pants with jacket or blouse. Many mothers put blouse suits upon well-grown boys of four years. There is so much pride and pleasure in seeing the little son, particularly the first boy, in pants, that few can resist the temptation to make the change. It is just as well if the boy is large for his age and fond of out-of-door play.

A blouse like that with the "Wilhelm" suit is one of the most useful and comfortable of garments. It has rather wide plaits back and front, a single row of closing buttons, and a belt, either of the cloth or of leather, the latter being the preferred style at present. Of course there are pockets, some of the styles having them set under the plaits, and in others they are in the side of the garment like those in an ordinary coat. The pockets should be lined with very heavy twilled cotton for service, as light goods only insures any number of stitches for industrious mothers. Pants reach just below the knees, and usually have three buttons on the outside seams near the bottom. Of course there are pockets in these also, and the same care must be observed in the materials of which they are made, as in the coats and jackets. The usual materials for these suits are mixed Cheviots and tweeds, and some heavy cloths with almost invisible checks, and corduroy is also in favor. The latter, however, is better for boys after they have passed their first pant suits, as it is too thick for little ones that are much in-doors.

Some ready-made suits have plaited blouses with the backs plaited to the waist and a belt across, below which the skirt is plain. There are small, flat plaits running the entire length of the fronts, but set well back toward the shoulders leaving a broad, plain space in the middle which is closed with small buttons of bone or vegetable ivory.

There are also double-breasted blouse suits especially adapted for school use for boys from six to fourteen years of age, that are neat and trim looking, and for boys of from ten to fourteen years there are cut-away coats with vests, that are in high favor. These add greatly to the appearance of manly boys of good figure. Boys who are well grown for their years do not wear knee-pants after the age of fourteen, but after that their dress is almost the copy of adult suits, and they may wear fancy cassimeres, stripes, plaid and dark-colored mixed goods.

A good deal of attention is given in cities and large towns to dress suits for boys of all ages. Very small boys have their first dress suits of velvet or velveteen. In handsome velvet, the black alone is used. A most charming suit was recently made to order of rich black silk velvet trimmed with silk braid and buttons. The coat was buttoned at the neck and parted slightly at the waist, showing a little vest of the velvet. There were dainty ruffles of fine hemstitched linen at the hand, and a collar to match. Black silk stockings and low shoes of black kid were furnished to be worn with it. When velveteen is used, colors are considered desirable, and black, brown, green, blue, and some shades of gray are popular. Handsome black velvet is always desirable as long as short pants are worn, and for larger boys and youths, tricoot and corkscrew cloths are used.

Neckties for boys should be a simple band with a bow as long as they wear blouse suits and short pants. It is not considered good form by the best authorities to put made ties and scarfs upon boys until they assume "grown-up" suits, although many people do it.

School overcoats are of length to reach about half-way from the lower edge of the pants to the tops of the shoes, and are made in plain sack shapes, Newmarket style with plaits in the back of the skirt, and some boys wear long ulsters that come even below the shoe-tops; but in a strong wind these blow about the ankles, and are often extremely uncomfortable to walk in.

A boy's delight in cold weather is a "peajacket." It has all of the warmth of an overcoat without being at all cumbersome, and in the mad pranks played by these mischievous youngsters the skirts of overcoats are likely to suffer, even if there is any skirt left. So these short, warm coats made of strong, serviceable material, are preferred by boys for all sorts of out-door amusement and exercise.

Every boy should be provided with a house jacket and neat slippers. It is scarcely necessary to add that no boy with proper self-respect will appear at table or in the parlor without a jacket, and certainly no mother who knows her duty to her sons will permit such a thing.

Illustrated Fashions for Children.

THE designs given this month make provision for girls and boys, large and small children, and are practical, seasonable and stylish. For a girl under ten, the "Ulina" coat is perhaps one of the most popular styles of the season. Made in dark blue, red or brown cloth, either smooth or rough-finished, with collar, cuffs and belt of plush or velvet, or of the cloaking goods, the hood lined with silk of the same or a contrasting color, a girl will be becomingly dressed for any occasion, and is prepared, so far as a warm cloak is concerned, to do battle with the winter elements. It should entirely conceal the dress, and be fastened below the waist with invisible buttons, and the double-breasted waist furnishes complete protection for the chest. The hood is secured under the collar by hooks or buttons so that it can be removed at pleasure. This is also an excellent design for plush, if a more dressy garment is desired, but

woolen fabrics seem to have the preference this season for children's outer garments.

For the little ones under two years of age the "Infant's Sacque Cloak" is a favorite design. This can be made in cashmere or silk, with a warm lining, or of any of the basket woven cloths or Astrakhan, a light color being preferred for the wee little ones although dark red, blue, or even brown is now frequently selected for all children over one year old. This also makes up nicely in ruby or blue plush with trimmings of white or cream-tinted Irish lace, or in white or gray corduroy. A collar and cuffs of Irish point, or a "hemp" collar, such as is illustrated on the plate of "Bonnetts for Little Girls," can be substituted for the collar of the material. Large buttons should be used for fastening the front. The cloak should in all cases entirely conceal the dress, and for babies just reach to the insteps if they walk, or to the floor if they do not.

The "Lilla" hood can be made out of such a small quantity of goods, and is so thoroughly comfortable, that one should be included in the winter wardrobe of every girl; and it is so simple that almost any girl who can sew can make one for herself. Any woolen goods of a becoming color, or silk, satin, velvet, velveteen or plush can be used in its construction, either forming the entire hood, or two in combination, and it is more than likely that some almost forgotten remnant of goods, or ribbon enough to face the front, will be found among the box of odds and ends of the economical house mother.

The "Elissa" is a simple, practical design that can be made up in homespun, serge or flannel for a school dress, or in cashmere or fine bison cloth for a good costume. A plaited flounce can be used on the skirt instead of the gathered one, or it can be omitted and the skirt made plain in velveteen, in which case the collar and cuffs should match the skirt. This will be a good design for next spring to be made in light quality goods. The drapery is graceful and easily arranged, and the plaited waist is always becoming to undeveloped figures.

The "Wilhelm" suit for boys of from six to ten years is a favorite model. The plaits in the blouse make it thick and warm, and the style is very becoming. It is a design adapted to the heaviest as well as the lightest qualities of cloth, and only needs rows of stitching in finish. The belt can be either of the suit material, or of leather.

The "Tam O'Shanter" cap can be made to match the suit, or it can be of any other cloth, or of velveteen. The average boy is usually delighted with one, and it is always more becoming than a Scotch cap, and less liable to injury from the accidents that are always happening to the belongings of the aforesaid average boy.



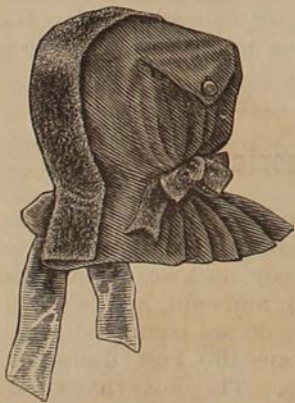
Ulina Coat.—A stylish garment, universally becoming and

adapted to all seasonable goods. The double-breasted fronts and short side gores have the necessary length contributed by the addition of a skirt which is laid in plaits that correspond with those in the side form and back, both of these pieces being cut full length. The belt, rolling collar and deep cuffs are accessories that complete the design stylishly, particularly when they are made of velvet. The hood can be buttoned or hooked on so that it can be omitted if desired. All cloth, flannel and woolen goods are suitable for this design, and it is very dressy when made in plush. The hood may have a bright lining, or it may be made entirely of the goods in the coat. Four yards and five-eighths of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and three-quarters of forty-eight inches wide will be required for the size for six years. Five-eighths of a yard of velvet will make the belt, collar and cuffs, and one-quarter of a yard of silk will line the hood. Patterns in sizes for from four to ten years. Price, twenty-five cents each. See plate of "Stylish Walking Costumes," page 203.

Infant's Sacque Cloak.—A desirable little cloak, that can be easily made in all varieties of seasonable goods and requires very little garniture. It is in sacque shape, and the back pieces are cut with an extension below the waist line that is laid in a plait underneath. The cuffs and deep collar complete the design simply but stylishly. It is adapted to cloth, flannel, cashmere, plush, velvet, corduroy, piqué and indeed all goods that are made up into outside garments for small children. Embroidery or lace will be a pretty finish on the collar, or the collar may be made entirely of either. The size for from six months to one year will require two yards and one-quarter of goods twenty-seven inches wide, and one yard and three-quarters of lace or embroidery to trim as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from six months to two years. Price, twenty cents each. See plate of "Children's Suits." page 207.



Lilla Hood.—This comfortable hood fits the head closely, the fronts are turned backward on the outside and should be neatly faced, and the moderately deep cape insures sufficient warmth about the neck and throat. All kinds of materials may be selected for this model, frequently a remnant of suit goods may be used; but for dressy wear, plush or velvet will be most appropriate. It can be faced with fur, plush, satin or velvet. A pliable lining should be chosen if one is required for additional warmth, and the strings and bow should harmonize with the material in the hood.



The size for from ten to twelve years requires seven-eighths of a yard of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for from six to sixteen years. Price, fifteen cents each.

Elissa Costume.—This practical suit has the effect of a polonaise and skirt, but the overdress is arranged with a



basque, plaited in front and plain at the back, to which the drapery is attached in a particularly graceful way. The design is suitable for all seasonable goods, and a combination of materials will make it still more effective. The size for ten years will require seven yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide to make as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from eight to twelve years. Price twenty-five cents each.

Wilhelm Suit.—A deep, side-plaited, single-breasted blouse, and pants without fullness at the top are combined to form this stylish suit. The design is suitable for flannel, the lighter qualities of cloth, linen, jean, or any of the goods of which suits for small boys are made, and rows of stitching form the most suitable finish. The size for six years requires three yards of material twenty-seven inches wide. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price, thirty cents each. See plate of "Children's Suits" on page 207.



"Tam O'Shanter" Cap.—This cap can be suitably made up in cloth of any kind, flannel, or similar goods, and finished with a pompon and ribbons, as illustrated. It should be lined either with silk, farmers' satin or silesia, with an interlining of wigan and a washband of leather. Half a yard of material twenty-four inches wide will be required for the size for six years, and the same quantity for lining. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, ten cents each. See plate of "Children's Suits," page 207.

OSTRICH tips and plumes are coming into favor as trimming for ball dresses, for the coiffure, and as shoulder knots along with a bow and ends of ribbon. Sometimes an aigrette is used with them. Some very rich and full long plumes are used for waist garniture. If properly handled they are very effective.

Fashions for Girls.

THERE is much to commend in the present fashion of dressing girls of all ages, and a regard for health is the first consideration. White materials are seldom used in cold weather for any but very young children, indeed the use of white upon children over two years old is the exception. Soft cashmere, flannel, heavy grades of veiling and albatross are the popular materials for quite small children, and in most cases an apron sufficiently large to cover the entire dress is worn for all save dressy occasions. Several exquisitely fine embroidered dresses of India camels'-hair have recently been ordered for special purposes, but fine cashmere has possibilities sufficient for all probable occasions.

Girls of five and six years are wearing dresses of regular suitings even of quite heavy quality, and ingenious and industrious mothers find very little need for purchasing new materials for their girls' wear if they choose to utilize the remnants of their own wardrobes. For little ones, many dresses of fancy dotted wool goods are made, and some of the regular camels'-hair suitings in medium and light shades may be used to advantage.

A most attractive and economical fashion is the introduction of guimpes of silk, velvet or velveteen in wool dresses. They are made after the fashion of the muslin guimpes, but of course without plaits in the heavier materials. The guimpe may be made of any plain material and the remainder of the dress of figured or plaid goods, and with a black silk or cashmere guimpe several dresses may be worn.

One of the prettiest of this style of dresses is of dark blue suiting, with three tucks near the bottom of the full skirt, and the waist low necked and without sleeves. The guimpe is made of a fair quality of black Rhadames silk, with three box-plaits front and back. There are tiny black crochet closing buttons, a small turned over collar with open points in front, and the sleeves have turned over cuffs and fit the arm smoothly. The body of the guimpe is sufficiently long to serve as a waist, and the petticoat is buttoned to it. Another, intended for a children's party, is made of pale pink plush with plain skirt shirred at the top and sewed to a plain body. A guimpe of pink silk is tucked in clusters of five narrow tucks with a narrow space between, all of the tucks turning toward the middle. There are rather short sleeves, with cuffs of Valenciennes lace turned back upon them, and a row of the same lace is plaited in the neck of the guimpe. Long gloves will meet the sleeves.

Some dresses have the guimpe simulated, the shoulder-straps being put on so as to produce the same effect, and the edges of the waist blindstitched down upon this yoke, with an edge in embroidery all around the neck and armholes. This needlework should be taken through the two thicknesses of outside material and the lining also.

Two piece dresses, that is those with basque or jacket and skirt, are quite popular. Those that are most approved have the skirt sewed to a waist of some suitable material. If the child is delicate and the dress is for school or out-of-door play use, it is desirable to have the under-waist to which the skirt is attached of flannel. For healthy robust girls it may be of cotton, if preferred.

For well-grown girls, the materials may be any of the lighter weight suitings in market, and the dresses may open in front or back, according to taste. Those opening in the back are much more tasteful and appropriate, but the other style is preferred where children must depend largely upon themselves in dressing. Few things are more forlorn than a half-grown girl standing around waiting to have her dress fastened up. Braid may be used as trimming, or ribbon laid on like galloon. There is, however, a decided preference

given to machine stitching for girls' suits, although several of the new styles have tucks and folds finished with braid doubled and stitched on the edges of the material. Misses wear tailor-made suits of Cheviot or homespun for every day and school.

Cloaks for girls over ten years old are usually long enough to cover the entire dress. They are made plain and trimmed with Astrakhan, or have lengthwise box-plaits in front and back. Many of them have belts fastened with a large buckle, and are quite loose and large. Ulsters for school use are often made much longer than the dress. This is an advantage as the length gives much greater protection to the limbs which, unless double hose or leggings are worn, are much exposed to the cold. Comparatively few hoods are seen on new cloaks and coats. The most of them have either straight standing or turned over collars, some of the latter being quite broad.

In answer to many inquiries about the length of children's skirts, etc., it can only be said that the age, growth and many other things must be taken into consideration. No positive rules can be given. The nearest approach to such directions is that children in their first short clothes have skirts almost to the tops of their shoes. They are shortened a little every season until the child is five or six years of age, and continue quite short until the growth of the girl makes a change necessary. No age can be given for this, as some girls are as large at eleven or twelve years old as others at sixteen. The best rule is to make the dresses longer, as soon as the girl's size makes the short skirt appear conspicuous.

If the dresses are dark, the stockings should match them in color. Very desirable hose of brown, navy, green, and gray are to be had, and although some authorities incline toward the adoption of black hose on all occasions, this has not the sanction of the most artistic taste or the best dressed models. Black for general use is sanctioned and adopted by persons who care more for their own convenience than for the observance of the most correct methods. If the dress material is plaid or fancy goods with black or other dark color intermixed, the hose may match the darkest shade.

Linen collars and cuffs are universally worn by well-grown girls for ordinary occasions. Very small girls may have lace, embroidery, or cambric ruffles in the neck and sleeves of their dresses, and for street wear there are numerous styles of broad collars in lace and embroidery, that are in many instances so large as to be more properly classed as capes.

Aprons are in general use for house wear for small girls. They are sufficiently large to cover the entire dress, and have long wide strings that tie behind in a large full bow. At the neck they may be either square or round. The bottom may have plain tucks and a hem or a fall of embroidery or lace.

Toilet Accessories.

EVERY season there is a most determined effort on the part of the few to whom such things are becoming, to revive very dressy neckwear. A great deal of this class of goods is bought and sold, and is doubtless worn; but the best authorities do not commend much of this sort of trimming, neither are the best dresses so fashioned that they admit of its use. The most that a lady can wear with the more approved styles, in addition to a collar or ruche, is a dog-collar of beads, or a ribbon bow or a knot upon the side of the collar.

Popular, practical neckwear for out-of-door and semi-dress use is of the simplest kind. For all ordinary occasions there are plain linen collars, and any number of new and pretty

ruchings, folds, narrow plaitings and hemstitched bands. For street dresses, preference is given to the plain linen collar, either in a straight round band or somewhat after the Piccadilly fashion with turned-out corners. The flat bands of linen with hemstitched hems are highly commended for convenience as well as economy. They are usually basted into the neck of the dress, as if put in with pins they are apt to get loose and cause no little annoyance, or else to slip down and scratch the neck of the victim, than which few things are more uncomfortable. These bands come in plain white, and in stripes or blocks of white and blue, pink or cardinal.

New ruchings are very desirable. There are *crêpe lisse* ruchings in the greatest variety of style and pattern, many of them with frosted and beaded edges, and the ruchings and folds of canvas, étamine, corduroy, satin, and other fabrics are legion. The latest fancy is for a double fold of white satin to be worn in evening dresses, especially those used for dancing, and this idea is to be commended as the exercise often induces sufficient perspiration to destroy a *lisse* ruching in half an hour, and for the remainder of the evening the neck of the wearer has a mussy and untidy look that detracts from the charm of the most elegant toilet. There are also plaited gauze ribbons for neck ruchings, that are pretty as a novelty but are as perishable as *lisse*, and not in any respect as lady-like or elegant. There are also some folded ribbons in colors used for this purpose, but they are adopted with the idea of getting something that will soil less readily than white. This sentiment is open to some criticism, as no lady should do anything that will cast a reflection upon her desire for immaculate neatness about the accessories of her toilet. Pure white collars and cuffs are obtainable at little expense of money or labor, and a fresh *ruche*, even though it be of the crimped tarletan that cost but 25 cents per dozen *ruches*, is preferable to a colored neck dressing that is worn because it does not soil so readily as white.

The made-up lace, mull, and *mousseline de soie* ties, jabots and collarettes are in most exquisite taste and always remain in favor with ladies to whom they are becoming. Young ladies wear them with pretty house dresses of surah and fancy colored cashmere or silk, and they are very attractive for in-door morning wear, along with dainty breakfast caps and pretty coquettish aprons which are becoming more and more fashionable every day. Nothing is more satisfactory than to see the ladies of the household in tasteful morning attire. The pleasure it affords the beholder is an ample compensation for any extra pains that it may require.

Handkerchiefs are unusually elegant, and are shown in the greatest variety. Embroidery is growing in favor, and there is every prospect of the return to popular use of the old time richly embroidered 'kerchief, fragments of which still exist in the relic boxes of our grandmothers. Some of the latest importations have borders of embroidery that cover one-third of their surface, and the needle-work is indeed a fine art. These are expensive trifles and are used with full dress toilets.

The fine, plain hemstitched handkerchief is as popular as ever, and is generally carried by ladies of taste to the exclusion of colored or fancy patterns. Indeed, the fancy bordered goods have had their day, and are not now considered the correct style, although they are worn.

The little square of fringed silk in bright color to be worn in the front of the dress is very popular with dressy young ladies who are fond of dark dresses, but like a dash of color to relieve their plainness.

Jet and beaded collars, collarettes and plastrons are in high favor, specially so for semi-dress wear, as a plain silk with a suitable garniture of this sort is considered suffi-

ciently dressy for informal receptions and evening gatherings.

Bows of all sorts, sizes and colors are set in all conceivable places where one can imagine a place for them. They are attached to the side of the collar of the dress, flutter from the shoulder, nestle among laces at the throat, hide themselves in the braids and coils of the hair, and assist in keeping the draperies in place. Indeed, ribbons play a most important part in the dressy accessories of the season.

Economical Hints.

THE amateur dressmaker and milliner, the genius who is everything to the family, and who designs, plans, executes, and exercises a general supervision over the fragments of humanity of which she is the virtual head, has never in the history of textiles been able to do so much with so little outlay of hard cash as at present. Probably her task is no easier, or her work simplified in any degree to speak of, but the stores are full to overflowing with fine goods at the most reasonable prices. And not this alone; she may utilize her own dresses for her little ones, and if the pattern is a trifle scanty may eke out the yards by the purchase of a remnant that she will discover is just the thing, and at the most trifling cost. But little trimming is required, at least its use is by no means arbitrary, and as every mother has, or should have, a good sewing machine, it takes but little time to set a few rows of neat stitching around the edge of any wool garment or flounce where otherwise a row of braid or other trimming might be indicated, and if this can be done in a contrasting color, so much the more effective will it be, especially on children's clothes.

As to her own wardrobe, after the odds and ends are used up for the younger members of the family there is always reason why she should have a new dress or cloak. Nothing goes to waste with her, for in her selections she has the possible "making over" in her mind, and selects such fabrics as have merit in them and will repay brushing up and remodeling. A couple of remnants of choice goods, marked at half of their original price, may at any time be found on the bargain counters of first-class stores, and a little pains taken to keep the run of prices and qualities as well as the popularity of certain kinds of goods will amply repay the practical woman who looks after the needs and economies of her household.

If the black silk dress is too badly worn to make a foundation for the new one, and it will not work to advantage or is not fresh enough for a dress for one of the girls, it will make an admirable petticoat by quilting it over a sheet of wadding with a lining of alpaca. A top may be made of the alpaca, or of partly-worn cashmere, or even of cambric, and the result will be an extremely comfortable and handsome skirt. Even small pieces can be utilized. An outside skirt to wear under a polonaise was recently made by taking small pieces of silk that had been saved for years, and cutting them out after a pattern into strips for side plaits. The pattern was five inches long by three inches wide, and when all of the pieces of this size that could be got out had been cut, another pattern, four inches long by two inches wide, was taken and the pieces that would not make wide plaiting were used for narrow. These strips were basted together, a hem caught down, the plaits laid by hand, and then pressed with a warm iron. The skirt was admired by all who saw it, and no one would have suspected that it came out of the scrap basket. The portion above the plaiting was made from remnants of an old skirt, and no new material

was bought except three-fourths of a yard for a front breadth. Ingenuity and patience are wonderful auxiliaries in the hands of an earnest woman.

Another triumph has lately been gained in artistic economy by a lady already famous among her friends for her good management. Her young daughter was invited to an entertainment, and had "nothing to wear;" and the mother did not feel justified in making the purchase of a new dress. Her only resources consisted of a partly worn and soiled white bison serge, a large quantity of white mohair braid, and the remains of a garniture of crystal beads. After the serge had been cleaned there was an ample pattern for the girl's dress, and so three suitable breadths of the original full, box-plaited skirt were selected and the threads drawn each way until the remaining fabric was simply a network of cross-lines. With dexterous needle and thread the cross threads were fastened and a crystal bead sewed firmly in place. It was a tedious task, but was finally finished and a fleecy, beaded net was the result. The braid was raveled out and a knotted fringe with a few beaded drops was made and sewed to the lower edge of this net which formed the drapery. Knots of the crinkled, unraveled braid with bead pendants were used in rows for waist and sleeve trimming, and without expenditure of any sort, except a new braid for the bottom of the skirt, a dress was prepared that excited the admiration of all who saw it. A little study and patience will produce wonderful results, and this ingenious mother is even accused of having "fairy fingers," such marvelous creations does she bring out of unpromising materials.

Seasonable Hints.

HEATER bonnets in white are rarely seen. For such use, the best taste approves of bonnets in medium and dark materials or of very dark or black velvet with a dash of color. Preference is divided between close bonnets without strings, and those with ties of bias velvet or of ribbon.

Very little lace is seen on bonnets, and the fashion of cutting material into small folds, pipings and cords has happily disappeared. A shape may be covered with a piece of velvet that extends over the entire frame, the edges tucked in and caught down in almost any of the careless fashions that are the result of high art. But little trimming is required on a handsome material. A cluster of ribbon bows with an aigrette, or a couple of quills and a cluster of very short, thick plumes is usually sufficient.

Silk jerseys with thick fleece lining are very popular with the many ladies who have become so much attached to this garment that they are reluctant to give it up. They are imported in the plain cloth and with elaborate embroidery of braids, and are very handsome and durable.

Ladies who suffer with cold feet will find great relief in the use of cashmere hose with thin Balbriggan hose under them. For those who prefer them, silk is equally good used under the cashmere, and by many persons this combination is pronounced a sure preventive of this too common discomfort.

Ladies who wear gloves of medium or light color are cautioned against the use of umbrellas with silver handles, as they will seriously blacken the inside of the glove, and it is almost, if not quite, impossible to remove the stain.

Mask veils, a few of which were imported a year ago, but did not seem to gain favor with our fashionable ladies, are again brought out. They will doubtless be worn to some extent; but the tiny veil of star net is so much prettier that the mask veil, which makes even a young lady look old, is not likely to become specially popular.

Colored Underskirts.

EACH year it becomes more fashionable to use colored skirts under walking costumes for winter. There are many pretty and serviceable materials in market just now which are designed expressly for underskirts or petticoats, and many desirable ready-made skirts can be obtained at very reasonable prices. The most elegant and costly of these skirts are made of good black satin, and have a very closely set side-plaited flounce of the satin, or there may be a finish of black Angora or Spanish lace. But the plain plaiting is by far the most serviceable and appropriate.

The quilted petticoat of forty years ago has again made its appearance, and is shown in a variety of styles, and with some very important modern improvements. The old skirt was cumbersome and heavy, with very firmly quilted rolls and ropes of wadding, and had many objectionable points. The new one is without these disagreeable characteristics, as it is light, graceful, and manageable, as well as comfortable. Eiderdown is quilted in the lower portion and up to just above the knees, and this makes it wonderfully comfortable without being in the least heavy or burdensome. With the down quilting there may be no trimming at all around the bottom, or else very narrow side-plaiting of the material may be added below the quilted portion. The upper part is without wadding, and of the satin with a lining of suitable material. Other styles have black satin at the bottom as far as the quilting extends, and the top of farmers' satin; or, if made at home the remnants of a black cashmere dress, could be utilized for the purpose. There are also skirts with cotton wadding quilted in, that are less costly, but much heavier.

In less expensive goods than satin, these skirts are made of plain and brocaded silk, farmers' satin, serge and camel's-hair. Flannel and ladies' cloth are much used for petticoats, the latter, as well as those of farmers' satin, being found ready-made in ladies' furnishing houses at very reasonable prices. A few skirts are made in alpaca and mohair, but there is so little warmth to these when used without wadding, and so little comfort in their glossy, hard surface, even with any amount of wadding, that they do not gain in favor. There are so many desirable fabrics for this kind of wear that it is folly to use those that have few, if any, qualities to commend them to favor in winter. The fancy of the moment is to use black for underskirts, although there are many very pretty and stylish fancy fabrics brought out especially for this use. The "Beatrice" skirtings, a novelty of this season, are especially popular, and very appropriate. These goods were described on page 60 of Demorest's Monthly for November.

Underskirts are usually made with gored front and sides and a single plain breadth in the back. There are some handsome and dressy ones that are supplied with every accessory in the way of steels, bustle and tie-back strings, or tapes.

For bridal dresses, and to use with very elegant costumes, there are petticoats of cream white, blue, pink, and salmon satin, quilted upon a single thickness of flannel and lined with China silk of the same shade. A flounce of lace is used for trimming, or a very narrow side-plaiting. The choicest of these skirts have been made to order from imported models, the originals being improved upon in many respects. They are furnished with a padded bustle or one of flexible wire, and have steels and adjusting tapes.

Liquor Traffic the Monster Crime and How to Annihilate It.

THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION NOW BEFORE THE PEOPLE IS: WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CRIME OF RUM-SELLING.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

It is not necessary that we should recount the magnitude of this evil, or depict the desolation of homes, and the extent of the wretchedness, pauperism and crime that is directly chargeable to this traffic.

All this is well understood and will be readily acknowledged; but our difficulty is in the apathy and prejudice that surrounds and encompasses each individual member of the community like a heavy, misty vapor.

It is so hard to penetrate this environment that it requires almost an earthquake to awaken the individual conscience from its lethargy.

But when this personal conscience is once aroused, and each individual is made to feel his personal responsibility for the existence of an evil, he will not be long in finding out the best method to bring about its extermination.

Any other method than absolute and unconditional Prohibition is a delusion and a snare.

Many of the professed and real friends of temperance are floundering in the dark, vainly supposing that some trimming, regulating or temporary expedient will cure the evil, and they say, "Let us advocate high license; a high license will so regulate and curtail the evil that we shall be able to accomplish much more than we could if we attempted to abolish it altogether."

And the liquor dealers join in the cry: "Yes, we want a regulation of the traffic; we are willing to give a consideration for the monopoly; only do not make it so high that it shall be entirely prohibitory."

One thousand dollars, they say, is a fair price in large cities. Because we can yet make more than double that amount if you will only shut off the small dealers.

We believe in "regulation," say they, "because that will regulate most of our small competitors out in the cold, and by extra inducements and a glittering array of special attractions we can congregate the drinkers in closer compact, and they will treat oftener, and in this way very willingly contribute to any additional expense."

Thus the professed though mistaken friends of temperance are combining with the liquor dealers to strengthen and perpetuate the liquor traffic; both claiming to regulate and curtail it.

Both these propositions are a cheat and delusion; the license furnishing an actual justification of the evil, making legal what ought to be made unlawful, and by a legal sanction throwing around the traffic the garb of respectability.

The liquor dealer chuckles over the prospect of a monopoly of the trade, with an established possession of the advantages, and the effective delusion of temperance men, by claiming to be willing to act with them in regulating the evil.

Who is Responsible?

The Sixth Commandment says, "Thou shalt not kill;" but the Republican and Democratic parties in their present attitude say, "You may kill, provided you use slow poison, and get a license for it."

Most of the people with the Christian Church and its ministers by their votes say "Amen" to this distribution of their responsibility, else how long could the liquor traffic exist if the membership of the Christian Church did their duty? But they refuse to be counted singular, and show

that they would rather follow the multitude, like the ostrich burying its head in the sand, or rather like Pilate, "who washed his hands, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person."

They supinely fold their hands and stultify themselves with the vain supposition that God will not find them out and make them personally responsible.

The Bible is full of illustrations of this class of hypocrites, and its severest denunciations are against those who refrain from doing their duty on the plea that their sympathies are all right.

But the truth is, a vote or influence given to a party whose silence sanctions rum-selling, is a positive expression of individual conscience in favor of this death-dealing traffic, and cannot be construed in any other way, especially if opportunity is afforded to vote for and with a party whose platform and principles are unequivocally against the liquor traffic; a party whose aim and purpose is to annihilate it.

To not favor and ally yourself with such a party is to make yourself personally responsible for the crime, misery and wretchedness that flows from this accursed system.

If this is not a logical conclusion, then there is no truth in Holy Writ, or any warrant for our expectation that virtue "will exalt a people," for all virtue, all patriotism, and all religion is dependent on the prohibition of that which injures the people, for its claims to your active co-operation in prohibiting crime, wretchedness, and suffering are imperative.

If the Christian Church has enrolled in its membership sixteen millions, how easily could she, by one effort, sweep this gigantic evil out of existence.

More than one-fourth of this number are legal voters, and with the immense number that could be brought to act in sympathy with them, we should have a majority, and that is all that is required to make prohibition of the liquor traffic the law of the land.

A Prohibition Party Necessary.

The Prohibition movement is one of decided, unmistakable, and permanent success. It is a party with a moral issue, the only party that has any claim to the conscientious consideration of the Christian Church, and the only party that gives any definite indications of a final and permanent settlement of this most important issue ever presented to the civilized world. The fundamental principle of the Prohibition Party is: No compromise with crime, and Prohibition the only power to arrest the dreadful scourge of intemperance.

Liquor-sellers and liquor-manufacturers are the most responsible parties, except the voters, for most of the crime and pauperism of our country. Liquor-selling legalized out of existence, the traffic in this crime-producing and death-dealing poison banished by a decree of the people, and the whole question of intemperance is settled; but we must have—

- No temporary or half-way measures,
- No delusive panacea to silence conscience,
- No vain hope that we can regulate the evil,
- No legalized monopoly,
- No legalized sanction of the crime,
- No attempt to bolster up the business by making it respectable,
- No justification of the rum-seller,
- No grant of a license or indulgence for his criminal and death-dealing traffic,
- No bribery or concession for a money consideration,
- No compensation adequate for the misery, suffering, and pauperism that accrues from the traffic,
- No political barter of our rights and privileges,
- No debauchery of the people or our country's best interests; in short,

No concession to the rum-seller,

No choosing between two evils when you have an alternative, but the immediate and utter annihilation of the business of rum-selling by Prohibition, and a Prohibition Party to enforce Prohibition, when Prohibition is enacted into organic law.

Moral Suasion Will Not Do It.

All talk about moral suasion without Prohibition, on the pretense of regulating this evil, is only so much oil thrown on the general conflagration.

Bad men take courage in wrong doing when we attack them with shallow and unmeaning arguments; but how fallacious and actually dangerous must be our position when we concede to them a full and legal justification of their crimes, by offering them a license, which in its very nature is a bribe to their selfishness and a legal endorsement of the respectability of their business.

But worse than that, in the license, for a money consideration, we give them a monopoly of a certain district to kill and destroy with slow poison all and otherwise good citizens that can be induced to enter their dens of infamy. Thus we actually fan the flames of this fiery curse by our participation in the proceeds of their business.

How awful becomes our responsibility in the light of this argument.

How much of this misery is to be charged to the traffic, and how can we expect to escape the conviction that we are personally responsible for its toleration—the whole people, including ministers and members of the Christian Church.

But in what way can Christians most effectively make their influence felt, and relieve themselves from the stigma of either apathy or actual connivance with the crime of rum-selling? We assert, by Prohibition and by Prohibition only.

It will not do for us to say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

We want Prohibition because it is the right way and the only way.

If rum-selling is an evil, treat it as you would any other evil, prohibit it.

We could not restrict or regulate Mormonism by a license for polygamy; one hundred or one thousand dollars would not reach this evil, except to legalize it.

We do not regulate stealing, we do not regulate murder, or arson, or any other crime. We provide a penalty. We prohibit it.

We say to all our citizens, "Thou shalt not!" But if any of you do, then comes the penalty.

Say this to the rum-seller and he will soon be a law-abiding citizen.

This is the very A B C of politics.

Prohibit rum-selling by law and give us a party to enforce the law, and the work is done.

This is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.

All Are Interested.

And yet we find the whole community struggling with their prejudices, their apathy and their actual connivance and participation with the crime, vainly and anxiously hoping that some way will be found to relieve the world of this terrible incubus on our civilization.

Every man and woman knows and feels that something ought to be done to lessen the evil that flows from rum-selling.

But how to do it without Prohibition, how to satisfy their consciences and bring about some modified or temporized arrangement so as to save the rum-seller from utter annihilation is the burning question of the hour.

License is the usual subterfuge, but this only magnifies the evil and makes it respectable.

High or low license does not change the principle.

By selling the rum-seller an indulgence you give him a legal justification for his business, and this is an outrage on common sense and common decency:—doing evil that good may come; playing into the hands of the criminal; setting up false standards of right and wrong; betraying virtue in the interest of crime; the same old problem of how to save the Union without destroying slavery.

Everybody Admits Its Criminality.

Lincoln said, "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong," and this is equally true of rum-selling.

Even if it is not wrong in itself, it certainly is the prolific cause of nearly all crime and wretchedness in the community.

Fully 75 per cent. of the murders, burglaries, and other crimes, including the worst forms of pauperism, impurity and disease flow directly from the traffic in ardent spirits.

If this is true, and all admit it, is there any other scourge, epidemic, or all the woes of war or pestilence, or all combined, that will at all compare with rum-selling in its dreadful havoc and destruction of human happiness?

The public conscience and the best interests of the people call loudly and imperatively for both condemnation and annihilation, and we should do it with all the power, certainty and rapidity that we can bring the moral, religious and political forces of the people to bear upon it, and not cease our efforts or relax our vigilance until the vile traffic is entirely crushed out of existence.

Combination Necessary.

A combined and determined effort of the good and conscientious men and women in the community could crush this monster of iniquity with a celerity that would astonish themselves.

Only combine, combine, dear friends, and let Prohibition ring through the land; our motto be "Prohibition our high Ambition."

Let us not turn to the right or left, but press this grand and most effective argument, Prohibition the only lever to annihilate rum-selling.

Prohibition the only Remedy.

But more especially do not let old party prejudices stand in your way. The leaders of the two parties are now thoroughly committed to the liquor interest, and any attempt to favor us or our cause would be only to flatter and deceive, as they certainly know it would be suicidal for them to honestly act with us for Prohibition. So we are not to be cheated by any halting, haggling or half-way measures, or the political imbecility of trying to shut up the saloons by a license.

Our enemies should not distract, mislead or cajole us by any vain delusion that we can regulate this evil, or that we can tax it or bribe it, or any taunt that its destruction will interfere with their personal liberties, or any other tomfoolery; its only right is the right of self-destruction.

We know our rights and dare maintain them.

The one right we do know is Prohibition—the utter, unconditional, immediate, and permanent annihilation of the liquor traffic, now and forever.

You might just as well stop the flow of Niagara with a willow dam, or any other dam, or stop the ravages of cholera, or small-pox by a bon-fire, as to try to stop the sale of beer and whiskey by anything short of Prohibition.

Prohibition is the remedy, and the only remedy, and the sooner we learn how and when to put the brakes on this terrible curse that is now flooding our country with crime

and wretchedness, the sooner we shall rise to our true dignity as a civilized, Christian people.

To the fallacy that Prohibition interferes with personal liberty, our reply is, if decayed vegetables, tainted meats, poisoned candies, and liquors one day in the week may be prohibited, then why should we not demand the annihilation of the liquor traffic altogether? Prohibition and a party to enforce it is the only remedy, and no other means can reach it.

Does not every sentiment of humanity, every throb of Christian sympathy, every feeling of patriotism, every aspiration for virtuous action, prompt us to an active determination that we will blot out and exterminate this heinous, debauching, soul-destroying evil from our land. Let us then rise to the height of our manhood and demand its extirpation by Prohibition.

We have the right, we have the reason, and we have the remedy.

It is only our apathy that stands in the way; sweep this aside and the work is done.

Prohibition is Coming.

And we have the greatest possible encouragement.

The future is all aglow with the bright harbingers of coming success.

The South is especially alive to this momentous question; nearly all the Southern States are wheeling into line.

Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas, South Carolina, Kentucky are inspiring us with a grand progress.

In nearly all of these States they have Prohibition through local option.

Atlanta's recent success is a grand boom for Prohibition, and its exhilarating echoes are reverberated by the press everywhere.

The South redeemed from the curse will be a beacon light for our encouragement.

The South will then provoke a war on our laggard civilization.

She will then say to us, down with your bloody shirt and up with the cause of Prohibition.

A grand development of Prohibition sentiment is pervading the atmosphere.

The whole country is being aroused.

The East, the North, the West, and the South are consolidating in their demand for Prohibition.

Prohibition means the dawn of the millennium.

The dark, dismal clouds of intemperance are breaking.

These clouds have a silver lining.

The small patch of blue sky like a man's hand can be seen just over our heads.

We have only to look up and take courage.

Soon we shall see the whole blue vault of heaven spread out before us, and the sun of Prohibition shining in all its splendor over a free, regenerated, and happy people.

It is very desirable that these statements be made more fully known in the community, and we would therefore suggest that our readers would take especial pains to place this article before the ministers of your town and calm from them a careful perusal.

In order to reach a large number of the people on this momentous question, we have arranged to furnish the above in circular form at 10 cts. per 100 or \$1.00 per 1000.

Prohibition Papers.

WE have an ardent and anxious desire that every one should take some one or more temperance papers, not the old foggy kind of temperance papers, but those papers that advocate the utter annihilation of the liquor traffic by Prohibition, and a Prohibition Party to exterminate the traffic when Prohibition is a part of the organic law of the land.

There are a large number of such papers now published in different sections of our country.

And there are two such papers published in our city—one is called the *Voice*, and the other the *Pioneer*. The *Voice* is a large four-page paper, published weekly at one dollar per annum, and we can safely say of this paper that it is a veritable household treasure. It is edited in the most efficient manner, contains a weekly summary of all the latest and best intelligence on the progress and purposes of the Prohibition movement, and is altogether worth many times its cost. Do not fail to secure the weekly visits of the *Voice* and also make a special effort to get all your friends to subscribe, as the best means to create an interest in the great movement in your own family and the most efficient method to disseminate the truth and do good in the world.

The *Pioneer* is a smaller Prohibition paper, full of good and solid information on this momentous question, and is published monthly at only twenty-five cents per annum, or we will send both of these papers, the *Voice* and *Pioneer* for one dollar and ten cents, or both papers and DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE for two dollars and seventy-five cents. We hope to find a very prompt, active response to this offer we have made to secure your favorite magazine together with the live and valuable temperance papers as the best means to awaken a generous enthusiasm in this new temperance campaign that promises so much for the best interests of our country.

Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th Street.



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 Ladies' Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain amount of 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.

"IGNORANCE."—A full eight-course dinner requires a staff of well-trained servants; plates are changed with every course, and with some of them knives and forks also. The first course would consist of small "Blue Point" oysters on the half-shell, a half-dozen laid on each plate with quarters of lemon to be used instead of vinegar. A Vienna roll or thick piece of French bread occupies the hollow of the napkin, which is laid beside each plate. Under the plate containing the oysters is another plate, which serves as a holder for this and the soup plate, which succeeds the oysters, and may be served by the host or from the butler's pantry, according to the custom of the house. The under plates are taken away with the soup plates, and then fish is served from the pantry, not from the table. In some houses the dish of fish, as also the meat, and poultry or game, is passed to each individual, often being divided by the butler. In others they are placed before the host, who does the carving himself. The fish is followed by roast beef perhaps, with browned potato and horse-radish, the beef by asparagus on toast, the asparagus by red duck with jelly, and small "French" peas, and the duck by quail with lettuce salad, with simple oil dressing, not mayonnaise. The next course will be pudding, followed by ices, fruits, nuts, and lastly, coffee. This is an eight-course dinner inclusive of pudding, and exclusive of "dessert;" which technically means ices, fruits and coffee. Asparagus, it will be observed, makes a course by itself, and requires fresh plates, and also clean knives and forks. The principal difficulty in serving a course dinner is enough of plates, knives and forks, and spoons. The finger bowls with a slice of lemon, or a violet-perfumed water in each, are

brought directly after pudding, as soon as the plates are taken away, and are placed on a pretty ornamental d'oyley, which covers the dessert plate. You lift your finger bowl to one side, using the d'oyley as a mat, and the plate, which is usually of pretty majolica or Japanese ware, is ready for fruit, the large table dish of which is passed from one to another by the attendants.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—The drawing and coloring of wall-paper patterns is not an art that can be picked up even by those who know something of drawing and painting. Training in the technique of the art is indispensable.

"SIS."—Such matters as "licenses" are always settled by the local authorities of town, states, and neighborhoods; the law here is probably different from that of your town in Texas. The same is true of the laws which regulate the manufacture of such articles as bakers sell; bread is not sold by weight, but in many communities, New York among others, a loaf of bread for which a given price is charged must not weigh less than a certain amount, but it may weigh more if the baker pleases. Success in this line pre-eminently depends on giving the best possible for the money, also on exactness, and ability to suit varied tastes.

"MRS. L. L. M."—Your blue silk will "take" black better than brown, tan, or any other color.

"MOLLIE."—The only way you could find out would be by making the "samples," and offering them at the stores where they sell such things, unless you can get friends to buy them, and thus build up a little business of your own.

"M. A. C."—Corduroy is fashionably worn, but is not liked here as well as it is in England. Corduroy is simply corded velveteen, but it is not made in the lower grades of velveteen, and forms very stylish jackets with cloth or woolen dresses of the same color. This combination, or corduroy alone, trimmed with gray fur would make a handsome street suit, but would not be suitable for "half evening" wear. For these purposes combined we should advise a combination of silk and velvet (*faillie Française*), with velvet fur-trimmed jacket and bonnet to match. The jacket should be lined with plush. The fur of this could be removed in the spring, and a lighter trimming substituted. Embroidery is the most fashionable trimming this season in alternation with fur, and many new "fire" and other effects are introduced, including the small, plain and carved rosary beads.

"S. M. K. F."—We should advise a deep, scant flounce of Escorial lace across the lower front and a second above, forming a *tablier*, draped sides, one looped under an ornamental plaque, the other under the long, wide loops and ends of a moiré sash, which should reach, in irregular lengths, nearly to the foot of the skirt. With a new basque-bodice made out of the polonaise, Escorial lace sleeves finished with a scant ruffle of Escorial trimming lace, and a band of velvet below the elbow, you would possess at no great additional cost a very handsome half evening or dinner dress. You could edge the skirt with a very narrow plaiting of black satin set on the interior edge, but showing below the velvet and stiffened by a black balayage.

"AN ANXIOUS SISTER."—Twelve months is considered a sufficiently short space of time for a widower to devote to the memory of his wife.—But if his children are suffering for care, which he can only secure for them by marrying again, he might shorten the time by a couple of months, but only the most stringent circumstances can excuse this want of respect to a wife's memory. There is no similarity between the garments, a plush cloak, if of real silk plush, well made, richly lined as it should be, is a costly garment, and ought not to receive hard wear. A circular cloak is more generally useful but less elegant, and can be purchased for a third the price.

"MRS. J. H. M."—The amount required would depend altogether on the style of making and trimming, and we cannot decide on your preferences. Fifteen yards would be an average quantity, and Escorial lace a very suitable trimming, but surah is better suited to summer than winter, or at least to a more moderate climate than the heart of the Alleghanies.

"T. M."—You will find direction for macerating or making "skeleton" leaves in any book of fancy occupations of not very recent, and not very remote date. The work was very popular for a time, but as quickly declined. Skeletonizing leaves is now quite out of date, and the process being a long and troublesome one, we cannot give the space to reproducing it.

"MRS. E. A. D."—You could line a "comforter" with the dress. We do not really know what else you could do with it. You had better not undertake to write your own will, as it would probably lead to trouble and confusion. If you insist on doing it, however, write in the briefest, plainest, and most unmistakable words, beginning, "I, Susan Smith, being sound in mind," &c.

"MRS. DR. W. J. Y."—Yes, our Purchasing Bureau can get the comb for you. Address the publishers. We do not know the price of the book in question.

"MRS. M. A. J."—It would cost more than the paper itself to transport so bulky a package such a distance, and it would also run great risks of being spoiled on the journey. Can you not get "Cartridge" paper in your neighborhood? or, if not, at the nearest town? The *cord de la reine* is very nice for dresses, but hardly adapted to an independent jacket. This would be better made of cloth, velvet, good velveteen, or corduroy.

"E. L. K."—Letters can be answered only when they are addressed to the order department of the Purchasing Bureau. Ruskin's works vary in size and price. You can get Mrs. Carlyle's *Letters* in paper for forty cents. Tennyson's "In Memoriam," "Afternoon Songs" by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, or the poems of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal would perhaps comfort you, but the true comforter is to be found in forgetfulness of self and occupation for others, in thinking of the sources for thankfulness, and not of failures, losses, or short-comings. The design would be quite as appropriate for a woman as a man, but an angelic figure, taking its upward flight, would better express hope and aspiration.

"MRS. W. H."—We should not advise you to use lace upon your black Empress cloth; only woolen lace would be suitable, and to cover the front, and trim it throughout would make the dress more costly than the material would justify, besides the lace would not show to advantage upon it. If you want lace very much you might arrange it as follows: put a piece of wide, handsome woolen lace flouncing over a breadth of satin surah or merveilleux, so as to form the lower front of the skirt. Drape the upper part, and use the ends of material to form "butterfly" drapery at the back. Stripe the sides with two rows of satin, and cover them with lace and insertion; use the same to outline a jacket front and back upon the basque-bodice. Trim sleeves to match. If preferred, a kilting of the wool may be used on one side instead of the stripes of silk and insertion, and the back of the skirt hung straight in double box-plaits. Or you may trim with velvet, using a kilting for the front of the skirt, or instead of velvet, a corded passementerie.

"OUT OF THE WORLD."—"Careless as gods of who might live or die," is a line from the first volume of "The Earthly Paradise," by William Morris.

"MRS. M. G. V."—The best way to make over your striped silk, is to make a polonaise of black wool, cashmere, or camel's-hair serge, and put in a vest front of the silk, for wear over the striped silk skirt, which you may trim at the left side or in front, according as you prefer to open the skirt of the polonaise at the side or in front. A cross-over front and draped side is the latest.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—Full mourning is always trimmed with crape, but some ladies will not use crape, and these begin by trimming with folds of material instead of crape. Fancy trimmings, "drop" fringe, passementeries, and the like, are not mourning at all. They can be used by any one upon any kind of black. There is no occasion to wear a crape veil over the face at any time; it is very unhealthy, and physicians should prohibit it; whatever is hurtful to any organ with which we are endowed, and prevents its proper exercise, is a sin, therefore crape veils are sinful. Dull gauze is sufficient, if a veil is to be worn at all; which they ought not to be, except as protection from the sun in hot climates, for they are only a relic of Eastern seclusion and concealment.

"MISS F. H."—Certainly. If your article were worth publishing it would be worth paying for. Make its description of methods of doing the work clear and distinct, and send it on. It may not be found suitable, but if it is, it will be paid for, and if not, returned, provided you send address and stamps for return.

"LEONIE F."—A very fine plain black cashmere or Empress cloth would go best with your black and white wool stripe; or a thinner wool in armure or small checked open pattern, which, however, does not demand a silk lining. For useful wear in the country, a white embroidered pattern dress is as good as any, but it should not be made over, or with color, unless in the form of colored ribbons for garniture.

"ALICE M."—We guarantee the machine. The public has been accustomed to pay such high prices for sewing machines that it cannot believe a really good one will be furnished for the price at which ours is offered. But it only needs a trial.

"BROKEN-HEARTED."—It does not help anything, or anybody, to cultivate sorrow. If we do our full duty to the living we shall have fewer regrets when they are dead. Think of the good and pleasant things; open your heart to the healthful influences about you; do not live in a grave-yard; the world is for the living, and while we live we have duties in it. Do not neglect or depreciate the blessings that remain to you, or they also may leave you.

"MRS. E. M. C."—The placing of the coupon order on the first page became a necessity, and seems to suit the majority of our readers; it does not materially affect the pages, as none of the reading matter is taken in cutting it out.

"A NEW SUBSCRIBER."—Bands of Astrakhan would form a very suitable trimming for a "dark green tailor-made suit." They should not be more than two or three inches in width, as it makes a cloth suit too heavy. About five rows, graduated, would be required for the lower front of the skirt. The "cord" stitching is obtained by fine cord enclosed in an embroidery stitch. Several rows of it make a very neat finish for "tailor"-made suits. Very small buttons are used upon French dresses for fastening, but very large ones for ornament. Three plaque buttons placed on the side of coat, or jacket, or basque, and three more lower down, are a novel and very effective mode of ornamenting cloth. The buttons are carved and made of oxidized or bronzed metal, smoked pearl, wood or bone. Marabout trimming is too delicate and too expensive for a cloth polonaise; grebe, Astrakhan, Alaska fur, or cock's-feather trimming, would be more suitable and durable. Apply to Mme. Demorest's "Purchasing Bureau," 17 East Fourteenth Street.

"Mrs. J. L. M."—The "Berkeley" jacket is the most suitable pattern for the gray Astrakhan cloth, and there is no reason why you should not wear it on the score of age. It would be a perfectly proper material for a lady much older than thirty-five.

"Mrs. M. M. B."—The most stylish goods of the season are those which combine different shades of brown, and dull gold, or sand-color. Patterns are large, and demand great judgment in combination, but are very effective if used with discretion and taste. The same is to be said of stripes, which show every conceivable grade in width, color, shading, and arrangement. Naturally, the most pronounced styles are those which will soonest go out of fashion, the quieter, those which will remain longest. A very pretty design in brown cloth, with an *appliqué* embroidery in shades of brown velvet, and twisted gold and chenille threads upon a lighter shade of cloth, was made with embroidered front, standing collar, inserted vest, and cuffs, outlined with small, carved rosary beads, and fastened with rustic clasps of carved wood.

"Lucy J."—Seal silk plush cloaks and jackets are fashionable as ever, but they are expensive when of good quality, and soon show signs of hard wear. Living in the country and having to ride far to church, and needing a cloak to stand "weather," we should advise a handsome brown beaver cloth, trimmed with bands of natural beaver fur, and made as a "Newmarket," with pretty broad standing collar of the fur, and muff to match.

"Mrs. N. F."—We should not advise crape for traveling. Camel's-hair serge would be the best and most durable material for a complete traveling suit, including cloak, made like the "Larchmont" pelisse, lined with silk, and trimmed with a border of thick silk, not shiny, plush, and plush collar. The dress should be self-trimmed in fine folds, forming broad bands, or with stitching, and kilting, straight, plaited skirt. For a more dressy suit get handsome Henrietta cloth, and trim with numerous fine folds, forming bands of rich armure silk or thick, dull satin Rhadames. A very dressy small wrap, muff, and bonnet might be made out of thick, dull silk plush, lined with satin Rhadames, enclosing one thin layer of wool batting. No trimming. Later, or next season, you could add Escorial lace to the dress, a rich fringe to the wrap, and a group of ostrich feathers to the bonnet. Loops and jet pins would be the only suitable trimmings at present. An all-wool traveling shawl of black, gray, and steel, would cost from ten to fifteen dollars. The "Newmarket" is a very suitable pattern for heavy cloth. Large bustles are worn, but are always disfiguring. A small one is necessary to the proper fit of a skirt and basque, and whatever is generally worn is always exaggerated by a few foolish people.

"COUNTRY WIDOW."—A widow usually wears crape for six months; all black for another six months, and lighter or "half" mourning for the second year. The second six months of the twelve is also distinguished by an absence of trimming and ornamental accessories of a showy character.

"Mrs. H. G."—The two reds you inclose are different in tone and quality, and would not properly combine, but perhaps might be utilized if necessary for a girl of twelve. Nor is lace a suitable trimming for the materials. Nevertheless in making it would be well to put the velveteen on flat, if used as a trimming, and separate it from the merino by outlining with pale copper or deep cream lace. A polonaise matching in color would be best, with velvet collar and cuffs, or use wool in broken check in different shades of brown, with brown velvet, standing collar, and cuffs. This would be more effective if you can find the right kind of checked material.

"SILVER GRAY."—Very nice skirts for winter wear are of quilted black silk or satin, the warmth imparted by down or light wool batting. Others are of Glenham wool in dark gray, with fine tucks, or knife plaitings, silk stitched. The quilted skirts are much cheaper than formerly. From eight to ten dollars, where they were ten to fifteen.

"ROSE."—*Re-vay-ya, sharl-e-main, zhu-dic, mu-rā, tar-bel, shik, en-ville, med-i'-chy.* There are new collars consisting of straight bands, upon which jetted beads are sewn closely, and outlined with somewhat larger cut beads. Below, a pendant fringe, terminating in axe-heads, or spike-shaped jets, and perhaps deeply pointed in front, adds a pretty finish. These are the latest in the way of dressy black collars. *Rue-may-lia.*

"N. A. L."—You are quite right. Ordinary trimming lace does not enrich silk; a pearl and silk embroidery would be much better. The "Eton," or the "Romelda" basque would either of them be pretty for evening wear, and the latter would look well with the "Canzoni" skirt; especially if made in nun's-veiling, pearl embroidery, dull corded satin, or silk plush would trim very effectively. Feathers would look well with nun's-veiling and plush, or nun's-veiling and satin, a group of cream ostrich tips for the shoulder, another on the side of the skirt. Flowers are worn at the belt in the day-time, on the shoulder or in front of the corsage, in the evening. Should you prefer a low bodice, a surplice, the folds crossed to one side and fastened in the satin belt, will be found most becoming. If you choose the "Eton" basque, the plaited vest would naturally, like the sash, be of satin, or soft, thick silk (*satin Française*).

"I. K. W."—The business of the first bridesmaid is to lead the other bridesmaids, stand at their head, hold the bride's bouquet and glove, while the ceremony is being performed, and stand at the left of the bride

with the rest, to receive congratulations. The bridesmaid's business is to form a supplementary part of the show but not take the lead in it; and neither the bride, nor any of the bridal party usually take supper until the guests have departed. The usual form is, "allow me to congratulate you," or, "accept my very best wishes." You can use the same formula for both, only it shows poverty of language.

"C. H. L."—The "Carpenters' and Builders' Assistant and Wood-Worker's Guide," by L. D. Gould, Architect and Practical Builder can be had. Price \$2.50.

"C. C."—You could utilize your black velvet flounce very nicely in connection with your black and white check, making it scant, mounting it on a lining and laying the check above, so as to form a front or side panel as well as a simulated skirt, under the checked over-dress or upper dress, the body of which should be trimmed with braces of black velvet and standing velvet collar. From the nun's-veiling we should advise you to take off the lace, arrange the drapery short in front and very *bouffant* at the back, with wide, scarf-like ends falling over a straight back, and bordered with white velvet and fringe. Use the "Romelda" basque pattern, facing with velvet and lining the revers and scarf-ends with silk. Another way of using your velvet flounce would be to cut it up into an "Eton" basque, or jacket; or a short Spanish jacket for your check, saving the necessity for braces, and making plaited vest or other part of the bodice of the check. There would probably be enough remaining for flounce across the lower part of the skirt or for short tablier, if you preferred it that way. Your names will be credited to you as fast as they come in if you send word to that effect with each installment. (*See answer below*).

"ENQUIRER."—The "School of Acting" is still in existence, and has been re-organized under Mr. F. Sargeant's management on what promises to be a permanent basis. Two years' study is a "course," the terms are \$250 for the first year, \$150 for the second, making \$400 for the course. Miss Brace, a graduate of the Paris Conservatoire, and the *Theatre Française*, is still connected with the institution, together with an otherwise efficient corps of instructors. A course of weekly lectures by outside talent on themes not unconnected with dramatic art has proved an additional source of interest and usefulness.

"C. C."—A liquid slate composition can be purchased where school supplies are sold for renovating blackboards.

"M. E. O."—Ordinary cloth can be made waterproof in the manufacture. We understand that no method for private use has been found successful.

"COUNTRY BOY."—The New York Trade School teaches building, including carpenter work, brick laying, masonry, plumbing, etc., in the most thorough manner. It is open in the evening, and boys engaged in business which pays their board may acquire a trade by attending the evening hours. The school is located between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Streets, on the line of Second Avenue. The building, constructive machinery and apparatus were given for the purpose by a wise and benevolent citizen of New York, to afford an opportunity for boys and men to acquire and improve upon the technique of mechanical education, of which boys are now largely deprived, and exclusion from which sends so many to the street and the liquor saloon—both for amusement and occupation. It is not, however, a charity. Aside from the first cost the enterprise is self-supporting, each one paying a small stated sum per month, which pays the corps of teachers, who are trained, practical mechanics, and the running expenses of the school.

Art and Social Notes.

A COMPLIMENTARY Breakfast was given to Miss Anderson, the great American dramatic artist, by the ladies of Sorosis toward the close of her recent engagement in New York City, and was one of the most brilliant occasions which have ever been witnessed, even at Delmonico's. About a hundred and fifty ladies participated, including invited guests, among whom were Miss Kate Field, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander, Mrs. Felix Moscheles, Mrs. Moncure D. Conway, Miss Henrietta Beebe, Mrs. Werthinghouse, Mrs. Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mrs. Bronson Howard, Mrs. Albert M. Palmer, Miss Palmer, and others equally well known. At twelve o'clock the ladies began to arrive and were received by Mrs. (President) Croly in the parlors adjoining the large ball-room, and presented to Miss Anderson, whose fair face and stately figure looked wonderfully well in a costume of black velvet covered with jet, with large hat and plumes to match, and whose grace and cordiality captivated every one.

At one precisely lunch was served, the ladies filing in two by two in regular order to the pleasant sound of a march played by Miss Marion Booth; and taking the places indicated at one or other of the five great tables, which were decorated with flowers, pretty *menus*, and were very bright and attractive. The president took her seat at the top of the center table, Miss Anderson being seated at her right, and the specially invited guests in the immediate vicinity. At the same table were Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, Madame Demorest, Mrs. Belle Cole, Mrs. Mary Kyle Dallas, Mrs. May Riley Smith, Miss Georgia Cayvan, Mrs. Philip Schuyler, and other ladies prominent in society or in the professions.

After the *menu* had been discussed the president rose and said :

"We have no question and no discussion to-day, for we are all united in our admiration of our guest, who has shown so admirable a purpose in her work, and though so young has already done so much honor to American womanhood. It is this fair star of stainlessness and blamelessness which we specially recognize, because it lifts the standard of a noble profession and renders it possible for other women to take a place in it, not only without degradation but without question. This is of vital importance. The stage demands the highest qualities, the most exacting devotion, it is no respecter of sex, it gives equal honors, equal rewards to the man and the woman, and that woman who maintains a name so high that the breath of slander dares not even come near it, has done an immeasurable service to her sex. There are many American actresses of whom we have a right to be proud in this respect, but they have not all the genius of 'Our Mary,' whom we are so proud and happy to welcome here to-day, and to whom, in the name of the club, I offer these flowers," presenting a magnificent bouquet of roses.

Miss Anderson said, "she had been on the stage nearly all night, rehearsing, and was utterly incapable of a speech, but she wished to assure the president and members of Sorosis, that nothing in the course of her professional career had touched her so profoundly, as this tribute from so distinguished a body of her countrywomen." A diversified entertainment followed. There were songs from Mrs. Belle Cole, Miss Ware, and Mrs. Hallenbeck. Miss Kate Field said she was glad to meet her old friend Miss Anderson. She had been across the continent to visit the Mormons at Salt Lake. She knew Sorosis didn't care to hear about the polygamists, and so she would sing for their amusement "The Spanish Muleteer." Mrs. Lander made a graceful little speech of compliment to Miss Anderson. Mrs. James Brown Potter, in replying to a toast, offered two quotations which she deemed suitable to the occasion. They were taken from *As You Like It*, and *Macbeth*: "You have deserved high commendation, true applause;" "I would applaud thee to the very echo that should applaud again." Three original poems written for the occasion, were read by their authors; the first was by Madame Florence A. Merighi, sister of A. B. Frost, the artist.

"As snowy lily for the Virgin's shrine,
The veiled mystery, the half-divine,
Her face.

"As Phidias' dream, as olden Greece hath seen,
As in the breathing marble, wrapt hath been
Her form.

"As gem antique with living flame endowed,
As rays effulgent in the night its cloud,
Her eyes.

"As crystal cup touched by a silver wand,
As golden harp struck by a seraph's hand,
Her voice.

"As some white dove with sun-smit stainless breast,
Of starry front and pale argentine crest,
Her heart.

"As a fair fame, wherein the unrevealed
Bideth, a god from eyes profane concealed,
Her mind.

"Far and uplifted from the earthly sod,
A chaste star shining 'neath the smile of God,
Her soul."

The second poem was from the pen of Mrs. May Riley Smith :

"A guest is coming to-morrow—
To-morrow,' the school-master said;
'And I'm so tipsy with pleasure,
So happy and proud beyond measure,
That I haven't a plan in my head
How to please the fair comer to-morrow.'

"Cried they all : 'O, let me sing a solo !'
'And I will make verse by the yard !'
'I am sure elocution will please her,
So I shall recite about Cæsar !'
'And I will paint an exquisite card !'
'O, we'll entertain her to-morrow !'

"The school-master smiled as he answered :
'O, egotists, dimpled and sweet !
Does the sun heed the candle's faint glimmer ?
Or the moon the poor rivulet's shimmer ?
Will my little brown sparrow compete
With the lark in her sky flights to-morrow !

"Would you offer an arm of your carving
For the Venus of Milo to wear ?
Show Raphael how to paint faces ?
Or teach a new pose to the Graces ?
If Hamlet were here would you dare
Entertain him with *Hamlet* to-morrow ?'

"Nay, nay ! we have nothing to offer
This Rosalind, dainty and fair,
But roses and love tied together,
The love to endure in all weather,
The roses to droop in her hair,
So bring roses and love for to-morrow.'

"Said one child : 'O, may I bring poppies
To lay on her pillow at night ?
Perhaps when the big world has vexed her,
And some of its lessons perplexed her,
My poppies will slumber invite :
I'll bring crimson poppies to-morrow.'

"My garden has pansies," said Mary,
'Each one in a different gown,
And if they are in the right humor
They may even teach her costumer
Some lessons worth penciling down.
Yes, I will bring pansies to-morrow.'

"Only one little laddie was silent :
He knew that his flowers were dead !
The frost had offended his lilies,
His snow-drops and daffadowndillies
With bright early spring-time had fled.
He had not a flower for to-morrow.

"Yes, one ! just a poor little daisy—
A Marguerite blighted and brown ;
Oh ! would that some fairy would take it
And into a lily-cup shape it,
With jewels of dew for a crown.
All shining and white for to-morrow !

"I have heard,' sighed the lad, 'that Pygmalion
Possesses such marvelous skill,
That from marble by love's sweet insistence
He can warm her soul into existence
To-day, and by slighting it, still
Can remand it to marble to-morrow.

"Oh ! had I the power to woo her
And make such sweet flesh of cold stone,
My love would so wrap and infold her,
That Death, the pale sculptor alone,
Could change her to marble to-morrow.

"Alas ! I am not a Pygmalion,'
Moaned the laddie ; 'so what shall I do ?
Shall I give my poor flower or withhold it ?
Will the fair hands reject or infold it ?
Will she prove her heart tender and true ?
I shall know,' sighed the laddie, '*to-morrow!*'"

The third was by Miss Palmer, the accomplished sister of the manager of the Madison Square Theater :

"The olden singers have a legend told,
How angels, from the upper spheres,
Down gazing on this world of tears
Forsook their home in heaven's pure gold
To bless some child of earth !

"Each held in his keeping a treasure fair
On some earth-born soul to bestow,
And one bore beauty with dazzling glow,
And one, wrought genius, wondrous rare
The true god gift of heaven.

"And this had grace, and that a tender smile,
And that a winning, loving soul
With high ambition for a lofty goal,
And one, the power all hearts to wile
With witcheries of art.

"And as they journeyed, each in varying way,
They left their blessings one by one
To help young souls life's race to run ;
Until it chanced one fateful day
All paused above one home.

"And each fay gazing at a little child
That sweetly slept, like new-born flower,
Dropped on her brow, as priceless dower,
His gift. Then as she woke and smiled,
Sang, 'Mary, use our gifts.'

"The tale perchance may come from times of old,
But such a maiden lives to-day,
With potent power all souls to sway,
With dauntless heart, with vigor bold,
Full dowered with fairy gifts.

"And could I gain, by any search of mine,
For but one single fleeting hour
The wonder-working magic power
I'd straightway use the gift divine
To call the fairies forth.

"And bid them crown their charge with laurels green.
But 'tis in vain I seek the sign,
Since once they came at word divine,
She stands unveiled in a radiant sheen,
The glory of her art.

"And so we honor her, as women here,
And glory in the growing day
When genius finds an onward way
Made smooth, a pathway clear,
And every one has place."

The entertainment also included a recitation by Mrs. Harriet Webb, and the presentation of a handsome bouquet of flowers to the recent corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. C. Smith, whose birthday it was. At four o'clock the assemblage dispersed, having passed three hours at table. Miss Anderson was delighted with the entertainment, and Sorosis was equally pleased at the opportunity of entertaining her.

"AFTERNOONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE."—Greek Mythology, with illustrations, will be the subject of three lectures given during the month of January, at the University Club Theater, by Mrs. Emma M. Tyng and Mrs. E. V. Williamson. The divisions of the subject are the "Assembly of the Gods," on the afternoon of January 16th, "Adventures of Mercury," January 23d, and the "Heroes of Homer;" January 30th.

These studies have been undertaken with the purpose of presenting the beautiful mythology of the Greeks, the legends and stories of the heroic age, in a simple and distinct form. They are the outgrowth of a private course of Greek History, during which the impression was deepened that the whole of the Pantheon might be arranged and illuminated so as to be perfectly appreciated on its psychological and artistic bearing, by young students, with whom it is too often a vague and clouded system.

THE beautiful Madame Cordier, whose tragic death from the use of morphine has excited so much comment in the Paris press, was the original of the picture called "L'Aristocratique," exhibited at the Paris Salon—a woman in superelegant attire, standing with her head thrown back and all the *morgue* and *hauteur* of her supposed birth written in her face. Her form was exquisite, her skin like ivory, till marred by the murderous puncture, which finally killed her. Poor creature! her death was like her life. At the last, her suffering was inexpressible. How gloomy and tragic has been the destiny of most of the conspicuous women of the reign of Napoleon the Third and the Empress Eugénie.

THE AUTUMN RECEPTION of the Metropolitan Museum of Art drew together a brilliant assemblage composed of the representatives of the world of literature, science and art, as well as fashion; the autumn opening has indeed become an event of the season. Important contributions have been made, including a bronze equestrian figure of Washington, and ground broken for the addition to the Museum building, provided for by the late appropriation from the city for the purpose.

MR. FELIX MOSCHELES, the celebrated portrait-painter, whose "Talks on Art" to students and others, made so deep an impression last season, has been lecturing on the same subject at Wells and other colleges, and has been requested to form classes of ladies, who wish to profit by his easy, yet thorough method of imparting principles.

MR. EDMUND RUSSELL is giving a course of twelve lectures before the Gramercy Park Literary and Scientific Club on the "Principles of Art Criticism." The lectures occupy Tuesday afternoons in December, January, and February.

PROF. GAILLARD, *officier d'Academie* gave his lecture recently before the ladies of Sorosis, on the "Study of Modern Languages from the Scientific and Philosophical point of View," at the residence of one of the members, Mrs. Henry Herman. The eloquent exposition disclosed a system based on thoroughly scientific ground, and calculated to lead by regular stages to the best results. The lecture is admirably designed for schools and colleges, and has received the highest indorsement from the heads of a number of such institutions.



"Sermons in Songs," by Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson (Funk & Wagnalls). Dr. Robinson is well known for his admirable ministrations as the pastor of the Memorial Church in New York city, also as the finest hymnologist of the day. The sermons which form the present volume have been scattered over a course of years, from those upon texts selected from the "Psalms and Spiritual Songs," "The 'Magnificat' of Mary," "The 'Benedictus' of Zacharias," "The Gloria in Excelsis," "The 'Nunc Dimittis' of Simeon," "The Singers in Prison," and similar subjects, show a dignity of purpose and an originality as characteristic of the author as his practical directness and singular simplicity as well as felicity of language.

"A Series of Sermons," same publishers (Funk & Wagnalls), will please a different class of readers. These sermons, as the author says in his preface, are "out of the rut." They are thoroughly original in style and language. They are striking and ejaculatory, full of crisp, short sentences, underscored words, and impressive exclamation points. Yet no one can doubt the author's (Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage) sincerity, nor the true religious fervor of his utterances. His popularity as a preacher is attested by the crowds which Sunday after Sunday throng his church, and this series of sermons show to those who have never heard or seen the popular preacher, that he is not a mere sensational attraction, but that he has a true genius and inspiration for his work.

"The Lord's Prayer," in a series of sonnets by W. R. Richards, author of the "Mountain Anthem," "The Lord is my Shepherd," etc., is unique, consisting of twelve sonnets, one upon each line of the beautiful daily prayer, each illustrated by a special picture, drawn and engraved under careful supervision. Edmund H. Garrett, Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd, Miss Ellen Oakford, and Miss E. S. Tucker are in the list of artists. The sonnets express faith, reverential hope, aspiration, and thankfulness, but no dogmatic or pharisaical feeling of self-righteousness. Every way the book is a fitting continuation of the beautiful series of illustrated hymns, which the publishers of "The Lord's Prayer," Messrs. Lee & Shepard, have made a feature of the Christmas season for many years.

For the reflective, and those who have arrived at the retrospective age, the bound volume of the "Quiver" offers much food for quiet, pleasant thought. Though published (Cassell & Co.) for Sunday reading, and addressed mainly to an English audience, it is not without interest for all classes of American readers, who can appreciate high literary tone and a broad, intelligent selection of subjects, which are made more interesting by being generally well illustrated. The village churches of England, educational work, historic sketches, stories and poetry, with accounts of special church and individual work, are the features of a very attractive volume.

"Sweet Cicely," by the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife," is a charming combination of pathos and humor, inculcating important moral lessons in a most agreeable style. It is not meant for a strictly temperance story, but it is, nevertheless, an important addition to the temperance literature of the day. The writer, Marietta Holley, possesses, in a rare degree, the gifts of pathos and humor, and in this, her recent production, they are most admirably displayed. "Sweet Cicely" is decidedly one of the most entertaining books recently published, and while it arouses smiles and tears, it also awakens deep thought. The publishers are Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

A Literary Translation.—The press of England is immensely excited over the announcement made by a London and New York publishing house (Saxon & Co.), that a translation is about to appear from the pen of M. French Sheldon, of Flaubert's masterpiece, "Salamambo." Those who have seen advance copies speak of the work of translation as having been thoroughly well done, and as preserving all the vigor, all the subtlety, and all the strength of the fascinating and famous Carthaginian Romance, which has supplied the motive to painters and sculptors, but has never before been made available to the English-speaking world. A clever American woman veils herself behind the neutrality of an initial, and a middle name which reveals nothing, and has wisely secured a sponsor in Mr. Edward King, the well-known poet, correspondent, and author of "Echoes of the Orient," who writes the introduction. The book is bound to make a sensation, and will perhaps excite some of our *grandes dames* to rival the enthusiasm of a French lady, who copied the dress of Salamambo for a fancy ball, even to the bare feet.

"Short Studies from Nature."—This admirable collection of papers is a revelation of the exceeding interest which attaches to a knowledge of common things: "Snow," "Flame," "Birds of Passage," "Oak-Apples," "Dragon-flies," "Bats," "Caves," "Comets," the "Glow-worm," are among the topics discussed by such men as Dr. Buchanan White; W. S.

Dallas, F.L.S.; Professor F. R. Eaton; Lowe; G. C. Chisholm, M. A., B.Sc., F.R.G.S., and others, equally well known in the literary and scientific world. Nothing better could be desired for winter evening reading, for beginnings in natural science, by young ladies' literary societies, and for school libraries. The papers are written in charming style, not too technical, but in such a way as to excite interest in natural objects, and inspire desire to know more about our environment, and those things which serve our daily needs, and fill the measure of objective life. The work is illustrated, and printed in very neat form, and good, clear type, by Messrs. Cassell & Co.

"Oberon and Puck."—A few years ago some very bright verses occasionally found their way to the public through the Magazine press, signed, Helen Gray Cone. They were more mature in thought, showed deeper insight, and stronger poetic feeling than would have been credited to a recent graduate of the Normal College of the City of New York, yet such was, and such the beginning of the literary work of Helen Gray Cone, who has now written enough from which to compile a very clever and dainty volume, "Oberon and Puck," which Messrs. Cassell & Co. have published. The verses are "grave and gay," on all subjects—flowers, friendship, the passing year—the Christmas, and the Easter-tide, receiving their meed of thoughtful comment. But though the subjects are born of every day, there is nothing common or commonplace in the treatment. The thought is always high, the expression truly poetic and refined, less free than it will become in time, but showing an insight and intellectual grasp which give great promise for the future. There is bright versatility, and a vein of pleasant humor in some of our young poet's verses, but "The Inheritance" strikes a deeper note, and holds the prophecy of other things to come, which shall not be unworthy a true poet.

"Sunny Spain" (Cassell & Co.), with its brilliant cover, its adventurous stories, and snatches of romantic history, will win the suffrages of all the fortunate girls and boys who may become the possessors of its pictured pages. "Sunny Spain" is not a story, and it is not strictly history, but it presents, by vivid pen and pencil "views" of this captivating country as it was and is, of its people and places, its historic personages, its curious customs. It is a book which will prove equally welcome to boys and girls, and interesting to many older people, for, though not exhaustive, it is comprehensive, and of value, particularly in families where the library is not extensive, and new books rare.

The lovers of Tennyson will be pleased to hear that Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, have published "Beauties of Tennyson," elegantly illustrated and bound. There are twenty illustrations by Frederic B. Schell, all of which are very fine. This will make a charming and most acceptable gift book.

Every artist and every amateur will be interested in the exhaustive volume on "ETCHING," by S. R. Koehler, which Messrs. Cassell & Company have ready for the holidays. The book, which is a large quarto, contains an outline of the technical processes and history of etching with some remarks on collections and collecting, and is unique in that it contains the first connected history of etching ever written, all the books on engraving hitherto published having treated it merely as a subordinate division of the general subject. It is very fully illustrated, containing no less than one hundred and twenty-five specimens, thirty of which are etched plates by old and modern masters, including Lalanne, Whistler, Flameng, Rajon, Unger, Jaquemart, Jacque, R. Swain Gifford, Farrer, Thomas Moran, Mrs. M. Nimmo Moran, Peter Moran, Platt, Parish, Smillie, Gaugengigl, etc. Among the etchings by old masters are several (C. B. Hopfer, Dietrich), printed from the original plates, while others (Dürer, Rembrandt, Berghem, etc.), are heliographic fac-similes. The ninety-five examples in the text consist of phototypic reproductions of old etchings, illustrating the whole history of the art, from the beginning of the sixteenth century down to our own day, in Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, France, Spain, England and America.

"The Wit of Women."—Miss Kate Sanborn has made a genuine contribution to what is known about women, in this bright, breezy collection of their witty sayings and doings. It is true, as she says, that the wit of women is hard to analyze and still harder to fix, because it flashes and usually dies with the occasion that called it forth. Still, in her researches, which the author, who is one of the cleverest of humorists herself, declares have been anything but exhaustive, a mass of excellent material has been collected which occupies upward of two hundred printed pages, and is really funny and laughter provoking, rich in fancy and antitheses, in brilliant flashes of epigrammatic wit and the subtle play of delicate humor. Those who have had occasion to wade through the stale Millerisms and "Humorous Collections" of the past twenty years will certainly appreciate the freshness of this handsome, readable volume, which will set up a diner-out for the rest of his life. The publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, have given "The Wit and Humor of Women" a dress which entitles it to a place among welcome holiday gifts.

"King Solomon's Mines."—H. Rider Haggard, author of "Dawn," and "The Witch's Head," has written, and Cassell & Co. have published, this book, which draws as heavily upon the reader's credulity as upon the writer's imagination. "King Solomon's Mines" is one of the most marvelous of magician's stories told in clear, good, modern style, as if it was the narrative of a trip to the Yosemite, and the neighborhood of the

Mountains of the Moon could be reached by railroad. It holds the reader's attention, however, from the first to the last, and the story of the interior of the African country is almost worthy a place in the "Arabian Nights," Gagool and King Ignosis having a decidedly Eastern flavor. The map of the route to King Solomon's Mines, which serves as a frontispiece, gives an air of truthfulness to the narrative which intensifies the local color, furnishing the lurid light necessary to the proper setting of the somewhat melodramatic situations and wild and strange adventures. "King Solomon's Mines" is well written, and the reader will find it difficult to resign its captivating pages till he reaches the close.

"Thoughts on Moderation" (Funk & Wagnalls), is a small work enlarged from a paper read by the author, Axel Gustafson, in a London Mission-meeting, and presenting views on the evil influence of a "moderate" use of intoxicating liquors, in a very forcible manner. It is commended as a useful auxiliary in temperance work.

"The Story of a Ranch" by Alice Wellington Rollins, is one of the brightest books of the season. It is original in style, and like a breath from the great prairies in the breezy atmosphere which it seems to create, and the glow of life and colors which imparts a peculiar charm to its pages. The "Ranch" was certainly a success, the story of it inspires the reader with a great desire to be the owner, or the guest of the owner of a ranch. There is, apparently, only one essential condition to the attainment of bliss under these circumstances—it is that the Ranchman shall be a Harvard graduate. The author seems to have a strong weakness for Harvard graduates, and evidently considers them necessary to the perfection of a ranch. But the story has a fascination difficult to withstand, and if it serves as an inducement to other briefless young lawyers, not graduates of Harvard, to transplant themselves to a region where they can be put to good use, it will serve an even better purpose than that of charming away the hours of a quiet winter evening. Cassell & Co. are the publishers.

"The New King Arthur" (Funk & Wagnalls) is an exceedingly clever production by the author of the "Buntling Ball." It is described as an opera without music, and simply takes the personages and machinery of Tennyson's "King Arthur" or "Idylls of the King," and builds up on this foundation a modern satire, which is much more than amusing, which is full of odd conceits and charming fancies, expressed in true poetic fashion, not in mere rhyme or measure, which is sometimes irregular, but with a vein of philosophy, sympathy, and humanity, underlying its satirical form, and crowned by genuine poetic feeling. The publishers have bestowed much pains upon "The New King Arthur," and it deserves its handsome dress.

"Domestic Problems" by Mrs. A. M. Diaz, consists of a series of household articles on general topics, to which is added "The Schoolmaster's Trunk," a collection of papers, the result of personal experiences as a school-teacher. Mrs. Diaz is well known for her common-sense way of dealing with domestic difficulties, particularly those which afflict the country housewife; and though the remedy may not be always available, the troubled and overworked will find a ready sympathizer, a kind adviser, and suggestive friend in the author of this excellent little work, the publishers of which are D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

"Tell Your Wife."—A story of the trouble encountered by an otherwise good and clever fellow who had not the courage to tell his wife what it was proper for her to know. The absence of "mutual confidence" is responsible for much of the unhappiness of married life, and the moral might have been pointed more sharply, with perfect truthfulness, than it has been by the author of "Tell Your Wife," who evidently has an old-fashioned prejudice in favor of a "happy ending." Lee & Shepard are the publishers, Boston and New York.

"Rose Raymond's Wards," is a novel by Margaret Vandergrift, a writer well known in the literary world. It is an admirable story of domestic life, with nothing sensational in it, but full of interest and exceedingly well told. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

"Mal Moulée," a novel (the first), by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, author of "Poems of Passion," and verses which have been more widely copied than those of any other American poet for five years past, is to be published shortly by G. W. Carleton, and will be sure to create a wide-spread interest. The author's short stories, of which several have been published in this Magazine, are not so good as her poems, but a novel may show a finer touch.

"A Woman's Inheritance."—The year would hardly round into completeness without a story from Miss Amanda Douglas, whose last always seems the best. "A Woman's Inheritance" is bright and clever as usual, with a modern heroine, lady-like and business-like, and ending with the pretty domestic picture, in the pen drawing of which Miss Douglas excels. Lee & Shepard, are the publishers, Boston, Mass.

"Ralph Norbreck's Trust," by William Westall, author of "Red Ryvington," is a story of the betrayal of trust and the folly of confidence on the score of good-fellowship. The story affords evidence of a diversified experience, and contains much that will interest the reader apart from its development, which is somewhat hampered by the introduction of too many personages. It is, however, interesting from first to last, and offered in a very neat and tasteful dress by the publishers, Cassell & Co.