

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXXVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

Vol. XXXI., No. 11.

## BATTLE-FIELD AND BURIAL-GROUND.

THE CHATTANOOGA NATIONAL PARK AND CEMETERY.

THE sun is rising above the ridges of the eastern uplands like a tarnished shield of gold, for a yellow mist clings about the pines and dims its radiance. There is scarce a breath of wind, and the leaves hang stirless. The cry of a migrating bird, pausing a while to feed upon the last ripe berries, comes like the remnant of a song of the half-forgotten spring. Not yet are

grand cathedral where humanity might fitly kneel and pray

But what is that? A deep, hollow, booming sound rolls far along the wooded heights. Not thunder, for there is no hint of storm in this dim, vaporous air. Again! And now the fearful, hateful significance of it is revealed. It is the opening gun of one of the most bloody and terri-



VIEW OF BATTLE-GROUND FROM SNOEGRASS HILL, LOOKING NORTHEAST.

the forests garbed in their sorrowful yellow robes of mourning. Not yet is the sky full of the shed foliage of summer, fluttering to earth to be mingled with the dust which devours all things, and from its decay begets the new life of spring. But there is a hint of melancholy in the air, a premonition of approaching death. There is a Sabbath calm, a pervading sweetness, compelling the soul to introspection and self-search, as if all nature were one

ble contests which ever desecrated the world or darkened the history of mankind,—the engagement between the Union army under Rosecrans and the Confederates under Bragg, fought on September 19 and 20, 1863, and since called the battle of Chickamauga.

For a moment, ere the yellow fog rolls down the hills, it is a lovely scene which lies outstretched before the man, in frayed blue coat with a general's stars upon the shoul-



THE SNODGRASS HOUSE. GENERAL THOMAS' HEADQUARTERS.

ders, and rusty hat with tarnished gilt tassels, who paces the plateau of Snodgrass Hill, overlooking miles of country. The picturesque Chickamauga Creek winds between the sloping hills, divided into squares of husbandry or pasturage. Here and there a gentle declivity is surmounted by a farmhouse, nestling amidst its barns and outbuildings; in a level bottom a row of hay-ricks stands among the second crop of ripening grass; an orchard makes a darker spot upon the surrounding green. As he gazes the tender glory of the scene is reflected in the man's face and he smiles; but even as the smile crosses his bearded lips it vanishes and a stern look of care and determination takes its place, for again that deep, booming note rolls up the valley.

Beneath him, on the declivity, sheltered by the screen of scrub-oak and tangled blackberry-bushes, a long line of blue-coated soldiery trails away out of sight around the curves

that far-off, cannon-shot and recognize its significance. The story is cut short, the knife is left quivering in the turf, the sleepers start up.



THE NATIONAL CEMETERY IN THE PARK.



CHICKAMAUGA HOTEL.

of the hill. The men are reclining or sitting at ease, though each shining rifle lies ready to its owner's grasp. With the heedlessness of veterans, some are telling humorous stories, some are playing the boyish game of "pull-the-peg," watching the whirl and fall of the pocket-knife with eager interest; some are sleeping upon their folded elbows,—for many, alas! the final slumber in this world. The soldiers, too, hear

"Boom! Boom!" Those are the field-batteries; you can feel the earth jar beneath your feet with each tremendous explosion. And hark! the opening volleys of musketry as the regiments come into action; now the confused and continuous rattle of the "fire-at-will." A great battle is in progress there, and here we lie idle and useless.

But our turn soon came. On that fearful Saturday, the nineteenth of September, we bore the brunt of the Confederate attack and held our lines, torn and shattered, but still held them. And again, on that awful Sunday, the twentieth, we met Bragg's troops, as brave fellows as ever wore either blue or gray, and beat them back seventeen times.



GENERAL THOMAS.

I can see General Thomas now, our indomitable leader, as he left his headquarters at the Snodgrass House, a scarcely habitable place according to the ideas of those who came from roomy, comfortable Northern farmhouses. It still stands, and to my elderly eyes seems but little changed from what it was on that September day, thirty-two years ago. As I pause before it, trying to recall, in their entirety, the impressions of that hour when, as a stripling lieutenant, I stood there before, a little girl comes to lean over the fence, with wide, curious eyes, while a baby, peering between the cross-rails, with the audacity of infancy queries,

"Who is 'oo? What does 'oo want?"

Yes, along this path he came, returning my respectful salute with a touch of the rusty hat, pursuing his way quietly, almost abstractedly, to the brow of the knoll. The shells were shrieking through the trees overhead, while the bullets sang among the shrubbery on either hand. I remember a dead soldier lay upon his face directly in our path. Thomas glanced at him as he passed, and I heard him mutter in his beard, "Poor fellow!"

"A-ree! A-ree!" It was the well-known "rebel yell."

"They are charging us," was the calm observation of the general as he turned partly around to address me,—for I was following a few paces in his rear.

"Yes, General, they are at it, hand to hand."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

At the deep-chested cry his face lighted with a grim smile.

"We have repulsed them," he said.

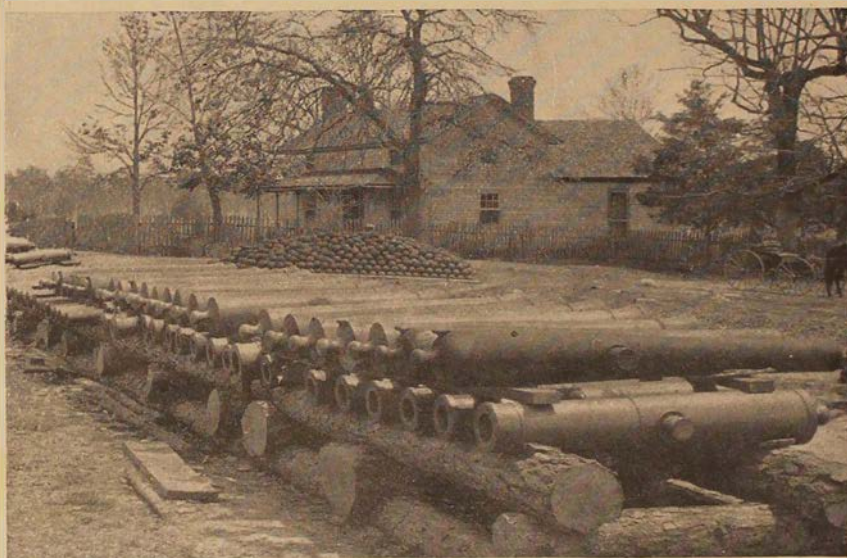
All that long day our leader never lost his quiet of feature and manner but once, and that was when a mounted aid dashed up on a foam-flecked charger and handed him a dispatch. As he read, his face darkened.

"Beaten by a blunder!" His words seemed to stick in his throat. "Rosecrans retreated to Chattanooga; Crittenden rolled up. We are left alone; but—*I stay here!*"

It was true. A mistake of the commander-in-chief had opened a wide



MONUMENT TO GENERAL WILDER'S BRIGADE.



CANNON AND SHELLS WAITING TO BE PLACED IN POSITION.

gap in our center, into which the enemy had poured, crumpling up and driving off the bulk of our army. We were isolated, nearly surrounded, and left entirely to our own resources. To add to our anxieties, a yellow fog had settled over the valley, rendering everything doubtful and obscure except the movements of the men in our immediate front. It was a terrible time; and, youngster though I was, I felt a profound depression of spirits. All seemed hopelessly lost; but

our general's face gave no sign of the suffering I knew full well he must be undergoing. His manner was as calm, his voice as steady, as if he were merely passing his troops in review. I had respected that iron nature before; now I revered it. Well did he earn his historic title, "The Rock of Chickamauga."

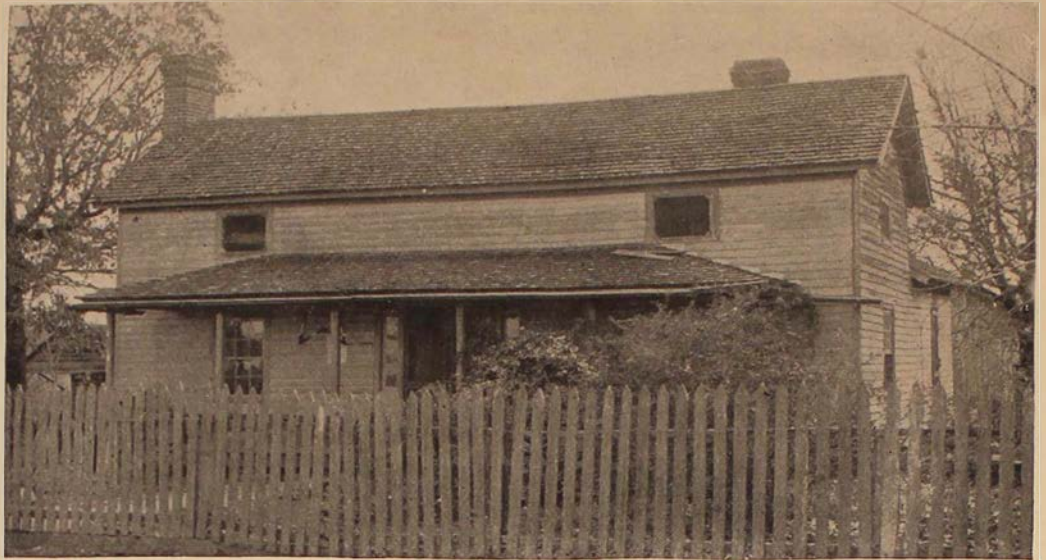
Again and again we who were watching the ebb and flow of the mighty struggle saw the gray masses emerge from the vaporous gloom, sweep upward toward us with that blood-chilling cry, "A-ree! A-ree!" saw our blue lines rise to meet them with fire-blast and thunder-  
roll, saw the gray masses falter, pause, and sweep backward out of sight. All about us, on every crest and ridge, the dense fog-curtain was rent with the crimson flashes of the Confederate field-batteries. Round shot, shell, and grape

roared, shrieked, and whistled overhead, or ripped up the turf at our feet. On the slopes lay confused heaps of blue and gray,—

brave men, already stiffening in death, or moaning in the agony of torn flesh and shattered bone.

When the shadows of evening drew down over hill and valley, we had beaten back the last desperate charge. But at what cost! Where our regiments had stood were now only smoke-grimed, exhausted squads, still gripping their rifles and peering through the smoke and fog. Where the batteries had poured forth their thunder, now lay wrecks of dismounted pieces, broken caissons, splintered ammunition-boxes, spokeless wheels, and heaps of dead artillerists, many still grasping sponge or rammer, with the gloom of battle upon their set features. Here and there a gun or two yet belched its flame. The few surviving officers still passed among the men, uttering in hoarse and weary voices the oft-repeated "Steady, men! Steady!"

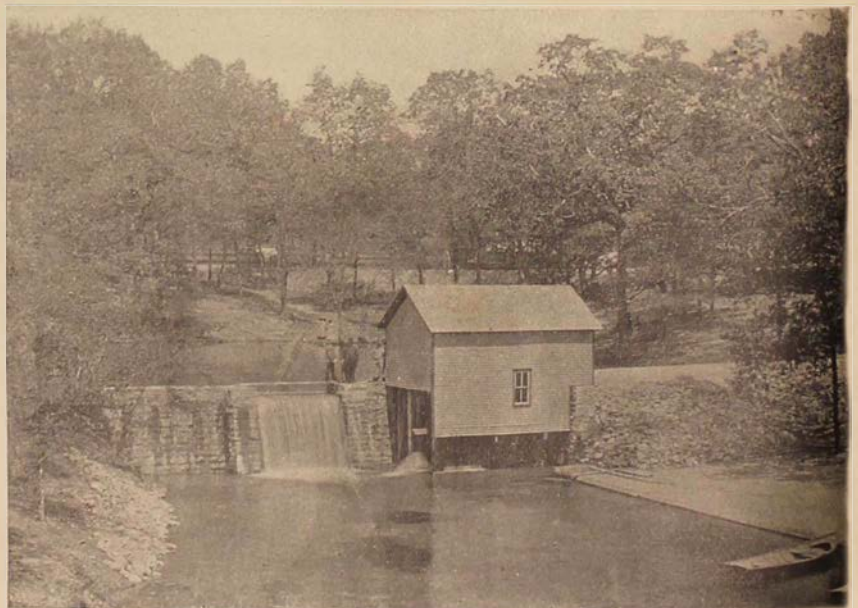
We had won and we had lost; for though we had repelled Bragg's assaults we had to retreat to save our torn fragments from ultimate capture. It was not until we had reached Chattanooga, twelve miles distant, and had rejoined the remainder of the army, that we knew how fear-



THE DYER HOUSE.



IRON OBSERVATION TOWER.



CRAWFISH SPRINGS.



GENERAL BRAGG.

ful the losses on both sides had been. History says that of the Federals was nineteen thousand, and that of the Confederates, twenty-one thousand men. But what of the hundreds who died long after, of badly healed wounds and of other causes directly due to this struggle?

As I wander over the battle-field, thirty - two

years after those sorrowful and tragic days, everything is so familiar to my eyes that I half expect to see yonder hill suddenly fringe itself with the flame of rifles, or a long line of glittering bayonets come sweeping up the valley below. But all is silent and peaceful. Where the blue and the gray ranks stood are these white ranks of memorial stones. At an expense of more than three-quarters of a million dollars the government has converted the battle-ground into a park called, formally, the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Military Park. It has purchased about six thousand acres of land, including the field of Chickamauga, the approaches, and several detached tracts. Five thousand acres of the fighting-ground are forest, and the rest is mainly made up of farms sloping up the foot-hills of Missionary Ridge. There are now forty miles of graded roads in the park, and the underbrush and new timber have been cleared from the forest, so there is no difficulty in driving to all points of interest.

Eight handsome pyramid monuments stand on the spots where the eight commanders of brigades were killed at Chickamauga. Twenty-four States are represented on the field in marble. Ohio stands first; she had more men than any other State in the battle, and fifty-four monuments do honor to their memory. The aim has been to retain, as far as possible, the aspect of the field at the time of the battle, and one who participated in the fight may easily recognize the salient points; where this battery stood, for example, where that charge was made, where the various regiments held post. The whole region is historic; for within a radius of a few miles were fought some of the bloodiest battles of the war,—Missionary Ridge, Tunnel Hill, Chattanooga, Gordon's Mill, and Lookout Mountain.

The dedication of the park, which is to take place September 19 and 20, will be a national event. Secretary of War Lamont will direct the ceremonies, for which Congress has voted an appropriation of \$20,000. A large number of both Federal and Confederate veterans will be present.

As I went slowly along a by-path the figure of a gardener engaged in clipping the grass of a sloping lawn caught my attention. Surely I knew that grizzled face, with its small, shrewd eyes. Suddenly the mist of time cleared from my memory.

"Private Ransom, attention!"

The man straightened up and involuntarily, as it seemed, came to a salute. He gazed at me sharply for a moment, then shook his head.

"Don't understand," he muttered. "Seemed like old times come back."

"Private Ransom, look at me again."

The wrinkles in his hard, brown face deepened into a smile of recognition.

"You! Is it you, Lieutenant?" He shook my offered hand heartily. "Come to see the old place again?" he asked. "Glad to see you. Was shot in the hip at Atlanta, and got appointed to a job here. Come along, and I'll show you over the ground."

"What is that modern-looking affair yonder?" I asked, pointing to an edifice much resembling a seaside caravansary, with its sloping roof, turrets, and balconies. "It was not here in our time, Ransom."

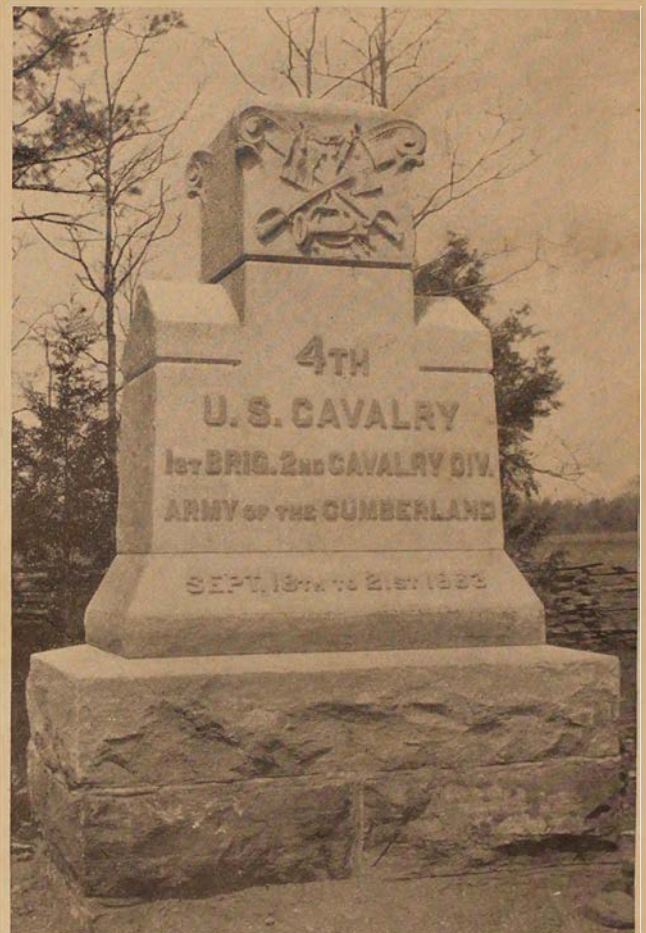
"Hardly," was the terse reply. "That is what they call the 'Chickamauga Hotel.' It catches visitors who come to view the old battle-field. I expect they'll reap a harvest when we have the celebration here in September."

"What are these rows of cannon?" I inquired, as we passed a number of monuments, a long framework of logs supporting several scores of dismounted guns.

"They are going to use them for monuments," answered my guide. "Each of these pieces is supposed to have done its share on the field, and they are to be built into memorial groups, each group to mark the site of a battery. Those empty shells and round shot are likewise to be incorporated into monumental pyramids, nine feet square at the base and eight feet in height, to show the places where the general officers fell."

"Yonder stone tower,—what is that?"

"That is where General Wilder and his brigade have put up a marker to show where they did their share in the fighting; and they did fight, nobody can deny that. For my part, since light-houses are in order, I prefer those iron



MONUMENT TO REGULAR TROOPS, CAVALRY.

towers. They are more graceful, what I would call more romantic like. But I don't pretend to be a judge."

"There was some of the hardest fighting of the whole battle around this place," said my guide as we passed the Dyer House, which so far as I could see, had undergone no change since that miserable evening I had marched by it leading the forlorn and tattered fragments of my command, more than a quarter of a century ago. "And this is Crawfish Spring," he continued, as we approached a small, shingle-roofed building, through whose single window several frowsy, sawdust-covered heads peered wonderingly at us. The stream, flowing over the dam, filled the air with a continuous roar. Two or three skiffs were drawn up on the banks, just where, so my guide informed me, the opposing regiments had crossed and re-crossed during the battle. "There was a deal of killing done here," he remarked. "I saw that little river running red; for the blues and the grays went back and forth over this scrap of water all day long."

Walking onward we came to a solitary monument, upon whose crown was carved the crossed sabres above a cavalry trumpet. My guide paused and took off his battered hat.

"I have heard," he said, "that the cavalry took little or no part in this battle. Well, I'm 'specially glad I wasn't in front of the Fourth Cavalry chaps when they rode down the valley just for sport. When that sort of harmless amusement is going on you will kindly excuse me! I happened to see that charge, and a finer sight I never witnessed. Why, sir, you would have thought the horses were out on a picnic; and the boys who rode them were as jolly as jockeys. But the rifles and the batteries made havoc with them, horse and man. Few of them came back, and this monument is the memorial erected by the survivors.

"Just here," continued the veteran, "I came upon a most sorrowful experience. I was appointed to take charge of one of the burying-parties, consisting of six men besides myself. We were hunting about among the heaps for the wounded—for we left the dead to the last—when it seemed



MONUMENT TO REGULAR TROOPS, ARTILLERY.

to me that I heard a low moan, 'D'ye hear that, Sergeant?' I said. 'Some chap groaning?' he asked. 'Just that,' said I. 'Hunt for him.' Dragging away the heaps of blue and gray, we came upon a young fellow shot through the shoulder. 'Don't mind me,' says he; 'take care of my brother.' We dug out a boy in gray with a bayonet-wound in his internals. Hopeless case; no cure. Called myself a consarned fool for my pains, but sat down upon a dead horse and looked on while the blue brother, wounded in the shoulder, took the gray brother, wounded in the bowels, in his arms. I found them there in the morning, in the same position, both cold and rigid; and I am not ashamed to say I had to rub some wet out o' my eyes."

The "regular troop" monuments are of stone, those for the artillery having upright cannon for pillars. There are eight of these on the field. Private Ransom laid his hand upon my arm as we came opposite a stone pedestal supporting a beautiful casting of a railroad engine.

"Fine piece of work, that," said the old man, observing the monument with the air of a connoisseur.

"It is, indeed," I agreed. "One might almost expect to see the steam escape from that dome, and to hear that bell ring a warning peal."

"Poor chaps!" sighed my friend, "they were hung. A pretty hard fate for fellows as brave as they. One side called them 'raiders,' the other



OHIO'S TRIBUTE TO THE ANDREWS RAIDERS.

called them 'spies'; and it was as spies they were hung I've heard say there is nothing in a name; but there was a heap in the name of them Andrews raiders,—seeing that they got strung up for the difference between a few letters. There were any number of fine jobs done during that little unpleasantness of ours; but there never was a neater trick than the hooking of that steam-engine when the gallant boys made a dash to get off. But luck was against them; they got caught." The veteran shook his head meditatively. "I s'pose it don't make so much matter, after all. They got hung and done with it; and here am I, diggin' out grub at a dollar a day.

"A park," continued the veteran, philosophically, "is mostly looked upon as a pleasure-ground, I take it. Well, I've no objection to folks enjoying themselves; but it is sort of serious to consider that thousands of human beings gave up their share of the breath of life on these hills and flats, and that nigh on to every foot of ground hereabouts is a grave, generally unknown. Yet, after all, the whole world is the grave of dead and gone generations of men.

"The old fellows who handled rifle or pulled lock-string here are growing fewer and fewer every year; but their fame and honor still live, and always will, so long as this nation respects brave men."

J. CLAYTON HEATON.



BOOT-BLACK AND HIS CAPTIVE.—BY J. G. BROWN.

## THE RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

**O**FTEN wild and desolate is the stretch of ocean which lies just outside the harbor of New York. The wind-demons shriek along the waves and anger them till they rear up ominously and lash with fury the craft that struggle through them with close-reefed sails. Often, too, the seas are quiet and the winds are gentle here; and so it is that on this bit of ocean stanch racing-yachts that glory in tempestuous waves and piping breezes, and dainty craft that skim before the lightest zephyrs, both find weather to their liking. It is an ideal course for races between those nymphs of navigation the sailing-yachts, and Father Time is hurrying on a day when the swiftest craft of England and the United States will measure their

proWess here. It will be a day which will see this heaving tract of ocean bright with color and animate with gayety. In spirit two nations will be present, and if space could be annihilated millions of eyes would be turned toward this spot to follow with eager gaze the movements of the white-winged sea-birds as they speed along; for the people of both countries are deeply interested, and are waiting impatiently for the fourteenth of September, when the international yacht-races will begin.

The imagination can picture the English challenger and our own gallant cup-defender rushing under great clouds of straining canvas toward the goal. They are almost on the line. The— but a fog rolls over them; the imagina-



From photograph. Copyright, 1895, by C. E. Bolles.

DEFENDER.





VALKYRIE III.

tion can go no farther, for no one can foretell which of the contestants will win the races of 1895.

The question is on many lips, but never before has it been so unanswerable. The reason is not far to seek. The pith of the situation is that the English boat-builders have learned a Yankee trick or two in yacht-building, and our own marine architects have adopted some of the features of the British yachts, with the result that the boats which have been built for the coming races are very much alike. In the past, the English type of racing-yacht has been the cutter, which is so very long and deep and narrow that it has been called "a board on edge." The general shape of representative American yachts of previous years was just the reverse of this, and has been aptly described by the term "skimming-dish;" a centerboard, which may be

drawn up in shallow water, fulfilled to some extent the duties of the deep keel of the English boats. The chief advantages of the latter were said to be their sea-worthiness and sailing qualities in rough weather, while the old type of American yachts had superior speed in gentle winds and smooth seas. The Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer and Vigilant, magnificent yachts that have successfully defended the America's cup in recent years, were centerboards.

But they, as well as the cutters, have their drawbacks; and the evolution in yacht-building has resulted in both the craft constructed for the coming races being of a compromise style known as the "fin keel." This partakes somewhat of the general form of the centerboard, but is, of course, stationary. Nature has given the hint for the



THE CREW OF THE DEFENDER.

proper shape, for the fin keel is almost an exact copy of the under fin of rapid-swimming fishes. The keels of the yachts which are to compete are very similar, the main difference being the bulge near the bottom of the cup-defender's keel, which is heavily weighted with lead for the purpose of holding the vessel to its equilibrium and enabling it to sail smoothly and evenly. The other differences are mainly in dimensions; and even these are slight. The American yacht, drawing nineteen feet, is six inches deeper in the water than the English yacht, but is a little narrower; she is also a trifle shorter, her length being about one hundred and twenty-four feet. The cup-defender spreads ten thousand four hundred feet of canvas to the winds, while the challenger has a thousand feet more. Considering everything, there are many more resemblances than differences in the yachts. The new models combine

the most approved features of both the English and American types of former years, yet they have more American than English characteristics; so it may be said that John Bull has imitated us in the matter of yacht-building, rather than that we have imitated him. The cup-defender's hull, up to a line several inches above the water-mark, is covered with sheets of bronze, and much of the remainder of her frame is constructed of steel and aluminium; the object in using these metals being to give the hull the greatest possible lightness, and at the same time to make it very strong.

To construct a racing-yacht is a more delicate and critical task than to make a fine scientific instrument. Every line must be absolutely accurate; every screw has a proper place, and there it must be. Numberless difficulties are encountered, and many problems must be solved. The hull must be light, yet not too light for the great weight of spars and sails nor for the seas that will pound and toss it. The builder must be extremely careful to maintain what experience has taught him are the proper proportions. Indeed, it is these nice questions of balance, and the necessity of working on the limits, that is, carrying every dimension to precisely the right line and not a hairbreadth over it, that makes the building of fast yachts the art it is, and brings to the work men of great ability like G. W. Watson, the Glasgow builder of *Valkyrie III.*, and the Herreshoffs of Bristol, Rhode Island, the builders of the *Defender*.



SCRAPING THE BOWSPRIT.



HOISTING MEN TO SCRAPE THE MAST-HEAD.

Despite the extreme precision necessary in the details, the broad, general lines of yacht construction are very simple, and may be described in a few words. The backbone, which includes the stem, keel, and stern-posts, and is usually of oak or elm, is first laid, on a frame built for the purpose. On the backbone is erected an elaborate basket-work of steel, which is covered with planking of teak and elm and with pine decking. Upon these general

lines the yachts which will strive to outstrip one another off Sandy Hook were built.

They are so nearly alike that it is not improbable that victory will perch on the boat having the better crew. For this reason Messrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Edwin D. Morgan, and C. Oliver Iselin, joint owners of the Defender, have determined to have the greatest possible efficiency from the men who sail her. Realizing that there are no sailors in the world like pure-bred Americans when they have the proper training, these gentlemen instructed Captain "Hank" Haff, skipper of the Defender, to scour the Atlantic coast for the cream of young American seamen. The captain went to Deer Island, Maine, where men have sailed the boisterous seas of that rugged coast from earliest boyhood. A hundred young men eagerly offered to serve aboard the yacht, and from this number Captain Haff made up his crew of thirty-three. It is safe to say that no vessel was ever manned by a more select and able set of sailors. In addition to their American quickness and intelligence, they take great pride in the cup-defender, and are inspired with patriotic hopes for her



AT WORK ON THE TOPMAST.



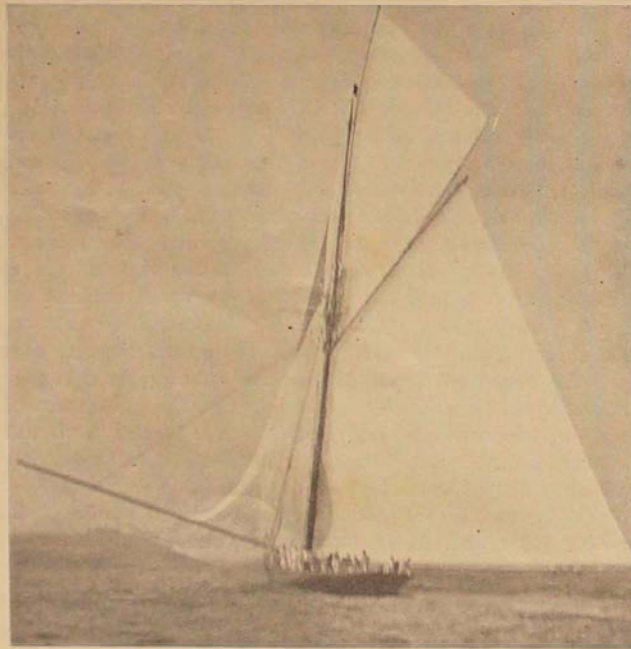
FITTING THE GAFF IN WORKING ORDER.

victory, which were largely lacking in the stolid crews of Swedes which have heretofore worked our yachts in the international races.

But sailing a racing-yacht is in itself an art, and the men have learned much since leaving Deer Island. Their first training for the races was aboard the yacht *Colonia*, from which they were transferred to the *Defender* about July 1. The *Colonia* is a prototype of the *Defender*, and the work and routine aboard her was almost the same as it is now on the *Defender*. The *Colonia* was groomed and cared for as carefully as is a blooded horse. The first work after turning out at half-past five o'clock in the morning was to wash the decks; usually they were afterward polished with sand and pumice-stone till they gleamed in the sun with a dazzling brightness. Captain Haff himself would climb with the men out on the bowsprit to direct the critical task of scraping it; and it was interesting to see members of the crew hoisted up on the



COLONIA.



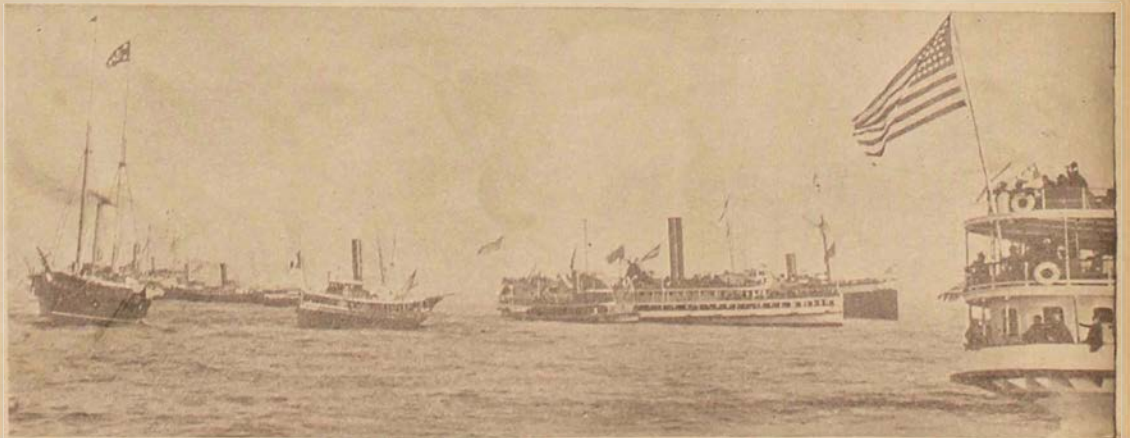
SETTING THE SPINNAKER.

ally had to be acquired in order that the various parts could be kept in working order.

Every day there was a practice drill, during which the Deer Island boys learned to handle the immense sails with wonderful deftness. Hoisting the great mainsail is one of the most difficult tasks aboard a racing-yacht, but it is play to the cup-defender's crew. Hardly have the sharp tones of the command left the captain's lips, when thirty men seize the lines and with a rhythmic motion of their bodies and many a "heave-ho" pull away, while the great sail seems to fairly walk up the towering mast. There is no lagging among these men. Like a pistol-shot the order comes; with the rapidity and precision of soldiers on the double-quick it is obeyed; and such discipline as this and such a feeling of *esprit du corps* are sure to have their influence when the time of trial comes.

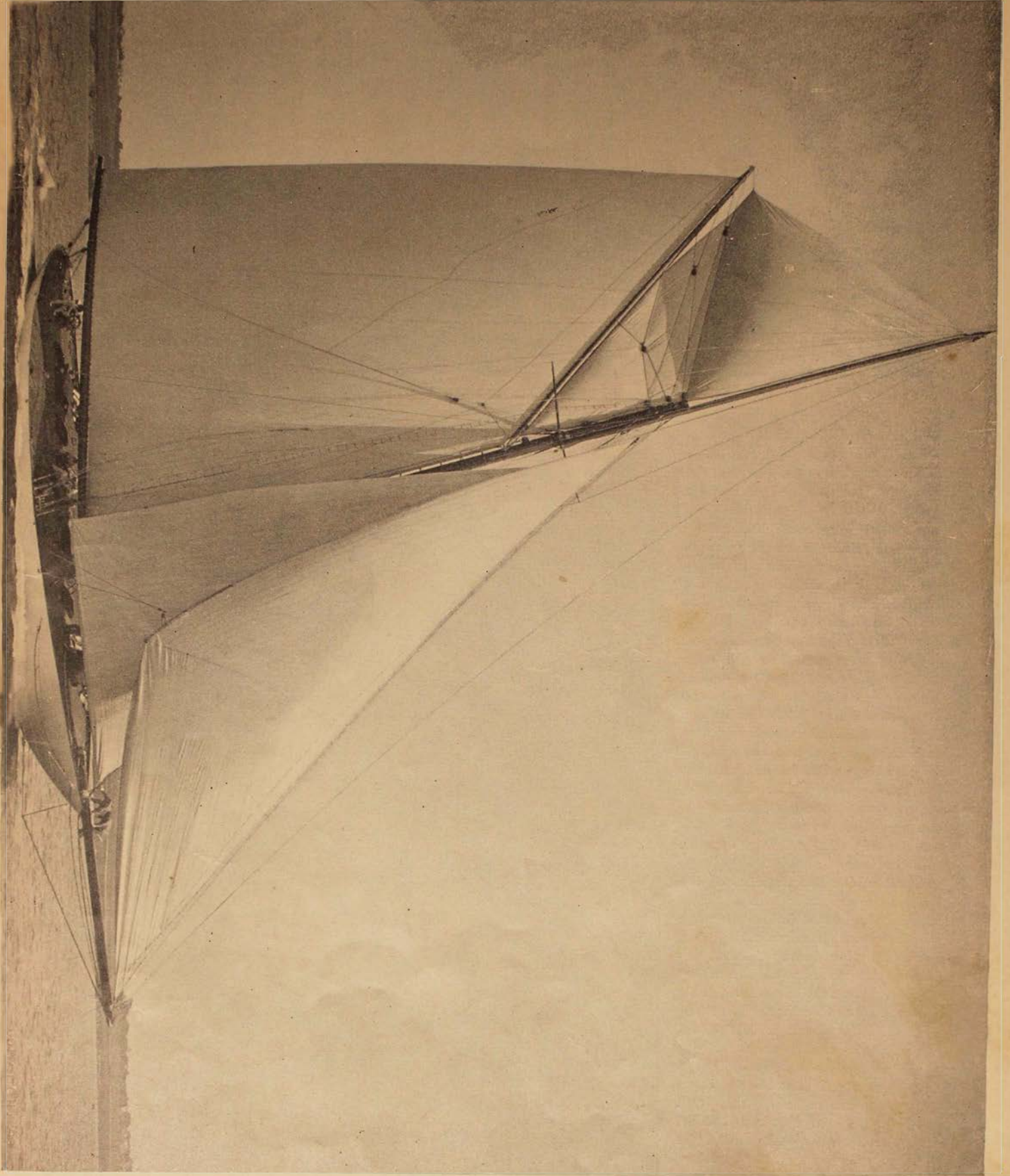
The North-country men now aboard the *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, and *Colonia*, who have been accustomed to sail in the international contests, regard the Deer Island men with a jealous eye, and in the races and general sailing this summer have put forth unusual efforts to prove the better sailors. They have not succeeded. The experiment of employing an all American crew has been attended with the most

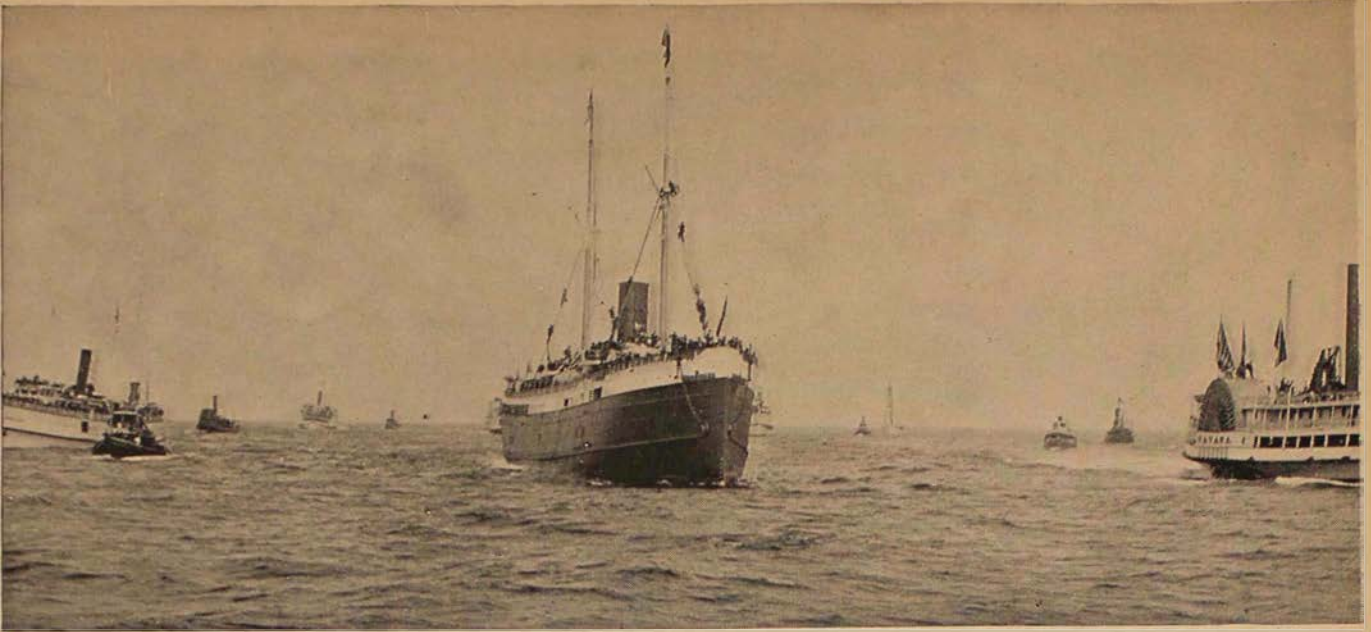
rings of the main-mast by their fellows, so that it might be made to shine with cleanliness from the very top. There was much work to be done on the top-mast, where a thousand-and-one ropes converged with seemingly bewildering confusion; and a knowledge of carpentry and mechanics gener-



VIEW AT TURNING-FLAG.

VIGILANTE





STEAMERS FOLLOWING THE RACERS.

satisfactory results; and if our boat outsails her rival, we may take additional pride in the fact that the crew, as well as the yacht, is a home product. If we lose—yes, the possibility must be considered—we shall have the satisfaction of feeling that dishonor does not come with defeat by the English challenger, and that she can do no more than regain the cup which the *America* won so gallantly in 1851. She gained a most decisive victory after sailing across to Cowes to compete on their own waters with the British fleet of racers, whose owners looked upon Yankee pretensions in yachting with contempt. As the race which inaugurated the international contests, and thus has exercised a most potent influence on yacht-building, because this industry has steadily progressed under the impetus of the races, the *America's* experience across the Atlantic is perhaps worth a brief description.

The English, in those days, declared that no craft in the world could sail as fast as theirs. This was galling to Commodore Stevens of the New York Yacht Club, which had been organized in 1844. He commissioned George Steers, whom he had known as an apprentice in a shipyard, and who was a genius as a boatbuilder, to make a yacht that would be capable of beating the boasting Englishmen at their own game. In due time the *America* was completed. She was a trim craft, and in appearance was very like a

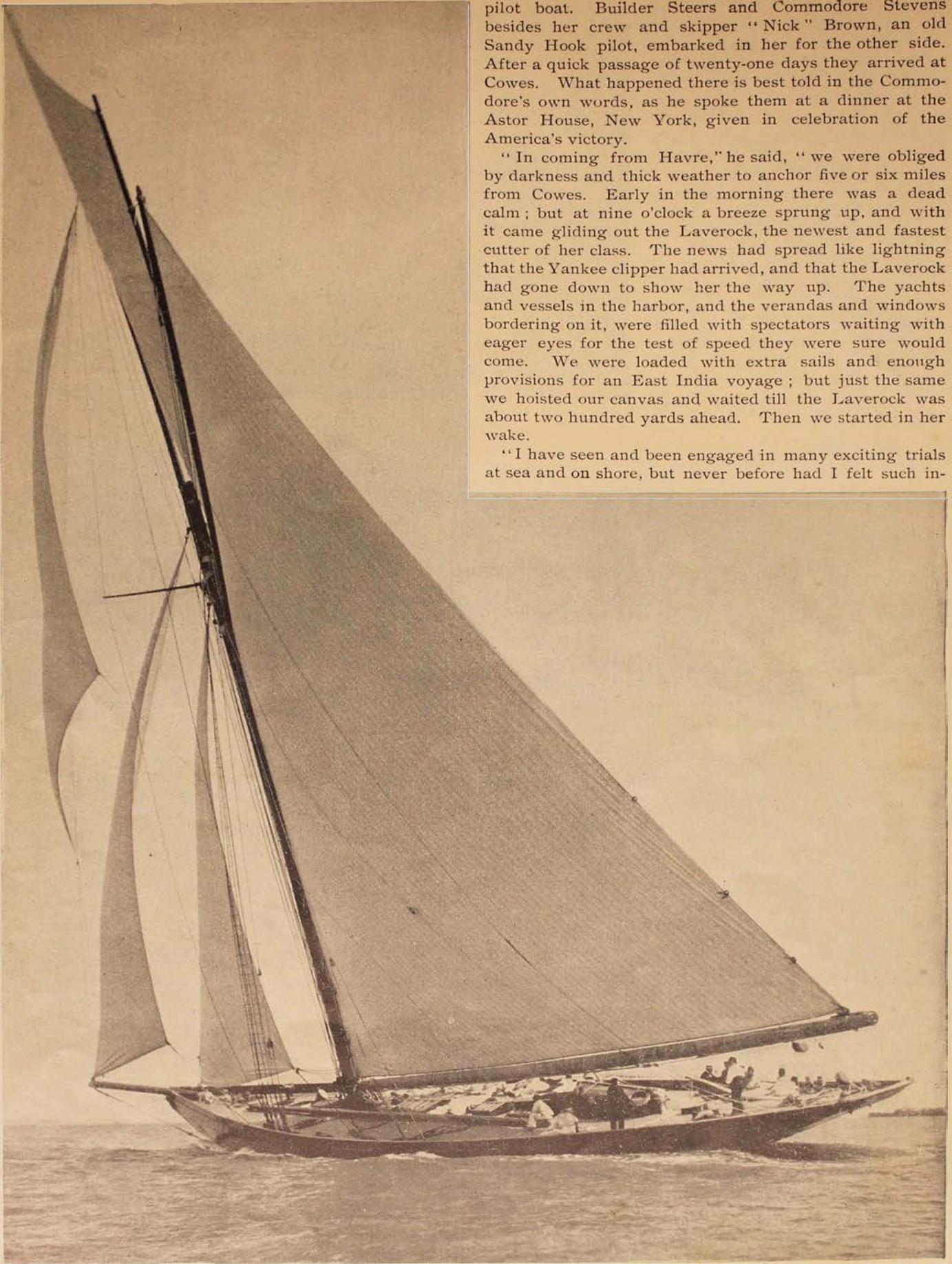


CHEERING THE RACERS.

pilot boat. Builder Steers and Commodore Stevens besides her crew and skipper "Nick" Brown, an old Sandy Hook pilot, embarked in her for the other side. After a quick passage of twenty-one days they arrived at Cowes. What happened there is best told in the Commodore's own words, as he spoke them at a dinner at the Astor House, New York, given in celebration of the America's victory.

"In coming from Havre," he said, "we were obliged by darkness and thick weather to anchor five or six miles from Cowes. Early in the morning there was a dead calm; but at nine o'clock a breeze sprung up, and with it came gliding out the Laverock, the newest and fastest cutter of her class. The news had spread like lightning that the Yankee clipper had arrived, and that the Laverock had gone down to show her the way up. The yachts and vessels in the harbor, and the verandas and windows bordering on it, were filled with spectators waiting with eager eyes for the test of speed they were sure would come. We were loaded with extra sails and enough provisions for an East India voyage; but just the same we hoisted our canvas and waited till the Laverock was about two hundred yards ahead. Then we started in her wake.

"I have seen and been engaged in many exciting trials at sea and on shore, but never before had I felt such in-



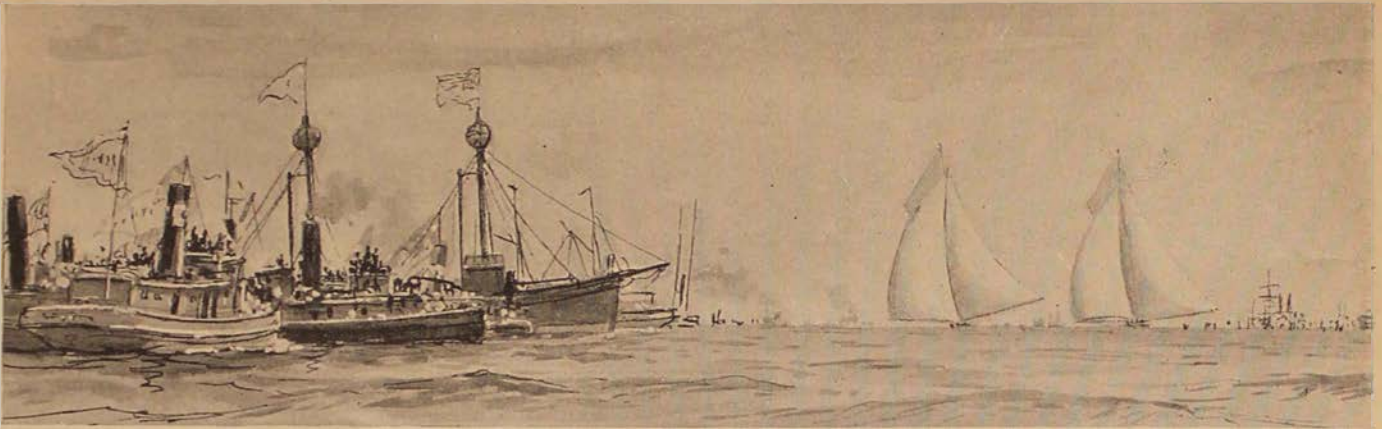
VALKYRIE.

tense anxiety to win a race. During the first few moments not a sound was heard except the slight ripple of water on her stern. The captain was crouched down on the floor of the cockpit, his immovable hand upon the tiller and his eyes fixed sternly upon the vessel darting along just in front. The men lay motionless, gazing eagerly and intently at the *Laverock*. We knew that there was no prize depending on this race, but the outcome would end all our doubts or hopes, and decide whether or not we had taken our long trip only to meet defeat. Slowly but surely we drew up to her, and then worked to windward of her wake. We were beating them; the crisis was over, and some dozen long-drawn breaths proved our realization of the fact.

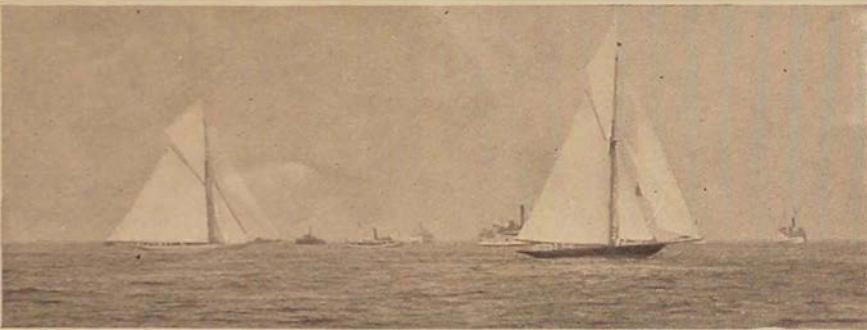
"In the race for the Queen's cup which we have brought back with us,



AN EXCURSION-BEAT.



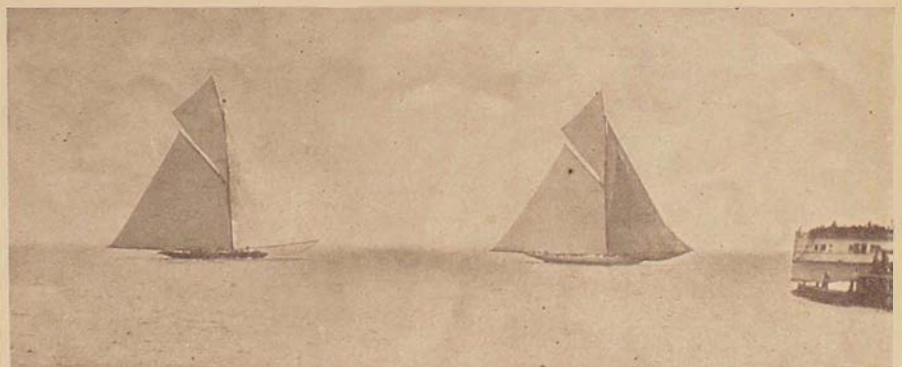
THE START.



VALKYRIE PASSING VIGILANT.

breeze sprung up, and drawing away from our hangers-on we went rapidly ahead of every yacht in the squadron. At the Needles not one of them was in sight. After passing the Needles we were overtaken by the royal steam-yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, with Her Majesty and family aboard. As the steamer passed us we tendered our homage to the queen, after the fashion of her own people, by doffing our hats and dipping our flags. Just before dark we rounded

about fifteen yachts started. In addition to them there were perhaps a dozen sailing about the harbor, making a brave and thrilling spectacle. Our directions from the sailing committee were simple and direct. We were to start from the flagship at Cowes, keep the No Man's Buoy on the starboard hand, and from thence make the best of our way round the Isle of Wight to the flagship from which we started. We got off before the wind in the midst of a crowd of which we could not rid ourselves for the first eight or ten miles. A fresh



VIGILANT LEADING



the stake. The Aurora was second, but she was so far behind that we couldn't see her."

The cup which the America brought home was presented by Commodore Stevens to the New York Yacht Club. Six times English yachts have sailed across the seas to take it back, and six times they have sailed away without it. The Canadians, too, cast envious eyes upon it, and challenged for it twice. Both times, it is hardly necessary to say, they were defeated. The first of the English yachts to try conclusions with our racers in American waters was the Cambria. On a glorious day in August, 1870, the race was sailed. The American yacht Magic led from start to finish, and the Cambria trailed over the line tenth among our yachts, and thirty-nine minutes behind the winner. The yacht Livonia came over in 1871 and was beaten by the Sappho.

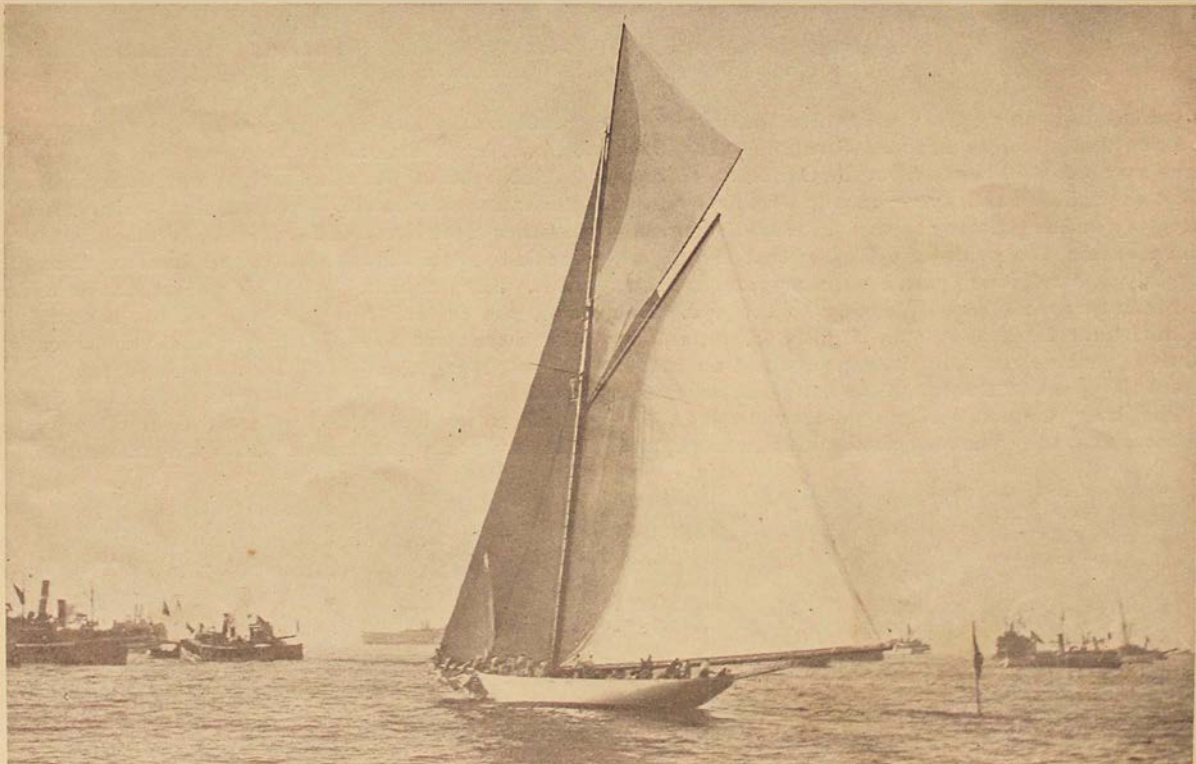


SENDING OUT A CARRIER-PIGEON.

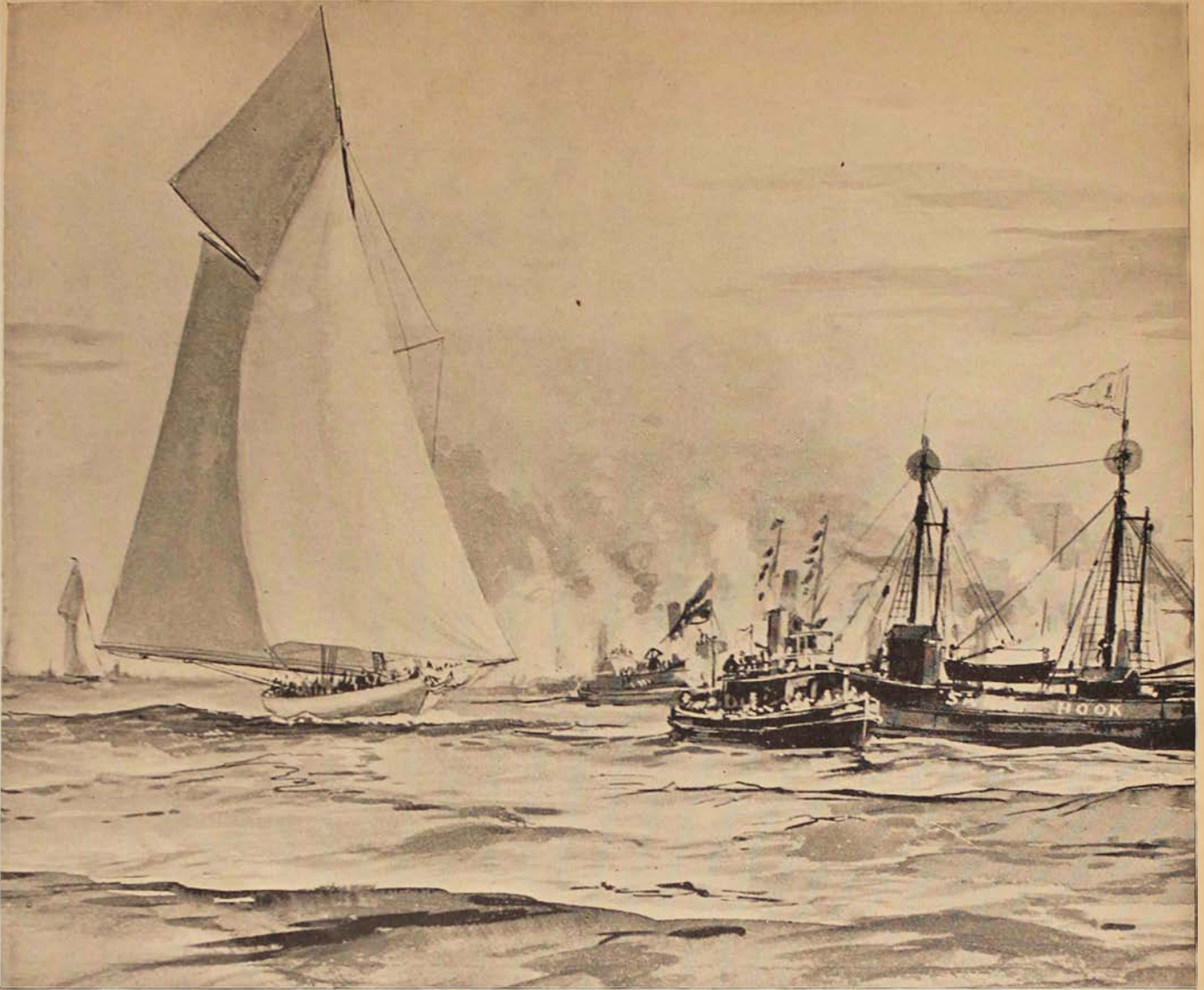


"THERE GO THE PIGEONS!"

The next challenge came in 1876, when the yacht Countess of Dufferin, champion of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club fleet, sailed down the coast to make a try for the cup. The Madeleine was its defender, and she did her work so well that in the three races sailed the Countess of Dufferin was badly beaten. The Canadians were not com-



VIGILANT TURNING THE STAKE.



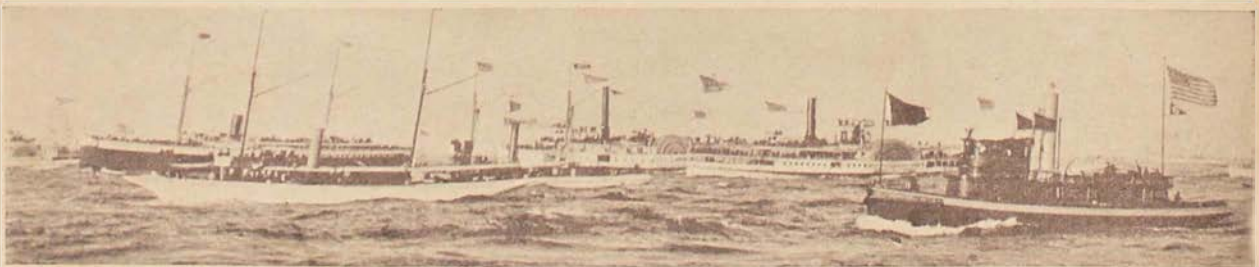
VIGILANT CROSSING THE WINNING LINE.

pletely quelled, however. They sent the *Atalanta* down in 1881. She was given so severe a drubbing that there have been no more challenges from the Canadian club.

The British yachtsmen essayed again in 1885 to wrest our yachting glory and supremacy from us. Their representative, the *Genesta*, the pride of Glasgow and the Clyde, was certainly a handsome craft, long, deep, and narrow, and of lines most graceful and pleasing to the eye. But the *Puritan*, built in Boston, was slightly faster, and in the final and decisive race she flew over the line just a minute and thirty seconds sooner than her plucky and able rival. The Englishmen were so near victory in the *Genesta* races that they were inspired with new hope, and

made a trial the next year with the *Galatea*; the *Mayflower*, however, easily vanquished her.

The truth of the familiar saying, that an Englishman never knows when he is beaten, was proved when, in 1887, another Scotch craft, the *Thistle*, cruised across the Atlantic to show that she was faster than anything this side of it. She was fast, but the *Volunteer*, the defender of the cup, was faster. She gave the *Thistle* a sound beating, and there were no more international yacht-races until the fall of 1893, when Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie* was vanquished by the *Vigilant*. The goddess of fortune had much to do with the *Vigilant*'s final victory; but then she is usually present at these sea-contests to lend her



KEEPING UP WITH THE RACERS.



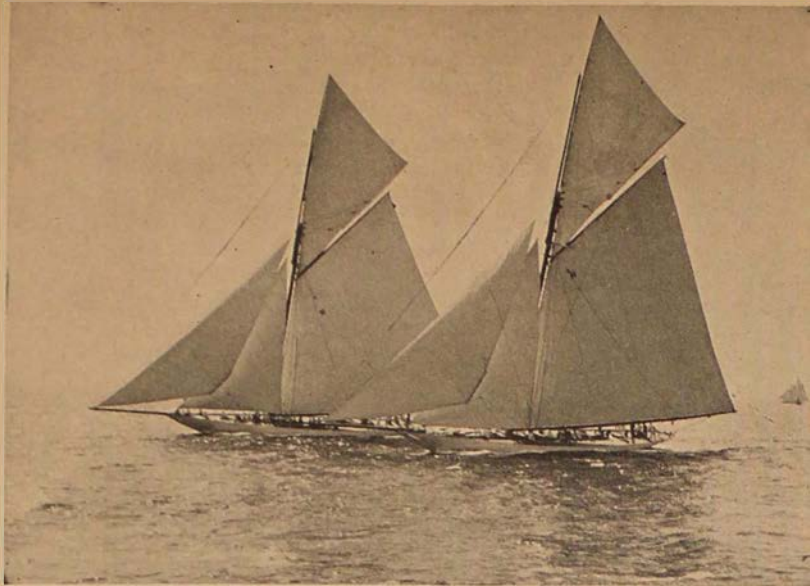
CHEERING THE CHALLENGER.

favorite a helping hand. The race was a typical one, and as such may be described.

The early morning sun of the October day shines slantingly on the bosom of the sea, and gives the white-capped waves a tip of gold. Away to the north the shore of Long Island stretches out in a streak of somber dun. In the dimness of the west the Atlantic Highlands loom darkly up, while a little way to the southwest lies Sandy Hook, covered with scrubby pines and projecting out from the New Jersey coast like a great index-finger. Already craft are beginning to assemble for the show, and as the sun rises higher, more and more come steaming down the Bay. Big excursion-steamers whose decks are black with their human cargoes, and fleet steam-yachts with paint and brasswork glistening in the light, steer about, maneuvering for good positions. The white fleet of graceful craft under great clouds of canvas dart to and fro like the dainty water-sprites they are. Saucy tugs are scurrying about, tossing up the water in clouds of spray as if to show their contempt for the seas that dash against them, and here and there looms up the black hull of a coast-steamer not too dignified to be present at the carnival of the yachts.

The craft are as restless as the waves upon which they pitch and toss. Two yachts with a huge spread of canvas, and which seem to be more airy and graceful than any others of this graceful fleet, are the centers of attraction; the other boats hover around and follow them in their rapid evolutions, while from steamers on every side glasses and eyes filled with admiration are turned toward them, and crowds cheer as they pass along.

The sun is nearly at its meridian, when a gun from the committee-boat booms sullenly. The yachts suddenly whirl about, draw close together, and, amid the wild shrieks of discordant excitement from the steamers' whistles, cross the starting-line and race away. Seaward they fly, followed in a mad chase by the excursion boats, steam-yachts, and tugs. On and on they go, the cup-defender leading, but the black-hulled challenger hanging on grimly, hardly a cable length behind. The waves suddenly grow agitated and show white crests of foam. Barely is the fact noted before the Valkyrie's sails become more taut, and, as if imbued with new spirit, she darts forward and comes abreast of her rival. It is nip and tuck now. The crowds on the steamers lean over the rails with



THE VIGILANT AND COLONIA MANEUVERING FOR PLACE.

eyes fixed intently on the racers. But what is the matter with the white boat? A convulsive quiver runs through her great mainsail, it collapses and hangs helpless, while the English yacht flies ahead as if her rival were at anchor. "Blanketed!" is the word of dismay that is uttered by thousands of lips. It is true. The Valkyrie has stolen the Vigilant's wind, and is yards ahead before the latter can recover herself. The positions are reversed, but still the yachts speed on close together, bowing gracefully to the seas and occasionally tossing up a cloud of spray.

Away out in front something fluttering above the water can be seen. A nearer view shows the red-and-white flag of the turning-stake, and toward it the racers are rushing frantically. With a sudden swerve the English boat circles round it and darts away on the homeward course; clearly she is outfooting her rival, and the American admirers of the latter are opening their eyes in wonder. Deafening shrieks from the steam-whistles signalize the turning of the stake, and carrier-pigeons with billets of paper fastened in their wings are tossed into the wind. They hover an instant in the air as if bewildered, then dart over the heads of the people who are gazing up at

them, and with lightning flight wing their way to New York with news of the progress of the race.

Meanwhile the cup-defender has rounded the stake and scurries away in the wake of the fleet challenger. Scarcely noticed have been the clouds hanging low and threatening in the east; but without warning the great weight of wind breaks out of these sheets of vapor, and turning the waves topsy-turvy the squall comes hissing up. The Vigilant feels it first and almost leaps out of the water. The captain looks up anxiously at the swelling sails and straining ropes, but not a yarn parts as she heaves ahead and closes the gap of daylight between her and her rival.

"The Vigilant is gaining!" "She wins after all!" "On, Vigilant, on!" are shouts that go up from the decks of the attending craft. But now the English yacht catches the blast and she, too, jumps ahead, while the hopes for the success of the cup-defender sink again. But a report like a

pistol-shot comes over the water, and a huge split appears in one of the Valkyrie's great sheets of canvas. It droops and flaps uselessly against the mast. The cup-defender forges ahead. A tiny tear which no one noticed when the sail was hoisted has become a great rent under the pressure of the gale. Another sail is set, and with what seems almost like human courage the English yacht strains desperately forward to regain her lost ground, but it is too late; the cup-defender shoots first across the line.

Watches are hastily consulted, for the English boat has a time allowance which must be considered. There is a moment of suspense; then the signal, "Vigilant," is seen fluttering from the flagship's mast. A thousand steam throats are opened in exultation. The American boat's crew lustily cheer her doughty and nearly victorious competitor as she trails past, and an answering cheer goes up from the deck of the vanquished challenger. The steamers veer around and pound contentedly up the Bay. The cup is still ours.

Two years have passed, and another contest is at hand. Of course we hope for victory; but if defeat comes we must meet it gracefully.

J. HERBERT WELCH.



RETURNING FROM THE RACE.



She almost fell into the chair opposite him, and stared half-foolishly at his face."

## JOHN ALWYN.

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

A LITTLE red brick house near Godalming, with a porch to its front door and a wooden balcony to the upper windows. Striped sun-blinds and a creeper, a tiled roof and a lightning-conductor. Close to the house, flower-beds, trim and bright with marigolds and sweet-pease; round it, yet standing a little way off like sentinels, straight and tall, dark fir-trees. Against the wooden fence that shut in the garden, and almost leaning over the front gate, two larches. On the outer side of the fence clumps of heather and bushes of gorse and broom. Behind the house, a moor that wandered on to meet the Surrey hills, blue in the distance. In front, a white road that came from the station and went past the house; along it on the right folk could be seen approaching from half a

mile away. They disappeared into the dip on the left in precisely nine minutes; none had ever done it in less than six.

In the drawing-room of the little house a woman waited; she had waited half her lifetime for the meeting that was to take place this afternoon. She was neither young nor pretty; her hair was grizzled, and her face marked by lines of care and sorrow. Yet time had been tender and left her a charm that half-compelled love, though the reserve that was natural to her gently kept any expression of it unspoken.

She walked up and down and lingered and listened with the happy anxiety of a woman who knows that there is only a little time to wait and then a footstep is certain to

fall upon her ear. She raised her eyes and looked round the room and was satisfied. It was cool and shady, for the sun-blind over the wide-open window kept out the glare and stifling heat; the chintz covers were fresh, the flowers sweet-smelling in the Italian pots; there were books and pictures and rustic chairs and cushions; everywhere, within and without, was the effect of drowsy stillness that is summer's own.

"My little home, my dear little home," she said to herself, "to think that he will see it at last." A smile came to her lips, though tears were in her voice. She clasped her hands and leaned her foolish head down on the back of her chair and hid her face. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" she whispered; "to think that we shall meet again after all these years. To think that I shall see your face and hear your voice—your dear voice—once more. Perhaps you will find fault with me just as you used," and she laughed softly for joy. "I don't care—I don't care one little atom what you do to me so that it is you who do it—" She started up in dismay, for there entered without any warning a woman, middle-aged also, and in a widow's bonnet. She had the air of having come a journey.

"Oh, Mary!" Miss Roberts exclaimed, half drawing back; "I did not expect you. Why didn't you write? Someone is coming; I am engaged—indeed I am—this afternoon."

The visitor laughed, and showed a dimple in her happy face. Sorrows had evidently been only incidents to her, borne easily and recovered from pleasantly.

"You are very inhospitable," she said. "I have come literally for ten minutes, between the two afternoon trains. I walked from the station and entered by the stable gate. I wouldn't risk a telegram, because I wanted your answer."

"What is it?" Miss Roberts asked, still dismayed and listening the while for the sound of wheels stopping by the porch.

"The Milfords have lost their father and can't go to Switzerland. They were to start to-morrow; had taken circular tickets for a month. They want to give them to us; they come into heaps of money and can afford it. I agreed to accept them provided you would go, too. We have not been together since we were girls, that time when John Alwyn went with us all to Cornwall—"

"Oh, Mary, I can't. John Alwyn is coming this afternoon." The tears were in Miss Roberts' eyes; she put her arms round her friend's neck and trembled with excitement. "He wrote to me," she went on. "He has taken a little place, called Heatherway, five or six miles off. He asked if he might come. After all these years, Mary, we are going to meet once more," she whispered.

Mrs. Norton looked at her bewildered.

"But—but he cannot be anything to you now, Georgie? All that was over long ago."

"He is the whole world," Miss Roberts answered, still in a whisper. "I have lived my life waiting for him. Oh, Mary," she said, and gave a long sigh, "it is something even to say his name aloud."

Mrs. Norton was wonderstruck.

"I never understood why you cared for him so much, nor why you parted."

"He is just my life," Miss Roberts went on, as if she had not heard, and with a smile that was like a flicker of sunshine when the hoar-frost first begins, "and he will be till—till they draw down the blinds for me. That is one reason why I live alone. I have felt that some day he would come back, and would not like anyone to see his coming. It was my fault that we parted," she added. "I had a thousand faults; I wasn't good enough, or pretty enough, or clever enough for him."

She poured out her words, after the silence of long years.

"What nonsense, Georgie! Why! you were the cleverest of us all; you could do anything you liked. Everyone said, when you wrote that article on Normandy, how clever it was; and the illustrations, too,—you might have made a career as an artist; and you were so pretty,—though I think you are beautiful now, with your tall, thin figure and gray hair."

"I wonder if I really was pretty?" Miss Roberts looked longingly toward the glass, as, remembering the part of hostess, she rang for tea. "If I had been," she continued, as the servant left the room, "he would have come before." There was almost a sob in her voice, the dry sob of hungry love; as if to steady it, she put her hands on Mrs. Norton's and sat down on the low couch beside the window. The sun-blind projected outward at the bottom enough to let in the scent of the heliotrope in the bed beneath it. "Mary," she said, "it is three-and-twenty years since I last set eyes on him, yet my whole life has been lived mentally in his sight. I have striven so hard,—everything I have done well has been put before him with a little petition in my heart that said, 'Won't this win you back and prove to you that I was worth better love than you gave me?' But the plea has seemed to go out into space, like Noah's dove, and to come back unheard and unnoticed. He used to find fault with me so much in the old days," she added, ruefully, "he was so fastidious and critical; and yet the first condition of my happiness, its first necessity, was—and is—that he should think well of me. He expected so much of people; nothing satisfied him or was good enough; he had ideals—"

"Nonsense! What did he ever do in the world himself? I have heard nothing of him for years; but we all know that he failed in science and lived a lazy life in town on the money his father left him."

"A contemplative life is often more useful than an active one," Miss Roberts pleaded. "Don't say things against him," and she put out her hand entreatingly. "I do not know why, but I think, somehow, he cares for me still; and, though it could only mean friendship and a now-and-then meeting, it would be compensation for all the years of waiting."

"Cares for you!" Mrs. Norton exclaimed, scornfully; "if he does he would have come to you before this, or he hasn't the courage of a mouse's tail. Well, my dear, the train won't wait for me; I must go. Of course you can decide nothing till you have seen him. Telegraph before seven this evening 'Yes' or 'No,' about Switzerland." She looked down at Miss Roberts' white hands, and up at her face. "Not good enough for you! Georgie, we women are sad fools, and our reward is accordingly." But Miss Roberts only looked back at her with the expression of one who is waiting to see heaven, and feels that it is very near.

Then suddenly there was heard the sound of a light carriage. The friends looked at each other silently. The wheels stopped before the house.

"Go, Mary," Miss Roberts whispered; "I want to see him alone."

Mrs. Norton kissed her, and without a word slipped out of the side door by which she had entered the house, before the servant had crossed the little hall to admit the new arrival.

Miss Roberts stood still, her heart beating, her hands trembling. There were heavy footsteps, the door was opened, and she heard the servant say,

"Mr. Alwyn."

She drew a long breath. There was no mistake; the years of silence and parting had come to an end.

There entered a man of middle height, stout and red-faced, clean-shaven and double-chinned, with a fringe of gray hair round his bald head. She almost started. Was this John Alwyn? The man she remembered had been slim and black-haired, with an almost supercilious expression on his dark face and refinement in every line of it. This one looked commonplace and middle-class, almost vulgar. Could this be the one round whom she had built up all the romance of her life, this—this John Alwyn? She almost laughed out, it was so absurd; she nearly burst into tears, it was so tragic.

"Oh!" she said, with a little gasp. "It is you,—it is John Alwyn?"

"Yes, that's it," he said, with a smile, more ready than in the old days. "How do you do? You were surprised to get my letter, weren't you? I don't believe you knew me for a moment. I've altered a good deal, you see; there's more of me than there was, for one thing." He laughed as though he thought it a pleasant joke, and looked at her with good-natured amusement.

"It's long since we met." She almost fell into the chair opposite him, and stared half-foolishly at his face.

"Twenty-three years, must be. Why, you have grown gray, too, and you are thin. Have you been ill?"

"I am always thin," she answered, with a little smile, "and gray—of course I am gray. I am growing old."

"Well, so am I," he said, with cheery resignation, and he looked at her critically while she poured out some tea. "I'm afraid we are both getting on. I was fifty-six last birthday, and time has not only made my hair gray, but taken it off for me, which is worse; and you see it has made me as fat as it has made you thin. But tell me the news. I never came across any of your people, and was too lazy to look them up. Are things in general all right?"

"Oh, yes, thank you; they are all right," she answered, still wondering whether she were awake and in her senses. "But I want to hear about you, John,—you don't expect to be called Mr. Alwyn?" she asked, with the little courteous manner that was peculiar to her.

"Mr. Alwyn!" I should think not. We are old friends,—we were sweethearts once, you know, Georgie."

"Yes," she said, in a low voice.

"Pretty girl you were, too,—nice figure and plenty to say; clever girl, too,—rather too clever for my taste, if the truth must be told. I thought it a mistake when you took to—well, to overdoing it, you know. I don't care about women who write articles in magazines and draw pictures for publication; I don't mind if they do a few drawings to hang on the walls,—that's different."

"Oh, yes,—quite different."

"And how is it you have never married? You must be rather lonely living here alone; I wonder you don't get a niece or two to cheer you up. You must have some by this time?"

"Oh, yes, there are nieces, of course. How did you know I lived alone?" she asked, feeling as if all the illusions of her life were being broken into little bits and scattered at her feet. Mr. Alwyn put down his cup and took some cake before he answered. There was an old-fashionedness about him that she had not noticed in other men of his age, and his manner had deteriorated; its refinement had gone with his reserve and his sternness.

"Heard it from the parson. That's how I got your address. I knew you were about here, for I got it some years ago from Jack Lawrence's wife; but I had forgotten it. I've taken a little place six miles off,—Heatherway it is called."

"I thought it must be you."

"I dare say you thought, too, that I should come and

see you?" he said, dropping the crumbs of his cake on the peacock-blue carpet. "I waited till we were to rights and then drove over. I wanted a talk with you."

"Yes," and she waited. Something told her that there was more to come.

"Well, the fact is, I'm married," he said, firmly, evidently relieved in having got it out. "But I haven't told any one about it; that's one reason why I bought Heatherway. I wanted to come among people who didn't know her. She—she—well, it's no use beating about the bush,—she kept house for me a good many years. She was a widow, husband drowned at sea, and she had to go out and do something for herself; so she came and looked after my crib in town, and we got to like each other. She knew how to make me comfortable, and that's everything to a man at my time of life. We got married on the quiet four or five years ago, and she kept out of the way when anyone came who had known her as the house-keeper. But that wasn't the right sort of way to treat your wife."

"No," said Miss Roberts, faintly, and gathered up her cashmere skirt, for the train had spread itself out as if to give effect to her graceful figure.

"So I thought," he continued, "that I'd take a little place in the country and set up properly with her; she's a fine-looking woman, knows how to dress herself, and ought to go down very well in the country. I've brought her portrait to show you." He dug into the breast-pocket of his dark tweed coat and pulled out a cabinet size photograph, then felt for his pocket-handkerchief and wiped his forehead and the back of his neck. "Tea is not very cooling on a day like this," he said, apologetically. But she was looking at the photograph of her old love's wife, and did not hear him. It represented a well-developed woman of two or three and forty, with a quantity of hair, and a fringe, thick and dark, that fell low on her forehead. She wore a black satin dress, trimmed with something that had come out in white stripes; there were rings in her ears, and at her throat a brooch too large for the present fashion. She looked like a solid, slow-of-movement, good-tempered woman, with keen, business-like eyes and an air of easy enjoyment.

"She's considered rather handsome," he said.

"That is why you fell in love with her?" Miss Roberts looked up and tried to satisfy him with her manner.

"'Fell in love'?" he repeated. "Well, not quite so far as that. I don't believe in it, you know, never did, or years ago I should have fallen in love with you, Georgie, for you were a pretty girl enough, that's certain; but I'll own that I'm fond of her. She's a nice, sensible woman, has plenty to say, and is an excellent manager. Well, now, I want you to come and see us and do what you can with the neighborhood. She has rather a fancy to know people, so I said to her: 'Unless I'm much mistaken, there's an old sweetheart of mine a few miles off, a younger daughter of my friend Sir William Roberts; I always liked her, and I feel sure she will gladly do what she can for the sake of old times.' So now, when will you come, Georgie?"

"I will come soon," she answered.

"I knew you would," he said, triumphantly.

"But," she went on, "I fear it can't be till I come back from Switzerland. I start to-morrow," she added, hurriedly.

"That's a pity," he looked dismayed, "for we have just got straight, and the garden looks nice, and she thought it would be a good idea to give a garden-party while the summer held out, and we thought that folks would like to come. People usually enjoy a garden-party,—at least, I always did."

"Yes, but you must wait till you have been called upon and returned visits before you can invite people," she said, gently. She was beginning to be sorry for him. His life and his satisfaction in it were so amazing to her; not because his world did not include herself, but because she remembered the old fastidiousness that had once prevented everything from seeming good enough. He seemed to have stamped with his heavy, good-natured feet on all the conditions that had once been necessary to his existence.

"How long will you be away?"

"A month, perhaps."

"And you will let us know when you are back?" he asked, holding out his hand. "You'll do what you can for her, I know, for the sake of old times."

"Yes, I will do what I can."

"That's all right then," he said, with an air of having finished his business. "I told her you would manage it. There's some good in being a clever woman, after all, Georgie, though when I saw that article of yours—about Normandy, was it?—I said to myself, 'This is a pity; she'd much better leave this sort of thing to the young women at Girton.' Well, I must be going. She'll be anx-

ious to hear the news, and we dine at seven,—she's particular, keeps me in order," he laughed, "and doesn't like to be kept waiting." He got up and looked round the room. "Nice little place,—dare say you are very comfortable. Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said, taking a long look at him, as if she were trying to see, far back behind the years, the face she remembered. "Good-bye, but I will come and see you off," and she followed him to the front door.

A chaise stood by the porch, a boy was holding the pony's head. Miss Roberts reproached herself for not having sent it round to the stable after its journey, but there was no time for apologies. Mr. Alwyn settled himself into his seat with difficulty.

"The boy drives," he said. "I never understand these country ponies myself; this little beggar shied twice as we came along. Well, good-bye, Georgie, glad to have seen you; and you'll come as soon as you are back, eh?"

"Yes; when I am back. Good-bye."

She waved her hand and stood watching till the pony disappeared in the dip; then slowly she turned away, went back to the empty drawing-room, and shut the door.

## A SUMMER WEEK IN NEW YORK.

I AM writing by an open window, — a window which faces a great hill that looms up across the valley and sweeps away grandly to the east. This hill has al-

ways been a part of my life. I remember how, when small, I used to sit in the swing in the yard, watching the summit line which stands out so strongly against the sky—and



UNION SQUARE FROM THE SOUTHWEST.—COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY J. S. JOHNSTON.



picturing the mysteries I was sure lay behind the hill's majestic brow. I knew dimly of New York, and thought vaguely of it as one of the greatest mysteries, and the one lying at the greatest distance beyond the hill.

Of course, I was very young, then; but the feeling about New York clung to me, in a measure, as I gained in years and wisdom,—clung to me, indeed, until one glorious morning of this very summer, when Helen and I—Helen is my chum and fellow-teacher in the Blairville Public School—waved our assembled friends a good-bye from the Eastern Express as it drew out of the Blairville station and went whirling around the hill and through cities and towns and quiet hamlets.

The shadows grew long, and the stars came out, mingling their rays with lights that began to twinkle in thousands on the horizon out in front; the road-bed widened; gusts of damp, salt air blew in at the open window from a great tract of sea-marsh; the train began to rush past streets where flagmen stood to raise the gates for the vehicles and foot-passengers waiting for us to pass; at last it shot into a colossal shed, slowed down, and stopped.

Our long journey was nearly at an end. Across the broad bosom of the Hudson we could see the myriads of lights of our destination, the metropolis, stretching in a seemingly endless line to the north and south. A ferry-boat with the passengers of our train aboard plowed her way through the dark waters of the river; a "cabbie" on the New York side hustled Helen and me, bewildered by

the noise and confusion, into his vehicle, and away we went, around numberless corners and through bright streets thronged with people, till we drew up before the quiet Twenty-second Street boarding-house which had been selected for us beforehand by a New York friend. Our room was cool and pretty, and I threw myself into a dainty wicker chair with a great sigh of relief and happiness. We were really in New York! The dream-land of my girlhood had actually materialized into a bustling, roaring reality. It was hard to believe it; yet I had kept my eyes and ears very wide open during our cab ride, and the mystery as to the metropolis began to unfold itself like a night-blooming flower.

To sight-seeing in the city we devoted that week, a bouquet of bright days laid upon the shrine of pleasure. Like summer flowers they faded quickly; yet their fragrance still lingers, and it is delightful here by the window looking out upon the hill to recall the pleasures and experiences of our vacation time in the great city lying so far beyond it.

I presume I shall have to begin with the confession of what "the lords of creation" like to call "a feminine weakness"; for the very first morning we went "shopping." We had some commissions from our Blairville friends to attend to, but the real reason of our haste was a purely personal and selfish one. We were consumed with curiosity—I must admit it—as to whether the famous New York bargain-counter was really as alluring as it had been painted.

You may as well understand at once that Helen and I, although we are "school ma'ams," are only human. We lingered long in the great shops of West Twenty-third Street. It was only the certainty that there were wonders elsewhere that enabled us to put that attractive thoroughfare behind us and turn into the wide and animated street which the huge policeman who piloted us through the maze of vehicles informed me was "Broadway, mum." The windows were so gorgeous and so variegated in their displays, the hurrying throngs of people so interesting, that we walked blocks and blocks without realizing it. We ventured into one of the great dry-goods establishments, but the air of subdued dignity and solemnity that pervaded it almost frightened us, and we were quite awed by the impressive-looking gentlemen strolling slowly and majestically about.

"Do you know," said Helen, when we had escaped, "if I had seen those men anywhere else I should have been sure they were personages,—generals, senators, or at least bank presidents?"

"And yet they are only



THE SHOPPING DISTRICT, WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET.



A FIFTH AVENUE STAGE.

floor-walkers," I answered. "Really great people are rarely very imposing in appearance." I said this with a certain amount of satisfaction, for Helen, in harmless little ways, of course, sometimes likes to bring to my attention the fact that she is large and statuesque, while I am rather small and brown.

But my lack of impressiveness did not worry me much just then; for we had passed Union Square, and stood on the corner of that shopper's paradise, Fourteenth Street.

We plunged boldly into one of those great emporiums where everything, from a needle to a grand piano, is sold, and there we had our first encounter with our fascinating enemy, the bargain-counter. Did we succumb? It was a Waterloo.

Every instant Helen would nudge me with some exclamation: "Oh! do look at this, my dear!" "Did you ever see anything so pretty and yet so cheap?" "I believe I will get this; it is such a bargain. I am sure I shall need it some time."



THE MALL, CENTRAL PARK.

It was useless for me to try to restrain her; indeed, I needed restraining myself. Even now it pains me to recall the articles, for which we will never have any earthly use, that were delivered at our boarding-house that afternoon. We laughed over them, and tried to make ourselves believe we would need them all, sometime. "Any way," said Helen, cheerfully, "we've been shopping in New York."

After luncheon we were a little tired, but we had no idea of losing a minute of the precious week. Besides, we were told that it would be rather restful than otherwise to ride up Fifth Avenue on an omnibus and lounge along the

Central Park. Tempting walks wound away into the depths of the brilliant foliage, and we sauntered into one which led us down a little declivity and under a bridge, and at last to the "Zoo." Here we took hasty peeps at the birds and deer and sea-lions and the wild beasts of the forests, and then strolled on to the Mall, a majestic avenue lined with bronze statues of heroic size and magnificent elm and oak trees. We rested in this charming spot for a moment, but curiosity urged us on, and soon we stood at the top of a flight of wide marble steps, gazing with admiring eyes on a great fountain and a bit of lake beyond it. A dark fringe of trees made an effective background



A VIEW LOOKING UP FIFTH AVENUE, SHOWING CENTRAL PARK.

shady walks of Central Park; so we strolled over to the thoroughfare of which we had heard so much, and hailed an ancient-looking vehicle that came lumbering along behind two horses which seemed to be trying to catch a snatch of sleep. We climbed to the top, and our coach went rattling up the avenue, past Madison Square, a charming oasis of trees and flowers in the desert of brick and stone, and scores of palatial mansions with windows and doors boarded up, telling the story of temporary desertion by their millionaire owners.

At Fifty-ninth Street we dismounted at the entrance to

for the marble and the lake, over whose glassy surface dainty boats were gracefully gliding.

It would be an endless task to write of all we saw as we wandered on past the reservoir and the wonderful obelisk, till we reached the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where we rested awhile, appreciating that all its precious marvels could hardly be seen even if we devoted the whole of our week to them.

Tired but triumphant, we returned to our abiding-place. We had determined to see as much as possible of New York in the week, and congratulated ourselves on our first

day's activity. We were told that a sail up the "American Rhine," the Hudson, was a charming trip. We thought it might be refreshing, as well, so the next morning found us aboard a commodious excursion-steamer gliding away past the numberless docks and the Riverside Park and the scattered houses of upper Harlem, till the city was astern of us and we were sailing over the same course Hendrick Hudson's good ship took when he was searching for an outlet to the Pacific Ocean. It was infinitely soothing to sit there in the bow, with the broad bosom of the river stretching out in front and a gentle wind kissing our cheeks. On the eastern shore summer homes and country-seats peeped out at us from among the trees as we passed, and on the western side the rugged Palisades rose majestic and solemn. We made a landing at West Point, and, of course, climbed the hill to survey the buildings of the Military Academy. After a two hours' stay we embarked again, and glided down the river, the changed light of the waning afternoon giving a new fascination and bringing out fresh beauties.



THE TERRACE IN CENTRAL PARK.

We were told that the excursions up Long Island Sound, down the bay to Rockaway and Sandy Hook, and up the Shrewsbury to Long Branch, are equally charming; but we had decided by this time that it was not possible to see everything in and about New York in one week, and had determined to make the most of what we could compass.

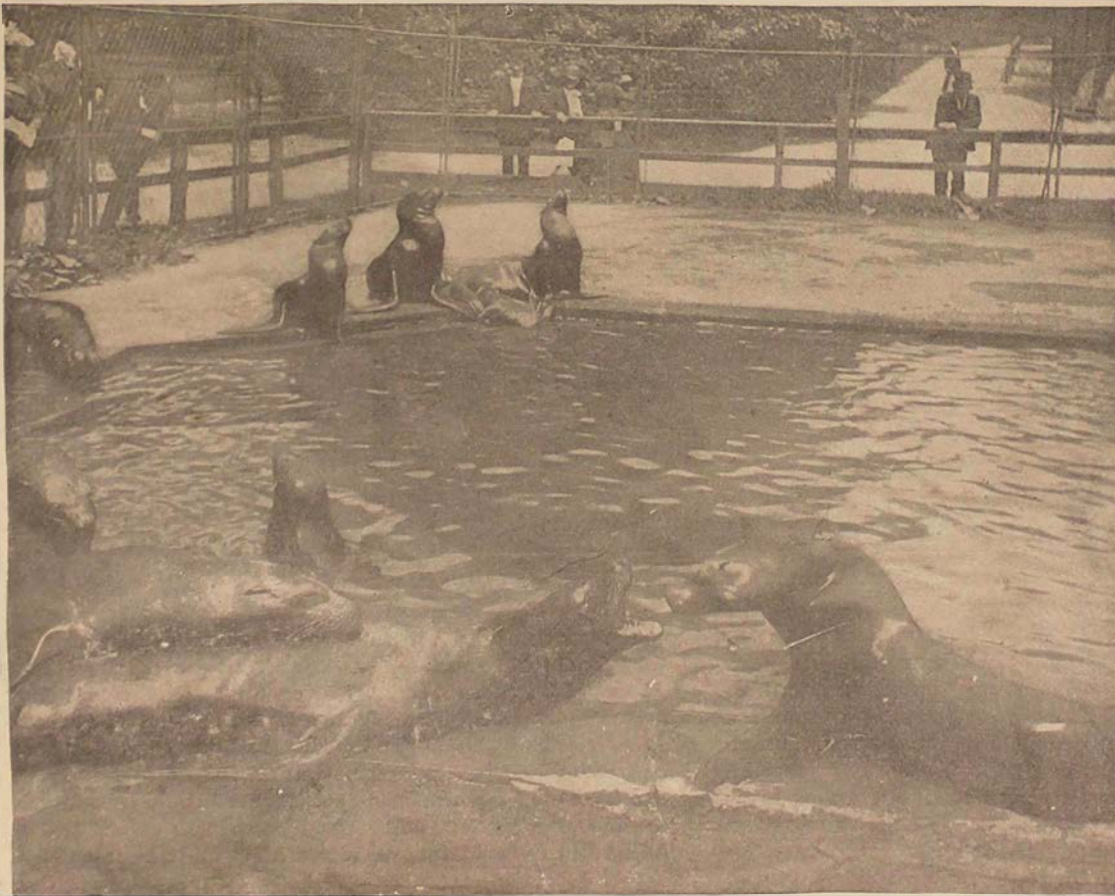
I slept a deep, dreamless sleep that night, and was more than ready for the adventures and pleasures of the next day, when the rattle of wagons and jingle of cars and the milkmen's weird "whoops" awakened me.

"See here, Helen!" I exclaimed, as that indolent young lady languidly opened her eyes half an hour after I was dressed. "I have a brilliant idea for to-day."

"What is it, my dear," she asked, drowsily.

"Well, it is just this: suppose we ride from one end of the city to the other on an elevated railroad train, starting at the Battery and going all the way up to the Viaduct. We can get a sort of bird's-eye view of New York in that way, you know."

"Anything you say," murmured Helen, as she closed her eyes for another nap.



THE SEA-LIONS, CENTRAL PARK.



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, CENTRAL PARK.—COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH  
BY J. S. JOHNSTON.

At last I roused her, and very soon after breakfast a Sixth avenue "L" train was whirling us down town to Battery Park. We had not intended going across to the Statue of Liberty, thinking a view from a distance would be sufficient; but a jaunty little steamboat, on the point of starting, tempted us. We stepped aboard, and went tossing across the bay to the tiny isle where the goddess stands holding aloft the torch of liberty for the enlightenment of the nations. How insignificant we felt as we stood gazing up at her majestic figure! Admiration was visible in our faces, but she took no notice of us, evidently too busy guiding the nations to bother with two unimportant mortals like Helen and me.

Steaming back we saw the marvelous span of the Brooklyn Bridge, reaching in a great curve from city to city, and stretching high over the buildings till the ends apparently found resting-places and disappeared amid the sea of roofs. We decided it would be delightful to take a stroll on the bridge.

"Let's walk to it," said Helen, when we were in Battery Park again; "it seems very near."

On we started, but were speedily lost in a maze of business streets with buildings that seemed to rise to reach to the sky; and well-dressed but anxious-looking men, hurrying along, jostled us at every step.

A policeman gave us the direction to the Bridge. It seemed simple enough, but I should dislike to confess how many questions we asked before we stood at the entrance. We strolled out over the tops of the houses and along the promenade, till we stood midway across the river, three hundred feet in the air. The view was glorious, inspiring. To the east the houses of Brooklyn stretched away till the horizon cut them off; far to the south rose the green hills of Staten Island; and in the intervening distance glistened the waters of the bay and river, animate with moving craft,—ungainly ferry-boats, white pleasure-steamers, saucy tugs, and white-winged sailing vessels. Governor's Island, the military post, lay just be-



UP THE HUDSON ON THE DAY-BOAT.

low the mouth of the river, looking warlike and forbidding with her forts and barracks. To the west and north were the countless roofs of New York City, and beyond them the rugged bluffs of the New Jersey shore. To the north there was another stretch of river, and more of obtrusive Brooklyn. It was a new kind of scenery to Helen and me, and we could have feasted our eyes long upon it; but remembering that these days flew quickly, and that there was much yet to see, we took a long and eager farewell look and said good-bye to the wonderful suspension bridge.

With more directions from policemen, whom we had come to regard as our best friends, we passed the towering newspaper buildings and crossed City Hall Park to the Sixth Avenue elevated railroad, where we took a Harlem train; and with the streets passing in endless panorama below us we rattled on till the crowded portions of the city

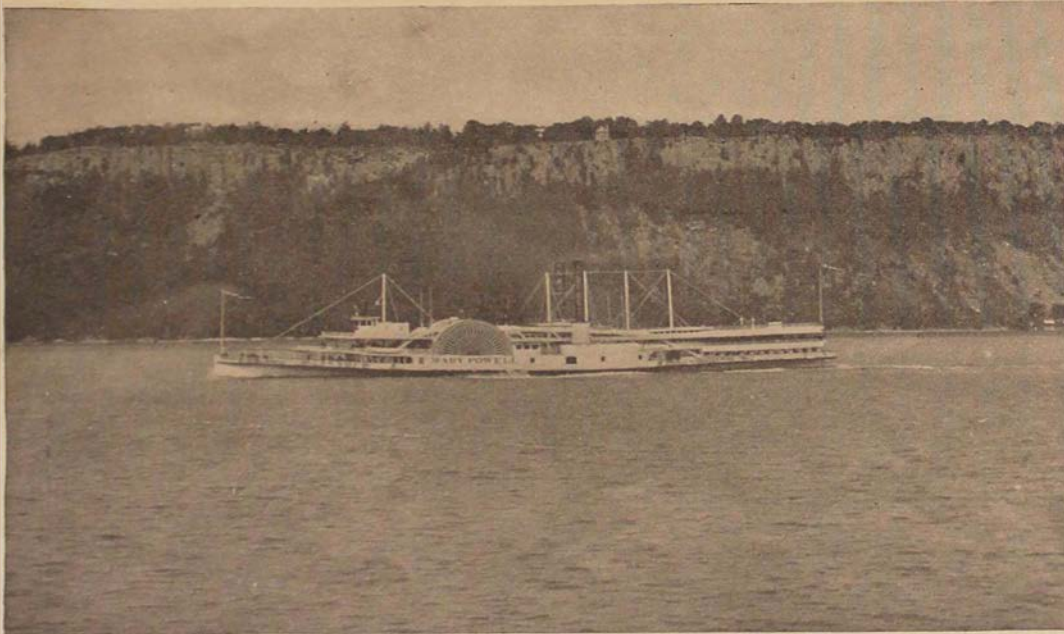


THE NARROWS, HUDSON RIVER.

The day had been a full and eventful one, and our cozy room was a haven of refuge and restfulness that night. "Doing New York," we discovered, was fascinating, but exhausting.

Of course we could not go back to Blairville without visiting Coney Island. The children would be running over with questions about "Old Coney," and would never

forgive us if we could not answer them; so the next morning we embarked for that world-renowned spot. The sail down the Bay and through the Narrows was charming; but words are inadequate to describe just what Coney Island is. The streets are lined for blocks on either side with side-shows and music-halls offering to all a free admission and a continuous performance. Crowds of pleasure-seekers dart along in cars on high trestle-work, called "switch-backs," whirl round on carousels, go flying through the air on wires, and take heavenward courses on the Ferris wheel. There are Cairo streets and Indian vil-



THE PALISADES, HUDSON RIVER.

were left behind and the train had rounded the big curve at One Hundred and Tenth Street, from which the wild, rugged upper part of Central Park, and a good portion of Harlem may be seen. We dashed through Harlem to the terminus of the road, and our attention was directed to High Bridge, in which we felt a great interest when told that a wild torrent of water from Croton Lake is always rushing through it to cleanse New York and slake its thirst.

lages, and sea grottos, and glacier scenes from the North Pole. A thousand-and-one strange forms of amusement are in evidence, and beset you on every hand. The shouts of their proprietors calling attention to the attractions, the shrill feminine voices in the concert halls, and music from a hundred pianos and "merry-go-rounds," combine in an incessant chorus of blatant discord. All is excitement here; but down on the shore the breakers roll calmly in and boom solemnly as they tumble on the sand. Helen and



ON THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND.

I preferred the beach, a broad, smooth, and gently sloping reach of clean white sand. Yes, we went in bathing, and enjoyed immensely the ocean's cool embrace. In the afternoon we sailed away from Coney Island with a new and almost weird experience to store away in the treasure-house of memory.

A gentleman at our boarding-house who had shown Helen and me a little attention told us we ought not to think of leaving New York without paying a visit to a roof-garden. "They constitute one of the unique and distinctive summer amusements of New York," he said. He offered to escort us, but there were grave doubts in our minds as to whether we should accept his invitation or not. I had heard vaguely of roof-gardens, and had an impression they were not quite like church festivals. The landlady advised us to go. Still we were in doubt; but the end of it was that we took the benefit of the doubt and went. It was all very new and strange to us. We sat at a little table sipping lemonade, with the soft music of

stringed instruments, which were hidden in a bower of foliage, falling sweetly on our ears. Innumerable tiny incandescent lights gleamed out from among the leaves of the palm-trees and tropical plants; well-dressed, contented-looking people were sitting at the tables or strolling slowly about; on a stage in front a little girl was dancing. Ever so faintly, as from a great distance, came the roar of the city that stretched out far below us; a cool night-breeze stirred the foliage gently; and over all spread the great canopy of heaven, from which myriads of stars looked down at us. We did not regret our visit to the roof-garden.

Our holiday was almost gone. The next afternoon we left New York, and were soon walking up Main Street in Blairville again. Our trip has now become a memory; but I think it will long be a vivid memory, which will furnish us with inspiration in our work and enable us to take a broader view of life than we did before we explored New York in our week's outing.

ELSIE FAIRWEATHER.

#### THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIPS.

Four little ships set out to sea  
This morning early, brave and gay;  
They only reached the nearest tree,  
Then cast their anchor for the day.

Two anxious friends with practiced sails  
Fly back and forth across the main;  
But all their good example fails  
To start the little fleet again.

It looked so easy from the nest  
To leave the harbor far behind,  
And there was hardly room to rest,  
Nor food to satisfy their kind.

But now,—well,—it seems very nice  
For little boats to hug the shore  
And listen to the good advice  
Of robins who have sailed before.

MARY A. MASON.

## FROM COO ROCK.

IT was variously designated the "Turtle-back," the "Turtle-dove," and sometimes merely the "Dove." The old salts of the island knew it only as the Turtle-back Rock, named for its decided resemblance to the shining brown shell of a monster tortoise protruding from the water; but on account of its charming security for a tête-à-tête, and for the appreciation it met with from those who were strong enough swimmers to enjoy its advantages, the name which had been given to it for its crustacean likeness was usually perverted into the simple, melodious appellation "Coo Rock." Indeed, so general had this term become that even the venerable guests of the Shawkemo House, discussing the tide which covered it pretty well at the full, would call it so in all seriousness, possibly confusing it, mentally spelled with a K, with the various Indian names with which the island abounded, or believing it had reference, spelled with a C, to the gentle lapping of the waves about it.

It was Monday morning. Most of the men who had come to spend Sunday on the island had returned to town, three hours distant by rail; and although the day was exquisitely beautiful, and the bay rejoiced in a thousand shifting blues in the sunshine, the bathers were few,—a half-dozen boys at the school age turning back-somersaults off the float, some children paddling around in the wet sand with their clothes tucked up behind out of the wet like cock-feathers, and a staid matron or two near shore, mildly bobbing up and down incased in flannel and bathers' hats.

As Marie Trask walked down the float for her morning plunge she nodded to the boys, looked out over the water, and sat down a moment on the edge to try its temperature. She felt a little lonely, a little depressed; she swung her feet—irreproachable in size, in shape, and in black silk stockings—lazily in the water, and meditated.

She was a comely object for the water to reflect: a trim, *svelte*, girlish figure in a well-fitting black bathing-suit, her blonde skin browned by the outdoor life she was leading, her eyes clear gray, a small nose which had a tendency to be Roman, a sweet, happy mouth that was quick to smile and show the white teeth that had not yet lost their baby unevenness at the edges, and, crowning all, her sunny blonde hair; not so much of it, but it crinkled and rippled over her head in such a fashion that no one came near her but wanted to lay a hand on it and smooth it down a bit, just to feel how soft and silky it was.

She looked over toward the rock; it was quite a distance out in the little harbor, and the tide ran rapidly there at the turn. It was about full now, but it would be slack water for some time yet, and she thought she would try it. She had been out there often, but never alone. She was a strong swimmer for a girl, and destitute of fear; but always before to-day there had been someone to go with her.

She slipped off the float; the water was perfectly clear and just cooler than the air. With strong, quiet strokes she started for the rock as a goal; half-way out she grew a little tired, floated a few minutes to rest, and then swam on. It seemed much further than usual; but always before she had been diverted on the way with manly converse, or given a friendly hand if she were tired. At last she reached it, pulled herself eagerly up to the highest bulging point of the rock, and gave a sigh of satisfaction. She turned her back to the shore and looked out at the hill-clasped harbor.

What a perfect day it was! She was irritated with herself for being blue, but how could she help it when other people made idiots of themselves?

What a stupid thing for her not to have looked through the book, anyway, before she had lent it to him; but at least she had discovered in time what a jealous, doubting friend she had almost consented to marry. She remembered every word of the letter she had found waiting for her that morning. It ran:

"DEAR MARIE:

"When you loaned me Dobson's poems last night, I do not think you knew you had left the inclosed verses in the book. Perhaps I should not have read them [Certainly he should not, Marie thought], but I have done so. They say that a woman's instinct is quick to rush at the truth; a man has that instinct when he loves. By the signature, 'Jack,' I knew at once they were from Jack Edgerton, and that he must have written them to you when you left the Edgerton Camp three weeks ago. Only three weeks! It unnerves me to think he had the right to say such things to you such a little while ago, and—yes, you have let me believe you loved me

"I am going to leave on the 8:10 this morning. I cannot bear to stop to say good-bye. Yours, DARRELL."

And the verses,—“Dear Eyes,” they were called:

“So many eyes meet mine each day,—  
Earnest and tender, and eyes that smile,  
Or dark without hope, and all the while  
I think of you who have gone away.

“I long so to look in your eyes, dear,  
Your eyes that speak to my soul until  
The cry of earth's loneliness grows still  
As I draw you so near,—so near.”

She had never known Jack could make a rhyme till these verses had come to her. Dear, honest Jack! how sorry he would be if he knew all the trouble he had brought about. No, she could scarcely hold him responsible for her present discomfort, it was all her own carelessness; and the next time she indulged in the exchange of literature she would shake the volume to its foundations to exorcise all lurking imps that might do her ill. One is so apt to tuck things away in a book and then forget all about them. Yet, after all, he might have given her a chance to explain.

She was aroused from her reverie by the soft rush of waters parted by the even stroke of strong arms. Marie turned her head shoreward; a man was rapidly swimming toward her. The head looked very familiar, but he had written her he was going on the 8:10. A few more strokes and there was no doubt of his identity; she turned her gaze again out to sea. He clambered up on the rock beside her. He was a superb creature, with limbs bronze and shining as one of Gérôme's Arabs. He looked like some radiant river-god with a dash of water on his chestnut hair, his eyes as blue as the morning sea, and with that beauty in his face that comes from conscious strength and kindness and the glory of youth and vigorous, overflowing life.

“Good-morning, Marie.”

She had not yet looked at him, but she met his gaze now with a half-smile

“I thought you were going on the 8:10.”

“I started,” he answered, “crossed the ferry, went to the station, and came back. Why did you come out here alone? You should have known better, the tide is running out now, and the swim back will be a hard pull all the way.”



"I am quite capable of taking care of myself," she answered, somewhat stiffly, "and if you are afraid of the tide you would better go in at once."

He was astonished to find her adopting an injured tone; if anyone had a right to be hurt, he surely was the one to enjoy the privileges of that position. He looked at her despairingly; the little curls, dried by the sun and wind, beckoned maddingly. He forgot his grievance for a moment.

"When Venus came ashore on the waves," he said, keeping his eyes on the curls, "Zephyrus blew her there, and before he left her he hovered about and kissed her until her hair, which the sea had wet, was dry and shining like silk; but it always kept the crinkle the motion of the waves had given it, and all true daughters of Venus have inherited that ripple of the waves ever since. That is the story I always think of," he finished, seeking now her clear gray eyes, "when I see your hair in the sun, Marie."

She laughed gayly. "It seems to me someone else is dipping into poetry besides poor Jack."

His brow darkened. "Don't make a joke of it," he said; "the blood has been boiling in my veins ever since I read it. I don't blame Jack for loving you, nor for writing it to you. I ought not to have read it; but the thought of his having his arm about you, as it clearly implies, and that you have cared for him, perhaps care for him still, has driven me almost beside myself. If you have any pity for me tell me the truth, or let me go."

"You may go," she spoke coldly; "I will not keep you."

"See; we are here," he said, "under the free sky, with the pure, clear water all about us, close to honest nature, and life would be so good to me if—is there always to be an if?—if only I knew the truth and that it is not what I thought,—that you do not care for him."

"I am very fond indeed of Jack; and as for the verses,

I think they are charming, and that any girl should be happy to inspire a man like that."

Darrell groaned. "You are more frivolous than I believed, and you have not been true to either of us."

"I think I will swim in," she said. She slipped off the rock and struck out for the shore. He followed her silently, keeping his eyes upon her, for the tide was making hard out to sea.

"Don't try and buck against the tide," he called; "let it carry you down. Just swim for the shore; you waste your strength that way." He was swimming close beside her now.

"If I needed it," she asked, "would you be strong enough to tow me in?"

He laughed grimly. "Try me," he answered.

He took both her hands in his, swimming easily on his back; to this healthy young giant her added weight was nothing. They went rushing through the water at what seemed a terrific rate of speed to the tired girl whose endurance had already been taxed by the swim out, and the sense of security and strength it gave her was a delicious relief.

At last they reached the float; the little boys were tearing up and down the sand, doing jumping "stents." She let go of his hands and he lifted her easily to the float. She was quite pale; perhaps there had been some nervous strain in her unusual exhaustion.

"Don't you feel well?" he asked, as he stood beside her, taking long, deep breaths after his exertion.

She put out a small, wet hand to him which he gladly took in his own damp grasp. "I should never have gotten in alone," she said, catching her breath a little, "so I cannot be horrid to you any more. That book belonged to my Cousin Mollie, but she does not want to announce her engagement to Jack till the fall." MAY D. HATCH.

## SHALL INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC CONTESTS BE ENCOURAGED?

OPINIONS APROPOS OF INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC CONTESTS, CONTRIBUTED TO DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, DR. JOSHUA PIM, AND GOV. JOHN G. EVANS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

### AN INTERVIEW ON THE WING.

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

I WAS in the ante-room of the New York Central Railroad offices waiting to interview "our Chauncey," when his secretary hurried out with my card.

"Mr. Depew sails for Europe to-morrow morning, and is heels over head in work; I can't get within ten feet of him myself. Would it not be possible for you to see him on the steamer in the morning? She sails at eleven o'clock, you know. He will be aboard at ten, so there will be plenty of time for all the talk you want."

There seemed to be no other way, so I said "Certainly," as cheerfully as possible, and went my way with the feeling of hope deferred, which interviewers know so well.



The big steamer, waiting at her dock as the tardy passengers straggled up the gang-plank and the last pieces of

baggage were being hoisted aboard, was overflowing with laughing, contented-looking humanity at half-past ten the next morning. Every passenger seemed to be receiving an ovation from a host of friends. The passages were choked with distinguished-looking people, but where was Mr. Depew? It would be difficult to overlook him in any crowd. Apparently he was not there.

I circled the vessel hastily and uneasily, for the gong was already sounding its warning and the attendants shouting, "Visitors all ashore!" Amid the flowers in the saloon somebody was making an impromptu speech. Could it be our after-dinner orator? I elbowed my way up. Alas! no. The gong sounded more loudly and ominously through the ship. Good-byes had been said, and the tag end of the procession of "visitors for the shore" was moving over the gang-plank to the dock. It was ten minutes to eleven. Mr. Depew was not in his stateroom. No one had seen him. Five minutes passed. The gong had ceased its clamoring, its work apparently done. But I had made up my mind to get that interview, and still I lingered. Suddenly there was a great commotion on the dock; the crowd parted, and a gentleman whose ordinarily benign countenance was very red and heated came hurrying over the plank lugging a big valise.

Yes, it was Mr. Depew, the last passenger aboard. His secretary's words about there being plenty of time for a talk flashed over me as I rushed after him to his stateroom. I had an uncomfortable feeling that something was being done with the gang-plank. It was a time for desperate measures, and I cornered the fugitive before he had time to get inside the stateroom door.

"Do you believe in international athletic contests?" I cried, breathlessly.

"What! going to interview me now? Are you going over with us?" laughed Mr. Depew.

"The contests, the contests," I repeated.

"Well, of course I believe in them; but I don't believe, by George! in our boys going over there and being whipped as they have been lately. My advice to them would be to stop at home till they feel sure they can give the Englishmen a sound trouncing. Why, I expected to go over and wrap the American flag around myself and shout for Yale and Cornell like any freshman. I won't say much now,—but don't you think you would better be going? I don't want to hurry you, but they are hauling in the gang-plank."

"Do you think too much attention is given to athletics in our colleges?"

"No; the outcry is mostly empty, windy talk. I—"

"Are you going to the yacht-races this fall?"

"Well, I should say so! And I expect to sing 'Hail Columbia!' down the bay, even if I can't do it on the other side. We can beat 'em with our yachts, anyhow. I take a great interest in sports. I used to be captain of a baseball— What! you're not going, are you? Better cross with us, and I will tell you all about it."

The gang-plank was beginning to rise in the air. I ran down it, made a leap, and was safely on the dock. Of course it was a rather undignified proceeding altogether; but then dignity never does go hand-in-hand with these interviews on the wing.

#### A TENNIS CHAMPION'S OPINION.

DR. JOSHUA PIM, TENNIS CHAMPION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

I WAS, of course, in favor of these contests before starting to this country, or I would not have come; but I have had such a jolly good time, been so hospitably entertained, and learned so much, that now I am a bit of an enthusiast. In my opinion nothing under the sun could be more advantageous to the athletics of both countries than these meetings. We learn from each other, and the games create a wonderful amount of good, wholesome interest in outdoor sports,—an interest which leads to practice, and is making hearty, whole-souled men of boys, and buoyant, healthy women of girls, on both sides of the Atlantic.

I believe that the interest in athletics in this country is more general and lively than it is even in England, particularly among women. It is positively inspiring to note the remarkable quickness of your American girls in appreciating good play. And how they do wave and smile and applaud when the games are close! Really, I wish I didn't have to go back so soon.

But I take with me some new wrinkles in tennis playing; I've learned not a little from your American players. Have I not taught them a thing or two? Well, I don't know; perhaps so. But if I have, it strengthens the very

point I want to make; it proves that these international games result in good on both sides, raising the standard of athletics in both countries.

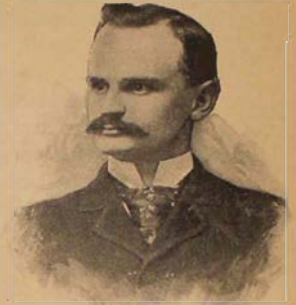
No, there are no special differences in the English and American styles of playing tennis, except that your cracks do a little less defensive work, perhaps, than is customary with us. They play a remarkably fine game particularly in the doubles. I have been trying to persuade some of the boys we have played against here to come over next year and give us a tussle on our own courts. They have promised to come, if possible; so '06 will probably see a few more international tennis contests. If they do come, and have half as good a time as we have had here, I can only say that they will enjoy themselves immensely.

#### THE QUESTION VIEWED FROM A SOUTHERN STANDPOINT.

GOVERNOR JOHN G. EVANS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

I REGRET to have to admit that in the South athletics in recent years have received little attention compared to the amount of interest and devotion shown in the North, and for this reason it may seem a little incongruous that a Southerner like myself should have a pronounced opinion on the athletic contests between the young men of this country and England. But you will not think it so strange when you know the facts. We of the South are waking up in athletics, and my prediction is that before long we shall take a hand in these contests ourselves. Our social fabric was rent and torn thirty years ago, the schools and colleges of course suffering with everything else. Since 1870, however, there has been in progress a slow but complete reorganization. Our colleges are getting on their feet again. A manifestation of this is the fact that a number of them have recently been equipped with magnificent gymnasiums, with the result that athletics in the South are coming to the front.

It seems to me that the only way to compete successfully with the English university athletes is to form teams made up of representative men from all our colleges. It is teams so constituted that our boys have to meet on the other side, and we can hardly hope to be victorious until we have the same advantage of a choice from a large field, instead of representation from merely one university. When this change is made the South will stand ready to send forth men who will do their share toward maintaining our national glory in the world of athletics. No one will take greater pleasure in their triumphs than myself, for I am an enthusiastic advocate of vigorous, manly outdoor games. I believe that the international contests are one of the most promising auguries of the present day. The greater this friendly rivalry as to physical skill and prowess, the more remote becomes the possibility of the desperate and bloody encounters of real war. The contests inspire respect and admiration in the minds of the young men of each country for those of the other, and thus tend to knit the United States and England more closely together than they have been in the past, and to establish the true relationship of brothers instead of that of mere cousins who are inclined sometimes to frown at one another.



Equal encouragement should be given to athletic contests between colleges of the North and South, and for almost the same reasons. The chasm opened in the early sixties is already almost closed; but nothing will eradicate all trace of it more quickly and lastingly than encounters on the football and baseball fields, and trials in general of physical power and skill. I am aware that some of the Northern universities will not compete with us at present, on the ground that we would be too easily vanquished; but with the recent rapid development of interest and practice in athletics among our Southern colleges, you may be sure that we will soon grow to be "foemen worthy of their steel."

## SOCIETY FADS.

THE most prominent novelty of the season, from the point of view of women whose first object in life is amusement, comes to America in the form of a chinchilla poodle. It requires just two hundred and fifty round, hard dollars of Uncle Sam's coinage to purchase one of these little dogs of a French breeder, who is a scientific amateur, and a marquis at that. As might be guessed, it needs more than filthy lucre, even be it in gold, to secure a gray poodle from this nobleman's kennels. The marquis sells only to persons of some distinction or those in whom he is particularly interested; but, when he does make a sale, the business thereof is concluded in a manner worthy of a marquis and an aesthete. Some warm summer morning the poodle, who, in truth, resembles nothing so much as an old, well-worn, pepper-and-salt knitted shawl, turns up on the New York dock of a steamer just over from Paris. His traveling-box is of gilded wire, bedded with braided straw; and he brings his luggage, his passport, and bill for food and passage, with him. The first consists of a leather case that contains the latest fashion in blankets for wet and cold weather, his collars, leashes, a set of combs, scissors, and soaps for the toilet. The passport is a serious-looking sheepskin document bearing his dogship's pedigree for many generations back, his condition of health, vouched for by a veterinary of position, and the whole bearing the marquis' autograph signature and personal seal. Once put in possession of this precious animal his devoted mistress is then apt to make a special trip to her favorite jeweler and order for "Jacquette" or "Bobo," as the name may be, a delicate bangle of purest gold, to clasp one fore-leg, just above that point where bracelet tufts of gray hair are left, by way of decoration, by the dog's barber.

HERE is sweet charity again, clad in modish robes and with an all-sufficient excuse for the originating of what promises to become an amazingly popular custom. The last half-score of smart brides who blushing took their stately way altarwards, paced through churches thronged to the doors with whosoever, of all ages, sexes, and colors, chose to attend the always charming ceremony, and these read first a bit of printed notice pasted up at the door. In so many words the notice stated that all were free to enter, subject to the levying of a small contribution. Curiosity brought, in consequence, a goodly congregation, which was vastly interested in observing that at the conclusion of the solemn benediction up rose six bridesmaids, or six pretty feminine relatives of the groom, and at the head of the aisle they were met by six kinsmen of the bride, or six ushers. Every young woman bore in her left hand a

bit of a lace and satin reticule matching her gown, and giving her right hand to her masculine escort was led down the aisle holding out her reticule for pennies. Three girls with their swains levied the wedding tax on one side of the church, three on the other; and as the fair collectors passed in pretty procession the spectators dropped sums of money into the bags, in proportion to their means or appreciation of the scene. All the while the bride and groom were walking very slowly down the aisle, and at the door the outgoing crowd saw that the bags of dimes and pennies were emptied into church plates held by rosy-faced choir-boys; and the poor of the parish profited by one more wedding.

THE social sage, that well-dressed, shrewd, and courtly old bachelor beau who ornaments every period of fashionable society, and whose remarks invariably command respect, scouted the idea but yesterday that beauty and wealth are the only two true royal roads to belledom. A girl, he insists, may have but a very moderate share of either, and yet have more bouquets at her afternoon teas than she can carry, more partners for her dances than she has time to foot it with, and more hearts laid at her feet than Cupid could count. To even the balance against dollars and perfect features she must, first of all, be a person of serene good temper, kindly manners under all circumstances, dress with taste, if not magnificence, and have accomplishments endless. Not the classics and higher mathematics, bless you; but it is absolutely requisite that she play passably well on the piano, banjo, guitar, and mandolin, and, even without a bit of natural voice or cultivation of her vocal chords, know all the latest songs, comic and serious, gay and sentimental. She must also have at hand an abounding fund of bright little dialect stories, remember good jokes when she reads or hears them, store up in her head a carefully assorted list of superior conundrums, and know how to play all the newest drawing-room games. It is simply amazing the treasures of fascinating small knowledge she can hoard and utilize on every occasion, and merely by her charming versatility and capacity for amusing her slower-minded brethren become the center of attraction. Also she must draw a trifle, paint a little, row a boat, ride a horse, hit the bull's-eye with a rifle, paddle a canoe, bind up a wound, amuse a baby, make light cake, embroider neatly, and use a camera successfully. Such a girl cannot escape belledom; the charm of her gay laugh, ready but kindly tongue, and quick fingers, lends a variety to life quite irresistible and far more lasting than beauty, far nobler than wealth. An ambitious girl, the social sage insists, may acquire all these attractions by her own unaided efforts; and, moreover, he stoutly maintains, can hold her proud position of belleship long after beauty has faded and riches taken wings.

Now, in passing by the carved oak door of some handsome country villa, should you chance to see, fitted over the brass knocker, an embroidered medallion of linen edged with lace, know by that dainty sign that the family therein are the prouder and happier for an addition to their circle. If the addition is a girl child, the odd lace and linen mat will be all white, and nearer inspection of the object is rewarded by the exquisite needlework it displays. In the center of the oval of finest white Dutch linen is embroidered the coat of arms of the house, all worked about with hearts and darts and a curious representation of a chubby *bambino*. Around this is frilled the finest old Dutch lace, and the whole is crisply starched,

mounted on white silk, and hooked over the knocker. In case this medallion is mounted on pink silk, know then that a boy has come to rejoice the hearts of his parents; for this is all done quite according to a pretty old Dutch custom lately brought back into use by the descendants of the founders of New Amsterdam on the Hudson River. The covering of the knocker was in those good old days meant to announce the safe arrival of a new prospective citizen or citizenship to interested friends and neighbors,

and to warn visitors to rap softly with their knuckles instead of with the booming knocker. Some of the linen knocker-covers now displayed are prized heirlooms, handed down for many generations, and only lately brought to light; while some are quite new, the owners thereof having sent to Holland to have their ancestors' quarterings looked up, and the embroidery worked by a white-capped needle-woman in old Amsterdam or Haarlem.

MADAME LA MODE.

## AN INSTRUMENT OF HYMEN.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.

EGERTON HUGHES did not want to marry, but he wanted to want to marry. Even this latter state of mind was a new condition with the confirmed bachelor of thirty-five, and it had only come about by reason of the fact that his charming sister, who had presided over his house for ten years, was about to be married herself. Since he had found her such a perfect housekeeper and companion he could not wonder that she had appeared in the same light to another man, and this man had been sufficiently attractive to Florence herself to outweigh even her enthusiastic attachment to her brother and the desire to dedicate her life to his happiness, which had hitherto been the spring of action strongest in her.

No sooner had Florence Hughes become convinced of the eminent desirability of matrimony for herself, than she set about the task of making it appear in the same light to her brother. So long as she had elected to remain in the single state she had preached that doctrine to Egerton; but now that her eyes were opened with regard to herself, they were opened also with regard to her brother, and it had been the force of her arguments and enthusiasm which had brought him to the state of wanting to want to marry.

It was a very vague and unsatisfactory condition, and Florence had striven hard to give it a tangible direction by retailing to him, with ardent enthusiasm, the accounts which her *fiancé* gave to her of his young and unmarried sister. As Florence considered George Seaton the most desirable of men as a husband for herself, what was more natural than that his sister should seem to her equally desirable as a wife for her brother? Seaton described his sister as clever, beautiful, and charming; and, as there could be no misgivings on the score of social position, fortune, and general environment, what could be more satisfactory than this marriage, which would more than supply the loss of his sister, and would, at the same time, bind them all together for the future, and so do away with the pain which Florence felt at leaving her brother? So she dinned continually into Egerton's ears the charms and virtues of Honora Seaton, and he listened, with an earnest desire to desire this young lady in marriage; but he could get no further.

To tell the truth, marriage in itself had never seemed very desirable to Egerton Hughes; he was an artist, and it was a condition which appeared to him to lack picturesqueness. Indeed, in casting his eye over the marriages of his acquaintances, he found he rather preferred those in which the domestic element was suppressed as much as possible, so that the household *ménage*, and especially the children, more particularly the babies, were allowed to be forgotten. This had not always been so, for he had once had a positively romantic idea of the

family life; but in the fashionable society in which his lot was cast he had seen so much to disturb, and finally to lower, that ideal, that his whole point of view had swung round. And yet the modified form of domestic life, as represented by his delightful sister's reign over his house, had become so essential to him that the thought of losing her and living a mere bachelor life there was almost intolerable.

The upshot of it all was that he had so far fallen into Florence's plans for him that he had consented, in taking a business trip to Boston, to call on Honora Seaton; and it was in compliance with this plan that he found himself now in a Pullman car traveling northward.

To his deep disturbance he found that every mile that passed seemed to increase his disinclination to the idea of marriage, and to his positive rebellion at the thought of being sent off by his sister to try to fall in love with and win a woman who was chosen for him, and not by him, and who was so chosen because of her happening to possess certain advantages of person, circumstance, and position, rather than for the reason that his heart had chosen her as the lady of his love. For Egerton was unquestionably romantic. He considered it a secret which he had with himself; but he knew that it was so, and he also knew, in his heart, that therein lay the real reason of his never having married. He had been in love more than once, but he had never seen the woman whom he quite wanted to marry; and he very well knew that if he had, such considerations of suitability and convenience as he was endeavoring to give himself up to now would have had small weight with him. So he was conscious of a sort of going against nature in what he was lending himself to now, and this, perhaps, was the secret of the despondent mood that had settled upon him.

It was early autumn, and the scenery upon which he looked out of the car window had that subtle charm which this season always contained for him, and seemed, somehow, to add to the melancholy of his state of mind. The section opposite him in the sleeper was empty, and he had a listless sense of being rather glad of the fact, for the fewer people he saw now the better. It was, therefore, with a sense of repugnance, almost, that he perceived, after a rather long stop at a certain junction, that this section was taken possession of by a lady, followed by a nurse carrying a baby. The lady was veiled, and he gave her only the very briefest glance; but her appearance, in connection with the dainty costume of the French *bonne* and the delicate paraphernalia of the be-laced and be-frilled baby, showed him that they were "smart people," and as it had always seemed to him that to such people a baby was rather a ridiculous appendage, he felt the less inclined to look at them, and so resolutely turned his back.

In this position, without seeing their faces, he could hear the talk that followed between the lady and the nurse. In spite of himself he recognized an exquisite quality in the lady's voice, and she spoke in French with the most perfect accent. Egerton had received his art-training in Paris, and the language had a powerful charm for him. Even the ordinary jargon with its suggestive idioms, which the peasant, "Non-Non," spoke, was fascinating to him, and in the refined utterances of the other he felt such a distinct charm that he became suddenly inclined to turn and look. All they said referred to the absorbing topic of the baby; and Egerton felt distinctly irritated that such mellifluous speech was not concerned with a more worthy subject. They discussed the baby's color, temperature, and appetite, with absorbed interest, and uttered epithets of fond endearment of which there seemed no end. In spite of the delicious speech, however, Egerton was beginning to feel bored and indignant, when he turned suddenly to behold a picture which threw his artist-soul into an ecstasy.

He had had his try, like every artist, at doing madonnas, but never had such a conception of one entered his brain as was now before him. She was as young almost as the true Madonna, and face and figure alike were fair and pure and sweet as any pictured Mary he had ever looked upon. He knew that her traveling-costume was probably made by Redfern, and her hat by Petit; but his thoughts went back across nearly a score of centuries for a fit comparison for this young flower of motherhood. The child, it appeared, was delicate, and her gentle face was clouded with solicitude. She had taken off her gloves, and the close fit of her cuffs revealed a hand and arm that were classic in their loveliness, and seemed to clasp the child upon her lap with the very expression of mother-instinct. The pretty baby was fast asleep, and as she bent her head above him, with only her pure profile in view, Egerton ached for his brushes to put her on canvas.

He listened eagerly, now, to every word that passed between the two women, for the nurse, as she folded shawls and tidied things up, was talking volubly, and the lovely lady made occasional responses. He was "worlds better," Non-Non said; the change had done him all the good in the world; and she declared that she no longer had any fears for him. Then the lovely lady, with a look of fervor that deepened the sweetness of her young face, asked if she were *sure* that baby's papa, when he met them at the station, would see how improved he was, and be satisfied. The nurse was effusive in her assurances that he could not fail to be so, and, somehow, Egerton, looking on and listening, felt a sudden resentment rise in his heart against this unknown parent. He imagined him one of those philoprogenitive dolts to whom his child is more important than its mother, and it infuriated him to think that such a being should possess the treasure of such a wife.

The thought of marriage occupied him more than ever as he whizzed along in view of the lovely tableau opposite, and a smile curved his lips into merriment as a verse from the "Bab Ballads" occurred to him. It was this:

"She cast her eyes upon him,  
And he looked so kind and true,  
That she thought, 'I could be happy  
With a gentleman like you.'"

It was so that he had thought, in casting his eyes upon the face across from him,—that he could be happy with a woman like her.

Ah, but where was such another to be found? He had come quite a long way on the journey of life, and he had never met with just this type before. Was it likely that on meeting it, at last, he would see it repeated soon

again? The very thought of Miss Seaton became distasteful to him; and but for his promise to Florence, how gladly would he have shirked the meeting!

How long the baby slept! The nurse offered frequently to relieve her mistress of her burden, but she almost pleaded with the woman not to take him from her. She said she loved so to watch him asleep, and to see him waken; when he felt well he always waked from his naps in such a lovely humor!

Egerton, in spite of himself, began also to watch and wait for that waking. The child was very beautiful, and lay across the lady's lap in an attitude of perfect ease and grace, a little silken, blue-toned pillow supporting its head; and so absorbed was the lovely face bent above it, that Egerton felt sure he and the other occupants of the car were as little noted or cared for as if they had not been. This gave him the best possible opportunity for continuing his observations; but he was conscious, in spite of this, of a vague feeling of resentment at being so far from the consciousness of the creature who was so acutely present to his consciousness.

Presently the baby stirred and turned its head; then a long sigh of ease and rest fluttered its little breast, and then, with a radiant smile of recognition, it looked up into the sweet face bent over it, and raising a little dimpled hand caught hold of its chin. In a second that little hand was clasped and kissed with fervor, while a shower of tender love-words, so lowly spoken that he could hear no more than half of the delicious sounds, fell from those smiling lips. Then the baby was taken up and stood upon its little feet, and kissed and coaxed and complimented in a way that was enough to drive a man half-frantic who had forsworn domestic life. He could hear, in the pretty chatter thus addressed to it, several allusions to "Papa." What would papa say when he met them at the station, to see his baby-boy so well and strong? Would papa know him, or think he was a little stranger-child brought to fool him?

The baby, as if it understood the joke, would smile and gurgle out its glee, while the nurse, who was quite outside of these confidences in the English tongue, looked on with smiling approval. After a while the baby was handed over to the nurse, and then the lady, rising to her feet and shaking out her skirts, revealed a tall figure, stylish and girlish in its outlines, and so smartly gowned and elegantly carried that she was stamped at once as a woman of the world, in spite of her madonna face and mother ways.

They were nearing Boston, and as she put on and buttoned her perfect gloves, and then pinned on a thin little veil, which made her loveliness only more vaguely charming than before, Egerton began to feel a stirring of regret within him that the time to part had come. Was he to lose sight of this vision—seen once only in his life—and never to behold it again? He felt a sudden rebellious protest at the very thought. This feeling deepened as he watched her adorning the baby for the meeting with its father. She had to undo the cap, which had been tied by the nurse, and tie it over again, giving the bow a coquetish twist toward the left; and then she had to take off the little coat trimmed with blue bows and put on the one trimmed with pink bows, because she said it gave him a pretty color. Then she had to open her bag and take out a tiny bottle and sprinkle him with something that she said would make him "smell sweet for papa"; and all the time her face glowed with a deeper and deeper beauty.

When at last the train drew into the station Egerton walked directly behind her down the aisle, and while her eyes were fastened upon the pretty head that peeped at her over the nurse's shoulder, his eyes were as intently

fixed upon the lovely *nuque* under the twist of red-brown hair, that sent a thrill of delight to his artist soul. He kept his place behind her as they passed through the gate, and there, tall and muscular and handsome, stood the man who was awaiting the party that Egerton watched. He said:

"Hello! here you are!" to the lovely lady, and brushed her cheek with a light kiss. "How's the boy?" he added, his face filled with pleasure, as he snatched the baby from the nurse's arms and gave him a look and a kiss which Egerton resented angrily. It showed a feeling and an ardor which only the sight of the child had aroused.

"Brute! idiot! savage!" said Egerton, under his breath. "And that blessed angel seems entirely satisfied! No doubt she's got used to being second fiddle, poor little thing!"

He managed to keep near them as they were walking to their carriage, and the man's talk was all of the baby and how well he looked. Only one remark personal to her did he make, and that was:

"By Jove! you're a tip-top little mother!—you are, indeed!"

At which the sweet face glowed with delight, and a look of complete satisfaction settled upon it. The next instant the carriage door had closed upon the party and they were whirled away,—beyond his sight, beyond his ken!

Egerton Hughes was supremely disgusted. Poor Florence! she would have been disheartened indeed if she had known of the distinct retrogression that had taken place in her disciple of matrimony. She had got him to the point of wanting to want it, and now he had got himself to the point of wanting not to want it; for distinctly he *did* wish now that he could be married to a woman like that, to show her what a man's real love for a woman could be. It angered him that she could be satisfied to be loved in such a negative, incidental, off-hand way as this. Oh, oh, oh! the lessons he could teach her! And it was all because she had made him feel such a sense of her worthiness to be supremely loved,—it was that which had made him feel, in himself, the power of loving supremely. If he could find another such woman as that one, then a happiness beyond his dreams was open to him; but to find a counterpart of such loveliness, sweetness, and grace, was a thought that held in it nothing but despair. He could not, even in that hour, say that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he knew nothing of her mind and could only guess at her nature; and yet he was brought face to face with the astounding fact that this was the first woman that he had ever supremely admired. Why, wherefore, and on what foundation, he knew it was useless to ask; but, absolutely and inexorably, so it was.

He went to the theatre that night to try to get rid of that haunting picture on the train. Useless, utterly useless. The sweet, madonna face came between him and the stage, and the inflections, French and English, of that delicious, low-pitched voice prevailed above the orchestra and suppressed its sounds.

Next morning he got through with his business, and, but for his promise to Florence, would have shirked the social visit which he felt so utterly averse to now; but remembering that promise he took his way, as dusk was coming on, to the street and number which his sister had given him. Miss Seaton, as he knew, lived with her married sister, Mrs. Lay. The man who admitted him said that Mr. Lay was out, and Mrs. Lay confined to her room by illness, but Miss Seaton would be down.

He went into the drawing-room, rich and tasteful in the subdued light, and sat there thinking tenderly of that

adorable, unappreciated woman on the train, and impatiently of the girl to whom he would have to talk empty pleasantries now, when he became aware of a woman's figure gliding silently toward him. He stood up suddenly, and his heart bounded and then stood still. Her back was to the light, but her figure was a thrilling reminder to him of something that caused him a strange agitation. She put out her hand; that, too, reminded him. She spoke; the voice was the very echo of the one that had haunted him all night and all day. As she came nearer he saw her face. It was the madonna of the Pullman car!

"Miss Seaton," she said, gently.

He took her hand and bowed, but could not speak.

"I am Miss Seaton," she repeated, seeing that he was thrown off his guard. Fortunately he still kept silent; for if he had spoken the words that formed themselves in his mind they would have been these:

"Are you indeed Miss Seaton? Well, if you are, for the present make the most of it. If ardent wooing and mighty effort are of any account, you'll be Mrs. Egerton Hughes before you know what you're about!"

In a few more seconds he regained his self-control, and with a profound realization of the portentous importance of the situation he rallied all his forces to do his very best in the way of a first impression. He told her of his having traveled with her the day before, and had the honor of ascertaining that she had noticed him in a vague sort of way. Then he drew from her the history of the case, and found that, her sister being ill, and the baby in vital need of a change, she had been intrusted with the sacred charge, despite the fact that her brother-in-law had believed her incompetent for it. It was this skepticism of his that had made her so desirous he should think that the baby looked well, and so contented when he had called her "a tip-top little mother."

So it was all explained; and this queen among women was free, and he had as good a chance of winning her as any man! And if ever a man went at a thing with indomitable resolution, this was the spirit in which Egerton Hughes began his wooing. He had Florence to speak for him, and through Florence he had the hearty support of the young girl's brother. Every art and instrumentality was used, every argument was brought to bear by them; but Egerton himself spoke not. He knew that Honora must know how unboundedly and overwhelmingly he loved her; and yet so fearful was he of losing all, that he had not yet dared to put his fate to the touch. He had seen Honora often, and he was full of hope; and yet, at times, the most unconquerable fears got hold of him.

One day, without waiting to announce himself beforehand, he took the train for Boston, and rang the door-bell of her sister's house possessed by a feeling that he must get to this darling woman and have the future of his life decided for joy or for pain. With a manner of more familiarity than he had ever used before, he asked the servant to tell him where Miss Seaton was. The man, showing a courteous surprise, said she was in the garden at the back of the house. The drawing-room windows gave upon this garden, and through one of them Egerton stepped down to it, telling the servant not to announce him.

It was still autumn, and the day was mild and balmy. Honora, dressed in white, sat on a rustic bench with a background of autumn-tinted vines. The baby who had played so important a part in their first meeting was again asleep across her lap. Egerton, perceiving this, came forward softly, and silently held out his hand. Surely she blushed! Surely her eyes grew brighter and her breath came quicker! He was radiantly conscious of all this, and when she put her hand in his, the blush undoubtedly grew

deeper, the eyes dropped suddenly, the quick breaths seemed to stop for some long seconds. He had never caught her off her guard before; he felt he had convicted her of a self-revelation that made his heart thrill with a passionate pride and hope.

"Is he asleep?" he whispered softly, only to make her raise her eyes.

She did look up as she whispered back an affirmative sound, but her eyes dropped instantly under his. She tried to draw her hand away, but it was useless. He held it hard and fast.

"You told me once, that first talk we ever had," he went on, still in that low whisper, "that you loved this child better than anything in the world. Can you tell me so again,—to-day,—now?"

"Oh, yes," she began, "I do,—I love him bet—," but suddenly she paused. A sharp, quick movement from the fingers that held hers gave her a check.

"Better than anything,—or any person,—in the world?" he asked. "Look at me and tell me if that is so."

She looked up, with a great effort to be strong and to stand her ground; but, try as she might, she could not meet those eyes and say those words. She knew his searching, comprehending gaze was reading her soul, and that it would read true.

He gave a short, quick laugh that had a note of exultation in it. As he did so he dropped her hand.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, seeing him stoop above the baby.

"I'm going to wake up this youngster," he said. "Hello, youngster, wake up! Be quick about it, too;" and with a ruthless disregard of disturbing that sacred slumber, he actually gave the child a gentle shake, at which the big eyes opened wonderingly. Then, with a new spirit of masterfulness that the girl had never seen in him before, he took the baby up bodily and almost ran toward the

house, Honora following him in a flutter of agitation and bewilderment.

Through the porch and drawing-room they went, and in the hall they met a housemaid, into whose astonished arms the child was quickly placed. Then, as if it were all a part of that sudden whirl of movement and emotion, Honora found herself back in the drawing-room again, behind a closed door, and alone with this ruthless, excited, resolute man. This was the expression of the face that bent above her as she felt her two hands clasped in a tight hold, while a voice said, commandingly:

"Either look me straight into the eyes and tell me that that child,—that little, ignorant, undeveloped baby, who knows not how to love, to long, to worship, to adore,—is more to you than anything on earth, or else —" He paused, significantly, and a smile, a confident, compelling, defying, happy smile, broke over his strong face.

"Or else—," he said again, "you know what the alternative will be. Is it so or not?"

She tried to speak, but her voice would not come. Whatever her lips would have uttered, her eyes gave a message that, to his true reading, was enough.

"You cannot!" he said, exultantly. "I knew it! Ah, I knew it! Your chance is gone forever, now. The baby isn't in it!"

And close and sweet as ever she had held that little child against her heart, just so he held her now. There was the yearning tenderness of mother-love in the embrace with which he gathered to him the long-wished-for and once almost despaired-of desire of his heart. For he had dreamed that because such things were rare they could not be; but now, at last, it was revealed to him that it was to be his happy lot to know all loves in one. The loves of lover, parent, brother, friend, companion, all of these were merged into the feeling that now filled his breast for the woman who was to be his wife.

## EARTH-MAKING.

### IV.

#### JESSICA'S JOURNEY TO THE ICE REGIONS.

(For the Children.)

IT was one of those soundless, stifling days in midsummer, when the birds shelter themselves in the deep, cool shadows of the trees. The red squirrel, which had made such a chattering at dawn, was now stretched along a limb of the old oak, dozing with one eye open, after the habit of his kind. The thrush no longer rang its chime of golden bells, but had found a pleasant nook in the heart of an alder-bush, where it sat asleep with its head beneath its wing. Even the quarrelsome sparrows had made a truce with each other, and had crawled into their holes in the eaves, to dream of future battles. The low of the cattle, standing knee-deep in the pool, came faintly, blended with the whirr of the grasshoppers and the clang of sharpening scythes in the meadow where the hay-makers were at work.

"And to think," murmured Jessica, gazing dreamily out of the open window, "that in three or four months all those lovely trees will be stripped of their leaves, all those bushes of their flowers, and the whole world will be nothing but ice and snow."

"And a large portion of the world is covered with ice and snow now, Jessica," said a voice which caused the little girl to turn around with a start and a cry of joy.

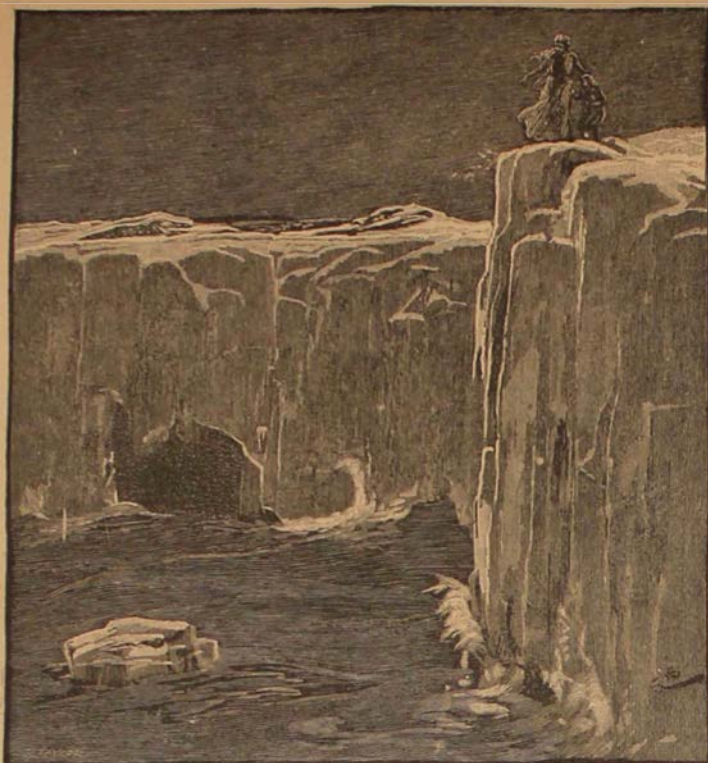
"Oh, dear Earth Spirit!" she exclaimed, "you have come to help me again. How kind you are. It is so hot, and I am so sleepy and tired that I can hardly keep my eyes open; and yet I must learn all about glaciers and this dreadful ice and all that, for to-morrow's lesson."

"Yes, I have come to help you, dear," replied the Earth Spirit. "And we shall visit some places very different from those sunny, bloomy fields you were just looking at. Are you ready to go with me?"

"Yes, indeed," responded Jessica; "I am always glad to go with you, dear Earth Spirit; for you teach me things I could never learn from books."

The Earth Spirit smiled sweetly, and touched the little girl upon the brow. Jessica found herself in a strange, desolate region, where it seemed as if there had never been, and never could be, anything but winter. A snowstorm was in progress, such a snowstorm as she had never seen before. The flakes were as large as her hand, and fell so rapidly that objects two yards distant were completely obscured. The hills and hollows, valleys and glens, were all converted into one white level.

"Oh, the poor people!" cried Jessica, "they will all be buried alive."



CLIFFS OF ICE.

"There are no people living here, dear," said the Earth Spirit. "This is the land of eternal winter; for we are now within what is called the Arctic Circle. Across this dreadful desert of snow and ice, more deadly to human beings than even the hot, sandy deserts of the South, men have striven, and are still striving, to reach the North Pole. You have read of the many Arctic expeditions which have started out from our country and from England; some have never been heard of again, some have returned with but one half or one third of the original numbers, sick, starved, frozen creatures, hardly recognizable by their friends."

"I always thought snow so beautiful," murmured Jessica, with a shudder. "Now it seems dreadful to me."

"You must not forget, dear," said the Earth Spirit, "that snow is quite as necessary as sunlight. If the fields were not covered by snow during the greater part of the winter season, the grass and the grain and many plants and shrubs would perish from the cold. Curious as it may seem to you, the snow is a sort of warm blanket which protects the roots of nearly all sorts of vegetation. Have you never heard that in the northern Highlands of Scotland they bank up their sheep-houses with snow, to keep them warm? The Laplander will tell you that he could not exist in his merciless climate unless he covered his hut with snow."

"Oh, how beautiful, and how terrible!" cried Jessica, clutching the Earth Spirit's robe in alarm, for she now found herself upon the brink of a gigantic ice-cliff, which rose several hundred feet sheer from the ocean. Where she stood she could see the waves dashing furiously against the base of the precipice, flinging the white foam high in the air; she could see the billows plunge into cavern-like hollows, which seemed to have been eaten out of the ice by the action of the water, with a roar like thunder; every now and then a great piece of ice would be dislodged and go sailing grandly away upon the swells.

Jessica had once journeyed down the Hudson River by steamboat to New York City. On the west side of the river, as she neared the great city, she had observed a

row of tall cliffs, which the captain of the boat had told her were called the Palisades. The ice precipice upon which she now stood reminded her very much of those Palisades.

"But how does all this ice come here?" she asked her guide. "I can't think how so much water could have been frozen all at once!"

"It was not water, dear," answered the Spirit, "—at least not water in its fluid state. Look away over there, landward, and you will see that there is a sort of valley between two ranges of hills. The snow which has fallen year after year among those hills, and in the valley itself, in such quantities as you cannot even imagine from the snowstorms you have seen where you live,—this snow has been gradually forced into the valley, and pressed and squeezed into a comparatively narrow space. Under pressure it has become solid ice. If you were to examine the ice farther up the valley, you would discover that some of it is composed of large, loose grains that you might dig out like small pebbles; farther up yet, it would be mere frozen snow. You would also come upon a section where the top would be soft, fluffy snow; the middle, as you dug into it, would be granulated particles, and the bottom, clear, hard ice."

"But," asked the child, "how is it that these great cliffs of ice come down here to the sea?"

"You have seen the ice-men sliding great cakes down an inclined plane of planks from the cart to the sidewalk, have you not? Well, on the same principle, these enormous masses slide down the slope of the valley, forced onward by the pressure behind."

"It seems to me that the peak upon which we stand is trembling," said Jessica. "I can hardly keep my feet."



A GLACIER TABLE.



Oh, dear Spirit! what is going to happen? See! see! it is tottering!—it is moving! Oh, what will become of us?"

"Fear nothing, my child," replied the Earth Spirit, with a calm, reassuring smile. "You are quite safe; but you are going to see how an iceberg is formed. There, take my hand, and stand quite still. No harm shall come to you, I promise."

Even as she spoke there was a tremendous report, like the explosion of a thousand cannon, followed by a fearful rending, splitting sound. Jessica, who had buried her face in the Earth Spirit's dress, felt herself swung to and fro, up and down, until she became quite dazed and dizzy.

"It is all over, now, dear," said the Earth Spirit. "Look up, Jessica, and see where we are."

The little girl raised her head timidly and gazed about her wonderingly.

"Why, where are we?" she asked, in amazement.

"Afloat on an iceberg, dear," answered her guide.

"An iceberg?" echoed Jessica. "Why, this is like a great island."

"So it is," said the Spirit.

"It is half a mile long and three hundred feet high, and yet all this height above the sea is only one-ninth of the size of the berg. So there are twenty-seven hundred feet below the water,—a little over half a mile, Jessica, think of it!"

"Ah! what is that?" exclaimed the little girl, as a sudden glow shone about them almost as bright as day.

"The aurora," answered her guide. "See, there in the North!"

Jessica turned around and gazed in silent ecstasy at one of the loveliest sights she had ever beheld. Two enormous arches of pale green light swept across the northern sky, their ends in the dark sea, the upper arch reaching almost to the zenith. Now they were pea-green, again a rosy red. Sometimes they were mere bands of such tints as you see at early dawn, then they flared up with a glory that put out the large stars. The floating ice-mountain upon which they stood gleamed and glittered in the flicker with the splendor of a mass of rubies and diamonds, emeralds and pearls. In spite of her terror, the child could not help clapping her hands with delight.

"Oh! oh! how beautiful! how beautiful!" she cried. "Dear Spirit, do tell me what it is."

"In quite recent times," replied her guide, "very sensible people thought that the aurora borealis, or northern lights, came somehow from the sunlight gleaming upon the ice; but everybody knows, now, that the aurora is caused by electricity. In colleges they make just the same shapes and colors with the electric battery, by way of experiments for the students. When you go to college, as I suppose you will when you are older, you will see for yourself how it is done. But now I must show you something else."

"Why, there are trees and grass down there!" cried Jessica, rubbing her eyes

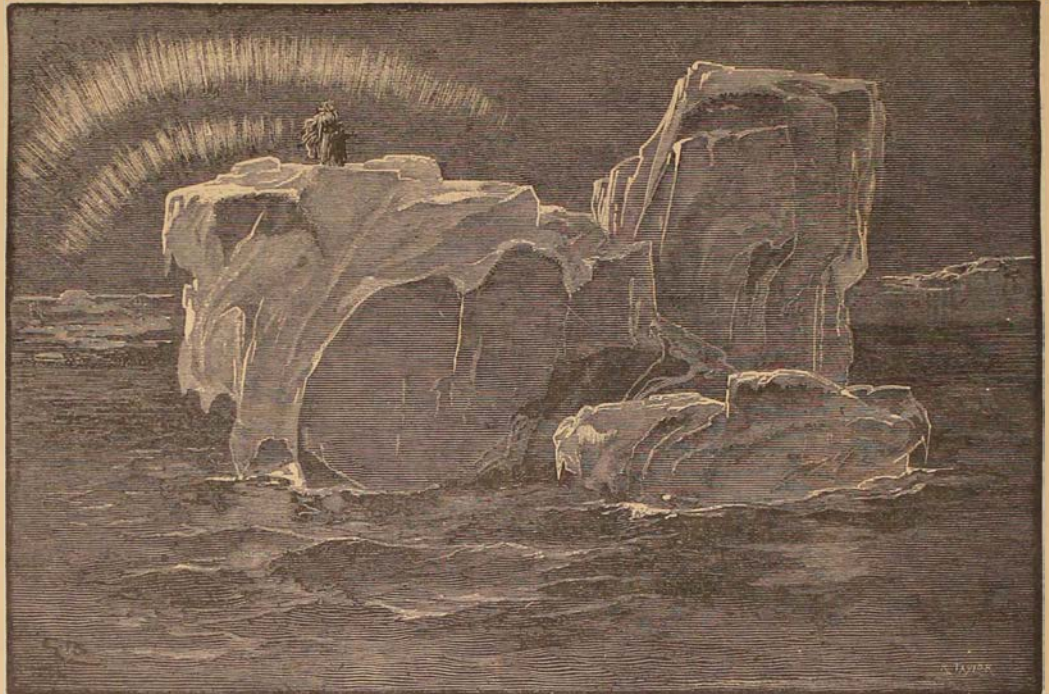
"Yes, I have brought you to the Alps," replied the Earth Spirit, "to show you two things; an avalanche and a glacier. Now, watch that height covered with snow, and see what happens."

"It seems to be moving," said the child. "I can see bits breaking off and rolling down the sides of the mountain. And oh, look! how the people in the valley are running up the other hill! The men are carrying the poor babies, and some of the people are driving goats and sheep. How they run! Dear Spirit, what is it they are so afraid of?"

"Those who live in these valleys," answered her guide, "know the signs of the weather by the color of the sky, by the shapes of the clouds, and by the appearance of the mountain-peaks. Those people down there have seen the snow breaking away from the heights, and they fear that an avalanche is coming."

"And there it comes now!" exclaimed Jessica, weeping. "It is too horrible! Oh! everything will be buried!"

"Do not worry," said the Earth Spirit, "this avalanche will harm no one, nor will it destroy a single dwelling.



ON AN ICEBERG.

See, it is going down the other way. You may look at it, dear, without dread."

But it was a fearful sight, nevertheless. It seemed to Jessica that the whole mountain was tumbling into the valley. Indeed, the slope for a thousand yards around was all in motion. Great rocks, larger than the largest house, were torn loose and borne hurtling down; smaller rocks were whirled along like so many pebbles. Distant as it was, the roar was awful beyond description. Jessica clapped her hands to her ears, and stared at the awesome spectacle with parted lips and white cheeks. Down went the mass, tearing away forests of pine and oak as if they had been mere fields of grass, crashing into the bottom of the valley, flinging tons of snow up the opposite hillside like froth from a billow. The very earth shook, and even the hillock upon which Jessica and her guide stood trembled as if it, too, were about to follow the general wreck.

"Come, my dear, I have more to show you," said the Earth Spirit, touching Jessica upon the shoulder. The little girl drew a deep breath, and silently followed her guide across the ridge.

"Why, what a curious river!" exclaimed Jessica, "a river of ice!"

"Yes, just that," said the Spirit, "though you will find it called a 'glacier' in your book."

"Oh, yes," replied Jessica, "I have studied about glaciers. You see," she continued, glad to show her guide that she knew something about the wonderful things which she had been brought to visit, "these glaciers move along, although they are composed of ice and snow. In the middle they flow at the rate of a yard every day, and from fifteen to twenty inches at the sides. Away down at the bottom of the valleys the ice melts as fast as it comes down, and many large and swift rivers take their rise at the foot of a glacier."

"Exactly," said the Earth Spirit, smiling. "Now, will you tell me what this hard substance, which is neither snow nor ice, which comes crawling down the mountain side to join the glacier, and finally to be compacted into clear ice, is called?"

"Wait,—I can tell," replied Jessica, thinking a moment, "I know. It is *névé*."

"Right. Now, dear, look down into one of these great cracks; do you remember their name?"

"Yes, crevasses," answered Jessica, gazing into the depths of one of the chasms. "How lovely! The walls glitter as if they were made of colored glass. I never saw such wonderful blues and greens. But how dirty the surface is, and how full of rocks and stones!"

"What you call dirt and stones is the evidence that the glacier is doing its appointed work."

"Its work?" repeated Jessica. "I don't understand."

"It is the office of this glacier, as well as of all others, to wear away the valleys down which they move, and also to dislodge and carry upon the surface all the soil, stones, and boulders possible."

"And, oh! what a great rock that is!" cried the child, pointing to an enormous oval rock supported upon a slender pedestal of ice. "It looks like a sort of queer table."

"It is called a 'glacier table,'" said the Spirit; "and you can see from the height of that rock, which once lay upon the surface, how much the glacier has melted down since it brought that mass of stone from its original resting-place up among the mountains."

"How strange, how very strange!" suddenly cried the girl.

"What is strange?" asked the Earth Spirit.

"Why, those long rows of stones upon the ice river," replied Jessica. "They look like a procession of soldiers all dressed in gray and brown."

"Those are bits of rock which have either been carried down upon the glacier by the action of the rain, frost, or avalanches, or have been broken off the rocks by the ice itself as it moved along. Now, see how these processions are divided into three parts, a row close to each shore and a row in the middle."

"I can see," said Jessica, "how the glacier can take away the row of stones on each side, but I can't make out how the middle row comes there."

"Look away up there, where two branches of the glacier come together like two streams of a river uniting. Do you not see how the inner line of stones from each glacier meets at a point and moves down the middle of the main stream? These stones are called 'moraines.' The lines near the shore are called 'lateral moraines,' that in the center is the 'medial,' or middle moraine."

"And now that I look closer," said Jessica, "there are heaps of sand and coarse gravel strewn along the rows, between the larger stones and rocks."

"That is called 'moraine-stuff,'" answered the Earth

Spirit. "But come with me." As the child and her guide passed down the glacier, the Spirit pointed out to her pupil how beautifully the rocky walls of the valley were polished here, and how gracefully marked and traced there; and Jessica could see for herself how the vast body of ice, rubbing the sandy particles against the cliffs, had worn deep ruts and channels in the hard material.

Presently the little girl saw that they had reached the end of the ice river, and that a muddy torrent of water was pouring down the valley.

"Here, you see," said Jessica's guide, pointing to a great heap of rocks and stones piled together at the foot of the glacier, "what is called a 'terminal moraine,' meaning simply the accumulation of all those other moraines, or lines of rock, which the ice has brought to this spot, or as far as it could, before it began to melt. That whirlpool in the stream yonder is what they call a 'pot-hole.' See how that large boulder is being tossed around in the flood, wearing away the basin more and more every hour."

"And this is the beginning of a real river?" asked Jessica.

"Yes," said the Spirit, "one of the largest on this continent. See how it roars and foams and leaps and glitters. A hundred miles from this it enters the sea, and bears with it, daily, tons of matter torn and worn from the very tops of those cloud-capped mountains yonder. So you see how the face of the globe is always changing. The water drawn up by the heat of the sun condenses in snow upon the crown of the hills; thence it passes down the ravines and valleys, grinding away the solid rock and bearing it toward the ocean. Centuries may be required to show the result; but centuries are less in the history of the earth than moments in a man's life."

"And now," continued the Earth Spirit, bending to press her lips upon the child's forehead, "good-bye for to-day. We shall meet again."

And Jessica found herself in her own room, gazing out of the window and listening to the haymakers sharpening their scythes in the distant field.

LESTER HUNT.

## SANITARIAN.

### NATURE'S METHOD OF PRESERVING A GOOD FIGURE.

PERHAPS the greatest enemy to beauty of figure, in either man or woman,—although more generally noticed in the latter sex,—is that heavy, gross appearance in the abdominal and hip region, so very common among persons of sedentary habits.

There are several causes for this beauty-destroying affliction. In both sexes it inevitably accompanies inactivity, much sitting, over-eating, constipation, and the resultant swollen condition of the intestines, which indicates the accumulation of gases arising from the presence of undigested, unassimilated food. With women there may be other causes, such as lack of care after childbirth, internal tumors, and more especially may it arise from the wearing of tight corsets.

An active man or woman, it may be noticed, will seldom be annoyed with a relaxed and protruding abdomen, although the indigestion and constipation may be present to a certain extent; but a lover of hearty eating, and of easy chairs, soft cushions, and general indolence, will inevitably lose all possible claim to grace and elegance of figure if

these forms of laziness be indulged when middle age draws nigh.

The radical cure for this unhealthful, uncomfortable, and certainly very unseemly condition of the abdomen can be effected only by Nature. Once relaxed, these muscles and nerves cannot receive the least benefit from all the medicine in Christendom. Your body belongs to you individually, and Nature calls upon you, and you only, to repair damages if you wish a cure. Massage is but a stepping-stone to the ladder which you must climb alone, round by round, for the result will depend wholly upon your strength of will and real desire to overcome the difficulty.

In order to restore the normal condition, then, it is self-evident that the natural muscular contractions must be regained, and that the lost will-power over the relaxed muscles must be restored. That this is a result possible to bring about—unless there should exist some serious physical derangement, such as dropsy or internal tumors—may be proved by faithfully practicing for weeks and months the simple exercises herein described.

Little by little, step by step, and with all due caution, should all physical culture exercises be commenced; for it is the law of Nature that we creep before we walk, also must we walk before we can run. At first, therefore, especial care should be observed with these movements of the abdominal and hip region, simple though they are. Any violent effort at the beginning, in this portion of the body, might lead to strain and subsequent inflammation.

The few movements required might well be called the "lazy woman's cure"; for as they are to be practiced while lying in bed,—upon retiring at night, and before arising in the morning,—even an invalid may go through the exercise without dread.

Remove all the clothing excepting the night-dress, then lie flat upon the back, or place a thin pillow beneath the head, if unable to bear having it rest so low. For a moment let all the muscles of the body relax, then carefully make an attempt to *feel* the existence of the abdomen, if so the act may be described; that is, concentrate the mind on the abdominal muscles, and contract and expand them without moving any other muscles. To do this will be quite an effort at first; having been stretched and relaxed for a long time the torpid muscles will not respond quickly to the will. Do not touch the body with the hands, for the effort must be wholly from the sense of feeling forced into existence by the will power.

At first the flaccid muscles will not respond. Try again, fixing the mind upon the effort, and probably a slight contraction will be felt. Then try moving the hips from side to side, or lift them carefully from the bed, still without assistance from the hands. A few movements will be sufficient; then try drawing up the muscles along the thighs and hips, and again return to the intestinal movement. Bear down with the muscles, then make the effort to raise the abdomen upward toward the stomach and chest, wholly by muscular contortion.

Five minutes of these movements will be sufficient at first; but after a week's practice every morning and night, unless very greatly relaxed and torpid, there will be felt a curious sensation of returning strength, very slight at first, and it will also be noticed that the ability to concentrate the will to make the entire consciousness bear upon the movement will be much less difficult. As the strength increases, the movement should include swaying the abdomen from side to side, up and down, swelling it out, so to speak, then drawing it in strongly, not forgetting also to thoroughly exercise the muscles both on the inside and outside of the hips and thighs, or the entire pelvic region,

by alternate contraction and relaxation. After a time the power to move any portion of the abdominal muscles with considerable force will come, and then the muscles of the stomach and region of the liver should be made to fall into line.

It is quite a knack to learn to contract the muscles of the stomach. It is best learned by holding the chest muscles firm and expanding the lower rib-region, then contracting it, following the motion of breathing or of panting; without taking in any breath, however, for the movement must be wholly muscular.

One is astonished to learn the number of muscles in these soft parts, of the existence of which we are physically almost unconscious, through disuse and neglect. One by one new ones will appear to surprise us, and the discovery of our ability to move and to actually control them will give a wonderful sense of lightness, self-confidence, and will-power, which will greatly lessen, and eventually overcome, that heavy, torpid, bloated, and "all-gone" feeling ever present with some women.

Yet to accomplish all this will take time. While some improvement will be felt within a week, much patience and perseverance must be observed to gain each upward step. The encouraged muscles will soon begin to find their power, and once they make that discovery they will slowly but surely drive away all the fat and dead weight which has for years bound them down like slaves. It will require months to effect a radical cure, but steady improvement will be noticed with every exercise conscientiously practiced. Severe cases of constipation will find speedy relief from the abdominal exercises, which stimulate the peristaltic movement of the intestines, and prevent the straining which is a prolific cause of painful hemorrhoids.

The first step upward will be the gradual discovery of long-forgotten muscles; the second, will be the power to readily move, at will, the abdomen, intestines, and stomach, wholly by muscular effort; the third step will be the power to free the intestines, at will, from the accumulated gases, thus preventing colic, and relieving it if present; the fourth, will be the gradual disappearance of the bulky, puffy, adipose tissue, followed by a surprising reduction of the size of the waist, which will become an inch or two longer over the hips and at the front, and correspondingly lessened in circumference; the fifth step will be the gradual restoration of contractile power to the intestines, so that the natural peristaltic movement may be encouraged to come to life and assert itself; while the sixth and last step will be the relief from distention and unnecessary bulk, the firmly established peristaltic movement, the daily passage from the heretofore torpid bowels, the improved condition of the digestive organs, and a remarkable sense of warmth and strength all through the pelvic region.

The hips and abdomen should now be flat, well-contracted, firm, and well able to take good care of their owner. But, this accomplished, do not make the mistake of dropping the exercises. By this time the practice should have become partly mechanical, and an established habit which should remain with everyone. Your body supports your weight for fully fifteen hours out of the twenty-four; can you not spare, for its reward, your attention for at least ten minutes every night and every morning? Is that asking too much?

W. C. MOORLAND.

The lands are lit  
With all the autumn blaze of goldenrod;  
And everywhere the purple asters nod  
And bend and wave and flit.

HELEN HUNT.

## OUR GIRLS.

## AUNT LIDA'S HOLIDAY.

MARCELLA stood in her barely furnished room, her small hands clenched, looking down with angry eyes upon her shabby, ill-fitting gown. It was against her will that she had come the year before to live with her two maiden aunts in the old home, but she had had no choice, and at her mother's death had been obliged to accept the only refuge offered her.

It was such a wretchedly tumble-down old house; and Millington, two miles distant, was an isolated, sleepy little town. Aunt Rita was old, and partially paralyzed and deaf; while Aunt Lida, slim and angular, with her shower of spindling curls, tried to appear ridiculously youthful for a woman who must be thirty-five, at least!

The trio had been sitting as usual that morning in the great, sunny kitchen, where Marcella was learning to "tack" the heavy comfortable on the quilting-frame, when the Millington stage driver had handed in the letter which had had such an opposite effect upon two of the little circle.

"Now who can it be from?" Aunt Rita had said, adjusting her glasses with unsteady hands. "It's postmarked New York, an' the writin's kinder familiar. Girls, do you s'pose Cousin Mar'gret Beekman could 'a' wrote?"

"Maybe she has!" cried Lida; "an' maybe she's wrote to say she's sent us a bundle of old clothes! Hers are always so nice; and"—glancing at her own sadly antiquated gown—"I hope there'll be something that'll do for me, with sleeves real fashionable an' big!"

"Why don't you read it?" asked Marcella, with youthful impatience.

"We don't get letters every day, child," Aunt Rita said, with a quaver of reproach, as she solemnly broke the seal.

"Here, Lida," she added, after a moment's pause, "you read it aloud. Young folks has better eyesight than old uns, arter all."

Marcella's lips curved scornfully, for even Lida seemed to have some difficulty in deciphering the tall, angular handwriting. But at last, amid frequent ejaculations of astonishment and delight, the contents reached the listener's ears. The letter was indeed from the wealthy, widowed cousin in New York, and the gist of it was this: Mrs. Beekman was going South for a time, but the friends she had expected to join had changed their plans, and she wanted someone with her as companion for the six or more weeks before her friends should come. Remembering her pleasant visits at the old home in her youth, she now wanted to repay her cousins' hospitality by inviting Lida to go to Washington with her. If she could do so, Mrs. Beekman would not only pay all her expenses, but would also send money at once to provide whatever traveling outfit she might require.

It was as if the sky had suddenly opened before Lida Marlow and she had caught a glimpse of heaven through the crack. She was in a perfect tremor of ecstasy, and there was no question but she could go. During all these years since Rita had had her "stroke," Lida had never left her for a night or day; but here was Marcella now, who could unquestionably fill her place during her six weeks' absence, and so the beautiful holiday of which Lida had dreamed ever since her early youth was unexpectedly about to become a reality at last!

As Lida was awkwardly penning her delighted reply, Marcella stood in her small, bare room, filled with dismay at the dreary prospect opening out before her. Oh! it was hard to be young and have all pleasure denied her! If

she could only have a pretty new traveling-outfit, and go away from this endless routine of dish-washing and cleaning up and mending of frayed garments and caring for helpless Aunt Rita, and have a happy holiday in a beautiful, gay city, why then—even if she had to return to this dreary home once more—she would have something to look back upon and dream over her whole life long.

But such happiness was not for her. It was only Aunt Lida, with her ridiculous girlishness and love of faded finery, to whom such an opportunity should come. And more than ever Marcella rebelled against her hard lot, and thought contemptuously of the harmless foibles of the two poor women to whom she owed her daily bread and the roof that sheltered her.

They made no outward show of affection themselves, and so had taken Marcella's undemonstrativeness as a matter of course. Their dead half-brother's only child was their nearest of kin; and though they said she "warn't much Marlow but in name," they willingly shared all they had with her, and without ever suspecting that she in silence scorned both it and them.

After the coming of Mrs. Beekman's letter and before the time set for Lida's departure, Marcella grew more unhappy every day. It was bad enough that Aunt Lida should be going away; but it was harder yet to passively help make the new blue serge,—just such a gown as she longed for and could not have,—and to listen silently to the endless instructions about everything that she must do during the six long weeks when Lida would be gone. Marcella became so taciturn as the days went on that unobservant Aunt Rita noticed it.

"What ails the child?" she said. "She grows queerer an' more one-sided every day."

But Lida was not disturbed; she was as near to perfect happiness as she had ever been in her life. The new gown, with the biggest of leg o' mutton sleeves, was nearing completion; she had chosen the pattern herself; Miss Lane, the Millington dressmaker, had fitted it, and whatever Marcella's faults might be she was a clever needlewoman and more handy than Lida herself. She had a new "mantle," too, of the latest and most youthful fashion, and the prettiest new hat imaginable.

It was on the day the blue serge was completed that the crisis came. Aunt Rita had been unusually trying; even Lida's infinite patience was sorely taxed, and Marcella's small stock was entirely exhausted. Suddenly the young girl threw down the stocking she was darning and bolted from the room. Lida looked after her, amazed. Then she swiftly followed her, while Aunt Rita, who sat facing the window, and whose deafness prevented her from hearing their abrupt departure, fretted querulously on. But Marcella heard the patter of following footsteps and turned suddenly.

"Why do you always follow me and spy upon me?" she cried, desperately. "Can't I have even a minute to myself? or must I sit and sew for you forever, without any pleasure or a moment I can call my own? I've never been happy since I came to this hateful house! And now to be left alone with *her*—I shall die! I'm just a slave, that's all, and nobody cares anything about me!"

"Girls," came Aunt Rita's quavering voice, as she turned and missed them, "girls, where be ye?"

"Girls!" Marcella echoed, with scorn. "There's only one girl in this house, and her girlhood is dreary enough!"

The swiftness of her sharp speech and all the bitter injustice of it fell upon Lida like a blow.

"What do you mean, 'Cella?" she gasped. "Did you want to—go to Washington?"

"Washington!" the girl cried, bitterly. "I never was

asked! Nobody ever wanted *me*. I wouldn't go now,—if I was paid for it!"

Then she rushed up the few remaining stairs to her room, and bolting the door behind her, broke into passionate tears.

As the next uncomfortable day drew on towards evening, Lida began to ail. She, too, had been unusually silent all day, but the first sign she gave of feeling bad was when she set about brewing herself some boneset tea. After that Aunt Rita began to worry lest she should get "down sick," and be unable to join Mrs. Beekman upon the now near-appointed day; but Lida "guessed" she would "be all right soon."

She did not seem to improve, however, and on the morning before she was to go she came downstairs with her head all swathed and pinned up in a towel.

"What am I going to do?" she said. "With a face swelled up the size o' two, a body couldn't think of goin' to New York to jine Cousin Marg'ret; yet I can't bear to disapp'int her, with her plans all made an' tickets bought for two. Look here, Marcella, s'pose I send you in my place? I really ain't equal to goin', an' if I write to Cousin Marg'ret an' tell her how it was, I guess she won't mind. An' 'Cella, you'll have to wear that new blue serge with the beautiful big sleeves; I shouldn't wonder if 'twould be a perfect fit,—we're jest the same height, an' it's a leetle loose for me. You'll need it, an' the mantle, too,—an' the new hat. Oh, my!" she interrupted herself with a groan.

Marcella stared at her aunt with an expression of mingled amazement and joy. "Do you really mean it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Of course I mean it," said Lida. "How could anyone go lookin' like, this! Go try 'em on now, quick, while I write to Cousin Marg'ret. Then I'll come an' pack the trunk for you. Oh, dear! that pesky tooth!" and she turned abruptly away.

That day passed rapidly enough, and Marcella was in a rapture of excitement. She could hardly believe it true that she was really to go to Washington in her Aunt Lida's place, and she guiltily felt that she was not as sorry as she perhaps should be for the unlucky sufferer. Even when she awoke the next morning she trembled lest Aunt Lida should have recovered sufficiently to change her mind. But when she went downstairs, at last, arrayed in the fashionable blue serge gown, which fitted her slender figure to perfection, Aunt Rita was in her usual place by the window, and Lida was busy getting the breakfast, her head still tied up, and looking more woe-begone than ever.

"Wus an' wus," she answered, shortly, to Marcella's question. "Come, eat your breakfast. You took so long prinkin' that like enough the stage'll be here afore you're done."

Indeed, the stage did come lumbering along soon after; and while the little old trunk was being strapped on behind, the young girl, with the most joyous face she had worn since she made her entrance into the old home, bent to give Aunt Rita the required good-bye kiss.

"Take care of yourself, child, an' don't make Cousin Marg'ret one bit of trouble," Aunt Rita said, in querulous warning. "Like enough Lida's goin' to be down sick in her bed, an' me all but helpless in my chair,—while you're a-gallavantin' round Washington!"

"'Twon't be so bad as that," interposed Lida, a forlorn enough figure as she looked at her pretty young niece with wistful eyes. "Enjoy it all you can, 'Cella," she added, earnestly, "an' try to b'lieve we did care for you, after all."

Then the stage rolled away with Marcella inside; and as it disappeared around the bend in the road, Lida un-

wound the towel from her thin, unswollen face, and having wiped her eyes upon it she folded it carefully and laid it away.

"So this is Marcella Marlow," Mrs. Beekman said, curiously scanning the young girl's bright face just after her arrival late that same afternoon. "And your Aunt Lida is sick, you say, and so sent you in her place to accompany me to Washington?" Mrs. Beekman's well-bred face hid every trace of her mingled amusement and annoyance at her country cousin's presumption. "And this is her letter of explanation? Well, sit down, and excuse me a moment while I read it."

Marcella obeyed, and cast quick, admiring glances at Mrs. Beekman, so handsome and well dressed, thinking with a touch of scorn of the forlorn figure of Aunt Lida as she had seen her last, with her tied-up face and the shower of faded yellow curls.

Suddenly Mrs. Beekman looked up from the letter and her eyes rested upon Marcella with curious attention.

"Do you know what your aunt has written me?" she questioned.

"No, ma'am," said Marcella, all at once feeling stragnely small and shy.

"Then read this, dear, and learn what a kind and generous soul your Aunt Lida is."

This is what Marcella read:

"DEAR COUSIN MARGRET.

"I was all but ready to come to you and very Happy when I found that my Niece Marcella was very Miserable. She is Young an she wants to have a Good time, poor Thing an its Right she should. I know for I never had much Good times when I was Young an I've allways been Hoping for them an when your Kind letter came I thought I was going to Have them now. But I can get along without Them better than Marcella can though jest at first I couldn't bear the Thought of Giving it all up. An so I take the Liberty of sending Marcella to go with you in my Place hoping you will Excuse the Liberty for I want her to be Happy an so would sister Rita if she knew. An its no matter about

"your Obliged an Affectionate cousin

"LIDA MARLOW.

"P. S. I made Believe to Marcella that I was Sick an couldn't go. 'Twasn't right to Deceive her but I couldn't see no Other way."

Mrs. Beekman watched Marcella as she read her aunt's strange letter, and she saw the look of amazement, and the quick flush which overspread the young girl's face from chin to brow. Suddenly Marcella sprang up. There was a new and tender expression in her lovely eyes.

"Oh! how good and kind she is!" she cried, impetuously. "And I never dreamed of it,—I never knew! I thought she was really sick, and—" hanging her head in sudden shame "I didn't care,—except to be glad to wear her pretty new clothes, and go instead of her. I must go right back," eagerly. "Couldn't I go to-night? And I will take care of Aunt Rita and do everything, willingly, while Aunt Lida goes to Washington and has her lovely holiday with you."

Then Mrs. Beekman smiled and rose to kiss the penitent, flushed young face.

"That is the right spirit, my dear," she said, with approbation, "and I will write and tell Aunt Lida exactly what you want to do. But because she has schemed so generously to give you pleasure, I will take you to Washington to-morrow, for two or three weeks; then you shall go home and take care of Aunt Rita while Lida comes to me, for she must not miss her happy holiday." JUDITH SPENCER.

# HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT.

## HINTS ABOUT HALLS.



**I**T is a fact worthy of note, because deserving of remedy, that many people seem to feel less interest in making their halls attractive and pleasant than is the case about any room in the house. The old carpet which is too faded to bear inspection in the bedroom is put down in the hall. The best pictures are hung in the parlor; the old ones in shabby frames may go in the hall, because it is dark, perhaps, because no one will linger there

long—because, in short, it is the hall. It may be that a little thought about this matter will prove that the above is a mistaken attitude, and one which, after all, is not so difficult of adjustment.

It is true that the average hall is dark; can nothing be done to lighten it? Certainly it is a fact that our family and guests do not spend much of their time there, for which reason, argues the home-maker, there is the less use in paying any attention to it. But might it not be made so attractive as to really give us an extra room in which we would wish to linger? There is no more pleasant sitting-room than a hall of reasonable breadth, suitably fitted up and made cozy in its surroundings; and that this can be done, with little expenditure of either time or money, has been proved in more than one instance of which the writer knows.

Let us consider a few of the many ways in which this may be accomplished. We will take into consideration the two general styles of halls or "entries," the one which is long, narrow, and uninteresting, the other which is broader, more nearly approaching a square, and which offers the better chance for improvement.

For the long and narrow hall but few suggestions can be given, as such a one can at best only be made a pleasant passage-way, and can hardly serve as a living-room. As the first difficulty in such a hallway is its darkness, let us, in the beginning, secure a light felt paper; if there is but little money to spend it will pay to put most of it in the papering, and thus get as much light as possible.

Unless the hall be subjected to much wear and tear, it may be found profitable to cover the floor with a light, cheap matting. Being inexpensive, this can easily be replaced, and so kept fresh; and this quality of freshness is a great advantage which the matting possesses over the good old Brussels carpet warranted to wear for years after it becomes shabby and forlorn. Of course, however, any practical mother of a family will understand that such suggestions as the above are not intended for use in a large family of little ones, where small hands will quickly soil the paper, and little boots promptly wear holes in the matting.

The pictures for such a hall as this dark one will need to be of such subjects as can readily be seen; no tiny etchings or pen-and-ink drawings to strain the eyesight, but a few clear engravings and a good water-color here and there, if possible. Further to aid in lighting, we may hang a "fairy-lamp" or two in the long expanse;

with the following directions it will cost but little to keep them burning most of the time.

Instead of the usual expensive "fairy tapers," get at a Catholic book-store a little box of German night-tapers; the cost of such a box is six cents, and it will be found to hold about one hundred small wooden button-molds, with a tiny taper running through each. A quart bottle of cottonseed oil from the druggist will cost twenty-five cents, and will last for many weeks; and by filling our fairy-lamp with this oil, and setting one of the tapers alight in it, we have, at almost no expense, a clear little light burning for hours.

And now some consideration as to furnishing the broader style of hall, which may at times be utilized as a room. Perhaps the space is small; if so, the more need for keeping its furnishings modest and unobtrusive.

Suppose we start with a hall, say seven by twelve feet, in a house that is old, with the boards of the floor discouragingly jagged and worm-eaten. Inquiries into the price of parquetry flooring bring our rash dreams of a new floor down to the practical level of staining the old one, after which we shall need a rug which will nearly cover it. Such a rug may be, if our purse allows it, either Smyrna, Byzantine, or any of the beautiful and costly makes now in use; or it may be a simple ingrain art-square, or a Japanese jute rug, lovely in color, artistic in design, and at a cost of about one-tenth of the more elaborate one. It will, in either case, be fresh and inviting, as the old, worn-out carpet could never be; and may have the advantage of frequent shakings when taken up weekly that the boards may be wiped free from dust.

Mirrors, as we all know, are a wonderful help in apparently enlarging any space; so one which of old occupied a long, upright corner is now turned sideways and hung along one wall. At once the hall seems twice as large, and its furnisher plucks up courage. Framed pictures are scarce, but many little mats of cartridge-paper are available; so, on the walls of pale, grayish green are tacked several such mats in soft tones of terra-cotta and fawn-color, each inclosing a little pen reproduction or engraving of some excellence.

Useful, too, for the walls, will be some of the little plaster casts, in low relief, which wandering Italians have been placing before the public for some time. There is a very beautiful long panel of children, by Prud'hon; a lion in semi-relief, by Barye; a figure in Donatello's exquisite modeling; any of these, and innumerable others, are helpful in surrounding us with objects of real beauty. They are, as it were, a little link between ourselves and the masters whose work they are, bringing us to realize how faithfully these men worked to give to the world something of the great gift which had been intrusted to them, and awakening us to a wider and more sympathetic knowledge of the large field of art.

Books and lamps are, of all things, most helpful as an adjunct of coziness; so below the mirror a rather dilapidated shelf finds place, which, after a vigorous varnishing, will never betray its age. It holds various alluring volumes—Browning's poems, Emerson's essays, Lowell, Whittier, and other household friends—with a small lamp whereby one may see the familiar names by night. On a table below, the latest magazines find place, with a portfolio of clippings and sketches to interest the visitor.

A little bamboo umbrella-stand takes the place of the elaborate china ones many times as expensive; it is decorative in color and form, and there is no fear of breakage. But where shall our friends hang their hats? A hall without a hat-rack seems indeed at fault; yet in so small a space there is no room for the cumbersome "hall-piece"

which has always been considered a needful accompaniment to the well-regulated entry.

But, in the first place, *is* it needful? Suppose in imagination we hang a pair of deer's antlers over the umbrella-stand, and place beside the stand a quaint old chair; will not the one suffice for hats, and the other for such wraps as may be laid aside in the average small hallway? Then our antlers will be high enough to be out of the way, and the chair will have the advantage of use in other ways when not put to that above mentioned. Perhaps we may have such antlers already in the house, perhaps we may buy them ourselves, or, more pleasant yet, they may be the gift of some friend whose thoughtfulness is ever being shown in providing the right thing for the right place; at all events, we are glad to have thought of them before getting that large hat-rack.

Now that the hall is nearly complete, there may be a corner or two which looks bare. In one may be placed a few cat-tails picked green last summer and kept for some such use; in another, a tall, coarse, wicker scrap-basket will hold some of the brown tassels of a tall swamp grass and some decorative heads of "Joe Pye weed," a stout

plant whose rusty-purplish blooms are conspicuous in low, wet places in the late summer. Dried grasses have not a very good name as a means of decoration, and when one sees them in stiff



A COZY CORNER IN A HALL.

bunches, perhaps colored artificially and pushed into a brilliantly-colored vase on the mantelpiece, the objection must be acknowledged a valid one. But this is a very different thing from a loose, artistic collection of the larger kinds of grasses, with perhaps a few dried seed-stalks of the curled dock,—a pleasant little symphony in brown.

The few hints here given are intended merely as an introduction to the many other ways in which our hallways may be made homelike and beautiful. When we need a little quiet, and withdraw with our work from the family sitting-room into the cozy hall, its pleasant atmosphere will, I think, amply repay us for the time spent upon it.

ELIZABETH M. HALLOWELL.

## WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

MME. CASIMIR-PERIER has followed the example of her husband, the ex-President of France, and learned to ride on the bicycle. She practices daily with Mme. de Bourqueney, wife of the former "introducer of ambassadors."

PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES has led the fashionable world of England in the matter of cycling. When on her wheel she is generally dressed in some neat tailor-made costume with a plain skirt, somewhat similar to a riding habit.

MISS NELLIE MURPHY is room-clerk in a large hotel at Colorado Springs. She is said to be the only woman who holds such a position in a large hotel in this country, though in England similar positions are frequently held by women.

MISS AGNES BRIGGS, daughter of Professor C. A. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, is serving as a nurse in St. Luke's Hospital, New York. At the end of her term of service she is to be ordained a Deaconess. She devoted two years to study preparatory to her experience in nursing.

LADY SPENCER CLIFFORD, of England, has just passed with first honors the first examination for a sea-captain's license, and if she desires to do so she can now serve as master of any ship on the high seas; but her immediate purpose is to be qualified as captain of her own yacht.

OVER ONE THOUSAND cat-boats and yachts are owned and sailed by young women on the coast of Maine and Massachusetts. They vary as much as men in their management, some being slow and cautious, and others very swift and reckless.

MRS. JAMES R. MCKEE, the daughter of ex-President Harrison, is much interested in the new patriotic organization, the Children of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. Daniel Lothrop is president. One of her ideas is to get the members to memorize and sing correctly America's National hymns, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and all the other songs and anthems which fill every true American heart with a thrill of pride and enthusiasm.

THREE GIFTED COLORED WOMEN participated in the recent World's W. C. T. U. Convention in London: Mrs. Amanda Smith, born a slave in Virginia, who has circumnavigated the globe as an evangelist, and worked long and earnestly for her race in Africa; Mrs. Lucy Thurman, of Michigan, for four years elected president of a white W. C. T. U. without a dissenting vote, and superintendent of the colored work in the United States; and Miss Hallie Q. Brown, the accomplished speaker and Professor of Elocution in Wilberforce University, Ohio.

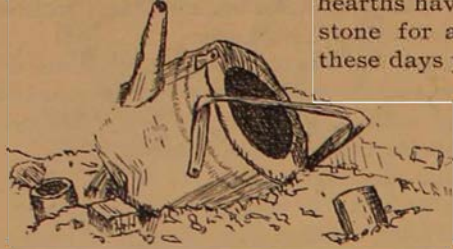
BEATRICE HARRADEN had made a local name for herself as a performer on the cello before she turned her attention to literature. Ill-health, which left her physically unable to stand the fatigue of playing the musical instrument, forced her to lay down the bow and take up the pen; but she occasionally entertains friends in her California home with music. Miss Harraden likes California, though she thinks its climate overrated. She has been doing but little work, and she returns to London in September for the winter. In refusing to give a reporter her impressions of things in general she said: "Impressions are what I sell; they are my stock in trade."

MISS MARY WILKINS recently won a prize of two thousand dollars in the detective-story competition; but this is not her first success of the kind. Her earliest published story, "The Ghost Family," secured her the prize of fifty dollars for which it was written. Miss Wilkins's bad chirography handicapped her early efforts to gain a publisher's favor. She writes an immature, school-girl hand that used to prejudice publishers' "readers" against her, though now they are glad enough to see it. For this reason a story she sent to a New York periodical remained unread for a long time, and reached the editor's notice only in a rare moment of leisure.

## HOUSEHOLD.

## A CHAPTER ON TEAKETTLES.

I HAVE always had a warm regard for a teakettle. Not that I am especially fond of tea, but because around the teakettle cluster all the dear associations of childhood, youth, and home. People may sentimentalize as they like about the beauties of the word "hearthstone";



hearths have not been made of stone for a long time, and in these days plenty of homes are made without any real hearth at all. But what is a hearthstone without a teakettle? There may be, and are, homes without

a hearth; but it would be hard to find a home without a teakettle. I never saw but one case of such destitution among supposedly civilized beings, and I made haste to supply the crying want at the very next Christmas-time.

No family can be properly reared without a teakettle. If I never had occasion to use a drop of hot water I would still have a teakettle, because of its home-like physiognomy and its consoling song, and because it expresses all manner of domestic comfort, coziness, cheerfulness, and peace; for the same reason that I would have the "Farmers' Almanac" hanging under the end of the mantelpiece in the kitchen, and a smooth, plump, well-fed, and self-satisfied cat lying in the sunshine on the broad window-sill. True, the cat digs up my window-plants, scratches the sofa into rags whenever he gets into the sitting-room, comes out of his warm nest in the shed and howls at the backdoor in the night, and is fully determined to sleep anywhere else but on the window-sill; but when he *does* happen to be bribed or coaxed into lying there five minutes, I am ready to forgive him everything for the sake of the peaceful, prosperous, comfortable air which he gives to my humble establishment. But even he could not make it seem like home without the presence of a teakettle.

There are teakettles and teakettles, however. In the course of many years of housekeeping I have tried many kinds. A tin teakettle, although it has the advantages of being quickly heated and not heavy to lift, has about it an air of superficiality and temporariness quite out of keeping with the settled conservatism of a permanent home: it rusts very soon, and leaks before you know it, and it does not sing well; there is a sort of shallow half-heartedness in its very voice. It is too short-lived to be a good, solid, chronic member of the family.

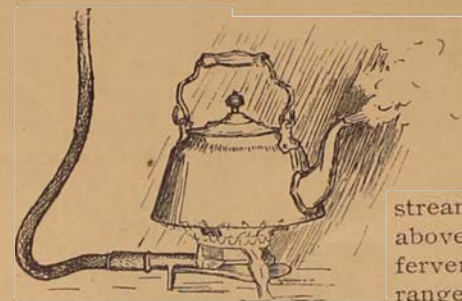
Then there is the iron teakettle, beloved of our grandmothers; a sturdy, solid, dependable institution, a sociable, responsible, trustworthy friend. It is supposed to have been an iron teakettle which the canny Scotch boy watched and studied, gathering from its fluttering lid and impatient puffs of escaping vapor the odd notions concerning the force and possibilities of steam, which he afterward put in so wonderful practice. True, the iron teakettle is heavy, and sometimes, in its earlier experience, it has a bad habit of rusting inwardly. It can never be made brilliant nor handsome, but by much washing and rubbing it achieves, after a while, a mild, smiling polish that is very comely and pleasant to see. After trying

many kinds, I am inclined to the belief that the old-fashioned cast-iron teakettle, clumsy, heavy, and homely though it be, is, after all, the most faithful, dependable, comforting, and satisfactory, and holds in its warm black bosom more of the spirit and tradition of home than any other of the genus.

But I admit that at one time I wavered from the faith of my grandmothers, and wandered after strange gods; my ambition reached out after a copper teakettle. I then lived at a serious distance from the metropolis and the latitude of copper teakettles—they are not often included in the merchandise of rural markets—and I had never lived with one.

My fond imagination pictured it as always bright and shining, as never touched by rust, as light to lift and handle, and easy to keep clean; in brief, the very ideal of a teakettle. I passed scornfully by the temptingly smooth and pretty "agate" affairs in the hollow-waremen's windows; I was not even won from my purpose by the bright nickel-plated teakettles which promised to be joys forever; nothing but copper would satisfy my exacting soul; and finally I found myself the proud possessor of my ideal tea kettle.

I also found that copper teakettles are very unlike human beings in some respects, one of which is that they are paid for according to their capacity. A dollar a quart! Nine dollars, in good coin of the realm, was the price of my new acquisition; and I felt that, though desirable, it was not dear. How handsome it looked, enthroned on the nicely washed range (for I never will have the top of my cooking-range defiled with black-lead) and shining so beautifully with that peculiar pink-golden luster of new copper!

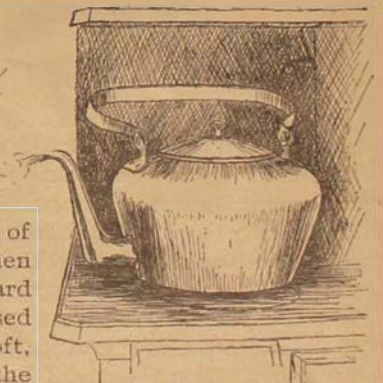


How fine the swell of its capacious sides! How like a swan's neck the curve of its graceful spout! And what a smooth, round, crystal stream it poured! And, above all, when it felt the fervent heat from the range, and knew it was time to think of supper,

what a sweet, suggestive, meditative, musical voice it had!

And how, for days, weeks, and months, it was petted and admired! It was not enough to wash it tenderly with a soft white cloth at every dish-washing, but half a dozen times a day it was carefully rubbed free from every speck of dust, by the hand of its worshiper, who would then sit down, near by, and regard its splendors with half-closed eyes, and listen to its soft, monotonous singing, until the room seemed full of phantoms called out of the far-away past by that siren song, as ghost-compelling as that of the witch of Endor.

Yet candor after a time compelled the infatuated owner





to admit that her magnificent teakettle resembled a human friend in one or two particulars; it did not do a bit better for being handsome, and its beauty faded early. Too, too soon, its brightness began to grow cloudy. Washing would clean, but not brighten it. The heat to which it was continually exposed, the touch of a drop of water, the gas from burning coal, even the innocent air itself, stained and changed its brilliant surface, and it grew red and dowdy and dim and discouraged-looking, continually reminding its fanciful owner of some bright young girl-bride condemned too early and too constantly to kitchen work, and made to bear the burden and heat of the day until her complexion is ruined, her beauty spoiled, and her fate fixed—to stay forever in some dull corner with no ambition but to respond continually to the calls of others for help and comfort, no amusement but to sing monotonous lullabies, and no value excepting as a convenience to those who look on her as a sort of fixture for their benefit, and never think to thank or appreciate her silent and self-sacrificing service.

Alas! for the beautiful teakettle! Rubbed with rottenstone and various other devices for polishing kitchenware, it was bright for a little, and then went speedily back to its old, red dullness. Whiting and oil, soft pulverized brick, and sapolio had the same result. Then I tried half a lemon and salt, which has so beneficial an effect on brass kettles; but while I was rubbing the second side the first one grew streaked and dull and ugly under my eyes, and the last state of that teakettle was worse than the first. Oxalic acid had the same effect; it would have been necessary to stand over it, half-bent, rubbing from morning till night, to keep it presentable.

Was it worth while? After a prolonged struggle it was decided in the negative; for in a family with only one servant there is really something else for the mistress of the house to do besides polishing the teakettle. So I gave it up, encouraged by a daring neighbor who assured me in confidence that she long ago gave up trying to keep her copper boiler bright, and contented her conscience with knowing it to be clean.

For months before I formally gave up trying to make my teakettle brighten the whole kitchen, it had served the purpose of a sort of moral and spiritual barometer, from which my mental and physical condition might be quite accurately determined. If I felt perfectly well and in good spirits, and was not too much burdened, it "shone as a glass," or, better, like the brass finishings of a locomotive, which must always remain the wonder and the despair of envious housekeepers who cannot discover the secret of the transparent varnish which preserves them perennially brilliant, through shine and storm. If I were ill or unusually depressed, or overburdened with "much serving," it grew dim accordingly, as being eminently sympathetic and responsive. No lover's emerald could be more sensitive to every subtle change in its owner.

But the reign of my splendid teakettle as my tyrant is over. It held me with the grip of absolute monarchy for years on years; but at last, to use a daring figure, my foot is on its neck. I now see that it is washed twice a day, and allow it to take on what colors it chooses. It has by degrees deepened from dull red to brownish green, and is fast becoming a fine old-bronze tint; and I am not going to waste my time and spoil my finger-nails in scouring it pink again, until I receive warning of approaching guests (of the sort who *will* visit the kitchen), or until I wish to celebrate a family birthday.

What is the use, I now bravely ask, in rubbing one's life away on a copper teakettle? It vexes me sore to think of the precious hours I have wasted, in obedience to the

"household hints" and "care of the kitchen" departments of stupid newspapers and cookbooks, standing half-bent over that willful teakettle, spoiling my poor hands and staining my nails with verdigris in bringing it up to regulation brightness, only to see it dim and darken again before night. It would have profited me more, body, mind and spirit, to say nothing of estate, had I purchased an iron teakettle for one-ninth the money in the beginning, and spent the time I should thus have gained, sitting on the back door-step and watching the Phœbe-birds in the chestnut-tree. (Nobody is so brave and defiant as the slave who after years of cowardly submissiveness suddenly bolts from his tyrant and is free!)

It cannot be said of my teakettle that its beauty is skin-deep. There, again, it does not resemble a human being, for it is only its surface that grows ugly with time; the pure metal beneath remains as bright as ever. And its moral character, despite the cloud of oxygenation which rests on it, is excellent; it never fails in its duty; if properly attended to, it is always full, and always hot. An empty teakettle, or a cold one, should never be allowed in any well-regulated family. Nothing is more vexatious than when, in some sharp need of hot water, one seeks the teakettle and finds it cold or empty. It is like seeking a human soul for help and sympathy, and finding it entitled to the same adjectives.

But no matter whether a teakettle be made of tin, iron, or copper, the only really bad teakettle is the cold and empty one; so if the housekeeper would avoid inconvenience, fretfulness, delay, impatience, and all uncharitableness, let her see to it that her teakettle, whether black as Erebus, or scoured until she can see her face in it, is always full and always hot. ELIZABETH AKERS.



### GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

(See Full-page Oil Picture.)

THE charming full-page picture which is given with this number of Demorest's will, we think, furnish much pleasure in the nursery, where it will at the same time teach a lesson in good manners and the exercise of wholesome self-restraint. If the wise mother-dog can keep her impatient brood of cunning pups in order till she says the word "go," think you little folks will not be ashamed to be found less obedient? A charming idea is to arrange a bench-show in one corner of the nursery, gathering there all the beautiful pictures of dogs which can be gleaned from various sources.

### AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.

(See Full-page Gravure.)

It is a glimpse of a love scene which is not all *couleur de rose* that we have given in this attractive black-and-white. Though the apparent details are simple in the extreme, they are most artfully chosen of such a nature as to stimulate the imagination. What mystery and seclusion lie behind that old stone wall? And is the garden gate usually locked? The spying damsel in the Marie Antoinette fichu could tell us, if she would; but her "unpleasant discovery" completely absorbs her attention.

## THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

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

### Great Britain's Political Change.

It is certainly no common political event that has transpired in Great Britain. The Liberals have been overthrown by the Conservatives, both in Parliament and in a general election. For ten years the main political issue has been Home Rule for Ireland. It attained prominence under Parnell's leadership, many of the Irish members uniting with him to set aside every other question, and working alone for its prominence and advancement. It broke the ranks of the Liberals, the so-called Liberal-Unionists acting with the Conservatives. After Parnell's death, Gladstone gave to Home Rule a more national representation and leadership, and put into it all the extraordinary weight and energy of his character. But Home Rule for Ireland meant a separate parliament at Dublin, and to many this was an alarming feature of the plan, for the reason that the separate parliament would create a precedent for Scotland and Wales, which would shortly demand parliaments of their own. Those who felt this alarm looked upon such a movement, even for Ireland alone, as a step toward the disintegration of the United Kingdom. The measure succeeded in the House of Commons,

but was rejected in the House of Lords, and the anathemas of many were called down upon the latter. Lord Rosebery, in March of last year, succeeded Gladstone as the Premier and leader of the party; "the grand old man" having resigned, ostensibly on account of the infirmities of his great age, although it was claimed that he was driven from office by plotters in his own party. Rosebery's cry at once was "Down with the Lords!" His leadership proved intensely unpopular, and has recently culminated in the downfall of himself and his party.



LORD ROSEBERY.

With the present large Conservative majority, Home Rule will not, during the term of the present Parliament, be an issue in English politics, and this means postponement, in all likelihood, for six or seven years, at least. What new issue will be brought up does not yet appear; certainly none is showing itself that is likely to attract a tithe of the interest on this side of the Atlantic evinced in Irish Home Rule.

Before the Irish question attained such prominence, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was closely associated with Mr. Gladstone in the leadership of the Liberal party. He now has a position of equal importance in the Conservative party, and in this there is a guarantee that it will prove progressive, and a great improvement upon the Toryism which so long permeated the Conservative party, whose main object has been the retention of privileges by an extra-privileged class.

### To Reform the Jury System.

The impression is growing that trial by jury as practiced in this country is not the perfection of justice it was once supposed to be. There can hardly be a graver responsibility than to judge whether a fellow-man is guilty of a crime; and to decide this momentous question requires an excellent understanding and the most careful consideration. The fact cannot be overlooked that a great number of jurors bring neither of these qualifications to the performance of their duties. To the most intelligent and competent class of men, jury duty under the methods now in vogue is distasteful. It is not difficult to plead bias in the case and thus escape, leaving the jury-box to be filled chiefly with inferior men, who do not possess the ability to thoroughly sift the mass of evidence which is presented to them, and who are too easily swayed by the attorneys or by one or two strong spirits in the jury-room, who, having more will-power or more positive opinions than the others, practically decide upon the verdict for themselves, bringing their fellow-jurors, a number of

whom have probably given only superficial attention to the case, around to their point of view. Many lawyers, moreover, must bear a share of blame for the absence of the best men from the jury-box. Their desire seems to be to obtain weak, undiscerning jurors, who will be impressed by their presentation of the case rather than by its true bearing. With this end in view some of them are not above insolence and subterfuge to exclude from the panels men of intelligence and self-respect.

Movements are on foot in several States, among them New York and Connecticut, for a radical change in the system of jury trial, and a number of plans have been proposed. The one which has received the most attention is that of Judge Barrett, of the New York Supreme Court. It was prepared by him for discussion by the bar of New York, and contains the following features: The appellate division of the Supreme Court is to appoint a special commissioner of jurors, who shall be empowered to make a special jury list containing twenty-five hundred names, all of leading men of affairs, bankers, merchants, etc. The men on this special list are to be exempted by law from all ordinary jury duty except that any justice of the Supreme Court may, upon application of either party to a criminal case, order the drawing of the trial jury from among their number. The plan is not yet completed. It is simply offered as the groundwork for a new jury system which shall be satisfactory.

### Sunday Closing in New York.

Laws prohibiting throughout the State the sale of liquors on Sundays, except with meals, have long been on the New York statute-books. Under most city administrations previous to the present one, the saloon keepers have obeyed them to the extent of pulling down their curtains and closing their front doors Sunday mornings, while the latch-strings were out on the side doors, and the drinking within went on uninterrupted. In a word, the law was almost a dead letter. But conditions have changed since the new Police Commissioners appointed by Mayor Strong assumed the duties of their office. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is the President of the Board, and he has taken a most decided stand in the excise matter. He announced when elected President that the law would be enforced, and he has carried out his policy so firmly and energetically that there are now very few saloons in the city which are not closed tightly, side doors as well as front, on the first day of the week. The crusade has been extended beyond the saloons to the hotels, which heretofore have been in the habit of breaking the excise laws at will. New York City has so long been accustomed to an unlimited supply of liquid refreshment on Sundays that it required much courage on the part of President Roosevelt to make the issue, and great energy and determination to push it to the end. He was compelled to contend against a strong and authoritative wave of opinion to the effect that New York, as a cosmopolitan city, cannot be governed by laws which might do for smaller places or for the American people alone; that the New York Sunday must partake, in a measure, of the Continental Sunday, because there is so large a European element in the population. President Roosevelt answered that his business was not with the merits of the law, but with its enforcement as it stands. Enforcement has been considered well-nigh impossible heretofore, but Mr. Roosevelt has been signally successful. Partly as a result of his success in this, and general reform in the police department, is the opening of an era of public decorum almost unprecedented in New York, and the respectable people in the city are duly grateful to him.

Mr. Roosevelt is a young man, possessing great ability and enormous energy. Shortly after his graduation from college he spent some time in the West, where he killed more grizzly bears than any other man alive, it is said, and earned a wide reputation for absolute fearlessness.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

### Federation in Australia.

With Russia pushing a railroad across Siberia to obtain an outlet to the Pacific Ocean below the line of winter ice, and Japan rising to the position of a first-class military and naval power, the situation in the affairs of government in the far East has enormously changed within the year. It has been a sudden, almost revolutionary change, moreover, and one which is hastening to a culmination a much slower and more evolutionary movement, namely, the federation of the Australian colonies of Great Britain. The English have need of strength in the East just now. Japan, flushed with victory, with forty millions of people who have shown

that they possess a marked aptitude for war in its most modern aspect, and with an efficient navy, may be a very considerable rival for Great Britain in the seas of the South Pacific. If Japan can have her way in regard to the results of her victory over China her desire for conquest will perhaps be satisfied for a time; but if the powers of Europe curb her in any considerable degree she may look in other directions for conquest and glory. A representative Japanese journal has already announced that the Mikado and his ministers must not rest content until the Philippines, Hong-Kong, and Australia have been annexed. The article reflects, in large measure, the sentiment of the people of the country, among whom, since their late triumphs in arms, there has been a strong spirit of national aggression. Japan is, in one sense, a democratic monarchy. The people are the real rulers, and it would go hard with those ministers of the emperor who should refuse to carry out their mandates.

Russia, too, with her railroad reaching to the waters of the Pacific, shows signs of becoming aggressive in the East. England apparently appreciates the fact that she is not wholly secure in her Eastern possessions, and that it is high time to bring about the Australian federation, which will benefit the colonies commercially and increase their powers of defense against Japanese or Russian invasion. A convention is to be summoned for the purpose of discussing a federation, and the result of its deliberations will be passed upon by the people.

#### Professor Thomas H. Huxley.

In the death of Professor Huxley the world loses another of the group of great Englishmen whose work will distinguish Victoria's reign in the future annals of science. Darwin, Tyndall, and Huxley have now ceased their labors; Herbert Spencer alone remains to further augment the wealth of scientific knowledge which these men have given to the world. Professor Huxley's special branch of science was biology, and in this field he made important additions to the facts gathered by Darwin from his observation of animals and plants, by Tyndall from his researches in physics, and by Herbert Spencer from his studies in sociology. The truths brought to light by these four scientists, considered collectively, constitute the doctrine of evolution. Professor Huxley's researches and discoveries added much to the doctrine, and his work is valuable aside from his strictly scientific achievements. While Darwin first propounded the theory of evolution, Huxley, by reason of his remarkable literary ability, popularized it. His writings were by far the most potent factor in the wonderful transformation of opinion instanced by the reception given Darwin's "Origin of Species," not quite forty years ago, and the general acceptance by thinkers of the present day of the theories it propounded.

Both as a scientist and a writer, Professor Huxley ranks among the foremost men of this century. He was president at various times of many of the most learned scientific societies in Great Britain, among them the Royal Society, and was an honorary member of the most important associations of scientific men in other countries. There were few honors in the scientific world which did not come to him. He recently refused the decoration proffered him by Germany, because it would have been the gift of an emperor.

#### The American Woman's Voice.

Critics would not permit to Americans the comfortable consciousness of perfection, even if we were inclined to regard ourselves as perfect. Most things American have been criticised by foreigners, the American voice particularly. With calm superiority we ordinarily let the envious carping pass unnoticed; but when a critic rises in our midst we must pause a moment, because as an American he must be worthy of a little attention. A magazine writer has been scolding our women on the score of their voices in conversation. In the course of his article he says: "Again, our women's voices are, on the whole, ungentle; that is to say, they are pitched unpleasantly high and hardened by throat contractions into an habitual 'quacky' or metallic quality. This ungentleness is the one attribute of our women's voices that seems to have attracted most attention abroad. It is the most striking American defect. Nasality has held that place in popular estimation, but true nasality is not very common to-day in America; it seems to be dying out. The 'quacky' quality of which I speak often simulates nasality, however, and is often mistaken for it. It has not yet begun to die out to any extent. To-day it afflicts the utterance of nearly all of our cruder girls and women, and of many of our gentlewomen, too. Even those who have given much time to the art of song admit it freely and unknowingly into their speech. It is a hateful tone, mean and

pinched, opposed in its very essence to all that is generous and winning; the needlessly high pitch that commonly goes with it is utterly heartless and ungracious. 'Quackiness' and shrillness prevail less in the Southern States than in the Northern and Western, but even Southern women are not free from it."

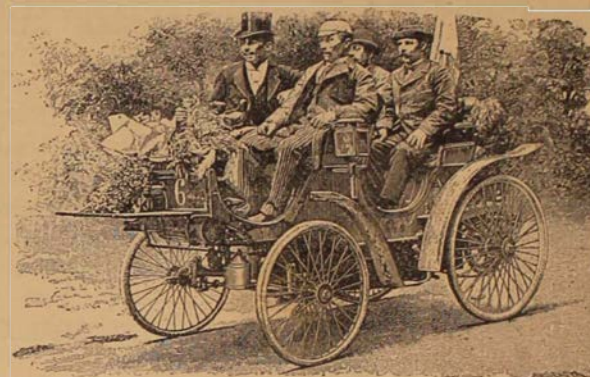
#### Carriages Without Horses.

The horse's period of servitude to man seems to be almost over. The inventive geniuses of the age are devising mechanical means to dispense with equine labor, and humanity's faithful servants of the past are beginning to return to the fields and their original free state of life. Of course, this is a boon to the horse; and it is a boon to man, as well, because of the much greater efficiency of the tireless and ever-ready forces of nature which are now being employed, when compared with animal labor.

The first step in the emancipation of the horse and the evolution of later transportation facilities was the substitution of the trolley for horse-cars in many of our cities. Carriages and wagons without horses logically follow, and in France they have already become so common as to excite no comment. Naphtha or petroleum has thus far proved the most efficacious motive power for the carriages.

A race between horseless carriages, from Paris to Bordeaux, a distance of seven hundred and eighty-seven miles, occurred in June. Valuable prizes were offered the winners, and seventeen vehicles started. The first to reach Bordeaux was a two-seated naphtha carriage, which covered the distance in forty-eight hours and thirty-four minutes, making the average speed about sixteen miles an hour. All of the winners were propelled by naphtha motors. There are very few horseless vehicles in which electricity is used as the motive power, the reason being that electricians have not yet solved the problem of practical and economical storage batteries. When the solution comes, as it undoubtedly will, electric carriages will probably spring into world-wide use.

The excellent roads throughout France make the employment of the horseless carriages particularly advantageous there. They would be hardly practical on the wretched country roads of this country, but would be useful in cities. It is said they are soon to be introduced in New York, and will probably be first used by the great department stores, for the delivery of parcels.

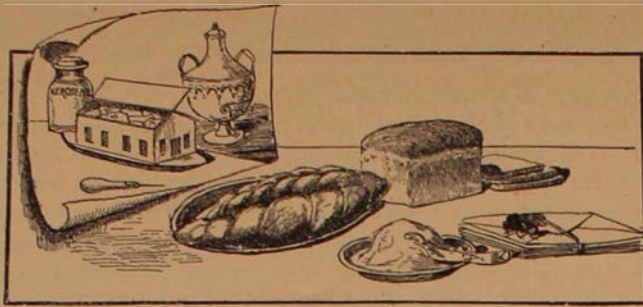


A HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

#### Humidity's Effect Upon the Mind.

It is probable that nothing else which has a place in this world of ours has been so much discussed as the weather. It would seem that its mysteries should all have been brought to light by this time,—that the vast ocean of talk should have penetrated every nook and cranny of the subject. Yet new facts about the weather are constantly being discovered. One of the latest is announced by an authority in a scientific journal, who states that moisture in the air has a direct effect upon the mental powers. He says that in his own case he has been amazed at the faulty deductions and misconceptions which were made in damp, foggy weather, or on days in which the air was charged with electricity and thunder-storms were impending. What seemed clear at these times appeared later to be charged with error. An accountant in a large insurance company is obliged to stop work at such times, finding that he makes many mistakes which he does not become conscious of till afterward. In a large factory, from ten to twenty per cent. less work is brought out on damp or threatening days. It has been noted by firemen that in states of depressing atmosphere there are more fires than at other times, due, it is believed, to greater carelessness on the part of house-keepers and others. The drivers of locomotives say that there is an increased number of accidents and more trouble in wet weather than in clear. They attribute the phenomena to the effect of moisture on the machinery; but the real cause is the befogging effects of humidity upon their own minds. The writer goes on to say that the conviction prevails among active brain-workers of his circle that there are atmospheric forces which exert a powerful influence upon mental effort.

PUZZLES.



PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

TAKE one of the letters away from the insect here represented, and from the other objects shown in the picture, and make them read and speak; apply the same letter to the objects in the appended sketch, and make one cry, another boil, set fire to the third, and the fourth will make the characteristic cry of a domestic animal.

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. In bread and butter.
2. In East India money, one hundred thousand.
3. Forgetfulness.
4. An arm of military service.
5. Applause.
6. To wander.
7. In young and youth.

A RIDDLEMERE.

My first is in cape but not in bay,  
 My second is in thoughtful but not in gay,  
 My third is in time but not in age,  
 My fourth is in capture but not in cage,  
 My fifth is in handsome and also in grand,  
 My sixth is in leg but not in hand,  
 My seventh is in apple and also in pea,  
 My whole is a dwelling, as you will see.

A PUZZLE DINNER-MENU.

1. A COLOR and a very acute angle,
2. A sticky substance and what ladies like,
3. A girl's name and three-sevenths of a sovereign.
4. A denizen of Europe and part of the body,  
 A boy's name, a vowel, and the sign of the infinitive mood,  
 The cause of death to a famous person, a vowel, a worthless article, and a pronoun,  
 Two rivers of Europe and a part of the body.
5. To divide and a sharp elevation of land,  
 A city of Europe and a preposition.
6. A crustacean and a part of a famous Saracen.
7. A woman's name and a country in Europe,  
 A foolish fellow; a pronoun and to make a loud noise.
8. An exclamation and a heating apparatus,  
 A curse, an article, and a vowel,  
 To grieve and a first fruit,  
 The results of a cold and a lawsuit.

A DISH FOR LAZY PEOPLE.

TAKE two-thirds of a ham, half of a rabbit, and three-fifths of an onion; cover with a sauce composed of a portion of vinegar, a good deal of mustard mixed, and one-third of a stalk of celery. Stir about briskly, never letting the dish cool, and use every day.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. A vegetable.
2. An animal.
3. A useful article
4. Part of a ship.
5. A river.
6. An animal.
7. A part of speech
8. A covering.
9. A girl's name.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An exclamation.
2. Exalted.
3. A boy's name.
4. Harshness.
5. An invention.
6. A girl's name.
7. An adjective.
8. Practice.

My initials read down- My initials and finals read downwards form a girl's name, downwards spell two opposites.

A FINNISH RIDDLE.

JOURNEYING round the world like a king, he yet visits every year the humblest cottage.



PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

ARRANGE the letters forming the names of the one mammal and two birds in the picture, in the form of a diamond, so that read from right to left, or from above downward, they will spell the names of the creatures represented.

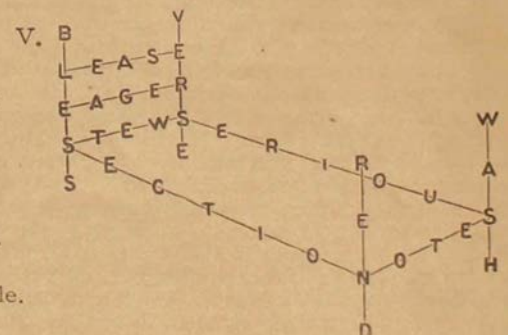
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

I. "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," by Lewis Carroll; "As In a Looking-Glass," by Rhoda Broughton; "Over the Teacups," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

- II. W izar D.  
 A zale A.  
 L audanu M.  
 N aple S.  
 U nt O.  
 T ablespoo N.

III. The names of objects: do D o, d E er, Min O, te R n, b E ar, S po T. The capitals spell the name Demorest.

- IV. S iberia.  
 W inifred.  
 I nverness.  
 T ipperary.  
 Z ebra.  
 E ngland.  
 R obert.  
 L ancaster.  
 A nchovy.  
 N ightingale.  
 D orothy.



CHAT.

The social pilot is a new and most important factor in the organization of society. Although not officially recognized, and, indeed, only known *sub rosa*, his or her—as the case may be—position is acknowledged to be of the utmost importance, and it is no sinecure, for the duties are most onerous; but the emoluments are in proportion. Ten thousand dollars per annum is the princely salary drawn by the astute and diplomatic “pilot” who has successfully directed every detail, social and domestic, of a multi-millionaire’s family in an Eastern city, whose entertainments have furnished almost exhaustless subjects for “space” writers in the daily papers. Of course these pilots must possess exceptional qualifications themselves; they must know the great world *au fond*, and be past-masters of all those unwritten laws by which the affairs of society are regulated, and which so effectually lubricate its movements. An attractive personality, and ability to command respect and readily influence people, together with culture and refinement, are indispensable to success.

Society dames are playing Maud Muller at their country homes and enjoying rides on genuine loads of sweet-smelling hay. Quite sophisticated, worldly Maud Mullers they are, however, in matters of dress, for, although innocent man is captivated by the delightful simplicity of their attire, connoisseurs in such matters know that these charming results are the inventions of the cunning and artistic Frenchwoman’s fertile brain and deft fingers, and the cheques which pay for these “creations” are in three figures. When my lady’s cool-looking cotton gown, so exquisitely fashioned, is disarranged upon the load of hay, it discloses a silk lining, and a glimpse of the silk hose matching the accessories of her gown is caught above the low, white shoes. No, Maud Muller would not claim kinship with these fair dames.

Trolley-car riding-parties are a fad originating in the Quaker City, where these parties came into great vogue during the hot nights of last summer. A car is chartered for the round trip, and a congenial party made up to fill it. All who can take a string of sleigh-bells along, and usually there is a band of music; and really swell parties have a caterer prepare a supper for them at some convenient place. This season the fad has been resumed with ever-growing intensity, and the trolley companies have provided for these parties special buffet cars, in which ice-cream is served, and which shimmer all over with electric lights.

Entertainments for the Fresh-Air Fund are popular at summer resorts, and it is a pleasant and humane thing that the world’s favored children should make their pleasure thus contribute to the furtherance of this most beneficent charity. Library parties can be made to furnish quite a goodly sum for the fund, and bicycle teas are as popular as musical teas. Then there are *tableau* parties, lawn *fêtes*, and all sorts of bazaars and fairs. For the *tableaux*, the popular pen-and-ink drawings of the day are favorite subjects. At a recent one adaptations of Charles D. Gibson’s charming drawings were represented. Of course, the “American Girl” and the “Summer Girl”—both in one—were in their element when reproducing those characteristic pictures. The drawings of Aubrey Beardsley and the present *fin de siècle* poster craze offer other most attractive subjects for amusing “living pictures,” of a propriety, also, as to clothing, that could not shock the most prudish. It is a funny world! And the looker-on has many a quiet laugh at the expense of people whose sensibilities are shocked by their own imaginations more than by facts. These folk will troop in crowds to see *tableaux vivants*, but when these words are put in plain English, “living pictures,” morality is up in arms.

A unique outing will be enjoyed by a small party of women who are to ride across the Continent from Havre to Naples on their wheels. They will be chaperoned by an expert woman cyclist, one of the pioneer riders, who has enjoyed her wheel for eight years. She has recently chaperoned a party on a delightful

bicycle tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and has also conducted shorter excursions in this country. She says of the foreign tours: “These trips are made in Bohemian fashion, though very circumspectly, and the expense is comparatively trifling, while the fun and experience we have is something enormous.”

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1895.

Grace Before Meat. Oil Picture.

On a Summer Sea. Full-page Gravure.

An Unpleasant Discovery. Full-page Gravure.

Two Pages of Portraits.

Battle-Field and Burial-Ground. The Chattanooga National Park and Cemetery. (Illustrated.) - J. Clayton Heaton. 617

The Races for the America's Cup. (Illustrated.)  
J. Herbert Welch. 624

John Alwyn. (Illustrated.) - Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 637

A Summer Week in New York. (Illustrated.)  
Elsie Fairweather. 640

The Launching of the Ships. Poem. Mary A. Mason. 647

From Coo Rock. - May D. Hatch. 648

Shall International Contests Be Encouraged? (Illustrated with Portraits.)  
Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Dr. Joshua Pim,  
and Gov. John G. Evans. 649

Society Fads. - Madame La Mode. 651

An Instrument of Hymen. - Julia Magruder. 652

Earth-Making. (Illustrated.) IV. For the Children.  
Lester Hunt. 655

Sanitarian.  
Nature's Method of Preserving a Good Figure. W.C. Moorland. 658

Our Girls.  
Aunt Lida's Holiday. - Judith Spencer. 660

Home Art and Home Comfort. (Illustrated.)  
Hints About Halls. - Elizabeth M. Hallowell. 662

What Women Are Doing. - 663

Household. (Illustrated.)  
A Chapter on Teakettles. - Elizabeth Akers. 664

Grace Before Meat. See Full-page Oil Picture. - 665

An Unpleasant Discovery. See Full-page Gravure. - 665

The World's Progress.  
Great Britain's Political Change. To Reform the Jury System. Sunday Closing in New York. Federation in Australia. - 666

Professor Thomas H. Huxley. The American Woman's Voice. Carriages Without Horses. Humidity's Effect on the Mind. 667

Puzzles. (Illustrated.) - 668

Chat.  
The Social Pilot. Society Dames as Maud Mullers. Trolley-Car Parties. For the Fresh-Air Fund. A Unique Outing. - 669

Mirror of Fashions. (Illustrated.)  
Review of Fashions - 670

An Autumn Traveling-Gown. A Black and White Gown. - 671

A Becoming Corsage. For Autumn Fêtes. For Cool Hours. A Smart Skirt. - 672

Smart Autumn Hats. An Afternoon Frock. Simple, Practical, and Becoming. - 673

Young Girl's Tailor-Gown. Description of the Supplement. An Autumn School-Frock. - 674

A Simple Frock. Standard Patterns. - 675

Supplement of Fashions. - 676

Correspondence Club. - 677

Gleanings. - 682

Biographical Sketches. - 685

Spice-Box. (Illustrated.) - 686

Pattern Order. - 687



# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

## REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—SEPTEMBER.

A PATTERN ORDER, entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 687.

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

GOWNS seen at midsummer social functions in Paris indicate a coming change in sleeves, yet it is by no means prophesied that the large sleeve will be entirely displaced. There are, however, always a few women who desire to be unlike the multitude, and who are eager for novelty, and nothing could attract all eyes now more than to see a woman in tightly fitting sleeves; those worn are relieved by ruffles falling from the shoulders and by puffs and ruffles at the elbows. This may be looked upon as the first breath of a change which will bring about a pleasant modification in the size of sleeves; that is all we want, for the large sleeves are universally becoming and extremely picturesque, and it is only their vulgar aggrandizement which people of taste condemn.

Meager hints only can be gleaned of Dame Fashion's designs for the coming autumn and winter, and new gowns prepared for autumn house-parties show absolutely no novelties. Surprisingly dressy and effective toilettes, however, have been evolved from alpaca combined with fancy silk and *chiffon*. Gray, beige, and white are the fashionable colors; they are stiff and glossy, quite wiry in texture, and stand out well without other lining than the fancy taffeta, which harmonizes with that used in the corsage, and sometimes is the same. A gray alpaca has sleeves like the skirt, is lined with changeable taffeta,—heliotrope and pink,—and has a blouse-waist of accordion-plaited *chiffon* over the same taffeta, strapped with Chantilly insertion overlaid with heliotrope satin. The stock-collar, sleeve-bands, and girdle are of *miroir* velvet matching the taffeta in color, but of darker shades.

Gowns of beige alpaca are combined with white satin, brown *chiffon*, or batiste, which sounds very absurd till you see it, when you are bound to confess that the effect is both *chic* and elegant. *Par exemple*, a corsage like the "Paronta," in this number, has revers and collar of white satin overlaid with appliqués of white guipure and finished on the edge with plaited frills of beige *chiffon*.

Combinations of different fabrics are to continue in favor, and richly brocaded velvet with satin-finished plain cloth will be one of the handsomest for autumn gowns. The skirts and sleeves will be made of the brocade, and the bodice of the plain cloth, or *vice versa*. There will be more novelties in very rich silks than in woolen goods. Little change is seen in the latter, *crêpon* effects prevailing, and those of mohair or of mohair mixtures will be in highest favor. The new mohairs—meaning of the alpaca or brilliantine nature—are woven of so heavy threads in

the woof as to seem almost repped. The heaviest are almost as stiff as horsehair crinoline, and their price, \$2.50 per yard, will keep them exclusive. The popular changeable effects are also seen in these, and the woof threads being so much coarser than those of the warp, an infinitesimal check is formed which is very pretty.

More interest is shown in golfing, yachting, and bicycle gowns for autumn wear than in all others, for it is the season of all the year when outdoor sports are most enjoyed; this being also a yachting year, preëminently, gowns for that sport are largely in evidence. Most of these are of "outing" style; that is, they have coats, jackets, or blazers, worn over blouse-waists, or completed by waistcoats and chemisettes. A smart English yachting-gown is of blue-gray flannel striped with white; the full, flaring skirt is perfectly plain; the blazer has a broad box-plait in the back held in place by a belt buttoned on at the side seams. The wide revers are faced with white Russian linen, and are cut in the square shape on the bust so popular for lawn collars, but extend in an inch-wide band down the front of the coat, which gives a becoming length to the figure. The full blouse-front is of primrose *glacé* silk, shot faintly with pale blue, it is tucked across the bust, and finished at the throat with a folded stock-collar.

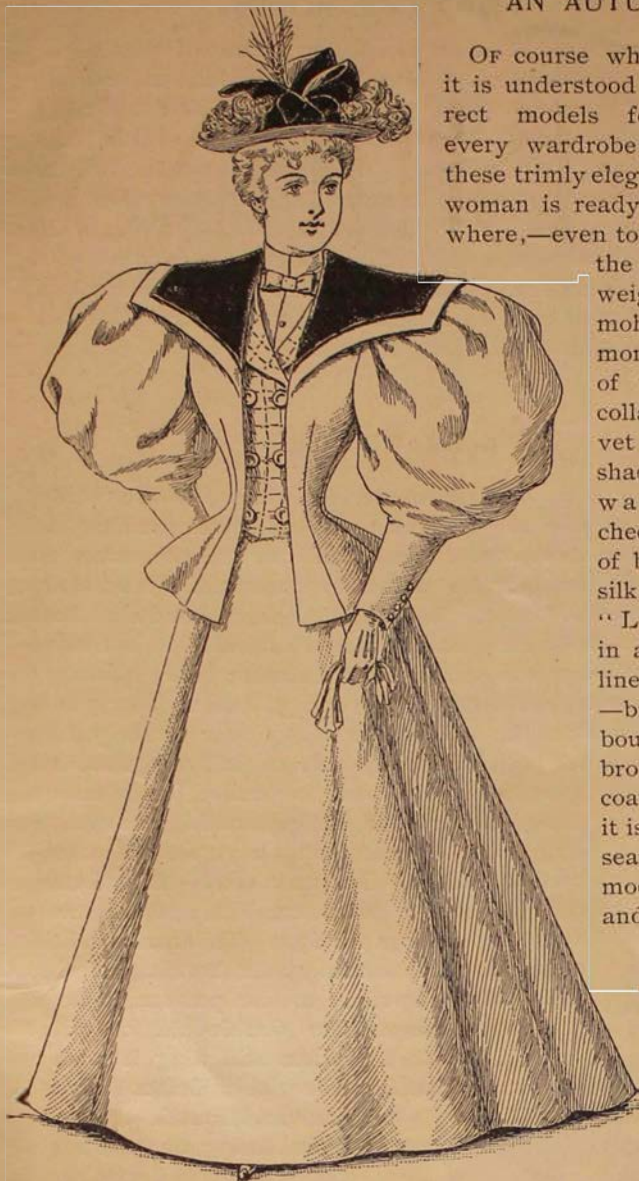
Any young woman who possesses a neat blue serge gown can don it for a yachting trip feeling sure that she has the proper nautical air; but our yachting sisters who prepare in earnest for the sport, and anticipate several yachting cruises, have a variety of gowns for different weather and occasions. For receptions and luncheons on board yachts, white serge is yielding to white mohair, of which some exceedingly smart gowns are made; they have broad, square revers of blue or white cloth or of white satin embellished with embroidery or braiding. Quite as handsome, and more serviceable, are gowns of blue serge with revers and scroll appliqués of white cloth, which are completed by blouses of white mohair made with the popular box-plaits in front and back, and with full bishop sleeves.

For hot days are cool-looking suits of gray Russian linen, white drill, and thread-striped linen duck. Some of these have blouses to match the skirts, and are trimmed with blue or red linen; while others have coats or jackets, and are worn with silk blouses.

The newest millinery shows an outbreak of plumes and feathers, which, in a measure, replace the garden-like masses of flowers worn earlier in the season; chameleon and changeable silks and ribbons prevail, with a never-absent touch of black.

Our thanks are due Messrs. Stern Bros. and Mme. O'Donovan for courtesies shown.

AN AUTUMN TRAVELING-GOWN.



AN AUTUMN TRAVELING-GOWN.  
CLARENCE COAT, LUNEFIELD SKIRT.

Of course when traveling-gowns are described it is understood that they are also the most correct models for street-gowns as well; and every wardrobe, now, requires at least two of these trimly elegant and quiet suits, with which a woman is ready at a moment's notice to go anywhere,—even to start on a trip round the world. A heavy-weight, stiff, and glossy mohair of a light cinnamon brown is the fabric of this suit, and the collar is faced with velvet of a much darker shade. The tan-colored waistcoat-cloth is checked off with threads of blue, red, and gold silk. The skirt is the "Lunefield," described in another column; it is lined with fancy taffeta,—brown and gold,—and bound at the foot with brown velveteen. The coat is the "Clarence"; it is fitted with the usual seams in the back, has a modified umbrella skirt, and flares in front to disclose a smart waistcoat. The collar is cut square across the back in



A BLACK-AND-WHITE GOWN.  
RUSHWIN CORSAGE, SPENCER SKIRT.

the shape so popular all summer for lawns and batistes. The waistcoats of these suits are sometimes made of very bright stuffs, but those of harmonizing, medium shades have the best effect. White linen or batiste chemisettes have the preference over those of fancy cambric.

A BLACK-AND-WHITE GOWN.

SOME exceedingly smart gowns are still evolved from the combination of black and white, and it does not become common, but always has a certain *chic* and air of elegance. The fabric of our handsome model is a black *peau de soie*, checked off irregularly with white. The full, rippling skirt—the "Spencer"—is perfectly plain; it is lined with silver-gray taffeta, and finished at the foot with a binding of black velveteen, which shows only as a narrow cord, but protects the lining for a depth of two



A BECOMING CORSAGE.  
THE "LINBROOK."  
(See Page 672.)

inches. The corsage—the "Rushwin"—is fulled, both back and front, over a fitted lining. The box-plait in front and the stock-collar are of black *chiffon* with an appliqué of delicate white guipure; and the broad shoulder-collar is of plain black *peau de soie* embroidered with *fleurs de lis* in *paillettes*, and finished on the edge with a knife-plaiting of black *chiffon*. A white satin girdle completes the gown. The corsage could be effectively worn with different skirts. The black *chiffon* parasol, lined with white silk, has frills of Valenciennes down the ribs.

## A BECOMING CORSAGE.

(See Page 671.)

THIS smart bodice is a handsome model for separate waists or for the corsages of silk and *crêpon* gowns. A fancy *crêpon* in shades of pink and heliotrope—sweet-pea colors—is the fabric of the original, and the collar of

changeable satin, in which the pink predominates, is overlaid with exquisite batiste embroidery. A narrow girdle of prune-colored velvet encircles the waist. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the outside in place. Black *crêpon* gowns have collars of white or heliotrope satin, with appliqué of guipure or batiste embroidery; and collars of black satin



FOR AUTUMN FÊTES.  
PARONTA CORSAGE, VOLYTA SKIRT.

complete gowns of light-colored fancy taffeta. The pattern is the "Linbrook."

## FOR AUTUMN FÊTES.

THIS charming gown is one of the adaptations of Louis Seize modes, which are a feature of late importations. The fabric is a rich figured *peau de soie* in a soft biscuit shade brocaded with *fade* colors, and the trimming is of black satin veiled with yellow Valenciennes, and frills of *chiffon* of the same tint as the lace. The skirt is the "Volyta," illustrated and described in the June Demorest's, which is adapted to both medium and wide fabrics. The corsage—the "Paronta"—extends into a slightly pointed, very shallow basque, and laps to the left over a chemisette of the gown fabric, or of lawn, batiste, or plaited *chiffon*. The wide revers, crossing the back in a deep, round collar, are given a fichu effect by the wide frills of accordion-plaited *chiffon* which trim them. The pattern of the full-length sleeve is given, but for dressy gowns the elbow length is preferred, and the lower parts of the arms are covered with long, loose-wristed *Suede* gloves. A Marie Antoinette hat of black chip, with up-standing frill of black lace around the crown, and trimmed with yellow ribbon and chrysanthemums, is worn with this gown.



FOR COOL HOURS.  
MARITANA CAPE.

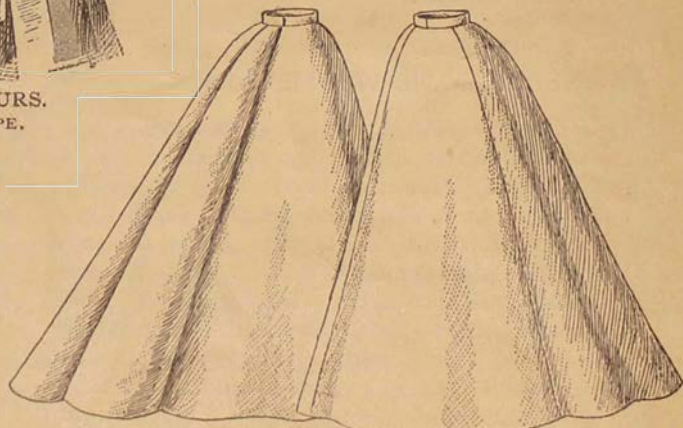
## FOR COOL HOURS.

SILVER-GRAY *peau de soie* is the fabric of this pretty wrap, which is just the thing for carriage use and for cool days or evenings when some protection but not much warmth is needed. The pattern is the "Maritana," and it is in simple circle shape, hanging in full ripples over the shoulders. It is lined with rose colored satin, and trimmed on the edge with a full ruche of black *chiffon*. A collar of Venetian guipure studded with steel and jet *cabochons* trims the shoulders, and a full-plaited ruche of black lace, finished with pink roses in front, is worn around the neck and tied with black velvet ribbon.

## A SMART SKIRT.

THERE is no hint yet of decided change in the cutting of skirts; there continues to be as great diversity as heretofore, but yet the aim of all is to look the same: to fit trimly around the waist, to flare easily across the front and on the sides, and extend in graceful and abundant flutes in the back. Exaggeration of width is not liked for anything but diaphanous fabrics; the skirts of tailor-gowns are from three and a half to four yards at the foot; silks and *crêpons* from four to six yards, but the latter width is pretty only on tall women; and grenadines, *chiffons*, organdies, and lawns can go beyond this, but gain nothing in beauty by greater fullness than six yards, unless accordion-plaited. Our new skirt—the "Lunefield"—has five gored breadths, and measures about five yards at the foot. The front breadth measures thirty inches at the bottom, and the side ones forty-nine, so the pattern is best adapted to double-fold or wide fabrics. Less stiffening is seen; a taffeta silk with sufficient body to hold itself out is the preferred lining, and the next choice is the stiffened percaline.

SLEEVES of evening-gowns are made most fancifully, but are smaller than heretofore; many overlapping frills or puffs, veiled by points of spangled *chiffon*, or banded by lace-frilled ribbons, go to form the intricate structures, for often there is more work in one sleeve than in the whole skirt.



A SMART SKIRT.  
THE "LUNEFIELD."



SMART AUTUMN HATS.

No. 1.—Fancy burnt-straw round hat, with wide brim which narrows to three inches at the back, trimmed with rosettes of heliotrope and pink ribbons and raven's wings.

No. 2.—An eccentric hat of rough yellow straw, trimmed with a stiff bow of black velvet.



1. FANCY STRAW HAT.

A cluster of pink roses is under the brim at the back.

No. 3.—Picture hat of black velvet, trimmed with black plumes, and chrysanthemums in tawny yellows and browns.

No. 4.—Round hat with black velvet crown and brim of plaited lace, trimmed with black plumes and heliotrope ribbon.



2. HAT OF ROUGH STRAW

IN SILKS and ribbons, changeable and chameleon effects prevail. There is a bewildering array of charming *chine* silks in delicate colors, broken by narrow black satin stripes three or four inches apart.

MORE MOIRES are again seen; and they are a good choice, especially in white and light colors, as they make very rich evening-gowns.

COMBINATIONS of mohair and silk are among the autumn novelty weaves. Some of the mohairs have fine stripes of colored silk.

AUTUMN COLOR-CARDS show over fifty combinations of chameleon effects; violet, reddish pink, and dark blue, and beige, brown, and green predominate.

THE NEW JERSEYS, or sweaters, have up-to-date sleeves that really look very well indeed; and as the garments are soft and yielding, yet glove-fitting, and in most attractively quiet colors and combinations, they will be much worn for golfing and bicycling in the autumn.

BLACK MULLS and organdies over white silk make charming gowns; they are trimmed with Chantilly or Valenciennes lace, and are especially pretty with many vertical rows of narrow Valenciennes on the waists and sleeves.

BROAD changeable ribbons, in delicate, opalescent colors, are arranged in triple box-plaits on the shoulders; the ends are brought down to the waist-line, where they are fastened under rosettes, and then hang nearly to the foot of the skirt.

AN AFTERNOON FROCK.

(See Page 674.)

A CHARMING little gown for afternoon wear, and quite dressy enough for small parties and little visits. The fabric is an iridescent brilliantine, a soft fawn-color with dashes of pale blue and rose-color; and the trimming is batiste insertion and black velvet ribbon. The skirt is the "Edgemere," and it is lined with percaline; the brilliantine is turned up on the inside to form a finger-deep facing, and no binding is required. Skirt and bodice can be sewed together if preferred, but, for the convenience of wearing the skirt with different waists, many mothers prefer to finish them separately; the ribbons are then fastened permanently on the skirt-band which fastens over the corsage. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the corsage—the "Victoria"—in place, and it fastens in the back. The patterns are commended for the simplest or most elaborate gowns, and for washable fabrics as well as for silks and wools. The skirt pattern—the "Edgemere"—is in sizes for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years of age; and the corsage in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

SIMPLE, PRACTICAL, AND BECOMING.

(See Page 674.)

THIS charmingly simple frock is commended for both washable fabrics and for light-weight wools and flannels. For the heavy cottons which our Southern sisters can use the year round it is specially adapted. The striped galateas and teviot suitings can be trimmed with bands of plain linen or Chambéry, and the striped and checked wools with dark velvet ribbon. The straight,



3. VELVET PICTURE HAT.

full skirt is sewed to the waist, the fullness of which is held in place by a fitted lining; this is found especially necessary with the drooping fronts, which would never stay in place without it. The deep collar crosses the back in square, sailor fashion. The pattern,—the "Orletta,"—is in sizes for eight, ten, and twelve years.

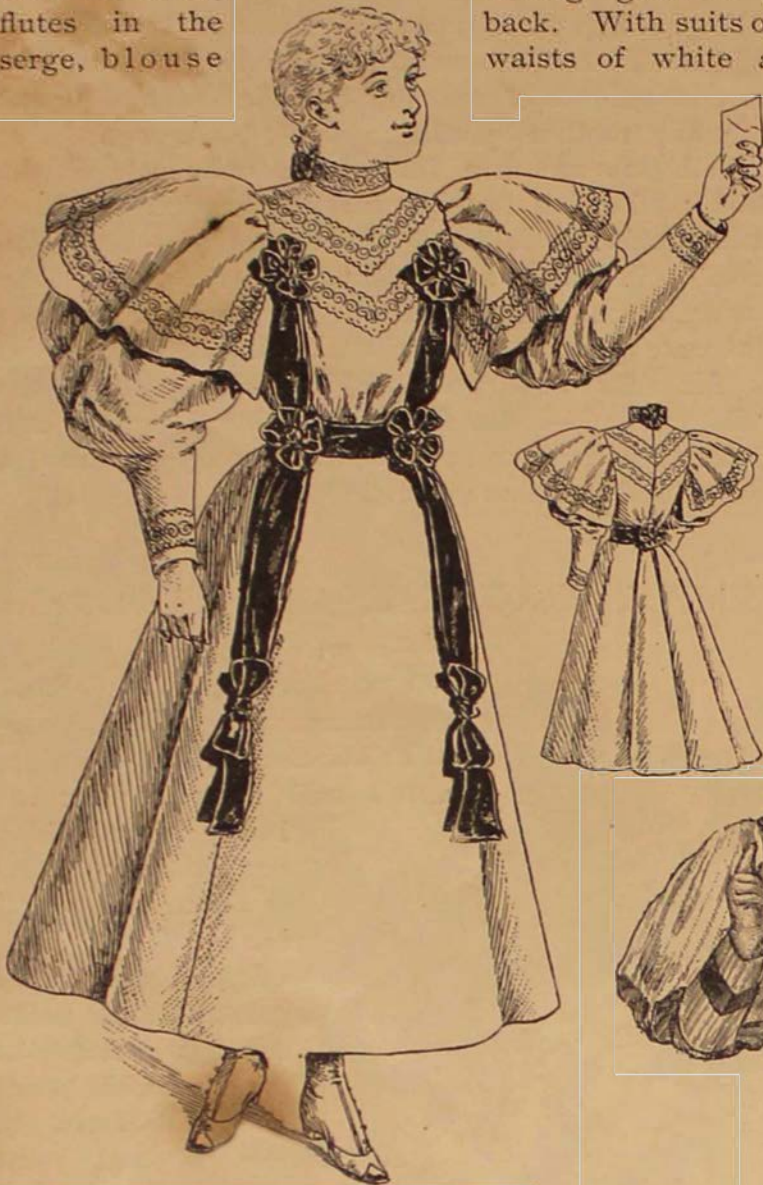


4. LACE AND VELVET HAT.

INDIA long-cloth, which is almost as soft as nainsook, makes comfortable *lingerie* for hot weather; and some women prefer it to India silk, as it does not require so careful laundering.

YOUNG GIRL'S TAILOR-GOWN.

THIS neat serge gown is a correct model for those useful gowns of cloth, serge, tweed, cheviot, or alpaca, which are indispensable in every young girl's wardrobe. Such gowns are not alone useful for traveling, mountain, and seaside wear, but are also the most suitable thing for every-day street and school wear. The skirt is the "Edgemere"; it is gored all around, and fits trimly about the waist, flutes in the back. With suits of blue having graceful *godet* waists of white alpaca blouse



AN AFTERNOON FROCK.  
VITTORIA WAIST, EDGEMERE SKIRT.  
(See page 673.)

or of batiste are liked. The coat is fitted with the usual seams in the back, and the skirt flares easily, without enough fullness to muss or be in the way. The skirt pattern is in sizes for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years; and that of the coat—the "Verado"—is in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

THE designs on our Supplement are selected from the most reliable foreign sources, and also represent popular fashions here. They furnish suggestions for draperies, trimmings, combinations, etc.—in fact, for every detail of the fashionable toilet,—and the models are so practical, and in many instances differ so little from the patterns we give, that they can easily be modified, even by the least experienced amateur, to suit individual needs, and adapted to all seasonable fabrics, simple as well as expensive; while for professional dress-makers they are invaluable.

- 1.—Fancy waist of *chiffon* and brocaded taffeta, trimmed with insertions of spangled lace.
- 2.—Fancy straw *toque*, trimmed with black wings and cowslips.
- 3.—Fine Leghorn hat, trimmed with white doves and large, crushed bows of changeable taffeta.—heliotrope and rose; jacket of brocaded satin, with blouse front of plaited *chiffon*.
- 4.—Bridesmaid's gown of white alpaca; revers of white satin with

black embroidery; white mull tie, with black satin points turning over collar band. White felt hat, faced with corded satin and trimmed with black satin, pink roses, and ivory ostrich-feathers.

- 5.—Jetted *toque* trimmed with wings and wall-flowers.
- 6.—Shoulder-cape of yellow and black changeable satin, trimmed with plaited *chiffon*.
- 7.—Fancy waist of pale blue *crêpe*, trimmed with lace-edged bands of white mull.
- 8.—Visiting-gown of mohair *crêpon*, cadet-blue in color, with bands of white cloth inserted in both skirt and waist; cut-steel buttons fasten the tabs which cross the bands.
- 9.—Visiting-gown of gray *chind moire*, with fichu mantle of richly spangled black satin, trimmed with plaited *mousseline de soie* and Venetian guipure.
- 10.—Tailor-gown of white alpaca, with low-cut waistcoat of black moire and white lawn chemisette.
- 11.—Garden-party gown of batiste, trimmed with prune-colored satin and rich embroidery.
- 12.—Tailor-gown of heather-mixed tweed, with shirt-waist of white alpaca.
- 13.—Dinner-gown of violet-flowered organdy over violet taffeta, trimmed with white lace and green ribbon; revers and girdele of green satin.
- 14.—Gown of fancy taffeta, trimmed with black velvet having steel-spangled edges.
- 15.—Reception-gown of black-striped white moire sprayed with corn-flowers; tiny, overlapping ruffles of the silk trim the skirt, and the white satin revers are embroidered with silver spangles. Stock-collar and cuffs of tucked lawn.
- 16.—Traveling-cloak of tan-colored cloth with revers of white cloth.
- 17.—Checked homespun traveling-gown with blouse of white alpaca.
- 18.—House-gown of accordion-plaited black India silk; white lace epaulettes, and yellow velvet ribbons on the corsage.
- 19.—Driving-cloak of rich brocaded silk, with revers and cuffs of white satin embroidered with black silk and spangles; *ruche* of prune-colored *chiffon* round the neck.

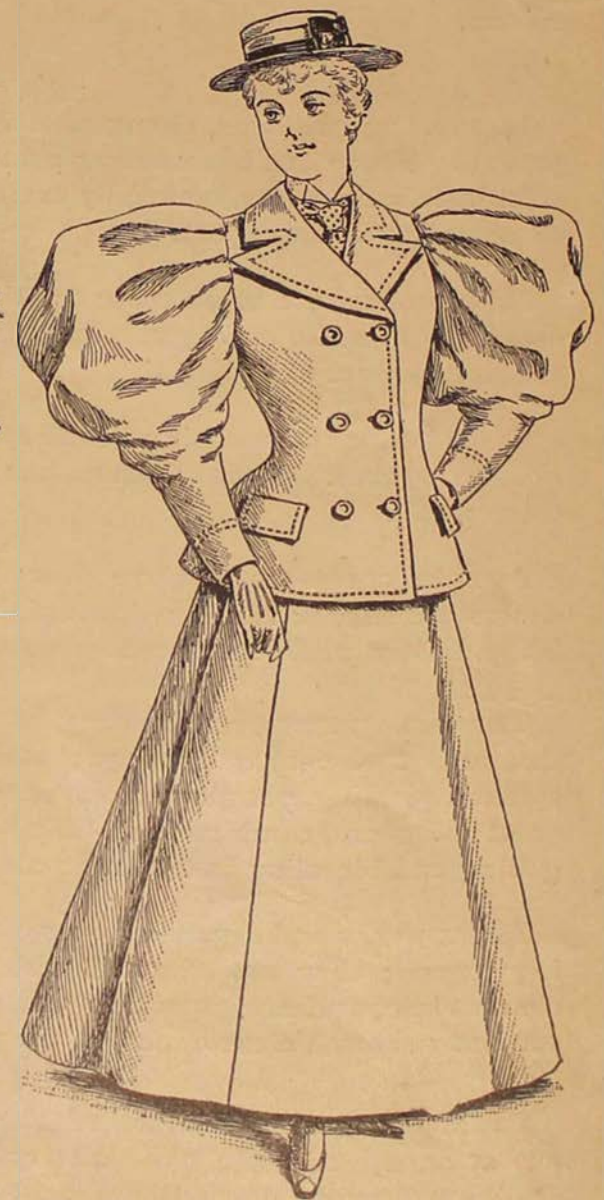
AN AUTUMN SCHOOL-FROCK.

A SILKY mohair, in shades of brown and tan, shot irregularly with bright threads, is the fabric of this neat and attractive little gown. The straight, full skirt



SIMPLE, PRACTICAL-  
AND BECOMING.  
ORLETTA FROCK  
(See page 673.)

is given a gored effect in front by the arrangement of a broad box-plait, which is fastened down one side with bows of golden-brown



YOUNG GIRL'S TAILOR-GOWN.  
VERADO COAT, EDGEMERE SKIRT.



AN AUTUMN SCHOOL-FROCK, THE "CANDACE."

ribbon. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the waist in place. The wide collar of embroidered batiste should be made separate; fine lawn and linen cambric are also used for these collars. The pattern, — the "Candace," — is in sizes for ten and twelve years.

A SIMPLE FROCK.

This little cashmere gown offers an admirable model for either plain or dressy frocks, since the only difference in these, now, is in the choice of materials employed and in the trimmings,—the simpler and plainer the cut of the gown, the better. The full, straight skirt is sewed

to the waist, the fullness of which is held in place by an easy-fitting lining, which leaves the child perfect freedom of motion. The embroidered batiste collar can be made separate so as to be worn with other gowns, and also for convenience in laundering. This is an admirable pattern for school-gowns of serge and light-weight wool, and also for the dainty India silks in white and pale tints which make the prettiest possible dancing-school frocks. The pattern — the "Alexina" — is in sizes for six and eight years.



A SIMPLE FROCK, THE "ALEXINA."

STANDARD PATTERNS.



SHELDON COAT.



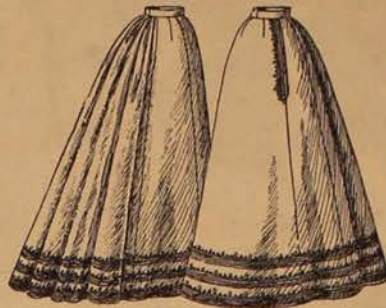
COTTSWOLD COAT.



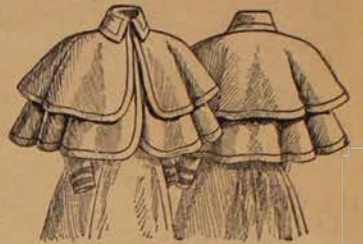
MALTA COAT.



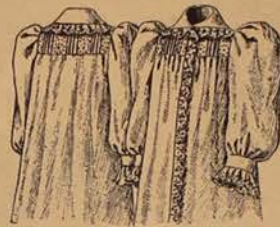
COLETTA JACKET.



WHEATLAND SKIRT.



SUTRO CAPE.



"MOTHER HUBBARD" NIGHT-GOWN.



YOKE NIGHT-SHIRT.



SACQUE GOWN OR WRAPPER.



"MOTHER HUBBARD" SLIP.



ELGITHA FROCK.



SUSIA DRESS.



INFANT'S NIGHT-DRESS.



RUTHELLA FROCK.



HANSA WAIST.



BOLERO CORSET-COVER.



CHILD'S DRAWERS.

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



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 674.)

WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THIS SUPPLEMENT.

**HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS**

NOTICE  
NAME THUS *Stewart Hartshorn* ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE **HARTSHORN**

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

**FEATHERBONING**  
For Waists, Sleeves and Skirts.  
INSTRUCTION FREE.



Call at our parlors—833 Broadway, New York; 185 Wabash-av., Chicago; 40 West-st., Boston; 102 North Charles-st., Baltimore; 1113 Chestnut-st., Phila. Send 65c for 12-yd Sample Skirt Bone.  
Warren Featherbone Co., Three Oaks, Mich.

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

**FREE SCHOLARSHIP IN MUSIC.**

Send one cent stamp for particulars. Address, **Madame A. Pupin, Chickering Hall, N. Y. City.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.**

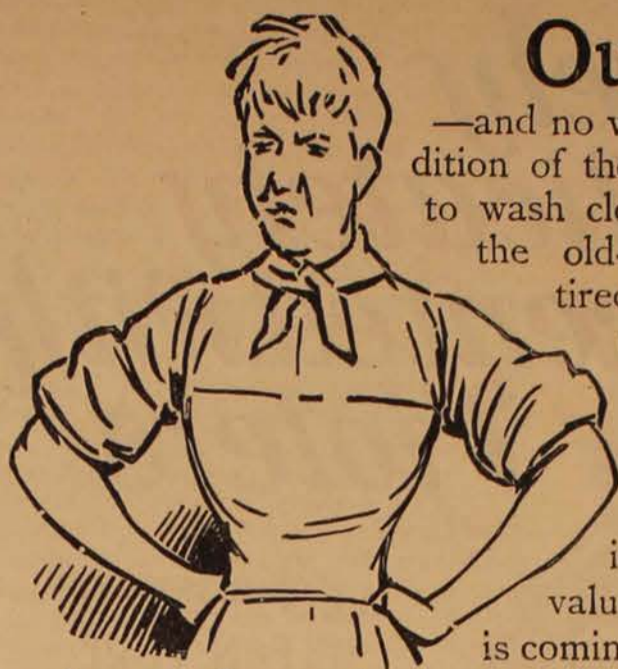
The increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, render it necessary to urge upon them, **First—Brevity. Second—Clearness of statement. Third—Decisive knowledge of what they want. Fourth—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves, and to those that the inquirer cannot solve by a diligent search of ordinary books of reference. Fifth—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed. Sixth—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and Departments of the Magazine. We wish the Correspondence Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects. Inquiries respecting medicine or surgery will not be noticed.**

"MILLVILLE."—Deep breathing and holding the breath for several moments after a full inhalation so that you can feel it expanding and pressing upon the muscles of the neck and throat will, if persevered in, do much to fill out a scrawny neck; another beneficial exercise is to double up the arms, placing both hands just in front of the shoulders, and throw the elbows and shoulders as far back as possible; repeat for five minutes, night and morning, being sure to breathe deeply while taking the exercise. Massage with cocoa-butter will also assist in laying on flesh.—If your silk is striped you can cut it so the stripes will meet in long chevrons in the middle of the front breadth of your skirt, or you can use a circle pattern; these are the only methods by which you can avoid the narrow gores, and in using a circle pattern you are apt to have ugly-shaped narrow pieces at the bottom on the sides, which are equally objectionable.

"MRS. A. H. M."—Your sample is a light quality of grosgrain, a standard silk that is always worn, though not especially stylish just now. It will make a handsome skirt if cut over by one of our recent gored patterns.—Your little girl of eight years can wear the piqué jackets; they are liked for small girls of even ten.—Postage stamps are accepted in payment for the frames, but it is perfectly safe to send the amount in silver. It can be pasted on a card.

"AUDUBON."—Make the navy-blue serge by model for "A Scotch Tweed Gown" in the July number of Demorest's, and have cuffs and revers of tucked or embroidered batiste finished on the edge with a lace frill.—Read recent Fashion Reviews for directions about making washable gowns. Any of the patterns for full blouse-waists given during the last three or four months would be suitable for them.

(Continued on page 678.)



**Out of sorts**

—and no wonder. Think of the condition of those poor women who have to wash clothes and clean house in the old-fashioned way. They're tired, vexed, discouraged, out of sorts, with aching backs and aching hearts.

They must be out of their wits. Why don't they use **Pearline**? That is what every woman who values her health and strength

is coming to. And they're coming to it now, faster than ever. Every day, **Pearline's** fame grows and its patrons increase in number. Hundreds of millions of packages have been used by bright women who want to make washing easy.

481

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

**CHOICE HYACINTHS AT 5 Cts.**

OUR CHAMPION COLLECTION OF 20 HYACINTHS FOR \$1. PREPAID BY MAIL.



This offer has never been equalled, the varieties are the best, the colors are unsurpassed, embracing all colors of this charming flower. We send instructions with each order how to grow and care for them. **WE GUARANTEE THEM TO BE THE BEST DOLLAR'S WORTH OF HYACINTHS YOU EVER PURCHASED. WILL COST \$2 FROM OTHER FLORISTS.**

THE LIST:—Prince of Waterloo, pure white, large compact spike. **Rosea Maxima**, fine pink, very large. **Boquet de Orange**, rich deep golden yellow. **Princes Royal**, deep scarlet, extra large. **Jenny Lind**, bluish white, with violet eye. **La Tour de Auvergne**, pure snow white. **Bloksberg**, finest of all light blue Hyacinths. **Sans Souci**, the finest pink Hyacinth in cultivation. **Monarch**, bright crimson, very large spike. **Ne Plus Ultra**, pure waxy white, very large bells. **Lord Wellington**, deep porcelain with lilac stripe. **Grand Monarque de France**, beautiful creamy white. **Charles Dickens**, finest bright pink, extra large. **Czar Peter**, finest porcelain blue. **Gertrude**, large, compact spike, bright red. **King of the Blues**, dark blue, very large spike. **Queen of Holland**, pure white, elegant. **La Citroneirre**, citron yellow, rich and popular. **Baron Von Thuyll**, pure white, none better. **Gen'l. Pellissier**, deep rich scarlet, none better.

We send 35 Tulips for 50 cts., 60 Crocus for 50 cts., 15 Narcissus for 50 cts. Get our Catalogue before you order, it is sent Free. **WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY** on all flowers. Try us. **GOOD & REESE CO., BOX 25 CHAMPION CITY GREENHOUSES, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.**

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

For Washing and Cleaning Everything, No Matter What, in Household and Factory, from the Finest Lace to the Dirtiest Garment,

**Soapine**

Works Quicker, Easier, Cheaper and Better than Soap or Anything Else. If you are not acquainted with it, One Trial will Convince You. It is Simply Wonderful, as the Millions Using It will Testify.

**WHALE ON EVERY PACKAGE.** **Kendall Mfg. Co.** Established 1827. Providence, R. I.

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

**CARD PRINTER FREE**

Sets any name in one minute; prints 500 cards an hour. YOU can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type Holder, Pads and Tweezers. Best Linen Marker, worth \$1.00. Sample mailed FREE for 10c. stamps for postage on outfit and large catalogue of 1000 Bargains.  
R. H. Ingersoll & Bro. 65 Cortlandt St. N. Y. City

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

**CUT THIS OUT**

and return it to us with 10c. silver or 12c. in stamps for a trial subscription to new 64-col. MAGAZINE just being boomed and we will publish YOUR NAME FREE in our AGENTS DIRECTORY. You will get bushels of Papers, Cards, Magazines, Novelties and Music from Publishers & Manufacturers who want agents. SEND AT ONCE. All for 10c. (This firm is reliable.—Ed.) Address, **Pub's Popular Monthly, 64 Federal St. Boston, Mass.**

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

# Exquisitely and Delicately Scented with Violets

COMPOSED OF  
CLEAN, PURE,  
HEALTHY,  
VEGETABLE OILS.

ABSOLUTELY  
**THE BEST!**  
FOR THE HYGIENIC  
CARE OF THE SKIN.

Velvet-Skin  
POWDER  
for the BELLE'S BOUDOIR  
and the BABY'S BASKET.

## Velvet-Skin Soap

ON SALE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS.

Send 10 cts. in stamps to DEPT A, PALISADE MANFG CO., YONKERS, N.Y.,  
for complete set of samples.

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

### WANTED—LADY AGENTS.

Hygeia Corsets are the best sellers. Big profits. Easy work. Catalogue free by sending to  
WESTERN CORSET CO., St. Louis, Mo.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**BIRD FANCIERS' HAND BOOK.** A handy volume of 120 pages, beautifully illustrated, describing Cage Birds and domestic Pets of all kinds. Indispensable to all who want a cheerful and happy home. Bird diseases, loss of song, mode of feeding, etc., all accurately described. Mailed on receipt of 15 cts. in stamps. DELIVERED FREE to any one SENDING US THE CORRECT ADDRESSES OF TWENTY-FIVE LADIES who are interested in birds.  
THE BIRD FOOD CO., 400 N. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



**L. SHAW,**  
THE LARGEST HUMAN HAIR AND  
TOILET BAZAAR.  
Established 33 Years.  
Elegant Assortment of Ideal Wigs,  
Waves, Skeleton Bangs and beauti-  
ful Natural Wavy Marie  
Antoinette Switches. Ex-  
tract of Turkish Rose Leaves  
for the Lips and Face; cannot  
be detected. \$1 and \$1.50 a  
bottle. Monte Cristo beautifying preparations and Hair Dyes.  
Book, "How to be Beautiful," mailed Free on request.  
54 West 14th St., near Sixth Ave., New York.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 677.)

"ILDRAGO."—Your two-and-a-half-year-old boy will look well in sailor-gowns of white duck, gray linen, galatea, and teviot suitings, and blue serge; have a little reefer of dark blue cheviot and a straw Tam o' Shanter; and a white piqué reefer will be nice for hot weather.

"M. Z. W."—Gore the front and side breadths of your India lawn, and leave the back breadths straight; make with a seven-inch hem and put one row of insertion above it; have a full-blouse waist with a deep, square shoulder-collar of tucked lawn and insertion finished on the edge with a ruffle of lace. Line the full demi-sleeves with plain Swiss, and finish them just below the elbows with a twist and knot of Dresden-flowered ribbon; girdle and stock-collar to match.

"ESCONDIDO."—Eliza Cook, the English writer, was born in Southwark, London, in 1817. She lost her mother when but fifteen years old, and sought relief from an uncongenial home in literary work. From 1837 she contributed to periodicals, and in 1840 a collection of her poems was published. She was for five years editor of "Eliza Cook's Journal," published weekly, and contributed to its columns many vigorous prose articles as well as poems. The name of her poem "Melaia" is pronounced Me-li'ä.

"N. H."—Written invitations to a wedding are much to be preferred to printed ones, if engraved ones are out of the question.

"MRS. M. M. S."—There is no "easy way" of keeping hardwood floors in good condition; they have to be frequently rubbed with oil or wax and thoroughly polished. In Europe the regular housemaids do the work weekly, but several times a year the floors are gone over by men who polish them with rubbers worn on the feet. Heavily weighted blocks, covered with canton flannel and fastened to long handles so they can be pushed over the floor, are used by the maids.

"G. L. S."—Edwin Booth's biography was given in Demorest's for July, 1894, to accompany his portrait in the same number. He died June 7, 1893.—The quotation "When the blind man sees the lame man walk, and the deaf man hears the dumb man talk," is not familiar to us. The same thought, but in different words, is expressed several times in Isaiah and Matthew, and, perhaps, other books of the Bible.

"R. W. V. H."—Miss Frances E. Willard is in England with Lady Somerset. Write to Major Pond, New York, for the information you desire about Gen. Lew Wallace, "Mark Twain," and "Buffalo Bill."

"MRS. A. K. P."—Make your fourteen-year-old daughter's white silk with a plain full skirt reaching to her boot-tops,—see model "A Girl's Street Gown" in the July Demorest's,—and a blouse waist drooping in front with full puffed sleeves close on the lower arm. Make a deep, square shoulder-collar or else a yoke of tucked and lace-frilled lawn or Swiss muslin, finished on the edge with two-inch Valenciennes. Use Dresden-figured white or pale-tinted ribbons, as will be most becoming.

(Continued on page 679.)

## LeMesurier Artists' Colors



Are the same in first shades, and will produce absolutely the same tints as the best English tube paints. We guarantee our colors to possess all desirable features found in domestic or foreign manufactures, and to excel them in many essential qualities, such as: impalpable fineness, freedom from lint, and other vexatious substances, and positive uniformity of strength and shade. **NOTICE.**—Our Single Tubes, with few exceptions, are double the size of any foreign now in the market. Price-list and pamphlets, giving opinions of some of the most eminent artists, will be furnished on application. Among others who have used them and attest their merits, are: D. Huntington, Pres't N.A., Julian Scott, A.N.A., Geo. Inness, N.A., J. H. Beard, N.A., Wm. L. Sonntag, N.A., E. Wood Perry, N.A., R. W. Hubbard, N.A., A. T. Brier, N.A.

**JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,**  
NEW YORK: P. O. Box 3499; Office, 55 Pearl St., Brooklyn.  
CHICAGO: Masury Building, 190, 191, 192 Michigan Avenue.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



**NEVER BREAKS DOWN ON THE SIDES**  
and Gives the Wearer a Beautiful Figure.

If not in stock at your retailer's send \$1.00 for a Corset, free by mail, to  
**BRIDGEPORT CORSET CO.,**  
**FITZPATRICK & SOMERS, Sole Agents,**  
85 Leonard St., New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

**YPSILANTI DRESS REFORM UNDERWEAR**

The only Sanitary Underwear. Endorsed by physicians throughout the country. This is a good time to become acquainted with the merits of Ypsilanti—for 1895 you will find

**PRICES DOWN.**

Send for Catalogue and our new book entitled "Modern Underwear, and How to Wear It." They are free.

**HAY & TODD MFG. CO.,**  
**YPSILANTI, MICH.**

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

**WALL PAPER**

SAMPLES FREE from the factories not controlled by the Wall Paper Trust, at prices fully 30 per cent. lower than others.

White Blanks that retail at 10c.	4c. a roll.
New Lustres " 15c.	7c. "
Embossed Golds " 25c.	15c. "

Other grades and borders as low.

DEALERS write for large books by express and **TRADE DISCOUNT**  
**KAYSER & ALLMAN,**  
The Largest Wall Paper Concern in the U. S.  
932-984 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA.  
18 Arch Street,

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



**NO DIRT LEFT**  
in clothes washed with the "BUSY BEE WASHER." 100 pieces in one hour and no hard work done. That's the record. AGENTS WANTED. Exclusive sale. Write for terms.  
**Lake Erie Mfg. Co., 124 E. 13 St., Erie, Pa.**

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

(Continued from page 678.)

"ENTERPRISE."—Read answer to "October" in the August number. A wedding-breakfast menu would be suitable for a christening breakfast. Use blue flowers if the baby is a boy, and pink if it is a girl. Perch the fun-loving "brownies" in unexpected places among the decorations of the table; bonbon boxes with a "brownie" mounted on top, or, better still, the small globe-shaped baskets which open in the middle and can be used afterward for twine-balls, would be nice for souvenirs.

"MRS. E. J. W."—It is impossible for us to furnish samples of any sort.—In recent Fashion Reviews all the information which we possess has been given concerning stiff interlinings, together with arguments for and against their use. Hair-cloth, according to quality, costs anywhere from thirty-five to seventy-five cents per yard.—Very many imported gowns have no protection around the bottom, the gown fabric being turned up an inch or two on the inside. Velveteen is the standard binding, and used on most gowns made here. It does not pay to use anything but the best quality, and many women prefer to buy it by the yard—the merchants cut it on the bias now—so they can cut it two-and-a-half or three inches wide.—There are both silk and cotton whalebone casings, and feather-bone is much liked. Some dressmakers stitch the casings to the lining, and others fasten them with feather-stitching done with embroidery silk or buttonhole twist.

"SYLVIA."—Combine brocaded *peau de soie* with your plain black satin surah; a little color in the brocade, either green or blue or a fancy mixture, will be the best choice; make by model for "A Simple Taffeta Gown," in the August Demorest's.

"C. C. F."—It is impossible to answer queries like yours by mail, and your letter was too late for an answer in the August number. Careful reading of recent "Fashion Reviews" will have given you all the information possible about summer wardrobes. In both July and August numbers admirable models for traveling-gowns were given. There are so many desirable fabrics that individual taste alone can make a choice. In addition to your traveling-gown, a pretty taffeta, and a black *crêpon*, with several fancy waists, will be all you can need for a two weeks' visit. For toilette accessories see page 606 of the August number. Get a black alpaca bathing-suit without trimming.

"MRS. C. T."—"Middle-aged women" no longer dress like old ladies, and more than half of the illustrations and patterns given in Demorest's for adults are as suitable for women of forty and fifty years of age as for younger women.—Neither age nor superabundant flesh, however, are considered artistic; therefore it is the artist's pleasure to display his designs upon such figures as best set them off. For example, all the full-length illustrations on pages 543-4 of the July number, and those on page 604 of the August number, are of styles worn by women of all ages, from youth to past middle age. Of course, the older woman chooses quieter colors and conservative fabrics; that is the only difference.

"MARGARET."—Read "Fashion Reviews" in July and August numbers for information about making organdy and lawn gowns. Lace and ribbons are the only trimmings used, and the full skirts are oftener plain than trimmed.

(Continued on page 680.)

**A Roll of Perforated Stamping Patterns,** containing Designs for all kinds of Art Work, sent on Approval to responsible parties. Stamp for circular.

**MRS. S. S. HUBBELL, Fort Edward, N. Y.**

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

**We'll tan your skins** for RUGS or ROBES. Soft, light, moth-proof. Get our tan circular. We make Frisian Coon and Galloway Coats and Robes. If your dealer don't keep them get catalog from us. Liberal discounts to early purchasers.  
The CROSBY FRISIAN FUR CO., Box 7, Rochester, N. Y.

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

**PROF. NORTH'S** make the DEAF hear. Send stamp for circular. 6 Pleasant Ave., Somerville, Mass.

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



**The Finishing Touch**

OF BEAUTY — JUST A KISS OF TETLOW'S

**Gossamer Powder**

to lend a velvety softness and a delicate beauty to the skin. Perfectly pure, entirely harmless, absolutely invisible. Popular for 20 years. Be sure and get HENRY TETLOW'S. Price 25c. by mail, or at Druggists. Sample FREE.



**Henry Tetlow, Cor. 10th & Cherry Sts., Phila.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

We're proud to know that thousands of women are every day saying:

"I always put



**BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS**

on my dress skirts." They've found out that they last as

long as the skirt.

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes, mailed for 10c. in stamps.

The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y.

"S.H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

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

**A CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.**

By specially chartered steamer "Friesland" (7,116 tons), January 29, 1896, visiting Bermuda, Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada, Alhambra, Algiers, Cairo; 10 days in Palestine, Beyrout, Ephesus, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, Nice; only \$550 and up, excursions, fees, etc., included. Organized and accompanied by F. C. CLARK, ex U. S. Vice-Consul at Jerusalem, 111 Broadway, New York.

**ROUND THE WORLD PARTY STARTS OCT. 2**

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

"Within the Golden Circle." Latest publications on Cripple Creek and its mines. Handsomely illustrated. Mailed free by THE WOODS INVESTMENT CO., Colorado Springs, Colo.

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

# BIG BARGAINS IN FLOWERS

**What You Can Buy for 50 Cents.**

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Set A—10 Best Double Hyacinths, 10 kinds, - - - 50cts  | Set J—60 Crocus, all colors, handsome, - - - 50cts  |
| " B—10 Best single Hyacinths, 10 kinds, - - - 50cts    | " K—4 Chinese Sacred Lillies, - - - 50cts           |
| " C—5 Single and 5 Double Hyacinths, 10 kinds, 50cts   | " L—10 Choice Winter Blooming Roses, - - - 50cts    |
| " D—12 Ass't. Hyacinths, Double, Single & Roman, 50cts | " M—10 Choice Geraniums, all different, - - - 50cts |
| " E—15 Choicest Varieties Narcissus, - - - 50cts       | " O—6 Carnations, ready to bloom, - - - 50cts       |
| " F—35 Best Double Tulips, all different, - - - 50cts  | " P—12 Choice Prize Winning Chrysanthemums, 50cts   |
| " G—35 Best Single Tulips, all different, - - - 50cts  | " S—4 Elegant Decorative Palms, - - - 50cts         |
| " H—10 Ass't. Tulips, Double, Single and Parrot, 50cts |   |

You may select half of any two sets for 50 cents, or 3 complete sets for \$1.25, any 5 sets for \$2.00, the entire 15 sets for \$5.00; or half of each set for \$2.50. Get your neighbor to club with you and get yours FREE. Our catalogue free, ORDER TO-DAY. **THE GREAT WESTERN PLANT CO., Springfield, Ohio.**

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

## WRINGING DRY

Impossible unless your wringer has well made rolls. When you buy a wringer insist on having the **WARRANTED ROLLS** of the **AMERICAN WRINGER CO.**, the largest manufacturers of Wringers and Rolls in the world. \$2,500,000 capital. See our name and warrant stamped on rolls. Books of useful wringer information FREE. Address 99 Chambers Street, New York.



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

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Judge Publishing Company have issued

# THE MEMORIAL WAR BOOK

ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY

TWO THOUSAND MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATIONS,

Mostly reproduced from the celebrated series of photographs taken during the war by M. B. BRADY and ALEXANDER GARDNER, under the

AUTHORITY OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT,

the original negatives of which are now in the possession of the WAR DEPARTMENT at Washington, to which have been added reproductions of several noted paintings of GILBERT GAUL, and the series recently issued by the Messrs. Prang from paintings by de Thulstrup and Davidson, altogether



Forming the most Sumptuous Work on the War ever issued.

The text has been written especially for the work by

MAJOR GEORGE F. WILLIAMS,

and is compiled from Historical Records, Narratives of Men who fought, and from personal observations. It aims to present a series of pen pictures drawn from material that has never before been collected. It is a series of personal reminiscences of stirring adventures and lifelike descriptions of campaigns and battles, as the soldier saw them, rather than a history, with sufficient memoranda of the events attending the progress of the struggle to give the reader an understanding of their relative importance.

PEN AND PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES

OF ACTUAL SCENES on the MARCH, in CAMP, on the FIELD OF BATTLE, and in the TRENCHES.

It will be delivered complete in one Imperial Quarto Volume, printed on the finest quality heavy coated paper, manufactured expressly for this work, and bound in seal grain leather, full gilt edges, and will be sold only by subscription and only in conjunction with LESLIE'S WEEKLY. For particulars address,

LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Ave., New York.

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

(Continued from page 679.)

"E. S."—Black lawns are made up without lining, finished with a deep hem, and hung over a foundation skirt of percaline or silk, both skirts being mounted on the same belt.

"R. P. B."—We have searched the files of our magazine for eight years back and fail to find the article to which you refer.

"ERRORS IN SPEECH."—The use of "round" and "around" is not a subject for criticism in "Common Errors in Speech," for both words are used interchangeably. You may go round the world or around it; and you may put trimming round your skirt or around it,—but if you do either this summer it must be narrow. Of course, there is the other sense of "round," meaning globular or circular in form, but that is an adjective, not an adverb.

"GRACE."—General Philip Schuyler had four or five sons, three of whom married; the others died in infancy. Two of the sons had children, but how many, or whom they married, we cannot tell you. No genealogy of the Schuyler family has yet been published, and we have not time to make further inquiries.

"JUDITH."—The letters "I. H. S." signify Jesus (or Jesus) Hominum Salvator, or Jesus the Saviour of Men. Originally the letters were a Greek monogram abbreviating the name Jesus; but later they were mistaken for Latin letters and the above signification twisted out of them.

"M. E. R."—Clear alcohol is too drying to be used upon the face; it is, however, an excellent skin tonic when combined with sea-salt and spirits of camphor. Dissolve a cupful of the salt in a cupful of boiling water; add an ounce of camphor, a cupful of alcohol, and enough distilled water to make a quart of the whole. This will strengthen and refine the skin of the whole body if used freely after bathing; and will take the soreness out of strained muscles after a long tramp or other physical exercise. Alcohol will not encourage a fuzzy growth; but if there is an inclination to such growth about the chin, lips, and cheeks, vaseline and cocoa butter should be avoided on these parts of the face.—Bathing with toilet vinegars or a few drops of the tincture of benzoin in the water with which the face is bathed will help to correct the tendency to a greasy appearance, and the skin tonic mentioned above is also excellent.

"C. J. C. M."—To make literature a paying business there is no royal road to success; if you have talent and have also the foundation of a good English education, you must simply do as every successful writer before you has done, write, and write, and still write; if you have any thoughts worth putting on paper you will in time succeed in having some of your MSS. accepted. Read the standard English and American authors, and study and analyze them to find out wherein lies their beauty of diction and style; read also the best works of fiction, but waste no time on trash; cultivate your critical faculty—look up the word in the dictionary and see just what the misunderstood word signifies—and study men and women.

(Continued on page 681.)

## EAT FRUIT IN WINTER.

It is healthy. Sterilize it by the **MUDCE PATENT CANNER**. The new method. Supersedes the old ways of canning. Flavor saved, form preserved, freshness and color retained. Address,

**JOHN L. GAUMER CO.,**  
1101 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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



## PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PLAYERS

Ask your Stationer for

"THE CORRECT" SCORE MARKER.

It pleases everybody.

Booklet free. **W. F. BULKELEY, Cleveland, O.**

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

**100% PROFIT. NO HUMBUG. AGENTS** wanted in every city and town in the United States. **THE BOLGIANO WATER MOTOR CO., Baltimore, Md.**

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

**At 1/4 Price** Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Buggies, Harness, Farm & Blacksmith Tools, Engines, Rollers Mills, Scales of all Varieties and 1000 other Articles. Lists Free. **CHICAGO SCALE CO. Chicago, Ill.**

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



**Hand-made  
Dresses,  
\$2.75.**



This dainty little garment made of fine nainsook (in varied patterns of hem-stitching and hand embroidery) represents a line of our goods possessing peculiar charms for mothers who appreciate the refinement of design, and exquisite needle work so appropriate for baby, only possible where every stitch is taken by hand. Sizes 6 mos. to 2 years. By mail, postage paid, 5 cents extra.

We make the same style in long Slips for Infants at same price.

These dresses are just as remarkable for the price as the machine made, advertised heretofore from 63c. to \$1.00, which have had such a large sale.

Illustrated catalogue showing the advantages of purchasing children's clothing where their outfitting is the especial business—sent to any address for 4c. postage

**BEST & CO** 60-62 West  
23d Street,  
New York

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

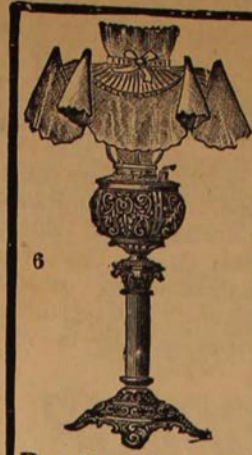
(Continued from page 680.)

"B. M."—Consult the daily newspapers for names and addresses of insurance companies.—Self-supporting women can board temporarily at the "Margaret Louisa Home," No. 14 East Sixteenth Street, New York. References are required from strangers, and as the house is always full it is best to write a week or ten days in advance to engage a room, and references should be inclosed with the application. Address the superintendent.

"Miss P. A."—We cannot reply by letter to questions concerning dress.—The large golf cloak continues to be the popular wrap for traveling, and but few ulsters are seen. The golf capes are made of all sorts of heavy, rough cloths; some are double-faced, and others are lined with gayly plaided silks. A brown cloth, with bright plaid lining, would be pretty "for a light-complexioned girl."

"J. G. B."—"Manners and Social Usages," by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, is a reliable book upon etiquette.—It is not usual to send cards, or to call where not indebted, simply to acquaint your friends with a change of residence. In the ordinary course of social intercourse the event is quickly made known; if for any special reason it is of importance that your friends be informed, you can send cards.

"JERRY."—We do not know where you could obtain the biographical data about Mr. Sothorn, except from the gentleman himself.—You can purchase a copy of the "Dramatic News" from your newsdealer.—For information about the training schools for nurses in New York see "Among the Nurses," in Demorest's for January, 1894. Write to the schools therein mentioned for the information you seek.



**A FEW OF THE  
STRONG  
POINTS  
OF  
THE  
B & H LAMPS**

Best Light.  
Easy Lighting Device.  
Double Centre Draught.

Our Little Book Free, Telling more about them and our line of Gas and Electric Fixtures, Art Metal Goods, &c.

**Bradley & Hubbard Mfg. Co.,** Meriden, Conn.  
New York. Boston. Chicago. Philadelphia.

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

**THE LEADING CONSERVATORY OF AMERICA.**

CARL FAELTEN, Director.

Founded by E. Tourjée

in 1853.

**New England Conservatory**  
OF MUSIC. Boston, Mass.

Franklin Sq., Boston, Mass.

Send for Prospectus giving full information.

FRANK W. HALB, General Manager.

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

**COINS**

If you have any rare American or foreign coins or paper money issued before 1878, keep them and send two stamps to Numismatic Bank, Boston, Mass., for Circular No. 20. A fortune for somebody. Agents wanted. Adv. Dpt. G.

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



THOSE PRETTY BATHING-SUITS.

TOM—"Look out, girls; it's going to rain."

MARY—"Oh, dear! let's hurry back, Kate, or we'll get soaking wet."

*W. H. Frank '94*

## THE NEW LIFE GIVER.

"Oxygen is life." The more of it in the system the less the danger of disease. How to increase this element in the blood and circulation was an unsolved problem to medical science until Dr. H. Sanche, of Detroit, Mich., discovered a wonderful law of natural forces by the application of which oxygen from the air can be supplied in any desired quantity. His latest improved instrument for its transmission to the human body is

## OXYDONOR "VICTORY."

It is small enough to be carried in the pocket, and thus may be kept ever ready to save life. It is especially adapted to self-treatment. Is easy and pleasant to use. It has cured the most fatal diseases in a few hours (without Medicine or Electricity). Its rapid cures of Hay Fever and Sea Sickness are marvelous. Now is the season for their treatment. It has been fully tested in 60,000 cases of all forms of disease.

PRICE, \$15—Reduced from \$25.

Large book of grateful testimonials from prominent and reliable people for the asking. Mailed free.

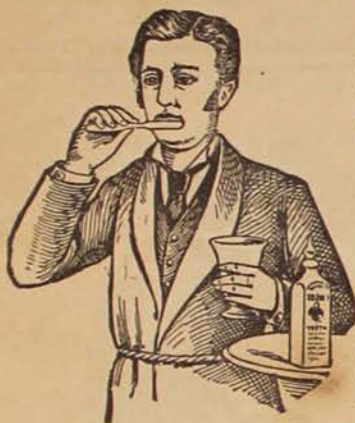
**DR. HERCULES SANCHE,**

Discoverer and Inventor,

264 West Fort St., Detroit, Mich.

261 5th Ave., N. Y. City.

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



## THE GATES OF PEARL

through which the human voice issues should never become rusty. Remember that the finest teeth will decay and drop out of the dental line unless due care is taken to neutralize the impurities with which they are liable to be infested.

FRAGRANT

## SOZODONT

is the only preparation that accomplishes this object with absolute certainty. The odor of SOZODONT is so delightful that it is a luxury to apply it. It is as harmless as water, and possesses none of the acrid properties of tooth pastes, which injure the enamel.

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

## Does Your House Need Painting

INSIDE OR OUT?

**JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,**

NEW YORK:  
Post Office Box 3499.

CHICAGO:  
Masury Building, 191 Michigan Avenue.

BROOKLYN:  
44 to 50 Jay Street.

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

The New York Weekly Recorder, largest and best family newspaper, will be sent from now until after election, November, 1896, for only \$1. Keep posted from start to finish. THE WEEKLY RECORDER has all the news and espouses every deserving cause, whether Republicans or Democrats be the gainers. Special Department for Women, edited and illustrated by women, containing latest New York and Paris fashions, perfect copies of famous oil paintings, size 16 1/2 by 8 3/4 inches, will be presented free to all who accept this offer.

**ONLY \$1 FROM NOW UNTIL AFTER ELECTION, NOVEMBER, 1896.**

**12 Beautiful Colored Pictures**

**FREE**

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

**LADIES** WHO WILL DO WRITING for me at home will make good wages. Reply with self addressed stamped envelope. MISS FLORA JONES, South Bend, Indiana.

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

**GEM PHOTOS**

Send picture to copy and get 12 Gem Photos, size 2 x 3 in., for only 50 cents. Picture returned with Gems. B. M. LAMBKIN & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

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

## GLEANINGS.

A BOOK BY WILLIAM PENN.

A direct descendant of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, is living in Newark, New Jersey, and he bears the name of his distinguished ancestor. He has in his possession a remarkable book, which was written by William Penn when he was confined in the Tower of London. The book had been handed down in the Penn family in England, and some years ago came into the possession of Mr. Penn of Newark.

The book has 596 pages, printed with the wooden type of the time, is entitled "No Cross, No Crown," and is a copy of the second edition. The preface reads: "Reader, from Thy Fervent Christian Friend, William Penn. This is the subject of the following discourse, first writ during confinement in the Tower of London in the year 1668, now imprinted with great enlargements of matter and testimonials that thou, reader, mayst be won to Christ, and if won already be brought nearer to him." The book has twenty-two chapters.

VERANDA SEATS.

Screamingly bright red and blue paints for veranda chairs and settees have been most fortunately replaced by soft shades of willow and olive green, dull browns, old gold, and other dull colors, which harmonize beautifully with nature's coloring. It is easy to add just the touch of brightness needed by the choice of cushion and pillow covers. Denim and the dull-striped Madagascar cloths are the most serviceable for the purpose, and inexpensive; as durable, but costing more, though requiring no laundering, are the cool, checked and plaided Japanese mattings, as soft and pliable as cotton stuffs, and offered in all possible combinations of soft colors. For floor and hammock cushions, nothing can be nicer.

MARRIAGE ON SHIPBOARD.

One of the privileges enjoyed by the master of a sailing vessel is the right to perform the marriage service on his ship; the knot thus tied unites two people in wedlock's holy bonds as securely and as legally as if the ceremony were triply celebrated on dry land.

(Continued on page 683.)

Young Mothers

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years, and its value is recognized.

The Health Braided Wire Bust Forms, made by the Weston & Wells Mfg. Co., of Philadelphia, are very light, are perfect in shape, are cool, and cannot become musty from perspiration, as they are made of finely-tempered watch spring steel wire and covered only with a loosely knitted lace. They are flexible, adapting themselves to the figure, and cannot produce irritation. We would recommend them as a healthful article to use.

ALICE.—Try, for your own sake, "Charmant," the Turkish wonder-balm, and you will be positively cured of your faulty complexion or kindred skin troubles. You know how many remedies I have in vain tried for mine. "Charmant" does all it claims to do. I am happy to be able to recommend it to my fellow-sufferers. You can obtain it at Turkish Balm Co. (importers), 19 Union Square, New York.

# Corticelli Lace Embroidery



The materials for this work are Corticelli Lace Embroidery Silk, size No. 500 and Honiton braid; these are applied to fine bleached linen in simple but pretty designs, which give the work popularity.

"Florence Home Needlework" for 1895, which is now ready, explains this subject fully. The other subjects are Mosaic Embroidery (new designs), Crochet and Correct Colors for Flowers, embroidered with Corticelli Wash Silk.

Send 6 cents, mentioning year, and we will mail you the book; 86 pages, 66 illustrations.

**NONOTUCK SILK CO., Florence, Mass.**

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

## WOMEN LIKE TO SEE

Their husbands and sons with a neat and becoming neckdress, but men are slow to adopt improved methods in this respect. Therefore YOU are invited to first examine the



then suggest a trial of them.

They look like linen, and are the only goods that a well-dressed gentleman can wear in place of real linen.

They are not to be washed; all laundry trouble and expense are avoided.

The price of a single "LINENE" Collar is 2 1/4 cts. When once worn, then turned (or reversed), it becomes a fresh new collar. Thus the actual price of one "LINENE" Collar is reduced to 1 1/4 cts.

You will find their use in your family a relief and a pleasure to all.

Dealers sell **TEN COLLARS** or **FIVE PAIRS** of CUFFS for **25 CENTS**. Sample Collar and pair of Cuffs, postpaid, 6 cents in stamps. State size and style of collars.

**REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.**

27 KILBY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.  
77 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK.

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

## BICYCLES AND HEALTH.

They "tire" you never.  
They "chain" you forever.  
They "rivet" your affection.  
They "clinch" your admiration.  
They "grip" your regard.  
They "saddle" your sorrows.  
They "inflate" your good nature.  
They "brake" your bad habits.  
They "head" you in the right direction.  
They "lever" die than get left.  
They "bar" the cobwebs out of your think-tank.  
They "pin" your faith.  
They "crown" your joys.  
They "spoke" well of him, because he rode a **KNIGHT SCORCHER**.

Send two-cent stamp for catalogue; it will give you a world of information on the finest of sport.

**KNIGHT CYCLE CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

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

## YOU WANT

**A FIRST-CLASS SEWING-MACHINE,**

Don't you? But don't care to pay the old War-Time Prices. Why not let us send you a

**\$19.50 Demorest**

(guaranteed for ten years), and test it well before paying your money? Write for catalogue and testimonials.

**Demorest Sewing-Machine Company,**  
155 E. 23d St., - - - **NEW YORK CITY.**

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

(Continued from page 682.)

### VACATION TROPHIES.

From the sea-shells gathered on the shore most unique portières can be made in the fashion of the well-known Japanese bamboo ones. Two holes should be pierced through the shells—with a red-hot knitting-needle—so that when strung the shells will not lap, but simply touch. Cotton-wood balls and other similar trophies of the woods can be used in the same fashion most effectively.

### TRIFLES FOR FAIRS.

A great variety of attractive and inexpensive trifles for sale at fairs can be easily fashioned out of heavy water-color paper. Calendars and blotters, music and picture folios, photograph cases and picture frames, as well as note-paper and postal-card cases, are among the dainty and charming things that a little taste and ingenuity can contrive. Of course, a little skill in the use of water-colors, so that graceful flower sprays can be painted, will be a great advantage; but much can be accomplished with a free use of gilding and soft-toned ribbons. Beware of bright reds, vivid blues, and crude greens; the days of these have gone by. A charming blotter, nine by twelve inches, has rough torn edges, which are deeply splashed irregularly with gilding, and diagonally, from lower left-hand corner to upper right-hand, is lettered some suitable motto, as: "Written thoughts are living things." Underneath this fasten three or four leaves of blotting-paper, tying all together with a generous bow of old-rose ribbon, fastened in one corner. Very pretty cases for hosiery, shoes, gloves, and handkerchiefs, are made of fine linen or pongee, etched with simple designs in blue and white, copied from old china plates.

(Continued on page 684.)



**SEND** for Catalogue of the Musical Instrument you think of buying. **Violins repaired** by the Cremona System. **C. STORY,** 26 Central St., Boston, Mass.

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

**SHORTHAND** Celebrated **PERNIN** method. Awarded Medal and Diploma at World's Fair. Simplest and best in the world. Trial lesson **FREE**. For books and lessons by **MAIL**, write **H. M. PERNIN,** Author, **DETROIT, MICH.**

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

## WANT MY FINE PERFUME

And other samples handed your friends or neighbors. Pays well. Send 10c for 5 trial bottles Sa'in-Scent Perfumes, and receive special offer to you. **ALBERT D. WOOD,** Perfumer, Wood Av, Detroit Mich

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

*Wear a Lifetime.*

**SUMMER**  
and **WINTER**  
many a year through

**STERLING SILVER INLAID**  
Spoons and Forks give service of solid silver.

**GUARANTEED 25 Years.**

**PAT'D. DEC. 9, 1884.**  
**& MAR. 2, 1886.**

Silver inlaid in the back of the bowl and handle, then plated entire. There is nothing similar or "just as good" as Inlaid with silver.

Each article stamped on the back.

**E. STERLING INLAID H.**  
Sold by all jewelers. Made only by

**The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co.,**  
**BRIDGEPORT, CONN.**

Salesrooms, 2 Maiden Lane (second door from Broadway, N. Y.) A complete line of Solid Silver, Novelties and plate to be seen.

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

**35 cts. A BARGAIN** for 3 pictures of Flowers and Fruit in natural colors, all different, size 17 x 24 inches, retail price \$1.25. If you will mention this paper and inclose 35cts, will send post paid free. Address, **H. M. WALL,** Lithographer, 337 Leonard St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

## SOMETHING NEW JUDGE'S LIBRARY.

**A Monthly Magazine of Fun.**



**PRINTED IN COLORS.**

The August issue of *Judge's Library* will inaugurate a new feature adopted by the publishers—instead of being printed in black and white as heretofore, the best process of color work will be used.

**Look Out for It. Price, 10 Cents.**

For sale on all Trains and by all Book and News-dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of ten cents, by the publishers.

**JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,**  
**NEW YORK.**

(Continued from page 683.)

SUMMER FANCY-WORK.

The proper fancy-work for vacation-time is the dainty manipulation of cobwebby linen lawn. There is so constant a demand for new designs and novel pieces of work at the large summer-resorts, that enterprising dealers and exchanges send women agents to make the rounds of the popular hotels, taking with them a large and varied assortment of half-finished work, for which they find ready sale. Doileys, centerpieces, and tea-cloths are the favorite pieces, for they are easily handled and quickly finished, and no woman was ever known to possess too many of them. An attractive picture is made by the groups of pretty, graceful women in the airiest, brightest, and daintiest of summer gowns, who gather in shady veranda corners and ply their needles deftly and swiftly while one of their number reads aloud, either from the last new book, or, more probably, from one bearing upon some subject which they are all studying as a club.

For this sort of pick-up work large and heavy pieces would be both inconvenient and burdensome. Most happily the era of abominable "throws" has passed away, and it is seldom that any one is seen engaged upon a piece of embroidery that is not both useful and artistic. While the Dresden flowerets are still in vogue for the linen work, the newer designs are more beautiful and artistic. Sprays of wild roses arranged irregularly in the corners—no two alike—of a tea-cloth, have scattered rose-petals falling from them to the center of the cloth, and similar designs with fruit blossoms are charming. Many quaint patterns are drawn from old Mandarin china, "willow ware," and Delft; the famous Japanese hawthorn pattern is another favorite for all-over work on bread and cake doileys; and, indeed, clever women find patterns in the most unlooked-for places. Architectural designs of ornamental tracery from old Indian palaces have furnished beautiful and quaint motives for sofa-pillows and table-covers.

A MARVELOUS RECOVERY.

When the mother-in-law of the Mikado was ill four hundred and twenty-three physicians were called in consultation and attended her,—and she recovered! A Buddhist priest diagnosed the cause of her illness as the introduction of railways.

**"It's So Nice"**



**G=D**

**CHICAGO WAIST**

**\$1.00**

Wear one, and discover what real comfort means. It allows perfect freedom of movement and perfect development of the body. Gives grace to the form and imparts to the entire person a sense of absolute ease. Made of Sateen—white, drab or black, or White Summer Netting, with clasp or button front. Sizes, 18 to 30.

**COMFORT STYLE DURABILITY**

For sale by all dealers, or sent postpaid for \$1.00 by  
**GAGE-DOWNS CO.**  
262 FIFTH AVENUE, CHICAGO

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

**THE NEW "B. W." Sleeve Distender**



(Finished.) (Before Covering.)

Price, 50c. per pair, postpaid.

holds the sleeve to the stylish fullness. Made of fine Braided Wire. It is light, cool, comfortable and very durable. Made in two sizes, large and medium.

**THE NEW W. & W. SKIRT DISTENDER.**

**STYLE AND COMFORT.**

Made of fine Braided Wire. Gives the proper fullness to the back of the skirt. Is light and cool, and distributes the weight of the skirt. No crushing of the pleats.

9 inch length, 35 cents.  
12 " " " 50 "

By mail, postpaid.



**The Health Braided Wire DRESS FORMS**

are light, cool and cleanly.

PRICE 60 CENTS, POSTPAID.

**THE WESTON & WELLS MFG. CO.,**  
1110-1116 Noble Street. PHILADELPHIA.

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

**Do You Knit, or do other Fancy Work?**

**Crochet**

If so, ask your dealer for the Glasgo Twilled Lace Thread or send ten cents in stamps and receive a sample spool, 500 yards, by mail. You will pronounce it as thousands of other ladies have, the best you have ever used. Try it.

**Glasgo Lace Thread Co., Glasgo, Conn.**

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

**PURCHASING AGENT.** Shopping done free. Best reference given.  
Miss M. Anderson, 333 Pine St., Phila., Pa.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**It's the Eye.**

If your dealer is not supplied, we send sample lots post paid on receipt of 10 cts. per card. Sizes, 3 and 5.



TRADE MARK REGISTERED.

**FRANCIS HOOK and EYE,**

**EASILY ADJUSTED AND MOVED WHILE FITTING. THE NEATEST PREVENTS GAPING. SPRING HOOK MADE.**

This **EDGE EYE** is better than old kind, and prevents gaping.

This **FLAT SURFACE EYE** better than thread loops, and you can hook them yourself.

**FRANCIS MFG. CO., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.**

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

**She is**

**Graceful**

**Easy**

**Stylish**



**W. B. Corsets.**

*Possible with the right corset, Impossible without it.*

Don't take any corset your dealer offers you. Insist on having

**W. B. Corsets.**

*For Sale Everywhere.*

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

**No So**



**Hook and Eye**

**"HANDY AS A PIN."**

Five Minutes to Put on a Set. Neat and Firm.

The only Hook and Eye that needs no Sewing. Samples on application.

**THE H. DAVIDSON CO.,**  
Union City, Ct.

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

**The Florence**

**SEAMLESS COMBINATION SUIT.**

*It is the Best Made, because*

**First**—It is perfectly elastic and self-conforming in every respect.

**Second**—It is easier to put on and off than any other garment made.

**Third**—As it is seamless, a corset one size smaller can be worn.

**Fourth**—It has no inelastic stay down the front or across the chest to bind and oppress the wearer. For sale at all dry goods stores

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

**RUBBER GOODS** for Hygienic and Private Use. Circulars free. GEM RUBBER CO., Kansas City, Mo.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.