

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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COLONIAL PHILADELPHIA.

WHEN a youngster I used to picture the "City of Brotherly Love" as a procession of staid Quakers in broad-brimmed hats, filing by a tired boy on the curb who had one arm about a loaf of bread from which he was breakfasting. This boy slept the night before in the fields, and entered Philadelphia one October Sunday morning in search of his fortune. His search was successful. He became one of the greatest philosophers, the pet of French royalty, and wrung from Lord Shelburne of England the treaty which made us a free and independent nation. Two facts about Philadelphia had grown into my youthful mind, Benjamin Franklin and the Quakers. Perhaps this boyish vision, in a way, is not so far from that which many older people hold of colonial Philadelphia.

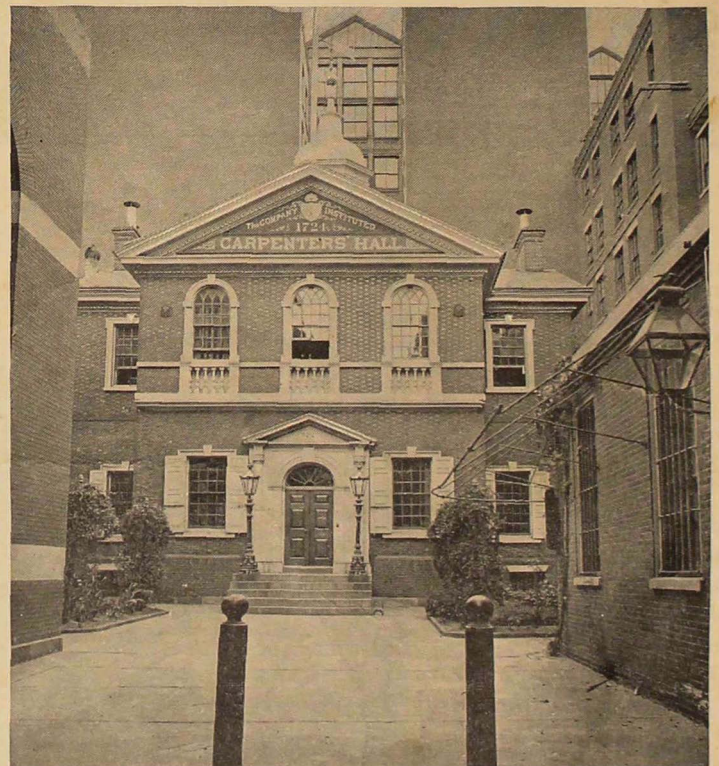
There was, indeed, a tolerable deal of Franklin through it all, also unlimited Quakers in somber garb. Let me quote from a writer of the decade following the Revolution. R. H. Lee, in a letter to Washington, describes the place as "an attractive scene of amusement and debauch,"—notice the use of the word "attractive"; and James Lovel, in another letter to him, called it a "place of crucifying expenses." However, we must discount somewhat the strong assertions of our old-time friends, since, being country bred, this, as yet, biggest city of America held for them strange and divers sights.

On Chestnut Street, of a pleasant afternoon during the Revolutionary period the fashion of the town gathered to enjoy the air and to display their finest clothes. Watch this exquisite as he approaches: he meets a lady friend; his left hand circles at arm's length the three-cornered cocked hat, with lace a-flying; his right stretches forth a cane and all but trips a hurrying clerk; his body bends low from the waist, with right foot in retreat till the long coat-tails make a tripod with his stockinged legs; his hat is brought to his heart and he stands erect. In the meantime the young dame, four feet broad with hoops, and hat with feathers two feet high, has stopped all passers until she has properly courtesied, almost to earth. This, if you please, is the prescribed form to be used in polite society when saluting an acquaintance in public. The sweet maid trips off, on her high, carved, wooden-heeled shoes, and our exquisite shakes his sleeve-cuffs in place by the weight of lead sewn in them.

Did you catch the low spoken words? Were they "Tonight at the Assembly"? Men were gay and girls were coquettes a hundred-and-twenty years ago. This assembly

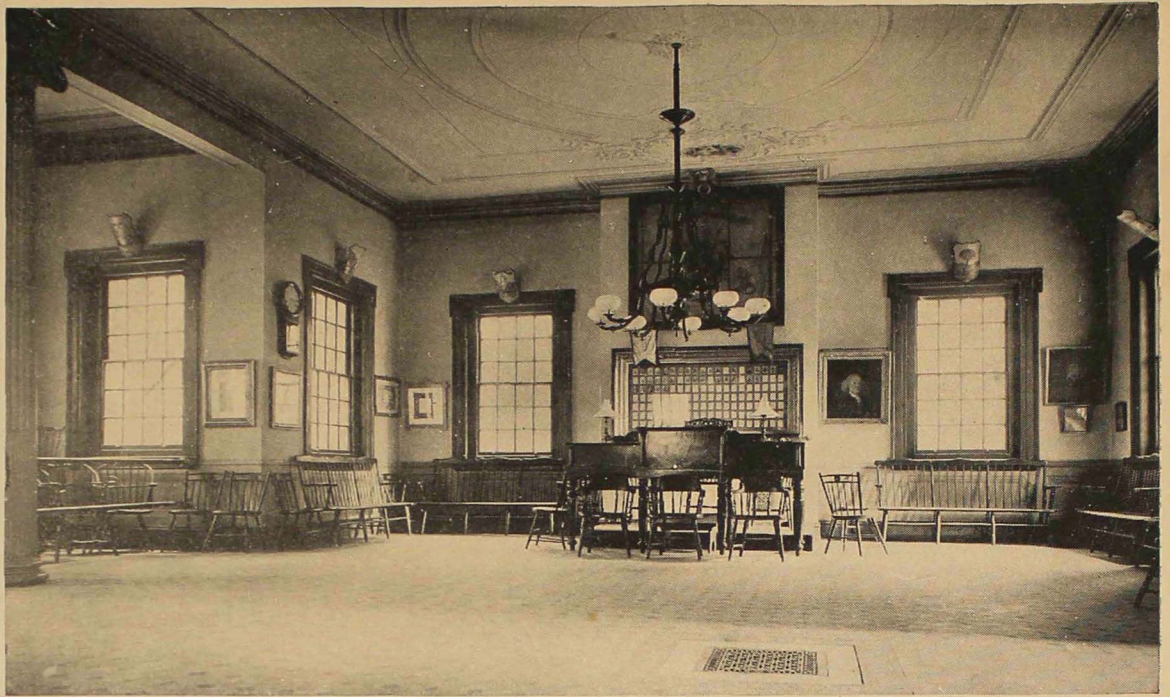
was a very select affair, and was of fortnightly occurrence, at three pounds fifteen shillings the season. Undoubtedly our young couple were on hand at the proper time, when the manager appeared and distributed marked slips. Their slips match, and under the assembly rules she must dance, walk, and flirt with no one else during the evening; and after dancing the young man "will by instinct see that his better half (for the time being) has a *quantum sufficit* of all the nice delicacies, & that without his cramming his *jaws* full until he has reconducted her to the ball-room,—then he is at liberty to absent himself a while." What luck it was that the slips matched! But then the manager had borrowed five pounds of our young gentleman, and was subject to "influence."

Suppose today you stroll with me down the length of this same Chestnut Street, past the bright stores and busy offices, until between Third and Fourth Streets we find a short

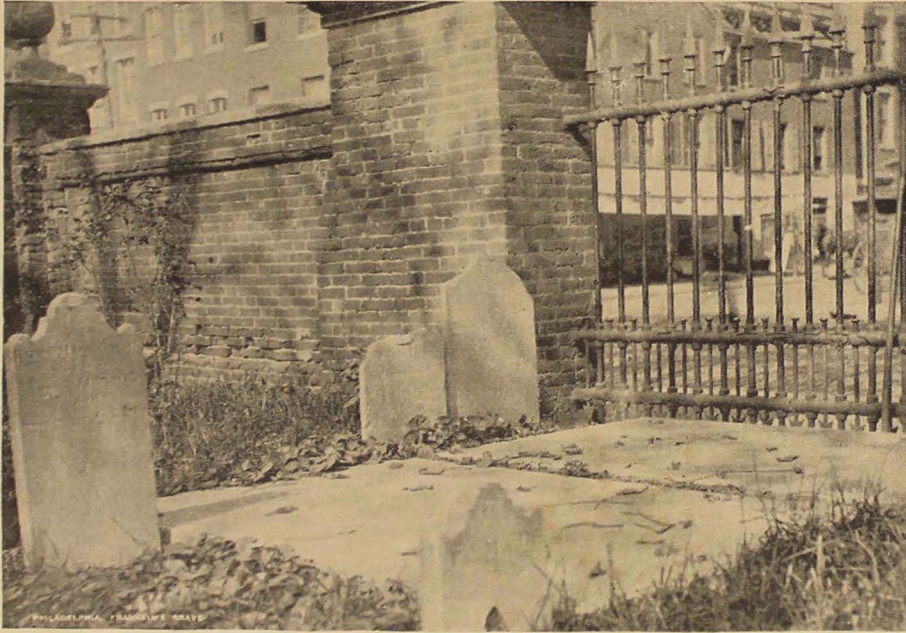


CARPENTERS' HALL.

little alley, down which we go. "Carpenters' Hall" in big letters confronts us over the entrance of an old brick building lived about by skyscraping blocks. Let us enter. Over that threshold Franklin often passed. Where you stand by the window, Washington once stood. On September 5, 1774, delegates from the colonies first met in this hall to consider what should be done in view of England's persecutions. They sent a magnificently worded remonstrance to Par-



INTERIOR OF CARPENTERS' HALL.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S GRAVE, PHILADELPHIA.

The ironwork is set into an opening in the wall, so the grave may be seen by passers-by.

liament. Nothing! Again they met; another remonstrance. Nothing!

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and my hand to this vote." John Adams, thou sayest well! It shall be live, not die; survive, not perish; so long as the fourth day of July, 1776, lingers in the memory of this people.

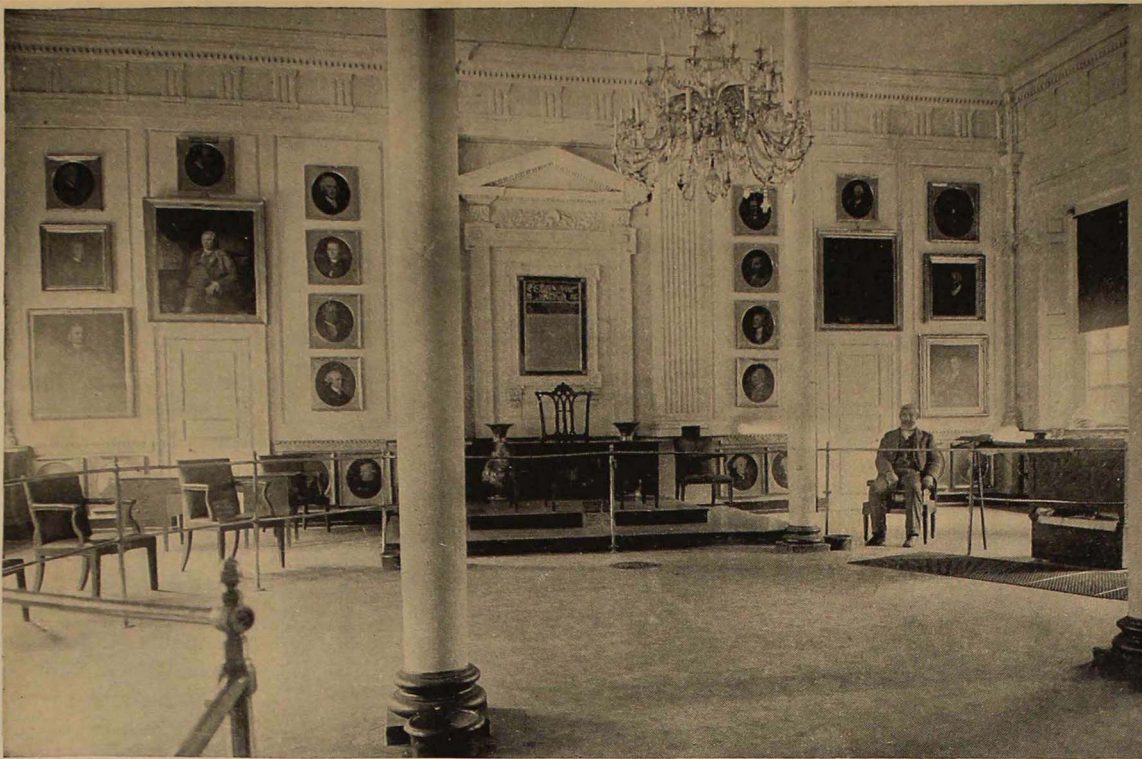
These men were tak-

ing long chances, for failure would single them out for England's wrath. And again, a trip from Boston to Philadelphia in those times meant ten days' or two weeks' drive in stage coaches. Even this was hailed as a mark of wonderful progress. An advertisement of the time announces that a luxurious conveyance, "being a covered Jersey wagon," would make the trip from New York to Philadelphia in three days. And, later, the "Flying Dutchman" made the trip in the surprisingly short time of two days! But by either route the passengers at times helped pull the coach (?) out of the deep mud.

One block from Carpenters' Hall is the old State House, known to us as Independence Hall. Although the central portion of the building stands today as it did



INDEPENDENCE HALL.



INTERIOR OF INDEPENDENCE HALL.

and horse-racing were introduced by the dashing young British officers. A theater on South Street was fitted up by Captain André. The illustration given below is a reproduction of the circular advertising a performance in February, 1778. While citizens of wealth could take part in the gayeties which surrounded them, those in moderate circumstances suffered privations. Firewood was extremely scarce, and provisions high. "Nothing but hard money (coin) will pass," wrote a resident to a relative outside of the lines. "There is plenty of goods, but little

in 1776, wings have been added at the ends. The hall in which the Declaration of Independence was signed has nearly its ancient appearance. The cracked Liberty Bell, which tolled the great news, hangs over the stairway by thirteen links, one link for each colony. Did you ever hear how it happened we celebrate July fourth rather than some later day? For days the members of Congress had differed over the terms of the Declaration. As the hot summer weeks progressed, windows were opened, much to the delight of the mosquitoes and flies of a neighboring stable. The stockinged calves of congressional legs were assailed daily by the diminutive combatants, until at last the persistency of the most stubborn member was worn out on the fourth day of July. "Now that the struggle was over the members became hilarious in their good-nature." John Hancock dashed down his great signature in such shape "that George the Third might read it without his spectacles." "Now we must hang together," it was remarked. "Yes," said Franklin, "or we shall hang separately."

Most of the chairs used at this sitting are still in the hall. The tall one behind the table, with a carved half-sun on the back, was made famous by Franklin. The Constitutional Convention, met here to frame organic laws for the United States, had finished its work satisfactorily. On the back of the President's quaint arm-chair there was emblazoned a half-sun with its gilded rays. As the meeting was breaking up and Washington arose, Franklin pointed to the chair and made it the text for a prophecy. "As I have been sitting here all these weeks," said he, "I have often wondered whether yonder sun is a rising or a setting sun. But now I know it is a rising sun." True it proved. May the "sun of our liberty" never set!

At one time it seemed as if the "sun of our liberty" had surely set for Philadelphia. "The British are coming!" Hurry! Hurry! Gather your goods, your women and children! Chestnut Street was the scene of wild alarm on the moonlit night of September 19, 1777. Some looked on the British as friends and stayed behind to welcome them. That winter was the gayest colonial Philadelphia ever saw, despite the empty houses and stores. Cock-fighting, gambling, faro,

On Monday,

The SIXTEENTH Instant, *February 1778.*

At the Theatre in Southwark,

For the Benefit of a PUBLIC CHARITY,

Will be represented a Comedy

CALLED THE

Constant Couple.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

DUKE AND NO DUKE.

The CHARACTERS by the OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY.

TICKETS to be had at the Printer's: at the Coffee-house in Market-street: and at the Pennsylvania Farmer, near the New-Market, and no where else.

BOXES and PIT, ONE DOLLAR.—GALLERY, HALF A DOLLAR.

Doors to open at Five o'Clock, and begin precisely at Seven.

No Money will, on any Account, be taken at the Door.

Gentlemen are earnestly requested not to attempt to bribe the Door-keepers.

N. B. Places for the Boxes to be taken at the Office of the Theatre in Front-street, between the Hours of Nine and Two o'clock: After which Time, the Box-keeper will not attend. Ladies or Gentlemen, who would have Places kept for them, are desired to send their Servants to the Theatre at Four o'clock, otherwise their Places will be given up.



PHILADELPHIA. PRINTED BY JES HUMPHREYS, JUNR

ADVERTISEMENT OF A PLAY GIVEN IN PHILADELPHIA BY BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS.



INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH.

Washington is said to have occupied the large double pew near the pulpit.

money among the tradespeople. I received the butter by J—; we are no longer accustomed to eat butter on our bread. I keep it to make water soup, which we have nearly every day."

In the spring a great fête, styled the "Mischianza," was given. Officers as "Knights of the Burning Mountain," and ladies decked as "Dames of the Blended Rose," took part in a regatta, a mock tournament, and a ball.

While the British were enjoying themselves to the full in Philadelphia, the Continental army, a few miles away at Valley Forge, was suffering intensely from hunger and cold. Washington's enemies were intriguing to displace him from the command, but were unsuccessful. By June, 1778, Washington had made Philadelphia too hot for the British, and they sneaked out. They did this so quietly that many of the citizens did not know they were gone until they noticed the absence of the redcoats on the streets. As one resident wrote, "They did not go away, they vanished!"

With the departure of the British the old ways were resumed, and our young couple again promenaded Chestnut Street, and the Congress struggled with flies and taxation in Independence Hall.

Philadelphia was now put under command of Major Benedict Arnold, a brave and dashing Continental soldier. In course of the winter's gayeties he came to know

and submitted plans for a treasonable surrender of West Point. Major André, he of theatrical fame, was caught with these papers upon his person, was tried, and hung as a spy. Arnold, however, succeeded in escaping to the British lines.



OLD SWEDES' CHURCH, BUILT IN 1700.

The oldest church in Philadelphia.

Once again, in 1783, the Old Liberty Bell peals forth a joyful sound. England has signed the treaty which acknowledges our freedom. Colonial Philadelphia is dead, but the United States of America lives.

DANIEL F. GAY.

and admire Miss Peggy Shippen. The admiration was returned and a betrothal ensued. This was the beginning of one of the greatest tragedies in American history. Now Mistress Peggy was a Tory maid, and through her Major Arnold became intimate with British sympathizers. Congress held a number of his enemies, who seized every opportunity to annoy and injure him. What more natural, when hounded by the leaders of the cause for which he had sacrificed much, than in resentment to turn to the friends of his bride? You will remember how he entered into correspondence with the British

The Making of a Sailor.

WORK AND PLAY ABOARD THE SCHOOL-SHIP ST. MARY'S.



NOT many months had passed since Wilkins had completed his course on the school-ship St. Mary's. Now he was second mate of the bark Falcon, and that able craft was battling her way through the night on the heaving bosom of the Atlantic. Well inured to ship-board noises, Wilkins lay in his berth only half-conscious of the groaning and creaking of the vessel and the quiver and the swish of water over the deck when the seas broke heavily on her bow; he took no note of the powerful slap of the sea that sent the water rushing and eddying

around the masts like a mountain torrent; but following it came a sound that brought him upright in his berth and out of it and up on deck before its echo had left his ears.

"Man overboard! It's the captain!" the helmsman was shouting. The cry was repeated in the forecabin, and all the ship's company came hurrying up the hatchway and stood looking mutely upon the black waste of tossing waters.

"Clear away the yawl!" roared the mate. It was a wild venture to launch the tiny boat among these mighty seas. Could it live? Hardly; yet the captain must be saved. A dozen seamen sprang forward to take an oar. Four were selected, and the mate himself leaped into the swaying boat.

"Wilkins," he called out, "the ship is in your hands." Then he commanded sternly, "Cast off!"

Like a child clinging to its mother the little craft rose with the great one on a long swell; the next instant it was buffeting the waves alone.

"Light the torch!" ordered Wilkins.

The flare brought out the frail craft with startling vividness. It rose and fell, disappeared in the immensity of blackness, and came into the light again. It seemed hours that they searched for the hapless captain; and the search was fruitless, worse than fruitless. The watchers on the vessel instinctively turned away their heads when a vicious sea knocked the yawl about and it rose sideways on the swell. At the top it rolled over; the next sea showed an upturned keel, which it hurried away in mad haste. Nothing more was seen; nothing was heard but the moaning and shrieking of the wind. All night the vessel lay hove to, and the torch was kept burning and eyes were fixed upon the water in hopeless watching. At daybreak the Falcon stole away. Thus it was that Wilkins felt for the first time the responsibilities of command.

The barometer kept falling and the wind rising, in the days that followed, and under close-reefed sails the Falcon staggered on, the plaything of the demons of the storm.

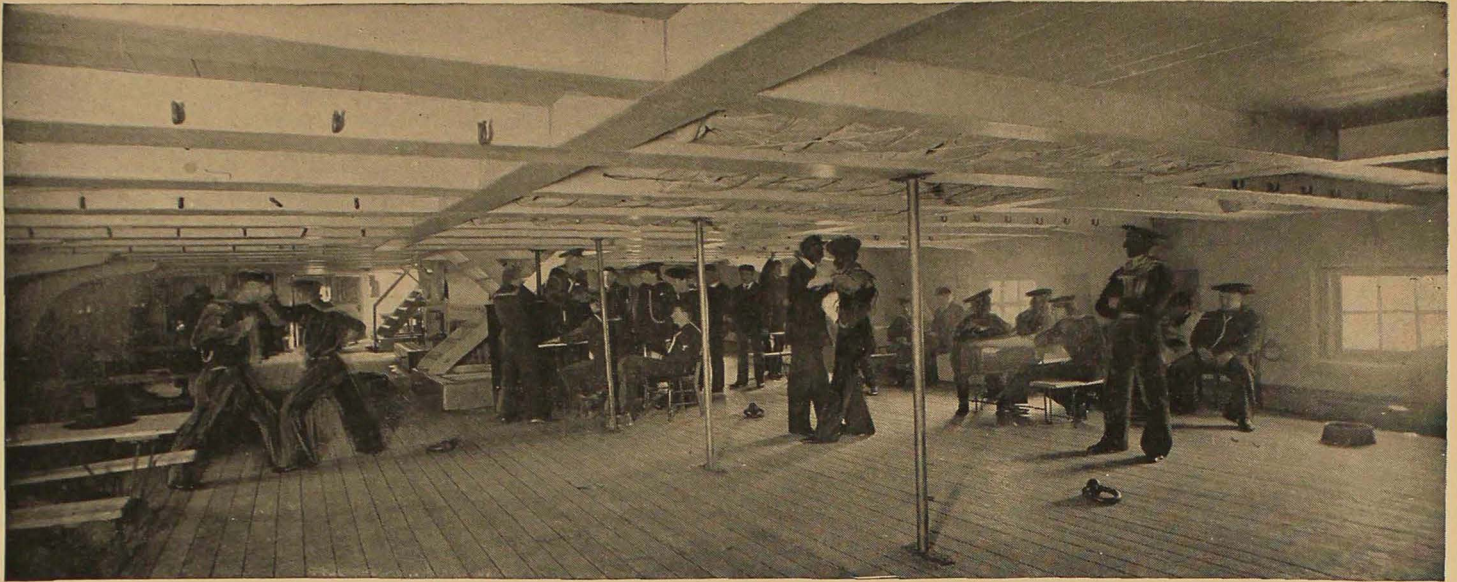
"He never sleeps, the young capt'n don't," remarked an old salt in the forecabin the night the gale was at its climax.

It was a storm that mariners will long remember. Many a gallant craft that faced it never returned to port; but gracefully and proudly the Falcon swept up the bay. When her owner learned how Wilkins brought his vessel through the gale he grasped the young man's hand and exclaimed, "Well done, sir! you are an honor to your calling." And when the matter was reported to the officers of the St. Mary's they were proud of Wilkins.

Yet he is only one of many graduates of the school-ship who are not found wanting when the stern test of seaman-



THE DINNER HOUR.



RECREATION ON THE GUN-DECK.

ship comes. This factory for mariners turns out every year scores of young sailors who equally well can thunder orders from the quarter-deck and do able seaman's duty before the mast.

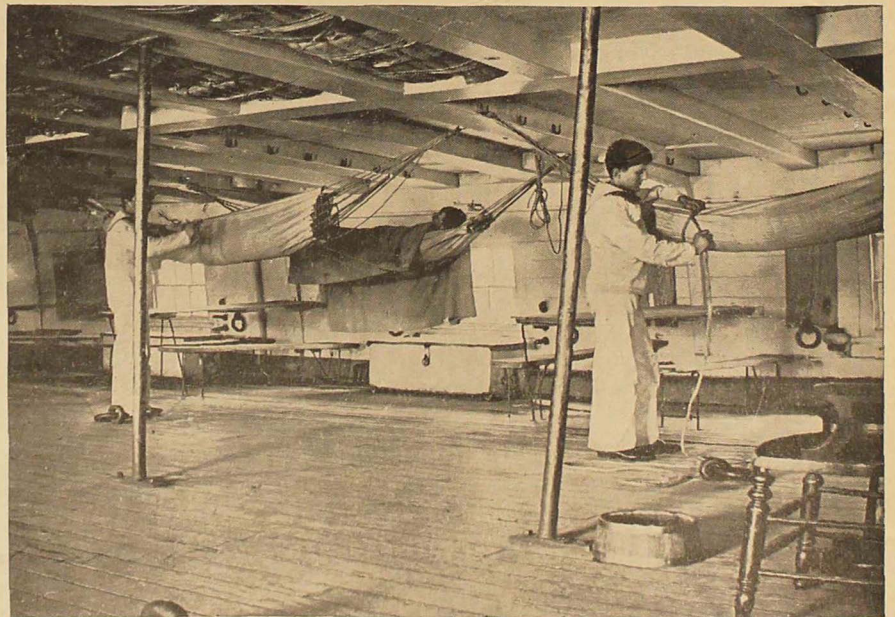
Long, black, and rakish appears the *St. Mary's* as she lies at her wharf in the East River at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, New York, during the winter months, when she is the home of the boys while they are being taught the theoretical side of seamanship. A very spirit of the waves she seems when she dips and bows through the summer seas on her yearly cruise to ports of southern Europe.

The *St. Mary's* was one of Uncle Sam's sloops of war and played a part in history before she was loaned, eighteen years ago, to the Board of Education of the City of New York, and made into a school-ship to fit New York boys for positions of authority in the merchant marine. Very recently the State assumed control of the vessel, and she is now a nautical school for boys from any part of New York State.

How is the green land-lubber of a boy transformed into a full-fledged sailor? Well, we can hardly do better than to trace the process of sailor-making in a living embodiment of it. There is young Dobson, for instance, who is now on his second and last cruise aboard the *St. Mary's*, and promises to be one of the best mariners she ever turned out. In a day's journey you could not have found more unsailor-like raw material than Dobson when he came down the wharf one winter afternoon a year and a half ago to apply for admission to the school-ship. Yes, he had his mother with him,—he, Thaddeus Dobson, who had risen to the dignity of seventeen summers and expected to be commanding a ship in three or four years. While he was proud of his mother, he would rather have left her at home on this occasion; but the rules required that he be accompanied by a parent or guardian. Dobson had read so many sea-yarns that he thought he knew a good deal about ships, and was congratulating himself upon the true sailor fashion in which he was descending the companionway to the office, when—thump! He had forgotten the low ceiling. His new derby hat rolled down the stairs, and he was ducking after it with a total

loss of dignity when he made his first appearance on the gun-deck, a long, low place with rows of wooden tables and benches, a huge stove at the forward end and a piano in the center, a marvelously white and shining floor, and, illuminating all, the shafts of light that stole in through many ports. Dobson did not know it then, but it was here that he was to eat and sleep, work and play, during the two years of his course.

The officers, Annapolis graduates who are assigned to the school-ship by the Navy Department, received him kindly. The doctor first took him in charge and put him through a rigid physical examination, for no boy with physical defects of any kind is admitted. When he was found to have a

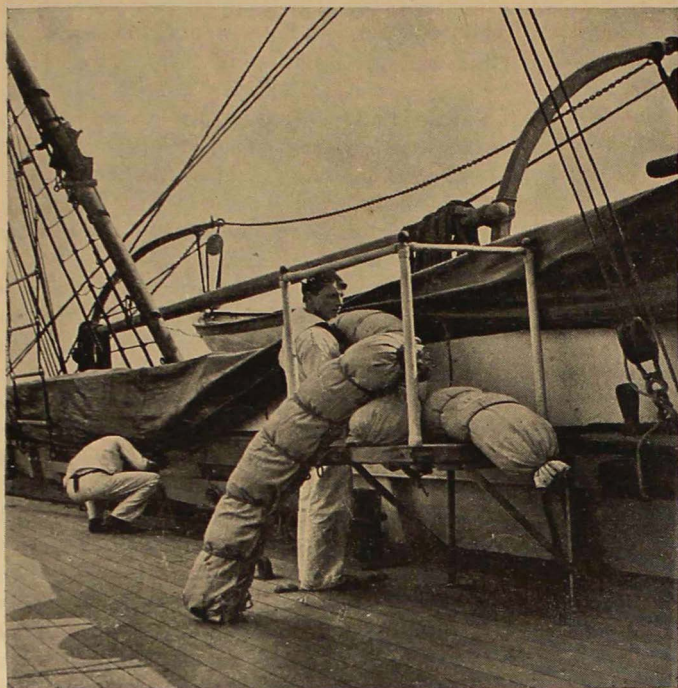


SWINGING THE HAMMOCKS.

sound body, Dobson passed a careful examination in the common school branches. Then, his mother meanwhile having satisfied herself that, contrary to occasional report, the *St. Mary's* was in no sense a reformatory, and that Thaddeus would be in better company than at an ordinary school, Dobson was told that he would be accepted as soon as his references were looked into. In a day or two, having been notified that these were satisfactory, he paid the one

small fee of \$30, which is required for incidentals was given two suits of "whites," the everyday uniform of duck, and measured for "blues," the dress sailor-suit of blue flannel. Then Dobson was a sailor; that is, he thought he was.

Will he ever forget his first night on board? It was just



STOWING AWAY HAMMOCKS.

before suppertime that he donned his "whites," and, feeling very awkward and conspicuous, ventured up to the gun-deck. Only a few boys, who were busy cutting bread and laying dishes on the tables, were about. Dobson was still interested in them and in the Chinese cook when he heard the tramp of many feet; and with a rush his shipmates came down the companionway from the schoolhouse on the upper deck. Just then a shrill whistle sounded, and everybody scurried to the tables. No place having been assigned to Dobson, he stood uncertain what to do.

"Why ain't you eating, young un?" cried a boy at least a head shorter than himself, as he sped past. "Seasick?"

"No, he's homesick," called out another.

"Keep still, you fellows!" commanded a big, kind-faced young sailor. "Come and sit here, Dobson, you are in my watch."

Probably he did not know the effect of his few words of kindness; but, somehow, coming just when they did, they went to the new boy's heart and made a place there for this stalwart fellow. They were the beginning of Dobson's first and strongest friendship.

After the mess cooks, as the boys who set the tables are called, had removed the dishes, books and papers were brought out of lockers, the air quivered with vigorous music from the piano and half a dozen strong voices, in the center of an intensely interested group was a fierce match with boxing-gloves, and here and there a boy writing a letter or busy with needle and thread. Dobson was absorbed in this varied scene when a mischievous-eyed boy darted toward him from the group at the piano.

"Here you, Captain Clumsy! sing us a song."

"I can't," said Dobson.

"Can't? In the dictionary of the gun-deck there's no such word as 'can't.' It's 'must.'"

"That's right," joined in the others, "it's 'must.' Strike

up a nice tune, Joe, such as a sweet young man would sing to his girl in the moonlight."

The strains of "Sweet Marie" floated out and seemed to hover in the air waiting for Dobson to pick them up. What could he do? Sing, of course. He really did have a voice, and he poured it out with so much spirit that the others joined him in the chorus, and when it was over slapped him on the back and voted "his warbling's out of sight."

Tally one for Dobson.

"The young gentleman of course dances," said a tall youth, with mock politeness. Then in a louder voice he called out: "Attention! ship's company. Let me introduce the waltzing wonder, the only successful rival of the dancing bean, from Brazil, where the nuts come from. The performance will now begin."

Joe struck up a lively waltz. The blood mounted to Dobson's cheeks, but he was in for it now, and he danced till cries of "Good!" told him that his audience was satisfied.

"That fellow's a brick!" remarked one boy to his companion.

Dobson submitted gracefully to a mock shaving, and laughed with the others when he tore the bandage from his eyes only to find that the stinging feeling, for all the world like a cut, and the sensation of blood running down his cheek, were produced by a mere bit of ice. He smiled knowingly when told to wind the compass, and altogether took his initiation so good-naturedly that when the whistle sounded, or, to be colloquial, "hammocks were piped down," every boy on board was ready to show him where to get his hammock and how to swing it, and to make him at home generally.

It was just nine o'clock when the whistle was again heard. The lights grew dim, a voice called out, "Silence fore and aft!" and the St. Mary's boys, in their long rows of white, swinging beds, sank to sleep. Dobson dreamed that he was one of the three boatswain's mates, the highest officers among the boys, and was ordering a crew to man a boat to go ashore at the Azores, when he awoke with a start. The hands on the big clock aft pointed to six, and "Pipe down hammocks" had just sounded. The canvas bundles had



PRACTICING IN THE RIGGING.

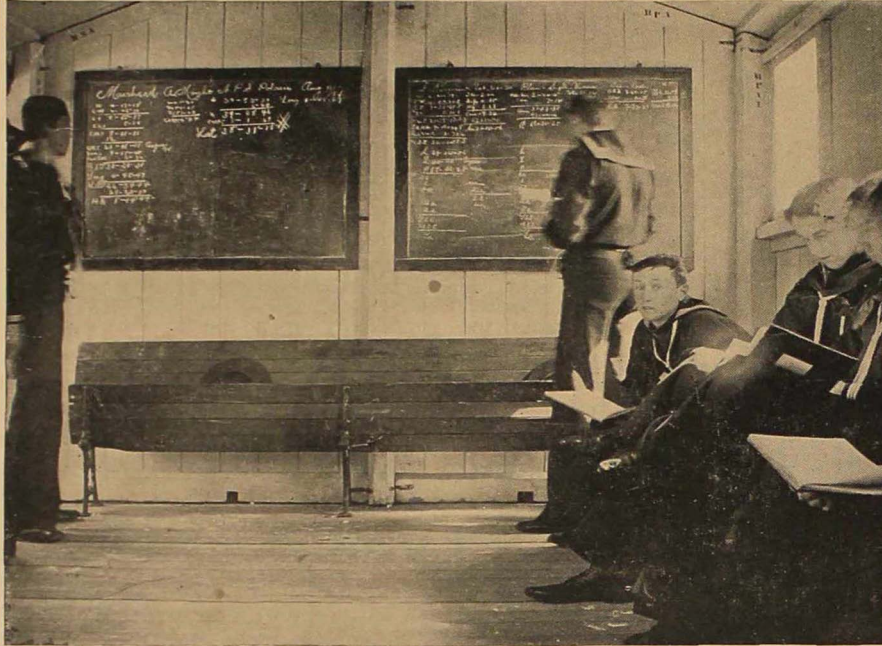
been stowed away in the bulwarks on the upper deck, and the wash-room on the upper deck visited, when the school stood at "tention!" for inspection. Dobson helped at "sweep down," that is, the sweeping of the decks, and at half-past seven, with appetite keen from the early morning activity, sat down to breakfast.

He had learned by this time that the sixty boys are divided into four watches, the maintop, mizzen-top, fore-castle, and

the lowest of the four sections, the two higher ones being composed of boys who had been on a cruise. The recitation in seamanship, which dealt with the names of parts of ships and the trade winds and ocean currents, was beyond Dobson, but he more than made up for this in the geography, grammar, and arithmetic lessons. After dinner there was school again, and at four o'clock physical exercise, called "setting-up drill." Then successively came supper, recreation, bathing, and bed. Dobson swung his hammock like an old hand, and climbed into it at "pipe down," tired, yet content with the routine and discipline prescribed by the school authorities to teach the boys the self-command necessary for them in their future exercise of authority.

The next day was Friday; and after breakfast, instead of school, hose were dragged out and streams of water flowed till the decks were almost like a mill-race. The ship was being given her weekly wash, and when the sizzling of the hose, the "swish, swish" of the pampas-grass brooms, and the swab of the rubber mops were over, her decks and woodwork shone white and clean as a housewife's bread-board.

Dobson, with the others whose records were good, was given the customary leave of absence to go ashore Saturday afternoon. As he passed through the streets in his new "blues" he gazed with pity and contempt on the clerks and office boys, and if you had noticed carefully you would have seen that he walked with a rolling step, like an old tar who has rounded the Horn more times than he can remember. He talked learnedly of mizzen-tops and main-sheets and port and starboard, to his sisters, that night, and persuaded them to play on the piano "A Life On the Ocean Wave" and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," while he sung in a loud, sonorous voice.



IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

foretop, and that each of these has two captains. He obtained an inkling into the intense rivalry that exists between them when the senior captain of his watch,—he who had come to his rescue at the supper-table,—said to him :

"Dobson, I asked to have you in my watch because you look like a good fellow, and one who will make a good sailor. We beat the other watches in about everything, and we want you to help us keep up the record. Will you?"

"I will!" answered Dobson, with spirit, and you may be sure he meant it.

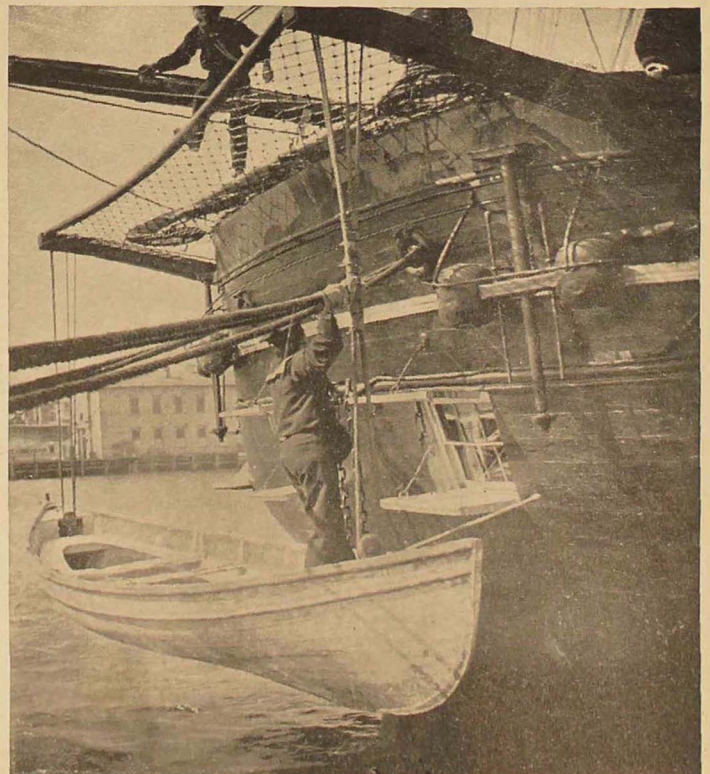
It was just after breakfast that he heard an order which he had been anticipating. It seemed something of a feat to mount the great towering masts, but nobody was quicker than he to jump into place when the order came, "All hands stand by to lay aloft!" The next, "Captains of tops, lay aloft!" followed immediately, and eight agile fellows sprang into the rigging. Then came the final order, "Watches lay aloft and over the masthead!"

Up went Dobson, mounting the rope ladder hand over hand till a great gap yawned just above his head. He knew it was called "lubbers' hole," after the landsmen who go through it instead of attempting the apparently perilous passage around the outside, and he, too, felt the temptation; but he knew it would never do to yield, so he climbed around. Up, up he went, until the city was spread out below him and boats in the river looked small as pygmies. But other boys were higher still, and he was determined to show his mettle. He was mounting into the top yards when a voice from the deck came up to him :

"Here, Dobson! new boy, you are up too high."

His eyes were dancing when he jumped from the lower rounds of the ladder to the deck, and if you had asked him then how he liked being a sailor, he would probably have answered, "Simply great!"

Next came next. Dobson, being a new boy, was put in



LOWERING A BOAT.



TAKING DOWN THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

As days lengthened into weeks the ship's routine became an old story to Dobson. He took his turn at being mess cook, and was often in the working crew, which, among its many duties, stood watch and manned the boats. He learned to wash and mend his clothes; he fought the street *gamins* who try to make the young sailors' lives burdens to them when they pass to and from the ship.

Winter gave way to spring. One balmy night the old vessel put off her soberness and became a gay thing of pleasure. She throbbed with music, the light of Chinese lanterns gleamed softly on the upper deck, and below, flowers and bunting mingled their colors and beauty in a brilliant setting for the stalwart young sailors in navy blue and pretty girls gliding through the mazes of the dance. Then came the final examinations by members of the Board of Education, and the same day the schoolhouse was taken down and carted away. Finally, one bright morning near the end of April, in tow of a saucy tug, the *St. Mary's* moved slowly away from her winter moorings. Behind her little guide she

trailed through Hell Gate and out into Long Island Sound, where, with many a "Heave ho!" the new sails were unfurled to the wind, and the ship sped away on her summer cruise.

A gallant and most worthy vessel she appeared to those whom she sailed past through the white-capped, dancing waters of the Sound. She seemed almost like a beautiful apparition of the sea, with her white, swelling sails and glistening decks, and boys in immaculate duck swarming aloft and shouting and waving in an exuberance of joy. But the black hull concealed one of the most interesting things about her. In the forward part of the ship, on a level with the gun-deck, is a home—a complete, homelike home, with charming rooms, which, except in the lowness of their ceilings, remind one of those in a mansion surrounded by trees in some inland town. In the dainty furnishings and decorations a woman's taste is everywhere visible. Here it is that Captain Field and his family live. It seems incongruous at

first that there should be apartments like these aboard a ship, and you feel a sharp contrast when you step from the gun-deck, bare and unadorned, to a pretty drawing-room and dainty boudoirs. Woman's subtle influence is felt throughout the ship, and the boys are better for it.

These first days of the cruise were palmy ones for them. Boxing on deck became a favorite pastime; baseball teams were formed in the different watches, and there were exciting matches when the ship lay at anchor for a week at Glen Cove; and when she went on there were sails to be furled and unfurled, watches to be kept, and steering to be learned, so that the boys were very busy. Another stop was made at New London, and another week was spent in the Sound putting into practice the theoretical knowledge gained during the winter; for, with the assistance of a few regular seamen, the boys are depended upon to work the ship, and they must be letter perfect when called upon to handle her out on the treacherous Atlantic.

Finally the helmsman was ordered to steer due east, and



THE CAPTAIN'S PARLO'



BOXING ON DECK.

Dobson forgot his poetical thoughts when a white fleck on the horizon took the dim outlines of a sail.

"Sail ho!" he shouted.

"Whereaway?" called up the officer of the deck.

"Two points on the lee bow, sir," answered Dobson.

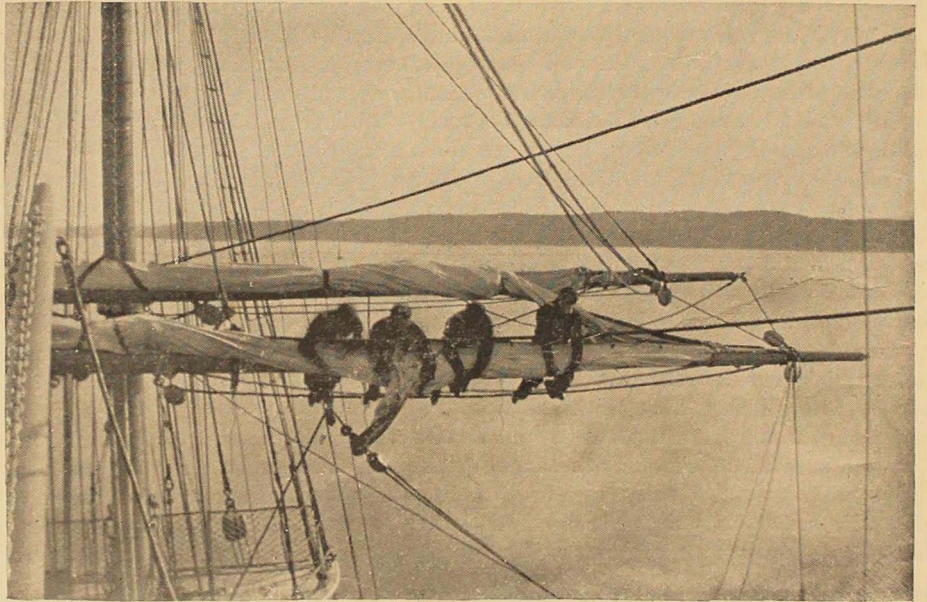
The vessel grew larger and larger till details of her rigging and the men on her decks could be distinguished; then she slowly faded, and at last, long after Dobson's two hours' lookout was over, sank below the horizon in the west.

The boys stood night-watch now, and when the bell announcing the hours sounded slowly and solemnly through the ship it became a matter of contest between the port and starboard watches as to which could give the more deep and weird and melancholy intonation to the words, "Port lights burning bright, a-l-l'-s w-e-l-l!" The starboard watch had a slight advantage because he came second and thus had a chance to improve upon any weak points in the unearthliness of port's tones.

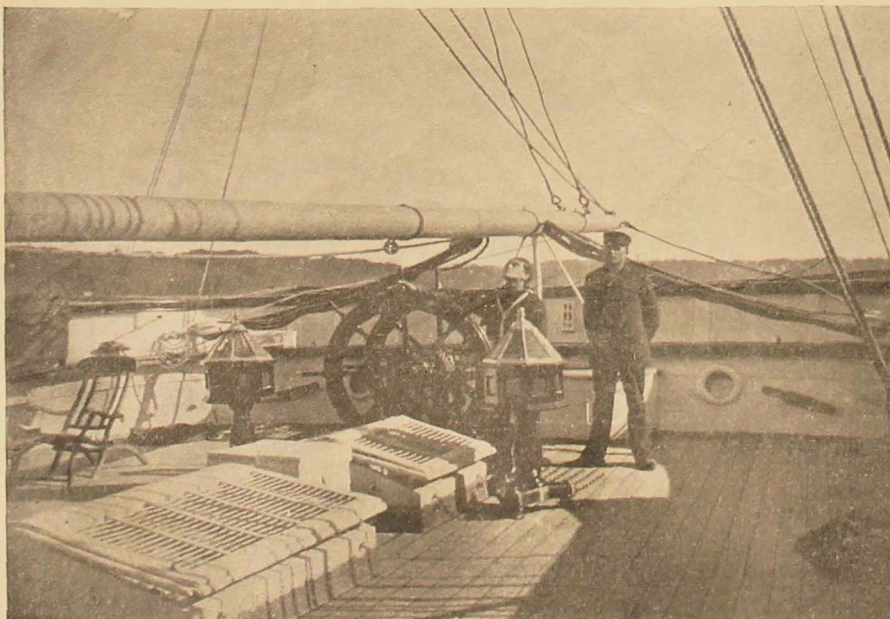
The second-year boys took daily bearings with the quadrant and steered the vessel, while the younger ones, Dobson among them, became expert with the sails. The amusements assumed a decidedly nautical character at sea, the boys pass-

the *St. Mary's* pushed out to sea. Perhaps it is best to give only a hint of the feelings of Dobson and his friends when Montauk Point was passed and she began to dance and toss. It is enough to say that these redoubtable sailors thought they would never care to eat again, and rather hoped they would die. They were very sure that sailing was "not what it is cracked up to be," as Dobson expressed it.

Yet the sensations soon passed, and Dobson was thrilled with new emotions when, as lookout, he sat in his eyrie in the top yards of the foremast and realized the true wildness and vastness and mystery of the restless sea. The hurrying waves seemed animate with life; below him, the ship, now burying her bow wearily in the sea, and now tossing it up proudly and defiantly, seemed to struggle on with almost human courage. The darting, circling sea-gulls were his only companions here. But



FURLING SAIL.



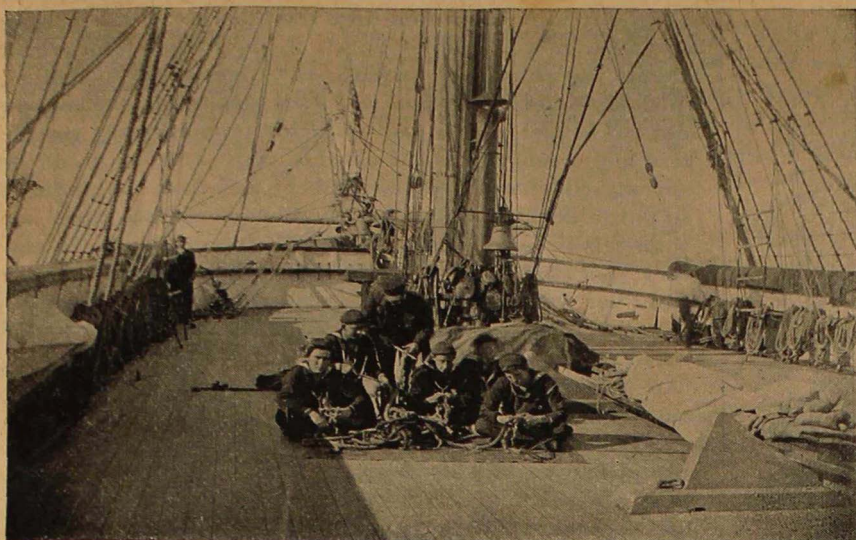
STEERING THE VESSEL.

ing much of their leisure time in spinning wonderful yarns and in practicing the tying of intricate sailor-knots.

Under bright skies and favoring winds the *St. Mary's* sailed on, until on the morning of the twenty-seventh day out from New York the boy at the mast-head cried excitedly, "Land! land!" That evening the *St. Mary's* swept into the Mediterranean, with the mighty Rock of Gibraltar looming up majestically to the north, and stretching out far to the south the low, hazy line of the coast of Africa. The green hills of Spain, beyond the Rock, and the tall-masted ships swinging in the tide were pleasant sights after the long isolation of the ocean; and a voice—an English voice, as befitted an English port—cut through the evening air as they sailed in,

"'Ere come the bloody blooming Yankees to show us 'ow to furl sail."

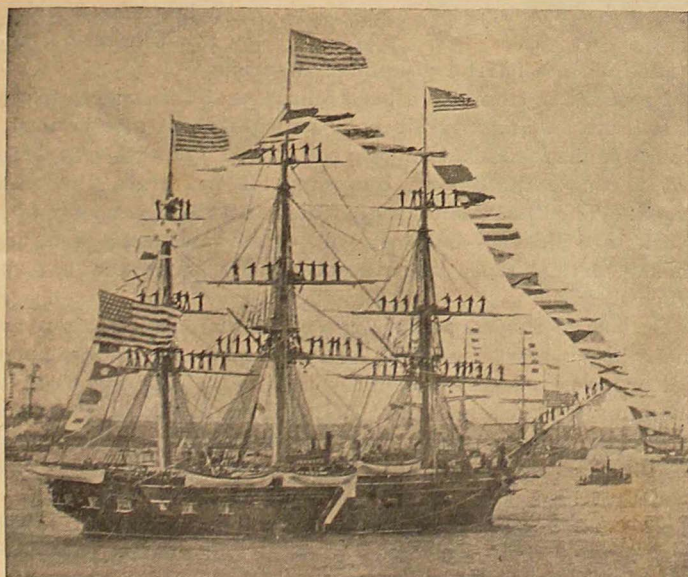
A week the *St. Mary's* remained under the shadow of Gibraltar, and every day the



TYING SAILOR-KNOTS.

boys, in watches, went ashore and roamed through the half-English, half-Spanish town, which was strange and fascinating to them with its low, white houses and queer little streets that struggle half-way up the side of the Rock and there stop as if discouraged by the steepness. They attended a bull-fight; they explored the devious galleries in the Rock of Gibraltar, and were told in a half-whisper of the tons upon tons of explosives the English have stored in some of the underground passages, ready, in case of an enemy's approach by land, to literally blow the fortress from the shore. The Fourth of July came, and the ships in the harbor fired salutes in the St. Mary's honor, while the boys "dressed ship" in multi-colored flags.

The boys left Gibraltar with regret, but new wonders greeted them at Funchal, in Madeira. It was a fairy land of palms and flowers, with old Moorish castles overgrown with vines rising from the hills and giving the scene a tinge of romance. And there was fun here, too. Never had Dobson seen such coasting since he spent a winter in New England as there was down the hills of Funchal. Of course there was no snow; black, wonderfully slippery rocks took its place, and the sleds, after a swift descent, were dragged up by oxen. But green, beautiful Madeira in its turn was left behind, and in a day the boys heard the booming of the surf on the beach at Ville de Hortes, in the Azores. During the



THE ST. MARY'S "DRESSED."

week there they fought a bloodless battle. They determined to explore the fort in the town, and when the native soldier opposed their entrance with his bayonet, it was seized, and the attacking party, with Dobson near its head, rushed in, the garrison dropping their guns and fleeing in panic-stricken terror. The whole English-speaking portion of the town laughed at the easy manner in which the Yankee boys caused the Portuguese to capitulate.

But all pleasures end at last. One August morning the St. Mary's weighed her anchor and began the homeward voyage. A month and a half afterward the second-year boys were graduated, and Dobson and his mates settled down to the winter's work and routine. At the end of the present cruise Dobson will graduate. He has in view a position in one of the big steamship companies. Whether he will realize his ambition and become the captain of a great Atlantic liner, only the future can decide;

but there is little doubt that he and most of his companions will do credit to Captain Field and his fellow-officers, and will justify, as the graduates in the past have done, the existence of the school-ship.

J. HERBERT WELCH.

Insect Mechanics and Their Tools.

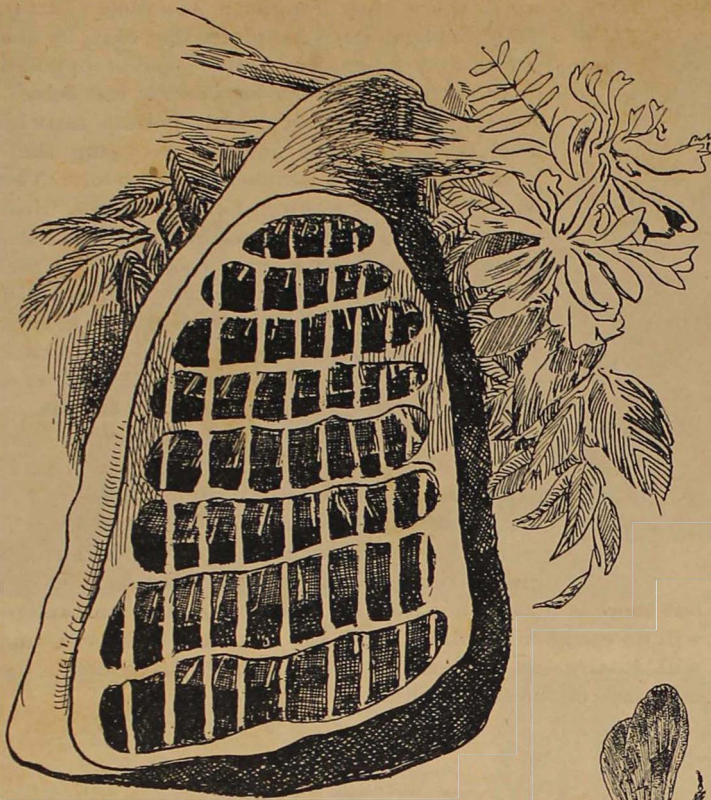


O the proper study of art, music, or literature, in their highest excellence, access to collections, galleries, and libraries, only to be found in the centers of wealth and population, is necessary; but to study nature one has only to look about in country lanes and fields and forests. The galleries of the Creator are to be found everywhere except where those of man exist. And what exquisite workmanship do they not exhibit! A devout old man, who may be pardoned by our modern agnostics for his anthropomorphism in consideration of the fact that he lived in the third century, has said:

"If you speak of the organism of an insect, what you say will be in some sort a demonstration of His power whose hand formed it; for the skill of the craftsman is exhibited more in the minuteness and delicacy of his workmanship than in the size of what he makes. He who stretched out the infinite firmament and hollowed the bed of the sea, pierced the tiny sting of the bee for the ejection of its poison."*

The astronomer who looks up toward the unfathomable depths of space with the aid of his costly instruments sees no more of creation than is to be found in a patch of living velvety moss at the foot of a forest tree. In such humble and obscure localities exist little families, communities, and nations, that carry on the business of life in their own queer fashion, which, nevertheless, affords many parallels to human life and man's ways of doing things. Like us these pigmy peoples have their governments, their wars, their children, and their homes to look after; they have servants, household pets, and police; they are cattle raisers,

* Basil, an ante-Nicene Father of the church.



CARDBOARD WASP-NEST.

farmers, hunters, and fishers, and practice all the handicrafts of men.

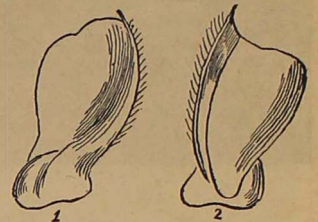
Take, for example, the paper makers. While the rest of mankind were writing imperishable thoughts on all sorts of clumsy makeshifts, the pith of reeds,—cut spirally and flattened by pressure,—leather, the leaves of palm-trees, wood, stone, clay, and what not, the Chinese painted their tiresome treatises on paper; but even they did not invent paper. Long before they discovered how to make it, the wasp was manufacturing a firm and durable article of this valuable substance, “by very much the same process,” says Mr. James Rennie, “as that by which human hands now manufacture it with the best aid of chemistry and machinery.”

Not only do these insects make paper, but also cardboard; and, anticipating the Japanese, build their habitations of *papier maché*. One species of wasp in South America, of whose curious nest an illustration is given, manufactures a cardboard of so firm a texture and so smooth a surface that it can be written, drawn, or painted upon like the best Bristol board; and in one respect, at least, it is superior to the man-made article, for it is entirely waterproof. The heaviest showers fail to soften it or dampen the interior of the nest it encases.

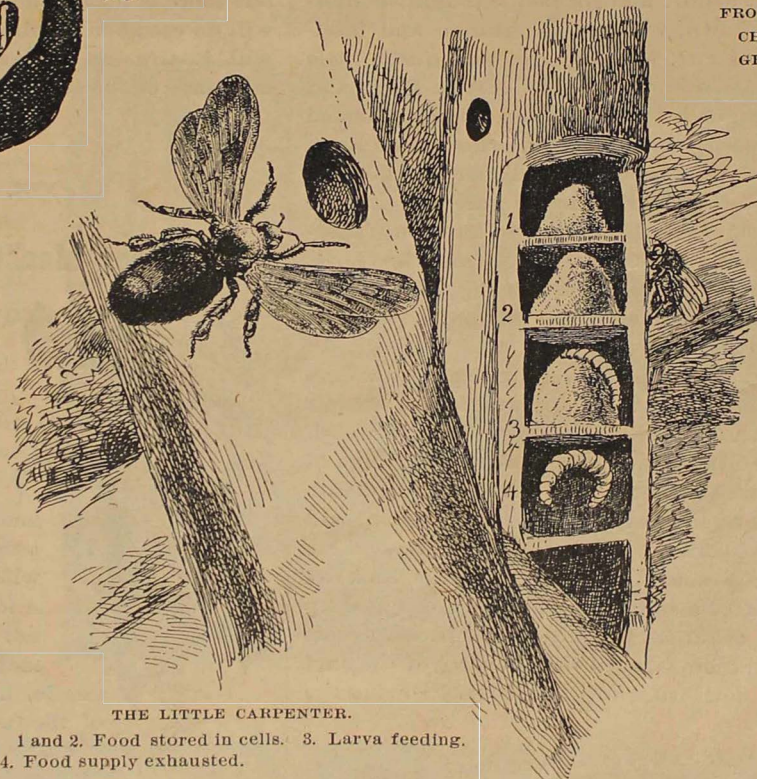
The carpenters find many representatives among the insect tribes. An English insect related to our bumble-bee, but differing in color, being of a dark violet tint, well deserves her name of carpenter-bee. Selecting a suitable locality, a stump, post, or any bit of timber,—if a little softened by decay so much the better,—she proceeds to excavate her ten or twelve storied house with more ease than a human workman, aided by every appliance with which modern science

can supply him, can tunnel into the hillside. First entering the timber in a horizontal direction, she abruptly turns and extends the passage downward, at a right angle to that by which she entered. Twelve times her own length she hollows out her tunnel (as if a man with his proportionally greater size and strength should cut his way some sixty-odd or seventy-odd feet into solid timber), and then she prepares to put in floors and furnish the chambers into which her tunnel is thus divided. She has been very careful to preserve her “chips”; no sawdust nor shavings obstruct or litter her work, which is clean cut and perfect. All the results of her gnawings are gathered into a compact heap near by and preserved for future use.

An observer says: “She proceeds thus: At the bottom of her excavation she deposits an egg, and over it fills a space, nearly an inch high, with pollen of flowers made into a paste with honey. She covers this over with



FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF CHISEL OF CARPENTER-BEE. GREATLY MAGNIFIED.



THE LITTLE CARPENTER.

1 and 2. Food stored in cells. 3. Larva feeding. 4. Food supply exhausted.

a ceiling composed of cemented sawdust taken from what she has saved; this also serves for a floor to the next chamber above it. She lays this floor by cementing around the wall a ring of wood-chips, and within this ring forms another, and so on until she has constructed a circular plate about the thickness of a ten-cent piece. She proceeds in the same manner until she has completed ten or twelve cells, when she builds up the main entrance with a barrier of similar materials.”

From the bottom cell a back entrance affords egress to the first born and first adult bee; and Réaumur also noticed a door opening from the middle cell. The young bees readily eat through the floors, but can not penetrate the solid wood. The implements with which the violet carpenter-bee works are chisels,—here shown,—hard and keen-edged, and most practical tools, however seemingly inadequate for the work they do.

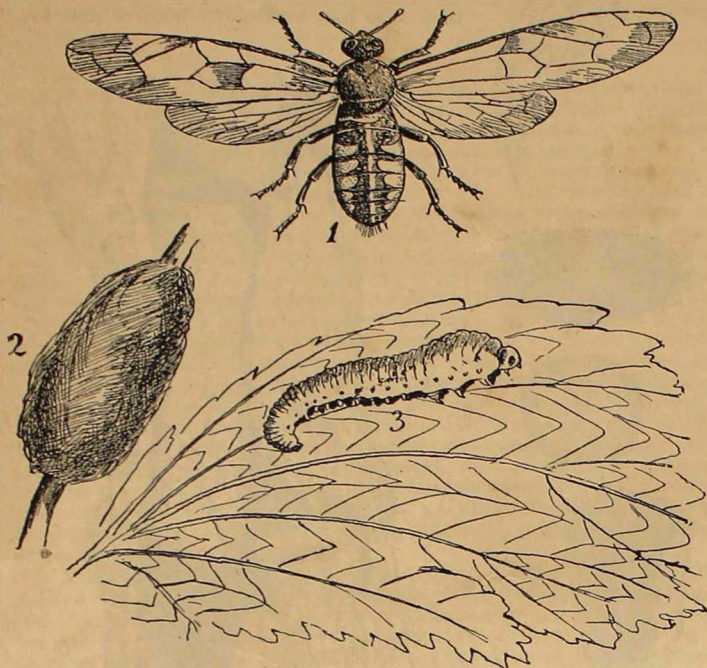
But while the carpenter-bees work with chisels, there are many insects that use saws. These saws, however, are much better contrived, finished, and sharpened, and more effective, than any yet made of steel. With them the little craftsmen undertake jobs of work which, if multiplied proportionately to his size, no human workman would think of entering upon unaided. In the saw-fly, which owns, perhaps, the most perfect instruments of the kind, our inventors might find a teacher whose suggestions would not be valueless. The saw is in the head of the insect. It is double, working alternately in the groove, the two very cleverly strengthened

by a thick plate of horn at their back. The system of tooth-
ing is different from any used by human beings ; and the saw
itself, instead of having the teeth in a straight line, is curved
into the shape of the F hole in a violin. Like the wonder-
fully effective cutting edge of sharks' teeth, the teeth of the

Long before mankind had arrived at what may be called
the varnish period, when the surfaces of furniture and
utensils began to receive coats of viscous material, not
for the purpose of coloring, but to make them look polished
and brilliant, the bees were expert varnishers.

Among hive-bees, wax is used with the utmost economy,
for its collection and elaboration is attended with so much
labor that only the hive-bee takes the trouble to store it in
any quantity, other species supplying its place with inferior
substitutes. The partitions of wax that separate the marvel-
ous structure of the honey-comb into cells—so arranged as
to combine the greatest amount of available storeroom with
the minimum of material—are so extremely thin that the
insect finds it necessary to strengthen their edges with
accumulations of this bee-varnish, or propolis, as it is called.
The comb is fastened to its support, and all crevices are
filled with this material. The propolis can be easily distin-
guished from the wax by its darker color and natural
luster.

Among the insect upholsterers we have the leaf-cutting



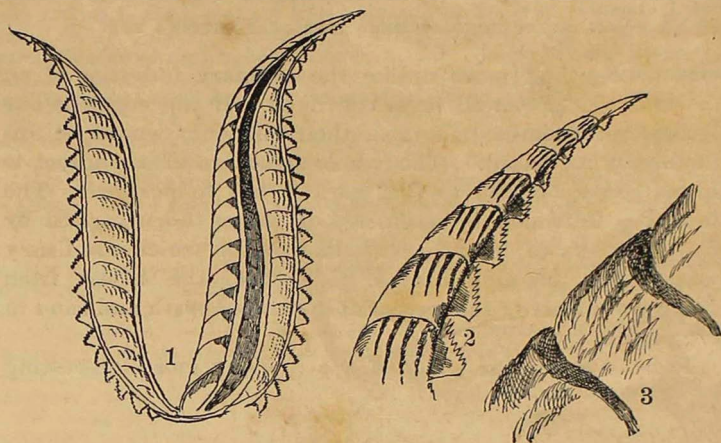
THE SAW-FLY.

1. Saw-fly. 2. Cocoon. 3. Larva.

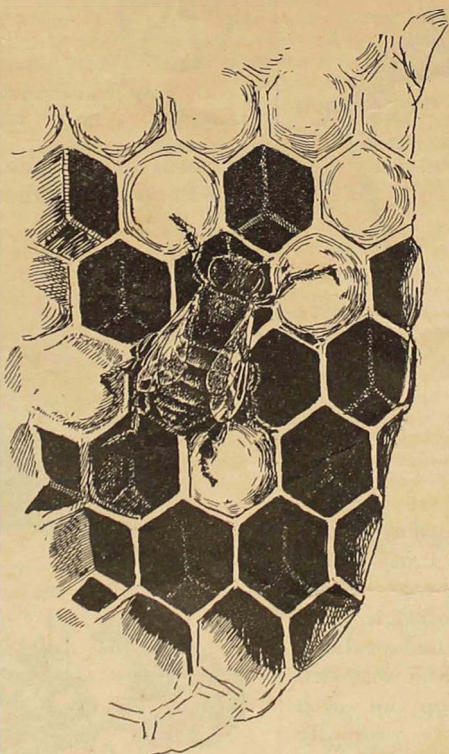
insect's saw are furnished with smaller teeth, and the sides of
the saw itself, as well as its edge, are supplied with teeth.
It is, in fact, a rasp and saw combined. It not only cuts a
groove, but it smooths the sawed
surfaces and keeps the kerf open.

Mr. Gosse, as quoted by the Rev.
J. G. Wood, points out that beau-
tiful and elaborate as these instru-
ments are, they are but the sheaths
of a still finer and more delicate
pair of saws. These secondary
saws have only a few teeth on the
edge, and these near the point ;
whereas the sides are furnished
with a number of razor-sharp
blades, set on their edges, slightly
overlapping each other and directed
backwards. In "Nature's Teach-
ings" there is a notice of several
large beetles, called sawyer beetles,
which actually answer the purpose
of circular saws. Seizing a branch
with their deeply toothed jaws they
fly around and around it until it is
sawed in two. They have been
known to saw off a branch larger
than an ordinary walking-stick.

No observant lover of nature can
have failed to notice how the buds
of the horse-chestnut and other
trees are coated with a natural
waterproof varnish, a lacquer that not only protects them
from injury but adds materially to their appearance. There
are times while this varnish is yet soft and fresh when the
buds and twigs from which it exudes may be seen swarm-
ing with bees, all busy in collecting it for their own uses.



1. DOUBLE SAW OF THE SAW-FLY. 2. APEX OF SAW,
SHOWING DETAIL. 3. INCISION MADE BY SAW IN
STEM OF PLANT. ALL GREATLY MAGNIFIED.



INSECT VARNISHER.

bees. It is said that a French gardener, find-
ing their extraordinary nests in his flower-
beds, could not account for the presence of
such skillfully contrived curios otherwise
than that they were placed there by some
evilly disposed magician to work him or his
garden harm, and with this idea showed
them to his employer, who with some diffi-
culty persuaded him they were the work of
insects. In a cylindrical hole excavated in
a well-beaten and hardened pathway, sev-
eral thimble-shaped cells are constructed,
made of leaf-cuttings very artificially and
skillfully worked and folded into shape,
and inserted, the bottom of one into the
mouth of another. When one cell is com-
pleted and stored with a rose-colored con-
serve of the honey and pollen of the thistle
upon which is deposited a single egg, it
is covered with three layers of "leaf-cut-
ting" so exactly circular that, as observers
notice, "no compass could define their mar-
gin more accurately."

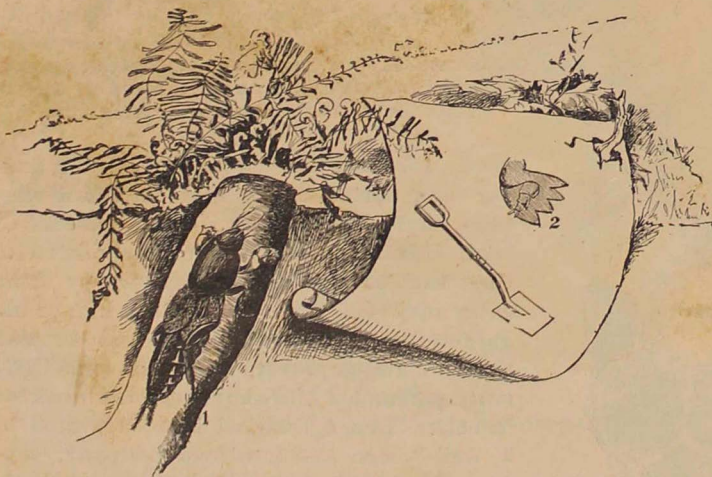
The miners and excavators are best repre-
sented by the mole cricket. Like the mammal after which
it is named this little creature digs extensive galleries. The
structure of its fore limbs and feet much resembles that of
the mole. The *tibiae* of these limbs are broad, flat, and of
a strong, horny substance, and are armed with sharp, strong



AN INSECT UPHOLSTERER. THE LEAF-CUTTING BEE.

claws. Nothing more unlike the ordinary fore-legs of an insect could have well been contrived. If the edges of our spades were similarly armed, their efficiency would be undoubtedly increased. The whole structure of the insect is in all parts adapted to the work it has to perform. The breast is defended by a cuirass of strong horn backed by double layers of tough gristle, in front of which are firmly jointed the shoulder-blades, to prevent the insect from being wounded by the powerful impact of earth and sand in digging.

Passing over, for want of space, many most interesting



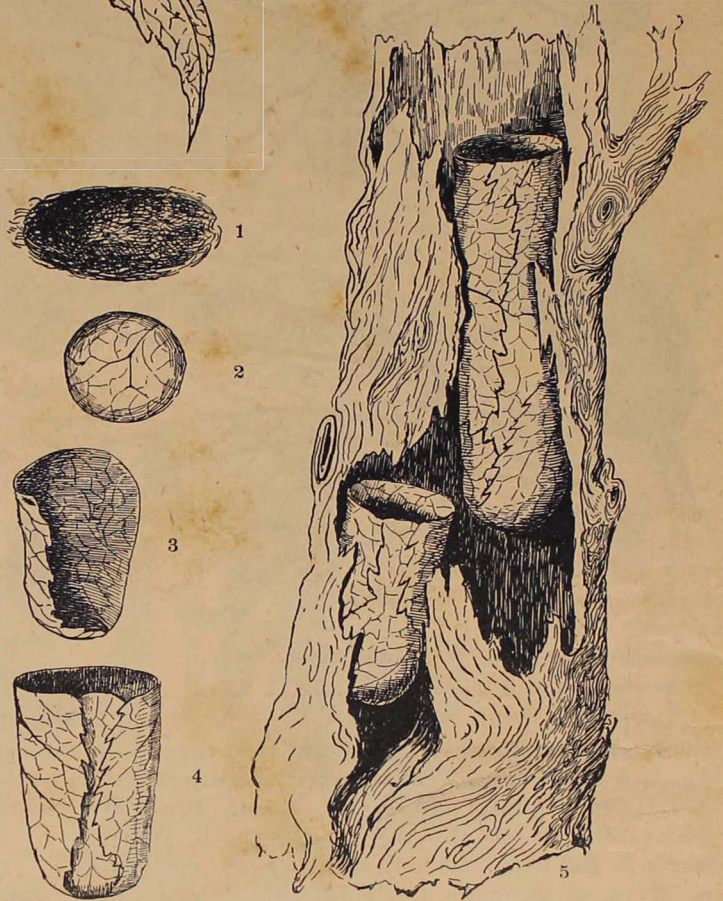
AN INSECT MINER.

1. The mole cricket. 2. His spade.

branches of industry practiced by insects, we close appropriately with the sextons, or grave-diggers, whose craft is the last that can be used for the benefit of their fellows. These insects, however, do not confine their offices to other insects, for if they find the dead body of any small animal or bird, several unite in their efforts, get beneath it, and dig with great energy, shoving aside with their hind legs the earth they excavate, without pausing until the body gradually sinks below the level of the surrounding earth. When it has sunken low enough to serve their purposes, having first deposited their eggs in the body, they throw over it the earth they have excavated, carefully leveling and smoothing the ground above the grave.

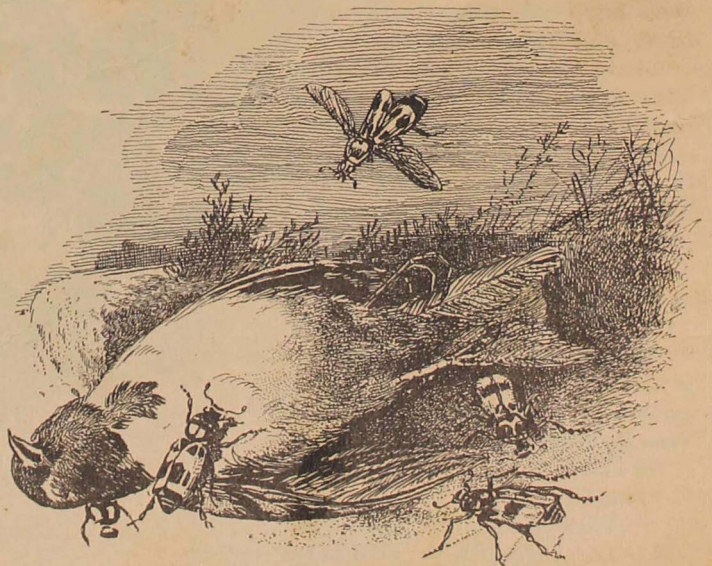
In conclusion it may be said that the habits and life of American insects afford an immense and fruitful field to the

investigator. With no more expensive appliances than a magnifying glass and a cheap pocket-microscope, but with eyes to see, patience to investigate, and brains to be interested in and comprehend what is seen and investigated, anyone who has sufficient leisure and love



1. COCOON OF LEAF-CUTTING BEE. 2. ROUNDED END OF CELL. 3. ROSE-LEAF WARPED TO FIT CELL. 4. CELL COMPLETE. 5. CELLS IN PLACE.

for nature may make discoveries that will cause his name to be known throughout the civilized world. Indeed, I doubt



INSECT UNDERTAKERS. BURYING-BEETLES.

if there exists a more promising field for scientific investigation than the open-air study of American insects.

J. CARTER BEARD.

OUR WORKING SISTERS.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

(Continued from Page 451.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

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


“A broken arm and complete collapse from fright” results in a serious illness, during which, for several days, the suffering girl is delirious. Mildred watches over her with tender care, and, as soon as she can leave her, goes to the Broadway shop to make inquiries about the girl; little further than her name, Grace Mynell, is known there. Search at her lodgings in the dreariest part of the west side reveals the fact that the girl lived alone in extreme poverty. Mildred learns nothing but good of her from her kind-hearted landlady; she gives up the room, and orders the one “little black box” taken to the house in Gramercy Park. This heart-to-heart touch with suffering and privation rouses Mildred's sympathies and interest where all the eloquence of Rev. Stephen Eustace was powerless. As Grace Mynell rallies from her severe illness, a blank in her memory of the past is discovered. The weakened memory gradually recovers most of the events of the past five years of work in the shops; but it is evident that for brief moments Mildred reminds her of some pain and sorrow preceding these years. Mildred determines to keep Grace Mynell with her, and, her brain teeming with beneficent plans for the relief of working girls, she seeks Rev. Stephen Eustace, and asks his help in giving practical form to them. They determine to start a club which shall develop into a Woman's Palace, a modified form, adapted to the needs of New York working-women, of the famous People's Palace in London. Mildred insists that Grace shall become a permanent member of her household, appoints her her private secretary with a good salary, and energetically proceeds to start her good work.

Mildred's first step is to set apart an afternoon each week for an “at home,” at which she receives her new friends the working-girls, and into this and her other plans Mrs. Gilbert Livingston enters enthusiastically. Late one afternoon, after Mrs. Livingston had left, the butler announced to Mildred that a Mr. Joseph Sefton desired to see her. On according an interview, the man informed her that he was the brother-in-law of her brother Gerald, who had died only seven months previous, leaving an only son, of whom he, Mr. Sefton, was the guardian. He produced papers, duly signed and witnessed, which gave him absolute control over the boy and all properties that might come to him from any source. Mildred recognized her brother's writing, and while Mr. Sefton went to the carriage to bring the boy, it suddenly flashed across her memory that her father, though he had been so bitter against Gerald, had never destroyed his original will leaving the bulk of his property to her brother; consequently the boy was the heir-at-law, and she and her aunt, under the will, were entitled only to small legacies of property which they had already disposed of. Just after the boy was brought in, her aunt and Dr. Beaufort came into the room, and Mildred fainted before she could make an explanation. The unpleasant surprise resulted more seriously for Miss Sedgewick, who suffered an apoplectic seizure, and lay most seriously ill for many days. When she rallied, Dr. Beaufort said the only hope for her recovery lay in perfect care and freedom from anxiety; it was therefore necessary to conceal from her the disastrous consequences to her and Mildred of the arrival of Gerald's son and heir. His guardian, Mr. Sefton, insists that they remain in the Gramercy Square home, and that to all outward appearances there shall be no change; though he himself takes charge of the property and bank accounts, pays wages, bills, etc., and becomes, in fact, master. Mildred, though loath to accept any favors at his hand, yields to the situation on her aunt's account. She drops all club and philanthropic work, of course; after a time she resumes her place in society, and Mr. Sefton gradually makes his appearance with her. He is evidently fearful of recognition by Grace Mynell; but, though she is uneasy in his presence, that blank in her memory prevents anything but a dim, unhappy association with him, and she recalls nothing definite.

Mildred allows an unpleasant misunderstanding to arise between herself and the Reverend Stephen Eustace by making only a partial explanation to him of her changed fortunes, and requesting him to keep it a secret, as the world need not know it. She is, however, growing daily more dissatisfied with her position, and turns over many schemes for relief, feeling sure that in the near future she must become self-supporting. As an apprenticeship she secures a position as saleswoman in a large dry-goods shop, which she resigns after a week's service; but succeeds in reporting regularly for duty during this time without any of the family suspecting the cause of her close occupation. The trials of a shop-girl's life are discussed; and, while considering the trade of typesetting, the hardships and recompenses of this occupation also are fully described. Mildred overhears Master Gerald's nurse chastising him in a cruel manner, interferes, takes the child's part, and with an assumption of quite her old manner of settling household matters demands of Mr. Sefton, who opportunely appears on the scene, that the woman be discharged at once, and, after slight hesitation, he complies with her request.

Mildred's decisive manner regarding this matter resulted in marked changes in the household. She regained her old authority, and Gerald became her special charge. Meanwhile Grace Mynell had grown *distract* in her manner and appeared far from well; but upon being questioned, finally acknowledged that she had felt hurt by Mildred's not confiding more in her, and upon Mildred telling her some of the reasons for her conduct, Grace besought her to go with her and Miss Sedgewick and make a home elsewhere. Mildred attempted to argue with her, but Grace became terribly excited, calling Sefton “an evil genius,” and finally ended with an incoherent effort to recall some elusive memory regarding him; and upon her saying, “He loves you, and would make you his wife,” Mildred became so angered that she left the room. Thereafter Sefton's name was not mentioned between them, until late one afternoon Mildred found Grace waiting for her again to warn her against Sefton; and again she endeavored to remember something about him. Mildred tried to argue with her, when suddenly Sefton appeared before them and Grace slipped away. He had overheard their conversation. Mildred gained Sefton's permission to have Gerald baptized by Dr. Eustace, and on her return from the services a note was handed to her, which proved to be from Grace, stating that she had gone away forever. Mildred's grief over her disappearance is very great, and she leaves no steps untaken towards finding her except to put the matter in the hands of the police. This course Joseph Sefton deprecates, though apparently giving Mildred his fullest sympathy and showing deep interest in the search. In a glimpse behind the scenes,—a peep into that black abyss, Sefton's heart,—we learn that he has sent Grace to South America, and is congratulating himself that the last danger which menaces his success has been removed. With the object of prosecuting her search in every hive of industry where a helpless girl would seek work, Mildred conceives the idea of beginning a book upon the lives and occupations of “Our Working Sisters,” using the gathering of material, notes, etc., as a cloak for her inquiries. The reader shares these experiences with Mildred, and learns much of the daily life of busy workers in many spheres. One evening after several weeks of baffling search, Mildred announces her intention of acting upon the advice of the Rev. Stephen Eustace and putting the matter in the hands of the police. This announcement startles Mr. Joseph Sefton out of his usual self-possession, and he rather precipitately makes Mildred an offer of marriage. With even greater precipitation she flees to the seclusion of her own room without giving the man an answer. After consideration she accepts Sefton, with the conditions that the engagement should last six months, the guardianship of the boy and a share in the control of his estate should be given her on the day of the marriage, her aunt should have the best care until her death, and a sufficient allowance from Sefton's own fortune be set aside to build and endow the Woman's Palace. She announced her engagement, at which her friends are greatly surprised and troubled, Mrs. Livingston even going to Mr. Eustace to implore him to use his influence to prevent the marriage. After all was settled, Mildred went to the parish house and offered the management of the Woman's Palace to Mr. Eustace, which he refused.

XIII.

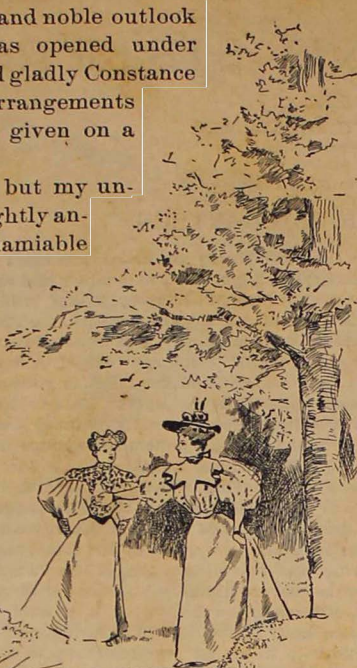


THERE is but one way to soothe the anguish of deep wounds and cruel bruises, to silence the cries of a heart whose yearnings must remain all unsatisfied, and feed a soul hungry for its rightful food: by busying hands and mind with the wants of others. After the first flood of blinding tears, following

her interview with Eustace, Mildred took up the contest against her weakness with valiant energy, and at night, when the torture of her own thoughts might nearly have unbalanced her reason, she fell asleep in sheer physical weariness after every day's onerous doings. Never before had she been so tireless over her duties, her spirits apparently so buoyant, or her mind so active for forming plans. Hackett and his wife were again installed at their old posts of trust; Helmsdale, the gray old Colonial mansion, with its wide park,

green lawn, ample gardens, and noble outlook over the blue Hudson, was opened under her personal supervision, and gladly Constance Livingston lent her aid in arrangements for a house-warming to be given on a holiday Saturday afternoon.

"Not to my fashionable, but my unfashionable, friends," she lightly answered Joseph Sefton's unamiable queries. "All the factory and shop girls I can persuade will come up at my expense and be Helmsdale's guests," was her parting assurance, as she hastened away to see that tennis courts and croquet lawns were properly prepared, that all manner of light craft were moored at the stone steps leading down to a lovely sheet of lily-grown water lying at the foot of the lawn, that



lanterns were strung through the green-houses, and innumerable little tables spread near a marquee by the rose-arbors.

"But the surprise is yet to come,"

she assured her five wide-eyed, delighted protégées, as they followed her across the velvety lawn to a door opening into a long wing of the house. Unlocking it she revealed a low, wide hall, looking out, through vine-wreathed, mullioned windows, on the winding river. The great room was fitted with dainty little white beds and dressing-tables, separated by tall screens, while low chair and tables, book-racks, and tea-stands occupied the center of the hall meant for common use. Out of this a cool, white marble lavatory opened, and the astonished girls, who absorbed at once every detail of beauty and comfort, could hardly believe their ears when Mildred explained that this was to be the summer vacation retreat for themselves and their companions. Eight girls at a time would be privileged to spend two weeks in the dormitory, with the grounds, the lake, rose-gardens, vine-clad arbors, and a little carriage and patient gray donkey at their disposal. This was her plan for giving pleasure and help.

"Some day," she went on, "I hope to do yet more; that is when my nephew grows up. Then, if my suggestions have any weight, we will make over the whole of the old house and grounds as a model farm. Just as in the



Woman's Palace the city trades and occupations will be taught, so here I am going to offer as many girls as I can training in farm life. Some of you, or your comrades, are destined to be farmers' wives, I hope, or some of you will, by nature, turn to farming for a livelihood. Here we will educate girls in the growing of small fruits, in poultry and bee raising, in dairying, and in vegetable and mushroom cultivation. Two years will be the course for showing any woman how practically she may manage a farm, raising the kindly fruits of the earth, and in due time enjoying them, as the prayer-book says."

It was Jane Ferguson who looked up at her with tear-filled eyes; but the thanks of the little group were cut short by a chorus of gay cries in the direction of the gates, through which the drags bowled with the first arrivals.

The great lawn-party of the season proved a supreme success; that the lordly sun could see, turning his stately course down the western sky, while he flashed the river from blue to gold, and beamed a mellow radiance upon fifty young women following each one her own notion of pleasure. Some rowed on the lake, others flew about the tennis courts, or sat at the tables where white-capped maids served them with cake and berries, while the indefatigable Constance played a gay waltz by the open drawing-room window.

Even Miss Sedgewick, feeling the infectious jollity of the afternoon, was brought down



in her big arm-chair; but Gerald was the hero of the afternoon.

"And this is my reward," Mildred said to herself, looking down on the bright scene. "This is to compensate for what I have lost"; and despite all her intense desire to crush out forever the passionate yearning of her heart, it rose up to dim the sunshine and laughter, till a wild cry of fear was echoed about the lawn by frightened girls rushing toward the lake. In the midst of a game of hide-and-seek, wandering too near the pool, Gerald's foot slipped, somehow, on the grassy bank, and in an instant the ripples had closed over his head.

"Honly a bit of a duckin' 'e's 'ad, miss, and none the worse for it, I'll be bound; a sort of hintroductioin to 'is first swimmin' lesson," insisted old Hackett, who had promptly reached the scene of disaster, plucked the chilled, frightened child from his impromptu bath, and restored him, wet and trembling, to the arms of his wild-eyed, white-faced young aunt.

"None the worse for it," she echoed, cheerfully, returning to the lawn with comforting assurances that, warm, dry, and happy, the child was tucked into his crib and sleeping soundly. So the merriment continued

till the grass was pearly with dew, the moon came up proudly and full across the fields, and carriage-loads of girls, singing in pure excess of good spirits, rolled away from the door where she stood, smiling still, but weary, to bid them all a cordial farewell.

She had had no presentiment of danger when the nurse-maid asked for a few words aside and hurried her off to Gerald with the request that the doctor be sent

for at once. She wondered at her own calm control as she sat by the little bed easing the fevered forehead and small, pain-racked limbs by the touch of her cool white hands. In his delirium her own name was frequently coupled with that of Stephen Eustace. To the hushed accompaniment of those chants,

canticles, and *Te Deums*, echoing through his childish memory, visions of the haloed angels fluttered before his fever-blinded eyes; and in whispered pleading he begged the young clergyman to stay near him, for all his strength of earthly love seemed divided equally between Mildred and his strong friend, who came at her first request. That was the day after the garden-party, when she knew that in the short space of hours and minutes the feeble flame of life must flicker out forever.

What an afternoon it was, with all the golden world outside in the very plenitude of summer's prime! A climbing rose sent the fragrance of its blossoms in at the open window; over and over an oriole trilled out, from her nest in the elm, bell-like, joyous notes; and athwart the lawn the sunshine lay in yellow frets and bars. From restless tossing the fever-worn little body slowly subsided into extreme quiet, and Mildred, kneeling beside the bed, her shoulder pillowing the tumbled yellow head, felt that peace had come since Eustace's entrance. How tenderly he took the baby hands in his own strong ones and began again the story of the lowly Christ.

"And he said, Gerald my boy, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,'" went on the deep, soothing voice, till the head on her shoulder grew heavy, the small body cool, then very chill. As in a dream she saw the young clergyman rise, bow his head, and softly say: "Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice." Then, knowing the end had come, she slid quietly down into kindly insensibility beside the bed whence the object of all her hopes, love, long watching, and sacrifice, had slipped forever out of her shielding arms.

Arrived in the city at dusk, when the last of the simple ceremonies were over, Stephen Eustace found his large, quiet study, with its single lamp turned low, and a pile of letters waiting his perusal, a pleasant retreat. The inquiries of his kindly solicitous housekeeper were all answered in gentle patience. Yes, they had buried Master Gerald that afternoon, and Miss Mildred,—of course she was bearing the trial courageously. No, he did not care for any food. So the old soul left him in what peace he might find in constant thought of her,—of that white-faced woman, still tearless, still wearing her iron composure when he left her beside the sodded mound so lately heaped over a tired little golden head. They met there by accident, for he was making a short cut across the park and churchyard on his way to the train. He had meant, indeed hoped, not to see her again;

but when alone they were face to face for the last time, she said nothing save murmured thanks for his sacred offices, then he bowed, strode on, and left her gazing after him,

"—down the river's dim expanse,—
Like some bold seer in a trance,—
Seeing all his own mischance,
With a glassy countenance."

Despite his high resolve, despite his strong self-control, when the recollection of it all returned, in a swift, irresistible current, he hid his head in his arms crossed on the table, murmuring passionately in the lonely silence of the room,

"Mildred, I love you, you only, and always, God help me!"

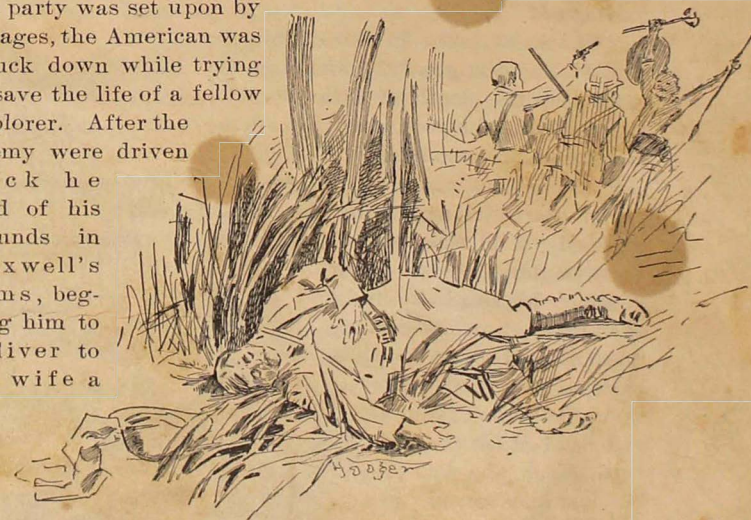
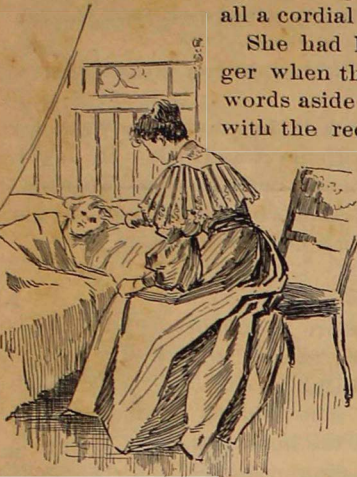
Ambition, pride, the valor of his hopes, the vain boast of solitary strength so all-sufficient for his life and work, vanished all, at thought of her. How desolate life must be henceforth!—how unfinished, unsatisfied, inadequate, without her voice, her hand, her eyes, her love, to brighten and soothe the way that in Christ's name and for his sake he had hoped to tread! Fierce anger surged high within him at the thought of Sefton under whose jealous domination she was so strangely humble, passive, and broken. His coat-sleeve was wet with those rare, doubly bitter, and moving tears a proud man sheds when his soul cries out in agony, and his face seemed old and worn as he lifted it again to the light and bravely took up once more the barren details of a life to be henceforth passed in shadow.

The letters he drew toward him to open, read, file, and answer; then, perhaps, a bit of solid composition on his sermon would help to steady his tingling nerves. A handful were examined, but the last one excited his surprise. It bore the postmark of Melbourne, Australia, and the stamp of the United States warship Apache on envelope and sheet. After a courteous sentence or two, he read with quickening pulses as follows, from Lieutenant Mayhew:

"And concerning your inquiries, which interested me not a little, pray let me tell you of a remarkable coincidence. But yesterday, while entertained in the house of a hospitable Australian, I met at dinner an Englishman, Maxwell by name, a charming fellow and famous hunter, who, in narrating some of his African adventures, mentioned, with great admiration and affection, an American who had, he said, joined with him a disastrous expedition bound into the great central plateau, some four or five years ago. When the party was set upon by savages, the American was struck down while trying to save the life of a fellow explorer. After the enemy were driven

back he died of his wounds in Maxwell's arms, begging him to deliver to his wife a

message, and to his sister, a locket he wore; yet in expressing the wish his strength failed, and he died before he could tell where these relatives might be found. 'Gerald Duncan,' said he, 'was the name of this fine, unfortunate fellow, for whose people I have in vain made inquiries when in the



United States.' Eagerly I asked if I might see the locket, with which request he readily complied; and at a glance I recognized, set within the double faces of the case, Miss Mildred's smiling eyes at sixteen, on one side, while on the other were engraved the words 'Veritas Vincit,' the Duncan motto.

"Gerald's body, my informant assured me, was buried in the little cemetery of an inland Dutch village; and by way of further proof his death is carefully recorded in a report made to the English government by the head of the expedition. So far the man Sefton's story is flatly contradicted; and on giving Maxwell an inkling of the state of affairs, he insisted upon sailing at once for America with the proofs of Gerald's identity, and confronting Sefton with his indisputable evidence. So interested was he in my story that he is now prepared to assert that Sefton is no other than Henry Chadwick, the famous Melbourne forger, who only a year ago escaped from the penitentiary, was tracked to Cape Town, and there lost sight of by the detectives. Of late a rumor has blown about to the effect that Chadwick went to the States and——"

But Eustace could read no more. He started up with a half-suppressed shout of triumph.

"Mildred free!" He tore aside the light curtain at the window and leaned far out that the cooling air might quiet the tumult raging in his mind. The deep-voiced church clock chimed out twelve full strokes. "Free, free, free!" he echoed at every pulse of the bell; and as the last vibrating note died into silence, beyond the garden wall he heard a woman's voice.

"Pray let me pass," came a cry in half-terrified tones. "If you touch me I must call for aid. Ah!" There was a cry of shame and fear, half-drowned by a jeering, drunken laugh, as Eustace sprang through the window to the street gate whence the sounds issued. It was the work of a moment to send the brutal vagabond reeling against a street-lamp, and half-supporting the trembling woman with one arm, guide her steps across the lawn, through the study door opening on the garden, to a seat on one of the broad leather sofas. His first impulse was to call his housekeeper to the rescue; but the woman in the worn dark frock struggled to her feet, and in the dim light he recognized Grace Mynell.

She seemed transfixed with surprise at her surroundings; but when the bright sunken eyes in the haggard face met his own, she leaned half-forward with one word on her lips, "Mildred?"

"She is at home in the country," replied Eustace, gently, "and in great grief over the death of little Gerald. Your return, however, will bring to her the greatest comfort."

"She is not married yet to—?" began the girl again, in the same strained voice, like one who waits a death-sentence; and when he shook his head she flung her arms out wildly crying, "Thank God!" and dropped back to her seat. He thought she had fainted and reached for the bell rope, when she was on her feet once more.

"There, there, don't go yet!" she implored. "Let me tell it all to you now, before I forget. Ah! I might die tomorrow and not reach her, or that terrible numbness will strike

me again, to destroy my reason wholly." Sinking on her knees she caught his hand in both her hot, trembling ones. "You care for her welfare, you would save her from shame that is worse than death? Then go tell her I say she must not marry that man. Henry Chadwick is a thief, a common criminal, a fugitive from justice!"

"Henry Chadwick? Child, whom do you mean?" interrupted Eustace.

"Joseph Sefton he calls himself, but now I know, now I remember; his true name is Henry Chadwick. He is my step-brother, the man who ruined the life of my husband, Gerald Duncan, and——" But Eustace caught her in his arms and laid her on the sofa in a death-like swoon.

A handsome trap stood before the doorway at Helmsdale, and a tall man in traveling tweeds stood at the foot of the steps looking up at Mildred Duncan on the broad veranda.

"Good-by, God bless you!" she said, as the man sprang into the trap, the groom gave the impatient horse his head, and the gravel flew under the spinning wheels. At the gates Herbert Maxwell looked back. She was still watching him. He lifted his hat and sighed, for his reflections were not the most cheerful.

"'Tis better so," he assured himself. "My mission has been faithfully fulfilled. Her gratitude was enchanting; and had I remained I should probably have ended by laying my middle-aged heart at her feet, and been gently sent about my business for my presumption." The train shrieked like a demon as it rounded the curve by the little red-brick station, he sprang aboard with a kindly nod, and tossing a coin to the groom, Herbert Maxwell, after a month's sojourn in America under Mildred Duncan's roof, was bound home for England.

"I am sorry he had to go," said Mildred. She had traversed the wide hall to the back veranda of the house, overlooking the river. Enconced in a long invalid's chair lay Grace Duncan, rapidly convalescing from a desperate attack of typhoid fever, with Miss Sedgewick mounted on guard, very near, in her wicker *fauteuil*.

"He was a pleasant fellow," agreed Miss Sedgewick, briskly nodding her cap-strings, and snapping her ivory needles as in the old days before a silver-mounted crutch was her companion and support. She was busily knitting a wrap for "My niece Grace," as she spoke of the invalid,

whose coming had roused the broken old woman to a new lease of vigorous life.

"We owe him a deep debt of gratitude," murmured Grace, her gaze resting half-questioningly on Mildred, whose

eyes wore an expression of unmistakable wistfulness as their glance traveled far out across the water. But Miss Duncan refused to reveal her secret, if she had one, by so much as a blush; she only went across, bent



and kissed Grace's forehead very tenderly, caught up her wide-brimmed hat from the veranda table, and announcing she was going for a bit of a walk passed down the stone steps leading to the rose-garden.

"Mr. Eustace has not been to see us for



nearly ten days now," called out

Grace, regretfully.

"No," replied Mildred, still stepping down and speaking carelessly, "he is busy, I dare say; one must not expect too much of

an overworked young clergyman, you know." She was glad her voice sounded so indifferently cheerful, glad the two dear women had not seen the vivid flush that rose to her cheeks, or the hot tears that deluged her eyes, for she had expected, nay, hoped, looked, waited, and longed for him every day. She thought of this as she slowly moved down the terraces under the trees, and her mind went back to a time, six weeks before, when she had walked this same way, following in a sad procession to the little gray church that thrust up its spire just over there among the elms. Just six weeks ago and a messenger had dashed up the gravel roadway with a telegram that hurried her in the gray dawn down to the rectory to Grace's bedside. How cold and stunned she had seemed when Stephen Eustace drew her into the study and told her the dreadful truths, one after another: that Grace Mynell was her brother's wife, Joseph Sefton none other than Henry Chadwick, a common criminal, and Gerald, the boy, a nameless little orphan, whom Henry Chadwick had picked up in the streets of London, to serve as a tool in his evil designs.

Before the fever bereft her of all power, Grace had insisted upon telling to Mildred her whole story. She had been a poor, pretty music-teacher in the college town, aiding in the support of her old widowed mother, the pride of whose life centered in a weak and vicious son of her first marriage with a dissipated Englishman of good birth. A knave and tyrant though the sister knew him to be, she hid the truth from her mother as best she might, straining under cruel burdens till love came her way. Gerald Duncan, tenderly devoted to the proud little music-teacher, and to relieve her in some measure of the weight of poverty, secretly made her his wife, in full confidence of his ability to reconcile his father to the step so soon as his college career was over, or bravely to support her by his own efforts. Under suspicion of debts and gambling he not only strove from his handsome allowance to aid in her maintenance, but again and again satisfied the demands of his insatiable brother-in-law, who, at last, in his unscrupulous greed, forged the name of Gerald's father on a note for many thousand dollars. Burning with indignation at the blight cast on his honor, since the accusation of crime was laid

upon him, young Duncan was about to deliver Chadwick up to justice, when the tears and prayers of his wife, for the sake of her mother, stopped him.

"You are ruining me, Grace," he said, when her plea was made that he would go to his father and save the miserable Henry; but she, after a glance at her stricken mother, bade him go. Then came a letter saying he had been driven from his father's house, enclosing what money he had, and bidding her farewell, as he was sailing for Africa, where he hoped to honorably sacrifice the life he no longer cared to keep.



With his ill-gotten gains Henry Chadwick fled; after a brief struggle with bitterness and despair the old mother found peace in death; and awaking from a long illness Grace Duncan learned that her baby had died but a week after its birth. Assuming her mother's maiden name as a disguise, she came to New York, her mind retaining only faint memories of the tragical past. Sometimes trifling incidents would waken old memories, as on the day when Mildred Duncan offered her money in the shop; then the anguish of her loss came back, and only the accident saved her from suicide.

The second illness totally blotted the pages of memory, even when the sight of Henry Chadwick roused in her an awful, nameless dread and premonition. Under the spell of his evil eyes she had written her note of farewell to Mildred, and like one whose senses are bound in sleep followed him aboard the ship that would carry her, he hoped, beyond the possibility of return and revelation. Wit enough was left her to escape from the vessel before it sailed, but not will enough to come back to her home. She found employment in a paper factory making envelopes at five dollars a week. She was regarded there as a gentle, half-witted creature. But her brain was quickened once more to light and strength of memory by hearing a passer-by on the street address a friend as "Chadwick." The veil was lifted, the mists rolled back, and Grace Duncan was herself again. She found her way to the house in Gramercy Square late that evening; it was shut and silent. Despairing and fearful of losing her true consciousness, she beat futilely against the great oak doors till a policeman ordered her off, then she fled to the rectory, after visiting Mrs. Livingston's house, also shut and silent.

Had there been any further proofs needed, Mildred found them in the little black box in the garret, and sobbed her heart out over the tokens of her brother it contained.

The day after Grace's return, Mr. Herbert Maxwell arrived to tell Mildred of her brother's last hours, to restore the locket, and then to linger on at her invitation. Henry Chadwick, learning, through some means, of the arrival of Grace and Maxwell, disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come. Grace was removed as soon as possible to the more bracing air of the hills above the river, and old Mr. Baxter, with many melancholy shakings of his gray head, once more took under his care the property, from which Henry Chadwick had cut a prodigious slice for his own keeping. But peace had come after the storm; Mildred and Grace wept over Gerald lying in the foreign land, and comforted and consoled one another.



"And yet, how far I am from happiness," confessed Miss Duncan to herself, as she moved on over the sward, not noting the glories of the sunset.

"A woman," she murmured, walking on, "to know the highest happiness of her life, must love and be beloved by—There! I am growing positively mawkish! Why! I am loved by aunt, by Grace, by my girls. Dear me! what higher blessing can I ask than to provide for the happiness of others, as I am now able to do?" And yet her mind would go back to thoughts of the strength, coolness, and gentle consideration of Eustace when Grace lay so ill.

She passed down the path leading to the churchyard, pushed open the wicket, and hastily walked on across the green, to where, at the head of a small mound, a white cross stretched its arms. It bore the one name "Gerald," and below, "In loving memory."

"Poor little nameless waif of London's streets," she sank on her knees, murmuring tenderly; "but you were all my own, dear,—we loved each other, you and I. They tell me he is going away, Gerald, and perhaps it is better so, for he does not care nor

know that I care; but you must let me come here often, dear, in my loneliness, now that you, my very own, are

gone, and he does not care." She bent her head till the cool marble touched her cheek, not hearing that someone, making a short cut, as before, was coming across the churchyard to the park.

Stephen Eustace was on his way to pay a purely duty visit to Helmsdale, to inquire after Mrs. Duncan's health, and to make his adieux. In two days he would be off for his vacation, probably not to return to New York; for, in spite of the almost angry protests of St. John's vestry and congregation, he wished to build up a struggling little country church in a far Southern town. Of course, thereby he put an end to all his high hopes of a bishopric, of his great plans for tenement work; but better that than endure suffering that might break down all his manly fortitude. The best work had been done, Mildred was free once more; but Mildred, though free from the bonds Chadwick had set round her, was no more attainable now than before. She was again the heiress, he, the poor young clergyman; besides, Maxwell had come and was plainly infatuated. She was kind, and he could not in the utmost bitterness of his heart offer a single objection to the handsome, pleasant, honest English gentleman.

Crossing the sward, a slender figure in black, flushing in her surprise and embarrassment, rose before him. There were tears on Mildred's lashes as she answered his constrained commonplaces, a quaver in her low voice, and an appealing droop at the corners of the sweet mouth. A light breath of evening breeze thrilled the boughs above their heads and lifted the tossed tendrils of brown hair about her broad, low brows. He caught his breath hard, looking down on all her wistful, tender, feminine beauty. Unconsciously she was testing his strength sorely; therefore his face grew doubly stern, his voice more cold.

"Grace was but this hour speaking of you," she said, not looking up. "She misses your visits, and we feel lonely this afternoon over Mr. Maxwell's departure. He returns to England, you know, going from there out to India, I believe."

His heart leaped up within him, but he said, steadily, "And I have come to make my farewells."

"Yes, we had heard," she replied, but turning away her head. "St. John's will miss you sadly."

He made a gesture of denial, then gravely continued: "I met Mr. Baxter at the station on his way back to town. Pray do not think me inquisitive, but I venture to hope he found your finances in sound condition?"

She laughed suddenly, low and sweetly. A wonderful light seemed to have been breaking over her while she stood letting her eyes rest, sometimes on his face, sometimes on the river, which lay like a sea of gold far down at their feet. A bird above her head was singing again that same sweet, melodious note, "For thy beloved cometh, cometh." Oh, many are the innocent wives of good women whose eyes see the truth of shy, proud love when one would fain hide it from their gaze.

"Not in very satisfactory condition, I fear," she answered, most cheerfully. "I shall have to give up Helmsdale, dear Helmsdale! to other occupants; the house in Gramercy Park goes to Aunt Sedgewick and Grace, by rights, you know, along with a fair portion of the income. Mr. Chadwick was skillful at making ducks and drakes of dollars, I have found; yet," with blithe philosophy, "I may have enough to keep me from actual want."

He caught her hand, saying, in a shaken voice,

"Mildred, is it true? Maxwell is gone, and you are not the heiress we all believed?" He tried to see her face, but she turned it steadily from him.

"At least you will accord me the right an honest man has to tell you he loves you. I have little to offer you, dear,—only my love, only my strong hands, and my undying devotion, to keep you always from pain, from sorrow, from poverty, from heartache. The money you have lost,—who cares for that? 'Twas the one stumbling-block in the path that led to telling you this. Mildred, be kind; give yourself to me." One minute he trembled with the apprehension that his pleading was all in vain; the next, he caught her to him.

"I will," she said, laughing softly, and still encircled in his arms, "provided, dear, you will let me bring my money-bags, for there are, in spite of the spoiler's hand, many left me; provided you will help me build my Woman's Palace, and turn old Helmsdale here into a model farm; and provided, when Grace and Aunt Sedgewick turn me out of the old town-house, you will find for me and the remnant of my fortune shelter somewhere."

"At the rectory and in my heart," he suggested, still holding her close as their lips met.



"Bang!"

(See Full-Page Water-Color.)

OUR charming picture for this month is from the easel of the celebrated artist Maude Humphrey. The great and glorious "Fourth" is here again; and anxious mothers are trembling for the fate of their little ones during these days when patriotism is translated "noise" and fire-crackers go "Bang! bang!" from peep of day till the last tired little body is tucked reluctantly in bed. These dear little maids must have just escaped from the arms of their nurses, for a half-hour's play with fire-crackers would certainly leave its marks upon their dainty frocks. May the little fingers escape anything worse than a burn to remind them they are playing with fire!

Earth-Making.

II.

JESSICA'S JOURNEY TO THE WONDERFUL VALLEY.

(For the Children.)

"WELL," said Jessica, when she had read over a page five or six times, "it must be true, of course, because it is in my school-book; but I don't understand it, all the same. How the wind, the rain, and the frost can wear away great hills, cut wide valleys through the hardest rock, and even push the sea back, miles and miles, sometimes, I can't make out!"

"Would you like to see for yourself how it is done?" The gentle, musical voice caused the little girl to turn around with a start. There, again, stood the Earth Spirit, smiling down at Jessica with an expression which made the child extend both hands toward her in love and welcome.

"Oh, dear Earth Spirit!" cried Jessica, for she recognized the lovely visitor at once. "Take me with you and teach



IN THE VALLEY.

me about these things. I am so ignorant, and you are so grand and glorious and know everything."

"No, Jessica," said the Earth Spirit, solemnly, "even I know only a small part of the wonders and secrets of the earth. But come with me, dear, and I will try to help you understand about the wind, rain, and frost. Shut your eyes, little one."

It seemed but a second, and she could not have told that she had moved from her chair before the study table, when the voice of the Earth Spirit bade her look about her. She found herself in a more curious place than she could ever have imagined. It was a gorge, or valley, half-way up to the top of a mountain where there were vast fields of snow, not only on the sloping breast of the peak, but running downward in white zigzags, where it followed the deep rifts and glens in the mountain side. All along this wonderful

valley where Jessica and her guide now stood, were the most singular-looking pillars. You might almost have thought they had been put there by some rude, strong nation of builders. Some of them stood up hundreds of feet high, rough and irregular, eaten out here into hollows, bulging out there into lumps and ledges; and upon the top of each rested a mass of rock larger and heavier than the largest and grandest building Jessica had ever seen.

"How did these come here?" asked Jessica, in amazement.

"The rain has been hard at work here," answered the Earth Spirit. "Yes, I know it seems hard to believe, dear; but it was just the rain that did all this that you see."

"The rain?" repeated Jessica, doubtfully. "The rain is only water."

"It is raining now, dear," said the Earth Spirit. "You don't feel it because you are with me; but you can see how it is pouring down in swift, slanting sheets. Watch yonder little stone. Notice how the soil beneath it is turned into mud and washed away, and there stands the stone on a sort of tiny pillar of its own."

"And was that how these great pillars came?" inquired Jessica.

"Just so," was the reply. "A rain-drop is a small globe of water. As it falls and rolls along it collects upon its surface some particle of soil from the earth, or some trace of dust from the rock which it strikes. You can hardly think of any substance which seems softer or more yielding than water, can you? Well, if you were to put a single drop into a powerful machine so made that it could not escape, and try to squeeze or compress the drop into a smaller space, you would fail. Did you ever see shot, such as they use in fowling-pieces?" asked the Earth Spirit.

"Oh, yes," said Jessica. "Brother George let me take a whole handful of what he calls 'dust shot,' out of his bag, to put in my cup to clean my pens, you know."

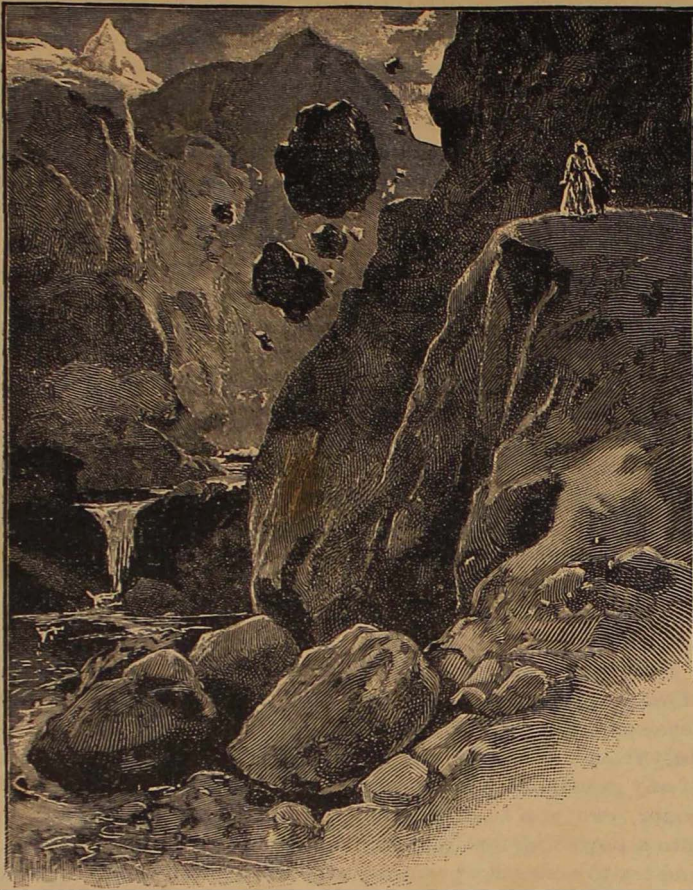
"Then, dear, you noticed how those tiny globes of lead poured between your fingers almost like fluid? Well, water is made up of just such globes, only many, many times smaller; so small, indeed, that you could not see them with the most powerful magnifying-glass. But, strange as it may seem to you, Jessica, each one of those little water-globes has tremendous power; so that when the rain falls, now a day or two at a time, now in a sudden heavy shower, and again in a long, slow drizzle, these tiny water-globes beat and grind and wash away not only the soil, but the surface of the hardest rocks. In any summer storm you can see how the dirt is cut away from the higher banks and slopes and borne down in a thick, muddy current to some lower place. Just after such a storm you have observed how yellow and turbid the brook behind your house was, and how, just where it passes the bridge, there was always a sort of shoal of soil and small pebbles.

"Some of these queer and crooked pillars before us are limestone, which the rain cuts quite easily, considering it is real rock. Others are of harder material, and these are rubbed and scraped in seams, showing how the water has worn the soft matter in between first, taking more time to wear away the harder matter."

"Hark!" cried Jessica, at this point, "what awful noise is that?"

And, indeed, not only the ground, but the very air seemed to shake and quiver with a succession of the most dreadful rumblings and crashings. The little girl shrank affrighted to the side of her gentle friend, who merely smiled and caressed her hair with her soft hand.

"It is what is called a land-slide, dear," she said, "a sort of land avalanche. Look over the edge of this cliff. You need not fear; you will not fall."



A LAND-SLIDE.

Jessica leaned as far forward as she dared, and saw large pieces of rock tumbling from the sides of the chasm, followed by tons upon tons of smaller fragments, pebbles, and soil.

"But, dear Earth Spirit," cried Jessica, "could the water have done that, too, away up here so high?"

"Yes," said her guide, "in this way: The rain has fallen upon the top of this cliff as well as upon its sides. The water sank into the soil and between the seams and into the crevices of the rocks, then came the frost, and, as you know, water swells, or expands, as it freezes,—you have often seen a bottle or jar full of water or milk burst or crack when frozen,—so the water which had settled into these cracks and seams, freezing and swelling, broke off great masses of rock, as well as thousands of small flakes and scales. The masses and particles being loosened, it only required a heavy rain to wash away the soil which supported them, when, of course, down they thundered into the glen below. In some countries the change between hot days and chilly nights is sufficient to expand or shrink the rocks so that they are broken up almost as quickly as if frost were at work."

"But you see there must

be such a quantity of crumbled rock," said Jessica. "All this that the rain and the frost break up must go somewhere, must it not, dear Earth Spirit?"

"The matter which the rain and frost have worn out of this valley is much of it borne, in the form of sand, by the stream you see there, to the great river into which it flows. Much of that sand is carried in the current of the river to the coast, where it empties into the sea. The larger masses, which you saw fall from the cliff, must, in their turn, be split up by the frost and sun, worn by the rains, and pulverized by the waters of the brook, which will bear them away when their time comes. Look down there, dear, to that basin upon which the sun glances in checkered gleams through the overhanging willows, where the fishes are flitting to and fro. See how the water swirls round and round against the rocky bowl, flinging up fine, glittering flecks of stone worn from the sides, and bearing them down the current.

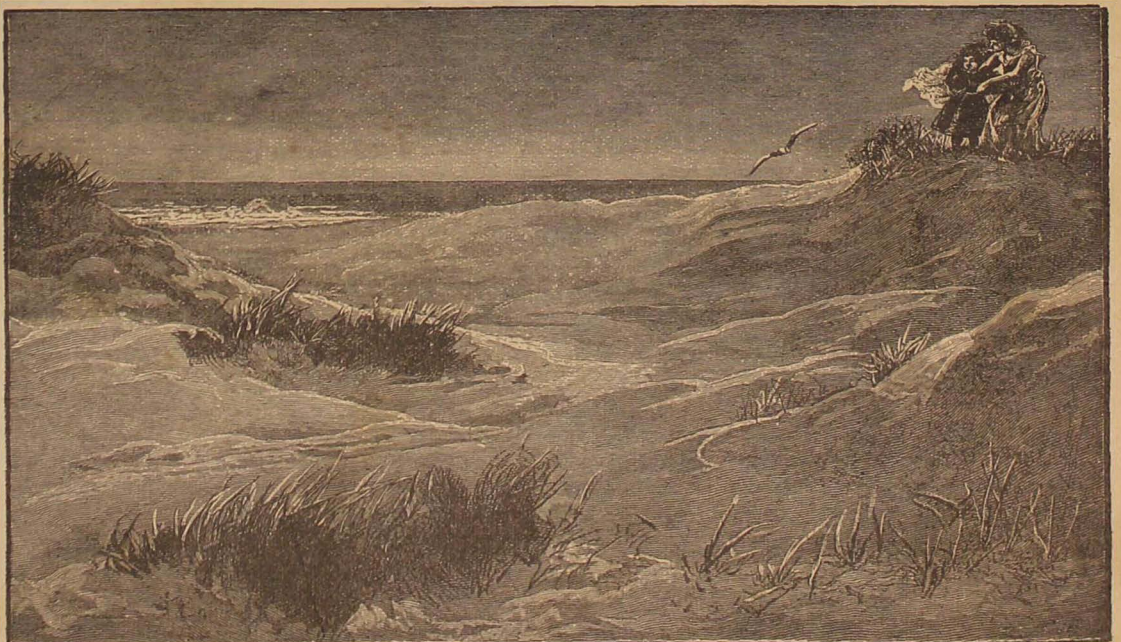
"Now let us go a little farther on. The wind blows very hard here, but you need not mind. See how the loose, dry sand is being caught up and carried with a swish and a dash against those tall rocks yonder. Let us go closer."

"Why! there is no water here," cried Jessica, "and yet these rocks are worn into just such streaks and gutters as those you showed me up there where the rain and the brook had eaten holes in them. And see how the sand lies thick in all these hollows and little caves."

"Yes," replied the Earth Spirit, "it is here that the wind is doing what the water did above; that is, grinding down and pulverizing the rocks. And the wind can do nearly as much as the water if you give it a good chance. By whirling this sand against the base of that tall cliff, year after year, and century after century, it will bring it down and change its appearance just as surely as the water can. This wearing action of the sand is shown very curiously in the window-panes of houses in a region where there is much sand and heavy winds."

"I know!" exclaimed Jessica. "The window-panes are all turned to frosted glass; because the sand, being blown against the windows, grinds the panes, just as they grind bottles and goblets in a machine where the sand is flung against the glass by a wheel instead of the wind. I read that in a book only a few days ago."

"I am glad that you take notice of what you read," said



SAND-DUNES.

the Earth Spirit; "because, as you see in this case, one thing helps another. And what you read about ground glass aids you to understand how, in course of many years, the hardest rocks can be cut away by the action of the wind and sand."

"Why!" interrupted Jessica, suddenly, "we must be near the sea, though how we came here I don't know. But I can hear the noise of the surf, and these funny little sand-hills——"

"We call them 'dunes,'" said the Earth Spirit. "These dunes are made by the wind, after the sand has been scoured from the rocks by the water, frost, and rain——"

"And the wind grinding the rocks, too," interposed Jessica.

"Yes," replied the Earth Spirit. "But notice, dear; the wind might do more than its duty by driving this loose sand away over there where you see that village and those farms, were it not for these clumps of harsh, coarse grass growing all about the dunes."

"The grass holds the sand down in a sort of way; is not that it?" asked Jessica.

"Exactly so," was the answer. "Grass has its uses, you see, besides feeding cattle and looking pretty on a lawn. But now, dear, it is time for you to return home to tea; pause here, a moment. Do you see these little heaps of mold in this garden we are just passing?"

"Worms do that," said Jessica. "I have often watched them do it. Is there anything useful in that?"

"We have been looking at great changes in the earth's surface during our journey," said her guide, "now we can afford to look at some small ones. These tiny creatures are plowmen in a way, and keep turning up the soil and thus aiding in the growth of plant life. But come! I hear the bell ringing six from your village spire. More another time, dear."

LESTER HUNT.



Suggested by Mr. Barns' Story "As Told Over the Samovar."

ASSUREDLY, Mrs. Montbeck, that was the most natural question in the world for you to ask, in face of my hitherto confirmed bachelorhood and misanthropic stand against matrimony. 'Why did I marry?' Yes, you indeed do behold before you now a veritable 'Benedict, the married man.'—How delicious this *consommé* is this cold night! Just one more cracker, please, Mrs. Montbeck.

"Yes, it is true; every day we hear why a man does *not* marry, but not one yet has explained why he does. There is as much romance in the one as in the other, only the one resolves into a practical turn, which the illusions of the other forever forbid. As my grandfather was wont to say,—he was a most considerate man, Mrs. Montbeck. Ah, pardon my digression, I will resume my narrative first. I was about to remark that one of our French savants admitted of but one inviolable rule for every affair, and that was, 'Woman is at the bottom of all mischief.' '*Cherchez la femme,*' he warned us; and under the voluminous cloak of his precedent in so boldly asserting the aggressive statement I have the honor to take refuge also.

"When a man becomes averse to the charms of matrimony, rest assured that some woman is at the bottom of it; and so it is on the other hand. You will doubtless recall how I 'loved, not wisely, but too well,' the beautiful Miss La Farge, and my distressing misfortunes attendant on that overwhelming affection,—misfortunes which even 'Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,' failed to 'comfort.'

"You will also, I dare say, remember the divers consecutive accidents visited on me always in her presence; but

upsetting soup-plates, breaking pots of flowers, having payment stopped on a cheque, which I had sent as a charity offering, and the crashing of Venetian lamps are 'trifles light as air' compared to the major torments I have endured since then. And yet, dear lady, throughout it all, with miraculous escapes that border on Buddhistic spells, I have come unscathed, unhurt, to matrimony.—May I not serve you with some of this delicious salad, for which our hostess is so justly famed?

"Now my grandfather,—truly he was a most considerate man, Mrs. Montbeck; indeed, of such forethought was he that it is said on coming home from his club at night he would considerately put his umbrella to bed, and himself stand in the umbrella-rack all—er—night. He often said,—No more salted almonds, Mrs. Montbeck? 'No'? Ah, really, I insist on company.

"To resume my 'complaint.' After the Venetian lamp incident, naturally I did not care to meet Miss La Farge, for an indefinite length of time, at least. The 'cankers of a calm world' had so preyed on my mind that I became the victim of morbidity to the extent that I grew misanthropic, and firmly believed that, according to fates and destinies, hoodooism and my own superlative idiocy, I was predestined to exist in single blessedness, as Shakespeare has so ungenerously put it.

"You can't patch grief with proverbs, so I determined to try change of scene, that panacea for all ills, from gout to a broken heart. I satisfactorily adjusted all matters in regard to that fatal cheque, and dispatching, with some roses, a

note to Miss La Farge, in which I thanked her for recent kindnesses, *et cetera*, I prepared to go away for the summer. I had sent my valet off to the country to secure for me a quiet spot 'far from the madding crowd,' where I might enjoy all privileges, from drinking real milk to blowing out the gas, did I so desire, with no questions asked. He found the exact place; and as the heat of June was approaching with all the speed of an international bicycle race, I set forth. I took with me nought but the barest necessities of life. I equipped myself with only three suits and my shooting-jacket, in which to kill time. You will be impressed, my dear Mrs. Montbeck, with the seriousness of my desire to seek solitude, *only*, in this Arcady, when I inform you that I religiously left my tennis-suit at home, too.

"I found my quarters to be in one of two cottages overlooking a most soulful Millet of hill, lake, and trees. But there was one fact I deplored: the houses were, to a man of

wards them,—in all kindness, I assure you, Mrs. Montbeck. With shrill feminine shrieks they ran thither and yon, and in wild desperation bolted toward a stubborn country fence. You can imagine what a rapid exit they made.

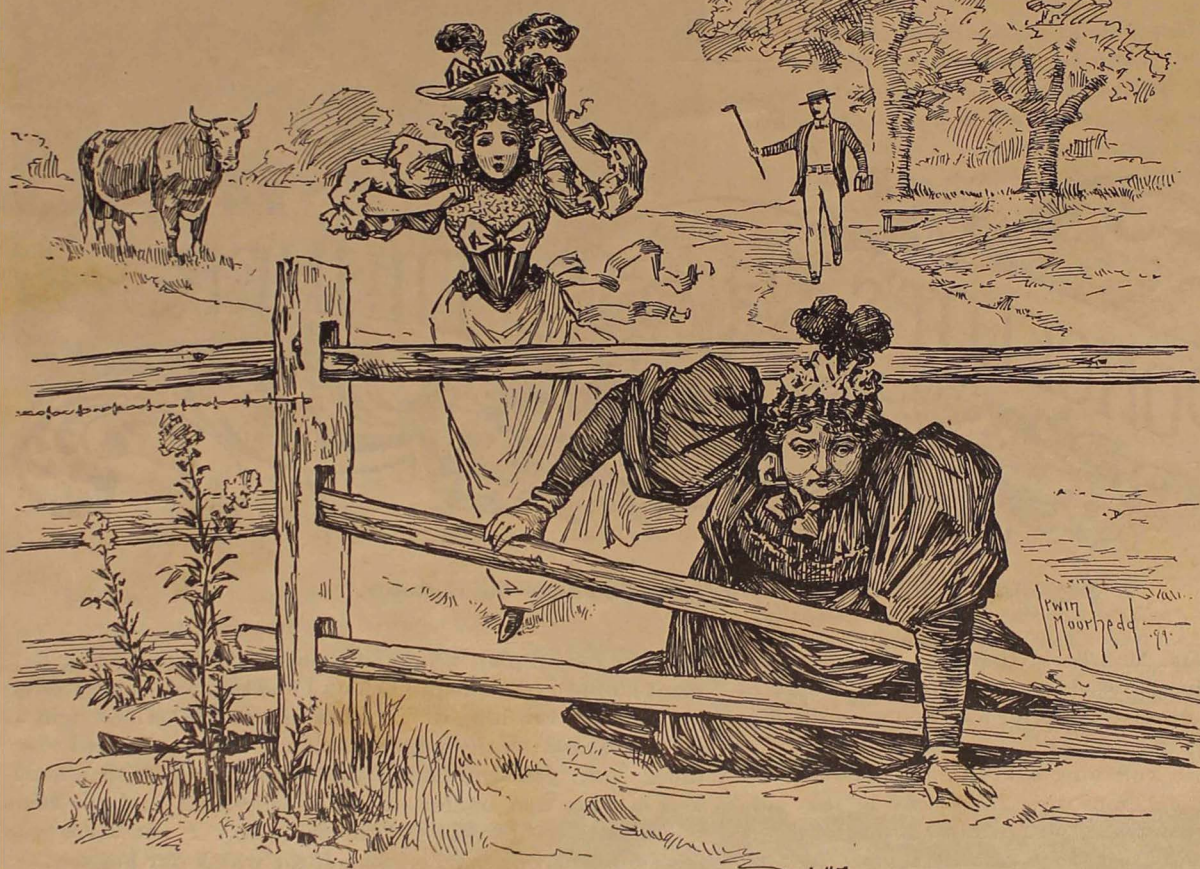
"In one minute I had grasped the situation, rushed forward, and tried the Samson act. I have remarked before on the imbecilic equanimity of the animal in question, and I congratulated myself that the late Booth could have found no criticism in my acting. *Apparently*, we had a fierce tussle; but, finally, I, victor, drove him vanquished off into a fenced inclosure, from which he had doubtless strayed. Then I directed my attention to the ladies, who in sheer fright had witnessed my 'terrible fight for life.'

"Ye gods! Propitious fate was mine; for the regal beauty of Miss La Farge, with a fitting background of her portly, aristocratic mother, met my eyes. Their thanks were more than the conventional expression of gratitude, and I received them with a modesty becoming a man who had passed through such ordeals as had been mine.

"I discovered that they had come down from town the previous evening, and—again luck smiled on me—they were domiciled in the cottage adjoining mine. Proudly I walked with them down the village street, the happy escort of the lovely girl at my side. My pulse was thumping at an apoplectic rate, and I was slowly beginning to dream that my

hoodoo was emerging from its chrysalis. Even as I was congratulating myself on my good fortune, a huge dog, panting, with lolling red tongue, came tearing up the street, towards us. The people ran hither and thither in wildest alarm, and screams of 'mad dog' filled the air. My companions were deathly pale, and Miss La Farge's pallor frightened me. The animal was making directly for us, and suddenly espying an open door, by which we were passing, like lightning I shoved the ladies within, and endeavored to follow them; but, with one helpless cry, I perceived that the dog was on me.—These cheese-straws are indeed excellent. Won't you have another, Mrs. Montbeck?

"My grandfather always declared, and I, too, became finally convinced of the veracity of his statement, that—Oh, pardon me; I *am* digressing, I admit.—The dog? Yes; well, you see, I ran around trying to evade him, describing all sorts of geometrical circles,—indeed, my dear Mrs. Montbeck, my speed was such that I found myself looking at the back of my own neck all of the time.



"IN WILD DESPERATION BOLTED TOWARD A FENCE."

my unfortunate propensities, dangerously alike; so similar, my dear lady, were they, that when I entered one I was instantly seized with the thought that it should have been the other. For that reason I spent most of the time in the yard wondering to which I belonged; but the presence of my man served, in the one house, to direct me faithfully to the right place.

"I was wont, after a late breakfast, to arm myself with a book, and with my stick set out for a jaunt. Now my revered grandfather,—Some more Apollinaris, Mrs. Montbeck? Shakespeare has said that 'good wine needs no bush'; permit me to corrupt it to 'good water needs no stream.'

"Well, to continue. One sultry morning, as usual, I started out. The day was as other June days,—you can supply the 'coloring.' I was leisurely walking down the bosky country way, when all at once I espied two ladies ahead of me, and as I looked, a bull, which was placidly grazing near, saw them, and, being very tame, started to-

"The dog finally grabbed me—well, under my coat—and tore out a voluminous sample of my tailor's latest goods. I was still going around in a dizzy vortex, but throughout all the pursuit the agonized faces of my recent companions met my eyes.



"THE DOG GRABBED ME AND TORE OUT A VOLUMINOUS SAMPLE OF MY TAILOR'S LATEST GOODS."

It seemed to me that the windows were lined with the La Farge countenances.—What delicious patties! Fowl is most appetizing this way!

"Well, to this day they think that I had a most miraculous escape from a rabid dog. I let them delude themselves with the thought that it was hydrophobia, and not a mild dose of poison from which the animal suffered that day. Cautiously keeping my face towards them, I finally bolted for the door of the shop in which my friends were, and quickly shut the door in the dog's face; and after awhile he slunk off. Again imagine their thanks. I was quite a hero now, in their eyes.

"It was then that the elegant carriage of Papa La Farge rolled up, and alarmed at the fright of his family the good man insisted on their driving home. They begged me to occupy the one remaining seat in the vehicle; but for reasons of my own I was forced to decline, and after bidding them 'Good day,' I stealthily took a short cut home through the woods.

"I have spoken before of the confusing similarity of the two cottages. After dinner, that night, I was pondering over the unexpected *contretemps* which always marked my meetings with Miss La Farge. Finally, when I went to my room at eleven, to retire, I found it was not to sleep, nor any 'perchancing' to dream; so, with a choice cigar to solace me, I decided to walk down by the lake, and in some hitherto undiscovered manner assiduously court sleep.

"It must have been almost one o'clock when I returned to the house, anxious for my bed. I plied my latch-key carefully in the keyhole, but the plagued thing wouldn't work; but it made up for it in a noise, equal, at that silent hour of the night, to the report of a Gatling gun at twelve o'clock on the Fourth of July. It set all of the dogs within a radius of three leagues barking.

"Finally, growing desperate, I bethought me of the but-tery window, which was always open, so, like a thief in the night, I cautiously stole around, and after numerous scratches, dislocations of sundry bones, and concussions of my entire anatomy, I managed to gain the sill, and with one plunge into the impenetrable darkness I heroically jumped.

There was a tremendous crash!—How delicious this ice is! Try another macaroon, my dear Mrs. Montbeck.—Yes, it was indeed a tremendous crash; the Venetian lamps, the breaking pot of flowers at the banquet of the Spanish ambassador, were as nothing to the noise.

"It seems that the window was only half up, and the impetus of my plunge broke the frame, glass and all. But that was not the half of the damage. There were several glasses of strawberry jelly cooling there; of course, they went with me into the flour-bin, which some fool servant had left open.

"Then it grew, a veritable bedlam of screams, burglar alarms, more barking of dogs,—I have never cared for that animal since, my dear lady,—and cries of 'Burglars!' And out of the dense gloom, *à la* Lady Macbeth, with candle aloft, shining on his polished pate, advanced Papa La Farge, followed by his portly wife and the beautiful Miss La Farge, in charming negligée. I had entered the wrong house!—What appetizing 'dough' this cake is! Mrs. Poncelot must indeed have a *chef* of the old Delmonico school.

"It was the remark of my grandfather,—he was a most considerate man,— Oh! What did I do? Well, I am waiting for some new fictionist to diagnose such feelings as surged through me at that critical moment. I glanced apprehensively around for some method of escape before they should have discovered my presence. I knew I was safe from their recognition, for awhile, under my masquerade of flour and strawberry jelly. Then my eyes fell on a tiny red flame starting up in the buttery. You will doubtless remember that I had a cigar with me? It was between my teeth as I fell in the window, but was knocked out as I struck the flour-bin. It had set fire to the scrim curtains at the window, and even now the cotton was a mass of angry flames.

"'Fire! Fire!' I screamed, and madly tore through the smoke, somehow gained the sill again, and rolled out on the ground beneath. It took me but three minutes to wash off the jelly and flour; then, wild and breathless, I presented myself at the La Farge door, to inform them that I had discovered a burglar escaping from their buttery window, and also proffering my further services to quench the fire. This I did with one bucket of water, and then, modestly,—I felt that I had rescued them enough for one day,— and under cover of their profuse gratitude, with the tearful eyes of Miss La Farge intoxicatingly before me, I turned to go. But Papa La Farge was not content to have it thus. He pulled me, reluctant, before him, and with one hand on my shoulder said:

"'At one time, sir, I mistook you for that incarnation of the demons, a hoodoo; but in exactly twenty hours you have saved my family from the rage of an infuriated bull, the rabid poison of a mad dog, a troop of unscrupulous



"I PLIED MY LATCH-KEY CAREFULLY."

burglars, and the ravages of a seething fire. My former theory, under these miraculous escapes, has been entirely dissipated. I can make but feeble return of our gratitude, sir; but as a slight proof, accept this'; and he placed in my hand— Dear Mrs. Montbeck, have just one more macaroon with which to finish your ice. Permit me.— Yes, my dear grandfather was wont to say, and he was a most considerate— Oh! What was it Mr. La Farge placed in my



"I WILL SEE YOU IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, LATER."

hand? My dear Mrs. Montbeck, it was a one-cent piece! And Miss La Farge's snowy wonder of a hand he placed in the rough one of my valet, who had followed me thither.

"OUT OF THE DENSE GLOOM, À LA LADY MACBETH."

"He was laboring under great excitement, therefore I forgave him; and bestowing the penny—which the good old man had thought was a twenty—on my man, I boldly seized the hand of my divinity, and—

"Well, that is why I married. Now my grandfather used to remark— Just a last almond together, my dear Mrs. Montbeck.—Ah, there is your hostess rising. I will see you in the drawing-room, later.

"Oh! What did my grandfather say, anyway? Why, simply this: he—er—he—why pshaw!—the mischief! My dear Mrs. Montbeck, I have forgotten myself."

LUE ELLEN TETERS.

Remorse.

Do naught today thou mayst regret tomorrow;

For though today may die, its ghost will linger
And haunt thee with a ceaseless sigh of sorrow,

And point remorse with an accusing finger.

Say no unkindly word, or like an ember

In a dead fire, a breath will blow it living;

The worst of punishments is to remember,

When tears are vain and wrongs are past forgiving.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

In the Cinnamon Gardens.



ON reaching Colombo, the tourist in Ceylon very naturally desires to take a drive in the famous cinnamon gardens, which form one of the most interesting features of the suburbs. We were fortunate enough to find time for a visit to them, and I shall never forget the lovely drive we had one fine morning to the tropical paradise where the cinnamon tree grows in wild abundance.

Our course lay through the most charming jungle, and the bright-hued tropical flowers, with swarms of brilliant butterflies hovering around them, produced an array of color almost dazzling. We had expected to have our olfactory organs gratified by the spicy odors associated in our minds with cinnamon, but found that no fragrance is emitted by the shrub until it has been bruised and broken.

On the way to the gardens a quaint-looking structure was pointed out to us which we were told was an old fort used in past times to accommodate a garrison placed there to protect the precious product of the vicinity, or, rather, to protect the government employees from the attacks of wild Kandayan troopers. These bellicose natives, it appears, were in the habit of making raids on the plantations, after the European demand for cinnamon had made it so valuable. Cinnamon growing was at that time a government monopoly; and so jealously was the privilege guarded that if anyone injured a shrub he became liable to a severe flogging, and in case of the destruction of a tree or the taking of any bark the death penalty was exacted. This serves to illustrate how very valuable a commodity cinnamon at one time was, although it has in these times fallen to a second-rate place in the commerce of the island.

We were fortunate in the time of our visit, which was made in May, just at the commencement of the peeling season, and we were therefore afforded the

opportunity of seeing how cinnamon is prepared for the market. The tree, which is known as the cinnamon laurel, in its natural state grows to a height of forty feet; and we were told that it is very plentiful in the forests or jungles in certain parts of Ceylon, where it is apparently indigenous. The shoots from which the sticks of cinnamon are obtained with which we are familiar, seldom grow to a greater height



CUTTING CINNAMON SHOOTS.



TAMIL WOMEN SCRAPING CINNAMON BARK.

than fifteen feet. As our guide informed us, they are cut down to the stump every year, and a new crop of saplings springs up in their place. The young leaves of the cinnamon laurel are at first of a vivid scarlet color, but assume a dark green hue when the berries, which develop from small white flowers, have ripened. These berries are of a brown or purple color,

and a fragrant oil is obtained from them by the natives, with which they anoint their bodies. Wax tapers are also made from the berries, which are used in the temples of the Buddhists.

We saw numbers of the natives at work on the plantations, cutting, stripping, and scraping the cinnamon, preparatory to its being dried and packed for market. It is the inner bark of the "shoot" which furnishes the cinnamon of commerce, and the process of preparation consists of first stripping off the leaves, and after cutting the shoot into pieces of convenient length, a peculiar-looking knife is used with which the bark is slit and then peeled off with the fingers, in pieces as nearly as possible of uniform size. The men who cut and peel the shoots belong entirely to the Chalia caste, and one of the illustrations shows them at work cutting. While thus toiling they do not wear clothes

are composed of assorted cinnamon sticks, and usually weigh about thirty pounds.

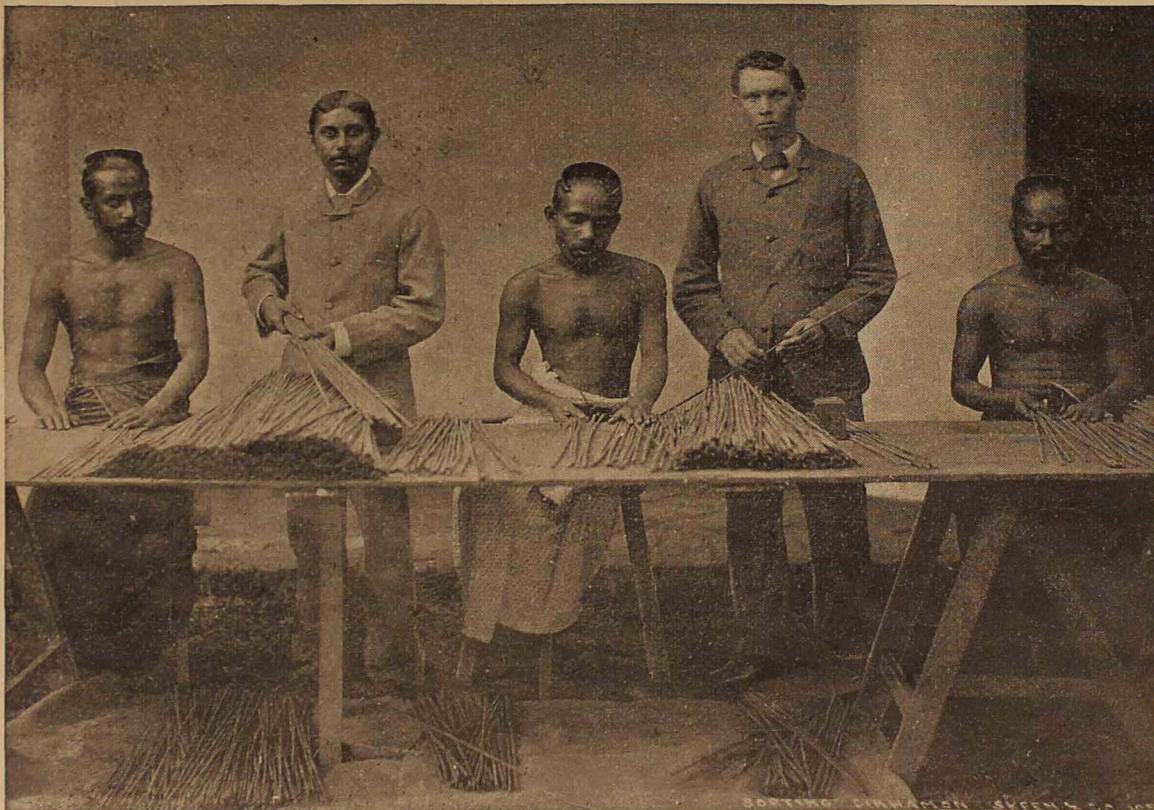
The reason that almost all the cinnamon used today is grown in Ceylon is probably due to two causes. In the first place, although cinnamon is not believed to have been indigenous to Ceylon, nowhere else has it been found so susceptible of the highest cultivation. The cinnamon grown in the Philippine Islands, for instance, is not to be mentioned in comparison with the Ceylon product; in fact, Ceylon cinnamon monopolizes the market. The other cause of its rarity elsewhere is the severe penalties imposed by the Portuguese and Dutch, during their rule in Ceylon, for exporting it, which made it practically impossible to get seeds or plants out of the country for propagation elsewhere. The high price at which cinnamon was kept for a long time was maintained by destroying any surplus that was produced, and thus

making it difficult to obtain. In the latter part of the eighteenth century cinnamon sold for as much as eighteen shillings a pound, where it now fetches but one shilling. The government monopoly has been abolished, and cheaper grades from various tropical countries are now in the market.

One of the peculiarities which surprised us at the plantations, and indeed surprises most people who see it for the first time in connection with such luxuriant vegetation, was that the soil is apparently composed of a glittering white sand; but underneath is a rich soil from which the shrubs draw their

nutriment. The plantations were originally started by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century, and were simply formed by weeding out the other trees in the jungle and thus affording a better opportunity for the cinnamon shrubs to develop. The Dutch followed the Portuguese in the control of this valuable monopoly, and took the most selfish precautions to secure themselves heavy revenue from the sale of the cinnamon crop. We were informed that one of the principal uses to which cinnamon is now put is in the manufacture of chocolate.

ARTHUR FIELD.



SORTING CINNAMON STICKS FOR PACKING.

above their waists, and for a headdress use either a white turban, or coil the hair and fasten it with a comb of tortoise-shell, after the curious fashion peculiar to the male Cingalese. The Chalias earn about twelve cents of our money a day.

It is necessary before taking the next step to lay the bark aside for a time until it is in proper condition for scraping, as the outer skin has to be removed. This is done by curling the still soft and pliable bark around a stick, which is held by the left hand and also secured in position by the feet of the stripper. The outer skin of the bark is then carefully scraped away. The illustration shows a group of Tamil women engaged in scraping cinnamon bark. The pieces are deftly held in place by lodging them in a frame of crossed sticks, and holding them there by means of the toes while the delicate operation is performed. The bark is then placed in the sun to dry, and naturally curls up into the quills which form the article of commerce. Three or four of these quills, or sticks, are placed inside one another to prevent breakage, and the cinnamon is then ready for shipment. Another illustration depicts natives packing the cinnamon, in charge of two superintendents, or "officers." The bundles

The Light of Love.

(See Full-Page Gravure.)

THE artist who portrayed this charming love-scene must have been fresh from reading "The Last Days of Pompeii," for surely Ione and Glaucus must have been in his mind when his imagination conceived this tender scene. We can say with Perdita's father, the old shepherd:

"he loves my daughter.
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best."

IS FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATED PATRIOTICALLY?

INTERESTING OPINIONS contributed especially for Demorest's Magazine, by Robert B. Roosevelt, Walter S. Logan, Colonel Emmons Clark, Mrs. F. B. Thurber, and John E. Parsons.

OPINION OF A SON OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

MR. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, VICE-PRESIDENT OF "THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION."

"Is Fourth of July celebrated patriotically?" Decidedly and enormously. The Sons of the American Revolution are organized largely to stop any downward tendency in this respect. They have done much; but when they began they found the feeling benumbed, if not dead. And what are the causes and where is the evidence? Many people believe suffrage to be a failure. They ask, very pertinently, "Where is the proof that it is a success?" Our free republic has, in its hundred years of life, come very close to a tragic end, and seen the fiercest, bloodiest rebellion the world has ever known. Few people believe that cities can be governed successfully by un-

limited suffrage, and no one can find any way to limit suffrage; but cities are becoming yearly more numerous and populous. If they cannot be governed, free institutions cannot be maintained.

Now personally I yet have faith in the republic. I have twice seen the noble city of New York vindicate her honesty and majesty. Nor do I fear that the foreign element will long remain foreign or fail to furnish good and patriotic citizens; but I am forced to recognize the decadence of patriotism and pride in being a free-born American citizen, and the near peril to American institutions from anarchy, socialism, and populism on the one hand, yet there is a longing for something firmer and more exclusive on the other.

OUR GRANDFATHERS MADE MORE OF FOURTH OF JULY.

MR. WALTER S. LOGAN, LAWYER, AND A PROMINENT MEMBER OF "THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION."

I do not think the glorious Fourth is celebrated as patriotically as it might be. Yet, on the contrary, I believe that the spirit of patriotism among the American people is higher now than it ever was before. There are no armed enemies now threatening our national existence, and we are reasonably free from domestic disturbance, so that the patriot of today is not called upon to shoulder his gun and imperil his life as were the minute men of the Revolution or the soldiers of our Civil War; but there are influences at work today perhaps quite as dangerous as the British redcoats in '76 or the army of Lee in '61. The socialist, the communist, the anarchist, apostles of chaos, are at large.

It is not simply our Constitution, but the foundation of government itself is in danger. It is not alone our national independence, but our very civilization is threatened.

There is certainly as much need for patriotism now as there ever was, and I believe it is being displayed. We see the evidence of it on every hand. Patriotic societies of every

kind are being organized everywhere, and men and women of stern resolve and earnest purpose are giving them their cordial support and co-operation. Civil virtue is found, whenever the occasion calls it forth, in every class in the community. A corrupt ring is overthrown one year in Brooklyn, and the next year, in New York, a dangerous political organization is compelled to bite the dust. Whenever the issue is fairly laid before the people to decide between what is good and what is bad, the response is never left in doubt. Our National and State legislative bodies are not as perfect as they should be, and our legislators are sometimes controlled by unworthy motives; but, on the whole, I believe them to be animated by an earnest and patriotic purpose to serve their country well. Our statesmen and our thinkers compare favorably with those of a generation or two ago, and the masses of the people certainly stand upon a much higher plane than they ever did before.

You ask, "Do I think we exert enough enthusiasm in celebrating Fourth of July publicly?" I answer "No;" and I will join heartily in every effort to make more of our national Independence Day. But fire-crackers and Fourth of July oratory do not furnish the true test of patriotism. Our grandfathers perhaps made more of Fourth of July than we do, but it was because it was about the only picnic day they had in the course of the year; it was not so much a patriotic celebration as a midsummer jollification they were after. Our celebrations of the day may be quieter than theirs, but I think they are none the less earnest; or if it is insisted that they were more patriotic one day in the year, I answer, then, that we are more patriotic the other three hundred and sixty-four.

A SOLDIER'S VIEWS.

COLONEL EMMONS CLARK, COLONEL OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK FROM 1864 TO 1889; NOW SECRETARY OF THE NEW YORK HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

No, Fourth of July is not celebrated patriotically according to generally accepted ideas; but the manifestations and demonstrations of American patriotism are on different lines and less boisterous and pyrotechnic in their character than formerly. The observance of Fourth of July as a holiday is a proper and sufficient recognition of the national anniversary, and the present manner of commemorating that day is modest, sensible, and truly patriotic, and indicates the increased refinement and the higher civilization of the American people.

A WOMAN'S OPINION.

MRS. F. B. THURBER, FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

AMERICAN patriotism possibly has been declining,—I am not certain. However, I believe there is now a positive revival of a patriotic spirit among us, for I see it in many phases of our national life, especially in music. I believe that with the great reviving wave of patriotism in this coun-



try, music is at last to have its place. On Fourth of July, American melodies are played all over this land and in every country in which our Day of Independence is celebrated. We have already an American opera. We have established an institution where a musical education, quite equal to any abroad, can be acquired; and I see, not far ahead, a school of musicians which shall be distinctively American, and which will be recognized as such by all the world.

A LEGAL OPINION.

MR. JOHN E. PARSONS, LAWYER.

IF we were threatened with attack from the outside, or if there were danger of internal disruption, it would be discovered that the patriotic feeling is quiescent, but not diminished. True patriotism does not consist in proclaiming how patriotic we are; it lies under the surface, and is developed as occasion requires. England was as patriotic in the time of Elizabeth and of Charles I.

as in the time of Oliver Cromwell. The difference is in applying the match.

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.



The Last Days of Pompeii.

CONDENSED FROM THE FAMOUS NOVEL BY EDWARD BULWER LYTTON (LORD LYTTON).*

HO, Diomed! well met. Do you sup with Glaucus tonight?"

"Alas! no, dear Clodius; he has not invited me," replied Diomed, a man of portly build and middle age. "By Pollux! a scurvy trick; they say his suppers are the best in Pompeii. But he is not so rich, I imagine, as he affects to be."

"An additional reason for supping with him while the sesterces last. Next year, dear Diomed, we must find another Glaucus. But the day wanes; I am for the baths."

Clodius had arrived in the gay Via Domitiana, when a young man of slender and beautiful symmetry, and whose Grecian origin was betrayed in his light but clustering locks and the perfect harmony of his features, cried out to him.

"What, Clodius! Remember you sup with me tonight."

"Who ever forgets the invitation of Glaucus?" returned Clodius, as the two joined arms. They sauntered gayly along till they neared a point where a graceful temple threw its shade, and there a young girl, carrying a flower-basket on one arm, was singing a wild and half-barbaric air to the soft tones of a musical instrument.

"It is my poor blind Thessalian," said Glaucus, stopping. "Hush! her voice is sweet."

The blind girl started forward when she heard the Athe-

nian speak, then as suddenly paused, while the blood rushed violently to her face, and repeated softly to herself, "Glaucus is returned!"

"Yes, child; my garden wants your care, as before." Nydia smiled joyously; and after purchasing some flowers, Glaucus turned carelessly away.

"So she is a sort of client of yours, this child?" said Clodius.

"Aye, she interests me, poor slave! But come; let us wander from the city and look upon the sea while the noon yet laughs along its billows. I have something on my mind, Clodius, and would unbosom it to you. One day in Naples, several months ago, in the midst of my devotions in the temple of Minerva I was startled by a deep sigh. I turned suddenly and just behind me beheld a lady. Our eyes met, and methought a celestial fire shot from those dark orbs into my soul. Never, my Clodius, have I seen mortal face more exquisitely molded. I guessed at once her lineage. 'Art thou not Athenian, O beautiful maiden?' I asked. 'Yes,' she answered, 'my forefathers' ashes repose by the waters of Ilyssus.'

"The priest now appeared, and together we followed him through the prayer. I felt an emotion of almost sacred tenderness at this companionship. Silently we left the temple. I was about to ask her where she dwelt, when a youth who resembled her took her by the hand. The crowd separated us, and I saw her no more. I can discover no clue to her; and hoping to lose in gayety the remembrance of that beautiful apparition I have plunged into the pleasures of Pompeii."

As Clodius was about to reply, a man of scarce forty years approached with a slow and stately step. His skin, dark and bronzed, betrayed his Eastern origin. A deep, thoughtful calm seemed unalterably fixed in his majestic and commanding gaze. His general bearing was peculiarly sedate and lofty.

"A strange man," said Glaucus, musingly, as they saluted and passed along. "Superior though he seems to pleasure, scandal wrongs Arbaces the Egyptian, or his house and his heart can tell a different tale."

The Egyptian moved toward the graceful temple of Isis. As he approached, a priest, whose countenance was so coarse and repulsive that few could behold it without repugnance, greeted him deferentially.

"My Calenus," said Arbaces, "I desire to speak with you in confidence. It had ever been my maxim," he continued, when they had seated themselves in an inner apartment, "to attach myself to the young. Of the men I make only followers; of women,—I love to unfold the sweet blossom of their natures. In soft and unconscious innocence I find the true charm of love. But enough of this. In Naples I encountered Ione and Apæcides, brother and sister, and the children of Athenians. The death of their parents, who esteemed me, constituted me their guardian. I was not unmindful of the trust. The youth, docile and mild, yielded readily to the impressions I sought to stamp upon him. I taught him the solemn faith of Isis. He is one of you."

"He is so," replied Calenus; "but now he is horror-struck that he is no longer deceived."

"That is what I feared," said Arbaces. "Of late he has shunned my steps. I must find him and lead him back, for his sister Ione I intend for my queen,—my bride. She has a beauty Greece itself never excelled, and she has a lofty soul,—a soul worthy to match with mine. I wish to enjoy a beauty of spirit as of form."

"She is not yours yet, then?" said the priest.

"No, she loves me, but as a friend. It is true that she has been more silent of late than formerly. That may be the beginning of love; but it is time for me to commence

* Almost everyone, nowadays, manages somehow to read the books of modern fiction-writers while they are still hot from the press, often at the same time regretting the lack of leisure to read many famous works of fiction by earlier writers. For those who desire to be familiar with the writings of authors whose works are considered standard, yet who have not the time to read lengthy books, we this month introduce a new feature, the condensation of a noted novel by a popular standard author. This feature we propose to make a permanent one, giving concise, lucid condensations of famous standard works of fiction; not mere synopses, but retaining all the salient incidents of the plot and the exact language of the author, so the reader may not only become familiar with the story, but also with the distinctive style of the writer, and thus be able to form a just estimate of his merits, and to converse understandingly about them.

my operations on her heart. It is for this that I have sought you. I am about to invite her to a feast at my house. I wish to dazzle and inflame her senses, and to this end the arts of Isis must be employed. Under the veil of the mysteries of religion I will open to her the secret of my love."

The sun shone gayly through the casements of the house of Glaucus, but far more happily came the rays of joy to his young heart. "Ah, that joyous night!" he exclaimed, rapturously, as he paced his chamber. "I have seen her again whom I met in the temple! I have listened to the music of her voice; I have looked into her lustrous eyes and found a smile there for me. She has invited me to her house. This very day will I go."

When Glaucus sought the house of Ione he found her sitting among her attendants, pensive, and even more beautiful by the morning light than amid the blaze of lamps. They spoke of Greece. He had seen the land of poetry in the poetical age of early youth, and Ione listened to him absorbed and mute; dearer to her were those accents than all the prodigal adulation of her numberless admirers. Was it a sin to love her countryman? She loved Athens in him. Their love was sudden, but it was strong. And it was natural that they should so love. Young, beautiful, gifted, of the same birth, there was poetry in their union.

Arbaces paid frequent visits to the house of his ward. Soon after the first visit of Glaucus he pursued his slow and stately way thither, and on entering the peristyle found the Athenian seated by the side of Ione. He approached them with a step so soft and echoless that even the attendants heard him not.

"And yet," Glaucus was saying, "it is only before we love that we imagine the poets have truly described the passion. Their words only exist in the night of the heart, and fade like stars before the sun when true love comes."

"A gentle and glowing image, noble Glaucus."

Both started and recognized behind the chair of Ione the cold and sarcastic face of the Egyptian.

"You are a sudden guest," said Glaucus; and after a few moments of embarrassed conversation took his leave. Unconscious of the enemy he had left behind, he passed through the gay streets repeating to himself soft music in the very wantonness of joy, for he had just learned that his love was not unwelcome to Ione.

After he had gone, Arbaces, drawing his chair near to Ione's, said in his soft tones,

"Think not, my sweet pupil, that I wish to shackle the liberty which is so dear to you; but have you thought of those censorious tongues which can easily blight the tender reputation of a maiden?"

"What mean you, Arbaces?" asked Ione, in alarm.

"This young profligate, this Glaucus, hast thou seen him often? Know, my Ione, that it was but yesterday that Glaucus boasted openly—yes, in the public baths—of your love for him. He said it amused him to take advantage of it. I own it vexed me to hear your name thus lightly tossed from lip to lip. But think no more of it or him, Ione. These insults only wound when they come from one we love. Far different is he whom the lofty Ione shall stoop to love."

"Love," muttered Ione, with a hysterical laugh. "Aye, indeed."

When the Egyptian left her presence her woman's pride deserted her, and the haughty Ione burst into passionate tears. The supposed indifference, the indelicacy of Glaucus, stung her to the quick. She retired to her most secluded chamber and denied herself to the crowds that besieged her door. Glaucus was excluded with the rest. He wondered, but he guessed not why. I said she was denied to all; but

there was one exception. Arbaces entered with the license of one who feels that he is privileged and at home. Every day he saw Ione, and set about with consummate art to poison her mind against Glaucus and to prepare her for the impressions he desired her to receive. The vast variety of his knowledge enabled him to adorn every subject upon which he touched, and Ione, despite her sadness, was carried away by the magic of his intellect.

"You have never seen," he said one day, "the interior of my house. It contains some rooms which may explain to you what you have often asked me to describe,—the fashion of an Egyptian house. Devote, then, to the austere friend of your youth, one of these bright summer evenings, and let me boast that my gloomy mansion has been honored by the presence of the admired Ione."

Unconscious of the dangers that awaited her, Ione readily assented to the proposal; and the next evening was fixed for the visit.

When she entered the spacious hall of the Egyptian there seemed to her something ominous in the still, mournful faces of the marble monsters and the no less rigid countenances of the slaves. A tall Ethiopian admitted her and motioned her to proceed. Half-way up the hall she was met by Arbaces himself, in festive robes glistening with jewels.

"Beautiful Ione," he said, as he bent to touch her hand, "you eclipse the day, your eyes light up the hall, your breath fills them with perfume."

He led her through various chambers, which seemed to contain the treasures of the world. At last they passed into a narrow hall, at the end of which hung a sable curtain. A soft light diffused itself around, and Ione perceived that she was in an apartment hung everywhere in black. In the center was a small altar upon which stood a tripod of bronze. Suddenly from it leaped a blue, darting flame. The curtain behind waved tremulously, it parted slowly, and in the aperture thus made Ione beheld an indistinct landscape, before which a dim shadow glided. It rested opposite to her and took form, and lo!—in its features Ione beheld herself. Then this scene faded and was succeeded by the representation of a gorgeous palace, in the center of which a throne was raised. A new actor now appeared. He was clothed in a dark robe, his face concealed. He knelt at the feet of the shadowy Ione, he clasped her hand, and pointed to the throne as if to invite her to ascend.

"Shall the shadow disclose itself?" whispered the voice of Arbaces.

"Ah, yes," answered Ione softly.

Arbaces raised his hand. The specter seemed to drop the mantle which concealed it, and Ione shrieked. It was Arbaces himself who thus knelt before her.

"This is, indeed, thy fate," whispered the Egyptian. "Thou art destined to be the bride of Arbaces."

The black curtains came together, and the real Arbaces was at her feet.

"Rise, Arbaces," she said, when she had recovered from her astonishment. "Think not that I scorn, that I am not honored by this homage; but listen calmly. I love another."

"By the gods!" shouted Arbaces, "do not mock me; it is impossible." He came nearer to her. He put his arms around her. Despair gave Ione supernatural strength. She tore herself from him. He seized her; again she broke away and fell exhausted. Arbaces paused for an instant, and once more darted at his prey.

At that instant the curtain was roughly drawn aside; the Egyptian turned and beheld before him the flashing eyes of Glaucus, and the pale and menacing countenance of Apæcides. Glaucus caught Arbaces fiercely, and they became locked in each other's grasp,—the hand of each seeking the

throat of the other the faces drawn back, the eyes flashing, the muscles strained. The marble floor was smooth as glass. The Greek lost his footing, he slid, he fell. Arbaces planted his foot on the breast of his fallen foe. Apæcides rushed forward, his knife gleamed in the air; but the watchful Egyptian caught his arm as it descended, and with one sweeping blow stretched him to the earth. With an exultant yell Arbaces brandished his knife on high. At that awful instant the floor shook under them with a convulsive throes; a mightier spirit than that of Arbaces was abroad,—the demon of the earthquake. Far and wide along the soil went a hoarse, rumbling sound. The curtains shook as with the blast of a storm. The altar rocked, the tripod reeled; and as the Egyptian stooped over his intended victim, upon his own bended form struck the marble mass, and stretched him out like the blow of death.

“But tell me, Glaucus,” said Ione, as they glided down the rippling Sarnus in their boat of pleasure, “how camest thou with Apæcides to my rescue from that bad man?”

“Ask Nydia yonder,” answered the Athenian, pointing to the blind girl, who sat a little way from them leaning pensively on her lyre; “she must have thy thanks, not we. It seems she had learned that you had gone to the Egyptian’s house, and knowing of the dangers of the place she sought thy brother in his temple, and he accompanied her; on their way they encountered me. We entered the house. Thou knowest the rest.”

Weeks passed. It was now August, and the next month Ione and Glaucus were to be married. Of Arbaces they heard only that he still lived; he left the lovers undisturbed, but it was only to brood over the hour and method of revenge.

In his richly furnished apartment Arbaces had sunk into a deep reverie when a slave boy timidly informed him that a lady of rank sought an audience.

“Do not disturb thyself, O great Egyptian,” the visitor said when she entered, “I am Julia, the daughter of Diomed, and would consult with thee.”

“And what, O maiden,” said Arbaces, in his deep voice, “would you ask of the Eastern stranger?”

“Alas!” said Julia, “does not sorrow fly to wisdom for relief? If the truth must be confessed, I love, and my love is unrequited. It is a love charm, indeed, that I would seek from thy skill.”

“Fair stranger,” replied Arbaces, “I have left the witchery of philters to those whose trade is in such knowledge, yet I am not so dull to beauty but that I will aid you if I can. Tell me the name of thy lover.”

“He is of Athens,” replied Julia, looking down.

“Ha!” cried the Egyptian, as the blood rushed to his cheeks. “There is but one Athenian in Pompeii so young, so rich, so beautiful, as to disdain the radiant Julia. Can it be Glaucus of whom thou speakest?”

“Ah, betray me not; so indeed they call him.”

“Maiden,” said the Egyptian, earnestly, “thy suit hath moved me. I have not dabbled myself in these lesser mysteries; but at the base of Vesuvius there dwells a powerful witch whose art can bring thy lover to thy feet. Seek her, and mention the name of Arbaces; she fears that name, and will give thee her most powerful philters. Fear not, Ione shall never wed with Glaucus.”

Left alone, Arbaces burst forth:

“Bright stars of destiny, in the very hour when my mind could devise no clue to the goal of vengeance ye have sent me this fair fool for a guide.” He paused in deep thought. “Yes,” he said again, “I could not myself have given her the poison; his death might be traced to my door. But the witch! Ah, there is the fit agent for my designs.”

He tarried only for night to seek the saga of Vesuvius. High and clear shone the moon on that dark wayfarer as he approached the mouth of the cavern and crossed the unhalloved threshold. The witch was seated on a stone bench with an aspect of deathlike and grim repose. “Rise, servant of Nox and Erebus!” said Arbaces, “a superior in thine art salutes thee.” As he spoke he drew aside his robe and revealed a cincture seemingly of fire, that burned around his waist. She rose hastily and threw herself at his feet.

“I have seen, then, the Lord of the Mighty Girdle; vouchsafe my homage.”

“Rise,” said the Egyptian, “I have need of thee. Whatever art we possess in sorcery,” he continued, “we are sometimes driven to natural means to attain our ends. There comes to thee by tomorrow’s starlight a vain maiden seeking of thine art a love-charm to fascinate from another the eyes that should utter soft tales to hers alone. Instead of philters give the maiden one of thy most powerful poisons.”

“It shall be done, O master,” said the witch, with an evil chuckle and horrid grin that intensified the ghastliness of that face, which seemed to bear the stamp of centuries. “I will prepare a potion that will sear and blast the brain,—that will make him who quaffs it a raving, benighted thing.”

“’Tis well, I will trust you.” And casting upon the floor a heavy purse Arbaces passed out into the moonlight and down the mountain.

What joy to Julia! Accompanied by the blind girl Nydia, whom she had encouraged to come to her house that she might hear of Glaucus, and by a faithful slave Arbaces had sent as a guide, she had made the journey to the lonely mountain and the weird cavern of the witch. She obtained the potent philter.

“Now my rival shall be indifferent in his eyes, and I alone the idol of Glaucus!” she said rapturously.

“‘Glaucus!’” exclaimed Nydia.

“Aye. I told thee it was not the Athenian whom I loved, but it is the beautiful Greek.”

What were Nydia’s emotions! She had assisted in tearing Glaucus from Ione, but only to transfer his affections to another. A thought flashed across her; she might possess herself of the potion.

Julia was exhausted and slept soundly that night, forgetting Nydia, who remained with her. The blind girl rose gently in the early hours of morning, and pressing her trembling hand under Julia’s pillow seized the potion, poured it into a jeweled bottle which Julia had given her, refilled the vial with water, which Julia had assured her it so much resembled, and replaced it under Julia’s head. When the sun had risen she noiselessly dressed herself and hastened to leave the house.

“Glaucus,” she murmured, “all the love-charms of the wildest magic could not make thee love me as I love thee; but oh, joy! thy fate is in my hands.”

When Glaucus returned home that day he found Nydia seated under the portico of his garden.

“Ho! child, wait you for me? It is warm,” he continued. “I long for some cooling drink.”

“I will prepare one for you myself,” she quickly answered, “the summer draught that Ione loves.” She withdrew and returned with the cup containing the beverage. Glaucus raised it to his lips and had already drained a fourth of its contents, when, suddenly glancing at the face of Nydia he was struck by its intense and strange expression. As he was about to speak a sudden pang shot coldly to his heart and was followed by a wild, dizzy sensation at the brain. He seemed to move on air; a mighty and unearthly gladness

rushed upon his spirit. He burst involuntarily into a thrilling laugh, and raved of Ione.

"Glaucus, Glaucus," murmured Nydia, in anguish and dismay.

"Who calls?" he shouted. "Ione, it is she! They have borne her off. I come, Ione, to thy rescue. I come, I come!" and rushed down the starlit streets till he came to the lonely grove of Cybele.

Impatient to learn whether the fell drug had yet been administered, Arbaces, as the evening fell, took his way to the villa of Diomed. Softly bright shone the moonbeams over the antique grove dedicated to Cybele. The Egyptian entered the extreme end, and when he had proceeded a little way Apæcides crossed his path.

"Ah, Apæcides," said Arbaces, "when last we met you were my foe; but I would have you still my friend and pupil."

"Villain and impostor!" exclaimed the youth, "tremble! Even now I prepare the hour when thou and thy false gods shall be unveiled, and the name of Arbaces a mark for hisses and execrations. Tremble!"

The flush on the Egyptian's brow was succeeded by a livid paleness. All his fierce passions were aroused. One hasty glance he cast around. None were near; and just as Apæcides had turned to depart, Arbaces raised his hand high and plunged his sharp weapon into the youth's breast, and he fell mute and lifeless. The Egyptian was about to go when he saw coming up the path the figure of a young man whose steps vacillated strangely as he advanced. It was Glaucus.

"Ha!" muttered Arbaces, "so the draught works." Withdrawing amongst the boughs he waited till the Athenian had come to the dead body and paused in bewilderment. Then he sprang from his hiding-place, and raising his voice to its highest pitch, he shouted:

"Ho, citizens! Run hither, hither! A murder! Help! or the murderer escapes!"

Fast and breathless thronged the citizens to the place. They raised the body, and great was their horror and sacred indignation to find in that lifeless clay a priest of the venerable Isis; but greater still was their surprise when they learned that the accused was the brilliant and admired Athenian.

"He raves," said an officer, compassionately, "and in his delirium has struck the priest. A pity, so rich, so young! but the crime is dreadful."

At these words the crowd were reminded of the heinousness of the sacrilege, and shuddered in pious horror.

"Away with him to prison!" they cried.

A woman's voice was heard shrilly and joyously above the rest,

"The beasts will not want a gladiator now."

At this moment a priest of Isis stepped forward.

"I claim these remains," he said, "according to the custom of the priesthood."

Arbaces turned and met the eye of the priest Calenus. There was something so sinister and significant in that glance that the Egyptian muttered to himself, "Could he have witnessed the deed? I must protect myself against him if it is so. Perhaps I can lure him to the vaults beneath my mansion with promises of reward for silence from the glittering heaps of gold that he thinks are gathered there. The brazen doors close quickly, and once closed upon him never more in this world will be heard the voice of the priest Calenus."

When the last duties to her brother were performed, Ione awoke from her absorption and thought of her affianced.

"Averting gods!" she exclaimed, "and have I been so

long neglectful of him? Let me hasten to do him justice, —to show that I, the nearest relative of the dead, believe him innocent of the charge."

But the prætors and friends of Glaucus were powerless before the fierce demands of the people for the sacrifice of the supposed slayer of the priest of sacred Isis. Though still weak from the effect of the poison, Glaucus was condemned to fight with a slender stylus the famished lion at the public games.

Grayly broke the dawn upon the last day of Pompeii. The air was uncommonly calm and sultry, yet it was remarked by the early fishermen that the waves of the sea were agitated. Clear above the low mist rose the time-worn towers of the ancient town, the red-tiled roofs of the bright streets, and the solemn columns of many temples. In the distance the outline of circling hills soared above the vapors. The cloud that had long rested over the crest of Vesuvius had vanished; its haughty brow looked without a frown over the beautiful scenes below. The streets were crowded with citizens and strangers, and noisily, fast, confusedly, flowed the many streams of life toward the amphitheater. Amid fierce joy and desperate encounters and the outpouring of the life-blood of the gladiators the day wore on till at last, amid a deep and breathless hush, the editor exclaimed:

"Bring forth the Athenian and the lion!"

When Glaucus came forth from his cell the hot air smote witheringly upon him; but when he saw the eyes of thousands turned toward him, all weakness, all fear, was gone. A haughty flush overspread the paleness of his features. In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form he seemed the very incarnation of the valor of his land,—at once a hero and a god! The murmur of hatred at his crime, which had greeted his entrance, died away into the silence of admiration; a vast sigh, as from a single throat, was heard, and the gaze of the spectators turned to a dark object in the center of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion!

Slowly, with quivering lip, the editor gave the sign. The lion leaped forward with a mighty and glad roar of release. Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture to meet the expected rush of the lion, but, to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast did not even seem aware of the presence of the Greek. It halted abruptly in the arena, and anxiously snuffed the upper air. At half-speed it circled round and round the space, seeking some avenue of escape. At length it crept with a moan into its cage again. The keeper was approaching to goad the beast, when a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena, and suddenly Sallust, the bosom friend of Glaucus, appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled, heated, breathless.

"Remove the Athenian!" he shouted. "He is innocent! Arrest Arbaces, the Egyptian! He is the murderer of Apæcides! Room there! Give way! Fix every eye on Arbaces,—there he sits. Room there for the priest Calenus!"

"It is the priest Calenus," said the prætor, gravely. "What hast thou to say?"

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apæcides. I, priest of Isis, saw him deal the blow. It was from the dungeon into which he plunged me, that the gods, through their tool, the blind girl Nydia, have raised me at the last moment to proclaim his crime."

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people, questioning not the word of a priest of venerated Isis. "Remove the Athenian! Arbaces to the lion!"

In terror which beat down even pride, the Egyptian glanced over the crowd which rushed to seize him. Then he glanced heavenward. He stretched his hand on high, and over his lofty brow came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"Behold!" he shouted, "the fires of Orcus burst forth against my accusers."

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine-tree, the trunk, blackness, the branches, fire. There arose on high the universal shrieks of women, the men stared at each other and were dumb; the walls of the theater trembled; they heard the crash of falling roofs. No longer the crowd thought of Arbaces. Each turned to fly, pressing, dashing, crushing, against the others. Amid groans and oaths, prayers and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages.

The officers fled with the rest and left Glaucus to save himself. He and Nydia, who had joined him, ran swiftly through the narrow streets. He learned from the blind girl that Ione was in the house of Arbaces. Thither he fled to save her. He rushed forward, shattered the door, and seized her in his arms. They hastened onward, these three, they knew not whither. The blackness became utter. In the pauses of the showers of ashes they heard the groaning waves of the tortured sea, and the hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. The ashes in many places were already knee deep. Along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved, for several houses had been set on fire, and the flames rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. Frequently by the momentary light of torches parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying toward the sea, and others flying from the sea back to the land; for the ocean had retreated from the shore. Ever as the winds swept down the streets they bore sharp streams of burning dust and sickening, poisonous vapors.

"O Glaucus, my beloved, my own, take me in thine arms. One embrace, and in that embrace let me die. I can no more."

"For my sake, courage yet, sweet Ione," exclaimed Glaucus; but another and yet another shower of ashes scatters desolation along the street, and Glaucus, his bold heart at last quelled, sank beneath the cover of an arch, and, clasping Ione to his heart, resigned himself to die. Darkness once more wrapped them as a veil. Nydia stooped down, she called upon the name of Glaucus.

"Arise! follow me," she said. "Glaucus, thou shalt be saved!"

Half-leading, half-carrying Ione, Glaucus followed his guide. She, being blind, was not dismayed by the darkness, as were the others, and with admirable discretion avoided the crowds. At last they gained the shore and joined a group, who, bolder than the rest, resolved to hazard any peril of the waters rather than to continue in such a scene. In darkness they put forth to sea. Utterly exhausted and worn out, Ione slept on the breast of Glaucus, and Nydia lay at his feet.

Meekly, softly, beautifully, dawned the light over the trembling deep; the winds were sinking to rest. Around the East a thin mist caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning. Sullen and dull were the shores so lately crested by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, in whose smothered depths lay the bodies of Arbaces, Julia, and the friends of Glaucus.

In the silence of the general rest aboard the vessel Nydia rose gently: she bent over the face of Glaucus. Timidly and sadly she kissed his brow.

"May you be happy with your beloved one, Glaucus," she murmured. "May you sometimes remember Nydia. Alas! she is of no further use on earth."

A sailor, half-dozing on the deck, heard a slight splash in the waters. Drowsily he looked up, and fancied he beheld something white on the waves; but it vanished in an instant.

When the lovers awoke their first thought was of each other, their next, of Nydia. She was not to be found. There was no trace of her. Mysterious from first to last, the blind Thessalian had vanished forever from the living world. They guessed her fate in silence; and forgetting their own deliverance, wept as for a departed sister.

Common Errors in Speech.

THE study of words and their proper use is of the utmost importance to all civilized beings, and it is that part of education which should receive the first attention. Far from being an ornament or refinement of knowledge or an accomplishment, it is a necessity; it being by our speech, primarily, that our fellow-beings form their judgments upon us.

Cultured speech should be the same everywhere; but, alas! what should be is contradicted by fact, for, everywhere, there crop out little provincialisms which the force of habit and constant intercourse have fixed beyond the power of knowledge to eradicate. Thus, that important but small word *i-dē-ā* is in some parts of our country pronounced *i'dē-ū*, and in others receives an *r* on the end and is drawled out into *i-dē'ār*. Final *a* should always sound like *ā* in *father*, but care must be exercised to utter it in a short, crisp manner, thus avoiding any possibility of the listening ear's hearing a superfluous *r* on the end.

We frequently hear such expressions as "You *had better* do it," "I *had rather* go in," and similar ones occur in standard writings; yet they are incorrect, and are examples of inaccurate thought creeping into general usage. The thought implies the exercise of will-power and preference, and the verb *will* should be used. Say "You *would better* do it;" "I *would rather* go in;" "He *would better* see to the matter now."

Do not say *heighth*; there is no such word in the English or any other language. Heedless habit has added the final *h*, because *length*, *breadth*, *depth*, etc., have it; the correct word is *height*. If you will simply set a watch upon your lips, observe carefully the speech of educated and cultivated people, and frequently consult a dictionary, you will find none of your possible faults of speech are *ir-rep'ār-ā-ble*,—not *ir-re-pār'ā-ble*. Remember that the accent is on the second syllable of *horizon*,—*hō-rī'zon*, not *hōr'ī-zon*; upon the first of *exquisite*,—*ex'quī-sīte*, not *ex-quī'site*,—and of *comparable*,—*cōm-pēr-ā-ble*, not *cōm-pār'ā-ble*; and upon the second syllable of *irrevocable*,—*ir-rēv'ō-kā-ble*, not *ir-rē-vō'kā-ble*.

Don't call your overshoes "*rubbers*," nor your gloves "*kids*;" "*rubbers*" can be of various kinds and for many purposes; the care-takers who rub down an athlete after exercise are "*rubbers*," and an eraser is a "*rubber*." Anything drawn on over a shoe for protection is an overshoe. *Leisure* rhymes with *seizure*, not with *measure*; and *heinous* is pronounced *hāy'nūs*, not *hee'nūs* nor *hē'in-ūs*. The words *first* and *ill* have but one form for both adjective and adverb; there being no such words as *firstly* and *illy*: examples of their correct use are: "*First*, let us consider pronunciation;" and "He can *ill* afford the expense;" "It *ill* becomes you to reproach me."

Below will be found the key * to pronunciation given with previous articles on this subject. It should be carefully consulted before attempting to commit the pronunciation of the corrected words to memory.

* *ā* as in fate; *ā*, fat; *ā*, care; *ā*, ask; *ā*, father; *ē*, me; *ē*, met; *ē*, her; *ī*, pine; *ī*, pin; *ō*, note; *ō*, not; *ō*, for; *ōō*, mood; *ōō*, foot; *ū*, use; *ū*, us; *ū*, fur; *g* like *z*; sibilant *s* as in list.

Society Fads.

LET there be a new fruit introduced on the smart dinner-table, or a new sport popularized in society, and the obedient worshippers at Mrs. Grundy's throne await her dictum as to the proper etiquette in which to approach and utilize the novelty. Recognizing the bicycle as a fixture in society, this wise and autocratic old lady has set diligently about the business of outlining a series of polite rules and courtesies of the wheel. "Every young woman who wheels, whether alone or in the company of a masculine friend, must be duly chaperoned," she says. Bicycles do not run away with and throw their riders, or rear and kick, as lively horses often do, but they are guilty of various tricks causing accidents, and so it is unsafe for a woman, in country or parks, to wheel alone. Smart girls therefore keep two bicycles; one for their own use and one for a groom, who, in the full livery for horseback, must follow at a respectful distance, and carry, strapped under his saddle, such restoratives and sewing materials as his mistress might need in event of a mishap. If there is no groom to be had, this enterprising young lady orders her maid into a trim plain black gown with a wide leather belt clasped with a big brass buckle, and has her along for protection. When she takes a spin with a man friend, the groom or maid always follows for chaperonage, and the man himself must be well versed in wheel etiquette. He must know enough to ride always on the left side of his fair companion, and thus have his strong right hand free to grasp firmly at any moment her handle bar; he must always precede her down hills and around corners, in order to make sure the "going" is safe. Climbing hills he of course runs her machine up when that is necessary; where the "going" is bad he walks beside her with one hand on her wheel; he rides between her and any vehicle; and on no account ever challenges her to race. "'Tis the acme of bad taste," says Mrs. Grundy, who has wheeled herself and knows, and whose word is never disputed.

SOME years ago Americans easily bore away the palm for wide traveling, even from their restless English cousins; and so great is the exodus across the Atlantic at this season that jewelers and silversmiths, leather-workers and publishers, have found it to their advantage to cater liberally to the growing taste for bestowing parting souvenirs. Instead of flowers in great baskets and bouquets, that merely cumber the small space of one's stateroom, the sensible custom now is to send the feminine travelers nosegays meant to pin at one's corsage and wear while saying good-by and the first day out. These breast-knots of roses and maidenhair fern have their stems wound in tin-foil, and to them the giver adds a silver flower-pin, a long, flexible affair, like a hat-pin, but finished at the top with a little silver dolphin or mermaid. Among the pretty trifles women give to women are wee pouches made of the softest tinted *Suède*, lined with silk and rimmed with silver, meant to hang about the neck by a silver chain and hold one's precious rings. This is worn under one's bodice, of course, as are the traveling money-pockets that are also made of *Suède*, silver-bound, and strapped about one's waist by a silk belt and silver buckle. A woman may give her man friend a little case made of gray water-snake skin, to hold his cuff-buttons, studs, rings, watch, and scarf-pins. It is flat and will fit in a breast pocket, and can be placed under the pillow at night; and being nearly air-tight it keeps all the gold and silver bright in the sea atmosphere. Jewelers make charming little amulet lockets, to suspend about the neck by a fine gold chain, and recommend them as a protection against storms at sea.

These are copied from ancient Chinese and Portuguese charms, as are the pierced gold disks for stringing on a bangle bracelet, which are warranted to ward off *mal de mer*. It is the custom to have these souvenirs sent directly to the departing friend's stateroom, also a cone-shaped bag, woven of bright-colored silk cords in wide net pattern, filled with lemons, oranges, and a few small cocoanuts. The last-named fruits are tied with colored ribbons holding a small pointed steel pick for puncturing the tender spot on the nut, to allow the milk to flow. Oranges and lemons are wound in tissue-paper wrappers, and it is the juice of these fruits that physicians advocate highly for travelers. When the nut bag is emptied of its contents it becomes an excellent catch-all for wraps, etc., and a pretty souvenir to preserve.

THE autograph album with its countless uninteresting and unimportant signatures and sentiments has given place entirely before a more precious collection of mementos gathered by the fashionable and enthusiastic young woman. With opera and music lovers it takes the form of what the owner calls her Jean de Reszke or Alvary book. On its heavy brown-paper pages she pastes the photographs of these tenors, taken in the rôles and costumes she admires above all others, and bearing the singers' autographs. In addition she pastes on the other leaves programmes of special opera-nights of interest, newspaper criticisms carefully clipped, and, perhaps, an autograph letter from the interesting creature himself. Between the leaves are often pressed a few violets, a single rose, or a laurel-leaf, snatched from some bouquet or wreath thrown to the artist. In addition to the books, these music and romance loving *débutantes* keep small pasteboard boxes, closed up all save a narrow slit in the top through which, all summer, the pennies, dimes, and nickels patter. These are marked "opera boxes," and will be opened next winter when the French and German singers return, and their contents invested in those most desirable pieces of pasteboard all women covet,—matinée tickets. Young women who find no special enchantment in the opera, in Paderewski, or Ysaye, collect albums of their favorite authors. One meets all sorts of Trilby souvenirs gathered between gilt and morocco covers, or tokens of Van Bibber in white and blue vellum bindings; for eternally will the girlish idealism of romance spring in the heart of womankind.

"BLESSED be the woman of an original turn of mind," says Society, that wearies so quickly of the newest amusements and follows that will o' the wisp "novelty" wherever it may lead. At the moment the most popular of entertainments is an open-air breakfast *à la fourchette*. The scheme is this: To set up a broad, gayly striped tent awning on the lawn, near the blooming garden-beds and under shade-trees. The sides of the tent are open, the poles wound with flowers, and the table decorated with the blossoms of field and meadow. The feast is announced exactly at noon. In white wicker chairs, bright with flowers and ribbons woven through the wickerwork, the guests are seated; and on the new French and Dutch breakfast-china decorated with quaint little scenes and verses, are served with an elaborate but very dainty repast. Men in white caps, aprons, and duck coats, bring the dishes from a second but inclosed marquee, where an experienced *chef* prepares the delicate dishes over charcoal stoves and alcohol braziers. The women guests, hatless and in dainty gowns, the men in white yachting-suits, prolong the pleasures of the table until two o'clock, when a short German is danced until four, and so the larger half of one day is delightfully taken off one's own incompetent hands.

The Discomfiture of Harlowe Graham.

HARLOWE GRAHAM, crushing that white sheet beneath a heavy hand, rose from his chair with an ejaculation that made the very pens in their tray dance tinklingly.

"By Jove! this is hard luck," he repeated, and he strode the length of his office frowningly. "Coming this week! And to play the deuce with——" but he did not finish the sentence. There are thoughts that a man hesitates to form into cold-blooded English; and the man who paced that office floor and kicked defenseless rugs and chairs from his path found it easier to recognize in thought than in speech the state of affairs that so irritated him.

Old Mrs. Post, who dusted his office, and just as vigilantly whisked all such friendly covering from the private affairs of Millport, would have been less squeamish. Indeed, that very morning she had been heard to say to her be-capped and be-frilled neighbor Mrs. Pennypacker, that there would be "the old gentleman to pay" when Miss Eleanor came home; which "old gentleman," to judge from her expression, was a creditor in not too high repute for his leniency. "An' w'ether 'e'll break wi' her an' marry Miss Celia, 'e can't do it graceful, nor to break wi' Miss Celia an' marry her, no more;" at which lucid statement of the affair the cap and frills of Mrs. Pennypacker nodded sagaciously.

Harlowe Graham would probably have twisted his blonde mustache with many degrees of added fierceness had he dreamed that gossiping cronies dared consider thus officiously matters that to him were as grave as they were unmentionable.

His engagement to pretty Eleanor Field had been of too long standing to be ignored by any save the very one whom he chose to have ignore it, handsome Celia Chichester. This charming young woman, having lived all her life abroad, had returned with accomplishments that included a knowledge of all the affairs on two continents, save, perhaps, the one very insignificant affair of Mr. Graham's engagement, which affair that gentleman, in the triumph of his friendship with her lofty self, was quite willing to relegate to the dim and cobwebby past.

All this had seemed delightfully easy until now, when this most unwelcome letter had informed him that Eleanor would be home within the week, her master in music having been called away at just about the time that the extremely hot weather in New York made a change very desirable on her own account.

He smoothed out the crumpled sheet and re-read the letter, its under-current of excitement and happy anticipation adding a loftily bored expression to the annoyance on his face.

"Silly and tiresome!" he exclaimed. "And to think that she's actually coming. If it had but been three weeks later!" his reason for the wish being another of those things quite "without form and void" upon his tongue, though clear enough within his mind.

Another than Mrs. Post might have guessed, however, that before making any firmer the bonds that held him to his old love, he would like time to exactly define his position toward the new.

Harlowe Graham's care not to admit to his own mind the bare truth concerning his contemplated course was due to the fact that he considered himself a man of such fine and sterling honor that this quality of his could be only equaled by the rare mental and social elements that went to make up his somewhat exceptional character. But, however he might contrive to deceive himself, his purpose was none the less fixed to see Miss Chichester before another day had passed,

and determine just how successful had been his attentions to her.

Alas! that plans projected with real skill and diplomacy must fall so far short of fulfilment! In the Chichester drawing-room, that evening, he found a party of friends from a distance entertaining Miss Celia in so lively a manner as to utterly preclude anything in the nature of the quiet *tête-à-tête* he so desired. In the entire week of their visit he was no more fortunate; and before the end of that time Eleanor had returned.

Graham knew of her arrival almost at once; but he considered that he had most excellent reasons for not going near her home until several days later. When, finally, he stood at the threshold of the little house, inquiring for her, he was informed that Eleanor, feeling indisposed, could not see him; and he never knew that the little girl herself, at her window above the fragrant rose-vines, watched him out of sight, with throbbing head and eyes that were red from weeping. With various embellishments, Eleanor had been told by one and another the story of Harlowe's defection; and beneath her gentle tractableness there lay an under stratum of such sturdy pride that no power could have compelled her to see him until she felt she could control in a measure the sickening disappointment at her heart.

It was the following morning, while she sat rather listlessly at the old-fashioned piano, that big Tom Chandler, their next-door neighbor, ran in with a budget of news.

"The Carters are home again in their lovely place on the Pétillant," he exclaimed, "and the dear madam has written me to bring up a party for the Fourth. It'll be no end of fun,—and of course I thought of you right away. In fact, Mrs. Carter made a special request for you; and Mrs. Carter, you know, takes no denials."

"I want you to go," Mrs. Field said, with gentle authority. "It will be a most delightful rest for you as well as a pleasant visit. You haven't seen the Carters for three years."

"I know," Eleanor answered, slowly; then, with sudden resolve, "Thank you very much, Tom; I will go gladly."

And glad enough she looked on that brilliant morning, sitting in the prow of the little tug whose speed through the waters caused the wind to whirl the flaxen tendrils about her shapely head and call up the straying color to her cheek. Harlowe was relieved to have gotten somehow through the form of greeting her, and back where the white waters rippled from the stern he leaned above Miss Celia's chair, but faintly and uneasily conscious of her existence.

It was not until they were well up the Pétillant and making the landing in the Carters' slip that his attention was called rather startlingly to her. On the dock beside Miss Carter stood a bearded fellow in uniform, whose strikingly handsome face and distinguished bearing would have attracted notice anywhere; and Graham, watching him with involuntary admiration, saw him reach forth a cordial hand and exclaim in a tone compounded of amazement and delight, "Miss Eleanor! Here?"

And Eleanor, her sweet face alight, was saying softly as he helped her out:

"Lieutenant Thorne! How did it happen? I thought you were well on your way toward Spain."

Graham heard no more; but he felt something like resentment mixed with his wonder that Eleanor could possibly, without his knowledge and consent, count among her acquaintances so commanding and attractive a person as this unexplained Lieutenant Thorne. His mind was so busy with the problem that at first he did not hear Miss Celia's laughing comment,

"Your little friend seems to have found a *desideratum* in brass buttons!"

He shrugged his shoulders with an answering laugh that

was not wholly mirthful. "They'll hear you," he returned, shortly, by way of warning, for Eleanor and the blue uniform were but a step ahead.

But Miss Celia was not to be warned. "I will console you if I can," she said gayly, "though you have not honored me with an account of your little romance;" and then, more softly, "I have only waited for your confidences before burdening you with my own. You remember Mr. Burnap, whom you met at the house last week? He is the fortunate man, and he thought an explanation rather due you before now; but I was hardly so egotistical as to acknowledge the necessity."

She was looking at him squarely, and it rather amused her that his face grew white. Another little face, a few paces ahead, turned a shade paler for an instant, too; but in another the color had come pulsing back to it as swiftly as had sprung a strange, new emotion to her heart. Was it relief at the revelation just heard? Then must relief masquerade in fine scorn to so curve mobile lips and to flash with such contempt from violet eyes!

Lieutenant Thorne saw none of it, nor had he heard the mocking voice behind. He was conscious of but one fact in all the glowing universe, and that fact walked beside him in a modest gray gown.

"To think that all a man's aspirations, his very life and strength, should be bound up in a little parcel five feet two!" he suddenly exclaimed; and though the voice was playful, when Eleanor looked up there was a strange mistiness about the kindly eyes.

A sudden glow and warmth suffused her face. How tall and powerful he looked towering above her, and yet how kind and good! And she had been so blind to it all before, blind because—but she would not think of that. There should be no more blindness, she decided, though eye-opening were not always the pleasantest thing in the world. He saw the flare of color on her rounded cheek and the slight paleness that followed.

"I have annoyed you," he said, "and I promised to be good. But the days have been long since you left; and how am I to remember promises or any other things, when all my energies have been used of late in trying to forget? There! I will not spoil your visit. I'm in mortal terror lest you may be spirited off as mysteriously as you came." He was laughing lightly now, with the evident desire to set her at her ease, and he launched swiftly into a description of the various providential happenings that had gained him his furlough, and of the further good fortune of his meeting with Mrs. Carter at Cleveland, of her invitation, and his half-indifferent acceptance.

His voice, slow and sweet, and always with that undertone of kindly feeling, caused Eleanor to think that, after all, it might not be so irksome to assume a happiness she had thought she could not feel. In truth, day had just begun to dawn for Eleanor, though by the calendar that event had transpired some hours before.

It was really a beautiful day for so tardy a dawning; and Eleanor, feeling the cordial gladness in her hostess' welcome, smiled the more gladly when that astute soul remarked, with a tap of her fan upon his shoulder,

"You, Lieutenant Thorne, are to take Miss Field to dinner. My dear, I send you out with the only lion I have captured for this happy occasion."

Eleanor laughed gayly. Somehow it began to be natural to laugh.

"I'm afraid of lions," she said, somewhat shyly, as she took his arm.

"You needn't be," was his mischievous reply, "they never eat sweets." He, too, had forgotten that only last night he had paced the walk in the white starlight and

fancied himself a worn old man, so tired and lifeless he had grown. There were threads of white in his hair, that he knew; but today he felt boy-like, exuberant.

What a merry dinner it was! Eleanor never had seemed so bright. "Girls are funny things!" Tom Chandler thought. "Only last week that child was looking the picture of despair; and now she's like sunshine itself."

Harlowe Graham was thinking so, too. The sunshine had not fallen on him with any very brilliant effect. The world looked rather gray, indeed, and life a good deal of a bore. He took himself off after dinner and walked along the river bank, sullenly throwing in stones and watching the water as it broke into fluttering ripples. The reflections thus shivered and marred were no more disturbed than his own. One thing he knew; Celia Chichester should never guess what chagrin she had caused him. He would impress it upon her that his devoirs to herself were the merest whiling away of a weary tedium, and that the "little romance" to which she had so ironically referred was the very life of his life. And Eleanor? Well, Eleanor was a soft, sweet, yielding little thing, not so large or imposing or handsome as Miss Celia, but not unintelligent, after all, and really very pretty. She had a sweet little voice, too, he remembered, perhaps even sweeter now with some training; and, on the whole, since the *rara avis* had chosen to bestow herself and her brilliancy elsewhere, the little song-bird would answer very well.

He would be quite kind and attentive to her, too; and it would be very easy to make excuses for his late apparent lack of interest. She had always been a generous, forgiving little thing; it was hardly likely that she would be any less so now when the suppliant was the man who had been her ideal always. Graham smiled with pleased complacency as he smoothed his tawny mustache and threw his broad shoulders back. Yes, Eleanor had admired him always, and, despite her pretty shyness, had confessed it in many ways. He began to recall little scenes of the last summer but one, when the dear girl, her home-loving heart sad at the thought of separation, had been quite unable to keep her love for him from filtering through her eyes and thrilling in every word she spoke. He remembered how actual, happy tears trembled upon her dark lashes when he solemnly told her how impossible it would be for his love and loyalty ever to wane. And now it lay within his power to make her quite as happy again. He began to feel almost magnanimous in the thought of what he was giving up and how he meant to rejoice her tender heart. He found his step growing quicker as it turned back along the path toward the great house.

On the lawn he found them gathered, watching a game of tennis; and, alert and swift and rosy, Eleanor darted here and there across the court or sent balls swift and straight into her opponent's field.

"Gad! she plays a good game!" young Carter called out, admiringly.

"She hadn't a peer in our little club in New York," Lieutenant Thorne said, with enthusiasm.

Graham turned away somewhat disquieted. He would have preferred her in sadder mood. He would wait until the end of the game and take her a stroll along the bluffs. But at the end of the game, by some preconceived plan, she and her naval friend repaired to the cool drawing-room for a special little visit with Mrs. Carter. Graham could hear the quiet conversation and the occasional soft little peals of laughter, from where he sat upon the wide veranda. By the time they sauntered out he had reached that hypercritical state where everything about this handsome officer with his fine figure, his soft manners, and his rare smile, struck him disagreeably. He was quite sure he didn't care

to see Eleanor now, or to talk with her. It was just as well; for tea was presently announced, and as they were assigned their dinner-seats and Miss Field was cozily ensconced between her friend Tom and the lieutenant, there would have been small chance for him.

There was no denying the fact that he, Harlowe Graham, the cool, the polished, the irresistible, was in a plain, every-day fit of the sulks. The young moon was hardly risen over the willow-fringed river, and the rockets beginning to sing through the rose-colored air, ere he betook himself to the further end of the piazza, there to tread gloomily back and forth, angrily resolving to "have it out with Eleanor" on the homeward trip, and to tell her exactly what he thought of her "unblushing flirtation" with Lieutenant Thorne.

In the meantime, that obnoxious person, usually the most reserved of men, was detailing to the little girl in gray all the long, long thoughts that had haunted him since an evening, weeks before, when she had put a sudden end to the hopes burning high within him.

"And this fortunate fellow whom I can't help wanting to bayonet, Miss Eleanor, where is he?"

"Here," said Eleanor, with a pathetic little gesture; and then, in answer to his look of amaze, "I think it was all a—mistake. He—did not care; and now, I believe—I do not care, myself." The man was looking at her in a kind of stupefaction, and she went on hurriedly: "I don't understand it,—or myself. How can I tell you? I think I must be very shallow and very fickle; for at first I thought it would break my heart, but now——"

"Now," he interrupted, and his eyes sought her own as if to read the very soul in them,—“now, Eleanor, is it possible there is hope for a great old ruffian who has tormented you so long because his life was so intolerable a thing without you?"

She did not speak at once, but her trembling little fingers touched his own with a sudden impulse of gratitude and fervor. "You are so good, so good!" she said, her sweet voice choking. "There is no one like you,—no, not one,—so grand, so strong, so worthy the best love,—and the first!"

He held the little fingers close. "Eleanor, sweet," he said, "if I win your love, however tardy, I pray heaven I shall be made worthy so unspeakably precious a gift."

The deep voice rang with earnestness; and when she lifted her tear-wet eyes to his face there was shining in their limpid depths a light he had never seen there before.

The rest of that evening was like a dream. The pyrotechnics over, Eleanor sang for them; and standing off across the room, his eyes feasting upon her sweet and radiant face, as did all his sense of sound and melody upon her liquid notes, Lieutenant Thorne felt that a kindly providence had united all its best gifts in this one adorable maiden, and that in her, indeed, was nothing more to be desired.

From the dimness of the cool veranda another man looked on, amazed past all expression at the power and sweetness of that voice as it set his pulses tingling. What an easy, graceful, self-possessed little lady it was, too; and what perfect control she had of every tone ringing clear and bird-like on the air! He tried to remember the simplicity and shyness which he had always thought characterized her. There seemed to be not a trace of it left. Her very gown, that soft, gray affair, silvery in the white lamp-light, had a certain tone and elegance about it that struck him oddly. Evidently, to this self-poised and accomplished young woman he must apply other arguments and persuasions than those he had planned so easily a few hours before. He waited in a sort of frenzy of impatience for the time of their leave-taking.

When at last they were gathered in the soft moonlight,

ready to clamber into the noisy little tug, he reached forth an eager, impetuous hand to Eleanor, still lingering on the dock.

She shook her head with an unconcerned little smile of thanks, and took a step backward toward the tall fellow waiting near her.

"We are to keep Miss Eleanor," that young commander said, buoyantly.

"Tom has a note for her mother," Miss Carter explained. "We couldn't let her go so soon. It will be all right, I'm sure."

But Harlowe Graham, as they steamed away, looking miserably at those dim figures on the shore, the slender, graceful girl, the stalwart man, felt for once in his life that nothing was right, not even his own irreproachable self.

It was Mrs. Post who managed somehow to first tell Millport the news.

"An' as I was sayin' to Mis' Pennypacker," she shrilled, "'e wa'n't niver the man for 'er, no 'ow! An' that lootenant,—me suz! W'en 'e lays his eyes on 'er sweet face, they do be brighter nor all 'is buttons."

MAUD RITTENHOUSE.

Poems for Children's Recitations.

THE following original and simple pieces are appropriate for very young children to recite; and from time to time we shall give others suitable for the same purpose.

I HAVE two ears and two bright eyes,
Two busy hands and feet,
But one short nose, one teenty mouth,—
Mamma says that is sweet.
I wonder why I'm not *all* "twos?"
I think it must be this:
One nose is just enough to bump,
One mouth, enough to kiss.

I ASKED mamma how many meals
Every day she had for me.
She said, "Just count them for yourself,
And you will find there are but three.
There's breakfast, one, and dinner, two,
And supper, three, that's last and best."
I wonder why she did not count
"Oat-meal" as one among the rest?

"I'M just a little child, 'tis true;
But then the biggest tree
Was one time just a teenty plant,
No higher than my knee.
And if it lived on sun and rain,
And grew so very tall,
Why shouldn't I, when I am grown,
Be just as great? That's all."

ONE, two, "How do you do?"
That's how the ladies talk.
Three, four, they come through the door,
And this is how they walk.
Five, six, their bangs they fix,
And brush them out just so.
Seven, eight, they get them straight,
And then away they go!

LUCY R. BUCK.

The Winter Window-Garden.

THE winter window-garden is quite likely to be a continuation of the window-garden which does duty through the summer. You will generally find in it a few geraniums which have been allowed to bloom at will through the entire season; two or three fuchsias which look sick, and are sadly in need of rest after a long summer's work; a few begonias in the "sere and yellow leaf;" and some miscellaneous plants,—generally twice as many, in all, as the window is large enough to accommodate well. Such a window-garden is never satisfactory to its owner, but she does not seem to understand why it is not. This is because she does not fully understand the habits and requirements of her plants.

In order to have good flowers in winter, it is necessary that your plants be strong and healthy at the beginning of the season. If they are not, you cannot expect good results from them. In order to have them in this condition they must be kept from exhausting themselves by blooming during the summer. No plant can be expected to bloom the year round; it must have a period of rest. This fact very many amateurs utterly ignore, and the consequence is they always have a lot of inferior plants, and such plants are really worse than no plants at all. They bring about a deterioration of one's taste for, and appreciation of, the well-grown, vigorous specimens which ought to be in the window of every home.

Therefore, in making up a collection of plants for your winter window-garden, see that your plants are strong and vigorous. It is a good plan to get them in spring or early summer, put them in the ground until August, and then pot them. Do not allow them to bloom during the summer. Aim to keep them growing healthily, but do not force them at all by the injudicious use of fertilizers. Pinch them back from time to time to make them branch and become bushy and compact. Let them go without training of this sort and you will have a straggling, "leggy" set of plants, whose flowers cannot draw attention from their ungainly, awkward shapes. No matter how beautiful the flowers may be, you lose half the charm of a plant if it is not symmetrical and pleasing in form. I am well aware that most women think it "such a pity" to pinch off the end of a shoot that is growing well, or to nip off a bud. It may seem so at the time; but you are growing plants for the future, remember, and what seems almost cruel is done for the plant's good. The plant will thank you for it by and by.

Keep your plants outside as long as the weather will permit, but be careful not to have them bitten by frost. Do not make the mistake of having more plants than you have room for. Most amateurs want a large variety. This is wrong if your windows are small and few in number. A good many plants in one small window obliges you to crowd them together, and the consequence is that some suffer because of insufficient light, and all suffer because of lack of elbow-room. A plant has individuality. It must be allowed to develop that individuality if you would have it what it ought to be. In order to do that, it must have room to put out its branches without meeting a repulse from its neighbors who are striving for the same privilege. Half a dozen plants are enough for the ordinary window. These, well grown and properly developed, will afford a vast amount of pleasure. Twice the number, inferior in all respects, will afford but little pleasure, because they are not what you think they ought to be. They will most likely be, however, all that it is possible for them to be under the circumstances, and you must not blame them for falling short of your expectations. Study them carefully, and after a time you will see that the fault is yours, not theirs.

Not all flowers are adapted to winter culture. Some will not bloom at all at that season. Therefore, one must select for winter use such varieties as will bloom then, if proper care be given them. For the benefit of those who do not know what kinds to get, I give a list of some of the most desirable ones, those requiring the least amount of care and giving the largest returns in the shape of bloom.

At the head of the list I must place the geranium. This flower blooms freely and constantly if it has been kept from exhausting itself during the summer. It is beautiful in form and color. Let people say what they will about the geranium being "common;" they cannot make it anything but what it is, the best flower for the house and for the amateur. Get good varieties, and there will be nothing "cheap" or coarse about them. For scarlets, I should advise W. C. Bryant and Advance; for pinks, *Regional concours* and Master Christine; for salmons, Mrs. James Vick and Attraction. *Souvenir de Mirande* is a beautiful combination of salmon-pink and white, in peculiar markings. Mary Hallock Foote is one of the loveliest geraniums I ever saw, being pure white slightly suffused with pink at the tips of the petals, and having a rosy ring about the center of the flower. These are all single varieties, which I consider better for winter than double kinds. But Madame Thibaut, rose-color, and Jewel, rich crimson, are very good, double, winter bloomers. All collections should include a rose geranium, because of the beauty and sweetness of its foliage. Dr. Livingston is a very pretty, fragrant-leaved variety, its foliage being as finely cut as that of many varieties of the fern. For small pots, to place among larger-growing kinds, Madame Salleroi is charming, with its pale green leaves edged with pure white. It is a good substitute for flowers.

The calla is a very desirable window-plant. Give it a rich, mucky soil, provide good drainage, and water liberally. With this treatment, a strong plant ought to give at least half a dozen flowers during the winter.

Of begonias, the very best variety for the window is still Rubra, which has been very popular for many years. It has beautiful foliage, and rich, large clusters of bright coral-red blossoms, produced freely and almost constantly. Metallica is a variety having very pretty olive and brownish-red foliage. It is a shrubby, upright grower, and resembles the Rex class very much in the shape and markings of its leaves. President Carnot is a very luxuriant variety bearing considerable resemblance to Rubra, but having larger foliage. *B. argentea guttata* is a variety of shrubby growth having leaves of a rich olive-green thickly spotted with white. It is also a good bloomer, producing freely large, drooping clusters of pearly white flowers often suffused with pink. All the varieties named flourish where a geranium will, therefore are well adapted to culture in the sitting-room.

The heliotrope is one of our best house-plants. It blooms freely and constantly, and is very beautiful and delightfully sweet.

The abutilon, often called "flowering maple" because of the resemblance in shape of its foliage to that of our native maple, and sometimes "Chinese bell-flower" because of the shape of its pendent blossoms, is a very desirable house-plant. It succeeds in almost any soil and under various conditions. It is a strong-growing plant, producing flowers freely during the greater part of the year. *Boule de neige* is a pure white variety; Golden Fleece is a rich yellow; Crusader is a dark, fine scarlet, and one of the best. Rosae-flora is a lovely pink flower. The abutilons quite naturally take to the tree form, and make fine, large specimen plants. They are seldom attacked by insects, therefore they are especially desirable for the living-room, where the aphid and other pests often do destructive work.

The streptosolen is a plant that deserves a place in all

collections, but it is seldom seen. It is of somewhat slender growth, and must be given a support. Its flowers, which are produced in great profusion, are of a peculiar orange-red color. They are small individually, but borne in loose, drooping clusters, and almost cover the plant. Give it the same treatment that you give a geranium.

The Chinese primrose is an old favorite, and one of the best plants we have for winter flowering. It succeeds where many other kinds fail. It comes in all shades of red, and ranges to pure white. A near relative is *primula obconica*, having dainty clusters of white flowers tinged with lilac, held well above the foliage on slender stalks. This plant is constantly in bloom, and no window should be without it.

The lantana is a too-much-neglected plant. It is an exceedingly free bloomer, and has a beauty all its own. Its flowers are borne in clusters, and as it develops there is generally a cluster to each leaf. Some varieties are yellow on opening, changing to a dark red. The pale, sulphur-yellow sorts are very beautiful, as are the white varieties having a golden eye.

The only varieties of rose that I can advise the amateur to attempt the culture of in the window of the sitting-room, are: Agrippina, dark crimson; Hermosa, pink; and Queen's Scarlet, velvety red. If a yellow variety be wanted, try *Perle des jardins*. Possibly you may succeed with it. Roses are pretty sure to be attacked by aphids and red spider in the dry air of the dwelling, and one must give them the best care if she would attain success in their culture.

For hanging baskets, I should advise othonna and oxalis. The former has yellow flowers; the best variety of the latter is pink. Both are very pretty.

I know of no vine for house use superior to the old English ivy. It is one of the plants that improves with age. Keep its leaves clean and the scale from attacking it, and it will flourish almost anywhere.

From the above list, which includes the best plants adapted to amateur cultivation, one can easily select enough to fill one or two windows very attractively, as the varieties named run through so many colors that all tastes can be suited.

There are many other excellent plants well adapted to window-culture, but most of them require more careful treatment than those I have named, and it would be well for the amateur to achieve success with the less exacting kinds before attempting their culture.

Do not keep your rooms too warm; 70 or 75° is probably what the human occupants will insist on, and most of the plants listed will do very well in such a temperature. But frequently our living-rooms are kept at 90° or more, and plants cannot stand such a heat because there will be but little moisture in the air. This dryness of air is one of the chief drawbacks to successful plant-culture, and one must do everything possible to counteract it. Shower the plants daily. Keep a vessel of water evaporating on the stove or register. Be very sure to admit fresh air daily, by opening doors and windows some distance away from the plants. If fresh air blows directly on the plants, it will be pretty likely to chill them.


Water only when the soil looks dry on the surface. Then do it thoroughly. Give enough to saturate all the soil in the pot. Some plants, like the heliotrope, require much more water than others, because of their many fine roots. Give each one careful attention, and do not go on the principle of treating all alike.

Even with the utmost care insects will sometimes appear, and they increase rapidly in warm, dry rooms if not fought promptly and persistently. Use a reliable insecticide, and use it thoroughly.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Our Girls.

The Little Store at Woodbridge.

 AN anxious "Committee on Ways and Means" met in Miss Beesley's little sitting-room. A cheerful fire of pine-cones was burning on the small, neat hearth; it flickered and sparkled in joyous fashion, and helped decidedly to drive away the dampness from without, and the depression that threatened within.

It was the usual pathetic story: A young girl, suddenly orphaned, without capital or special training, and with a younger brother and sister depending on her for support. They had come South for the sake of the delicate mother; here she had died, and they were left almost among strangers. A temporary home had been offered them by Miss Beesley, their eccentric maiden neighbor, and here, while little Effie was cosily sleeping, the older ones were talking over the situation.

"What can I do?" sighed poor Louise Hunter. "I have said that over and over to myself so much, that the words don't mean anything any more; can either of you two help me out?" turning to her brother Fred and to Miss Beesley, both of whom were staring thoughtfully into the fire.

A long silence followed, broken only by the snapping fire and the ticking of the tiny clock on the shelf above.

"If only I could keep on with my studies at Kelsey College," broke out Fred, "I wouldn't so much mind the rest. I'd be willing to chop wood or haul muck, if I needn't give that up."

"My dear girl," said the little old maid, with an air of business, "I've a question to ask you. Your mother was a woman of ability, and you are much like her in many ways; among all the things she taught you, what can you do the best?"

Louise considered a few moments and then answered with a faint little smile:

"Don't laugh, Miss Beesley, please, but I really do believe my answer must be 'darning and patching.' Mamma used to say that fine mending was one of the 'lost arts,' and gave me careful instruction, saying that I learned so readily she was quite proud of me."

"Good! what else can you do?" said Miss Beesley, with emphasis.

Louise answered, slowly, "I hardly know what else; I used to enjoy cooking little delicate dishes for mamma, to tempt her; and I dearly love to make candy!"

"You'd just better believe she can, too!" broke in Fred, now thoroughly interested. "She's made all our Christmas and birthday candies ever since we've been here, for the grocery candy isn't much but glucose and chalk. I wish I had some of her 'cocoanut bar' this very minute, so I do!" And the young collegian paused, now thoroughly out of breath.

"Item number two," said Miss Beesley, cheerily. "Is there anything else?"

"No, I think not," responded Louise, vaguely encouraged by her friend's pleasant words. "Mamma had a real knack with flowers, and I used to enjoy helping her so much; but, after all, I know very little about them. Dear Miss Beesley, I don't know much of anything, I'm afraid; I can't sing or play or write or teach. I'm only a humdrum nobody, and yet everything depends on me;" and the brown eyes grew troubled and misty once more.

"Don't fret," said Miss Beesley, kindly, stroking the soft, slim fingers, "but just listen to me, you two young things, for I've got a plan. Fred wishes most of all to go to Kelsey.

Right he is, and go he shall. But as we are out here in the country, and Kelsey College is over there at Woodbridge, a change must be made. You, my dear Louise, must move to Woodbridge, rent a tiny cottage, put out a plain little sign, 'Darning and Patching Done With Skill' ["I'll make the sign!" shouted Fred], put a little notice in the local paper, and, with good management, work will come. In two or three months the great hotels will begin to fill up with winter visitors, the 'St. James' at Woodbridge among them. Then is the time for the candy-making. Have everything exquisitely good, put up in attractive shape, labeled 'Homemade,' and displayed at the neatest store in the village. Let hotel people alone for finding out anything new! Perhaps a few pots of flowers will help out, also; but you will know best about that. Now what do you say?" concluded the little old maid, poking the fire vigorously.

Louise's eyes had gradually been growing bigger as the plan unfolded.

"It sounds beautiful!" she said, tremulously; "do you think I could do it?"

"I think you *will* do it, my child," said her friend, with decision, "for the sake of the dear ones who love you."

As for Fred, he could scarcely contain his feelings.

"Miss Beesley, you are a trump!" he cried, in his healthy, ringing tones; "I'll weed all your flower-beds tomorrow."

The next week was a busy time for all; a careful inventory was made of their slender possessions, some things sold, and others kept for the new home. One day Miss Beesley and Louise made a trip to Woodbridge and returned at nightfall, tired, but triumphant, having found a house suited to their needs; and early the next week the transfer was made.

"Good-by, my dears, and may Heaven bless you," said Miss Beesley, with one or two suspicious sniffs and winking her black eyes very hard as the little train steamed up to the platform. "Let me know if anything goes wrong."

Reaching Woodbridge they walked up the village to the new home, leaving the freight to be sent up later. Such a tiny little home! Three rooms with a small "lean-to" kitchen, and a patch of a garden in the rear; all situated just at the outskirts of the town, not far from the college buildings, and with the flagstaff of the "St. James" in plain sight. The house seemed to have been built for a small shop, as the front room, which was good-sized and airy, had two large, projecting windows with wide ledges, facing the street, and a small row of shelves on one side. But there was plenty of dust and cobwebs, and work for everybody. Such a trotting as the three pair of feet kept up all day, and such a tired trio as they were when night came! A week's time found them very nicely settled.

"This front room," said Louise, "is to be parlor, office, and reception-room, so we must make it look its prettiest."

Pot plants from the home place stood in the wide windows, where the morning sun shone pleasantly. A square of bright druggery lay on the floor. Near the shelves at one side of the room stood a long, narrow table (it had been a kitchen table at home) covered with gray oilcloth and hung with a red valance; this formed the counter, and at the further end of the table stood a trim little writing-desk,—the "cashier's desk," Fred laughingly called it. By the window stood the sewing-machine, while a little round table and a few good pictures from the old home made the boy and his sisters feel somewhat contented. The only other article of special notice in the house was an oil-stove in the dining-room, complete in every detail.

Meanwhile Fred had not been idle; a very creditable little sign had been made and painted, a notice had been put in the local paper, a few circulars describing the new business of "Patching and Darning," and giving prices for work, had

been distributed by this same enterprising boy. The absurd little garden in the rear of the house had been spaded and put in nice order, awaiting some seed-packets that were even now on the way; and next week college would begin, and the light-hearted, helpful boy would be busy with his books. But Effie would be left; and a jolly little helper she was, full of dimples and good-nature.

Now and then a small bit of work came in. Only ten cents a pair for stockings, but so beautifully done were they that others followed soon. First one bachelor and then another rescued his mending from the colored "Auntie" who did his washing (who sewed on white buttons with black thread and "vice versa"), and sending it down to the tiny store at the street's end found everything put in order "as mother used to do it." But the college boys were a wonderful help to the business. Of course they got dreadfully "torn up," as boys always will, and as most of them were away from home, they were glad enough to find a pair of deft fingers so near.

By and by the great hotel began to show signs of life. Then the hacks and street-cars began making frequent trips, and great piles of "Saratogas" cumbered the platforms at the station.

While all this hubbub was going on half a mile away, there were also exciting times at the Hunters'. A mysterious box had arrived from the North, and certain delicious odors hung around the various packages. A half-barrel of sparkling sugar was deposited in one corner; the oil-stove and several small kettles and pans received an extra scouring. A busy trio of young folks sat around the lamp after supper, cracking and picking out nuts, stoning raisins and dates, chopping citron and figs. All her resting moments Louise spent in the "big rocker," studying receipts and inventing new combinations. She decided that her first candy venture should consist of only a few varieties, and those the most familiar to her.

Chocolate creams, of course; but there are creams and creams. Louise's all looked about the same outside, a rich, dull brown, but you were never sure into what delicious inner compound your teeth would sink: some were white and vanilla flavored; some with cocoanut and lemon added; some pink, with a trace of bitter almond; some a dainty fruit paste; and the last one was *always* the best. Cream dates, pink and white, rolled in granulated sugar; cocoanut cones, baked in her little oven and with just the right golden brown tinge on the top; walnut and maple creams, and lastly, a delightful combination invented by Louise herself, and irreverently dubbed "Hash balls" by the irrepressible Fred.

In due time all were made, tastefully arranged in an amber glass bowl, and left at "Brown's," the one drug store of the village. It was a pretty, attractive store, where soda-water and other things besides the usual stock could be obtained, so the hotel people were quite sure to be frequent customers. A little card was fastened to the bowl of glittering sweets, which read, "Homemade; help yourself;" for Louise had decided that the first two or three consignments must be given away freely, in order to establish a reputation. Mr. Brown availed himself of the invitation speedily, and, being a great friend of Fred, spread praises of the sweets and drew everyone's attention to them. In a few days Louise sent another lot, simply varying flavors somewhat, and by the time that was gone purchasers became a reality.

There was always to be found in the showcase a bowl of fresh, tempting candies; but the placard had changed to "Homemade, 50 cts. a lb.;" and near by lay a little pile of empty folding boxes.

It was also understood that special orders would be filled for any favorite kind, and that caramels and *glacé* nuts

would *only* be made to order, as in the warm Southern latitude they did not keep well. Every possible method was tried to make all goods attractive to the eye; occasionally pans of peanut and cocoanut bar were offered, piled "corn cob" fashion on a tray, and from Fred emanated the brilliant idea that a big pan of pop-corn balls on Saturday would be surely appreciated by the college boys, and this plan was a wondrous success.

Meanwhile the mending and darning was not neglected; the mornings were devoted to the sweets, the afternoons to the needle. Carefully tended by Effie, and by Fred after school-hours, the flower and vegetable seeds were doing finely; and for recreation, there were occasional moonlight walks, or a pleasant row on the lake.

Two weeks before Christmas the orders for confectionery poured in so thick and fast that Louise was obliged to announce "No patching and darning till after the holidays," and work early and late to meet all requirements. This was her harvest; but though she coined money rapidly she used it sparingly, knowing that after a time dull days would come.

Christmas came, and with it a present from Miss Beesley, —a barrel of nuts from her loved New England; black walnuts, "shellbarks," butternuts, chestnuts, hazelnuts, plump, sound, and fresh, enough to last the "season" through, and infinitely better than the stale ones at the stores. And so one heavy expense was lifted, and the dear old maid again proved herself a friend indeed.

One pleasant afternoon in January, a handsome, portly lady from the "St. James" opened the door of the "Patching and Darning Establishment." She had a light package in her hand, and said to Louise, rather doubtfully:

"Young woman, do you suppose you could mend my lace shawl so that it will be presentable? I have torn it on one of the abominable wire fences with which this country is infested." And she opened the package, bringing to view a very jagged and discouraging rent.

"Mother taught me several lace-stitches," said Louise, quietly, "and I will do my best for you."

Giving her name as Mrs. Wallingford, and with a pleasant comment on the blooming flowers in the window, the lady departed.

There was rather a lull just now in the "candy business," private orders coming in more seldom, so the next morning Louise began the lace work; it took all the spare time of that week, but when complete it was a beautiful piece of repairing.

On Monday, early in the morning, Mrs. Wallingford, accompanied by two other ladies, called to inquire about the work. Louise was in the midst of her candy-making; a pan of cocoanut cones was just out of the oven, a kettle of *fondant* had just reached the proper consistency, the air was laden with sweet odors, and Louise was in a big apron up to her chin. Hastily turning down the lamps and setting the "cream" in a pan of hot water, she went behind the counter and produced the work. Everyone exclaimed over its beauty, the owner being particularly pleased.

"I don't know how much it ought to be," said Louise, ingenuously, "this is the first work of the kind I have ever done for pay."

"But I know how much it is worth to me," said Mrs. Wallingford, and gave in return a bill of such generous dimensions that Louise was quite overwhelmed.

In her confusion she noted that one of the ladies was looking around rather curiously. There was a saucer of candy on the counter, left by Effie a moment ago; at this moment that busy little maid was trying to make some "pep'mints" by a receipt of her own, and a strong odor of that delectable herb filled the room. Mrs. Wallingford was a woman of

keen intuitions; she looked at the big apron and the saucer, she sniffed the overladen air, and a light broke in upon her.

"You don't mean to say, Miss Hunter, that *you* are the author of those delicious candies from Brown's? Well, you are a wonderful girl!" and the plump hand closed kindly over the slim one.

The next day quite a bundle of work came down from the "St. James"; a lace tie and fichu, some dainty lisle-thread hose and silk underwear, and until the hotel closed Louise always had work of that kind on hand. Moreover, as one after another the visitors began packing trunks for a Northern flight, pretty boxes of confectionery were stowed away among their belongings.

April came, and the vast hotel was silent once more; only six weeks longer and the college would close, and most of Louise's merry and boyish patrons would be gone. Even now it was growing so warm that "sweeties" were not so much desired. She had time for her garden and household work, time also for making a few friends, and among them Mrs. Singleton, matron of the college. Many a pleasant afternoon did she and Effie spend in that lady's sunny parlor; and it was a little odd, that as often as not Professor Allen would come in with Fred about five o'clock, and all four would walk down to the "P. and D. Establishment" together. Later on, he brought Mrs. Singleton for an evening call; and noting the brave and quiet simplicity in which Louise lived, lost his heart more and more surely.

When July came, with its heat and heavy rainfall, Louise lost all her roses. Miss Beesley had gone to the "Adirondacks" a month before, and now a letter came from her saying, so kindly, "Dear child, I need you; come and spend the summer with me and we will do each other good."

How Louise longed to go! Mrs. Singleton's advice was to the point: "Now just you go! Don't worry about Fred one mite; I'll board him, and welcome, for the company and help he'll be." And so in a short time Louise and her merry little sister were gone. Professor Allen spent a rather doleful summer; there seemed to be other things besides his socks that needed "patching and darning,"—his heart, for instance, and his temper; and he learned, to his great surprise, how empty one's world may be when only one small person is out of it.

Among the cool and quiet hills Louise gained strength and spirits rapidly, and spent long, cool mornings preparing and crystallizing fruit for her winter trade, strengthened and cheered by Miss Beesley's kindly, practical common sense.

"Child," said the latter, one day, suddenly coming out of a "brown study," "I believe when we go back I'll spend the winter with *you*. You've no idea how lonesome it was last year, especially when the lumbago got so bad; and if I won't be in the way—"

A soft hand was laid over her mouth just here, and a sweet, glad voice called out,

"You'll just make the 'way' all bright and shining and clear if you *are* in it. Oh, dear Miss Beesley! do come!" And so it was settled.

"And you won't mind fifty pounds extra baggage, will you?" said the little old maid, "when it happens to be the best Vermont maple sugar? The nuts will be along about Christmas."

Two weeks later and the party were safely domiciled at Woodbridge. Among the first to call was Professor Allen.

"Any kin to the Allens of Portsmouth?" queried Miss Beesley.

"My grandparents live there," said the professor, smiling indulgently.

"Was your father's name Jeremiah, and is yours Thomas?" questioned Miss Beesley, with as much directness as a census taker.

"Exactly," said the professor, now thoroughly interested.

"Well, it beats my time!" said Miss Beesley, fairly gasping. "When I was a girl, your father's back-yard in Portsmouth joined ours; and many's the time I've seen you, sir, barefooted, and with your face molasses from ear to ear!"

"And I haven't lost my taste for sweet things yet," said the professor, with a meaning look at Louise. "Do, please, Miss Hunter, start up the candy factory soon. I haven't had even a passable chocolate cream since last winter."

Well, the "factory" soon began operations, and the de-

tails of a year before were repeated, with several pleasing variations.

I am not writing a love story, only a practical paper for girls; but perhaps you will care to know that one gray December day, when the evening shadows were falling, Louise drew a hassock to Miss Beesley's feet, and, hiding her face against the friendly arm, whispered a precious secret. And the little old maid, nodding sagely to herself in the twilight, said concisely,

"Felt it in my bones! Best family in Portsmouth. Child, you couldn't do better."
AMARYLLIS.

Home Art and Home Comfort.

All Sorts of Sachets.

THE perfume sachet is a potent accessory to the dainty modern woman in achieving that daintiness which is her most captivating distinction; and the smart woman now has sachets in such numbers and such variety

that it would be impossible to count them. The same ingenuity which has devised such multitudes of delightful conveniences, not only supplying every need, but also anticipating an un-

felt host of others, has

been rife in inventing novelties both in the form of sachets and also new uses for them.

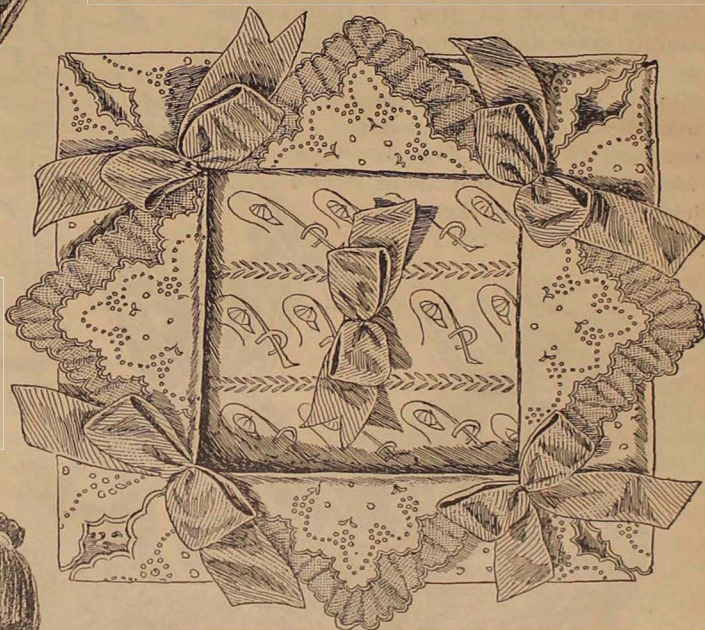
Fastidious taste selects one perfume, or a bouquet composed of several, which produces a subtle, indefinable odor; this is preferred by many to a distinct and recognizable one. For these, violet and heliotrope,—with a base of orris root,—white rose and lily, and mignonette and violet are much liked; while there are still others compounded of a half-dozen or more sweet herbs and flower essences, making a veritable *pot pourri*. It pays to give some thought to the choice, for no two people are affected

similarly by the same perfume; and all strong, pronounced odors, like hyacinth, tuberose, musk, etc., should be shunned, even if personally liked, because to some people they are not only offensive, but even poisonous.

She who goes into the matter of perfume sachets thoroughly does not rest satisfied with having them for all personal belongings,—as bureau, wardrobe, closet, and gown sachets,—but has large, thin bags filled with sweet scents placed in the cor-



GLOVE, HANDKERCHIEF, AND LACE SACHET.



SWISS HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.



JAPANESE DOLL SACHET.

ners of the rooms, under the carpets or rugs; and when you rest your weary body upon her yielding cushions, the same delicate fragrance which you have learned to associate with her greets your nostrils. It is very easy to overdo this prevalence of sweet odors, but good taste always stops short of offense to the most fastidious.

Bureau-drawer sachets

should be made to fit the bottom of the drawer; one sheet of cotton batting—split to receive the perfume—is sufficiently thick for these, and the soft India silks and *crépons* make the prettiest possible cover. They are simply tacked with embroidery silk or knots of “baby” ribbon, and need no embroidery. The light silks and *crépons* so suitable for this use are both daintier and cheaper than ever before. Those who watch for the “sales,” which are so frequent in our large city shops, can pick up lovely things for twenty-nine cents per yard, and charming ones are to be had all the time for thirty-nine and forty-nine cents.

For wardrobes and closets, sachets are made quite like those for bureau-drawers; but they are provided with loops by which to hang them. They should be broad enough to extend across the back of a wardrobe, or just wide enough to slip within a skirt band,—the sachet loops hanging from the same hooks,—and about a half-yard deep. Small bags are hung inside a hanging waist, or placed within its folds if it be kept in a box or on a closet shelf. Some women make thin, flat sachets to fit the bottoms of large boxes in which are kept rich gowns, corsages, laces, or shawls.

Better than boxes for some small feminine belongings, as laces, handkerchiefs, and gloves, which find place in bureau-drawers, are large, flat sachets, folding only once. Their convenience and daintiness are just as great if they are as simply made as the drawer sachets, with no ornament but bows of ribbon; and such as these even the busiest woman can contrive to provide herself with, while the woman of leisure (does she exist in

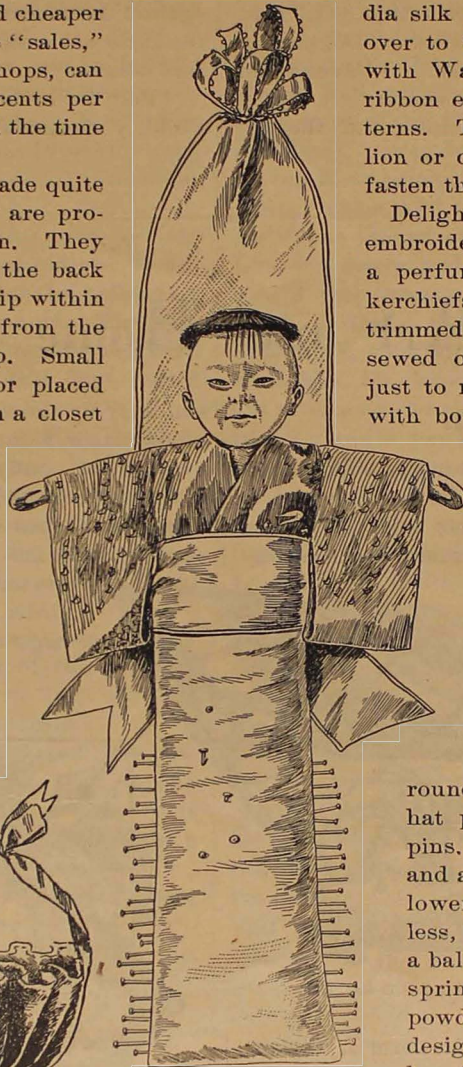
these days?) may lavish upon them as many dainty stitches as please her fancy.

Among our illustrations is a large one of this sort, which has a long pocket for gloves, and two smaller ones for handkerchiefs and laces or ribbons. A yard of heliotrope satin is required for this, and it can be lined with India silk or quilted satin. The ends are folded over to the center, and embroidered or painted with Watteau designs. The dainty Louis Quinze ribbon embroidery is very effective for such patterns. The edges are finished with a large bullion or chenille cord, and bows of moiré ribbon fasten the pockets.

Delightfully simple is the sachet made of an embroidered Swiss handkerchief. It can serve as a perfume sachet only, or also to hold handkerchiefs, laces, or ribbons. The corners are all trimmed around with narrow plat Valenciennes, sewed on quite full. They are all folded over just to meet in the center, tacked at the corners with bows of ribbon, and then the points are turned back, as seen in the illustration, disclosing a sachet of brocaded India silk made just a quarter of an inch smaller all around than the handkerchief is after it is folded. The sachet is tacked in place and held by a bow of ribbon in the center.

For the doll sachets, get the little five-cent Japanese dolls dressed in *crêpe* paper. They can be used merely to spread their sweetness around, or also utilized as pincushions, the large round one being very convenient for stick and hat pins, and the hanging one for dressing-pins. For the former, two rice paper napkins and a tiny sunshade are needed. Thrust the lower part of the doll—they are usually legless, but if not must suffer amputation—into a ball of cotton in which you have previously sprinkled a generous quantity of perfume powder. Select napkins with gay and quaint designs which come out well into the corners, lay the napkins cornerwise one within the other; then, placing the ball of cotton in the center, draw the napkins up over it, and tie securely in place around the doll's waist. Pull out the points to make full, fluffy skirts, thrust the parasol in place, and you have a cunning sachet at the minimum cost of both time and money.

A half-yard of two-inch cherry satin ribbon is needed to make the other doll-sachet. Take a piece of cotton about a third the length of the ribbon and wrap it firmly about the doll's body, making a roll of the cotton that will fill plumply the two-inch ribbon, and sprinkle perfume generously in the folds. Bring one end of the ribbon up to the waist-line in front, then double it round the end of the cotton roll and let the other end extend up above the shoulders and head of the doll; overhand the edges of the ribbon together, down the sides of the roll, and finish the free end with a rosette of “baby” ribbon and loop, by which to hang it. A half-yard of inch-and-a-half ribbon, of the same or contrasting color, is tied around the waist in the broad Japanese sash fashion. This little trifle is so inexpensive and so easily fashioned



SACHET PINCUSHION.



A GROUP OF SACHETS.

Chat.



CANDY-STICK SACHET.

that it is commended for church-fair tables, where it finds a ready sale.

Another convenient novelty for the same purpose, and just the thing to lay in a box of laces or ribbons, is the peppermint stick sachet, which so closely resembles the small boy's favorite "penny stick" that it makes his mouth water. A round stick about six inches long is rolled in a bit of cotton which holds the desired perfume-powder, and then is wound tightly with white satin ribbon, outside of which narrow red satin ribbon with white "baby" ribbon laid through its center is twisted. The tips are covered with white satin, and the ribbons are neatly overhanded to them; but that is all the sewing required. Though a little difficult, at first, patience and some practice will give one the deftness of manipulation necessary to turn these off very rapidly.

In the group of sachets will be found a variety of convenient forms for various uses. No. 1 is a simple, pillow-like bag of flowered India silk trimmed across the bottom and up one side with a frill of lace, and tied with bows of half-inch ribbon. Sachets of this sort are nice to place in the sleeves of gowns when laid away; and No. 2 is just the thing to hang in a corsage. It can be made of any fancy silk or *crépon*, or of pongee; and any bits of ribbon left from fancy-work can be utilized in making small ones of similar design. The three-cornered sachet—No. 3—is given a very decorative effect by an envelope-like flap which turns over from the base of the triangle. If used only as a perfume sachet this should be tacked down by the bow of ribbon; but if lined and made to open, it will be found convenient for handkerchiefs or the dainty mull collars and cuffs now so much worn. No. 4 is a variation of the familiar square design, with the corners folded over to the center; though very little work to make, the full frill of lace around the edges gives it a very rich and elaborate effect.

The embroidered Japanese silk handkerchiefs make charming sachets, either trimmed with lace or merely bowed with ribbon; and a very dainty stationery-sachet can be made of one. For this the handkerchief must be lined with tinted silk, and have between a thin sheet of wadding, split to receive the perfume powder. When folded once the average-sized handkerchief is just the right size to hold standard letter-paper.

Charming little sachets to scatter abundantly through one's bureau-drawers, trunks, boxes, etc., can be made of the *crépe* tissue-paper which has been turned to such a multitude of decorative purposes. Cut a square of the paper and fold it into a triangle, then make a thin pad of cotton batting, a half-inch smaller than the paper when folded, sewing a frill of two-inch Valenciennes around the two sides and point, lay the pad within the paper, and tack in place with loops of ribbosene or "baby" ribbon. A piece of the paper can be wrapped around a square of cotton batting holding the perfume, and tied with ribbon, in bag-fashion; the frill left at the top should then be pulled out into irregular flower-like petals, shaping a little with the scissors,—remembering that not imitation of Nature but just suggestion of her is aimed at,—and the edges can be tinted with water-color. The effect is very dainty and flower-like.

E. A. FLETCHER.

Golf is the game this summer, and its rapid growth in public favor is proved by the number of Golf Clubs which have been organized all over the country. While last year the number of clubs could be counted on the fingers of one hand, it is no longer possible to remember them all. The luxurious and superbly appointed club-house of the Shinnecock Club is now surpassed by that of the Newport Club; and it is becoming a matter of pride with club members to possess the most difficult "links." The members of the cottage colony at Tuxedo were among the first devotees of the sport, and they have all along been the most enthusiastic players. The "Alps" is a famous hazard on their links, which has heretofore been the Waterloo of many skilled players. But the Morris County Country Club has had a new three-mile course laid out, which contains some of the most ingeniously difficult links possible to conceive; they cross a railway and its embankments twice, with a drive of five hundred and twenty-three yards in taking the tracks first, and go through three abandoned stone-quarries, and over a patch of thorny blackberry-stumps. It will be seen from this that the players are in earnest, and have no desire to win their laurels too cheaply. Women are among the most enthusiastic players.

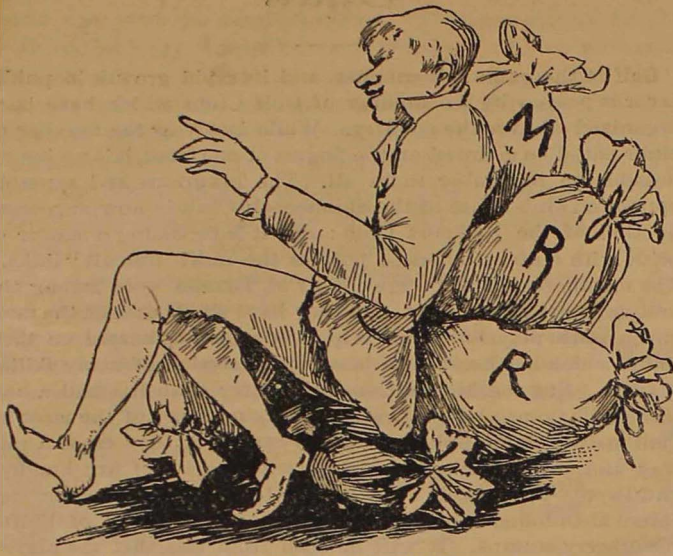
The millionaire children of New York were born in a happy era,—what will be known in the future not so much as the *fin de siècle* but as the physical culture period. For these pets of fortune nothing is left undone that modern thought, invention, and research have devised for the improvement of the race; and, unless care and culture of the body go for naught, they must develop into magnificent specimens of manhood and womanhood. One of the prettiest sights in Central Park on a pleasant morning is a riding-class of these happy children in the care of their woman teacher, who, herself, in attendance on her different classes, rides from forty to fifty miles daily. These children go to the Berkeley Gymnasium regularly, little tots of four and five, even, being sent to the classes, and they ride bicycles and are encouraged to take up every outdoor sport. They are taught to swim and to row, to drive as well as ride, and their strong physique and superb complexions already prove the value of the regimen.

Trilbyism continued to the close of the season in New York, though, fortunately, the mania was not manifested in so acute a form as that prevalent in the late winter. In fact, the spring malady was a very mild disease, which would hardly have attracted attention but for the alarm created by the earlier attacks. The last Trilby entertainment was given by the Daughters of the Revolution,—of course for Charity's sweet sake. Trilby herself did not appear, but a paper was read on "Trilby from a Literary Point of View," and excerpts from the book, which formed a graphic description of Trilby's career; a fine singer delighted the audience by singing all of Trilby's songs, including the sweet old ballad "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and a pianist played Chopin's Impromptu in A flat. We have had "Trilby" shoes all winter,—that was to be expected; but now the silversmiths have taken up the craze, and offer us "Trilby" spoons and "Trilby" stick-pins, and a host of other nonsense-things in which the design of a bared foot is supposed to symbolize Trilby, whom, from loving with a tender, sweet pity, we shall end by detesting, unless some other object is furnished this mad world upon which to wreck its crazes.

The Art Loan was far and away the smartest and most successful of society's undertakings in behalf of charity. The collections of laces, fans, and jeweled *bijouterie* brought together were a surprise even to collectors themselves; for nobody dreamed so many treasures of the sort had been accumulated in New York. During the weeks it was open to the public Society made a pet of the Art Loan, and came in its smartest frocks—especially on Wednesdays and Thursdays, when tea was served and the price of admission doubled—to see and be seen.

The most coveted invitations now are those to join a yachting party. Some parties have been made up for cruises to distant Norway and Sweden, which are now becoming as strong magnets in summer as is the Mediterranean in winter.

Puzzles.



PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

FIND in the above picture two poets and a philosopher.

BOOK-MAKING.

TAKE the tail of an ant, the head of a rat, the eye of a pig, and the heart of an elk ; join them to a boy, taking nothing away from him, and produce the most popular book of the day.

Milby

A RIDDLEMERE.

My first is in pot but not in can,
 My second is in girl but not in man,
 My third is in thin but not in thick,
 My fourth is in cane but not in stick,
 My fifth is in ham but not in mutton,
 My sixth is in pin but not in button,
 My seventh is in print but not in scroll,
 My eighth is in railing and also in pole,
 My ninth is in cornet and also in lute,
 My whole is a large South American fruit.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. A flower. | 5. A mark. |
| 2. An insect. | 6. A vegetable. |
| 3. A battle. | 7. An animal. |
| 4. A verb. | 8. An estate. |
| 9. A boy's name. | |

My initials and finals read downwards form the names of two towns.



PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

A MORAL aphorism in an abbreviated inscription.

A FINNISH RIDDLE.

A BURDEN fatigues him, and yet he does not carry it.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

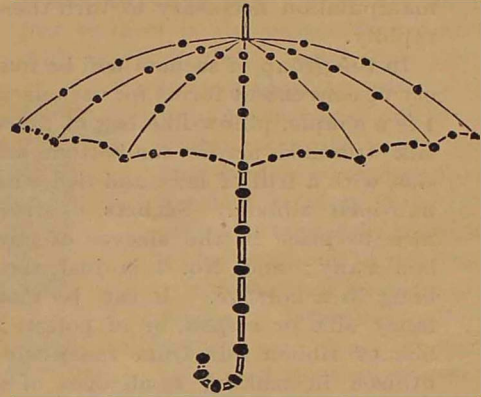
1. A fish.
2. Seeds.
3. Something to wear.
4. A measure.
5. A vegetable.
6. Part of a gun.

My letters read diagonally from the top left-hand corner form the name of a flower.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. A girl's name. | 6. A liquid. |
| 2. An animal. | 7. A verb. |
| 3. Part of a house. | 8. A county. |
| 4. A boy's name. | 9. A river. |
| 5. A metal. | 10. A boy's name. |

My initials read downward form the name of a poet.



UMBRELLA PUZZLE.

THE fifteen words forming the ribs and outlines of the umbrella name what we should not do or be. Ribs all read downward, beginning with the same letter, and signify, reading from the left, to affirm, to growl, to mock, to chide, to avoid, to purloin, and to throw off volatile matter in the form of vapor. Spaces between ribs, beginning at the left, signify, to carouse, to loiter, deceit, to imbibe, to destroy, to deceive. Handle, reading downward, to stake money ; the crook, to be unfriendly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

I. Objects : wand, Indian, miter, foot, meat. Proverb : "Time and tide wait for no man."

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| II. O live | IV. t a B l e |
| R aid | s t A i n |
| I deal | p a N s y |
| E king | c a N o e |
| N arrow | t r O u t |
| T ally.—Orient. | b a C o n |
| | c a K e s |
| | s a B l e |
| | p r U n e |
| | P e R t h |
| | A g N e s |

III. Madam.

V. 1, Singular, plea ; plural, please ; 2, gay, gaze ; 3, gray, graze ; 4, rye, rise ; 5, cent, sense ; 6, sea, seize ; 7, tent, tense ; 8, ray, raise ; 9, dent, dense ; 10, not, knots.

VI. Trafalgar.

- | | | |
|--------------|------------------|-------------------------|
| VII. T iger. | VIII. 1. Mak I, | 5. Emble M. |
| H arold. | 2. Indicato R, | 6. Spermacet I, |
| A uricula. | 3. Nunci O, | 7. Ortolan N, |
| L ilian. | 4. Night hero N, | 8. Tadpol E, |
| B ison. | 9. Albatros S. | |
| E thel. | | |
| R oach. | | Minnesota ; Iron Mines. |
| G wendoline. | | |

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.

The Treaty Between China and Japan.

The superiority of mind over matter was never more strikingly illustrated than in the war between Japan and China, which recently ended in the triumph of Japan. China had the men—countless hordes of them. Japan had the enlightened intelligence, the knowledge of modern methods of warfare; and before her armies the Chinese hordes were as chaff before the wind. Until recently there was an opinion that the Japanese were an effeminate and at best only a half-civilized people. The late war has shown the falsity of such a belief. Japan's army was found to lose nothing in comparison with those of Western powers. It was in no way inferior in organization and equipment, and in discipline and mobility it had few, if any, superiors. The Japanese navy, supplemented by strong forts and heavy batteries at the important ports and channels leading to them, achieved much that would have been very creditable to any navy; and Japan's knowledge of the science of war and her management of land and naval forces seems to have been beyond criticism. Ping Yang and Yalu will rank in history with the greatest land and sea fights of these times. In individual valor, moreover, there are few heroic deeds of modern wars which do not find a match in the courage and daring of similar deeds of the soldiers of Japan.

But it is not alone in the war that Japan has shown her wisdom and enlightenment. When the Russian government, which is pushing a trans-Siberian railroad across northern Asia and wants a seaport terminus in the East, frowned because Japan, by the treaty which she dictated to China, retained the Liao-Tung peninsula, the Mikado's ministers were placed in a most trying position. Russia, supported by France and Germany, threatened war unless the treaty were modified to the extent of ceding back to China the peninsula, including Port Arthur. The people of Japan, intoxicated by their success, threatened rebellion if such cession were made. Their statesmen, however, have realized that a war with the European powers would mean the eventual exhaustion of Japan by the weight of superior numbers; and even if it were otherwise, that the country's rise to a foremost place among the nations will not be brought about by further martial glory, but by industrial progress. They have therefore resisted the pressure and temptation to yield to the mock-patriotic sentiment which is known as the "jingo" spirit, and far removed from true patriotism. The territory in controversy was given back to China in consideration of an increased pecuniary indemnity. Russia is satisfied; the revolutionists have quieted down, and Japan, in possession of Formosa, in control of Korea, which is declared independent, and with the expenses of the war more than paid by the indemnity, is looking forward to an era of unprecedented greatness. Furthermore, she is extending an uplifting hand to her fallen foe. She is determined that China shall be freed from European domination and made to utilize her vast resources to Japan's advantage and her own. The Celestial Empire will certainly see an increase in material prosperity under the mild and civilizing influence of the Japanese; probably it will absorb some of the spirit of progress and civilization. The dogged persistence, the boldness when aroused, the industry and patience of the Chinese character when illumined and made effective by modern knowledge and methods, will be very potent factors in the hands of organizers like the Japanese, and Japan, notwithstanding her present conciliatory mood, may loom up, before many years have passed, as a dictator of nations.

The Last of the Present Income Tax.

Gradually the pæans and the lamentations over the early demise of the Income Tax are dying away. It will not be long before the law which made such a stir during its short life will have been buried under other issues and forgotten by the people. Yet the question involved reaches down to the foundation of our institutions, and the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, declaring the tax unconstitutional, may have far-reaching consequences, for the reason that it gives precedent to a technical interpretation of the Constitution, and materially lessens the taxing power of Congress. In two great national crises, the Civil War and a disastrous financial panic, an income tax was the bridge which the Government used to cross the turbulent waters. The justices who dissented from the majority opinion of the Court expressed the fear that in some great future emergency the decision will rise up to paralyze the arm of Congress, and thus be a menace to national security. They further maintained that the framers of the Constitution had no thought

nor intention of making an income tax unconstitutional by the clause providing that all direct taxes shall be apportioned among the people of the various States according to their respective numbers. The apportionment feature of this clause, it was declared, was the result of compromise, and was inserted merely to cover a temporary issue which was at that time before the country. The majority opinion was in accordance with a stricter construction of the clause pertaining to Congress' powers of taxation. Chief-Justice Fuller's conclusion was that the income tax in all its parts is a direct tax, and not being apportioned as the Constitution requires in the case of direct taxes, is unconstitutional. From the standpoint of those who believe in a literal interpretation of the instrument there is no doubt of the soundness of this view. The Chief-Justice carefully abstained from expressing an opinion as to the merit or perniciousness of the principle involved in an income tax. He said, however, that it would be possible to apportion such a tax and so bring it up to the constitutional requirements.

Nicaragua Pays the Indemnity.

The teapot tempest occasioned by the controversy between mighty England and puny Nicaragua has blown over. The little Central American republic has paid the \$75,000 which Great Britain demanded from her as a solace for wounded feelings occasioned by the expulsion from the country of her Proconsul, Hatch, for alleged complicity in, or at least manifested sympathy for, a revolutionary movement. It went very much against Nicaragua's grain to pay the money, but she was forced to it in order to rid herself of the British troops and war-ships which occupied Corinto, the chief seaport, and announced their intention of remaining until the matter was settled. The English ships have now sailed away, and there is nothing left of the dispute but the echoes of the complaints of the Nicaraguans because the United States did not support them in their position as they had expected, and the voices of some American newspapers and citizens, which have been raised in stormy protest against our governmental policy in the affair. In rounded periods and with emphatic rhetoric they assert that the administration has flung the Monroe doctrine to the winds, and has allowed England to trample on the United States and expose her to the scorn and ridicule of other nations. President Cleveland's decision was that England's claim was reasonable, that this government would have levied and enforced a similar demand under similar circumstances, and might be forced to do so in the future, and therefore that interference on the part of the United States would not be in accordance with propriety or good policy. The persons and journals that take a different view of the question base their opinions on the principles laid down in the Monroe doctrine, which, as announced in President Monroe's annual message to Congress in 1823, is as follows: "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere; but with the governments on this continent which have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and just principle acknowledged, we could not view an interposition for oppressing them or controlling their destiny by a European power in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly spirit against the United States." A view of the doctrine which seems conservative and sound is that while it will not permit the overthrow by a European power of any existing government on this continent, nor the establishment of a protectorate over it, nor the exercise of any direct control of its policy or institutions, yet the doctrine does not contemplate interference on the part of the United States in a lawful controversy between a European sovereign and a nation on this side of the Atlantic. From this standpoint no action in the Nicaraguan affair was called for by our government for the reason that England did not hold ports of Nicaragua longer than necessary to enforce her equitable claim.

Cuba's Struggle for Independence.

We of the United States, remembering our own stern fight against oppression, naturally watch with sympathetic interest Cuba's heroic efforts to throw off the yoke of Spain. The island province probably has even more cause than had our patriots for their determination to achieve independence. Spain's rule in Cuba has most decidedly been misrule. The island is the largest and richest in the West Indies, and has great agricultural possibilities, yet much of the richly productive land lies idle and uncultivated; a large proportion of the population is groping in the depths of ignorance and poverty; Cuba has little voice in the administration of her own affairs, and her citizens are shut off from all positions of trust and honor under the government; there are almost no railroads and few wagon-roads worthy of the name. Notwithstanding this lack of industrial development and of representation, the Cubans pay more than their full share of taxes; indeed, the taxation is excessive. It is not to be wondered at that Cuba is anxious to throw off the incubus of governmental mal-administration and corruption in order that she may gain at least the opportunity of rising to her true destiny. With that end in view, the patriots are making a fight which has evolved from a mere riotous uprising to a widespread rebellion. Spain has sent her ablest soldier, Gen. Martinez de Campos, to the island, and has shown a determination to subdue the islanders at any cost. Even if she succeeds the struggle will doubtless be a long one. In 1868, it will be remembered, began a Cuban rebellion which cost the mother country infinite trouble

and nearly ten years of war to quell. With a deficit in her treasury and an immense debt, Spain is now in no position to carry on a long and expensive war, while Cuba is in a better condition than in 1868. It is true that Spain has the greater number of troops in the field, but, more than counterbalancing this, Cuba has the advantages of fighting on her own territory, with a knowledge of the country and numerous rendezvous and retreating places in the mountains. Her troops, moreover, are proof against the scourge of yellow fever, which carries off a score of Spanish soldiers to one who is killed in battle. There is little doubt that Spain will have a hard time of it in Cuba, and the people of this country will not particularly regret the fact. The United States, however, in accordance with its well-known policy of strict neutrality, will be careful to extend no official aid or sympathy to Cuba. The Monroe doctrine of permitting no increase of European power on this continent has been spoken of in connection with the trouble, but until the Cubans establish their independence and are recognized by our government as a nation it will have no application.

Brain Disease and Alcohol.

A form of brain disease which may be described as a breaking down of the great centers of mind and motion in the brain is increasing with alarming rapidity, we are told by an English authority on insanity. From a collation of facts in various lunatic asylums he draws the conclusion that the most frequent of all causes of the malady is the use of alcohol. There seems to be no cure for this dreadful mental paralysis, and the brain-worker can only prevent its approach by taking into his system nourishment which is food for the brain, instead of stimulants which are fatal to it, and by keeping a proper balance between his physical income and resources and his mental expenditure.

Disease from the Realms of Space.

The great epidemics which have ravaged cities and devastated countries have contained an element of mystery. The people of the Middle Ages could find no answer for the question, Whence comes the dread plague? And the present germ-theory only leads to the further query, What is the origin of the germs? A recent writer in a medical journal answers with the interesting and somewhat startling theory that epidemics are not of earthly origin, but come from the realms of space. In the thousands of tons of meteoric matter and cosmic dust which, it is generally admitted, are annually precipitated upon the earth, he says that myriads of life-germs have been observed. Darwin describes a shower of strange organisms; and curious yellow snow, which has fallen in various parts of the world, has been found to be literally alive with bacteria. The writer is of the opinion that there is a connection between these showers of germs and epidemics, both those of a local character, such as diphtheria, and the great scourges of the past. It has been observed, he says, that peculiar clouds have on several occasions accompanied plagues. The famous "Black Plague" of the fourteenth century, which carried off nearly fifty million victims, came with great suddenness, and spread much faster than the lines of travel could have carried it. Concerning it an old chronicle says: "The impure air was actually visible as it approached with its burden of death, and a dense and awful fog was seen in the heavens." The cosmic germ theory explains the widespread character of these epidemics; and their sudden cessation and not infrequent extinction might be attributed to the earth swinging out of range of the meteoric dust carrying the germs, which, not finding suitable environment on the earth, cease to multiply, and so die.

Argon and Helium.

Two discoveries have recently been made by Lord Rayleigh, of England, which prove, to paraphrase Shakespeare, that there are more things on earth than the scientists in their philosophy have ever dreamed of. First comes the startling information that day after day and year after year we have been taking into our lungs a gas of whose existence we have been wholly ignorant. The discovery of this heretofore unknown atmospheric constituent, which has been named "argon," meaning idle, was announced at a recent meeting of the British Association. Subsequent researches have proved beyond a doubt its presence in the air, and, in consequence, some time-honored scientific beliefs are in danger of being overthrown. It would seem that Lord Rayleigh should at least have given the scientific world time to recover from the surprise caused by his first discovery before unearthing and proclaiming another startling scientific fact; but, regardless of the nervous systems of the scientists, he has just announced that in a mineral from Norway he has found helium, a gas which heretofore has been thought to have a home only in the sun and a few of the stars. Whatever other results this discovery may have, it gives new reason for believing that the sun and the planets, the earth among them, are alike in composition, and originated under the operation of a common law. Although the finding of helium is perhaps the more interesting from a popular standpoint, the fact that argon has been brought to light is probably of greater practical importance. It is possible that the gas plays a vital part in respiration and other processes in man. If this be the case, accurate knowledge of it may open new lines of treatment and research in the practice of medicine. As yet, however, facts are few concerning argon, and we must wait till the mystery is dispelled by the search-light of science. The period of suspense will probably not be a long one, for scientists are everywhere engaged in investigating

the attributes of the stranger. The wonder is that it has so long escaped their prying eyes.

Manufactured Diamonds.

If that ingenious animal man strays much farther along the paths of discovery and invention, poor old Mother Nature will find her occupation almost gone. The latest successful attempt of science to emulate the workings of natural laws has been in the making of diamonds. These marvelously beautiful minerals are simply crystallized carbon. The theory of their formation is that fiery, eruptive matter is thrown into an upper layer of earth rich in carbon, which, slowly cooling, assumes the crystalline form. The question occurred to a French scientist, "Why cannot I crystallize carbon, and so make diamonds?" He has recently performed experiments with wrought-iron carbon, which he melted and then very slowly cooled. Tiny, but sparkling diamonds were the result. Almost simultaneously with the French discovery of the process of diamond manufacture, a Russian chemist announced that he, too, could make artificial diamonds. Each man had carried on his investigations wholly without knowledge of the work of the other, and, except that the Russian used silver carbon, the method and results were nearly the same. The stones are very small as yet, but it is said that it will soon be possible to make them of a marketable size.

The Exodus of Emigrants.

With complacency, rather than regret, we may receive the statistics which show that 312,771 steerage passengers left this country for their native shores last year, while only 314,467 immigrants arrived, making the increase in the immigrant population for the whole year less than two thousand. This exodus of the aliens, while due in some degree to the commercial depression in 1894, has other and more permanent causes. It does not imply that we are losing our prosperity; it simply means that there is not now the crying need for labor of any and all kinds, even the least efficient. Immigration of past years has furnished more than enough hands to till the vast tracts of virgin soil, and to aid generally in material development. There was a time when immigrants were welcome, and they came in vast numbers; but that time has passed. The United States is no longer an undeveloped country. The population has multiplied, and in the East, at least, the supply of labor exceeds the demand. Poverty, fed and nourished chiefly by the foreign element, is rearing its hydra head. Every year our social conditions are becoming more like those of Europe; and that is why the aliens are returning to their birthplaces. As it is, we have ten millions of them, a number so great as to render slow indeed the assimilation which is so necessary under our democratic institutions.

A New Illuminating Gas.

The days of big gas-bills and the tyranny of kerosene seem to be almost over. The discovery of a new process of producing illuminating gas so cheaply as to put it within the reach of all, both in cities and towns, has been announced by the Society of Chemical Industry. The gas so produced is, moreover, of a better quality than that now in use. Factories for its manufacture are now being built, and it is said that the new illuminant will be offered for general consumption within a short time. A remarkable and most advantageous feature of the gas is the possibility of easily transforming it into a liquid, and in this form confining it in cans. Lamps with reducing pressure valves are now being constructed, so that the illuminant may be used without pipes, and thus made available to people living outside of cities. The gas differs from that in ordinary use only in the particular that it is pure acetylene, while the other is a mixture of various constituents, acetylene being one of the chief. The purity of the new illuminant causes a better light and more perfect combustion. The flame is white and very brilliant. It has, furthermore, the important advantage of consuming much less oxygen than the flame of the gas it promises to supersede, and thus vitiates the air of the room less rapidly.

The Passing of the Steam Locomotive.

The iron steed of the rail has been of inestimable service to the nineteenth century, but the indications are that it will be discarded by the twentieth. Those who have observed most closely the trend of material progress say that the roaring and snorting of the steam locomotive will be heard less and less often as the years of the next century roll away, while the whir of the trolley will become more and more frequent, until finally the last of the steam-engines will be relegated to the junk heap and the trolley or electric motor will attend to the world's transportation. Already the railroad companies are feeling the encroachments of the trolley lines, and in several States have asked the legislatures to refuse franchises to corporations proposing to operate such lines in the suburbs of the cities or between towns and villages. The advance of the trolley, however, has so far been almost irresistible. It is already in possession of the field of short-distance transportation, and is steadily reaching onward. Freight is now carried by electric cars, and lines are projected between great centers like New York, Baltimore, and Washington. The weapon which the trolley knight has so successfully used against the railroad king is the cheaper operating facilities of the trolley lines. The people at large reap the benefit of this; consequently the passing of the steam locomotive, although it has been perhaps the most important industrial agent the world has heretofore seen, is not to be regretted.

Sanitarian.

Physical Training an Antidote to Old Age.

AMERICAN women are beginning to be aware of the value of physical training; they take vastly better care of themselves than formerly. They have better acquaintance with hygienic laws, and hold them in higher esteem, but they have not yet fully learned to apply them personally. Are not the majority of our women, especially in town and city, physically weak? Thoroughly healthy, hearty women are not common among us. Ask the family physician, and he will endorse this statement to an extent most of us would not have believed. At present the number of cases of nervous prostration and insanity is larger than at any previous history of the country.

The truth is, we are too much inclined to take a trip into the country of "Pills," as a short-cut to health, quite forgetting to take warning by the suffering woman mentioned in Scripture who had spent her money in vain on many physicians, and was "nothing better, only worse." Dryden tells us that

"The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his works for man to mend;"

while Addison says that "Physic, for the most part, is but a substitute for exercise and temperance." It might be better for us if he agreed with a certain M. Monthusin, who, forbidden to take stimulants in an illness, and prescribed large drinks of cold water instead, returned the glass after one sip, saying: "Take it away, my dear, and keep it for another time. I have always heard that we should not trifle with remedies." The French gentleman's precept, if not his practice, is worth our attention.

"We cannot buy health, we must deserve it;" and this most desirable of earthly blessings may be gained by a regular and uniform development of the body by judicious exercise. The theory of the advantage to be derived from systematic exercise is simple enough, for the law of nature provides that within certain limits parts of the human frame increase in strength, aptitude, and size, according to the use made of them. In gymnastic exercise this law is brought to bear successively on the whole system in combined action. Exercise alone, of all the elements and agents of growth, can be regarded in an educational light, and is capable of being systematized and administered as a means of bodily culture.

A proper amount of exercise calls into action every function of the body to perform its work. It is exercise that feeds the muscles, replenishes the blood-vessels, and lights the fires that burn away impurities. It clears a clogged brain and a cloudy mind, a brooding mood and an ill temper. It arouses all the recuperative power of the system,—the restorative energy, so-called,—and thus does even more than supply waste, it increases the power of assimilation and creates strength.

All exercise, the physiologist tells us, uses up a certain amount of the strength of the tissues; but the stimulation to the recuperative powers not only repairs the waste, but prevents fatigue, and, to speak figuratively, keeps the whole instrument keyed up to the proper pitch. While it is very necessary to stimulate this power, it is of still greater importance not to exhaust it; for it is the fountain of health, strength, even life itself, and its exhaustion is harder to repair than the primary evil in whose relief our overzeal sometimes leads us to go too far.

True education is to train the physical and mental powers to accommodate themselves to the demands of life. "Na-

ture," says Herbert Spencer, "is a strict accountant; and if we demand of her in one direction more than she is prepared to lay out, she balances the account by making a deduction elsewhere."

I once read a story of a certain gentleman who had a perfect passion for digging holes for the mere pleasure of doing it. He had dug a deep hole in his garden, in fact the very deepest hole he had ever dug, and became so infatuated with the digging that he actually had his dinner let down to him in a basket. He dug away early and late, and one afternoon, when digging very vigorously, his spade suddenly penetrated through into space, the dirt around him gave way, and he fell down, down to—it seemed to him—the very center of the earth, and to his astonishment he landed on the top of a coach that happened to be passing. Now this gentleman had the happy faculty of adapting himself to circumstances; so he took one of the seats and entered into conversation with the passenger opposite, a very gentlemanly appearing man, who was entirely enveloped in a black cloak. He soon found that the country into which he had been so suddenly transported was a very strange one. Its peculiarities were thus stated to him by his fellow-passenger:

"Our country," he said, "is called Skitzland. The Skitzlanders are born with perfect bodies; but when they arrive at a certain age all their limbs and features which have not been used drop off, leaving simply the bones. It is rather dark this evening, or you must have observed them. Our aristocracy, the governing body, consists of those few individuals who have used all their faculties and therefore now possess them all. Nearly all of us here on the coach have lost some part of our bodies. Look forward there, at the coachman; he consists simply of a stomach and hands, those being the only parts he has ever used. Those two whom you see chatting together are brothers in misfortune; they have neither of them any legs at all, though each possesses a finely developed understanding, and please remark what a massive jaw the lawyer has. That gentleman just removing his hat is a celebrated millionaire. You see he has lost all the top part of his head except the bump of acquisitiveness and the faculty of arithmetical calculation. Inside the coach are two ladies; their case is very pitiable. They belong to the fashionable world, and consist of a pair of eyes and a bundle of nerves. As for me, I am a schoolmaster. I have been a hard student all my life, and I have a natural sympathy for my fellowmen, and so I am blessed with a brain and heart entire; but see here," and he lifted his cloak; and lo! underneath was a skeleton. "Look!" he continued. "The limbs I have never used have deserted me. My case is miserable enough, I assure you, and my only solace is in striving to educate the rising generation to cultivate all their faculties; but alas! it is very hard to convince them that what has happened to me and to nearly all the rest of the grown inhabitants will be their fate. No doubt it is a very easy matter to persuade them to do so in your country, for I see your body is perfect; but, indeed, here it is almost a hopeless task."

At this moment there was a dreadful earthquake, and a sudden convulsion of the ground directly beneath the coach sent the gentleman flying up to the surface of the earth again. By a strange and fortunate chance he found himself lying at the bottom of the very hole he had been digging, and just then he heard his wife calling out from the top:

"Come, come, dear! are you asleep? It is very late, and the supper is getting cold."

If we should look among our friends how many of the Skitzland aristocracy should we find? And what a dropping off of limbs and features there would be if we were suddenly obliged to conform to the laws of Skitzland! It is certain, however, that this is in effect the law of nature, that the

faculties unused shall weaken and fail; and we see it illustrated daily in hundreds of weakly bodies.

"Keep the watch wound, lest the dark rust assaileth." There is one advantage of the use of physical culture as a preventive medicine, which should commend itself specially to women. It not only lengthens life, but it preserves life; for you remember Hood's old lady, who, free from decrepitude,

"Lived to be one hundred and ten,
And died from a fall from a cherry tree, then."

It also preserves for a woman that bloom of youth and look of perfect health one sometimes sees in women of advanced age.

And when we shall have attained to this perfect physical development, when our natures shall be in unison with the outward universe, "our souls awake to knowledge, truth, and love," our days shall pass pleasantly away, our nights be blessed with sweetest sleep, we shall feel no symptoms of decay, we can "age and wrinkled care deride," "defy the tooth of time;" and as

"Old age is not a friend we care to meet,
Yet, if some day to see us, he should come,"

we shall be able to

"Lock the door as he walks up the street,
And say, 'Most honored sir, I'm not at home!'"

ELIZABETH FLINT WADE.

Household.

Hints Concerning Marketing.

III.

POULTRY AND GAME.

POULTRY seems to belong pre-eminently to the country. In the case of beef, mutton, and most other kinds of meats, the choicest is usually found in the towns and cities, because where large quantities are consumed there are better facilities provided for hanging and otherwise caring for the meat than can often be commanded in the country. But poultry is at its best when it is freshest; and as in the country and small towns it can be kept alive until it is actually needed, it has there come to be the standard meat for choice occasions. It is told of some rural district in the West, that when the farmyard chickens see company arriving they recognize the inevitable and run and place their heads on the block ready to have them chopped off.

In the cities, however, it is contrary to public convenience and health to have poultry killed within the city limits, so we are obliged to take what we can get; and it therefore behooves us to learn to distinguish the good from the bad. A good dealer will usually have on hand reasonably fresh poultry. Sometimes it has been killed within a day or two, and sometimes it has been frozen and packed in ice for two or three months. In either case, no particular harm has been done provided the poultry has been drawn while fresh. The meat certainly is not so nice as that of a good country fowl, but it is very good; and perhaps, to those unfortunate persons who have long been accustomed to depend upon the city markets, the flavor is even better liked because it is familiar.

But when fowls have lain for any length of time without having been drawn they are unhealthy and not fit for use. For this reason it is all the more important that one should be able to tell a fresh fowl from a stale one. If there is any choice, never buy one that has not been drawn; but often there is no choice. In most of the large cities, in New York for one, they are never drawn until after they are sold; and under such circumstances, of course, one must do the best she can, and never forget to exercise great care in the buying.

Chickens in the city markets are called simply "chickens" until they are a year old. While at this tender age they are at their best for broiling and for baking (not roasting) in the oven, split open down the back. To make sure that the chicken is really young enough to be used in this way, press against the end of the breast bone, and if it is soft and car-

tilaginous the chicken is young and will be tender. It has been said that some dealers mash the breast bone so that it will seem soft; but a very little experience will teach one when the bone is intact. The suspicion is really not one of importance; for anyone dishonest enough to resort to such practices would not in any case retain the custom of a conscientious marketer long enough to cause her much inconvenience in this respect. Rogues never confine their rogueries to a few things that are hard to detect, and it is only the careless and unwary that are long deceived by them.

An experienced eye can tell a young chicken at a glance, for it has several points of distinction from one that is old. If it has spurs or a comb, they are small and undeveloped; the legs are bright and soft, instead of dull and scaly as when old; and there are practically no pin-feathers on a very young chicken, while an old fowl has a great many, the number being in proportion to the age. Young chickens are usually not very fat, and there is more bone in proportion to the meat than on old ones.

When a chicken is more than a year old it is called a fowl, and is in prime condition for roasting until it is from two to three years old. When it has been caponed it brings a higher price, and is particularly good for roasting because there is more breast in proportion to the size than on an ordinary fowl. A capon may be recognized by its withered comb and gills; and it is usually sold with the head on so that these distinctive marks may be observed. Next to the capon a young hen is the best selection for roasting. Any fowl to be used for this purpose should be fat and have a full, soft breast.

After a fowl is more than three years old it is likely to be tough; but for boiling, for salad, croquettes, or any made dishes, the flavor is as good as if the fowl were younger, provided it is fat and in good condition; and the price per pound is several cents less. Such fowls are, of course, in season the year round; while roasting fowls are considered choicest during the fall and winter, and broiling chickens are best during the summer and fall. To tell when any of them are freshly killed, see that the eyes are bright, and the body moist, soft, and limber. A dry, stiff skin, and white, dull eyes indicate staleness.

Turkeys are marketed in much the same condition that chickens are, and the same suggestions regarding freshness and being drawn that have been made in regard to chickens are applicable to turkeys, in common with all other poultry. Their proper season is the fall and winter. In the late spring and summer the meat is no longer juicy nor of good flavor; and though they are sometimes served during the

warm season they are much inferior to the winter turkey. After they are two years old the meat is likely to be strong; the very choicest age is from eight to ten months old.

There are several marks by which one may tell when a turkey is young, and consequently tender. The legs are dark, almost black, the breast bone is soft, the fat is white, and the general appearance full and soft. As they grow older the legs get rough and gray, and the skin looks dry and tough. The hens are smaller than the cocks, and have more breast in proportion to the size, so that they are the best selection for a family where eight or ten pounds is sufficient. Where a larger size is desired, the cocks are best, because the large hens are always too old.

Domestic ducks and geese are in season during the cold weather. They are necessarily rich food, since they are not good unless very fat. It is rather more difficult to tell when they are young and tender than it is in the case of the chicken and turkey; but it is important that they should be young, for an old duck or goose is very tough eating indeed. The general soft and fresh appearance which one soon learns to know may be relied upon; and for specific marks, the windpipe should be brittle, the joints should break easily, and the breast bone should be soft. Goslings are sometimes fattened and sold at a high price during the late summer and fall. They are called green geese, and are very tender and delicate, and highly esteemed, but not of particularly fine flavor.

Of wild fowls, or game, there are such a large number, and the varieties are so different in the different parts of the country, that it is difficult to do more than speak of the kinds most common, and that in very general terms. All kinds of game has a peculiar odor and flavor which can only be described as "gamey," and which experience alone will teach one to distinguish. The novice in marketing will sometimes mistake it for a tainted smell, but will soon learn that it is very different.

Great care should be taken, however, to see that game is not tainted, for it is particularly subject to this defect, since the flavor is supposed to be improved by keeping the birds some days after killing. The flavor thus obtained is spoken of as "high," and is much valued by epicures; but for the ordinary appetite the gamey flavor is quite sufficient to satisfy if the game be eaten within a day or two after it is killed, and the risk of having an unwholesomely high flavor is greatly lessened.

Most game is in season during some part of the winter months, though there are a few exceptions. The game laws of the various States are a sufficient guide in determining when the different varieties are in season. Their aim is to keep the birds from becoming extinct, as many of them certainly would become if it were allowable to kill them at all times of the year. The laws, in the main, permit them to be killed only at the season when they are choicest, and hence the fact of their being found in the markets is sufficient evidence that they are in season.

Woodcock is perhaps the most delicate, and is certainly the most expensive variety of common game, often costing several dollars for a pair, each bird of which may weigh but little more than half a pound. It is one of the few kinds of game in market during the summer, its season being from July to November. It is a small bird, about the size of an ordinary quail, and may be easily recognized by its very long bill, and its large head with eyes set high up in it.

Of the various kinds of wild ducks all are in season during the autumn and winter. The choicest are the canvas-backs, which have black bills, and get their name from the distinguishing mark of the drake, the back of which resembles a piece of canvas. The next choice in ducks is the red-head,

(*"Household"* continued on page 551.)

What Women Are Doing.

The women of Norway are subscribing money for national defense.

Ten women have been appointed on the list of census enumerators in Boston.

Miss Ella M. Stewart, of Columbus, Ohio, has been a successful commercial traveller for the last five years.

The Chicago Women's Club has decided to admit colored women. The question will probably be brought up at the next meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs.

The Empress of Austria, though no longer a young woman, spends a large part of her time in study. She is devoting herself now to the Greek language and literature.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Stickney, of Chicago, after giving a parish house to St. James's Episcopal Church, in that city, now has decided to build for the parish a rectory to cost \$20,000.

Lady Tennyson has set to music Tennyson's poem, "Sweet and Low." She used to sing this song to her husband, and he was very fond of it, so she decided to perpetuate it.

Miss Minnie Gertrude Kelly has been appointed secretary and stenographer at the police headquarters in New York. She fills the places of two men formerly employed, and receives \$1,700 a year, thus saving the city \$1,200 annually.

Mrs. Marie Robinson-Wright, the Mexican traveler and writer, received the highest price ever paid for a newspaper article,—\$20,000 in gold; a sum which the Mexican Government paid her for an illustrated article on Mexico in the New York World.

The women of Baltimore have formed a Good Government Club with seventy members. The purposes announced are to look after the economical and efficient management of city affairs, to promote cleanliness, health, and beauty, and to establish cooking-schools for the training of young women.

At the University in Christiania, Sweden, all departments of study are thrown open equally to both sexes; and as public officials of the state women are given a fair chance, many having been appointed postmistresses. The only career absolutely closed to women in Christiania is the legal career.

Mrs. Clio Hinton Huneker, of New York City, has won the prize of \$10,000 offered by the Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California for a design for the General Fremont monument to be erected in Rockland Cemetery. Mrs. Huneker's mother was a sculptor before her, and she studied with her before working under St. Gaudens.

A Widows' Club has recently been started in Dresden. From the fact that the inauguration was accompanied by a dance, one would not conclude that the club was started in order that the members might condole with each other. One naturally wonders if "once a widow, always a widow" is a rule of the club.

Dr. Mary Harris Thompson, who has just died in Chicago, was regarded by many as the most eminent female surgeon in the world. She worked and studied under the famous Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. She began the practice of surgery in Chicago in 1863, and ever since she has stood in the front rank of her profession. She was a prominent member of the American Medical Society, and was once elected to the chairmanship of the division on the diseases of children. She was one of the promoters of the Women's Medical College, and the founder of the Chicago Hospital for Women and Children.

In France, the women teachers elect women members on all Boards of Education. In Sweden, women vote for all elective officers except representatives; also, indirectly, for members of the Upper House. In Ireland, the women vote for the Harbor Boards and Poor Law Guardians, and in Belfast, for municipal officers. In Russia, women householders vote for all elective officers and on all local matters. In Finland, they vote for all elective officers, exercising the same privilege by proxy. In Austro-Hungary, Croatia, and Dalmatia, they vote in local elections in person. In Italy, women vote for members of Parliament. Women have municipal suffrage both in Cape Colony and in New Zealand. Iceland, the Isle of Man, and Piteairn Island have full woman suffrage.



MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JULY.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 561.

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

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.

THE smart country weddings which enlivened the early summer days, and which were veritable *fêtes champêtre*, have furnished occasion for the display of the most charming gowns imaginable. Light-colored fancy taffetas, *crépons*, organdies, mulls, and dotted Swiss are the fabrics most employed for these gowns, with, here and there, an occasional one of handsome grenadine or accordion-plaited *chiffon*.

Taffetas in tiny checks and fine stripes or in the *chîné* designs of blurred flowers in *fade* colors are made up in the most refined simplicity. The skirts are without any trimming, and measure from five to six yards at the foot, fitting trimly around the waist, with just a little fullness at the back held in tiny box-plaits or gathered. The corsage is slightly full in the back or laid in box-plaits, and is either round or slightly pointed; while the front is very full and drooping. It is often trimmed with many vertical rows of narrow lace, yellow or black; and, oftener than not, opens in the center to show a tucked and lace-frilled piece of mull or linen lawn. Dainty little points or turrets of the white lawn turn down over the silk or ribbon collar, and form the cuff of a long sleeve; or if the gown has elbow sleeves, a lace-frilled band of the tucking turns up over the folded silk band into which the fullness of the sleeve is gathered.

A black lawn gown has two insertions of fine French lace above a broad hem, and is hung over a skirt of heliotrope surah striped with black. The lawn corsage, made very full over a fitted lining of the surah, has many rows of the insertion passing round it from waist to throat, and the sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Charming simple gowns of dotted Swiss are made with a deep hem and finished at the foot with two full rows of very narrow lace set together like a *ruche*, the scalloped edges turning down and up. The blouse waists—which have fitted linings of cambric or silk—and the demi-sleeves are trimmed with many

vertical rows of the narrow edging. A black-dotted Swiss is trimmed with black lace, and those with white or colored dots with the favorite *beurre* or yellow lace; while the ribbons for girdle and neck and sleeve bands match the dots.

The skirts of all these thin cotton gowns are cut with gored front and side breadths and straight back breadths, and they are mounted over lawn or silk foundation skirts cut in the same manner, but not quite so full, and sometimes finished inside with a full lace *balayouse*. Light-colored organdies are often hung over a skirt of lawn the color of the flower or stripe; and some gowns of pink or blue dotted Swiss have lawn linings the color of the dot.

Parasols to carry with these smart summer gowns are not quite so beruffled as formerly. Though there are still quantities of elaborate structures of *chiffon* and lace trimmed with ribbons and flowers, the most *chic* affair is covered with *chîné* taffeta in white or some delicate color with soft blurred flowers scattered all over, and not a ruffle or a bow. The sticks are finished in white enamel, ending in crooks or twisted hoops, or a Dresden ball; and very handsome ones have carved ivory or jeweled porcelain handles.

Brilliantine, or alpaca, is one of the favorite fabrics of the summer for simple tailor-gowns, and it can be had in fine checks as well as in plain colors. An attractively youthful gown for a young girl is of tan and brown checked brilliantine, made with a simple plain skirt, and a short cut-away coat worn over a batiste blouse. A blue serge with an Eton jacket has revers and cuffs of embroidered batiste finished on the edge with a frill of yellow lace. These can be easily removed for laundering, but would last a season without it.

Plans for summer wardrobes include in most cases a bicycle gown, and our merchants, quick to feel the public pulse, now advertise "bicycle, mountain, and golfing gowns." Most of the bicycle suits include knickerbockers of alpaca the color of the gown; for which serges, covert cloths, coaching twills, and a soft but firmly twilled debeige are the popular fabrics. Skirts are of many cuts, and there is an ingeniously contrived divided-skirt, which does not show it is divided even when walking, that is, perhaps, the longed-for perfect gown.

Our thanks are due Messrs. B. Altman & Co. and Stern Bros. for courtesies shown.

The "Spencer" Skirt.

A CONVENIENT model for wide fabrics is given in our new skirt pattern for July. It measures six yards around the bottom, but fits quite smoothly around the waist, having only three small box-plaits in the back. The front and sides are cut together in one circling breadth, and the middle of the front should be laid on a fold of the goods. The three *godet* folds in the back are formed by three gored breadths; in cutting, the middle of the back breadth should be laid on a fold of the fabric, and the front edges of the others on a selvedge or straightway of the goods. It is useless to ask whether to use a stiff interlining or omit it, for the subject has become entirely a matter of individual preference. Very many of the handsomest gowns have nothing stiffer than a taffeta lining; and we have discussed the subject so fully in recent numbers that nothing more remains to be said upon the subject.

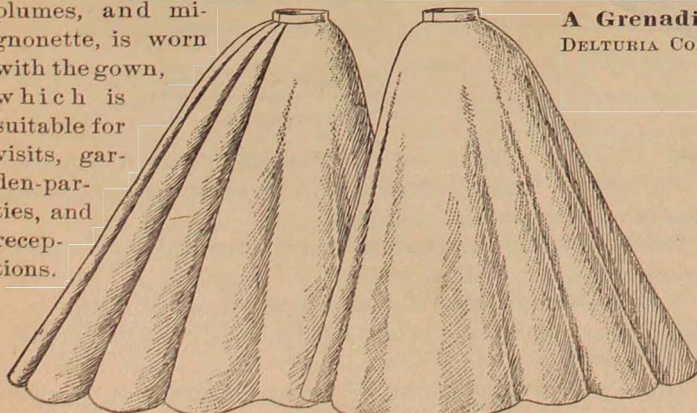
A Grenadine and Chiffon Gown.

THIS design for a smart visiting-gown is adapted to any becoming combination of materials, or it can be carried out in a single fabric. As illustrated, the skirt is of black grenadine, lined with apple-green taffeta. The pattern is the "Spencer," illustrated and described on this page. The corsage—the "Delturia"—is of tucked black *chiffon*, fulled, both back and front, over a fitted lining of green silk, and without the yoke in the back. A shaped piece of ivory satin embroidered with green spangles finishes the yoke and extends to the waist in front, where it meets a large bow with long ends of accordion-plaited *chiffon*. A stock-collar and straps over the shoulders of *chiffon* finish the trimming. The lower parts of the sleeves are of *chiffon* puffed over green silk; but the sleeves may be cut off below the ruffle, if preferred.

A large black hat, trimmed with plaited *chiffon*, many black plumes, and *mi-gnonette*, is worn with the gown, which is suitable for visits, garden-parties, and receptions.



A Grenadine and Chiffon Gown.
DELTURIA CORSAGE. SPENCER SKIRT.



The "Spencer" Skirt.

A Scotch Tweed Gown.

AN attractive and conservative model for the tailor-gown, which has lost nothing of its importance in every woman's wardrobe, and which has even gained some new attractions by force of the contrast it presents to



A Scotch Tweed Gown.
JARVIS COAT. ORMOND SKIRT.

the elaboration of other gowns. The fabrics employed for these gowns are legion: for everyday street-use and for short journeys any of the loosely woven tweeds and cheviots, which can be had in mixtures to suit every taste, are a good choice; but for long journeys the smooth-faced covert cloths, coaching twills, and whipcords prove much more satisfactory and serviceable.

The skirt is the "Ormond," having a very wide front breadth, and two wide back breadths meeting in a bias seam; it flares gracefully at the bottom, and is fitted trimly around the waist by several darts. If a single-fold fabric be used, it would be better to select a pattern with narrower gores. The coat, or blazer, is the "Jarvis," and it is fitted snugly in the back with the usual seams, and flares well in the skirt. It can be worn over a shirt-waist or a waistcoat; most women have one or two waistcoats and several waists of different fabrics, adapting the suit to cool and hot weather, and also giving variety.

A Convenient Shirt-Waist.



AN attractive model for the simple, easily made, unlined blouse, or shirt-waist, to be worn with outing gowns. Every woman finds it convenient to have a half-dozen or more of these blouses of different fabrics, varying in weight from the soft Habutai silks and sheer dimities to cotton cheviot, and

A Convenient Shirt-Waist
THE "GLOVENA."

even French or silk flannel for use in the mountains or if camping out. Brown and black satin waists made by this simple model are also liked to wear with tan and gray covert cloths. The frill below the waist is worn either outside or under the skirt, as preferred. The pattern is the "Glovena."

In Trim Elegance.

FOR the women who are tired of full blouse effects, or who find them trying and unbecoming, and who yet want something dressier than a coat, this model has been designed. The fabric is a light all-wool *crépon* in tan-color, and the plain skirt is made by the "Volyta" pattern, which has six gored breadths, and measures five yards and three quarters around the bottom. The corsage is the "Indimora." It is a variation of the Eton jacket effect, is shaped to a slight point in the back and front, flaring slightly over the waistband, and is fitted with the usual seams. The open fronts disclose a white satin vest buttoned with tiny steel buttons, and the white satin revers are embroidered with steel and jet spangles. A double row of similar buttons trims the outside of the sleeve, nearly to the elbow. The question of stiff interlinings in sleeves is becoming one concerning the



In Trim Elegance.

INDIMORA CORSAGE. VOLYTA SKIRT.

rights of *meum et tuum*. Fastidious women like nothing more in their sleeves than is necessary to keep them in shape, and avoid every appearance of stuffing; but a large class of women use the stiffest haircloth, which renders the sleeves as unyielding as a sack of coffee, and makes their wearers the most obnoxious neighbors possible in street-cars and crowded auditoriums. It is in wretched taste, and the inconvenience and discomfort they cause bring deserved ridicule upon their wearers.

Summery and Cool.

BATISTE, lawn, and India silk are the fabrics most used for waists like this, the "Fanton;" and more frequently than not silk and lawn or batiste are combined, the sleeves and back being entirely of silk, and tucked lawn or batiste filling in the center of the front. Frills of narrow Valenciennes lace—yellow or white—border the groups of tucks, edge the tucked collar which turns down over a silk one, and trim the cuffs. There is a veritable *furor* for these trimmings and accessories of lace-frilled and tucked lawn and batiste, and their effect is very summery and universally becoming. The back of the "Fanton" is plain across the

shoulders, and full at the waist; and a fitted lining holds the fullness in place.



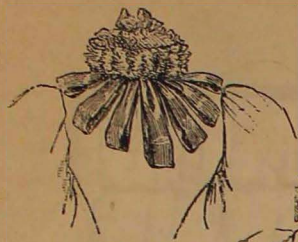
Summery and Cool.

FANTON WAIST.

Summer Hats.

(See page 548.)

- No. 1.—A tiny flat Dutch bonnet of jet and straw, trimmed with jet ornaments and wing-like bows of embroidered *chiffon*.
- No. 2.—Fancy burnt-straw toque, trimmed with yellow primroses, green ribbon, and raven's wings.
- No. 3.—Round hat of heliotrope straw, trimmed with *chiné* ribbon and white wings; brim faced with dark heliotrope velvet.
- No. 4.—Dressy round hat of jet and white lace, trimmed with broad, flat bows of fancy ribbon, Rhinestone pins, and short ostrich-tips, which droop behind.



No. 5.—Yellow straw round hat, trimmed with sweet-peas and brown ribbon.

No. 6.—English burnt-straw hat, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, mignonette, and roses.

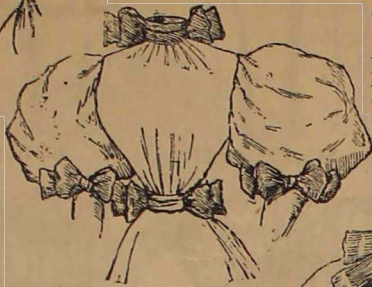
No. 7.—Reception-hat of fancy trimmed whitelace, raven's

No. 1.

white straw, with plaited a pair of wings, and American Beauty roses.

No. 8.—Burnt-straw toque, trimmed with changeable taffeta ribbon,—heliotrope and rose-color,—sprays of lilacs, and *coq* feathers.

No. 9.—Brown straw round hat, trimmed with pink roses and changeable taffeta ribbon, black and gold.



No. 2.



No. 3.

Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement.

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

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

- 1.—Evening waist of striped gauze over changeable taffeta.
- 2.—Toque of fancy straw, trimmed with plaited *chiffon* and pelargoniums.
- 3.—Tan-colored whipcord suit, trimmed with brown velvet.
- 4.—Garden-party gown of polka-dotted grenadine and *crépon*; picture hat of chip, trimmed with feathers and ribbon.
- 5.—Jetted toque, trimmed with green ribbon and primroses.
- 6.—Visiting-costume of *chiné* taffeta with corsage of white *chiffon* and Venetian point.
- 7.—Fancy blouse of satin-striped black *chiffon* over white taffeta; black satin skirt.
- 8.—Brown *crépon* skirt, with blouse of brown-and-blue striped *peau de soie*.
- 9.—Diamond and sapphire pendant.
- 10.—Visiting-gown of blue-and-white *chiffon* *crépon*, made over pale blue taffeta, and trimmed with yellow lace.
- 11.—Heliotrope *crépon* gown with blouse of fancy taffeta having yoke and revers of white satin.
- 12.—Jeweled brooch set with diamonds, pearls, and sapphires.
- 13.—Diamond-set button.
- 14.—Fancy waist of *chiné* figured *mousseline de soie* trimmed with bands of black satin ribbon edged with frills of yellow Valenciennes.
- 15.—Fox-head sleeve-links.
- 16.—Jeweled button.
- 17.—Evening waist of *chiné* taffeta trimmed with lace and rosettes of American Beauty satin.
- 18.—Visiting-gown of silk *crépon*, trimmed with heliotrope satin and spangled *passementerie*.
- 19.—Carriage *toilette* of batiste over rose-colored satin, trimmed with embroidery; picture hat of white *chiffon*, roses, and black velvet.
- 20.—Grass-linen gown, trimmed with overlapping frills of yellow Valenciennes; jacket and sleeves of *chiné* figured taffeta, with broad collar to match skirt and blouse of *chiffon*.
- 21.—Black *crépon* skirt with blouse of black *chiffon*, combined with white brocaded India silk.
- 22.—The golfer's scarf-pin, set with small diamonds.
- 23.—Gray *crépon* gown with blouse of heliotrope and silver changeable *moire*.
- 24.—Diamond-set button.
- 25.—Gold bracelet set with diamonds, a pearl, and two sapphires.
- 26.—Hairpin with diamond-set head.
- 27.—Reception-gown of fancy taffeta, with lace-trimmed collar of white mull.

CHINÉ TAFFETA RIBBONS are in brilliant colorings with bright satin stripes on one or both edges.

Some Uses of Ribbon.

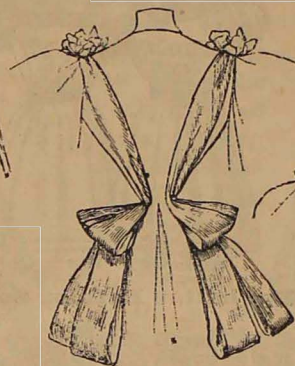
RIBBON is one of the most important accessories of the toilet, and is used in every pretty arrangement that feminine ingenuity can devise. Velvet, satin, and grosgrain ribbons are all popular, and plain and fancy ribbons are equally favored, the *chiné* and figured ribbons being especially liked with summer fabrics.

No. 1.—A very full neck-ruche of black lace with loops of bright-colored satin ribbon all around, and finished with a ribbon bow at the back.

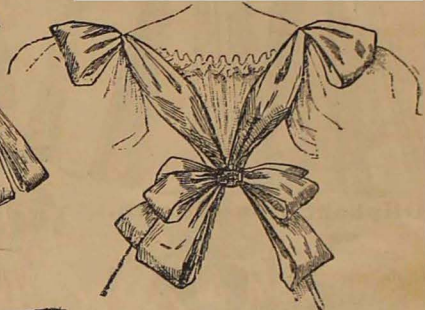
No. 2.—Collar, belt, and sleeve-bands of ribbon to match. The loops are at the sides on the collar, and in front on the belt and sleeves.

No. 3.—Collar and belt of ribbon to match. The arrangement is the same back and front on the shoulders, and the bows on the belt are all on the left side of the front.

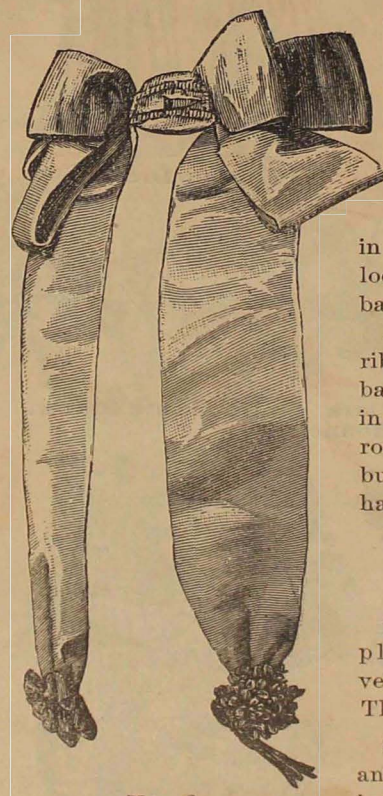
No. 4.—Back view of bretelle trimming of ribbon. The ends are brought down the front and meet at the waist-line under a rosette.



No. 4.



No. 5.



No. 6.

No. 5.—Front view of bretelle trimming. The ends are carried down the back and finished at the waist-line the same as in front, and there is another loop on each shoulder, at the back.

No. 6.—Collar of violet satin ribbon, which is plain in the back and has two long ends in front, one finished with a rosette and the other with a bunch of violets. These hang below the belt.

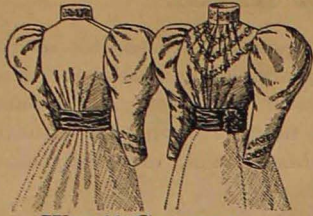
SOME *chiffon* *crépons* have plaited wool backgrounds veiled with puffs of *chiffon*. They are odder than pretty.

STUDY YOUR OWN STYLE and wear only what is becoming, and you will be charmingly dressed; and to be

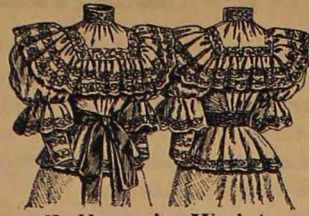
charmingly dressed is much more *chic* than to be attired in the tip of the fashion.

VERY long *Suède* gloves, white, pearl-gray, and tan, are worn to cover the arm below the puffs of the demi-sleeves of many visiting and dinner gowns.

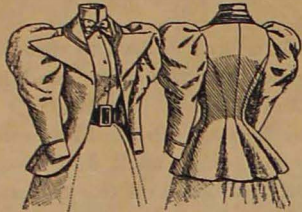
Standard Patterns.



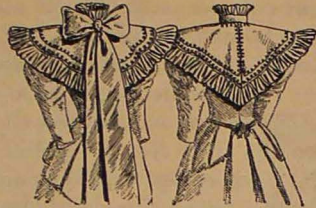
Wyatt Corsage.



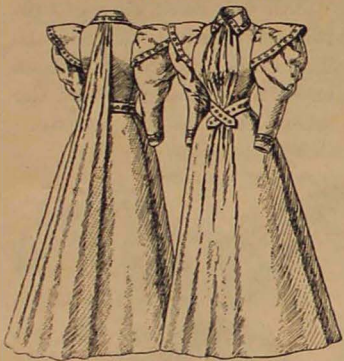
Belleuryria Waist.



Fenwick Coat.



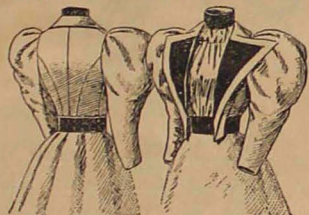
Bonita Cape.



Oliphant House-Gown.



Manhattan Bathing Suit.



Dundee Waist.



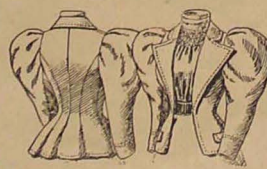
Papillon Dress.



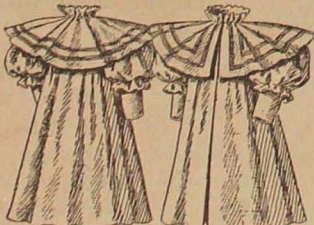
Elvery Waist.



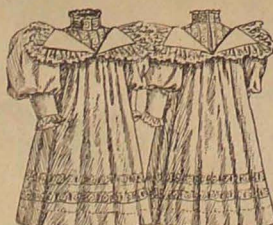
Clara Sun Bonnet.



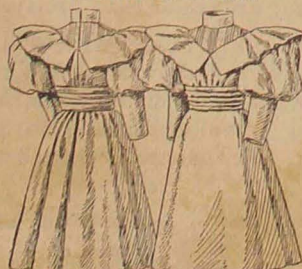
Northcote Blazer.



Elsidore Coat.



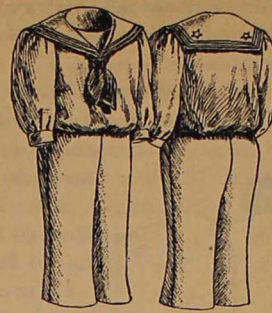
Albia Dress.



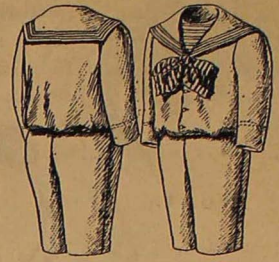
Georgina Dress.



Casita Dress.



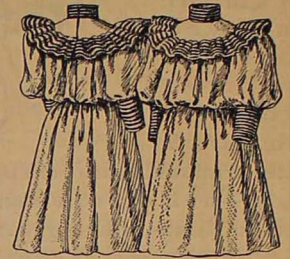
"Man-o'-War" Suit.



Ernest Suit.



Kinloss Dress.



Varna Dress.

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

A Seasonable Gown.

THIS smart frock for a young girl though it has a very dressy appearance is simple in cut and easily made. The fabric is a *chiné silk crépon*, and the trimming is of black velvet ribbon and white satin ribbon. There is a fitted lining to the full "baby" waist, which is the same in the back as in front, except that the fullness in the back is drawn down straight; and the full, straight skirt may be sewed to the bottom of the waist, or mounted separately, and fastened to it by hooks and eyes in the back, front, and under the arms. This is a good design for challies, and also for mulls and organdies. The pattern is the "Haroldine," in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

A Useful Frock.

THE small girl's frock is a miniature copy, as far as the waist goes, of her mamma's. But mark the limitation: while the skirt may be straight or gored, according to the mother's fancy, both styles being equally in vogue, none of the little skirts should be stiffened; a few extremists have attempted it, but the effect is awkward and inelegant in the extreme. A soft wool *crépon*, in one of the new, medium shades of blue, is the fabric of this dainty gown, and the only trimming is some black velvet ribbon, and batiste embroidery on the shoulder-caps. The back of the corsage has three box-plaits like the front; but, of course, the fullness does not droop, and a fitted lining holds it in place. The skirt may be sewed to the waist in gathers or plaits, as preferred. The model is commended for all light summer fabrics, whether of silk, wool, or washable cottons. The pattern is the "Alruna," in sizes for eight and ten years.

A Seashore Gown.

EVERY year brings us some variation of the favorite sailor models, which may be considered standard now, not only for the small boy and girl, but also for their older sister,



A Seasonable Gown.
THE "HAROLDINE."

For Everyday Comfort.

A NEAT and becoming model for washable fabrics, and especially commended for gingham, Chambéry, and Galateas. The gown illustrated is of light blue Chambéry, with ruffles of white embroidery around the sleeves, and a tiny frill of narrow edging around the neck. The skirt is sewed to the waist; and the frock fastens in the back, which is full like the front, a fitted lining holding the fullness in place. For traveling and for use at the seashore and in the mountains, gowns of



A Girl's Street-Gown.
VALTELLA WAIST. TRYME SKIRT.

and, on occasion, even for "mamma." Blue serge after a year's rest has returned again to favor, for everybody knows that no more serviceable and clean-looking fabric can be found; and, of course, for sailor gowns it is especially suitable, bearing as it does the hardest usage—drenching with sea-water, and rolling in sand—without defacement. Our model is of blue serge, with collar of white mohair trimmed with many rows of fine scarlet soutache. The waist has a fitted lining, and the skirt is sewed to the waist. A serge, ribbon, or leather belt may be worn with it. Gray and drab serge and whipcord are also liked for these gowns. The pattern is the "Kenova," in sizes for ten and twelve years.

A Useful Frock.
THE "ALRUNA."



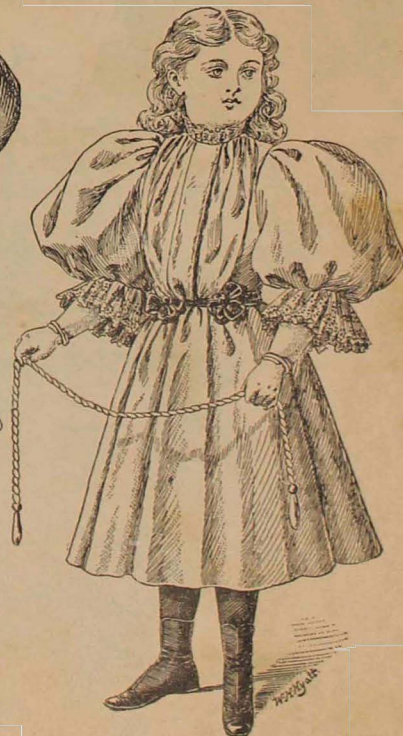
serge and flannel made by this model will be found convenient and serviceable. The

A Girl's Street-Gown.

AN illuminated mohair is the fabric of this neat and attractive gown, which is suitable for traveling or everyday street service, and just the thing for use at the seashore or in the mountains, where light-weight wools are found the most comfortable and satisfactory materials. The plain, trim skirt is the "Tryme." It has four gored breadths, which flare modishly at the bottom to a width of four yards, but fit closely around the waist, the slight fullness at the back being held in three box-plaits. The waist is the "Valtella;" it fits snugly in the back, and the collar has the square sailor-effect; the open jacket-fronts show a box-plaited blouse of fancy taffeta, the fullness of which is held in place by a fitted lining. Both patterns are in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years.



A Seashore Gown.
THE "KENOVA."



pattern is the "Arnon," in sizes for four and six years. **For Everyday Comfort.**
ARNON FROCK.



SUMMER HATS.
(For Descriptions, see Page 544.)



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 545.)

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

The Vicious Character of the Saloon.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

(Written just before his death.)

THE saloon, while largely controlling our morals, politics, and even our religion, is the typical representative of all the vicious wrongs and cruel oppression that curse the community, resulting in a carnival of crime and the very essence of moral depravity.

The attitude of the saloon element is at once crafty, bold, persuasive, domineering, defiant, and aggressive; and is made most effective for viciousness by the use of its insidious, delusive enticements, appealing to the strongest and most active passions in our nature. Through the craving for some stimulant, so easily aroused by the inherent tendency for some extra excitement, the saloon with its insidious, exhilarating, poisonous drinks has become the most diabolical agency of temptation and injury, obliterating every element of progress, and crushing out all laudable and elevating ambitions in its numerous victims.

The various claims and essential phases of morality, education, ambition, religion, and business activities, that go to make up our civilization, are all depressed and blighted by this terrible curse of liquor selling, which, besides, instigates the most atrocious crimes and outrages of which human nature is capable. Night and day, all through the week, without cessation, on nearly every corner, through every street and avenue of the people's travel, this monster of evil, the liquor dealer, is plying his nefarious, fascinating drink-traffic; making slums and pitfalls of vice and crime that become cesspools of human depravity to disseminate the pestiferous outcome of his poisonous traffic, which curses the whole community with criminal tendencies and instigates vicious assaults on every interest of society.

These saloons, making attractive decoys to ruin our boys and young men, and causing terrible desolation in the homes of the people, now cover and curse the land with blighted manhood, the blackest crimes, hard times, and a terrible accumulation of untold horrors.

The claims of a demoralized community with depressed financial conditions, together with the fearful, despairing cries of outraged mothers, wives, and helpless children, are heard everywhere, begging for the relief which only an aroused public condemnation can give. We may hear an echo in piteous tones of strong appeals from desolated homes all over the land, asking and praying for some method that will stay this tide of human woe.

In view of the terrible devastations and the misery, is it not possible that something can be done to save the country from this accumulation of crime and desolating loss caused by the saloon? What can we, as fathers, mothers, and citizens, do to rescue our boys, our homes, and all that we hold dear, from this fearful avalanche of distress, misery, temptation, outrage, and anarchy now cursing and blighting our fair land?

What can an intelligent, moral, and Christian people do to be saved from these devouring, cancerous, degrading saloons? This thought, and necessity for determined action, growing out of the saloon's depredations on our civilization, transcends all other questions in importance, and on its solution depend the life, health, and future of our country.

Cannot the people be sufficiently aroused and made aware of what conscientious thought and action could or would do in turning this awful tide of criminal viciousness and moral desolation that the saloon produces? Cannot the people be made to think on this question? Cannot they be aroused from their present moral insensibility and apathetic disregard of the saloon's devastations?

If only the people could be made to think, to think deeply and effectively, think on the line of moral ethics and the broad claims of self-interest, justice, and a suffering humanity as related to the saloon; if the horrors of the liquor traffic could be truly portrayed to their understanding, and the cause of so much misery deeply pondered and brought home personally to each citizen and voter; if, in the light of these facts, the people would only ask themselves, "Why should there be hard times, and why so much suffering in the land?" and, "If the saloon is the main cause, why are they allowed to exist?" If some active development of thought, word, or influence could be passed all along the line of moral obligation, and the people awakened to an intelligent recognition of the magnitude of the terrible curse the saloon is to our homes and society; if we could be made to realize all the degradation, crime, and misery caused by this piratical demon of drink, and with this active thought the people's honest indignation be aroused to the imperative necessity for the extermination of the saloon; if we could in this way reach the stored-up batteries of the people's moral sense and conscientious convictions on this subject; if we could have this great reservoir of the people's moral power, through their conscience, awakened to activity, organized, trained, and crystallized into a patriotic determination to destroy the saloon, and then this mind force connected with the electric battery of the people's moral energy; and if to this awakened, thoughtful exercise of the people's patriotic aspirations, and their righteous indignation against the saloon, we could attach the button that connects the wire of conscience, leading into this reservoir of intelligent moral thought,—

Then one touch on this button would fire the hearts, minds, and consciences of the people, and cause such a burst of enthusiastic condemnation and indignant moral energy that this pestilential, cancerous poison of alcohol would meet with a swift annihilation, and the people's united voice, like the angry blast of a winter's cyclone, would demand that the saloon, with all its demoralizing influences, should be swept into oblivion.

Then would burst forth and shine out the glorious sun of Prohibition, with all the effulgent rays of a progressive, national, and material success, and its moral grandeur would cover the land with a joyful promise and recognition of virtuous intelligence and material prosperity such as the world has never known.

SOME CAUSES OF INEBRIETY.

THE notion that intoxicating drink is a good beverage, or a good medicine,—this is a principal factor from which all the rest follows; the example of decent people who drink it in the presence of people who believe in them; the feeling of pleasure at first excited by it (pleasure is Satan's bait always); the bringing people into contact with drinking, which is the law of hypnotic suggestion; the continued and inevitable operation of the narcotic upon the nerve and brain; the desire to drown care and sorrow in the forgetfulness of wine; the strong craving created by tipping, beginning with the "moderate glass," thus gradually and insensibly producing "thirsty souls;" the inherited predisposition to drink consequent on the drinking of parents, which renders many people susceptible to the more rapid development of alcoholism.

DR. F. R. LEES.

ANALYSIS OF A CIGARETTE.

THE following is the result of an analysis of a cigarette, made recently by a physician: "The tobacco was found to be strongly impregnated with opium, while the wrapper, which was warranted to be rice paper, was proved to be the most ordinary quality of paper whitened with arsenic. The two poisons combined were present in sufficient quantities to create in the smoker a habit of using opium without his being aware of it, his craving for which can only be satisfied by an incessant consumption of cigarettes."

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

Household.

Poultry and Game.

(Continued from Page 541.)

and then follow, in succession, the mallard duck, the teal, the broad-bill, and a number of other minor varieties, all of which are more or less prized as delicate and expensive food.

Wild geese are at their best during the fall and early winter, and when young are very tender and fine-flavored. They are not so highly esteemed, however, as the better varieties of wild ducks, and there is no one kind which particularly excels all the others in flavor.

Wild turkeys are good from November to February, and are considered by many persons quite superior to the tame turkey, especially by those who are fond of the gamey taste common to all wild birds. The meat is darker than that of the tame turkey, but when the bird is young and in good condition it is more juicy and tender. It does not differ much in appearance from the tame variety, save that it is usually darker and glossier, and is sold in the markets with the feathers on.

Quails are, without doubt, the most popular and the least gamey in flavor of all the wild birds, and in some parts of the country they are so abundant and stay so near to human habitations that they are almost in a state of semi-domesticity. They are found in the largest numbers in the South and the West, and in the former are often called partridges. They are especially choice for broiling, and are so familiar that a description of them is unnecessary.

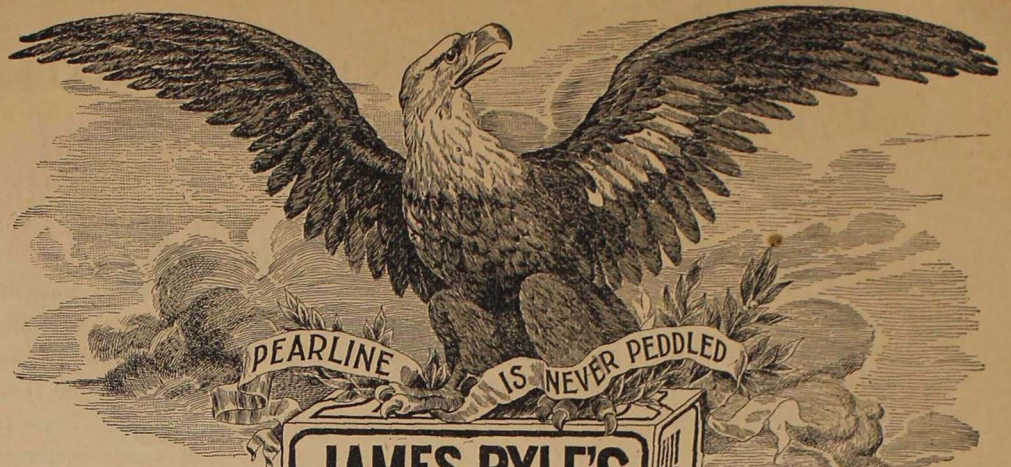
There are other varieties of wild birds, such as the partridge, or quail, the prairie chicken, the snipe, and many more which abound in different parts of the country and form a tempting variety for the marketer who is catering to delicate tastes; but they have the same general characteristics that other game has, and require no different sort of care in the selection. A wise marketer will, however, bear them in mind when she is seeking the variety necessary to keep the more ordinary kinds of meat from palling upon the appetite.

JOSEPHINE E. MARTIN.

Canning Fruit.

THERE are always some new housekeepers every summer who need initiating into the mysteries of fruit canning. It is very simple when you know how, but many jars are broken and many quarts of fruit lost by lack of a little knowledge. Jars that have been used for pickles are not safe repositories for fruit. It seems almost impossible to sweeten such jars so that fermentation will not take place if fruit or vegetables are put up therein. New jars should be chosen carefully, without bubbles or blemishes in the glass. When new jars are used there is almost certainty of success; but when old ones are used there is a chance of failure. Old jars may be cleansed and sweetened by scalding with boiling water and putting in the sun for a day or two; or some put them in a boiler with a cloth beneath, and fill with

(Continued on page 553.)



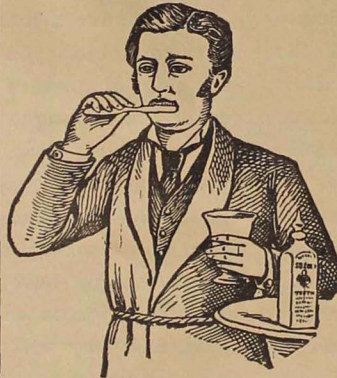
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This remarkable dentifrice may be described as a PURE TRANSPARENT LIQUID, delightfully perfumed, a few drops of which applied to the tooth-brush and rubbed on the teeth, produces a most agreeable foam, which penetrates all the interstices of the teeth, and cleanses the mouth in a refreshing and pleasant manner.

SOZODONT

renders discolored teeth white by its use, and the BREATH DERIVES FRAGRANCE from its aroma. The gums become rosier and harder under its operation, and a sensation of perfect cleanliness of the teeth and mouth is produced.

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FINE ART NOTES.

ARTISTIC PRODUCTIONS—WORK THAT, IN ITS LINE, HAS NEVER BEEN SURPASSED.

 GREAT deal has lately been said and written about American art and concerning the development of artistic appreciation and artistic taste among the American people at large, and with excellent reason, for the progress made along important lines in this country within a brief period of time is remarkable indeed. The history of our nation as a nation is but a short one, comparatively speaking, and the necessities and exigencies of the earlier years imposed such enormous drafts upon talent as well as upon energy, upon brain as well as upon muscle, that entrance into the inviting paths of art was effectually barred.



With the increase of wealth and leisure, however, a very different state of things has been brought about. A distinctively American school of literature has sprung up and is flourishing. American musicians have made the world feel their power, and not a few American painters have risen to eminence; and the prospects for the future are full of promise. There is plenty of latent genius among the people, and with every succeeding year the forces set

in motion for the bringing out and cultivation of that genius are added to and made the stronger in the establishment of new and fine institutions for instruction in painting and music, modeling and design, under the tuition of men of high artistic attainment and capability in our principal cities,—New York, as a matter of course, taking the lead. It certainly can be nothing else than a question of a short space of time as to when the influence of distinctively and characteristically American schools of painting and music will be as frankly acknowledged and as highly esteemed throughout the world of art, as is that of the American school of literature at the present day.

Most interesting examples of American skill and taste can be seen at the establishment of Mr. J. F. Douthitt, at 286 Fifth Avenue, New York City. This gentleman is largely engaged in the production of American tapestry canvas for decorative purposes. What are called the "Ontario" and "Greenwood" brands are the cheapest and best materials in the world for painted tapestries for walls, ceilings, portières, etc.

Mr. Douthitt is quite a young man yet, having been born in 1856 at Upper Alton, Ill. He began the battle of life at 17 years of age as a teacher in a country school in Kentucky, taking in the summer months college courses in various places. He also studied and practiced medicine for a time, but it was not until he "went into art," as the saying is, that he found his true vocation. With a Burmese lecturer he made a tour of the world, bringing back with him a wonderful collection of ancient and modern *objects d'art*. About eight years ago he established himself in New York as an interior decorator, and in this line he has

made for himself and his work a wonderful reputation. He was the first to engage in the production of oil-painted tapestries in this country, and he has now a staff of forty first-class artists, mostly from France and Italy. Some of them are men whose paintings have taken medals at the Salon de Paris. They find it vastly better to combine art with business than to trust to art alone, with excellent prospects of starvation as the result.

It is not possible to convey by means of the pen or types any proper idea of the beauty of the work produced in Mr. Douthitt's ateliers. Lovers of the fine arts should make it a point to see it for themselves.

It is not too much to say that Mr. Douthitt has created, so far as the United States are concerned, a new artistic industry. The most splendid private residences of the country contain numerous examples of his tapestries. Yet this work is not by any means costly. For \$100 one can obtain a tapestry painting that is every whit as perfect a piece of art work as the original, which has probably cost \$10,000.

If you have a house to decorate, send them the plans of it, and let them submit you an estimate, together with a color scheme, including samples of carpets, paper or stuff for the walls, and curtains and designs for the ceilings. They also furnish chandeliers, stained glass, mantels, and all sorts of furniture—in fact, everything in the way of decorations and furnishings—even the outside house painting. Fine wall-papers from 3 cents per roll up. They are teaching the world the harmony of color and form. If you simply have a room to decorate, give them the height, width and length of it and the color you most desire for the walls, and they will work out the symphony. Should you desire them simply to get you up a color scheme and let others do the work, their price is \$25 for a whole house, outside and in. For



one room, \$10. They send their men to all parts of the world, and they are not simply decorators, but artists, many of them holding gold medals from the Paris Salon, and their charges will be as moderate as your own home talent, except the railroad fares. Mr. Douthitt is now decorating Mr. Edgar B. Ward's residence at Orange, N. J.; also Mr. Thomas T. Kinney's mansion-by-the-sea, at Elberon; and many other magnificent homes in the United States.

Mr. Douthitt has also a branch establishment at 55A Camden Hill, West, London, England.

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water, allowing all to come to a boil. Rubbers and tops, too, must be clean and sweet. Rubbers may be bought for five or ten cents a dozen, and it would pay to get new each year rather than run the risk of losing the fruit. After canning, put the fruit in a cool, dry, dark place. Many jars of fruit and vegetables are spoiled simply from leaving in a light place; and the color of fruit, too, is frequently impaired in the same way. To prevent breakage of jars I always wet a cloth in hot water and fold several times, and set the jars thereon. There is no danger incurred, and after filling a few you will learn to do so without having your heart in your throat. I think it a good plan to be sure there is fruit in the bottom before the hot mixture touches the side of the jar. These are the only necessary precautions.

I give herewith a table of the time required for cooking various fruits for canning, and the quantity of sugar required.

	Time for boiling fruit.	Amount of sugar per quart.
Strawberries.....	8 minutes.	8 ounces.
Raspberries.....	6 "	4 "
Blackberries.....	6 "	6 "
Cherries.....	5 "	6 "
Ripe currants.....	6 "	8 "
Plums.....	10 "	10 "
Whortleberries.....	5 "	8 "
Pie-plant, sliced.....	10 "	8 "
Small sour pears, whole.....	30 "	4 "
Bartlett pears, halved.....	20 "	6 "
Peaches, halved.....	8 "	4 "
Peaches, whole.....	15 "	4 "
Pineapples, sliced.....	15 "	6 "
Siberian crab-apples.....	25 "	8 "
Sour apples, quartered.....	10 "	5 "
Wild grapes.....	10 "	8 "
Tomatoes.....	20 "	0 "
Gooseberries.....	8 "	8 "
Quinces, sliced.....	15 "	10 "

CANNED CURRANTS.—A nice way to can currants is to put them in a kettle and let them stand without water, taking care to keep them from scorching; the juice soon exudes and makes plenty of liquid. When the fruit is heated to boiling point, put in sugar pound for pound, shake the kettle to prevent burning and to mix the fruit and sugar; when the sugar has melted and the fruit is at boiling heat,—but not allowing it to boil,—put in jars and seal.

In canning fruit, screw the tops close after filling, and then when cold screw down again. If jars are tipped bottom up and no liquid exudes, there is no danger of fruit spoiling; but if the juice comes out, the jar is not airtight, and the fruit is liable to spoil.

ROSE SEELYE-MILLER.

An Ounce of Prevention

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

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.

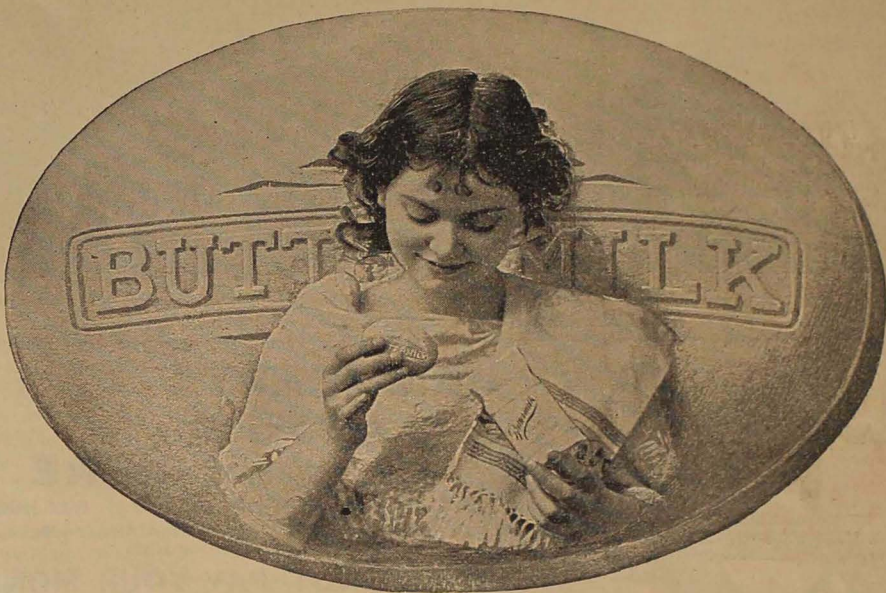
PENMANSHIP, Etc. I make a specialty of engraving Memorials, Diplomas, etc.; of all kinds of Penwork; of Card Writing; also of teaching Plain and Ornamental Penmanship by mail. Address A. R. LITTELL, Romeo, Mich. Lock Box 94.

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THE BEAUTY and freshness of the fair Country Maid may be won by the constant use of

Buttermilk Soap,

the choicest of all Toilet Soaps. Its charm is its purity. The best proof of its superior value is that ladies all over the world have selected it for their own use, until to-day



it has the largest sale of any Toilet Soap in the World. Excels any high-priced soap for the Complexion, Toilet and Bath. Over Six Million Bars sold in 1894.

AT POPULAR PRICES—SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Send 12 Cents in Stamps for full-size Cake for Trial.

Be sure that our name is on each package.

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO., Chicago, Ill.

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Does Your House Need Painting

INSIDE OR OUT?

When buying HOUSE PAINTS ask for

Masury's Pure Linseed Oil Colors,

in paste or liquid form. The Best is always the Cheapest. Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. Durability lessens cost of labor. Send for Catalogue to

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**VELVET-SKIN
POWDER**
For the Belle's Boudoir
and the Baby's Basket.

Send 10 cents in stamps to DEPT D
PALISADE MAN'G CO., YONKERS, N. Y.
For complete set of samples.

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EXQUISITE. DURABLE. RELIABLE.

Always Ready to Work. Never Out of Order—Makes
No Noise, and Easy to Run.

**YOU NEED NOT PAY YOUR MONEY
UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED IT.**

No Better Machine Made at Any Price.
Guaranteed 10 Years. 250,000 Now in Use.


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contrived


GEO. S. PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN.



Your dealer is likely to have them, if he hasn't, write us and we'll send you the information you want and
our handsome illustrated catalogue free. **PARKER PEN COMPANY, 24 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.**

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The "OPERA" Piano.



A strictly high-grade instrument.
Sold on easy terms.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue,
which we send **FREE** to any address.

PEEK & SON,
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Established 1850.

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**Correspondence
Club.**

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

"Mrs. W. P. H."—A profitable season's work for the Woman's Reading Club would be to take up American History from the Revolution to the eve of the Rebellion; all political, ethical, and social movements should be reviewed, together with their inception and results; and the lives of the men and women who made history during the first half of this century should be read. Use maps and all the illustrations possible with the work, as they greatly assist the mind to receive vivid and lasting impressions. We think the lines you quote were original with Longfellow. No trace of them can be found in a Shakespearean Concordance.

"V."—Read answer to "A Subscriber" in Demorest's for January, 1895, for information about "Five o'clock Tea"; also the "Household" article, "The Interchange of Hospitality," in the same number.—A tea-pot is, of course, used, as the tea is made in it. "Five o'clock Tea" are not a new fad, having been recognized for many years in New York as the most convenient manner of paying off large social indebtedness. This form, which is really a large reception, has passed through many phases; some seasons have seen it expanded into a most elaborate and extravagant function; a reaction has set in against this, however, and sensible women make no effort for display. A calling-card is always used for the invitation, and if many guests are expected the tea-table is set in a room adjoining the reception-room. Young ladies usually assist the hostess and preside at the tea-table; often chocolate and bouillon are also served, with sandwiches and plain cakes,—sticky kinds are avoided, as gloves are not removed. The most correct name for these functions is an "At Home," reception, or "Afternoon Tea," for the hours are variable, and guests come and go for two or three hours, none staying more than fifteen or twenty minutes.—Very many women make a point of being at home on certain days every week to a small circle of intimate friends for the real and genuine "Five o'clock Tea," when the tea-table stands invitingly in a cozy corner and a social half-hour is enjoyed after the busy day.

"Mrs. A. C."—Reference to the "Pattern Order" will show you that a coupon is required for each named pattern.

"Poppy."—Shampooing the hair every week with tar-soap or with the white of an egg will keep the most oily hair dry and fluffy. If egg be used it should be rubbed thoroughly over the scalp; and if soap, an abundant lather should be rubbed over the whole head and down to the scalp, after which the hair should be thoroughly rinsed in warm soft water.—Health and physical exercise, especially in the open air, are the only safe agents with which to color the cheeks.

(Continued on page 555.)

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CAPTIVE SWEETS

FROM FLORA'S BOWER.

THE MATCHLESS PERFUME

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

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

There are
Wheels and Wheels

BUT THE

'95

ERIE

IS

"The Wheel."

\$85 = \$100

LIBERAL TERMS TO THE TRADE
CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION

Queen City Cycle Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.

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Agents wanted everywhere

SYLPH CYCLES RUN EASY

Handsomest; highest grade, fastest; 16 to 22 lbs. Highest Award World's Fair.

Overland Cycles, all sizes, \$40 to \$75. Others \$15 up. Cata. free. Estab. 1864.

Rouse, Hazard & Co., Mrs., 115 G St., Peoria, Ill.

Easy Payments

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

(Continued from page 554.)

"INA QUANDARY."—Your sample is a sort of mummy cloth. These fabrics are legion in weave and combination, and the merchants generally call them all "novelty" cloths. A red vest would look very well with the blue mixture. Embroidered batiste would also be modish, or an *écru* cloth.

"ELIDA."—There are various preparations, to be obtained of any hairdresser, which will assist in keeping the hair in curl. They are of a glutinous nature, and stiffen the hair temporarily, but do no injury.

"MRS. H."—Without knowing what caused the spots on your brown faille gown it is impossible to tell you what will remove them. The following is an admirable cleaning fluid which will remove grease without injury to the most delicate fabric: One pint of deodorized benzine, a half-drachm each of chloroform and alcohol, and a small quantity of good cologne. Shake well, and keep tightly corked.

"INFORMATION."—Lilith, or Lilit, is, in the Jewish superstition, a woman of attractive presence who is an enemy to children, and kills them upon every opportunity. It is said that the English word *lullaby* is derived from "Lilla, aba!" (begone, Lilith!). The Talmudists credit her with being the first wife of Adam, and the mother of devils; and Goethe introduced her in the Walpurgis-night scene in "Faust," as a witch. Many Jewish children were, in times past, supplied with amulets to protect them from Lilith's evil influence.

"C. M."—There is great license in hair-dressing, now, and every woman adopts that arrangement which is most becoming. It is quite generally waved over the whole head, and drawn up high in loose irregular coils, or at the back below the hat. Shapes of hats and toques are so eccentric that the hair has frequently to be dressed especially with regard to them. There is a passing fad for looping the hair in wavy masses low over the ears, but it is a very trying fashion, usually adding from ten to fifteen years to a woman's age, so the prettiest girl may well hesitate before adopting it.

"EUGENIE."—It is impossible to render the exact pronunciation of *Eugénie* in English. The French diphthong *eu* has something the sound of *u* in *tub*, the *g* is soft, the following *e* is pronounced *a*, and the last syllable *ne*,—*ü-zha-ne*.—Why do you not try a butterfly party, as described in "Gleanings" in April Demorest's? Phantom parties are more amusing for children of larger growth than for little ones. All the guests are enveloped in sheets with pillow-slips over their heads, and it takes considerable wit and a keen sense of humor to make a success of the ghostly affairs.

"MARJORIE," "E. G.," and others.—For "devil'd almonds" take sweet almonds—any desired quantity—and blanch them by dropping them into hot water for a few moments, when the skins can be easily removed. Have ready a saucepan with a few spoonfuls of hot, melted butter; toss the almonds in the butter for a few moments; then lift them out—draining them as much as possible—and let them stand for ten minutes on coarse manilla paper, which will absorb the superfluous grease; sprinkle over them, while hot, a little salt and a *souçon* of cayenne.

(Continued on page 556.)

GEM PHOTOS

Send picture to copy and get 13 Gem Photos, size 2 x 3 in., for only 50 cents. Picture returned with Gems. B. M. LAMBKIN & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

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Collection of Longfellow's Poems, with colored cover and portrait, bound with silk ribbon, post-paid, only 6c.

M. C. BURKEL, 479 Nelson Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

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W. B. CORSETS are cut in such a manner that they give a graceful appearance to almost any kind of figure, reducing remarkably the apparent size of the waist without undue pressure.

Short, Long, Extremely Long
Waist, 4, 5 and 6
Hook Clasps,

\$1 to \$5 Per pair.

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CORSETS.

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St. Louis Corset Co., Mfrs., 19th and Morgan Sts., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Lady Agents Wanted.

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For \$1.50 We deliver Free, anywhere in the U. S. This Ladies' Solid, Flexible, French Dongola Kid Button Boot. Send us 1.50 in Cash, Money Order or Express Order.

This is a better shoe than Retail Stores sell for \$2.50, and, being our own make, we guarantee the style, fit, and wear. If not satisfactory we will refund money or send another pair. WE CAN FIT YOU in Opera Toe or Common Sense, or Opera Toe with Patent Leather Tip, widths C, D, E, and EE; whole and half sizes 1 to 8. Catalogue free.

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25c. POST PAID. with our PATENT HANGER and you won't be bothered with wrinkled or baggy knees. No trouble to adjust. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Mailed on receipt of price. Agts wanted.

SEND AT ONCE. American Wire Goods Co., Lowell, Mass.

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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.

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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. Dept. G.

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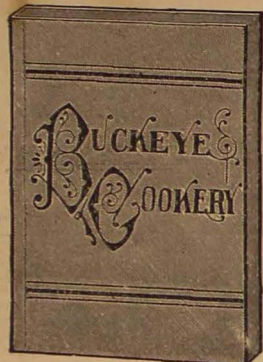
(Continued from page 555.)

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\$1.75 BOOK GIVEN AWAY BUCKEYE COOKERY.

An octavo volume of over 535 pages, illustrated, of which more than 450,000 copies have been sold.

A book must have a wonderful merit when the demand calls for 450,000 copies. Buckeye Cookery is now used in 450,000 homes in the United States, and in every one is valued beyond price. It saves every day, time, money, worry and perplexity, and has made many a home happy which would otherwise have been miserable. Its clear common-sense practical suggestions hit the mark, and the accuracy of the recipes and rules given have been proved so many times by the experience of those who use the book, that they have come to be regarded as infallible. See what the book contains:



Cookery.—Over 2,000 tried and approved recipes in cooking including everything anyone wants to know of canning, pickling and preserving. There is no guess work about these rules. It tells just how, in language so simple and clear that any girl who can read can understand.

Bills of Fare for every meal and every season of the year and a great many occasions besides, with full instructions to mistress and waiters.

Blank Pages are inserted on which to write new recipes.

Economy.—A very lively and spicy article tells us how to make that much abused article "hash," with suggestions in using "fragments," and economy generally.

Tables of weights and measures, and the time required to cook and digest different articles of food.

Housekeeping Generally.—All subjects relating to housekeeping are treated very fully and more good points are gathered in a few pages than can be found elsewhere

in the whole range of literature.

The Etiquette of dinners and dining out is very fully treated, a very useful article. **The Kitchen** is taken up in a separate article, and very valuable suggestions given as to arrangements for convenience and facility in doing work, and many hints of value for daily use.

The Girl Question.—The Management of Help is the most sensible article on the girl question ever written and the chapter on "Advice to Girls," is sound, and if followed would make both mistress and maid happier and better.

Marketing.—Full directions are given for marketing, telling how to select, what to buy and what is the cheapest and best, and why.

Laundry.—The chapter exhausts the subject of "How to do the family washing." All recipes of value in the laundry are given here.

Medical Department.—After the Cooking and Housekeeping subjects are exhausted, there is more matter of actual value on babies and their care, children's sickness, directions for preserving health, and for nursing the sick, with all simple remedies safe to use at home, and simple and clear descriptions of symptoms in various diseases than are to be found in many volumes that sell for \$5.00, as "Home Physician," and under various titles. The medical department will save every family that uses this book many a big doctor bill.

Miscellaneous.—Besides all the above there are chapters on what to do in accidents, hints on butter-making, valuable medical recipes, and a collection of miscellaneous recipes of great value.

The reason that Buckeye Cookery is so popular and useful is that it was not made for people who employ French cooks, but was written for those who have to look after expenditures closely and who want to make every dollar bring its full value. To all such it is invaluable. Those who have money to throw away had better not buy it. Its advice will not fit their case.

The volume contains over 535 pages, is bound in oil-cloth and has never been sold for less than \$1.75.

EDITOR HOUSEKEEPER.—I received my book this evening. It is a little beauty. It is far nicer than I expected. Thanking you ever so much for so beautiful a premium, I remain, yours,
JENNIE WELKEE, Huntington, Ind.

EDITOR HOUSEKEEPER.—I have to acknowledge the receipt of the "Buckeye." Many thanks. I have used the Buckeye ever since it was published, but this later edition contains many more recipes. Yours truly,
MRS. NELLIE M. LAMBERTON, St. Peter, Minn.

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"Mrs. J. M. S."—The oil pictures given with Demorest's do not need glass over them when framing them, as, like oil paintings, they can be wiped off with a damp cloth—not a wet one—without injury; but, of course, the gravures and water-color reproductions will in time become defaced unless protected with glass. They cannot be cleaned; but we have had some of the water-colors hanging, without glass, in a room where there is the average amount of dust, for two years, without apparent injury.

"HALLIE."—The divided skirt should be mounted to a well-fitted yoke, which will keep its place when worn either under or over the blouse waist. Suspenders are never worn. The blouse of a gymnasium suit is usually finished with a belt which is buttoned to the belt of the knickerbockers or skirt. Fancy waists which are finished around the bottom with folds and bows have hooks on the inner belt which fasten into eyes in the skirt belt.

"LINA."—You probably cannot improve the shape of your skirt as it has seven gores and is five yards wide. Take the trimming off the skirt, and get *peau de soie* or surah of a darker shade, either changeable or brocaded with a bright, becoming color, to make new sleeves; you will need about three yards.—It would improve the gown to remodel the front of the corsage by illustrations in March or April numbers of Demorest's. The steel trimming could be used in the center of box-plaits, or you could have a yoke of silk to match the sleeves and use it on that.—Read answer to "Mrs. H." about cleaning spot. Try the cleaner first on a bit of the goods.—For the "Apple-blossom wedding," mass the decorations as much as possible around the arch and on the mantles, and arrange a bower-like canopy under which the bride and groom will stand during the ceremony. If you wish to arrange a background of the blossoms anywhere, it is easily done on a screen, or a simple clothes-frame. Flat decorations can be arranged on the wall by suspending them from the picture-molding.

"FERN LEAF."—It is very bad form to wear a face-veil in the evening, except on the street, where its use is permitted because it is often needed to protect the hair from disheveling winds.—It hardly seems necessary to stop to think what to say when a friend expresses pleasure in meeting one. If you are also glad to meet the friend, you can say: "The pleasure is mutual." You can at least thank him, and proceed to talk about the weather, if you can think of nothing else. Studied conversations never go off, for thought is spontaneous, and the incidents of the moment suggest natural speech. A lively interest in other people and in their interests, together with forgetfulness of self, are active aids to ready conversation.—Friends who correspond generally exchange letters as often as is convenient. Intervals of from two to six weeks may elapse between letters.—You must govern the length of your visit to your friend by your intimacy with her. It is an awkward question which no outsider can answer; we can merely suggest a week or two. It is considered the best form for a hostess to name the length of an expected visit when the invitation is extended.

Gleanings.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DENIM makes a serviceable and effective floor-covering for bedrooms or any rooms where it will not have hard usage. It lends itself admirably to any color-scheme, now that it can be had in art greens, olive, and dark red as well as the familiar blue and brown, and is a very good background for rugs. There is nothing

(Continued on page 557.)

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

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-inch length, 50 cents.

By mail, post-paid.



The Health Braided Wire DRESS FORMS are light, cool and cleanly.



Price, 50 Cents, post-paid.

THE WESTON & WELLS MFG. CO.,
1110-1116 Noble Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

ON YOUR SUMMER OUTING TAKE A BOX OF

Pure! *Guylers'* Delicious!
BONBONS, CHOCOLATES
863 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

GANDIES SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS TO ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE BEST OF ATTENTION.

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.,

Send for Prospectus giving full information.
FRANK W. HALE, General Manager.

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

	Knight Roadster, \$45.00 30 lbs.
	Knight Scorcher, 50.00 27 lbs.
	Knight Special, 55.00 25 lbs.
	Knight Errant, 60.00 22 lbs.

All have high frame, wood rims, pneumatic tires, full ball, high grade, up to date.

Send 2-cent stamp for Illustrated Catalogue.
Knight Cycles
St. Louis, Mo. 311 N. 14th St.

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

1895 High Grade Bicycles

Shipped anywhere C.O.D. Saving you dealers profit.
\$100-oakwood for \$62.50
\$85 'Arlington' " \$45.00
\$65 " " \$37.50
\$20 " " \$10.50
Latest models, wood or steel rims; pneumatic tires; weight 17½ to 30 lbs.; all styles and prices. Large illustrated catalogue free.
Cash Buyers' Union, 162 W. Van Buren St. B 51, Chicago

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

GRIPPLES Ladies and girls, if you want air or exercise, buy a FAIRY hand TRICYCLE power. CHEAP FOR ALL
FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, O.

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.

10 cts. BEAUTIFUL FRUIT PAINTING for the dining-room. Its size is 17 x 24 inches, and shows a beautiful collection of richly colored fruits. Price 25 cents. If you will MENTION THIS PAPER and ENCLOSE 10 CENTS TO PAY POSTAGE AND PACKING, will send post-paid FREE. Address: **H. M. WALL, Leonard & Frost Sts. Brooklyn, N. Y.**

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

(Continued from page 556.)

more summery or cooler looking than a Delft room with blue denim on the floor under Japanese jute rugs in blue and cream, the walls covered with Delft blue paper, hangings of blue and white cotton *crêpe*, and a few pieces of Delft ware on the chimney and walls. For Colonial houses nothing can be prettier than a blue and white Colonial room, with tiles and bric-à-brac in Colonial designs reminiscent of Nieu Amsterdam in "Ye olden time,"—real American subjects done in the popular Delft colors.

For decorating hangings of denim, stem-stitch embroidery in bold conventionalized designs done with art-linen thread is rapid and effective work, and appliqué or cut work is also very good. Clusters of disks irregularly grouped, applying the wrong side of the denim to the right, or *vice versa*, couching them on with contrasting thread, are so simple that the merest tyro cannot fail to produce a most satisfactory piece of work.

FASHION'S ENORMITIES.

THE expansion of sleeves is becoming a crying evil, and a positive source of discomfort in crowded auditoriums and public conveniences. If the evil does not abate we may be compelled to revive the following ordinance in regard to them, adopted by the town of Dedham, Mass., in 1639: "And be it further enacted, that hereafter no person whatsoever shall make a garment for women or any other sex with sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest part, and so proportionate for bigger or smaller persons. And for present reformation of immoderate great sleeves and some other superfluities which may easily be redressed without much prejudice or spoil of garments, it is ordered, etc."

RAW EGGS FOR WOMEN.

It is said the latest fad with woman is the consumption of eggs. Instead of ice cream sodas, when the inner woman needs refreshment, she swallows an egg, and the hens throughout the country are feeling very uncomfortable about it. For there are so many women, you see, and a hen can't lay more than one egg a day to save her life. A raw egg is an excellent tonic and is conceded a harmless one for those who are not of a bilious habit.

GIVE THE WIVES A CHANCE.

THE management of Norwegian coasting steamers have arranged that husband and wife may travel at a fare and a half. This is a

(Continued on page 558.)

Columbia Bicycle Dolls



To help the ladies decide the vexed question of proper cycling dress, we have had prepared a series of six beautifully lithographed paper dolls, showing bicycle costumes by Redfern and other noted people. The complete set will be mailed, together with a new little book on **Bicycling for Women**, for five 2-cent stamps. Address **Publishing Department POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.**

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



No More Shields

WORN IN

Dresses

EUREKA PATENT CORSET COVER

has open pockets for holding shields. Can remove shields for laundering garment. No stitching. The very thing for Shirt Waists and Summer Dresses. See list of dealers in June Issue.

L. F. ABBOTT & CO., Sole Manuf'rs., Rochester, N. Y.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Your Corset Cannot Break

if you wear

Pearl

Corset Shields

Broken Corsets made as comfortable as new

Sold everywhere. If your dealer hasn't them, send his name, your corset size and 25 cents for sample pair to **EUGENE PEARL, 23 Union Square, New York.** Lady Agents Wanted.



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

YOU HAVE SEEN

POZZONI'S POWDER

advertised for many years, but have you ever tried it?—If not,—you do not know what an **IDEAL COMPLEXION POWDER IS.**

POZZONI'S

besides being an acknowledged beautifier, has many refreshing uses. It prevents chafing, sun-burn, wind-tan, lessens perspiration, etc.; in fact it is a most delicate and desirable protection to the face during hot weather.

It is sold everywhere.

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

BARNES Foot-Power

MACHINERY.

FOR WOOD AND METAL WORK.
Machines for Carpenters, Electricians, Model Makers, Cabinet Makers, Hackmen, Bicycle Repairers, Machinists, Inventors, Amateur Mechanics, Manual Training Schools.
THE BEST FOOT POWER MACHINES IN THE WORLD.
W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO., 829 RUBY ST., ROCKFORD, ILL.

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

PURCHASING AGENT. Shopping done free. Best references given.

Miss M. Anderson, 333 Pine St., Phila., Pa.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

RUBBER GOODS for Hygienic and private use. Circulars free. **GEM RUBBER CO., Kansas City, Mo.**
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

SPEND THE SUMMER

—AT—

Deer Park

—OR—

Oakland

On the Crest of the Alleghanies
3,000 Feet Above Tide-Water

SEASON OPENS JUNE 22d, 1895

These famous mountain-resorts, situated at the summit of the Alleghanies, and directly upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantage of its splendid vestibuled express train service both east and west, and are therefore readily accessible from all parts of the country. All Baltimore and Ohio trains stop at Deer Park and Oakland during the season.

The houses and grounds are lighted by electricity. Turkish and Russian baths and large swimming-pools are provided for ladies and gentlemen, and suitable grounds for lawn-tennis; there are bowling-alleys and billiard-rooms; fine riding and driving horses, carriages, mountain wagons, trolley coaches, etc., are kept for hire; in short, all the necessary adjuncts for the comfort, health, or pleasure of patrons.

Rates, \$60, \$75 and \$90 a month, according to location

ALL communications should be addressed to **GEORGE D. DESHIELDS, Manager Baltimore and Ohio Hotels, Cumberland, Md., up to June 10th; after that date, Deer Park, Garrett County, Md.**

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

WRINGING DRY

is 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.



ODOR KILLING DRESS SHIELDS FREE!

We have just contracted for the entire product of the new and famous odor killing dress shield, and will give them away **FREE** to every lady reader of this paper, to help introduce our charming, new 64-col. monthly illustrated magazine. We think this is a better way to make permanent subscribers among the ladies of America than to spend thousands of dollars in advertising as most publishers do. We know you will be pleased and your friends will send to us after they see how delighted you are. We will send our charming 64-col. magazine from now till Jan. 1896, if you send us 10c. silver or 12c. stamps, to help pay cost of advertising, addressing, wrapping and mailing, and will also send you by return mail, **ABSOLUTELY FREE** the above elegant premium. 3 trial subs. & 3 premiums 25c. silver; 7 for 50c. Dress shields sent post-paid. **POPULAR MONTHLY, Boston, Mass.**

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

(Continued from page 557.)

distinct encouragement to husbands to take their wives with them on a journey; and the plan might be extended to railroads and adopted nearer home to the manifest advantage of a large part of the community.

THE COLDEST PLACE IN THE WORLD.

The coldest place in the habitable world is Yakutsk, Russia. Sometimes the thermometer there drops to 73° below zero; and the ground in its vicinity is frozen to a depth of six hundred and eighty-two feet. This is a refreshing item for a July day.

EUROPEAN LAUNDERING.

While Parisian laundresses are agitating against the practice of men of fashion in sending their linen to be laundered in London, the washerwomen in the British capital are up in arms against the exquisites of Mayfair and St. James's for sending their linen over to Holland to be washed. It would be interesting to learn where the Dutch *jeunesse dorée* have their shirts laundered. Perhaps they send them to Paris.

ELEPHANT POACHERS.

According to the news just received in London, the Government in Ceylon has recently put in operation some stringent laws against poaching by elephant-hunters. Henceforth anyone caught sneaking off with an elephant will be rigorously dealt with, unless provided with a Government permit. One can understand a poacher getting away with a pheasant or with a few rabbits, which at a pinch can be concealed under a coat; but the wildest flight of imagination refuses to picture a game-thief in the act of surreptitiously bagging a bull elephant.

"B FLATS."

It would be a benefit to mankind—yes, and womankind, too—if our courts would take cognizance of the "B flat" evil; following in the fashion set by the English courts, which consider the presence of bedbugs as constituting an adequate ground for the breaking of the lease of a dwelling-house. The French tribunals have hitherto declined to admit any such plea, but in deference to the recommendation of the leading medical authorities, indorsed by the Council of State, any house by which they are infested will be regarded by the law as non-sanitary; recent experiments having furnished convincing proof that these insects, which polite Englishmen describe as "B flats," are frequently a vehicle of contagion for tuberculosis and kindred maladies.

AN AFFECTIONATE COW.

This is told of a very peculiar milch cow. She is just an ordinary black cow, but is so much attached to her owner's children that she does not like to be separated from them. If the children are at home, the cow will stay in a pasture with fence three feet high; but if the children are taken away she will throw down even very high fences in order to follow them. At different times when the cow would be in the pasture, the owner has slipped the children away from home, but when she came up and missed them she would get out and track them as a dog would until she found them, when she would follow wherever they went.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in it

Do you perspire?

+Amolin+

Deodorant

Powder

FOR

Dress Shields

and similar toilet uses.

Destroys all Odor of Perspiration

The only odorless and harmless antiseptic.

FOR SALE AT ALL NOTION COUNTERS.

Sample Box of Powder, 25c.

Mailed by **NEW YORK SHIELD CO.**

166 GREENE STREET, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum



TOILET POWDER

Relieves Prickly Heat, Pimples, Blotches, Nettle Rash, Tender Feet, Chafing, etc.

The only powder endorsed by the highest medical authorities. At druggists or by mail for 25c.

Send for Free Sample.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

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

MEN AND WOMEN

Taught to make **Crayon Portraits** in spare hours at their homes by a new, copyrighted method. Those learning my method will be furnished work by me, by which they can **EARN \$8 TO \$16 A WEEK.** Send for particulars.

H. A. GRIPP, German Artist, Tyrone, Pa.

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



Bath Cabinet. Rolling Chair.

Invaluable for cleansing the skin, relieving rheumatism and torpid liver.

A Priceless Boon to those unable to walk.



BIDETS AND COMMODES.

Descriptive Lists sent free,

New Haven Chair Co., New Haven, Ct.

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



DIXON'S American Graphite PENCILS.

Are unequalled for smooth, tough leads. If not familiar with them, mention **DEMORREST'S MAGAZINE**, and send 16 cents for samples worth double the money.

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

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

7 CENTS PER COPY. SHEET MUSIC! 7c per copy, 15 copies for \$1. Sold everywhere at 30c. to \$1.00 per copy. Catalogue of **12,000 pieces FREE** to any address. **F. BREHM, Erie, Pa.**

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

WALL PAPERS

3c. to \$3 Per Roll.

Your choice from an unlimited Variety of Patterns.

Information regarding application of papers, color effect, etc., upon request.

Send 8c. stamps for selection of samples.

NELSON S. CUBBERLEY,

696 Columbus Ave., New York City, N. Y.

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

who

Mention I

her by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

"Wears a Lifetime."
Guaranteed 25 Years
 in family use.
STERLING SILVER INLAID
SPOONS AND FORKS.



Silver inlaid in the back of the bowl and handle, then plated entire. There is nothing similar or "just as good" as Inlaid quality.

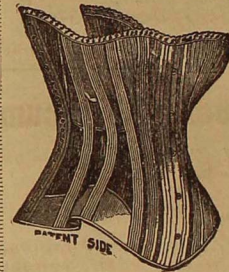
Each article stamped on the back.
E. STERLING INLAID H.
 Sold by all jewelers. Made only by

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.

ARMORSIDE Corset



THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE CENTURY.

Never breaks down on the sides.

If not in stock at your retailer's, send \$1.00 for a Corset, free by mail, to

FITZPATRICK & SOMERS,

85 Leonard St., N.Y.

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

The daintiest and most durable trimming for a SHIRT-WAIST is

Cash's

"HEM-STITCH" FRILLING

Acknowledged to be far superior to all other makes. Ask for CASH'S.

It is made in all White, also white with Washable Colored Borders in French Blue, Pink and Red.

Eleanor Kirk's Idea says: "Cash's Frillings with hem-stitched borders are great favorites with ladies, and they are, indeed, beautiful."

SOLD BY ALL LEADING RETAILERS.

Our New Illustrated Pattern Book contains many useful hints, and woven samples of the material, with a list of the stores where the goods can be obtained. Free by mail from

J. & J. CASH, Ltd., 92 Greene Street, N.Y.

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

A CRUISE
 TO THE
Mediterranean

Round the World Party Starts Oct. 8. Write for Particulars.

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. Ocean tickets all lines. 30 parties to Europe. Send for Tourist Gazette.

F. C. CLARK, Tourist Agent,

111 Broadway, New York, Official Agent for Pennsylvania and Erie Railroads, General Agent in the U. S. for Great Northern Railway of England, London Branch, 2 Charing Cross; Paris, 1 Rue Auber; Jaffa, Jerusalem, Beyrout, etc.

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

A COLORED philosopher is reported to have said: "Life, my breddern, am mos'ly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."

HE:—"Woman is decidedly the weaker vessel."

SHE:—"But I notice man is the one who is always complaining about being broke."

JOHNNIE:—"Mother, Adam and Eve lived in Paradise. What was it like there?"

MOTHER:—"Like what it is here, dear, when you five children are all at school."

(Continued on page 561.)

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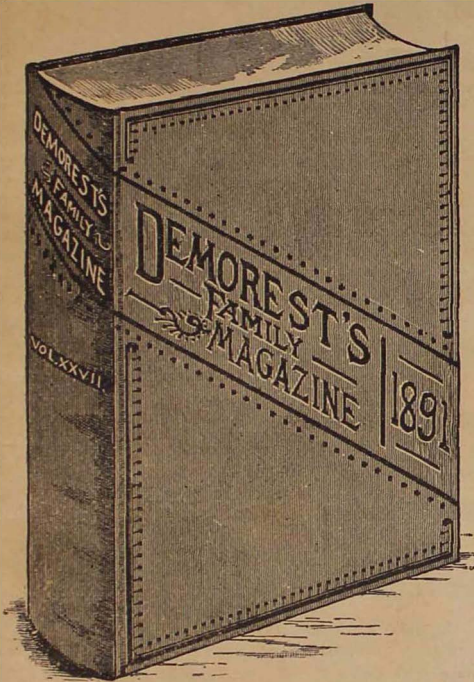
Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
 When you can get the BEST at Cargo prices in any Quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of Premiums given to Club Agents. **Good Income** made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. 1/4-lb. sample Tea sent on receipt of this advertisement and 15c in stamps. "D."
 THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
 P. O. Box 289. 81 and 83 Vesey St., N. Y.
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BINDING OF VOLUMES.

CASES of Peacock green, embossed in Gold, Red, and Black, Twenty-five cents, or by mail, Forty cents. Volumes bound for One Dollar; or with Gilt Edges, One Dollar and Fifty cents.



The postage to New York and return will be Forty-eight cents each way, added to the above, when forwarded for Binding by Mail. Place in two packages, unsealed and securely tied, with your name and address outside for identification.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE,
 15 East Fourteenth Street, NEW YORK.

Subscribers ordering a change in the direction of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE must give the old and the new address in full. No change can be made after the fifth of any month, and any order reaching us after that date the change will be made for the month following.

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY COMMENCE AT ANY TIME. We receive numerous letters asking if subscriptions may commence at any time. Certainly they may, as many do not care for some special purpose. We always keep back numbers on hand to supply such as may wish them.

Persons who desire to club together and subscribe for DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE can be supplied by the publisher only, at a reduced rate, as follows:

	1	Names	\$2 00
LOW	2	to	3 50
	3	one	5 16
	4	or	6 76
CLUBBING	5	different	8 30
	6	Post	9 78
RATE.	7	Offices.	11 20
	8		12 56
	9		13 86
	10		15 00

Any additional subscriptions can be had for \$1.50 each. Address

Demorest's Family Magazine,
 15 EAST 14TH STREET

(Continued from page 560.)

BABY ALICE and mamma were waiting at the station for the train when the gong in the hotel opposite sounded for dinner. Alice listened a moment, and then exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, hear the tin pan holler!"

SATISFACTORY COMPROMISE.

"ALICE, dear, will you marry me?" said a young man to his best girl.
 "No, Charlie, but—"
 "Oh, spare me from saying that you will be a sister to me. I can't stand that chestnut."
 "I wasn't going to say that, Charlie."
 "What were you going to say?"
 "I was going to say that I couldn't marry you, but we could get a clergyman to marry both of us."

THE FATHER'S PRIVILEGE.

BEHOLD the felicitous father,
 His daughter's wedding when at,
 Supporting the bride to the altar,
 And the bride and the groom after that.

AN American gentleman at an English country house went out rabbit-shooting in a very extraordinary pair of knickerbockers. At the close of the day one of his compatriots asked him where he had had "those 'pants' cut." Quoth the new arrival, after a pause and with some hesitation, "Well, to tell you the truth, they're not mine at all. My servant had forgotten to pack up my knickerbockers, so I borrowed these from my wife."
 "From your wife?" cried the other.
 "Yes; they're part of her bicycling costume, and see how handy they've come in."

In a street-car, the other day, a pretty young lady appeared to be in great distress. Her face was flushed and one hand clutched the corner of her cape, while the other was moving restlessly up and down the inside. When the excitement had reached the highest point and all eyes were on her, she suddenly drew forth a knife and pointed it toward herself. It flashed upon the horrified passengers that she was going to stab herself, and four or five gentlemen sprang toward her. The one behind her grabbed her arm and another one caught her hand. Her excitement immediately vanished and her face broke into ripples of laughter as she said:

"If you won't let me do it, one of you must pay my fare or cut my cape so I can get my purse; it has slipped into the lining."
 When the conductor came forward, five very sheepish gentlemen each offered him a nickel for the young lady.

(Continued on page 562.)

"Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take."—POPE.

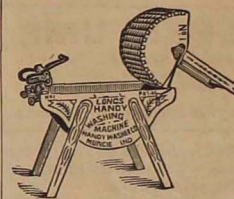


bit of knowledge as you go through this paper.

COFECO
 TRADE MARK.

is the name of the perfect soap for bath or fine washing. There are many good reasons why you should try it, but the soap itself is greater than them all. At the dealers. Made by **The N. K. Fairbank Company,** CHICAGO, NEW YORK, ST. LOUIS.

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



LET US ASK
 Do your white clothes become yellow? Do they come from the washer-woman with holes in them? Are the buttons broken off, and are they worn out before they should be? Have your washer-woman use a **Handy Washer**, and these things will never be. Send 15c. in stamps for our Standard Cook Book, containing over 1,000 receipts. Circulars free. Address **HANDY WASHER CO.,** Muncie, Ind.

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



High Arm MY HUSBAND Cant see how you do it.
 \$60 Kenwood Machine for - \$23.00
 \$50 Arlington Machine for - \$19.50
 Standard Singers - \$8.00, \$11.00, \$16.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight ship anywhere on 30 days free trial, in any home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address (in full), **CASH BUYERS' UNION,** 158-164 West Van Buren St., B 51, Chicago, Ill.

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

For date when this "Order" will become worthless, see other side.

Run a pen or pencil through the name (Example: 1. Albertine Besque, 34, 36, 38, 40 Bust Measure, and size of the pattern desired. } Or if pattern desired be not in this number, see directions on other side.

PATTERN ORDER

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

1. Indimora Corsage, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	16. Fenwick Coat, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.
2. Delturia Corsage, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	17. Oliphant House-Gown, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.
3. Glovena Shirt-Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	18. Bonita Cape, Medium and Large.
4. Fanton Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	19. Manhattan Bathing Suit, Medium and Large
5. Jarvis Coat, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	20. Northcote Blazer, 14 and 16 years.
6. Spencer Skirt, Medium and Large.	21. Elvery Waist, 12 and 14 years.
7. Valtella Waist, 14 and 16 years.	22. Casita Dress, 10 and 12 years.
8. Teyme Skirt, 14 and 16 years.	23. Georgina Dress, 10 and 12 years
9. Haroldine Gown, 12 and 14 years.	24. Varna Dress, 8 and 10 years.
10. Kenova Gown, 10 and 12 years.	25. Kinloss Dress, 8 and 10 years.
11. Alruna Frock, 8 and 10 years.	26. Papillon Dress, 6 and 8 years.
12. Arnon Frock, 4 and 6 years.	27. Albia Dress, 2 and 4 years.
13. Wyatt Corsage, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	28. Elisidore Coat, 4 and 6 years.
14. Dundee Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	29. Man o' War Suit, 8, 10 and 12 years.
15. Bellevyria Waist, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust.	30. Ernest Suit, 6, 8 and 10 years.
	31. Clara Sunbonnet, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

We do not give Patterns for the Designs on the Supplements.

We do not sell patterns of the designs published in the Fashion Department of our Magazine. They are given only as premiums to subscribers and purchasers. Another Magazine may be bought if an extra pattern be desired, or an "Order" from last month's Magazine, if sent before the date printed on its back.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

WANTED DRESSMAKERS
 to send for illustrated circular of the LEONTIN DRESS FASTENER serves for hooks and eyes and whalebones combined. **DON'T GAP** but closes like a seam. Saves time, money and labor. Sample 30 cents. Address, LEONTIN MFG. CO., 4563 Cakenwald Ave., Chicago

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

EVERY WOMAN
 Wants HARTMANN'S W. W.'s, for Home Use, Traveling, etc.; Invaluable and Indispensable; Soft, Light, Antiseptic, Deodorant, and sold at less than cost of washing. For sale at all Dry Goods and Drug Stores. Send for Circulars; agents wanted; sample, 6 cents.
HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL CO.,
 56 Broadway, New York.

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

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables in Winter obtained by using the **MUDGE PATENT CANNER.**
 It "cans" by steam, from the top down. Retains color and flavor. Write for circular.
JOHN L. GAUMER CO., 1101 Race St., Philadelphia.
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

We'll tan your skins for RUGS, 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.

 **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.

WANT MY FINE PERFUME
 And other samples handed your friends or neighbors. Pays well. Send 10c for 5 trial bottles Sain-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.

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.

 **THE IMPROVED HOME TURKO-RUSSIAN FOLDING BATH CABINET.**
 Portable, and can be used in any room. Dry Steam, Vapor Oxygen, Medicated and perfumed Baths. Sure cure for Colds, Rheumatism, etc. Prevents contracting disease. Insures a healthy, clear complexion, and prevents Obesity. Send for descriptive circular. MAYOR, LANE & CO., 128 White Street, New York, manufacturers of Douches, Sprays and Bathing Appliances.

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

PATTERN ORDER Good for One Pattern illustrated in any number of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE
 Published during the last twelve months
 (Excepting for the Designs on the Supplements, for which we do not give Patterns),
 If sent, with two cents for return postage,
 Before August 15th, 1895.
 Address: DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE,
 15 East 14th Street, New York.

These patterns are not regular "stock" patterns, but are new and elegant designs upon which special care has been expended. They do not emanate from the "Mme. Demorest" pattern business, but are gotten up new each month, exclusively for this MAGAZINE, and can only be obtained through the "Pattern Orders" contained in each monthly issue, as we do not sell patterns.

REMEMBER

TO Send Two Cents in Postage Stamps for each "Pattern Order."
 Send your Correct Address in full.
 Send the Correct Description of the Pattern you desire, by marking, as directed, the printed list on the other side; or if not in this number, then write on the other side the name and size of the pattern desired, which must be selected from a number issued during the last twelve months.
 Remember that this "Order" cannot be used after August 15th, 1895.
 [SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

LeMesurier Artists' Colors



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

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

SACENDORPH'S PATENT SECTIONAL STEEL CEILINGS and SIDE WALL FINISH. Splendidly Adapted for Churches.
 Catalogue, prices, and estimates, on application

THE PENN IRON ROOFING & COR. CO. (Ltd.)
 Sole Manufacturers, Philadelphia, Pa.
 28d and Hamilton Streets,
 Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

 **Delicate Cake**
 Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. 10 styles, round, square and oblong. 2 layer tins by mail 30 cts. Circulars Free.
 Agents Wanted. Richardson Mfg. Co., 1 St., Bath, N.Y.

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

 **DO YOUR OWN PRINTING**
 Saves money! Makes money printing for others. Type-setting easy, printed rules. Stamp for catalogue, presses, type, cards, etc., to factory.
 \$5. PRESS for cards, circulars, &c. Press for printing a small paper \$40.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

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

A CHAUTAUQUA RECLINING CHAIR FREE
 WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP FOR \$10.00.
 THE LARKIN SOAP MFG CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

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

 **CANVAS FOLDING ENAMELED BATH.**
 Tub fits bath so 2 pails of water make submergent bath. Hot bath ready in 5 min. Wt., 10 lbs. Cat. free. Baths or Boats. World's Fair Award. ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, OHIO.

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

(Continued from page 561.)

"THAT remains to be seen," as the boy said when he spilt the ink on the tablecloth.

WHO was the first wheelman?—Father Time. From the beginning he has gone on by cycles.

"MAN originates—the monkey imitates," said the professor. "Then that settles the question of the origin of the species," returned a student. "Man is the original; the monkey the imitation."

JACK:—"So you're going to marry the widow after all? And I hear that you've to give up smoking."

TOM:—"Yes. She gives up her weeds, and I give up mine."

"OH, he is a born debater. There is nothing he likes better than an argument. He won't even eat anything that agrees with him."

NEW DISH.

"I THINK, Sarah, you had better roast the mutton for dinner, and postpone the pork."

SARAH (blankly):—"Sure, mum, I can roast and bile and stew wi' the best, but it's the first time I ever heard o' pos'ponin' a j'int."

AT CHURCH.

TIRED CHILD:—"Mamma, how much did you put in the collection?"

MOTHER:—"A quarter, my dear."
 TIRED CHILD:—"Well, this preacher gives an awful lot for the money."

W.:—"I see old Holdfast has got the shingles"

G.:—"Yes, and mark my words, he'll soon have the whole house."

"How do you happen to be called Jack?"
 "Oh, it's just a nickname."
 "I didn't know but it was an abbreviation."

A BOY at a School Board examination was asked, "What is a martyr?" The answer was, "A person who suffers from choice. My father is what they call a to-mato; he suffers horribly from corns!"

(Continued on page 563.)

 **"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 Saten—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.

Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 562.)

WHAT is the legal expression for a love-letter?—A writ of attachment.

WHY is a tear like a potato?—Because it springs from the eye.

BOB :—" I don't think I care for the New Woman."

TOM :—" Why not?"

BOB :—" She's usually too old."



OLD GENTLEMAN :—" You are the little boy that was blown up with gunpowder, ain't you?"

LITTLE BOY :—" Yes, I am; but who's der chump dat told you?"

CLERGYMAN (anxious to compliment the host at a Sunday-school outing):—" Now can any dear child tell me to what one person we are most indebted for the great crowd of happy and smiling faces that are gathered here to-day?"

DEAR CHILD :—" Adam."

DANDY YOUTH :—" What the mischief did you hire me a blind horse for?"

LIVERYMAN (guilelessly):—" Didn't you tell me you wanted something out of sight because you were going to take your best girl driving?"

MARRIED MAN :—" Why don't you get married, Miss Perkins? You're getting to look like a 'back number'; you will soon be an old maid."

MISS PERKINS :—" If I were as easy to please as your wife was, I should have been married long ago!"

" Do you think bicycle-riding conducive to health?"

" Most assuredly! My health has improved wonderfully."

" But you don't ride a bicycle."

" Who said I did?"

" But you said bicycle-riding improved your health."

" Yes; get so much exercise, you know."

" Exercise? How?"

" Dodging the bicycles, of course!"

A LITTLE girl who had heard her family talking about hysterics, was present when a story was told at which her mother laughed immoderately. The child seemed much impressed, and looking anxiously at her mother, she said gravely: " Mamma, ain't you afraid if you laugh so much you will get historical?"

A YOUNG Scotchman at Aldershot fell ill, and was sent to the hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay. He looked at it hard for some time, and then threw up his hands and bawled: " Oh, doctor, doctor! I canna drink a' that!"

Teachers of Cookery

Use and Recommend

Cleveland's Baking Powder

Teachers of cookery are versed not only in the science of food and theory of cooking, but in the practical work;— their cooking must be perfect. They can't afford to make any failures, and in their work they must use the best.

No other article of food has ever received so many commendations from eminent teachers of cookery and writers on domestic science as **Cleveland's Baking Powder**. Read what some of them say in regard to it:

(May 5, 1894.)—" Finding Cleveland's Baking Powder the best in quality, the most economical in use, and always sure to give uniform results, I did what every intelligent housekeeper who keeps pace with the progress in domestic science would do—adopted Cleveland's Baking Powder."

Marion Harland

Author "Common Sense in the Household."

(March, 1892.)—" I have used Cleveland's Baking Powder exclusively for several years, because I have found it what it claims to be, pure and wholesome. The results have been uniformly satisfactory."

Mary J. Lincoln

Author of the "Boston Cook Book."

(Dec. 1, 1893.)—" The results obtained by the use of Cleveland's Baking Powder have always been satisfactory."

Fannie M. Farmer

Principal Boston Cooking School.

(Dec. 4, 1893.)—" I prefer Cleveland's Baking Powder to others because it is pure and wholesome, it takes less for the same baking, it never fails, and bread and cake keep their freshness and flavor."

Cornelia Campbell Bedford

Sup't New York Cooking School.

(March, 1894.)—" I use Cleveland's Baking Powder in my kitchen and class work."

Emma P. Ewing

Principal Chautauqua Cooking School.

(Aug. 27, 1890.)—" I am convinced Cleveland's is the purest baking powder made, and I have adopted it exclusively in my cooking schools and for daily household use."

Sarah J. Rover

Principal Philadelphia Cooking School.

(March, 1892.)—" I prefer to use Cleveland's Baking Powder because I consider it perfectly wholesome and it has always given uniform results."

Carrie M. Dearborn

Late Principal Boston Cooking School.

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

" WHY doesn't the clock strike thirteen, Pa?"
" Because, Bobby, it hasn't the face to do it."

A :—" She is the occasion of lots of talk wherever she goes."

B :—" Indeed!"

A :—" Yes; she always plays the piano, you know."

" My son, you ask who or what a 'nobody' is. Well, my dear boy, a 'nobody' is a prominent woman's husband."

" BLESSED if I ain't a regular Trilby," muttered the man in the crowd, after being stepped on half a dozen times; " everybody gets onto my feet."

THE pastor bade her proceed.

" Tell me all," he urged kindly.

" I put a button in the contribution box," she faltered.

He smiled.

" And did your conscience trouble you?" he asked.

The woman raised her eyes earnestly.

" No," she answered. " I put in the wrong button and broke a set, and I would like to exchange it, if you please."

" Miss O. carries her years well, doesn't she?"

" You must bear in mind that she has thrown nearly half of them away."

PEARS' SOAP



THE BATH.—His turn next!

From the original Painting in the possession of the
Proprietors of

PEARS' SOAP.

There are soaps offered as substitutes for PEARS' which are dangerous. Be sure you get PEARS' which is superior to all others for the Toilet. Then there's PEARS' SHAVING STICK the best shaving soap in the world.

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



By permission of Mr. A. H. Phillips.

THE OCEAN OFF ATLANTIC CITY. A VIEW FROM THE PIER.

(SEE "A QUEEN OF THE COAST," PAGE 553.)