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FLOWER FÊTES AND PAGEANTS.

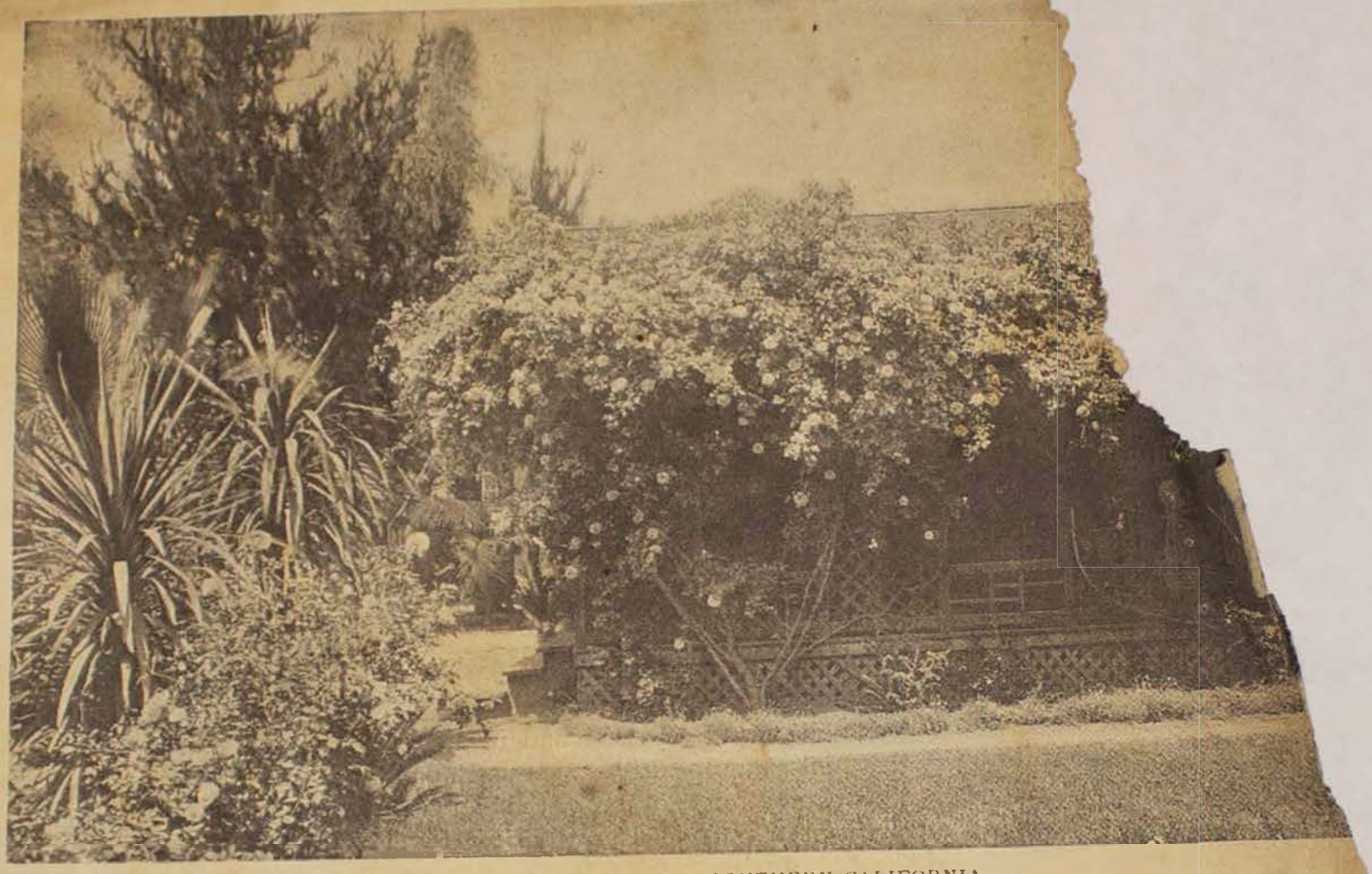
of pleasure-seeking tourists who flit like s and humming-birds from one center of .o another sipping their sweets and joys, and . and sunshine from country to country, and antic to the Pacific, now finds the culminating of all the joyousness and attractiveness of a "flower carnival," "battle of the flowers," or *ite*." These charming floral festivals are be-nual events in a rapidly increasing number of l pleasure resorts; and, occurring as they do in t of the season, are made most brilliant social marked by the very climax of merriment and gayety, in which old and young take an active part, and even the most world-weary are interested, while, simply as a spectacle, the event draws vast throngs of onlookers from far and near.

The mad whirl of the old-time carnival in Rome is not to be compared for a moment, in actual beauty and interest, with these *fin de siècle* carnivals of flowers. From Nice to Pasadena we may journey now and witness these fairy-like pageants, differing one from another only in slight details and in surroundings, with the Apennines looking down upon us in one place, the Presidential Range in another, or the Sierra Nevada.

Every visitor to the White Mountains counts it worth while to be present in Bethlehem for the "West Side" coaching-parade,—another name for flower carnival,—and later to take part in the "East Side" one at North Conway; for, be it known, there is such hot rivalry between the "East" and "West" sides of the picturesque mountain chain that neither effort nor expense is spared to make a gorgeous and beautiful display. These parades occur late in August, and bunting and cheese-cloth supplement the brilliant autumn flowers with which coaches, brakes, village-carts, and phaetons are completely covered. The ladies, children, and young men who take part, always dress in harmony with the decorations, and enter heart and soul into the spirit of the occasion.

From a Photograph by Epler & Arnold.

SARATOGA'S FLOWER CARNIVAL. AT THE RENDEZVOUS BEFORE THE PROCESSION.

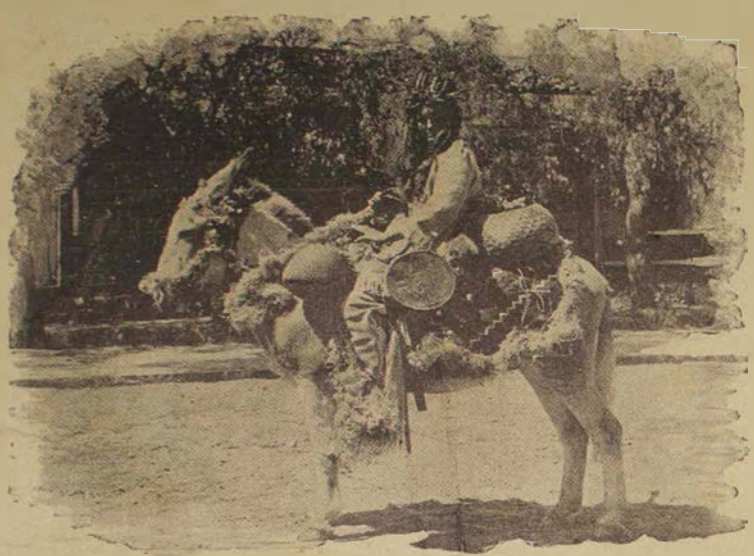


ROSE-COVERED COTTAGE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

A FLORAL PARADE AT SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

The guests of the famous hostelries all through the mountains, take the keenest interest in the preparation for these events, and the liveliest efforts are put forth to the end that the "house coach" shall carry off one of the prizes; every guest feeling a personal pride in the conquest. Often the parties arranged to fill the coaches practice a new and original "house cry," with which they greet the spectators as the coach is tooted through the village streets. On one brilliant August day in Bethlehem, when there was a flurry of snow on Mount Washington and the air was cruelly cold, a merry crowd of white-clad girls and young men, on a white coach which was a snowdrift of cheese-cloth and daisies, greeted the throng of warmly wrapped onlookers with this moving cry, "Rah! rah! rah! We're half-frozen! How are you?" Coaches come from far and near to take part in the parade, so it becomes a general meeting-place for all the mountain visitors.

WAGONETTE DECORATED WITH DUCHESS ROSES AND WISTARIA.



WHITE BURRO WITH INDIAN RIDER.

For many years the autumn "Tub Parade" has been one of the eagerly anticipated social events in that charming Berkshire resort Lenox. The village carts, pony phaetons, and odd vehicles of every description which fashion has favored in recent years for out-of-town use, gave the name—which has often been questioned—to this function. Very lovely have the carts and "tubs" been when transformed into moving masses of flowers and gay, fluttering ribbons. Imagine, if you can, anything prettier than a low cart wreathed with golden-rod, drawn by a glossy-coated black pony with a yellow satin harness whose yellow ribbon-reins are held by a dainty blonde, her golden hair matching her India silk gown, and the friend beside her holding a parasol of golden-rod over their two golden heads! They certainly look as if they had prisoned the sunbeams; and the adorable pony furnishes just that note of black which gives *chic* to the whole. A two-seated phaeton, drawn by four small bays, is a moving mass of smilax and scarlet carnations; and the group of four pretty girls who fill the seats are gowned in red cheese-cloth and wear black lace picture-hats wreathed with carnations.

At Saratoga and at Colorado Springs these flower carnivals have been but recently instituted, but the pageants for the 1895 festivals were so magnificent and successful that they are sure to be annual events. In Saratoga's mile-long procession there were artistic floats representing allegorical and mythological subjects, the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company sent a huge floral engine, and hundreds of sumptuously decorated private equipages took part, while several hundred gayly dressed wheelmen and wheelwomen formed an escort, the whole affair having an extremely cosmopolitan air. The hundred thousand spectators

GOLD OF OPHIR ROSEBUSH TWENTY-FIVE FEET IN DIAMETER, IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

took an active part in the charming battle of flowers, and returned a lively fusillade of bouquets and blossoms for those thrown from the carriages and floats.

In Colorado's "Sunflower Carnival" a local key of interest was emphasized by the participation of a band of fifty cowboys on their broncos, and some Ute Indians, in full war-paint, who came from the Southern Ute Reservation, headed by their famous chiefs "Buckskin Charley" and "Severn." A wealth of Colorado's lovely flowers—poppies, black-eyed Susans, pink and white pease, yellow daisies, golden-

WHITE TANDEM TRIMMED WITH LADY BANKSIA ROSES.

A DAISY GOAT-CART.

rod, knight's plume, and wild clematis—decorated the countless carriages in the two-mile procession. There were tandems and four-in-hands, a "Russian Harvest Novelty" with three horses abreast, a floral *jinrikisha*, and many other quaint conceits, all decorated with great ingenuity and much taste.

Usually, on all such occasions, one flower is selected, or at most two, and the phaeton or coach is a symphony of softly blending shades, the effect being beautiful and harmonious beyond description. It is in California, however, that the flowers fairly run riot, and can be used with so lavish a hand that vehicles fairly disappear beneath them, and whole streets become vast *riant* gardens.

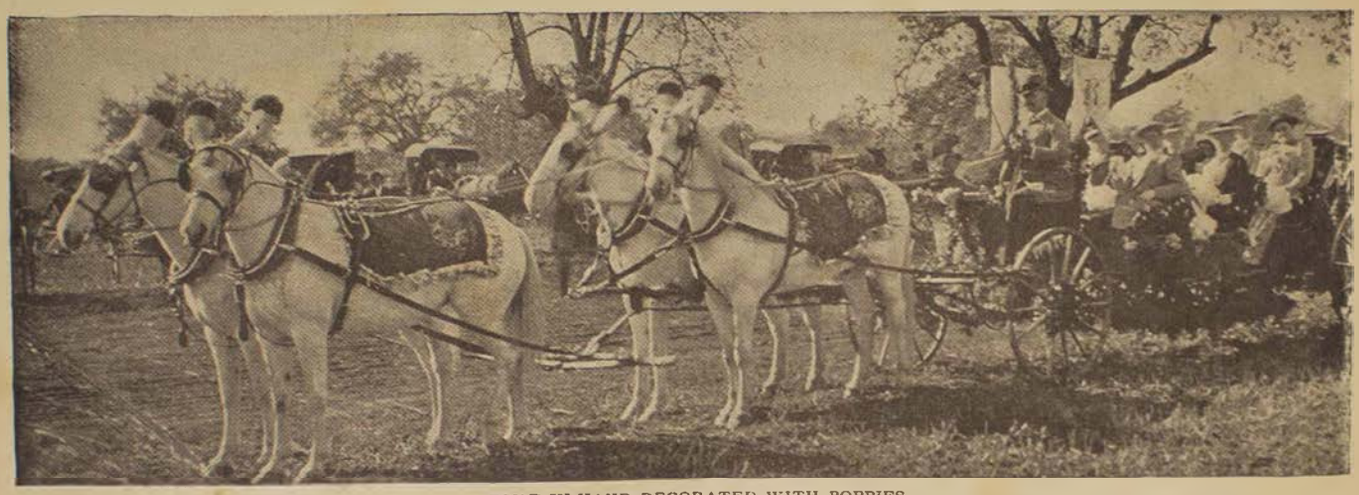
In Santa Barbara there is a three-days' carnival, beginning with a flower and fruit show, in a moss-hung pavilion, and ending with a grand ball. The small population of the quaint old town is at this time more than trebled by the throngs of visitors drawn by the fame of her annual carnival, and by train-loads of excursionists from surrounding places who come in for the great day of all,—that of the floral parade. Enthusiasm has by this time been carried to fever heat, and the long main street of the town has blossomed out in a mad riot of brilliant coloring, for decorations are everywhere. Streamers of bright bunting and gay flags

CHEROKEE ROSES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

GOLD OF OPHIR ROSEBUSH PLANTED IN 1886.

spectators to witness the gorgeous pageant to advantage. Here the battle of the flowers is at its height; the air becomes fairly electric with joyous excitement during this peaceful tournament of odorous missiles, and soon the ground is clothed ankle-deep with roses, lilies, aromatic pinks, and all the wealth of garden sweets, filling the air with their spicy perfumes. As the eyes rest upon this throng of happy faces, rising tier upon tier in close-packed rows, the heaviest heart must feel a sympathetic thrill, and, for the nonce, give dull care the go-by, and rejoice that civilization has reached such an artistic expression in its recreations and pleasures.

The carnival at Pasadena is well named a "Tournament of Roses;" and if those *moyen-âge* knights who clothed themselves in steel and fought to the death for My Lady's favor can look down upon it, they must feel that life is better worth the living now. To make life beautiful and healthful and well worth the living is certainly a nobler aim. Every year the floats, coaches, and carriages of every sort are so beautifully and ingeniously decorated that it seems impossible anything novel can be again devised; but always one is happily surprised. Where La Marque roses can be used to cover a coach completely with their white beauty like a snow drift, so that not a spoke of a wheel or a hub is visible, and whole phaeton canopies are woven out of glowing Jacqueminot buds, it



FOUR-IN-HAND DECORATED WITH POPPIES.

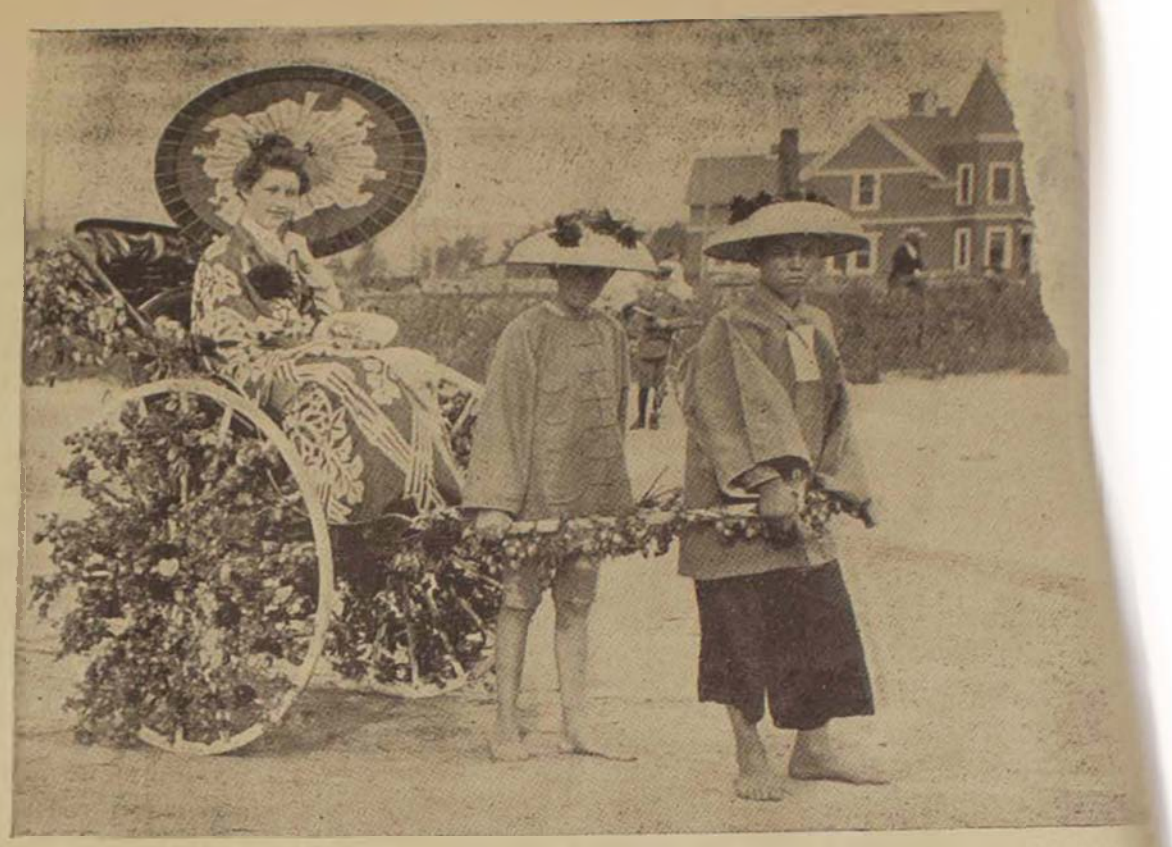
are flung to the soft breeze; and garlands, rope-like festoons, and huge banks of flowers are massed with such a lavish profusion as those who have not seen the California flora can scarcely imagine.

Remember that under this radiant blue sky and in this glorious atmosphere geraniums and calla lilies grow in luxuriant hedges, and heliotropes and fuchsias climb over bow windows; while as for roses, the famous Vale of Cashmere can show nothing to compare with the gardens of Southern California.

Tribunes erected for several blocks along the main thoroughfare and gayly draped with varicolored bunting add to the picturesqueness of the scene, and give opportunity to thousands of

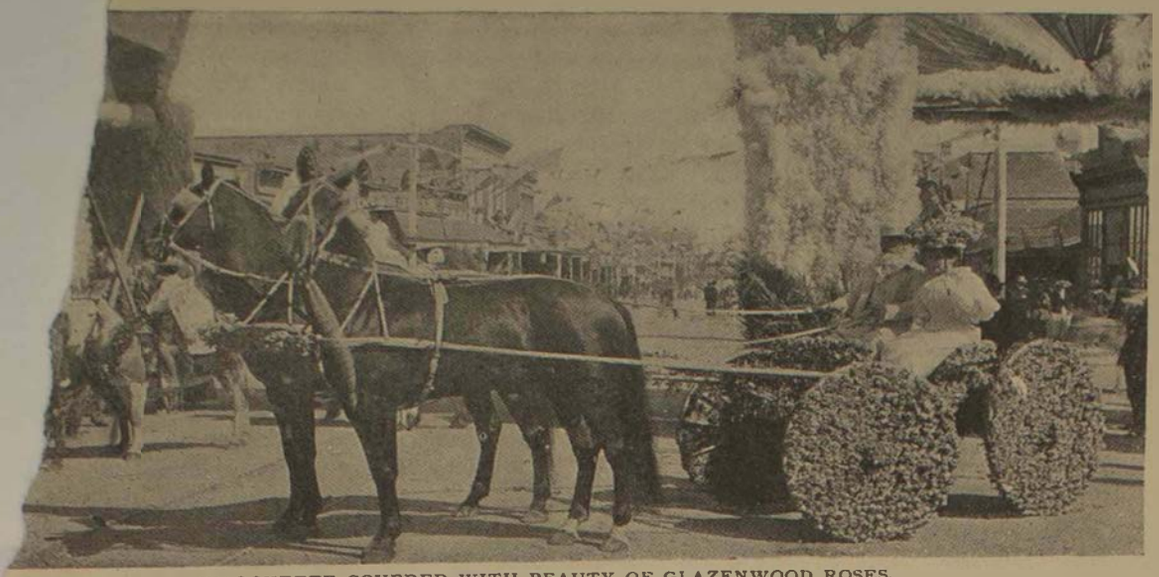
TANDEM TRIMMED WITH SWEET PEASE.

LA MARQUE ROSE-VINE.



A JINRIKISHA TRIMMED WITH WISTARIA.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ROSE-GARDEN.



WAGONETTE COVERED WITH BEAUTY OF GLAZENWOOD ROSES.

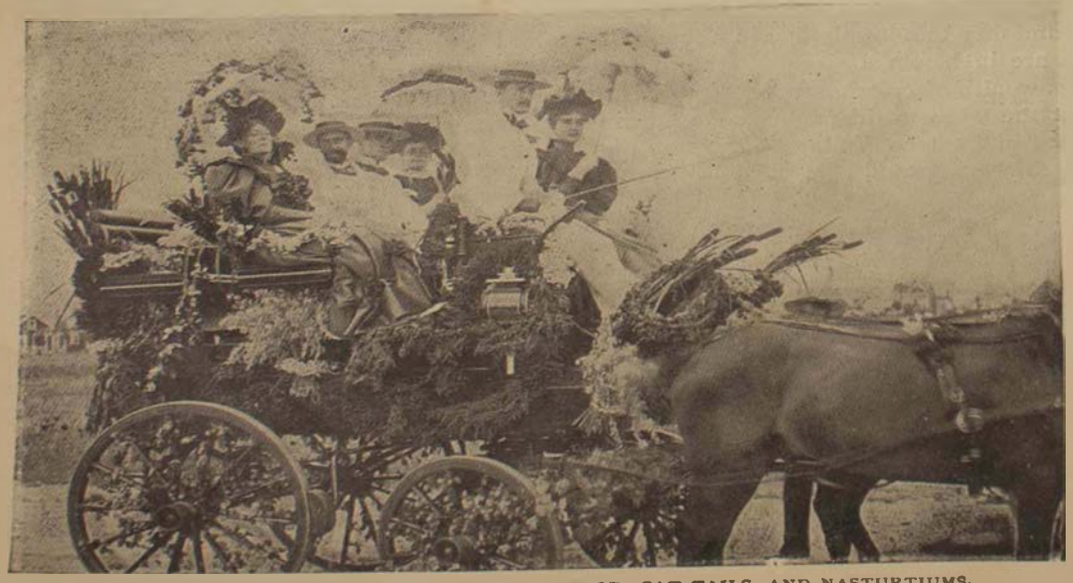
not skillful, hands to the decoration of their own equipages.

Seldom is a bit of black or dark harness seen; bright silks usually cover it to match the prevailing tint of the flowers chosen for the carriage, and the artistic and effective use of a single flower is never seen to better advantage. The horses enter into the spirit

nall wonder if at every re- ing *fête* it seems as if the es had been at work. ymphonies in Fashion's fa- ed color, heliotrope, are carried t in shades of that odorous blossom, or with violets and wistarias; a phaeton, holding two dainty midgets clothed in rose-color is itself a mosaic of pink and white carnations, the spokes alternately of pink and white blossoms, and the hubs great bosses of pink flowers, while the pony's white harness is decorated at every buckle and crossing with huge bunches of the rosy pinks, and the proud arch of his neck is accentuated by a pointed arch of flowers rising from his collar.

Little children in their goat and pony carriages, quaint "tubs," and wide-spreading, fantastic basket-wagons, form an attractive part of every parade, and they lend willing and eager, if

FOUR-WHEEL TRAP TRIMMED WITH WHITE AND RED CARNATIONS.



FOUR-IN HAND DECORATED WITH GOLDENROD, CAT-TAILS, AND NASTURTIUMS.

of the occasion, show even a human pride in their gay trappings, and every flower-garlanded neck is carried the higher, while the feet seem to know they are treading on flowers. Tennis clubs and other organizations are represented by coaches decorated with the club colors, as green and white, calla lilies and smilax; red and white, "Jack" roses and lilies; or they form a mounted troop, and add the interest of a gayly caparisoned group of equestrians.

A prize float last year at Santa Barbara represented the Queen of Flowers, and was so beautiful it merits detailed description. Over fifteen thousand white and pale yellow roses covered the entire float. A huge white rose was made out of real ones, and

in its center stood a stately, white-robed young girl, shaded by a network of white buds. From her hands extended white ribbon reins to three giant butterflies, of white roses, poised on the front of the float, one of which was ridden by Cupid. The float was appropriately drawn by four white horses covered with white nets which were interlaced with white roses.

A beautiful feature of the ball which closed the *fête* was the dance of the flowers, in which twenty young girls and children took part, each one representing a single flower; the older girls were roses, lilies, etc., and the tiny maids, forget-me-nots, violets, and other dainty, wee blossoms. A boy dressed as a blue-bell acted as page, and several flowers, in turn, danced Spanish dances with him. It was a most poetic conceit, and carried out so artistically that it seemed a glimpse of fairyland.

soms; and there are not only such wo
veritable rose-trees growing twenty feet
trunks six inches in diameter. Cottage
appear under the odorous masses of g
which not even a painting can perpetuate
and the effort to depict even its charm of
and shade are the despair of the photograp

While countless other shrubs, bushes, vi
are growing rampantly and blossoming w
drous luxuriance which the extraordinary fe
soil and favorable climatic condition favors,
rose which predominates and seems to have
region as its own. Turn where you will, in wi
places, or on traveled roads, the rose is everywi
see our choicest, rarest favorites of the greenho
chal Niels, Marie Van Houtens, and Clare Carn

A WILD-MUSTARD TANDEM.

No description can do justice to the marvelous luxuriance of Southern California's roses. Climbing roses that bear from ten to twelve thousand blossoms at a time are a common sight everywhere; and in the older towns there are rows of shade-trees, shaggy-barked pepper-trees, whose trunks and branches to their outermost tips are clothed with Cloth of Gold, Devoniensis, La Marque, and Beauty of Glazenwood roses. In some of the rose gardens in the Pomona and the San Gabriel valleys from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and seventy-five varieties of roses are in bloom during March and April, and the boundless wealth of color and perfume are like nothing else that the wide world can show. There are ten-year-old bushes in Pomona Valley that bear every year from twenty to thirty thousand blossoms over cabin doors and drooping their heavy, flower-laden branches from the eaves of old barns. Fully a mile of thick hedges of Maréchal Niel, Cherokee, and Jacqueminot roses border the roads into Los Angeles and about Pomona.

Seeds germinate and cuttings root with a rapidity that amazes the Eastern florist. A cutting from a night-blooming cereus—the *cereus triangularis*—will blossom in a few months, and it grows as a giant vine, clambering to the roof and forming a pendent fringe over the eaves. Its glorious, creamy-white flowers are a foot long, and are produced in great numbers from July to November. And this is only one other of California's flower miracles.

E. A. FLETCHER.

THE AWAKENING.

WITH a joyous rustle and shiver,
"I wake!" cried the reed in the river;
"I am thrall to the dark no more,
I can sing to the shore,
And can fling my vernal mirth
O'er the fields of earth!"

With a buoyant tremor and thrill,
"I wake!" cried the grass on the hill;
"I am free from the icy hold
Of the vandal cold;
I can urge my jubilant stave
As I surge and wave!"

With a litttle gurgle of glee,
"I wake!" cried the bud on the tree;
"From the gloom of the bitter night
I leap to the light;
And to grief there's an end, and wrong,
In my leaf,—and song!"

With a strange, sweet, passionate start,
"I wake!" cried Love in the heart;
"And unfold my immortal flower
For a deathless dower;
With its breath into life I bring
An eternal spring!"

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE MEDAL OF BRIGADIER GERARD.

By A. Conan Doyle.

I.

of Tarentum—or McDonald, as his old s preferred to call him—was, as I could , in the vilest of tempers. His grim Scotch ne of those grotesque door-knockers which he Faubourg St. Germain. We heard after- he Emperor had said in jest that he would im against Wellington in the South, but that raid to trust him within sound of the pipes. arpentier and I could plainly see that he was g with anger.

adier Gerard of the Hussars!" said he, with the e corporal with the recruit.

ted.

ajor Charpentier of the Horse Grenadiers!"

companion answered to his name.

The Emperor has a mission for you." Without more he flung open the door and announced us.

have seen Napoleon ten times on horseback to once on oot, and I think that he does wisely to show himself to his troops in this fashion, for he cuts a very good figure in the saddle. As we saw him now he was the shortest man out of six by a good hand's breadth, and yet I am no very big man myself, though I ride quite heavy enough for a hussar. It is evident, too, that his body is too long for his legs. With his big, round head, his curved shoulders, and his clean-shaven face, he is more like a professor at the Sorbonne than the first soldier of France. Every man to his tastes, but it seems to me that if I could clap a pair of fine light-cavalry whiskers like my own onto him it would do him no harm. He has a firm mouth, and his eyes are remarkable. I have seen them turned on me in anger, and I would rather ride at a square on a spent horse than face them again. I am not a man easily daunted, either.

He was standing at the side of the room, away from the window, looking up at a great map of the country, which was hung upon the wall. Berthier stood beside him, trying to look wise, and just as we entered Napoleon snatched his sword impatiently from him and pointed with it on the map. He was talking fast and low, but I heard him say, "The valley of the Meuse," and twice he repeated, "Berlin." As we entered, his aide-de-camp advanced to us; but the Emperor stopped him and beckoned us to his side.

"You have not yet received a cross of honor, Brigadier Gerard?" he asked.

I replied that I had not, and was about to add that it was not for want of having deserved it, when he cut me short in his decided fashion.

"And you, major?" he asked.

"No, sire."

"Then you shall both have your opportunity now."

He led us to the great map upon the wall, and placed the tip of Berthier's sword upon Rheims.

"I will be frank with you, gentlemen, as with two comrades. You have both been with me since Marengo, I believe." He had a strangely pleasant smile, which used to light up his pale face with a kind of cold sunshine. "Here at Rheims are our present headquarters on this the fourteenth of March. Very good. Here is Paris, distant by road a good twenty-five leagues. Blucher lies to the north, Schwarzenburg to the south." He prodded the map with his sword as he spoke.

"Now," said he, "the further into the country these people march, the more completely I shall crush them. They are about to advance upon Paris. Very good. Let them do so. My brother, the King of Spain, will be there with a hundred thousand men. It is to him that I send you. You will hand him this letter, a copy of which I confide to each of you. It is to tell him that I am coming at once, in two days' time, with every man and horse and gun, to his relief. I must give them forty-eight hours to recover. Then straight to Paris. You understand me, gentlemen?"

Ah! if I could tell you the glow of pride it gave me to be taken into the great man's confidence in this way. As he handed our letters to us I clicked my spurs and threw out my chest, smiling and nodding to let him know that I saw what he would be after. He smiled also and rested his hand for a moment on the cape of my dolman. I would have given half my arrears of pay if my mother could have seen me at that instant.

"I will show you your route," said he, turning back to the map. "Your orders are to ride together as far as Bazoches. You will then separate, the one making for Paris by Oulchy and Neuilly, and the other to the north by Braine, Soissons, and Senlis. Have you anything to say, Brigadier Gerard?"

I am a rough soldier, but I have words and ideas. I had begun to speak about glory and the peril of France, when he cut me short.

"And you, Major Charpentier?"

"If we find our route unsafe, are we at liberty to choose another?" said he.

"Soldiers do not choose. They obey." He inclined his head to show that we were dismissed, and turned round to Berthier. I do not know what he said, but I heard them both laughing.

Well, as you may think, we lost little time in getting upon our way. In half an hour we were riding down the high street of Rheims, and it struck twelve o'clock as we passed the cathedral. I had my little gray mare Violette, the one which Sebastiani had wished to buy after Dresden. It is the fastest horse in the six brigades of light cavalry, and was only beaten by the Duke of Rovigo's racer from England. As to Charpentier, he had the kind of horse which a horse grenadier or a cuirassier would be likely to ride,—a back like a bedstead, you understand, and legs like the posts. He is a hulking fellow himself, so that they look a singular pair. And yet in his insane conceit he ogled the girls as they waved their handkerchiefs to me from the windows, and he twirled his ugly red mustache up into his eyes, just as if it were to him that their attention was addressed.

When we came out of the town we passed through the French camp, and then across the battle-field of yesterday, which was still covered both by our own poor fellows and the Prussians. But of the two, the camp was the sadder sight. Our army was thawing away. The guards were all right, though the young guard was full of conscripts. The artillery and the heavy cavalry were also good, if there were more of them, but the infantry privates with their under officers looked like school-boys with their masters. And we had no reserves. When one considered that there were eighty thousand Prussians to the north

and one hundred and fifty thousand Russians and Austrians to the south, it might make even the bravest man grave. For my own part I confess that I shed a tear, until the thought came that the Emperor was still with us, and that on that very morning he had placed his hand upon my dolman and had promised me a medal of honor. This set me singing, and I spurred Violette on until Charpentier had to beg me to have mercy on his great, snorting, panting camel. The road was beaten into paste and rutted two feet deep by the artillery, so that he was right in saying that it was not the place for a gallop.

I have never been very friendly with this Charpentier, and now for twenty miles of the way I could not draw a word from him. He rode with his brows puckered and his chin upon his breast, like a man who is heavy with thought. More than once I asked him what was on his mind, thinking that perhaps with my quicker intelligence I might set the matter straight. His answer always was that it was his mission of which he was thinking; which surprised me, because, although I had never thought much of his intelligence, still it seemed to me to be impossible that anyone could be puzzled by so simple and soldierly a task.

Well, we came at last to Bazoches, where he was to take the southern road and I the northern. He half turned in his saddle before he left me, and he looked at me with a singular expression of inquiry on his face.

"What do you make of it, Brigadier?" he asked.

"Of what?"

"Of our mission."

"Surely, it is plain enough."

"You think so? Why should the Emperor tell us his plans?"

"Because he recognized our intelligence."

My companion laughed in a manner which I found annoying.

"May I ask what you intend to do if you find these villages full of Prussians?" he asked.

"I shall obey my orders."

"But you will be killed."

"Very possibly."

He laughed again, and so offensively that I clapped my hand to my sword. But before I could tell him what I thought of his stupidity and rudeness he had wheeled his horse and was lumbering away down the other road. I saw his big fur cap vanish over the brow of a hill, and then I rode on my way, wondering at his conduct. From time to time I put my hand to the breast of my tunic and felt the paper crackle beneath my fingers. Ah! my precious paper, which should be turned into the little silver medal for which I had yearned so long. All the way from Braine to Sermoise I was thinking of what my mother would say when she saw it.

I stopped to give Violette a meal at a wayside *auberge* on the side of a hill not far from Soissons,—a place surrounded by old oaks, and with so many crows that one could scarcely hear one's own voice. It was from the innkeeper that I learned that Marmont had fallen back two days before, and that the Prussians were over the Aisne. An hour later, in the fading light, I saw two of their vedettes upon a hill to the right, and then, as darkness gathered, the heavens to the north were all glimmering from the lights of a bivouac.

When I heard that Blucher had been there for two days I was much surprised that the Emperor should not have known that the country through which he had ordered me to carry my precious letter was already occupied by the enemy. Still, I thought of the tone of his voice when he said to Charpentier that a soldier must not choose, but must obey. I should follow the rou[illegible] to me as long as Violette could move [illegible] upon her bridle. All the way from S[illegible] where the road dips up and down, [illegible] woods, I kept my pistol ready and my [illegible] pushing on swiftly where the path was [illegible] coming slowly around the corners, in th[illegible] in Spain.

When I came to the farm-house which [illegible] of the road just after you cross the wood[illegible] the Crise, near where the great statue of th[illegible] a woman cried to me from the field, saying [illegible] sians were in Soissons. A small party of the [illegible] said, had come on that very afternoon, and a[illegible] ion was expected before midnight. I did not [illegible] the end of her tale, but clapped spurs into Viole[illegible] minutes later was galloping her into the town.

Three Uhlans were at the mouth of the ma[illegible] their horses tethered, and they gossipping toge[illegible] with a pipe as long as my sabre. I saw them we[illegible] light of an open door, but of me they could have se[illegible] the flash of Violette's gray side and the black flutte[illegible] cloak. A moment later I flew through a stream of [illegible] rushing from an open gateway. Violette's shoulde[illegible] one of them reeling, and I stabbed at another but m[illegible] him. Pang! pang! went two carbines, but I had fl[illegible] round the curve of the street, and never so much as hea[illegible] the hiss of the balls. Ah! we were great, both Violette and I! She lay down to it like a coursed hare, the fire flying from her hoofs. I stood in my stirrups and brandished my sword. Someone sprang for my bridle, I sliced him through the arm and I heard him howling behind me. Two horsemen closed upon me. I cut one down and outpaced the other. A minute later I was clear of the town, flying down a broad white road with the black poplars on either side. For a time I heard the rattle of hoofs behind me, but they died and died until I could not tell them from the throbbing of my own heart. Soon I pulled up and listened, but all was silent. They had given up the chase.

Well, the first thing that I did was to dismount and lead my mare into a small wood through which a stream ran. There I watered her and rubbed her down. She was spent from the sharp chase, but it was wonderful to see how she came round with a half-hour's rest. When my thighs closed upon her again I could tell by the spring and swing of her that it would not be her fault if I did not win my way safe to Paris.

I must have been well within the enemy's lines now, for I heard a number of them shouting one of their rough drinking-songs out of a house by the roadside, and I went round by the fields to avoid it. Another time two men came out into the moonlight (for by this time it was a cloudless night) and shouted something in German, but I galloped on without heeding them, and they were afraid to fire, for their own hussars are dressed exactly as I was. It is best to take no notice at these times, and then they put you down as a deaf man.

It was a lovely moon, and every tree threw a black bar across the road. I could see the country-side just as if it were daytime, and very peaceful it looked, save that there was a great fire raging somewhere in the north. In the silence of the night, and with the knowledge that danger was in front and behind me, the sight of that great, distant fire was very striking and awesome. But I was not easily clouded, for I have seen too many singular things; so I hummed a tune between my teeth and thought of little Lisette, whom I might see in Paris. My mind was full upon her when, trotting round a corner, I came straight

FOR MY BRIDLE. I SLICED HIM THROUGH THE ARM.'

upon half a dozen German dragoons who were sitting round a brushwood fire by the roadside.

I am an excellent soldier. I do not say this because I am prejudiced in my own favor, but because I really am so. I can weigh every chance in a moment and decide with as much certainty as though I had brooded for a week. Now I saw like a flash that, come what might, I should be chased, and on a horse which had already done a long twelve leagues. But it was better to be chased onward than chased back. On this moonlit night, with fresh horses behind me, I must take my risk in either case; but if I were to shake them off I preferred that it should be near Senlis rather than near Soissons. All this flashed on me, as if by instinct, you understand. My eyes had hardly rested upon the bearded faces under the brass helmets before my rowels were up to the bosses in Violette's side, and she was off with a rattle like a *pas-de-charge*.

Oh, the shouting and rushing and stamping from behind us! Three of them fired and three swung onto their horses. A bullet rapped on the crupper of the saddle with a noise like a stick on a door. Violette sprang madly forward, and I thought she had been wounded; but it was only a graze above the near fore fetlock. Ah, the dear little mare! how I loved her when I felt her settle down into that long easy gallop of hers, her hoofs going like a Spanish girl's castanets! I could not hold myself. I turned on my saddle and shouted and raved. "*Vive l'Empereur!*" I screamed, and laughed at the gust of oaths that came back to me.

But it was not over yet. If she had been fresh she might have gained a mile in five. Now she could only hold her own with a very little over. There was one of them, a young boy of an officer, who was better mounted than the others. He drew ahead with every stride. Two hundred yards behind him were two troopers, but I saw every time that I glanced around that the distance between them was increasing. The other three, who had waited to shoot, were a long way in the rear. The officer's mount was a bay, a fine horse, though not to be spoken of with Violette. Yet it was a powerful brute, and it seemed to me in a few miles its freshness might tell. I waited until the lad was a long way in front of his comrades, and then I eased my mare down a little—a very, very little—so that he might think that he was really catching me. When he came within pistol-shot of me I drew and cocked my own pistol and laid my chin upon my shoulder to see what he would do. He did not offer to fire, and I soon discerned the cause. The silly boy had taken his pistols from his holsters when he had camped for the night. He wagged his sword at me now and roared some of his gibberish. He did not seem to understand that he was at my mercy. I eased Violette down until there was not the length of a long lance between the gray tail and the bay muzzle.

"*Rendez-vous!*" he yelled.

"I must compliment monsieur upon his French," said I, resting the barrel of my pistol upon my bridle arm, which I have always found best when shooting from the saddle. I aimed at his face, and could see, even in the moonlight, how white he grew when he understood that it was all up with him. But even as my finger pressed the trigger I thought of his mother, and I put the ball through his horse's shoulder. I fear he hurt himself in the fall, for it was a fearful crash; but I had my letter to think of, so I stretched the mare into a gallop once more.

But they were not so easily shaken off, these brigands. The two troopers thought no more of their young officer than if he had been a recruit thrown in the riding-school. They left him to the others and thundered on after me. I had pulled up on the brow of a hill, heard the last of them; but, my fait there was no time for loitering, so mare tossing her head and I my busb thought of two dragoons who tried to ca at this moment, even while I laughed heart stood still within me, for there at th white road, was a black patch of cavalry me. To a young soldier it might have se of the trees; but to me it was a troop turn where I would, death seemed to be w.

Well, I had the dragoons behind me and front. Never since Moscow have I seemed peril. But for the honor of the brigade I wo cut down by a light cavalryman than by a hea drew bridle, therefore, or hesitated for an insta Violette have her head. I remember that I tr as I rode; but I am a little out of practice at su and the only words I could remember were tho prayer for fine weather which we used at scho evening before holidays. Even this seemed bett nothing, and I was pattering it out when suddenly French voices in front of me, Ah, *mon Dieu!* bu joy went through my heart like a musket-ball. They ours,—our own dear little rascals from the corps of M mont. Round whisked my two dragoons and galloped their lives, with the moon gleaming on their brass hel mets, while I trotted up to my friends in no undue haste, for I would have them understand that though a hussar may fly it is not in his nature to fly very fast. Yet I fear that Violette's heaving flanks and foam-spattered muzzle gave the lie to my careless bearing.

Who should be at the head of the troop but old Bouvet, whom I saved at Leipsic. When he saw me his little pink eyes filled with tears, and, indeed, I could not but shed a few myself at the sight of his joy. I told him of my mission, but he laughed when I said I must go past through Senlis.

"The enemy is there," he said. "You cannot go."

"I prefer to go where the enemy is," I answered. "I would ride through Berlin if I had the Emperor's order."

"But why not go straight to Paris with your dispatch? Why should you choose to pass through the one place where you are almost sure to be taken or killed?"

"A soldier does not choose, he obeys," said I, just as I had heard Napoleon say it.

Old Bouvet laughed in his wheezy way until I had to give my mustache a twirl and look him up and down in a manner which brought him to reason.

"Well," said he, "you would best come along with us, for we are all bound for Senlis. Our orders are to reconnoitre the place. A squadron of Poniatowski's Polish lancers are in front of us. If you must ride through it, it is possible that we may be able to go with you."

So away we went, jingling and clanking through the quiet night, until we came up with the Poles,—fine old soldiers, all of them, though a trifle heavy for their horses. It was a treat to see them, for they could not have carried themselves better if they had belonged to my own brigade. We rode together until, in the early morning, we saw the lights of Senlis. A peasant was coming along with a cart, and from him we learned how things were going there.

His information was certain, for his brother was the mayor's coachman and he had spoken with him late the night before. There was a single squadron of Cossacks—or a "polk," as they call it in their frightful language—quartered upon the mayor's house, which stands at the corner of the market-place, and is the largest building in the town. A whole division of Prussian infantry was

oods to the north, but only the Cossacks h! what a chance to avenge ourselves ians, whose cruelty to our poor country- at every camp-fire! We were into the at, hacked down the vedettes, rode over ere smashing in the doors of the mayor's y understood that there was a Frenchman niles of them. We saw horrid heads at eads bearded to the temples, with tangled epskin caps, and silly, gaping mouths. *Hurra!*" they shrieked, and fired with their t our fellows were into the house and at their ore they had wiped the sleep out of their eyes. adful to see how the Poles flung themselves , like starving wolves upon a herd of fat bucks, you know, the Poles have a blood feud against cks. The most were killed in the upper rooms, they fled for shelter, and the blood was pouring to the hall like rain upon a roof. They are terri- liers, these Poles, though I think they are a trifle for their horses. Man for man, they are as big as rmann's cuirassiers. Their equipment, however, is urse much lighter, since they are without the cuirass, kplate, and helmet.

Well, it was at this point that I made an error,—a very erious error, it must be admitted. Up to this moment I had carried out my mission in a manner which only my modesty prevents me from describing as remarkable. But now I did that which an official would condemn and a soldier excuse.

There was no doubt that the mare was spent; but still it is true that I might have galloped on through Senlis and reached the country, where I should have had no enemy between me and Paris. But what hussar can ride past a fight and never draw rein? It is to ask too much of him. Besides, I thought that if Violette had an hour of rest I might be three hours the better at the other end. Then on the top of it came those heads at the windows, with their sheepskin hats and their barbarous cries. I sprang from my saddle, threw Violette's bridle over a nail-post, and ran into the house with the rest. It is true that I was too late to be of service, and that I was nearly wounded by a lance-thrust from one of these dying savages. Still it is a pity to miss even the smallest affair, for one never knows what opportunity for advancement may present itself. I have seen more soldierly work in outpost skirmishes and little gallop-and-hack affairs of the kind than in any of the Emperor's big battles.

When the house was cleared I took a bucket of water out for Violette, and our peasant guide showed me where the good mayor kept his fodder. My faith! but the little sweetheart was ready for it. Then I sponged down her legs, and, leaving her still tethered, I went back into the house to find a mouthful for myself, so that I should not need to halt again until I was in Paris.

And now I come to the part of my story which may seem singular to you, although I could tell you at least ten things every bit as queer which have happened to me in my lifetime. You can understand that to a man who spends his life in scouting and vedette duties on the bloody ground which lies between two great armies there are many chances of strange experiences. I'll tell you, however, exactly what occurred.

Old Bouvet was waiting in the passage when I entered.

"My faith! we must not be long," said he. "There are ten thousand of Theilman's Prussians in the woods up yonder;" and, taking a candle in his hand, he led the way down the stone stairs which led to the kitchen.

When we got there we found another door which opened on to a winding staircase, with the cellar at the bottom. The Cossacks had been there before us, as was easily seen by the broken bottles littered all over it. Old Bouvet stood with his candle, looking here and peeping there, purring in his throat like a cat before a milk-pail. He had his hand outstretched, when there came a roar of musketry from above us, a rush of feet, and such a yelping and screaming as I have never listened to. The Prussians were upon us.

Bouvet is a brave man,—I will say that for him. He flashed out his sword and away he clattered up the stone steps, his spurs clinking as he ran. I followed him, but just as we came out into the kitchen passage a tremendous shout told us that the house had been recaptured.

"It is all over," I cried, grasping at Bouvet's sleeve.

"There is one more to die," he shouted, and away he went like a madman up the second stair. In effect I should have gone to my death also had I been in his place, for he had done very wrong in not throwing out his scouts to warn him if the Germans advanced upon him. For an instant I was about to rush up with him; and then I bethought myself that, after all, I had my own mission to think of, and that if I were taken the important letter of the Emperor would be sacrificed. I let Bouvet die alone, therefore, and I went down into the cellar again, closing the door behind me.

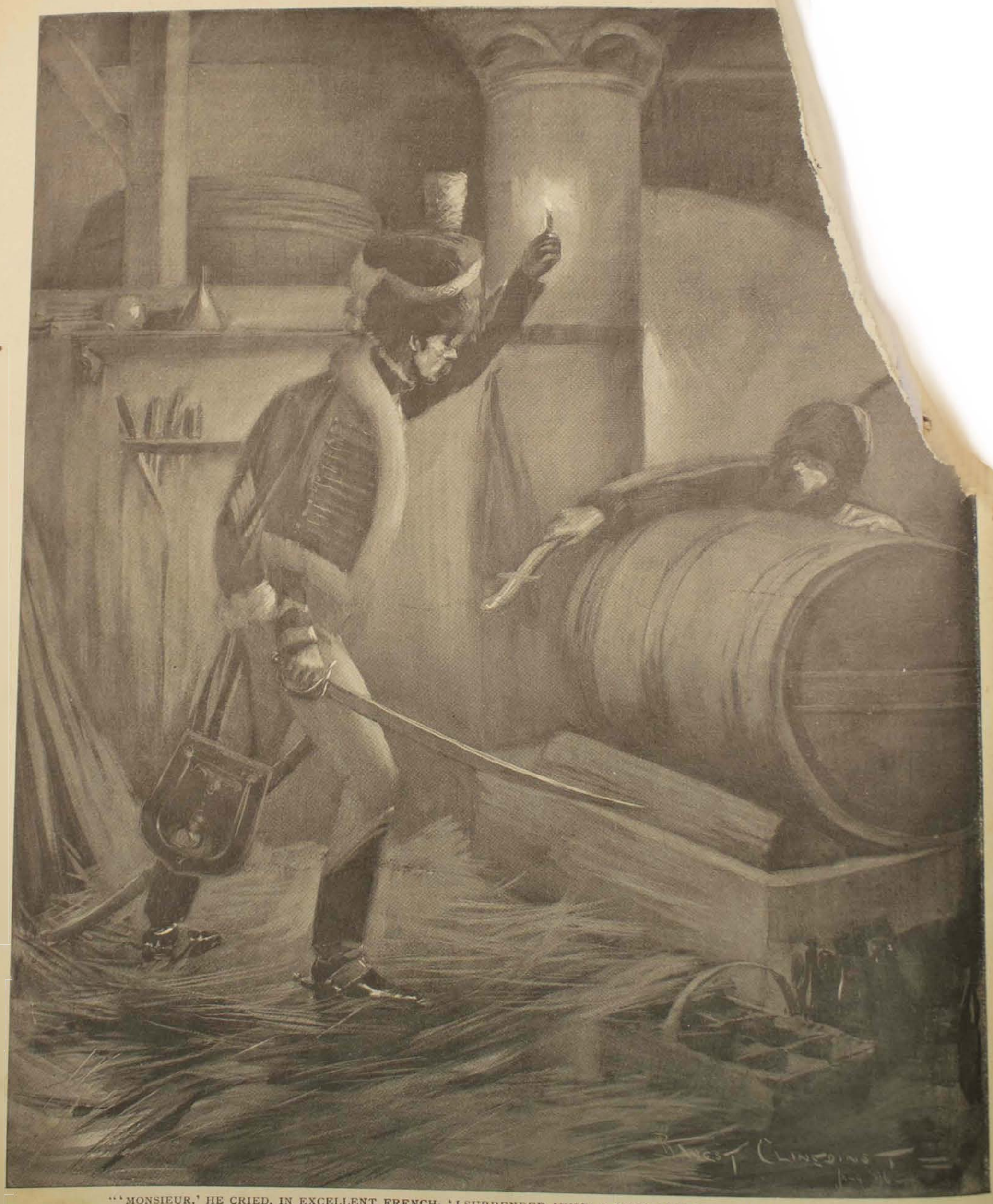
II.

Well, it was not a very rosy prospect down there, either. Bouvet had dropped the candle when the alarm came, and I, pawing about in the darkness, could find nothing but broken bottles. At last I came upon the candle, which had rolled under the curve of a cask, but, try as I would with my tinder-box, I could not light it. The reason was that the wick had been wet, so, suspecting that this might be the case, I cut the end off with my sword. Then I found that it lighted easily enough. But what to do I could not imagine. The scoundrels upstairs were shouting themselves hoarse,—several hundred of them, from the sound,—and it was clear that some of them would soon want to moisten their throats. There would be an end of a dashing soldier and of the mission and of the medal. I thought of my mother and I thought of the Emperor. It made me weep to think that the one would lose so excellent a son and the other the best light-cavalry officer he ever had since La Salle's time. But presently I dashed the tears from my eyes.

"Courage!" I cried, striking myself upon the chest. "Courage, my brave boy! Is it possible that one who has come safely from Moscow without so much as a frost-bite will die in a French cellar?" At the thought I was up on my feet and clutching at the letter in my tunic, for the crackle of it gave me courage.

My first plan was to set fire to the house, in the hope of escaping in the confusion. My second, to get into an empty cask. I was looking around to see if I could find one, when, suddenly, in the corner, I espied a little low door, painted of the same gray color as the wall, so that it was only a man with quick sight who would have noticed it. I pushed against it, and at first I imagined that it was locked. Presently, however, it gave a little, and then I understood that it was held by the pressure of something upon the other side. I put my feet against a hogshead and gave such a push that the door flew open and I came down with a crash upon my back, the candle flying out of my hands, so that I found myself in darkness once more.

I picked myself up and stared through the black archway into the gloom beyond. There was a slight ray of light



"'MONSIEUR,' HE CRIED, IN EXCELLENT FRENCH, 'I SURRENDER MYSELF UPON THE PROMISE OF QUARTER.'"

slit of grating. The dawn had broken
d dimly see the long, curving sides of
s. It seemed to be a safer hiding-place
llar, so, gathering up my candle, I was
door behind me when I suddenly saw
filled me with amazement, and even, I
smallest little touch of fear.
t at the farther end of the cellar there was
of light, striking downward from some-
roof. Well, as I peered through the dark-
y saw a great, tall man skip into this belt of
then out again into the blackness at the
My word ! I gave such a start that my busby
its chin-strap. It was but a glance, but none
d time to see that the fellow had a hairy Cos-
n his head, and that he was a great, long-
oad-shouldered brigand, with a sabre at his
y faith ! even Etienne Gerard was a little stag-
being left alone with such a creature in the dark.
ly for a moment. "Courage," I thought. "Am
hussar, a brigadier, too, at the age of thirty-one,
e chosen messenger of the Emperor?"
er all, this skulker had more cause to be afraid of me
I of him. And then suddenly I understood that he
s afraid,—horribly afraid. I could read it from his
ick steps and his bent shoulders, as he ran among the
barrels like a rat making for its hole. And of course it
must have been he who had held the door against me, and
not some packing-case or cask, as I had imagined. He
was the pursued, then, and I the pursuer. Aha ! I
felt my whiskers bristle as I advanced upon him through
the darkness. He would find that he had no chicken to
deal with, this robber from the North. For the moment I
was magnificent.

At first I had feared to light my candle lest I should make a mark of myself ; but now, after cracking my shin over a box and catching my spurs in some canvas, I thought the bolder course the wiser. I lit it, therefore, and then advanced with long strides, my sword in hand.

"Come out, you rascal !" I cried. "Nothing can save you. You will at last meet with your deserts." I held my candle high, and presently I caught a glimpse of the man's head, staring at me over a barrel. He had a gold chevron on his black cap, and the expression of his face told me in an instant that he was an officer and a man of refinement.

"Monsieur," he cried, in excellent French, "I surrender myself upon the promise of quarter. But if I do not have your promise I will then sell my life as dearly as I can."

"Sir," said I, "a Frenchman knows how to treat an unfortunate enemy. Your life is safe." With that he handed his sword over the top of the barrel, and I bowed, with the candle upon my heart. "Whom have I the honor of capturing?" I asked.

"I am the Count Boutkine, of the Emperor's own Don Cossacks," said he. "I came out with my troop to reconnoitre Senlis, and, as we found no sign of your people, we determined to spend the night here."

"And would it be an indiscretion," I asked, "if I were to inquire how you came into the back cellar?"

"Nothing more simple," said he. "It was our intention to start at early dawn. Feeling chilled after dressing, I came down to see what I could find. As I was rummaging about, the house was suddenly carried by assault so rapidly that by the time I had climbed the stairs it was all over. It only remained for me to save myself, so I came down here and hid myself in the back cellar where you have found me."

I thought of how old Bouvet had behaved under the same conditions, and the tears sprang to my eyes as I contemplated the glory of France. Then I had to consider what I should do next. It was clear that this Russian count, being in the back cellar while we were in the front one, had not heard the sounds which would have told him that the house was once again in the hands of his own allies. If he should once understand this the tables would be turned and I should be his prisoner instead of he being mine. What was I to do? I was at my wit's end, when suddenly there came to me an idea so brilliant that I could not but be amazed at my own invention.

"Count Boutkine," said I, "I find myself in a most difficult position."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I have promised you your life."

His jaw dropped a little. "You would not withdraw your promise?" he replied.

"If the worst comes to the worst I can die in your defense," said I, "but the difficulties are great."

"What is it, then?" he asked.

"I will be frank with you," said I. "You must know that our fellows, especially the Poles, are so incensed against the Cossacks that the mere fact of the uniform drives them mad. They precipitate themselves instantly upon the wearer, and tear him limb from limb. Even their officers cannot restrain them."

The Russian grew pale at my words and the way in which I said them.

"But this is terrible !" said he.

"Horrible !" said I. "If we were to go up together at this moment I cannot promise how far I could protect you."

"I am in your hands," he cried ; "what would you suggest that we should do? Would it not be best that I should remain here?"

"That worst of all."

"And why?"

"Because our fellows will ransack the house presently, and then you would be cut to pieces. No, no ; I must go up and break it to them. But even then, when once they see that accursed uniform I do not know what may happen."

"Should I then take off the uniform?"

"Excellent ! Excellent !" I cried. "Hold ! We have it. You will take your uniform off and put on mine. That will make you sacred to every French soldier."

"It is not the French that I fear so much as the Poles."

"But my uniform will be a safeguard against either."

"How can I thank you?" he cried. "But you—what are you to wear?"

"I will wear yours."

"And perhaps fall a victim to your generosity."

"It is my duty to take the risk," I answered. "But I have no fears. I will ascend in your uniform. A hundred swords will be turned upon me. 'Hold !' I will shout, 'I am Brigadier Gerard.' Then they will see my face. They will know me, and I will tell them about you. Under the shield of these clothes you will be sacred."

His fingers trembled with eagerness as he tore off his tunic. His boots and breeches were much like my own, so there was no need to change them ; but I gave him my hussar jacket, my dolman, my busby and sword-belt, and my saber sash, while I took in exchange his high sheepskin hat with the gold chevron, his fur-trimmed coat, and his crooked sword. Be it well understood that in changing the tunics I did not forget to change my thrice-precious letter also from my old one to my new.

"With your leave," said I, "I shall now bind you to a barrel."

He made a great fuss over this, but I have learned in my soldiering never to throw away chances; and how could I tell that he might not, when my back was turned, see how the matter really stood and break in upon my plans? He was leaning against a barrel at the time, so I ran six times around it with a rope, and then tied it with a big knot behind. If he wished to come upstairs he would at least have to carry a thousand litres of French wine for a knapsack. I then shut the door of the back cellar behind me, so that he might not hear what was going forward, and, tossing the candle away, I ascended the kitchen stairs.

There were only about twenty steps, and yet while I came up them I seemed to have time to think of everything that I had ever done and everything that I had ever hoped to do. It was the same feeling that I had at Eylau when I lay with my broken leg and saw the horse artillery galloping down upon me. Of course I knew that if I were taken I should be shot instantly, as being disguised within the enemy's lines. Still it was a glorious death, in the direct service of the Emperor, and I reflected that there could not be less than five lines, and perhaps seven, in the *Moniteur* about me. Palaret had eight lines, and I am sure that he had not so fine a career.

When I made my way out into the hall, with all the nonchalance in my face and manner that I could assume, the very first thing that I saw was Bouvet's dead body, with his knees drawn up and a broken sword in his hand. I could see by the black smudge that he had been shot at close quarters. I should have wished to salute as I went by, for he was a gallant man, but I feared lest I should be seen, and so I passed on.

The front of the hall was full of Prussian infantry, who were knocking loopholes in the wall, as though they expected there might yet be another attack. Their officer, a little rat of a man, was running about giving directions. They were all too busy to take much notice of me, but another officer, who was standing by the door with a long pipe in his mouth, strode across and clapped me on the shoulder, pointing to the dead bodies of our poor hussars and saying something that was meant for a jest, for his big beard opened and showed every fang in his head. I laughed heartily, also, and said the only Russian words that I know. I learned them from little Sophy at Wilna, and they meant: "If the night is fine we shall meet under the oak-tree, and if it rains we shall meet in the byre."

It was all the same to this German, however, and I have no doubt that he gave me credit for saying something very witty indeed, for he roared laughing and slapped me on my shoulder again. I nodded to him and marched out of the hall door as coolly as if I were the commandant of the garrison. There were a hundred horses tethered about outside, most of them belonging to the Poles and hussars. Good little Violette was waiting with the others, and she whinnied when she saw me coming toward her. But I would not mount her. No; I was too cunning for that. On the contrary, I chose the most shaggy little Cossack horse that I could see, and I sprang upon it with as much assurance as though it had belonged to my father before me. It had a great bag of plunder slung over its neck, and this I laid upon Violette's back and led her along beside me. Never have you seen such a picture of the Cossack returning from the foray. It was superb!

Well, the town was full of Prussians by this time. They lined the sidewalks and pointed me out to each other, saying, as I could judge by their gestures: "There goes one of those devils of Cossacks. They are the boys for foraging and plunder." One of the two officers spoke to me with an air of authority, but I shook [illegible] and said: "If the night is fine we sh[illegible] oak-tree, but if it rains we shall mee[illegible] which they shrugged their shoulders a[illegible] up. In this way I worked along until [illegible] northern outskirt of the town. I could s[illegible] two lancer vedettes, with their black-an[illegible] and I knew that when I was once past th[illegible] free man once more. I made my pon[illegible] Violette rubbing her nose against my kn[illegible] and looking up at me to ask how she ha[illegible] this door-mat of a creature should be prefe[illegible] was not more than a hundred yards from th[illegible] suddenly—you can imagine my feelings—I s[illegible] sack coming galloping along the roadway to[illegible]

Ah, my friend,—you who read this,—if yo[illegible] heart you will feel for a man like me, who[illegible] through so many dangers and trials only at th[illegible] moment to be confronted with one which appea[illegible] an end to everything. I will confess that for a [illegible] lost heart, and was inclined to throw myself down[illegible] despair and to cry out that I had been betrayed. [illegible] I was not beaten even now. I opened two buttons [illegible] tunic, so that I might get easily at the Emperor's mess[illegible] for it was my fixed determination, when all hope was go[illegible] to swallow the letter and then die, sword in hand. Th[illegible] I felt that my little crooked sword was loose in its sheath[illegible] and I trotted on to where the vedettes were waiting. They seemed inclined to stop me, but I pointed to the other Cossack, who was still a couple of hundred yards off, and they, understanding that I merely wished to meet him, let me pass with a salute.

I dug my spurs into my pony then, for if I were only far enough from the lancers I thought I might manage the Cossack without much difficulty. He was an officer,—a large, bearded man,—with a gold chevron in his cap just the same as mine. As I advanced he unconsciously aided me by pulling up his horse, so that I had a fine start of the vedettes. On I came for him, and I could see wonder turning to suspicion in his brown eyes as he looked at me and my pony equipment. I do not know what it was that was wrong, but he saw something which was not as it should be. He shouted out a question, and then, when I gave no answer, he pulled out his sword. I was glad in my heart to see him do so, for I had always rather fight than cut down an unsuspecting enemy.

Now I made at him full tilt, and, parrying his cut, I got my point in just under the fourth button of his tunic. Down he went, and the weight of him nearly took me off my horse before I could disengage. I never glanced at him to see if he were living or dead; for I sprang off my pony and on to Violette, with a shake of my bridle and a kiss of my hand to the two Uhlans behind me. They galloped after me, shouting, but Violette had had her rest and was just as fresh as when she started.

I took the first side road to the west and the first to the south, which would take me away from the enemy's country. On we went, and on, every stride taking me farther from my foes and nearer to my friends. At last I reached the end of a long stretch of road, and looking back from it could see no signs of pursuers. I understood that my troubles were at last over. And it gave me a glow of happiness as I rode to think that I had done to the letter what the Emperor had ordered. What would he say when he saw me? What could he say which would do justice to the incredible way in which I had risen above every danger? He had ordered me to go through Sermoise, Soissons, and Senlis, little dreaming that they were all three occupied by the enemy. And yet I had done it.

…ier in safety through each of these …dragoons, lancers, Cossacks, and in… …he gauntlet of all of them and had come …

…t as far as Dammartin I caught a first …vn outposts. They were a troop of dra… …, and, of course, I could see from the … that they were French. I galloped …rder to ask them if all was safe between … and as I rode I felt such a pride at having …ack to my friends again that I could not …aving my sword in the air. At this a …alloped out from among the dragoons, also …is sword, and it warmed my heart to think …d come riding with such ardor and enthu… …t me. I made Violette caracole, and as we …er I brandished my sword more gallantly than …ou can imagine my feelings when he suddenly …t at me which would certainly have taken my … I had not fallen forward with my nose in Vio… …ne. My faith! it whistled just over my cap like …wind. Of course, it came from this accursed uni… …which, in my excitement, I had forgotten all about, …his young dragoon had imagined that I was some Rus… …champion who was challenging the French cavalry. My …d! but he was a frightened man when he understood how …ar he had been to killing the celebrated Brigadier Gerard.

Well, the road was clear, and about three o'clock in the afternoon I was at St. Denis, though it took me a long two hours to get from there to Paris, for the road was black with commissariat wagons and guns of the artillery reserve, which were going north to Marmont and Mortier. You cannot conceive the excitement which my appearance in such a costume made in Paris; and when I came to the Rue de Rivoli I should think I had a quarter of a mile of folk riding or running behind me. Word had got about from the dragoons (two of them had come with me), and everybody knew about my adventures and how I had come by my uniform. It was a triumph,—men shouting and women waving their handkerchiefs and blowing kisses from the windows. Although I am a man singularly free from conceit, still I must confess that on this one occasion I could not restrain myself from showing that this reception gratified me. The Russian coat had hung very loose upon me, but now I threw out my chest until it was as tight as a sausage-skin. And my little sweetheart of a mare tossed her mane and pawed with her front hoofs, frisking her tail about, as though she said: "We've done it together this time. It is to us that commissions should be intrusted." When I kissed her between the nostrils when I dismounted at the gate of the Tuileries there was as much shouting as if a bulletin had been read from the grand army.

I was hardly in costume to visit a king, but, after all, if one has a soldierly figure one can do without all that. I was shown up straight away to Joseph, whom I had often seen in Spain. He seemed as stout, as quiet, and as amiable as ever. Talleyrand was in the room with him,—or, I suppose I should call him Duke of Benevento, but I confess that I like old names best. He read my letter when Joseph Bonaparte handed it to him, and then he looked at me with the strangest expression in those funny little twinkling eyes of his.

"Were you the only messenger?" he asked.

"There was one other, sir," said I. "Major Charpentier, of the horse grenadiers."

"He has not yet arrived," said the King of Spain.

"If you had seen the legs of his horse, sire, you would not wonder at it," I remarked.

"There may be other reasons," said Talleyrand, and he gave that singular smile of his.

Well, they paid me a compliment or two, though they might have said a good deal more and yet have said too little. I bowed myself out, and very glad I was to get away, for I hate a court as much as I love a camp. Away I went to my old friend Chaubert, in the Rue Miromesnil, and there I got his hussar uniform, which fitted me very well. He and Lisette and I supped together in his rooms, and all my dangers were forgotten. In the morning I found Violette ready for another twenty-league stretch. It was my intention to return instantly to the Emperor's headquarters, for I was, as you may imagine, impatient to hear his words of praise and to receive my reward.

I need not say that I rode back by a safe route, for I had seen quite enough of Uhlans and Cossacks. I passed through Meaux and Château Thierry, and so, in the evening, I arrived at Rheims, where Napoleon was still lying. The bodies of our fellows and of St. Prest's Russians had all been buried, and I could see changes in the camp also. The soldiers looked better cared for, some of the cavalry had received remounts, and everything was in excellent order. It is wonderful what a good general can effect in a couple of days.

When I came to the headquarters I was shown straight into the Emperor's room. He was drinking coffee at a writing-table with a big plan drawn out on paper in front of him. Berthier and McDonald were leaning one over each shoulder, and he was talking so quickly that I don't believe either of them could catch a half of what he was saying. But when his eyes fell upon me he dropped his pen on the chart and sprang up with a look in his pale face which struck me cold.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he shouted. When he was angry he had a voice like a peacock.

"I have the honor to report to you, sire," said I, "that I have delivered your dispatch to the King of Spain."

"What!" he yelled, and his two eyes transfixed me like bayonets. Oh, those dreadful eyes!—shifting from gray to blue, like steel in the sunshine. I can see them now when I have had a bad dream.

"What has become of Charpentier?" he asked.

"He is captured," said McDonald.

"By whom?"

"The Russians."

"The Cossacks?"

"No; a single Cossack."

"He gave himself up?"

"Without resistance."

"He is an intelligent officer. You will see that the medal of honor is awarded to him."

When I heard these words I had to rub my eyes to make sure that I was awake.

"As to you," cried the Emperor, taking a step forward, as if he would have struck me, "you brain of a hare, what do you think that you were sent upon this mission for? Do you conceive that I would send a really important message by such a hand as yours, and through every village which the enemy holds? How you came through them passes my comprehension; but if your fellow-messenger had as little sense as you my whole plan of campaign would have been ruined. Can you not see, *coglione!* that this message contained false news, and that it was intended to deceive the enemy whilst I put a very different scheme into execution?"

When I heard these cruel words and saw the angry white face which glared at me I had to hold the back of a chair, for my mind was failing me and my knees would hardly bear me up. But then I took courage, as I reflected

that I was an honorable gentleman and that my whole life had been spent in toiling for this man and for my beloved country.

"Sire," said I, and the tears would trickle down my cheeks while I spoke, "when you are dealing with a man like me you would find it wiser to deal openly. Had I known that you had wished the dispatch to fall into the hand of the enemy I would have seen that it came there. As I believed that I was to guard it I was prepared to sacrifice my life for it. I do not believe, sire, that any man in the world ever met with more perils than I have done in trying to carry out what I thought was your will."

I dashed the tears from my eyes as I spoke, and with such fire and spirit as I could command I gave him an account of it all: of my dash through Soissons, my brush with the dragoons, my adventure in Senlis, my rencontre with Count Boutkine in the cellar, n ing with the Cossack officer, my fligh moment I was nearly cut down by The Emperor, Berthier, and McDona tonishment upon their faces. When I leon stepped forward and he pinched m

"There! There!" said he. "Forg I may have said. I would have done b You may go."

I turned to the door and my hand wa when the Emperor called upon me to sto

"You will see," said he to the Du "that Brigadier Gerard has the special for I believe that if he has the thickest h the stoutest heart in my army."

THE END.

BERMUDA THE BEAUTIFUL.

YOU can find Bermuda on an atlas of North America if you have sharp eyes. It is a lonely little speck far out in the ocean; a dot surrounded by a vast expanse of blue. You wonder why a great wave of the sea has not long ago rushed over it and swept it from the world and the map. You almost pity it,—such a little thing, so much at the mercy of the remorseless ocean, and so far away from help. But it needs no sympathy; its coral foundations are more solid than the pyramids; vainly the sea lashes it and roars on its white beaches. It is small, to be sure; but it is a little world, and a very self-sufficient little world, too, where the usual conditions are reversed, and there is more of sunshine than of shadow, more of happiness than of sorrow. Above all, it is an abiding place of beauty,—beauty of sea and sky and flower.

It is a waif that has strayed from its mother, the continent of North America; and because, like a chil always sunny and smiling, with none of the sternne matic or other, of the mother continent, a great people who are weary of the wear and tear of life and snows and icy winds of the North American winter s it to find rest.

Although the sunny isles are nearer Cape Hatteras than any other point of land, lying six hundred miles due east of it, the seekers after rest and health usually start from New York City, embarking on one of the stanch little steamers that start every other Thursday from that port. After three days of pitching and tossing, during which the steamer battles manfully with the warm but turbulent waters of the Gulf Stream, the cry of "Land in sight!" flies round the ship; or if it is night the "Bermuda light" is spied, and Bermuda lies in front, ready to take the

From a Photograph by H. Lauris.

A BERMUDA DONKEY-CART.

PULPIT IN THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

...tors to her heart, and extending a welcome with open ...ms. There is literal truth in this metaphor, for the gen...ral contour of the land partakes somewhat of the shape of arms which are stretched out, and between them, where a heart might be, is Hamilton, the chief city of the islands, and the port of entry for steamers from New York.

Bermuda, like a gay and smiling maiden, is capricious. Only at high tide will she admit a steamer. She has a grain of treachery, too; for under the expanse of beautiful bay, which twinkles and glistens in the sun like a sea of molten gems, coral reefs—great jagged jaws of death—are lurking. The vessel must pick her way most carefully and gingerly among them, and until high water, when the way is safest, she lies in Glassy Bay. This is, perhaps, one of the very smallest bodies of water in the world to be dignified by the title "bay," and yet in one particular it may look down upon all other bays; for in its waters is the floating dry-dock Bermuda, one of the largest ever built. From the steamer a view of it may be obtained; and an English battle-ship resting in it appears like a morsel in a huge, gaping mouth. The tide rises rapidly, and Glassy Bay and the great dry-dock are soon left behind. The steamer threads a tortuous path through Great Sound, steaming parallel to a long line of softly rounded hills of a gray-green color.

There are no magnificent distances in Bermuda. To tourists gathered in eager groups on the steamer's deck the journey of five miles from Glassy Bay to Hamilton is much too short. They drink in the soft yet exhilarating air; they feast their eyes upon the marvelous beauty of the waters and the innumerable little green knolls of islands.

"There are three hundred and sixty-five islands altogether, you know, although the Bermudas comprise only nineteen square miles," remarks the traveler who knows everything. They are simply coral reefs, with a very thin layer of soil. Undoubtedly the Bermudas rest on the top of a very high, submarine mountain.

Delightful as the trip through the Sound has been, you feel a thrill of pleasure when its end is reached; for in front of you lies Hamilton, with its immaculate white houses shining in the sun like a cluster of diamonds. There is bustle among the steamer's crew, the captain seems suddenly imbued with great activity, and the vessel glides in a calm and stately manner to the wharf. The arrival of a steamer not being an everyday event in Hamilton, the sleepy town momentarily arouses itself. A flag is flying from the Government House, there are faces in the windows along the water front, and on the wharfs a crowd of people is waiting. The gang-plank is at last lowered, and with a leaping of the spirits you take your first step on the soil of Bermuda, the promised land of health and rest and pleasure.

The hotel guests, in airy attire of white, who have come down to see the arrival of the steamer, watch you with interest as you look curiously around and make inquiries of one of the many "gentlemen of color" lounging about, as to the location of the hotel you have been advised to select. You are glad to walk to the large white building on the hill; there is luxury in treading dry land again. A most welcome retreat after the cramped stateroom

ONE STALK BEARING SEVENTY-TWO BERMUDA LILIES.

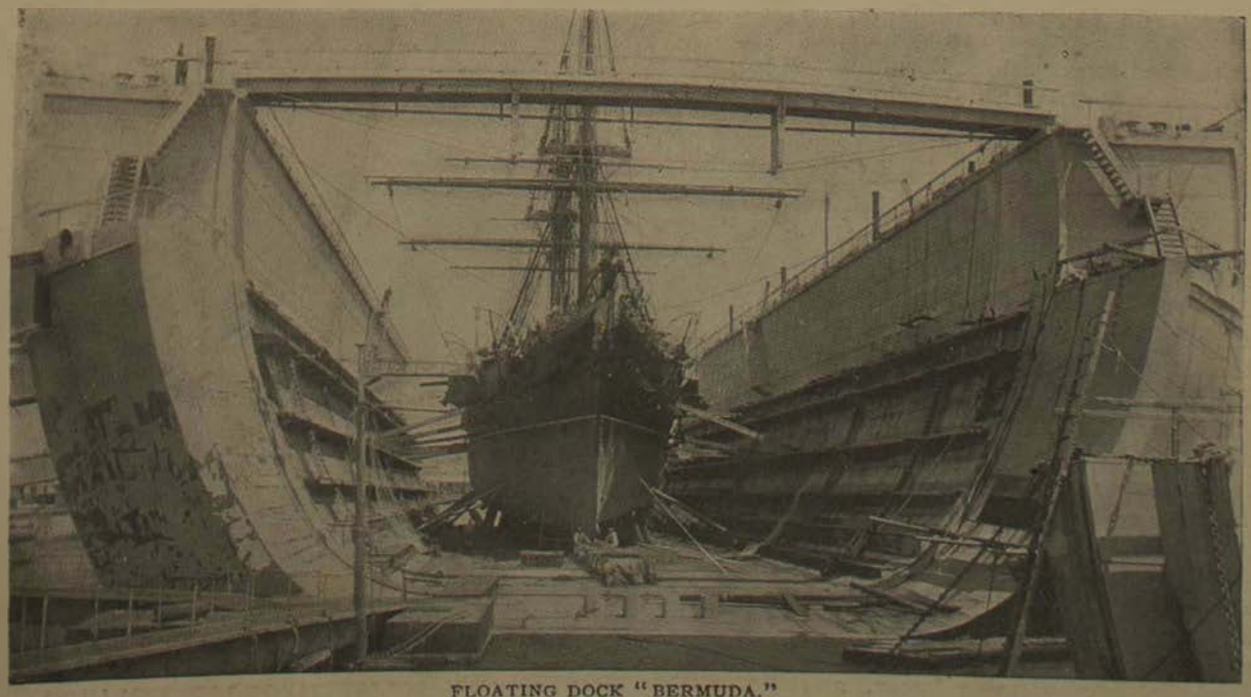
TRUNK OF A RUBBER-TREE.

on the ship and the incessant motion and pounding of machinery is the cool, quiet room to which you are shown. With a sigh of happiness you sink into a white wicker chair. You are in Bermuda at last, the land of your dreams, the land which you have come so far and braved so much—your head is still rocking from the passage of the Gulf Stream—to visit. The sail through the wonderful bay, the view from the harbor of the quaint white town, have given you the impression that it is an enchanted land. You are blissfully ignorant of the fact that the Spaniards called it, for a long time after its discovery, the "Land of Devils."

Juan Bermudez, a Spanish captain who ran across it accidentally in 1522, being wrecked on a trip from Spain to Cuba with a cargo of hogs, derived little glory from his discovery, except that of giving it h were uninhabited except by mosquit the Spaniards thought it impossible fo for any length of time. In 1609, wh Virginia, Sir George Somers' ship wa Bermuda reefs. He found the islands forests, in which wild boars roamed, pro dants of the swine carried there by Be miral and his men found no difficulty i island, and they had no trouble with the e to dwell there; but the absence of huma and their isolated position, surrounded a vast tract of ocean, made the loneliness o pressive—which even the charms of the cl atone for—so they did not tarry longer than Somers returned shortly afterwards, howe provisions for the suffering Virginia colony, in Bermuda in 1616.

Since that time the isles have been in posses British. They are strongly fortified and garris soldiers, for the Bermudas would constitute an i

TEMPLE ROCK.



FLOATING DOCK "BERMUDA."

ply-station for British men-of-war in
rms with any nation on the American
, however, Bermuda has no history
with a chronicle of the English gov-
come and gone and the visits of dis-
rs, the historian's task would be done.
year after year the sun shining down
of the sea finds it placid and serene ;
h the evenness of the breakers beating
still days.

during our Civil War Hamilton and St.
rite stopping-places for privateers. Then
ad going gave the streets the appearance of
were many masts in the harbor, and the
of perspiring darkies, loading and unload-
were heard constantly along the quays. But the haze of years now hangs over that bustling town, a Sunday calm pervades it. The long cargo-sheds with their rows of boxes of Bermuda products and fruits from the West Indies are scenes of loneliness and desolation, relieved only here and there by a darkey comfortably sleeping on a box.

Front Street is the chief thoroughfare, but there is little business in the queer two-story shops ; dark-skinned men are lounging on the verandas, and negresses of very ample proportions, with gayly colored handkerchiefs on their heads, and always showing their white teeth in expansive smiles, pass along the streets. A few humble, down-trodden little donkeys, which are Bermuda's beasts of burden, keep them company. These and the soldiers who saunter lazily along constitute the chief part of Front Street's population. Most of the people seen are blacks.

A LILY-FIELD AND PICKERS.

A HAPPY "GENTLEMAN OF COLOR."

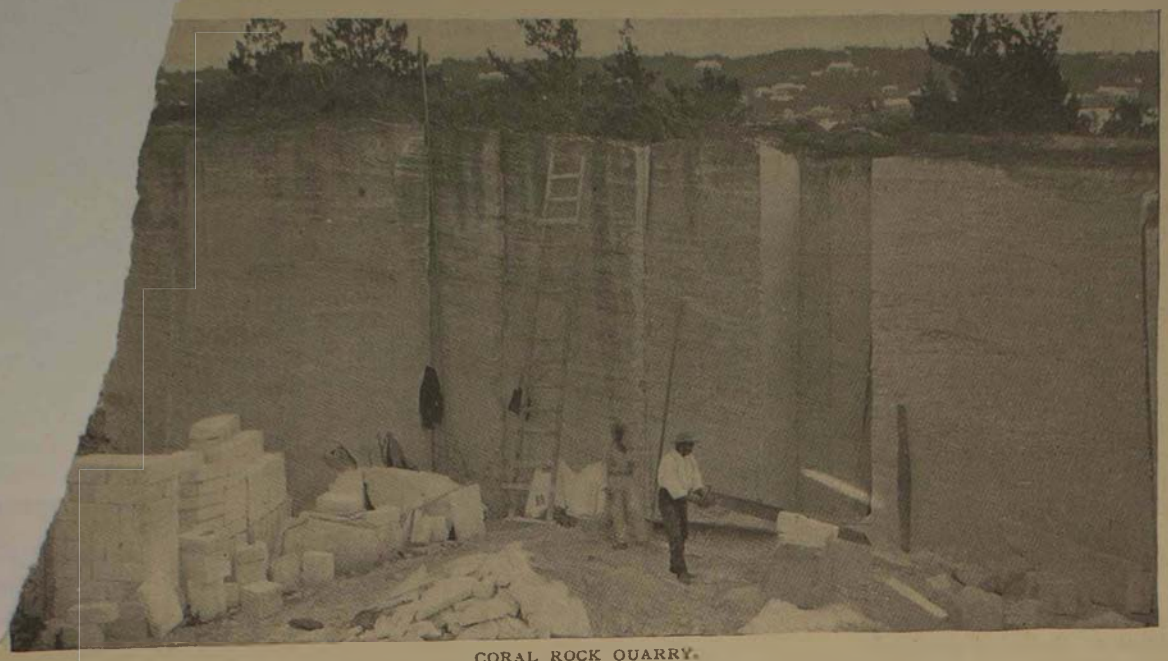
This is explained by the fact that the negroes number more than half of the population of fifteen thousand. The shop-keepers have almost everything at all needful in stock, but they make no effort to draw trade. They allow the customer to handle and tumble the goods at will, taking a hand in the proceeding only when it is necessary to state a price or do up a parcel. It is said that one shopman when asked if he had a certain article replied, "I did have it, but people kept coming and coming for it so I gave up keeping it."

The prosiness and staidness of the old town is not an unpleasant background for the activities of the hotel guests. In the quest of pleasure they never rest. It is here one of the out-of-door health-giving pursuits, however, that is not wearying. To-day it is a long drive, to-morrow a boating excursion among the "coral gardens," the day after, a picnic, perhaps, on the white cliffs.

Usually the stranger's first drive is to St. George, the only other important town, which lies at the northern end of the chain of islands, and is about thirteen miles from Hamilton. The horse jogs in a leisurely way along the smooth, white road, which is a total stranger to mud and dust, but his pace is too fast; you cannot feast your eyes long enough on the charming vistas of shimmering sea framed in green palmettoes. But you soon learn that it is needless to stop at any one view, for at every turn of the
you and surprise you into new adr
walls, covered with flaming blosso
separate the road from tiny patches c
and the fields of Easter lilies for w
becoming famous. In blankets of whit
out, too pure, too delicate, too beaut
description. The luxuriance and perfe
is all the more surprising when it is
much more than ten years ago there
lilies in Bermuda worthy of mention. C
whose wife is a niece of the late ex-Presid
to plant them extensively about a decade
cover the island with a white robe at Easter
cultivation constitutes one of the principle ir
islands. In March they are in their glory,
Bermuda into a fairy-land of sweet odors an
nodding lilies. To right and to left of you, be
hind, field after field spreads its wealth of blo
frequently the fields are surrounded by oleand
which add the beauty of their masses of wax-
blossoms. A moonlight view of these lily-fields i
tively uncanny, unreal sight; like ghosts of flowe
seem, in their dazzling, ethereal whiteness, and the ex
ence is one never to be forgotten.

The lilies are exported in immense quantities, and

PACKING EASTER LILIES FOR SHIPMENT.



CORAL ROCK QUARRY.

purpose are cut while still in bud ; each bell is wrapped in moss or cotton, and then they are packed with great care, sixty or a hundred in a box. Several thousand boxes are shipped annually, and they sell in Bermuda for two dollars a box ; with a guarantee, however, that they shall arrive in England, Canada, or the United States in good condition. The average stalk produces from six to eight buds ; but occasionally a proud grower obtains a marvel like the one illustrated, which bears seventy-two blossoms.

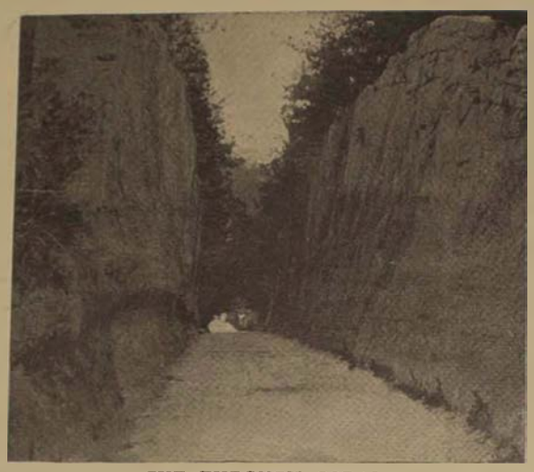
Beyond the lilies, as you drive along, you see white houses nestling in clusters of palmettoes, some are apparently new and some very old ; they are of many degrees of pretension, but the one quality common to all is the dazzling whiteness This is understood when it is known that all of them are built of blocks of white coral. A coat of whitewash every year accentuates their color, and at night when the moon streams down upon them they stand out among the trees like ghosts of houses. Everywhere hedges of oleander and flower-grown walls take the place of fences, and there is a dainty, miniature picturesqueness, a spectacular effect, as it were, which spreads a veil over the islands, look where you will. The whiteness of the houses is set off by the dark tones of the cedars and the vivid verdure of the fields ; and in the clear air the blue of the sky is but intensified when flecked with clouds.

The coral quarries furnish the material for these white houses, the coral blocks being laid in cement and then coated with it to repel the dampness for the rock is so

STEAMSHIP AT NEW DOCK.

porous that it absorbs water rapidly. You can jab a penknife up to the hilt in the wall of any house in Bermuda. The laws of the islands regulate the whitewashing, and insist that it be done at least once a year; very strict attention is given to this, because the only water-supply for the ordinary house is the rain-water collected from the roof.

All the drives about Bermuda are as lovely as that to St. George's,—disclosing, as they do, a constant succession of beautiful land or sea views, and passing through deep cuts in the coral rock; their perpendicular walls often rise fifty feet high, and are clothed completely with the tiniest maidenhair ferns; they shut you in as completely as a Rocky Mountain cañon, and these are the only moments the curtain falls on the beautiful play of seascape and landscape.



CUT THROUGH CORAL.

The trips to the coral gardens and around the islands are as delightful as the drives. After one of these excursions you understand the meaning of the term "coral gardens," and know why the sea sparkles and dances in the sun with the radiance of a thousand gems. A little way beneath the surface are coral reefs, and in some mysterious manner they impart to the water above them the colors of the rainbow. The boat pokes its nose into caves which have been made by the ceaseless beating of the sea; and it passes high and impressive cliffs of coral, one of which, called Temple Rock, has great columns and a mighty roof hewn out by the lashi
seems a sea cathedral, and it is no
the ocean spirits gathering here to wo

Perhaps you cross to St. David's,
five islands wh
ed with the o
Here you find
living in quain
tiny farms, and t
with their dwellir
so little curiosity
world, that they
off their island, a
either Hamilton or
cept by name.

The days fly in B
have been everywher
to the boating and
have visited the notabl
the Government Hous
liament House and the
you have attended hop
hotel, lain on the grass at
rison, watching the soldiers
listening to the band; but you long to do it again and ag
and all too soon the flag fluttering from Government Ho
announces that the steamer which is to carry you home is
coming through the bay. Then comes the last evening;
you glide for the last time over the moonlit bay and among
the fairy islands to the soft dip of oars. The next morning

VIEW OF HAMILTON, SHOWING PARLIAMENT HOUSE AND CATHEDRAL.

the homeward-bound passengers are leaning eagerly over the steamer's rail to catch the last glimpse of the hills as Bermuda, the sunlit, the beautiful, sinks into the sea.

J. HERBERT WELCH.

EASTER FLOWERS.

BRING ye white lilies
With never a stain,
Nurtured by sunshine
And soft-dripping rain;
Bring ye deep pansies,
As sweet as Faith's hope,
Hyacinths, heartsease,
And heliotrope.

Bring ye white blossoms
As pure as the flakes
That float in the air
When the winter-storm breaks;
The lilac-tree blooms
And the jonquils unfold,
So bring ye their treasures
Of purple and gold.

Clear fell the sunshine
At morning and noon,
And dripped the warm rain
With a musical croon,
Till out of earth's darkness
And out of its gloom
Came forth the bright buds
In the rapture of bloom.

The almond-tree blossoms,
The world is awake,
So sing ye glad anthems
For sympathy's sake.
And every sweet flower
In thankfulness bring
To bloom on the shrine
Of the new-risen King.

HATTIE WHITNEY.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By Joseph Hatton.

XVI.

MATHILDE, in a long, somber gown, was sitting listlessly in the Louis Quatorze boudoir which had been the favorite room of the mother of De Fournier. Marie Bruyset, who had come to comfort her in her sorrow for the supposed death of her husband, was with her. It was a fateful hour. The low chimes of a clock were heard striking six, and Mathilde was expecting a most unwelcome visitor.

"Monsieur the Deputy Grébauval," announced Mathilde's servant. "He has an appointment, he says, with you."

"Let him come in," said Mathilde.

"Marie, my dear friend, go to my chamber. If I call you, come to me; if not, remain until I come to you."

The deputy entered with a gracious bow, his three cornered hat under his arm, his toilette worthy of an exquisite, but still wearing his tricolor sash. His eyes were unusually bright as he bade Mathilde "Good-day."

She gave him her hand. He kissed it, and felt the slight shudder the contact sent through the woman's sensitive frame.

"Your mother has, no doubt, explained my mission," he said.

"I have yet to learn it," said Mathilde, calm as a statue, and nearly as white as one.

"You know that for years I have loved you," Grébauval replied; "and you will forgive me for believing that at one time the only obstacle to your favor was a rival, who has been removed by the fortune of war. Nay, dear madame, I only recall to you the fact that you are free, in justification of the renewal of a proposal I had the honor to make to you, with your mother's consent, when you were a girl; but not more lovely, permit me to say, than you are now in your early womanhood."

Mathilde moved uneasily for a moment, and something of an appealing expression came into her eyes.

"Continue, if you please," she said.

"What can I say, madame, that you do not already know? My dearest ambition is to make you my wife. Ask me what you will in return for your hand, and there is nothing within the bounds of possibility that I will not accomplish for you and yours."

As he spoke his face glowed. He felt his pulse beat and his heart thump against his breast, so electrical was the influence of what seemed to be a half-consenting smile that passed over Mathilde's face.

"If I asked you first for the freedom of my father and my own liberty?" she asked, looking at him for the first time.

"Couple it with the promise that at the same time you will marry me, and it is done," he said, moving his chair still a little nearer to her own.

"And if I do not consent, what then, monsieur?" she asked, rising to her feet, her face flushed. "What then?"

"But you will consent," he said, with a new kind of manner,—"you will consent."

"I said if I did not," she repeated.

"But we will have no 'ifs' nor 'buts'!" he exclaimed in a thick whisper, and taking her hand. "You will say 'yes,'—you must, my darling. I love you, can make you happy, rich, feared, powerful!" and he suddenly took her round the waist.

She felt his hot breath upon her cheek, and yet she neither struggled nor cried out. Her unresisting attitude appeared to check him. He let her go. She only moved a step or two from him.

"Have you so poor an opinion of my love as to think that, only a few days widowed, I can so soon take up the rôle of wife again?" she said. "And if you love me as you say, will you not give me time and freedom to consult my heart and act upon its dictates? Give me my father, give me the freedom you spoke of, the escort, the passports, the ship, and I will tax my gratitude to the utmost in considering what I shall say to your honorable proposals."

"There are ships at sea that never come into port, dear madame," said Grébauval in a tone of banter. "No, Mathilde; I love you too well to run the risk of losing you."

"Let there be an end of this, Monsieur Grébauval," she said, in a voice that no longer supplicated, that was no longer gentle nor submissive. "You know my conditions,—the conditions under which I will consider your proposals."

"Yes, I understand them," he said. "But you ask too much."

"And you, too, monsieur; you ask too much."

"I have a priest and witnesses close by, Mathilde," he replied. "They are at our service; and, with or without them, I have come to stay." There was a devilish emphasis in the words. He flung them at her one by one. They stabbed her where she stood. "To-morrow, or next day," he continued, "we leave France, you and I; and, if you choose, your mother and father. I go to La Vendée; you and they shall go to England and await my coming. But to-night you are to be mine, to-night! You are listening?"

"I have listened to you long enough. Do you now listen to me. I will never be your wife. I have already shamed myself sufficiently by permitting you to address me in terms of love. You may kill me, Monsieur le Deputé Grébauval, but you can never make me your wife. Death is bliss compared with such conditions of life."

"Then let it be death," he said, in a hoarse, low voice; "let it be death and end it." He turned from her, walked to the furthermost end of the room, the door of which he had furtively locked when he came in, and opened it.

Mathilde, thinking he had gone, called to Marie, for, the strain upon her relaxed, she felt as if she were about to faint. With the entrance of Marie, Grébauval returned. A tramp of heavy feet followed him. A word of command was heard, and a commissary of police, a gendarme by his side, entered the room, four soldiers halting within the doorway.

"I propose, Citizen Commisssary, to give madame one last opportunity of relieving you from your painful duty," said Grébauval, who thereupon advanced to Mathilde, showing no surprise at the presence of Marie, with whose visit to the house he was acquainted. "Madame," he said, "it is for you to say how this meeting shall end."

"You have had my answer," Mathilde replied.

Grébauval stepped back, and the commissary then addressed her:

"Mathilde de Fournier, *ci-devant* countess, I arrest you for conspiring against the republic, one and indivisible; and you, Marie Laroche, for aiding and abetting the said Mathilde de Fournier in the same."

"Arrest me!" exclaimed Marie. "You are a fool!"

"Stand aside," said the commissary of police. "Where is the Citoyenne Louvet, *ci-devant* duchess? Are you the Citoyenne Louvet, madame?" he asked, turning to a woman just entering the room.

"Of course I am, you silly fellow. And what then?"

"Madame, I have the painful duty to arrest you in the name of the law, for treason against the republic."

"Arrest me for treason? An enemy to the republic?—me, the Citoyenne Louvet, the friend of the Deputy Grébauval, of Citizen Robespierre, of St Just, and——" She became giddy with the very thought of it. "Give me your arm, Grébauval," she continued.

He conducted her to a sofa.

"Am I dreaming? Is it true? They are to arrest me?"

"I fear so," said Grébauval.

"Then Mathilde has refused you!" she exclaimed, sinking upon the couch. "She has preferred that her father should die,—our only child! And you, Grébauval, you do not relent, eh? You won't forgive her, eh? Couldn't you make this little sacrifice for two old people and their child,—couldn't you?"

He made no answer, but sat in a listless, indifferent way by her side.

"Couldn't you find it in your heart to forgive her?" she said, rising to her feet. "Couldn't you, in your black heart, find one drop of patience for a virtuous woman who shrinks from mating with a satyr, a fiend, the offspring of a base intrigue? Does she prefer death? Then so do I! Does she love me less that in my fear for her, in my desire to spare her father the pangs of an untimely and cruel death, I condescended to associate with this parasite of a great cause? Does she love me the less for all this humiliation?"

"No, my mother!" exclaimed Mathilde, taking her into her arms. "No, dearest, no! I always loved you, but never so much as now, dear, dear mother!"

The two women sobbed together and swayed to and fro with a kind of joyousness that unmanned the officer, while Marie flung herself upon her knees before Grébauval, who still kept his seat and held his peace.

"Officers, do your duty!" he said suddenly, and stalked out of the room.

XVII.

De Fournier meanwhile had been a chief actor in desperate deeds. The rooms of the White Button Club had been attacked by a company of gendarmes, with Laroche at their head, and the count had commanded the members in its defense. They resisted fiercely, heroically, but were at last overpowered by numbers. The oaken doors fell in and the members of the club were forced to flee. De Fournier had found refuge and a comfortable bed at the Black Eagle, and slept. He did not see, even in his dreams, the sad sight of his dear friend, the Duke de Louvet, and the faithful Joseph going to their death. Lying down at daybreak he slept on until long after noon, at which hour Joseph and his master were led forth from their cells in the Conciergerie, with other martyrs of the Revolution, to their last sleep.

There had been no leave-taking to distress the heroes, the duke and Joseph. None of their friends or relatives had been informed of the day or hour of their execution.

"I am glad Mathilde is not here," said the duke; "I am glad they have not told my wife."

"We are wanted now," said Joseph, as Sanson, the chief priest of the guillotine, standing amidst his assistants, pointed to the stools upon which they were to sit while they were prepared for the tumbrels, that were already drawn up in the outer prison-yard awaiting their passengers. The duke, bowing to the fierce-looking attendants of Sanson, took his seat. Joseph was permitted to sit by his side. Within a few moments the hair of both fell from the shears of the barbers of "Louisette," the guillotine, and the duke's high collars were cut down so as to leave his neck open for the easier and more certain fall of the knife. Then the hands of the prisoners were tied behind them, and they were moved forward through the gates into the outer prison-yard.

There was some commotion of preparation, confusion of voices and commands, backing of horses, and selecting of numbers. The order of procession was, however, quickly arranged. The gates were opened. They were received with inhuman shouts and yells by a vast concourse of men and women, intoxicated with morbid emotions, drunk with homicidal mania.

"Permit my friend Joseph to go first," pleaded the duke, as Sanson laid his hand upon his shoulder.

Joseph, with a bow, passed on, the two men looking into each other's eyes as the servant went forward.

"You are the best of us, Joseph," said the duke; "say a good word for me in that other land."

He had barely finished the sentence when Joseph's devoted head rolled into Sanson's basket, and the duke was assisted up the steps amid cries of "*À mort les aristocrates!*" "*Mort aux tyrans!*" "*Vive la république!*"

The fine old man, bound as he was, faced the yelling crowd with defiant eyes and scornful lips.

"Let him speak," shouted a hundred voices. "Let him cry for mercy!"

There was a sudden lull.

"Man cries for mercy to God," said the duke, "not to fiends. *Vive la France!*"

The next moment the duke was the happiest man of all that writhing crowd; he was dead.

The afternoon was far advanced when De Fournier sallied forth from the Black Eagle. He would better have waited until it was dark. In the street outside the yard he met, almost face to face, a company of gendarmes, accompanied by Laroche. The latter fixed his keen eyes upon De Fournier almost the moment he appeared outside the Black Eagle gateway. De Fournier also saw Laroche. Both drew their swords simultaneously, but as Laroche advanced with his guard De Fournier wisely retreated. He dashed into the yard at a run. In an instant he had the soldiers at his back.

"Up the stairway to the roof!" shouted a friendly lounger. "To the roof! There are timbers across the street; make for the Luxembourg."

De Fournier slipped into the passage and began to ascend.

"After him!" commanded Laroche, leading the way.

De Fournier made his way to a narrow door on the upper story. Here was a short ladder. He mounted it, and came out upon a wide parapet or gutter-way. He climbed a slanting roof between two chimneys. On the other side he saw a narrow street, with balconies and verandas and wooden shutters, and here and there a house with a court-yard. He selected, as a desirable point of escape, a balk of timber that was stretched between a house a few yards farther up the street and one of a better class of buildings with a large balcony in front of it. If

he could swing across the timber he might drop into the balcony, and so to the street; or, barring that, even find his way through the house, if it were as empty as it appeared to be. He launched himself forth upon the planking, feet downward, making his way hand over hand. He had hardly made his first movement toward the other end of the street when there dashed into it the men who had left the Black Eagle yard to take their chance of shooting the fugitive from the street.

A dozen pair of eyes saw him at once. A dozen voices cried, "Shoot him!" And as De Fournier swung himself over the spot where he had intended to make for the balcony below, several musket-shots awoke the dull echoes of the place, and De Fournier dropped into the balcony and disappeared from view.

It was a spacious balcony. At some time or other fair ladies might have sat there to see gallant processions pass along the narrow, picturesque street below. De Fournier staggered as he landed here. The bullets of two of his assailants had shot away his hat; otherwise he was untouched. Unfortunately, he had dropped his sword; he had a powerful knife in his belt, however. He drew this and looked around him. First he glanced at the distance to the ground; this was too great for a drop with anything like safety, nor were there any means of climbing down.

He peered into the room that gave upon the balcony. It was a large, square apartment. The window was open. He wondered if it would be wise to enter. While he was hesitating shouts came up from the street below. They must be his pursuers, he thought. This decided him. He leaped lightly in. A large, wainscoted room. No doorways apparent. Two large maps covered a part of the walls, one of France, the other of Europe. A hat and cloak hung upon a peg close by. At one end of the room were seats, a massive table with papers scattered about, and a tall arm-chair. The whole place had a magisterial appearance.

"A judge's room?" said De Fournier, as if asking himself a question. "Or a commissary of police? I had better get out of this." He looked about for a door, but could find none. Then he went to the table and examined the papers.

"Grébauval's room!" he exclaimed. "I'm lost!" at the same time drawing his knife from its leathern case and buttoning his coat across his chest.

Almost at the same moment a door opened and closed with a catch. He turned round. It was Grébauval who had entered the room.

"Grébauval!" exclaimed De Fournier.

"De Fournier!" responded Grébauval. "And it is you whom the patriot citizens are hunting?"

As he spoke the loud cries in the street came noisily in at the open window.

"I have that honor," said De Fournier. "They are your comrades."

The sounds in the street stopped.

"They are coming round by the stairway," said Grébauval.

De Fournier began to edge for the window.

"No, citizen; not that way. Your hour has come. I am going to kill you. Better die on my sword than be torn to pieces by the mob."

Grébauval was livid. He looked devilish.

"I have lived for this day," he exclaimed, "have prayed for it at the grave of my mother,—prayed to heaven and to hell, have given my soul for it. Curse you!" Grébauval hissed the words between his teeth, his eyes blazing with a fury which he endeavored to control. Then, suddenly catching at the exposed breast of De Fournier, who had hitherto kept his right arm in a position of defense which might mean a possible seizure of Grébauval's sword-arm, he lunged with tremendous force upon his opponent.

Quick as lightning, and with the keen-sightedness of a man who has come through many terrible chances by courage and audacity, De Fournier crouched as Grébauval flung himself forward, and caught his assailant by his sword-wrist,—caught him, happily, with his right hand, and after a short struggle twisted Grébauval's arm almost out of its socket. The sword fell with a clatter upon the floor. Above the noise of the struggle came the shouts of a mob on the stairs. De Fournier, letting his assailant fall, took his knife in his right hand. Grébauval reached out his left hand for his sword, and with a herculean effort got upon his feet. De Fournier, without a word, seized him by the throat and stabbed him to death, flinging him to the ground with a thud that shook the room.

De Fournier was moved with no feeling of revenge. Self-preservation was his impulse. The shouts of the mob passed by the door and went farther along the corridors. He thrust his knife into its sheath and was already upon the window-seat, intending to risk a leap into the street, when the door through which Grébauval had entered swung open once more, and clicked back with a sound like the snap of a pistol. His hand upon his knife, De Fournier turned to meet the anxious gaze of Jaffray Ellicott.

"My God! it's you!" exclaimed the young fellow.

"Jaffray!" said De Fournier, coming down from the seat.

"You've killed him," said Jaffray.

"To save my own life."

"I know."

"Will you help me?"

"To the death!" Jaffray replied.

"Quick, then," said the count; "strip him."

De Fournier at once began to untie the tricolor sash and unbutton the deputy's coat.

"You will personate him?" asked Jaffray. "It is an inspiration! Fortune is with you. Here are his hat and cloak."

Jaffray took down from their peg on the wall the deputy's gray cloak and three-cornered hat with its familiar cockade, and flung them to the count. Already De Fournier was half undressed. It was an easy matter for him, he had been so torn about and rendered buttonless.

"The change must be complete," he said, breathless with excitement; "and the beasts are coming back."

"I will stop them," said Jaffray, rushing to the other side of the room and disappearing. Jaffray was back again in a few minutes.

"And now to dress him," said De Fournier, pulling the dead man into a sitting attitude.

At last the ghastly work was done. A mob in the street could be heard planting a ladder against the balcony, the top rung of it near the window. The pursuers did not know whose balcony they were about to scale.

"Sit at the desk," said Jaffray; "this is his chair. Let them enter. They know how bitterly cool he could be on occasions. Let them think they shot him. Tap three times on this panel and I will come to you. I hear footsteps on the outer stair. Laroche may come by way of the Palais de Justice, and he would be familiar with this habit of the deputy. Now, my friend, to prove that you are a good actor."

Jaffray left the room. De Fournier, as Grébauval, took up a pen and bent over some papers on the desk. The

"'ARREST ME!' EXCLAIMED MARIE. 'YOU ARE A FOOL!'"

dead body of Grébauval lay near the window. Above it, from the balcony, suddenly appeared the face of Jacques Renaud. De Fournier laid down his pen and looked up at him. Jacques turned to speak with someone in the street.

"Ascend, comrades!" he shouted.

At the same moment the other section of the mob thundered at the door. Jacques leaped down into the room. His place was taken by another and another in the balcony, as he stepped over the body and saluted De Fournier, who rose from his seat and tapped three times at the wainscot behind him. Jaffray Ellicott entered almost immediately.

"Open to our friends," did De Fournier.

Jaffray obeyed, and a dozen panting patriots rushed in.

Raising his hand for silence, De Fournier, in the well-mimicked voice of Grébauval, said, "Which of you, my brave citizens, had the honor of firing the shot that brought down the traitor De Fournier?"

"It was I," shouted the ruffian. "I, Jacques Renaud, corporal of the National Guard."

"Give me your hand, brother," said De Fournier, taking his grimy paw. "If I have any influence with the commander-in-chief, by this time to-morrow you shall be a lieutenant."

"*Vive Grébauval!*" shouted a dozen voices.

"You shall have your rewards, comrades; not only one, but all of you. Mr. Secretary, take their names."

"*Vive Grébauval! Vive la république! Vive le citoyen secrétaire!*" they shouted.

"Fling the body into the street!" was the cry; and at once they proceeded to hoist it into the balcony.

"Down with him!" said Renaud's assistants; and down went the remains of Grébauval, amidst a roar of frightful jubilations, and one by one the men in the balcony disappeared. Jaffray followed them and pushed the door to with a click. De Fournier watched him without uttering a word.

"It is awful!" said Jaffray. "They are tearing him limb from limb." The young fellow was very pale, but his lips were tightened into a mere thin line.

"Come this way, monsieur," he said. "You must wash and dress."

When Jaffray summoned Grébauval's man to his duties De Fournier had bathed and dressed himself with the characteristic care of Grébauval; had made a tour of his rooms, and had practiced the Grébauval manner before a glass, with a running criticism from Jaffray, who offered now and then a suggestion. By this time it was nearly morning. The grim tokens of the fight had been cleared away, and De Fournier and Jaffray did ample justice to an early breakfast.

"And now," said Jaffray, "master of your hôtel and duly installed as magistrate and secret adviser of the committee, let us consider the situation."

"Proceed," said De Fournier.

"The last thing you did,—you, the Deputy Grébauval,—don't forget for a single moment that you are the deputy,—the last thing you did before you killed De Fournier—or before he fell to the musket of the brave Jacques Renaud—was to order the arrest of the duchess, Marie Bruyset, and your wife."

"Indeed!" said De Fournier, "And where are they?"

"Close by,—in the Conciergerie."

"Why did I do that?"

"You had your own good reasons. You want to marry the countess, and everything conspires to give you success. You have accepted the proposals of the committee to go out to La Vendée as their delegate to the army. You have arranged to start immediately,—to day, perhaps. It is your intention to take the countess with you. The duke dead, you expect that the duchess, threatened with the same fate, will make a desperate and successful appeal to the countess for her life. If the countess gives way, you will take them with you; if not, you will leave them to their fate. Citizen Johannes, your serving-man, tells me that in the encounter at the Black Eagle last night Laroche was killed. He was the only man I feared; and, under ordinary circumstances, he would have been one of your first callers this morning. It is now six o'clock; we have still two good hours for office work. Seeing that you are on the eve of your departure, it may be that Citizen Robespierre or Citizen Danton may call to say *au revoir*; that depends upon what arrangements you made with them at your meeting yesterday."

De Fournier took in every word Jaffray said, and every suggestion, with a clear head and a determination to play the *rôle* of Grébauval with all the dexterity he could command.

"What about our prisoners?" he said, as soon as Jaffray gave him an opportunity to speak.

"It all falls out most naturally," said the young fellow, cool as a practiced diplomatist. "You can write passports,—you have them in blank, signed by the committee; you have almost unlimited money. Are you not the famous Deputy Grébauval? And I have some papers which will help you."

Jaffray went into his own room and returned with a packet of manuscripts and letters.

"These are your letters to the commander-in-chief of the forces in La Vendée,—these your instructions; these, fastened with a tri-colored band, are letters to certain officers in Brittany and other documents connected with your embassy."

De Fournier ran his eyes over the papers and thrust them into his pocket.

"The passports?" he asked. "We may need them for our companions."

Jaffray drew from a drawer close by Grébauval's seat a small portfolio.

"Shall I fill them up?"

"Yes; for the Citoyennes Louvet, Fournier, and Bruyset; and for Citizen Ellicott, secretary to the deputy; and for the Deputy Grébauval, delegate of the Committee of Public Safety; and also for the Citizen Maurice, his servant. So soon as we are ready you will ride with all speed to Havre and secure a vessel for England. You will be well accredited to the mayor, and to any other officer, on a secret mission. Your chief, the Deputy Grébauval, with his wife and her mother and his wife's maid, are following,—the deputy with a double mission, to the army and the fleet; that is, if any explanation is required. But say as little as possible."

"I understand," said Jaffray.

"You will have a coach and horses and postilions ready at the Hôtel de Fournier at dusk," said De Fournier; "and, if possible, let them be strangers to Grébauval. We will start to-night You shall call upon Citizen Robespierre and explain to him that I had not counted upon the ruse of an arrest in vain; the widow of the *ci-devant* De Fournier has consented to my wishes. By heavens! Jaffray, it galls me to go as far as this!"

"Nonsense, monsieur; it is nothing. If I am your ambassador to the Citizen Robespierre I will blacken her, and the Citoyenne Louvet, too; and I will not spare even Marie Bruyset, if need be. But I think you will have to do all this yourself. The Citizen Robespierre will probably call upon you."

"I am prepared for every emergency," said De Fournier, tapping the handle of his knife which was hidden in his sash. "In the event of discovery I will kill him."

"There is no chance of discovery, monsieur, if you play your part as you can play it," said Jaffray.

While they were speaking Jaffray was summoned by the janitor, who guarded the outer chamber leading to Jaffray's room. Absent for a few minnutes, Jaffray returned, announcing, "Monsieur the Citizen Robespierre."

It was a critical and trying conversation that De Fournier carried on with the lynx-eyed man of the people. Twice he almost betrayed himself; but the sense of his danger aroused every faculty of his mind, and he recovered himself in time. At last Robespierre departed, well satisfied with his deputy's zeal in the revolutionary cause.

"Thank God! that is over!" exclaimed De Fournier, flinging himself with a great sigh of relief into the deputy's chair.

"I congratulate you," said Jaffray.

"And now, Jaffray," said De Fournier, "what is the next item on our programme?"

"A walk through the court, sit for a few moments by the judges, exchange a greeting with Fouquier-Tinville. After that, you will return and order up the prisoners for interrogation; and you will——"

"Conduct that part of the business in my own way, Jaffray."

"Certainly," said Jaffray, "even if you frighten Madame de Louvet a little; but I hope you will deal gently with Marie."

"Never fear," said De Fournier. "If I am tempted to play the part of Grébauval too long it will be that the *rôle* of De Fournier shall appear all the more gracious. But let us not celebrate our victory until it is won."

XVIII.

"TAKE your hands off!" said Marie, as a couple of stalwart gendarmes brought Laroche's indignant daughter into Grébauval's room and thrust her before the bar.

"Stand apart!" said De Fournier, addressing the officers, and carefully assuming the severity of the Grébauval manner.

The gendarmes stepped back a few paces.

"You offer both physical and moral resistance to the law," said De Fournier, addressing the prisoner.

"I was trying to help a lady to bear up against your cruel and brutal persecution."

One of the gendarmes stepped forward as if to restrain her.

"Stand back!" said the judge. "She was a consenting party to what you are pleased to call cruel persecution."

"You know better."

"Do you mean to imply that I do not speak the truth?"

"I leave you to take my reply for what it is worth."

"Remove her," said the judge. "Citizen Ellicott will put her in safe keeping. Where are the others?"

"In the ante-room, Citizen Judge."

"Bring in the Citoyenne Louvet."

Jaffray disappeared with Marie Bruyset. The gendarmes returned with the duchess, who entered in a dejected, spiritless way, all her courage gone, her face haggard, her manner distraught.

"Let the officers retire," said the judge. "I will interrogate the prisoner in private."

The gendarmes disappeared.

"You know the charge against you?" asked De Fournier as Grébauval, and with an extra sternness in his voice.

"Yes," said the prisoner.

"What have you to say to it."

"Nothing. I am tired of defending myself, and I know it is useless."

"Why do you think it is useless?"

"Because you have slain my husband,—you, who promised me his life" She spoke slowly, and her voice trembled; but she had evidently given up all hope, and had resolved to follow her husband into a better world with a dignity, if possible, worthy of the house of De Louvet.

"But what did you promise in return?"

"To aid you in your suit for my most unhappy daughter."

"That you confess?"

"To my shame and to my sorrow, I confess it; and, moreover, I confess that in my heart I was a royalist,—that I despised the Democracy, loathed the *sans-culottes*, and had no thoughts in common with your leaders, Robespierre, Marat, or Danton."

"If these answers mean anything, they mean that you have no desire to live. Supposing I gave you a passport and found you the means to leave France, you and your daughter, with no compact whatever between you and Grébauval?"

"Ah, do not mock me," she answered, wearily. "You have slain the dear duke and the good Joseph."

"I am sorry the duke is no more," said De Fournier, and there was an unmistakable ring of sympathy in the voice that startled the duchess. She looked around with a vague stare as if trying to account for something strange, and then she once more tried to catch the judge's eyes; but his head was bent over some documents which he was carefully examining.

"'Sorry'!" she repeated. "'Sorry'! But you could have saved him; you said you would. Miserable time-server, tyrant! Oh, God forgive me! I desire to be calm; I pray to leave the world penitent. 'Sorry'—you say—'sorry'! You do well to scoff at the grief of a wretched widow, who suffers from the remorseful knowledge that she is not worthy of her dear, dead lord. 'Sorry'! Oh, *mon Dieu!*" She leaned against the bar and covered her face with her hands.

"I can't stand this," said De Fournier, in a whisper, to Jaffray. "I will dismiss her. Take her to Marie; explain our plans to them, lock them in, and leave me to meet my wife alone."

"Madame," he said, addressing the prisoner, "your life is spared. You will go back to the Hôtel de Fournier. Meanwhile, accompany this young citizen, whom you know. He will explain our disposition in regard to your future."

"This way, Madame la Duchesse," said Jaffray, offering his arm, on which she laid her hand timidly.

De Fournier tapped upon the panel. A gendarme entered.

"Bring in your prisoner, the Citoyenne Mathilde de Fournier."

"Yes, Citizen Judge."

"And treat her gently,—she is no criminal."

The officer saluted and left the room, to return with Mathilde.

"Leave us," said De Fournier. "Leave us, and permit no one to enter under any pretext whatever."

The officer saluted again, and the door clicked as he closed it.

"Take a seat, madame," said De Fournier, emphasizing the Grébauval manner.

Mathilde laid her hand upon the chair in which her mother had been seated.

"I prefer to stand," she said.

De Fournier felt a choking sensation in his throat. He

could hardly forbear crying out, "Mathilde, my dearest, don't you know me?" He longed to tell her the good news at once. But he had threshed out with Jaffray the politic conduct of this extraordinary meeting. If the joy of it was almost too much for him, who knew it all, what effect might a sudden revelation have upon her, who believed him dead, and found herself following, as she thought, in his dead footsteps, with sad memories of her murdered father, and her mother a prisoner with herself and her faithful friend Marie Bruyset?

"They say I am like your husband," said De Fournier, in the curt Grébauval manner.

"It has been said," was the calm reply.

"But I have none of his good nature!"

"No."

"You are prepared for the worst?"

"Yes."

De Fournier, between his love and his desire to lead Mathilde into the blinding sunshine of their reunion, found all his interrogatory plans evaporating.

"I don't wish to distress you. You are a brave woman."

"A very weak one," she said, aroused by something unexpected in the interrogator's manner.

"I ask you to summon all your strength, all your fortitude, to encourage your dearest hopes. I am about to put your strength and hope and courage to a severe test."

Mathilde's heart began to beat with a strange and sudden sympathy toward the speaker. She looked at him, as her mother had done, more than once, but he bent his head over his papers.

"You have no positive proof of you husband's death?" De Fournier acted the Grébauval voice and manner to the life. It was necessary at the moment.

"If you have a spark of manhood in you, Citizen Grébauval," she answered, "you will not add a new terror to the death that I feel is before me."

"I am not insensible to pity," he replied; "and let me at once relieve you of at least one fear; you are not destined for the guillotine. Calm yourself; I have every reason to believe that your husband lives."

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed. "Then why is it from you, his bitterest enemy and mine, that I am to hear such tidings? What are you going to do with me? Oh, Henri! Henri! if only you could hear me!"

De Fournier rose from his chair. She turned as if to fly.

"No! No! Don't approach me! You have set me on the rack; let me suffer, but——"

"Madame," said De Fournier, "countess, be calm. Where is your courage? I am your friend, believe me. I am not the Grébauval you knew last night. Listen; for God's sake, listen!"

Mathilde, with a strange light in her eyes, staggered to the table and leaned against it,—flushed for a moment, then pale as death.

"I am listening," she said, in a fearful whisper; "I am listening."

"I tell you I am not the man you met last night," he said slowly, measuring his words and gradually changing his tone from Grébauval to De Fournier as he approached her. "I — am — here—to—give—you—back—your—husband!"

She clutched the bar by the judge's table, trembling with a wild, mad hope.

"I—said—your—husband," continued De Fournier, in his most affectionate tones, and at last bursting out with the question, as he stretched out his arms toward her, "Mathilde, my wife,—Mathilde, don't you know me?"

"Henri! Henri!" she cried, and fell into his arms. At which embarrassing moment, either by design or attracted by Mathilde's cry of exultation, Citizen Robespierre entered the room. De Fournier was equal to the occasion.

"No violence, I hope," said Robespierre, raising his eye-glass; and at the same moment there entered Marie and Jaffray, followed by the duchess and Pierre, with the officer of the court.

"Only violence of words, Citizen Robespierre," said De Fournier, with a well-mimicked Grébauval chuckle. "Madame consents."

"The Conciergerie has arguments that Cupid cannot answer," said Robespierre. "I congratulate you, Grébauval,—and you, Citoyenne Fournier."

Robespierre soon took his leave, and within half an hour the supposed bearer of the mission to the army was dashing through the streets of Paris, accompanied to the barriers by an escort of the Municipal Guard.

XIX.

SPRING in England. Along the downs, by the South Foreland, you could hear the bleating of the young lambs, the cries of the sea-gulls, and the gruff response of daws that here and there darkened the white cliffs. Above, the blue sky as far as the eye could range; below, a veritable prairie of grass and young corn, dotted with buttercups and daisies; and in the air, from distant woods, fragrant suggestions of the blue-bell. Lower still, edged by the cliffs, lay the sea, calm as a lake, and bordered on the horizon by the coast of France.

St. Margaret's, of which Jaffray Ellicott had given Marie Bruyset vague descriptions, was a small bay in the towering chalk. Human life and interests were represented there by two tiny houses, with gardens of proportionate size. In the gardens spring was heralded by clusters of "snow on the mountain," yellow crocuses, and daffodils. A man, bending over the fragrant earth, was setting late seed potatoes. The soil of the gardens merged into the shingle of the shore. Half a dozen men lounged in the lee of a beached lugger. They were watching the sea, which was as calm as any land-locked lake. The watchers in the lee of the beached boat had passed the one glass of the coast-guard from hand to hand. They were observing the slow progress of a well-handled barque that was tacking in the sun, courting every vagrant whiff of breeze that might be won by the flapping sails in so calm an atmosphere. She was a merchantman, to all appearance, but with a long gun on deck, capable of easy offense and defense, and she flew the British flag.

While the watchers ashore observed the oncoming vessel, five passengers on board the *Dolphin* examined the little bay, and with peculiar emotions. They were Count de Fournier and his countess, Mathilde; Jaffray Ellicott and his wife, Marie; and the Duchess de Louvet. With the echoing din of the tocsin in their ears, and the shadow of the guillotine clouding their spirits, the voyagers had in opposition the music of the voices they loved and the fresh air of freedom. If Mathilde wept now and then it was as much for joy as sorrow. Marie Bruyset was now Marie Ellicott, by virtue of civil register and priestly blessing, achieved almost while their few belongings were being packed in the reputed deputy's carriages.

The barque, coming into the bay, cast anchor. Two boats were lowered and manned, and into them passengers and luggage were lowered. The *Dolphin's* boats made for the beach north of the foreland. With a cheery greeting the lookers-on took a hand in pulling the boat ashore and assisting the passengers to land. Mathilde and Marie gave great sighs of relief as they stood, firm and free, upon the shingle.

Giving them no more time than was necessary to land their passengers and goods, the captain of the *Dolphin* signaled the return of his men, and the strangers began to make their first acquaintance with England and Englishmen. Master of the language, and standing upon his native shore, Jaffray Ellicott took charge of the expedition. And the old man who was sowing potatoes took charge of Jaffray.

"There be only one house hereabouts," he said, "where such company can be accommodated,—and that be at the Reach farm. It's not more than a mile along the downs, and I can take you a short cut."

De Fournier and the rest followed.

"Do you run wi' all your might to Farmer Longden's and tell the misses as I'm a-bringin' company as I be sure she'll commodate,—bein' strangers and misfortunate, though not without money to pay their way," said the old man to one of the bystanders.

"Gentlefolk," added Jaffray; "say gentlefolk, and one a native of St. Margaret's."

"And which be he that's a native?" asked the old man.

"I be he," Jaffray replied, with a laugh.

"What name?"

"Ellicott; named after my father, Jaffray," was the reply, uttered with a mixture of pride and anxiety.

"'Ellicott,'" mused the old man. "'Jaffray Ellicott,'—seem to recollect the name,—a bit of a farmer, did odd jobs, kept a cow and pigs; why, of course. Built hisself a cottage nigh upon the farm, old Mansell givin' him the right, and bought it of him when he 'migrated to Ameriky."

"Well, I'm his son" said Jaffray.

"You be!" exclaimed the old man. "Then, yonder s the house you was born in, on the road to the Reach farm."

The tears came into Jaffray's eyes,—he did not know why,—and he fell back by the side of Marie; and they all walked on in silence for some time over a straight road, unfenced from what seemed to be miles of young wheat, until they came to the cottage which the old man had pointed out. It was a small house, with white-painted windows and green gates, and thatched barns belted in by tall elms.

On the explanation of the old man and Jaffray the farmer and his wife gave the strangers a hearty welcome. The windows of the best parlor were opened, a fire lighted in the grate which had been cold since the Yule-log had spluttered itself out at Christmas. Mrs. Longden spread the cloth in the parlor.

"Supper's ready, gentlemen," said Longden; and, but for the slight odor of smothered lavender and the smoke of wood in a chimney that had only just begun to get hot, the best parlor of the Reach farm might have been the scene of daily hospitality all the year round, so admirably was the repast served by Mrs. Longden and her two pleasant daughters. It was a very happy and contented company that sat around the farmer's board, and never did guests do better justice to English hospitality.

Long after supper they sat about the fire, loath to retire lest the Reach farm should turn out to be a dream. At last, however, they slept the sleep of security, and rose the next morning to an earthly foretaste of that paradise of the divine promise, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

THE END.

NOTABLE WOMEN.

I.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON came of a line of strong ancestors. She was born at Johnstown, New York, November 12, 1815, the year her father, Daniel Cady, a New York judge, was elected to Congress. She says she has sometimes wondered if the excitement of the political campaign, in which her mother took the deepest interest, may have had an influence on her prenatal life and given her a strong desire to participate in the rights and duties of government, which desire she has always felt.

Mrs Stanton's mother was a self-reliant woman, at ease in all places. She was the daughter of Colonel James Livingstone, who took an active part in the Revolution. He was stationed at West Point when Arnold made an attempt to betray that stronghold into the hands of the enemy, and was complimented by General Washington for his action at that time.

From all we can learn of Mrs. Stanton she was a thoughtful but rebellious little girl She despised Puritan ways, and did not feel afraid to express her beliefs, to the horror of all her family. This spirit has always characterized her. The writer has seen it over and over again in Mrs. Stanton's addresses at the conventions of the National Suffrage Association. She is fearless, and is ready to announce any belief to the public. She belongs to the age of agitation.

Copyright Photograph by Rockwood.

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

When she was eleven years old her only brother died. Although his daughters were dear to him, Judge Cady had a greater feeling of pride and hope in his boy. As he sat by his dead, little Elizabeth crept into the room and getting up on his knee laid her head against his beating heart and waited till he spoke. Presently he said, "Oh, my daughter, I wish you were a boy!" Throwing her arms around his neck she said, "I will try to do all my brother did."

And she kept her word; she studied, she won prizes in Greek, and stood at the head of her classes in the academy, expecting to fill her brother's place in her father's heart. The father, watching her, at last told her that she should have been a boy, thinking that would be compliment enough. Then it was that she realized that the world at that day did not look upon talent or merit *per se*, but asked whether it was found in a boy or girl; and she rebelled at that injustice, and has never ceased doing so

Until she was fifteen she was a faithful student at the academy, being the only girl in a class of boys in mathematics and languages. She spent many of her leisure hours in her father's office, and here she used to hear the old Scotch women narrate their woes; for their husbands had brought from the old world the feudal ideas of women and property. She used to beg her father to help them, and he would take down the book and show her the laws. The students in the office, seeing her discomfort, would point out the worst of these laws, till she would cry with grief and mortification.

She began reading these laws for herself, marking each one as she read, and thus increased her abhorrence of their injustice. Her father told her that when she was grown up she could go down to Albany, tell the legislators about the sufferings of these Scotch women, get them to pass new laws, and then these would be dead. He told her this as he would have told a fairy-tale; and yet he foreshadowed the dream of her life and outlined that which to her, later, seemed her line of duty. Many years after, when his fairy-tale had become a real truth, he was the greatest opposer to her public career. Many women can stand for principle when the men of the family help to hold up their hands, but few have bravery enough to fight out the principle in their own homes.

From a Copyright Photograph by J. H. Kent

SUSAN B. ANTHONY AND ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Elizabeth Cady's childish home was one of luxury; there were plenty of servants, plenty of gowns, chances for travel and visits, all the books she could read, governess, and nurses. She had a champion in her brother-in-law, Edward Byard, who petted her as a little child and helped her as an older one. Her family was connected with many of the famous New York families, and her father friendly with many famous men; so she had chances to listen to great arguments on great questions.

It was seven years after she left school before she married, and this time was spent as the lives of most young ladies were spent. Nothing is more interesting than to hear Mrs. Stanton recount the events of that part of her life. She visited often at Peterboro, and here she met Henry B. Stanton, one of the most eloquent and impassioned orators of the day. These lovers were most loving and tender, and of course the match was not approved by the friends, because of Mr. Stanton's anti-slavery principles. It is needless to say that did not alter the young woman's mind, and she became Mrs. Stanton in 1840, going to England on her wedding journey.

This was at the time of the World's Anti-Slavery Convention. Henry B. Stanton was a delegate. It will be remembered that some of the American societies sent women delegates, and that they were rejected. It will also be remembered that because of this action William Lloyd Garrison, who had the cause of anti-slavery more at heart than any delegate present, refused to take his seat in the convention. It seems useless to say that Mr. Stanton voted for the seating of the women. The action at this convention so aroused Mrs. Stanton and Lucretia Mott that they determined to hold a woman's rights convention upon their return to America. Various bills and petitions had been circulated with reference to the civil rights of women and had been under discussion twelve years previous. In 1848 they called the first convention, at Seneca Falls, which was followed by others in various parts of the country.

Despite the fact that Mrs. Stanton has written on

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AT THE AGE OF FIFTY.

scientific subjects beside her specialty, and has been the one woman to frame resolutions, call conventions, address political conventions, and the like, the writer believes the best thing she ever wrote was her chapter on "Babies" in her "Reminiscences," which was published a few years ago in the "Woman's Tribune." Mrs. Stanton has had seven children, and this article shows that clever women make clever mothers. No study, no occupation, disturbs the mother-love.

Mrs. Stanton has had a life-long champion in Susan B. Anthony. These two seemed to form a peculiar partnership. In their more active days one wrote and was the philosopher of the association; the other spoke and was the executive officer. Each lost herself in the cause, and neither seemed to stand in the other's way. To attack one was to attack both. The utmost frankness exists between them. They may disagree as to methods, but never as to intention.

Mrs. Stanton is a great joker, and it seems as if she never laughed harder or enjoyed any joke more than one of which Miss Anthony was the victim. Last summer, when Miss Anthony fainted and Mrs. Stanton had learned that there was nothing serious about it, she wrote her a rollicking letter, saying, "How funny for you to faint! Did you do it gracefully? and did you happen to fall into the arms of a son of Adam?"

The birthday reception given to Mrs. Stanton at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 12, 1895, by the National Council of Women of the United States, was in every way a deserved and notable tribute to a woman who ranks among the foremost champions of human progress and the emancipation of her sex from unjust disabilities.

HARRIET TAYLOR UPTON.

From a Photograph by Decker.

AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY.

BALLADE OF APRIL WEATHER.

Now March has sheathed her knives, and sheened her lead
  Of sea and sky in gold of richest vein;
And leagues of smiling wold are overspread
  With new, enchanting green. The scars, the stain
  Of wintry havoc on broad fields; the bane
Of Arctic-bitter days, their blinding sleet,—
The mem'ry of 't,—these do evanish fleet,
  For Winter totters from his tott'ring throne,
And, back from highway rut and paven street,
  Deep in dim woods anemones are blown.

Of thaw the slow "drip, drip," from eaves o'erhead
  Tells softly, dashing from the sill to pane;
Soon will be large blue violets, instead
  Of high, white drifts that by the ways have lain.
  Foreshows approach of zephyr glist'ning vane,
He of the fragrant breath and train replete
With honeyed days. The flying, homeward feet
  Are slower grown since winds no more make moan;
And, earth again doffed of its winding-sheet,
  Deep in dim woods anemones are blown.

The show'rs, wrought warp and weft of silver thread,—
  In frequent falls they drench the willing plain
Until, where swollen brook and river wed,
  Seems Thessaly beneath Deucalion's reign
  In miniature. Though tears flow now amain,
Will follow smiles; and eftsoons we shall meet
For morning chats upon the garden seat.
  Of cynics scorned, of city-bound unknown,
Awakened by the warm rain's gentle beat,
  Deep in dim woods anemones are blown.

Love, to wear hot-house roses is unmeet
  When April weather comes back to its own;
For see! besides the roses, times more sweet,
It to your cheek restores; in our retreat,
  Deep in dim woods, anemones are blown.

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

WOMEN IN NEW PROFESSIONAL FIELDS.

PROGRESSIVE WOMEN WHO HAVE TAKEN INITIAL STEPS IN VARIOUS DIRECTIONS TELL DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE OF THEIR WORK.

WOMEN IN THE LAW.

MRS. CORNELIA K. HOOD, LL. B., ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE WOMEN'S LEGAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, AND A LECTURER ON LAW, BELIEVES THAT WOMEN CAN SUCCEED IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

I THINK the time is coming when a knowledge of the law will be considered an essential part of the education of both men and women, the latter none the less than the former. In the last few years the legislatures in most of the States have very considerably augmented women's civil rights and are continuing to do so. To understand and reap the benefit of her new position in the eyes of the law woman must have some legal knowledge; when she acquires the right to take a part in the affairs of government through her vote she will be at a great disadvantage if she does not know something of legal principles. I believe that women lawyers will be in demand in the near future, and therefore I think that the law is a good profession for bright women. It is no more difficult than other professions, for women whose reasoning powers are good, and is just as interesting when once entered. The woman practitioner need not go into the courts unless she desires to. A great many lawyers have lucrative office practices, and a clever woman might do a great deal of business in managing estates for women and advising them on matters of law. I do not believe, however, that women need have any trepidation about practicing in the courts. The few who have already attempted it have been remarkably successful. They have received the closest attention from juries, and the judges have in most cases treated them in all respects like their masculine fellow-lawyers. The public is rapidly becoming accustomed to women lawyers. It is beginning to appreciate the fact that they are careful, conscientious and capable.

Photograph by Pearsall

WOMEN'S WORK IN ARCHITECTURE.

MISS MARY N. GANNON TELLS ABOUT A MOST PROFITABLE SPHERE FOR WOMAN'S ACTIVITY.

ARCHITECTURE is a very new business for women, but it has great possibilities; and I have no doubt that many women in the future will make it the opportunity for honorable and profitable careers. Indeed, within the last year the number of women who are studying it has been much more than doubled. Several educational institutions, among them Cornell University, the Boston School of Technology, and the School of Applied Design in New York City, admit women students of architecture. The course is four years, and it is four years of the hardest kind of study, let me assure you; but, after that is over, the woman who has been persevering and conscientious has a lucrative and congenial calling. There is absolutely no reason why women cannot be as good architects as men; indeed, with their domestic instincts and knowledge of home requirements, they should be able to do rather better work as architects of dwelling-houses and similar buildings.

In some of the new fields that women have entered I have heard there has been opposition and discouragement from their men competitors. I have experienced nothing of this, and am quite sure that no other woman architect will if she competes as a man with men and asks no favors or privileges on the score of sex. Above all, she must not cut prices; if she does as good work she must ask as much for it. This is the policy which Miss Hands, my co-worker, and myself have rigidly adhered to. In pursuance of it, we have refused thousands of dollars' worth of commissions; but it has proved to be the only possible policy if a woman is to succeed. It has gained us the respect and good-will of the men, and the work we have submitted in competitions has been considered in exactly the same way and put to the same tests as the work of our masculine competitors. The result has been that we have had successes which would have gratified any architect. Our plan for model tenement-houses to be erected in New York City has been accepted as the best of the great number submitted, and the work of building will begin this spring. We also won the competition open to all architects in this country for the Florence Hospital in San Francisco, and are the architects for all the houses in Twilight Park, New York. This will enable you to see that women can accomplish something in architecture; but I would advise any woman who desires to achieve success without much effort to keep away from the art. You may obtain an idea of how much work is required, when I tell you that for nearly a year before we entered our plan in competition for the tenements Miss Hands and myself spent hours every day in the tenement-houses of the East Side of New York City. We asked thousands of questions of the women who live there, investigated with great care every complaint they made against the dwellings, studied the question from every standpoint, and gained information from every possible source. Then we submitted our plans, which provide the great desiderata of light and air for every room, without shafts, and we won. Before competing for the Florence Hospital commission we visited every hospital in New York City, and got opinions from everybody who had them on hospital needs and desirable improvements. All of this, you can see, requires something of determination and enthusiasm; but the results are gratifying. I believe that any woman with a taste for things both mechanical and artistic, and who is industrious and persevering, can succeed in architecture.

THE STUDY OF THE HEAVENS.

MISS MARY A. PROCTOR, LECTURER ON ASTRONOMY, BELIEVES THAT THE SCIENCE OF ASTRONOMY OFFERS A PLEASANT AND CONGENIAL FIELD FOR WOMAN'S WORK.

IT is difficult to say why more women have not made a serious study of astronomy. Those who have can be almost counted on the fingers of one hand, notwithstanding the fact that astronomy is a very attractive field of study and offers ample reward for women who become really competent in the science. There are positions in women's colleges open to them, and they are in demand in observatories, owing to the nicety, precision, and delicacy of their work; or they may lecture and write on astronomy, as I do. There is so much that is beautiful in the science, so much that is elevating and inspiring, that I wonder it does not appeal more strongly to my sex. I suppose the mathematics which must be mastered as a foundation for true knowledge of astronomy form a barrier and bugbear to women, and yet there is really no reason why this should be so. By taking prizes at Oxford and elsewhere, women have proved that they can be just as good mathematicians as men when they set their minds to it. I think the dislike for mathematics rises chiefly from ignorance of the science. Even conic sections become interesting upon close acquaintance. Of course, hard work is necessary in achieving anything worth achieving; a woman who applies some of it to astronomy will have a possession which will yield her both profit and pleasure.

Photograph by the F. Gutekunst Co.

ONE WOMAN'S UNIQUE OCCUPATION.

MISS ELIZABETH MARBURY IS AN INTERMEDIARY BETWEEN THEATRICAL MANAGERS AND ASPIRING PLAYWRIGHTS.

WHEN I created my present business it was almost as difficult for an unknown playwright to obtain consideration for the product of his brain as it was to do the original work: and sending or taking the play from manager to manager was, moreover, extremely distasteful to the hopeful genius. I thought I saw an opening for a new occupation, and my judgment has been justified. Playwrights bring their manuscripts to me; I criticise them and give the writers advice as to changes, if any are desirable. And if there is no merit in the play from the practical box-office standpoint I tell the writer so, and thus often save him the pain of hope deferred. The plays I approve I recommend to managers, whose confidence I have gained, and they are almost invariably produced. The managers, indeed, have acquired a habit of looking to me for available plays, because they are aware that I keep a close watch upon the whole field. I am now the American representative of the Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers of France. My position of caring for the interests of both managers and playwrights seems difficult, but if one is endowed with tact, which is a feminine of genius, it can be easily maintained. Tact, by the way, is a woman's most valuable possession. She should cultivate and develop it, for it is the key which opens the door to most of the things she wants.

Photograph by Kurtz.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM, THE FIRST WOMAN WAR CORRESPONDENT, AND EDITOR OF THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT OF THE "MAIL AND EXPRESS," NEW YORK, COMPARES WOMEN AND MEN IN A DIFFICULT FIELD.

THE element of sex enters much less into journalism than is popularly supposed. Newspaper life is intense and earnest. There is no room for shams or false pretenses. People are measured according to their merits, and the measure is taken very swiftly. There are many points of interest in the matter, the most important being that women have succeeded in every branch of journalism, from the mere setting of the type to the absolute control of a great publication. The work accomplished by men and women is in the ratio of their physical strength. This has been figured at being about three to two, and represents the literary output of a man and of a woman. In other words, a woman does sixty-six per cent. of what a man does. This applies merely to quantity; when it comes to quality, women are slightly ahead of men.

Men as a class are apt to employ slang, colloquialisms, technical phrases, or business language. Women, on the other hand, seldom fall into these errors, but sin on the side of brilliant rhetoric and so-called "fine writing." They have a natural inclination toward qualifying things that they like with pretty words. A gown is always "elegant" or "lovely"; a girl, "pretty" or "charming"; a book, "delightful" or "splendid." As between the two courses the woman's is less objectionable.

Men and women journalists are equanimous; and both endure fatigue, disappointment, rebuffs, and even abuse, with great self-control. Both show a strong *esprit de corps* for their papers and employers. Sex displays itself chiefly in their tastes. Few newspaper women care to report fights, accidents, or other facts involving shame, suffering, or disgrace. Men, on the other hand, have a natural aversion to spending much time upon details. Men are quicker to perceive news and to secure it; women are more faithful and painstaking. The practice known as 'faking' is not uncommon with newspaper men, but is very rare with newspaper women. Neither is ambitious in the higher sense of the word. Each looks forward to some better or easier position, but very few erect a goal toward which they direct their career. In the great cities of the North both earn a good living, and, if so inclined, can maintain a good social position. In the smaller towns and cities, especially in the South and Southwest, the wages paid are pitiful in their smallness. The feeling between the two sexes is very amicable; each recognizes where the other can do the better work. The great increase of newspaper women is due, not to any competition between men and women, but to the fact that the development of the modern newspaper now necessitates the gathering of news where women are better qualified to act than men. This kind of news includes the description of social events, interviews with distinguished women, fashions, women's clubs, women's colleges, women's industries, and women's work in literature, music, and art.

SOCIETY FADS.

ONE of the ways and means adopted by a certain social leader of inventive talents to raise a sum of money for her pet charity might be successfully imitated by generous and modish ladies in any of our big cities. She held a loan exhibition of jewels. There is nothing that so pleases the multitude as an opportunity of viewing aggregated wealth and dazzling beauty; and when the advertisements of the exhibition vouched for the fact that not less than two million dollars' worth of gems would be on view, the doubts as to collecting a crowd were set at rest. The people came to find that the patronesses of the show had really gathered together the jeweled wealth of their city in glass cases, on velvet and satin cushions, and even hung upon lay figures, waxen damsels, to show how and where special gems must be disposed. Electric bulbs were introduced inside the glass cases, to bring out most effectively the glow and glitter of the stones, and beside every ornament lay a card, giving the name of the owner, with further satisfying information of interest, to the inquisitive feminine visitors. Guardians of property and the peace stood about ostentatiously, but absolutely no damage was done nor violence offered, and the charitable object was the richer by several thousand dollars for this display of fortunes in jewels.

ETIQUETTE governing the wedding of a widow has been recently reorganized, and, temporarily at least, is finding high vogue among certain great ladies who are making second matrimonial ventures. The widow's engagement ring is now a peridot, which in reality is an Indian chrysolite and a deep leaf-green in color. The peridot ring is set about with diamonds; and when it arrives the lady gives her first engagement-ring to her eldest daughter, and her wedding-ring to her eldest son.

One week before the wedding a stately luncheon is given to the nearest and dearest of the old friends of the bride-to-be. After the engagement's announcement she appears at no public functions. At the altar her dress may be of any subdued shade of satin. To make up for the absence of veil and orange-blossoms, profusions of white lace trim the skirt and waist of the bridal gown *en secondes noces*. Even the bonnet is of white lace, and the bouquet is preferably of white orchids; and up the aisle the lady goes, hand in hand with her youngest child, no matter whether it is a boy or a girl. The little one wears an elaborate white costume, holds the bride's bouquet, and precedes the newly married pair to the church door. Where there is a large family of children and a desire on the widow's part for a trifle more display than is usually accorded on such occasions, all of her daughters, in light gowns and bearing big bouquets, support their mother at the altar.

An informal little breakfast now follows the ceremony. Such a breakfast is scarcely more than a light, simple luncheon, served from the buffet, wound up by wedding-cake and a toasting posset; but the bride of a second marriage does not distribute cake nor her bouquet among her friends. Her carriage horses do not wear favors, either, though shoes and rice can be freely scattered in her wake; and, to the comfort and economy of her friends, she does not expect anything elaborate in the way of wedding-gifts.

THE growth of superstition in society is one of the incidents of the hour. Not superstitions of a baser sort; but, for example, if you happen to have been born with that curious coloring of eyes, one brown and one blue, you'll find yourself in great demand everywhere. Dinner, luncheon, and at home invitations will be showered upon you, all because fashionable hostesses regard the individual possessing unmatched eyes as sure to bring good luck on every entertainment he or she may attend. For the contrary reason they don t like guests who are left-handed; and, one and all, the *élégantes* consult books of prophecy. The original book of prophecy, written in black letter on parchment pages and bound in wrought metal backs, was deliberately pilfered, by a feminine guest, from the secret drawer of an ancient desk in a Colonial country-house somewhere down in Maryland, where the pretty thief was visiting. It contained a thousand answers to queries, warnings, and interpretations to dreams, and many society women have by hand made a copy of this valuable information. Many times a day do the possessors consult these sibylline leaves, receiving replies more or less satisfactory to their fears, doubts, and hopes. According to its rather enigmatic phrases journeys are undertaken or given up, cards are sent out or countermanded, guests are selected, gowns are bought, dinners are ordered, the weather probabilities decided, and the children sent to walk in the park or kept at home. Furthermore, the book of prophecy every morning decides the import of even the idlest dream; and from its pages willingly credulous matrons have learned that nine is as unlucky a number as thirteen; that to dream of a horse is to receive surprising news; to wear yellow jewels is to win a rival or excite jealousy; to lose a jewel from its setting is to lose the love of someone very dear; to find the jewel again is to bind their hearts closer; to wear flowers after they have wilted is to shorten by hours the term of one's life; and to maintain health and good fortune, to escape contagious diseases, and to avoid making enemies, a bit of coral ornament, such as Neapolitans use for warding off the evil eye, must be worn somewhere about one's person.

THERE is just now much bitterness and heart-burning below the stairs of some splendid mansions where the stately English butler and the rosy-cheeked second man from old Ireland lately ornamented the drawing-room doorway and fluttered the hearts of cook and housemaids. Hobbs and Mooney have been asked for their resignations to make place for heathen Chinamen, bright-eyed little Japanese, or lank, brown, East Indians. Hobbs and Mooney say it is nothing but an ephemeral fashion; but at the present writing the ideal of several smart hostesses is an Oriental serving-man. Travelers in the far East seeing European families with their native servants, at once so capable and picturesque, first imported a few on trial, and now it is no longer a novelty to find your dinner served by a stolid-faced Chinaman in all the magnificence of flowing silk garments, nor out of the way to observe a huge native of India, dark, impassive, all in snowy white and wearing a splendid turban, standing behind the hostess' chair. The Japanese butler is undoubtedly the most capable of them all, and his virtues as an economical manager of dining-room expenses are highly extolled. When serving a meal, like his Eastern brethren he wears the full costume of a lackey at the Mikado's court, and the color and variety lent thereby to the rather commonplace American dining-room is considerable. Hostesses who can't afford to secure the services of clever Indians, Chinamen, and Japanese, are training the native negroes of our States to the same functions, and by clothing them in Corean, Siamese, or Abyssinian costume contrive to make a very splendid effect at no great outlay.

Simultaneously, a number of women who have plenty of idle hours in which to think out novelties for their amusement have revived the eighteenth-century custom of attendant pages. For this purpose bright-faced little colored boys under twelve are brought into service. They are dressed in the most fanciful semi-barbaric fashion, with little turbans or plumed caps on their heads, and pass tea and confections in the drawing-rooms, stand just outside the ballroom door and hold madame's bouquet when she dances, attend on the mistress' little dog, and make themselves as useful as they are supposed to be ornamental.

JUST a word about the new and very costly floral salads served at the latest of the modish luncheons. When the time for this course arrives the butler and his assistant man or maid appear bearing broad, snowy florists' baskets, heaped with bouquets of an ordinary size and composed of roses and ferns, or orchids and smilax, always two or more brightly colored contrasting flowers, with delicate greenery. The bouquet is somewhat ornately made, the flowers all wired, and the stems bound with abundant bows and streamers of rich satin ribbon. The butler and his assistant offer their baskets that every guest may choose a bouquet, and find right in the centre, deep among the flowers, a closely folded head of lettuce held in form by narrow green ribbons. This is plucked from the nosegay, laid on one's plate, the ribbons untied, and the leaves spring apart to display a very, very thin gelâtine cup, holding tomato jelly with *mayonnaise*, or minced fowl, lobster, or celery, with the suitable dressing. The gelatine cup quickly melts away, the dressing and mince meat overflow the lettuce, the salad is then eaten with as much relish as though served in the conventional way, and the bouquets remain as souvenirs for the guests to carry home.

MADAME LA MODE.

AUNT SUSAN'S SON.

MY sister Charlotte was eighteen years my senior. She was very intellectual, very strong-minded, but not at all pretty. It is true that her eyes, gray and keen, were beautiful, and her forehead was splendidly developed; but the lower part of her face was spoiled by its apple-like roundness and the powerful, masterful chin that distinguishes all portraits I have seen of the great French emperor. And her chin, like his, was an index of character; it expressed ambition, power, determination, the latter still further pronounced by the firm, slightly compressed lips of a large mouth. Men and women who possess the moral strength to sacrifice themselves for the establishment of what they feel to be true have faces suggestive of power, not only over others, but, best of all, over themselves. Yet even in these powerful people is found some human weakness; and I am to tell you of Charlotte's.

My mother having died when I was five years old, I grew up, under the care of an elderly aunt, as healthy and talentless a young woman as could be found in intellectual Boston. My lack of ability seemed to trouble my father, for his other daughters, if they were not geniuses, had at least given signs of unmistakable talent. Charlotte was the most intellectual of us all, and had taken a degree from a German university; Edith painted well; Ethel was literary, and the president of a Browning club; while I, alas! was nothing but "the youngest sister of the brilliant scientist Miss Morris."

Charlotte's lecture-work kept her from home several months of the year, but my father, who greatly enjoyed her companionship, insisted on her giving us her summers. She was a bright, witty woman, and, during the few years that she passed abroad, we doubtless missed her in our own way quite as much as our father did; but, as my little nephew said, it was "a dreadfully 'crawly' time when Aunt Charlotte was at home," for she had a collection of insects that she took everywhere with her. At first Edith, Ethel, and I endured the "buggy" infliction with patience; but when the specimens increased in number, and we began to find them under cups and tumblers, on window-sills, and in boxes,—which from feminine curiosity we always opened,—we decided that matters had gone far enough, and held a council of war in Ethel's room.

I, as occupying the exalted position of favorite, was commissioned to carry our declaration of hostilities to Charlotte, whom I found in the library engaged in writing a scientific article for one of the magazines. She listened to me with a perplexed little frown on her brow. I could see that she was eager to go on with her work; but as she became more abstracted I became more eloquent, finishing my long speech emphatically with,

'And either those bugs must leave the house or I will!"

At this outburst of eloquence the serene Charlotte only chuckled, and murmuring, very absent-mindedly, "M'm," resumed her pen.

After that we could do nothing but mutely and resignedly endure the presence of the living and dead specimens. Thus matters drifted, going from bad to worse, until at last I grew desperate and determined to carry out my threat, prudently disguising my intention from my father, who would never have brooked such display of hostility, under the innocently expressed desire to visit a cousin in New Jersey.

"That is a good idea, Olive," said the approving voice of Charlotte, who happened to be present, "and, as I need a short vacation, I will go with you."

There was nothing to be said. Charlotte accompanied me. The bugs went, too; and Edith and Ethel kissed me good-by with tears of joy in their eyes.

Charlotte could be very entertaining when she chose, so

I really enjoyed the journey to Bloomsbury (the bugs went by express), but as soon as we crossed Cousin Anna's threshold my troubles recommenced. I had hoped that in this cozy nest of a parsonage, with the peach orchard on the left and the low stone wall in front, I should be allowed to forget for a few weeks that I was neither beautiful nor brilliant; but ignorance, like learning, can never be concealed. The very atmosphere was classic. The grave professors from Lafayette College, who called at the parsonage evening after evening to discuss weighty problems of education with Dr. Clinton, had a most astonishing faculty of discovering my ignorance on all topics introduced. Even Dr Gardner, the kindly faced old gentleman with white hair, who was a frequent visitor at the parsonage, on one memorable occasion, when I had casually remarked that I did not like Carlyle, was horrified at my lack of literary taste and said, slowly and impressively,

"No young woman should consider her education complete until she can appreciate Thomas Carlyle."

But in spite of my ignorance I was very happy during those first delightful days in the country. While my sister was improving her mind by intercourse with scientists and philologists, I went to live with birds, bees, and flowers, and was just beginning to revel in the delights of idleness and of the peach orchard when there came another guest to the parsonage.

"Charlotte," said Cousin Anna, one afternoon when we were sitting on the south veranda, "Charlotte, I suppose Olive is engaged?"

Charlotte chuckled as if the idea of my being engaged was vastly amusing.

"Oh, no," she said, in her provokingly serene way, "Ollie is a mere child."

"I thought I would ask before I wrote to Aunt Susan's son," continued Cousin Anna. "He wrote last week to ask if he might spend a few weeks here, and I thought if Olive was engaged there would be no harm in his coming."

"Oh, let him come, by all means," replied Charlotte. "I promise you that Olive shall not spread snares to entrap Aunt Susan's son. He will be as safe here as he is now under his mother's wing."

I suppose Cousin Anna felt considerably relieved by Charlotte's promise. At all events, she sent the desired invitation to Aunt Susan's son.

The morning on which this choice youth was expected to arrive Charlotte went out bug-hunting, after giving me full instructions how I should deport myself in the presence of this truly excellent young man.

"Now remember this, Olive," she said, in conclusion, very seriously, "a woman is far happier when she is independent than when she is under the control of a man. Moreover, I have yet to find a perfect man. Working for every cent a woman spends would be preferable to marriage. But if a woman is so unfortunate as to be dependent for support on a man, why, she must make the best of it. But, Ollie, don't marry."

Charlotte was gone longer than usual that morning, and when at last I espied her returning it was long after Cousin Anna's dinner-hour. Greatly to my surprise I saw that she was not alone, but was accompanied by a tall, middle-aged gentleman with a gravely scientific countenance, a scientific walk, and a very scientific-looking pair of spectacles perched on a prominent nose. He was apparently deeply interested in something scientific that Charlotte was saying, and Charlotte herself looked wonderfully animated, considering that she was talking with a man.

"Who is with Charlotte?" I asked of Cousin Anna, who had joined me on the veranda. She looked up and shook her head.

"I don't know," she said.

By this time my sister and her escort had reached the gate, which the latter held open for Charlotte to pass through, then strode along beside her up the walk. He was saying something about the color of the body being a bluish black.

"Oh, Ollie!" said my scientific sister, in a scientific glow of triumph, "I have found one, a perfect specimen!"

This announcement, coming from Charlotte, was sufficiently startling to strike me dumb with amazement. I surveyed the man of science quickly and quietly. So this was a perfect specimen.

"Have you?" I said, when I was able to speak, "I am so glad!"

Meanwhile Cousin Anna, who had been looking earnestly at the stranger, had recognized him and rushed down the veranda steps to seize his disengaged hand—he was carrying Charlotte's box in his right—and assure him that he was welcome.

I glanced questioningly at Charlotte.

"One of the family *lucandidæ* of the *lamellicorn pentamerous coleoptera*," she explained, briefly.

"Oh," I said, just as Cousin Anna advanced with the gentleman, to whom she introduced me.

"Miss Olive Morris, Andrew. Olive, my dear, you have heard me speak of Aunt Susan's son?"

"Yes," I murmured, as the man of science bowed low, "and I am happy to meet——"

Here was a dilemma. I could not say "Andrew," and I could not say "Aunt Susan's son," so I finished with a low "him.' It was Charlotte's turn to look triumphant now. I saw an expression of satisfaction lurking in her eyes, that was reflected, I have no doubt, in Cousin Anna's.

That afternoon we spent on the veranda. Charlotte and Aunt Susan's son discoursed on the remarkable traits of insects, some rare specimens, and where they were to be found; while Cousin Anna and I, excluded by ignorance from this interesting and highly instructive conversation, looked over a magazine and discussed the latest styles in gowns and hats. Cousin Anna confided to me that her visitor was an entomologist, and it was then that my heart sank within me.

The next day his cabinet of insects arrived, and after that there was not a corner in the house that was free from the creeping, crawling abominations. I never could understand how Charlotte distinguished her bugs from those belonging to Aunt Susan's son; I suppose 'twas by a purely scientific principle beyond my comprehension.

Once I ventured to ask Charlotte the Professor's name; but just at that moment the tumbler in which she was carefully carrying one of the most hideous bugs I had ever seen fell to the floor and broke into a thousand fragments, killing his bugship immediately. So, as was to be expected, I received no answer, and Cousin Anna continued to call the gentleman "Andrew," and Charlotte, "Professor." Aunt Susan's son condoled with my sister on the terrible loss, and gave her a bug that was the apple of his eye. Charlotte was very careful of that bug. She hardly allowed me to look at it.

The bugs and worms and bees that were killed by those two enthusiastic scientists must have numbered hundreds. I had never thought Charlotte particularly tender-hearted, but I was shocked to discover how murderous she really was. I do not think that Aunt Susan's son quite liked to see her kill the bugs. Once he took a doomed beetle from her hands,—Charlotte had pretty hands, slender, and very white,—saying, as if something hurt him,

"Don't; I would rather not see a woman do such things."

Charlotte looked at him in amazement, then meekly moved aside and let him end the poor bug's sufferings.

The two professors walked and drove together over the country roads, went on botanical and entomological expeditions, and, as a crowning piece of foolishness, Charlotte wrote a long scientific article collaborated with Aunt Susan's son.

"Why, Charlotte," said I, in mild disapproval, "I thought you liked to be independent of a man."

Charlotte chuckled.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I certainly do, Ollie. But you must look at this matter from a scientific point of view. If science can gain anything from the united researches of two persons, it is the duty of those persons to work together."

"I see," I said. "According to your theory it would be well for people to marry on scientific principles."

Charlotte did not answer, but patted me on the arm patronizingly, then joined Aunt Susan's son on the veranda. I immediately sought Cousin Anna and poured my woes into her ears.

"Charlotte seems to be the one who is laying snares for Aunt Susan's son," I said, complainingly. "I have hardly spoken to him, nor he to me."

"Oh, well, my dear," said Cousin Anna, soothingly, "the fact that Charlotte and Andrew are both interested in science accounts for their friendship."

"I suppose so," I replied, secretly wondering if Cousin Anna had not been plotting deeply, "but give me no scientific friendships.

After that I began to study science, more to please Charlotte than because I had any real thirst for knowledge. One morning she found me, wild-eyed and nearly frantic, endeavoring to make an abstract of a few pages of a musty old volume that I had unearthed among her treasures. She put on her scientific expression and began to look over my manuscript. I watched her curiously. At last she looked up, saying, with her odd little laugh:

"Don't do it, Ollie! You have abstracted the author's idea so much that he would never recognize it."

So there my scientific studies ended. However, I treated the theories of my sister and Aunt Susan's son with more respect than before, and was soon on very friendly terms with the latter.

We expected to return to Boston on the fourteenth of September, so on the thirteenth the professor and Charlotte took a last drive together. The professor had been very absent-minded for a week or two. He had even stepped on one of his specimens and crushed it out of all resemblance to a bug. Once he called me "my dear" in a very fatherly tone, and begged my pardon immediately afterwards. I began to wonder if he were not mildly insane. I mentioned my suspicion to Charlotte, who so far forgot her bugs that she brushed one from her table as carelessly as if it had been a fly, and said,

"What makes you think so?"

Upon my relating what had occurred, Charlotte only smiled provokingly and remarked,

"You are too imaginative, Olive."

I tried to talk with Cousin Anna on the subject of Aunt Susan's son; but she was very noncommittal, although, while he and Charlotte were driving, she told me that the professor was thirty years old and unmarried, and that his full name was Andrew Wesley Lee.

Cousin Anna and I were on the veranda when Professor Lee and Charlotte returned. The world was very like fairyland that night; woods, meadows, and mountains lay asleep, the moonlight falling over all. It was just the night to dream away with one's eyes fixed on the distant hills. Charlotte's face was bright as she came toward me, and there was a light in her gray eyes that I had never seen there before. She looked almost pretty. When she stooped and kissed me I felt that there had been a change in her. I do not remember that she had ever kissed me before; such independent natures as hers are seldom demonstrative. Then she went into the house, followed by Cousin Anna, and I was left alone on the veranda with the moonlight and my thoughts. Soon Aunt Susan's son joined me and banished my musings.

The professor seated himself beside me, and opened the conversation.

"Your sister is a very estimable woman."

"Yes," I assented, dreamily.

"A very estimable woman," he repeated, absently, "very, very remarkable."

"Yes," I said again, thinking Aunt Susan's son queerer than any of his specimens.

There was a long silence. I was drifting slowly back into my former delightful flow of thought when the professor spoke again.

"My dear Miss Olive," he said, "your sister has kindly given me permission to address——"

I was at first amused, then angry, as the possible meaning of his words flashed over me. Was the man mad? Did he think that I would marry him? How dared he? And how dared Charlotte? I sprang from my chair, almost upsetting it in my haste to escape, but that odious man of science held out his hand and detained me.

"How have I offended you, Miss Olive?" he asked, anxiously. "Have I——?"

But I interrupted him.

"I cannot, will not, listen," I said, fiercely. "Please say no more. It cannot be."

Then Aunt Susan's son smiled and looked at me, much amusement visible on his face.

"My dear Olive," he said, calmly, "you are a little excited just now. While I understand your feeling, I must ask you to think the matter over. I am sure that in the end you will agree with your sister that it is for the best."

"No. I am perfectly sure of what I am saying. It cannot be. I had respected you until to-night, but," I drew myself up to my full height and delivered the rest of my sentence with splendid dignity, "I object, sir, on scientific principles."

The professor smiled again, more broadly than before. The dignity that I had intended to be crushing seemed to have no effect.

"Perhaps, Miss Olive," he said, finally, "you will allow me to explain. I was about to say that your sister has consented to allow me to address her as my wife at no distant time."

So I was not the one he wanted, after all. It was a relief; but for one moment, that I shall never forget, I wished myself one of the detested specimens, for then I should have been small enough to crawl through a crack in the veranda floor and screen myself forever from the eyes of Aunt Susan's son. I stood before him, powerless to stir, feeling myself turn from hot to cold and from red to white.

At last the professor broke the dreadful silence.

"Will you congratulate me, sister Olive?"

There was no help for it, so I gave him my hand.

"Yes, I congratulate you," I said, with the utmost carelessness, "but Charlotte always does queer things."

A. E. Herrick.

SANITARIAN

SPRING AILMENTS.

IF proper ttention were given to diet, clothing, and out-of-door exercise, at this time of the year, we should hear less about the petty indispositions and slight ailments which make the spring months a season of ever-recurring trials in many families. The adjectives are chosen advisedly, for in their inception most of these illnesses are petty and slight; but it must be remembered that, in certain conditions of the system, very trivial causes may lead to serious complications and result in severe illness.

The heavy, stupid languor which affects many, coming usually simultaneously with the first bright days which have in them a suggestion of spring warmth, announces a sluggish condition of the blood; the craving for sleep at such times amounts almost to pain, yet sleep in no way brings rest, nor does it more than slightly relieve the weight of languor. Inquiry usually reveals the fact that the sufferer has spent days in the close confinement of stove or furnace heated rooms, taking but very little exercise, and that the winter diet has lacked a healthful proportion of green vegetables and fruit. The system is clogged with waste products, and starved for fresh air.

It is not violent and strong drugs that should be taken at such times, but nature's remedy, acid and astringent fruits, the apple alone being worth all the drugs in the pharmacopœia. Apples should be eaten freely, both raw and cooked in simple fashion; oranges and grape-fruit—especially the latter—are also excellent, and dates and figs. Richly preserved fruits and jams should be avoided, and pastries, all greasy foods, and pork in every form. Beef and eggs may be eaten in moderation, but until there is a decided change for the better the diet should be spare, and no more work thrown upon the torpid organs of digestion than is necessary. Fresh green vegetables, spinach, borecole, or kale, dandelion greens, lettuce, endive, and celery, valuable at all times, are especially necessary when such symptoms announce a stagnant, bilious condition of the system. Persons whose normal habit causes a tendency to suffer from thick and languid blood will find that a large proportion of fruit in their constant diet will do more to promote their general health than any tonic; apples, grape-fruit, and lemons are especially beneficial in their action on the blood, which they thin and stimulate to freer motion.

As much out-of-door exercise should be taken as possible; at least an hour should be spent in the open air, and two would be better. If a walk be taken, it must be a brisk one,—a dawdling, dragging walk is of no value,—with no element of hurry, but considerable energy. There is a vast difference between the two in their effect on the nerves. In order to derive the greatest benefit while in the open air, special attention must be given to breathing, for it is of the utmost importance, especially when the system is out of order, that twice the amount of oxygen ordinarily inhaled—as this act is commonly performed involuntarily—be given to the lungs to enable them as far as possible to do their part in purifying the stagnant blood. Plenty of sleep should be had in a well-ventilated bedroom, and an excellent night-cap is a hot lemonade. Of course even greater care than usual must be given to regular bathing. The skin must be encouraged to the utmost in its function as an excretory organ, even to the point of profuse perspiration, being careful, though, to guard against any chilliness ensuing. Very excellent results are often obtained by taking, just before retiring, a hot foot-bath in which a tablespoonful of salt and one of mustard have been dissolved. This and the hot lemonade should invariably be the first remedies employed after exposure to cold.

If that very painful and troublesome complaint, spring fever in the feet, is present, the hot foot-bath should be used every night, adding a spoonful of alum to the salt and mustard, and rubbing the feet afterwards with alcohol and lemon-juice in equal proportions, or with a weak solution of carbolic acid. This treatment will speedily reduce the swelling, and the tired feeling and soreness are at once relieved by either lotion. They are so valuable remedies that they ought to be on every toilet-table.

If the three prime functions of all animal life, aëration, nutrition, and excretion, be perfectly performed, the resultant condition is perfect physical health; so upon the first symptom of disorder seek first to learn wherein the healthful regulation of these functions has been violated. When the involuntary normal action of any organ is disturbed, the weakest part of the body—often quite remote from the seat of trouble—is the first to feel it and sound the alarm. A habit of cold feet may cause serious diseases of both throat and lungs, and these troubles are always aggravated by sitting with cold extremities. The predisposition shows a torpid circulation in the lower limbs, and it checks the healthy action of the skin over the entire body. Sufferers from this habit can never hope to be really well until it is overcome, and they must not only adopt every means to this end, but must avoid exposure to severe cold; never let the fingers become stinging cold by handling ice, or holding them long in ice-cold water. Ankle exercises taken at frequent intervals during the day will assist materially in stimulating the circulation of the blood: Point the toes down to the extremest limit, till slight pain is felt in the ankles, and work the feet up and down in this way eight or ten times; then devitalize them at the ankle and shake them,—just as a dog will a rat. Of course such feet must be clothed warmly, and if they are too sensitive to bear woolen or cashmere hose, silk may be worn under cotton, with felt or wool lined shoes.

Great care must be given to dressing prudently in the spring, and the best rule is to dress by the thermometer and not by the calendar; for as great harm is done by being clothed too warmly as too lightly, and both extremes should be avoided.

MARCIA DUNCAN, M. D.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

APPROPRIATE EDGES FOR LINEN EMBROIDERIES.

A LITTLE ingenuity of design or some slight observation of the pretty work continually brought to one's notice will easily settle the question of how most artistically and appropriately to finish the edge of a dainty or elaborate piece of embroidery; but as an aid to those lacking in originality, or who have not opportunity to see as many varieties as they might wish, the following suggestions will not come amiss.

First we have always that standby the plain hemstitched hem, which is durable, and therefore satisfactory for heavy pieces. In a loosely woven linen it is well to pull a few more threads than is commonly necessary for the single hemstitch, and work both edges, which keeps the threads from washing out of place into the hem itself; the latter giving a ragged appearance to the openwork after being laundered a few times. The double hemstitching may be either straight, catching the same group of threads on both sides, making a neat beading for narrow ribbon as a decoration for toilet sets, etc., or the groups of threads may be split on the reverse edge, giving a criss-cross effect when finished.

The general rule for ordinary hemstitching is to catch up about as many threads with each stitch as are drawn from the linen when preparing for the work. A nice variation is to make a drawn-work border above the hem, which can be quite effective with very little complexity of design, and easily done by anyone who knows even very little about such work, as two or three of the simplest stitches are quite elaborate in effect when combined. In this latter case the corners should be finished with spider-webs or wheels.

The width of the hem should be determined by the size and apparent weight of the design; a narrow hem is prettier with a dainty, light pattern, while a wide hem makes an appropriate setting for a large one.

Some people also like to let a design run out over the hem itself, which gives a rather unique effect, but also somewhat unfinished; and therefore a nice quality of linen lace overhanded to the edge of the hem adds the necessary touch to the whole.

Circles are always best finished with some lace effect. A perfect circle should be stamped or penciled around the design before the work is commenced, and when finished a border of Ideal Honiton braid appliquéd around it and then cut out is an extremely nice edge, particularly if the lace-like braid be allowed to run up into and mingle with the embroidery, as is especially appropriate when the latter is a pattern of maidenhair, or other ferns, mignonette, or any vine, leaving spaces which can be filled by this lattice-like effect of the Honiton with the linen cut out from under it.

A fringed edge is always pretty when new, but soon wears out in washing and requires care and trimming to keep it looking well; and as it is not durable is unsatisfactory as a finish to a piece upon which much time and eyesight have been expended. Fringed circles can be made by amateurs if the penciled line be followed on the sewing-machine with a close stitch and afterwards buttonholed in silk to harmonize with the predominating color, or in plain white. The threads are then drawn, as in ordinary fringing, until they will not pull out any farther but run into the edge of the circle, when they are cut off to the required length of the fringe. It is easier to do this latter work if two circles have been drawn in the first place, the outer one marking the width of the fringe, and the linen cut on this line before beginning to draw the threads. A deep fringe may be knotted with good effect. Circles may also be edged with a rolled hem along the penciled line, and then a nice quality of lace closely overhanded on.

All kinds of cut-work edges are in good taste, and if combined with a little openwork beyond the edge itself seem more elaborate than they really are. Of course wherever the linen is to be cut away the design must be worked in close buttonhole. The trouble with cut-work edges generally is that after a little wear they become frayed, and therefore untidy in appearance. This difficulty may be obviated by cutting the linen about one quarter of an inch beyond the buttonholing, turning it under once on the wrong side, and hemming it down with fine thread. This never frays; but it can only be done well where the pattern has broad sweeps on the edges instead of frequent and small indentations. It takes more time and trouble, but pays well in the end.

A rather good method of working the double wavy line finishing some designs, and intended for buttonholing, is to embroider the outer edge in a very close plain or long-and-short buttonhole stitch, then reverse and do the opposite side also in the same way, but with the stitches shorter and farther apart, which has quite a fancy and rather elaborate air for such simple work. Odd-shaped scallops, too, formed from flower-petals, roses, pansies, violets, etc., are very effective either when worked all in white or in the flower colors.

There are other ways of edging one's dainty handiwork, but the above-mentioned methods are most in vogue, and if all are followed by any one woman will afford sufficient occupation for one season's leisure hours at least, and at its end she will be in possession of quite a varied assortment of table linens and other accessories of a nicely appointed home which show her feminine touch in each apartment. The uses to which embroidered linens may be put are multitudinous; and besides being very decorative their capability of being laundered makes them far more desirable for covers in bedroom or boudoir than the lace and silk frilled covers, cushions, etc., which, though gorgeous in appearance, must, when once soiled, lack the supreme merit of cleanliness without ruination following in its wake.

LILA GRAHAM ALLIGER.

ENTRÉES, SALADS, AND SAUCES.

"The palate is the janitor, and unless he be conciliated, the most nutritious food will find no welcome."

WHAT salt is to food, the sauce is to meat and fish; and what the flavoring is to an ice, that the salad is to a dinner. Though this may seem a strong statement, most cultivated palates will agree that it is correct, and 'tis only a pity that there are any who doubt it. Those fortunate housekeepers who have availed themselves of opportunities to attend cooking classes or lectures, and thus have added to their culinary knowledge a familiar acquaintance with the limitless possibilities of *entrées* and sauces in varying the monotony of the daily menu, now recognize both their dietary and economic importance.

There are always, however, some women who, no matter how wearisome the monotony of the everlasting baking, broiling, roasting, and frying becomes, have an unconquerable repugnance to trying new ways; these are the hardest people to reach, the most difficult to influence when reached, and the most discouraging obstacles in the path of progress and improvement in modes of living that the advocates of reform encounter. Could we by any chance persuade them to vary the tedious routine for a week, even, they would find that the cooking of new dishes can be accomplished without causing a cataclysm in the kitchen, and that the savory sauces and appetizing *entrées* and salads have been so thoroughly appreciated by those who had the good fortune to eat them, that the members of the family will as a unit favor the change.

A French woman could go into an American pantry and toss up a delicious salad out of the bits of cold vegetables and fish which are often thrown away; and materials for an *entrée* fit to set before the king of *gourmets* can be found almost any day in the week in the refrigerator of every simply well-to-do family. In nothing is the difference between skilled and unskilled cooking more evident than in the preparation of these things and the serving of fish and meat, which to be properly enjoyed should have their appropriate sauces. Only a slight effort is required to master the intricacies of their concoction, and the trouble is more than recompensed by the ability to make most appetizing and toothsome dainties, often out of most unpromising and cheap materials. Very often, too, it is the case that remoteness from good markets confines the housewife to a wearisome sameness in the daily menus, unless she is bright and energetic enough to use her mother-wit and develop the skill to manipulate the same materials in a variety of forms.

She will in this way learn that the possibilities of a can of salmon are by no means exhausted when she has served it as a fish course in a half-dozen forms, and that canned lobster is capable of as many transformations. Deviled crab-meat can also be bought in cans,—or "tinned," as our English cousins say,—and the Southern shrimps, of which, in New Orleans, so many delicious Creole dishes are made, can be used in salads or *entrées*. It hardly seems necessary to remind any housewife, now, that a small, carefully selected assortment of tinned goods is an invaluable resource in emergencies; but not all realize the great variety of these foods in our markets, nor the care and excellence with which they are prepared.

Brook trout comes spiced, or in tomato sauce, and makes a very nice luncheon-dish served cold; for a fish course at dinner they can be heated in the unopened tin by immersing it in boiling water for a half hour,—serving with the tomato sauce,—or the spiced trout can be drained from the liquor, broiled over a quick fire, and served on toast with *sauce Tartare* or Venetian sauce, the receipts for which will be found below with others. The left-overs from a dish of boiled salmon and another of macaroni,—cooked either with cheese or tomatoes,—can be made into an appetizing scallop. Free the salmon from skin and bones, and cut the macaroni in small bits; spread the bottom of a buttered baking-dish with grated bread or cracker crumbs, then put in the salmon and macaroni in alternate layers, seasoning with salt and pepper; moisten the whole with a little drawn butter or with milk; spread a last layer of bread-crumbs with bits of butter scattered over, and then sprinkle the top with grated cheese. Bake until a light brown.

A delicious curry of shrimps can be quickly tossed up in a chafing-dish, for supper or luncheon; or, where fresh fish is scarce, it will be found acceptable for a course at dinner. Fry a teaspoonful of chopped onion in a tablespoonful of olive-oil or butter; when a delicate brown add a teaspoonful of curry powder; after cooking a moment add a pint of beef broth and let the whole simmer for ten minutes; then stir in a teaspoonful of rice flour previously dissolved in cold water. Let the sauce boil till slightly thickened, then strain into another saucepan. Have ready a canful of shrimps which have been rinsed in cold water; put them in the curry sauce, warm up, and serve in a platter bordered with boiled rice, pouring three tablespoonfuls of fresh orange-juice over the whole, the last thing. The following receipts for *entrées*, salads, and sauces have been tested, and are commended to all housekeepers who take pride in their culinary skill and are seeking for new and appetizing dishes, with the reminder to those who look askance at anything which seems to involve trouble, that, from all time, it has been recognized that the table we set and the foods we eat are indicative of our progress in the refinements of living.

LOBSTER PATTIES.—Put into a saucepan an ounce of butter, half a gill of cream, and the same quantity of veal, chicken, or

beef broth; season with cayenne pepper and salt, add a teaspoonful each of essence of anchovy and of lemon juice; mix thoroughly, and then stir in the lobster,—either fresh or canned,—which must be chopped or shredded in small bits. Let it stew five minutes, then add—stirring all the time—a teaspoonful of cornstarch wet smoothly with a tablespoonful of milk; boil one minute to cook the cornstarch, then fill the patty-shells, and serve.

LOBSTER EN COQUILLE.—Immerse a can of lobster in boiling water for twenty minutes; after cooking drain the lobster from all liquor, and set aside to cool. When thoroughly cold, mince fine and mix it in the following proportions: to six ounces of lobster-meat add two ounces of bread-crumbs, two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, the juice of half a lemon, a *soupçon* of nutmeg, and cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Have ready a cream or Béchamel sauce, and add enough of it to reduce the mixture to a paste. Fill the scallop-shells with it, sprinkle sifted bread-crumbs over the top, and set them in a quick oven to color a light brown.

The same mixture can be served as croquettes by working it into cone shapes, dipping into egg and bread-crumbs, and frying quickly in deep, hot lard or cottolene. Dress with parsley leaves and serve with *sauce Tartare*.

Some very dainty *entrées* are made of calf's brains, either alone or combined with sweetbreads or chicken. To prepare them for cooking they should be soaked in cold water for half an hour; change the water twice, and to the last water add a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Free them from all loose membrane, and then put them in boiling water, seasoning it with half a bay-leaf, six peppercorns, a bit of onion, a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Set over a slow fire and cook gently for twenty minutes; then drain off the water and pour on cold water, or, better still, set the saucepan under the cold-water faucet and let the running water pour over the brains till they are chilled and whitened. Remove all the thin membrane possible without breaking, and wipe dry. Thus prepared they can be served in many ways.

BRAIN FRITTERS.—Make a delicate fritter batter, and cut the brains into inch cubes; dip them in the batter and fry in deep, hot cottolene or lard. Lay upon hot sheets of coarse brown paper to drain, put a linen napkin on the platter upon which they are sent to the table, and serve with Venetian sauce or *sauce Tartare*.

BRAINS EN COQUILLE.—Cut the brains into small dice; make a tomato sauce and spread over them in the scallop-shells, adding a sprinkling of grated cheese and bread-crumbs, with tiny bits of butter scattered over; bake a few minutes in a moderate oven till lightly browned.

MUSHROOM PÂTÉ.—Have ready three cupfuls of minced veal or lamb, from which every particle of fat has been taken, three cupfuls of fine bread-crumbs soaked in a cup of milk, four hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, a small shredded onion, and one can of French mushrooms or a pint of fresh ones. Fry the mushrooms brown in butter, cottolene, or olive oil, cooking the onion with them, then cut in coarse bits. Beat two eggs lightly and work into the crumbs and milk, making a smooth, thick batter; spread this over the sides and bottom of a well-buttered baking-dish. Put a layer of the minced meat on the bottom, season with salt and pepper, moisten slightly with soup-stock, gravy, or melted butter; then spread a layer of sliced eggs, and then of mushrooms, repeating till the dish is filled, covering the top with a layer of the soaked bread-crumbs. A bay-leaf broken in bits and scattered through the layers will improve the flavor. Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven till the upper crust is firmly set; then put the mold or dish, still covered, in a baking-pan half full of boiling water; increase the heat of the oven and bake for fifteen minutes longer. Loosen the *pâté* from the sides of the dish with a thin-bladed sharp knife, and turn carefully out upon a flat dish. It should keep its shape perfectly.

CHICKEN À LA TERRAPIN.—Prepare two cupfuls of cold boiled or roasted chicken, freeing the meat from skin, gristle, and bone, and mincing coarsely. Put it in a buttered saucepan and pour over it a half-cup of cream; let it simmer, without browning, for a few minutes over the fire, and then cream together one heaping tablespoonful of butter and half as much flour, moistening with a little milk, and seasoning with salt and cayenne pepper, add this to the chicken and cook till the mixture thickens, after which stir in a wine-glass of cider, a half-glass of currant jelly, or the same quantity of green-grape jelly. Have ready, also, two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, and add these. Put the mixture in scallop-shells, sprinkle bread-crumbs and bits of butter over the top, set in a quick oven to brown, and serve immediately.

As every one knows, a salad is perfected or ruined by its dressing, which, if made by a careless, unskilled, or indifferent hand can spoil the most delicious fruit or the crispest and freshest vegetables. Here are three salad-dressings which every woman should know how to make:

FRENCH SALAD-DRESSING.—Take a saltspoonful of salt and one-fourth as much ground pepper, and with a fork stir in lightly three tablespoonfuls of pure olive-oil; lastly, add one tablespoonful of vinegar. It should be made and sprinkled over the salad just before serving.

RÉMOLADE DRESSING.—Mash the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs smoothly in a bowl, add two saltspoonfuls of mixed mustard, a saltspoonful of salt, one-fourth as much cayenne pepper, and a teaspoonful and a half of tarragon vinegar; stir to a smooth paste, then work in, drop by drop, three tablespoonfuls of olive-oil. Stir with a silver fork, and always in one direction. When the oil is all incorporated add the well-beaten yolk of a raw egg, and, lastly, stir in another teaspoonful and a half of tarragon vinegar.

MAYONNAISE.—All the materials for this, especially the oil and eggs, and the bowl in which it is mixed, should be ice-cold. Put into the bowl one teaspoonful of mustard, two saltspoonfuls of salt, a fourth as much cayenne, or one saltspoonful of white pepper, and the yolks of two raw eggs; beat up lightly with a silver fork or an egg-beater, and then work in slowly a half-pint of olive oil. Haste will ruin all, here, but with a little practice anyone can succeed in making a perfect *mayonnaise;* have ready four teaspoonfuls each of vinegar and lemon-juice, and as the mixture begins to thicken add first the vinegar, drop by drop, and then the lemon-juice, working them in alternately with the oil.

Many cooks omit both the mustard and the lemon-juice, and still others use all lemon-juice and think vinegar utterly ruins a *mayonnaise*. But these are matters of individual taste which every woman can settle to her own liking. Eschalot, tarragon, and cucumber vinegar can also be substituted at pleasure; and Miss Parloa commends to those who have not acquired a taste for oil—and there is an unfortunate number of these in America—the addition of four tablespoonfuls of thick, sweet cream, stirred in the last thing, to tone down the flavor of the oil.

CREAM-CHEESE SALAD.—Mix the cream-cheese with a very little green coloring-paste, and roll into bird's-egg balls. Arrange little nests of fresh young lettuce-leaves in the salad-bowl, put clusters of the cheese-balls in each nest, and mark with *mayonnaise*, or sprinkle over them a French dressing.

GERMAN JARDINIÈRE SALAD.—Take about equal quantities of cold cooked vegetables, potatoes, beets, string beans, celery, etc.,

("*Household*" *Continued on Page* 361.)

DE LONGPRÉ'S "CHRYSANTHEMUMS."—SIZE, 11½ BY 28¼ INCHES.

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

DE LONGPRÉ'S EXQUISITE WATER-COLOR "CHRYSANTHEMUMS," VALUED AT $1,000, TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

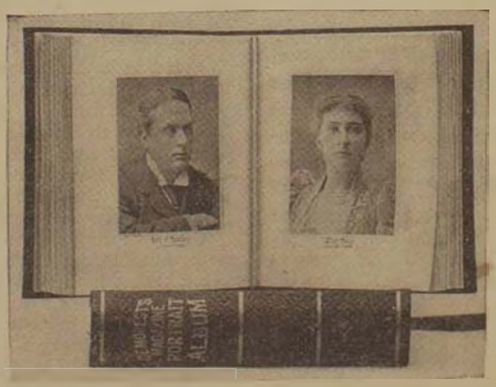
THE original painting of "Chrysanthemums," the exquisite panel-picture by the eminent flower-painter De Longpré, which was given with the December, 1895, number of Demorest's Magazine, is considered by the artist one of his finest efforts, and is an excellent example of the exquisite variation of tone, the purity of color, and the beauty of grouping which is always noticeable in his work. It is valued at $1,000. This lovely painting, the value of which will increase as time passes, the publishers of Demorest's Magazine will present, handsomely framed, to the person who, previous to April 1, 1896, obtains for the Magazine the greatest number of subscribers.

Of course the picture can be awarded to only one person; but all working for the object will receive a generous commission on all subscriptions sent in, in addition to the regular club commission, so they will be liberally recompensed for the time and labor expended, which should be small, as the Magazine always recommends itself on sight, and this year will be made the very best family magazine in existence.

This is an offer in which every one should be interested. To those wishing to compete for the picture, or to form clubs, we will send, on application, full and detailed information, subscription blanks, etc. Our rates for clubs have been amended, and are decidedly the most liberal given by any magazine. For full information, write to Subscription Department, Demorest Publishing Co., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

BY neglecting to provide yourself with a Demorest Magazine Portrait Album you are missing one of the greatest opportunities of your life. Filled with the interesting portraits of celebrities of all eras that are published each month in Demorest's Magazine, it will prove a treasure-house of pleasure and profit for yourself and future generations.



The value of a collection of portraits such as we are issuing is literally incalculable. In the first place, each portrait is authentic; those of contemporaries being reproduced from the latest procurable photographs, while those of older date are taken from the best recognized sources. It is evident, beyond the need of suggestion, that such a collection, obtainable in no other way, should be jealously preserved. We have therefore published them uniform in size, upon pages without reading matter on the backs, which can be removed from the Magazine without injuring it in any way; and to provide for their safe keeping in a permanent and convenient form we furnish handsome albums, especially designed to hold two hundred portraits each, which we supply at cost price, fifty cents each, transportation paid.

The pages of the albums are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. In the back a space is provided in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are printed in a convenient place in the Magazine containing the portraits. If you have an album and have mounted in it all the published portraits, those given this month will fill it, and you will need another. Send your order at once and avoid delay. Or if you have not an album, send for one at once and start your collection.

A list of the portraits that have been published since January, 1895, will be found on page 376, and any or all of these may be obtained by purchasing the numbers of the Magazines containing them.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

The Mysterious X Ray.

Among the most interesting developments of the year, from both a scientific and a popular standpoint, are the results of experiments with the X, or Roentgen, ray of light, which, as was discovered and announced by Roentgen, the Bavarian University professor, will penetrate many objects, such as wood and human flesh, which heretofore have been believed to be opaque to all rays of light. The authenticity of the discovery was questioned at first, but has now been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. In most of the large colleges of this country experiments with the X ray have been successfully performed; many scientists and photographers have succeeded in obtaining such pictures as coins hidden from the eye by the leather of a purse, skeletons of small animals, like mice and frogs, the lead in pencils, and the bones in the human body. These achievements have been easy. The famous electrician Thomas A. Edison and others have been experimenting along more ambitious lines. Mr. Edison has been attempting the photography of the interior of the human skull, and hopes to obtain a picture of the brain of a living man. In addition to these experiments he has been trying the effect of the X rays upon bacteria. It is well known that light is a serious impediment to the growth and propagation of the bacilli of disease. Mr. Edison reasons that if this be true the X rays may be brought to bear upon the interior of the body, which light has never penetrated before, with disastrous effects to the destructive bacteria. The experimenters as yet know too little of the X ray to have accomplished great results; but as investigation of the new force continues, many of the great possibilities will probably be realized.

PROFESSOR ROENTGEN.

While the ray itself is invisible and mysterious, the process of photography by it is comparatively simple. From a glass bulb, which is ordinarily termed a Crooke's tube, the air is removed, creating a vacuum, or a space which has so little air in it that it is practically a vacuum. Currents of electricity are passed through this comparative vacuum, with the result of delicate and beautiful rays of violet light. This, however, is merely the phosphorescence of the glass, and is of little consequence. The important result of the action of the electricity upon the vacuum is the invisible X ray. One method of obtaining an image with the ray is to place the object to be photographed on the outside of the cardboard plate-holder of a camera, and expose it to the rays. An outline image of the object will be found on the sensitive plate beneath the cardboard.

Photographing the Sun.

One of the most interesting scientific activities at the great Lick Observatory in California is solar photography. The picture is taken by a camera so arranged that upon its lens is reflected the greatly enlarged view of the sun given by the telescope. The results which present the most interest, perhaps, are the photographs of the sun's spots. Many of these, it has been ascertained, are much larger than the earth. Instead of remaining stationary they move across the disk of the sun, making a rotation in twenty-five days. A peculiarity of the spots is that they have regular periods of growing and decreasing in size and number, the interval between two periods of maximum abundance and size averaging about eleven years. Midway between these times, when the minimum period is reached, there are days and weeks in which not a spot is visible. Photography has already been useful in solar problems, and it is not unlikely that it may be of material aid in solving some of the questions which are now perplexing astronomers. Among the great obstacles in the way of the solution of these problems are the rapid changes which the sun's surface is constantly undergoing.

The Abuse of the English Tongue.

No language in the world is purer, stronger, or better adapted to the expression of thought and emotion than our own. It should be the especial pride of those whose heritage it is to use it respectfully and properly; yet a vast number of people in this country speak and write the English language without thought or care. This fact has been recently emphasized by a report from Harvard College that there is a deplorable ignorance of our tongue on the part of the young men who take the entrance examinations. They are largely members of the most intellectual and prosperous American families, and if their lack of knowledge of their mother tongue is conspicuous, that of those who have not had as great advantages must be lamentable. The misuse of the language, however, does not always result from ignorance; it is as often due to carelessness. It seems strange that people who possess intelligence or self-respect should be neglectful and indifferent in this fundamental part of an education. Certainly men and women who speak ungrammatically can lay no claim to refinement; nor can they hope for social acceptance by the cultivated.

The Successor of Campos in Cuba.

In the appointment of General Valerian Weyler, as the successor of General Campos in command of the Spanish forces in Cuba, Spain has shown a determination to stamp out the rebellion at all hazards. Weyler, as a man, differs greatly from his predecessor. Mercy and compassion are words that have little meaning to him; he is known as the most cruel and unrelenting of all the Spanish generals, and that means a good deal. He has declared that he will sweep the island in a month, and in keeping with this announcement has issued three severe proclamations. All Cubans who do not declare themselves supporters of the Spanish Government, he says, will be regarded as the enemies of Spain, and will be treated as such. This is known to mean, from Weyler's record, that their lives and property will be sacrificed. He reserves the right, moreover, to put any native Cuban to death at his own discretion and without a trial. Patriotic Cubans have viewed the advent of General Weyler with consternation, for it is not from mere rumor or report that they have gathered their estimate of his character. Cuba has already had a taste of his ferocity. During the Cuban rebellion of 1869 to 1872 he was the most remorseless and cruel of the Spanish leaders, making it a point not to spare even the women and children in his course of savagery. Weyler's powers of cruelty and oppression are greatly augmented by his ability; he is a skillful soldier and a masterful man, who has never failed in any of his great undertakings. He has put down several insurrections in Spanish colonies with an iron hand, and thereby gained great prestige in Spain. General Weyler is a Prussian on his father's side; this lack of pure Spanish birth would have been a great obstacle to distinction in Spain to a less remarkable man, but the proud Spanish aristocracy have forgotten their prejudices in the face of Weyler's triumphs. He wears on his coat every badge and decoration of honor known to Spain except those conferred only upon persons of royal blood. Because of Weyler's reputation and his avowed determination to quell the Cuban rebellion quickly he is being watched closely in this country. If his manner of carrying on war should violate the unwritten laws of civilization and humanity, it is not unlikely that the United States would go to the rescue of the struggling Cubans by recognizing them as belligerents and protecting them against barbarous methods of warfare.

GENERAL WEYLER

Clara Barton and the Red Cross Society.

A high place among the noble and remarkable women of this century must be allotted to Clara Barton, the head of the Red Cross Society in America. A long career of rare usefulness and self-sacrifice has been hers, but while strength remains in her mind and body she is not content to rest. At the age of nearly seventy she has begun one of the most hazardous undertakings of her life, namely, that of carrying aid and succor to the hapless Armenians who are being massacred by the Turks and Kurds in their ancient dwelling-places in Asia Minor. The difficulties of this work, which under ordinary conditions would have been sufficiently great, are vastly increased by the opposition of the Turkish government to the presence of the Red Cross Society in Armenia. Miss Barton and her associates were at first forbidden to enter the Turkish domains. The outcry and protestations of Christian peoples have forced the Sultan to recede from his position, but there is no assurance of the safety of the Red Cross workers in the field of their ministrations. And this is true, despite the fact that Turkey in 1864 became a party to a treaty, which had been drawn up by some thirty-five nations assembled in Geneva in 1863, establishing the International Red Cross Society for mutual relief on all battle-fields and in military hospitals. Although Turkey assumed all the obligations of the treaty, which implied a promise to promote all philanthropic endeavors in behalf of sufferers within the Turkish Empire, there was no Turkish Red Cross work during the Turko-Syrian war of 1878, for the reason that the Turkish generals could not prevent their soldiers from shooting down the Red Cross workers on sight. Said one of the generals, "No Mohammedan soldier will allow his wounded and sick comrades to receive assistance from a person with that Christian cross on his arm, treaty or no treaty." From this may be obtained an idea of the strength of Mohammedan opposition to Christianity and Christian people; and it illustrates one important reason why Miss Barton's work will be so difficult in Armenia. There are, however, several other reasons. The Armenian population is exceedingly scattered. It is estimated that there are two hundred thousand destitute persons in a region almost as large as New England and the Middle Atlantic States together. From Alexandretta or Smyrna, in either of which seaport towns the society will probably establish its headquarters, three or four weeks are required for a caravan to traverse the district. It will be necessary to transport the food and articles of necessity with which it is proposed to relieve the sufferings of the Armenians, by camels over an exceedingly rough, mountainous country, through which the roads are very few and very poor. The mere physical part of Miss Barton's work, if she succeeds in her efforts of ministration, will be such as the strongest man would shrink from. Her party, with one or two exceptions, is composed of men. Several of the Society's best physicians will be of the party, as well as a corps of male nurses trained in the hospitals of New York and Washington. Miss Barton is the soul of the expedition; upon her will depend its success. She is a woman of great character, of great magnetism, and will probably pass into history, particularly if she is successful in her Armenian undertaking, as one of the greatest women of this age.

The Women of Armenia.

Since the sufferings and misfortunes of the Armenians have turned the eyes of the world upon the Christian people of Asia Minor, a description of Armenian women by one of them, Margerit Melik Belgarian, is interesting.

"Everything you see in an Armenian house," she said, in a recent lecture, "has been made by the women. The cotton from which the Armenian woman makes clothes comes to her in the raw. To obtain silk she must raise silkworms. The colors used in dyeing she prepares from plants of the forest and field, and thus the brightly colored garments and the handsome rugs and hangings for which Armenia is noted are produced. The men have nothing to do with all this. On the other hand, the Armenian women are free from all work requiring great physical exertion. The men cut wood and carry loads. The men, too, knead the bread. If a woman is described as one whose life is full of hardships, the Armenians say, 'Poor thing! she must knead bread'; or 'She has her hands in the dough.' Even in the poorest families the girls are regularly spoiled. The parents may be starving, but they take care of the daughters. 'A girl,' they say, 'is like a rosebud, and cannot develop into full bloom without much care.' To the Armenian woman the brother is a veritable knight and guardian angel. As long as she has a brother an Armenian woman is certain she shall not want. The Armenian says, 'My wife knows that I belong to her; but to my sister I must show devotion.' Hence the blessing to a girl cannot take a higher form than this, 'May God protect thy brother.' The Armenian girl receives no dowry; indeed, the bridegroom must contribute to the wedding expenses and furnish the bridal dress. Armenian girls are not forced into marriage, although the parents often choose a husband for their daughter when she is still very young. In her home the Armenian wife and mother rules supreme; even the grown sons will do nothing without her consent."

Artificial Breathing.

When a person loses the power to breathe, death must apparently result immediately. There was not the slightest doubt of this until recently, when a medical appliance was invented by Dr. O'Dwyer, which continues the breathing of a dying patient after he has himself lost all control over his lungs, and thus sometimes lifts him out of the jaws of death. The apparatus is very simple. It consists of a foot-bellows, a metal tube, and some rubber pipe. The tube, with a cone-like attachment on one end, is put into the throat; fresh air is pumped through the tube into the patient's lungs, and when they are full the chest collapses and the air is forced out through an opening which was closed while the lungs were being filled. The apparatus is especially valuable where the heart action is strong but death is threatening through difficulty in breathing.

Dr. Edson's New Treatment for Consumption.

It is needless to state that one of humanity's deadliest foes is that insidious disease consumption. In the past it has been considered an almost unconquerable foe; physicians have found no cure, and have frankly admitted the fact. The announcement has been recently made, however, that an effective weapon in the battle with the minute but destructive bacilli has at last been found. The discoverer is Dr. Cyrus Edson, former Commissioner of the New York Board of Health, and a physician whose high standing in his profession adds much to the importance of the new treatment.

ADMINISTERING THE FLUID HYPODERMICALLY.

A solution of phenol, an inorganic crystalline substance obtained from coal-tar, and which has been long known as a valuable antiseptic and disinfectant, is the new remedy. It is injected into the body hypodermically. Dr. Edson's attention was drawn to the possibilities of phenol as a remedy for germ diseases by the fact that when bacilli are present in the body the quantity of phenol, of which there is always a small amount in the blood, is enormously increased. This led him to think that perhaps the substance was one of nature's methods of counteracting the ravages of the disease, and that if more of it were introduced into the system the patient might be materially benefited. Study and experimentation extending over a period of some months confirmed this hypothesis. Of the several hundred consumptives treated with phenol a very large proportion have shown marked improvement, and many have been apparently permanently cured. In view of the fact that heretofore there have been comparatively no cures, these results are interesting and significant. Dr. Edson, however, does not claim that his remedy is a "cure all." It has not yet stood the test of time; therefore it is impossible to say just how valuable it is. The probability is strong, however, that the first efficacious treatment for consumption has been found. But care must be employed in the use of phenol; only the most competent chemists should be permitted to prepare it, for the slightest impurity makes it a dangerous poison.

ABOUT WOMEN.

LADY TENNYSON has set to music her husband's poem "Sweet and Low."

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE has presented to the Paris Museum of Decorative Arts all the plans and drawings prepared for the ornamentation of her private apartments in the Tuileries.

AN OUT-AND-OUT WOMAN'S THEATRE will soon be opened in Denmark. The plays are to be written by women, and all the actors, both for male and female parts,—the orchestra, soloists, conductor, and chorus will be women.

DR. CAROLINE HAMILTON, a medical missionary, is doing a noble work among the suffering Armenians of Asiatic Turkey. She is a graduate of Smith College, and was a worker in the College Settlement of New York City before she went to Turkey.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF EUGENE FIELD expects shortly to give readings from her father's works, with which she is thoroughly familiar. She is nineteen years old, and is described as a striking-looking girl, possessing many of her father's ways and qualities.

MISS JANE EYRE, who has just graduated from the Pennsylvania Normal School, is a full-blooded Pawnee Indian. She took the name of Charlotte Bronté's heroine, whom she greatly admires. She has gone West to labor for the advancement of her people.

A CLEVER YOUNG WOMAN has established, at White Plains, N. Y., the Whitby Kennels, where dogs and cats are boarded and cared for at reasonable rates, and the enterprise has been very successful. She has recently included the pasturing and stabling of horses.

MISS HUTCHINS, of Big Rapids, Mich., has patented an improvement on the bicycle tire now in use. In the middle of the rim is a groove into which is fitted a smaller tire of leather. This is much more durable than the old rubber tire.

MISS FENSHAW, the American woman who is Dean of the American College for Women in Constantinople, is remembered in Oxford, England, as one of the most brilliant of the many bright girl students who have pursued their higher studies in its colleges. Miss Fenshaw was the first woman to study theology at Oxford.

SARAH BERNHARDT claims that the wearing of diamonds destroys the best expressions of the face, dims the fire of the eyes, and makes the teeth look like chalk. Her fad, however, is for costly gowns, the last magnificent acquisition being trimmed with turquoises, and the train lined with the skins of two hundred ermines. It is valued at $7,500.

MRS. MONTGOMERY, of Texas, whose statue—in marble—of Gen. Sam Houston was exhibited in the Texas Building at the Columbian Exposition, is the daughter of Marshal Ney. Her delicate work in sculpture is well known in Europe, but she has worked quietly in Texas for twenty years past, and is known there as "The Strange Lady."

IN ENGLAND a new law for the protection of married women has just gone into effect. It provides that a wife, leaving her husband for sufficient cause, may apply for alimony. Among the first applicants under the law was a husband who wanted relief from a dissipated wife. The judge informed him that the law didn't work that way, but was for women only.

THE RECENT DEATH OF LADY WILDE, in London, recalls the fact, says a London paper, that it was she who wrote the famous leading article headed "Jacta Alea Est," in "The Dublin Nation," which constituted the chief count in the Crown indictment for high treason against the editor of that journal, who is now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, an octogenarian literary recluse at Nice. The article in question was published at the height of the revolutionary fever in 1848. As a sample of blood-stirring English prose it still retains its place in a number of collections, and especially those issued on the other side of the Atlantic. Lady Wilde first contributed to "The Nation" over the pen name of "J. F. Ellis," and for a long time the editor supposed that his brilliant contributor was a man.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1896

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—APRIL.

A PATTERN ORDER, entitling the holder to a Pattern, will be found at the bottom of page 381.

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

THE striking novelties for the spring are not so much in kinds of goods or in ways of making as in odd combinations of fabrics and colors. From the vogue of gayly flowered or Oriental patterned velvet coats and cloth skirts during the autumn and winter, we trace the odd combination of plain serge or cloth coats, blazers, and Norfolk jackets with skirts of checked or mixed frieze, cheviot, and rough tweeds. Thus, a Norfolk jacket of leaf-green wide-waled serge is worn with a skirt of black-and-white checked cheviot having dashes of orange and green threads. The jacket has a double row of small gilt buttons on the centre plait in front, and is belted with a filigree gilt band which passes under the plaits in the back. A skirt of rough frieze in black and white and many shades of browns is completed by a blazer of navy blue cloth and a blouse of brown-striped batiste; and a plain brown double-breasted coat is worn with a skirt of heather-mixed tweed.

Light-weight covert-cloths in tans and grays have either single or double-breasted coats of conservative cut, rather short, with modified ripple effect, narrow revers, and sleeves of moderate fullness. They are lined throughout with fancy taffeta, and a blouse of the same silk completes the suit and is the house-waist for the skirt. Seams of these tailor-gowns are finished in many ways: the simplest thing is to stitch them twice on the outside; they are strapped with bands of the cloth or of satin, or covered with fancy braid; and the most elaborate finish is a narrow band of satin—brown on a tan cloth, black or dark blue on gray—between two bands of the cloth, the whole finish not exceeding seven-eighths of an inch. A double-breasted basque has this finish on all its seams but those under the arms, on its edges, also, and the outer seams of the melon sleeves, and the front seams of the skirt.

A SPRING WALKING-GOWN.
KILWARLIN COAT. BRIANO SKIRT.
(*See Page* 354.)

Outfits for journeys to Southern latitudes have included gowns of silver-gray, brown, and blue mohairs, and of white serge; all of which will have great vogue at the seashore and in the mountains later in the season. For some of these gowns, as well as for those of heavy Russian linen, duck, and piqué, a becoming belted garment, called the blouse-coat, has been made. It was one of the exclusive coats of the past winter, seen in tucked cloth, and occasionally in fur, and is a loose, sacque-like garment, without darts, having few seams, and drawn in to the figure by a jeweled belt or girdle of satin ribbon. It is especially youthful and effective with the white gowns of alpaca or serge when the revers and turn-down collar are of ivory satin or moire finished on the edge with dainty vines of appliqué lace.

White leather belts are the general choice for these gowns, although the fascinating glitter of the silver, gilt, and iridescent spangled ones attract many purchasers. The metal belt is quite a feature of spring gowns; and our eyes are already wonted to the apparent incongruity of ribbon and filigree gold and richly jeweled belts worn with dark serge or cloth gowns.

For dressy afternoon functions, gay little coats of *chiné* velvet or silk are worn with skirts of black satin, brocade, *crépon*, or of soft wools of contrasting color; and so great is the favor which these

FOR EASTER FUNCTIONS.
LAURIOLA CORSAGE. ROLF SKIRT.

charming coats have won, that already they are being copied in batiste, lined, of course, with bright taffeta. A coat of lace-striped batiste over apple-green taffeta has a full blouse-front of embroidered batiste, and a Louis Seize jabot of wide *Lièrre* lace. Waistcoats or blouse-fronts of white satin complete many of the silk and velvet coats, the former being embroidered with spangles or metal braids, or finished on the edges with appliqués of guipure or the Honiton lace braids, while the latter are trimmed either with insertions of the rich yellow guipure or veiled with black *chiffon*. Much of the *chiffon* used for this purpose is covered with arabesques wrought most effectively with the Honiton lace braids.

Batiste trimmings are in great variety, and used upon everything,—silk, wool, cloth, and cotton fabrics. There are exquisite insertions embroidered in guipure designs with gayly colored silks and edged with half-inch plaited ruches of black gauze ribbon. These black edges are a distinct novelty, and very effective on light gowns, as well as on blouse-waists of bright *chiné* silks.

Gowns of batiste, lawn, and organdy, have sometimes a narrow trimming at the foot of these beautiful embroideries, or of lace-edged ruffles; and robe gowns of the former are wrought around the bottom in turrets, scallops, or points, which are effectively finished with ruffles of embroidery or lace held out by the narrow silk frills of the taffeta underskirt.

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

FOR EASTER FUNCTIONS.

This graceful China *crêpe* gown offers an effective model also for organdies, mulls, and grenadines, and it is especially commended for bridesmaids' gowns at Easter weddings. The model gown is of heliotrope *crêpe* lined with white taffeta. The skirt is the "Rolf," illustrated and described in the November number. A ruffle of the *crêpe* surrounds the foot of the skirt, and insertions of *Lièrre* lace are arranged in Vandykes above it. The full waist—the "Lauriola"—has a square yoke outlined by the insertion, and a jabot of embroidered *chiffon* trims the front. The girdle and stock-collar are of purple velvet, and a cluster of violets is fastened in the girdle-bow. The sleeves may be made short, as illustrated, but the pattern is cut full length. If the sleeves are cut to the wrists, the lower parts should be covered with the *crêpe* put on full to wrinkle around the arm, and finished with a ruffle and insertion.

A SPRING WALKING-GOWN.

(*See Page* 353.)

Dark blue camel's-hair serge—silkily soft to the touch—is the fabric of this smart street-gown. The waistcoat may be of any becoming color, contrasting or harmonizing with the blue; white, buff, and red cloth, braided with *soutache*, are liked, there is a pronounced fancy for

FOR STREET OR TRAVELING.
ALVARDIE BASQUE. WALDRON SKIRT.

A SMART CORSAGE.
THE "CRISTELLA."
(*See Page* 357.)

AN OUTING BLOUSE.
PAMELA SHIRT-WAIST.
(*See Page* 356.)

white satin trimmed with appliqués of Venetian guipure, and sometimes rich brocades are employed. The skirt is the "Briano," illustrated and described in the March number of Demorest's. The seams of the skirt are spread and stitched on the outside, it is lined with changeable taffeta, and five rows of stitching may finish it at the foot to give firmness to the edge, which is protected by a velveteen binding that forms a two-inch facing. The coat—the "Kilwarlin"—has a short ripple skirt, and is fitted with the usual seams. Rows of cut steel or chased gilt buttons ornament the fronts, which are confined over the bust by a strap. The square corners of the collar are rounded off in the back, which is more becoming than the broad effect, and the edge is finished with stitching, a simple braiding design done with *soutache*, or a flat appliqué of black or white guipure.

Notwithstanding we have frequently called attention to the absolute necessity of writing the name and full address in the spaces provided on our Pattern Orders, we are daily in receipt of numerous Orders without them. This may account for the non-receipt of patterns.

THE FAVORITE JACKET.
THE "MEREDITH."
(*See Page* 357.)

FOR STREET OR TRAVELING.

Scotch frieze in black and white with warm threads of reddish brown is the fabric used for this trim and becoming gown. The skirt is the "Waldron," illustrated and described in the December number of Demorest's. It should be lined with percaline or taffeta, but requires no interlining. The best finish at the foot is a binding of velveteen, either black or matching the gown, and showing only as a small cord on the outside, but cut wide enough to form a two-inch facing. All skirt seams should be spread and pressed. The coat has a ripple effect in the back, and is fitted with the usual seams. The waistcoat may be of striped stuff or of cloth banded with velvet or braid, and it is fastened with small smoked-pearl or steel buttons. The shoulder-cape crosses the back, and the high flaring collar is faced with velvet like the cuffs. The pattern is the "Alvardie."

Blouse-waists are made of every known material, and the designs for them cannot be counted. Any pretty fancy goes.

WALKING, OUTING, AND DRESS HATS.

WALKING, OUTING, AND DRESS HATS.

No. 1.—Outing-hat of brown felt, trimmed with pheasant's wings and a bow of black velvet.

No. 2.—A dressy toque of fancy straw, trimmed with a wreath of crocus blossoms and leaves, and a white aigrette.

No. 3.—Walking-hat of fancy green and yellow mixed straw, trimmed with changeable *peau de soie*—green, brown, and gold—and yellow *coq* feathers.

No. 4.—Cycling-hat of soft gray felt, trimmed with navy blue satin and blue jay feathers.

No. 5.—Toque of jeweled guipure, trimmed with torsades of *Lièrre* lace and bunches of primroses.

No. 6.—Sailor-hat of burnt straw, trimmed with gull's wings and brown satin.

AN OUTING BLOUSE.

(*See Page* 355.)

THIS convenient blouse is of silk-striped batiste, with separate collar and cuffs of laundered linen. Batiste is specially commended for outing blouses, as, though quite as cool as lawns and cambric, it neither shows the soil as readily nor does it become soiled with twice the use. The color of the fabric is especially pretty with dark blue, brown, and black suits. This pattern—the "Pamela"—has the favorite double-pointed yoke in the back, which, though introduced last autumn, is still a novelty. The box-plait may be finished plainly or edged with a frill of very narrow Valenciennes. Further information about materials and trimmings for these waists will be found in the March number.

1. EMBROIDERED MULL FICHU.

THE FAVORITE JACKET.

(*See Page* 355.)

SMOOTH-FACED Meltons and kerseys in coaching drab, and a great variety of both rough and smooth cloths in black and dark green or blue are used for these convenient jackets. Though, of course, it depends a good deal upon the woman who wears it, yet the light-colored Melton has the most exclusive look ; and this is because, naturally, the dark coats are, for reasons of economy and general service, the choice of the majority. The back is fitted with the usual seams, and the skirt flares in full ripples, but fits easily, without superfluous fullness, over the hips. The seams may be spread and stitched flat or strapped, and the seams of the mandolin sleeve are finished to match those of the coat. If the sleeves are lined with silk the lining should be cut by the sleeve pattern, otherwise the coat cannot be worn over full gown-sleeves. Large pearl buttons fasten the front of the garment, and the edges are finished with stitching, or corded if the material be thin. The pattern is the "Meredith."

FOR evening gowns much use is made of artificial flowers, whole garlands of them wreathing the low-cut neck and trailing diagonally across the bust to the girdle, whence they often fall in graceful tendrils to the hem of the skirt.

GOWNS of all kinds are lavishly trimmed with lace and embroidery.

LITTLE girls dressed in the latest mode seem all hat, collar, and sleeve-puffs.

A SMART CORSAGE.

(*See Page* 355.)

ALTHOUGH the fancy round waist divides favor with the very *chic* little coats of velvet and rich brocade, this fact does not make an appreciable difference in the number or variety of the separate waists seen ; and the prophets who predicted their waning favor were certainly wrong this time. A richly brocaded *peau de soie* is the fabric of the model illustrated. The pattern — the "Cristella"—has a fitted lining, and the plain, seamless back is cut on the bias and drawn smoothly over the lining. The box-plait in front is banded across the bust with black satin ribbon fastened with tiny bows, and the stock-collar and girdle are of black satin.

2. LACE AND CHIFFON SHOULDER COLLAR.

SOME CORSAGE TRIMMINGS.

ALMOST anything in the form of shoulder and neck trimming goes now, but there is a tendency to less stiffness and breadth on the shoulders, and very many of the lace, *chiffon*, and, batiste confections show a becoming fichu tendency, and while preserving the shoulder-collar effect in the back, drape the front of the corsage with graceful frills of plaited or gathered lace and *chiffon*.

No. 1.—Fichu of embroidered mull, with stock-collar of blue *chiffon* and bows of blue satin ribbon.

No. 2.—Shoulder-collar of plaited *chiffon* and guipure lace, attached to a stock-collar of guipure insertion, bordered with fine plaitings of the *chiffon*, and ornamented with bows of ivory satin ribbon.

No. 3.—Fichu of lemon-colored *chiné* ribbon and *Lièrre* lace. It forms a deep, round collar in the back, and is intended to wear over any untrimmed waist.

3. RIBBON AND LACE FICHU.

AN EASTER FROCK.
THE "LASCA."

pink, blue, or pale yellow; and these are found also on shirts of cambric, cheviot, Chambéry, lawn, and sheer dimities. The blouse illustrated is of blue-dotted batiste, with linen collar and cuffs. The back is plain across the shoulders and faced down with a pointed yoke, and is a little full at the waist line, below which extends a short skirt. When striped materials are used, a pretty effect is gained by cutting the yoke bias and letting the stripes meet in the centre. The pattern—the "Bianca"—is in sizes for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years.

GIRL'S SHIRT-WAIST.

THE prettiest of the new shirt-waists are made of *linon*, or batiste, which is shown in an immense variety of attractive styles and promises to have a greater vogue than last year. Occasionally one of these blouses has a collar and cuffs of the same fabric, but most of them have separate collars and cuffs of stiffly laundered white linen, or of

GIRL'S SHIRT-WAIST.
THE "BIANCA."

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.—Visiting-gown of gray cloth trimmed with narrow band of sable; corsage draped with *Lièrre* lace.

2.—Bridesmaid's gown of *ciel* blue satin, trimmed with *chiffon* and lace. Picture-hat of white lace with crown of blue *miroir* velvet, trimmed with white plumes and pink roses.

3.—Reception-gown of cloth and *chiné* silk. Straw hat trimmed with puffs of plaided gauze and crocus blossoms.

4.—Bridesmaid's gown of canary-colored *peau de soie* with fichu of ivory *mousseline de soie*. Leghorn hat faced with black velvet, and trimmed with black plumes and yellow roses.

5.—Reception-gown of *chiné* taffeta, combined with silky gray mohair of a barège-like texture.

6.—Reception-gown of fancy taffeta, trimmed with guipure lace; black velvet girdle.

7.—Walking-gown of tan-colored cloth, trimmed with braid and buttons.

8.—House-gown of heliotrope *crépon*; yoke of embroidered batiste, and front of corsage veiled with wide *Lièrre* lace; stock-collar and girdle of black velvet.

9.—Carriage-gown of purple velvet and snuff-brown cloth; sleeves and skirt of the velvet; coat of cloth, with waistcoat of white satin, covered with guipure lace.

10.—Walking-gown of blue cloth in two shades; a border of the light blue has the effect of being an underskirt; full front of embroidered batiste.

11.—Carriage-gown of gray cloth and Liberty velvet in Persian pattern; blouse front of black *chiffon* with appliqués of white guipure.

12.—Louis Seize coat of cloth and velvet, with front of white *chiffon* confined by a wide girdle of ivory satin folds.

13.—Reception-gown of plain cloth, embroidered with spangles and combined with Persian velvet.

14.—Easter gown of plaided taffeta, with bib front of white cloth, and draped revers of black velvet. Fine straw hat trimmed with *chiné* ribbon and black plumes.

15.—Smart velvet basque with satin sleeves to match skirt.

16.—Gown of flowered organdy; full skirt shirred at the waist and mounted over a gored taffeta skirt. Yoke of batiste finished with lace insertion.

17.—Visiting-gown of green camel's hair, with coat of brown-ground Liberty velvet with Persian patterns in softly blended colors. Fancy straw hat trimmed with primroses and black straw lace.

FOR COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE.

THIS little blazer is one of those indispensable garments which contribute so much to a child's comfort. According to the material of which it is made it gives the warmth needed for the season, without confining the child's arms or restraining its freedom of motion. It can be made of serge or cheviot for the early spring, and later of heavy Russian linen or of piqué. The garment illustrated is of piqué, completing a gown of that fabric. The edges are simply finished with stitching, and the wide sailor-collar has a ruffle of Hamburg embroidery. The pattern is the "Camiola," in sizes for two, four, and six years.

FOR COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE.
CAMIOLA JACKET. FULL SKIRT.

AN EASTER FROCK.

CASHMERE and challie and the soft novelty wools which are brightened with silk threads are the favorite fabrics for dressy little day-frocks. The plain materials are trimmed with bands of velvet, ribbon, insertion, and passementerie, but the figured ones have no trimming except some finish for the yoke and bows of ribbon. The frock illustrated is of cadet-blue cashmere

OF VELVET AND SERGE.
AMIÉL WAIST. FULL SKIRT.

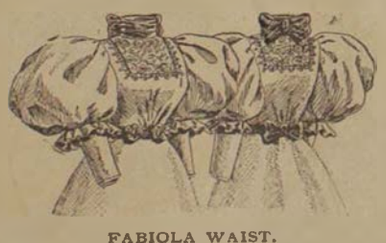
trimmed with insertion underlaid with dark blue ribbon; the girdle, stock-collar, and bows are of blue satin ribbon. The preference for these little gowns is to make them in one piece, sewing the skirt to the waist-band. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the waist in place; the rosettes are omitted in the back. The pattern—the "Lasca"—is in sizes for eight and ten years.

THERE is still an effort to introduce long shoulder-effects but women have too long enjoyed unrestrained motion of their arms and shoulders to submit to the straight-jacket confinement of these unnatural cuts.

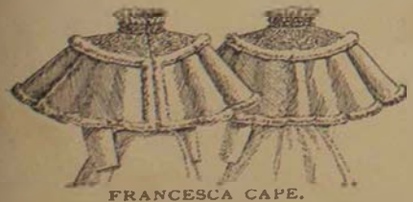
A CHARMINGLY simple little frock for home afternoons or little visits. It can be made as a slip to be worn over a guimpe, or all in one piece. The soft Liberty velvets or *chiné* silks are used for the yoke and sleeves, and serge, cashmere, alpaca, or challie for the skirt and "baby" waist. In washable fabrics it is especially commended for Chambéry, gingham, and lawns. The skirt is made of straight breadths, and should measure from three and a half to four yards around. If made all in one piece the fitted lining should be covered plainly the depth of the yoke with the figured velvet or other contrasting fabric. The waist pattern—the "Amiél"—is in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

STANDARD PATTERNS.

NORDICA COAT.



FABIOLA WAIST.



FRANCESCA CAPE.

HELENA WRAP.

ELDITHA WAIST.

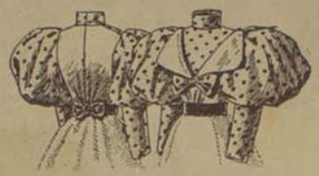
HOLROYD WAIST.

DIVIDED SKIRT.

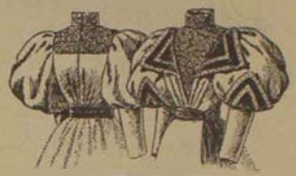
ZARA DRESS.

VERONA DRESS.

SUSETTE DRESS.



ETHELIND WAIST.



LURA WAIST.

NONETTE DRESS.

MONTROSE COAT.

EDGMERE SKIRT.

BOY'S SHIRT-WAIST.

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

It is absolutely necessary, when sending Pattern Orders, to write the name and full address on each one in the spaces left for the purpose. Failure to do so may account for the non-arrival of patterns.

Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(*For Descriptions, See Page 358.*)

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